



# HAWTHORN. COTTAGE;

OR,

The Two Cupids:

A TALE,

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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BY J. JONES.

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VOL. II.

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*Sic teneros animos aliena opprobria sæpe  
Absterrent vitiis*———Hor. Lib. I. Sat. iv.

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# HAWTHORN COTTAGE:

A Tale,

IN THREE PARTS.

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PART II.

CONTINUED.

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CHAP. IX.

**T**HE term for which the bond had been fictitiously assigned expired that day—the presentation had been made, and the bond returned unpaid.

Under the oppressive dread of its impending consequences did Ellen find her father on her return home—her entrance scarcely obtained his notice—



he raised his eyes—and sunk again into his thoughtful posture.

Ellen naturally construing it to sullen anger, addressed him with as much humility as ever graced a penitent—  
“ Father, you are angry—will you allow me to explain ?”

Mortimer raised his eyes again—

“ Angry, my girl ?—no, Ellen—the spirit of anger is laid, in me, for ever !  
Angry ?—alas !—what can the anger of a wretch like me effect ?”

“ Oh, Sir,” replied Ellen, “ if you would hear me I could ”—

“ You are safe, my child, and I am satisfied—whenever you fail in your duty to me, Ellen, be your ingratitude your punishment ; and trust me, it will never fail, in a breast at all conscious of its nature.”

“ Oh, Sir! you wound me beyond expression—my trespass was involuntary—indeed it was.”

“ No more of this—I do not doubt it—Heaven knows how soon the utmost test of your attachment to me may be required—the storm is gathering, Ellen, that will overwhelm us both.”

“ Sir?—for heaven’s sake what can this mean?”

“ The bond, my child—the bond.”

“ And is that all, Sir?”

“ Is it not enough?”

“ I am glad it is no more—let this instrument of dread no longer trouble you, father—I have had fresh assurances this very day from the Baronet of his sincere interest in our welfare.”

“ Did he mention the bond, my dear?”

“ Why, not expressly, father—but I will tell you all that happened—it may not only remove your uneasiness on that account, but will, I hope, excuse this day’s trespass.”

Ellen then related the occurrences of the day; and dwelling particularly on the decided part the Baronet had taken in her defence from the insult of Sedley, inferred from thence his future protection and support, in any case that might hereafter affect the interests of her father or herself.

Mortimer expected much more from Ellen’s assurances, and argued on the doubtful side of the question with much more truth, though with somewhat less confidence, than Ellen on the other—who preserving as much of woman in the controversy as rendered her posi-

tive, insisted when she could not convince, while, by a peculiar sweetness of persuasion, she gave to mere supposition all the consequence of fact.

Lulled by the flattering arguments of Ellen into a state of presumptive hope, Mortimer retired to rest, and the next morning desired Ellen to inform the Baronet of what had happened, and to request he would, agreeably to his promise, release him from an obligation he was unable to answer.

In full confidence of success, Ellen set out, and arrived at Ashbourne Hall. She was admitted to the Baronet, who, with reason to guess at her business, endeavoured to evade it by expressing his happiness to see her, ringing the bell, ordering wine and cakes, and at the same time asking her if she had

heard any of the new airs, a selection of which he had just received from London, and immediately sat down to play them.

The introduction of a subject so gloomy as that of bond and bondage could not with propriety be made at such a time; and Ellen must have suspended her father's cause at the risk of his liberty, had not the entrance of Sedley, by interrupting the harmony, disconcerted the evasive design of the Baronet.

The familiarity with which Sedley entered the room surprised Ellen, and placed Sir William in a state of embarrassment, which he endeavoured to support by receding from the advances of Sedley—who, taking his cue from the presence of Ellen, put on an air of

humiliation, and declared the purpose of his visit was, to atone for his late conduct, of which he pretended to be both sensible and ashamed ; this apology was followed by a request of five minutes privacy with the Baronet, to communicate a conciliatory proposal, which, from motives of delicacy, he said he must decline making before the lady.

To assist the prompt ingenuity of Sedley, Sir William withdrew (previously requesting Ellen's permission), and so contrived the result of their conference, as not only to maintain the appearance of resentment, but also to afford an indirect answer to the business he guessed had occasioned Ellen's visit that morning.

Accordingly, she had not been left

many minutes before an altercation on the stair-case, made up of epithet and accusation on one side, and protestation and apology on the other, was presented, as the prelude to an explanation to be afterwards given by the Baronet, who, having insisted in an audible voice on Sedley's quitting the house, returned to Ellen with a countenance distorted by assumed indignation.

“The villain!—the scoundrel!—an atonement?—an insult—by heavens, an insult”——

“Sir William?”

“Excuse me, Madam—but reflecting on the behaviour of Sedley, I lose my temper, and forget myself—give up the bond?—cancel the obligation?—Ha! ha! ha! a very honourable atonement indeed.”

“ My father’s bond, Sir William?”

“ Your pardon again, Madam; ’tis a subject not worth your consideration.”

“ Is it, Sir William, the bond my father gave you?”

“ A trifling acknowledgment, Miss Mortimer, which I consented to take in exchange for some pecuniary assistance long ago given and forgotten, in an unwary moment fell into the hands of this man, and which he has now the effrontery to offer as a compensation for the injury intended your person—presumes it in his hands an instrument of ruin to your father, and values it at the price of your pardon.”

“ He shall have it, Sir William,” replied Ellen, eagerly; “ it was the purpose of my visit—the wish of my



heart—to release my poor father from the apprehensions of its consequences.—Oh, Sir William! it is an offer beyond my expectations—permit me to accept it—whatever may have been the design of Captain Sedley, its failure leaves me uninjured—and his confession of shame and sorrow for his conduct would alone entitle him to my forgiveness—but an offer like this, so manly so generous, entitles him to my esteem—let me fly to embrace it—my father’s peace—my father’s life depends on it.”

Ellen was hastening, she knew not whither, after Sedley, when the Baronet caught her hand—

“ Miss Mortimer, a moment’s consideration will induce you to decline it—you certainly misunderstand the nature

of his proposal—in which he either assumes a right that more properly belongs to me, or adds to the former insult by exonerating me at your expense—when I observed to you that this bond fell unwarily into his hands, I should have added by an assignment pledged for a debt due to him from me—to demand which of me is his right, to cancel the obligation of the bond is a satisfaction justly mine.—No, Miss Mortimer, you must give me leave to adjust my difference with Sedley at somewhat less expense than your disgrace.”

“Disgrace? Sir William—what disgrace can attach to me from an attempt which nothing in my conduct either led, or gave sanction, to.”

“Certainly not, Miss Mortimer, cer-

tainly not—but the world, the censorious world would impute connivance, connexion, even consent, upon much less foundation than the acceptance of such a compromise—let me, therefore, intreat you to join me in the deserved contempt of a scoundrel from whom nothing honourable can proceed.”

“ Really, Sir William, I do not clearly understand you—but as it is possible sometimes to derive good from evil, whatever may be Captain Sedley’s motives for such an offer, it would tend directly to my father’s peace, and that, Sir William, is one of the greatest satisfactions that can occur to me—should his views extend beyond the purpose of atonement, the determined integrity of my intentions, I am confident, will be at all times a bar to their effects.”

“Has, then, Miss Mortimer, already forgotten *my* claim to the promotion of her father’s peace—not only by means of the bond, but by every other means in my power?”

“No, Sir William—the very bond itself is connected with an obligation ever to be remembered by us with the utmost gratitude—your goodness has been too effectual ever to be forgotten; and it is only from a reluctance to intrude upon it farther, that I wish to avail us of the Captain’s liberal offer.”

“The Captain’s liberal offer!—you may rely on it, Miss Mortimer, if you mean the liberality of the Captain, it has no existence, but in your own conception—relinquish, therefore, the idea of the Captain’s liberality, and rely on my services, which, I will venture to

say, shall extend as far, and be no less beneficial in their consequences—I shall to-morrow be absent from home—but on my return, if not before, your father's apprehensions respecting the bond shall cease.”

Ellen now took her leave, not a little disappointed by an interference which she considered as having deprived her of the immediate means of restoring her father's peace of mind.

## CHAP. X.



“WELL, my child” said Mortimer, on Ellen’s return, “how have you succeeded?—speak openly, my girl—let me know the worst, for I am prepared to meet it.”

“Father,” replied Ellen, smiling, “you make a mountain of a mole-hill—had you but heard how lightly the Baronet talked of the bond, you would have wondered it could ever have occasioned a serious thought; but you really, father, have acquired such a habit of viewing the dark side of things, that your melancholy has become a perfect mania.”

Mortimer shook his head—"Thou art a thoughtless girl Ellen—the Baronet talked lightly of the bond—it must be talked of seriously somewhere—what said he, Ellen?"

"He desired that you would rely on him, and he would put an end to your apprehensions respecting the bond very shortly and I think, father, this assurance might warrant your laying them aside altogether."

*"Rely on him, and he will put an end to my apprehensions very shortly—why so would a prison—I cannot be satisfied—Did you leave him at home?—I will go myself—I will have no more evasion—the worst must be known before I sleep."*

"Not to-day, father—the dinner is ready—and, besides, he is certainly out

now—for I heard him order his horse to be got ready—I am sure he is not at home now, father—besides, what can he say more?”

“ That is what I wish to know—for he has not yet said enough”—Mortimer mused awhile—then burst into tears!—“ Oh, Ellen—my spirit is broken!—to sue to him who has unjustly suspected the integrity of my conduct, is a degree of humility that stamps me coward—but it is for thee, my child—I will to-morrow, Ellen, go to Mr. Emersly—I will state my case to him—and if a plain tale may remove his mistaken prejudice—he may be a friend to you when I am no more!—Alas, my girl! what mischief has your imprudence brought upon us in the loss of that



gentleman's favour—had you confined your ambition to that honest farmer's son, you might have enjoyed a comfortable competency without the dread of insult from superior rank—but now I fear, my child—I fear”—

“ Oh, Sir, call it not ambition, it was Love alone produced the attachment which you think misplaced, but which the return of Mr. Emersly will convince you is honourable and advantageous.”

“ That it is honourable I believe—the rest I doubt.”

“ You would not, father, if you knew him and his fortune better—his independency is more than enough for our comforts—his expectations are, therefore, indifferent to our wishes—

what then can be wanting to the happiness of my Henry, my father, and myself?"

"These are but golden dreams, Ellen, from which you may one day awake to all the disorder of family feuds and jealousies."

"Well, father, I will not dispute your judgment, but I flatter myself *my hopes* are better founded than *your fears*."

The next morning, the family business being early despatched, Mortimer set out with the earnest prayers of Ellen for success, revolving in his mind the most likely modes of address to give them efficacy.

The anxiety of Ellen was occasioned solely by the predominance of her father's fears, the cause of which she

considered as immaterial in itself, from the assured friendship and protection of the Baronet: her father's errand being, therefore, no otherwise connected with her hopes than as it might restore his tranquility, and tend to reconcile Mr. Emersly to the conduct of her lover and him, she amused herself in forming reasons why her father should be right, and Mr. Emersly wrong, and had brought the whole to this conclusion—that his judgment would be rectified, and his benevolence excited to the happiness of all parties—when the entrance of a stranger roused her from her hopeful reverie to the expectation of some sudden news—a letter with her father's superscription was a novelty that startled her—she took the letter—she looked at the man

—her eyes questioned, while her hands, trembling, exposed the following answer:

“ ELLEN,

“ I have been detained short of my journey’s end, and want your attendance—to where I am, the bearer will conduct you.”

“ Where is my father, Sir?”

“ If you will go with me, Madam, I will show you where he is.”

Ellen guessed the rest.

“ I will attend you, Sir,” said she; then collecting her spirits as well as she could, she accompanied the man to the gaol.

The sight of the prison struck horror to her soul; but the sight of her father within its gloomy walls was more than

she could support—she fell into his arms without sense or motion.

The gaoler seeing the helpless condition of Mortimer, whose agitation was almost as insupportable as Ellen's had been, ran for the assistance of his wife.

The return of the gaoler was but just in time to prevent Mortimer from falling into a similar state of insensibility; his strength exhausted could no longer support him, and he had sunk on the floor with his daughter, when the gaoler's wife, who entered first, and who appeared with real concern in her countenance hastened to his relief, and industriously applied every means of recovery to the unhappy objects of her care—the support of Mortimer was effected with much less trouble than

the recovery of Ellen—she was, therefore at Mortimer's request, taken to the gaoler's apartment, till her strength was so far restored as to render her capable of affording that assistance which his situation required.

So long as Mortimer had the means of purchasing the good-will of the gaoler, he had no doubt of obtaining it; but as he well knew the deficiency of those means must subject him to the mere humanity of a man who, accustomed to the iron offices of a prison, was not likely to possess "the heart of flesh," his mind was employed, during the recovery of Ellen, by a variety of self-suggestions, which were no sooner argued, than relinquished as impracticable.

From this state of despondency he

was sinking to despair, when Ellen, having resumed her utmost fortitude, returned to his support—she ran to him, and with her usual embrace begged him to be comforted.

Mortimer looked at her—“How is that to be effected, Ellen?”

“I have assured the keeper, father, that you are able to purchase any assistance he can afford you while you are here—and to-morrow you will no longer need it.”

“If I live, Ellen, I shall need it as much then as now,—and Heaven knows when it will be otherwise!—I thank thee for thy motives, my child, but my heart is no longer susceptible of thy pious flattery.”

“Flattery, Sir?”

“I am past it, Ellen—Age and cala-

mity have reduced my hopes to a consistency with my circumstances—and to a level with my grave!”

“ Don’t despair, Sir—I will go to Mr. Emersly ;—when he was more friendly with us than he is now, he promised me the price of a *good husband*—I will bring it to his recollection, and ask it as the purchase of a *kind father*!—he will understand me——”

“ It will be all in vain, my child—I would not damp your pious ardour, Ellen—but I fear”——

“ Oh, do not fear, Sir—I will ask it on my knees—I will plead your age—I will tell him your distress——”

“ He will still consider me—as an offender !”

“ Then, Sir, what his humanity may refuse, his religion shall compel him to.”



“Heaven grant it may, my child! its sacred character *should* command—especially in the cause of Mercy!—I have lived to experience its power of consolation—and know that its divine dictates are the best guide to happiness, here or hereafter—but, alas!—their value is seldom understood, but in the school of adversity!”

After a few minutes silence, Ellen observing her father disposed for abstract meditation, provided for him as well as she could, and set out for Elderfield.

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When she arrived, being unknown to the servant, her name was requested, and she was desired to wait in the parlour—she had waited a much longer

time than was necessary for the servant to have returned in—but her mind being intently occupied by a full-length picture of her lover when a boy, it passed unobserved—she gazed, and sighed!—and, for the moment, forgetting the resolution she brought with her, thought the world a wilderness without him.

The bell rang—she started, and, returning to her seat, her eyes glanced upon his name—curiosity tempted—she took up the paper—and read as follows:—

“ SIR,

“ It is with extreme concern I inform you, that Mr. Emersly has endeavoured by flight to escape the justice this country awards in cases of adultery!—my own reputation is in a

great degree involved with his—he has staked them both for the accomplishment of a most shameful object—and what may be the consequence I yet know not—the most active measures are prepared for his apprehension—for report adds, that he has been subsequently implicated in the crime of murder!”——

Ellen had read thus far, when the entrance of Mr. Richardson prevented her proceeding—and in attempting to suppress her feelings, she was overpowered by them, and fell into the arms of that gentleman.

Mr. Emersly had previously informed Mr. Richardson who the person was that waited his answer below, and had requested him to deliver it, in the most unequivocal rejection of any advances

from Mortimer, either by interview, letter, or mediation of any kind.

This mission Mr. Richardson had accepted, not more from a principle of obedience to his patron, than from a humane consideration of the person who was the object of it.—Servants, he well knew, seldom *mitigate* the severity of their master's messages to the unfortunate.

Mr. Richardson had never before seen Ellen, although he had been consulted on the impropriety of his pupil's connexion with her—nor had he any conception of her person, but from her mother's portrait, which young Emersly had shewn him in extenuation of his offence, and for which he now held in his arms the most perfect apology.

So much beauty with such an ad-

verse fortune excited a powerful interest in the breast of Mr. Richardson, whose heart and eyes were open to all that reason and nature could offer in the cause of mutual love; and while his endeavours were exerted for the recovery of life, he could not but reflect on the unhappy consequences of their separation!

When Ellen first recovered, her surprise at finding herself in the arms of a stranger, whom she had never seen before, so confused her recollection, that she was for some time at a loss how to account for her situation—but her eyes again meeting her lover's picture—the letter with its contents!—her father in prison!—and the errand she came on—rushed at once into her mind, and restored her to the full sense of all her

misery!—she hung her head and wept.

Mr. Richardson knew it would be in vain to interrupt the course of grief; and supporting her, with the most kind concern, waited an interval that might afford him an opportunity of knowing the occasion of a visit so unwelcomed and unexpected by Mr. Emersly.

When the violence of her grief had subsided, a sudden sense of impropriety induced her to quit the arms of Mr. Richardson—she drew back, and looked at him, as questioning his business with her.

“ You view me as a stranger, Miss Mortimer; but the name of Richardson may, probably, have occurred in your conversations with young Mr. Emersly as the name of a friend—with this introduction, allow me to inquire your

business with his uncle—who being indisposed, from a circumstance which I perceive you are but too sensible of, has appointed me to hear and answer whatever you may have to say.”

“ Oh, Sir!” replied Ellen, “ you may hear, but cannot answer.—Tell him, Sir, I came to throw myself at his feet in behalf of an aged father, who once enjoyed his favour, and never was in greater need than now.—I had more to say, Sir; but to you, who never knew him, a relation of circumstances would be to little purpose.”

“ Say on, Miss Mortimer.”

“ Oh! tell him, Sir,—my father is in prison, and has no friend!”

“ In prison, Miss Mortimer! how could that happen? Young people with the world before them are apt to specu-

late and venture beyond themselves, but surely the natural circumspection of age would leave little to the provision of a future day—some trifle, perhaps, that the hasty demand of a creditor found unprovided, because unexpected to be so soon asked for—if so, Miss Mortimer, here is my purse; it may possibly contain all the answer you at present require.”

“ Oh, Sir!—this bounty from a stranger?—I cannot—I know not what to say—but”—

“ Miss Mortimer, it is sufficient—I read your gratitude in your countenance, and am conscious the gift is counterbalanced by your generous sense of it—I would advise you to defer your application to Mr. Emersly till he may be more disposed to receive it



—at present, poor gentleman, he is too credulous of what I am more inclined to doubt—the criminality of his nephew.”

“ Oh, Sir!” cried Ellen, the tears flowing afresh, “ can it be possible, that, tutored by you, and in himself restricted by the most perfect sense of honour, he could stoop to infamy by choice?”

“ No, Miss Mortimer, it is not *his inclination*, but the artifice of others may have produced—but still I hope the whole is a misconception—this I can assure you, it will require more circumstantial proof than has been yet received, to confirm his guilt in my opinion.”

Ellen, somewhat comforted by Mr. Richardson’s kindness, took a respect-

ful leave of him, and returned to her father.

She had by the way informed herself of what the purse contained, and found it thirty guineas—this was somewhat, if it afforded her father but a more comfortable confinement—it could not release him.

The news from Spain affected her with the most poignant anguish, and, with the situation of her father, would have brought her to distraction; but the one calamity so balanced the other, that neither was felt but by its alternate preponderance.

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Ellen had left her father confident of success—she returned to him with a disappointment so complete, that it

needed no other expression than her countenance.

“ I see,” said Mortimer, “ that Mr. Emersly is still averse from any accommodation with us, Ellen—and we are now, indeed without a friend!—My situation presents such dreadful prospects to me”—

“ Sir I have found a friend.”

“ Sir William Emersly?”

“ No, Sir—you may have heard his brother mention a Mr. Richardson—I have seen him, and know his worth by the assistance he has afforded you—from a stranger, father, we had nothing to expect, and he has given all—and under circumstances from which he could look for no return—there is his purse, Sir, and the contents of it are at your disposal—it is not enough for *our* pur-

pose—but for *his*—if Heaven ever smiles on deeds of charity—it must on this!”

“Mr. Richardson, child?”—Where was Mr. Emersly?—Could he witness this beneficence, and withhold his own?”

Ellen now stated Mr. Richardson’s advice, to defer their application to Mr. Emersly on account of his indisposition, but omitted any mention of the cause of it.

Mortimer looked at the purse—the tears started in his eyes—he implored Heaven’s blessing on the giver and the gift, and set it aside.

“I have had our Betty here,” said Mortimer.

“Poor girl!” replied Ellen, “anxious to see her master—it would have been more prudent though to have

waited till I returned, as nobody could have been left in care of home.”

“ In care of home !—Alas! she left those behind, Ellen, who would take care enough of home, and all they found there.”

“ Sir?”

Mortimer wiped away his tears—  
“ We have no home, my child—there is an extent on all my property at the suit of Lady Emersly, whose demand will certainly exceed the whole of what the abrupt sale of it can produce—all is gone, Ellen!—This purse you say was sent for my relief—keep it for your own preservation.—You have a turbulent world to struggle with, my girl!—I hoped to have left you better provided for—but Heaven’s will be done!—its ways are beyond our scruti-

ny, and its mercy beyond its justice.—  
This is a cheerless habitation, Ellen,  
for an old man to end his days in!—but  
—I *am* old—and it is of little conse-  
quence—and my mind—my mind,  
Ellen, is very weak.”

“Do you think that I will see you  
long here, father?”

“Ah! that, my child, is all I fear—  
our circumstances must part us, Ellen  
—for you *must* live—and I must lose  
you!”

“And do you *really* understand me  
so Sir?—then surely your mind must  
be already gone—it never could have  
harboured so unkind a thought of me!”

“Sit down, my child, sit down—  
I am sorry to have hurt your feelings—  
I confess it is the only consequence of  
my situation, so far as regards myself,

that I dread—but I could never consider it, Ellen, but as the result of unavoidable necessity.—Don't distress yourself unnecessarily, child,—it was an inconsiderate observation.”

“ I will never leave you, father!—nor will I rest till I have procured your liberty.”

“ Alas, my child !”

“ Ay, father, I will—I know I can” (she laid her arm on his shoulder—her tears still streaming)—“ and then—never fear—I have often heard you say, that there is no state of adversity should be considered hopeless under the eye of an Almighty Providence—the birds of the air have nests—shall we ever want a home?—Come, come, father, cheer up your spirits—I am young, and the world is wide—a little

will do for us—and that little we will have.”

The old man looked at her with an eagerness and admiration expressive of the most acute sensibility—

“ I have read, Ellen, of a Roman, or a Grecian daughter, I forget which—— but were *my* humble story ever to be told, the world might know that Britain is not without its example of *filial Piety.*”



## CHAP. XI.

**A**T this moment a loud and confused noise in the entry, of weeping, protestation, and blasphemy, assailed their ears.

“ My dear,” said Mortimer, “ much as I desire it, I cannot press your stay in such a place as this—return to the cottage.—I do not apprehend there is any thing there that I may now call my own—but your presence may be necessary for a time.”

Ellen turned reluctantly towards the door—which she had scarcely reached when Mortimer called her to him again—

“ You turn your back, Ellen—and

my spirits droop—you leave me in a strange place—and heaven knows, my child—among strange inhabitants.— You have given me strong *assurances*, Ellen, but you reserve to yourself the *means*—or is there, as I fear there is, more of inclination than ability in your promises—or is it that *your* mind, like my own, sinking under its pressure, catches at straws for support !”

“ Father, I confess I have great hopes in the intervention of Sir William—I do think he is our friend—thoughtless I know he is—but then he is young, and we are all thoughtless at times.”

“ Is that our only ground of hope, Ellen?—but why do I ask?—are not all our resources as obvious to my mind as to yours?—With respect to Sir William, child, there can be no doubt that

he is aware of my situation, and he is, therefore, bound to relieve me—but I have long doubted his sincerity, and have too much reason to believe that his conduct has justified my suspicion.—It is true, the bond was my own act and deed—the demand is, therefore, in itself perfectly just—he only stands accountable to me for his repeated assurance that it never should be made—and as I have nothing to ground my request of assistance on, but mere inability to help myself—where can I apply, but where hundreds would have an equal title—there is, indeed, my worthy friend Williams—but I am, alas! too deeply his debtor already.”

“Oh, father, why will you encourage this despondency?—why will you not rely on me?—I know I shall succeed.”

Ellen again took leave of him—and had her hand to the door, when, with a kind of convulsive cry, he again called her—she returned to him—he looked at her—

“ You called me, Sir.”

“ Ay, my child—but it is gone !”

“ I will not leave you, father.”

“ Hey ?—yes, yes, child—I have no right to make *you* a prisoner ..... it is a hard term, Ellen, to be applied to an honest man—for am I not *honest*, Ellen ?”

“ Oh, do not talk so, Sir—rouse from this depressing melancholy — tell me what you had to say—you called me to you, father.”

“ I did, child—but I know not for what—I am a weak old man—don’t mind me—I own there is a charm in

your voice, Ellen, in your words, your looks, and in your confidence (though against all probability), that seems, now, really necessary to my existence.

“Why, Sir, I should not be confident, if I was not sure—Oh, father!—it has just struck my mind—like a flash of lightning—now I see it all perfectly clear.”

“See what, child?”

“‘To-morrow,’” said Sir William, “(that is, you know, to day) ‘I shall be from home—but on my return, if not before, your father’s apprehensions respecting the bond shall cease.’—Now, Sir, what have you to say—you see, poor gentleman, he knows nothing of what has happened.”

Mortimer shook his head.

“Well, father, you really are so sus-

picious—so doubtful—that I can do nothing with you—I do know *more*—I should have told you more—but it created in *me* a kind of disappointment, and I was unwilling to subject you to the same unpleasant sensation.”

“ More, Ellen?—tell me *all*—it is necessary that I should have a perfect view of my situation.”

Ellen then related the pretended offer of Sedley, and the Baronet's objection—and concluded with saying—“ and thus, father, you see, it is, after all, but a kind of hasty business—the mere impulse of resentment on the part of Captain Sedley, for the rejection of his handsome offer—and which, you may depend upon it, the noble nature of Sir William will set right the moment he is apprized of what has happened—

you are to consider, father, they are both gentlemen—and I really know not which we should consider the most noble action—the offer of Captain Sedley to cancel the bond—or Sir William's positive objection to it—in fact, you see, father, the difference is theirs—our part in it is merely accidental—now, is it not as clear as day, both how it has happened, and how it will end?—is it not strange, that this should not have occurred to my recollection before?—but on my honour, it is true, every word of it—why don't you speak, father?—(Ellen burst into tears)—you are really cruel—it must be your wish to distress me—you could not otherwise be so obstinately attached to your unwarrantable doubts and fears—if you had

but witnessed, as I did, the concern of Captain Sedley at having offended me—and his anxiety to make me the noble compensation he offered—and on the part of the Baronet the visible anger of his countenance—(for he could, for some time, scarcely utter a word to me)—you would have been ready to adore them both.”

“ Oh, my child! my child!—you have laid me on the rack!—Sir William is indeed, as you say, a very angel—or he is an infernal fiend!—a deeply-damned devil!”

“ Good heavens, father, what words are these! I never heard such from your mouth before—you surely are not well—and you look at me so!—Oh, heavens!—how he looks!”

The gaoler's wife, who was, at that



instant, passing the door, alarmed by Ellen's exclamation, entered the room, and seeing her shaking the old man violently by the shoulders, inquired the reason—it was a lapse of mind, though but momentary—it returned—he sighed deeply—but could shed no tears—the mind was present, but obdured by a stupor which lasted so long as to alarm them by the dread of a relapse—when, after much intreaty, he was persuaded to lie down and compose himself—and in a short time he sunk into a quiet sleep.

Ellen now asked if she could be accommodated with any means of sleeping there, that night—but as it did not appear practicable, she informed the woman of their unfortunate situation, and endeavoured to conciliate her in-

terest in behalf of her father, during her occasional absence, having first put a guinea into her hand for the supply of present necessaries.—Ellen determined to remain there until he awoke which after three hours rest he did—and greatly refreshed.—He expressed some surprise at seeing her—but at the same time seemed much gratified. Ellen now waved as much as possible every thing that might tend to produce a recurrence of the subject that had so seriously affected his mind—and asked his advice with respect to her future conduct at the cottage.—With much composure, he again told her, that her attendance there must, for a time, be necessary, on account of the officers who were placed in possession.

“ You will soon see, Ellen,” said he, “ by the behaviour of the men, whether you may relax in your observance of them.—I would have you respect their authority—but I would not have you tamely submit to any thing insulting or oppressive.—The laws are just, and not cruel—they are formed for the security of our rights—but in the execution of them will allow of no undue severity.—There were a few trifling things I had to mention, but another time may do as well—the dog—Betty tells me the creature whines about the house, and growls at the men, as though he knew all was not as it should be—don’t let them ill-treat the poor animal.”

“ All this I will strictly attend to, father—and now promise me, that you

will not think of any-thing but how to make yourself most comfortable for the short time you will be here.”

She talked to an absent mind!

“ They say, that as this world recedes, to the eye of faith, the future opens!—but it certainly was a dream.”

“ A dream, father ? ”

“ Ay, child—a glorious one!—I have had a foretaste of eternal blessedness ! ”

“ Oh, Sir, do not talk of dreams—a little while — and all will be well again.”

“ Dreams, Ellen!—why all is well, child—our life is but a dream!—and the more we are troubled and disturbed by it—the sooner we shall awake to a bright and eternal morning ! ”

Ellen turned aside to give vent to her feelings—“ I have given the gentle-

woman of the house money, father, to procure what may be necessary for you until I see you to-morrow—and I think you had better keep the rest in your own possession.” (Mortimer again declined it.) “ Well, father, then I must insist on your discharging from your mind all unpleasant thoughts of your situation—and that you transfer all your cares to me.”

He caught her hand—and the tears flowed—

“ There is one care, Ellen, will never leave me—if the ties of mortality *can* attach us in an immortal state.—But I trust in the providence of Heaven to raise up for you a more able protector—for your kind and constant attention to me, Ellen, I have now no means of compensation or return—be-

yond my blessing!—take it, my child—and may the filial affection of a more fortunate family—repay you!”

Ellen's heart was too full to answer—she kissed him; and having promised to see him in the morning, with better news—left him—and returned to the cottage.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mortimer had all night endeavoured to close his eyes, but in vain—the fever induced by intensely brooding over his misfortunes resisted the balmy power of sleep, and denied its healing influence to his care-worn mind.

The morning came—the faint beams of Aurora gleamed through his narrow lattice—the lowing of the cattle, the song of the early bird, and the sound

of the distant horn, roused him from his abstracted course of thought to the few external objects that surrounded him—four bare walls, an old deal table, and a few broken chairs!—his heart sunk—and but for the expectation of Ellen's return, would shortly have ceased its functions—her care, he knew, would supply his ordinary wants, and her affection the most consoling sympathy—while these ideas soothed his mind, he again closed his eyes, and at length obtained a temporary oblivion of his troubles in refreshing sleep.

It was noon when he awoke—and starting at the brightness of the day, and the busy state of the prison, he arose; and seeing every thing as he left it the night before, inquired of the keeper if his daughter had asked for

him—being answered in the negative, he returned to his apartment, somewhat alarmed at her absence—he sat a few minutes—he got up—walked about the room—thought of breakfast, but had no inclination to eat—in this manner he passed his time till towards evening, when, going for a little air into the yard, he was accosted in the entry to it by a man from behind, who clapping him on the shoulder,—

“ Well, father,” said he, “ what— they have”—(Mortimer turned round) —“ D——t——n !—your pardon, Master Mortimer.”

Roused at the mention of his name, Mortimer viewed more attentively the face of the person who addressed him; and recognised in it that of the man whom he had formerly bailed, and



whose desertion he was now answering at the expense of his liberty.

“Is it you, Kent?” said Mortimer, and turned from him.

“I am sorry to see you here, Master Mortimer.”

“You have reason to be so, Kent.”

“Come, come, neighbour,” replied the other, “forgive and forget.”

“I have done with you, Kent.”

“Well, but, Master Mortimer”—

“Kent,” interrupted Mortimer,—  
“your presence is unwelcome to me—I neither see you nor hear you with any pleasure.”

Mortimer walked back to his room.

He had, in the course of the day, revolved in his mind every relative possibility that might in any degree account for the absence of Ellen; from hour to

hour disappointment had succeeded hope, till the time came when the key being turned to the exclusion of all without, put an end to his hopes for that night, and consigned him to a state of inconsolable apprehension. He now determined on procuring a messenger to ascertain the cause of her absence—the man went, and returned with information that she had left the cottage in the morning, to attend her father, after the transaction of some intermediate business, and had not returned when the messenger came away.

The anxiety which, on various accounts, Mortimer had lately been subject to, had brought his mind to such a state of weakness, that it now began to wander, while his tongue gave utterance to its vague suggestions—his ac-

tion was at first confined to picking the straw from the seat of his chair, till, as the fever became more violent, its increased operation on the brain subjected his reason to an outrageous phrensy.

In this alarming state the gaoler, who, at the humane desire of his wife, had looked in to see how the old man was provided for the night, found him.

He had snatched up a chair as the gaoler entered the room, and menacing his approach, the man stepped back, and called to his assistance three others, who secured him while one was sent for a strait waistcoat, in which he was immediately put to bed.

The gaoler conceiving, from the deserted condition of Mortimer, that his friends were few or none, was now

much more indifferent to the situation of his unfortunate prisoner—he had dismissed his men, and was ordering his family to bed, when his wife observing to him that the old man was not in a condition to be left, and that he might be attended to with little trouble if each took a part, she was called fool, and asked who was to pay them for it.

After some altercation, it was, however, determined, that a doctor should be sent for immediately, and in the morning some one should be despatched to Hawthorn to acquaint his daughter.

When the doctor came, and had seen his patient, he saw enough to convince him that his case was extremely dangerous—he put several questions to them respecting his previous condi-

tion; but as nobody could say more than that he had been in that place two days a prisoner for debt, he formed his judgment from the symptoms before him, and returned home to prepare what he thought applicable to the case, and which he soon after sent, with a positive injunction that he should not be left for a moment.

Accordingly, the gaoler's wife remained with Mortimer, and the rest of the family went to bed.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mr. Emersly had been so deeply affected by the account of his nephew's extraordinary conduct, that Mr. Richardson's report of Ellen's business at Elderfield was received with little notice by him—he once called over the

word *Prison* interrogatively, but said no more.

The next day, Will Hurst, who in his way to Elderfield had stopped at the cottage, having informed the servants of the strange alteration he found there—the story had been delivered to Mr. Richardson, and by that gentleman to Mr. Emersly, who immediately ordered Will before him, from whom he learned that Mortimer was in prison—the sheriff's officers in possession of his effects—and every person and thing at Hawthorn in a state of disorder and distress.

“And how has all this happened, Will?” said Mr. Emersly.

“I can't tell you, Sir,” replied Will: “I asked Betty, but the girl seemed stupid—too stupid, your honour, to

give me an answer—the fool kept wiping her eyes—and ‘Oh, Will!’ said she, and then wiped her eyes again—then, ‘Ah! my poor master!’—and then she blubbered, your honour, just like a child—and so I, not knowing what she meant, asked if Miss Ellen was at home—then she broke out afresh, and, instead of answering the question, ‘Oh, Will!’ said she, ‘what will become of us!’—‘Where is your mistress, Bet?’ said I; ‘tell me where she is, and don’t be such a cursed fool—for to tell your honour the truth, I felt *myself* very queer—so when I asked her again—‘Oh, Will!’ said she, ‘here am I with these strange men, and my mistress, poor soul! has had no sleep all night, and is gone again to my master at the prison.’”

“ Where were the men, Will?—  
Could not they inform you how they  
came there?”

“ Why, really, your honour—they  
seemed to me to have no business there,  
—and (I hope your honour will excuse it)  
I thought I could sooner have knocked  
them down than have asked them a civil  
question.”

Mr. Emersly smiled, and, dismissing  
Will, turned round to Mr. Richardson.

“ The day is now too far advanced ;  
but in the morning, Mr. Richardson,  
we will look into this matter—I partly  
suspect how it is ; they have insisted  
upon the payment of the old man’s  
rent ; but how it should happen that  
they have attached his body with his  
goods, I am at a loss to conceive ; nor  
do I approve of their doing either with-



out consulting me—I wish I had seen the young woman—poor thing!—she could not have called at a more unseasonable time.”

“ You may recollect, Sir,” said Mr. Richardson, “ that your answer to her request of seeing you was positively negative.”

“ I do, Mr. Richardson—and can only say, that we are poor infirm creatures!—Passion and Prejudice characterize nearly all we do or say, while our better information serves but to culpate those actions which ignorance would extenuate.—I am, however, certainly justified in my conduct to Mortimer—to encourage a clandestine intercourse between my nephew and his daughter, was a very unfair return for the benefits he had received from my friendship, and that

of the family—and that he has encouraged it, the very existence of the connexion demonstrates—but what do I say—alas!—that, and I fear every other connexion with my nephew, must now cease for ever!—should the representation of Mr. Melmoth be true—Oh, Harry! Harry!—but it is impossible—Adultery? Murder?—the next mail—no longer, Mr. Richardson—should no further account arrive with it, either you or I must embark for Spain—in the meanwhile let us conciliate the favour of Heaven by a charitable construction of Mortimer's conduct, and an earnest inquiry into the cause of his present distress.”

With this humane intention Mr. Emery set out the next morning, leaving word for Mr. Richardson, that it was his wish to meet him at Ashbourne.

## CHAP. XII.



**MR. EMERSLY'S** reception by the Baronet was marked with an extraordinary degree of politeness.

“Is her ladyship at leisure?” said Mr. Emersly.

“She is not at home, Sir,” replied the Baronet.

“Out so early?”

“She set off this morning for London, Sir—on some private business.”

“On some private business—with all due deference to her ladyship’s judgment, I think her business sometimes rather more private than it should be.

—I understand there is a serious difference between her and Mortimer, the farmer—why was not I allowed to take a part in it?—but, perhaps I am mistaken in the subject of it—I will thank you, Sir William, to inform me.”

“ Sir you can be no stranger to Mortimer’s poverty.”

“ It is as I thought.”

“ Should there have been any other motives to my mother’s conduct in this case, than a just consideration of my interest, and the most delicate conception of your feelings in consequence of my brother’s *faux-pas*, I am an utter stranger to them.”

“ *Faux-pas?*” replied Mr. Emersly; “ and is adultery no more in your morality?—in mine, Sir William, it is a plunge into the abyss of vice!—but

enough of that.—The consideration of your interest, Sir William, is just and natural; but as the subject on which my feelings had been so delicately considered by her ladyship may be supposed as intimately connected with her own, I am somewhat surprised that she should have been more disposed for business than she thought me—besides, what immediate occasion was there for resorting to *legal* measures—the farmer's effects would have been little less valuable, nor would his arrears have been much increased by the delay of a few days—and why attach his *person* with his goods?"

“ His person was attached, Sir, by a different action; and as it was impossible he could either defend it, or discharge it, without rendering himself

insolvent to *us*, her ladyship thought it most prudent to attach his goods as a security for *our* claim.”

“ Poor Mortimer!—could thy ruin have been more complete, it would have been effected by the prudence of her ladyship.”

“ Sir, I am not more surprised at this aspersion of my mother’s character, than at the inconsistency of your own—it has not lately been your custom to espouse the interest of Mortimer so warmly.”

“ To answer your charge of inconsistency, Sir William, it is only necessary to observe, that I now appear not merely the advocate of Mortimer, but as an executor of your father’s will.”

“ And what is there in my father’s will, that contradicts my mother’s conduct—did not my father reserve a

rent for the farm occupied by Mortimer, and has he any where expressed that it shall be discontinued?"

"Very true, Sir William, it is very true, what you say, and what has been done, may be very just; but I believe, had your father been the executor of his own will, in a case like this, he would have tempered justice with a little mercy.—Pray, Sir William, can you inform me at whose suit this unfortunate man was arrested."

"I do know, Sir; but as I am not authorized by the party to answer such a question, I must beg you will excuse me."

"Most certainly, Sir William; 'the man who has not a conscience in every thing, trust him in nothing.'"

Mr. Emersly then wished the Baro-

net good morning, and bent his course towards the prison, determined in his mind, that should the result of a fair inquiry leave Mortimer an honest man, he would release him from all his pecuniary difficulties, and make the Cottage of Hawthorn once more the seat of contentment to its aged possessor.

The reader may have known by experience, that resentment in a humane breast long operating on a passive object, is, at length, succeeded by a sense of sorrow for the sufferer.

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In the passage which led to Mortimer's room, Mr. Emersly was met by Betty.

“Where are you going, my dear?” said he. ;



The girl turned round, and, sobbing with grief, exclaimed, “ Oh, Sir! —my poor master!”

“ Well, well, thou art a good girl, Betty; but don't take it so to heart, child—let me see him.”

“ Ah, Sir,” said the poor wench, as she opened the door, “ there he is!”

Mr. Emersly entered; and seeing nobody in the room but the gaoler's wife, who sat by the bed-side, concluded the girl had mistaken it, and was drawing back; when the woman asking if it was Mr. Mortimer he came to see—drew the curtain and exposed his pale and breathless corpse!

“ Good Heaven!” cried Mr. Emersly, clasping his hands, “ what do I see!”

“ Ah, Sir,” said the woman, “ he is

dead indeed!—he died between five and six this morning—poor soul!—he suffered a great deal, Sir—I know little of him but as being a prisoner here—but it made my heart ache to hear him.—  
‘ Where was his daughter? Where was his daughter?—His daughter Ellen?’—all night long.”

“ And where was his daughter?” said Mr. Emersly.

“ I do not know, Sir; the girl that introduced you came very early this morning, expecting to find her here, as she had left home yesterday morning to see her father; and I really think, Sir, that her absence, his confinement, and his troubles at home (for I understand there is an execution in his house for rent), have all together broken the old man’s heart.”

Mr. Emersly looked at the countenance of Mortimer; and, recollecting his mild manners and his meek demeanor, wept!—" *In iræ locum successit estimatio, modo personam mortuus, modo causam moriendi, considerans.*"

" Did he express any particular desire in his last moments?" said Mr. Emersly, still looking at Mortimer.

" Once Sir (but I think he must have been light-headed), ' Ellen,' said he, faintly, ' when I am dead, as I soon shall be, inform Mr. Emersly (I think that was the name, Sir), inform Mr. Emersly of my death, and do justice to my character, so far as he has mistaken it.'"

" Indeed?—Were those his words?"

" As near as I can recollect, Sir."

Mr. Emersly was about to put some

other questions, when Mr. Richardson entered the room, followed by Kent; and seeing Mr. Emersly by the bedside, went up to him—his eyes were still fixed on the body, and the visible emotion of his countenance evinced the most sincere concern.

“Death, Sir,” said Mr. Richardson, “has been beforehand with us in the release of Mortimer, and has, perhaps, effected it more happily.”

“I hope so, Mr. Richardson.”

“And as it is as natural to age as sleep to the weary, should be rather acquiesced in than lamented.”

“As the consequence of age, it is as natural as you represent it; but Mortimer’s death was, I fear, premature.—Mr. Richardson, I have mistaken the man—wounded his feelings by a mis-

placed suspicion—and, by withholding that protection which, by my brother's will and my own word, I was bound to afford him—have hastened the period of his days!”

“ How far, Sir, *your* conduct may have tended to that effect, Heaven only knows—but from the information of this man (pointing to Kent), I am more inclined to suspect that of the Baronet.”

Kent then came forward; and being desired by Mr. Emersly to state all he knew relative to the Baronet's conduct to Mortimer, he began as follows:—

“ Mortimer was first known to me by a circumstance which I am now ashamed to think of.—I had, by a course of idleness and extravagance, so out-

run my means, that I was arrested for a debt far beyond my ability to discharge; being well aware that an application to those who knew me would be a fruitless attempt for bail; and having heard of Farmer Mortimer, as an easy, good-natured man, I represented my case to him, through the medium of a friend (whose son I knew, was, with the old man's consent, honourably inclined towards his daughter); and stating it in the most favourable, but fictitious, light, as the consequence of misfortune, induced him to subscribe his name to that of my friend in a bail-bond for my release.—So far there was no harm done—it afforded me time to apply to an uncle in London for some assistance, who having answered me like an unfeeling miser, as he is, I

had determined to make a due surrender of myself; when meeting, one day, with the young Baronet, whom I had been accustomed to poach for, in a certain kind of game, he recognised me in that character, and asked me if I knew the man at Hawthorn.

“ ‘ Mortimer, Sir William ?’ ” said I.

“ ‘ Ay,’ replied he.

“ ‘ He is one of my bail.’

“ ‘ Bail?—What do you mean?’

“ ‘ I am arrested, Sir William; and the very man you mention has come forward to bail me.’

“ ‘ Well then,’ said he, ‘ you know his daughter.’

“ ‘ I know he has one, Sir William.’

“ I must confess, Sir, his application confounded me for the moment—I felt myself infirm—the man had done

me a signal kindness, and to return it by purloining his daughter for such a purpose staggered me.

“ ‘ She is a shy bird, Sir William,’ said I.

“ ‘ A better price,’ said he.”

The blood that had left the countenance of Mr. Emersly at the sight of Mortimer now suffused his cheek, while indignation spurred its course through every channel of the heart—turning to Mr. Richardson—“ Can such a character exist ?”

“ It is not yet complete, Sir,” replied Mr. Richardson.

Kent went on—

“ ‘ I have no doubt, Sir William,’ said I, ‘ that the pay would be very good ; but unless it could save me from limbo, I am afraid I should not have



time to finish my job if I undertook it.'

“ ‘ What’s the sum?’

“ ‘ Five hundred pounds! Sir William.’

“ ‘ Hah!—and Mortimer bound for you!’—he clapped his hand to his head—‘ Well—and what do you mean to do?’

“ ‘ Surrender, Sir William, when my time is up.’

“ ‘ You do—you are a d——d honest fellow—but you shall do better than that——be off!’

“ ‘ Off? Sir William—my honour—my bail.’

“ ‘ As for your honour, Kent—d—n that—and for your bail, leave it to me—my business must be done—I’ll have the girl if the devil has craft—

be off!—I only desire it may be soon—and that your tongue be still.’

“ I shall never forget his look, Sir—no avidity of purpose, but deep-laid design scowled upon his brow—he thought long before he spoke again—then recovering his usual countenance, clapped a ready purse into my hand, and once more bid me—be off!

“ It is unnecessary to relate the various degrees of compunction that assailed me, on deserting the post of honour in which I had been placed by my friends Williams and Mortimer—I shall, therefore, bring up my story to the time of my return.

“ Should it excite your astonishment, that I could face my friends again after having injured them so atrociously, I can only say, that I had, in the mean.

time, married a devil in an angel's form, and desperately thought a prison a paradise to home!

“ I immediately surrendered myself to my friend Williams; and having excused my conduct by a candid relation of what had passed between me and the Baronet—he shook his head—perhaps he did not believe me—

“ ‘ Ah! Kent,’ said he, ‘ your conduct has cost me the one half of your debt, and the friend who joined me all he was worth.’

“ I expressed my sorrow, and asked him whether I was to be considered as his prisoner, or as a man willing to liquidate the debt as far as a course of industry and reformed application to business could effect it.—He looked at me—

“ ‘ Kent,’ said he, ‘ as to myself, I can still live, although I am two hundred and fifty pounds the worse for you, and would rather see you work out of a prison than starve within one; but I have another reason for encouraging your industry—Mortimer is a ruined man, and if it can supply any thing in the way of compensation to him, it will be well and justly applied—his spirit has induced him to decline my assistance, on account of his unavailing influence on his daughter’s mind respecting the solicitation of my son; but as I am well convinced he has done all in his power to obtain her consent, my friendship for him is still the same—let your endeavours, therefore, be directed to his relief, and I shall be satisfied.’ ”

“ I readily consented, and requested he would inform me, how the ruin of Mortimer had not sooner happened, as the consequence of my desertion.— He told me, that as far as Mortimer’s effects could answer, he had readily produced them; but they being insufficient the young Baronet had voluntarily supplied the rest on a bond, which he had taken merely to satisfy his mother, till he became of age to spend his money in his own way; but some time after, having staked more freely at the table than his means could answer or his skill ensure, he had made an assignment of the bond, that his deficiency might be honourably supplied.— Thus it appears to Williams and the world—but not to me—Mortimer is dead; and though the scheme might

not have comprehended his death, as necessary to its success, the bond was certainly meant to be the future means of his daughter's ruin.—She is gone, Sir; and you may depend on it that she is in the power of the Baronet somewhere, who, by promises or threats, will effect the purpose for which his scheme was laid—so far as I have contributed to it, I am heartily sorrow for—my conduct has, however, met its punishment—I stand cursed with a termagant wife, whose extravagance has fixed me here with a load of consequent debt, which it is impossible for me ever to discharge.”

Kent having ended his relation, Mr. Emersly put a guinea into his hand, and thanked him for so much of his information as was vouched by facts.

From this account he drew an inference materially in favour of Mortimer, the propriety of whose conduct he now no longer doubted—while the duplicity of the Baronet, by which his own towards him had been biassed, did not vex him more as an impeachment of his mental penetration, than as an occasion of regret for his implicit acquiescence in the charge and condemnation of the accused without that necessary investigation which is due to justice, and which should invariably precede every instance of actual resentment.—The unambitious honesty which, in the character of Mortimer, was a prominent trait—that spirit of gratitude and contentment which Mr. Emersly had witnessed in him when assured that he should be assisted in the means

of discharging the arrears of rent which had occurred by his unfortunate confidence in others as the result of his benevolence—and that mutual and pure affection which seemed to connect by so strong a tie the father and his child—now occurred to his mind as arguments of Virtue neglected, with a force of conviction and poignancy of application that could neither be suppressed nor parried; and were admitted in the breast of Mr. Emersly with the due effect of error acknowledged, and a determined purpose of correction, as far as correction could then be possible—to Mortimer it could now avail nothing!—no longer subject to human necessities, he was superior to human aid—the hopeful triumph of the poor!

Mr. Emersly took a last view of his



benign countenance, which spoke his character more favourably than the most flattering epitaph; and again reflecting on the cause and consequence of his conduct towards him and his daughter—

“Honest Mortimer!” said he “which of us is superior now!—Look Mr. Richardson—view that face—pale!—but placid as the innocence of sleeping infancy!—To what apparent insignificance are all human distinctions reduced, by the dignity of a departing soul characterized by virtue!—his soul thus dignified is gone!—but in his countenance has left its character to abash the assumptions of human pride!”

Having given the necessary directions for the interment of the body, Mr. Emersly consigned it, in the mean

time, to the care of Betty, after exhorting her to an attentive performance of this last duty, as she valued the consequence of his approbation or displeasure.

Poor Betty needed not the stimulus of either Hope or Fear, in her affection to her old master—her attachment, founded in gratitude for a long course of kindness, was such as required no future interest to confirm.

The body was interred in the same grave with that of his wife and son, whither it was attended by Mr. Richardson, Farmer Williams and his son, with a number of his poorer neighbours, by whom his life had been respected, and his death deplored. Over the grave was placed by Mr. Emersly's

desire, a stone with the following inscription:

HERE lie the Remains of  
WILLIAM MORTIMER!  
On whose humble life  
The sacred virtues of  
Benevolence and Integrity  
Shed a lustre,  
Which the deep shade of Death  
Shall eclipse but for a time,  
As the passing cloud obscures the solar rays,  
Emerging with augmented glory from its  
transient gloom !

END OF THE SECOND PART.

## PART III.



## CHAP. XIII.

**A**S in the great scheme of Creation, there is a series of subordinate events obviously tending to the completion of its final cause; so in the lesser plan of human life the reflecting mind may trace in its successive vicissitudes the hand of a predisposing Providence.—Plans projected by the best human wisdom, and conducted by the best human economy, fail, and consequences succeed directly opposite to the ends for which they were formed.—Success is not wholly attributable to a judicious forecast, nor, in many instances, is failure more

the result of misconduct, than the direction of a Superior Will!

When Mr. Emersly consigned his nephew to the care of Mr. Melmoth, at Alicant, he had every reason to expect, from the steady and docile disposition of Henry, that he would there acquire a considerable portion of commercial knowledge; and, it was his earnest hope, that, at the same time, he might gradually discharge from his mind the memory of Ellen, and from his heart the affection his attachment to her had produced.

With this view, he had requested that Mr. Melmoth would introduce his nephew to such of his connexions as might afford objects oblitative of his former passion: and should he discern the succession of a fresh one, which he might

thing eligible to the young man's family, that he would encourage it with all the interest he might possess.

In consequence of this direction, Henry had made one with the family in every party at home or abroad.—Wealth and beauty had been often placed in his way, but had effected no conquest that could supersede his Ellen's right, which seemed by absence and opposition to be more confirmed.

But though his heart had never yielded to any *serious* impression from a second object, it may be naturally supposed that it could not remain *totally* insensible to the allurements of beauty and good-nature; and of these, the extensive circle of Mr. Melmoth's connexions afforded many and various instances—by some he was rallied as

an absent man, by others as an anticipated lover; while his affability recommended him to all—but, alas! too fatally to Matilda Guzman.

This lady was born of English parents in Spain, who having died before her education was finished, or her age matured, the small property that devolved to her was placed in the hands of a supposed friend, under whose tutelage she was to remain until her minority expired.

In the mean time her youth and extraordinary beauty, joined to an uncommon degree of sensibility, had rendered her an object of general admiration, and by many of her admirers the most honourable and advantageous overtures had been made; but as, during her legal infancy, her person was not at her own

disposal, they were rejected by her guardian, as incompatible with his views of interest, professedly hers, but in reality his own—he was aware of his obligation to render up, with his ward, the property that belonged to her, which property he had sunk in fruitless speculation—the consequence was, a total inability to restore his trust, and a natural inclination to defer the day of reckoning, which he knew, to him, must be a day of shame.

But though the plausibility of his pretensions had the effect of argument on her mind, her heart was torn by disappointment, which rendered her life miserable; and as her guardian could not avow the real motive of his conduct, there could be no appeal to



the liberality of her lovers, and, consequently, no relief.

As the expiration of his authority approached, his apprehension increased, and his invention quickened.—Illicit ends require illicit means, and, to absolve *himself*, he bestowed his ward, for the amount of her property, on a Spanish merchant considerably older, but whose age was a much less exception than his ill-humour—the disguise of both being absolutely necessary for a time, to give effect to this bargain, dress, cosmetics, &c. with a constant, though difficult, suppression of spleen, was resorted to; and being seconded by the warmest recommendation of her guardian, who was continually representing the many advantages of wealth

contrasted with the narrow economy which her confined circumstances must reduce her to, an interview was, at last obtained for this factitious lover, which his education and address afterwards improved beyond his expectation—in short, perceiving her guardian determined, and conscious of the dependency of her situation, she, at length, acceded to their joint importunities, and became the reluctant wife of Gonzalvo Guzman, who shortly after, appearing in his natural character, exacted obedience to the commands of tyranny, and, from an equal wife, the submission of a slave.

Young Emersly's first interview with Matilda Guzman was at a ball given by Mrs. Melmoth.—As the mind naturally attaches itself to sympathetic

appearances, the settled melancholy of her countenance engaged his attention, and excited a degree of interest which marked his address to her with a more than ordinary degree of respect.

The impression was, however, too slight at that time to remain long on his mind after the absence of the object that occasioned it—happy had it been for the unfortunate Matilda if that on hers had been equally transient—but, alas! every circumstance conspired to make it lasting—in Emersly she traced a mind congenial with her own—fraught with every species of liberal information, and refined by the purest sentiments, which with an equal age and pleasing person, combined to fill that void in her heart, which conjugal affection should have supplied.

Such was the effect of her interview with Emersly, and was irresistibly so—in vain she strove against the admission of a passion so dangerous and dishonourable—in vain did shame detect, and reason judge, and conscience punish it with unremitting anguish—the flame was kindled—its extinction hopeless—and her only wish, that it might secretly and surely consume the heart that cherished it.

It was not till this fatal passion, together with the increasing brutality of her husband had effected an intermitting derangement of mind, that she, one evening, sent a note to young Emersly, requesting a few minutes conversation with him. This strange request from a married lady and a stranger, somewhat surprised him; but as he

knew not her motive, common civility required that he should accede to it.

On his arrival at the house he was admitted by the person who brought the note, and shewn into an antichamber, which led to a suite of rooms, all furnished in the first style of taste and magnificence.

Here he had not remained long when the lady entered—in gracefulness of form, beauty of feature, elegance of dress, and dignity of address—a most imposing object of admiration!—She threw up her veil—

“Do you recollect me?” said she.

To have seen you once, Madam.” replied Emersly, profoundly bowing, “must render all future recollection unnecessary.”

“You flatter, Sir.”

“ Pardon me, Madam—the bounty of Nature has rendered that impossible.”

“ Well, I will not presume to contend with you in compliments—we women, you know, are but a tittle tattle kind of creatures.”

“ Oh, Madam!—I have seen ladies with truly *masculine* minds—and I have had no reason to think otherwise of yours—though I will candidly confess, however *admirable* as such, they always appear to me most *amiable*—as the *weaker vessel*.”

“ Indeed?”—she cast down her eyes—“ then, were my ambition at *liberty* to aspire—it could mount on ample pinions.”

“ Madam?”

“ Is it to your hearing, or your apprehension, Sir, I am to reply?”

“ I must acknowledge, Madam—you are not clearly understood.”

“ As to the matter or the application of it ?”

“ In neither, Madam !”

“ I recollect—metaphor is the language of the East—you are Northerly.”

She turned from him ; and having walked up to a high and spacious window, drew the curtain—the view opened on an extensive piece of garden-ground, artfully and highly cultivated, of most luxuriant growth, and rich variety ;—the moon was full—the atmosphere unclouded ;—and she shone with imperial brightness ;—the tops of the trees, the fruits and flowers, were tinged with her reflected beams, and with those of the myriads of resplendent stars that blazed around her—in the

prospect all was harmony, propriety, and peace—in the mind of the spectator — the beautiful, but unfortunate Matilda—all was derangement, verging on distraction.—Having observed how beautiful the moon appeared—

“ How lovely is her aspect—and yet,” said she, turning her eyes on Emersly with an expressive langour—“ what is she compared with the all-glorious sun!”

“ She has also her *beauty* and *attraction*, Madam, and has them most powerfully ; and were her mild, benign, and useful qualities, fully known and duly estimated, the point of superiority might become more questionable.”

“ Oh!—a mere blank in Nature without *him*!—Are you an astronomer?”



“ I know the order of the planets, Madam, and their names; but can neither calculate their relative distances, nor trace the eccentricities of their orbits.”

“ How much less likely are you,” said she, laying her hand on his shoulder, her eyes still fixed on him with the same languid expression, “ to trace the eccentricities of the mind!”

Emersly was startled and confused—she seemed to wait his reply.

“ Is your silence indicative of modesty, Sir, or disgust?—or do you prefer the pleasures of *imagination* to those of speech?”

“ Imagination has its pleasures, undoubtedly, Madam—but it has also its pains!”

“ Then, in the presence of a lady,

be cautious of its influence—were I, whom you have so highly complimented, induced to evince even the smallest flattering demonstration in return—would there not be danger in any consequent imagination?—Still silent!”

“Madam, I should presume any answer superfluous, where there *can* be no question.”

“Well!—then beware of *imagination*—for it is a medium—of microscopic powers!”—She paused a few moments.—“Have you any knowledge of astrology?”

“Still less of that, Madam.”

“You cannot, then, calculate my death by my nativity?”

“Had I the ability, Madam, I should certainly want the will, to enter on a

calculation so painful—whenever it shall happen (and far distant be the day!) I trust it will be no less happy than your birth, on which, surely, all the Loves and Graces smiled, and endowed you with their charms.”

“Do you think they conferred a happy dowry?”

“To yourself, Madam, as the source of power, and to your successful suitor as the source of ecstatic pleasure, superlatively so—but for the world, who gaze but to envy and despair, it were better had they been less bountiful.”

She looked at him—her bosom heaved, and her eyes flashed an alarming wildness—a silence of a few seconds ensued—

“I perceive you are a physiognomist,

a reader of the mind in the countenance; what," said she in a tremulous voice "do you read in mine?"

Emersly confounded by these strange interrogatories, looked at her, unable to reply.

"Do you mark me, and yet guess me not?—I thought your penetration had been keener."

"Madam," returned Emersly, "it is sometimes no easy task to trace the aberrations of a lady's mind."

"True, Sir—and mine has wandered much of late!—But you still view my features—what do you read in them—for if not *read*, how can you know their *beauty*?—features are beautiful only as they are *typical*—as they indicate more or less the virtues and excellencies of the heart and mind—and

when they fail to *realize* their pretensions, they lose the power of beauty, and assume that of a mere transient *fancy*, such as affects, for the hour, alike the untutored stupidity of the clown, and the cultivated perception of the man of fashion!—tell me not of flames and darts!—of nectar, and nonsense—no! no! no!—I have had enough of that—that is not the language of *Love*.—Love is an appetite of the soul—can it be satisfied with less than celestial food?—If my countenance be a tablet in which are the characters legible of meekness of mind, benevolence of heart, and susceptibility of affection, which are the virtual sustenance of *Love*—(and all unrecognised and unrequited!)—excuse the egotism—you may read me as I am!—again

silent!—are *you* a dunce in Love's orthography?"

"I must confess, Madam, the art of *spell-ing* is supremely yours!"

"I comprehend your evasion—as a compliment, it is too sportive!—as an assertion it is untrue—but it proves you honourable——take your credit—at my expense!"

"Madam," said Emersly (conscious that his last reply was rather less courteous than the occasion demanded), "you will think me importunate without a shadow of pretence—but if you would be somewhat more explicit"—

She sighed.

"Leave me," said she, "we are all mortal, and shall one day throw off the veil that screens our real characters — you then may know

me—for what I am now forbid to name!”

“ Good Heavens ! Madam, what am I to understand by this ? ”

“ No matter—no matter—no matter,” said the frantic Matilda, “ ’tis madness all I say or do—Leave me ! ” (she again raised her veil—she looked at him—she dropped her hand upon his shoulder, and her head upon her hand) “ Alas ! I am not—I am not what I *should* be ! ”

Emersly’s astonishment could only be equalled by his sorrow for the cause of it ; but as that involved a mystery too great even for vanity to solve without a risk—he chose rather to impute her conversation and behaviour to an unfortunate derangement of mind in consequence of her unhappy marriage,

the circumstances of which he had not only learned from Mr. Melmoth, but from herself.”

But to leave her thus distracted and alone was a request his humanity forbade him to comply with—and while with one arm he supported her in a state of the most extreme dejection, he stretched out the other to a bell-string, which he touched—she started—and at that moment hearing the foot of her husband on the stair-case, gave a shriek, and swooned on the sofa.

Emersly was supporting her head when Gonsalvo entered the room—his surprise at the sight of Emersly, and Emersly’s confusion at the sight of him, are not easily to be described.”

“ And who are *you* ?” said Gonsalvo.

“ My name is Emersly.”



“ And your business with my wife ?  
—but that seems to explain itself.”

At this instant the servant entered, who, with the ready invention of a chambermaid, seeing the embarrassment of Emersly, addressed herself to him—

“ Sir,” said she, “ Mr. Melmoth just now stopped at the gate, and left word he should wait for you at the place *you* appointed.”

“ Mr. Melmoth ?” cried the jealous Gonsalvo.

“ Yes !” answered the intrepid girl—  
“ Mr. Melmoth left this gentleman here about an hour ago, to call for him on his return ; and I see it is well for my mistress, poor dear lady, that the gentleman remained with her—she is in another fit.”

Gonsalvo looked at the girl—then at his wife—at Emersly—and doubting how to receive the story, seemed to wait further information from the latter; but Emersly thinking the brevity of an untruth the best security for its reception, was unwilling to add any thing of his own to what the girl had said; he, therefore, merely asked him, if the assistance he had afforded his lady could be any longer misconstrued—in answer to which, the other bowed a silent assent to his conduct; intimating thereby, that it came more from the head than the heart.

Emersly then took a polite leave of the lady, of which she seemed scarcely sensible, and wished Gonsalvo “ Good night;” which was coolly returned.



Emersly knew too well the nature of Spanish jealousy to conceive his present escape & discharge from its consequences, and the next day had determined to acquaint Mr. Melmoth with all that had passed, and to advise with him on the best mode of removing the prejudice that seemed to have arisen against him in the mind of Gonsalvo, notwithstanding the fabrication of the waiting-maid, which he justly considered as too trifling to oppose the progress of a passion so powerful in itself, and so natural to the breast of a Spaniard; but when he considered that, by this disclosure he should expose the lady to the immediate vengeance of her husband, he relinquished the idea, and determined to rely on his innocence for his future safety.

Several days had passed unproductive of any occurrence to ground the smallest apprehension on; when walking out one evening, he passed the house, and, from a window which overlooked the road, was observed by the waiting-woman, who holding up her finger, was imprudently answered by him with a motion of assent.

The garden-gate was open: he entered; and walking up to the house, he heard Gonsalvo order one of the servants to take the key of the chamber, and bring his horse. Emersly, not wishing to be seen by him, ran back towards the gate, which he had nearly reached, when, turning his head round, he saw Gonsalvo walking down the steps from the hall into the court-yard, out of which he turned into the path

that led towards him. He knew it would be impossible to escape his sight without the gate; and as his appearance would naturally tend to renew the former suspicion of Gonsalvo, he slipped unperceived into a little recess, and had the satisfaction to see him pass it the next minute, and mount his horse.

Emersly waited till he thought Gonsalvo might be out of the direct path, and was just quitting his hiding-place, when he was met by the waiting-woman—she begged him not to be alarmed, and told him that she was her lady's confidante—that she knew the very earnest desire she had to see him, and had no doubt his gallantry would sacrifice some little risk to the pleasure of so lovely a mistress.

Emersly was now sensible of his im-

prudence, but had gone too far to recede from this appeal to his manhood—he followed the girl with an assumed boldness ; who, pleased at the idea of conveying so much pleasure to her lady, encouraged it by representations too fascinating to be ineffectual on the ardour of youth.

Having placed him where he had before placed himself, she desired him to wait till she returned, which she shortly after did, with a rope-ladder.

“ Here,” said she, “ is his own ladder, which he has used for similar purposes, I have no doubt.”

Emersly mounted, scarcely knowing where, and entered the chamber of the unfortunate Matilda, he much less knew for what ; so confounded was he by that mixture of shame and temerity

which had followed his implicit consent to the girl's request, who had certainly represented her mistress's inclination to see Emersly with much more levity than truth—for instead of finding this unhappy lady ready to receive his embraces, he saw her lying on a sofa, more an object of serious pity than illicit love.

She started at the sight of him, and faintly asked him how he came there.

“ I am sorry, Madam,” replied Emersly, “ to find it questionable to you; but by the direction of your servant, and the means of a rope-ladder, I appear before you covered with shame—let it, however, be some extenuation of my offence, to say, I was assured by her that my presence would be agreeable to you.”

She sighed—"There are some truths," said she, "which must be understood—not spoken.—There are some offences for which though Nature pleads, she pleads in vain below.—Oh! I could reason, but that reasoning drives me mad! —I could descant on human laws and human happiness, the consequence of those laws—and prove myself a wretch! —but how came you here?"

"Madam," replied Emersly, "I have already answered you."

"And were a rope-ladder and the direction of my servant all that I am indebted to for your appearance—alas! —then the same means may deprive me of the favour—but, you are *prudent*, and deserve to be happy—I once was so—but was a stranger then to"——

Her head sunk on the pillow ; and a



her hand fell over the edge of the sofa, Emersly caught it, and kissed it with more emotion than pity required, or honour could approve.

She raised her head—looked at him—and a tear stole down her cheek—she started—

“What do you understand by honour?” said she.

“Madam?”

“Is it a principle to bind our affections where Nature has established antipathy, and to divorce them from all that she has declared amiable?—Or is it a mere term to impose on those incongruous connexions produced by fraud, avarice, or ambition, that principle of constancy which can only be maintained by Love?”

Emersly was silent.

“ Have I puzzled your philosophy?— but that is not extraordinary when contradictions are to be reconciled.—Philosophy is subtle—but Nature will elude her—shift how she may.—Hark ye!”—(She drew him near her)—“ Can you account for the fleeting forms of fancy in a love-sick brain?—Oh! I could tell such tales—but that my tongue is tied from all that is not honourable—and you would listen to them—Ah!—no—no—no—you would think on some other tell-tale!—but what do you here?—a man in my room—Ha! ha! ha!—why should he not—all have been naughty in their time—my husband says I am naughty still—would you say so?—Oh, no—you say *nothing!*”

Emersly observing her strength ex-

hausted by her phrensy, and her eyes inclined to sleep, encouraged it, as a restorative to reason.—He darkened the room—she slept—he watched beside her an hour—during which his thoughts naturally turned on his critical situation.—How to escape with honour to himself, or safety to the hapless Matilda, employed his invention, but to little effect—the chamber-door was locked—the ladder gone by which he ascended, and the window twenty feet from the ground—his perplexity became every minute more dreadful, when he considered the return of Gonsalvo, from whose violence the most serious consequences were to be expected.—His anxiety had become almost intolerable, when Matilda awoke, and, beyond his expectation, so restored, as gave him hopes

of some advice in their perilous situation, of which she seemed immediately sensible, by expressing her surprise at seeing him still with her.

“ You are not aware,” said she, “ of our danger. Should Gonsalvo return, and find you here—it would be fatal to us both.—You will see a little bell-string behind me, touch it, and my woman will attend.—My head is extremely weak, and I fear my mind has wandered ;—for this visit (a satisfaction I am ashamed to own) I thank you—but for *your* sake—your future safety—wish it to be the last. You have witnessed a passion which will shortly end me—and disgrace my memory after death—but which—Heaven knows, I still resist with all the little reason it has left me !”

“ Madam,” replied Emersly, “ you mistake the nature of it—disappointed of those qualities in a husband which you were led to expect, and fancying the existence of them in another—a preference has arisen which you term a passion, but which owes its effect on your mind more to the recoiling of a timid conscience than desire; it neither lessens your obedience to the commands, nor your inclination to the comforts, of your husband—and only acts offensively to yourself.”

“ Go! go!” replied Matilda; “ you are an insufficient casuist—think not the conscious criminal can thus be flattered.—I can tell you better.—My obedience is not lessened, because my fears are not diminished, from whence only a tyrant can derive it—my inclination

to his comforts is not lessened, because the tyrant's gloom is somewhat less dreadful than his frown—this preference is a passion—because affection is natural to my bosom, and wants an object there!—but oh!—its action is torture!—how can I express it—or account for its resistless nature, which neither reason can reduce—nor religion terrify!—Oh!—it is a passion to me insuperable—which, like the fascination of the serpent's eye—arrests but to destroy!”

The bell had been rung, and was now answered by the woman, who, with scarcely breath enough to utter it, announced the arrival of her master at the gate; and immediately after, the voice of Gonsalvo was heard on the stair-case, calling for the key of the chamber.

Emersly now declared he would not

leave her exposed to the vengeance of a jealous husband, but would either reason him into temper, or die in her defence.

“Silly man!” cried the unfortunate lady, “would you reason with a madman, or oppose yourself to numbers—fly—fly—for heaven’s sake fly, or we are both lost.”

In the mean while, the girl had met her master; and in order to give a little time for Emersly to escape, desired he would not disturb her mistress just then, as she was asleep: he made no answer; but taking the key from the man, proceeded to the chamber, and arrived, unfortunately, time enough to hear his wife’s remonstrance to Emersly.

Confirmed now in what before he suspected, his agitation impeded his

haste—he fumbled some time before he could unlock the door—his wife, hearing the key within the lock, gave a loud shriek, and swooned; while Emersly, at the moment panic-struck, was lost not only to the condition of Matilda, but to his former resolve, and, at the sight of the enraged Gonsalvo, as he entered the room, desperately dropped from the window into the garden.

Fortunately, a bed of soft mould received him; but on attempting to rise, he felt himself unable to stand—one leg being sprained, and his whole body so shaken that he had not power to support himself.

In this helpless state he lay some time—during which his ears were assailed, and his heart racked, with the



piercing cries and supplications of the unhappy Matilda, evidently under the terrors of death from her enraged husband; the words “Perfidious wretch!” — “Abominable strumpet!” — with other opprobrious epithets, were followed by menaces of immediate death — he heard the repeated orders of Gon-salvo to bring his sword — and for his servants to pursue the villain that had dishonoured him — he heard the entreaties of the servants — he heard the last words of the hapless Matilda — “Spare me a little longer, and nature will absolve you from the imputation of murder!” — he trembled! — his heart sunk! — his blood ran cold with horror!

He made several attempts to leave the place, and at last effected it so far as to reach the recess which had before

concealed him—here he had not been long when he heard a dreadful shriek—which was immediately followed by a deep and dying groan!—suddenly all was silent—the light was gone—a horrid sense of death seized his mind—he again attempted to move—his fears urged him—and he passed the gate.

## CHAP. XIV.

**N**OW farthest from home was best—to return home was to meet certain disgrace, if not extreme danger ; he, therefore, determined for England, by whatever ways and means his fortune might afford him ; and as he knew it would be unsafe to embark at any Spanish port, resolved upon the nearest course to Portugal.

He had not gone a quarter of a mile, before the pain of his leg obliged him to stop—he sat down at the foot of a tree, and reflected on his situation.

He had no doubt that Gonsalvo's

pursuit would be directed wherever there was the smallest probability of success—he, therefore, determined to inquire his way on foot, to travel by night, and sleep by day.

His plan thus arranged, he took out his purse, and, counting its contents, found, that, even with the strictest economy, it must fail long before he could obtain a fresh supply—he was ruminating on the difficulties he had to contend with, when he suddenly felt something at the side of his head—he turned, and saw a pistol at his ear—his fears immediately converted the appearance of the man who held it into that of one of Gonsalvo's servants—he entreated that his life might be spared, in as good Spanish as his short acquaintance with the language enabled him—

but he was soon undeceived by the appearance of another, who, taking his purse, told him, in good English, that he was a dead man if he resisted, but that if he gave up his all, he should find in his band as honourable a set of gentlemen as ever took the purse or blew out the brains of a traveller.

While Emersly was receiving this honourable testimony from the captain, another of his men came behind him, and, throwing a cord round his arms, pinioned him, and was proceeding to gag; when Emersly begged he might be allowed the use of his tongue, which he declared should never betray their conduct either to himself or others.

“ I’ll trust you,” said the captain, viewing him with a cautious and penetrating eye; “ but you must go with us.”

They then rifled him, and, in the search, discovered hanging at his bosom the pledge he had received from Ellen—his heart rose—a spirit of determined resistance animated his countenance—and he thus addressed the captain :—

“ Sir, you have taken my purse, and, let me add, from one whom adverse circumstances have doomed clandestinely to steal his way through a strange country without the probability of any further means of subsistence than the poor insufficiency it contains ; but had I at this instant ten purses of ten times the value of that one, I would give them all at the same risk to save this little picture—suffer me to keep it, and I will be your friend—attempt but to take it from me, and the spirit of the lion shall

supply my want of strength, to burst these bonds, and hold it while a spark of life remains.”

“ Young man,” replied the captain, “ presuming it the picture of your sweetheart, I do not wonder at your words, which are a set of as empty sounds as ever man uttered.—I have taken your purse—you say I have taken it from one who is doomed to steal through a strange country without the means of subsistence—steal with us, and you shall fare better—but if you can assume the spirit of a lion, use it for a more manly purpose than to hold the picture of a woman—but”—

Here one of the robbers came forward, and informed the captain that there were six armed men coming towards them.

“ Now,” said the captain to Emersly, “ for a proof of your honour.”

He then ordered his men, which were eight in number, to be ready to receive the attack, and was going to tie Emersly to a tree ; but he, fearing these might be Gonsalvo’s servants, begged he might be at liberty to prove himself worthy of his friendship by assisting in his defence.

“ The captain looked at him—“ We are able to defend ourselves, my friend—remain where you are, and be silent.”

The men, who were really Gonsalvo’s servants, had now come up ; and seeing Emersly, was advancing to take him, when a volley from the robbers, who supposed themselves attacked by that movement, brought two of them



dead to the ground—this was immediately returned by the fire of the four that remained, every one of whose shot killed a man—another volley from the robbers killed a third man of Gonsalvo's party: and now each side took to the sword; and, though the odds were five to three in favour of the robbers, such was the desperate resistance of Gonsalvo's men, that they killed three out of the five, and escaped unhurt themselves.

Emersly now trembled at his danger; and running to the captain, who, with his single man, had concealed himself behind a large tree, requested he would cut the cord that bound him, and put arms into his hands, with which he promised to join in their defence to the last drop of his blood.

The robbers, struck with the generosity of the offer, instantly complied; and seeing Gonsalvo's men advancing, discharged their pistols from behind the tree; and immediately rushing out, found but one man standing to oppose them—and, to their surprise, but one man of the three on the ground; this was, however, soon accounted for by the fall of the last man of the eight, who was shot from behind by the man they missed, and who now attacked the captain—while the other servant, advancing to Emersly, ordered him to surrender.

Emersly knowing his own safety depended on that of the captain, instead of attending to the man or his orders, immediately flew to the rescue of the robber, who, by this timely assistance,

was enabled to overpower his adversary, whom he wounded, and throwing him on the ground, turned with Emersly, to receive the other, who now finding himself alone, offered to deliver his arms to be allowed his liberty—this was not allowed—he was immediately bound to a tree, with his companion, and desired by the captain to ask their liberty of the first *honest* man that came that way.

Emersly now followed the robber through the wood ; which when they had passed, the latter addressing himself to Emersly :—

“ My brave fellow,” said he, “ I thank you—take your purse, and follow me—you shall have no occasion to fear the want of money on your way, be it from here to Asia—but remem-

ber, that in admitting you to our rendezvous, I expose myself and a hundred brave followers to—but I have had your word, and your late noble conduct has proved it worthy—you have probably saved my life, though it is what I little care for, and you shall find in my honour and ability some compensation for it.”

“Sir,” said Emersly, “if I may be allowed the question, what could induce a man of your liberal notions to enter on a course of life so disgraceful as that of a robber?”

“Robber?” replied the man, looking sternly at Emersly. “Well—sit down in the shadow of this tree, and I will tell you—if you have patience—for mine is but an every-day story!”

The idea of stopping within the progress of danger caused Emersly to repent his curiosity (which he certainly did not expect to be so deliberately answered), but he could not handsomely decline his own request—and the robber began.

“ You perceive, by my speech, that I am, like yourself, an Englishman—and I once was honest—not by the *world's* rules, for I was then a stranger to them.—I married young—loved my wife—caressed my children—and hoped to support them and to live myself by the fair-earned profits of my labour—I thought every one who claimed acquaintance with me honest—and took a part in their concerns, whenever I was requested—to one I lent my *name*—to another my *money*, till, called

upon by my creditors to answer certain demands that had accumulated beyond their usual size, from the want of that gradual liquidation which had hitherto kept my debts within my means—I found that folly or design had deprived me of both—the consequence may be easily conceived.

“My parents were wealthy, and I was their only child—my mother *died* a parent—my father had given me a sufficient education, and a liberal outset in life—but I found in him no prop to my falling fortunes—and in his last will, my *friends* had contrived to obtain a preference—if a preference it might be termed—where I had no place!

“My wife fell a victim to grief—and to the insulting mockery of *friendly* commiseration!—Oh, that I had also

died—before my heart, big with affection, had been pierced by the unnatural ingratitude of my children—or that I could forget them—as they have forgotten me!

“ In my days of affluence, I had spared nothing to render their education complete—and it was indeed perfected, as far as *art* could go—if my daughter but took my hand, it was by the rule of art—if she *saluted* me, it was perfectly artificial—but it never failed of its purpose—always obtaining from me some fresh tribute—to hypocrisy!—I thought it affection!”  
 —(Here Emersly was surprised by what he conceived an anomaly in nature—a tear on the ferocious countenance of a robber.)—

“ There was a time when the hearts

of children were the seat of Nature, and their tongues the ready and immediate organ of her dictates—but now, no sooner do they enter the world, and acquire the use of speech, than they are tutored to deception—to fawn and feign, and subject truth to stratagem—their very souls are stripped of their noble, native clothing, and invested with a sophisticated habit of gew-gaw mockery, rendering them mere apes of what they should be.

“ To mine I had been a kind father—and looked forward to a grateful return in their maturer years.—At this period they had just arrived when I stood so much in need of it—my girl was eighteen—and my boy two years younger—the consolation of their society was all I desired; to stimulate



my exertions for their future welfare; and was indeed the only hope of happiness I had left—hear the sequel.

“ I one day called them to me, and embracing one in each arm. ‘ My dear children ’ said I, ‘ you have now attained an age that will give some sanction to your judgment on the prospect before us—the misfortunes that have occurred have not only deprived you of the provision I had made, but has reduced the means of our support to this single pair of hands—your dear mother is gone, whose assistance might have enabled me to have done something better for you, and the price of my labour alone will scarcely procure us bread.’—The girl turned her head aside, ‘ Lord, how you talk.’—‘ I am sorry, my dear,’ replied I, ‘ that I am saying

as much as I can do'—'I hope to do much better than that,' said she,—'I hope so too, Maria,' I replied; 'and as the best means of enabling you to do better, I intend to procure you a service, in some respectable family, that may suit your qualifications.'—'Oh Lord, no!' replied the young lady; 'you may save yourself the trouble—I shall find a way to make my qualifications serviceable in some other shape.'—Turning to the boy, 'William,' said I, 'you shall learn my business, and you will soon be able to support yourself.'—Poverty lessens the authority even of a father with his children!—the boy made no answer—however, I had opened my mind to them—it was sufficient for that time, and I said no more.

“ In the evening of the next day, on

my return home I found neither of them there—but a note, folded, and lying on the table, addressed to me by name.—I opened it—it was signed by my children, who, after informing me that they were gone to live with their dear uncle, presumed to insult me with reproaches—me!—who had been, at least, an indulgent father!—I read on, and found at the conclusion, having previously imputed the death of their mother to the state of labour and privation I had brought her to? (here the tears again stole down his cheeks), “they had, with equal piety stipulated, that if I would engage never to be troublesome to *them* or their dear uncle—never to interfere with his disposal of them—never to disgrace them with their future connexions by my pre-

sence—in short—if I would renounce the name of father, and, with it, all claim to their notice—they would engage never to trouble me!—and, as a parting word of advice, recommended me to learn a little wisdom from experience.—I have learned it!—I have learned it!—and may they live—to generate a race of vipers that shall wound them with the wisdom they have made a curse to me!——Now are you satisfied?”

Emersly at a loss how to answer a man whose reason was so evidently impaired by his domestic troubles, bowed an assent.

“For,” continued he (his countenance still holding that stern position in which the recollection of his children’s ingratitude had placed it), “I

could still go on to tell you, that, thus foiled in life's dearest hopes, meeting accidentally with an acquaintance, who, like myself, had suffered by a set of fair-tongued villains—ruined in my circumstances, and cursed in my children, I agreed to quit with him our country for the opposite coast.—I could tell you of the various scenes of difficulty and disgust passed through in France—of our subsequent progress thence into Spain—of my sufferings from the Inquisition—my confinement two years in one of their horrible cells—of my escape thence—and that, finally, tired of life, and disgusted with character, I left the society of good and honest men—for that of robbers!—all which would make up matter for a story wonderfully interesting and de-

lectable to those who had not the fear of the executioner before their eyes—but but I see the morning break, and we must vanish with the shades of night.”

They had not gone much farther, when the robber, stopping, told Emersly he must now submit to have his eyes bound, till he arrived within the cavern—but Emersly having no desire to be assisted by the plunder of a band of outlaws, requested that, as he had generously restored his purse, he would allow him the liberty of pursuing his journey.

“My young friend,” replied the robber, “it is little that I allow you the liberty of pursuing your journey, in return for my life, which, but for you, I had certainly lost; but it would be still less, were I to allow it un-

accompanied with the means of preserving yours by the way.—I have felt the sting of ingratitude too deeply myself, to inflict it on others—here is another purse—pursue your journey and prosper.—Do not shrink man—it was booty to *me*—my life to a purse it was no more to *him* I took it from—think you there are no robbers but those of the road—beware of whispering *friends*—for they will whistle away your good name—and you shall not know it till you see every back turned on you and the finger of scorn pointing to the gibbet.”

“Such observations, Sir, are too trite to be necessary,” replied Emersy.

“And it is too much, my friend, to expect new observations in an old world—the arch-fiend is careless of novelty, if

his purpose be but effected—and the old trick of slander, dexterously performed, will do it, in most of its varieties.—Do you think there are no robberies but those of legal cognizance—beware of the myriads of petty thefts and masked subductions—by loans never meant to be repaid—promises and projects never intended to be performed—baits in the shape of presents—the obtrusions of officiousness—of impudence or facility—of fortune-hunters—item-hunters—and the whole reptile tribe of parasites and sycophants, with their fawning insincerities and insidious slanders; ousting the relative, and snapping the bands of ancient friendship—in one word, beware of the *world!*—for such are the beings that constitute its character.—In your



commerce with it, give no man credit for his appearance or his speech—lay your estimate on his *actions*, not his *words*—as he *does*, trust him, and no farther.—I know the world, and hate it—you have it to learn, and a bitter lesson it may prove to you!—I gave my substance—my credit—my heart and soul, to others—how was I requited?—thrown destitute on the world—the distracted victim of ingratitude—by those who owed to my foundation their eminence—by those who owed to me—their *being*!—you may have friends, family, fortune—so once had I, and found my purse contained them *all*—that empty, I was of *all* bereft!—Honest?—are you no more!—let then your rags supply the warmth of friendship, love, filial affection, and every

other good, man looks for in society—for these are bought and sold, and money the only means!—Honesty, my friend, was a *virtue* when the world was in its nonage—it is now a *weakness*—a stumbling block to the world's preferment—effect but the dereliction of principle, subdued nature, and a little craft will make the world your own—or the world's fools.—Honest?—a man of the world would not thank you for the appellation—*Honour* is the term—which implies neither this nor that—will make no rogue blush—and which any scoundrel may profess, so long as he is not a poor one.

“ But I see the smoke ascend—the world is up—and the rat must seek his hole—while Specious Honesty, trained in its mazy discipline, sits down, with

plodding head, to con its complex lessons—subtilizing fraud—extracting its very essence in the form of *aid*—colouring pretences—and tracing its various and wily courses to the determined verge of legal justice.—Go—go—be rich—be but rich—you will be honest enough for the world, who never will inquire, ‘how came you so?’

“Farewell, my friend; farewell—fare better than I have fared—and remember, that there is no character so dangerous—as the *insidious thief*—your road lies to the right”—thus he said, and, without waiting the remonstrance or reply of Emeraldy, took an *opposite course!*

## CHAP. XV.

**AURORA** had dispelled the gloom of night, and the operations of renovated nature had commenced in the animate and inanimate creation, when Emersly resumed his journey.

His apprehensions of Gonsalvo's pursuit urged him to the most guarded circumspection in his progress, and still more so as the day advanced.—How to escape the danger of being traced from one inn to another perplexed him—somewhere he must rest—he had travelled all night, and had encountered a succession of the most alarming events—his mind was depressed—his

body weakened, and repose was necessary.

He looked around him, for some house or hut in which he might lie down to rest, but saw none—and, to add to his disappointment, he found himself entering on a spacious plain, bounded only by the horizon—his spirits failed—he threw himself on the ground, and thought of England as of a place he should see no more.

The death of Gonsalvo's servants would occasion the hue and cry after their murderers, and lead inevitably to his discovery, in a place so exposed—to cross it without resting was impossible—the more he thought of his danger, the more certain it appeared—one minute he fancied he heard the voices of men—the next the trampling of horses

--he could not rest—he walked on undirected in his way—he again looked round, and on that part of the plain which faced the rising sun, he now discovered, at some distance, the remains of an ancient abbey, which had long submitted its aspiring towers to the dilapidating hand of time; thither he determined to go, and within its venerable ruins secret himself for that day.

There was but one part of the abbey remaining that could afford either secrecy or shelter, and to that all access seemed barred by a door of Gothic form and Gothic strength; on each side were two narrow lattices, through which he looked, and saw a flight of steps leading from the door into a vault, the bottom of which was obscured by impenetrable darkness.

He walked among the ruins; but finding no place of apparent security, was obliged to put up with what offered in a nook, which, from the few vestiges that remained, appeared to have been a sacristy—here he entered, and, laying his head on a broken step, fell asleep.

Towards evening he awoke; but seeing the sun still above the horizon, he remained till evening, and then resumed his journey.

Having acquired some information of his way—after several days, he had nearly reached the frontiers of Portugal—when, one evening, as he was beginning his night's travel, he heard the tread of feet behind him; and, turning round, saw an old man clad in a loose cloak, whose thin locks seemed

covered with the frost of age—on his front the lines of thought were deeply traced, and on his countenance sat pensive Melancholy, and seemed no stranger there.

The whole figure struck Emersly with admiration; and curiosity induced him to watch his motions, and, if possible, to know more of him.

He followed him into an adjoining copse; and having apologized for intruding on his privacy, requested he would direct him to the nearest seaport from whence he might embark for England.

The old man looked at him with an air of serene affability.

“Are you an Englishman, Sir?” said he.

Emersly answered in the affirmative;



and, encouraged by the question, asked, in return, if he had an interest there.

“No, Sir,” he replied; “being an Englishman myself, and supposing you one, I ventured the question—it is answered, and I wish you well—at Lisbon you may procure your passage.”

“Pray, Sir,” said Emersly, “how far am I from the city of Alcantara?”

“Farther, Sir, than you can conveniently reach to-night, without danger of being attacked by a set of robbers, who infest these parts.”

“What can I do?” said Emersly to himself: “to be either robbed or benighted seems inevitable.”

“I have a cottage within this copse,” said the old man, considering his dilemma—“what it can afford, you shall be welcome to for this night, and in the

morning you may pursue your journey."

"Sir, I am a stranger—and my gratitude is by so much the greater, as it is due not only to your kindness but your confidence—and for both as voluntary and unsolicited."

"You are a stranger—but I know that you are perilously unaccommodated—it has never been in my power to confer *public* benefits—but—when I was more attached to society than I have for some years been—in the conferring of a private benefit, whether by relieving want, or affording pleasure, I always considered myself as having lost an advantage; when, with a previous consciousness of the power and opportunity, I have suffered it to be requested."

Emersly again thanked him, and accepting his offer, accompanied him home.

It was a small cottage, surrounded by trees, and perfectly secluded from any visible neighbourhood—an old woman opened the door; and Emersly, with his host, entered a little parlour, in which was a table neatly spread with vegetables and water.

“ I should make you an unacceptable compliment by inviting you to partake of this fare,” said the old man, pointing to the table; “ but I can offer you the choice of other food, if you prefer it.—Roots, fruits, and the pure element, have been my sustenance for many years—but my old woman chooses more boldly, to encounter the penalties of indigestion, rather than sacrifice her palate to her ease.”

The old woman at this instant entering with a cold fowl and a flask of wine, Emersly preferred her mess to that of the gentleman, who eat and drank heartily and safely of his vegetables and water, while they risked the consequences of high blood and indigestion from their flesh and wine.

“ Pray, Sir,” said Emersly, “ do you feel yourself invigorated by that insipid diet?”

“ I feel easy, Sir, and that is all an old man must expect; but that foolish woman, though as old as myself, and consequently her digestive organs much debilitated, still adheres to a strong and savoury diet, and says she has more occasion for it as she gets older and weaker—the consequence is, gout, rheumatism, and asthma, more or less,

all the year round—but what so obstinate as an old woman?”

“Sir,” said she, addressing Emersly, “if I was to live one week as my master does, I should be in my grave the next—a bit of meat and a drop of wine is so natural to me, I could not do without it.”

“Natural?” interrupted the old gentleman, “attend but to nature, and you will never err—but on nature we have superinduced custom, which, though a second nature, is far inferior to the first, and, in many instances, directly opposite to her intentions—but let us remember, that we never oppose her with impunity.”

“And yet, Sir,” said Emersly, wishing to divert the old man’s observations from the subject of regimen to a more

general one, “ custom goes far in emolliating the rigours of confinement, and in conforming our minds, as well as bodies, to the vicissitudes of life.—I might with some reason, suppose, that your own life in this retired spot is not perfectly consonant with nature’s dictates, which seem generally to refer us to society as to the chief ingredient in the cup of human felicity.”

(Here the old woman, feeling herself dismissed from a conversation in which she had hoped to bear a part, got up, and, with a kind of disappointed *Humph!* began to think of her chamber business; and as an extra bed that night, and an extra breakfast in the morning, remained to be prepared, which had never before occurred during the whole time she had lived there,

it somewhat disturbed the usual economy of her affairs, which she now left the room to adjust.)

“ Human felicity !” replied the old gentleman, looking earnestly at Emersly : “ Alas, young friend !—our life is an illusion !—the world, a fallacy !—in which, led by the enchantress Hope, who points successively to scenes of distant bliss, which vanish at our approach, on we go until our footing fails, earth’s air-formed bubble bursts—to the disclosure of a scene substantial and eternal—where Faith and Hope shall consign us to the hand of Immortal Charity !”

“ Your conclusion, Sir, is unanswerable, but your notions of the present life are far too strict—they may be true as to our general views ; but there

are interventions of social complacency that will always compensate, in no small degree, for the evanescence of our air-built castles—these notions, Sir, are the natural result of your seclusion from society.”

To Emersly's reply the old gentleman making no answer, the former proceeded.

“ Society, Sir, is the tree, producing the golden fruits of love—friendship—and the ‘ human face divine,’—far more precious than those of the Hesperides without their opposing guard.”

“ Love!” exclaimed the old gentleman (who seemed to have drooped at the particular application of Emersly's remark on his solitude), “ what is it?—in its common acceptance, the blind trick of nature to unite the



sexes; and in its Platonic, its pure, refined sense—the child of Imagination!—and, *as* a child, alternately pleased and fretted by its play-thing, till experience has proved its imperfection, and induced disgust!—Friendship, alike in its adversities, is of similar futility!—As to the ‘human face divine’—it is a sublime expression of the poet—but if by it you mean beauty in its vulgar sense—beware of it, lest too late you find it but the vizard of hell with heaven’s impress!”

“I have always considered beauty, Sir, as a dangerous possession—it is the very sceptre of *female* sway—and where’er it points, obedience follows—but alas, for the consequence!—with an influence so absolute on the hearts and inclinations of its devoted subjects, it is

no less insidiously seductive of its sovereign possessor!—therefore, Sir, beauty has always stood privileged for many errors.”

“Then it takes good care its privilege shall not lie dormant!—But, Sir, the tenor of your observations is becoming too particular—too personal—I live here to please myself; and as I do no harm to others thereby, it is allowable, on the principle of human liberty, if not of social benefit.”

“Sir,” replied Emersly, “I meant not to censure your mode of living, or to question the general privilege of adopting that which suits our inclination and ability, within the pale of justice; but I will confess, that I wished by it to obtain from you a relation of the circumstances that could

and lose their own souls—substituted by a false and foreign spirit, not having the like faculties of sight, hearing, or understanding.—I have seen the modest become vain—the vain *proud!*—fraught with contumely and insult!—and bearing their humanity about them as though they scorned it!—

In the eleemosynary walks, I have seen the gifts of meek-eyed Charity administered by the uncourteous hand of surly insolence—from whose repulsive aspect, the wretch of sensibility has shrunk—and sought an asylum in her sorrows!”

“You have possibly mistaken the seriousness of pity for severity, Sir.”

“No—no—instead of that inviting form in which the goddess herself appears, imagine the characters of low-

bred surliness and supercilious pride, and you see, with few exceptions, the ministers of her earthly temples!—

In the walks of business—but, let this suffice—such is the world!—so let it pass—I am incompetent to its reformation—and I leave the enjoyment of it to those more suitably qualified.”

“Your independence, Sir, must have exempted you from any personal suffering, in all that you have objected—and allow me to observe, Sir, that the good man cannot be in the strict line of his duty, when, by his seclusion from society, he withdraws his light from a dark and devious world—it is, at least, by the presence of good men, that the bad are abashed and confounded.”

“Oh!—do not urge me farther.—I have seen these things—but—(I confess

it),—had I seen no more—I could have lived on enduring the world, by despising it—but I have seen it in its horrid character—and I dread it!—Do not think I speak this in the spirit of misanthropy—I love mankind—but I shun monsters!—Oh, blood! blood! blood!—Save me, Heaven, from all recollection of the past!—Exclude from my memory—my mind, all access to imagination!—for it cannot endure, though but in fancy, the contemplation of such scenes of horror!”

Emersly, surprised by the old gentleman's ejaculation, and seeing his countenance again become pale and his eyes fixed, suddenly started up to support him; when, catching Emersly by the breast—“Villain!” he exclaimed, “is it blood you want?—Hah!”.....

At this instant the old woman entered; and, looking at her master, gave a shriek, and begged Emersly to help her, for that he was going into one of his fits.

“What?” said the astonished youth, “—what can be the cause of this?”

“Oh, Sir!” replied the woman, as she endeavoured to recover him, “he has been subject to fits of melancholy many years—and Heaven knows, poor gentleman, they have had a melancholy cause.—Do, Sir, support his dear head, while I fetch some water.—I never knew him so bad as this before.”

Emersly stooped; and the woman, raising her head, gave another shriek, and burst into tears—the old man, now recovering looked at Emersly.

“Who are you?” said he: then:

turning his eyes upwards—"Is this an instance of thy justice or thy mercy?—Hast thou at length, blest me with the means of recovering my long-lost daughter!—or delivered to my vengeance her mother's murderer!—but—that cannot be—he could not—yet his father's might!—Who are you?"

He seized the picture at the bosom of Emersly;—"Here is the portraiture" (and his tears fell on it)—"but where the dear original!—Oh! tell me, who you are, and by the sacred Word, tell me truly how you procured this picture."

"Sir," replied Emersly, "this picture cannot interest your feelings more poignantly than mine.—I am a gentleman, and this picture is a pledge of love—the dear object I received it from, told me it was the picture of her mother

—but who was her mother—I have yet to learn.”

“ Gracious Heaven!” exclaimed the old man, falling on his knees, “ Mysterious and inscrutable are thy ways!—but in thy appointed time thou removest the obscurity that veils thy works of mercy and good-will to man!—Oh, Sir!” (turning to Emersly) “ if you have yet to know her mother—Alas!—I am her father!—if this be the picture of her mother—she is indeed my dear, dear, daughter!—Oh! tell me, Sir—tell me where I may find her—where I may embrace my child, and die in peace!—tell me how she has lived till now.”

“ Sir,” said Emersly, “ the circumstances of her life are nearly as strange to me, as they are to you. I first knew and loved her, as the daughter of an ob-



scure farmer in the North of England, nor was it, till, at my departure from thence, she presented to me this picture of her mother, that I had any doubt concerning her birth: but conceiving, from a knowledge of the farmer, and his circumstances, that it was not an article of his purchase, I expressed my surprise, which she seemed to avoid a direct answer to; but on my asking her, in plain terms, if Mortimer (for that is his name) was not her father—‘Oh, yes,’ said she, ‘and *more* than father.’”

Here the old gentleman mused—

“He could not have *purloined* my infant—no—the preservation of her life and this picture, proves it.”

“How far,” continued Emersly, “they may be more or less happy for this wonderful discovery, I have

no idea—never was affection more abundant or reciprocal—they live an example of paternal love and filial piety, and separation will be”—

“By no means,” interrupted the old gentleman hastily, “she shall be his daughter still—and I will be their friend.—And has he supplied the cares and comforts of a father to her?—Oh! let me hasten to relieve my heart of the weight of gratitude it bears him, and make it the future business of my life to repay his bounty to my child!—but how do they live?”

“Mortimer is a poor man, Sir—but the little that he has he affectionately shares with her.”

“Heaven bless him!”

“That they have no difficulties is more than I can say.”

“They shall not have them long—my heart yearns to relieve them.—Is she like this picture?”

“No resemblance can be more so.”

The tears poured down his cheeks, and addressing the old woman, “You remember well this portrait.—My poor Julia!”

“Ah, Sir, I do!”

“My head and heart are too full of this event—permit me to retire—in the morning, Sir, we will arrange the business of our departure.”

Emersly retired soon after, and, on entering the chamber, was struck with a painting so exactly like the miniature he received from Ellen, that no doubt could exist of their being portraits of the same person.—The consequences likely to ensue from this ex-

traordinary discovery occupied his mind with the most pleasing prospects, till sleep consigned it to the uncontrolled dominion of fancy.

In the morning, Emersly again expressed a wish to know the particulars of the old gentleman's history; but he again declined entering on the recital, which, he said, must bring to his recollection scenes too distressing for his mind under its present anxiety to endure. He informed him, that his name was Clinton, and said that, at some future period, he might probably accede to his request.

No time was lost in preparing for their departure, which was in a few days accomplished; Mr. Clinton leaving the old woman to take care of the house; which he observed, must

never be wholly relinquished by him while he lived.

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The voyage was safe, and the pleasing anticipations of the lover and the parent left no void in the heart or mind of either—they were the only and inexhaustible theme of conversation—while the benevolence of the parent's fond intentions could only be equalled by the ardent expressions of the lover in commendation of his child

## CHAP. XVI.



AS the arrival of Henry was unadvised, and unexpected by his uncle, it caused in his mind some doubt of a welcome reception ; and as any other would have been particularly unpleasant in the presence of Mr. Clinton, he contrived, on their landing in England, to defer the introduction of that gentleman till he had presented himself.— Preparatory to his own appearance, he addressed a line, informing his uncle of his unlicensed return, and promised to explain the necessity of it to his satisfaction ; and without waiting for

any answer to his note, took the earliest opportunity of following it, leaving Mr. Clinton as well accommodated as he could be, at an inn a few miles distant.

His return was heartily welcomed by all the servants; and he was respectfully received by Mr. Richardson, who waited the promised explanation, that might redeem the good opinion of Mr. Emersly, and demonstrate the efficacy of those precepts he had himself inculcated.

Henry, on inquiring for his uncle, was informed by Mr. Richardson, that he had been the day before sent for to Ashbourne, at the request of the steward, to wait the result of a dangerous wound Sir William had received in a duel with Captain Sedley.

“What could occasion the duel, Mr. Richardson?” said Henry.

That is at present unknown, Sir.—The Baronet was brought home wounded yesterday morning by some strange men—and from them we learned the name of his antagonist, and that Captain Sedley was likewise wounded, and taken with little hopes of recovery, to a farm-house on the spot.”

“Then there is no time to be lost,” said Henry: and was going to ring for the equipment of his horse; when Mr. Richardson saying he thought he had better defer his visit till the next day—

“What, Sir,” replied Henry, “talk of delay and death present?”

“Sir,” said Mr. Richardson, “your uncle is there.”

“Sir?”



“Your uncle is there, Sir.”

“Oh, I understand you—but surely in a case like this the explanation of my return is not necessary to precede my interview.”

Mr. Richardson then took him by the hand—“Sir, said he, “it is not presuming beyond my authority to request not merely the explanation of your return without leave, but also your answer to this letter” (presenting that received from Mr. Melmoth).

Henry took the letter, and, starting at the hand-writing, perused the contents.

“This is a heavy charge indeed, Sir—but I am innocent.—Heaven and my conscience attest it to myself—and I trust the story truly told will prove it to you.”

He then related the whole to Mr. Richardson—who having seriously censured his imprudence, acquitted him of crime, and immediately sent a detailed account of the affair to Mr. Emersly, that no impediment to a reconciliation might unnecessarily remain.

“ Mr. Richardson,” said Henry, as they sat over their wine after dinner, “ considering the awful condition of my brother it may not be an irrelative question—What think you of my brother’s character?—for our habits of intimacy have been but slightly formed.”

“ Sir,” replied Mr. Richardson, “ characters are delicate subjects.—In matters both of opinion and practice while he was under my tuition, we certainly differed diametrically—what his

actions have been as a man, I do not know—and his heart whence their motives have arisen, I cannot know—reports, of the most atrocious nature, have gone forth, which, if unfounded, should subject the propagators to the most severe punishment—but to aver his character, Sir, is beyond the information I possess.”

“What reports,” said Henry, “are those you speak of?”

“It would shock you to hear them, Sir—do not require it.”

“Mr. Richardson,” I may venture to ask *you*,—how are the family at Hawthorn?—Have your inquiries ever reached so far?—My uncle—inexorable still, I suppose?—not a word; Mr. Richardson?—Well, I hope still to make them happy—and without offence to uncle—

Poor Mortimer!—you have, perhaps, suffered on my account—but it shall be made up to you.”

“ He is past all compensation here, Sir.—I have written his epitaph, and your uncle has given him a grave!—and his daughter”——

“ Oh, Heavens!” said Henry—what of his daughter?”

“ She is gone, Sir—but where, has, as yet, escaped all inquiry.”

“ Oh, Ellen! Ellen!—what am I to think of this—but the circumstances, Mr. Richardson—the circumstances—how—when—where did the old man die?—Did she leave him—and did it break his heart!”

“ It will but add to your affliction, Sir, to know that Mortimer was arrested at the suit of Captain Sedley.”

“ Captain Sedley?”

“ Captain Sedley, Sir.—Mortimer had formerly given a bond to your brother for a certain consideration, which bond your brother had afterwards transferred to Sedley. Mortimer’s circumstances rendered him totally unable to discharge it, and he was thrown into prison.”

“ Poor old man!”

“ This alarmed your mother and she seized his effects for his arrears with *her*?”

“ Cruel mother!”

“ His daughter’s attention to him *in* prison, and her exertions for him *without*, were truly worthy of her.”

“ Where was my uncle?”

“ Sir, at the time she applied to him, he was indisposed—he had just

received Mr. Melmoth's letter from Spain."

"I understand you—she pleaded the cause of a distress old man to a deaf ear and an obdurate heart.—Oh, uncle! uncle!—My mother, and my brother too—and my poor Ellen!—Oh! Mr. Richardson, I am distracted!"

"Sir, as soon as the particulars of Mortimer's situation were known to your uncle (for he refused to hear them from herself)"——

"And who told them?"

"Will Hurst."

"The only honest heart among ye all."

"As soon as they were made known to him, he immediately went to the old man's relief; but his daughter's unaccountable absence had, in the mean

time occurred—and it is supposed, with the pressure of his other calamities, to have broken his heart!—he died the very morning your uncle went to relieve him.”

“And no information of his daughter?”

“None, Sir.—A small bundle of things, which she had packed for her father’s use, was found by the side of the rivulet that runs by the cottage—but had she been drowned, her body must ere now have appeared.”

Henry’s grief now burst forth in tears, while his exclamations were so intemperate as to be scarcely short of imprecations on his uncle, his mother, and his brother, to whom he attributed the whole of this calamity.—He started from the table, and, taking his hat,

burst out of the room. Mr. Richardson saw him from the window, pass through the gate, and, apprehending some desperate conduct, followed him at a distance, unperceived, to the church-yard.

He stopped at the grave of Mortimer; and having read the epitaph, he raised his hands to heaven, assented to its truth, and wept!—From thence Mr. Richardson followed him to the once happy cottage—now shut up and desolate—the notice of its being “*To Lett*” was stuck on a board at the garden-gate, which Henry immediately tore down and trampled on, with an earnest resentment of the oppression that had crushed its former owner. He then turned back in the most desperate agony, whilst Mr. Richardson having followed him to within a few



yards of the house, contrived to slip in the back way, unperceived, a few minutes before him, and found Mr. Emersly arrived, to whom he communicated the alarming grief of his nephew.

\* \* \* \* \*

The reception of Henry by his uncle was the most affectionate that can be conceived; but, on the part of Henry there was more respect than ardour.

The loss of Ellen, and the death of Mortimer, he conceived, might easily have been prevented by his uncle; and it filled his heart with too much grief, to admit a sense of joy or gratitude at that time;—he took the earliest opportunity of retiring.

The next morning he arose, and sat down to contemplate the picture, when

he was surprised by a voice which, though familiar to his ear, he could not name; he started up, and opening the door, saw Betty, who had been servant to Mortimer; the poor girl, after informing him that breakfast was ready, looked at him with tears in her eyes—he shook her by the hand—and entered the parlour somewhat more satisfied with his uncle, for retaining this humble relict of the family at Hawthorn.

“Henry” said Mr. Emersly, after they had taken their first cup of coffee, “I have to inform you, that your brother is no more!”

“My brother, Sir?”

“Is dead!—Your mother has disgraced herself and her family with a man, married, and the husband and father of an amiable wife and five chil-

dren, with whom she has eloped, and the title and estate are now yours. On whatever additional happiness they may or can confer, I congratulate you most cordially ; but hope you will make a better use of both than your late brother has."

" Oh, Sir," replied Henry, " talk not to me of happiness—my title is that of a distracted man?—and my estate a life of sorrow !"

" Come, come, Henry, this is extravagant—the death of Mortimer and the absence of his daughter I regret with you most sincerely ; but an age of tears cannot recall the dead—and in this eventful life, a thousand circumstances may restore the merely absent."

" Merely absent?—Oh! Heavens, that

it were so!—merely absent is to return at will;—Oh, Sir, this is trifling.”

“ Henry, I would encourage hope—I would assist it by every means in my power.”

“ Your assistance timely bestowed, Sir, might have been serviceable—it is now a vain offer.”

“ I am sensible of the error you allude to, Henry, which originated in vanity and was confirmed by the misrepresentations of your brother, who, as he lived, so he died—obstinately proud, wilful, and wicked—such a tale has been told, as will render his memory hateful—his character is too black to be easily believed: on the other hand, that of Mortimer as far exceeds in virtue my former conception of it, as your brother’s exceeds in vice the worst con-

struction my judgment ever formed. Licentiously gay he appeared to the world—this was but a mask for habits of the most inveterate and serious sin; and as cruelty, hypocrisy, lust, and deep-laid device, were the business of his life—children seduced and deserted—broken-hearted parents, and forlorn orphans, were the ghosts which hovered round his death-bed, and appalled his sullen soul with terrors beyond the grave!—But I will now relate to you all that has passed from the time of your departure from England.”

The alarm and astonishment that appeared in the countenance of Henry, on hearing the account of his brother's conduct, as related by Kent, are beyond description.”

“ Indeed, indeed,” said he, “ it is

not easily to be believed.—But surely,” exclaimed the youth, “the providence of Heaven could not end at the death of Mortimer—it preserves her still for the arms of a tender parent, a sincere lover—and for the happiness that now awaits her approved virtue.”

“Parent?” cried Mr. Emersly.

“Yes, Sir—he now expects my notice, and thinks me employed in the preparation of his daughter for the reception of an anxious and affectionate father.”

Henry then informed his uncle of the circumstances which led to this discovery, and was again relapsing into despair, when a servant entered the room with a letter, which Mr. Emersly immediately opened, and, looking at the signature, read aloud.

‘ SIR,

“ To a wretch on the verge of eternity, and whose mind is impressed with the horrors of a guilty life, a lie is impossible.—If the following confession may be any atonement for the part I have taken in the scheme projected against Mortimer and his daughter, it will by so much alleviate the enormous weight of guilt that oppresses my departing soul!

“ I was born and bred to an humble fortune—with no other dependance than on my industry and ingenuity—for the fair exertion of which, my father had procured for me a liberal education, and placed me at a proper age, with a very respectable solicitor, from whom I derived not only much professional knowledge but many wholesome les-

sons on the ways of the world, and the necessity of avoiding them, to become a respectable practitioner.—But the heights of ambition courted my ascension, and I soon left the dull, tedious road of fair practice, for the serpentine tracks of illicit license—the study of law and equity was relinquished for that of fraud and circumvention; while my genius, flattered by the opinion of others, soared to a pitch of audacity which placed me beyond competition, and eventually recommended me to the notice of Lady Emersly, by whom I was employed to make some additions to a former will of the late Sir William, with a strict injunction that certain of them should escape his signature—this was effected by supplying a duplicate with the omissions ordered by her lady.



ship, the principal of which was, a legacy of 2000*l.* to Miss Ellen Mortimer—you, Sir, were in London at the time; and Sir William, being unable to read himself, heard what I *read*, and signed what I had *written*.

“ I had succeeded so well in this undertaking, that I was soon after requested by the young Baronet to assist him in schemes of a different nature—his amours—and as a red coat, cockade, and sword, are well known to be the best heart-traps for the country, my black coat and quill were laid aside for the dress and accoutrements of a soldier.

“ The same success attended me in these undertakings as in the former; and I had the satisfaction of the Baronet’s approbation, at the expense only

of a few broken hearts and distracted minds—then, subjects of boast and laughter—now, of anguish and terror!

“ But my *chef d’œuvre* was, after assisting to deprive Mortimer’s daughter of her legacy, to aid in procuring her person for my employer.—It was considered by the Baronet himself as an arduous undertaking, and to be effected only by means of uncommon policy—what they were, and their consequences, I may presume to be already known to you, so far as to the imprisonment and death of Mortimer—I therefore proceed to the main purpose of this letter.—It was expected that the business between the cottage and the prison would afford us an opportunity of seizing our fair prey in perfect security.—One morning, as she was passing alone

with some articles tied up in a handkerchief, I stopped her by the side of the brook; and, having laid her bundle on the bank, that it might be, for a time, supposed, she had thrown herself into it, forced her into a chaise, which I had placed in the lane, and conveyed her to a mad-house in the neighbourhood of the place I write from. Here I was to commit her to the care of the master, as a person suffering under an intermitting melancholy—while my part was, to prepare her for the reception of the Baronet the next day; when, by persuasion, fraud; or force, she was to submit to his desires.

“ But I feel that I have neither strength nor time to afford you more than necessary information.—I have informed you where she is, which will

be sufficient for her release—omitting, therefore, his attempt, and her determined resistance, I proceed to the circumstance of the duel; of which, whatever may have been the Baronet's story, you may rely on the truth of mine.

“The long and disgraceful prosecution of our scheme being now carried as far as our means could avail towards success, she being now in the sole power of the Baronet, I began to look for the promised reward of *my* endeavours, which was to have been settled by an annuity of 100*l.*; and if I should consent to marry the girl off his hands, when disgust had succeeded to satiety, an additional 100*l.* for the obligation.”

This was more than Henry could endure; he snatched the letter from his uncle, and tearing it, one half went into

the fire, and the other fell on the ground.

“ Sir, this is an impudent lie—the villain lives, and dares to insult us thus, because my brother is dead, and unable to refute the charge.”

“ Henry,” replied Mr. Emersly, “ were they not the words of a dying man, and premised with so much serious observation, I should myself doubt it—but let us follow him to the end of his letter, which I see still remains.”

Mr. Emersly took it from the ground and read on.

“ But when I made my claim, he coolly told me, his purpose was served, so far as I could effect it, and I must wait *his* pleasure for mine. Surprised at the *sang froid* with which he answered me—I warmly asked him what

he meant by it.—‘ I mean, that you are a rascal,’ said he, ‘ and the world shall know it—the scheme is half accomplished, Sedley—do you think I had not an underplot to secure my reputation from the possibility of your attack—or think you I would hold farther league with you in any shape whatever?—Fool, not to know yourself a mere tool in my hands, to be thrown aside when no longer wanted.—An annuity?—what—to publish to the world the occasion of it?—no—character I laugh at, but reputation is necessary—leave me, rascal, and let me see or hear of you no more—and, by way of advice, quit the kingdom, and seek some corner of it where no trace of Sedley or his conduct can be known.’—This was on our way one morning to the

mad-house.—I instantly took out a brace of pistols—and putting one of them into his hands, insisted that he should either blow out my brains or I would blow out his—without measuring the ground very nicely, we turned about—both fired—both fell—and both had died on the spot, had not a man from a neighbouring farm-house by chance passed by, and, seeing our condition, ran for help. The Baronet was, I suppose, well enough to direct his way home—I was taken to the farm-house, where I have lain ever since in hourly expectation of death—it cannot be far off—and the after-state I have so often laughed at—I now tremble to think of!—To this confession I, for the last time, sign the wretched name of

“SEDLEY.”

“ Well, Sedley,” said Mr. Emersly, when he had finished the letter “ may Heaven regard the sincerity of your repentance, and have mercy on your soul! —your offences have been great and numerous, but it is something in the eye of Heaven to have a due sense of them at last.”

“ Where, Sir,” said Henry, “ was the letter dated from?”

“ Really,” replied Mr. Emersly, “ I did not observe it.”

Henry started up—“ And the head of the letter is burnt—Oh! Fool! Fool!”

“ Ah!” said Mr. Emersly, equally vexed, “ all rashness is folly.”

He then got up, and, ringing the bell, desired one of the servants to go immediately to Ashbourne for George the coachman: in the mean while, Mr.



Emersly endeavoured to sooth the distraction of his enamoured nephew.

When George arrived, he was immediately questioned whether he knew the name of the place where the duel was fought; and having answered in the negative,

“No, no,” cried the petulant youth, “he knows nothing.—My poor Ellen is by this time really mad—and I—Oh, Heavens!—I am distracted—her father too—how can I see him?—or what can I say?”

“Harry, Harry,” cried Mr. Emersly, “do not suffer yourself to be thus borne away by passion—let us consider a little.—Had you no conversation, George, with the men who brought your master home?”

“No, Sir,” replied George, “no

more than just about my master—they said they found him lying on the ground shot through the body—that he told them where to carry him—and they brought him home after having his wound bound up.”

“Then you think you could not find any one of them?”

“No, Sir—and yet I do recollect one of them said he had a cousin who kept the Greyhound under the hill.”

“Do you recollect the name of the man who said so?”

“I think, Sir, they called him Gibbons.”

“Then go, George, and ask the man at the Greyhound if he has such a cousin, and where he lives—perhaps that may give us some clue—and, George, lose no time about it.”

George promised the utmost an old man could do, and departed.

“ Henry,” said Mr. Emersly, “ is Mr. Clinton informed of our residence?”

“ Yes, Sir—and will arrive, I fear, long before his daughter!—he was only to wait the return of the first post after my arrival—and be here by the quickest conveyance he could procure.—Alas! how great will be his disappointment!”

“ Perhaps not, Harry—cannot we contrive some means of detaining him on the road for a day or so?”

“ Ah, Sir,”—any means to put off the evil day must be welcome.”

“ Not so much to put off the evil day, I hope, as to contrive his arrival on a happy one.—I am loath, very loath, to defer his hopes; but in a case like

this, it is better that hope be a day deferred, than wounded by a day's disappointment."

George returned much sooner than he was expected, and his countenance denoted his errand effective.

"Well, George," said Mr. Emersly, "what have you to tell us?"

"Why Sir—I am rather warm, and rather too much out of breath for a long story."

"The shorter the better, George—and in order to make it so, you need not tell us how you procured your information, but what it is."

"Why, then, Sir—to be as short as I can—the man lives about two miles from Keswick—and is servant to the farmer who undertook the care of Captain Sedley."

“George,” said Mr. Emersly, “here is a guinea for your information.”

“And here,” said Henry, starting up with new life, “is another for your haste—and now, George, get my horse saddled, and saddle another for yourself—and let us make the best use of them we can.”

George had been too well paid for his exertions to relax a tittle from his utmost ability; which the old man, thus circumstanced, found all but competent to a lover's haste.



It was near evening when they arrived at the farm-house.—Henry was respectfully received by the farmer—and informed that Sedley died the night before.

“ I am sorry for it,” said Henry.

“ Ah, Sir,” said the farmer—“ it is mad work, this duelling—mad work, Sir.”

“ He was a stranger to me,” said Henry, “ but he could have given me some material information, which I am now at a loss for—pray is there a mad-house in this neighbourhood ?”

“ Yes, Sir, there is.”

“ Can you direct me to it ?”

“ I can, Sir—but it will be useless to-night, for they will suffer none of the poor creatures to be seen after sunset.”

“ Can you lodge us to-night, farmer ?”

“ Why, Sir, we have but one room that you could be at all comfortable in, and the dead body lies there.”

“ You have an easy chair, farmer ?”

“ Yes, Sir, but”—

“ That shall do,” said Henry, “ and I will thank you.”

“ My dame and I could give up our bed for one night.”

“ By no means,” said Henry, “ the chair will do—I shall, however, take your direction to the mad-house—they may, perhaps, answer a question, if they will not admit a visitor.”

The farmer having pointed out the way, Henry ordered George to procure some refreshment against his return—and set out alone.

He soon reached the house, which was about three miles distant, and found it on a sequestered spot, surrounded by a strong and high brick wall—he rang the bell—and soon after a man appeared at the gate, and desired his business.—

He asked if a young lady was in the house, mentioning her name—to which he received a negative reply—this alarmed him, and he began to conceive the keeper a party in the plot.

“Are you the master of the house?” said Henry.”

“No, Sir”

“Let me see him.”

He came and made the same reply.

“I cannot positively contradict you.” said Henry; “but be it at your peril, Sir, to deny it, if she is here—as it shall be my business to have other proof that your assertion is true—to-morrow, or the day after, you may rely upon it, I shall search your house by a legal warrant.”

With this assurance Henry left him, and returned to the farmer's.



He found the family retired to bed, but a plentiful table set out in the parlour—and two comfortable chairs (in one of which George was asleep)—having roused George, he sat down to supper, with somewhat less appetite than if Ellen's confinement had been acknowledged at the house he went to.

“ I think, George,” said Henry, “ there seems to be a kind disposition in our host.”

“ I think there is, Sir Henry.”

“ I desire, George, you will omit this title for a time—it will only create confusion.—Did any words pass between you and him, during my absence?”

“ None worth mentioning, Sir.—I asked about the captain—how he died—if he died penitent?”

“ Penitent? George, why what do

you mean?—Was there any more cause for penitence in him than every dying man must naturally feel?”

“I believe, Sir, he had lived but a sorry life.”

“You think so, George—and what said the farmer?”

“He said he died very uneasy, Sir—he was very much afraid of dying—and said a good deal about a lady in yon mad-house.”

“He did?”

“Yes, Sir.”

“Well, George, when you have taken your supper, you may rest yourself in that chair, as well as you can, and I will do the same in this.”

## CHAP. XVII.



**HENRY** arose early in the morning; and his suspicion of Ellen's confinement in the house he had been to the night before being more confirmed by what George had said at supper, he again bent his steps that way.

As he was walking near the wall, he was suddenly surprised by a violent shriek from some part of the house—he looked up—and, seeing but one window open, concluded it must have come from thence.—He remained with his eyes fixed on the window a considerable time, but saw nobody, and he con-

tinued his walk round the wall ; when, returning to the spot where he had been alarmed, he saw a white handkerchief lying on the ground, which he took up, and, feeling something hard, opened it, and beheld the portrait of himself.—This was sufficient—the acquisition of a gold mine would have been less valued by him—it was impossible to wait the regular rising of the house—he rang violently at the gate—and was threatened by the master with the contents of a blunderbuss if he did not go about his business.

“ Sir,” said Henry, “ I shall expect your submission, instead of yielding mine. However, let me first inform you who I am—perhaps you are a different man, to different persons.”—He then wrote his name on a card,—and

apartment, and the master was desired to leave it.

Ellen having overcome the effect of her first surprise, was better able to support the meeting, which was ardent in the extreme—smiles and tears made up the alternate aspect of Ellen's countenance, while that of Henry beamed with manly affection and consummate joy.—It was some minutes before their repeated embraces could give place to words—and then exclamation and epithet were the only relief supplied to the fulness of their bosoms, until nature, oppressed by an excess of bliss, subsided to the more tolerable state of tranquility.

“Well, Miss Montague,” said Henry, jocosely—

“Montague, Sir!” replied Ellen,

starting with surprise, and apprehending it the name of some other mistress which he had inadvertently applied to her—"Montague?"

"Is the name you are known by here."

"Ah, Sir—I understand it now—but I need not wonder—they have not only changed my name—they have denied my sanity—and, indeed, their usage of me had nearly verified their assertion."

"I hope not," replied Henry—"the rose has, indeed, deserted the lily on your cheek—but it shall bloom again—and as to name, that of Mortimer, or Montague, is indifferent to me, if I have but your permission to change either for Emersly."—Ellen blushed—"But I have much to tell you—and

much to ask—that your health is impaired is too apparent to be questionable, and your sufferings at home I am informed of—what they have been here I have to learn.”

“Have you seen my father, Sir?”

“Your *father* is well.”

(She clasped her hands)

“Oh! then I am happy!—I feared to inquire.—Poor old man!—but you have heard of his sufferings—you have pitied them—he is well—and I am indeed happy!”

She started, and, resting her hand on Henry's,—

“You would not suffer him to remain in prison?—Where is he?”

Ellen seemed to question by her silence, the silence of Henry, who, dreading the discovery of Mortimer's

death, requested her to be satisfied with the assurance he had given her, and to relate what had happened to her in that place.

“My relation Sir,” said Ellen, “will be very short—as it is impossible for me fully to describe your brother’s conduct, or my sense of it.

“I need not tell you that I was forcibly conveyed to this place when on my way to my father.—Poor soul!—what he has suffered in my absence, I presume he has told you—what I have felt at the idea of it, I must leave you to conceive.—When I arrived here, Captain Sedley, who was the cause of my father’s imprisonment, informed me, that both his and mine depended solely on my acceptance or rejection of the terms he had to offer, which as they were perfectly liberal, he conceived,



would not require a moment's hesitation.

“ ‘ By rejecting them, said he, ‘ you sacrifice your father's liberty, if not his life—while your own are placed in the same jeopardy ;—in offering them, the Baronet sacrifices his word and honour pledged to his brother, and, indeed, every thing sacred to his character and condition, to his love for you.’

“ ‘ I am not worth it, Sir,’ I replied ; ‘ and as his terms, whatever they may be, are neither compelled nor solicited, his sacrifice is disgraceful to himself, and of no value to me—the sacrifice I am to make by rejecting them, is, indeed, a serious one—but why, Sir, if the terms are to be liberal, am I thus bound to comply?—they cannot be liberal.’

“ ‘ Five hundred a year, Madam—carriage, servants, &c.’

“ ‘ For which I am to——No, Sir——it might procure my father’s liberty——but he could not long hold his life on such terms!——my own liberty, Sir William has no right to dispose of——and, therefore, the grant of it can be no obligation.——Why, Sir, am I forced here to be thus insulted?——I demand my liberty——deny it at your peril.’ ”

“ Heaven knows from whence my strength or spirit came, to contend with him my passage to the hall—I, however, effected it——when calling out the man who admitted us, and with whom he had before held some private conversation——‘ Here,’ said he, ‘ is your charge’——and pushing me from him, he burst out of the house——I fell, and fainted in the arms of the man.——On my recovering, I was immediately conveyed

back to this apartment—and, having locked me in, they left me ignorant of where I was or what was to become of me.

“ Here I remained, unattended by any one, till the evening, when I was served with some coffee and biscuits, which I immediately refused, and again demanded my liberty—to this no answer was made—the man left the room—the key was turned—and I was left as before ;—night came on—I threw myself on the bed—and, my spirits being quite exhausted, fell asleep.

“ I know not at what time I awoke—but I had not lain long afterwards, before I heard a window thrown up, as it were in an adjoining room—I started and running to my own, found it barred—I attempted to get my head through the bars, that I might see and

know whether my neighbour was as wretched as myself—but it was impossible—the bars would scarcely admit my arm.

“ My window looks into a beautiful garden—the moon was full, and, with the stars, shone with remarkable brightness.—I was admiring the beauty of the scene, and wishing my soul at rest above it, when a nightingale placed herself on the branch of a tree at a little distance from me, and with her song sweetly relieved the solemn silence of the night.—I listened to its warbling, and felt my mind soothed to a degree of peace—suddenly it stopped, when a voice from the window lately opened addressed it thus :

“ Sweet bird! sing on—thy song accords well with my woes!—Hither

nightly does my troubled spirit lead me, when all but thou, sweet harmonist! is silent—whose plaintive notes, like the soft accents of a sympathizing friend, are to my sighs responsive.’

“Pleased at the possibility of communication with a fellow-sufferer, I spoke to her (for the delicacy of her voice declared her sex), requesting she would inform me where I was.—After a short interval of silence, like that of surprise—‘You are in a mad-house,’ she replied.

“‘Merciful Heaven!’ I exclaimed, ‘a mad-house!—I am not mad!’

“‘Though you be not,’ replied the stranger, ‘—the place will soon make you so!’

“‘Surely,’ said I, ‘that observation comes from a sane mind.’

“ ‘ See you the moon?’ she replied, in a saddened tone of voice; ‘ it makes me brain-sick to look at it.’

“ Alas!’ said I, ‘ how long have you been subject to its baleful influence?’

“ She sighed—but made no answer—I retired to bed—but slept no more that night.

“ The next morning, after taking some coffee, I was conducted into the garden, where I saw, in different parts, a number of men and women, some extravagantly gay—others pompously foolish—while a few, sequestered from the rest, moped and muttered to a melancholy imagination—of all the number, I saw but three who had the appearance of reason—and one of them was a beautiful young girl—who, having passed me, turned back and lay-

when your brother having accidentally seen her, proposed terms to her father so ambiguous, that, blinded by his avarice, he had mistaken them for an honourable overture.—Having thus supplanted the unfortunate lover's interest with her father, he forced a connexion which terminated in her ruin—her lover went away, and was never more heard of—and Leonora has been ever since subject to an intermitting madness.”

Henry felt too much shame and indignation to make any reply to this account of his brother, and Ellen proceeded—

“ I had remained here near a week, in a state of the most extreme anxiety both for my father and myself, and which was relieved only by the con-

versation of Leonora, who, in her more reasonable intervals, discoursed so sensibly on her own misfortunes, that, for the time, I felt less poignantly my own—when, one night, as I was preparing to retire to bed, the Baronet entered my room—the sight of him at that hour alarmed me dreadfully—he, however, assuming a somewhat respectful air, I waited his address.

“ ‘ Miss Mortimer,’ said he ‘ I understand, neither my proposal nor my apology have been accepted—I, therefore, cannot presume far on a welcome reception now.—I would, however, advise you to consider well, how far it may be possible to resist a determined purpose, without incurring worse consequences than would ensue from your consent.—Whatever may have been your



attachment to my brother, it must be now completely dissolved, as his conduct abroad constitutes a direct insult to its existence.'—(This circumstance had not yet been explained to Ellen, and Henry blushed for her conception of it.)—'My own conduct, I must confess, will not bear the best construction; but, under circumstances so inimical to success without it, I still trust it may be excused by the ardency of my passion.—It was never meant to distress, but to induce you to view your interest in a right light—and surely it cannot be long ineffectual—when, on the one hand, pleasure solicits you with the means of an ample variety—and, on the other, distress and ultimate destruction.—Your father is in prison, and his insolvency must ensure his confine-

ment—while the secrecy with which I have accomplished yours, leaves you wholly in my power.—What says Miss Mortimer ?”

“ ‘ Sir William,’ I replied, ‘ your threats and your allurements will be equally vain ; what shall be the consequence of my resistance it is in your own breast to determine—with respect to your brother’s conduct—if the report be *true*—it shall never be a precedent for me to follow—and as to your own—your candid observation on it is a better apology (if it can possibly admit of any) than the ardency of your passion—which, if my construction be right, has more the nature of a flagrant vice.—You may think this bold language from a cottager to a baronet ; but I have been taught, that the first distinc-

tion is of right and wrong—look to your heart, Sir William—see if nobility reside *there*—I fear it will be found the seat of cruelty and lust.—But let its dictates operate—they may distress—they may destroy me—but shall never reduce my spirit to a level with its desires.’ ”

“ Noble girl!” exclaimed Henry, as he pressed her lips with virtuous rapture.

“ What effect my reply really had upon him I cannot say; but he affected, as I thought, a degree of shame—and sighed, and shook his head, as from a sense of contrition. I felt pity for his confusion, and was suggesting to him the satisfaction my *friendship* might afford, which, I assured him, should be only second in degree to my

love for you—when, Oh heavens! how shall I describe it?—his countenance changed to what I had never witnessed before—something extra-human distorted every feature—his lips trembled—his whole frame was convulsed—it was evident madness!——‘Now, Madam,’ said he, ‘behold me as I am—I have bought you at the price that Hell requires.—Honour and truth are sacrificed—humanity discarded—the strong holds of nature loosened by the predominant powers of’——(Here Henry turned pale)——But, Sir, I am forgetting myself, while repeating his language—indeed, his language and his actions are not to be expressed—he seized me by the arm—I struggled—I cried for help until my strength was nearly gone—when, to complete his

cruelty, he told me—my father was dead!—this was a sure blow—I fell senseless at his feet.”

“ Pray,” said Henry, fearing any farther questions of her father, “ were you so far from assistance in a case of such extreme violence as to want it long?”

“ I had assistance, and in a most extraordinary manner.—When I recovered I found my head in the lap of my poor unfortunate friend.—I started—and looking round—‘ Leonora?’

“ ‘ Ay,’ said she, ‘ it is—don’t be alarmed, Ellen—you are safe with me.’

“ I fell on her neck—and burst into tears.—‘ Tell me,’ said I, ‘ how this rescue was effected.’

“ ‘ My dear,’ said she, ‘ you had indulged me with so kind an interest in

*my* misfortunes, that I found myself naturally inclined to a consideration of *yours*; and as, from your account of the Baronet's proceeding, I was sure he would, sooner or later, avail himself of your unprotected condition here—I determined to assist you, if Heaven should preserve my senses at the time—I, therefore, set to work—and with your own penknife hacked round the edges of the middle pannel of the wainscot that parted us, so that the lightest pressure would dislodge it.—I had gone to bed, when the villain entered your room—Alas!—his voice was too well known to me, to mistake it.—I got up and put on a long white veil over my night-gown, which covered me behind and before to the waist.—While I was preparing for my appearance, I was

shocked by his horrid language, and trembled for your life—I heard the struggle—I heard him mention your father's death—and immediately after heard him laugh, and say, 'Poor fool, I have you.' I pushed in the pannel—and stepping through unperceived by him, stood before the opening as motionless as a ghost should be, with my veil raised, and my eyes fixed on him.—Oh, my dear, I cannot but smile now, to think how much more reason I had to be afraid of him, than he of me—but guilt makes cowards of us all—he looked at me—turned pale—and trembling left the room—I ran to your relief—and am happy to see you thus recovered.'

“ We then replaced the pannel as well as we could, with the help of a

few small nails which she had managed to procure—and went to bed.

“ I expected the Baronet the next day, but happily for me, have never seen him since.—But the information I had from him of my father’s death continued to affect me with the greatest anxiety, till you relieved me by an assurance that he is well—and yet—I think you say less of him than you ought—indeed you know not half his goodness—but you say he is well—and I should believe you.

“ This morning I had risen much earlier than usual—I saw you enter the walk—the surprise overcame me—I recovered, and, but for the evidence of the fit, should have doubted the reality of your appearance.—I looked again—but had lost you—after some time you



again appeared—I took your picture from my bosom, and, wrapping it in my handkerchief, threw it where I thought you would pass—it met your eye, and has produced one of the happiest meetings of my life.—There is one questionable circumstance—but, no doubt, it has been questioned, and satisfactorily answered already.”

“ And what,” said Henry, “ has become of your friend Leonora?”

“ Alas!” replied Ellen, “ she has been ill these four days.—And now, Sir, you will gratify my curiosity respecting the occurrences of *your* absence.”

“ First,” replied Henry “ let us leave this house of misery.—I will despatch a messenger to my servant, who is just by and shall return home for the carriage—and, in the mean while, I think

the time will be better employed in calling the master of the house to account for *his* conduct in this infamous scheme.”

“No, Sir,” replied Ellen, “it will be trouble to little purpose—it will interfere with our time and temper—in this hour of happiness, let us not admit the spirit of anger—let us forgive the past—enjoy the present—and hope in the future.—I should like to see my poor unfortunate friend before I leave the place—he can afford me that satisfaction—and that shall be his atonement,”

Henry rang the bell, and desired his attendance—he appeared, and was requested to conduct them to Leonora’s apartment—the man, agreeably mistaken in the business he thought him-

himself summoned on, readily complied.

Leonora was sitting at the window, singing, and arranging a few flowers in the form of a chaplet.—At the entrance of the visitors she just raised her eyes—and then went on with her work and her song—“The song is about two lovers that were out in a storm,” said she, looking at Henry. “Poor Kate!—she knew not that stormy weather was best for scattered wits!”

Henry went up to her—“And who is this chaplet for Leonora?”

“Ah, you would know—and I would tell you—but ’tis no matter—there is more vice than want in the world—and less of love than either!”

“Here is your friend Ellen Mortimer,” said Henry.

“ Ah!—she has been dead these four days—I attended her funeral last night—it was in a very wild place—by the side of a rivulet, and under a weeping willow, as the song says.—I told her what would come of it—black eyes are always deceitful—my Edward’s were blue, Sir!—But the night was fine—why did not he come—well, I’ll make him his crown—but he shall fetch it—false hearts are not to be known from true ones, ’till they show themselves!”—— She went up to Ellen, and laying her hand on her shoulder—“ You may reason upon it as much as you please—*I know it.*”

She then turned away, and sat down to her flowers again.

Henry, seeing her lost to any real perception, desired the keeper to afford

her every possible comfort her situation would admit of—and with Ellen (whose heart was deeply afflicted at the sight of her friend so lost) left the room.

“ You have various descriptions of patients in your care,” said Henry, as he looked into the garden where a number of them were assembled.

“ Yes, Sir—affected different ways—but, I think, the principal sources of their disorder are love, religion, and politics.”

“ Indeed?” replied Henry: “ the two first may be likely so—from their pathetic nature—but that politics should ever turn the brain, is to me surprising.”

“ Tis no less true, Sir.—I can show you an instance in the room that faces

you—a man in other respects perfectly consistent—but on the subject of governors or governments he loses his reason, and advances notions, that madness only can excuse.—I wonder he is so still—for he is generally loud, though alone.”

Henry was not much inclined to listen again to the wanderings of insanity—but the door being opened, he entered with Ellen and the keeper, and saw a man—who, sitting at a table, had no other sign of madness about him, than that one of his legs had a white stocking on, and the other a black one.—He was writing, but on their entering the room he started up, and with an air of displeasure walked down the room, muttering, as he went, “To be made a show of!—exposed to the impertinent curiosity of strangers!—Fie! fie! fie!”

“ Sir,” said Henry, ashamed of the intrusion, “ your objection is too just to be answered:” and, with Ellen, was withdrawing—when the maniac, recognising Ellen’s face, caught her by the hand, and, congratulating her on her recovery, placed her in a chair, and, pointing to another, “ Sir,” said he to Henry, “ I have no objection to receive you as a friend.”

Henry would rather have declined the reception, from an idea that, although at present reasonable, his mind would soon recur to the subject of his madness—this idea was immediately realized.

“ Sir,” said he, “ I was here constructing, from the various forms of government ancient and modern, a system which I conceived might secure the rights and promote the happiness of a

people more effectually than any yet established—but when I had completed my scheme—placed my governors in their respective presidencies and had assigned them emoluments adequate to their services—it struck me, that, however well the system might be contrived, it must be supported by human agency and, consequently, liable to human fallibility—instead, therefore, of pursuing any further my scheme of a perfect government, I relinquished the idea as a political chimera, that never was, nor ever will be.”

Henry looked at him—and then at the master—“Is this madness?”

The Politician smiled, and shook his head—

“You allude to my situation here, Sir.—I have thought freely, and have



published what I have thought.—I have at times, perhaps, asserted my sentiments too warmly, and it has been construed madness by my friends to oppose the conduct of men in power—it was at least folly.”

“ Surely, Sir,” said Henry, “ neither madness nor folly could be imputed to sentiments like those you have just now delivered.”

“ Sir, they may not have been always so impartial—what I have just now observed, is the result of a general view—but when I have seen the rights of a free people sported with on the plea of existing circumstances—I have opposed it with all my ability, and have stirred up a glorious emulation in the breasts of others for the preservation of them, as consigned to us by our ancestors.”

“And so,” said the Master, “you call that a glorious emulation—now I call it”—

“Sir,” interrupted the Patriot, “reserve yourself for the infirmity of my mind—meddle not with its energies.—I am vexed, Sir,” continued he, addressing himself to Henry—“I am vexed at the prostitution of the term *Glory*.—A conqueror, though his cause be marked with unprovoked aggression, and his course involving the death of thousands, and rendering wretched six times the number, returns covered with glory—such is the current opinion—how wide from truth!—True glory is the love of right, and a resolution to defend it—but freedom is essential to its efficacy—where oppression represses its virtuous efforts, it is dormant—and

where the lust of wealth or power prevails, its nature is perverted!"

"Sir," said the Master, "I indulged you this morning with pens, ink, and paper—you have been making a fine use of them—I shall have you on my hands again."

"You would ask," continued the Politician, with a warmth of manner that seemed to justify the apprehension of the Master—"you would ask, whence arises national oppression—I will tell you."

"Sir," replied Henry, "the subject fatigues you—I will do myself the pleasure of hearing your sentiments another day."

"It is no fatigue to me, Sir.—I am so accustomed to the search of truth, that I have no difficulty in discovering her

in her most obscure predicaments.—I have traced her in the labyrinths of sophistry—I have exposed her from behind the mask of falsehood—and have raised her from the pit of ignorance—in short, Sir, to me, she is always obvious.”

The boast of a madman could only be pitied.

“The depraved state of man, Sir”—

“I’ll hear no more,” exclaimed the Master.

“The depraved state of man has rendered it necessary that certain laws should be established, to which every one should be subject for the good of the whole——now mark me, Sir—

“A certain man, or number of men, are appointed to preside over these laws—to direct the execution of them—and

to add to, or abolish them, as the mutability of human affairs shall require”—(Henry was about to defend, on this ground, the plea of existing circumstances—but recollected he had a madman to reason with)—“So far all seems well—but these men, appointed for their supposed or real excellence in wisdom and virtue to the eminent station of rulers, being but men, and subject to the operations of that spirit which we are taught first vitiated our nature, and thereby weakened it, are unable to withstand the force of those temptations which power submits to their will, and they descend from the dignified character of ruler to that of the insidious plunderer of the people—it has been, with few exceptions, the same in all ages and nations—the differ-

ence between the times past and present being only, that their operations were formerly more open and violent—now they are more specious, but no less effectual—wars are promoted on the mere assertion that they are just and necessary—ambition is gratified—and power increased by casting the shackles of poverty on an industrious public.”

“I must not hear this, mad or wise,” exclaimed the Master; and was proceeding to lay hold of the maniac, whose brain was evidently heated by his subject; when, awed by the keeper, he requested his forbearance—and sitting down again, was a short time silent—then starting from his seat—

“Let the spirit of insatiate Ambition pour forth its hostile fleets and armies, if it must be so—and let it kill!—and

kill!—and glory in the slaughter!—but why molest the harmless trader, who, with no intentions of aggression or offence, conveys the superfluity of Heaven's bounty in one part of the world to be exchanged for that in another, to the mutual comfort and accommodation of both—why is *he* to be robbed? and sometimes murdered!—because its glory would be an empty vapour without it!—And is such the standing tragedy of this mundane stage!—Is such the scene of *human* action?—Is this in the nature of things, or men?—of men, or devils?—of human nature pure, or perverted?—or is it, that wars are the volcanoes of the moral world—subducting, and giving to the subtle, restless, and fiery spirits of pride, ambition, and rapaciousness, a more distinct direction

—dreadfully destructive, indeed, to all within the range of their explosion—but tending to purify the general mass of human being at the least possible expense of human good?”

Here the emotion of the maniac increased ; and Henry now made another attempt to withdraw—when the enthusiast caught his hand—and bending his head in a thoughtful posture—in a low tone of voice pursued his reveries —“ It is a lamentable consideration, that man must be governed by man!—the weakness, the depravity, of human nature pervades all; and while the governor and the subject are both equally frail, is it wonderful that the wisest human establishment fails?—Were there not a supreme and perfect Governor, how would the order of things be at all



consistent—were there not a Ruler of rulers, the state of human concerns would be bad indeed!—but he in his omniscience arrests the despotic arm of ambition, and confounds the councils of venal improbity—illuminates by a communicated portion of his wisdom the liberal, independent mind—and prompts it to the propagation of those notions of enlightened policy by which the prosperity of declining empires is restored.—Such is this world of crime and mystery—of crime diabolically delictive of the human character—of mystery—which, when you shall know the nature of *spirit*—its means of influence, and mode of existence, hypostatically—you shall penetrate.—Farewell—you to the world—I to my reflections on it!”

The greater part of this speech was

delivered in a tone of soliloquy, with his eyes fixed on the ground—and in that posture he turned away—a melancholy instance of nervous imbecility with mental strength. The master, perceiving the intemperate state of his mind, requested they would dispense with his attendance on them any longer—Henry and Ellen went down to the parlour—and the carriage arriving soon after, Ellen entered it with her lover, and quitted the house of madness for that which she hoped would prove the house of joy.

\* \* \* \* \*

“ We have passed the lane, Sir, that leads to Hawthorn.”

“ We will think of Hawthorn to-morrow, my dear.”

“ But my father, Sir—I long to see him—perhaps at this moment his anxiety is preying on his health!—my presence would make him so happy!”

“ You will find your father at my uncle’s.”

“ How, Sir?—my father?—but I recollect—we have no home at Hawthorn!—Well—with him I shall be satisfied any where; but to live on your uncle’s bounty, Sir, will, I fear, in time, create disgust—and then”——

“ Before then,” interrupted Henry, smiling, “ *we* shall be bountiful to each other.”

This assurance led to a series of caresses, which Ellen suffered and Henry imposed with unreserved ardour.

As Ellen drew nearer home, the palpitation of her heart increased at the

idea of seeing Mortimer again—while Henry's sunk when he thought of the disappointment that awaited her—he was revolving in his mind the best mode of informing her of his death, and the discovery of her real father, when the carriage stopped.

They alighted, and were received by Mr. Richardson; who, having congratulated Ellen on her safe return, whispered to Henry that Mr. Clinton and his uncle were in the garden.

Ellen was looking wistfully about for Mortimer, when the gentlemen entered.

Mr. Clinton, with his eyes fixed on Ellen, seemed lost in astonishment—the resemblance of her mother confounded his ideas—and the exclamation, “Oh, my Julia!” evinced the image of his wife to predominate.

He recollected himself; and embracing his daughter with the most impassioned fondness—wept!

The astonishment of Ellen was little less—she declined—she resisted—she blushed—and turning to Henry—

“ Oh, Sir!—what means all this?—Do explain it—is my life to be made up of mystery?”

The feelings of the father overpowered him—Mr. Emersly saw it, and, assisted by Mr. Richardson, led him to an adjoining apartment.

The voice, manner, form, and features of Ellen, were so exactly her mother's—that time seemed returned to him, and his wife restored as in the first stage of love.

As a daughter, she was a being perfectly new—as the image of his wife,

she was familiar to his mind—but his sensations were too novel to be adequately described—the reader's conception will better supply the place of words.

During the absence of Mr. Clinton—Henry, with as much judgment and ingenuity as, from the suddenness of the occasion, could be expected, complied with Ellen's request.

He informed her of the manner in which he had found her real father, and dwelt particularly on the bright prospect of her future days, hoping it might counterpoise her sorrow for the death of Mortimer—he informed her of the legacy left her by his father, and of her being defrauded of it by the contrivance of his mother—but that it would be now duly paid to her—he

told her of his brother's death, and of his mother's elopement.

She seemed more surprised than happy at the discovery of her father—and the first consequence, that the idea of her legacy suggested, was, the assistance it would enable her to give to Mortimer, whom she still called her father.

“ I shall now,” said she, “ be able to make some return to him for all his goodness to me—he is, perhaps, already aware of my ability—and expects it from me.—Worthy soul!—he shall not be disappointed.—I'll pay all his debts—I—I will never leave him—but where is he?”

Henry could endure it no longer—he burst into tears.

“ Where is my father?” (said now

the heart-broken girl in the tremulous tone of alarm)—“Where is he?”

“Mortimer, my angel, has paid the debt of Nature—and is gone to a happier account!”——

It would be a vain presumption to attempt a description of the instantaneous effect of these words on Ellen.

Let the reader recollect the humanity of Mortimer in the preservation of her life—his subsequent adoption of her as his child—his tender care of her infancy—and his affectionate concern for her welfare in her riper years—that he had, as it were, with one hand struggled with the difficulties of an unfortunate life—and with the other had led her as peaceably through them as could possibly depend on himself.—Let them recollect the gentle manner in which he advised her conduct—the anxious



concern with which he warned her of the consequences of indiscretion.—Let them add to this the natural attachment which a long and intimate society induces, and if they are possessed of Ellen's sensibility, they will have a more adequate conception of the loss of such a friend, and the effect of such a loss on such a heart, than any language can possibly afford.

She neither wept nor spoke.—An alarming stupor seized her, which seemed to bar every avenue to sense—she stood, supported by Henry, with her eyes fixed on the ground, as one without an object on which to place a single hope or fear.—He spoke to her—she looked—but her eyes recognised no object—conveyed no sense!—She was led to her chamber, and consigned immediately to medical aid.

## CHAP. XVIII.



**T**IME, that blunts the edge of agony, and mitigates the severity of human sufferings, happily availed in the reduction of Ellen's sorrows—while the affectionate attention of Mr. Clinton, the friendship of Mr. Emersly, and the fond concern of her lover, produced an effective consolation.

Mr. Clinton strove by the most engaging efforts to endear himself to his daughter; but, though her grief for the loss of Mortimer was thus attempered, the memory of him was too fresh for her heart to receive their due impres-

sion—filial *reverence* she paid him in the highest degree—but her affection was still buried in the grave of Mortimer!—It required a more intimate knowledge of her father to excite her love—which time was to effect.—Much, however, remained to be known from his own immediate communication: and as her mind became more tranquilized, her desire of knowing the story of her birth, and the circumstances of her family, increased, and with which Mr. Clinton, one day, in the presence of Mr. Emersly, Mr. Richardson, and Henry, complied, in the following relation:—

#### MR. CLINTON'S HISTORY.

“ The account I am now to give you of myself and family is necessary

to my daughter, but, alas, how painful to me!—In the recollection of scenes so distressing, and by which my mind has been so hurt—I know not if I shall be able to proceed to the end—but it must be attempted.

“ My name is Augustus Clinton—I was born at Bristol, where my father was a merchant, and once in affluent circumstances; but, by considerable losses, they were afterwards much reduced.

“ As I was very young when he died, I knew but little of him—at the age of eighteen I was sent by my mother to Lisbon, and placed with a merchant, formerly a correspondent of my father’s, to be instructed in the nature of mercantile business.

“ Mr. Durnford (for that was his

name) was an elderly man, of a cheerful disposition—humane and generous—his wife died at an age when death is least expected—and left him an only daughter, equally amiable in her mind and person. In the possession of such a daughter, he found himself sufficiently happy, without recurring to the chances of a second marriage; and in this society, my own happiness was so complete, that I had not a wish beyond it.

“ I scarcely need to observe that domestic happiness is never casual—it can only result from a wise economy (regularly administered) in the family chief.—A slight notice of the principles that constituted that of our’s will better illustrate my meaning.

“ In the choice of his friends, Mr.

Durnford was especially circumspect—he considered it as of the first importance in every family.—‘Vain,’ said he ‘will be the father’s wisdom, the mother’s care, in the formation of their children’s character, if the house be opened to the admission of a casual and indiscriminate society.’—He tried the many, and selected an approved few.—In the choice of his servants he used a similar process; but having made his selection, they were rarely displaced, but to an improved condition—he trusted them as humble friends, bound them to his interest by a liberal kindness, and continued his kindness so long as it was not abused.—‘We should consider such,’ he would say, ‘as striving to surmount the up-hill stage of life, slenderly provided for the journey, and

having strong claims on the helping hand of their more fortunate fellow-travellers.’

“Every species of the fortune-hunter, except in the field of fair and honourable exertion, he despised—but of matrimonial fortune-hunters, the female he considered as by far the most disgraceful — ‘How have I blushed for the honour of the sex,’ he would say, ‘when I have seen female dignity (which, as the great Milton has said of our first mother, ‘would be wooed, and not unsought be won’) throw off her native grace—and, with meretricious front, boldly obtrude advances—venturing success with dulness—or rejection from disgust—for *money!*’

“In his religion, he was at all times more inclined to the practice of its

duties, than to the penetration of its mysteries.—In a conversation, one day, on this subject, with a friend (a theoretical religionist—too fond of the controversies of religion to have imbibed much of its genuine spirit) who had defined the beings termed devils to be *creatures existing independently of their will, by the POWER of their Creator, after having incurred his anger, by the rejection of his SPIRIT*, he said—‘It is not an unreasonable conjecture, Sir—it is probably true—but our imperfect knowledge, or, rather, total ignorance, of every thing not cognizable by our senses, must, in our present state of being, render all spiritual matters to us inscrutable beyond the letter of REVELATION. It is owing to the various metaphysical solutions of the Christian



mysteries, that the world has witnessed so much Anti-Christian dissension.—From the earliest ages of Christianity to the present times, metaphysics have been the parent of religious schism, if that unapt term may be allowed.—When I give up the reins to a metaphysical fancy on the subject of religion, I no longer wonder at the reveries of a Swedenborg.—However, let every man have his private opinion; and if he hold it sincerely and honestly, unbiassed by his passions or native prejudices, I know not what objection to make to it—but it is in my opinion (certainly a very humble one) *presumption*, and of a most dangerous kind, to preach and promulgate that as doctrine, which is the mere fallible conjecture of a fellow-creature *unauthorized by supernatural*

*testimony.*—We have articles of faith, and a rule of practice so sanctioned—to these we are bound to adhere, and not to go beyond them.—Moses the law-giver produced this testimony in miracles of stupendous power—so did the Prophets—the Person called Christ produced it in signs and miracles of no less amazing mercy, and which he delegated in the necessary degree to his immediate Apostles.—After them, we have no teachers or preachers but such as were and are in all true conscience bound to deliver, unaccompanied by conjectural comments in the form of dogmas, the mysteries of our Faith—and to inculcate a rational practice of its concurrent duties.—Let, us, then, not travel out of the Gospel record, and that of the attested truths of the

Old Testament, certainly not beyond the Apostolical commentaries, in contemplating our spiritual concerns; for beyond them all is unauthorized hypothesis.—I recollect having met, in the course of my reading, with what I thought a very cogent observation, that ‘Where God has been silent—it is not for man to speak.’

“ Our family routine of living brought us all together in our sitting-room when the business of the day was concluded.—Here the old gentleman would seat himself in his chair, with his amiable daughter by his side, and myself in one opposite (for we had our respective seats)—and reading or conversation was, in general, our evening’s amusement—sometimes we exchanged our own ideas—at other times, we read

the sentiments of greater minds—and when we were inclined to charm our senses as well as souls, the soothing powers of music never failed—(here Mr. Clinton sighed deeply).

“The effect of sounds in perfect consonance with the harmony of souls united by love, afforded us that refined pleasure which the dissipated world can never experience. I say by love, for I derived from Mr. Durnford all that paternal love could give, and from his daughter all that lovers feel from love that meets return—but this was secret—and it was long so—when, one day, sitting alone in the counting-house, Mr. Durnford came in, and after some trivial inquiries relative to business—‘Augustus,’ said he, ‘I have observed of late an unusual depression

of spirits in you; and as I cannot become acquainted with the cause, but by your own confession—I hope you will answer me candidly, and conceal nothing.’

“ His request at first confounded me; but recollecting that this was an opportunity which might not occur again—I resolved openly to confess to him my attachment to his daughter—which having done in few words—he took me by the hand, and told me he had long witnessed it, and that so far from preventing our union, it was his earnest wish to see us united.

“ In the evening, being assembled in our usual manner, he expressed to Julia his approbation of her choice, and desired a day might be fixed upon for our marriage.

“ I shall not trouble you with an account of the occurrences of that day—it came and went as wedding-days in general do—with a well-furnished table—cheerful company—a smiling bridegroom—and a blushing bride.

“ For several months, kindly anticipating the wishes of each other, we enjoyed (I think I may say it) as much happiness as it is possible for this world to afford.

“ But now it pleased Heaven to shew us the instability of human bliss!

“ Mr. Durnford fell ill of a violent fever, of which he in a short time died!

“ I shall not attempt a description of what we felt upon the loss of so good a father; and to avoid prolixity, shall only observe to you, that in the course

of a few months, reason restored our former tranquility, and Heaven, in return for the loss of a father, gave us a son.—The little smiling innocent thrived under parental care, and with instinctive signs expressed its filial love.

“Two years had nearly elapsed, during which time each day brought with it an increase of happiness—happy in each other, and in the infant pledge of our affection, who now began to lisp its little wants in terms of artless innocence, while Julia with all a mother’s fondness would fly to gratify them, so far as her superior sense judged proper.”

“Oh, Sir!” said Ellen, “that I had known this mother!”

“I see her again revived in you, in form, in features, and in mind—in that

rare, but enchanting, union of gentleness with animation—vivacity of mind with meekness of demeanor—and in the possession of a heart attuned to tender sympathies—just as you are—she was!—the spirit of my Julia animates my child!”

It was at this moment that Ellen seemed for the first time to feel herself his daughter—and the ardour of their mutual embrace evinced the power of Nature in their hearts—it was as the resumption of her rights in her most endearing affinities.

This bosom tumult having subsided—Mr. Clinton, turning to Mr. Emersly, resumed his story.

“We have attained that period of life, Sir, when to look back is the chief business of it—to you the retrospect



may be gratifying, to me it presents but one continued scene of calamity, or with such small intervals as serve but to render its gloom more palpable!

“ We were, as I have mentioned, thus happy, when I received a letter from a friend in England, informing me that my mother was dangerously ill—this confirmed me in a resolution I had previously formed, of spending the rest of my days there—accordingly, having collected my effects and prepared for the voyage, I agreed with the captain of a vessel for our passage.

“ The day appointed by him for sailing being arrived, we embarked, and with a favourable wind left Lisbon.

“ But we had not sailed many leagues when the sky began to lour—the sea swelled, and in a short time a violent

storm ensued.—I did all in my power to encourage my wife, who was greatly alarmed, nor was it without cause—for the storm increased so that being compelled to cut away our masts, the ship was driven about all night, and part of the following day, without any possibility of our directing her course.

“At length the storm subsided.—But now a greater calamity presented itself—an Algerine corsair espying our wretched condition, came up with us, who, not being capable of making any effectual resistance, were forced to surrender ourselves and property.

“It is impossible to describe the poignant agonies of my soul, when I beheld, without the power of assistance, my Julia torn from me by these barba-

rians.—My little Felix (for so we had named him) by his incessant cries, moved the hearts, or ears, of these savages to let him remain with his unfortunate mother—while I was confined apart with the ship's crew.

“ We arrived at Algiers, and remained all night on board the vessel.—In the morning the Rais or captain, who had left us the previous night, came on board, and having assembled us on deck, arranged us in couples; after which we were led through the town into the market-place.—But oh, what a sight was here!—Human souls exposed to brutish sale!—Here we were placed in ranks, the men on one side, and the women on the other.—In a short time I saw three led away to perpetual slavery, and expected every moment the

same unhappy fate.—It was not long before an elderly man came up to me, with a stern and haughty countenance; and, having viewed me from head to foot, inquired my age—bargained for me—paid the purchase, and claimed me as his slave!

“ I begged to take a last farewell of my disconsolate wife—which, after much entreaty, was granted.—I embraced her, and my dear little one—I exhorted her to summon all her fortitude in this trying moment!—reminded her of the various ways in which an almighty Providence could effect its gracious purposes, and requested the tribute of a tear from her, when reflection should bring me to remembrance!—Nature disdained to promise what she could not but ensure—and her strength, exhausted by its weight of sorrow, sunk

under the oppressive burden—I likewise fainted.—Had it been an eternal release, it had been an happy one—but we were to be reserved for further trials, and our eyes were once more opened to behold a scene, which might have softened the most obdurate heart; but the hearts of these barbarians were impenetrable, and instead of commiserating our unhappy fate—they exulted in the sight—forced me from all that was dear to mine—and dragged me to the residence of my cruel master.

“ Here my life passed on in one continued succession of toils—fatiguing days and restless nights made up the gloomy picture of my fate.

“ At length it pleased Heaven to release me from my cruel tormentor, by ending his guilty life.

“ Being now in the power of a mis-

truss, seemingly of a pliant disposition—I had resolved to attempt the recovery of my liberty, either by entreaty or flight—when, one day, being at work in a field contiguous to the back of the house—she sent for me—I found her alone, and thoughtful—for the space of several minutes, not a word was uttered—at last—‘Augustus,’ said she, ‘I mean for the future to employ you in attending my person—observe my commands—be always ready to obey them, and your diligence shall not be unnoticed by me.’

“I bowed implicit resignation to her will—and finding she had no more to say to me, left the room.

“I had not enjoyed my new post long, before I perceived an unusual familiarity in her behaviour to me.—I

was not a little alarmed—nor were my apprehensions groundless—for being alone with her one morning, in a room which fronted the greater part of her grounds, I was surprised by her addressing me in Spanish to the following purpose—‘ Augustus, I am about to make you an offer which you much less expect than deserve—but first let me tell you who I am.—My parents were natives of Spain, and by a fate similar to your own became the slaves of the same master—my mother died shortly after in child-birth, of which I was the unfortunate offspring—my father lived till I was about ten years old, during which time I was instructed by him in his religion and language, though forbidden by our master the use of either—he died also—and I was left to the

care of Hassan Omar (the death of whom you have no reason to regret, Augustus—nor have I much more)—at an early age he made me his wife—and, I believe, endeavoured to please me—but the great disparity of our years, and his tyrannical temper, rendered him odious to me—his death has, therefore, been an equal release to us both—I was but a slave of a different description.—Augustus, need I use *words* to express my meaning—you see what he has left me—I would confirm it yours, by the most tender title.’

“As she spoke the three last words—her eyes were cast down—she blushed—and I knew not how to answer.

“‘Fatima will ever tend you—smile when you smile—weep when you weep—and cheer her Augustus in the hour of affliction.’



“ She again waited my reply—I saw her heart was full—

“ ‘ Madam,’ said I, ‘ the wretched Augustus had once a wife—the affectionate partner of his joys and sorrows (though of the former, alas! small was their portion), and a tender infant—but with his liberty was deprived of them—perhaps in some distant country—if alive—they live in slavery.—Oh! think you hear the widowed mother lamenting the loss of a living husband—while her infant melts into tears of sympathy with her distress, unconscious of the cause.’

“ Love—pity—shame—and disappointment—I could perceive raising that bosom conflict within her which, at last vented itself in these words:—

“ ‘ Augustus, the unhappy never yet applied to me in vain, when it was in

my power to relieve them—had you made this known to me before, it might have prevented much uneasiness, from the indulgence of that hope which is now converted to despair.’—(Here a blush suffused her cheek—and a tear fell expressive of love dissolving at the approach of reason)—‘ But it was your worth which excited that hope—if it was a fault, your merit is my apology.—From this moment you are free—go and seek those— more worthy objects of your regard—and if in slavery you find them, I will pay their ransom.’

“ The next day, I went to take leave of her—she put a little casket into my hand—

“ ‘ Here are a few jewels, Augustus—they will enable you to pursue your search—and Heaven direct your steps

—the prayers of Fatima shall be daily offered for your success—and now—a long—perhaps, a last adieu, Augustus!

“ She gave me her hand—I kissed it—implored Heaven’s blessing on the virtuous and benevolent Fatima—and, with a sigh, left her, to pursue my journey.

## CHAP. XIX.



“NOTHING remarkable occurred the first day—but on the second, as I walked on, revolving in my mind the improbability of success in my pursuit, I saw in a field a number of men who appeared to be slaves, and in the face of one of them I recognized the features of one of my fellow captives in the market place at Algiers.—I made myself known to him—he was much surprised to see me—and inquired by what happy means I had effected my escape—having given him a brief account of my situation after I was sold,

and the circumstances which had released me, I begged him to give me all the information he could concerning my wife and child.

“ He told me, that, soon after I was taken away, there came a gentleman, who, by his dress and language, appeared to be an Englishman—and seeing the distress of my wife, paid the purchase of her and her child, but with what views he could not tell—he heard him, as he led her away, say—‘ Be under no apprehension, Madam—I am a Christian—and a friend to the unfortunate.’

“ A gleam of hope now beamed upon my mind.—My wife knew the residence of my mother in England—and might recollect from my friend’s letter, the place whence it was dated.—I thanked

my unfortunate informer; and, giving him a jewel (which I hoped might render his situation less irksome, if it did not procure his discharge from it), hastened to the nearest port, and embarked, by the first opportunity, for England.

“ There, after a short voyage, I arrived safe.—I found my mother’s house with strange inhabitants—her death was, therefore, no longer questionable—I next sought my friend, and found him—but his surprise at seeing me, deprived him, for some time, of utterance.—I asked him of my mother—but I dared not name my wife—he told me that she died shortly after he had despatched his letter to me—that I expected to hear, and was prepared for—he said nothing of my wife—my countenance changed—at last, ‘ Clin-

ton,' said he, ' I have some compensation to make you for the melancholy tidings of your mother's death—but with that pale face you must only hear of it.—I know all that has happened to you till within these five years, and you may guess the informer—in plain terms, your wife is safe—she is in this house—but she must be prepared for the meeting—you frighten folks—I could scarcely believe my senses—but you would leave *her* none to be credited—remain in this room—I will bring her into the next—and you shall hear what passes between me and your wife—you know I hate long dialogues.'

“ He left me—and shortly after, the following ensued :—

“ ‘ Julia, how long is it since I had first the happiness of seeing you?’

“ ‘ It must be nearly five years, Sir?’

“ ‘ During which time—I flatter myself no part of my conduct has offended you.’

“ ‘ Offended me, Sir?—what can you mean?’

“ ‘ Not that you should reward me by any unreasonable compliance.’

“ ‘ Sir?—you talk not to my understanding.’

“ ‘ Julia—what think you of a husband?’

“ ‘ Permit me to withdraw, Sir?’”

“ ‘ When you have answered my question.’

“ ‘ There is but one, Sir—that it is possible for *me* to think of.’”

“ ‘ Indulge that thought—do more than think—hope—hope that he may return to you with all that faith and constancy you have shewn for him.’



“ ‘ Alas! Sir, ever since the painful moment of our separation, Hope has left this breast never to return—the circumstances of her flight too plainly evinced it was for ever! —to your kindness I am much indebted—May Heaven reward you!’

“ ‘ Julia you are becoming too serious—I never was more inclined to mirth—I will lay you a wager that I shew you a man so like your husband, that you would as willingly have the one as the other.’

“ ‘ None but the *other* will Julia ever have!’

“ ‘ Then none but the *other* shall Julia have—but she shall see this one.’

“ He left the room, and beckoning to me—I approached her—she knew me instantly—and by the manner in

which she had been prepared for the meeting—and the cheerful introduction of me by my friend—much of the unpleasant consequences of surprise were obviated.

“ I desired to see my little Felix—and he was presented to me with all the improvements that time and tuition could effect.—We now related to each other all that had happened to us since our separation—and I was informed by Julia, that the gentleman who had released her from captivity, had brought her to England—but had never, by her, been heard of since—this was Christian charity in its true spirit.

\* \* \* \* \*

Thus restored to my family—and in my native country—I visited the

haunts of my early years, and especially the house in which I was born and bred.—Every object was a remembrancer, that brought to my recollection the blissful sports of juvenility—pleasures unalloyed by guilt or care!—I was struck with the sense of happier times!—(times and their objects, alas, how changed!)—a sense of mingled pleasure and regret—a sense not easy to describe, and too generally experienced to need description—and which I shall not now enter into the philosophy of”—

“ And if we did, Sir;” replied Mr. Emersly, “ I believe we should find the change much more in ourselves than in either the times or the time-worn tenement.—The illusions of youth, fertile of imagination in a mind to which

all things are new—liberal in its credit—confident in its hopes—and sanguine in its expectations, cannot exist in the mind of maturer age, undeceived by experience, and tainted with its consequent diffidence and suspicion.—To the eye of youth, the present is all permanency—the future all promise—the tentative course of a few years proves the general evanescence of our youthful prospects, and gives to most things but the character of a specious ostentation—we seek the tree of knowledge—pluck—and are poisoned by its fruits!

“ Thus, Sir, the change is in ourselves, and the times are in this respect blameless—our sensations of pleasure, though from similar sources, are no longer the same.—*Then*, vivid, poignant, and full—*Now*, comparatively

vapid and unsatisfactory.—The young of the present time enjoy their day as we did ours—they will, in turn, regret the lapse of it, in times their children will enjoy.—Yet, however reconcilable with reason this natural, though adverse, condition of our happiness, there is a gloom concomitant with our reflection on it which casts a sombre shade on all its objects—they arise—they appear as the ‘Ghosts of our departed joys,’ and pass through the mind with all their silence, sadness, and tenuity!—but pardon this interruption, Sir, and proceed.”

“On inquiring of my friend concerning my mother’s affairs, I found her means had been scarcely solvent—and as the whole of mine consisted of the liberality of Fatina, I determined to

convert the jewels into money, and embark it in some small trading concern—with this view I had them valued—and received the amount in cash.

“ The casket that contained them had been delivered with them—but a few days after, it was brought to me by the same person who purchased the jewels, and by whom I was informed, that in a secret drawer which he had discovered was found a paper—written on—but in a language which he did not understand—this he presented to me, and, on opening it, I discovered it to be the will of Fatima, by which she had bequeathed to me the whole of her property at her death, and made me the sole executor of her will.

“ I communicated this circumstance to my wife, and was by her and my

friend advised to return to Algiers, and to know of her with what views she had made such a bequest, or whether anterior or subsequent to the disclosure of her partial sentiments in my favour.

“ I acknowledged the reasonableness of this advice, and re-embarked for that country with the most tender sentiments of her goodness to me.—I arrived—but the kind Fatima was no more!—they informed me that she had not long survived my departure—and produced to me her will, of which mine had been a copy—they told me that she had expressed a strong desire to live till my return, which she thought she had ensured by the nature of her bequest to me—that finding her vital powers at their last ebb, she had desired them to

say, that she died as much mine as our circumstances would admit of, and hoped forgiveness for this last avowal of an intrusive affection.

“ I felt a real sorrow—for I had lost a real friend!—I desired to see the place where they had laid her—and shed many tears to her memory.--On the stone that covered her remains, I recorded those virtues of which experience had convinced me of the truth—and at this shrine of departed worth I paid my daily homage of reflection and regret!

“ The property left me was large—but being of various kinds, and in many hands, I found the collection of it would require time.—I therefore wrote to England—and requested my wife would come to me—this she did—



and we remained at Algiers, until my property was in my own hands, as far as that could be effected—when my wife expressing a wish to return to her native place, I disposed of every thing that was convertible, and we embarked for Lisbon.

“ There, however, we did not remain long—a relation of my wife dying, left us a little estate in the province of Spanish Estramadura—thither we went—and finding the spot healthsome and pleasant, and the neighbourhood social, we were induced to fix our residence there.

“ Here, after living several years in ease and retirement, my inactivity at last became irksome—and having an offer made me which promised many advantages with little risk, I was induced

to launch again into business—and in an unfortunate hour we moved our residence to the town of Valencia d'Alcantara.

“ Soon after settling here we lost our son Felix, and with him all our hopes of progeny, having had no other offspring.

“ But in about two years after his death we were blessed beyond our expectation, by the birth of a daughter, whose beauties in the bud promised her mother's bloom—and have produced it in the most perfect resemblance.”

Here Mr. Clinton was for some minutes unable to proceed.

“ Our trading concerns were invariably successful—and our domestic happiness was again complete—when the war breaking out between Spain and

Portugal, brought the enemy to our gates, and my house and family to destruction.

“It is most likely, Sir,” said Mr. Clinton to Mr. Emersly, “that you have never experienced the alarm of an invading enemy—you can therefore have no adequate conception of it.

“The entrance of the enemy was so sudden, that we had no time to prepare for it—and though the safety of the town and convents were compromised, many, with ourselves, suffered by the rapacity of the Portuguese soldiery.

“A band of these entered my house—plundered it of every thing valuable, that they could take away, and destroyed what they could not—But oh! had they done no more, I could have forgiven them.

“ It is impossible to describe to you what I felt, at seeing myself and my family thus stripped, by a set of ruffians, of all the comforts and conveniences about us—some for their intrinsic, and some for their memorial value, dear to us.—I ran from one corner of the house to another distracted—in this state I heard the voice of my wife—I hastened to the chamber where I had left her—and met the nurse on the stairs with my little Henrietta in her arms, flying with fright she knew not whither, nor knew I where to direct her, from the hand of violence.

“ The house was filled with armed men—again I heard the cries of my wife—I grew desperate—and snatching a firelock from the hands of a fellow who opposed my way, I shot him dead,

and entered the room where my wife was—but oh! spare the account of what I saw—the suggestions of H—ll could not have been more variously—more diabolically executed.—Men?—Brutes were a term too excellent for the nature of those who could perpetrate such deeds.

“ I made a push with the bayonet at the wretch who offended me most ; and throwing myself desperately among them, and clasping my wife—‘ Dogs!’ said I, ‘ devour us both—but be not worse than beasts in the execution of it.—What could I do?—I stabbed the villain that persisted—by which I provoked them to *cruelty*.”

Here Ellen, unable to attend to the shocking catastrophe—in tears withdrew.

“ They tore me from my wife—and forced her with them into a field, without the town—I followed to the spot—when seizing me, they fastened us separately to two opposite trees—and threatened her with my death, if she did not immediately consent to their violence—and me with hers, if I did not compel her consent.

“ She looked at me while one of them held a pistol to my head—she bathed her bosom with her tears—she implored their mercy—she cried to heaven for protection—while I asked—urged—dared the villain to take my life, and release me from a state so horrid to my imagination!—But it was all in vain—our deaths, they knew, would end our torments, and their infernal hopes—both which they enjoyed

—while I exhorted my wife to firmness, and commended our souls to heaven!— They then cast lots for their prize— but it was a prize too lovely to be so decided! — it ended in contention— when (Oh! how shall I relate it) one, coming from behind the tree, thrust his hand into her bosom, and his bayonet into her faithful breast! — she dropped without a groan!”

Here Mr. Clinton could proceed no further—and Henry and Mr. Richardson could scarcely hold him—they rung for assistance—and Ellen entered the room—but her concern for her father’s present condition, and his past troubles, rendered her incapable of assisting—she now felt for him, with all the affection of a daughter while her heart was pierced with an-

guish, at the idea of having lost such a mother.

\* \* \* \* \*

The next day Mr. Clinton resumed his story—

“ I knew no more—till, waking as from death, I found myself in the arms of an English officer—who informed me, that I was now in the hands of an enemy who fought for his country—not for himself—for the public cause—not for his private ends—and who would never carry the devastation of war beyond its direct tendency to his country’s peace.”

“ I looked at him, and pointing to the blood before us—“ Was that necessary to your country’s peace?—but where is the dear body ?



“ ‘ I have ordered it,’ he replied, ‘ to be taken to my tent—till you shall otherwise dispose of it.—The monsters who shed her blood (I am ashamed to own it) are allied to us in the horrid business of war—but their conduct is in this instance totally unconnected with ours—and I hope an exception to that of the generality of their own countrymen.—Having been informed of their unwarranted violence by a woman—I immediately ordered your release—but my orders unfortunately arrived too late to save the life of the lady, whom I suppose your wife—and but just in time to save your own.—I have consigned them, with an account of their conduct, to their commanding-officer, and expect they will meet with condign punishment.’ ”

“ I thanked him—and, confounded with sorrow, accompanied him to his tent.

“ They had covered the body—and they begged I would not add to my distress by the sight of it.

“ I sat where they placed me—and, lost to any will of my own, consented in every thing to theirs.

“ But from this stupor I was soon roused, by the appearance of the nurse in whose care I had left the child—she ran past the tent, wringing her hands in the utmost distress—I cried out, and begged one of the men to bring her to me.

“ As soon as she saw me—she fell on her knees—and sobbed as though her heart was breaking—but could not utter a word—at last she broke out

into a frantic exclamation of ‘ Oh! forgive me—Oh! forgive me—Oh! forgive me’—This repeated request of forgiveness alarmed me much—‘ Where is my child said I.—‘ Oh, Sir—I—I—cannot speak’—her utterance was evidently choaked with grief—a thousand fears for my child rushed at once into my mind—at length, she delivered herself to the following effect—that after meeting me on the stairs, she had returned with the child to the nursery—and waited with the greatest anxiety for my return to her—which she said I had promised—when looking through the window, she had seen her mistress dragged away, and myself following—that naturally concluding our danger, and not knowing what she did, she laid down the child to follow us—

‘ I ran,’ said she, ‘ through crowds of soldiers, who were too busily bent on plunder to obstruct me—I saw them tie you to the trees—and meeting this gentleman (pointing to the officer) I informed him of your danger—and at that instant feeling an alarm within me for the safety of the child (whom I had left in a manner which, alas ! nothing but my fright can excuse), I hastened back to the house—and found it gone!’

“ The excessive grief of the woman prevented any reply to her.—The officer immediately ordered an inquiry to be made—but, as I afterwards learned, it met with such careless answers, and unfeeling jokes, that it made but little progress and produced no effect.

“ I wrung my hands in the most bit-

ter agony—‘Now,’ cried I, ‘what have I left to live for?’—and snatching up a sword which lay on a table before me, was on the horrid brink of suicide—when the officer interposed, and, wresting the fatal instrument from my hands, advised me to lie down, and endeavour to compose myself—he then ordered some wine to be given to me—and with the best intention, though unknown to me then, desired a small quantity of opium to be put into it, which having drank, I was soon after put to bed—it locked up my senses in a kind of wild chaotic sleep—in which my imagination confusedly presented my house, my wife, and child, in circumstances of the most incongruous and horrid diversity. I started—moaned—and tossed about—unable to shake

off the fetters of fallacious fancy, while my sluggish blood crept through my veins inimical to rest.

“ ‘ But, to end this circumstantial account of my feelings and distress’ (addressing himself to Henry) “ the next day, by my request, the body of my dear wife was interred in the copse you saw me enter, and in which we met ; and there I fixed my residence with that old woman, who was the unfortunate nurse I have mentioned.—To you, Sir, under Providence, I am indebted for that ray of comfort that cheers my latter days—may yours pass serenely on, unclouded by domestic calamity—by the gloom that has saddened mine ! —Yet let us not murmur at the dispensations of Providence, in all things gracious !—nor consider as real evils the sufferings and adversities of human life

—as the consequence of our vice or folly, they should incline us to virtue and wisdom—as trials, they prove both the virtue of ourselves and others—give us life’s truest estimate—and smooth our exit, on the wings of faith, to an eternity of varied bliss.”

Here Mr. Clinton ended his history.

“ Sir,” said Ellen, “ permit me to deliver to you, in continuation, what has been often related to me by that kind—(alas, what may I now call him!)—for indeed he was kind—he took me from you—but he found me deserted and in danger”—

“ The tears of virtue are always estimable—why would you hide them from me?—call him father—he has done a father’s part—and it is ours with due affection to revere his memory.”

Ellen then related what the reader

has been acquainted with in the beginning of this history—and her relation left on the hearts and minds of the hearers its due impression.”

“ And now, Sir,” said Mr, Emersly, “ that we are thus happily brought together—let us wind up the clue of Providence by joining the hands of those, whose hearts, I will venture to say, have been long united—and which, by Mr. Richardson’s assistance, and your consent, I have no doubt may be readily effected—whether your daughter shall be Lady Henrietta or Lady Ellen we will leave to her choice, if there be no ecclesiastical objection.”

“ Sir,” said Mr. Richardson, “ as the lady is only Ellen by adoption, it cannot supersede her name by baptism.”

Mr. Clinton having expressed not



only his consent, but his ardent wish, that the union might take place—the lady was called on to name the happy day—

“And,” said Mr. Emersly, “don’t let it be a distant one—for happiness cannot reach us too soon.”

“Will you, Miss Clinton,” said Henry permit me to name the day—I have always paid due deference to my uncle’s opinion, but when it tended to *delay* our union; I would therefore name *to-morrow*.”

“Oh, Sir,” said Ellen, “you allow me no time to *think* of it—I should name this day month—however, give me a week’s warning—and I will endure all consequences from the want of thought.”

The happy day being fixed—the preparations were made, in which Mr.

Clinton and Mr. Emersly vied with each other in the liberality of their presents—the rich and the poor for many miles round were invited to the festival—and were desirous of the day when they might wish long life and happiness to Sir Henry Emersly and his Lady Henrietta.

The day arrived, and the joy was universal—one only circumstance checked it in the breast of Ellen—in passing to the church, her eye caught the name of “*William Mortimer*”—the tear started—but she suppressed the sigh.

Mr. Richardson read the service—and they were made one—one in every wish that could tend to their mutual happiness—one in every effort to effect it—and as from the happiness of the less fortunate around them they in

a great degree derived their own—the means heaven had blessed them with, enabled them hourly to amplify its source.

The cottage of Hawthorn was given to Will Hurst; Leonora was in time restored to health, and to the friendship of Lady Emersly; Mr. Richardson was presented to a handsome living in the gift of Sir Henry; to Ellen the blessing of Mortimer was realized with circumstances of peculiar favour; and Mr. Clinton and Mr. Emersly lived many years happy in the friendship of each other, and in a reciprocal course of amity between the halls of Ashbourne and Elderfield.

**FINIS.**





