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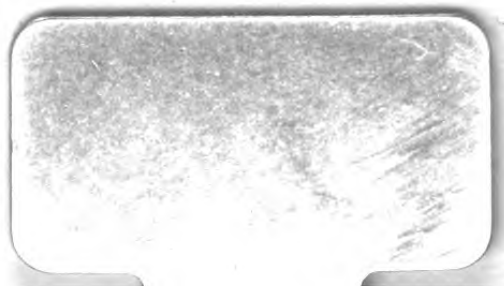
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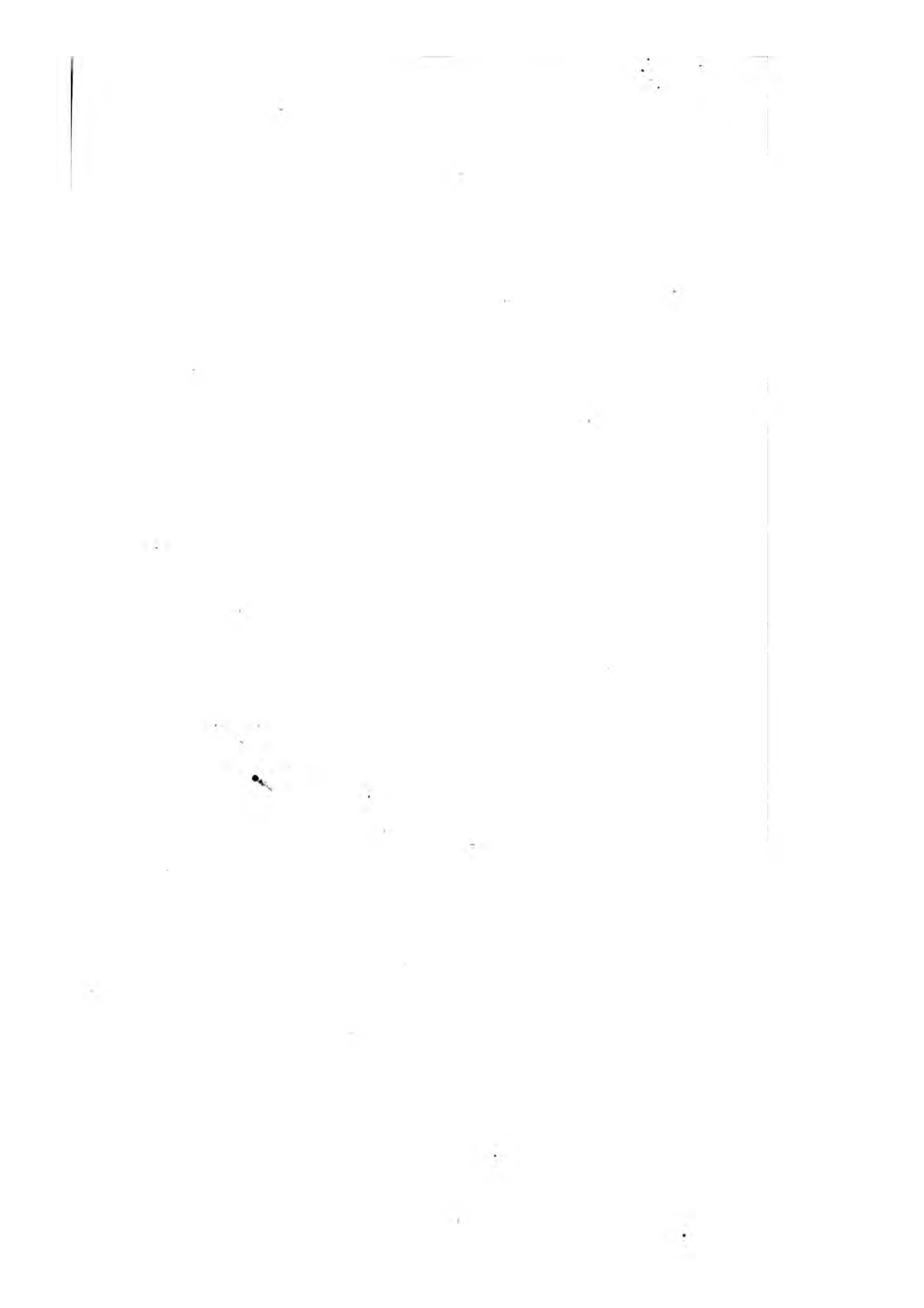


39.

219.

Novel





MANDEVILLE:

OR,

THE LYNMOUTH VISITORS.

BY A LADY.



Barnstaple;

PRINTED BY BRIGHTWELL AND SON,
SOLD ALSO BY LONGMAN & CO.
WHITTAKER & Co., LONDON; ROBERTS, EXETER;
NETTLETON, PLYMOUTH.
1839,

219.

ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.

P R E F A C E.

IT was in the summer of 1835, that the writer of the following pages first visited the rocks and glens of the enchanting neighbourhood of Linton, in the North of Devon ; and though her expectations had been previously raised very high by the glowing descriptions afforded by others, they were however more than realized, when she beheld the picturesque and varied nature of the scenery, which was then, in all the verdure of the season, unfolded to her view.

In exploring the beauties of this sylvan and romantic retirement, under circumstances of pleasure and excitement, the thought not unfrequently presented itself to her imagination, how numerous

and diversified both in character and history, must have been the individuals whose steps had from time to time been directed thither. The old and the young, the learned and the frivolous, the gay and the unhappy, the robust and the declining, had doubtless contemplated these scenes with lively though various emotion; yet deeply as they might have been interested in the hopes and anxieties of life, the names of how many of them had disappeared from the records of mankind, whilst their smiles and tears had been consigned to the secrecy of oblivion!

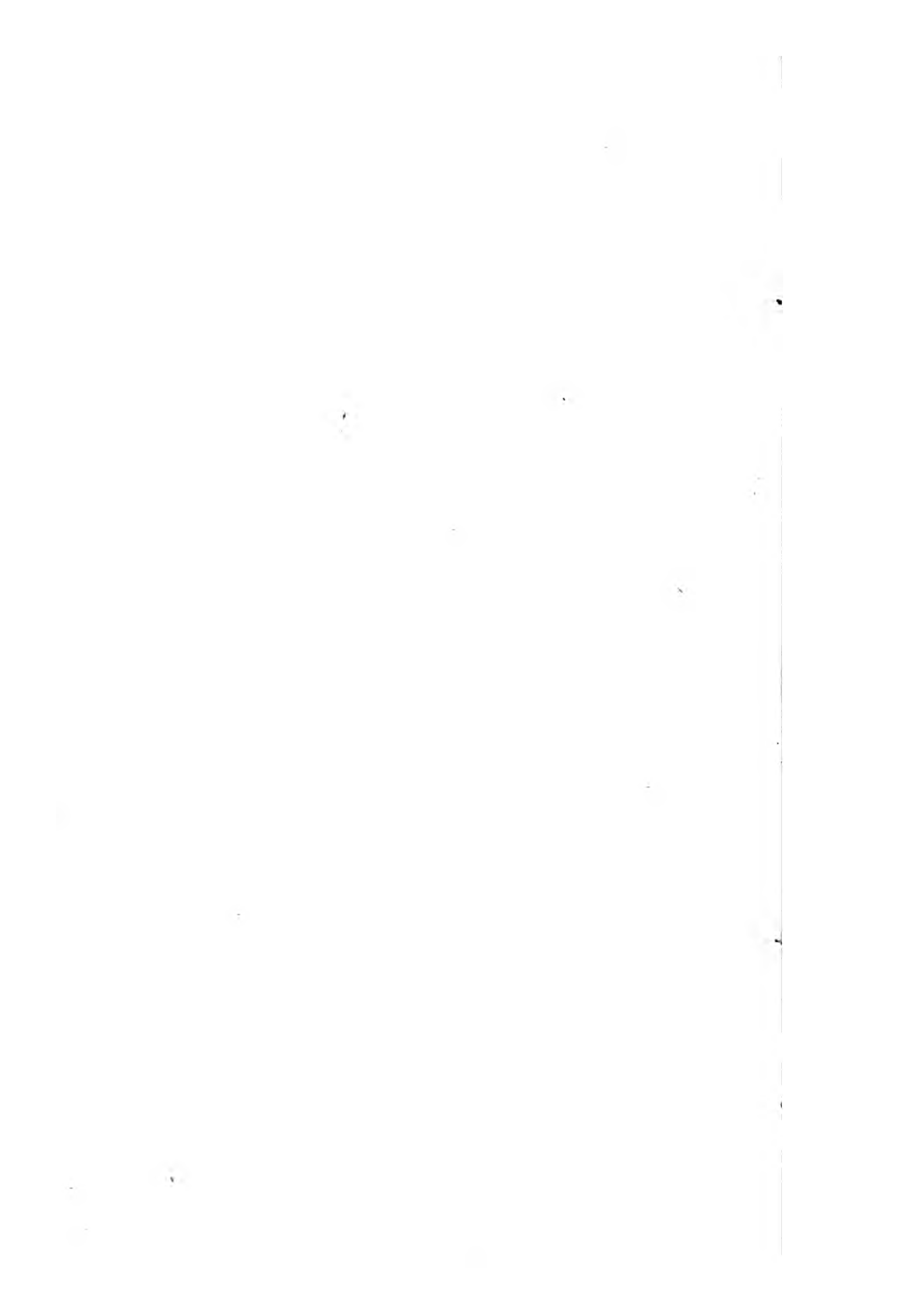
The poetical associations of the place were increased in some measure, by a few lines, which a friend had some time before lighted upon in the Visitors' Book, at the Inn, and which however simple in themselves, possessed peculiar interest from the spot with which they were connected, and from the circumstance of their having been penned by an unknown hand.

Their insertion at the conclusion of this brief address, may not perhaps be altogether displeasing to the reader, and should they ever meet the eye of the anonymous author, it is hoped, that the liberty now taken with them, will be forgiven.

On returning from an excursion which had been fraught with so much interest, a wish naturally arose in the mind to perpetuate the pleasures of this first visit, by raising some monument, however imperfect, in which its magical recollections might be embalmed.

The present little volume was commenced with somewhat of this intention, and though the story be indeed a fictitious one, and though the fragile materials employed in its construction, form but an unworthy memorial, yet if it shall become the humble instrument of causing one correct sentiment to be enshrined in the hearts of any who may peruse it, the design with which it was written, will not have been entirely unanswered.

Barnstaple, April 1, 1839.



FAREWELL TO THE LYN.

**“ Beauty of mountain streams,
Pride of this rocky dell,
With a thousand, thousand ling’ring dreams,
I gaze through the boughs on thy parting beams,
Ere I breathe my last farewell,**

**Foam on o’er rock and mountain,
Bare cliff and sylvan dell,
Foam brightly on to the billowy main,
I must wander back to life again,
Dear mountain-stream, farewell!”**

MANDEVILLE.

CHAPTER I.

IT is doubtless amongst the wise and beautiful arrangements of Providence, that the pleasures of this life are in few instances to be procured, without some previous exertion ; and of this, perhaps, we are equally reminded whether the source of our gratification at the moment, be the beauties of natural scenery, or the sweets of intellectual or even of philanthropic enjoyment.

Travellers who have toiled up with difficulty the ascent of the lofty Snowdon, or encountered tempests and dangers for the sake of beholding the majestic Falls of Niagara, will fully concur, in some part, at least, of the sentiment that has just been expressed, and methinks it is not at all probable that it will be entirely disclaimed by those who even in England, in snug and comfortable vehicle, have set out to visit the beautiful and picturesque villages of Linton and Lynmouth.

Certain it is, that to the poor horses, the journey is by no means one of the most agreeable, and it was with a feeling of compassion for the animals in question, that Mr. Graham peeped from the window of the carriage in which he was seated, and observed with satisfaction that they had nearly reached the romantic spot whither they were bound, and which so richly deserves the name of the Switzerland of England. He had travelled over the same ground about seven years before, so that the scenery was not altogether new to him; he had leisure therefore to contemplate the effect produced on the minds of his niece and daughter, who had been quite strangers to it hitherto, and who now beheld it with proportionable interest and delight. The countenance of the former was suffused with that glow of animated and brilliant expectation, so eminently descriptive of the character of youthful pleasure, which though it may have known the check of a passing cloud, or a summer shower, has never been involved in the deep gloom of adversity; whilst that of the latter, notwithstanding its smiling appearance, revealed an expression of past sorrow, corresponding with her widow's dress.

Solicitude was evidently mingled with the air of cheerfulness worn by the bereaved lady, as her eye rested from time to time on the playful and delicate features of a little fair-haired boy, for whom she seemed to possess all the tenderness

which the maternal relation seldom fails to inspire, but whose pale face and quick respiration too sensibly threatened the destruction of her future hopes. The idea of any benefit resulting to her child from the present journey, arrayed her countenance in sunshine, but shades of melancholy at intervals succeeded, and her father wishing to divert her mind from its present train of thought, turned cheerfully to his niece, exclaiming in a pleasant tone, "How now, Emily, what makes you so unusually silent at such a moment?"

"Nothing, my dear uncle, but an utter incapacity to tell you how much I am transported with the scene before me—a month or two may indeed be delightfully spent in such a neighbourhood."

"Oh yes, and we can sit on the rocks, cousin Emily," said their little prattling companion, "and you can teach me my lessons every day, and tell me pretty stories, as you used to do."

"I hope you will not both run wild," said Mr. Graham with a smile, "Emily has already quite enough of enthusiasm in her composition, I do not wish her to increase it." A blush tinged the face of his niece as he spoke, but she replied with vivacity, "Ah sir, I would not give much for a character that was entirely devoid of it."

On entering the room at the inn where they were to remain until their lodgings were ready to receive them, the two ladies ran to the window with delight, on observing the charming prospect

that lay extended before their eyes ; it was indeed such an one as would have scarcely failed to interest the most indifferent beholder of Nature, for there was the blue expanse of Ocean, its surface besprinkled here and there with a light sail, but unruffled as it should seem by the slightest agitation, save where a frolicsome wave or two pursued their companions to the shore, dispersing around them a cloud of milk-white foam, that glistened with beautiful effulgence in the noon-tide sun-beam. On the opposite side of the Channel, the Welsh Coast was distinctly visible, and even the smoke arising from its numerous furnaces; whilst in the vale immediately on the right of the travellers, stood the romantic village of Lynmouth, which though for the most part hidden from their view, yet revealed enough to add greatly to the beauty of the landscape.

So much were Emily and her cousin engrossed with the scenery around, the smiling radiance of the sky, the loveliness of earth, and the serenity of the blue waters, that they could scarcely be prevailed upon to withdraw from the window, and partake of the refreshments prepared for them.

On that day they walked but little, having several necessary arrangements to make, and being already somewhat fatigued with their journey. In the evening Mrs. Montague retired, as was her usual practice, for a few moments, with her

little boy, and as she led him from the room, fervently, though silently, did her heart offer up a maternal petition for the restoration of his health and strength. After having seen him once more laid quietly on his pillow, she resigned her place to her cousin, and withdrew to the sitting apartment.

The window of the bed-chamber commanded the same view as the one below stairs; now, however, the moon threw a softer light over the landscape, and totally changed the character of its beauty: Emily placed the candle at a distance from her, and bidding her little pet good night, prepared to sit down and contemplate the scene before her. "I am not sleepy, cousin Emily," said the little one, "I would rather lie awake and look at the stars, only see how beautifully they are shining!"

"Ah, but that will not do, dearest Willy, if you do not take rest now, you will not be able to walk abroad and see all that we shall have to shew you in the morning."

"But *angels* do not sleep, cousin Emily, nor the spirits in that world of which you tell me, why cannot *we* stay awake as well as *angels*?"

"Because our natures are different, William; angels are not subject to any of the weaknesses of mortality, therefore they can serve God day and night without weariness, they are perfect beings, free from all human infirmity."

"And if I love Jesus the Saviour, whilst I live

upon earth, shall I not be made perfect like an angel when I die, Cousin Emily?"

"Not only like an angel, Willy, but like the Divine Mediator himself, for the Scriptures tell us that the followers of Christ shall be *changed into the same image, when they see him as he is.*"

"Then if I were fit to die now, it would be better for me to die than to live, would it not?"

"If such were the case, my dear boy, death would be to you, doubtless, a happy escape from a world of sin and uncertainty, but you would leave your Mamma behind to weep over your loss."

"But would Mamma do right to *weep* for me, ought she not to smile and be glad, if she knew that I was gone to be happy in the skies?"

"She would assuredly rejoice amidst her tears, Willy, but still how could she help regretting the loss of her child's society, from which she had once expected to derive so much pleasure and enjoyment?"

"Ah yes, I could not bear to leave Mamma in sorrow," said the child, his blue eyes suffused with tears, "I would rather live for her sake, and be her comfort and protector."

"And besides this, would you not wish to live for another reason,—would you not wish to be the means of doing good to mankind? would you not desire to prove your gratitude to God, by exalting his Name in the world, and by existing to some purpose?"

“ Yes, yes, Cousin Emily, I will pray to live, I would not wish to die without shewing my gratitude to God and Mamma,” said the child earnestly, “do you not think my prayers will be answered?”

“ We must always pray, dearest, in submission to the will of God, he is wiser than we are, and will answer our petitions in such a manner as will best promote our own happiness, if we sincerely trust in him—but it is getting late, Willy, you must not talk any more;” so saying, she kissed the cheek of the little prattler, and bade him once more good night.

CHAPTER II.

IN the course of the two or three succeeding weeks, Mr. Graham and his family had full opportunity to explore much of the beautiful scenery around them; Mrs. Montague and Emily became more and more enamoured with the place, glowing as it now was with the vivid colouring of summer; and there was one thing more than all the rest which contributed to endear it to the little party, the wonderful improvement manifested in the health of their darling invalid, whose strength began rapidly to increase, and whose cheek was tinged with somewhat of the soft bloom of a delicate and fragile rose. This cheering appearance was as a cordial to the anxious breast of his mother, and whilst seated on his donkey, he accompanied them in many of their excursions, she would listen to his guileless and interesting

remarks, with sensations of unmingled gratitude and delight. They were now settled in their lodgings, and their present abode being not very far from Mr. Herries's beautiful grounds, (where, through the kindness of the proprietor, the two ladies had frequently wandered,) Emily, one morning, conducted the child thither, having made him an early promise to do so, when his strength should become sufficient for the walk.

It was a matter of some interest to her, to observe the lively expression of surprise and pleasure which animated his ingenuous countenance, on beholding the magnificent waterfalls which render this spot so peculiarly attractive to the lover of fine scenery.

"Oh look, look, cousin Emily," said the boy, as they stood on one of the little rustic bridges thrown across the bed of the Lyn, "what a large stream of water! how it tumbles from rock to rock! oh I could stay here all day!"

"It is pursuing its course, notwithstanding every impediment, to the sea, Willy; and there it will be lost in the vast abyss of its waters."

"But is it always rushing down, cousin Emily? was it like this at the time I was born?"

"Aye, and long before, I can assure you; generations have been born, and passed away, and still it continues to flow."

"What a number of faces it must have seen, then, in its time!" said the child in a tone of reflection.

“Yes, it is certain many different faces and characters have gazed on it, whose history, if we knew it, would be no doubt interesting.”

“And it will flow here when we are dead, cousin Emily, *we* cannot live in this world as long as the *stream* will live!”

“But Willy, remember, that our actions live after we have passed away into another world, *they* do not die though *we* die, our good or bad example affects others after we are gone, and thus being conveyed from one to another, is perhaps continued in existence as long as this woodland torrent.”

“Oh then, I hope mine may never be a *bad* example, I would not be always doing evil for a great deal, indeed I would not!”

“No, dear, I believe what you say, and I sincerely hope that your example may be like the rose, whose fragrance outlives the time of its bloom and beauty!”

As Emily uttered these words, she attempted to draw her little companion from the spot, on which he still seemed to have a great disposition to linger. As she did so, however, the sight of a stranger at no great distance somewhat startled her, unconscious as she had been of the presence of any one so near them. From his folded arms and meditative appearance he might very probably have been musing on the wild scenery before him, yet the conviction, that at the moment she turned,

his eyes had been hastily withdrawn from her little charge and herself, made her blush lest he should have heard any part of their conversation ; it seemed impossible however that he could have been there long, since if such had been the case, she could scarcely have failed to observe him. From the transient glance she had given the intruder, he was not much less embarrassed than herself at the awkwardness of his present situation, but quickly recovering his self-possession, he advanced a few steps towards the bridge, as though pursuing his walk, and after having politely paused until Emily and the child had crossed it, redoubled his pace and was quickly out of sight.

There was nothing in the simple circumstance of meeting a stranger on the grounds, calculated to make any particular impression on Emily's mind ; but it had not escaped her observation as she passed him, that there was in the countenance and demeanour of that stranger, somewhat that was calculated powerfully to arrest the attention.

It was not his gentlemanly carriage, nor his handsome though pale features that rendered his appearance thus interesting ; but it was the fact, that combined with the expression of intellectual refinement and uncommon benignity, discernible on his brow, there was one also which betrayed an intimate acquaintance with grief, and revealed a heart that had been taught to sympathise with the reality of human suffering.

In retreating a step to let her pass, a momentary smile of courtesy had illumined his countenance, but it was the subdued smile of a mourner, of one whose soul had very little affinity with the pleasures or hopes of the world in which he lived. "He has tasted the bitter waters of affliction," thought she, as she pursued her walk, "life has been certainly in *his* case divested of much of its attraction; yet surely, if I may be allowed to judge, he has also partaken of the sweets of heavenly consolation."

On the evening of the same day, Emily received a note from her aunt and cousins, who resided in a neighbouring town, and with whom they had spent a few days, on their way to their present habitation. In compliance with a request which the travellers then made, they had now written, and named an early opportunity for paying them a visit. The pleasure occasioned by this communication, was participated in no small degree by the little boy, who, with the love of company and change so natural to childhood, looked forward with impatience to the arrival of the appointed morning.

"Oh when will Thursday be here, I wish it would come to-morrow!" exclaimed the child; as he knelt on the sofa beside his mamma, and looked playfully in her face.

"I would not have you anticipate Thursday, dear, with such eagerness," she replied, "lest

the weather should prove unfavorable, and then you would feel the greater disappointment."

"Ah that would be a pity indeed," resumed the boy, changing his tone, "I want so much to see my cousins, Caroline and Sophia again; and George and Frederick will come with them, and Mr. Witherington, will he not, Emily?"

"How can I possibly tell that, Willy?" replied Emily with a smile, "I should think not, certainly, at least I shall be rather surprised if he does."

"And why so?" said Mr. Graham, hastily raising his eyes from the newspaper which he had been reading, and regarding his niece with an expression of gravity, very nearly bordering on displeasure—"I hope you have given no cause of offence to the truly estimable gentleman whose name has just been repeated?" Emily coloured, and her reel of cotton fell to the ground as she replied, "No, I can assure you, sir, I have given him no cause for offence, yet I should scarcely think he would desire any further intercourse, I mean just for the present."

"Then something must have passed, child," said her uncle seriously, "but come with me, I should like to have five minutes' private conversation with you;"—as he said this, he led the way to another apartment, whilst his niece followed him with an agitated look.

"My dear child," he began, as he closed the door, after her, "you must be aware that your

interest lies very near my heart, and indeed I had fondly hoped that you would have learned in what light you ought to regard a character like that of Mr. Witherington, but it appears you are inveterately prejudiced against him."

"Nay, do not say *prejudiced*, my dear sir," replied Emily, in a tremulous tone, "believe me, I feel the most genuine respect and esteem for him."

"How then, am I to account for the late repulse you have given him? or at least which I *imagine* you have given him, since it appears you have not thought proper to consult my opinion on the subject."

"My dear uncle," said his niece, whilst a tear seemed springing in her eye, do me at least the justice to suppose that your opinion is truly valuable to me, that I would never form any engagement without consulting it, and that, if in the present instance, I have seemed to pay it but little regard, it is because I have no idea of union, unless cemented by congeniality of mind."

"Very good, very good, but pray what do you find so extremely uncongenial in the mind or manners of the gentleman in question? I am quite sure he could never appear disagreeable to any lady who would exercise her sober judgment in the affair; but Emily, you are romantic, and are doubtless dreaming of meeting with some paragon of perfection who will suddenly fall in

love with you, and introduce you at once to splendour and distinction."

"Alas, dearest sir, is it possible that you can thus mistake me? So far is my heart from desiring grandeur and distinction, that I feel I should involuntarily shrink from them, even were they my birth-right: and though I candidly avow that the subject of our present conversation, is not indeed the being I would choose as my companion for life, yet still I admire the many estimable qualities he possesses, and respect him most highly as a friend."

"Ah silly girl, you know not what you say, the very qualifications which demand your esteem as a friend, entitle him to your still warmer regard, and would be the pledge of your future happiness; I grant that he has nothing showy to recommend him, but he has good sense, good nature, and sterling piety, endowments which are far more valuable."

"I admit all that you have just said, sir, with regard to the true basis of domestic happiness, nor would I ever sacrifice genuine worth, for attainments which are merely showy and superficial; yet still I think there must be a sympathy of soul and feeling to make the marriage union as felicitous as I have sometimes painted it to myself."

"Aye, there it is again; you have dipped your pencil, no doubt, in the glowing colours of youth

and imagination, your picture has no shades; believe me, Emily, you think, as I hinted on our journey hither, with too much enthusiasm on some subjects, your ideas are borrowed from poetry, and not from real life. but listen for once to an old man who has at least experience on his side, and who can testify that there is no state or condition on earth but is stamped with imperfection, whilst he can affirm also, that the surest and best foundation for social enjoyment, is christian principle, united with an amiable disposition."

"Do not imagine, for a moment, that I think otherwise, my dear uncle, enthusiastic as you may suppose me; all that I mean to say is this, that a similarity in tastes and pursuits appears to me also requisite, for the happiness of two about to be associated for life."

"I understand you, Emily, he is not intellectual enough for you, he does not see the beauties or defects of an author, as quickly as you would wish him, he does not enter with all his soul into the fire and spirit of true poetry; this is the uncongeniality of which you complain."

As Mr. Graham said this, he looked enquiringly in his niece's countenance, and perceived by the blushes with which it was suffused, that her modesty revolted from attempting to reply in the affirmative.

"Indeed, sir, I am not so vain as to consider myself intellectual, nor should I desire to be allied

to a literary character, but I will avow thus much, that if ever I am united to any one, it must be to one who can enjoy the same pleasures as I enjoy, smile when I smile, and be inspired in some degree by the same sentiments and emotions."

"Very prettily expressed indeed," said Mr. Graham, "but you must recollect, child, that Alfred Witherington has had but little opportunity to attend to intellectual culture; devoted to commercial engagements even from his very early youth, he has given no mean proof of ability and judgment in his steady and successful career, and though he may be comparatively ignorant on literary subjects, he has evidently a desire to increase his information; he is fond of reading, and in the society of Emily Duruford, I have no doubt he would make rapid and astonishing proficiency."

"Ah now, uncle, you are laughing at me, this is too bad, I have no ambition to become Alfred Witherington's instructress, I would rather resign the honor into abler and more deserving hands."

"Yes, but if you are the elected mistress of his heart, no other can assume the same office with equal hope of success." "Nay, do not think that, sir; he is naturally kind and affectionate, but is never misled by impetuosity or intensity of feeling: in selecting the object of his regard, he professes to have been guided by reason and mature deliberation, and now that his intentions

have been thwarted, I do not imagine that he will long remain inconsolable, but will think it his duty with the same caution and prudence to proceed to another choice."

"And this, if the truth were known, has prejudiced you not a little against him ; young ladies seldom like to hear of reason and deliberation in such matters, they are far better pleased, I suspect, with a little ardour and romance, is it not so, Missey ?"

"Perhaps you are nearly right, I *do* love, as I said before, a tiny bit of enthusiasm."

"Yes, yes, I know very well what you like ; but Emily, indeed, this affair demands some consideration ; you are young, and liable to err in the judgment you form of characters ; I flatter myself that *I* know men and manners tolerably well, and however deficient you may imagine Mr. Witherington in ardour, be assured, his attachment is sincere, and will prove lasting—in fact it is ten thousand times more valuable than that of the man who makes a louder and more dazzling profession—you are no stranger to his moral worth, let not trifles, then, separate between you and an amiable companion."

"And would you really wish me to prefer the society of Alfred Witherington to that which I at present enjoy ? Do not call me obstinate, but indeed, sir, I confess myself decidedly opposed to the exchange."

“ Ah well,” replied Mr. Graham with a half smile, “ you are a little self-willed rogue, and now think to smooth me down with a well-timed compliment, I suppose :” then assuming a graver tone, and appearing somewhat affected, he continued, “ Heaven is my witness as to the interest I have ever felt for you, since I first beheld you a curly-pated infant on my sister’s lap—to see you removed from the bosom of my little family would be a real trial, I am surprised at myself in thus appearing to promote such a step, but I know that selfish considerations ought to give place ; you are an orphan, at my death your income will be exceedingly limited, for you are aware, that although during my life-time, I am able to enjoy a comfortable home, I am at the same time precluded from making much provision for my children ; the marriage of my daughter placed her in a situation to relieve my anxiety on *her* behalf ; now there is a similar opportunity afforded to my niece, but whilst I say this, understand me clearly, Emily, that did I not esteem the character of Mr. Witherington to be one of sterling value, his wealth, even were it double what it is, would never weigh a straw in his favor.”

“ I am convinced of it, my dear uncle, indeed I am, but do not feel anxiety on my account, I intreat you, I should not fear, were I obliged to have recourse to my own exertions this moment.”

“Aye, aye, you know little about it—it is a pity that you decide thus hastily.”

“Yet do not think hardly of me on account of it, the loss of your good opinion I should indeed regret—as to the future, my trust is in the unchanging protection of a kind Providence, by which I have been encircled and upheld from my earliest infancy!”

The tone in which Emily uttered these words was one of gratitude and meek assurance; her uncle was evidently moved by it, as well as by the expression of her countenance. “It is true, we have no cause to mistrust the faithfulness of Heaven, I feel I can urge you no further, though I still advise you, if it be not too late, to act with the maturest deliberation.”

“My dear, dear uncle, if I were to deliberate for months and years, I am quite sure I should arrive at the same conclusion.” As she said this, she put her arm coaxingly within that of her uncle, and looked smilingly through a tear into his face—the old gentleman fondly imprinted a kiss on her cheek, and then gently pushing her aside, exclaimed as he opened the door of the apartment, “I see that it is the same as it ever was, young people like to have their own way.”

The individual on whose behalf Mr. Graham had been thus earnestly pleading, was not at all undeserving, as we may have seen, of his especial regard; his character was distinguished by much

that was truly estimable, and was of necessity well known to the family of Mr. G. since he had been connected in partnership with the father of Caroline and Sophia, and had indeed been an inmate of his household, until the death of that gentleman cut asunder the bond that united them, and induced his widow to retire into Devonshire, her native and beloved county.

It was not altogether without design that Mr. Witherington contrived to pay his long-promised visit to his old friend, the eldest son of his former partner, just as Mr. Graham with his niece and daughter, were likely to be in the same neighbourhood.

For some time his attentions to Emily had been exceedingly marked and assiduous, and during the life-time of Mr. Graham's brother, the intercourse between the two families had afforded him frequent opportunities of becoming familiar with her, their dwellings having been situated within a mile of each other; even after the decease of his lamented friend, and the removal of his widow and children, he was still able to gain access to the society of Miss Durnford, being on terms of confidential intimacy with her uncle.

Yet although there were many ladies who would have felt flattered by such tokens of preference, it was nevertheless certain, that the heart of the one he had selected, by no means responded to his own; and whatever might be her esteem for

him as an acquaintance and friend, she was far from entertaining towards him any more vivid sentiment of regard.

The apparent indifference of her manner, which was increased rather than otherwise by his closer assiduity, withheld Mr. Witherington month after month, from making any decided avowal of his feelings, yet the general affability and candour of Emily's disposition were so opposed to anything like coldness and formality, particularly when in the company of those she thoroughly esteemed, that it was difficult at times for her to assume the air of reserve she thought necessary, and at such moments her admirer would be ready to believe himself mistaken, and imagine that the restrained courtesy by which her behaviour was marked on some occasions, was the result of modesty rather than disinclination to his suit.

Influenced by this idea, he had been on the point of revealing his sentiments before she quitted home, but as though aware of his intention, she had studiously avoided being alone with him for an instant, and thus, feeling still a degree of uncertainty respecting the truth, he had deferred doing so, until their meeting at the house of her aunt in Devonshire, presented him with a more favorable opportunity.

The reply of the lady, or the substance of it, has already been made known to the reader, and though couched in the gentlest terms possible,

could not be mistaken for anything but the language of decision—as such it was interpreted by Alfred Witherington, and whilst he respected the reasons she alleged, he would have thought it absurd to have persevered in endeavouring to overcome them.

On leaving the room where her uncle and herself had been conversing, Emily was met in the passage by her little favorite, who, bursting from the parlour where his mamma had detained him, threw his arms around his cousin, and suspecting with the acuteness of childish observation, that something had been amiss, said in a suppressed but indignant tone, “If Mr. Witherington makes grandpapa angry with you, I will never speak to him again.”

“Nay, nay, Willy, do not judge so hastily, Mr. Witherington has done nothing to make grandpapa angry, he is a good man, and you must love him.” The child looked earnestly in her face, for she had uttered the foregoing words with much energy, fearing lest if the gentleman to whom they alluded, should indeed accompany the anticipated party, (a circumstance which she could scarcely bring herself to imagine) the artless indignation of the boy might betray somewhat of what had passed, and wound the feelings of an individual whom she most cordially respected. Emily’s apprehensions on this head were however groundless, since so far from dreaming of taking

a part in the proposed excursion, he had made his arrangements for setting out on his journey homeward, on the morning that should precede it.

CHAPTER III.

THE day appointed for the visit proved as fine as the eager wishes of youth, or unsophisticated childhood could desire. Mrs. Montague was awakened very early by the interrogations of her little boy, who was on the tip-toe of expectation, though he knew, poor fellow, that neither himself nor grandpapa could hope to share in all the fatigues and pleasures of the day; there was some mitigation, however, in the consideration that he should at least have a little time to romp with his cousin Frederic, and that Caroline and Sophia had positively engaged to spend a week with them.

The party, which was composed of Mr. G's relatives, and a few friends who accompanied them, had indeed quitted their respective homes

at an early hour, since, with the exception of the two young ladies already mentioned, they all intended to return on the ensuing morning; their movements throughout the day were in consequence sufficiently rapid.

It was in fact one of those days of toil which we all, at times, perhaps, have voluntarily undertaken for the sake of pleasure; the romantic beauty of the scenery seemed to afford an ample recompense for their exertion, and with buoyant steps they traversed the narrow path-way which at that time* overhung the deep vale of the Lyn, and which conducted them to the secluded mansion of Watersmeet, rising amidst the solitary loveliness of Nature, and deriving its name from the two streams that here unite in playful harmony together.

How beautiful did it seem to look behind them through the windings of the valley, to the pure blue of the sky that smiled, as it were, upon its entrance; to glance their eye to the high rocks that towered above them, or to the deep precipice below, where the river gurgled over its rocky bed; or across the Lyn to the wood on the opposite side—every object conspiring to diffuse a sensation of delight through the soul!

The Valley of Rocks, too, that scene of desolate grandeur, was not unvisited by the juvenile and happy party, whose joyous faces and merry ex-

* This path-way has recently been converted into a carriage road.

clamations supplied a strange contrast to the silence and solemnity that reigned around. One little incident, however, occurred in this latter place, which in some measure damped Emily's enjoyment for the rest of the day : her cousin Frederic, a boy of about fourteen, who had all the boisterous hilarity natural to the age, particularly when let loose from the restraints of boarding-school, had been playfully tormenting them all the way by his tricks and contempt of danger. Still unwearied by his continued exertion, he exclaimed in a tone of high glee, not long after the party had entered the valley, " Oh just look yonder, Emily ! Caroline ! do you not observe that poetical gentleman on the rock, writing love-sonnets to his mistress ? Now I'll go and have such fun with him !" So saying, he bounded off in the direction alluded to, in spite of all the efforts of his cousin and sister to detain him, the former of whom saw to her extreme mortification, that his intended victim was no other than the stranger she had before encountered. He was sitting on a rock at some little distance, and appeared to be noting down something in his pocket book, evidently absorbed in his own thoughts, and unconscious of the particular observation of any one. He had, indeed, half turned at the sound of voices, on their first entering the Valley, but, seeing the party walk forward in a different direction, he had resumed his former posture, and was

now almost lost to their very existence. Emily looked anxiously around for her cousin George, whose authority she knew would have had some influence with his brother, but he had been unfortunately detained behind the rest, on their second setting out, and had not yet joined them.

So deeply was the gentleman engaged at the moment, that he did not hear the light step of his mischievous visitant, who trod very cautiously as he approached nearer the spot, and contrived to ascend the rock behind him, without observation, where he amused himself by a variety of tricks, and actually succeeded in drawing away his handkerchief, which hung half out of his pocket, and elevating it on the point of the rock; this last exploit, however, he did not achieve without some little noise, the gentleman suddenly turned, poor Frederic attempted to leap from the rock, but in the act of doing so, missed his footing, and fell headlong to the ground.

Painfully mortified as Emily and his sister were by the gross rudeness of his conduct, and ashamed to acknowledge themselves in any way connected with him, yet the apparent violence of the fall impelled them both to run instantaneously to his assistance; they were indeed the only persons who witnessed it, the rest having wandered away to a more distant part. Before they could reach him, however, the stranger had raised him, and was busied in wiping away the blood from his

face and hands which he had slightly scarred, this being to their no small surprise and joy, the only injury he had received. Scarcely recovered from the fright occasioned by his fall, the young delinquent listened with an abashed and guilty countenance, to the reproaches of his sister, who endeavoured also to make an apology for him to the gentleman, which was accompanied by a stammering acknowledgment of his fault from the embarrassed Frederic himself. "What will mamma think of it, when she hears of your conduct bye and bye?" continued Caroline in a tone of rebuke—"Allow me to intercede for him, in the present instance," said the stranger, "I am sure he repents of it, and wisdom perhaps is never so well learned, as from dear-bought experience."

Emily, meanwhile, stood silent from shame and vexation, for she feared much lest the gentleman should imagine that they had encouraged his manœuvres at a distance, by their looks, and that they had been therefore more in fault than the boy, notwithstanding their present apparent displeasure. The stranger had seemed to fix his eyes on her for a moment, and she was conscious that her own had fallen beneath the glance, as though she had been indeed in league with the mischief-loving urchin; this circumstance vexed her not a little, and on their road homeward, when the rest of the party had joined them, she

could not help communicating her apprehensions to Mrs. Montague and Caroline. "I cannot think that he would judge thus of us," said the latter, "he must surely have seen that our displeasure and regret were real!"

"Oh, he could not suspect you of such conduct for a moment," exclaimed Mrs. Montague, "and if he did, you are at least conscious of your own innocence, and this conviction, I have frequently heard Emily affirm, would be sufficient to console her under any charge however unjust." "Very true," replied Miss Durnford, "but there is something in the countenance and manner of this stranger, that renders his opinion more than commonly valuable."

The ladies acquiesced in the truth of this observation, and agreed still further with Emily in thinking, that a worm must have been at the root of some favorite gourd, and pitilessly consumed its beauty, and his earthly happiness together.

It is singular, when once prepossessed in favor of an individual, how prone we are to dwell on the least words that fall from his lips, and to attach importance to his most trivial actions; it was thus with Emily—the sentence or two which she had heard the stranger utter, were more than once recapitulated by memory, and she amused herself by endeavouring to discover from them some clue to his unknown affliction.

“Wisdom perhaps is never so well learned as from dear-bought experience,” said she to herself, “surely he made this observation with peculiar feeling; the cause of his sorrow may be the remembrance of his early guilt or follies, yet soothed by an assurance of forgiveness!” Conjecture, however, is very likely to wander in its speculations, at an immense distance from the truth, and wearied with the delusive and unsatisfying nature of her dreams, she at length dismissed them altogether, desiring at the same time a more correct guide to the knowledge of his character. It may appear surprising that Emily should thus quickly have become interested in the history of a mere stranger, but whether she possessed too much of romance in her disposition, as her uncle had once intimated, or whether she considered that she had acquired some skill in physiognomy, it is not for us to advance an opinion, yet it is nevertheless certain that she had formed a very high idea of the qualities of his mind; and simply for this reason did she feel an acknowledged curiosity respecting his past life, and the particular process through which he had been called to pass. Her wishes, however, on this score, seemed very unlikely to be gratified, since they had no intercourse with families in the neighbourhood, and the stranger himself, at all times appeared perfectly solitary; once or twice, during the stay of Caroline and Sophia, they met

him in their daily walks, when he recognised two of the ladies by a polite but distant bow. On one of these occasions Mr. Graham happened to be with them, and afterwards enquired who the gentleman was—"I cannot tell, indeed," said Mrs. Montague smiling, "but he is a decided favorite with my cousins Emily and Caroline." "And pray what do they know," said the old gentleman quickly, "respecting *him*, or any one in this neighbourhood?" "Oh nothing at all sir," replied his niece, playfully shaking her head at her cousin, and proceeding to relate the circumstances under which they had before met.

"I called him a favorite," rejoined Mrs. Montague, "because Emily pronounces his mind to be superior to the common order, and we have all felt somewhat inclined to agree in the opinion."

"You are all rather premature in forming your judgment, I must confess," observed Mr. Graham gravely, "the character of a man's mind is not so easily discovered."

"But do you not think we may in a great measure judge from the countenance, my dear uncle?" asked Sophia, his youngest niece. "It is a very dangerous mode of deciding the case, I should say, Sophy," continued he, "a bauble of worthless insignificance may be frequently mistaken for a diamond of the first water."

"Ah, but dear sir, there are surely some countenances that cannot be misinterpreted."

exclaimed Emily, "and would you not say of that which we have just seen, that it is deeply expressive of candour and sensibility?" "Indeed, Emily, I did not feel sufficient interest in the countenance of a mere passing stranger, to examine curiously into its particular expression; and I would caution you to beware in your journey through life, how you confide in appearances, which are too frequently deceptive, whilst I advise you to learn to value more highly the stability of long-tried worth." His niece did not reply, perhaps she considered that her uncle had treated her remarks with too much severity. Mr. G. had indeed spoken with some emphasis, rendered deeper, no doubt, by a recollection of the late indifference which she had manifested towards an estimable individual, the intelligence of whose accelerated departure had from time to time shaded his brow with gloom. The engaging prattle and winning playfulness of his little grandson, were, however, at such moments quite sufficient to restore him to his wonted cheerfulness, and his affectionate heart would be frequently lifted up in fervent gratitude, when he noted the improvement which had been wrought in the appearance of the child, who daily increased in vigour and activity, and whose smiles, now, instead of awakening an involuntary sigh in the breast of his widowed parent, seemed like the rosy dawn of fresh hopes and anticipations. It was not without considerable regret that

their two relatives quitted them to return home ; the week had appeared to them all as a very brief one, so pleasantly had the days passed away, amidst continued sunshine and fine weather : on bidding adieu to the little party, Sophia exclaimed that she wished she could reside there constantly, she should never desire to leave so delightful a retreat, whilst Caroline whispered Emily, that she hoped before she saw her again, she might be able to discover some particulars of the history of the interesting stranger, whose pensive and elegant deportment had excited their mutual curiosity.

“That is indeed a vain wish!” replied Emily smiling, “since if we were to become acquainted with half the families in the neighbourhood, it is very improbable that they would know any thing of the misfortunes of a retiring individual, who may perhaps have travelled here from the most remote corner of England.”

It did indeed appear a very unlikely circumstance that they should ever hear or know any thing further of the character of *him*, whose history they had imagined must be so full of melancholy interest ; but there are sometimes occurrences in real life which savour strongly of the adventurous nature of romance, and it was thus Emily thought, when one morning, but a few days after the departure of her cousins, as she was watching anxiously at the window, with Mrs.

Montague, for the return of her uncle, (who had gone out they were aware, without an umbrella, and of whom they had sent in search, on perceiving the descent of a heavy shower of rain,) to her great surprise, as well as that of her companion, she saw him at length approach, sheltered by the umbrella, and leaning on the arm of the gentleman whose appearance and manners had already claimed for him a share of their attention and sympathy. Her cheek crimsoned in a moment with an involuntary sensation of pleasure and astonishment, as she turned towards Mrs. M, who exclaimed at the same instant, "Well this is indeed extraordinary!"

The circumstance, however, was capable of a very easy explanation; although the morning had decidedly threatened showers, Mr. Graham had believed them more distant than they really were, and in consequence had extended his walk to a much greater length than was altogether prudent; on his return the gloomy aspect of the heavens caused him to quicken his pace, but ere he could reach any place of shelter, he was overtaken by the storm, and whilst looking around, as though wishing to discover some temporary retreat, he met the eye of the stranger gentleman, who had also been overtaken before he expected it, but who had been more provident in furnishing himself with an umbrella. Observing Mr. Graham's exposed situation, he immediately proffer-

ed him a part of it, and as the rain was exceedingly heavy, the old gentleman did not hesitate to accept the civility; in the mean time the messenger whom Mrs. Montague had dispatched, had gone in a different direction, and had thus completely missed the object of his pursuit.

On arriving at the door of his lodgings, Mr. Graham, whilst acknowledging his sincere obligations to his companion for his kindness, pressed him with much importunity to walk in and remain until the rain had ceased, but as it had considerably abated, the stranger politely but firmly declined the offer, and exchanging parting civilities, they separated with looks of mutual complacency.

Mrs. Montague and Emily, who had observed their gestures from the window, were somewhat disappointed when they saw him depart, for they had hoped that this unexpected interchange of conversation with Mr. G. might have laid the foundation for future intercourse between the gentlemen, in which case they might have become acquainted by degrees with the real features of a character, of which they had formed ideas so favorable.

No sooner had Mr. Graham divested himself of his wet habiliments, than he related the particulars of his ramble and meeting with the stranger, whilst Mrs. Montague and Emily listened with some curiosity. "And what opinion have you formed of this same solitary individual?" asked the former lady with vivacity, her companion, await-

ing the reply, with evident though silent interest, for she did not like to hazard a word on the subject, from the recollection of her uncle's behaviour on a previous occasion. "It is ill judging from a first interview," said Mr. G. with a smile, "he is however a man who knows the world, though its hopes and fears appear to have little interest for him at present ; he is certainly studious, and I should say somewhat reserved, yet it is hard to determine whether this may proceed from natural disposition, or from some secret sorrow which has frozen the current of his wonted sympathies."

"Then you really think he has experienced some heavy affliction?" said Emily in a tone of commiseration, "I fancied so from the first, for however reserved he may be, there are evidently the traces of deep feeling on his countenance."

"It is impossible to be in his company," resumed Mr. G. "without believing him a mourner, but whether or not he has a secret spring of heavenly consolation within, I was unable to discover ; I feel a most lively interest in him, and should like to have another interview, for it is sweet to pour balm into a wounded spirit, but though we exchanged cards, I almost fancied he did so with a feeling of reluctance." "And what is his name then?" enquired both ladies with some little curiosity.

Mr. Graham drew the card from his pocket,

and presented it to them, upon which they mutually read, "Mr. H. I. Mandeville."

The desire Mr. G. had expressed for further acquaintance with the individual into whose company he had been so unexpectedly thrown, was not a mere transient emotion of the mind ; it continued with him in all its force, and he determined to leave nothing undone that might lead to its gratification.

Had he observed in the stranger any thing like a corresponding anxiety, he would perhaps have shrunk from him, and imagined him forward and intrusive, but the apparently retiring character of his disposition, added to the idea that he had borne the pressure of some calamity, and that he cared little about the charms of society and intercourse, were sufficient to awaken his warmest interest, and to inspire him with an earnest desire to penetrate the hidden recesses of that heart, and learn whether they had ever been illumined by the consolations of religious truth, that if not, he might at least seek to become the humble means of imparting an inestimable blessing. Influenced by this benevolent feeling, it was his decided intention to embrace an early opportunity of calling on him ; but ere he could put his design into execution, he encountered him again unexpectedly whilst strolling with his daughter one afternoon, succeeded in engaging him in conversation, and after begging him to dispense with all ceremony,

politely insisted on his returning and taking tea with him. The stranger, though evidently pleased with his new acquaintance, still seemed to shrink from the invitation, and most probably would have refused it, could he have done so with any grace ; but it was urged in so pressing and friendly a manner, that his reluctance could scarcely fail to give way, sensible as he was of the kindness that must alone actuate Mr. G, in desiring further intercourse with one who had certainly appeared to avoid it.

Emily was seated at work, when Mrs. Montague and the gentlemen entered ; the book from which little Willy had been repeating his lesson was still lying on her lap, whilst her playful pupil, having accomplished his task, was in the act of amusing himself by adorning her hair with wild flowers—the moment he perceived his grandpapa he bounded towards him, but as suddenly stopped in full career, on the appearance of a stranger, a glow of childish confusion overspreading his countenance, which seemed to be reflected in the visage of his fair companion, who, on raising her head, had been far from anticipating the entrance of the very individual, who had excited both her curiosity and pity. After introducing his new friend, and placing a chair for him, Mr. Graham beckoned to his grandson, and patting him on the cheek, said with a smile,

“And what means all this blushing, Willy ?

Is it because you think Mr. Mandeville will give you the character of an incorrigible romp?" The child looked roguishly in the face of the speaker, and coloured still more deeply; whilst their visitor, who on entering the room had evinced feelings of evident embarrassment, seemed considerably relieved, as well as the rest of the party, by this diversion of their attention to the boy. "He need not fear the severity of my remarks," he observed, extending his hand towards him, "I am too fond of witnessing the sportive happiness of childhood, to wish to repress any of its harmless exuberance." The little one took the hand that was held out to him, and looking at the stranger intently, as if searching his countenance, suffered himself to be drawn nearer, with an expression of confidence on his own, which children so frequently exhibit, on being satisfied with the result of their artless but penetrating scrutiny.

"I was thinking but yesterday," said Mr. Graham, with a look of pleased, yet somewhat mournful recollection, "I was thinking but yesterday of my own situation and advantages when I was about *his* age; how distinctly did many trivial occurrences present themselves to my mind, how did I listen again to the voices of my departed friends, and watch the very movements of their countenances! I was quite astonished at the truth and animation of the picture!"

"I have been at times similarly surprised," said

Mr. Mandeville, in a tone of lively interest, "though I think with my favorite, Foster, that at certain seasons we can look back with much greater facility than at others : he alludes in one of his Essays, to an instance of the same kind as the one you have just related, when not only the features of individuals, but their varying expressions of countenance were restored to him ; yet, he says, he was not able to retain the clearness of the representation for the length of an hour."

" Foster ? Ah I recollect his admirable Essays, you have read Foster then ?" said Mr. Graham, interrupting the chain of their discourse, in the height of his gratification at discovering his acquaintance with such an author : for it seemed to argue that he could not be a total stranger to the excellency of that religion, whose dignity and importance, the writer in question had been so well able to assert.

" Oh yes, I have perused and re-perused," replied the guest, " I am particularly fond of him, his delineations and remarks seem so confirmed by the feelings of my own breast."

" It is indeed a valuable book," observed Mr. G, " let me see, did I not give it you once, Emily, as a birth-day present ?"

" You did, my dear uncle, and Mrs. Montague and myself were referring to the same Essay, only a few mornings since, if you remember, at the breakfast table."

“You probably recollect then, Madam,” said Mandeville, turning to Mrs. M, “some very useful reflections which are introduced on the deficiency of our self-observation, and our ignorance of the process going on in our own mind ; so that we pass unconsciously from one scene or incident to another, without being sensible of their important operation on our character ; content, I think he says, to carry our minds, as men carry their watches, ignorant of the mechanism of their movements, and satisfied with attending to the exterior.”

“Oh yes, I recollect perfectly,” replied Mrs. M, “and I think he speaks also of the difficulty of recalling our peculiar feelings, and reviving them in all the pure juvenility of early life, in consequence of this neglect.”

“Ah very true,” resumed Mandeville, with a sigh, and then adopting the language of the same author, he went on in a tone of deep feeling, “What is become of all those vernal fancies which had so much power to touch the heart ? what a number of sentiments have lived and revelled in the soul that are now irrevocably gone !—They died, like the singing birds of that time, which now sing no more !” as the speaker uttered these last words, he seemed almost unconscious of the presence of any one, but it was only for a moment, and again he turned with his own peculiarly pensive smile to Mr. Graham, who, delighted at

observing the unreserved and familiar air which he now wore, so opposite to what might have been expected, and from his manner on their first introduction, was desirous to pursue the conversation.

“You quote him very readily, I perceive Sir,” observed the good old gentleman, “it is some time since I perused the work myself, but I recollect there were some remarks with which I was particularly struck, with relation to the existence of a God.”

“Yes indeed, fine! very fine! I know to which you allude, his arguments are exceedingly forcible, and clearly prove, that unless the man who rejects this truth is himself the chief agent in the universe, he cannot be certain that a God does not exist, and if not *certain*, that in such a case he must be equally deserving of our contempt and pity for his temerity.”

“Exactly so, that is the passage to which I referred, and if my memory does not deceive me, he also exposes the absurdity of a jargon exceedingly fashionable in the present day, which, under the name of *Nature*, exalts some imaginary agent, which accomplishes the most amazing works, without wisdom or design.”

“You are perfectly correct, he does so, and in tracing the progress of the fatal delusion of infidelity, he displays an admirable acquaintance with human nature, shewing that the difficulty of the course is not so great as we might at first be

inclined to suppose ; the influence of companionship for a brief season, the perusal of two or three pernicious volumes are sufficient in many instances for such a result ; “after inspecting these pages awhile,” says the intelligent author in reference to an individual of this kind, “he raised his eyes, and the Great Spirit was gone !”

“ Ah, it is indeed as true as it is deplorable,” said Mr. Graham, with a sigh—he would have continued the subject, but the entrance of the attendant with the tea-equipage at the usual hour, obliged him to move his chair, thus occasioning a slight interruption, and ere he could possibly resume it, his little grandson, taking a flower from the work-table, and going up with it to the stranger, timidly asked him to look and see how beautiful it was, begging him at the same time to tell him something about it.

The simplicity of the child’s manner seemed exceedingly to interest the guest, he bestowed on him many caresses, and began to explain in as easy a manner as possible, the nature and properties of the plant, as well as some curious particulars in its history, with a readiness which shewed that he had not totally neglected the study of Botany.

His little auditor was delighted, and said he would try to remember all he had told him, and repeat it to cousin Emily, to-morrow.

The conversation then flowed undesignedly into another channel, and again, into many others, and before their visitor departed, the family had been entertained with numerous and varied subjects of interest, some of them relating to events that had occurred in France, Switzerland and Italy, countries with which he appeared to be intimately acquainted. Whilst thus engaged in familiar discourse, Mr. Mandeville seemed at times animated and almost cheerful, but the temporary light would soon pass away from his countenance, and give place ever and anon to its usual expression of mournful tranquillity. On rising to bid them good evening, Mr. Graham pressed his hand with much warmth, and hoped he would repeat his visit, "I shall esteem it a great kindness" continued Mr. G. with a smile, "since I have at present only lady companions."

"Surely then you can want for no others!" said the guest courteously, "but say not that the kindness will be on my part, it will be rather on your own, thus to submit to the society of one, whose listlessness and indifference are scarcely deserving toleration."

The latter part of this speech was uttered in a tone and manner which could not but excite the sympathy of all present, the speaker again bowed to the ladies and Mr. G, and hurried off, before the latter could offer a word in reply.

There was a pause of a few minutes after he

had quitted the room, which Mr. G. was the first to interrupt—"It is true as he says," he observed, he is in a great measure indifferent to the pleasures of society, and though he is able to entertain and delight those around him, it is not without an effort that he overcomes his reluctance to enter into it."

"But what a matter of regret does it seem," exclaimed Mrs. Montague, "that the energies of such an one should be repressed! yet surely, if he has tasted of the balm that true religion affords, he cannot believe it right to shrink from the benefits of Christian intercourse and communion!"

"No, therefore I am almost still inclined to think him a stranger to the soothing influence of Divine mercy," said Mr. Graham.

"Oh do you indeed think so?" said Emily, who was more than ever interested in the unknown sorrows of the mourner, "I should rather imagine him to be at this moment deriving his only hope and consolation from above."

"Well, I shall rejoice if it be so, Emmy, but though I hear from his remarks, that he is thoroughly imbued with a sense of the truth and dignity of the religion of the Bible, yet I am tempted to fear that he has not felt the full sweetness of the sacred promises in his own case."

"But do you not observe, Sir," rejoined Emily, "that notwithstanding the pensive cast of his

countenance, there is an expression of mild resignation which seems to acquiesce in the affliction which yet so painfully occupies his mind, and that at intervals there is a ray of joyful expectation, which appears to be kindled by the thought of another world.'

"I did indeed observe something of the kind," said Mr. Graham, "and I am a little puzzled what to think on the subject, but I hope to know more of him yet,—in the mean time, Emily, I will give you credit for some little skill in physiognomy."

His niece laughed, curtsied playfully, and thanked him for the candour of such a confession.

CHAPTER IV.

SEVERAL days elapsed before Mr. Graham again met with his new friend ; in the course of that time they had interchanged calls, but neither of them had been successful in finding the other at home.

One morning, however, as Mr. G. with the two ladies, had nearly reached the summit of a high and commanding hill, in ascending which they had frequently paused to take breath, and gaze on the scene below them, they were conducted by the narrow winding path into a kind of hollow in the rock, and thus intruded on a sudden on the musings of the solitary stranger, as they had been wont to designate him, who sat in meditative mood, with his eye intently directed towards the sea.

Emily was the last to perceive his presence, for she had lingered behind her companions from time to time, gathering wild herbs and flowers, which clothed the sides of the hill, and now inhaling the scent of the fragrant thyme which she pressed between her fingers, and skipping lightly after her companions, she exclaimed, "Oh, how I love the odour of this little plant! and how pure and exhilarating is this breeze! and do just look behind you once more—what a magnificent and enchanting prospect!"

"Be less noisy in your expressions of ecstasy," said Mr. Graham with a smile, "do you not see that we are disturbing our good friend here in the depth of his reverie?" Emily blushed at perceiving they were not alone, whilst Mr. Mandeville, rising from his seat, observed, with a look which certainly bespoke genuine pleasure, that it was always agreeable to be thus disturbed by our friends.

"Is that strictly correct now?" said Mr. Graham archly, "are there not moments when the sudden appearance even of our chosen *friends*, would seem an infelicitous intrusion?"

"Well, perhaps, I was not sufficiently guarded in what I said, yet I think, after all, there are some friends who are always welcome; I mean those who are allied to us in spirit, who are able to comprehend our feelings, and sympathize even with the weaknesses of our nature."

As they continued their talk, they ascended to the extreme peak of the hill, and when there, the little party were involuntarily silent for a moment as they looked around them.

“How marvellous does it appear,” said Mr. Mandeville at length, “that there should be so many individuals in the world, who would feel but little interest in gazing at such a scene as this; and who live on contentedly from year to year without dreaming of any pleasure unconnected with the bustle of a crowd.”

“Ah it is strange indeed,” replied Mr. Graham, “they are so immersed in the business or frivolities of life, that they have no time to spare for the solitary beauties of Nature.”

“Yes, but there are many,” observed Emily, “who have a taste for such enjoyments, yet are really unable to procure the gratification;—compelled to labour early and late for a scanty subsistence, amidst the din and smoke of a city, whilst they sigh for the pure air and quiet pleasures of the country,”

“Very true,” said Mr. Mandeville, “and how much are they to be pitied! I have known one or two such characters myself, who, with hearts that would have kindled at the glories of a fine landscape, have yet toiled and pined from morning until night, confined within the limits of a small chamber, and I have thought whilst looking at them, how much I should prefer to such a lot,

the wandering life of the Arab, who, though he possesses an ever-shifting habitation, yet can call the blue sky the ceiling of his home, and the free breath of heaven his native air."

"Far preferable, indeed," said Mrs. Montague, "but I do believe as you were observing just now, that there are numbers who care little for natural attractions, if they can secure to themselves artificial ones."

"Oh I am quite sure of it, Madam," resumed Mr. Mandeville, "I have a few in my mind's eye at the present moment, who would soon get weary of such a situation as this, and long to return to the engagements and amusements of the world."

"Well, it is a cause for lively gratitude," observed Mr. Graham, "that *our* minds are differently constituted, and that *we* can esteem it a luxury to stand on this eminence, and look around, above, and beneath us—it is a great blessing to be possessed of a heart susceptible of true beauty and grandeur, yet I much question whether any of us can *fully* admire or enjoy natural scenery, until we have become acquainted with the moral perfections of the Great Framer of the universe, and feel ourselves brought into a state of reconciliation with God, through the atonement and mediation of his Son."

"Ah, it is *then* indeed, that we truly enjoy every thing," said Mr. Mandeville, emphatically, "the works of creation, and all the benefits of our exis-

tence: then, after having feasted our senses with the unnumbered attractions of this lower world, we can, with the amiable Cowper,

“Lift to Heaven an unpresumptuous eye,
And smiling, say, my Father made them all!”

“It is just so,” said Mr. Graham, observing with delight the glow of hallowed feeling which lighted up the countenance of his interesting friend, and which proved to him more than words could have done, that Emily was right when she believed him no stranger to vital religion. “It is just so, Cowper has sweetly described the feeling of confidence and joy which inspires the breast of the christian at such a moment, and I have been sometimes astonished to think that a mind like his, should ever have been clouded with sorrow or apprehension—his faith in Christ seemed so simple, so unmixed and confiding!”

“It did indeed, and at times his soul enjoyed a sunshine unspeakably bright and glorious, inso-much that it must have been like ascending to the third heaven; therefore, perhaps, it was necessary that like the apostle, he should feel *the thorn in the flesh,—a messenger of Satan to buffet him*. His sensitive mind, which had been completely unnerved by the mortification attendant on his proposed entrance into public life, appears never to have been suffered entirely to recover its tone, and though at some favoured moments

it was irradiated by an ineffable and heavenly vision, it was left at others to feel and deplore its own darkness, when that supernatural light was withdrawn."

"Now, however," said Mr. G. "the clouds are left behind, and the sunshine of his soul is perpetual!"

"Ah yes," rejoined Mandeville, "and doubtless his past sorrows appear lighter than vanity, when weighed in the balance with his present felicity."

"Most certainly," said Mr. Graham, "and were we all more accustomed to realize the promises of Scripture with respect to the future, we should dwell less on the calamities we meet with by the way."

"Our minds are more earthly than heavenly," resumed Mr. Mandeville, "it is so difficult to consider this as merely a state of probation, we regard it rather as a *home*. I can say for my own part, that at times, whilst I have listened to the glowing descriptions of a better world, my spirit has soared above the afflictions of mortality; but again I descend, and am overwhelmed."

"But are we not too prone on some occasions," said Mr. Graham, "to give the reins to our grief, by neglecting to engage in the active duties of life, whereas by attention to them, according to the merciful arrangement of Providence, we might at once benefit others, and find relief for our own sorrow?"

“I confess, I must myself plead guilty to this charge,” said Mr. M. “and yet I have frequently determined to act differently, but have found it almost impossible to arouse myself—Oh it is difficult to mingle as we were wont to do in society, when the golden link that sweetly bound us to it is broken!”

There was a depth of pathos in the expression of countenance and tone of voice with which this was uttered, that subdued the hearts of Mrs. Montague and Emily, who, whilst listening with deep interest to the conversation, felt as though rivetted to the spot on which they stood: meanwhile, Mr. Graham, who was somewhat surprised at the stranger’s unexpected and touching allusion to his own affliction, was solicitous to improve the opportunity thus afforded him, for endeavouring to animate and fortify his mind.

“And had you no link but *one* to bind you to society?” asked he, in a tone of gentle rebuke, “and do you not see how necessary it was that by the severing of that *one* link, you should be taught that there were many others that ought to unite you to the interests of your fellow-men?”

“I did not express myself as I should have done,” replied Mandeville, “I *did* feel myself bound by a thousand links to society at large, at that time, and it was my joy to exert myself for the good of mankind; but I will not disguise the truth, my heart was too idolatrously attached to

one object, and when that friend was taken from me, I felt as though I could no longer take pleasure in the duties and engagements of life, yet I acknowledge that the chastisement was most righteously inflicted."

"And, should we not be anxious," said Mr. G. "to profit by the rod of correction? otherwise the affliction does not answer the end for which it was sent, and we are guilty of the sin of Jonah, who, when his gourd was withered, said, *I do well to be angry even unto death.*

"It is too true," exclaimed the mourner, "I have practically uttered this language, yet I trust that such is at present very far from being the sentiment of my heart; my first feelings were indeed full of impious rebellion, and I presumptuously dared to question the wisdom of the stroke that removed from me at once my teacher, counsellor and guide in the ways of holiness—had the friend I had lost been one who would have allured me from the path of religion, methought I should have better understood the visitation, but as it was, I refused to be comforted."

"And yet," observed Mr. G. "if the energies which we owe to God and our fellow-creatures are dependant solely on the life and presence even of one *pious* friend, it is needful that we be reminded that we are placing that friend where no mortal ought to be placed, and that we are bowing down to an idol in our hearts."

Mandeville sighed deeply, "It is even so," replied he, "but I hope that I am now submissive to the will of Heaven, I would not recall, if it were possible, the spirit which is now freed from the imprisonment of earth, but still I have been unable to arouse myself to take an active part in affairs around me. My prayers and countenance indeed, I could never withhold from the efforts of christian benevolence, but I cannot awaken myself to exertion."

"Yet that would be the most lively and cheerful proof of your submission," rejoined Mr. Graham, "and I trust that we shall yet behold it in your future conduct:" he would have added more, but he saw that his friend was somewhat agitated, and observed moreover that two or three strangers who had ascended the hill, were advancing towards the same spot: discontinuing the subject therefore, after a brief pause, he made some remark on a light vessel which at a little distance from the shore, was gently heaved by the billows of the blue ocean.

On their return home, Mr. G. and his family could not help frequently reverting to their late conversation, and to the unreserved manner in which Mr. Mandeville had alluded to his sorrows; whilst Emily, more than once, expressed her curiosity to know who the individual could have been, whose loss had reduced his soul to a state of such affecting desolation.

“It must surely have been some one,” she exclaimed, “whose piety and excellence shone with peculiar lustre, and to whom he must have felt himself considerably indebted.”

“Until now I had almost imagined,” said her uncle, “that his loss or affliction was connected with your own sex, since he evidently felt pained and embarrassed when first introduced to Mrs. Montague and yourself, as though affected by some secret remembrance—but from the conversation of to-day, and the manner in which he spoke of his friend, as a guide and counsellor, I am disposed to alter my opinion, and believe that the individual whom he laments was one who had been as an elder brother to him, for whom he had formed an idolatrous attachment, and at whose death, his mind, which is unusually and dangerously sensitive, would become completely unstrung.”

The circumstance to which Mr. G. had just alluded, had not indeed escaped the observation of the ladies, for they had both noticed the agitation of his manner when first brought into their society, and almost fancied that he shrank from addressing them in the common course of conversation. Emily had been ready to imagine that he was prejudiced against her, since to *her* more particularly he had manifested this air of distance, and she had internally attributed it to the rude behaviour of her Cousin Frederic at the Valley of

Rocks, to which she feared he might have believed her accessory ; to day, however, this peculiarity of manner had disappeared, he had evidently felt at perfect ease in their society, and addressed them with familiarity and apparent satisfaction.

The next morning, scarcely had the coffee been removed, when Mr. G. took his hat and strolled out alone, finding that the ladies were not disposed to accompany him. Little Willy had seated himself in a large arm-chair, and was busily employed with his lesson ; Emily was at the table copying a fine head of Shakspeare which had been lent her, and Mrs. Montague had stationed herself at an old-fashioned, but very tolerable piano, which, pleasantly enough for them, constituted part of the furniture of their sitting-room, when two or three gentle taps at the door interrupted them amidst their several avocations. Emily hastily raised her head from her drawing, Mrs. Montague paused in her song, and little Willy, jumping with alacrity from his seat, ran to admit the intruder. "Oh it is Mr. Mandeville, Mamma ! Cousin Emily !" shouted he, in joyful accents, as he seized the hand of the visitor, and kissed it with vivacity. "I fear that I have disturbed you, ladies," said Mr. M. as he entered and glanced around the room, "I understood from the lady of the house, that Mr. Graham was within, but I suppose that he has already com-

menced his morning ramble, even at this early hour."

"He has indeed, Sir," replied Mrs. Montague, "he will be sorry thus to miss you again, but pray do not apologize, our engagements are of no consequence whatever,"

"And how is my little friend, here?" continued Mandeville, fondling the child, who still kept very near him, "he seems to welcome me with a smiling face,—what makes you so glad to see me, little one, can you tell?" "Why, I like to see you because I love you," said the boy with an ingenuous blush.—"But how is it that you love me, who am still a mere stranger to you?" rejoined the guest. "Because you are clever, like grandpapa, and look sometimes very sad."

"Oh fie, Willy," said Mrs. Montague, "you must not be rude; you may observe, Sir," she added, turning to Mr. Mandeville, "that with my little son, grandpapa is the standard for excellence."

"And most deservedly so," replied Mr. M, with a smile, then addressing the child in an under tone, he enquired, "but how is it that you love people because they are sad? Are they not very gloomy? and do you like clouds better than sunshine?"

"No, I do not love clouds, but then I think they are unhappy, and perhaps have no kind mamma and cousin Emily to pity them and dry their

tears when they weep; have *you*, Sir, a mamma at home?" Mandeville regarded the child with considerable emotion, and could scarce reply to the touching simplicity of this question. "No, dearest, I have no kind mamma to solace me when I am unhappy," he at length exclaimed, but I hope that you, who enjoy so many blessings, will be very anxious to value and improve them."

"Yes, I hope," said the child, thoughtfully, "but you had a mamma once, was she very fond of you?" he added, apparently unconscious of the prohibition of Mrs. Montague and Emily, who told him that he must not be troublesome to the gentleman by asking so many questions. "Yes, indeed, much fonder than I deserved," said the guest in reply, "I can well remember standing by her side as she sat at work, and begging her to tell me pretty stories, whilst in the most interesting part, she would pause and stroke my hair, and call me her darling little boy,—but now she is in a better world."

"Then you must not wish her to come back again, must you? that is a land brighter than the sun; they do not weep there, do they, cousin Emily?"

"No, dearest," said his cousin, "for there is no sin to occasion weeping."

"How I should like to live in that happy country!" said the little one, "but I must not wish to go there yet, I must wish to live for

mamma's sake." Mandeville pressed the child to his bosom, "You are a noble little fellow," he exclaimed, "and may well teach us a lesson of disinterested love and artless submission."

"Did you hear mamma singing when you came in?" asked the boy, drawing him towards the piano, "Yes I did indeed," replied Mandeville, "and I wish, that by resuming her seat, she would convince me that I have occasioned but a slight interruption."

"Do not name the interruption," said Mrs. Montague colouring, "I am only able to play or sing in a manner that just serves to amuse myself."

"But *your* mamma sings sweetly," said the child, looking earnestly in his face, "where she now is, should you not like to listen to her?"

"It is in vain that we wish to listen to the songs of Heaven whilst we are on earth," said Mandeville, "we must leave this world of sorrow and death behind us, and then how delightful will it be to mingle with those

"Solemn troops, and sweet societies,
That sing, and singing in their glory move,
And wipe the tears for ever from the eyes."

As he said this, he appeared lost in thought, and turning to the piano, ran his fingers carelessly along the keys.

"How beautiful are those lines of Milton!" Mrs. Montague was in the act of exclaiming, but

she stopped short on hearing him play a few notes of a sweet but melancholy air, which was well-known to her. "O you know music," cried Emily with animation, as he ceased, "will you not favor us, Sir?—it will be quite a treat, we have not heard any for so long a time."

Mrs. Montague and the child joined their solicitations, "Indeed," said Mandeville with some embarrassment, "I am quite startled at hearing myself play; it is true that I once took great delight in music, but it seems an age since I last touched an instrument."

"Ah but it is quite evident that you have not forgotten how to do so," said Emily with a smile.

"I should rather ask the ladies," said Mandeville with peculiar gentleness, "but I must not refuse your request;" so saying, he seated himself at the instrument, and played and sung with exquisite taste and feeling, a beautiful German air, the words of which sweetly corresponded to the music.

Emily and Mrs. Montague were delighted—"May we not ask for another air before you rise?" they exclaimed, as he prepared to retire from his station.

"Yon will excuse me, I know," said Mandeville somewhat mournfully, "believe me, it has not been without an effort that I have already obeyed your wishes." Emily involuntarily cast on him a look of deep sympathy—he raised his eyes, and

unexpectedly met that look, his cheek became slightly flushed, whilst that of the lady crimsoned with embarrassment. Striving, however, to dissipate her confusion, she said, "I am sorry that we have occasioned you pain, but yet it seems a great pity that you should give up the piano altogether, when you have acquired such proficiency in playing." Mandeville smiled pensively, "the piano was not generally my instrument, he observed, it seems to belong more properly to the ladies, I was more accustomed to the flute myself."

"Oh then will you bring your flute one day?" said little William, "grandpapa will so like to hear you."

"I was going to say that I have not one here, but I recollect that it does lie in the bottom of my portmanteau, though I make no use of it—perhaps on some future occasion, I will try what I can do, my little friend; it is however, quite time for me to bid you good bye." Mandeville caressed the child as he uttered these words, and bidding the ladies good morning, prepared for a solitary ramble:—during his walk however, he encountered Mr. Graham, who accosted his new friend with feelings of undisguised pleasure, and prolonged his stroll for the sake of enjoying his society.

The conversation at this time was enlivened by the graphical descriptions which Mandeville with facility afforded, when questioned by Mr. G. as to the real degree of resemblance existing between the

scenery of Switzerland, and that by which they were in the present instance surrounded. On their return home, the old gentleman pressed his companion to join them at the tea-table in the evening; Mandeville thanked him, but said that he could not accept the invitation, as he had letters to write which ought not to be neglected, engaging however to do so on the following evening, with an appearance of greater cheerfulness in his manner, than his friend had ever before noticed in him.

From that time his visits to the little family were very frequent, and the benevolent heart of Mr. Graham expanded with pleasure at the idea of being able, in any measure, to arouse the mind of such a man from the indulgence of pensive and solitary reflection, to the enjoyments of social and domestic intercourse. The more intimately he became acquainted with him, the more deeply was he convinced of the value of such a character to his fellow-men, for with a heart thoroughly imbued with a sense of the importance of religion, he possessed endowments and abilities which, if they had been employed energetically in the cause of truth, would have shone with peculiar lustre. That his sensitive mind could ever so far recover from the wound which it had received as to become restored to its former tone, he did not indeed anticipate, but if it could be only won back to feel some degree of interest in social pursuits and duties, the efforts of friendship

would not be entirely unavailing. It was thus with lively satisfaction he observed that the artless prattle and engaging manners of his little grandson appeared to excite and gratify him exceedingly, and he was no less pleased when on one occasion, he heard him volunteer to assist the two ladies in the study of Italian, as he believed that occupation of any useful kind, was of considerable efficacy in the alleviation even of profound grief. Twice or thrice did they even prevail on him to bring his flute, and the sounds of melody which he produced, charmed and transfixed his attentive auditors.

The ceremonious courtesy of slight acquaintance-ship having thus quickly ripened into the familiarity and ease of friendly intercourse, Mandeville seemed a guest almost daily expected by each member of this secluded family, and there was something in his manner and expressions that convinced them that he found solace and even enjoyment within the limits of their domestic circle. Female curiosity, however, was not yet gratified as to the individual whose loss had occasioned such a blank in his existence, for they all felt a kind of secret repugnance at the most distant allusion to a subject which was capable of awakening so many painful recollections.

More than two months had in this manner rapidly passed away since his first visit, when one morning Mandeville sat down to examine and

correct an Italian exercise which Emily had just submitted to him, whilst little Willy drawing a chair close by his side, anxiously glanced over the paper, marking every stroke of his pen.

“One, two, three,” said the little fellow, “Oh Grandpapa, cousin Emily has made three mistakes! ought she not to be punished, Mr. Mandeville?”

“I never presume to punish the ladies,” said Mr. M. with a smile. “And why must we behave more kindly to the ladies?” asked the little querist inquisitively, “Oh, why because we owe so much to them,” replied Mandeville with a faint glow, “think what *home* would be to you, Willy, if you had no fond mamma or cousin to instruct and guide and caress you.”

“Ah what should I do *then*?” said the child thoughtfully, “I would not love such a home at all!” then after pausing a moment, he raised his head quickly, and said in a tone of guileless compassion, “but *you* have no fond mamma to make *your* home a happy one—she has long since bidden farewell to the earth! and has no lady been kind and good to you since then?”

Mr. Graham, who had been turning over the pages of a magazine, could not forbear laughing at the latter part of this speech, “Hush, hush, Willy,” said he, “do not intrude into Mr. Mandeville’s secrets like this; gentlemen do not always like to reveal whether the ladies have smiled

upon them or not." As he gaily concluded this speech, he glanced at Mandeville, but was immediately pained on perceiving that the innocent query of the child, uttered in a tone of affecting simplicity, had in some degree agitated their guest; beckoning therefore to his grandson, he softly forbade him to ask him any more questions, and proceeded to divert his attention to something which lay on the table. The deep shade of dejection and anguish which had beclouded the countenance of Mandeville, quickly, however, gave place to an expression of calm resignation, and conscious that his emotion had been observed, he turned to Mr. Graham, and said with some embarrassment, "You will think me strangely weak thus to become affected by the simple query of a child, but you know not how vividly it recalled to me the extent of my former happiness, when united by a bond of holy character to one of the most lovely and excellent of her sex."

"Indeed," said Mr. G. "forgive me for having spoken as lightly as I did, I was not aware that the person whom you so deeply lament, had been allied to you by a tie of the nature to which you allude."

"Nay, do not apologize, it is unnecessary—but did you indeed suppose that any other loss could have so cruelly blighted my earthly hopes and prospects? we mourn over the grave of our

parents—we shrink from the conviction that their mortal remains are hidden from us in the dust—yet according to the common course of nature, we must have expected to survive them, and we still take a part in the activities of life—but when the chosen companion of our pilgrimage is torn from us, when the gentle being who seemed given, like a ministering angel, to shed around us the influence of holiness and peace, is snatched away, oh! what can awaken our exhausted energies again!”

“I grant you that it is an overwhelming calamity,” said Mr. Graham, “I have experienced what it is myself, but still we must remember our duty as Christians, and not refuse to be consoled because the gift conferred on us for awhile, is for some wise and merciful design withdrawn.”

“True, very true, the guilt and infirmity of my heart I acknowledge, but in order to be capable of estimating my loss, you should be told the value of the sainted spirit who has left me, and the history of my own unworthiness. I cannot enter into it now, but I will do so at some other opportunity.” Mr. Graham thanked him, and expressed the pleasure which he should feel in listening to such an interesting relation. Whilst this conversation had been going on, the attention of Mrs. Montague and Emily had been completely absorbed by it, every varying emotion that had agitated the countenance of Mandeville, had been reflected though unconsciously to herself, on that

of the latter, and as she now saw clearly the nature of the relationship which death had thus dissolved, her heart strangely palpitated as she whispered to herself, "Lovely and excellent indeed must have been the object of such a devoted attachment!"

The eye of the mourner, which had been somewhat averted from the ladies, now ventured to glance around, and kindled with grateful sensibility as he marked the profound sympathy which Miss Durnford evidently felt for his affliction—the colour rushed to his cheek, and begging pardon for having thus occupied their attention with his own sorrows, he proposed taking advantage without delay of the refreshing breeze and inviting beauties of a fine morning. The party accordingly directed their steps to one of their favorite haunts, but Emily could not divert her mind from what had just passed; amidst all that she saw, or heard, or admired, one kind of imagery possessed her soul, the felicity which had once been the lot of Mandeville, and his unknown but fondly-cherished bride. Anxiously did she look forward to the fulfilment of his promise in acquainting them with some particulars of his history, and never had she felt more disposed to regret the anticipated arrival of any one, than she now did that of her cousin Caroline and Sophia, who were expected on the next day, and whose visit under any other circumstances would have given her un-

feigned pleasure; but she was well convinced that the presence of strangers at this juncture would prevent the communication she desired, and she feared that it might then possibly be forgotten altogether. Emily had indeed judged correctly as to the restraint which would be imposed on him by the sight of additional company, he seemed to shrink from anything like a fresh introduction at all times, and his conversation was now decidedly less easy and familiar. The two sisters were surprised when they first learned that this interesting stranger about whom they had all been so curious, was at present such a frequent guest, and archly demanded from Emily, if she were equally indifferent to the society of this new friend as she had been to that of Mr. Witherington. "Oh do not talk so," exclaimed their companion imploringly, "it appears almost a crime to utter a word of raillery in the slightest connection with one whose mind is so superior, and whose earthly joys and affections are entombed in the sepulchre of his buried wife." During the few days that the young ladies remained, the relatives enjoyed many delightful rambles together, but when on one occasion Caroline asked how long it would be before they should have the pleasure of again meeting at their own house, Emily started involuntarily at the reply of her uncle, who intimated that as the health of his grandson seemed so completely established, and as they could not

now expect much more fine weather, he should be thinking of paying them a visit on his return homeward very soon. "Why," thought she to herself, "do I so recoil from the idea of leaving this retreat? it seems to me as though at such a moment I should renounce all the enjoyments of life." Mr. Graham was far from being aware of the thoughts that passed through the mind of his niece, nor had he ever suspected any danger from the familiar intercourse which he had encouraged between his own family and Mr. Mandeville: he had viewed the latter as one who had in a great measure lost his relish for earthly delights, and in his disinterested endeavour to awaken him once more to the charms of friendship and society, he had never dreamed of being instrumental in producing feelings in the breast of Emily, other than those of respect and esteem towards the mourner. She had avowed from the beginning her interest in his character with too much candour to allow him for an instant to harbour a thought of the kind, and though he had once thought proper to caution her against being too easily prepossessed, he had done so rather as a general admonition, than with reference to any particular individual. Emily had just attained her twenty-second year, Mandeville was at least thirty-five, and how should he imagine that the smitten hopes and blighted affections of a bereaved bosom, could offer anything like attraction.

to the ardent temperament and sanguine expectations of a youthful and enthusiastic soul? Had he chanced to hear the lively sallies of their young visitors on some occasions, he might even now have been more on his guard, but these had never been uttered in his presence, and he saw Caroline and Sophia depart, without conceiving for a moment that they had indulged in any joke on a subject the most remote from his thoughts. Mandeville was as frequent in his visits as usual, but though their additional company had now left them, he had not alluded in any way to the particulars of his history, which Miss Durnford so much wished to hear. The promise might have escaped him entirely, had he not taken up one morning, about a week after the departure of the guests, a volume of Lord Byron's Poems, which was lying on the table, and turning over the pages of Childe Harold, he happened to light on that splendid address to the ocean which is contained in them. "What a magnificent passage!" exclaimed he, after reading it aloud, and placing the book again on the table.—"It is in truth," said Mr. Graham, "but how must we lament whilst we admire the genius of the writer! I never read his poetry without feeling sad, because I am so completely convinced of its general unhappy tendency; the poison is too frequently imbibed whilst the honey is sucked in with avidity!"

"Ah I have indeed felt it so," replied Man-

deville, "there is a magic in his strain which no one susceptible of the charms of true minstrelsy can resist: but then, how are the most sublime virtues associated with the darkest vices in some of his characters, and how are the witchery and passion of the language employed to clothe sentiments which are too frequently erroneous, and to throw a deceitful fascination around principles which are, alas, at once destructive and illusory; would that his life had been spared to have awakened to a more glorious destiny! I speak feelingly, for I once drank deeply into the spirit of his works, and experienced the full power of the draught."

"I hear that you are not insensible to the potency of the spell which he has wrought," said Mr. Graham, with a smile, "your heart still vibrates to the music of the song, but did you indeed once become animated with the sentiments and feelings which it too often inspires?"

"Too completely so, I do assure you; his poetry, combined with the injurious influence of some other celebrated authors, contributed to confirm me in the gloomy doctrines of infidelity."

"And you were really an infidel, were you, in your more youthful days?" asked Mr. Graham, "I must remind you of your promise to favour us with some particulars of your history, I should think that it must be an interesting one."

“Not perhaps a very eventful one,” replied his guest, “and though it has been replete with interest to me, to others it may appear extremely tedious.”

“Not to *us*, I am very certain,” exclaimed Mrs. Montague, whilst Emily expressed by her countenance the pleasure which she anticipated from the recital.

“Well, if you will have patience to listen to the tale, I will begin without further apology, to-morrow evening.”

“Very good,” said Mr. Graham, “I shall not allow you to forget your engagement.”

Emily with difficulty concealed her delight at this arrangement, for she was exceedingly desirous of hearing something further with respect to the lovely and beloved object of his regret, and impatiently did she count the hours that intervened, before her eager wishes could be gratified.

CHAPTER V.

“ I FEAR, as I said yesterday, that you will be disappointed,” observed Mr. Mandeville, as he prepared to commence the promised relation, his little auditory being seated around the table, and the female part of it busily employed in the quiet occupation of the needle. “ I have no curious adventures or wonderful achievements with which to beguile your attention, but this you do not expect ; my life perhaps has been less varied with incident than that of numbers, yet it has afforded moments of exquisite enjoyment and of real anguish ; all that I propose in the present instance is, to give you a brief outline of the different stages of character through which I have passed, and to impart to you some idea of the bitterness of the bereavement by which, for a time, my spirit

seemed to be overwhelmed : this is due to the friendship with which you have distinguished me, and to the familiar and consolatory intercourse with which I have been indulged."

"Thank you," said Mr. Graham, "we shall value the communication exceedingly, and in my opinion, if it do no more than exhibit to us the history of your mind and feelings, it will be far more interesting, than that of mere bodily enterprise and peril, where no such delineation is afforded."

"I will not attempt to describe," resumed Mandeville, "the natural beauties of the situation in which my childhood and youth were spent, as well indeed as a portion of my subsequent life : they are not, certainly, equally romantic in their character, with those of the neighbourhood which we now inhabit, but I never visit the spot without renewed feelings of admiration, and I cannot wonder that hills, and vales, and woodlands, still possess such irresistible attractions for my soul, since they are inseparably associated with the bright and fairy images of the most guileless period of my existence. I was the youngest of two sons, on whom were lavished the utmost solicitude and love, increased no doubt by the recollection, that amongst several children, my brother and myself had been alone preserved by the protecting care of Providence. It is remarkable how very early a child becomes sensible of the degree of importance and value attached to

him by his friends ; for my own part, I can without hesitation affirm, that before I had attained my fifth year, I was perfectly alive to the feeling of my own consequence, and was convinced that there were no objects in the wide world, capable of exciting such interest in the affectionate bosoms of my parents as the tiny inhabitants of their nursery. Quickly indeed did my infant mind perceive the fact, that my faults were scanned with a partial and forgiving eye, and that if any domestic presumed to complain of me in the parlour, though the appeal was not entirely disregarded, yet my defence was generally successful in throwing a great part of the blame, at least, on the side of my antagonist.

My father had been largely engaged in mercantile concerns, but having amassed a considerable fortune in a short period of time, he had retired pretty much from the fatigue of business, and though he still continued to speculate now and then, yet his attention was chiefly occupied in improving an estate which he had purchased in the neighbourhood of a country town, and on which we then resided.

His mind was one of singular acuteness and activity, his disposition naturally impetuous and irritable, yet was he distinguished for his frankness and affability towards all, and for the excessive fondness which he displayed towards his wife and children. Never having been placed in a

situation friendly to religious culture, the outward morality of the deportment was all that he considered necessary, and the duty of man to his fellow man was the only one which he believed to have been enjoined by the Deity ; whilst a proud consciousness of the rectitude and integrity of his dealings with the world, imparted to his air and carriage somewhat of superiority and lofty independence. My mother possessed a heart formed in the most sensitive and gentle mould, united to a constitution which was extremely delicate, and which had prevented her from residing for any length of time in the Metropolis, even when the duties of her husband had compelled him to remain there ; this circumstance she had severely felt in past years, but now that they were able to enjoy the sweets of a rural life almost uninterruptedly together, she could not enough express her gratitude to heaven, for scarce did she seem to have one wish left unfulfilled. Averse to the fashionable and ceremonious visiting of the day, she studiously avoided it, and confined her acquaintance to a few families only, with whom she associated on the most easy and familiar terms ; her chief delight, however, was to be in the bosom of her beloved family, and the greatest portion of her time was devoted to the instruction and amusement of her offspring.

In some measure she was very well qualified for this office ; endowed with a lively imagination,

she knew how to render knowledge entertaining to the volatile spirit of a child, and I can still remember the pleasure with which we anticipated our daily lessons at her hand: she had, besides, ever cherished a profound reverence for the scriptures, and though, perhaps, at that time, she was exceedingly ignorant of many important truths in theology, yet she had a higher idea than my father of the spirituality of religion, and endeavoured, as far as she was able, to imbue her children with the same feeling.

When reading to her any portion of Holy Writ, she would oblige us to observe a slow and reverential manner, nor would she suffer our attention to be diverted by any thing of a trivial nature. The respect which she thus evinced for the sacred oracles was not lost upon us, nor were the lessons which we learned from them wholly unproductive of good; never shall I forget the impression which the history of the conduct and sufferings of Christ made upon my mind at that period—the sublimity of his example inspired me with the utmost delight, and my heart glowed with an ardent desire to imitate such exalted excellence. The wise and holy character, also, of the precepts delivered to his disciples, in his sermon on the Mount, excited my admiration, and never, amidst all the errors and infatuation of my subsequent career, could I succeed in banishing from my memory, the idea of their sanctity and beauty.

Yet the benefit which I derived from the perusal of the inspired volume, was in a great measure counteracted by surrounding circumstances : the clergyman who officiated at the parish church at which our family attended, was a man of rather gay habits, and though beloved by his parishioners on account of his open, liberal disposition, yet was allowed by the generality, to be much better qualified to guide his hounds than to instruct his flock. Having intruded into the sacred office entirely for the sake of becoming eligible for the enjoyment of a living, in the gift of a rich uncle, after the death of the present incumbent, he could not be supposed to be aware of the awful responsibility of his situation ; still, however, I will do him the justice to say, that he would have shrunk from the idea of teaching his people error ; and he doubtless imagined, that by selecting discourses which exposed the guilt of open violations of the law, he was doing all that was incumbent on him for their spiritual welfare.

How soon does it become evident whether or not the heart of a minister of religion is engaged in his work, for even these cold exhortations to morality, destitute as they were of every argument drawn from the love of Christ, had they been delivered with energy and feeling, would have appeared more interesting to the indifferent auditors : as it was, however, the lifeless and inanimate manner in which they were read from

the pulpit, served frequently to invite and lull them to repose, and I confess that I was one amongst a large number who yawned at the monotony of the preacher's tone ; and too often, indeed, did I compose myself to sleep in the corner of our family-pew.

My mother, who was, perhaps, one of the most wakeful and attentive of the congregation, did not fail to reprove me for this with evident concern, and her serious admonitions produced a sensible effect on my mind ; I determined to endeavour to listen with more interest, but found it a task of extreme difficulty; even the Liturgy, which contains so many beautiful and affecting supplications, appeared wearisome to me because I had heard it repeated so often, custom having rendered me too familiar with the words, to dwell on their important signification.

There was one portion of the ritual, however, which generally possessed sufficient power to arrest my attention, I allude to the reading of the Scriptures, particularly the historical parts, with which however well I might be acquainted, I seldom felt fatigued : this was no doubt to be attributed to the simplicity and pathos that distinguish these most interesting narratives, and which are capable of engaging and affecting the sympathies and heart of a mere child. Whilst attending to the miracles and conduct of the Saviour, as related in the Gospels, I felt myself the subject

of secret awe, but again did I relapse into careless inattention when the minister commenced his discourse, until more than twice or thrice a glance from my mother's eye was observed to cover my cheek with blushes, and arouse me at least to assume an attitude of greater decorum.

The contrition which I really felt on such occasions, was a proof that I was not hardened in my delinquency, but alas, even this salutary feeling was quickly to fade away! The clergyman whom I have just mentioned, was not unfrequently a guest at my father's table, and being naturally fond of children, always gratified my parents by the caresses which he bestowed on my brother and myself.

One day, having lavished some unmerited encomiums upon me, my mother, probably in order to check the rising emotion of vanity within my breast, took occasion to observe that she had yet a serious fault to lay to my charge, and that was, with regard to the inattention and drowsiness which I displayed at church, "What, *sleep* whilst *I* am preaching?" said the clergyman, with a loud laugh, "that is quite unpardonable, you little miscreant!"

By his tone and manner I was not slow in discovering the degree of heinousness which he attached to the fault, and seeing my father join also in the laugh, an impression was produced on my mind, that could not so easily be effaced.

People, methinks, are seldom sufficiently aware of the degree of observation and reflection exercised by children, with relation to the actions and sayings of those by whom they are surrounded : how natural is it that the opinions and example of individuals whom they regard as their superiors, should form in a great measure, the rule of their own conduct, and that the smile of complacency or of derision, with which a subject may have been received by a parent, should exert a mighty and perhaps lasting influence, on the future sentiments of the child, with respect to that particular subject !

My father had not an idea that the laugh in which he united, would lead his son from thenceforward to believe that religion was not the reality he had previously supposed it, and that the ordinances of Divine worship were mere ceremonies which children might be taught to reverence, but which the enlightened and educated treated with consummate indifference. This delusion was rather strengthened and confirmed by the subsequent conduct and remarks of other parties, who were also revered by me as the oracles of the little world which I inhabited, and the effect was soon visible in my behaviour ; no longer did the admonitions and instructions of my fond mother produce their wonted result—I loved and respected her, indeed, for the lessons that she endeavoured to enforce, but I considered them in

no other light than as wholesome restraints, necessary to be imposed on childhood, and I gloried in the thought that I possessed too much intelligence to be deceived. I ought not to fatigue you by dwelling too long on this portion of my history; suffice it to say, that as I passed from childhood to youth, this fatal idea accompanied me, and when the scenes of home were exchanged for the novelties of a college-life, still did it lurk within my bosom, and diffuse its poisonous influence throughout my character.

It was not altogether marvellous, perhaps, that I should have thus early imbibed it, for whilst I beheld in the clergyman of our own parish an entire devotion to worldly pursuits, I was equally sensible that he had one or two companions, who exercised similar functions, and who were notorious for the character of jollity and conviviality which they had acquired in the neighbourhood.

Of what inconceivable importance is the example of a minister of truth, whatever may be the denomination or section of the Christian Church to which he may have attached himself!—how was it at all probable that with such an exhibition of principle and practice, from those who were the professed guardians of religion, I could believe in its divine reality! Yet with all my contempt for the ordinances of sacred worship, I was nevertheless loud in my protestation of attachment to the national Church, nor indeed was I able to

conceive of anything like real excellence to be found in individuals who were not included within its pale, and whom I had learned to brand with the title of methodists and fanatics : do not, however, mistake me, I was never taught by my parents to employ such terms with regard to them ; it is true, that my father would have hesitated to have set his foot for a moment, within the doors of a conventicle, but still he had too much sense, and was too charitably disposed, to ridicule and calumniate those who did ; and my mother, though influenced by the same early prejudices of education as himself, was too gentle and benevolent to utter a word of unkindness respecting any one. Such expressions, however, I had heard from others, and quickly enough did I imbibed the sentiments conveyed by them, regarding all those who dissented from the established form of worship, as consummate fools or hypocrites.

You may easier imagine than I can describe the aspect of my character at this period, yet was it remarkable that even then the pure morality of the New Testament, which I had early learned to reverence and admire, still maintained a secret and irresistible influence over my mind. However false and inconsistent might be the conduct of those who were called by the name of Christians, I could not conceal from myself that the precepts and example of Christ contained in them somewhat inimitably grand and sublime, and if the

image of a perfect character dwelt within the recesses of my inmost soul, it was that of the Saviour of the World.

On one memorable occasion, this hallowed impression of the beauty and sanctity of scriptural truth, was for the time considerably deepened, by two or three discourses from the pulpit, which I was privileged to hear during the visit of a few weeks to a watering-place in company with my mother. The clergyman of the church, at which on that occasion we attended, was a man of evident and devoted piety, and I can well remember, even now, the effect produced on my mind by his simple and earnest appeals. On the first Sabbath after our arrival, I was preparing as usual to give the reins to my thoughts and imagination, and allow them to wander as they pleased, even to the ends of the earth, when the messenger of Truth was in the act of commencing his subject; the deep seriousness of his manner, however, succeeded in arresting my attention, and after listening to a few sentences, I could no longer feel indifferent, but was involuntarily compelled to become interested.

Never before had I been made acquainted with such an exhibition of the Gospel, the effect on my mind for the time was indescribable; so sweetly did he dwell on the love and compassion of Christ, that my heart glowed with devotion and gratitude, and so freely in his name, did he

offer the gift of the Holy Spirit to all who should seek it in sincerity, that I almost wept to think that the benefits of salvation should be thus proffered even to *me*.

“What different kind of preaching is this!” I exclaimed internally, “why do I listen with such interest? surely there must be something in religion—the preacher is in earnest, he *believes*, he *feels* what he says; oh that I could hear such addresses always, methinks I should never appear weary or inattentive again.” The emotion which I experienced was inexpressibly delightful, but alas, it too soon evaporated, I returned once more to the scenes of home, and the society of my young companions, attended to the ceremonies of religion with my former indifference, and heard the instructions of my accustomed teacher with as much fatigue and listlessness as ever.

I promised that I would not dwell too long on this period of my history, yet I must still detain you by adverting to one or two particulars.

It will be necessary perhaps to mention, that when my brother and myself were considered too old to remain under the tuition of our indulgent parent, we were placed at a daily school in the neighbouring town, which my father then preferred on many accounts to the alternative of sending us from home, or employing a tutor in the house, The individual to whom the care of our education for a time, was thus entrusted, though not cele-

brated for his classical attainments, was a man of no mean capacity, or inconsiderable information. His instructions eminently inspired us with a desire to acquire knowledge, and his memory is associated with a thousand pleasant recollections in my mind, the more especially so, perhaps, because I speedily became an acknowledged favorite, and was honored with several tokens of approbation. The circumstance that recommended me peculiarly to his regard, was the rapid manner in which I committed to memory the tasks assigned me, a qualification which is generally esteemed by those who have the care of youth, though it is probable, that in the majority of instances, the soil that appears thus speedily to produce fruit beneath the hand of the cultivator, has but little depth when compared with that which is slower in maturing the seed that is sprinkled on its bosom. It was thus in the case to which I have alluded, my brother had a far more retentive mind than I had, and a vast deal more perseverance, yet he was never so caressed or flattered as myself, because he did not quite so quickly comprehend or acquire a thing.

The encomiums that I had received from many of my father's friends, had produced already an injurious effect on my mind, I began to form high notions of my own abilities, and to consider my brother as my inferior in personal as well as intellectual endowments, since, though he was the elder

I was the taller of the two, and in riding and other exercises I knew that I decidedly excelled him.

This conceited idea, though it did not lessen the affection I felt for him, led me to assume a superiority of manner, which his generous disposition did not frequently oppose, and hence from the exercise of my own wayward will, and the indulgence which I experienced from all around me, I became in no small degree haughty, irritable, and impetuous. After remaining two or three years under the guidance of the worthy preceptor already mentioned, we were removed to a grammar-school at some distance from home, the principal of which establishment was somewhat distinguished for his classical and literary acquirements. Notwithstanding that the love of novelty, which is a passion inherent in the young, rendered us both equally pleased with the proposed change, yet we could not without regret take leave of our early tutor, or of our favorite playmates and companions. The pleasant rides on our little pony, in our daily visits to, or return from school, which had afforded us so many happy moments of gambol and recreation, were now to be enjoyed no longer, it seemed as if we were bidding adieu to a delightful portion of our lives, yet still Hope beckoned us onward, and pointed to the fair and beautiful vista of futurity.

Injudicious as my friends had undoubtedly been in the commendations which they had from time to time so lavishly bestowed on me, I was certainly stimulated by their good opinion to an earnest endeavour to deserve it, by increased attention to my studies; and on entering on new scenes, was not a little ambitious to surpass others of my own age, who were engaged in the same pursuits. This desire on my part was noted and encouraged by the superior, and notwithstanding the pride and petulance with which my conduct was too frequently chargeable, I managed to ingratiate myself very warmly into his regard, and was considered by the rest as an especial favorite. The idea which my father had entertained of educating me for the church, was fostered and encouraged by his communications with my preceptor, who gave it as his decided opinion that at a suitable period I should be sent to one of the Universities. Had my application been at this time equal to the facility with which I first apprehended a subject, I might have acquired much more than I really did; but though fond of the pleasures of literature, I was not partial to its severe toils, my disposition was naturally indolent, and whilst urged by a spirit of secret pride to get through my appointed tasks with reputation, when these were accomplished, I delighted to abandon my mind to the charms of romance and poetry. But not to weary you with minute details, after re-

maintaining the usual time, I was removed from this establishment; my brother, who was two years older than myself having quitted it before me, and having become an articled pupil, with a solicitor in the immediate vicinity of home. This latter arrangement was particularly pleasing to my father, as he was anxious, at least to retain the society of one of his sons, yet was decidedly of opinion that youth should be instructed in the knowledge of some profession, however flattering might be their present situation and circumstances. My brother had always entertained a predilection for the study of the law, his wishes were therefore gratified; as to myself, my parents, as I observed just now, were inclined to devote me to the service of the Church, and having never felt any particular aversion to their selection, I commenced a course of reading, on my return from school, with a clergyman in the adjoining town, preparatory to my departure for College. During the two years that intervened before this event took place, my studies were not so severe but that I had ample leisure to enjoy the recreations of the country, as well as to indulge myself in frequent excursions into the world of fiction and imagination, whence I could at times with difficulty be recalled to a sober contemplation of the realities of life. This love of romance in my disposition, which had been early apparent, doubtless contributed in some measure to weaken my character, and

the contrast between my brother and myself in this particular became daily more conspicuous, the energies of the one being directed to a thorough acquaintance with his profession, and to the acquisition of practical knowledge, whilst those of the other were too often sported away in airy and unsubstantial speculations.

It was just about the time of my leaving school that the death of a friend of my father in the metropolis, left his only child an orphan, who, though endowed with wealth through the bequest of a maternal aunt, was yet bereft of all her nearest kindred. My father and another gentleman had been appointed her guardians, but as the latter had a family of daughters, it was arranged on the death of her father, that she should take up her residence in *his* house chiefly, though for a few weeks she was to become an inmate of our own, for the sake of country air, and more complete change of scene.

The situation of the little orphan awakened the most tender sympathy in the susceptible heart of my mother, and her eyes overflowed with tears, as she clasped her in her maternal embrace.

I shall never forget the evening of her arrival, or the interest which we all experienced in behalf of our new guest, and this feeling was considerably increased, when we beheld the evident grief that laboured within her soul, and the melancholy and

touching glances which she sent around on her future friends, all of whom, with the exception of my father, had been until then entirely unknown to her.

Although scarcely more than ten years old, she possessed a countenance exceedingly striking and thoughtful, and the expressive character of her beautiful dark eye, combined with the pale hue of her complexion, rendered her an object that could not be looked on with indifference.

Each member of our household was alike eager to manifest towards her the most marked sympathy and attention; at first this only appeared to affect her the more deeply, and tears would ever and anon chase each other down her cheek, as she endeavoured to falter out her gratitude; but at length she became more tranquil, and after sojourning a few weeks in the family, smiles began to irradiate the gentle brow, that had thus early been overcast with sorrow.

By degrees she learned to repose with perfect confidence on the unfeigned affection of my mother, and though on her first arrival she had appeared exceedingly bashful and timid, yet she very quickly became familiarized with my brother also, who exerted his utmost ingenuity to divert and gratify her; as to myself, she evidently regarded me with greater reserve, and this was easily to be accounted for, since notwithstanding the warmth and sincerity of my feelings on her

behalf, I was too much engaged in my own schemes and avocations to take much delight in the amusements of childhood ; therefore after the first week had passed away, I had abandoned my efforts at entertainment, and from that moment as long as I beheld her happy, had been careless as to the sources from whence she derived her enjoyment.

So pleased did she now become with her abode in our mansion, that at her own request her visit was very much prolonged, and she would fain have continued in it altogether, had not the arrangements for her education, &c, rendered her removal to the house of Mr. Stanley in due time desirable.

My parents grew excessively fond of their little daughter, as they would frequently call her, and though she was much less in my society than in that of my brother, yet she was generally set down as *my* future wife, rather than *his*, in consequence of my age being somewhat nearer her own. This idea indeed appeared seriously encouraged by my father, and I found that a wish of the kind had been actually expressed by her deceased parent on his death-bed, in the belief that a union with the family of his friend would promote her ultimate happiness. The event to which allusion was thus made, was far too distant to awaken much thought or interest on *my* part ; I only smiled when they talked of it, and now

and then, when she happened to be present, asked her if she would consent to be my future bride. A blush of confusion would always play over her features at such a question, and she would scarcely dare lift her head in reply, whilst I felt perfectly aware that at that period at least, I had no right to anticipate a look of approbation.

The interesting orphan was again a visitor in our family, when the season arrived for my removal to college, a circumstance that occasioned no little sensation in the house. My parents were of course deeply solicitous on my account, for they knew that I was about to enter on scenes that might present many a temptation to my inexperienced mind, and numerous were the cautions which they addressed to me—my brother was averse to a separation from the companion of his childhood, and for my own part, I could not quit the beloved domestic circle without considerable emotion.

Yet there were many brilliant phantoms that floated before my vision, and sunbeams, illumining the clouds that hung around the parting hour—I was eager yet unwilling to be gone, and delighted expectation was mingled with natural regret as I bade them adieu. Amongst those who claimed a share of my kind regards at the moment, I looked around for the amiable and retiring Amy—she stood back in a remote corner of the room, and when I called to her, she did not immediately

advance. 'What then, and will not my favorite Amy condescend to take leave of her future husband?' I exclaimed with a smile, approaching the spot where she stood. Colouring deeply, she turned her ingenuous countenance towards me, and as I raised her in my embrace, whispered with a tremulous accent, 'God bless you, Henry Mandeville!' There was something in the innocence of her manner that powerfully affected me at the moment, I placed a little silver pencil-case in her hand, and told her whenever she looked on it, to offer up the same prayer for the giver. The parting interview with my friends being over, I was conveyed into scenes very different from any in which I had hitherto moved, and which certainly presented, as my parents had supposed, new and untried temptations. I will not minutely recapitulate the events that befel me at college, or the circumstances apparently trivial in themselves, which led me from one class of society, into another, directly its reverse. You are aware that in such a situation, companions are to be met with of almost every diversity of character, and much indeed depends on the selection of a youth with regard to his intimate associates. On my first entrance into the venerable and classic abode, my friends were chiefly of the literary order, having been favored with two or three introductions to individuals of that description, and to one young gentleman in particu-

lar, whose whole time and energies seemed to be devoted to the acquisition of learned renown. Animated by his example, as well as by that of others around me, I began to apply myself with diligence to my pursuits, and for a time earned for myself the appellation of the laborious student, but I wanted patience and perseverance, virtues which had never been remarkably conspicuous in my character; nevertheless my efforts were not entirely unattended with success, and the fair promise that seemed to be afforded, inspired the hearts of my parents with hope and satisfaction. Ambition was by no means inactive in my own breast, and I shaped to myself, as the young and imaginative are wont to do, a destiny of laurelled fame and eminence.

It may appear astonishing that with such desires and encouragements, I should have paused in my literary career, but the truth was, another allurements offered itself, more congenial with the natural indolence of my temperament. I was introduced by some unexpected circumstances, to the society of a wealthy young nobleman, who to a frank and amiable disposition, united that love of gaiety and dissipation, so frequently attendant on high rank and station. He seemed to be singularly prepossessed in my favour, and distinguished me by the most extraordinary marks of kindness—how soon is the heart subdued by such conduct!

Mine was completely won by it, and I was ready to devote my time and talents at once to his service. By degrees I was thus drawn off from the severe requirements of study, and though I did not lose my attachment to classic lore, I was disposed to ramble in its most flowery paths, rather than toil up the steep ascent that conducts to honor and distinction. My feelings were indeed not a little elated, by the attentions which I now received from those who were very far my superiors in rank; my vanity was flattered by the compliments which some of them from time to time insinuated, and at length I became one of their constant associates, mingling in the fashionable dissipation and unsubstantial pleasures that consume so large a portion of the existence of numbers. This alteration of pursuit could not be entirely concealed from my friends at home, though they were not aware of the depth of my folly and infatuation, and thus being ignorant of the extent of my wanderings, they consoled themselves with the idea that I was forming high and distinguished connections.

During all this period, the history of my mind with regard to religious sentiment was but a melancholy one; for whether influenced by secret longings after intellectual greatness, or ensnared by the delusive promises of worldly pleasure, I was, alike with my companions, altogether careless of securing permanent felicity, and was occupied solely in pursuing the evanescent shadows of

earth. But do not mistake me by imagining that there were no characters of a higher class and more exalted principle, within the precincts of the University ; it was indeed quite otherwise ; there were those whose talents were consecrated by the sacred influence of true piety, and whose benevolence was such that they would have welcomed me with open arms to their society, if I could have felt any enjoyment in it ; but friendship of this kind possessed nothing in it at that time to attract me, I shunned the individuals who would have benefitted me, smiled at their conduct as ridiculous, and termed their devotion, *madness*. The works of infidel writers, which were the most popular in the hands of my new associates, became as text-books whence I supplied myself with specious arguments ; and the harp of Lord Byron, whilst it bewitched me with its captivating melody, assisted most powerfully in confirming the delusion of my mind. Yet amidst all my affected contempt for the happy few who were seeking to possess the treasures of heavenly wisdom, I used frequently to acknowledge to myself that they were acting far more prudently than their opponents, for I could not evade the truth, that though infidels might laugh at the religion of the Bible, they could not disprove its divinity. More than once or twice, when a consistent professor of Christianity crossed my path, I was conscious of an emotion of envy, and would most willingly have exchanged all that

seemed prosperous in my own condition, for the internal peace which I believed him to possess. At such moments the recollection of the discourse that I had once heard from a faithful minister of the Gospel, would steal across my mind; whilst the simple beauty of the precepts of the New Testament, which I had read and venerated in childhood, would force itself again on my attention, and compel me secretly to exclaim, 'There is a mysterious majesty in the language, a sacred purity in the sentiment, before which the bulwarks of infidelity totter and crumble into dust! What, if I am numbered amongst the enemies of *truth*? am I really happy with my present feelings? does not conscience frequently disturb my ideal security? does it not at times startle the repose of my companions? would they not each one of them, at the close of existence, gladly exchange their boasted scepticism, for the genuine faith and hope of the humblest believer in Christ?' I could not but answer 'yes' to this mental query, yet convictions of this kind produced no lasting benefit; I sought to banish the subject from my thoughts, and but too easily at the moment succeeded; immediately surrounded as I was by those who would have turned my misgivings into jest.

It had never been my lot to be thrown into intimate association with any who endeavoured fully to act up to their Christian principles; I had never had the advantage of enlightened religious

example, therefore I had been too much disposed to listen to the aspersions of the world, and to believe its most malignant insinuations against professors of religion ; though now and then, I could scarcely help admitting that there were doubtless a few bright characters amongst the calumniated number.

My parents were not aware of the real nature of my principles, and still entertained the idea of my entering on holy orders, but I was not quite so base as to meditate such a profanation, having in fact, for some time abandoned the intention altogether, though when at home during the recess, I had generally avoided hinting it, from the fear of the disappointment which it might occasion; it became however, at length, quite necessary to do so, since the period for leaving the University was fast approaching. The intimation, when given, was received as I expected with surprise and regret, notwithstanding the very sufficient excuse which I then offered, that I was not at all qualified for the office. Subsequently to this, on quitting College, I expressed an earnest desire to visit the continent with my friend, Lord S, who was exceedingly solicitous for my company, engaging at the same time, that on my return, I would seriously make choice of some pursuit for the future.

My indulgent father did not deny my request; his affection was flattered by the rank of my

travelling companion, but my mother's breast trembled with forebodings, when she considered the perils that I might have to encounter both of a moral and physical description, before she could embrace me again.

The consent of my friends having been gained, we did not delay our departure a moment longer than was absolutely requisite; but it would be only wearying your patience to give a particular account of the scenes that we visited whilst abroad, or of the minor incidents that occurred to us in our progress; notwithstanding the frivolity and depravity of my life, I was still at least far from insensible to the charms of natural scenery, or to the wondrous productions of art and genius which we so frequently beheld, and the descriptions sent to my friends in England, were generally traced by a glowing pen. Fondly as these epistles were hailed by my partial and endeared parents, I perceived from their communications that they did not compensate, in their opinion, for my absence; and when two years had passed away, (a much longer period than we had anticipated remaining) amongst other reasons which my father urged as an argument for my return, one in particular was, the desire which he still cherished of seeing me united to the daughter of his deceased friend: the affections of the young lady, he said, he was very sure, were at that time disengaged, but it was an im-

probable circumstance that they would long continue so, since the idea of her wealth had already, notwithstanding her youth, attracted numerous suitors.

I had never seen Amy since the period of my first departure for college, for though she had frequently visited my parents, I had never happened to be at home; my father assured me, however, that he believed I should have no difficulty in succeeding, since she had been taught to consider me as her future husband, and had manifested nothing that could be construed into repugnance or displeasure at the idea, but had merely raised objections natural to the modesty and timidity of her character: in fact, he said, he was convinced of her partiality for our family in general, and it was his particular wish that I should return as soon as possible, and endeavour to secure the affections of one, whom he described as possessing the most valuable and attractive qualifications.

The ease with which it was imagined I might attain the desired end, one of the reasons urged by my father to induce me to engage in the pursuit, was the very one which increased my indifference, and kindled it into aversion to the proposed alliance. How, methought, could I ever unite myself with one whose love for me could be nothing more than the result of habit, or education, or at best, attachment to my kindred? No, if I married, it must be with an individual

with whom affection was a more sacred thing, who would regard me for myself alone, and forsake the whole world beside, to share my destiny. Again, was Amy calculated to realize the dreams of my youth with respect to female loveliness? 'My father does not know me!' I exclaimed, 'my affections can never be swayed by the solicitations or approval of another; unworthy as I may be of the being, whom I have ever pictured to myself, I cannot be constrained into a connection concerning which I am indifferent: it would be injustice to my fair friend herself, for whom I still entertain a sincere and truly fraternal regard: I will write home immediately, and explain my ideas on such subjects!'

My intention was soon executed, and with considerable chagrin and disappointment, as I afterwards found, my father read my epistle, for he had fondly hoped that I should have been induced to return home immediately.

Not long afterwards he wrote me again on the same subject, but I still combated his arguments, and also importunately requested his permission to remain longer abroad, as my friend purposed extending his travels into Greece, and I was exceedingly anxious to visit the land of heroism, philosophy, and song. My indulgent parent again complied though somewhat reluctantly, with my desire, believing that I should acquire information and derive benefit from the scenes through which

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I passed ; but I little anticipated on that occasion the events which were to take place, ere I was indeed to revisit the land of my nativity. Nearly two years had again taken their flight, years which I would willingly expunge from the tablet of my memory, polluted as they were by vice and daring profanity, when, just as we had returned to Italy with the intention of proceeding homeward as quickly as possible, Lord S. was unexpectedly seized with a malignant and raging fever, and notwithstanding the efforts of physicians, and the numerous attentions which rank and property can, generally, under such circumstances command, the disease proved irremediable, and I saw my friend hurried, in scarcely more than the short space of a week, from the tumultuous pleasures of youthful extravagance and madness, to the unbroken stillness and chilling loneliness of the tomb. I was shocked—petrified, at the transition, and whilst left to the sullen despondency of my own reflections, I could not help starting at the idea, that at that very moment, my former thoughtless companion might be compelled to acknowledge as realities, the stupendous subjects which he had before treated with levity.

During his illness, he had been for the most part delirious, and as I watched by his bed-side, I can scarcely define the nature of my own feelings : I was solicitous that some spiritual instruc-

tion should be administered, but where could I obtain any that I deemed of value? and then again, as I looked on the patient and was reminded of his mental aberration, I almost felt thankful that he was incapacitated from attending to religious counsel, because I knew that I was miserably unable to supply it.

After his decease, the state of my mind was one of extreme wretchedness, every thing appeared changed, and I seemed to loathe all that I beheld around me: thoughts which I had dismissed before, now forced their way into my presence, and I re-perused several of the latest epistles which I had received from my parents, and which I could not help observing were written in a peculiarly serious and admonitory strain. I had noticed this, indeed, at the time I received them, but the circumstance had not dwelt on my mind, yet it was evident that they were uneasy as to the character of my religious sentiments from some expressions unwarily dropped in my letters, and that they were earnestly solicitous to awaken me to the importance of such subjects, and to draw from me the real state of my heart. I was aware that my replies could have been little satisfactory, as I had rather evaded and trifled with their questions, than considered and weighed them; but now that I had examined them more attentively, I was very much struck with the solemnity and anxiety of their enquiries.

As soon as it was possible, I sent my brother an account of the illness and death of my poor friend, which excited considerable alarm in the breasts of my relatives, lest I should suffer from contagion. Unfeigned was the regret of each of them at the fate of my companion, but they expressed themselves gladdened indeed by the prospect of soon beholding me, since I had intimated that my return would be as expeditious as circumstances would admit. My continuance on the same spot for a short time was unavoidable, as the uncle of Lord S, to whom I had written immediately on perceiving the danger of his nephew, was expected daily, and there were a few little affairs to be arranged before my departure. In the kinsman of my deceased friend, I found a sedate and intelligent individual, who appeared sensibly affected by the loss of his young relative, and deeply to feel obliged for the poor and unavailing attentions that I had been able to render him. We proposed returning together, and I became daily more anxious for the moment of our departure, as my last communication from my brother, mentioned a slight indisposition under which my father had lately laboured. How closely is futurity veiled from the speculations and curiosity of man! I was then calculating on being very soon welcomed by the voice of paternal affection, and thus being consoled for what I had lately experienced; but it was decreed otherwise by the

Sovereign Disposer of all things ! Scarcely had my companion and myself completed our arrangements, and were preparing to take an unreluctant farewell of foreign scenes, when to my utter consternation, I received a letter from my brother in England, conveying the astounding intelligence of my father's death, after an increased illness of a few days.

How shall I attempt to describe my disappointment and misery ? I could scarcely believe the fact—my father, my noble and indulgent father, was no more ; snatched from me whilst I was at a distance, and just at the moment when I was fondly anticipating the joys of re-union ! My heart, too, reproached me for having once opposed his wishes with regard to an earlier return ; could I but have foreseen the event ! Overwhelmed as I now was with regret and despondency, my companion was obliged to arouse me to the necessity of a speedy departure, and whilst he manifested the kindest attention, he endeavoured to excite and stimulate my mind, by recalling the affliction of my mother ; this indeed appeared the only subject calculated to awaken me to exertion, for independently of the desire to see and console her amidst her sorrows, I felt as though I could gladly have buried myself in obscurity, or exposed my own bosom to the shafts of the unrelenting conqueror, by whom I had been so cruelly despoiled. During our progress

homeward, the marks of kindness afforded me by my distinguished friend were very great, but we could not proceed with the rapidity at first intended ; the anxiety that I had endured, together with a slight touch of the disease which had proved so fatal to poor Lord S. produced for a time a complete prostration of strength, and obliged me to linger for a short space on the road, whilst my companion, whom I could not persuade to desert me, wrote the particulars of our detention to my brother. At length we arrived in the metropolis of our own beloved land, my strength being at this time much recruited, and a softer feeling having succeeded to the desolation which I had at first experienced. The sight of my native country brought tears into my eyes, and the thought of devoting myself to the promotion of a mother's happiness, imparted a ray of consolation to my mind. It was here that I took leave of my travelling companion, after expressing my warmest gratitude for his attention, and then proceeded on the remainder of my journey alone, with earnest and trembling solicitude."

CHAPTER VI.

“THE shadows of evening were fast closing around me, when I reached the vicinity of our own endeared mansion, but every object that I passed, seemed familiar, and as I recognised once more, scenes which had been the witnesses to that warmth of paternal affection which I was never again to experience, my heart for a season misgave me.

In a very few minutes I was welcomed by the joyful and affectionate exclamation of my kind brother, and was next folded in the arms of my tender and weeping mother, who was overcome with delight and gratitude when she beheld me. I will pass over the particulars of this painful yet pleasing interview; my afflicted parent bore it with considerable fortitude, and whilst seated by her

side, and sipping once more the tea poured out by her hand, I could not help being struck with the degree of heavenly resignation which she displayed, and the certain conviction which she at the same time expressed, of my father's present felicity. 'But come,' said she, changing the subject, 'there is one who has not yet greeted you, our dear Amy—I could not prevail on her to come down before, as she fancied that our meeting ought not to be disturbed by the presence of any other individual.'

'Amy! is she indeed here?' I exclaimed, 'I should much like to see her again, she was quite a little girl when I last beheld her.' as I said this, a sigh escaped me, at the recollections with which the mention of her name was associated. 'Ah, she is intitled to our warmest respect,' said my mother with energy, 'for she has been as a daughter to me.' With these words on her lips, she quitted the room, for the purpose of summoning her, and I was left a few minutes alone with my brother.

'It is very true, Amy has indeed been a treasure to both our parents,' said the latter feelingly, 'and has devoted a great deal of time to them.'

'Does she then reside here constantly?' I enquired.

'No, but she has made frequent visits, and for the last three months, has been constantly with my mother,' he replied.

‘I am rejoiced to see that our beloved parent experiences such a degree of consolation,’ I remarked ; ‘there is something so soft and sacred in her grief, that it seems to shed a ray of light over the surrounding gloom.’

‘Yes, and my father too, you would have been struck with the happy circumstances of his departure—my mother will tell you all, but there has been certainly a great change produced in their characters.’ ‘I do not understand you,’ I exclaimed, ‘surely no change was requisite with regard to *them* ! pray explain yourself more clearly.’

‘Oh you are aware that we have a new clergyman now, who is certainly very different from our former worthy friend, and has been the means of awakening the parish to greater diligence in matters of religion ; and then the gentle influence of Amy has besides had its weight, for she is unusually pious : I see you smile at my communication, but though I am a stranger to the same elevated devotion, I can always admire and respect it wherever it may be found.’ It was indeed true that there was an expression on my countenance between seriousness and ridicule as he spoke, but our conversation was interrupted by the entrance of my mother with her young friend. ‘Here is my beloved Amy ;’ cried the former, ‘Henry, I bring you an invaluable sister.’

‘Miss Berresford,’ I exclaimed, ‘this is indeed a pleasure that I had not altogether anticipated.’ I was hastening to meet her, but the first glance made me involuntarily pause, for I had ever pictured Amy to myself, as I last saw her, a bashful and interesting girl, but I did not certainly expect to behold a countenance of such exquisite intelligence and sweetness as the one which now met my view. There was besides a degree of refinement and polish in her carriage and demeanour, which indicated a thorough acquaintance with polite society, yet mingled with the same air of ingenuous simplicity, which had rendered her so engaging when a child.

‘Thrice welcome to your native land, my early friend!’ she exclaimed tremulously, as she raised her dark expressive eyes, to meet the smile with which I greeted her appearance, her cheek glowing at the same time, with a roseate flush, which was probably heightened at the moment by my sudden embarrassment.

‘You would not have known each other, I suppose, had you met without previous warning,’ said my mother, observing my evident surprise.

‘I confess that I should not have immediately recognised Miss Berresford,’ I replied, recovering a little from my confusion; ‘I know not whether she can discover any semblance of my former self in *me*, after the vicissitudes of the last few years.’

‘I think I can still see the same countenance,’

she remarked timidly, 'though its expression is more thoughtful, and its complexion sun-burnt.'

It is sweet to dwell on the recollections of that memorable evening, but I must not indulge in them too long; our conversation appeared to me of the most interesting kind, and whilst I perceived the mild lustre of piety which shone forth from the soul of Amy, and saw her so far superior to the ladies with whom I had at times conversed and trifled, I felt as though transported to another sphere, and I could have chidden the hours for flitting too hastily away.

But the pleasure was not unassociated with pain, I remembered the wishes of my departed father, I was stung with the idea of the treasure I had neglected to secure, smiling at the same time at my own vanity in supposing that she could ever have tolerated one like me; and yet again, starting at the conclusion that even now she was most probably engaged to another.

After she had quitted the room for the night, I was very anxious to ask a question or two respecting her, but knew not how to begin.

My dear mother, however, led the way, by enquiring what I thought of her adopted daughter.

'Oh you have reason to be very proud of her!' I said warmly.

'Yet this was the person towards whom you manifested such determined indifference!' said my brother somewhat archly.

‘Nay, do not say so,’ I exclaimed, colouring, ‘I do indeed still object to any connection formed as the mere result of early habit or destination, but now that I have seen Miss Berresford, I am surprised that my dear father should have anticipated so favorable a reception on my behalf.’ My mother sighed at the remembrances which our conversation called forth—‘Let us say nothing about it now,’ she observed, ‘there did certainly exist very great obstacles from your character and gaiety at the time, but your lamented father hoped that had you returned immediately, and been favored much with the society of Amy, you would have seen and owned the beauty of such an example, and have become in some measure assimilated to it—ah my dear boys, I am anxiously alive to your interests; at some other opportunity I must relate to Henry all that his father said with regard to him during his last illness, for both of us were, alas, sensible that we had been more eager to fit our children for the fleeting existence of this world, than for another.’

‘Do not speak thus, my dear mother,’ I replied, ‘it is certain that both of you well discharged your duty towards us; but, said I to my brother, (wishing to change the subject) I have not yet congratulated you on the circumstance of your engagement with an accomplished and amiable young lady—I do so now however most cordially.’

‘Thank you,’ returned my brother, smiling,

‘I shall be happy to introduce you to her to-morrow.’ As he said this, he was summoned for a few moments from the room, and my mother continued the subject by saying that the term *amiable*, might be very properly applied to the object of his choice, for her disposition was very lovely, though she was a little too fond of the gaieties and frivolities of life. ‘But you are not perhaps aware,’ continued she, ‘that George made an offer at one time to Miss Berresford?’

‘To Miss Berresford?’ I exclaimed, ‘is it possible? And did she refuse him?’

‘She did; it was just after you had given a decided negative to your father’s wishes, and George felt himself at liberty then to make known his secret attachment, but her reply was, that though she regarded him as an affectionate brother, she could never view him in any other relation.’

‘But I hope,’ said I kindling with confusion, ‘that Miss Berresford knew nothing of the contents of my father’s epistle, or my own?’

‘Why, my dear, she had long known, I believe, the inclinations of both your parents, and though her modesty would have suffered much had she been informed of the letter that was actually sent to you on the subject, yet I rather imagine that she was fearful of something of the kind having been done, and was also aware from some remarks once accidentally dropped by your father, that you

were averse to any thing like parental plans or speculations in affairs of this nature.'

'I would have given the world,' said I, biting my lip, 'if Miss Berresford had known nothing of the matter, how must her delicacy have been wounded, and what must she have thought of me!'

'Do not be uneasy,' said my mother; 'in *this* particular, I am very sure, her views corresponded with your own; her standard of affection is avowedly an elevated one, and she has repeatedly given proof that she seeks to be loved for her own sake alone, by refusing several, whose attachment to her property appeared the leading motive of their addresses.'

'Indeed!' I exclaimed, 'and has she at present any engagement?'

My brother re-entered at this moment, and accused me of being unusually earnest in my mode of putting this enquiry.

'Nay,' replied my mother gravely, 'she still preserves her freedom, and I hope will do so, until she can be united to one in every respect worthy of her.'

An involuntary sensation of joy flashed through my mind at the assurance that she was disengaged, yet was it quickly succeeded by pain at the conviction of my own utter unworthiness to aspire to the possession of such a treasure.

You will be surprised, no doubt, that feelings

such as I have described, should have been excited by so brief an acquaintance, and I should perhaps find it difficult, were I to attempt to portray the peculiar charm in the manners and conversation of Amy, by which I was so quickly taken captive.

During the few hours that we had spent together, it would have been impossible to have helped observing the purity and elevation of her sentiments, and debased and degraded as I felt myself, I was yet capable of admiring and envying the model by which I was reprovèd.

In this frame of mind I retired to rest, pleased with everything but my own heart and past history; little dreaming, however, that new communications awaited me in the morning, which would compel me to think chiefly of pecuniary circumstances and affairs.

In compassion to my feelings, my mother and brother, on the preceding evening, had postponed entering on the subject to which I have alluded, yet I fancied that I perceived now and then, amidst the unfeigned pleasures of our social meeting, a shade of dejection overspread the countenance of each, whilst directing their regards towards me.

This did not excite any surprise in my breast, after the mournful event that had so lately occurred, but I learned on the subsequent day, that there was also an additional cause for their anxiety.

My father had died in very different circumstances from what I had supposed, though ignorant himself of the real truth ; the facts of the case were however these, that through the unexpected failure of a grand speculation, in which from some promising features connected with it, he had been induced, thus late in life, to embark nearly his all, his wife and son, in the last moments of his illness, had been called to bewail a double calamity. This intelligence had been withheld from me until my arrival, through their kind consideration, but I now found that my widowed parent was actually preparing to leave her comfortable mansion, and to take up her abode in a more humble habitation in the neighbourhood, since she could not resolve entirely to abandon scenes which had been so fondly endeared to her. On her own account she did not appear to suffer much uneasiness, content with the limited income which now remained to her ; for my brother, she was not extremely solicitous, as he had been lately received into partnership with his former master, and was now sharing in the profits of a lucrative profession ; but with respect to me, she had experienced much anxiety ; conscious that I had been living a life of indolence and pleasure, and was totally unprepared for such a reverse. My first regrets on receiving this intelligence were awakened on behalf of my poor mother, but when I saw the fortitude with which

she encountered the trial, I should have been perfectly at ease, had not my thoughts all at once been diverted into another channel, as the idea took hold upon me, that I had now lost Amy Berresford for ever, since she was raised far above my utmost pretensions. The disappointment which I now felt, discovered to me that I must have been secretly cherishing hope, notwithstanding my unworthiness, and I chid myself for the presumptuous dream, which was now so effectually dissipated. My determination was to leave immediately for the metropolis, and there to prosecute certain plans, which had already presented themselves to my mind.

My mother, however, insisted that I should remain at home a week or two at least to recruit; and impatient as I was to mark out some line for my future conduct, yet I felt a natural disposition to revel a little longer in domestic indulgences, after having been so long deprived of them. During my stay, I was much affected by the relation of my father's earnest solicitude and dying injunctions with respect to me, and much of the impressive language that he had uttered, was seconded in my own breast by the recollection of the scenes through which I had recently passed. Worldly amusements no longer possessed their former power of attraction—I turned with disgust from the slightest allusion to them, but the balmy air of my native fields, together with the smiles

of my early friends, seemed yet capable of soothing and delighting me. The lady to whom my brother had been for the last few months engaged, frequently made an addition to our family party, and imparted a tone of sprightliness to the discourse, by her lively and good-humoured remarks. Religion, in all its reality and beauty, was now exemplified before me in my mother and Amy Berresford; I felt as though I was in a new world, and began to abhor and loathe myself for the unprofitable and vitiated character of my past life. On the first Sabbath-day after my return, I was not a little curious to see and hear Mr. Clement, the officiating clergyman, on whom such high encomiums were pronounced, and to whom I had not yet been introduced, on account of his absence for a few days from home.

On entering the church, and taking my seat in the old pew, a thousand recollections came over me, but my attention was soon conveyed away even from such thoughts, by the resistless power of the truths delivered by the preacher. The sermons to which I had formerly listened for a brief period, now recurred to my remembrance; the sublimity of the doctrines of religion seemed to elevate and expand my soul; and I silently but ardently longed to be in principle and profession a Christian. 'What is infidelity,' I internally asked myself, 'when summoned to combat arguments like these? can she bring forward any

weapons to resist them? Can she satisfy her own votaries with the ingenious quibbles that she invents? or does she not rather leave them dark, and unsatisfied, and repining—having the evidence within of that which they presume to reject! And what is the complexion of her character?—is it remarkable for the beautiful transparency of moral excellence?—for the celestial bloom of benevolence and love?—or does it not exhibit a thousand spots of pollution and malignity which shrink from the pure mirror of Gospel truth? Ah, and is this the secret of our reluctance to *believe*?—our obstinate and cherished depravity? let me for ever be withdrawn from the paths of vice and disappointment, and live beneath the holy sound of Divine consolation and instruction! Yes, this is the language of Inspiration!—how impressively does it speak to the soul, it carries its evidence along with it, and spreads vitality and freshness around!

Whilst these reflections were passing rapidly through my mind, a glance from Amy covered me with confusion, for it almost appeared to me as though she had penetrated my soul, and was affected by the nature of my soliloquy. On the following day Mr. Clement called at our house, and I was particularly gratified with the introduction, for there was an agreeable urbanity in his manners, which was prepossessing in no common degree. Unwilling to delay my visit to

the metropolis too long, I set out at the expiration of the three weeks with feelings of sincere regret, for *home* at that season appeared like a sanctuary to my oppressed spirit.

It is, however, unnecessary to give you a lengthened account of my proceedings whilst in the great city ; I will only just remark, that my intentions as to futurity were altogether superseded by the kindness of the uncle of Lord S. who, having heard, but a few days previously, of the real state of my father's affairs, had actually sent off a letter on the morning of my leaving home, inviting my acceptance of an advantageous situation under government, which he had interested himself in procuring for me. Ignorant of this fact, it was quite, as it were, by accident, that I met him in one of the crowded streets of the metropolis, for I had purposely avoided calling on him until I should have completed my arrangements, fearing lest otherwise he might have supposed that *solicitation* was the object of my visit, an idea from which my proud and independent spirit would have revolted. Compelled to return with him to dinner, an explanation took place, and I was indeed overwhelmed by the delicate manner in which he conferred the favor, expressing the pleasure which my compliance would afford him, as I was just the individual whom it was desirable to secure for such an office.

After endeavouring to give utterance to my

grateful emotions, I at length took leave, and retired to my lodgings, under peculiar excitement of mind, and with a heart penetrated by this seasonable display of the bounty and watchfulness of Heaven.

A few more interviews with my kind and estimable friend were sufficient to settle all preliminaries, and as I could not enter on my new duties until after the expiration of the next two months, I hastened my departure once more for the quiet enjoyments of the country, which appeared especially valuable to me, since I should soon be required to reside in the immediate neighbourhood of London.

On my return I found that the removal of our family from the beloved mansion we had so long occupied, had been effected, and that my mother was now the mistress of a commodious and picturesque cottage, which exhibited a peculiar appearance of elegance and comfort, and the furniture of which was arranged with an evident regard to her taste and gratification.

With a soul eminently alive to the benefits bestowed on her by providence, she welcomed my return, and seemed to be altogether relieved from the anxiety she had suffered on account of my future temporal prospects. Amy, who had remained to assist her during the period of her removal, now talked of bidding us adieu, as she was expected by other friends, who almost began to

imagine themselves neglected. My mother, however, by her intreaties succeeded in detaining her, and I was conscious of secret joy when I learned her acquiescence. Yet I did not allow myself to dwell on the possibility of a nearer connection with her, for besides my entire unworthiness, I felt that in worldly matters she was now also too far my superior, and I therefore strove to regard her simply in the character of a friend.

The expression of our sympathies however, it is at times most difficult to restrain, and although the lip may not utter a word that is forbidden, yet the eye may unwittingly disclose the prohibited secret of the heart. Methought on some occasions my embarrassment was reflected in her own countenance, and the idea awakened new joy, but again I banished the visionary hope from my soul.

It was at this time that my prepossession in favour of Mr. Clement, our exemplary clergyman, ripened into warm and permanent friendship, and during my stay at home I derived considerable pleasure and advantage from his society. In the aspect presented by himself and his little family, I was supplied with another proof of the happy influence of vital religion, and whilst contemplating its practical effects, I marvelled that I should ever have doubted the genuine excellence of the doctrines of Christianity.

I cannot revert to those days without reviving in my soul somewhat of the delightful emotion

which I then experienced ; it seemed as though I were animated by a new existence, and instead of the vacant listlessness which I had often felt on the arrival of the Sabbath morn, I was the subject of eager and hallowed anticipation, longing to sit again beneath the sound of those truths, which, whilst they caused me to abhor myself and my past life, constrained me to adore and invoke the infinite mercy of Heaven. Joyous indeed were my sensations as I walked to the House of God with those I loved, or, 'as in the company of Amy, I perused those works of piety and genius, of instruction and amusement, with which the present age is so liberally supplied. Her quick perception, her refined taste, and lively imagination, charmed and inspired me, and I sighed to think that I could not much longer be privileged with such a companion.

In the meantime my mother appeared quite exhilarated by the presence of those most dear to her, and though her health was evidently declining, yet the circumstance failed to produce within her the depression that is its usual and natural attendant. The idea of my departure, however, as it more nearly approached, cast a shade of regret now and then over her meek brow, which she as quickly endeavoured to banish, when she recollected the revolution that had taken place in my conduct and sentiments, for which she felt that she could not be sufficiently grateful.

Naturally reserved on the subject of my own emotions, I said but little indeed to any one, saving to Mr. Clement, to whom I had been able to unburthen myself with the freedom and familiarity of a brother, and from him my affectionate parent had learned somewhat that had cheered and encouraged her. About a fortnight before I quitted home, sitting one evening with the ladies in our pleasant little parlour, with the fragrant jessamine and rose peeping in at the window, my mother began to lament the necessity of the approaching separation; my own feelings too vividly corresponded with her own, but unwilling to give license to them, I smiled and said, 'did you not tell me but yesterday, that we ought to be occupied chiefly in recording the blessings of our lot, rather than in repining at its ills?—now if this be the case, my sorrow at quitting this retirement, ought to be swallowed up in praise, for the unspeakable advantages that I have derived during my abode in it.'

This allusion to the change in my own mind, raised a glow of maternal joy on the cheek of *her* whom I addressed; she pressed my hand with warmth to her lips, and not until she had relinquished it, did I perceive that Amy also was sensibly affected by my avowal. Tears sprung from her eyes which she in vain endeavoured to conceal, though she was evidently angry with herself for betraying so much emotion. Just at this

interval, a servant appearing at the door, my mother was compelled to leave the room, and I was consequently left alone with Miss Berresford.

Unusually agitated at the bare idea that she could thus shed tears at any thing connected with my happiness, I forgot at the moment all my previous resolutions, and ventured to declare in a tone which revealed the state of my heart, how grateful I was for the slightest expression of sympathy from one so highly valued! Excessively confused at what I said, she maintained that she must have been insensible indeed; had she not felt interested in the recovery of any individual from error.

‘Ah yes,’ I replied, ‘forgive me for having flattered myself too far, by daring to imagine that any thing like peculiar interest in my welfare should have produced feelings, which derived their source from the common benevolence of your nature.’ She blushed deeply as I said this, and replied in a faltering tone, ‘Nay, but would it be in the least degree extraordinary, if I *did* feel a peculiar interest in the welfare of the son of those, whom I have regarded as my second parents? I confess that the allusion which you just now made, filled me with inexpressible delight, and I can only desire that the blessings in which you have begun to participate, may be still further revealed in all their copiousness and perfection!’

The sacred and ingenuous fervour with which

she uttered these words penetrated my heart, 'Oh Miss Berresford,' I exclaimed, 'you know not how much I am indebted instrumentally to your own lovely character and example, and now that I am going from you, the assurance that I possess even a humble place in your esteem, will be sufficient to animate and console one, who, though sensible of his own inferiority, may at least avow the most sincere and devoted gratitude.'

'What do I hear?' she rejoined with some vivacity, 'I had never believed you capable of using the language of flattery before!'

'And wherein,' I asked, 'do you convict me of using it *now*?'

'I think,' she replied with a smile, 'I had better first require you to prove your words, and give me some indisputable evidence of my own superiority.'

'Ah, that is unnecessary,' I said, 'it is already self-evident; piety, intellect, and fortune, combine to point you out as a privileged and distinguished being!'

'With regard to the two first,' she replied, 'allow me to say, I think you cannot have had sufficient knowledge of me to be enabled to judge correctly, and as to the last, surely I must be deceived in you, if you esteem riches as capable of imparting any real elevation—I certainly never imagined you a votary at the shrine of wealth.'

'Nay, indeed,' I exclaimed, 'I am the farthest

removed from such a character ; if I ever were to desire riches, it would only be to pour them out at the shrine of affection.'

I paused and coloured deeply, for I felt as though treading on forbidden ground. She replied with a timid voice, and with embarrassment equal to my own—'The heart is the only tribute worthy of such an altar !'

I will not pursue this conversation further, indeed I had only one motive in introducing it, the wish to shew how much of the mind of Amy was thus revealed to me ; with the humblest idea of her own qualifications and attainments, she possessed an utter indifference to worldly honors and distinctions, and I saw clearly that they would never weigh with her an atom in the disposal of her heart. This indeed I might have understood before from the nobility of her character ; but still there remained in my own breast the sense of my deep moral unworthiness, and still did the proud wish cling to my independent spirit to be able to lay riches at the feet of the woman I loved ; yet in spite of all, it was impossible to restrain the impetuosity of my rebellious soul, and at length I confessed in few words, the feelings which I had hitherto striven to conceal.

It is needless to particularise ; suffice it to say that from that hour was to be dated the true happiness of my existence, since I soon read in the ingenuous countenance of my companion that my affection was not utterly despised.

I cannot describe to you the joy and surprise of this discovery, for a surprise indeed it was, that one who had refused so many, should bestow her heart on an individual as completely undeserving as myself; but I found, though not until long afterwards, that singularly enough, on her first introduction to our family, she had been peculiarly interested in me.

Although quite a child at the time, and sensible that I paid but little attention to her amusement, she imputed it all to my love of study, and from the poetry of her own imagination, invested me with virtues, which alas, I never possessed!—so that, whilst in the eyes of common observers, she appeared to reserve all her partiality for my brother, yet it seems at that very period, a word or a smile from me had power to produce a wonderful effect on her heart. On the memorable day that I left home for college, she was deeply though secretly depressed, the pencil-case which I then gave her, had been treasured with the care of a miser ever since, and the artless prayer, which I had requested her to offer on my behalf, had been frequently presented before the foot-stool of Omnipotence. That prayer she had fondly hoped would be at length answered, and though she had never until lately had an opportunity of again seeing me, yet my image had been associated with the brightest recollections of her heart. Aware of my father's desire for our union, she had yet almost

dreaded my acquiescence with such a wish, at a time when I could know so little of her ; she had ever cherished the most refined views of such an engagement, and felt that she should have despised my advances, if they had not been the result of genuine affection. Through some hints almost involuntarily dropped, she had suspected, to her great mortification, that my father had written for my return on her account ; and distressed lest I should imagine that she was a party to the whole affair, in the flush of wounded delicacy and pride, she had determined, in the event of my arrival, to behave towards me with the greatest indifference. Besides all this indeed, she had been tempted to fear that I was then leading a gay and dissipated life, and she was consequently quite decided as to the manner in which she ought to act, however powerfully her heart might plead in my behalf. The silence of my parents for some time with regard to my return, convinced her that I could feel no inclination to do so, and on learning from some accidental remarks on the subject, my views respecting such engagements, she felt the predilection of her childhood confirmed, and secretly rejoiced in the development of sentiments which she loved. 'He is as noble as I thought he was !' she mentally exclaimed in her fond partiality, 'he will yet be rendered a useful and happy character.'

When the prayers which she had daily presen-

ted for my deliverance from the thraldom of error, seemed on my return so mercifully answered, she had with difficulty concealed the delight that overflowed her breast.

I have now well-nigh reached the conclusion of my narrative, which must indeed have appeared wearisome; the few circumstances that remain may be very briefly related.

It will be easily believed that my indulgent mother shared largely in our mutual happiness, and in the prospect of our future union, seemed to behold the fulfilment of her dearest wishes. At the expiration of the time allotted me, I was obliged to quit the maternal roof, but under the most grateful sense of my own enviable situation and expectations. The marriage of my brother to his intended, took place a few months afterwards, and as he then took a house in the neighbouring town, Amy, having already paid a visit to her other friends, consented to reside entirely with my mother. At the celebration of the nuptials to which I have just alluded, I spent two or three days of refined enjoyment at home; and indeed, I was enabled even beyond my expectation, to pay frequent though transient visits to this beloved retreat, and thus to be refreshed by the society of Amy and my nearest kindred. At each of these meetings, however, the declining health of my affectionate parent became more and more decidedly visible; change of air and various

means were resorted to, but without success, and it soon appeared evident that she was hastening to the consummation of her faith and hope in a better world.

Peaceful and happy was her exit at last from this lower scene, and this event which happened a few months after my brother's marriage, as well as her previous illness, prevented the solemnization of my union with Amy, as soon as it would otherwise have taken place, though my considerate parent entreated before her departure that the delay might be a very brief one, feeling that my happiness was deeply concerned in the speedy conclusion of the affair.

'Here it were better for me to pause,' said Mandeville, looking around on his auditors, whilst his beaming eye shewed that he had a well-spring of sacred remembrances within his soul, 'here it were better for me to pause, since how can I describe the blessings which I enjoyed in that union? yet I would fain, as I promised at the commencement, reveal the extent of my bereavement, by describing more perfectly the character of the departed, lest you should deem me extravagant and romantic in my attachment to the memory of my wife. Hallowed and tender as is that name and relation in itself, there was something which rendered it still more so in my own case, when I thought how much Amy had forgiven in my past life; and though she looked up to me

as her protector and guide, with the sweet confiding simplicity and fondness of a child, she was in fact the counsellor and friend of my soul. When returning at the close of my daily engagements to the home which contained my best earthly treasure, and which was delightfully situated in the suburbs of the metropolis, how did my heart beat joyfully at the anticipated welcome I should meet ! for *there* were bright eyes that reserved their kindest beamings for me, and *there* was a heart that offered up its warmest prayers for my welfare.

Blame me not too severely, if my pulse fluttered with an emotion of pride and probably of vanity, when I looked on the fair form of this beloved one, and saw her like some ministering angel, engaged in dispensing to others the benefits with which we were so liberally endowed ; active in promoting every plan of christian benevolence and mercy in the world ; even at the very moment I would check myself, and raise to heaven a secret thanksgiving for this precious boon so unexpectedly bestowed. Did my heart glow at the pure lustre of intelligence which brightened in her eye? and did it not kindle into a warmer flame at the practical and elevated character of her piety ? Oh yes, I seemed to feel that in being united to a spirit so meek, so devotional, so heavenly, I possessed a greater interest in the divine regards, and whilst I considered her as the special messenger

of mercy, I thought that by enthroning her in my affections, I was but testifying my gratitude unto Him who had sent her to be my spiritual guardian and friend.

Yet soon was I to be taught my error, and effectually though painfully convinced, that there is a danger, even whilst acknowledging the *Giver*, of dwelling with too much idolatry on the *gift*. Consumption, that relentless and insidious enemy to domestic happiness, stole into our mansion, and almost before I was aware of the fatal character of the wound inflicted on the vitals of my uncomplaining invalid, the work of desolation seemed completed, and the dove took its flight from the home which it had so loved to bless!

‘And shall we regret that happy flight, my dearest friend?’ said Mr. Graham feelingly, as Mandeville faltered out the concluding sentence, ‘did it not point even in its progress, to the blissful clime of its destination?’

‘Ah yes, it was in truth celestial and triumphant, and if my own Amy wept at the idea of her departure, it was because she was to leave her dearest earthly friend behind her.’

Little Willy, who had been in the room during the last quarter of an hour, and who had been listening most attentively, with his eyes fixed on the narrator’s countenance, here exclaimed with simple anguish, ‘Oh, and did the lady really die, sir? How I wish she had not died!’ then bursting

into tears, he hid his face in Emily's lap ; Miss Durnford bent down and stroked the fair hair of the child, and as she did so, strove to conceal her own emotion, which did not however escape the observation of Mandeville, whose eye beamed with gratitude as he regarded the interesting pair ; but who, immediately arousing himself, looked around on the company, and said with a faint smile, 'It is time for me to have done ; my narrative has only served to becloud this happy domestic scene.'

'Say not so,' observed Mr. Graham, 'I can only thank you in my own name, and in that of my little family, for the interest and instruction it has afforded.'

'I am already too amply rewarded,' returned Mandeville, 'by the sympathy that has been so kindly bestowed ; indeed I can never be sufficiently grateful for the courtesy and friendship displayed, from the first, towards a mere stranger.'

'Perhaps we imagined that the gain would be on our own side,' rejoined Mr. Graham with a smile, 'at least we seemed to become familiar with some features of your character at once ; do you not think that there are individuals in the world with whom we may very speedily feel ourselves at ease ?'

'I do, most certainly,' replied his guest, 'for gloomy and reserved as I have been since my

bereavement, I feel myself in this house completely at home, as much so, even, as if I were in that of my brother.'

'Ah, your brother's sympathy must have been truly valuable in the hour of your trial?' observed Mr. G.—

'It was indeed,' resumed Mandeville, 'and both himself and his amiable partner would fain have prevailed on me to take up my residence with them altogether, but neither their society, nor that of my excellent friend, Mr. Clement, had power to dissipate the gloom in which those beloved haunts were involved, that recalled so forcibly the image of my buried happiness. My feelings were the same with regard to the Metropolis and its neighbourhood, for, notwithstanding, that there were individuals there with whom I had enjoyed the most familiar friendship, christians both *in* and *out* of the Establishment, whose minds were free from the bigotry of sect or party, and with whom I had been linked in delightful fellowship, yet I fled from scenes which had been so sweetly consecrated, resigning my situation at once, although in direct opposition to the advice of many around me, who believed that its duties would have tended to divert my mind from its regrets.'

'It did indeed seem a pity,' observed Mr. G. 'you would have found nothing so beneficial as occupation.'

‘It might have been so,’ replied Mandeville, ‘but my heart revolted from any connection with worldly pursuits or calculations, and so careless did I feel as to the future, that had I been reduced from comparative wealth to actual beggary, I should have manifested no emotion at the change ; yet there were spirits mean enough to imagine, that my pungent grief was occasioned chiefly by the mere loss of property attendant on the death of my wife.’

‘Ah, we are ever liable to be misunderstood by the world,’ said his friend, ‘but it was true, then, that you sustained a loss of this nature ?’

‘It was so, my dear sir, since the fortune of my beloved Amy, with the exception of a small portion of it, succeeded by her aunt’s will to a very distant relative ; but this circumstance, though it caused my wife some anxiety, was a matter of perfect indifference to myself ; indeed, (thanks to a kind providence,) I had quite enough left to supply my own necessities, without being compelled to mingle again with the world.’

‘It had been well in one sense, I still think,’ said Mr. G. with a smile, ‘if the obligation had been imposed on you.’

‘Oh my dear friend,’ rejoined Mandeville, ‘I felt it a privilege to be able to retire, when I pleased, to romantic and secluded spots, such for instance, as our present place of abode, where I have occasionally spent a month or two in solitary

enjoyment ; though after all, I am formed for domestic intercourse, and am deeply sensible of the value of that with which I have been so unexpectedly favored, during my present visit.'

Mr. Graham bowed, and Mrs. Montague, who with Emily, still appeared occupied with the idea of the departed Amy, asked, in a tone which seemed fearful of recurring to a bereavement in which she could herself, from her own loss, so deeply sympathize, 'how long the society of one thus beloved had been continued to him?'

'Scarcely had we been united two years,' replied their guest mournfully, 'when she faded away as a flower on a summer-noon.'

'That flower blooms, now, however,' said Mr. Graham, 'in perfect and never-withering beauty!'

Mandeville grasped his hand, whilst an expression of radiant pleasure overspread his countenance, 'How full of transport is the hope of the Christian!' he exclaimed, 'what can we render unto Him through whose mercy it is imparted! surely we must confess in the beautiful language of the poet,—

"Then sorrow, touched by Thee, grows bright
With more than rapture's ray,
As darkness shews us worlds of light,
We never saw by day."

CHAPTER VII.

FOR some minutes after the departure of their guest, Mr. Graham and his family remained unusually silent, occupied, as it should seem, with the relation which they had just heard: two evenings had passed rapidly away since the story had commenced, but this interruption we have not noticed, neither have we recorded, for the sake of brevity, the numerous digressions occasioned by the passing remarks and reflections of the little auditory.

Emily was so completely possessed with the picture which Mandeville had drawn of his past felicity, that she wept over it again and again, and when she retired to rest, slept only to dream of Amy, and of the hallowed influence which she had been permitted to exert over the mind of one, who had once been so erring and infatuated.

The next morning, however, brought other subjects to claim a share in her attention ; Mr. Graham, who had been thinking of leaving the neighbourhood very shortly, was now unexpectedly hastened, by the receipt of letters of business from a correspondent at home, requiring his speedy attention. Desirous of spending a few days with his relatives on his way, he expressed a wish that arrangements might be made, for quitting their present abode with as little delay as possible. Mrs. Montague heard his determination with no little regret, for she had become quite attached to their romantic solitude, but the countenance of Emily was expressive of still greater chagrin. "Why Emily, my child," said her uncle, "you look as though you were completely wedded to woods and waterfalls, and were bent on abjuring for ever the world with all its busy scenes."

"I have indeed no wish to return to it," said his niece, with a faint smile, "but we must submit I suppose, to necessity."

As Mr. G. fixed on remaining only two or three days longer, he went immediately to seek his friend, Mr. Mandeville, that he might inform him of the fact, for he admired his character most sincerely, and he was anxious to secure as much of his society as possible, before he was entirely removed from it. The communication which he expected would be received with some regret, excited however, much more emotion than

he had anticipated. Mandeville turned pale, "Such," he exclaimed, "are the friendships of this world, tending only to separation !"

"Such are they indeed," said Mr. G. "but we must not forget how pleasant it is for friends to meet again after having been thus severed ; you must do me the favor to pay me a visit at my residence in — shire."

"Thank you," he replied, "in such a case the favor would be altogether conferred on myself, for I must ever cherish with grateful delight, the remembrance of the hours which I have so pleasantly spent in the bosom of your interesting family ; I shall not long remain here behind you ; my brother is indeed half inclined to scold, that I have lingered as long as I have done."

Linton and its neighbourhood were, in truth, at this time, well nigh depopulated of the numerous visitors who had resorted thither during the summer. It was now October, the cold weather seemed already to have commenced, and a few wet days had given to the scenery somewhat of a winterish appearance. Yet Emily still found new charms, and was delighted to mark the features of the declining season, amidst haunts at once so wild and beautiful. With feelings of melancholy pleasure did she accompany her uncle and Mrs. Montague, on the day preceding her departure, in revisiting the spots which they had most loved, and bidding them farewell. One of their last

visits, towards evening, was paid to Mr. Herries's grounds: Mr. Mandeville, who was engaged to take tea with them, was also one of the party, and little Willy, who gambolled sportively by their side, seemed as much excited by the view of nature's lonely beauties, as themselves.

"Oh look at the water now," said the delighted child, as they paused on approaching the waterfalls, "only see, grandpapa, how it pours down!"

"Yes indeed," said Mr. G. "the torrent swollen by the recent rain, presents a most magnificent appearance."

"I never saw it so fine," exclaimed Emily, leaning over the bridge; "I would not have missed visiting this charming spot once again for a great deal!"

"I think it was on this spot I first had the pleasure of meeting you," observed Mandeville to Emily, as they afterwards proceeded in their walk.

"I believe,—yes,—I did see you here first," replied Miss Durnford, in a stammering and confused tone, fearing lest he might have overheard any part of her conversation, at the time, with her little charge.

"And you thought me, no doubt, if you glanced at me at all, a gloomy and morose being?" he resumed.

"No indeed, I did not imagine you morose, but I certainly considered that you had sustained

some heavy affliction, and I felt a secret anxiety to know whether you were the subject of Christian hope and consolation."

"And *were* you thus concerned?" exclaimed Mandeville with feeling, "I would thank you, but I know not how, for the interest which you have so frequently appeared to take in the sorrows of a comparative stranger."

"How would it have been possible for any one to have felt indifferent," she replied blushing, "whilst conscious of the deep wound that had been inflicted on the happiness of another?"

"I was ungrateful, the other morning, Miss Durnford;" he continued: "in my regret on learning the anticipated departure of my friends, I was too forgetful of my obligations to Heaven, for having granted me so long the privilege of their society—the remembrance will however abide with me when again I feel lonely and deserted."

"But why should you *ever* feel deserted?" asked Emily, with a tone and look of evident solicitude:—independently of superior consolations you have also kind relatives and christian friends; and are there any amongst them who could refuse you their warmest sympathy?"

"I am an ingrate, I confess it," replied Mandeville with a sad smile; "I have in truth many valued friends, and many more I might have had even of late, whom I fear I have repulsed by my

apparent reserve and coldness—I shrink from their kindness—yet with every branch of *your family* I have felt perfectly at home.”

“Oh why will you not go with us, Sir?” exclaimed little Willy, who had at that moment joined them, and clung with innocent fondness around Mr. Mandeville’s arm. “I shall *want* you, I shall *wish* for you every day!” “And you promise not to forget me, Willy?” said Mandeville, stooping to embrace the interesting child, “you will think of me, you say, very often?”

“Yes indeed, will not *you*, Cousin Emily?” said the boy, warmly returning the caress.—Mandeville’s fine eyes glistened at this artless question, but he glanced not at Emily, and Mr. Graham, who had been a little in the advance with his daughter, here turning round, and addressing some remark to his friend, a seasonable interruption was afforded to the progress of the conversation.

On the ensuing day the little party were to be seen on their homeward route, having bidden adieu to the rocks, cascades and woodlands, of this romantic neighbourhood, and to the interesting friend who had given them super-added charms. An expression of gloom seemed to pervade the countenance of each, as the wheels of the carriage rolled heavily along, and they were gradually losing the view which had so delighted them, when a few months since, it had burst upon

some of them for the first time. Little Willy, whose head was thrust out at the window to catch a last glimpse, exclaimed with the fervor of childhood, "Farewell dear Linton, and *dear, dear* Mr. Mandeville!" Mrs. Montague looked fondly at her affectionate boy, and the sight of his rosy cheek and animated countenance, banished in a moment every cloud from her brow, for she recollected how anxiously she had been anticipating the future, when she last travelled that way, and how mercifully her prayers had been answered—what could she render unto God but the most lively and heart-felt gratitude?

"Mr. Mandeville will come and visit us one day, will he not, Cousin Emily?" continued the little one.—"I do not know, dear, perhaps he may:" replied Miss Durnford, kissing his fair brow, and striving to appear indifferent to the question, though perhaps the most interested of the party.

"Will he not, Grandpapa?" resumed the persevering little querist—"I hope so, my boy," returned Mr. Graham, "for there is no one whom I should be more happy to receive."

On arriving at the house of their relatives, they were hailed with sincere pleasure, nor would the family hear of their departure in less than a fortnight, though Mr. G. scarcely knew how to postpone his journey so long.

His consent however was at length obtained,

on condition that his sister-in-law, and one of her daughters, would engage to accompany them on their return home; and this having been arranged, he wrote an explanatory letter to his correspondent accordingly.

Scarcely four days had elapsed since their departure from Linton, when a letter-parcel was delivered into the hands of Emily, on bursting the seal of which, she betrayed no little tremor and confusion, increased by the arch looks of her cousins, who were present at the moment she received it.

To avoid their pleasantry whilst she examined her packet, she ran hastily to her apartment, and throwing herself breathlessly into a chair, drew from it two letters, one of which was addressed to herself, and was penned to her astonishment as follows :--

“ Will Miss Durnford forgive my presumption in thus addressing her, when she recollects that I have been privileged to sit amidst the family circle of which she forms a part ;—that I have been permitted to hold converse with her on themes of sacred import, and that even before she knew the real nature of my sorrows, she was touched with involuntary sympathy? As a friend then—and I hope as a *Christian* friend, surely I may be allowed to repeat my sense of obligation, and to declare, less incoherently than I have hitherto done, the refreshing influence of such

kindness upon my soul. I can almost imagine that I see Miss Durnford start at this passage, and feel anxious to assure me that she would have sympathized equally with *any* mourner under similar affliction. Well, if it *be* so, and I am only one amidst a multitude, still, even then, must I acknowledge myself deeply indebted for the smallest share in a heart so benevolent. If I were to say that in her society, I ever found something which responded sweetly to my own thoughts and desires, she might perhaps justly accuse me of vanity, but I would remind her, as a plea in my defence, that I can enjoy that excellence which I do not profess to realize in my own character, and that after having been once blest with a lovely and amiable companion, I could not fail to be delighted in the presence of one who strangely and closely resembles her.

Yes, Miss Durnford, it is not in *person* so much, as in *manner*, in *mind*, that I trace the lineaments of my departed Amy; and sometimes, after having heard you breathe a sentiment which has seemed perfectly in accordance with her well-remembered feelings, I have involuntarily looked up for the confiding smile, which was ever wont to accompany such a speech—it is then that I have again been reminded of my loneliness—my widowhood—it is true, a smile has perhaps illumined the countenance of the speaker—but was it lighted up for *me*? how could I entertain such a chimera!

Once and again have I asked myself the question, can the heart of the youthful and gifted Emily find aught that is valuable in the affection of a being who has already vowed and been bereaved? and something within has answered, 'No'—

Yet will my gentle friend utterly discard me, if I say that a gleam of sunshine has at times streamed across my path, and I have ventured to imagine that smitten and desolate as I have been, she would not disdain the warm throbbings of a still susceptible heart, but would feel towards me all that my Amy once felt, whose spirit methinks would look down from its celestial home and bless her! And now I have confessed all—believe me, I have done so with trepidation—my former happiness must be the excuse for my presumption; six gloomy years have I passed since my bereavement, and now a kindred spirit to that of my lost wife, revives as it were her excellencies before my eyes. But I dare not hope—how can I deem it possible that Miss Durnford, who might at this moment command so many in some degree deserving of her regard, would ever unite her destiny with one whose qualifications, pursuits, and income, are so far unworthy of her? I despond whilst I reason—I have however revealed to you my heart. Inclosed is a letter for your respected and valued uncle, explaining the whole secret of my aspiration—let him not despise me on account

of it, or say that I have abused his kindness. He is indeed a counsellor and friend on whose wisdom and experience you may rely—should he frown on my presumption, tell me of it, and I am silent, or if Miss Durnford, herself, feel astonished and displeased at this epistle, will she at once commit both communications to the flames, and merely condescend to assure the writer, that he has at least obtained forgiveness, and that she will still continue to sympathize with him as a mourner and a friend?

On this occasion, however, will she not allow me to subscribe myself her sincere and fondly-attached

“MANDEVILLE.”

Emily's eyes grew dizzy, and her thoughts became strangely bewildered, whilst she perused and re-perused this unexpected letter; ere its arrival, the idea that she was esteemed and remembered by Mandeville had afforded her indescribable pleasure, for she regarded his character with the enthusiasm natural to her disposition; but she had never dared to believe herself the object of a warmer attachment, and now the assurance of it from himself, made her whole frame tremulous with emotion. How should she deliver to her uncle the accompanying letter, aware as she was of its character and import?

It was indeed some time before she could

summon courage to allow Mrs. Montague to present it to him, and when this was done, she endeavoured to avoid his enquiries, by shutting herself up in her own apartment. Apprehensive every moment lest she should be summoned into his presence, she knew not how to engage in any occupation or amusement, but felt restless and agitated. Tea, however, was announced before any thing was required of her, and when seated at the social board, she placed herself as well as she could to avoid the penetrating glance of her revered relative.

Scarcely had the meal concluded, when her aunt, cousins and herself, rose to adjourn for some particular purpose to the library—Mrs. Montague was about to follow them, when Mr. Graham gently detaining her, and requesting Emily also to return for a moment, drew from his pocket the letter in question—“Emily, my child,” said he, “I suppose you are aware of the purport of this epistle, and are no doubt equally surprised at it as myself!”

“I was indeed perfectly astonished,” faltered Emily, blushing deeply as she spoke—

“I should never have dreamed of such a circumstance,” continued Mr. G. handing the letter to his daughter, who ran her eyes over the contents; “I should never certainly have dreamed of it :” he repeated in a musing tone.

“Should you not, sir?” exclaimed Mrs.

Montague, laughing, "*you* who are generally so quick-sighted? I am really surprised at your want of discernment—I have imagined as much for some time."

"Then I wish you had given me a hint of your suspicions" replied Mr. Graham gravely, "since I should not have courted his society with such diligence, or given him such an unlimited invitation, had I not considered him as one who had become insensible in a great measure, through affliction, to the attractions of female society—I regarded him only in the light of a sorrowing friend."

"But you admire his character exceedingly, do you not, Sir?" resumed Mrs. M. "you feel the most intense interest in his well-being; why then—" "That is very true, child" said Mr. Graham, interrupting her, "and as a consequence, I regret that his sorrow should be increased by renewed disappointment—for how should one, young and enthusiastic as Emily, feel happy in uniting herself with an individual, whose affections have been already so scathed and blighted? Speak, Emmy, you would never be content with a widowed and bereaved heart?"

Emily, who had become deadly pale at the commencement of this speech, now felt her cheek glow with deepening colour, as she said with visible emotion, "I would rather possess the affection of a heart like that of Mandeville, be-

reaved though it *may* have been, than listen to the warmest protestations of attachment and devotedness from any other being in the world!" From the impulse of her feelings at the moment, she had spoken this with considerable animation, but no sooner had she uttered it, than she appeared almost unable to sustain herself, and caught hold of the sofa for support.—"Sit down child," said Mr. Graham kindly, "and do not agitate yourself thus—I confess that you surprise me by what you have just said, for though I knew that Mr. Mandeville's character and society had afforded you, with ourselves, great pleasure, yet I certainly did not imagine from the well-known romance of your disposition, that you would ever have been satisfied with anything short of the first ardour of youthful admiration, which young people are wont to denominate *true love*, though it is too often its mere shadow."

"Oh sir," rejoined Mrs. Montague, casting an encouraging look at Miss Durnford, "Emily would not, I am sure, place any value on the glow of transitory feeling, she prizes that which is of a deeper and more genuine character."

"And *I* do not mean to deny," replied Mr. Graham, that the affection which Mandeville avows, is eminently of the latter description; yet still, notwithstanding that, I should not feel myself justified in sending him the reply he wishes."

Emily trembled, and bent her eyes on the

ground. Mr. G. continued, directing his attention towards her,—“You, my dear child, are fascinated by the tenderness and sensibility of his soul, but you must recollect that in a companion for life, a female should also regard mental energy and vigour, since such qualifications are most requisite in one who must assume to himself the character of her future protector and guide :—now Mandeville, though possessed of so much excellence, has not been able to bear affliction, he has appeared to sink under it—to shun society—to flee from useful occupation—and after giving a loose to his inclination so long, he will still feel attached to habits which are become familiar to him :—unable to rouse him as you might desire, you would become at times anxious and depressed—it would be a source of unhappiness to you ; think you not so ?”

“I have been already candid, my dear uncle,” replied Emily, still agitated, “I will continue to be so, and acknowledge that in endeavouring to soothe the sorrow of such a breast, I should be happier than I ever dared anticipate in days of my brightest expectation !”

“Besides,” added Mrs. Montague, “he would no longer be unhappy, when cheered by the society of a beloved companion ; and would it not be a privilege conferred on her, to be employed as the means of restoring such an individual to the duties and enjoyments of life ?”

“I grant that such a restoration is devoutly to be wished,” replied Mr. G. “but I cannot consent to risk Emily’s future peace on it—when her mother at her death, confided her to my protection, she earnestly conjured me, that if ever her child lived long enough to form an alliance with any one, I would preserve her, if possible, from being influenced by passion unaccompanied by judgment; my poor sister had reason enough for this caution, from a retrospection of her own history. And then, again, we must remember, that Emily has no fortune, and though Mr. Mandeville is perfectly aware of this, from what I once said, quite accidentally, with respect to her; and though he imagines that he shall be able to procure a situation consonant to his wishes, in the event of my approval being granted; yet I do not think it altogether prudent to calculate on uncertainties, and it is sufficiently evident that neither of them would be fitted to endure the hardships and privations of life, accustomed as they have ever been, to its comforts and delicacies. Mandeville, indeed, says all that he *can* say and generously offers to exert his powers and faculties in any way to render her independent and happy, but this I know would be an effort, and a great one, whatever he may think of it, to a man who, of late, has only had to study his own dispositions and desires.”

“But why should you doubt his readiness to

perform what he promises, my dear father?" said Mrs. Montague, "if he determines, he surely—"

"Nay, I do not doubt his sincerity for a moment, but he has not fully estimated the difficulty of the task—and such considerations ought to have their weight, since, though mere worldly advantage is a contemptible idea in marriage, yet we ought not to run into straits with heedless and blameable avidity—Emily, will you promise me one thing, to be governed by my advice in this affair?"

"I ought not certainly, sir, to do anything contrary to it," replied his niece, "neither, I am sure, would Mr. Mandeville seek to oppose the wishes of one whom he so much esteems and values—I know it is my duty to sacrifice *much, very much* to your"—

"But *this* sacrifice is almost *too* great, is it not, Emmy?—recollect, however, that on one occasion when your views could not coincide with mine, you half-promised me, that though it was impossible for you to enter into the connection which I approved, you would never form another without my consent—was it not so?"

"Well, sir, what would you have me do?—I will acquaint him with your decision at once," faltered Miss Durnford.

"Write to him certainly, my child, and speak with the candour which he deserves; I will write to him also, and explain my views, and

I trust you will perceive that the only motive which actuates me, is an earnest desire for your happiness."

"I cannot doubt it for a moment," faintly articulated his niece, though she felt as she uttered the words, that all her fairy prospects had vanished into desolation. She could not however say more, but returning the kind pressure of her uncle's hand, left the room immediately, whilst Mrs. Montague remained behind in conversation with her father. Emily had however one solace, and it was no small one, the conviction that she possessed Mandeville's highest esteem and regard; this supported her whilst she wrote a candid avowal of her feelings, and of Mr. Graham's decision, a letter from whom was also inclosed in the same parcel.

After this she cared not how soon she quitted Devonshire, as her spirits were unequal to the gaiety of a large family. Mandeville had intimated that it was his intention to proceed immediately from Ilfracombe to Bristol by water, if not permitted to wait on her, so that ere their departure, he would be most probably on his way thither.

Accompanied by their two relatives, Mr. Graham and his family at length proceeded onward, and Emily exerted her utmost power to appear cheerful on the journey, but the idea that the sensitive soul of Mandeville had been subjected to pain on her account, would ever and anon

present itself to her mind, and involve her in gloom and dejection.

On their arrival at home, Mrs. Montague flattered herself that Miss Durnford would be in some measure diverted from the subject which engrossed her, by the desire of seeking amusement for their visitors.

Emily was indeed anxious to avoid casting a shade over their pleasures, and was peculiarly grateful for the attention displayed by all towards herself; but still she could not entirely disguise her feelings, she was no longer buoyant and light-hearted, there was a secret worm gnawing at the root of her enjoyment, and her very smiles betrayed her unhappiness.

Mr. Graham observed with pain the change in his beloved niece; from motives both of prudence and affection he had stopped, as it were, every avenue to the encouragement of hope, lest she should cherish it to her own disappointment, but in the letter which he had addressed to Mandeville, after having witnessed the strength of her predilection for him, he had rather stated his objections, and reasoned on their force and consistency, than absolutely denied his consent; concluding by remarking, that until he had proved that he was restored in some degree to his former energy, he should not think himself at liberty to sanction the engagement. Mandeville had returned no answer to this epistle,

therefore Mr. G. had said nothing more on the subject to his niece, though he felt exceedingly uneasy respecting her, when he saw the effect produced on her health by mental anxiety and disappointment.

It was just two months after their return from their visit into Devonshire, their friends not having yet left them, when a letter was put into Mr. Graham's hand, which, on glancing at the superscription, he proceeded to open with no little eagerness and satisfaction, perceiving that it had been penned by his valued and esteemed friend, Mr. Mandeville. He had not read far, when he became aware that the writer had been anything but idle since he last addressed him—secure of Emily's affection, and by no means rendered destitute of hope by what Mr. G. had communicated, he had lost no time in proving himself still capable of exertion, and without much difficulty, through his former connections and engagements, had succeeded in obtaining a situation, which though not precisely the same as the one which he had previously filled, was not inferior to it in respectability or emolument. He was now just preparing to enter upon its duties, to the no small delight of his friends, who hailed with sincere gratitude his restoration to society and to himself, and were impatient to behold the lady whom they shrewdly imagined he had found, and who should be considered worthy to sustain

the place of his lost and lamented wife.

Determined to refrain from writing whilst any uncertainty remained as to his future worldly prospects, Mandeville hastened immediately to do so, when every obstacle of that kind was removed, and now pleaded earnestly with Mr. Graham, for permission either to visit or to write to his niece as soon as possible.

The latter gentleman, having read the letter, put it aside without saying a word to any one, but prepared to set out the next morning for the metropolis, where he had business to transact, and where he intended to surprise Mandeville by an unexpected visit. It is unnecessary to describe the high gratification which this meeting afforded his friend, who was now enabled to learn some tidings of Miss Durnford, and to receive from Mr. Graham's own lips a cheerful assent to his wishes. Having expedited the business which in part brought him to town, Mr. G. was anxious to quit as soon as possible, and urged Mandeville to return with him for a few days; the invitation was far too pleasing to be resisted, and the latter having arranged his affairs accordingly, the two gentlemen took their seats together on the coach, which rapidly conveyed them from the noise and bustle of the great city.

It was about nine o'clock in the evening, when a ring at the door announced the arrival of Mr. Graham to his little family, who were just then

in expectation of his return according to previous appointment. Little Willy, who had prevailed on his mamma to allow him to stay up later than usual, flew out of the room to welcome his grand-papa, but ran quickly back again, when he caught a glimpse of a strange gentleman, as he thought, with him. Mrs. Montague, who had been in the act of following him, paused at this intelligence, and turned an enquiring eye to Emily, (who had half-started from the sofa where she had been reclining, having suffered from indisposition the whole of the day,) expressing at the same time her curiosity to know who the stranger might be, since they were not in expectation of any visitor in particular. Emily, however, was equally at a loss to imagine, whilst her aunt, who was sitting beside her, suddenly exclaimed with delight, "Who knows? perhaps it may be my son, perhaps it may be George! Willy did not stay long enough to see *who* it was."

Scarcely had she finished this speech, when Mr. Graham entered the room alone, and having returned their salutations, informed them that he had brought a visitor with him, who was now in the adjoining parlour, but whom he would quickly introduce. "Who is it sir?"—"Who is it, dear uncle?" asked one or two voices at once. "Nay, and are you not ingenious enough to guess?" said Mr. Graham,—"why Emmy, the roses have sadly faded from your cheeks since I have been away

what must we do to recover them?" Emily smiled. "Is it Alfred Witherington whom you have brought with you?" asked Mrs. Montague. "No, it is surely my dear boy?" said her aunt. "No, no, I know who it is," cried little Willy exultingly, "it is Mr. Mandeville! Is it not, grandpapa?"

"And what makes you think of Mr. Mandeville, urchin?" said Mr. Graham, laughing.—Emily coloured deeply at the sound of that well-known name; there was something in her uncle's manner which made her almost, for a moment, imagine that the child was correct in his supposition, yet again it appeared so very improbable, that her cheek once more became pale. Mr. Graham quitted the room for a few seconds, and then re-entered it with his companion, saying as he did so, "I need not apologise for bringing with me an old friend, who, I am sure, will be most cordially welcome to every individual present." Little Willy shouted most joyfully "Mr. Mandeville! Mr. Mandeville!—I said it was Mr. Mandeville! did I not, grandpapa?" and Emily was so completely overcome by astonishment, that she could scarcely reply to the anxious enquiries of the newly-arrived guest, or believe that it was indeed Mandeville who stood beside her.

* * * * *

On a sunny and genial day in the following spring, Miss Duruford was indeed united to the object of her sincere regard, and whilst she turned from the altar, leaning on his arm, she felt happier as the bride of Mandeville, than if she had been allied to one, whose possessions included the most ample extent of territory, whose heart had never known bereavement, and whose eye had never shed a tear.

"Now then, Emmy," said Mr. Graham, shortly afterwards, to his blushing niece, "*now*, at least, I hope you have found congeniality of mind, and sympathy of soul and feeling!" This he said with a smile, in allusion to a well-remembered conversation which they had held long before.

Having partaken of some refreshments, the bridal pair, with Mrs. Montague and Willy, set off for a short visit to their friends in Devonshire, and when Emily next beheld the wild scenery of the Lyn, it had lost nothing of its early attraction from the circumstance, that she was now irrevocably linked to the society of the individual, whom she had first learned to value amidst its diversified and solitary beauties!

THE END.

Printed by Brightwell & Son, High Street.

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