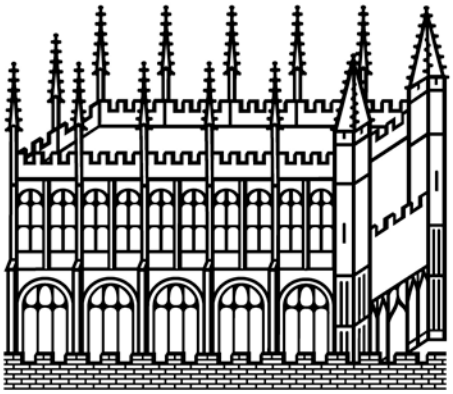

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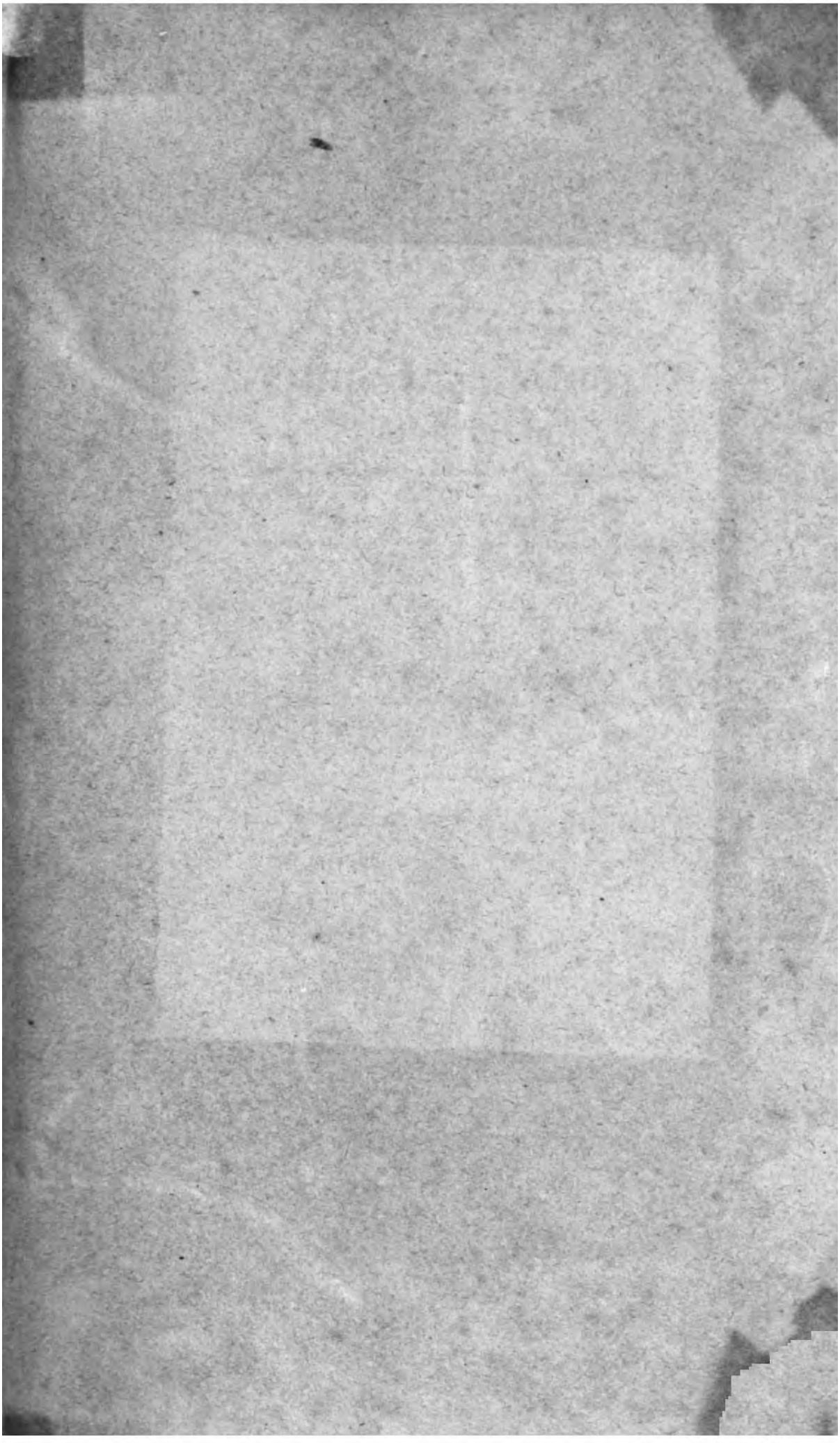

THE

LEGACY.

THE

LEGACY.

A NOVEL.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

" Tho' plung'd in ills, and exercis'd in care,
Yet never let the noble mind deſpair:
When preſs'd by dangers, and beſet with foes,
The gods their timely ſuccour interpoſe;
And when our virtue ſinks, o'erwhelm'd with grief,
By unforeſeen expedients bring relief."

A. PHILLIPS.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
PRINTED AT THE
Minerva-Preſs,
FOR WILLIAM LANE, LEADENHALL-STREET.
1799.

249. S. 607.

THE

LEGACY.

CHAP. I.

THE reader muſt be contented to leave the family at Frampton in the confuſion which the ſudden departure of Charles might naturally be ſuppoſed to occaſion; not, indeed, to attend that unfortunate youth in the purſuits which a wild and enthuſiaſtic imagination had induced him to follow, but to return to a character which we hope is

not entirely forgotten, as ſhe will make no inconſiderable figure in this hiſtory; this is no other than Lucy Loveſtock, whom the reader will pleaſe to remember was left under the care of Mrs. Atkins, at Hampſtead. Lucy was ſo entirely devoted to George Orkney, that every other conſideration ſeemed a matter of indifference to her. Mrs. Atkins aſked her if ſhe choſe to ſleep by herſelf, which Lucy having expreſſed to be her preference, Mrs. Atkins ſhewed her a room handſomely furniſhed, which ſhe told her to conſider as her own. Here Lucy ſat down, and ruminated upon her new, but unhappy ſituation, and a flood of tears gave ſome relief to her oppreſſed heart. The firſt unpleaſant obſervation which rouſed her attention, was the want of a ſervant; no perſon in that capacity appeared in the houſe of Mrs. Atkins, except the poor little girl, her daughter, whoſe ill health, and weak frame, ſeemed to be the reſult of fatigue, and want of proper nouriſhment. When the dinner hour arrived, Lucy was ſummoned to it by the

the abovementioned little girl. This repaſt conſiſted of a frugal and ſcanty portion, equally poor in quality as in quantity; it was of no conſequence to Lucy, for ſhe had little or no appetite, and ſhe perceived viſible marks of ſatisfaction in the countenance of Mrs. Atkins, upon obſerving that ſhe eat but little. She aſked Lucy numberleſs queſtions, and amongſt others, whether ſhe ever played at cards, to which Lucy replied, ſhe had ſometimes played, but it was an amuſement which never afforded her any pleaſure.

"Now," ſaid Mrs. Atkins, "I think that is a pity, for in your ſituation it might ſerve to amuſe your mind, as well as bring you ſome profit; moſt young ladies now are very fond of cards, and I know a very clever girl who buys all her ſilk ſtockings out of her winnings."

"But does ſhe always win?" replied Lucy.

"Not always," ſaid Mrs. Atkins, "but as ſhe plays remarkably well, the chances are

much in her favour, and with ſometimes loſing, ſhe is upon the whole conſiderably in pocket by it."

Lucy was not in ſpirits to enter even into the theory of gaming, much leſs to engage in the practice of it. The object which engaged her attention moſt, was the poor miſerable child, who was the only attendant, and who ſeemed quite unable to perform the ſeveral offices deſtined for her employment.

Towards evening Mrs. Atkins went to dreſs; the little girl curled and powdered her hair, and when ſhe was completed, ſhe appeared a very genteel well-dreſſed woman. She apologized to Lucy for being under the neceſſity of leaving her, but ſaid ſhe had for ſome time been engaged to a card party. When ſhe was gone, Lucy aſked the little girl if ſhe was not tired; ſhe replied, ſhe was extremely tired, and her limbs ached with fatigue; ſhe ſaid her mamma kept a girl in London, about the age of herſelf, but here they

they had nobody except when they had company to cards (which ſeldom happened), and then they had a footman to wait; but even on theſe gala days ſhe was ſo fatigued by running about all the morning, that when the evening came ſhe could ſcarce ſpeak or move. She ſaid, ſhe never went out but on errands, ſo that the air could be but of little ſervice to her; ſhe added, ſhe had one brother, who was a Cadet, and now in the ſervice at Woolwich; that whenever he came home he was angry at the treatment ſhe received, and perhaps for a few days it was better; but her mother ſoon forgot his remonſtrances, and ſhe again ſuffered the ſame evils.

Lucy felt ſincere compaſſion for the poor child, whoſe complaints and treatment led her to draw a compariſon between the many comforts and indulgences ſhe had received from her parents, and the cruelty this child experienced. The recollection was attended with remorſe, the firſt ſhe had felt ſince ſhe

had deſerted them, and it ſunk deep into her mind, adding not a little to that depreſſion of ſpirits which had been occaſioned by the departure of George. How much ſhe wiſhed ſhe had never left them! and the bitterneſs of her grief was augmented when ſhe reflected upon the cruel nature of the woman under whoſe protection ſhe was now placed. With theſe tormenting ideas ſhe concluded the day, and finding her body and mind equally fatigued, ſhe retired to reſt at an early hour, hoping to find that relief from ſleep, of which ſhe ſtood ſo much in need. The hope of hearing ſoon from her parents, if not from George himſelf, in ſome degree compoſed her agitated ſpirits, and ſhe fell into a ſlumber which might have proved ſalutary to all her faculties, had not the bed been a damp one; it had not been occupied for many months, and the ſhivering fits which rapidly ſucceeded each other upon her awakening, convinced her that ſhe had caught ſome violent cold, but by what means did not immediately occur to her; upon

endeavouring to riſe, ſhe found her limbs ſo ſtiff, and her whole frame ſo diſordered, that ſhe was unable to ſtir, and Mrs. Atkins coming at the ſame inſtant to enquire how ſhe had ſlept, and finding her ſo very unwell, adviſed her to continue in bed.

It cannot be ſuppoſed that Mrs. Atkins had intentionally put this poor young creature into a damp bed. The reader muſt have already ſeen enough of her character to diſcover that ſhe was one of thoſe notable women who have nearly ſuppreſſed or laid aſide all feelings but thoſe which ariſe from the love of money; and that ſhe made an outſide ſhow far beyond what her income could furniſh, at the expence of giving up all real comforts, and even thoſe calls upon humanity which are due to all our fellow-creatures. The fact was, ſhe had never thought about the bed; ſhe ſeldom had much fire in her houſe; ſhe had been taken by ſurpriſe, and all her thoughts had turned upon the calculation of making the moſt profit by her

viſiter. It may ſeem ſtrange that George Orkney ſhould have picked out ſuch a woman as this to receive one, who, if not dear to him, was at leaſt entitled to his compaſſion and pity; but on this ſcore he muſt be acquitted, for he had never ſeen Mrs. Atkins but in the light of a very reſpectable woman, who made the moſt of a very ſmall income, and was always conſidered as a pattern of virtue and prudence; nor would it have been an eaſy matter to have perſuaded him that ſo ſordid a mind ever exiſted in the human frame, particularly in the form of a female. Thus, however, it was, and poor Lucy now lay a victim to avarice and unfeeling oppreſſion. Her cold terminated in a violent and dangerous fever, in the midſt of which Mrs. Atkins was deſired to quit the houſe at Hampſtead at a very ſhort notice, to make room for the reception of its real owners. Lucy was therefore haſtily wrapped up in a blanket, and ſtuffed into a coach, together with Mrs. Atkins, the little girl, and various houſehold utenſils, which

rendered

rendered the coach a very improper vehicle for a perſon under the influence of a fever and delirium. Happily for her ſhe was inſenſible of her ſituation, which in all probability was that of being conveyed from one damp bed to another, the houſe in Fludyer-ſtreet being, in the abſence of Mrs. Atkins, only inhabited by the little dirty girl, whom George Orkney had taken for a chimney-ſweeper.

The day following their arrival, Lucy grew ſo much worſe, that it appeared neceſſary to call in an apothecary; one of an inferior order was therefore ſent for, who pronouncing her to be in a very dangerous ſtate, Mrs. Atkins begged him to ſend in as little medicine as poſſible, ſagaciouſly obſerving, that if ſhe could not recover, it would only be ſo much waſte; and having exactly calculated the expences of her funeral, ſhe reckoned up the remaining ſum which would be left out of the money George had placed in her hands, and which ſhe conſidered would

no doubt be preſented to her as a reward for her trouble, and the care ſhe had taken of her. The clothes too, and pocket-money of poor Lucy ſhe likewiſe conſidered as a perquiſite; and as that poor girl, under the idea of her approaching marriage, had purchaſed ſome very faſhionable things, the fertile imagination of Mrs. Atkins had altered and ſhaped them in the ſtile beſt adapted, and moſt becoming to her own perſon; yet notwithſtanding all theſe provident arrangements, either from the goodneſs of Lucy's conſtitution, or ſome other perverſity of human nature, contrary to all expectation, ſhe ſhewed evident ſigns of recovery, and Mrs. Atkins began now to conſider how this could be turned to account. Having formed and rejected many plans, ſhe came at length to the reſolution of bringing in a bill to Lucy, as ſoon as ſhe ſhould be able to ſit up, for extra expences during her illneſs; for Mrs. Atkins had with great wiſdom fathomed the depth of Lucy's purſe, and finding it contained more than ſhe expected, and not

being able to endure the idea of money lying dead, ſhe prudently determined to make a demand, ſuppoſing that Lucy was entirely ignorant of the ſum George had ſo generouſly left in her hands. When, therefore, Lucy was well enough to enter into converſation, ſhe began by lamenting the dearneſs of proviſions, particularly ſuch as were neceſſary to be provided for ſick people; and drawing a paper from her pocket, ſhe preſented it to Lucy, ſaying, at the ſame time, "I am ſure, Miſs Loveſtock, you are too generous, and too much of a gentlewoman to be under obligations to any perſon, when it is ſo amply in your power to recompenſe them, much leſs would you, I am ſure, wiſh to put me to any unneceſſary expence."

Lucy could not imagine what ſhe would be at; but having taken the paper into her hand, ſhe was not a little ſurpriſed at ſeeing various articles charged at a very exorbitant price, which ſhe had not even ever ſeen, much leſs taſted: theſe conſiſted of jellies,

rich broths, wine, and many things of the ſame nature, all which ſhe would have been very glad to have ſhared in her preſent ſtate, but could not eaſily be perſuaded were given to her at the time ſhe was combating with a delirious fever; at leaſt ſhe could not ſuppoſe they were adminiſtered in ſuch quantities as were charged in the bill; to which was likewiſe added a charge for attendance—this ſurpriſed Lucy more than all the reſt, as ſhe never recollected to have ſeen any perſon near her but Mrs. Atkins and the two girls. She returned the bill, at the ſame time making the above remarks upon it. Mrs. Atkins aſſured her, upon her honour, that every thing had been expended which was there ſet down; and when Lucy aſked what was meant by attendance, for ſhe never remembered to have ſeen any thing like a nurſe—"A nurſe!" repeated Mrs. Atkins, "no, Heaven forbid, my dear, that you ſhould ever have been left to the mercy of a nurſe! No, I myſelf attended you night and day, and I could never ſuppoſe you would

refuſe

refuſe me ſome little reward for my time and trouble."

Lucy found it in vain to contend with a woman of this caſt, nor had ſhe yet ſufficient ſtrength to diſpute the buſineſs; ſhe yielded therefore to her demands, though with reluctance, for ſhe well remembered how many hours ſhe had been left by herſelf during her illneſs, with only a little water placed within her reach; and as ſhe drew out her purſe in order to ſatisfy this exorbitant charge, ſhe ſaid, "Pray, Madam, did not Captain Orkney leave ſomething in your hands towards payment for my board, and whatever elſe I might have occaſion for? and ought it not to be brought to account?"

"Why, to be ſure," replied Mrs. Atkins, "the Captain did leave a trifle with me; but, dear Ma'am, what would that do in a fit of ſickneſs which none of us could foreſee; and I will venture to ſay that the Captain would be ſo rejoiced to hear of your recovery, that

that he would not think much of any expence."

This was touching a tender ſtring, and gave Lucy a ſeverer pang than the parting with all her money would have done. Mrs. Atkins, therefore, by a management peculiar to herſelf, made no inconſiderable advantage of the poor girl's illneſs. Meantime Lucy recovered but ſlowly; the weather grew hot, the houſe was cloſe, ſhe never went into the air, and not having proper food, joined to the depreſſion of ſpirits ſhe felt at hearing nothing either from George or her parents, were a combination of circumſtances not very likely to contribute to the reſtoration of her health. During this time ſhe was led to very ſerious reflections on the impropriety of her conduct. She hourly accuſed herſelf for want of duty to thoſe who had from her earlieſt remembrance been the moſt indulgent of parents; ſhe condemned her conduct towards George Orkney, as weak and forward in the extreme, inſomuch as to diſguſt

diſguſt, inſtead of gaining his love; but theſe reflections were now too late; ſhe looked back upon the paſt with regret, and no hope gilded her proſpect of the future.

Her father had been in queſt of her, but unfortunately he arrived in London during the time of her illneſs, and by ſome miſtakes in his enquiries, he could not diſcover where ſhe was; the unhappy cataſtrophe at Frampton had prevented his making proper enquiries there, and had, indeed, overturned all his belief of the integrity and reliance he had placed upon the recital of Mr. Colleville."

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

THE ſtory of the duel had been related ſo many different ways, and had gained ſo many embelliſhments by each account, that it was impoſſible for any perſon to know what had really been the caſe. Mrs. Clackit affirmed that a murder had been committed, but was carefully concealed, and for want of proper inveſtigation, was likely to continue a ſecret; ſhe likewiſe hinted that Miſs Collville was out of her ſenſes, and was at that preſent moment confined in a ſtrait waiſtcoat.

To theſe wild conjectures they muſt ſtill be left, while we return again to the no leſs unfortunate

unfortunate Lucy. She was one day tempted to take a turn or two in the Park, accompanied by the daughter of Mrs. Atkins; they were two ſuch ſick figures, that they paſſed unnoticed, except by thoſe who conſidered, and mentioned them as two poor wretches juſt come out of an hoſpital; but after a little exerciſe, together with the freſh air, the complection of Lucy was animated with a glow which heightened the natural beauty of her countenance, and rendered her an object worth obſerving, and ſhe was very ſoon recognized by her old acquaintance and fellow-traveller Stipend. He addreſſed her with his uſual freedom, begged to know where he might wait upon her, and ſeeing her attended only by the poor ſtarved-looking little girl, he concluded her ſituation to be ſuch as would render it not difficult to gain acceſs to her; indeed from appearance he ſuppoſed her to have been deſerted by George, and left to ſeek a ſettlement wherever ſhe could find it. Lucy trembled exceedingly from the moment he accoſted her, not from the

the conſciouſneſs of guilt aſſigned by Stipend, but becauſe the ſight of him recalled to her mind the ſituation in which he firſt ſaw her, the folly of which appeared to her now in the moſt glaring colours;—nor was the idea of her laſt rencontre with him leſs painful to her remembrance; ſhe was then by the ſide of George Orkney, a ſituation ſhe would have preferred to a throne—the recollection was therefore only bitter, becauſe it was paſt, and never likely to return again.

Stipend had more reaſons to rejoice at finding her again, than merely the pleaſure of ſeeing her could afford him. Andrew Orkney, when he included Stipend as an equal culprit with the quaker, gave him a hint that he ſhould be no ſufferer; for he had long been in the capacity of underſtrapper to Orkney, and was very well contented to paſs the night in confinement with an adverſary, well knowing that in the morning he ſhould be rewarded by Orkney out of the ſpoils that very ingenious diſpenſer of the law would collect

collect from the pockets of the more honeſt quaker. Nor was this all in which this ſubtile ſon of ſcience was engaged. When George Orkney had candidly explained the whole nature of his acquaintance with Lucy to his brother Andrew with the ſincereſt truth, and many encomiums on her innocence, and the pity her unprotected ſtate demanded, Andrew, although he pretended at laſt to applaud his brother in the higheſt terms for the part he had acted, yet he felt in his own mind no ſuch conſcientious ſcruples; on the contrary, he formed a determination from that moment to get the poor girl within his own power, and thinking that Stipend might be found in negotiating ſuch a buſineſs with more propriety than himſelf, he had employed him to diſcover Lucy, under the promiſe of reward, for George had carefully concealed the place of her abode.

They could only trace her to Hampſtead; but Mrs. Atkins living in ſo much obſcurity, and being alſo in another perſon's houſe, rendered

rendered it not eaſy to find her, and it was owing to theſe cauſes that even her father could not make the diſcovery. Stipend had likewiſe another deſign which ſtimulated him in his ſearch for Lucy; for as one rogue as naturally likes to cheat another rogue, as one honeſt man likes to deal honeſtly by another, ſo Stipend delighted in the intention of gaining Lucy firſt for himſelf, and then to make a merit of preſenting her to Orkney.

Thus was this poor girl the deſigned prey of two villains, and would moſt aſſuredly have fallen into their hands from the moment ſhe met with Stipend in the Park, had not her good genius, for that time at leaſt, ſaved her, by refuſing to tell him where ſhe reſided; and as a ſhort knowledge of the world had made her more wary and cautious, ſhe added, that ſhe every hour expected her father to fetch her home. This was in ſome degree the truth, for ſhe had on that very day written a very penitent letter to

him

him, bewailing her ſituation, and imploring forgiveneſs. She likewiſe took care that Stipend ſhould not know which way ſhe went out of the Park; but he was too well ſkilled himſelf in the arts of deceiving, to let her eſcape ſo, for although he could not exactly find out that day whither ſhe went, yet he was ſo indefatigable in his purſuit, that he ſoon diſcovered with whom, and where ſhe reſided; and having laid his plan, he ſet about the immediate execution of it; and in order to facilitate it, he threw himſelf in the way of Mrs. Atkins, whoſe avarice and mean propenſities could not be long concealed. Having inſinuated himſelf into her favour, he pretended to offer her great friendſhip on the ſcore of advice, telling her he had reaſon to believe ſhe was at that very time acting, though innocently, in an illegal manner, for which ſhe would be liable to be called to an account; for he had heard it whiſpered that ſhe entertained and ſecreted a young woman, who was the daughter of a man of ſome property, who would

in

in all probability begin a proſecution as ſoon as he could diſcover where ſhe was concealed.

Mrs. Atkins was not eaſily frightened, yet neither would ſhe be too ſecure; ſhe thought all the blame, if there was any, muſt reſt upon Captain Orkney, and ſhe went herſelf to the agent to enquire if he knew where he was, for ſhe determined to write to him, and deſire he would remove Miſs Loveſtock, or elſe give her ſome ſecurity for having engaged to give her houſe-room during the time that had paſſed.

This happened at the time that George lay ill of his wound at Mr. Collville's, and all letters of buſineſs were then ſent back, directed to Andrew Orkney. Nothing could have happened more agreeable to his purpoſe, for it not only informed him were Lucy was, but alſo made him acquainted with the trick Stipend deſigned to put upon him; it likewiſe gave him an inſight into the character

character of Mrs. Atkins, which was a very neceſſary information towards facilitating his own deſigns. He accordingly began his operations, by waiting upon that lady, and informing her that he was employed by his brother, Captain Orkney, to take Miſs Loveſtock immediately into the country, and deliver her ſafe into the hands of her friends.

"You are Captain Orkney's brother, then?" ſaid Mrs. Atkins, with a countenance which expreſſed a kind of doubt as to his being the brother of Captain Orkney; and well might ſhe doubt, for no two beings could well be more different;—he was a little under-ſized figure, with a ſhort neck, and ſtooping ſhoulders; he had fierce dark eyes, which he ſeemed afraid to open, but only ſcouled under their lids; his noſe was ſharp pointed, and his mouth wide, and full of uneven teeth; his hair was dreſſed ſo as to reſemble a wig, and one might always fancy a pen ſtuck behind his ear. He was well acquainted

acquainted with Mrs. Atkins's love of money, and he was ſo bent upon his project, that he determined to advance a trifling matter, rather than be diſappointed in his deſigns. When therefore ſhe implied a doubt of his really being Captain Orkney's brother, he aſſumed a kind of offended conſequence, and ſaid, " Yes, Madam, I am Captain Orkney's elder brother; and, Madam, I have ſuch credentials in my pocket, as will make you ——"

Here Mrs. Atkins interrupted him, by ſaying, " Dear Sir, I—I have not the ſmalleſt ſuſpicion, and I am ready to give you a true and ſatisfactory account of every penny which has been expended out of the ſum which was depoſited."

Here the fears of Mrs. Atkins had miſinterpreted the lawyer's intentions, by ſuppoſing he came to make her account for the ſum which in reality he knew nothing about, and

and being conſcious that a very ſmall part of it had been expended upon Lucy, ſhe dreaded an inveſtigation, and had by that means betrayed herſelf into a confeſſion of what he never ſuſpected; but he was too cunning not to take advantage of a diſcovery ſo beneficial to himſelf, and by which he could make a merit of that generoſity which would coſt him nothing; he therefore replied, "Don't be alarmed, my dear Madam; only have the goodneſs firſt to make out a little ſchedule of what you have expended, and give me the remainder, for which I will give you a receipt."

This was a buſineſs for which Mrs. Atkins was by no means prepared, and it was utterly impoſſible ſhe could find out (without coming to a direct queſtion) whether or not this Mr. Orkney knew what was the exact ſum which the Captain had depoſited in her hands, a very ſmall part, indeed, of which had been expended on Lucy, for ſhe had appropriated it to very different

purpoſes, and whatever extra things had been brought into the houſe, ſhe made Lucy pay for in the charge ſhe produced after her illneſs. When therefore Mr. Orkney made her this propoſal, ſhe replied, that it was impoſſible to ſay exactly what had been expended, for that Miſs Loveſtock had had a very long and dangerous illneſs ſince ſhe came, during which time ſo many things were had into the houſe, and ſo many expences had been incurred, it was really next to impoſſible to aſcertain the amount, and was ſhe to receive twice the ſum, it would not pay her for the anxiety and trouble ſhe had experienced; it was only to oblige Captain Orkney, for whom ſhe had the higheſt eſteem, that ſhe undertook ſuch a charge, which nothing in future ſhould tempt her to do, ſince no pecuniary reward could ever make her amends.

Andrew Orkney finding the mind of this woman to be formed ſo much upon the model of his own, that it would be as much

much in vain to extract gold from one as from the other, and being really eager in purſuit of the girl, he gave up all further attempts to ſecure the money, and ſaid, "Well, Madam, perhaps you had rather ſettle this matter with my brother; you will therefore prepare Miſs Loveſtock for her departure, and I will be here again in a couple of hours, with a coach, in order to convey her to the inn."

Thus he concluded his viſit, if not entirely to the ſatisfaction of Mrs. Atkins, yet it ended much better than ſhe at firſt apprehended; ſhe therefore haſtened to Lucy, whom ſhe informed in rather an abrupt manner, that ſhe muſt prepare for her journey into the country, for that Mr. Orkney would preſently be there to fetch her away.

"Mr. Orkney!" ſaid Lucy, "what Mr. Orkney?"

" Why, the Captain's brother," returned Mrs. Atkins; " he has received orders from your friends to conduct you home."

Lucy thought this a little extraordinary, having received no notice from any perſon ſince there ſhe had been; ſhe never ſaw Mr. Orkney but on the day ſhe met him, when ſhe was in the chaiſe coming to Hampſtead, and his appearance was far from prepoſſeſſing her in his favour; indeed nothing but the aſſurance of George, that he was his brother, would have made her believe that any relationſhip exiſted between them.

The faculties of this young woman had been ſo totally abſorbed and overpowered by the tender paſſion, that ſhe has hitherto appeared only as a weak and ſilly girl; but this was by no means the caſe. When her mind could be diveſted from the contemplation of one object, ſhe was not at all deficient in underſtanding; and finding herſelf in a ſituation in which ſhe muſt now act for herſelf,

herſelf, ſhe told Mrs. Atkins that ſhe would not by any means conſent to go with Mr. Orkney; ſhe had heard nothing from any of her friends, and ſhe would not be perſuaded to make any attempt to go to them until ſhe had; that if ſhe, Mrs. Atkins, was tired of her, or had any particular reaſons for wiſhing her removal, ſhe would not any longer remain with her, but ſhe would take lodgings for herſelf, till ſhe ſhould hear either from George Orkney or her friends.

Mrs. Atkins did not expect this difficulty, and was therefore not prepared for it.

"Why really, Miſs Loveſtock," ſhe replied, "I know very little of the matter, and it ſeems to me a very extraordinary buſineſs. As to your going into lodgings by yourſelf, I do not think it either creditable or adviſeable, nor ſhould I ſuppoſe you had money ſufficient to do it; you had, I ſhould think, better put yourſelf under the protection of Mr. Orkney."

CHAP. III.

POOR Lucy felt the wretchedneſs of her ſituation, and knew that ſince the charge Mrs. Atkins had made for her illneſs, her purſe was indeed but ſcantily furniſhed. She knew not upon what to determine, and the tears ſtreamed down her face, while ſhe caſt a ſupplicating look at Mrs. Atkins, which would have excited pity from the breaſt of any perſon leſs callous than was the heart of this woman; but ſhe poſſeſſing none of that milkineſs of human nature which ſometimes operates againſt all worldly conſiderations, replied haſtily, "Well, ſomething muſt be determined upon, and that quickly, for it ſignifies nothing to ſtand whimpering here; I may

may be brought into trouble for harbouring you any longer under my roof, and I would not do more than I have done, no, not for my own child."

Of the truth of this aſſertion Lucy was but too well aſſured. It occured to her that ſhe had ſeveral new things, ſuch as bonnets, caps, feathers, flowers, and the like, which ſhe had purchaſed under an idea of happineſs, which was now for ever flown; and as theſe things had never been worn, ſhe thought they might fetch her ſome money, if not as much as ſhe actually gave for them; and with this idea ſhe began packing up her clothes, ſorting out thoſe which ſhe intended to ſell; for although ſhe trembled at the proſpect of venturing into the world ſo unprotected, yet any thing was preferable to putting herſelf into the power of Orkney, or ſtaying with this ſordid woman. She accordingly deſired Mrs. Atkins would order her a coach, and make her excuſes to Mr. Orkney when he came.

Mrs. Atkins was rather unwilling to do this, under a fear that ſhe might incur the diſpleaſure of the Orkneys; but ſhe had no power to detain her, and therefore a coach was called, into which Lucy and her luggage were conveyed, without knowing whither ſhe was going; however, ſhe told the coachman to drive her into Holborn, as ſhe remembered it was there ſhe had made the purchaſe of thoſe things ſhe was now going to ſell. As ſhe drove along, ſhe examined the contents of her purſe, which the exorbitant demand of Mrs. Atkins had reduced to two guineas and a half, and ſome ſilver, before ſhe left her houſe.

The ſilver Lucy had given to the poor object who officiated as a ſervant, and who ſhe knew was almoſt ſtarving; and the half guinea ſhe had ſlipped into the hand of her little friend, Mrs. Atkins's daughter, at parting, for almoſt the ſame reaſon that ſhe had beſtowed the ſilver upon the other poor child. This liberality had reduced her remaining

remaining ſtock to two guineas only; but ſhe recollected that the things ſhe had purchaſed coſt her four times that ſum, and ſhe laid her account with receiving half that at leaſt for them now; and with ſix guineas ſhe might, ſhe thought, ſecure a lodging, and provide herſelf with what ſhe ſhould want, till ſhe again wrote to her father. With theſe hopes ſhe pulled the ſtring of the coach, in order to ſtop at a ſhop, in the windows of which ſhe obſerved caps and bonnets diſplayed, with other millinery articles; and when ſhe alighted, the woman of the ſhop ſeeing a ſmart young perſon walk in, and the coachman following with two large bandboxes, ſhe concluded it was a new cuſtomer come to purchaſe a profuſion of her goods. Turning therefore to her, with an air of ſatisfaction, ſhe haſtened to reach a ſtool, begged her to be ſeated, and running behind the counter, deſired to know her commands, and before Lucy could poſſibly ſpeak, ſhe reached a cap, which ſhe aſſured her was of the neweſt pattern, and the lateſt faſhion.

Lucy felt embarraſſed; but knowing that her buſineſs muſt be explained, ſhe told the milliner that ſhe did not at preſent want to purchaſe any thing, but that ſhe had ſome things to ſell, which ſhe would part with at a moderate price.

The countenance of the milliner loſt much of its ſweetneſs and complaiſance, and ſhe ſaid, in a tone of diſappointment, ſhe never bought ſecond-hand goods.

" Why, indeed," replied Lucy, " they cannot well be called ſo, having never been worn, and it is little more than a month ſince they were bought;" at the ſame time producing a very elegant cap, bonnet, and feather.

" That is nothing at all to me," ſaid the milliner, " they would be of no uſe to me, and are beſides quite old-faſhioned."

Lucy then aſked her if ſhe knew any body ſhe could recommend her to, who dealt in ſuch things.

" There may be people," ſaid the woman, " who buy ſuch things, but I don't know any ſuch; I aſſure you they are quite out of my line."

Lucy finding that ſhe was only loſing her time by ſtaying in the ſhop, began putting up her boxes, in which employment the good lady of the ſhop never offered to aſſiſt her. The coachman was fallen aſleep upon the ſtep of his coach, and Lucy was obliged herſelf to wake him, and deſire he would aſſiſt her to bring her boxes into the coach again, the woman eyeing her the whole time with no very favourable looks. As ſoon as ſhe had depoſited them ſafe in the coach, and was herſelf ſeated, the coachman aſked her whither he was to drive to next; and Lucy, though nearly diſcouraged by the treatment ſhe had received, was yet determined to make one more trial; ſhe therefore ſaid, " Drive on till I pull the ſtring."

She had heard of Monmouth-Street, where people buy and ſell all kinds of wearing apparel, but ſhe knew not where it was; and having obſerved a ſhop with ribbons and gloves at the window, but of an inferior order to that ſhe had left, ſhe ordered herſelf to be ſet down at it. Here ſhe met with the ſame civility on her entrance, and the ſame cold anſwers when her errand was made known; ſhe felt diſheartened, and ſhe offered the things for leſs than half their value, but nothing could prevail, and ſhe was again obliged to return to the coach. Tired and diſpirited, ſhe ordered the coachman to drive back again to a ſhoe-maker's, where ſhe had obſerved a bill up for lodgings to let. Upon her arrival at this houſe, the maſter of which had but lately opened his ſhop, and ſeeing a young lady ſtepping out of a coach, ran for a chair, deſired her to be ſeated, and placing a piece of paper upon the floor, he begged to know what ſort of ſlippers he ſhould ſhow her.

Lucy replied, ſhe did not want any; ſhe wanted lodgings, and wiſhed to ſee them.

The man ſaid he would call his wife; and preſently a woman appeared of no very prepoſſeſſing countenance, and aſked Lucy who the lodgings were for?

"For myſelf," ſhe returned, "and I ſhould be glad to take them immediately."

The woman took a ſcrutinizing ſurvey of her, and then ſaid, "No, we have not any that will do for you."

"Oh!" ſaid Lucy, "I am not nice; I dare ſay they will do." For the day began to cloſe; ſhe felt faint and weary, and would have been thankful for a garret ſhe could have called her own.

The woman almoſt ſtared her out of countenance, and ſaid, in no very kind accents, "Why, to tell you the truth, you

ſeems

ſeems a ſort of a perſon as I ſhould not like to take into the houſe. Without I knowed better who you be, how can I be ſure of my money? people be cheated every day, and you may be a ſharper for all I knows."

"As to money," ſaid Lucy, "I will pay you before hand for a week's lodging."

At the ſame time putting her hand into her pocket for her purſe, during which time the features of the woman relaxed ſomething of their ſeverity; but after Lucy had ſearched both her pockets, no purſe was to be found; ſhe knew ſhe had it when ſhe firſt got into the coach, for ſhe then counted her money; ſhe thought it muſt have dropped in the ſtraw, and ſhe called to the coachman to look there for it, but he anſwered her very ſurlily, ſaying, "A likely thing, truly, that your purſe ſhould be left in my coach; I fancy, miſtreſs, your purſe won't ſo eaſily be found, but I expect to be paid my fare, which comes to ſix ſhillings."

"Indeed,

"Indeed," ſaid Lucy, while the tears ſtarted in her eyes, "I can pay nobody unleſs I find my purſe, for I have not a farthing in the world beſides what is in it."

"Oh! you have not," ſaid the coachman; "then you be fit to ride in a coach to be ſure; what the devil do you think to fob me off ſo? Do you think me and my beaſts have nothing to do but to drag ſuch Madams as you about all day, and be told to look in the ſtraw for our money? Rot me, but I have a great mind to drive you to the round-houſe."

The ſhoe-maker and his wife joined with the coachman in abuſing poor Lucy, at the ſame time bleſſing themſelves that they had not permitted her to be a lodger.

"Go about your buſineſs," ſaid the woman, "and think yourſelf well off that we don't ſend for a conſtable; 'tis ſuch cheating trulls as you that deprive honeſt folks of their living."

During

During this ſpeech ſhe had puſhed the almoſt fainting Lucy out of the houſe, and the coachman advancing, and threatening her at the ſame time, her ſpirits failed her, and ſhe ſunk down upon the pavement. The coachman continued his oaths and abuſive language, and was, or pretended to be, in a dreadful paſſion; he tore open the boxes which contained her finery, and ſeeing feathers and flowers, he threw them out into the ſtreet. Meantime a mob was ſoon collected, and poor Lucy lay the victim of miſery, though ſhe was not inſenſible; only her trembling limbs could no longer ſupport her, and ſhe had the cruel mortification to hear all the groſs jeſts, and ſhocking obſervations which were made upon her, as ſhe lay in this wretched condition. One or two of the paſſers by, who had more tenderneſs in their compoſitions than the reſt, made ſome compaſſionate remarks, and ſaid, ſhe looked as if ſhe had not been uſed to ſuch treatment, but not one had ſufficient pity to offer her any relief; at laſt a young man buſtled

up

up in the croud, and aſked what was the matter; and before he could receive any anſwer to his queſtion, he ſaw Lucy upon the pavement in the manner before deſcribed. This was no other than Stipend, who always thinking he ſhould reap ſome advantage to himſelf by inquiring into every fray, conſidered himſelf in the higheſt good fortune to have diſcovered Lucy at the very moment he had feared he muſt relinquiſh the purſuit.

Although ſhe at firſt felt a gleam of joy at being recognized by any being who had ever ſeen her before, yet the familiar manner in which he accoſted her, gave her more than diſguſt—it gave her alarm; for the moment he obſerved the wretched condition in which ſhe lay, he ſaid, " Why, Lucy, my dear, is it you? what has happened to you, that you are alone, and in this miſerable plight? Aye, I knew what would be the end of your not taking my advice;—but come, cheer up, I'll take

take care of you ſtill, if you'll promiſe to be a good girl."

"Sir," returned Lucy, in a weak, but ſteady voice, "I ſhall take it as the greateſt favour in the world if you will have the goodneſs to lend me ſix ſhillings to pay the coachman; for I have unfortunately loſt my purſe, and it is for this cauſe that I am treated in the manner you ſee. I will return immediately to Mrs. Atkins, who will advance the money for me, with which I will repay you with gratitude."

She was by this time raiſed from the ground, and was ſupported by the arm of Stipend; the tears ſtreamed from her eyes, her ſighs expreſſed the moſt bitter affliction, and ſhe was upon the whole a truly intereſting figure of diſtreſs. Stipend inſiſted upon her having a coach, as ſhe appeared unable to walk, and, beſides, ſome boxes, and other things ſtood by her, which could be conveyed by no other mode; for the coachman no ſooner perceived that ſomebody approached

approached who knew her, than he gathered up her luggage, placed them by her ſide, and for reaſons beſt known to himſelf, drove off without receiving his fare, about which he had juſt before beſtowed ſo much abuſe.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

STIPEND now called up another coach, into which Lucy reluctantly entered, not willing to incur the expence of it, and at the ſame time dreading the reception ſhe ſhould meet with from Mrs. Atkins; but ſhe had no alternative. However, ſhe needed not be uneaſy upon that ſcore, for Stipend never meant ſhe ſhould return to that place, at the ſame time that he had ſome fears leſt it ſhould be diſcovered that ſhe was in his power: for upon Andrew Orkney's going to Mrs. Atkins, and finding Lucy gone, he was in a violent rage; and knowing how far Stipend had endeavoured to ſecure her for himſelf under pretence of engaging her for

for him, his ſuſpicion naturally fell upon him, as he well knew Lucy had no friend or acquaintance to whom ſhe could go. He therefore firſt terrified Mrs. Atkins with the idea of bringing an action againſt her, and then gave the ſame alarm to Stipend, who, at that time really knew nothing of her; and he was but juſt releaſed from the terrific threatening of Orkney, to whom he had been vowing innocence and ignorance of Lucy, when he found her in the above-mentioned ſituation, and but for the diſtreſs of which he would on no account have been ſeen with her, and would willingly have for ever relinquiſhed all pretenſions to her, rather than again fall under the diſpleaſure and power of Andrew, whoſe practice both of law and equity was ſuch as to make him dread its effects; neither could the idea of ruining Lucy recompenſe him for the fear of incurring Orkney's diſpleaſure. He therefore wiſely determined to make a virtue of neceſſity, and at once deliver Lucy, innocent as ſhe was, into the hands of his friend, for which merit he expected

expected perhaps ſomething more than thanks.

During their way, therefore, he endeavoured by all he could urge, to intimidate Lucy from returning to Mrs. Atkins, by repreſenting the violent paſſion ſhe had expreſſed after her departure, and what ſhe might have to dread from a diſpoſition ſo malicious. Lucy, however, ſtill, perſiſted in being carried to Fludyer-Street, let what would be the conſequence of her return. She began to be alarmed at the familiar manner in which Stipend behaved towards her, for he threw his arms about her, preſſed her to him, and talked in a ſtyle and manner to which ſhe had never been uſed, and which abſolutely terrified her; but ſhe was ſtill more alarmed when the coach ſtopped, and ſhe was forcibly dragged out, and carried up an alley, into a ſhabby-looking houſe, where ſtood a woman, on whoſe countenance was depicted every thing that was horrible. Poor Lucy had eaten nothing ſince the morning;

the

the fatigues ſhe had undergone had exhauſted her ſpirits, and ſhe again ſunk down quite inſenſible.

When ſhe came to herſelf, ſhe ſaw nobody but the woman, who was endeavouring to force ſomething down her throat which ſmelt like ſpirits—a potion ſhe had never in her life taſted, and which ſhe reſiſted with all her ſtrength.

The woman, inſtead of offering that conſolation in which Lucy ſtood ſo much in need, ſaid, in a hoarſe and maſculine voice, "Well, Miſs, you don't ſeem to have loſt your ſtrength with your fainting; if you had not been deviliſh refractory, I ſhould have got ſome Hollands down your throat, whether you would or no; and I'd adviſe you to take a little now, elſe maſter will think I took no care on ye, when he comes."

"Where am I," ſaid Lucy, "and what maſter is it that you expect?"

"Why,

" Why, my maſter," ſaid the woman, " Muſter Orkney; I ſuppoſe you knows him well enough, or elſe you would not ha been brought here;—this is a little ſnug houſe where he brings ſuch ladies as you be ſometimes, and though it an't fine, he likes it becauſe it's private, and away from the ſtreet."

" Gracious God," ſaid Lucy, in an agony of terror, " to what am I reduced! is there no way for me to eſcape?" Conſcious that ſhe had not a farthing in the world to offer the woman, by way of bribe. ſhe addreſſed her with a hope of working upon her feelings, ſaying, " Good woman, for pity's ſake aſſiſt me; it is true I have nothing to offer you, but if you would have the goodneſs to help me only to get into Fludyer-ſtreet, I have a friend there who would reward you now, and in future I will not forget you. I have a father (with what keen anguiſh do I now think of him!) who will gladly recompenſe you for preſerving his daughter from ruin; and as long

as

as I live, I will never forget my obligations to you."

"You may ſpare yourſelf all this palaver," ſaid the woman, with the utmoſt eaſe, and hardneſs of heart; "don't good woman me, and think to come over me with your flams. I'm hired by Muſter Orkney, and do ye think I'd go for to deceive he—no, I'll be true to my truſt; beſides, 'twas he got me off from being hanged, and one good turn deſerves another, you know;—what if he be'nt the moſt generous man in the world, you won't want for common neceſſaries, and there's many a one would be glad to ſtand in your ſhoes."

If Lucy was ſhocked at the idea of being brought into the power of ſuch a man, how much more was her wretchedneſs increaſed when ſhe found herſelf the priſoner of one of the worſt of her own ſex. Her agitation became ſtronger than her reaſon, and ſhe fell into very violent hyſteric fits, during which

ſhe had but a very faint recollection of being carried up ſtairs by the brutal woman, and laid upon a wretched bed, where ſhe continued for ſeveral days in a ſtate of delirium.

During this time Andrew Orkney viſited her frequently; but finding her ſtill the ſame, and that ſhe was not likely to get any better, he began to be heartily ſick of his bargain, and was in good hopes (as nothing was adminiſtered by way of curing her) every time he came, to hear that ſhe was dead; and he had concerted with the woman, that as ſoon as ever that event happened, the body ſhould be conveyed a back way to the river, ſo that he might have no further trouble or expence about it. The woman, indeed, ſuggeſted a ſhorter method of putting her out of her pain, for ſhe ſaid ſhe was ſure the girl was deviliſh tough, and would not die eaſily: but with all the vices which Andrew practiſed in their fulleſt extent, murder was a crime he yet ſhuddered at, and he had no doubt but her extreme ſufferings would at length

do

do that for him which he had not courage to ſet about, or even to order the execution of.

Meantime the conſtitution of Lucy prevailed over all her ſufferings, and her reaſon was perfectly reſtored to her. She found herſelf ſtretched upon a wretched bed, in a room deſtitute of furniture, and every appearance of comfort. She could not for ſeveral minutes recollect where ſhe was, or what had reduced her to this miſerable condition; but ſoon ſhe called to mind, with bitter anguiſh, what had paſſed, and finding herſelf quite alone, a dawn of hope ſtole upon her oppreſſed ſenſes that ſhe might make her eſcape. She found herſelf extremely weak, yet the deſire of getting away added to her ſtrength; and finding her clothes in the room, ſhe haſtily put them on, and ventured down ſtairs. Here every thing was ſtill, the door too was not faſtened; joy gave her ſpirits, and ſhe found herſelf in the alley which led into the ſtreet, into which ſhe made the beſt of her way, and turning to the right, ſhe walked as faſt as her trembling

limbs and weak frame would allow. She knew not where ſhe was; ſhe knew not how many days ſhe had lain ill; ſhe knew not the time of day, but from the hurry of the people, and the noiſe of the carriages, ſhe judged it to be about noon. She felt hunger in the extreme; and although ſhe knew ſhe had not a farthing in her pocket, yet ſhe could not help ſtanding ſtill at the board of a paſtry-cook, and at leaſt ſnuffing up the ſteams which aroſe from the hot pies and cheeſe-cakes, one of which ſhe was almoſt tempted to take. So faſt were her eyes riveted to the good things contained in the window, that ſhe did not perceive the eyes of a lady in the ſhop as firmly riveted upon her; and ſhe would have walked on, under the mortifying idea that ſhe had no means of ſatisfying her hunger, had not a voice, to which ſhe was not altogether a ſtranger, called her by her name in the very moment that ſhe was lifting up her eyes in thankfulneſs to that Power who had not only ſo miraculouſly preſerved and delivered her from her late diſtreſs, but had

alſo

alſo ſtrengthened her mind againſt the temptation of theft, to which ſhe was impelled by the preſſing calls of hunger. What was her ſurpriſe, when turning at hearing her name pronounced, ſhe recognized the perſon of Mrs. Clackit, who, dreſſed in a very ſuperb ſtyle, was regaling her appetite at the paſtry-cook's. Lucy immediately courteſied, and by an almoſt involuntary motion had ſtepped into the ſhop.

Mrs. Clackit drew up her head, and in a very haughty tone, ſaid, "A'nt you aſhamed, child, to look in my face after your ſhameful elopement? Aye, I ſee what you are come to, but it is no more than what was expected from your conduct, and your reign has been ſhort indeed. Why, you look as if you was ſtarved; I ſuppoſe you have not a penny to help yourſelf?"

"No, moſt truly, have I not," ſaid Lucy; and claſping her hands in a ſupplicating poſture, "Pity me, my dear Madam, and allow me to aſk you charity."

"Pity you!" repeated Mrs. Clackit, "no, I much more pity your poor mother, who is breaking her heart on your account; and your poor father, who has never been like the ſame perſon ſince you left them."

"Oh! ſpare me," ſaid Lucy, "ſpare me ſuch tidings as theſe till my ſpirits are more able to bear them; if you knew what I have ſuffered, you would not add to my griefs by ſuch heart-rending words; I am, indeed, upon the point of ſtarving."

Mrs. Clackit began to relent, and feeling that pride which her preſent ſuperiority gave her, ſhe walked about the ſhop with the greateſt conſequence, at the ſame time holding out a cake to Lucy, which the poor girl ſo greedily devoured, that ſhe inſtantly gave her another, which Lucy having eat with the ſame eagerneſs, ſhe was inſtantly ſeized with a kind of ſpaſm, which for a few moments deprived her of all power, and ſhe dropped upon a chair. The woman of the ſhop ran to her with ſome water, which having

having ſwallowed, ſhe ſoon recovered, but could eat no more; ſhe had, in fact, faſted ſo long, that the organs of her ſtomach could not bear food, unleſs it had been given more ſparingly, and it is probable the wretches from whom ſhe had eſcaped, never offered her any ſort of nouriſhment during the time ſhe ſtaid with them; but this was impoſſible to aſcertain, as Lucy was inſenſible from the firſt evening ſhe came there. As ſhe began to recover, Mrs. Clackit, in proportion, began to reſume her haughtineſs, and it muſt be confeſſed ſhe felt no ſmall degree of ſatisfaction, not to ſay pleaſure, at the ſuperiority ſhe had over this unhappy girl.

In order to account for this ſeeming want of chriſtian charity in Mrs. Clackit, it may be neceſſary to inform my readers that Mr. Loveſtock had always been conſidered as a leading and principal man in the town of M———, and although Mrs. Clackit alſo ſtood very high in the eſtimation of ſome of the inhabitants of the ſaid town, yet ſhe

had in the courſe of time met with ſome mortifications, not to ſay affronts, and which affronts might be traced to the Loveſtock family. She therefore could not but ſenſibly feel the great diſtance which fate had now placed between herſelf and the daughter of Mr. Loveſtock; and although there was no other witneſs than the woman who kept the pie-ſhop, yet Mrs. Clackit could not but diſplay her greatneſs, and again gratify herſelf by the humiliation of Lucy;—ſo again accoſting her, ſhe ſaid, "Indeed I am truly ſorry for you; but it is impoſſible for me, or any one elſe, to be of ſervice to you, for you are utterly ruined, and, as I ſaid before, your poor father is quite broken down, and is, indeed, ſcarce looked upon by any body ſince his misfortune; for although it was entirely your doing, yet it was ſuch a diſgrace to all belonging to you, that you can none of you expect to be looked upon again."

"God forbid," replied Lucy, "that my crimes ſhould be viſited upon any head but my own; and believe me, Madam, I have been

been ſufficiently puniſhed for my folly. If you will allow me to relate my ſtory, I am certain you would relax ſomething of your ſeverity, and afford me ſome compaſſion. Dear Madam, ſupply me with a trifle to procure me a night's lodging, and give me leave to wait on you in the morning, when my ſpirits will be better, and I ſhall be enabled to relate my ſtory."

"Oh! relate your ſtory, indeed," ſaid Mrs. Clackit, "I proteſt you ſhock me. I want to hear no filthy ſtories, I aſſure you; and as to waiting upon me, why, child, I am at my brother's in the City, who is a Common Council-man, and would not admit ſuch creatures as you are."

Here a faint bluſh of indignation, or ſomething very like it, ſpread itſelf over the pallid cheeks of Lucy, and ſhe only ſaid, "As you pleaſe, Madam; you have found me wretched, and you are pleaſed to leave me ſo, but, thank God! not guilty. Whatever may be your opinions from my appearance,

I can with comfort ſay, I am as innocent as when I left my father's houſe."

"Aye, child," replied Mrs. Clackit, "and that may very well be; for you know you was very near your time then. And pray what is become of the child? The Foundling Hoſpital, I ſuppoſe, has the honour of that!"

Now the idea of a child never exiſted but in the fertile imagination of Mrs. Clackit; and ſhe had propagated this report with ſo much perſeverance, that ſhe almoſt believed it was really the caſe. The accuſation, and the ſevere manner in which it was made, was, however, almoſt too much for the weak ſpirits of poor Lucy to ſupport. She returned an anſwer full of bitter reflections upon herſelf, at the ſame time proteſting againſt the charge brought againſt her.

Mrs. Clackit ſeeing her deeply diſtreſſed, and having nearly exhauſted all the malice her mind could invent, ſhe affected to turn

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an eye of pity, and ſaid to Lucy, " Well, child, ſince what is paſſed can't be helped, and if I thought you were really as penitent as you pretend to be, I believe I could, through my brother's intereſt, get you received into the Magdalen, an hoſpital for penitent proſtitutes, my dear."

Lucy, though depreſſed beyond meaſure, and almoſt ſunk into deſpair at this laſt ſpeech, exerted all her ſpirit, and in a voice and manner truly expreſſive of the inſult ſhe had received, replied, " Madam, I have told you before, and I now repeat, that I have been an imprudent, but not a guilty perſon, nor am I at all entitled to the charity you have juſt now mentioned. It is not the leaſt of my misfortunes, that I am now under the neceſſity of aſking *you* to ſupply me with a trifle for my preſent ſubſiſtence, but I aſk you not to give, but only lend it me, certain that my father will gladly repay it when he hears the diſtreſs from which it may relieve me; and ſhould I

never, (which from my preſent weak ſtate I have reaſon to fear), ſhould I not live to ſee my dear parents again, extend your goodneſs ſo far as to preſent my moſt affectionate duty, and aſſure them I am innocent."

Mrs. Clackit appeared moved at this laſt ſpeech, and putting her hand into her pocket, ſhe pulled out half-a-guinea, and ſome ſilver, ſaying, " Here is a trifle, and if I thought you would be a good girl, and repent your paſt conduct, I would take you down to M—— with me."

Lucy thanked her with the moſt heart-felt gratitude; and all the unkind things ſhe had ſaid were forgotten, and loſt in the remembrance of the laſt kind ſentences.

" Will you, Madam, allow me to wait on you to-morrow?" ſaid Lucy, " for I cannot be eaſy till I have convinced you of my innocence."

Mrs.

Mrs. Clackit pauſed, and then ſaid, "If I knew where to find you, I would come to you."

Lucy then applied to the woman of the ſhop to know if ſhe could not recommend a lodging in that neighbourhood, with honeſt people; ſhe cared not how mean it was—a garret, with bare walls, would ſerve her, provided ſhe could be unmoleſted, and with creditable people.

The woman told her ſhe believed there were lodgings over the way at a ſadler's, who were very good ſort of people, and if ſhe pleaſed, ſhe would go and inquire.

Lucy begged ſhe would loſe no time, and the negociations were ſoon ſettled; ſhe hired a two-pair of ſtairs room at half-a-guinea a week, and Mrs. Clackit promiſed to viſit her again the next morning.

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When Lucy took poſſeſſion of her new apartment, ſhe felt, perhaps, more proud than many a lady does of an elegant ſuite of rooms; nor did ſhe forget to return humble and unfeigned thanks to the Giver of all Mercy, who had preſerved her in the midſt of ſo many dangers, and brought her to a place of ſafety. She found herſelf much fatigued and very weak, and after taking ſome ſlight refreſhment, ſhe retired to reſt, with a mind more at eaſe than it had been for ſome time paſt.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

IT is from misfortunes that we learn a juſt eſtimation of the bleſſings and the ills of life. Lucy had experienced this truth in its fulleſt extent. The laſt two months of her life had ſhewn every thing in a very different light from that in which ſhe formerly viewed them, and had awakened her mind to a full ſenſe of her former folly. She flattered herſelf, that through the interceſſion of Mrs. Clackit, ſhe might again be received in her father's houſe, and ſhe now felt herſelf equal to any trials, except that of ſeeing George Orkney the huſband of another woman. Yet this was an adverſity ſhe knew ſhe muſt learn to bear, and hoped that her mind would be

ſtrengthened with fortitude ſufficient to encounter ſuch a trial.

Meantime Mrs. Clackit was equally delighted with her ſhare in the adventure. She felt extremely gratified at having, as ſhe thought, firſt humbled and depreſſed this poor girl, and then aſſiſted her by her charity. How muſt it exalt her character in the eyes of the woman of the ſhop, as well as with the people in whoſe houſe ſhe had left Lucy, and to whoſe care ſhe had recommended her with an air of kindneſs and authority which could not fail to impreſs them with a very high idea of her conſequence.

Theſe are exultations which can only be felt by a little mind; and ſuch was Mrs. Clackit's, and ſuch her cogitations as ſhe drove to her brother's, who was an eminent oilman in Cheapſide, and, as ſhe told Lucy, a Common Council-man of the City. When ſhe arrived at his houſe, ſhe affected unuſual perturbation

perturbation of mind; ſhe told her ſiſter-in-law, whoſe underſtanding ſhe held to be far inferior to her own, that ſhe had ſaved a young woman that very morning from the extremity of ruin and wretchedneſs; that nobody but herſelf would have ſhewn ſo much compaſſion and charity to a poor deluded and, ſhe feared, very wicked girl, who had run away from the moſt indulgent parents with the vileſt and greateſt profligate of the age; but yet ſuch was her tender nature, that ſhe could not bear to ſee the girl almoſt ſtarving, and begging for money to procure her a night's lodging, without generouſly relieving her. "Yes," ſaid ſhe, "I got the better of certain ſcruples which my ſex and ſituation in life demand, and yielded to my tender feelings; nor could I be ſatisfied with merely giving the girl money, but I got her a comfortable lodging with creditable people, and recommended her to their kindneſs and protection;—to be ſure, a feeling heart is a very great bleſſing, but

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it is attended with a deal of anxiety, and brings a world of trouble."

Thus did ſhe run on in her own praiſes, but omitted all the cruel and unkind things ſhe had ſaid to Lucy. She now ſaid ſhe muſt write to the girl's father by that night's poſt, for ſhe had the greateſt regard for the family, and ſhe ſhould not reſt till ſhe had given him a particular account of his daughter, and of the manner of her meeting with her. And this ſhe did in the following words:—

" SIR,

" I am ſhure you will be glad to hear of your poor wreatched daughter, and I wiſh I could give you a better account of her; but bad as it is, I would not conſeal it from you, for, indeed, I've always had a great regard for you, and all your family, though I believe you have ſometimes thought I was not your friend; but that I look over, forget, and forgive, and I'm ſhure you will allow I have akted

akted a kind and chriſtan part, and done as I would be done by; for I met poor Lucy, yiſterday, amoſt ſtarved, and very meen in appearince. She would have tould me her whole ſtory, but that would have ſhocked me, and ſo I gave her ſome money, and tuck her from the wreatched ſituation ſhe was in, and put her into creditable lodgings, where I ſhall wiſit her again to-morrow, which, let me tell you, is no ſmall condeſhenſhion in me, who have ſo many things of conſequence to take up my time, and conſiderin how I am conneckted; beſides, the diſgrace I may bring upon myſelf for noticin a proſtitut; and, indeed, I cannot bring her to my brother's, for they would no what kind of a perſon ſhe is, and nobody is for admittin ſitch ſort into oneſt ouſes. I dare ſay you would not let her want, although it is fit ſhe ſhould ſuffer for her wickedneſs; ſo you will let me no what you think is beſt to be done for her, for I think it would be but a ſad diſgrace to her mother, and to yourſelf, and all belongin to her, to have her come again

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to M——. So hopping this will find you well, I am, with my complimints to Mrs. Loveſtock,

" Sir,

" Your ſinchere friend,

" And humble ſarvant,

" MARY CLACKIT."

Cheapſide, June 27.

Mrs. Clackit having finiſhed this very ingenious epiſtle, took great merit to herſelf for her wonderful and extenſive charity, which ſhe had now diſplayed with ſuch unerring judgment. Had ſhe ſtated the caſe of Lucy as it really was, it might, and would in all probability have procured that compaſſion from her father, of which ſhe ſtood ſo much in need; but the nature of this letter was ſuch as would lead him to believe every thing that was deplorable, and that her bad conduct had forfeited all title to his protection.

Such,

Such, indeed, were its effects; for when the letter arrived, it corroborated every ſuſpicion that was prejudicial to the poor girl, and Mr. Loveſtock read it with that anguiſh of mind which a father may well be ſuppoſed to feel upon a conviction of his child's diſgrace, the knowledge of which he determined to keep a ſecret, confined to his own breaſt, well knowing the pity of the world would afford no comfort to him.

Meantime Mrs. Clackit viſited Lucy, and ſupplied her with many conveniences, beſides giving her money, all which Lucy ſet down to the ſcore of kindneſs and generoſity; and her grateful heart poured forth all its acknowledgments, freely forgiving the cruel and undeſerved reflections ſhe had thrown upon her.

Mrs. Clackit was in the meridian of her glory; ſhe was deeply engaged in a buſineſs which no way belonged to her; ſhe had the pleaſure of tormenting Lucy, at the ſame time

time that ſhe was demanding all her gratitude, by laying her under the greateſt obligations, and ſhe had the ſelf-ſatisfaction of ſounding her own praiſes for her unbounded kindneſs.

Reſpecting the pecuniary aſſiſtance ſhe had afforded Lucy, ſhe had received a ſum from Mr. Loveſtock, which he deſired might be expended in whatever would contribute to his daughter's wants, and if poſſible keep her from a courſe of life from which no bounty or advice, he feared, could ſave her; and ſuppoſing Mrs. Clackit their faſt friend, he confided all his ſorrows to her, as well as leaving the arrangement of every thing that concerned Lucy to her ſole management. She, therefore, the moſt improper perſon in the world, took upon her to direct and influence the conduct and ſituation of an innocent young woman, who only wanted parental care and proper advice to recover her loſt character.

It was in vain that Lucy tried to convince her ſhe was virtuous. Mrs. Clackit was determined in her own mind to believe the contrary; and when Lucy laboured with all her rhetoric to convince her of that which was of the moſt conſequence to herſelf, Mrs. Clackit would ſay, "Don't tell me, child; it is impoſſible for me to believe it after you went away with that vile fellow, Captain Orkney."

"Do not, dear Madam," replied Lucy, "uſe ſo harſh an expreſſion when you mention that beſt of men; to him, more than to myſelf, am I indebted for my preſervation. Oh! he is the beſt of men; his honour and integrity ſurpaſs all worth."

"Don't talk ſo abſurdly," ſaid Mrs. Clackit; "pray where was his honour and his worth when he murdered his poor brother? Aye, it has been a black buſineſs, only the Colvilles chuſe to huſh it up, but it will one day or other come to light; murder is never long concealed; but you are a poor ignorant girl, and being captivated by a red coat,

coat, you cannot be brought to believe what all the world beſides very well knows."

"Good God!" returned Lucy, "what is it you are ſaying? Dear Madam, tell me what it means, for your diſcourſe has filled my mind with unſpeakable terrors?"

"Aye, terrors indeed," ſaid Mrs. Clackit, "and well you may have terrors; for my part my blood runs cold when I think of it, for an own brother, a twin brother too, to go in cool blood, and run him through the body firſt, and then ſhoot him dead afterwards, and throw his body into a deep hole, at the end of the garden; mercy on us! I never heard of ſuch an atrocious deed in all my life."

"Gracious!" ſaid Lucy, "it is quite impoſſible—George Orkney guilty of murder! no power in heaven or earth ſhall make me believe it; he is vilely ſcandalized, and you, Madam, cannot really believe it?"

"Hold your tongue, you ſilly girl," replied Mrs. Clackit, "your paſſion and violence would make you guilty of the ſame; you

you ſhould learn to ſubdue your paſſions; it is that has been the ruin of you, and might have brought you to the gallows with him for aught I know, if Providence had not ſent me to your aſſiſtance; yes, I have ſaved you from ignominy, and if poſſible I will ſtill ſave you, although you make ſuch ungrateful returns for my kindneſs; I tell you again and again, there never was a greater villain upon earth than that Orkney. Could any thing in the world be worſe than making an offer of marriage to Miſs Collville and you at the ſame time, and then alluring you up to London to complete your ruin?"

"No, no, no," ſaid the half-diſtracted Lucy, "he deſerves no ſuch accuſations; you have been ſtrangely miſinformed and impoſed upon; he never named marriage to me in his life, and as to alluring me under falſe promiſes, Heaven is my witneſs that he never had ſuch an intention; it was all my own folly and weakneſs, and diſtreſs enough I have occaſioned him; and if his character has been

ſo vilified on my account, I can never make him amends."

Here Lucy fell into a violent fit of crying, which Mrs. Clackit treated with great contempt, ſaying, "You can cry for this vile fellow, but not for your crime; and if I had not the greateſt regard imaginable for your poor father and mother, I ſhould trouble myſelf no further with you, but leave you to periſh as I found you, for I ſee you are a poor, obſtinate, ſilly creature; but my tender nature gets the better of all other conſiderations, and I have promiſed your father that I will ſee you ſettled in ſome creditable way before I leave you."

"And have you, Madam, heard from my father? and will he not receive his penitent, but innocent, child?"

"Don't interrupt me," returned Mrs. Clackit, for ſhe had in her haſte named a circumſtance ſhe wiſhed to conceal, as ſhe would have taken all the merit to herſelf; "when you can command yourſelf ſufficiently to

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attend to me, I have a propoſal to recommend to your conſideration, and ſuch an offer to make you, as will not happen every day, I aſſure you; but before I mention it, you muſt promiſe me that you will forget, and never again name, or even think of that vile fellow, Captain Orkney, who, if he is not hanged as he deſerves, will be married to Miſs Collville, and therefore can never be any thing to you."

Lucy was extremely agitated by this diſcourſe, and had very little power, and ſtill leſs inclination to make her any anſwer; ſhe felt very much hurt that Mrs. Clackit ſhould perſevere in the opinion of her being ruined, and ſhe could leſs bear the unjuſt imputations ſhe laid to the charge of George Orkney. She ſat, therefore, for ſome time in a kind of ſullen reſerve, and when Mrs. Clackit again began to teaſe her, ſhe anſwered, that ſhe was very unhappy; ſhe earneſtly wiſhed it would pleaſe God to take her; ſhe felt the weight of obligation very

heavy indeed when it was due to a perſon who was continually loading her with reproaches and unjuſt accuſations, without believing a word ſhe ſaid; that as to promiſing not to think of Captain Orkney, ſhe might as well try to forget her own exiſtence, but ſhe would promiſe to confine her thoughts within her own breaſt, and never would mention his name again, if ſhe might hope it would never be repeated to her with ſuch injurious accuſations annexed to it.

" This is all mighty fine," returned Mrs. Clackit, " and I muſt have the beſt temper in the world to bear with your provoking folly; but ſtill I am determined to ſerve you, and therefore, to trifle no longer, I ſhall inform you, in a few words, that it ſignifies nothing to live this here kind of idle life, ſpending all your time in thinking of a worthleſs man, whom you will never ſee again. I have therefore deſired my brother to look out amongſt his cuſtomers, ſome of whom are people of the firſt rank, to know if a young woman,

woman, well brought up, (and I ſaid not a word of your misfortune) could not be received into ſome genteel family, in the capacity of upper maid, or ſort of companion to a young lady, who would not require any employment or ſervice that you need to be aſhamed to undertake. Now it has happened even better than I could expect; for Lord Mackwarling's houſekeeper came the other day to order ſome hams, and other things, for the family, and without any application, aſked my ſiſter if ſhe knew of any young perſon who would like to attend her young ladies, of whom ſhe ſpoke in the higheſt terms; and is to come again to-morrow to hear further. Now I think it is the very thing for you, and more fortunate than any thing you could expect; if, therefore, I can depend upon your prudence, I will venture to recommend you."

Lucy knew not what to anſwer it; would have required but little conſideration to have determined upon relinquiſhing her preſent

irkſome way of life; but the idea of ſervitude conveyed a ſomething at which her heart recoiled, yet ſhe could but make the trial; her father's doors would not always be ſhut againſt her, and any thing was preferable to being under obligations to Mrs. Clackit; ſhe therefore heſitated no longer, but ſaid ſhe would accept the offer.

"Aye, to be ſure you will," ſaid Mrs. Clackit; "why, you would have been mad to have refuſed it; you may think yourſelf happy to be ſo favoured; well, it is better to be born fortunate than rich."

Lucy could not ſo eaſily ſubſcribe to this opinion, or ſo readily rejoice in what appeared ſo very precarious an undertaking. She told Mrs. Clackit, however, that ſhe would be guided by her, and was ready to engage in whatever capacity ſhe had any talents for, and hoped ſhe ſhould credit her recommendation.

"This

"This is the firſt proof you have given me of your ſenſe," ſaid Mrs, Clackit, "and I will loſe no time in making the arrangements for your eſtabliſhment."

Lucy thanked her, and ſhe took her leave. She was no ſooner gone, than a thouſand wild ideas aroſe in the mind of Lucy; one moment ſhe congratulated herſelf upon the proſpect of a change which might be productive of more ſatisfaction than ſhe had yet experienced; in the next ſhe beheld as many objections—ſhe might be thrown into a family in every reſpect diſagreeable, devoid of every circumſtance which could render it comfortable; perhaps the young ladies were haughty Miſſes, who would give themſelves abundance of airs, and exact much more from her than ſhe ſhould find herſelf diſpoſed to ſubmit to. However, any thing was preferable to living, as ſhe ſuppoſed ſhe did, at Mrs. Clackit's expence; and if her father really would not take any notice of her, it would be more for her comfort, as well as credit,

to get into a reſpectable family, however degrading the ſituation.

Theſe conſiderations being duly weighed, ſhe told Mrs. Clackit, in her next viſit, that ſhe would accept the offer ſhe had made her, of attending the daughters of Lord Mackwarling; and the ſooner ſhe was eſtabliſhed in the family, the happier ſhe ſhould think herſelf.

"All that is ſooner ſaid than done," replied Mrs. Clackit; "the laſt time I mentioned it, you gave yourſelf airs, and ſaid you was not born for ſervitude, ſo that I have troubled myſelf no further about it; and it can only, through my means, be brought about.

Lucy begged ſhe would add to the many kindneſſes ſhe had already ſhewn her, by doing all in her power to get her into the family.

"Aye,"

" Aye," returned Mrs. Clackit, " I engaged in a bleſſed buſineſs truly when I took you upon my hands, and glad enough I ſhall be when I ſee an end to my trouble; however, as I have begun a good work, I will go through with it, and get you ſettled in ſome way before I go into the country."

The truth was, there were no difficulties attending this buſineſs; for Mrs. Gilkin, Mrs. Clackit's ſiſter-in-law, had promiſed to introduce the young woman in a few days; and as the family of Lord Mackwarling was going into Scotland, no time was to be loſt; but Mrs. Clackit could not bear that it ſhould ſeem ſo eaſy a matter, and negociated with ſo little of her advice and direction. She therefore pretended there were difficulties when in reality none exiſted; and in order to give herſelf conſequence in the opinion of Lucy, ſhe pretended to go back, and return again in a great heat, and appearance of fatigue, ſaying, " Well, child, I very believe I ſhall wear myſelf out in trying to ſerve you. I

have, after much trouble, and ſaying many things in your behalf, which I cannot anſwer entirely for, ſucceeded, and you are to attend at Lord Mackwarling's at one o'clock to-morrow: my ſiſter will attend you, for I have ſome private reaſons for not chuſing to go with you; and I hope you will behave in ſuch a manner as will ſecure you a favourable reception. My brother's wife is a poor ignorant woman, and knows nothing of the world; but I ſuppoſe you will only ſee the houſekeeper to-morrow, and that is the reaſon I do not chuſe to go with you: had it been to ſpeak to my Lord himſelf, or the young ladies, I ſhould have been the moſt proper perſon to have introduced you, but the preſent caſe forbids it."

Lucy returned a profuſion of thanks, and was not a little glad that Mrs. Clackit was not to be the perſon to introduce her; for ſhe knew that in order to raiſe her own conſequence, ſhe would be ſure to ſay or do ſomething that would be not only mortifying,

but

but probably of ſuch a nature as to leſſen inſtead of recommend her.

Lucy knew nothing of Mrs. Gilkin, but ſhe had formed her, in idea, as a very different being from Mrs. Clackit; and when the morning came, ſhe collected her little wardrobe together, which conſiſted of very few articles. She paid for her lodgings out of money which ſhe had been led to ſuppoſe was the bounty of Mrs. Clackit, but was, in fact, ſent by her father, to ſupply her with whatever neceſſaries ſhe might have occaſion for. When ſhe arrived in Cheapſide, ſhe was introduced to Mrs. Gilkin, a plain, but neat looking woman, who affected nothing out of the line in which ſhe was placed; nor was her huſband of a very different deſcription. Mrs. Clackit ſeemed to hold them both in ſovereign contempt, and appeared to take upon her the management of every thing. Lucy was not an unintereſting object; ſhe had dreſſed herſelf remarkably neat;

her health was returned, and a glow of ſomething like pleaſure was diffuſed over her countenance at the idea of a change in her ſituation, which had been for a long time ſo extremely unpleaſant, that ſhe could not but hope it might be rendered at leaſt ſomething better.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

AFTER having received abundance of good advice, delivered in the moſt authoritative and haughty terms by Mrs. Clackit, Lucy and Mrs. Gilkin proceeded in a hackney-coach to the houſe of Lord Mackwarling, in Cavendiſh-ſquare. They were uſhered into the houſekeeper's room, who appeared a middle-aged woman, with a ſenſible countenance, in which was depicted much tenderneſs and humanity. Lucy conceived a ſtrong prejudice in her favour from the firſt glance; and after they were ſeated, ſhe turned to Lucy, and ſaid, "You are, I preſume, the young perſon of whom Mrs. Gilkin ſpoke to me the other day, and if ſo, I have

I have to inform you that my young ladies are going to pass the summer, and it may be great part of the ensuing winter in the Highlands of Scotland, a part of the world not much calculated either for society or amusement, except that which is derived from their own accomplishments. They are charming young women, and will make any body's life pleasant, who has the happiness of passing it with them. The person they wish for, as a sort of companion in their retirement, will be expected to read to them, work for them, and be assistant in those little employments which fill up time, and amuse the mind when the season will not permit either walking or riding."

Lucy was delighted with the account Mrs. Brown (which was the name of the housekeeper) gave of the situation she was likely to be placed in; and with all the eagerness of youthful impatience, she expressed a wish to know when she should engage in this desirable undertaking.

Mrs.

Mrs. Brown told her whenever ſhe pleaſed; that ſhe might ſtay then, if it ſuited her convenience. She added, that ſhe had known Mrs. Gilkin ſo long, that ſhe was ſure the young ladies would require no other recommendation.

Lucy was therefore left with Mrs. Brown, who ſoon after introduced her to the Miſs Mackwarlings, the eldeſt of which appeared perfectly to anſwer the deſcription Mrs. Brown had given of them, by the free and good-humoured manner in which ſhe received her; but the ſcrutinizing and haughty looks of the youngeſt did not exactly correſpond with the ideas Lucy had raiſed of their perfections. Miſs Mackwarling aſked her queſtions that were calculated to encourage and give her confidence; while Miſs Harriet, the youngeſt, ſtared at her in a way which was very diſtreſſing, humming an air ſo loud as to interrupt all converſation. Lucy could have conſidered this behaviour as the effects of youth, and a childiſh way of amuſing herſelf, had not ſhe caſt certain ſupercilious

looks, and threw out ſome ill-timed ſpeeches, which ſeemed more the effects of a proud heart, than a playful fancy.

Lucy had experienced enough viciſſitudes of fortune in the ſhort time ſhe had lived, to know tnat there muſt be ſome bitter for every ſweet; ſhe therefore comforted herſelf with the hope that the ſweetneſs and amiable diſpoſition of the one ſiſter, would fully compenſate for the want of thoſe good qualities in the other; and as ſhe was willing to look on the faireſt ſide, ſhe the leſs regarded Miſs Harriet, when ſhe aſked her, with a look of contempt, how long ſhe had left the country? what relation ſhe was to the oilman's wife? whether ſhe had ever been at ſchool? how old ſhe was? whether ſhe had any brothers and ſiſters? what was her chriſtian name? and laſtly, with a ſneering affectation of familiarity, if ſhe had ever been in love?

This laſt queſtion diſconcerted Lucy; the colour flew to her face, and a ſomething like the

the ſpirit of reſentment prompted her to anſwer in the affirmative, although the moment the word had paſſed her lips, ſhe heartily repented giving the impertinent Harriet ſuch an advantage.

" What, and confeſs it to?" ſaid the aſtoniſhed Harriet; " well, that is more than I excepted; it is enough to ſicken one, indeed, when every ignorant Miſs affects the tender paſſion. And pray who, and what is the Adonis of your affections? is it a dapper apprentice, who has captivated you from behind ſome counter ſince you have been in London? or is it a rural ſwain, whom you have left in the country to bewail your ſeparation with reciprocal fondneſs?"

During this ſpeech, Lucy had time to collect her thoughts, and ſuppreſs her reſentment; ſhe replied, therefore, with great modeſty, that her ready acknowledgment was more the reſult of truth than vanity, and as ſhe had made the confeſſion, ſhe would not

not pretend to deny that ſhe was no ſtranger to the paſſion of love; but it had been productive of all the misfortunes of her life, and that it ſhould be her future ſtudy to forget, as far as ſhe poſſibly could, every remembrance of it.

Harriet now burſt into a loud laugh, and was going to make ſome very offenſive anſwer, which her ſiſter perceiving, put a ſtop to, by interrupting; and turning to Lucy, whoſe ſenſible and ingenuous anſwer had given a very favourable opinion of her underſtanding, ſhe ſaid, "Pray don't mind what my ſiſter ſays; ſhe has a mind to be a little whimſical this morning, but it is now my turn to have ſome ſhare in the converſation, and I will requeſt the favour of your attendance in my dreſſing-room, where I ſhall conſult your opinion upon ſome patterns for working muſlin."

Lucy, greatly reſieved by this well-timed good-nature, prepared to follow Miſs Mackwarling;

warling; but Harriet would be of the party, declaring Lucy would chuſe nothing but weeping willows in her patterns, and throwing out a thouſand witty remarks. Lucy's remarks were confined to her own breaſt, where ſhe could not help drawing a compariſon between the ſiſters, greatly in favour of the eldeſt. Miſs Mackwarling ſhewed her the houſe, pointed out ſome pictures which were thought to be capital ones, and aſked if ſhe underſtood muſic.

Lucy had made no great proficiency in that ſcience, although ſhe could play tolerably; but ſhe modeſtly ſaid ſhe had learned, but for want of practice ſhe knew but little of it.

When the dinner-bell rung, ſhe went to the houſekeeper's room, where ſhe ſat down with Mrs. Brown; Mrs. Muſlin, the young ladies' maid, the butler, and my Lord's man, out of livery. It was the firſt time in her life that ſhe had ſat down to a meal with ſervants,

ſervants, and the little pride ſhe had roſe at the idea; but it was preſently ſubdued when ſhe recollected that ſhe had felt the want of a morſel of bread. Mrs. Muſlin eyed her with a great deal of envious contempt; ſhe knew it was the wiſh of her young ladies to have a companion whom ſhe muſt conſider as ſuperior to herſelf, and ſhe alſo knew it was an arrangement which had been long ſettled, and to which ſhe muſt ſubmit; but then ſhe expected to have ſeen an elderly woman, like Mrs. Brown, or at leaſt her fancy had repreſented her as plain and awkward: ſhe therefore could not eaſily reconcile the youth, beauty, and elegance which were united, and ſhone forth in the perſon of Lucy. The men too looked at her with admiration and reſpect. Mrs. Brown helped her likewiſe to every thing firſt, and diſtinguiſhed her by a marked attention and reſpect. Mrs. Muſlin adjuſted her dreſs, moved her ſeat, and affected various modes of conſequence; but finding no one diſpoſed to regard them, ſhe began the converſation by

ſaying,

ſaying, "I wonder when *we* ſhall begin our journey into Scotland? Well, I wiſhes we were to ſet out to-morrow, for London is the moſt duſtieſt diſagreeableſt place in ſummer; to be ſure it is a furtiguing journey to go ſo far in the *illands*, but it is waſt pleaſant when one gets there. Pray, Meme, (addreſſing Lucy) was you ever in Scotland?" who anſwering ſhe never had been, Mrs. Muſlin took freſh courage, and enlarged upon the beauties of the country, by ſaying, "Well, to be ſure, ſuch hills and mountains, with ſnow upon them in the midſt of ſummer; ſuch beautiful travelling where you may go miles and miles, and never ſee either houſe, or tree, or man, or woman, except now and then one of them there Scotch Illanders, who wears ſuch comical ſort of dreſſes that ſhews their bare knees;—well, people as travel have waſt adwantages."

Lucy had no great pleaſure in hearing deſcriptions of this kind; therefore, as ſoon as their

their dinner was finiſhed, ſhe retired to the young ladies' dreſſing-room.

Several days paſſed in the ſame manner, in which Lucy had frequent occaſion to obſerve the contraſt in the two ſiſters, and to admire the good ſenſe, as well as gentle manners of the eldeſt, as much as ſhe deſpiſed the vain and arrogant impertinence of the youngeſt. As to Lord Mackwarling, ſhe ſaw but little of him; he was a literary man, poſſeſſed of many good qualities, which were in ſome degree obſcured by a large portion of Scotch pride, but he was an indulgent father, and a kind maſter. Lady Mackwarling had been dead ſome years; and his only ſon was ſtudying at the Univerſity of Glaſgow.

The day was approaching which was fixed on for their departure to Scotland. When it arrived, Lucy felt a depreſſion on her ſpirits, which ſhe accounted for, by being on the point of leaving all that was dear to her.

her. She ſeveral times meditated the deſign of throwing herſelf at her father's feet, and imploring his pardon and protection; but Mrs. Clackit had promiſed to uſe all her endeavours to intercede for her, and let her know the reſult; ſo that ſhe truſted entirely to her negociations, and they were ſuch as were not likely to be beneficial to her; but this ſhe did not know, and ſhe was likewiſe deterred from attempting another journey by herſelf, from the ill ſucceſs which had attended all her former enterpriſes.

As they hurried, and travelled poſt through their journey, ſhe had but little time for reflection; but going through the northern part of England, ſhe went within a poſt of her home, the idea of which ſtruck ſo forcibly upon her mind, that when ſhe was ſummoned to the carriage, her ſpirits entirely failed her, and her trembling limbs could ſcarce ſupport her. Miſs Harriet rallied her upon her fine feelings; aſked if this was the ſcene where ſhe had received the firſt impreſſion of her love,

love, and teaſed her with repeated queſtions, which ſhe was as unable as ſhe was unwilling to anſwer. When ſhe got into the carriage, the remembrance of her misfortunes obliterated every other idea, and a plentiful ſhower of tears was her beſt relief. Her lowneſs of ſpirits continued till it was in ſome degree diverted by a ſcenery of country entirely new to her; the barren heaths ſhe went over, the immenſe hills ſhe ſaw, the uncultivated vallies where the few ſcattered cottages beſpoke the miſery and poverty of the inhabitants, were objects ſo entirely new to her, that her imagination was diverted from very ſerious and painful ideas. She almoſt deſpaired of ſeeing a place that could give an idea of comfort, or even afford the common neceſſaries of life, much leſs could ſhe ſuppoſe there ſhould be a place capable of receiving and ſupplying the family of Lord Mackwarling with neceſſaries. How then was her ſurpriſe increaſed, when, after many miles of dreary heath, a beautiful proſpect opened to her view, and dazzled her ſight with

with the moſt pleaſing variety of cultivated nature. The diſtant hills formed a fine contraſt to the fertile meadows, which were covered with the fineſt verdure, and enriched with abundance of cattle. The woods formed a variegated curtain, and the luxuriant trees beſpoke the antiquity of their growth, the goodneſs of the ſoil, and the riches of their owner.

In the midſt of this abundant valley roſe the manſion of Lord Mackwarling; it was called Inverdale, and appeared a very ancient ſtructure. As they approached the houſe, Lucy was much ſurpriſed to ſee a great number of peaſants coming to meet them; they were all dreſſed in plaid, and wore Scotch bonnets. The fiddle and bagpipe were accompanied by the voices of the women, and formed a very harmonious concert. The countenances of the people expreſſed great joy at ſeeing their Laird, and proved they were the clan of the Mackwarlings. Much feaſting and dancing ſucceeded, and it was ſome

days before they were quietly ſettled at Inverdale. The houſe was a noble one, and the fineneſs of the ſeaſon increaſed the beauty of the country which ſurrounded it.

Miſs Mackwarling conceived a great friendſhip for Lucy, whoſe mind grew more and more expanded and improved: muſic, drawing, and French, all of which ſhe had but a very ſuperficial knowledge, ſhe had now an opportunity of improving in the moſt advantageous manner. She had likewiſe the liberty of reading any of the books in the library, which contained a very fine collection. Lord Mackwarling himſelf ſometimes directed her choice in the peruſal, and always treated her with great reſpect; indeed ſhe was become a general favourite, and was now never ſuffered to dine in the houſekeeper's apartment, but was the conſtant companion of my Lord, and the young ladies. Her good ſenſe guided her conduct, and nobody that knew her ſome months back, and were now to ſee her, would have believed it was the

ſame

ſame Lucy Loveſtock who had appeared in ſo weak and ſilly a character; indeed, when ſhe looked back upon her paſt conduct, ſhe bluſhed at her extreme folly, and although her heart felt the ſame partiality for George Orkney, yet it was corrected by good ſenſe, and ſubdued by the perfect aſſurance that he muſt have been diſguſted by her fondneſs and her folly. The remembrance of her parents, and the idea of her being forſaken by them, gave her many painful moments, and embittered the pleaſure of her preſent life.

She had written ſeveral letters to Mrs. Clackit, expreſſive of the obligations ſhe was under to her for the ſituation ſhe now enjoyed, and entreating to hear of her friends. That ingenious lady ſometimes favoured her with an anſwer, informing her that her friends were well, but would not yet be reconciled to her.

Thus paſſed the ſummer; and when the autumn arrived, the face of the country loſt none of its beauty; but, on the contrary, ſeemed ſtill improved by thoſe variegated tints which that ſeaſon exhibits in the woods and trees.

Lucy was provided with a horſe, on which ſhe accompanied the ladies in their morning rides; theſe were often terminated by calling at the houſe of a Mr. Murphy, who, with his ſiſter, lived about ſix miles from Inverdale. Mrs. Murphy was little more than forty, but ſhe was a very ſenſible woman, and had laid aſide the title of Miſs at an earlier period than is generally adopted; and it were to be wiſhed more ladies would follow the example, which would be a means of rendering reſpectable a character only made otherwiſe by an appellation which ſeems to convey ridicule. Mr. Murphy had been in the army, but was retired upon half-pay; he had in many reſpects a very ſingular turn of thinking, but he was upon the whole an excellent

excellent character, and poſſeſſed a thouſand virtues. In the viſits he made at Lord Mackwarling's, he had noticed Lucy in a very particular manner. The gravity which hung upon her countenance he marked as the reſult of deep thinking; and he ſaw, or fancied he ſaw, an uncommon ſhare of good ſenſe diſplayed in all ſhe ſaid and did. He was extremely deliberate in all matters that concerned the heart: he once met with a diſappointment to his fondeſt wiſhes, and it made him extremely wary ever ſince. He had frequent opportunities of obſerving and admiring Lucy, whoſe perſon, as well as manners, was much improved, and ſhe might with great juſtice be called an exceeding fine young woman. The freſhneſs of a fine October morning, together with the exerciſe of riding, had given a glow to her complexion, which greatly heightened her beauty; and when ſhe with Miſs Mackwarling entered the houſe of Mr. Murphy, ſhe appeared a truly intereſting figure.

That gentleman's ſiſter received them with uncommon marks of pleaſure, ſaying, as they advanced, " You are now come juſt in the proper hour, for my brother has a viſiter lately arrived, ſuch a viſiter as one does not ſee every day; and I aſſure you, you muſt take care of your hearts, for if you wiſh to ſee Beauty perſonified, and united with elegance, you will behold it in the gentleman who has now walked out with my brother. They are very old friends, and are, I dare ſay, talking over old ſtories; but I hope they will ſoon return, and give you an opportunity of approving my taſte."

They were, indeed, very intimate friends, and Mr. Murphy was deſcribing Lucy to the ſtranger, and conſulting him upon his premeditated offers of love towards her.

The ladies were prepared to meet the ſtranger, and the ſtranger was prepared to meet the ladies; yet the conſequences of the meeting was by no means expected, for no ſooner

ſooner was the door opened, and the gentleman approached, than the emotions of Lucy were ſuch as could be no longer concealed; for in the perſon of the ſtranger ſhe inſtantly recognized that identical object of her love, George Orkney. She ſunk into her chair, and from her endeavours to ſuppreſs her feelings, and to eſcape obſervation, ſhe became almoſt incapable of preſerving her ſenſes. George did not immediately ſee her; but his attention was drawn to that ſide of the room by Mrs. Murphy calling out, in a voice of affright, "See, Miſs Loveſtock is fainting!"—The name reſounded upon the ear of George with a ſtrange apprehenſion, and to his extreme ſurpriſe he beheld that Lucy for whom he had ever conceived a degree of compaſſion bordering upon love. He ran to her, and the deſpondency which overſpread her whole countenance recalled a thouſand tender recollections to his heart. He addreſſed her in the gentleſt accents, and ſincere pity for her apparent perturbation; he wiſhed to have

aſked her queſtions which the place and the company in which he found her might make improper; he could only ſay, "My dear Miſs Loveſtock, how is it that I find you in the Highlands of Scotland? How is your health? let me hope your preſent paleneſs and trembling do not proceed from indiſpoſition; and that the ſight of an old acquaintance will not occaſion you any emotions but thoſe of pleaſure, at meeting in the company of ſo many good friends."

Lucy began to recover; and giving him a look of inexpreſſible tenderneſs, ſhe was preſently ſufficiently collected to return her thanks with tolerable compoſure, and to add that a fate, which ſhe muſt ever conſider as fortunate, had placed her in the company of thoſe good friends in which he now found her; and ſhe hoped to have an opportunity of hearing from him of other friends, who were very dear to her.

George

George endeavoured to paſs off her ſeeming indiſpoſition at his appearance; and whatever were the conjectures of thoſe that were preſent, they poſſeſſed too much good manners and propriety of conduct to expreſs any curioſity on the occaſion.

The time allotted to their viſit being expired, Miſs Mackwarling ordered the horſes; and Mrs. Murphy was too well bred to preſs for a longer ſtay, when ſhe plainly perceived that an embarraſſment was the conſequence of it. The uſual compliments having paſſed, the ladies were attended, and ſeated upon their horſes by the gentlemen. George, in a whiſper, told Lucy he ſhould take an early opportunity of again ſeeing her, and he returned into the houſe.

CHAP. VII.

WITH a reſerve of manners altogether unuſual to him, Mr. Murphy could not but have obſerved the ſtrange, and to him incomprehenſible, ſcene which had paſſed between George and Lucy; and the reflection of this unaccountable behaviour caſt likewiſe a gloom upon his countenance. In his heart he accuſed George of duplicity, in not explaining to him the nature of his acquaintance with Lucy, when he had himſelf immediately before been ſo explicit on the ſubject of his future intentions; but lovers frequently reaſon from events only, and forget the cauſes which occaſion them. This was the caſe at preſent; for when Mr. Murphy condemned George

George for not informing him that he was acquainted with Miſs Loveſtock, it did not occur to him that her name had never once been mentioned; her beauty, her manners, her good ſenſe, and proper conduct were all diſcuſſed, but her name George had neither inquired, nor Mr. Murphy once repeated. When, therefore, he aſked his ſiſter if ſhe did not think George and the young lady were lovers, or at leaſt that their behaviour was rather queſtionable, ſhe ſaid, "Certainly, they muſt have met before, becauſe he inſtantly called her by her name before I had an opportunity of introducing her."

"And," replied Mr. Murphy, haſtily, "I am certain I never told him her name."

This ſelf-conviction inſtantly acquitted his friend of having acted with any ſort of duplicity, and with an eager curioſity, and a mind better diſpoſed towards him than it had been a few minutes before, he went in ſearch of him. He found him walking very ſlowly in a field adjoining the houſe, and ſo

totally abſorbed in reflection, that he addreſſed him three times before he heard or ſaw any object but that on which his contemplations were fixed. Mr. Murphy addreſſed him by ſaying, "Well, Orkney, what are you thinking of the girls ſtill? and have you not one word for any body elſe?"

"Tell me," ſaid George, "and tell me truly, which of the young ladies is the one on whom you paſſed ſuch high encomiums juſt before they arrived?"

"I will anſwer you at once," ſaid Mr. Murphy, "that it was Miſs Loveſtock; and in return I expect you will inform me, as truly, if you are not her lover; and if it is ſo, I will promiſe never to oppoſe your claim, but, on the contrary, will do all in my power to promote your ſucceſs; for although I have formed the moſt favourable opinion of her, yet I am paſſed the age of being violently in love, and have not knight-errantry enough to diſpute the prize, to which I alſo ſuſpect you have a prior claim."

George

George thanked him in the warmeſt terms, and then ſaid, "From you, my friend, I will have no concealments, and by your advice and judgment ſhall my future deſigns be directed; but before I give you any information, tell me how long, and if you know by what means or accident Miſs Loveſtock came to be a viſiter at Lord Mackwarling's; for not only myſelf, but her neareſt relations have been led to ſuppoſe that ſhe was at this very time in London."

Mr. Murphy told him all that he knew, which indeed amounted to no more than that he had heard ſhe was a young perſon of good character, and good education, who was received as a kind of companion to the Miſs Mackwarlings, and that the eldeſt particularly had ſhewn her an uncommon attention and partiality.

George liſtened with pleaſure to an explanation ſo conſonant to his wiſhes; and for a further account he was obliged to wait till

till he could receive it from herſelf. In the meantime it may not be improper to inform the reader, that as George recovered from his wound, his mind was more and more convinced that it had been given by his brother Charles, and that he alone was the rival whom he had to dread. The idea ſunk his ſpirits, and retarded his recovery. He loved Miſs Collville with unfeigned affection, but he obſerved a melancholy in her appearance which but ill accorded with the ideas he had entertained of the joy ſhe would feel at the proſpect of his recovery. From the moſt minute examination, he could only form the opinion of her loving another, and that other was his brother; this led him to different conſiderations, ſuch as the queſtion, whether or not he ſhould be happy, even were he ſecure of her affections, while he knew his brother to be miſerable? But when, added to this, he ſhould alſo know that ſhe was equally wretched, what would be then his proſpect?—the happineſs of two dear objects were made the ſacrifice, and himſelf rendered

no

no happier. There was likewiſe a third being whoſe misfortunes had originated from the ſame ſource—this was no other than Lucy, of whoſe love no doubt could be remaining.

Under theſe various conjectures he determined to take the firſt opportunity of coming to an explanation with Miſs Collville: he therefore was moſt explicit in his repreſentation, and conjured her to be equally ſo in return. He ſpoke of his brother, as his rival and his antagoniſt, not as a matter of doubt, but of certainty: and as Miſs Collville had only been withheld from an explanation by motives of humanity, leſt, while his danger continued, it might be augmented by any violent emotions; now, as that reaſon no longer ſubſiſted, and he had himſelf mentioned his ſuſpicion, ſhe not only acknowledged her partiality for Charles, but at the ſame time gave him an account of their firſt meeting at Matlock; of her concealing it from her father, an imprudence from which ſhe

ſhe dated all her misfortunes; and, laſtly, the whole account of the duel; nor did ſhe pretend to conceal that preference for his brother, which muſt be the deſtruction of all his hopes. She concluded with many, and very ſincere compliments on his whole conduct, particularly that part of it which did him ſo much honour in the caſe of Lucy Loveſtock; ſhe bewailed the fate of that unhappy young woman with the moſt ſympathetic feeling, and declared ſhe had taken every method, as far as was in her power, to have her reinſtated in her father's houſe, and to procure for her that pity and compaſſion which her ſituation now demanded; but upon the ſtricteſt inquiry ſhe could only learn that Mrs. Clackit had taken her into her protection, and placed her with ſome of her friends in London.

From all that Miſs Collville ſaid, George ſaw the full end of his hopes. The idea of marrying any woman whoſe whole heart was not his own, afforded him only a proſpect of

of miſery. Compaſſion for Lucy Loveſtock almoſt bordered upon love; but as he had nothing but his pay, and ſhe was at preſent ſo much under her father's diſpleaſure, that it was not very probable he would give her any great portion, he thought an union when love was chiefly on one ſide, and poverty on both, would be productive neither of comfort nor harmony.

With reflections ſuch as theſe, (and perhaps they were the moſt wiſe and prudent George had ever made), he reſolved for the preſent to think no more of the tender paſſion, but his firſt purſuit ſhould be to ſee and exchange forgiveneſs with his brother Charles; in order to effect which, he wrote ſeveral letters into Wales, explaining the whole buſineſs, and requeſting an appointed meeting. In each one of theſe letters he expatiated (and that without envy) upon the happineſs Charles poſſeſſed in the partiality and entire love of Miſs Collville. He wrote again and again, repeated the ſame

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in ſtill ſtronger terms, and in vain he waited for an anſwer;—none came.

The manner in which Charles had left Frampton gave George a thouſand alarming ideas, and he determined to take a journey into Wales in ſearch of a cauſe he was almoſt afraid to inveſtigate. He was on the eve of his departure, when he received an order to join his regiment at Edinburgh. He had been allowed leave of abſence on account of illneſs too long to delay obeying this order immediately, and the regiment had been ſent into Scotland ſome months before. The unaccountable ſilence of Charles, and the uncertainty even of his exiſtence, preyed upon the mind of George with accumulated anxiety; as he had written again ſince he had been in Scotland, and ſtill received no anſwer; and he was the more ſurpriſed, becauſe in every letter he had ſtated the termination of all his hopes with reſpect to Miſs Collville, and aſſured Charles how happy he might be in the entire and undivided love

of

of the charming Maria. His fears, therefore, that ſomething very dreadful had befallen his brother, made George truly unhappy; and as one misfortune generally mitigates, if not leſſens, the poignancy of another, ſo did this ſo powerfully act upon his mind, as to lighten the weight of his other afflictions. In order to amuſe and divert his thoughts from dwelling too intently upon ſubjects ſo oppreſſive, he had recourſe to a ramble into the Highlands; and recollecting that his friend Murphy reſided there, he was led to the very ſpot where all his wiſdom could not combat with the emotions that were excited by the intereſting appearance of Lucy Loveſtock, to which was added the reflection that ſhe ſtill loved him with unabating fondneſs.

He knew not as yet in what capacity ſhe was retained at Lord Mackwarling's. It appeared a very myſterious buſineſs that ſhe was there at all, and he could collect nothing from his inquiries but that ſhe was upon a viſit to the Miſs Mackwarlings.

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The heart of Lucy underwent ſimilar ſenſations. The ſight of George, eſpecially at a time and place ſo unexpected, was an event which occaſioned no ſmall perturbation in her mind, which was ſo intently fixed upon the circumſtance during her ride home, that ſhe never uttered one ſyllable to her companion; and had not her horſe been very tractable, ſhe might have been carried to ſome other place than Inverdale, for ſhe ſeemed to have loſt all power of guiding him: nor did ſhe exactly know where ſhe was till one of the grooms held her horſe, and the footman aſked her if ſhe would not pleaſe to alight. Not with leſs gravity, though perhaps more collected, appeared Miſs Mackwarling; her curioſity was not the only paſſion which had been excited by the meeting of George and Lucy. This young lady (as before has been obſerved) poſſeſſed a thouſand amiable virtues; and yet there is one paſſion to which the human heart is not only ſubject, but alſo prone, and I fear the faireſt objects in the creation are not exempt from it—this is the

paſſion

paſſion of envy; and it is never more ſtrongly excited, and diſplayed, than when it has love for its baſis.

Miſs Mackwarling had ſeen a good deal of what is called the great world;—ſhe had ſeen men who were generally allowed to be handſome; ſhe had heard the variety of unmeaning nothings which eſcape the lips of what is termed a fine man, but ſhe had never before beheld ſo much beauty, elegance, and grace as appeared united in the perſon and manners of George Orkney. Nor was it poſſible to behold ſo many perfections without admiration; but when all his attentions and obſervations were riveted to one object, and that object, but a few months back, brought into her father's houſe as an humble companion, and only raiſed from that ſtation by her own kindneſs and pity towards her, was it then in the power of human nature to ſuppreſs that envy which ſuch circumſtances muſt have created? No, it was impoſſible; and Miſs Mackwarling had

had allowed that baleful malady to gain ſuch an aſcendancy in her breaſt during their ride home, as to overpower and annihilate every ſofter paſſion. So that when Lucy, by a violent exertion, ſo far recovered her recollection as to aſk Miſs Mackwarling how ſhe did after her ride, the young lady made her no anſwer, but haſtened to acquaint her ſiſter with the ſtrange adventure the morning's ride had produced.

Miſs Harriet was no friend to poor Lucy, and had on many occaſions ſhewn much diſtruſt of her character, and had never forgotten her confeſſion of having been in love. She frequently tried to humble and mortify her by calling her the love-ſick maid, entreating her to relate the hiſtory of her life, which ſhe was ſure muſt be replete with tender ſcenes and romantic adventures: indeed ſhe would have led poor Lucy a very irkſome life if the good-natured and kind offices of Miſs Mackwarling had not interpoſed

poſed, and over-ruled her tyrannical diſpoſition.

The time, however, was now arrived in which both ſiſters agreed in opinion reſpecting poor Lucy; and ſo much was the good ſenſe and good nature of Miſs Mackwarling ſunk and over-balanced by the ponderous weight of envy and ſuſpicion, that ſhe liſtened to, and acquieſed in all her ſiſter's arguments; nor were they contented with only their own remarks, but they muſt admit Mrs. Muſlin, their maid, into their privy council, who was indeed a powerful auxiliary in ſupporting malice, envy, and all uncharitable ſurmiſes. She never cordially liked Lucy, becauſe ſhe always conſidered her as a kind of rival in her young ladies' good graces; and now that ſhe ſeemed to be ſinking in the eſteem of both, ſhe would not be wanting in her part to lend a helping hand to her ruin: nay, it was a foundation upon which ſhe might hope to build her own fortune, for ſhe ſaw no reaſon why ſhe ſhould not

not be as proper a companion for her young ladies as Miſs Loveſtock was. 'Tis true ſhe did not know ſo many accompliſhments as Miſs Loveſtock did; but what of that? ſhe might *larn*, and improve herſelf as the other had done. When, therefore, ſhe was conſulted upon the buſineſs, and Miſs Mackwarling had related the tranſactions of the morning, Mrs. Muſlin aſſumed airs of the greateſt conſequence; and being encouraged by hearing Miſs Harriet call Lucy a little artful impoſing puſs, ſhe replied, " A very artful, bad, impoſing puſs, indeed, Meme; and I do aſſure you, Meme, that I believes as how ſhe's quite abandoned, for when firſt ſhe come, I ſaid to Mr. Mark, the butler— 'Mr. Mark,' ſays I, 'this here is a very odd thing, for a perſon to be brought into ſuch a houſe as our's, and to our young ladies. A perſon,' ſays I, 'as nobody knows nothing on, only recommended by Mrs. Gilkin, a dirty tradeſman's wife, who lives in the filthy city.' And then ſhe had ſuch a demure look, as I never thought no good

good on her for; and to be ſure it did not look well her never having no friends to come after her, nor never to have no letters ſent her; and whenever I was aſked who ſhe was, why I never knowed what to ſay;—and now my dream's out; for I dreamt as I ſee her all covered with rags and dirt, and to be ſure that's what ſhe'll come to when ſhe's turned out, as I hope ſhe will be, and no home to go to, and nobody to take no notice on her; ſhe can't come to no good; but them as be more deſarving may come in her place."

Theſe very charitable and pious wiſhes of Mrs. Muſlin came warm from the heart; and although they were of ſuch a nature, and expreſſed in ſuch a way, as, in the opinion of any impartial perſon, would exalt, inſtead of leſſen, the character of Lucy, yet ſuch was the envy and prejudice againſt this poor girl, that even Miſs Mackwarling herſelf did not interrupt her volubility, or condemn her opinions.

CHAP. VIII.

DURING this time Lucy was too much engaged in contemplating the occurrence of the morning, to make any material obſervations on other matters; but when ſhe met the family in the dining parlour, ſhe could not but notice the ſignificant looks, and contemptuous frowns of the young ladies; even when her much-loved Miſs Mackwarling addreſſed her, it was with ſuch a petrifying coldneſs, as, when contraſted with the kind appellation of my dear Lucy, conveyed a chilling idea. She felt it keenly; and as her heart had felt a real attachment to this her beſt friend, the tears in large drops fell from her eyes, followed by a bitter ſigh, the

ſound

ſound of which reached the ear of Lord Mackwarling, and occaſioned a direct obſervation to the diſtreſſed object. His Lordſhip's mind was always occupied in contemplations of ſtudy and literature; and the little animoſities or whims of his daughters never interrupted his profound thinking;—he ſeldom interfered; and while their conduct was regulated by decorum, he was perfectly ſatisfied. He had always ſhewn a civility and reſpect to Lucy, and ſometimes directed her choice of the books he allowed her to take out of his library. The ſigh he heard, and the tears he ſaw, could not, therefore, eſcape his notice; and in kinder accents than his daughters could approve, he inquired into the cauſe.

Lucy could not immediately return him an anſwer; but when ſhe did, ſhe ſaid her grief was occaſioned by the cold and unkind manner in which the young ladies, particularly Miſs Mackwarling, addreſſed her, and for which ſhe could aſſign no reaſon; but

if ſhe had in any one inſtance given occaſion for their diſpleaſure, ſhe would willingly aſk their pardon, and ſhould be more than happy to obtain it.

" Well then," returned Lord Mackwarling, addreſſing his daughters, " tell Miſs Loveſtock how, and in what manner, ſhe has offended you; and you ſee how willing ſhe is to ſolicit your favour."

Miſs Mackwarling ſaid, ſhe really did not know that ſhe could alledge any particular offence againſt Miſs Loveſtock; but ſhe muſt ſay ſhe had great reaſon to repent taking a perſon into the houſe of whom ſhe knew ſo little, and whoſe conduct, within the laſt few hours, appeared ſo myſterious.

" Say in what manner has it appeared myſterious," ſaid Lord Mackwarling; " no reaſon can exiſt without a cauſe; let that cauſe be now diſcuſſed, and if Miſs Loveſtock cannot

cannot defend it, it will be then time enough for condemnation."

"Why then," ſaid Miſs Mackwarling, "does it not ſeem very ſtrange that Miſs Loveſtock ſhould chuſe to leave her father's houſe, whom, ſhe tells us, is a very reputable man at M——, though we have only the bare word of a tradeſman's wife, in the City, for this truth? That ſhe ſhould be abſent for ſo many months, and that none of her relations or friends ſhould inquire after her? and although ſhe has conducted herſelf very well till this morning, yet that might be becauſe ſhe has had no temptation to the contrary: but one of the very handſomeſt men I ever ſaw met her to-day at Mr. Murphy's, and ſeemed ſo agitated at the ſight of her, that he could pay no attention whatſoever to any other object; nor was ſhe leſs diſturbed at ſeeing him, for, indeed, ſhe was near fainting, and had not power to ſay a ſingle word all the way home."

"Well," replied Lord Mackwarling, "and is this all the charge you can bring

againſt her? As to knowing ſo little of her family and connexions, if there is a fault, it ſeems to reſt with you for not making further inquiry. As to the event of the morning, it is not poſſible to ſpeak with any preciſion upon it; but I confeſs I do not ſee that becauſe ſhe appeared agitated at ſeeing, perhaps, an old acquaintance, it ſhould be a cauſe for cenſure. What ſays the young lady herſelf?"

Before Lucy could anſwer, or return her thanks to Lord Mackwarling for his kind defence, Miſs Harriot added, "Ah! but ſhe confeſſed, ſoon after ſhe came, that ſhe was violently in love; and no doubt this handſome man is her lover, come in purſuit of her."

"Well," replied Lord Mackwarling, "and is love a crime, my Harriot?"

"Yes, when it is placed upon an improper object," ſaid both the ladies, in the ſame moment.

"Nothing

" Nothing," ſaid Lucy, drying her eyes, and collecting her utmoſt compoſure, " nothing can be more true than this laſt aſſertion; and there is not a being upon earth more ſenſible of this truth than myſelf; nor have I conſidered it the leaſt of my misfortunes that any concealments have been neceſſary. The folly, I thank God, not the ſhame of my conduct, has been the only reaſon that impoſed a ſilence towards you, to whom my gratitude knows no bounds; and the time is now come when ſilence would be termed hypocriſy, and ſecrecy a crime."

She then, in the moſt artleſs and affecting manner, related her ſtory, without concealing any one circumſtance attending it; and there were parts of it which almoſt drew tears from the eyes of Miſs Mackwarling, and would have excited her tendereſt pity, had not the recollection of Lucy's daring to love ſo handſome and accompliſhed a man as George Orkney, ſteeled her heart againſt every ſofter ſenſation. In this reſpect, as well,

well, indeed, as every other, Lucy made no ſecret of her love, which, while ſhe lamented and condemned, ſhe felt a pleaſure in relating. "Yes," ſaid ſhe "there was a little portion of time, which, though paſt, like a deluſive dream, yet fond remembrance treaſures as the happieſt period of my life; for then I believed, and was perſuaded that I alone poſſeſſed my Orkney's love. No ſuch vain hope is now exiſting; for he is to be, nay, at this moment he may, and probably is, the huſband of another, the faireſt and moſt accompliſhed of her ſex; yet were ſhe ten times fairer, and more accompliſhed, ſhe could hardly be deſerving of ſo great a bleſſing. Was it then wonderful that I ſhould appear agitated when this object, ſo dear to my heart, arreſted my ſight in ſo unexpected a manner?"

When ſhe had finiſhed the laſt ſentence, ſhe laid her trembling hand upon Miſs Mackwarling's, ſaying, "My dear Madam, can you pardon and acquit me? let me entreat for

for your pity, and your protection; for next to a reconciliation with my parents, your love and your favour is my firſt and deareſt wiſh."

Lord Mackwarling was much pleaſed with Lucy's ſtory; he ſaid every thing he could to give her comfort, and he had no doubt but Mrs. Clackit was ſtill the incendiary who kept her from her father's forgiveneſs by falſe repreſentations.

When ſhe ſolicited for Miſs Mackwarling's favour, his Lordſhip ſaid, "Pity and protection you are entitled to from all who have heard your ſtory; and you know you gained our hearts before we were acquainted with it; be aſſured we all ſincerely love you, and it ſhall be my buſineſs, when we leave Scotland, to place you ſafely under your father's care."

During this ſpeech Miſs Mackwarling but faintly returned the preſſure of Lucy's hand.

So ſtrongly was her mind prejudiced and warped, that a thouſand baneful fancies darted into her mind. She had admitted ſo much hatred againſt her, that ſhe could not eaſily be perſuaded to believe her ſtory; and allowing the moſt favourable concluſions, ſhe viewed her with a jaundiced eye, and this led her to fancy her ſtory to be the reſult of art, and even conjured up in her mind the idea that Lord Mackwarling was in love with her, and that the girl ſhe had ſo fondly received and careſſed, would turn out to be a foſtered ſnake that would ſting her in the character of a mother-in-law.

There are no ſurmiſes too abſurd to be rejected, when the mind is biaſed by a ridiculous opinion. Every moment ſtrengthened her ſuſpicion; the more coolneſs ſhe ſhewed to Lucy, the more did her father endeavour to expreſs his kindneſs and attention towards her; and the more Lucy felt herſelf rejected, the more did ſhe look up to, and claim the pity

pity of the only perſon who ſeemed inclined to favour her.

Thus did Miſs Mackwarling create her own torments; and before the evening concluded, ſhe had fully diſcuſſed the ſubject not only with her ſiſter, but was imprudent enough to mention it before her maid Muſlin, who declared it made her blood run cold only to think of ſuch a thing. "Mercy on me," ſaid this princeſs of powder and pomatum, "if I have any patience to look at the trollop; well, if ſo be as my Lord ſhould demean himſelf in ſuch a manner, I wonders where they'll find ſarvants to wait on them; for burn me if I'd ſtay in the houſe where ſuch wicked doings were a going on; I ſhould be afeard as my late lady, dear good ſoul, would riſe out of her grave, to tear the ſlut's eyes out. I'm ſure Mr. Mark would not ſtay neither, for he has quite *geneteel* notions, and thinks as all rank noblemen ſhould keep up their *ſopority*."

" I charge you," ſaid Miſs Mackwarling, " Muſlin, that you ſay not a word of this to the other ſervants; it will be too ſoon known, and I would not at preſent have it talked of upon any conſideration."

" Dear me, Meme," ſaid Muſlin, " I would not go for to mention ſuch a ſhocking thing for all the world—I ſcorns to be a tale-bearer."

However ſhe might intend to keep her word, ſhe was no ſooner diſmiſſed by her lady, than ſhe flew to communicate the ſecret to Mr. Mark. He heard it, indeed, with aſtoniſhment, and doubted the truth of it; but Mrs. Muſlin aſſured him it was ſartain true, for her dear young ladies had told it her with tears ſtreaming down their faces, and wringing their hands; and that her wicked Lord had ordered them to be dutiful to their mother-in-law. She likewiſe mentioned it in confidence to one or two more of the ſervants; ſo that before nine o'clock the next morning, all the ſtable-boys gave their opinions

opinions upon the ſubject. This was rather an unlucky buſineſs, as one of the grooms was to go to Mr. Murphy's that morning with a horſe which Lord Mackwarling had borrowed upon trial. The man had no ſooner delivered his Lord's meſſage to Mr. Murphy's ſervant, than he ſaid, "Aw you ken wal enough why the horſe wo nut do?"

"Not I," ſaid the other.

"Why, my lady, as is to be, don't fancy the nag, and mayhap the grey mare wull be the better horſe—he! he! he!"

"What do you mean? your Lord is not a going to be married, is he?"

"Yes, but he is though to young Miſs Loveſtock, as ha been ſtaying ſo long with our ladies."

"Young Miſs Loveſtock! why ſhe's the youngeſt in the houſe, an't ſhe?"

"Yes, to be ſure, younger nor any of his bairns;—what o'that, Lords may plaſe themſelves ſure; and yet I reckon young meaſter wull make the plague of a work when he cumes to ken his new mither."

Mrs.

Mrs. Murphy's maid had heard all this diſcourſe between the two men, which paſſed over their whiſky; and having collected every word, ſhe made a very faithful relation of it to her miſtreſs, before ſhe had left her chamber.

George Orkney had propoſed to Mr. Murphy to introduce him to Lord Mackwarling, and this very morning was appointed for their viſit; for beſides that George had a number of queſtions to aſk Lucy concerning her being in this country, as well as many others, he had meditated with much tenderneſs upon the various changes and misfortunes which her partiality for him had brought her into; and if love was not fixed, compaſſion was ſo much awakened, that it very nearly reſembled the former. He had been thinking of her the whole night, and imagination had multiplied thoſe charms, and thoſe perfections which ſhe already poſſeſſed; he therefore was not quite determined upon what ſhould be the reſult of his viſit.

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This, however, was determined for him in a way he leaſt expected; no ſooner had Mrs. Murphy made her appearance at the breakfaſt table, and the compliments of the morning were adjuſted, than ſhe addreſſed George in the following words:

"I think I heard you ſay, Captain Orkney, that you was acquainted with that Miſs Loveſtock, who was here yeſterday with Miſs Mackwarling?"

"I did, Madam," replied George.

"Why then," added Mrs. Murphy, "you will no doubt be glad to hear the good fortune which is likely to attend her; and yet I think my Lord might and ſhould have choſen a perſon ſomething older; but he is going immediately to marry Miſs Loveſtock."

George could ſcarce perſuade himſelf that his hearing did not deceive him. "Who! what, Madam," ſaid George, "Lord Mack-

warling going to marry Lucy, did you ſay? Impoſſible! ſurely it cannot be."

"It can be, and is," ſaid Mrs. Murphy; "though I think, in point of age, it is as improper a match as can be, and I am as much ſurpriſed as you are."

"But are you ſure of it?" ſaid Mr. Murphy to his ſiſter; "and from whence had you your intelligence? I never heard of it before."

"Oh! it is very true," replied Mrs. Murphy, "one of my Lord's own ſervants mentioned it publicly in the kitchen, therefore it can be no ſecret; and he ſaid, moreover, that they were to be married immediately."

"Well," ſaid Mr. Murphy, "neither you nor myſelf, Orkney, have any chance of the lady now; it is not in human nature to reſiſt a coronet, and ſo we may make up our minds to the diſappointment."

George Orkney, while he conſidered Lucy attached to him only, and that to receive an offer from him would be beyond her moſt ſanguine

ſanguine hopes, however well he might like her, and ſee her improved charms, yet he deliberated in his deſigns, and intended to proceed in a methodical cool manner, conſidering the prize always within his reach; but now that ſhe ſeemed likely to become the property of another, he ſaw a thouſand perfections in her which never occurred to him before, and all her charms aroſe in his imagination, in proportion as he viewed the diſtance which now appeared between them; and he felt himſelf as much under the influence of the tender paſſion, as he had ever been in his life, as well as feeling that concomitant paſſion of jealouſy. He wiſhed Lucy extremely well, and in poſſeſſion of all the happineſs the world could give her; nor would he ever be an obſtacle to her better proſpects, but he could not bear to ſee her the property of another; under ſuch circumſtances he never wiſhed to behold her again.

Such were the ſentiments which the morning's converſation had produced in George Orkney,

Orkney; and a few minutes determined him to take leave of his friend, to join his regiment, and to take a final farewell of love.

Neither Mr. Murphy nor his ſiſter perſuaded him to ſtay, for they plainly perceived how much he was affected by the report of Lucy's marriage; and as they had no reaſon to doubt its authenticity, they did not know to what further mortifications he might be ſubjected by remaining in the vicinity of Inverdale.

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

WHILE all theſe negociations were ſettling for Lord Mackwarling and Miſs Loveſtock, thoſe two principal characters of the drama were totally unconſcious of the whole buſineſs. The idea of matrimony had not, in the ſmalleſt degree, diſturbed the reſt of Lord Mackwarling; and if Lucy's ſleep was interrupted, it proceeded from a far different cauſe.

If any thing could mitigate the pain ſhe felt at the unkindneſs which Miſs Mackwarling had ſhewn towards her, it was on the reflection of that very circumſtance which had been its original cauſe. The idea that George

Orkney

Orkney was within a few miles of her, and the hope that in the courſe of a few days ſhe ſhould again ſee him, animated her ſpirits, and diſpelled that affliction which her preſent ſituation occaſioned; bitter, indeed, would her ſuffering have been, had ſhe known what had been paſſing, and that the reports which had been the effects of envy, and fabricated by malicious inventions, had driven George from the country, and that he was at this very time ſome miles on his return to Edinburgh.

When ſhe ſaw the young ladies at breakfaſt, ſhe addreſſed them with her uſual ſalutations, but was only anſwered by a gloomy ſullen nod. Lord Mackwarling was exactly the ſame as uſual; but he was ſo bent upon ſtudy, and ſo much abſorbed in reflection, as to render him abſent and forgetful;—he had totally forgotten the occurrences of the preceding day, and again expreſſed his wonder at the uncommon ſilence of his daughters; and finding himſelf in a humour to talk, he

he directed all his converſation to Lucy. This was a corroborating circumſtance to ſtrengthen the idea which the two ſiſters had allowed their fancy to encourage, and the day paſſed in the ſame unpleaſant manner as before.

The report of his Lordſhip's marriage being circulated in the neighbourhood, ſeveral families, who never viſited but upon their firſt coming down, or ſome other extraordinary occaſion, now poured in upon them, in order to collect what they could of its certainty, and to make due obſervations upon the parties. One lady in particular, whoſe curioſity could no longer be repreſſed, aſked Miſs Mackwarling, in a low voice, if the report was really true.

"Oh! then," replied Miſs Mackwarling, "my father has declared it?"

"So I underſtood," ſaid the lady; "and that it is to take place very ſoon."

Miſs

Miſs Mackwarling only lifted up her eyes, and fetched a deep ſigh, a kind of anſwer thoroughly calculated to confirm the report.

It was now the end of October; the northern blaſts, joined to the chilling looks and manners of the Miſs Mackwarlings, were more than ſufficient to oppreſs the heart of Lucy; but ſhe had likewiſe another, and more trying conflict for her patience; for in a viſit which Mr. Murphy paid at Inverdale, ſhe had the mortification to learn from that gentleman, of George's having left the country, and being gone to join his regiment at Edinburgh. Mr. Murphy could not help obſerving that ſhe ſhewed an attention, and expreſſed an anxiety for the fate of Captain Orkney not quite conſiſtent with that propriety which ſhould have marked the character of Lord Mackwarling's intended bride; but Mr. Murphy was a ſenſible man, and confined his obſervations to his own breaſt.

Lucy ſuffered great uneaſineſs; ſhe had now no reſource in reflecting upon George; perhaps her fondneſs had quite diſguſted him; it was plain he did not wiſh to ſee her, why elſe leave the country ſo ſoon? She had aſked Mr. Murphy if he was married, and found that he was not; it was therefore evident that he had gone on purpoſe to avoid her. She had long made up her mind with reſpect to his having any love for her, and ſhe had ſet bounds to her own affections; but his hatred ſhe was not prepared for, and that the ſight of her only ſhould drive him from the houſe of a friend, with whom he intended ſtaying, and actually oblige him to leave the country, were circumſtances of ſo cruel a nature, that her heart never ſuffered more in the fondeſt moments of her affection. Her ſituation too at Lord Mackwailing's grew extremely painful; every one but his Lordſhip treated her with ſcorn and inſolence; even the ſervants waited upon her with a ſort of ſullen unwillingneſs, and whenever chance threw her in the way of

thoſe inferior ones whom ſhe did not ſee every day, they ſtared at her as if ſhe was a monſter; and ſhe obſerved them to laugh, wink, and nod the moment ſhe had paſſed them, which convinced her that ſhe was the ſubject of their obſervations.

She would gladly have exchanged her ſituation with that of the pooreſt girl in the Highlands; but of this ſhe had no hope, and ſhe had the dreary proſpect of dragging on this kind of life for more than two months to come, as the family never went to London till after Chriſtmas, and that ſeaſon was to be obſerved with its ancient honours and feſtivity at Lord Mackwarling's, although it was impoſſible that ſhe could partake of any joy. She ſometimes thought of writing to George Orkney, merely to know why her preſence was ſo hateful to him, and to ſtate the miſery it had occaſioned her; but when ſhe conſidered it was owing to the ſight of him that ſhe had loſt the favour of the Miſs Mackwarlings, and how infinitely more

more they would reſent her ſending a letter out of the houſe, ſhould they ever know it; ſhe therefore gave up all thoughts of ſuch a meaſure, and endeavoured to bear with patience her undeſerved ill-treatment; for

" When prudence can't our ills redreſs,
" 'Tis patience only makes them leſs."

The evenings began to grow long, and as ſhe was no longer admitted to the council of the working-table, or ever aſked to accompany the forte piano, or indeed to be conſidered in any light as one of the party, except that ſhe occupied a chair in the ſame room with them, ſhe had therefore recourſe to a book, and it ſometimes amuſed, and almoſt made her forget her ſituation. Yet this could not always be the caſe; there were moments, when, although ſhe held the book in her hand, ſhe knew not a line of it; ſhe would hold it open at the ſame page for an hour together, while her tears dimmed her ſight, and the

wretchedneſs of her mind ſwallowed up all her faculties.

She was one evening in this predicament; the Miſs Mackwarlings were buſily employed in drawing a pattern; his Lordſhip was juſt come from his library, and had aſked Lucy why ſhe ſat ſo far from the fire, and what were her ſtudies—kind of queſtions which were always certain to draw the moſt contemptuous looks from the ladies upon her; and this was a circumſtance ſhe had frequently obſerved, but was always at a loſs to explain. She had not, however, in the preſent caſe, much time for her obſervation; for her contemplations were broken in upon, and the whole family put into conſternation, by a violent noiſe, which was followed by the door of the room being violently thrown open, and a young man entering with very dirty boots, his hair in diſorder, and followed by a large Newfoundland dog.

The

The general ſound of ſalutation, expreſſed by his Lordſhip, and each of his daughters, was, "What brought you here?"

"Why, my horſe and my inclinations," replied the young man; "and I hope I am come in time to prevent the folly and diſgrace which I hear is intended for the honour of the family."

The Miſs Mackwarlings were the only part of the company who underſtood this ſpeech, for it was the reſult of their own folly, which had ſpread the report of their father's marriage; and it had reached Glaſgow, from whence this young man, who was no other than their brother, had travelled with the utmoſt expedition, in order to prevent, if poſſible, an union ſo prepoſterous; for Fame, who ſeldom travels accompanied by Truth, had ſo tranſpoſed and altered the ſtory before it arrived at Glaſgow, that it was repreſented in the following manner:—

His Lordſhip, it was confidently affirmed, was certainly to be married to a poor beggar girl, whom he had found without ſhoes or ſtockings, covered with rags, and periſhing upon a common; that the marriage was to take place in a very few days; and that the two Miſs Mackwarlings were in conſequence run mad, or had deſtroyed themſelves, though it was not exactly known which. And although the young man did not give entire credit to the whole of the ſtory, yet he ſo far believed it, that he thought a journey to Inverdale abſolutely neceſſary; particularly as he knew his father to be an eccentric man, and he could not anſwer for any frolic he might chance to take in his head.

Lord Mackwarling looked at his ſon with that aſtoniſhment his ſudden appearance, and his extraordinary ſpeech muſt naturally occaſion.

"What is it you are talking about?" ſaid his Lordſhip; "did I hear right, or have you taken

taken leave of your ſenſes? Explain the meaning of all this, which I think requires apology, as well as explanation."

"Why really, Sir," replied the young man, "I am rather at a loſs to explain what I can ſcarce believe;—if it is true, I can hardly think apology neceſſary, nor can you want explanation; but if I have been deceived, and impoſed upon, it is the impoſition alone which is the beſt and the only apology I can make."

"It is impoſſible for me," ſaid Lord Mackwarling, "to know any thing of your explanations, or your apologies, unleſs I am firſt informed what it is you mean, of which, at preſent, I confeſs myſelf totally ignorant."

"Then, Sir, I have to inform you," returned young Mackwarling, "that I hear you are going to be married; and although I cannot give entire credit to all that has been repreſented as to the miſery of the object you have choſen, yet I have reaſon to believe it is to ſomebody too much your inferior for your

family to approve, or, indeed, not to oppoſe your deſigns."

"And pray," ſaid Lord Mackwarling, with the utmoſt aſtoniſhment, yet perfect compoſure, "how long has this match been in agitation? for I ſolemnly proteſt it is the very firſt ſyllable I have ever heard of it; and inform me alſo who is the object of my adorations, for in this reſpect likewiſe I profeſs myſelf utterly uninformed, and ſhall think it a ſyſtem ſuperior to that of Kings, to have the object provided, the preliminaries ſettled, my family informed, and only myſelf ignorant of the whole negociation."

At the concluſion of this ſpeech, each perſon preſent looked at one another with a ſort of half-believing countenance. The cool, and almoſt ironical manner in which Lord Mackwarling had delivered it, left them in a ſort of ſuſpenſe, from which they could form no decided opinion.

His

His daughters, whoſe folly and prejudice had occaſioned the whole, and who had worked themſelves up to a real belief of it, conſidered their father's manner of treating it as a confirmation of his deſigns, couched under an artful appearance of affected ignorance; and they would have made whatever he had ſaid to correſpond with their own obſtinate opinions. The young man, however, being leſs prejudiced, ſaw the matter in a different light, and being firmly perſuaded, as well from his father's manners, as from the improbability of the ſtory, that he had been impoſed upon, he, for this reaſon, proceeded to tell the whole ſtory exactly as it had been repreſented to him, and concluded with many apologies for the abrupt manner in which he had introduced both himſelf and the ſubject.

Lord Mackwarling was ſoon appeaſed, and joined in the laugh with his ſon at ſo ridiculous, and, at the ſame time, unfounded a report. Indeed Lord Mackwarling poſſeſſed

great good-nature, joined to ſome degree of humour, and he would have been a ſtill more uſeful member of ſociety, had not his whole time and attention been fixed upon ſtudy and literature. It was owing to this that his children had not received that care and attention in their education, which would have rendered them brighter ornaments to ſociety, and pleaſanter companions for domeſtic life; particularly his eldeſt daughter, who poſſeſſed a thouſand good and amiable qualities, but they were overſhadowed and ſunk by a confined and narrow way of thinking.

The young man alſo had been ſtrangely neglected; for till he was twelve years old, and more, he was, through the indolence of his father's diſpoſition, allowed to aſſociate with the grooms and ſtable boys, of whom he learnt to hollow and whoop, and lay aſide every accompliſhment belonging to a gentleman. He had naturally an exceeding good underſtanding, which, if early cultivated, would have rendered him a ſhining character,

racter; but the mode of education which he was ſo long allowed to purſue, had given him a roughneſs, and an uncouth air, which was extremely prejudicial to him, particularly on his firſt appearance.

CHAP. X.

LUCY, although ſhe was perfectly innocent, and entirely unacquainted with the reports which had been circulated concerning her, yet felt herſelf intereſted by the manner of Mr. Mackwarling's ſpeech, and the oblique looks which he caſt at her; yet ſhe had no one perſon in the houſe to whom ſhe could apply for information, except my Lord himſelf, every one elſe ſeeming to ſhun her as they would a peſtilence; but after the whole matter had been diſcuſſed in her abſence, and every thing ſettled to the ſeeming ſatisfaction of all parties, ſhe was informed of the whole by Miſs Mackwarling, who ſeemed conſcious of her own prejudiced and illiberal behaviour.

behaviour. She could not bring herſelf to aſk Lucy's pardon; and a conſcious unworthineſs prevented her expreſſions of cordiality and friendſhip which ſhe really felt towards her.

Lucy, extremely delighted with a ſhew of friendſhip, from which ſhe had been ſo long withheld, and deſirous of ſhewing Miſs Mackwarling all that undiſguiſed integrity with which her heart overflowed, ſhe related, with all the innocence of honeſty and artleſs modeſty, all ſhe had ſuffered from the miſtaken opinions and ſuſpicions of thoſe ſhe held moſt dear to her; and concluded with ſaying, and even proteſting, that although ſhe entertained the higheſt reſpect and veneration for Lord Mackwarling and all his family, yet, were he to make her an offer, with the moſt unlimited power over all his fortune, ſhe ſhould refuſe it; not altogether from principles of honour and gratitude to thoſe belonging to him, which, although they were conſiderations of great magnitude,

yet were nothing in compariſon of what her heart owed to its own feelings, and to that of another ſtill more dear to her. "Yes," added ſhe, "ſo much is all my heart, and all its affections devoted to George Orkney, that I ſhould think it diſhonourable in the greateſt degree, to admit one particle of it to the ſhare of another."

"But," ſaid Miſs Mackwarling, "this George Orkney, of whom you ſeem ſo enamoured, is gone—gone without ever once attempting to ſee, or even to enquire after you."

"It is but too true," replied Lucy; "but that conduct does not render him leſs dear to me. If he heard, as I have now no doubt he did, that I was going to be married ſo greatly above my ſituation, I know the noble motives that directed his intentions; nor have I any reaſon to think he would oppoſe my marriage with any perſon. He never profeſſed himſelf my lover; no, my dear Miſs Mackwarling, all the love, and all the folly, have been entirely on my ſide; but however

however glaring the impropriety of my declaration, it does not leſſen my love. I am well perſuaded, that however my conduct may be guided by decorum and reſpect for thoſe I eſteem and reverence, yet my life will be a martyr to love; nor could even the unkindneſs of my Orkney make it otherwiſe."

Here ſhe ended; and Miſs Mackwarling, although ſhe did not pretend to underſtand ſo much enthuſiaſtic ardour, yet could not help beſtowing ſome pity, and expreſſing her regard, which was ſo new to Lucy, that ſhe felt a happineſs to which ſhe had long been a ſtranger.

The whole family now behaved with more reſpect and kindneſs to her, and all but Miſs Harriot ſhewed her a marked attention; but it was not in the nature of that young lady to like any body much, except herſelf. During the time of Lucy's fancied diſgrace, ſhe had conſtant opportunities of diſplaying her

her wit at the expence of good-nature; and abundance of her ſallies were ſeverely pointed at the poor victim who had no poſſible defence againſt her. But this was no longer allowed; for although Miſs Mackwarling could not entirely ſuppreſs ſome little envy, when ſhe reflected upon the fine perſon, and elegant manners of Captain Orkney, yet ſhe would not allow her ſiſter to teaſe, or behave ill to Lucy; and the young man did every thing in his power to make her forget ſhe had ever been ill treated. As to his Lordſhip, he felt the tendereſt pity for her ſituation; but after the ſurmiſe that had once taken place, Lucy always felt herſelf aukwardly ſituated whenever he ſpoke to, or ſhewed her any attentions; and he ſeemed ſometimes checked from offering her any little ſervices, by the remembrance of what had paſſed; and indeed an idea might have been ſuggeſted by the very methods which were taken to prevent it. His Lordſhip was not an old man; and the charms of Lucy, joined to a timidity of manners, which were highly

highly pleaſing to his ideas of female merit, and which were rendered ſtill more ſo by what had paſſed, were altogether a combination of circumſtances which pictured Lucy in the endearing character of a tender and affectionate wife. Such thoughts were a pleaſant relaxation of the mind after intent ſtudy; and there is no ſaying to what they might have led, had not the recollection of her generous confeſſion, relating to her love for Captain Orkney, ſuppreſſed them each time they aroſe. Yet ſo well was his Lordſhip acquainted with the human mind, that he was well aware not all his philoſophy, nor all his reaſoning, could conquer that paſſion which defies all argument; and he fully determined not to truſt too much to his own reſolution, but to put it out of his power to be led into the like temptation another ſummer, by placing Lucy under the immediate protection of her father; and, by inveſtigating the whole buſineſs of her elopement, convince him of her innocence, and the juſt claim ſhe had to his forgiveneſs.

It

It was for this purpoſe that he haſtened their departure from Inverdale; which, having been fixed for the middle of January, was now decidedly to take place on the twenty-ninth of December. Lucy looked forward to the time with a pleaſing, yet fearful expectation. She ardently wiſhed to embrace her parents; but ſo many ſtrange circumſtances had occurred ſince their meeting, and the idea of her home brought ſo many inſtances of folly to her remembrance, that ſhe almoſt dreaded the time when ſhe ſhould encounter with the happineſs of her friends, the leſs pleaſing obſervations of thoſe votaries to curioſity which would be every where ſurrounding her.

Theſe reflections were, however, for the preſent diſſipated by the immenſe preparations which were making at Inverdale, againſt that ſeaſon which was there diſtinguiſhed by an old-faſhioned and almoſt obſolete hoſpitality. The quantity of meat that was cut out, and dealt with a liberal hand in equal diſtribution

to

to the poor; the bread, and the warm cloathing, which were ordered to each poor family, diſplayed at once the munificence and liberality of the donor. She had ſeen a Chriſtmas evening celebrated at M——; and even at her father's houſe beheld the matrons aſſembled with the beaux and belles, each dreſſed in their beſt paraphernalia. The ſupper, the ſong, and the mince-pies too, ſhe could remember were conſtant memorials of the ſeaſon; but when ſhe ſaw the plum-cakes, the puddings, the porridge, the beef, the turkies, the hams, and a profuſion of other good things; together with the goblets of wine, the bowls of whiſky, and the gallons of ale, ſhe was loſt in aſtoniſhment; and began to wonder from whence the mouths were to come that were to devour and ſwallow it; but that wonder ceaſed when ſhe ſaw the multitudes that poured in from every quarter.

For a whole fortnight nothing was thought of but feaſting, mirth, and jollity; and Lucy was almoſt tired of the dancing and the gaieties

gaieties by the time of their departure, although they had each been partakers of ſo much mirth and feſtivity; yet when the day came which was fixed for their journey, not one appeared to feel any regret at leaving the Highlands.

Lucy felt her ſpirits uncommonly exhilarated; and this might be accounted for by having heard that they were to make a ſtay of a few days at Edinburgh. The regiment, to which Captain Orkney belonged, was there a ſhort time before, and it might ſtill remain, at leaſt her hopes led her to wiſh it; and if it was gone, ſhe ſhould feel ſome pleaſure in breathing the air which George had lived in; that her eyes would behold the ſame objects which had been favoured with his obſervation; with a hundred other partialities, equally ridiculous to relate, and which can only be felt by a heart faithful to its firſt attachment, and under the influence of the fondeſt love.

When

When they arrived at Edinburgh, they were lodged in Holyrood-Houſe; and Lucy had the ſatisfaction of hearing that the regiment ſtill remained there. The next day the Colonel waited upon Lord Mackwarling; and his Lordſhip, who felt extremely intereſted in the fate and happineſs of Lucy, enquired if Captain Orkney was not there; and had the pleaſure of hearing that he was; and a very few days introduced him once more into the company of Lucy, when a ſhort explanation ſoon cleared up the miſtake which had been the occaſion of ſo much uneaſineſs to all parties.

George thought Lucy ſtill more and more improved; when he converſed with her, he was agreeably ſurpriſed at hearing ſo much good ſenſe expreſſed in the moſt elegant language, for before, he had always looked upon her as a ſilly girl, whom love had rendered miſerable, and prevented her making any advancees in thoſe accompliſhments and improvements of the mind, without which the

the moſt finiſhed beauty loſes all her attractions.

Each time George ſaw her, theſe faſcinating powers ſeemed to increaſe; and he felt himſelf more and more under their influence. He wiſhed to marry her; but that would be little better than reducing her to beggary; beſides, the regiment was ordered abroad early in the enſuing ſpring, and his heart revolted at the idea of a beautiful young woman being expoſed to the dangers and viciſſitudes of a foreign campaign.

Lord Mackwarling had ſhewed him a marked civility; and poor Lucy had again ſuffered ſome little ſarcaſms, ariſing from envy, at being the object of ſuch a man's attentions; nor could the Miſs Mackwarlings well conceive how it was that he ſhould poſſeſs ſo little taſte. But as his Lordſhip continued to eſpouſe their cauſe, and to intereſt himſelf very much in their happineſs, it

it was impoſſible for his daughters to take a contrary ſide.

The ſituation of George was far from being enviable; he had no other fortune but his pay, and that he had lived ſo conſiderably beyond, that his debts were by no means ſmall. He was in arrears to his brother Andrew for the intereſt of the money he had taken up of him, under the idea of marrying Miſs Collville, and paying it out of her fortune; and he had received repeated demands for that. All theſe unhappy circumſtances lay heavy at his heart, but were light in compariſon of that much heavier oppreſſion, the uncertainty of the fate of Charles: this was a reflection which embittered his gayeſt moments, and he ſeriouſly thought that ſome fatal cataſtrophe had befallen him. The ſituation to which his firſt imprudent behaviour had reduced Lucy, was another cauſe of uneaſineſs; and this was conſiderably augmented by that ſincere affection which he began to feel for her, joined to the idea of again leaving her

to

to a mercileſs world, and expoſed to the envy and inſults of all thoſe who undervalued her merit, and ridiculed her conſtancy.

Tortured with theſe reflections, he determined to conſult Lord Mackwarling, whoſe benevolent heart ſeemed to take an intereſt in his ſufferings. No time was to be loſt, for the family talked of leaving Edinburgh in a few days; he therefore ſummoned up courage to lay the whole before his Lordſhip, and reſolved to abide by his deciſion as to the ſteps he ſhould purſue. His Lordſhip attended to his ſtory with that kindneſs and pity which diſtinguiſhed his character, and did credit to his feelings; and he could ſuggeſt no advice to George ſo ſalutary to his feelings, or ſo conſonant to his wiſhes, as that of immediately marrying Lucy.

" You will, by that ſtep," ſaid Lord Mackwarling, " obtain her father's forgiveneſs, and ſecure his approbation; nay more, he cannot but give his daughter a portion equal

equal to his fortune, and by that means you will be enabled to pay off your debt to that brother whoſe unkindneſs has diſtreſſed you; and if you do not chuſe to take your wife with you abroad, you can obtain a proper and reſpectable aſylum for her at home;—if ſhe chuſes to accompany you, ſhe will be enabled to do it with credit; and I have no doubt, from her good ſenſe and affection, you will receive that conſolation for other misfortunes to which you muſt ſubmit with reſignation." For it was the general opinion, from every thing that had been ſtated reſpecting Charles, he could now be no more.

No propoſal could meet with more approbation than this did from George; indeed the plan of marrying Lucy ſo exactly correſponded with his wiſhes, that he begged it might not be delayed even for a ſingle day, for he was certain the lady would not withhold her conſent. Perhaps this was preſuming too much; but George had received too

too many inſtances of his Lucy's love to doubt of it now.

Lord Mackwarling ſaid, he muſt leave Edinburgh in a day or two at fartheſt; and that he ſhould travel by eaſy journies, and would adviſe George to follow them as ſoon as he could; and that as Lucy was of age, it would be very eaſy to get a licence in any of the large towns in England, and he ſhould then preſent Lucy, as a bride, to her father, whom his Lordſhip undertook to reconcile to them both.

George was delighted, beyond meaſure, with the plan; it drove every uneaſy thought from his mind, and he went to communicate the glad tidings to Lucy, who could ſcarce credit her ſenſes. George had, before this, made a formal declaration of love to her, and vowed that no other woman ſhould ever engage his affection; but he ſpoke of matrimony as a diſtant proſpect, which neither of them could hope for at preſent.

The

The idea of conſidering George in the light of a profeſſed lover was a happineſs which Lucy enjoyed in a ſuperlative degree; and the fears of being ſeparated, and the turns of fortune which ſhe had ſo ſeverely taſted, were reflections ſhe would not admit to interrupt her felicity; but when he informed her of Lord Mackwarling's plan for their ſpeedy marriage, ſhe could not for ſome time be perſuaded that her ſenſes did not deceive her.

George could not but be flattered by ſuch extreme marks of her affection, and he wondered he could ever have neglected ſo much beauty, ſenſe, and ſincere attachment; but Lucy was one of thoſe many whoſe virtues were refined by the trials of affliction ſhe had experienced; for certain it was, ſhe was now a very different object from the vain girl he had firſt remembered her: in every reſpect but her love, ſhe was completely changed.

CHAP. XI.

EVERY thing being ſettled, and the day of their departure arrived, Lord Mackwarling, his two daughters, and Lucy, with the ſervants, left Edinburgh; and young Mackwarling ſtaid behind to drive Captain Orkney in a gig. In a few days they followed with the great dog Triton, who ſeldom or ever left the feet of his maſter. They joined the reſt of the family at York; and in that city Lord Mackwarling gave away the hand of Lucy Loveſtock to George Orkney. Nor could the lovers themſelves feel greater pleaſure, than did his Lordſhip at the reflection of having been the means of an union between

two

two perſons ſo deſerving, and which promiſed ſo much future happineſs.

However the Miſs Mackwarlings might envy Lucy, or whatever objections they might have to the match, nothing of the kind appeared—all was harmony and good humour. Even Mrs. Muſlin declared ſhe thought a wedding ſomehow enlivened a journey; and ever ſince ſhe found that Miſs Loveſtock was not to be married to her Lord, ſhe thought better of her; and that ſhe had ſomething of a genteeliſh kind of an air, and was very civil and obliging.

When they arrived at M——, Lord Mackwarling undertook to go to Mr. Loveſtock, and explain the whole buſineſs. He found ſome difficulty at firſt to perſuade him that his daughter was really married, and ſtill more to convince him of the worth of George.

The old gentleman had been ſtrangely miſinformed, and the odious Mrs. Clackit had given him every reaſon to ſuppoſe that his daughter was an abandoned woman. This had been a very ſevere affliction to him, and he did not like even to think of her. His poor wife too, who had implicitly believed all that Mrs. Clackit ſaid concerning her, was overwhelmed with ſorrow, which could only be equalled by the joy ſhe felt at the news ſhe now heard.

Lucy was impatient to throw herſelf at the feet of her parents. Lord Mackwarling preſented both her and George Orkney; and ſhe was received as a loſt ſheep ſhould be. He had likewiſe the ſatisfaction, before he left the town, to hear Mr. Loveſtock declare he would leave his whole fortune to the Captain and Lucy; and as he was well known to be very rich, Lord Mackwarling was ſatisfied that George would not want money: and he had the pleaſure of leaving him in the poſſeſſion of as many bleſſings as are generally allotted to mor-

tals. The uncertainty of his brother's fate was the chief alloy to his happineſs; and to this was added the account of Miſs Collville, whoſe father was dead, and by ſome flaw in the writings of the eſtate at Frampton, it was now in the poſſeſſion of another; and Miſs Collville was gone to reſide with a diſtant relation in London, upon a pittance by much too ſcanty for her generous mind, as well as inadequate to the ſtyle in which ſhe had been educated and lived. With redoubled grief George likewiſe heard that in the tranſaction of the buſineſs, his brother Andrew had been a very principal agent, and was ſuppoſed to have been a conſiderable gainer by the negociation; for he had been heard to ſay, that upon the idea of Miſs Collville's great fortune, he was obliged to ſtand to the loſs of a pretty conſiderable ſum which he had lent to his brother, and was to be paid again when that brother was married to Miſs Collville; and as that was a marriage not likely to take place, he muſt take care of what was his

own, and the young lady muſt herſelf refund.

When George heard this recital, it made him very unhappy that the ſordid diſpoſition of his brother Andrew ſhould have ſo guided his principles as to take, he feared, a diſhoneſt advantage of the flaw, and given him a power to drive the diſtreſſed Miſs Collville from that home ſhe ſo much delighted in. How muſt ſhe deteſt the name of Orkney for the numerous evils it had involved her in! What would he have given to have it in his power to reinſtate her in her own domain, and diveſt her of that opinion ſhe muſt have conceived for his wretched brother? But this was a vain wiſh; for although Mr. Loveſtock ſhewed him every attention in his power, and had advanced a handſome ſum to pay off his debts, yet he kept his purſe-ſtrings pretty cloſe, and no more could be expected till his death.

George

George lived in all the harmony of wedded love; Lucy made him an excellent wife; and as the regiment was counter-ordered, and was to remain at home, they were perfectly eaſy on that ſcore: and could he have heard what was become of his brother Charles, and that Miſs Collville was happy, he would not have had a wiſh unſatisfied. And as the reader may likewiſe wiſh for the ſame information, we will for the preſent leave theſe happy people to attend to thoſe on whom Fortune had been leſs laviſh of her favours.

Miſs Collville, after finding that ſhe could no longer ſtay at Frampton, went to the houſe of a diſtant relation in London, who had, in her happier days, given her frequent invitations to paſs ſome time with her. This lady was the widow of a gentleman who had held a very lucrative poſt under Government, and had made a very rapid, and a very conſiderable fortune. She had been under the greateſt obligations to the late

Mr. Collville, and often expreſſed a wiſh to return them by receiving Maria as her viſiter, and giving her what ſhe thought an undeniable proof of her friendſhip, which was an introduction into the great world.

While Maria could enjoy the pleaſures of retirement, and the ſociety of a father whoſe knowledge of the world, and whoſe refined manners were more inſtructive than any leſſens ſhe could receive from another, ſhe only treated the repeated invitations with civility, but without a wiſh to accept them. The time, however, was arrived when ſuch an aſylum was not only deſirable, but was the only alternative ſhe had to chuſe.

The little wreck of her fortune could not be eſtimated at more than two thouſand pounds; and ſhe knew how much economy was required to make a tolerable appearance out of ſuch a pittance: ſhe therefore gladly accepted the offer of Mrs. Barſton when ſhe gave

gave her a preſſing invitation to come and live with her.

Maria Collville had a mind far removed from meanneſs, and almoſt ſuperior to adverſity, of which, in the laſt few months, ſhe had experienced a pretty competent ſhare. She knew Mrs. Barſton lived in what is called a high ſtyle of life; and although that was by no means the ſphere in which ſhe wiſhed to move, yet ſhe conſidered that liberality of ſentiment was in general united with the generous remembrance of thoſe obligations Mrs. Barſton had never failed to expreſs, and ſhe was received by that lady with that kindneſs and hoſpitality ſhe had been taught to expect; but although the goodneſs of Maria's heart led her to ſee thoſe virtues in another which only exiſted in her own imagination, ſhe did not, nor was it poſſible ſhe ſhould, ſee through the motives which induced Mrs. Barſton to wiſh for ſuch a companion. That lady had been in her youth a very celebrated beauty, and there is

nothing harder to forget than the adoration which is ſo univerſally offered to that ſhrine. Her beauty had for ſome time paſt been in its wane, for ſhe could well remember fifty ſummers; however, with the help of a very pretty ſet of teeth, a good quantity of rouge, and a tete put on to the beſt advantage, ſhe might ſtill be ſaid to look well; yet if ſhe had kept later hours than uſual, or a run of ill luck at cards had diſcompoſed her features, the marks of time would then, in ſpite of every advantage, tincture her ſkin with a yellowneſs no coſmetic could conceal; and a hollow ſunk countenance would add at leaſt ten years to her appearance, and the men would no longer gaze delighted on her charms.

She knew that Maria was handſome, and that when ſhe was attended by youth and beauty, ſhe would ſtill be followed by that ſex from whom ſhe had once received ſo much admiration; ſhe could not eaſily relinquiſh this pleaſure, although ſhe ſhould be aſſured they were purſuing an object far different

different from herſelf;—for theſe reaſons ſhe profeſſed uncommon attachment to Maria; ſhe loaded her with preſents, and ſhe was deſirous to have her company upon all occaſions.

Maria could have diſpenſed with much of this attention, and wiſhed to have a larger portion of time allowed to herſelf; but when ſhe conſidered that Mrs. Barſton's motives were the effect of generoſity, and a wiſh to amuſe her, ſhe could not oppoſe a kindneſs ſo well meant.

Mrs. Barſton had a very fine houſe in Hanover-Square; ſhe kept a great many ſervants, and her carriage and horſes correſponded with the elegant profuſion of her table, and her whole eſtabliſhment. The conſtant round of viſiting, going to public places, with all the appendages of dreſs and ſplendour, dazzled and tired Maria at the ſame time. She was naturally of a very lively diſpoſition, and could enjoy the gaieties

of life with moderation, but ſo conſtant a round of diſſipation by no means coincided with her taſte; and, beſides, misfortune had ſo much depreſſed her ſpirits, that a caſt of melancholy was depicted on her countenance, and which this repetition of amuſements rather increaſed than diminiſhed. She would have gladly exchanged the moſt brilliant circle for one delightful walk in the dear ſhrubbery at Frampton: ſuch reflections led to a thouſand tender remembrances, and caſt a deeper ſhade of ſorrow on her brow.

Mrs. Barſton did not quite approve of this penſeroſo ſtyle; her only reaſon for inviting Maria was to attract the men, and ſhe well knew ſuch a countenance of melancholy would have a very contrary effect. It was not that Mrs. Barſton meant herſelf to marry —ſhe had refuſed ſeveral indigent young men, who wiſhed to ſhare her ſplendid jointure; but admiration only was her wiſh, and to which ſhe had ſo long been accuſtomed, that life,

life, with all other enjoyments, was nothing when deprived of that ſuperior ſatisfaction. But ſhe could not ſuppoſe that Maria was quite of the ſame opinion; her beauty ſhe thought was ſufficient if ſhe took but the proper means; and ſhe viewed with impatience, and even anger, the inanimate appearance ſhe made, and the cold manner in which ſhe received a compliment paid to her perſon.

Mrs. Barſton was determined to give her a reproof for this kind of behaviour ſo directly contrary to all rules of the polite world; and ſhe began by ſaying, "Miſs Collville, child, do you ever mean to marry?"

Maria, rather ſurpriſed, as well as confuſed at a queſtion ſo abrupt, replied, "Why really, Madam, it is a matter which at preſent does not occupy my attention; and were I obliged to give a decided opinion, I believe it would be that I ſhould never marry."

"Why, what is it you mean?" ſaid Mrs. Barſton; "is not marriage the object of all

all young women? Where did you learn theſe ſingular notions? and what can be your plan? Suppoſe my Lord Lapwing now, for inſtance, was to make you an offer, (and, indeed, if you had played your cards well, I have reaſon to believe he would long ago) for I am well aſſured he admires you, and is not averſe to matrimony?"

"Good Heaven!" ſaid Maria, "Lord Lapwing, Madam, why he is old enough to be my grandfather!"

"Well, and what of that?" ſaid Mrs. Barſton; "ſurely it can be no objection; you know very little of the world, Miſs Collville, or you would not mention age. Don't you know that all young women of ſmall fortune muſt marry rich old men—no others are to be had; ſurely you cannot be ſo ignorant as to ſuppoſe a young man would marry you with ſo ſmall a fortune, that it can ſcarcely be called any."

"I am truly ſenſible," replied Maria, "of the little claim I have to conqueſt; and my heart has too ſeverely ſuffered in the cauſe of love, and met with too ſevere a diſappointment

diſappointment ever to admit its influence a ſecond time; yet would I never marry even a prince, unleſs I could ſo far feel the power of love as to prefer him to all mankind."

"Poh, nonſenſe of love," ſaid Mrs. Barſton; "there is no ſuch thing as love now; it might, and I believe did, exiſt in former ages, where intercourſe was confined to ſmall circles, and country ſwains, who never ſaw any thing beyond the county of their reſidence, and Miſſes who never went from their own villages: between ſuch there have been inſtances of what is called love, but all that is done away; and really, Miſs Collville, I thought you knew more of the world than to talk in a ſtrain which would utterly ruin your character and fortune if it were to be heard and known."

Sentiments like theſe were not likely to produce an alteration in thoſe of Maria; and as Mrs. Barſton found ſhe could not work that reformation and improvement ſhe intended, ſhe gave up all attempts of the kind,

and a ſort of ſullen civility took place of good humour between them, by no means pleaſing to Maria, whoſe ſituation became extremely irkſome, for ſhe ſtill continued to attend Mrs. Barſton to all public places; and her dreſs required ſo much variety and faſhion, that the intereſt of her little fortune was barely ſufficient to ſupply her with what was abſolutely neceſſary for her appearance; for Mrs. Barſton had long ceaſed to make her any preſents, or, indeed, to have much intercourſe with her.

In their laſt converſation Mrs. Barſton aſked Maria who was the Adonis of her heart; to which ſhe anſwered very ſeriouſly, that ſhe begged her never more to mention a ſubject which was much too painful for her to think upon, and would be infinitely more ſo to explain.

Mrs. Barſton finding Maria too ſerious to bear raillery, ſhe took little or no notice of her; and whenever ſhe attempted to join in converſation,

converſation, affected to treat all her opinions with the utmoſt contempt. This was a treatment which the ſpirit of Maria could but ill ſupport, and ſhe followed Mrs. Barſton to all her amuſements with a countenance expreſſive of the unhappineſs ſhe felt.

CHAP.

CHAP. XII.

MARIA and Mrs. Barſton were one night ſeated in the ſtage-box at Covent-Garden Theatre, to ſee a performance which ſo little intereſted Maria, that ſhe amuſed herſelf by looking from one object to another, and obſerving upon the various countenances, moſt of which ſeemed to exhibit by their appearance minds more at eaſe than her own. At length her eye wandered to an object ſeated in the pit, which excited all her attention, and riveted her eyes to the ſpot; and ſhe likewiſe perceived that his were fixed on her. In an old, and almoſt thread-bare black coat, without powder, and with a pale thin face, appeared the once captivating and animated

mated figure of Charles Orkney. She could not be miſtaken; it was the ſame dear object for whom ſhe had ſuffered ſo much, and who, although he had ſeemed to have forſaken her, was ſtill the deareſt object of her affections;—her heart fluttered violently, and ſhe trembled with agitation. Luckily ſhe eſcaped the obſervation of Mrs. Barſton, whoſe attention was too much engaged by ſome beaux, who were paying her the moſt fulſome compliments, and then laughing at her expence. When Maria found herſelf ſufficiently recovered to venture at another look, the object was gone, and in no part of the houſe could ſhe again behold him. This was a cruel conviction of his diſlike to ſee her; it coſt her many a ſigh, and much ſevere conflict between pride and love. Why ſhould he ſhun her?—his brother was married, and could no longer be his rival. He appeared in poverty; there was now no diſproportion in their ſituations; and with what comfort they might live even upon the ſcanty proviſion of her fortune! On the other

and,

hand, could ſhe bear the idea of marrying a man whoſe whole conduct had proved his diſlike to an union with her, and, in the laſt inſtance, ſhewn an averſion even to the ſight of her, when no obſtacles whatſoever now remained to prevent their meeting?—No! her heart ſhould ſooner break than ſubmit to treatment like this.

Thus ſhe reaſoned during a night, in which ſleep never once viſited her pillow; the morning only renewed her reſolutions; and to ſuch a pitch of reſentment were her feelings arrived, that ſhe gave orders for no ſtranger to be admitted to her, ſhould he take it into his head to make any inquiry after her. So much had pride for the preſent gained an aſcendency over love! But ſhe reaſoned without once conſidering that he might not, and certainly did not, know any thing of her ſituation. On the contrary, when he ſaw her at the playhouſe, he ſuppoſed her to be the wife of his brother George; and as ſuch he durſt not truſt himſelf with another look,

and

and not only haſtened to leave the play-houſe, but alſo to leave London, leſt he might again encounter an object he had not yet acquired reſolution ſufficient to conſider as his ſiſter.

In order to account for this, the reader muſt be informed, that after the duel, and the tranſactions which immediately followed it at Frampton, Charles knew that nothing remained for him but to endeavour to forget thoſe dear objects whoſe union ſeemed inevitable, and to purſue his own fortune according to that ſad deſtiny which it ſeemed to have marked for him. He made the beſt of his way into Wales; he tried to amuſe and divert his mind from thoſe ſad remembrances by which it was tortured, and to engage in ſome purſuit which might be ſerviceable to ſome other, if not beneficial to himſelf.

With theſe deſigns he again waited upon Mrs. Owen, with a hope that he might hit upon

upon ſome method of ſo far altering the way of life in which young Owen was ſo loſt to all the duties of a human creature, and endeavour, at leaſt, to render him an object fit for that ſociety which at preſent only treated him with contempt. 'Tis true the taſk was difficult, and promiſed but little ſucceſs; yet the more arduous the undertaking, the more would his own mind and faculties be diverted from that miſery in which he would otherwiſe have been ſunk.

His firſt deſign was to get him away from his mother, as the only proſpect in which he could hope for ſucceſs; but this was a vain endeavour, and by no means agreeable to her plan; whatever was propoſed, whether at home or abroad, ſhe muſt herſelf make one of the party. She had more than one reaſon for this predilection in her own favour; ſhe could then enjoy the company of her ſon, and his tutor at the ſame time. Indeed her behaviour to Charles was ſuch as made him the more earneſt in wiſhing to draw

draw the young man from home, and for this purpoſe he propoſed his learning to ride on horſeback; and for that intention he purchaſed a little poney of that country breed, which was ſo low, ſo docile, and ſo gentle, that a child might have ventured upon it; but all the perſuaſions, and all the incitements Charles could uſe, were ineffectual to perſuade this poor young man to get upon the back of it. It was in vain he urged him by every means to try it; and, by ſetting him the example, would exhibit the ſafety, and ſhew him the extreme folly of his fears; it was all to no purpoſe—the youth had been too long nurſed in the lap of indolence and terror to attempt any manly exerciſes, and Charles grew diſheartened after every trial. Mrs. Owen's behaviour was likewiſe extremely irkſome; added to which, was the contraſted and rough manners of David Price, who was continually throwing himſelf in their way, on purpoſe to teaſe and play tricks with his couſin.

Young

Young Owen would venture himſelf to be driven out by Charles in an eaſy low chaiſe; and on theſe occaſions David would take care to fall in their way, to gallop by them with ſo much violence as to ſplaſh them all over with mud; to call out in a voice of ridicule, to know if Charles was giving his wife an airing after her lying-in; or to know what young lady was ſo carefully wrapped up by his ſide. Another time he fired a gun ſo near the carriage, as almoſt to deprive the poor young man of his ſenſes, and then came to them under pretence of offering his aſſiſtance; and he would endeavour to perſuade Owen that he was actually killed, and deſtined in the other world to form a friendſhip and aſſociate with him, at the ſame time that he would make a noiſe in his ear like the bellowing of an ox.

Scenes like theſe were generally productive of a violent quarrel, in which it was almoſt impoſſible not to take a decided part.

Such

Such were the circumſtances which deſtroyed the enterprize in which Charles had engaged; and he reſolved to ſubmit to any hardſhips rather than engage in a fruitleſs undertaking, and be conſtantly a party in broils and quarrels which he could neither prevent nor decide. He therefore took a handſome leave of Mrs. Owen and her ſon, and followed, without order or deſign, whitherſoever his inclination led him.

He wandered through a vaſt tract of country, ſuffering various bodily hardſhips, which were only rendered lighter by thoſe ſtill more painful ones of the mind. He paſſed the ſummer amongſt the hoſpitable peaſants in the mountains of Savoy, and in their ſimple way of life; and in admiring the beauties of nature, he could find more relief from his cares, than in a ſoil whence they had originated: but poverty began to ſpread its baneful influence, and he was obliged to return before the winter was completed. He found great difficulty in making

his way through part of the enemy's country: twice he was taken up for a ſpy, and nothing but the extreme poverty and wretchedneſs of his appearance ſecured him from an ignominious death.

Upon his arrival in London, he applied to the agent of his brother George's regiment for information concerning him, and there heard that he was married to a lady of fortune in the neighbourhood of M——. This he had no doubt was Miſs Collville; and although he was in ſome degree prepared for the event, yet it ſtruck upon his heart like an electric ſhock, and he was for ſome moments without the power of recollection. He walked with his arms folded, not knowing what he was doing, or whither he was going, when, ſeeing numbers of people going into the playhouſe, he joined the croud, and found himſelf ſeated in the pit at Covent-Garden. The performance had ſo little merit, and his mind was ſo little in uniſon with thoſe who were diverted, that his eyes,

eyes, like Maria's, wandered from one object to another, till they were fixed upon that which for a moment gave him the moſt delightful ſenſations, but in the next, feelings of a very different nature; for he conſidered her not only as a ſiſter, but as a forbidden object which it was dangerous for his eyes to behold. At firſt he meditated to go and ſpeak to her, notwithſtanding his ſhabby appearance; but having looked at her very intently, he fancied he could perceive ſome traces of melancholy in her countenance, which too much reſembled his own, and he durſt not truſt to a nearer interview. He concluded, from ſeeing her in a public place, that his brother was alſo in town with her; and as he found himſelf not equal to the meeting, he ruſhed out of the playhouſe, determining to leave London early the next morning.

His finances were brought into a very narrow compaſs, and he had but juſt ſufficient to carry him into Wales: there he

deſigned to turn the little furniture, which was his uncle's, into ready money; to return to the Univerſity, and take a neceſſary degree to enable him to enter into orders, and get ordained upon a curacy in Wales. This he thought the moſt creditable, as well as moſt eligible, way of obtaining a ſubſiſtence; and he hoped and truſted that time would ſo mellow his misfortunes, and compoſe his mind, that he ſhould be enabled to perform the duties of his function with that decorum and propriety the character demanded.

Charles Orkney ruminated upon his deſign of returning into Wales, in order to collect the few valuables he had left there, and, by turning them into money, be enabled to purſue his projected plan. Some circumſtances aroſe in his mind, which, by ſuggeſting difficulties, caſt a damp upon his deſign, and determined him to alter his intention; and chiefly he apprehended that the little money he ſhould be able to raiſe from the ſale of them, would be very inſufficient

ficient to ſupply him with a ſum required to take thoſe degrees at the Univerſity which muſt of neceſſity be a prelude to ordination. This was a material objection, and a train of thinking produced a variety of difficulties, which, if not equally ſtrong, were at leaſt powerful perſuaſions againſt the deſign.

A length of time had elapſed ſince he had left Oxford; all his intimate friends were probably gone from that place, and thoſe he might find there would conſider him as an adventurer, who, from the poverty of his appearance, was only entitled to their pity, and perhaps their contempt; and theſe would be ill calculated to aſſiſt with advice, or ſooth the ſorrows of a man whoſe heart had been pierced by the arrows of adverſity. Neither could he altogether reconcile his conſcience to a plan of this nature; Charles had juſt and ſtrict notions of religion, and his mind was enlarged by every virtuous principle; and to obtain a maintenance by dedicating a particular ſervice to God, (as

a matter of neceſſity, when he was driven to the laſt extremity, and all other methods had failed), was a ſyſtem altogether inconſiſtent with the purity of thoſe ideas which had hitherto governed all his principles, and what he abſolutely determined againſt. Where then, and to what ſhould he have recourſe? His mind was oppreſſed, and his thoughts naturally turned towards his brother George, his happy brother: Maria too, ah! ſhe was now, as he ſuppoſed, his ſiſter; but he had not courage to inveſtigate the ſubject. The look of unhappineſs which marked her countenance at the playhouſe, furniſhed him with a thouſand melancholy conjectures, and dwelt upon his mind with a painful remembrance. Perhaps the wiſh to ſee her once more, and, unobſerved, endeavour to trace whether or not he was miſtaken in her appearance of unhappineſs, finally determined his ſtay in London.—Fatal reſolve! in what miſery did this reſolution involve the ill-fated Charles! But allowing no time for reflection, he immediately wrote to a friend in Wales,

Wales, to ſell his little ſtock of furniture, and ſend him the produce of its ſale, together with the books, which he deſired might not be ſold with the reſt, but ſent to him with the money:—and this was a neceſſary ſtep, in order to enable him to procure a preſent ſubſiſtence; and when he had received this trifling ſum, with which he procured ſome linen, and other neceſſaries, in which he ſtood in abſolute need, he then found he had but very little left to defray the expences which each day produced; but he ſtill remained in London.

He again placed himſelf in the pit at the theatre, where he could have a full view of the whole houſe; in vain he watched the opening of every box—Maria no more appeared; and after watching in the above manner for ſeveral nights, he reluctantly gave up the purſuit.

He had no plan; and a kind of apathy and extreme lowneſs of ſpirits rendered him

inattentive to all conſequences. His money was again nearly exhauſted, his clothes were becoming ſhabby, and his mind was too much haraſſed and debilitated to ſuggeſt any method whereby he might ſupport his exiſtence. The landlord of his lodgings had twice importuned him for payment, although he was only entering on the ſecond week ſince he had paid for them; yet the diſtreſs and wretchedneſs of his appearance gave a ſuſpicion which occaſioned the application: indeed his laſt half-guinea was already changed, and when that was gone, he had no reſource, for he was determined never to part with his books, not even to procure neceſſaries. It was a ſmall pittance; the next meal would reduce that little to leſs, and he had no future proſpect.

He wandered in the ſtreets without deſign and without hope, and in one of thoſe moments of wretchedneſs he again caught a glance of Maria Collville; it did not appear that ſhe obſerved him, but the ſame dejection, imprinted

imprinted on her countenance, again induced Charles to believe ſhe was almoſt as miſerable as himſelf. She was in a coach, and again without his brother; and from this circumſtance, it occurred to him that George might be abroad with the regiment, and this might occaſion the melancholy which was ſo viſibly ſpread over her countenance. She pined then for the abſence of her huſband—an implication that her huſband was well beloved by her. Ought this to have given Charles uneaſineſs? No, he wiſhed to rejoice in the ſuppoſition; but there is a ſtrange contrariety in our compoſitions, and however that might me, an acute pain ſeized his heart in a moment, and a faint hectic colour ſpread over thoſe cheeks which were hollow, ſunk, and emaciated by poverty and unhappineſs. He felt himſelf too much agitated, and too ill to proceed on his walk; and he turned into a coffee-houſe, in order to recruit and ſupport his ſpirits.

He threw himſelf into the firſt box, and was ſo much abſorbed in reflection, that he had ſit ſeveral minutes before he perceived a well-looking man on the oppoſite ſide, who, from the curioſity viſible in his countenance, muſt have heard ſome exclamation expreſſive of miſery from Charles, who ſeemed totally unconſcious of any thing he had uttered.

The ſtranger was drinking ſome ſpirit and water, which he kindly offered to Charles, ſaying at the ſame time, "You ſeem ill and low, Sir; give me leave to offer you ſome of my beverage."

Charles took the liquor from his hand, and drank of it before he had ſufficiently recovered his recollection, and without ſpeaking a word; but immediately regaining his preſence of mind, he apologized to the ſtranger for his ſeeming abſence, and, calling to the waiter, he ordered the ſame portion of the liquor to be brought to him, of which he preſſed

preſſed the ſtranger to partake, who ſat eyeing him with the moſt ſcrutinizing look; and having entered into converſation, he contrived, by the moſt inſinuating manners and addreſs, to prepoſſeſs Charles ſo much in his favour, that he entered into an unreſerved converſation with him, and imperceptibly threw off that melancholy reſtraint which was ever painful to a mind like his, and was by no means natural to him, but had been acquired from a habit of wretchedneſs, and the want of ſociety, which he had lately experienced. He felt himſelf eaſy and pleaſant in the company of this man; various topics were diſcuſſed, in all which each ſeemed to approve of the other's opinions; as the converſation increaſed, the liquor diminiſhed, and the ſtranger then propoſed a bottle of wine, to which Charles, though no drinker, made no objection.

The wine was begun, and being added, upon an empty ſtomach, to what he had drank before, its effects were ſoon viſible in the

appearance and manners of Charles;—he talked vehemently, he delivered his ſentiments in terms far different from his uſual elegant and gentle manners, and, in a word, he was intoxicated.

This was the moment for which the ſtranger had waited with impatience; accordingly he propoſed another bottle of wine, and taking a handful of gold from his pocket, he ſaid, "I am determined to improve the preſent moments, becauſe Fortune was favourable to me laſt night, and I will not be a niggard of her favours."

During this ſpeech he ſpread the gold upon the table, in order to dazzle and faſcinate the eyes of Charles, who expreſſed his ſurpriſe and curioſity at the ſame time, to know what the ſtranger meant by Fortune's favours; who replied, "There is but one road, Sir, for a man like myſelf to purſue; I have neither profeſſion, occupation, nor friends, who can advance a penny for me, and

and yet you ſee me independent of the whole world, and ready to aſſiſt you, or any gentleman in the ſame predicament."

Charles ſtared;—had he been ſober, gold would have had no charms in his eſtimation farther than juſt a ſufficiency for his wants; at preſent he viewed it with an eager deſire to poſſeſs the ſame degree of wealth, and, as he imagined, independency.

The ſtranger but too ſoon informed him in what manner it was gained; and added but few perſuaſions to induce the unfortunate Charles to adopt the ſame plan, and enrich himſelf by the ſame method. He was therefore led by this ſpecious companion to a gaming-houſe; here Charles ſaw heaps of money, which his intoxicated fancy led him to believe he ſhould at leaſt have a ſhare in. His whole ſtock of money, after he had paid for his wine, conſiſted of ſix ſhillings and nine-pence; but this was matter of no conſideration, for his newly acquired

acquired friend had promiſed to ſupply him with any ſum he might have occaſion for, and an offer ſo generous could not fail to prejudice him in the favour of Charles, who, when he was ſober, held generoſity in the higheſt eſteem, and valued it amongſt the firſt of chriſtian virtues. Now that wine had heightened his imagination, and exhilarated his fancy, he ſaw every thing in a ſuperlative degree, and his friend's offer appeared to be an exalted merit. He was therefore that very evening introduced to a choſen ſet, who were veterans in the buſineſs, and too well ſkilled in the ſcience of human nature to let him go off a loſer. He played great part of the night; and when his ſpirits became wearied, and nearly exhauſted, he wiſhed to retire. Various had been the turns of fortune; and having promiſed to be there again on the following evening, he was allowed to depart with the addition of five guineas to his ſix ſhillings.

Fluſhed

Fluſhed with this ſucceſs, and heated with wine, he returned to his lodgings; his ideas were confuſed, and he threw himſelf upon his bed, without taking off his clothes.

A diſturbed uncomfortable ſleep rendered the morning unrefreſhing and unpleaſant; he felt no ſatisfaction from reflecting upon the events of the preceding day, except that he had now more than ſufficient to pay his landlord for his lodgings; but when he conſidered upon the manner in which he had acquired this wealth, and that his honour was engaged to ſtake it again at the ſame place where it had been won, and that he could not call it his own, his mind did not feel quite eaſy; reflection was unpleaſant, and he endeavoured to drive it away.

The five guineas remained untouched in his pocket; and he kept his appointment with the new acquaintance he had made the preceding evening. He was now perfectly ſober, yet he could not ſee the heaps of gold which,

which, like the baſiliſk, faſcinates the ſight, and impoſes upon the ſenſes, without feeling an eager deſire to poſſeſs it. He played with avidity; one hour he found himſelf deſtitute of a penny, and the next in poſſeſſion of comparative riches; not a moment was allowed for reflection; he betted with the higheſt offers, and whoever had ſeen him in theſe hours, would have conſidered him as a profeſſed gameſter, long initiated in the buſineſs. The night wore away; he was again a winner, and with exultation he paid the money which had been advanced by his friend upon his firſt acquaintance.

This treacherous friend, whoſe real name was Holt, though, upon different occaſions, he was known by ſeveral others, introduced Charles to more, and ſtill leſs virtuous acquaintance than thoſe with whom he aſſociated at the gaming-table.

Each night, or rather morning, when they had finiſhed their play, was dedicated to the

riot

riot and debauchery of the moſt infamous brothels; and the once ſober, worthy, elegant Charles Orkney was ſunk into the gameſter, the drunkard, and the debauchee. There were indeed moments when reflection would intrude, and then his ſoul ſickened at the life he led, and he even held it in deteſtation; but he had no proſpect, and he dared not look back:—neither was he ſo far gone in vice, but that he ſometimes remonſtrated loudly againſt the practice and principles of his companions, and his mind ſhuddered at their daring profligacy; but whenever he began to adviſe, or to ſuggeſt opinions, he was ſoon ſilenced by contempt, or awed into fear.

He was one night deſired by Holt to ſecure a young man (for that was their phraſe) who was juſt turned looſe into the world, with a good fortune in poſſeſſion, and who had unfortunately ſtumbled upon theſe harpies.

The

The youth had all the appearance of an undiſguiſed and ingenuous mind, and the nature of Charles recoiled at the propoſition; he violently oppoſed it, and abſolutely declared he would have no ſhare in ſo diſhonourable an undertaking. But from that hour he had a mark ſet upon him; he began, though too late, to ſee the true characters of thoſe men, and to perceive that he was become an object of their ſuſpicion; he played not with the ſame ſucceſs as uſual, and his ill-gotten wealth diminiſhed by no ſlow degrees; added to which, he frequently felt himſelf affronted, not to ſay inſulted. His ſpirits again became extremely low, and he had no longer the conſolation of his own rectitude.

Under theſe mortifying circumſtances, he was one night returning to his ſolitary lodging, when a faint ſhriek from a female voice arreſted his attention. The cry was ſharp and piercing, and ſeemed to proceed from a ſhort turning almoſt cloſe to him; he inſtantly

inſtantly ran to the place from whence the ſound proceeded, and in a houſe of ill fame, of the loweſt order, he found a young woman extended on the floor, who appeared to be in the agonies of death. Charles flew to her aſſiſtance, and endeavoured to raiſe her up; but ſhe ſeemed too lifeleſs for him to ſupport her alone, and as he was looking round for ſome aſſiſtance, two men, who appeared to be officers of juſtice, ſeized him, and before he could make any kind of reſiſtance, two more joined them.

"Have you ſecured the murderer?" ſaid one of them.

"Is the woman quite dead?" replied another.

"If ſhe is not," rejoined a third, "ſhe cannot live long; for I ſaw the wound given, and am glad you have ſecured the villain."

All this paſſed in ſo ſhort a ſpace of time, that Charles had ſcarce a moment for recollection. As ſoon as he could collect his ſcattered

tered ſenſes, he began his defence by ſtating the exact truth, and by what means he came to the place, which was merely on hearing the ſound of the ſcream the woman had given; but not one word that he ſaid was given credit to. The houſe ſtood in a kind of alley, or unfrequented court, and not a human creature was near to corroborate his evidence.

The men paid no regard to a ſyllable he ſaid, but proceeded to ſecure him, and carry him for that night to the round-houſe, where, upon ſearching his pockets, they found a knife ſtained with blood, and a ſmall parcel containing a few articles of women's apparel. The look of aſtoniſhment which Charles diſcovered at the ſight of things he had never before beheld, was a ſtrong confirmation of his guilt to thoſe who were not actually in the plot; and nothing could equal the miſery of his ſituation but the ſurpriſe he experienced on the occaſion.

To deſcribe his feelings during the night would be impoſſible; but as he grew more compoſed, he felt his misfortune ſit lighter. However much he had condemned his late conduct, the conſciouſneſs of his innocence in the preſent caſe not only ſupported, but afforded him conſolation.

With a firm and calm mind he was carried to juſtice; and although he poignantly felt his ſituation, and his whole frame ſhook at being arraigned as a murderer, yet he gave the ſame teſtimony of his innocence which he had in vain attempted to do the preceding evening; but, alas! it was only his own account. When he was aſked his name, his profeſſion, and to whom and where he belonged, and to give an account of himſelf, the moſt diſtreſſing ideas aroſe in his imagination;—he gave, however, his real name, for he abhorred the idea of a falſe one; and when he was aſked if any one would appear to his character, his mind underwent ſo cruel an agitation, that his heſitation was again placed

placed to the ſcore of guilt; for when he thought on thoſe dear relatives to whom he really did belong, he reſolved to bear the worſt evils rather than inform them of his ſituation. To inform his beloved George, and ſtill dearer Maria, that he was ſeized and accuſed as a murderer in a brothel, and that the laſt weeks of his life had been paſſed in riot and debauchery, were diſgraces of which he wiſhed to have no memorial. He never had much intercourſe with his brother Andrew, and he would by no means call upon him in this extremity; and having the queſtion of, to whom he belonged? again repeated to him, after a pauſe of ſome moments he named the man with whom he lodged. This was again an unfortunate circumſtance; for ſince the diſſipated life he had lately engaged in, he had evaded the repeated demands the man had made for money that was ſo long due to him. To this perſon, however, a meſſage was diſpatched, and no favourable evidence could be drawn from his appearance; for in a ſurly tone he declared

he was not ſurpriſed at being ſent for on ſuch an occaſion, as he had no doubt but the priſoner might be guilty of murder, or any other atrocious deed, being, as he well knew, nothing but a gambler; that he had never been able to get his money for the lodgings he let to him, although he had dunned him repeatedly, and had as often been put off with only promiſes; that a ſhort time ſince ſome parcels arrived from the country, and he was then in hopes he might have been paid; but he believed they contained nothing but a heap of trumpery books, which were of no uſe to him, or any body elſe that he knew of; and he ſuppoſed if they were to be ſold, they would not fetch ſufficient to pay half that he was indebted to him for lodgings, coals, candles, &c. and that if he was acquitted of the murder, he ſhould arreſt him for debt.

Charles heard all this with a melancholy reſignation. There was no reſiſting his fate; and after the uſual forms and oaths were adminiſtered, he was committed to priſon.

He

He knew that all this had been effected by the malice and contrivance of his wicked aſſociates, and merely becauſe he would not enter into all their meaſures of iniquity, and he was well perſuaded that ſuch wretches would not ſcruple to take away his life, yet he knew likewiſe that many more circumſtances were neceſſary to prove him guilty, and that the laws of his country were too well regulated to admit of ſuch an enormity; and although the place aſſigned for him was damp, diſmal, and dreary in the extreme, yet he drew a compariſon between the feelings of his mind in the preſent caſe, and thoſe he experienced when he really believed he had been the murderer of his brother, and they bore no degree of proportion. This produced a train of ideas which were directed by a preciſion of thought, to which Charles had long been a ſtranger; he looked back with deteſtation on the life he had lately led, and he conſidered his preſent misfortune as a juſt puniſhment for having made ſo

improper an uſe of his time and thoſe faculties which Heaven had beſtowed upon him.

He was interrupted in the midſt of theſe ruminations by a viſiter who was admitted by the turnkey, and whom Charles immediately knew to be Holt; he felt no ſurpriſe at ſeeing him, as he knew that to him, and his other wretched aſſociates, he was indebted for his preſent confinement; and he had no doubt but he was completely in this man's power. He aſked Charles ſeveral inſidious queſtions, and at length came to the point of his enlargement, but upon ſuch terms as were too degrading to be accepted.

Charles had determined, from the firſt ſight of him, to be calm, and to reject all his offers; but they were ſuch as rouſed his indignation, and called forth his reſentment. He told him he would hold no intercourſe whatſoever with him; that he knew as well as himſelf how perfectly innocent he was of the charge brought againſt him, and how unjuſtly he was

now impriſoned, and he defied him to prove that he was a murderer; and that when his trial came on, he ſhould produce ſuch evidence as would be greatly beneficial to himſelf, however it might turn againſt his enemies.

Holt inſiſted that he had evidence ſufficient on his ſide to hang him; and after much inſulting language, and many threats, he took his leave.

Charles conſidered that many circumſtances would be wanting to condemn him. It muſt firſt be proved that a perſon had really been murdered before he could be tried for the murder; but this had been already done before he was committed; and although he knew that a murdered corpſe muſt have been procured upon falſe methods, yet he ſtill relied upon the impartial and juſt laws of his country, which were never known to condemn a man upon the evidence of falſe witneſſes. It was true he had no friends, and what was

worſe, he had no money to procure any; he had no wiſh to prolong his exiſtence, no proſpect to make that exiſtence deſirable; but the ignominy of ſuch a termination to his life preſſed upon his conſideration, and was more than all his philoſophy could combat with. Could he have ended his life with honour, he would have waited with impatience for the period of it; for what had he to wiſh for? Cut off, as he was, from every hope of happineſs, from every endearing connection, it was a burthen not to be wiſhed, and ſcarcely to be borne; but that infamy ſhould mark the concluſion of it, was too painful an idea to be ſupported with patience. He collected ſufficient from Holt's diſcourſe to know, that if he could command a ſum of money, it would mitigate the proſecution. He recollected a few valuables ſtill unſold, which were ſent from the country with the books, notwithſtanding his landlord had ſo undervalued his property; if they were not already ſold, he determined to have them; and for this purpoſe he wrote a letter,

requeſting them to be ſent, and that the money ariſing from the ſale of them ſhould be appropriated to the payment of the lodgings, &c. But this the provident landlord had already ſecured; for he no ſooner diſcovered the predicament in which Charles ſtood, than he immediately ſecured the whole property belonging to him for his own emolument; and, in anſwer to the letter, he ſaid, there was nothing remaining but a Bible, which he had ſent him as a very proper ſtudy in his preſent ſituation.

Charles was not unprepared for this reply, as he expected the man would take all he could find; and he received the very Bible left him by his uncle, as his only remaining property, and not without a reproof from his conſcience for never having opened it: he knew it contained valuable truths, and would teach him that reſignation his preſent ſituation required: he therefore began to read the firſt book of Geneſis with fixed attention. He had only turned over the firſt

leaf, when, to his utter aſtoniſhment, he found a bank note for two hundred pounds carefully placed between the leaves. This unexpected and welcome teſtimony of his uncle's kindneſs, and, as he then thought, partiality for him, filled his heart with ſenſations of gratitude, and recalled to his remembrance a thouſand kindneſſes of that reſpected relation; but how was this wonder and reſpect augmented, when, upon going on with his reading, and turning over the leaves, he found in almoſt every other page bills to a conſiderable amount! in ſhort, that ſacred book contained bills to the value of twenty thouſand pounds. How was Charles Orkney enriched in a moment he could with difficulty credit the organs of his ſight! and his ſurpriſe could only be equalled by his gratitude.

Having collected the bills, he referred himſelf to the copy of his uncle's will, from the peruſal of which he had no doubt but an

equal diſtribution had been made, and that the Bibles left to his brothers, contained the ſame riches with his own. Andrew, he knew, had thrown his into the fire in a violent fit of paſſion, at being diſappointed of money; but what George had done with his, he had no idea. However, he thought no time was to be loſt in informing him of what, in all probability, it contained; for although as he was now married, as he believed, to Miſs Collville, he wanted not riches,—for her fortune, he ſuppoſed, was conſiderable; and if it were not, the poſſeſſion of her was ſufficient, and he could not be in want of any one earthly bleſſing. But Charles reaſoned only like a lover; the thouſands contained in the Bible would have been of infinite uſe to George, both now, and long before, had he known of them.

Charles very well knew, from the character of his proſecutors, that money was the only thing wanted to ſtop the cauſe; and though he had no doubt of the iſſue being in his

his favour, he thought it better to avoid a public trial, which could only reflect diſgrace on him: he therefore ſent to Holt, and accommodated matters in ſuch a way that he was in a very ſhort time liberated.

Having ſettled every pecuniary demand, the firſt thing Charles did, was to write a long letter to George, in which he firſt ſtated the account of the treaſure he had diſcovered, and recommended it to him to make the ſame ſearch in his book, not doubting but he would find the ſame riches. He then congratulated him on his marriage, wiſhing him all poſſible happineſs; though, for reaſons eaſier to be conceived than expreſſed, he could not at preſent bring himſelf to offer, in perſon, thoſe effuſions of kindneſs and good-will which he nevertheleſs ſincerely felt towards them. He mentioned having ſeen Mrs. Orkney at Covent-Garden Theatre; but he hoped ſhe had before this excuſed his not paying her thoſe reſpects ſo much her due, but not in his power at that

time to offer. He then told him he was but juſt returned from a ſolitary tour, of his intention to take orders, and his preparing to go to the Univerſity, when this very unexpected and ſurpriſing piece of good fortune had put an end to that plan, and enabled him to purſue whatever his fancy ſhould direct. He concluded with offering any part, or even the whole ſum to his brother, ſhould he be in want of it, either to purchaſe rank, or for any other purpoſes for which it might be neceſſary.

When Charles had finiſhed this letter, he knew not where to direct it. He ſuppoſed his brother was in London; but of this he could not be certain; nor if he was, did he know where. He therefore encloſed it to the agent, deſiring him to forward it to Captain Orkney, wherever he might be. The agent therefore ſent it immediately to M——.

When George received the letter, he tore it open with extreme delight at once more ſeeing

ſeeing the hand-writing of his beloved Charles; but when he had read it through, his joy was changed to grief. "Ah!" ſaid he, "my poor brother is indeed alive; but perhaps it were better he were not, for, alas! he is deprived of his ſenſes."

Lucy, to whom he addreſſed himſelf, begged to know what had given him reaſon to think ſo.

"Why," replied George, "from his manner of writing; nor is it poſſible it ſhould be otherwiſe, for he talks of finding twenty thouſand pounds in a Bible,—adviſes me to ſearch for the ſame,—then ſays, he has ſeen you at Covent-Garden playhouſe; beſides a rhapſody of incoherent nonſenſe which he would never have written, had he not been deprived of his ſenſes."

Lucy begged ſhe might ſee the letter; which having read, ſhe thought there was nothing in it to confirm the idea of his

inſanity, except his having ſeen her at the playhouſe, when ſhe was at that very time ſo many miles diſtant: nor could ſhe reconcile the belief of his knowing her, for ſhe never remembered having ſeen him in her life; but it was poſſible ſome other Mrs. Orkney might be ſhewn to him, and he might ſuppoſe it was her.

George read the letter again and again; ſtill his opinion remained the ſame; he wiſhed he could recollect what he had done with his Bible, for it was worth looking for; and ſhould there be any bills in it, they might form a judgment from that criterion whether or not Charles was in his perfect ſenſes. George had not the moſt diſtant idea where the Bible was; he was very certain he had never deſtroyed it, or given it away; he had ſome recollection of its being packed up with other things, and ſent in the baggage-waggon to Edinburgh; he was impatient to find it; he grew intereſted about it; twenty thouſand pounds, or even half the money, would

would be truly acceptable to him at the preſent period; it might contain ſomething valuable, if not quite ſo large a ſum, and the old gentleman muſt have done ſomething with his money. The probability gained ſtrength every moment; Charles's letter was read again and again, and he loſt no time in anſwering it;—meantime his old lodgings were ſearched, every place was rummaged where there was the moſt diſtant probability of its being put; never was a Bible ſo enquired for before, but no Bible was found. George grew uneaſy; the circumſtance of not being able to find it, confirmed him in the opinion that it really did contain ſomething valuable, and was for that reaſon ſtolen. He had ſome thoughts of having it advertiſed, but was reſtrained from that by the conſideration that if it contained any thing valuable, it would probably be ſo much greater than the reward he ſhould offer, that it would not be a very likely means of recovering it, as in that caſe it had not fell into very honeſt hands. He did not, however, fail to anſwer

Charles's letter; and he wrote to him without giving the moſt remote hint of his ſuſpicions concerning the derangement of his ſenſes, but congratulated him on his good fortune, expreſſed great joy at having heard from him, and aſſured him he was miſtaken as to ſeeing his wife at the playhouſe, for that ſhe had never been abſent from him ſince his marriage, ever ſince which they had both been remaining at M——. He mentioned the reverſe of fortune which Miſs Collville had experienced; ſaid he believed ſhe was with a Mrs. Barſton, in Hanover-Square, and alluded to the proſpect of happineſs which now awaited him, as his fortune would enable him to make her that offer, and ſecure to themſelves that felicity which he knew would render them both ſo happy, and which none more ſincerely wiſhed than himſelf.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIII.

WHEN Charles received his brother's letter, he was upon the point of conceiving the ſame opinion concerning the intellects of George, as George had before done upon the receipt of Charles's letter. What did George mean? Surely it was cruelly playing with his feelings (and he well knew how acutely he ſhould feel upon ſuch a ſubject) to mention an union between him and the woman from whom he ſaid he had never been ſeparated ſince their marriage. And could he be in his perfect ſenſes when he talked of Miſs Collville and his wife, whom he conceived to be one and the ſame perſon? Charles had never heard of Lucy Loveſtock

but

but in a very ſlight report; and he could not conceive it poſſible for a man to have been in love with Miſs Collville, and be afterwards married to any other: yet this ſeemed to be the caſe;—he muſed upon it, and the idea of Miſs Collville being unmarried, played upon his imagination with delighted hopes. His fancy ſuggeſted a thouſand pleaſing poſſibilities, and the riches contained in the Bible never before diſplayed ſo many powerful charms. 'Tis true he had eſtimated the acquiſition of ſo much wealth, as it would enable him to purſue that plan of life he ſhould moſt prefer; but beyond that he had ſet no value on it, and there were moments when he conſidered it not only with indifference, but even contempt, as knowing it was not in the power of riches to purchaſe that peace of mind which could alone make him happy. He now viewed it with more partial eyes, and it opened a proſpect of happineſs which had never before appeared ſo brilliant.

Under

Under ſuch a predicament, he thought it moſt adviſeable to take a journey to M——, and learn from his brother the true ſtate of the caſe; and under the pleaſing perſuaſion that he ſhould not find Maria Collville in the perſon of his brother's wife, he determined to begin his expedition. Meantime George was indefatigable in ſearching for his Bible, but without ſucceſs.

Mrs. Clackit ſtill kept up her conſequence, and ſtill preſerved her curious diſpoſition; and notwithſtanding ſhe had acted with ſo much miſtaken zeal, and her interference had been productive of ſo many ill conſequences, ſhe was ſtill received as a friend and viſiter at Mr. Loveſtock's; nor could Lucy ever forget that ſhe had ſaved her from ſtarving, and preſerved her from periſhing. She was therefore one morning viſiting Mrs. Clackit; and as the idea of a Bible was never abſent from her imagination, her eye was led to a row of ſhelves upon which a red Morocco Bible, ſuch as ſhe had heard

George

George deſcribe, attracted her ſight; and upon aſking Mrs. Clackit's leave to look at it, that pious lady replied, " Aye, my dear Mrs. Orkney, if every body had their own, that Bible properly belongs to Captain Orkney; for when he went from hence, and it was reported had ſeduced you to follow him, I went to his lodgings to ſee if I could find any thing that ſhould trace where you might be, and lead to any diſcovery which might afford your poor father and mother any ſatisfaction; but nothing appeared that could give me any clue;—and upon looking about, and opening a cupboard, wrapped up in ſeveral papers, lay this Bible. You ſee it is very handſomely bound; and as Captain Orkney was not very likely to return, I thought it was a pity the people of the houſe ſhould have ſuch a book to thumb and ſpoil; ſo I brought it home, and never thought to mention it before."

" Then," returned Lucy, " I ſuppoſe, Madam, you have read it?"

" Read

"Read it, child!" repeated Mrs. Clackit, "to be ſure I have; why I read a portion of ſcripture every day, and that is a type which exactly ſuits my eyes."

Lucy turned pale as ſhe ſpoke; but not having the higheſt opinion of Mrs. Clackit's veracity, ſhe ſtill formed a hope that the book had not been opened; and turning it careleſsly about, ſhe ſaid, "Well, Madam, I have a ſtrange fancy for this very book, and if you will allow me to have it, I will preſent you with another equally as good, if not better."

"Oh! it is your own, you know," ſaid Mrs. Clackit, "and I ſhould have returned it to you before this time, had I thought of it; but I had no ſcruples about keeping it before Captain Orkney was married, becauſe ſingle men, and particularly Officers, ſeldom trouble themſelves to read in the Bible; it would be much better for them if they would."

Lucy acquieſced in this opinion for more reaſons than ſhe choſe to diſcover; for ſhe had opened the Bible in ſeveral places, ſufficiently to perceive that it contained bank-bills between many of the leaves, and ſhe had no doubt but it was of equal value with that of Charles's, and convinced her at the ſame time, notwithſtanding Mrs. Clackit's declaration of her daily piety, that ſhe had never once opened the book. Lucy now diſpatched a note to her huſband, in which ſhe told him ſhe was in poſſeſſion of the Bible, which, as far as ſhe had yet been able to judge, was of equal value with his brother's, and ſhe deſired he would immediately come to Mrs. Clackit's, and fetch both it and herſelf home.

George gladly obeyed the ſummons; and being returned home with the Bible, they found it contained the exact ſum ſpecified by Charles. George could not be ſufficiently thankful to Providence for having in ſo wonderful and miraculous a manner preſerved

ſerved for him a treaſure, which, from his own careleſſneſs, and undue regard for that ſacred book, had been liable to ſo many chances of being loſt; and he ſeriouſly determined to read it with perſevering attention, being well convinced that was the end and deſign of his uncle's legacy.

The joy of the day was ſtill farther increaſed by the arrival of Charles; and the univerſal happineſs of the family could only be completed by the addition of the much-loved Maria.

The whole myſtery, which had ſo much perplexed Charles, was now unravelled, and he had the pleaſure of beholding his brother perfectly happy in the increaſing love and tenderneſs of the moſt amiable and beſt of wives, and could no longer be conſidered in the light of a rival. Charles paid them but a ſhort viſit;—he haſtened from M—— to London; and having paid more attention to his dreſs and appearance than he had ever before done,

done, he knocked at the door of Mrs. Barſton, in Hanover-Square, with a beating, but elated heart;—he enquired if Miſs Collville was at home, and being anſwered in the affirmative, he ſent up the name of Mr. Orkney.

Maria was that moment meditating upon the extreme miſery of her ſituation; and ſaw no poſſible means by which it could be terminated, or rendered leſs irkſome. Mrs. Barſton was become inſolent and overbearing, and ſhe was not only obliged to ſubmit to the wayward humours of an antiquated coquette, but ſhe was ſubject to the impertinence of every coxcomb whom Mrs. Barſton thought proper to encourage at her houſe.

When the footman announced Mr. Orkney, Maria ſtarted from her reverie; it was a name which always vibrated upon her heart, and recalled a variety of recollections. It had lately, indeed, impreſſed her with

ſome

ſome degree of terror; for ſhe had experienced ſo much misfortune from the villany of Andrew Orkney, that when the name was mentioned, ſhe formed the idea of the viſiter being no other than the wretched little lawyer whom ſhe deteſted. She heſitated for a moment whether ſhe would ſee him or not. What could he want with her? he had already deprived her of the only remaining comfort fate had left her—an independency; was he now come to rob her of all the little fortune ſhe poſſeſſed? However, ſhe determined to ſee him, for ſhe had nothing to fear from her own conduct.

When ſhe entered the room, and the fine figure of Charles, not dreſſed in a ragged coat, with his hair diſhevelled, and his looks pallid and ſpiritleſs, as ſhe had laſt ſeen him in the playhouſe, but dreſſed in the moſt elegant faſhion, his figure and attitude ſuperior to any ſhe had ever beheld,—her aſtoniſhment was unbounded; and with eyes ſparkling with pleaſure, and a voice ſoftened by

by tenderneſs, he thus addreſſed the aſtoniſhed Maria:—

" Deareſt Miſs Collville, may I preſume to hope that the ſtrange viciſſitudes of Fortune, which has at length favoured me with her ſmiles, will be ſtill rendered more complete and permanent by your returning kindneſs, without which, indeed, neither the choiceſt of her favours, nor the riches of the univerſe could make me happy. You do not behold, as formerly, the wretched rival of his brother, nor the cruel murderer of his neareſt relation; nor do you behold, as when laſt I ſaw you, the miſerable wanderer, reduced to rags and poverty, who beheld you with averted eyes, as not daring to look on one whom he conſidered as too nearly connected by relationſhip to allow thoſe feelings which have never for a moment ceaſed to fill his heart with love and tenderneſs; no, deareſt of women, you behold the man who has ever loved you, but was forbidden to hope by the multitude of barriers placed between us.

us. My brother is now happily married to another; and Fortune has bountifully ſupplied me with riches, which, although inadequate to thoſe I would willingly offer at your feet, will be rendered uſeleſs, and even a burthen, if not worthy your acceptance."

Maria could not for ſome minutes collect herſelf ſufficiently to frame an anſwer. The pleaſure ſhe felt at ſeeing the only object of her love in a ſituation ſo far exceeding her expectations, and offering her love and fortune unreſtrained by any cruel mandate, could not be concealed by thoſe looks which were ever the undiſguiſed index of her heart; but a certain pride, inherent in the ſex, ſtayed for a moment that joy which filled her imagination, by the recollection of what paſſed at their laſt meeting, and ſhe threw a kind of haughty coldneſs into her manner to which her heart gave no aſſent.

" I am extremely happy, Mr. Orkney," ſhe replied, " that Fortune has been ſo favourable

favourable to your wiſhes; and I ſhould be very glad if it were in my power ſtill to contribute to your felicity; but you will be pleaſed to remember, Sir, that in our laſt conference you diſapproved my ſentiments—nay, more, you refuſed my love; I then offered to ſhare your fortunes, whatſoever they might be, or whitherſoever they might lead; my heart is ſtill the ſame, and never will acknowledge any other maſter; but think not that riches have any charms for me—the heart of Charles Orkney was all I wiſhed to poſſeſs; and now that I am deprived of all that can render life deſirable, or give me even the comforts of it, yet do I diſdain to accept the hand of a man, who, under happier circumſtances, ſo peremptorily refuſed mine."

"Oh!" ſaid Charles, "make no ſuch raſh declaration, nor allude to a time and circumſtances when my heart was under the influence of the moſt cruel conflicts; nor call that period happy, at the recollection of which my ſoul even now ſhudders. Conſider, lovelieſt of women, that I was not only

an

an outcaſt and a beggar, but I was a rival to my brother, and might be conſidered as an aſſaſſin. Was it poſſible, in ſuch a predicament, to admit ideas of delight? Could I again repeat the ſtab, and wound a brother in a tenderer part—and could I involve you in my wretchedneſs? What could that have been termed but a love the moſt ſelfiſh, the moſt ſordid? Believe, and be aſſured, I never ceaſed to love you, nor ever ſhall while life is lent me; but had fortune denied me the power of offering you nothing more, you would not have ſeen me as you do now, urging and beſeeching for your returning favour; I might perhaps have aſked you to have ſhared my poverty, but never my wretchedneſs, which had my brother died, or his life been rendered miſerable, muſt have been everlaſting."

The energy with which he delivered theſe ſentiments, ſeemed to have an effect upon the countenance of Maria; her reſolution appeared to relax ſomething of its ſteadineſs, and

before the concluſion of his viſit, ſhe promiſed to conſider how far his plea might prevail.

The occurrences of the morning had but ill prepared Maria for Mrs. Barſton's parties of the evening; and ſhe had now an opportunity of contraſting the inſignificant puppiſm of the men who ſurrounded her, with the manly ſenſe of Charles; and he loſt nothing in the compariſon. One man addreſſed her with an impertinence of freedom which he preſumed he might take from the dependant ſituation in which he conſtantly ſaw her; another lamented that her fortune was not ſufficient to juſtify his claims; and a third diſguſted her with repeating the many opportunities he had loſt of making his fortune, by the infinite number of women who had profeſſed their love for him.

Maria could not but confeſs her happineſs, at leaſt to whiſper it to herſelf, that the moſt amiable of men was ſoliciting her hand, and

that he was entirely free from the conceit and frivolity of the generality of thoſe with which ſhe had lately aſſociated. Theſe convictions, joined to her partiality, acted ſo powerfully upon her mind, and ſo far ſubdued her pride, that at the next viſit Charles made her, ſhe no longer preſerved her reſolution, but received him as her profeſſed lover, and intended huſband.

It became neceſſary to acquaint Mrs. Barſton with her deſigns, and to ſolicit her approbation: that good lady only ſaid, ſhe was a ſilly girl, and ſtood in her own light; that with her perſonal merit, and living under the protection of a woman of the world, as ſhe herſelf was, ſhe might have made her fortune, and married to a title at leaſt; "but I ſuppoſe," added Mrs. Barſton, "you have ſet your heart upon ſome ſtupid country Eſquire, who entertains Gothic notions of love, like yourſelf; and that you will live in ſome odious retirement, and be the mother of a parcel of frightful ſqualling children."

Maria could ſmile and be diverted at theſe ideas of Mrs. Barſton's now ſhe was no longer under the influence of them; and ſhe had the pleaſure of obſerving that, notwithſtanding theſe opinions, Mrs. Barſton could not but allow and confeſs the elegant and refined manners, joined to the good ſenſe and fine perſon, of Charles were attractions which few young women could refuſe.

Before the marriage took place, Charles waited upon his brother Andrew, and by proper management drew from that retailer of law, and diſpoſer of property, the frauds which had been practiſed to deprive Miſs Collville of her poſſeſſions at Frampton, the preſent poſſeſſor having no other right than that with which Andrew had inveſted him, and was only a creature of his own, placed there as a ſuppoſed inheritor, while Andrew was the receiver of all the property.

When Charles convinced this wretched brother, that, by the ſacrilegious act of which he

he had been guilty, in throwing the Bible into the fire, he had conſumed the ſum of twenty thouſand pounds, Andrew fell into a perfect frenzy;—he tore his hair, beat his head againſt the wall, and again acted the madman; he was then not only calm, but penitent; and in theſe moments it was that he confeſſed the frauds which had deprived Maria of her patrimony.

Charles loſt no time; he collected proper evidences, and recovered her fortune. He adviſed his brother Andrew to quit the kingdom; and he had the ſupreme ſatisfaction of delivering the deeds (which gave Miſs Collville again the poſſeſſion of her inheritance) into that fair hand which was the reward of his ſervices, and which he conſidered as inеſtimable.

As ſoon as the marriage had taken place, they retired to Frampton, in the neighbourhood of which George had purchaſed a handſome

handſome houſe. He ſoon afterwards attained the rank of Colonel; and the happineſs of both families was augmented by the virtues which each poſſeſſed.

The memory of their uncle was revered and eſtimated by the conſtant peruſal, and juſt value they ſet on that book which taught them wiſdom and inſtruction, enforced truths of divine origin, and ſet them examples of patience, equity, and virtue:—the elegance of the language, the beauty of the writing, the ſublime ideas it conveyed to the mind, convinced them it was a compoſition far more worthy to be prized than the legacy it had contained.

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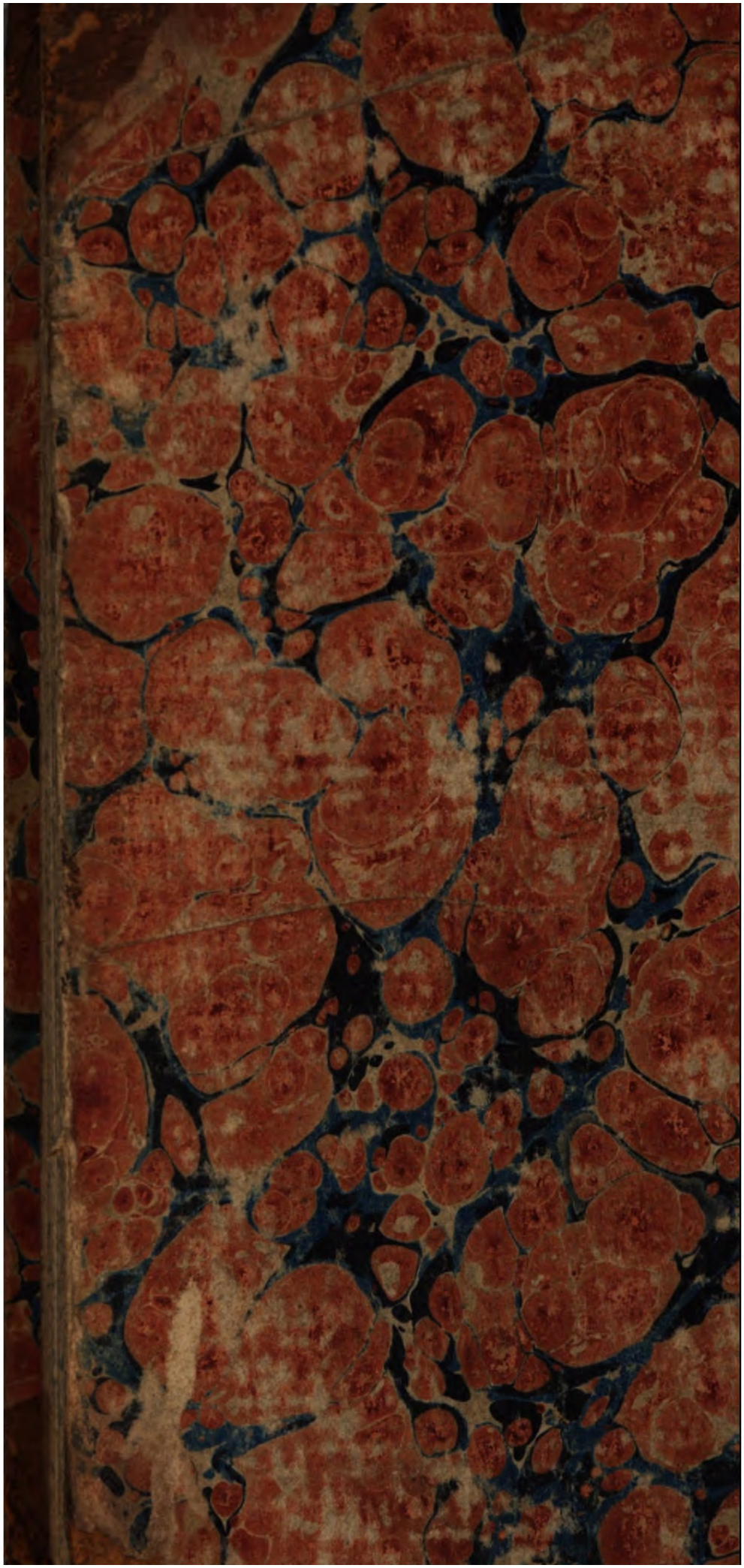
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