

REUBEN APSLEY.

BY THE

AUTHOR OF BRAMBLETYE HOUSE,

THE TOR HILL &c.

“ Fie on ambition! Fie on myself! that have a sword, and yet am
eedy to famish! These five days have I hid me in these woods, and
must not peep out, for all the country is laid for me.”

SHAKSPEARE.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

Vol. I.

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DEDICATION.

TO SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART., &c.

SIR,

Now that your name is identified with that of the illustrious "Author of Waverley;" now that you have consented to wear the wreath which had already been voted to you by the acclamations of an applauding world, you must submit to some of the annoyances of celebrity, and allow other writers to approach you with their Dedications, however far they may remain behind you in their

works. Among such offenders I venture to enrol myself by soliciting the honour of inscribing to you these volumes. In my first attempt as a Novel-writer I followed where you had led the way, not in the presumptuous hope of ever coming near to you in your flight, but that when my wing proved unequal to support me, I might at least claim the apology of Phaeton for my failure. You have introduced a new æra into our literature; the world has sanctioned your writings with an undivided approbation; among your readers you possessed few more ardent admirers than myself, and thus circumstanced it was difficult to avoid aiming at a mark upon which my eye had so long been fixed, even although I knew it to be utterly beyond my reach.

But it is not your reputation as a writer, however unrivalled it may be, that constitutes

~~your best fame.~~ No, Sir, you have
a still fairer renown. You have ex
tone and feeling, as well as the qu
our literature, by discarding from it
jealousy, bitterness, and malice which ha
matized authors with the hereditary an
tion of the irritable race. The futur
cules announced. himself by strangling
serpents in the very outset of his career
your gentleness and urbanity toward
predecessors, when exercising the function
an Editor or a Commentator; by the gen
encouragement which you have seized ev
occasion of extending to your contemporaries
by the liberality and ^{moderation} civility which have
invariably marked your conduct whenever
there was an opportunity for their display
you have afforded the world an illustrious ex
ample, that the highest and noblest ^{moderation} qualities
of the head and heart will generally be found

DEDICATION.

in conjunction, and have enabled England to boast that her literary Bayard neither fears a rival nor a reproach. You have pursued your glorious career in charity with all men, and if you did not already enjoy a sufficing reward in the peace and happiness that you have thus assured to your own bosom, you would possess it in the certain knowledge that from one extremity of the kingdom to the other, amid all the sects and parties into which it is divided, you are not less universally admired as a writer, than esteemed and respected as a man.

This, Sir, is an exalted eulogy; but I should disdain to record it, were it not known to be a just one. Even merited praise, however, may be offensive to the humility of true genius and virtue, and I should apologize for the strain I have used, but that I feel it to be sanctioned by the motive. By directing attention to the

noble example you have thus set, and to the high reward it has procured for you, the imitators of your honourable and generous candour may perhaps become more numerous than those who have been the copyists of your style. This, at least, will be a safe ambition; for it is one in which all may command success. In this career many have already done themselves honour by treading in your footsteps; and more, it is to be hoped, will follow. Such imitators can never be termed a servile herd: every honest friend of the Muses will wish to see them multiplied, until they shall form a large fraternity of generous competitors, who, however they may differ as scholars or authors, shall make it their peculiar boast that they possess but one tone and one feeling towards each other as gentlemen.

May this reformation be effected! may this brotherhood rally around you as their founder,

and their tutelary guardian ! may you be truly enabled to exclaim :—

“ My power’s a crescent, and my auguring hope
Says it will come to the full ;”

For you may rest assured, that no lover of pure and dignified literature will behold this increasing circle without fervently ejaculating—

“ Impleat orbem !”

I have the honour to be, with an equal admiration of your talents and your virtues,

Sir,

Your very obedient, humble Servant,

THE AUTHOR.

Brighton, June, 1827.



REUBEN APSLEY.

CHAPTER I.

The doubt of future woes exiles my present joy,
And wit me warns to shun such snares as threaten
mine annoy.
For falsehood now doth flow, and subject faith doth ebb,
Which would not be if Reason ruled, or Wisdom
weaved the web."

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

AFTER repeated struggles with the dense, yellow, and offensive atmosphere which in the month of February is so apt to enshroud the gloomy precincts eastward of Temple Bar, the wind had at length succeeded in slowly rolling away its stubborn antagonist, and the sun's first

faint ray had effected a lodgment upon the tower of the Royal Exchange, then not many years completed after the great Fire of London, when Isaac Goldingham, the Russia merchant, accompanied by his young nephew Reuben Apsley, issued from his house in Throgmorton-street, in order to take his accustomed station upon the Baltic walk. He had just before heard the chimes of the Exchange clock tune up the hundred-and-fourth Psalm, and upon that occasion, as was his wont, had duly verified the accuracy of his own watch ; but Isaac was of a somewhat doubting and suspicious temperament, fond of ocular demonstration and proof positive : he stopped therefore in Bartholomew Lane, and advancing one hand over his eyes to protect them from the splendour of the gilt grasshopper on the summit of the tower, while with the other he drew his time-piece from his fob, he had the satisfaction of finding upon visual evidence, that both the chronometers entertained a precisely similar opinion as to the time of the day. This important point being settled, his horn-headed cane was resumed from beneath his arm, a loud

“hem!” attested his complacency at the good understanding between the clock and the watch, and he vigorously moved on towards the Exchange.

There was an obstinacy about this personage which made him cling pertinaciously to old habits and fashions, unless he could improve upon them by a saving of expense, which in his opinion was an infallible test of superiority. Thus he retained his old three-cornered, flat, and well-brushed Leaver, as well as his close pig-tailed wig without curls or powder, because the latter preserved his clothes, saved the expense of a regular hair-dresser, and prevented any unnecessary waste of time; a formal stock supplied the place of a cravat, and his frill was unadorned with lace. His coat with its comprehensive cuffs, and the waistcoat whose long flap-pockets nearly reaching to his knees, were generally stuffed with papers and some lumps of white sugar with which he was in the habit of recreating himself, had originally constituted one piece of superfine dark cloth. Large metal buttons were sparingly distributed over the former

vestment. His nether garment was of the same material as the coat, fastened at the knee with a large brass buckle; on week days he wore grey cotton stockings, which on the sabbath were exchanged for a pair of dark clouded silk; his shoes were square-toed, high-quartered and well polished; and to prevent the leather, or the broad brass buckles from soiling his stockings, his first care in the morning was to protect his instep by fences of white paper. These were withdrawn when he went to 'Change, carefully placed upon the mantel-piece, under the guardianship of an old interest-book, and resumed the next morning, until they imparted more discolourations than they prevented, when the extravagance of new slips became inevitable.

From the antiquated fashion of his garb he was suspected of being much older than he really was, although a close observer might detect beneath these external manifestations of age, a sturdy vigorous figure, and a face which, while it exhibited that pale, sodden complexion peculiar to the citizens of London, betrayed the influences of business and hard application,

rather than the ravages of time. His nose was of a predominance not quite consistent with the rules of symmetry, although of special service for the occasional support of his spectacles; and he had a large grey suspicious eye, which, from his being rather short-sighted, he was in the habit of bringing pretty close, and fixing to its object with a look of piercing scrutiny as if he would dive into the very bosom of those with whom he was conversing.

At that period the foreigners who frequented the Royal Exchange appeared in the costume of their respective nations, which, added to the various garbs of the Jews, Quakers and others, who swelled the busy throng, imparted to the whole assemblage a much more lively look than is now worn by their equally bustling, but more monotonously clad successors. The rich goldsmiths were seen moving to and fro eagerly soliciting business as bankers—a branch which had but recently been established as an addition to their former trade, and one to which Goldingham, with his usual dislike of innovation, had not yet by any means become reconciled. Some

of those whose descendants are at this moment enriching themselves by the same occupation, applied to him, with no small obsequiousness, for his custom; but his grey eye immediately assumed a look of increased suspicion, and their overtures were all rejected with much less ceremony than they were tendered.—“I have no objection to dine with you, my good friend,” he exclaimed to Sir Josiah Child, who was one of the applicants in question—“I shall be well pleased to see the great fishponds at Wanstead, and the plantations of walnut trees of which I have heard so much, and I wish good success to your friends Blanchard and Child, of Temple-bar; but with their leave and yours, I will take care of my own money. I see so many round about me who lost the cash they had deposited with Ben Hinton of Lombard Street, that I had rather run the risk of thieves than that of bankers. Adzooks! Sir Josiah, if you had not kept the key of your own strong box, you had never given fifty thousand pounds to your daughter, and married her to the Duke of Beaufort’s eldest son.”

Being now joined by some of the principal merchants upon the Baltic walk, he fell into a desultory discourse with his companions, in which the new statue of Charles the First, the recent death of Charles the Second, King James's declaration to the Lords at Whitehall, and the fluctuation in Exchequer tallies, and India Stock, divided the attention of the Speakers, with the prices of Riga hemp and flax, Archangel tar, and Petersburg yellow candle tallow.

A new application from a banker canvassing for custom occasioning him to quit this party in dudgeon, Isaac turned to his nephew, and tapping him on the shoulder, offered to treat him to oysters and lamb's-wool, (or ale poured on roasted apples and sugar,) adding that he had the latter ingredient in his pocket which would save two-pence. This invitation being joyfully accepted, they forced their way through the mercantile dealers and chapmen, whom, indeed, Goldingham shouldered aside without much ceremony, and passed into Cornhill. Old folks in the company of young ones, as if conscious that their associates are likely to enjoy a greater

share of the future, are apt to indemnify themselves out of the past, by making a triumphant display of their superior extent of recollection. Thus the worthy merchant failed not to point out to his young auditor as they proceeded, every change that had occurred in the rebuilding of the houses after the great Fire, boasting how well he recollected all the alterations, and the fronts of each individual edifice for twenty years before that all-obliterating calamity. On reaching the bottom of Cornhill he crossed over into the Stocks Market; and after regretting the removal of the Stocks, whence the place took its name, and which had been of special use for the intimidation of petty offenders and disorderly apprentices, he passed under the row of trees that bounded the place on the east, in order that he might point out to the attention of his young companion the famous equestrian statue, erected in honour of Charles the Second, by his most loyal subject Sir Robert Viner, the great banker.—“Egad! that was a lucky hit of Sir Robert’s,” cried Goldingham; “he fortunately discovered an old

statue of Sobieski, King of Poland, trampling on a Turk, and causing a few alterations to be made, he christened the Polish monarch by the name of Charles; bestowed that of Oliver Cromwell on the turbaned Turk, and set up the transmogrified figures where you now see them. Ah Reuben, Reuben! that was a merry meeting when I dined with Sir Robert during his mayoralty at his new house in Lombard Street. King Charles was there; and when he was for retiring, his jovial host, filled with good liquor and loyalty, laid hold of him, and swore he should take t'other bottle. I shall never forget how kindly the merry King looked at him over his shoulder, as with a smile and graceful air he hummed part of a song out of one of Shadwell's plays,—

“ Good store of good Claret supplies every thing,
And the man that is drunk is as great as a king.”

after which he immediately turned back, and complied with his host's request. Poor man! he is dead and gone now, dead and gone † But here we are at the Oyster stands, so eat away.

and I'll sweeten the lamb's-wool for you myself."

Diving into his capacious waistcoat-pocket he fished up two or three lumps of sugar, with which he carefully prepared their beverage; the youth betook himself to the oysters, and both having presently appeased their appetites and emptied the tankard, the party set off on their return towards the Exchange.

Short as was the way, the merchant did not lose the opportunity of still further displaying his antiquarian lore. At the sight of the gilt grasshopper upon the top of the tower, he failed not to recount that Sir Thomas Gresham, the builder of the original edifice, was reported to have chosen it for his crest, because the chirping of that insect had occasioned him to be found when he was left exposed as an infant in the fields; concluding with the equally apocryphal statement, that when Queen Elizabeth and her nobility came from Somerset House, and caused the new building to be named by trumpet and herald "The Royal Exchange," Sir Thomas had reduced a costly pearl to

powder, and gallantly swallowed it in drinking her Majesty's health. In addition to this recital he completed the well-known story of Edward Osborne, apprentice to Sir William Hewet, the cloth-worker upon London Bridge, who leaping out of the window to save his master's drowning daughter, finally received her in marriage, with an immense portion; and he was already hard upon the tale of Whittington and his fortunate ship, the Cat, when they again found themselves on the Baltic walk, and Isaac went to join a little knot of civic grandees, who were huddled in one corner of the piazza, whispering together with an appearance of great earnestness.

No sooner had he learnt the subject of this close conference, which was the King's intention of going publicly to the celebration of mass at a Roman Catholic chapel, than his lower jaw fell with a blank look of alarm: he fixed his grey eye with an expression of more than ordinary suspicion upon the bearer of this appalling intelligence, and having gathered from his answers that there was undoubted warrant for the news, he said not a word more, but seiz-

ing his nephew by the arm, walked hastily off, and tramped silently along the streets in the direction of Holborn. From this place his young companion was to depart in the stage coach, for the purpose of completing the last half-year of his education at Oxford. Although somewhat penurious in small matters, Goldingham was far from ungenerous in his disposition, and having dismissed the young traveller with a handsome supply of cash, he was left at full liberty, as he paced slowly back towards the city, to ruminate upon the alarming intelligence he had received. Nothing was more natural than that the King, whose religious principles had long been a matter of notoriety, should choose to go publicly to mass; but Isaac was a staunch true blue Protestant, whose general sagacity entirely deserted him when he saw, or fancied that he saw, any thing that could be magnified by his fears into a Popish plot. Every imputed conspiracy of this nature, however improbable or even impossible, received his instant credence. No perjuries were too monstrous for him to swallow; upon this subject

his taste for the marvellous and the atrocious seemed to be equally undistinguishing and insatiable. He was a firm believer in the fable of Miles Prance, the Silversmith, that forty thousand Spanish pilgrims were to invade Britain, bringing with them as many black bills to arm the Irish Catholics; he yielded a no less implicit assent to the story that the obnoxious Protestants were to be boiled alive, and that Sir Dudley North was to be skinned, stuffed, and hung up in Guildhall *in terrorem*; and although the ever infamous Titus Oates was now becoming a bye-word in people's mouths for perjury, he supported the truth of his testimony to the last, retained his portrait pasted upon the walls of every room in his house, and made presents of gloves, fans, and handkerchiefs, adorned with the same hideous head, to all his female acquaintance. A steady customer to those cunning tradesmen, who, when they wanted to get rid of their unsaleable wares, tacked the attractive word Protestant to them, he found a secret consolation in wearing blue socks and garters sanctified by that appellation. Nay, upon one

occasion in the preceding reign, when the mob were rudely besetting Nell Gwyn in her coach, mistaking her for the Duchess of Portsmouth, honest Isaac beat them off with his horn-headed cane, calling out at the same time that she was the King's *Protestant* mistress, a distinction which immediately converted the wrath of the populace into three hearty cheers, wherein the moral and religious merchant most heartily bore a part.

In addition to these evidences of his terrors and his zeal he was occasionally heard humming to himself the Ballad of "the Raree Show," for which the unfortunate *College*, better known by the name of the Protestant Joiner, lost his life; —he would have staked his existence upon the veracity of the Monument, had it attributed a thousand other enormities; besides the Fire of London, to the malice of the Popish faction; he removed all the billets of wood from his cellar, lest they should be ignited by the fire-balls of the same restless incendiaries; he invariably carried in his pocket a portable jointed bludgeon armed with lead, a weapon of defence

which had received the appellation of the Protestant flail; and finally he kept in his house, and occasionally wore, a complete suit of silk armour, alleged to be of such tough texture as to be pistol and dagger proof, as a protection against a band of fellow subjects, who, although they were perfectly contemptible in point of numbers, and all quietly engaged in their respective avocations, were supposed to be not less able than willing to massacre several millions of their Protestant countrymen, in whatever manner and at whatever time they thought proper to make the attempt. That he should surrender himself to such monstrous delusions may be supposed to convey some imputation upon his sanity, or at all events upon his good judgment; but it must be remembered that he shared them with a great portion of the nation; it was the moral plague with which the people was tormented for a lengthened period; and so deeply and widely did it spread its poison through the land, that although the virulence of the symptoms may be somewhat abated, there is too much reason to fear that the disease is far

from being completely eradicated, even in our own days.

All the bugbears and chimeras with which he had ever been assailed, rose up in array before the merchant as he trudged along Holborn, and imagined that he saw, in this resolution of the King, a determination to force Popery down the throats of his subjects with the point of the bayonet. Alarmed as he was for his country and his religion, he was still more so for the security of his property. He had been a considerable sufferer by the iniquitous shutting up of the Exchequer in the year 1672; and not doubting that the new King would resort to a similar measure for the mere pleasure of robbing his Protestant subjects, his heart sunk within him as he recollected the amount of the tallies in his possession, and he hurried down to the office by the river side to ascertain whether it yet remained open. Here every thing wore its customary appearance; but his fears were no sooner a little tranquillized in this quarter, than, with all the anxiety of wealth, he hastened to the India House and the Royal African Com-

pany, to inquire the price of his stock in those respective establishments, and left them with a heavy heart when he learnt that both were considerably lower than on the previous morning.

The appearance of Cornhill, as he returned along it, did not tend to exhilarate his spirits: there was but one hackney-coach upon the stand, of which the horses and drivers were all asleep; the few passengers that were moving about seemed to be pinched and soured by the cold; the street was a mournful mass of mud, and a gloom of noxious and smothering fog began to re-invest the City in its customary evening shroud. In the Exchange he found the same solitude and stillness;—all was now deserted. King Charles and his brother monarchs of stone, dimly seen through the yellow muddy air, seemed to stand sad and sedate upon their pedestals, although their ears had so lately been assailed with consonants and gutturals from the Dutch and German walks, as well as with the intermingled hubbub of Jews and gentiles, and all the confused gabble of their bargain-driving subjects. As the hollow arcades echoed to his

solitary footsteps he began to contemplate the prudence of preventing any further losses and of securing his large property by retiring from business and purchasing an estate in the country. That the King's well-known disposition to introduce Popery and arbitrary power would produce some political convulsion he did not entertain a doubt: it was impossible to say where the storm would burst, what property would be confiscated, whose life would be sacrificed; but at all events terra firma was a better security than stock or merchandize, and the country less likely to be the scene of popular commotion or Popish massacre than the capital. "When Ahab saw the little cloud coming up from the sea," muttered the merchant to himself, "although it was no bigger than his hand, he mounted his chariot, and fled away before the storm came on; I will imitate his example, for I have seen enough to assure me that the thunder is not far off."

Delivering himself of a loud "hem!" as if in complacent approbation of this resolve, he drew a lump of sugar from his waistcoat to re-

cruit his spirits, and with his horn-headed cane under his left arm, while his right hand continued unconsciously jingling the guineas in his breeches pocket, he sauntered musingly down Bartholomew Lane, and turned into his counting-house in Throgmorton-street. Here he was deeply absorbed for a considerable time in examining invoices and bills of parcels, or turning over the leaves of his great ledger, with a view to the collection of his debts, and the general winding up of his affairs, until the fatigue of his long walk in the morning occasioned him to doze, and at length fall fast asleep upon his stool. An established etiquette prohibiting his clerks from departing unless they had received orders to that effect, they had recourse to their usual alternative of coughing, sneezing, treading upon nuts, and rattling the door in the hope of arousing him. All these expedients having been tried in vain, they contrived to launch the ledger down the sloping desk, from whose acclivity it fell with the velocity of an avalanche, and quickly rousing him "like a rattling peal of thunder," occasioned

the impatient varlets to be dismissed for the night. Isaac himself having carefully secured his safe and his strong room, as well as the locks, bolts, and bars of his mansion, and examined the cellar for fear of gunpowder, placed a pair of loaded pistols, his protestant flail, and his silk armour by his bed-side, and thus entrenched betook himself shortly after to rest.

On the following morning, his fears revisited him with unabated violence; but at the same time his habitual distrust of all news gathered upon 'Change, which he had found by experience to be often invented for interested purposes, suggested to him that he might have been too hasty in believing what he had heard, and he resolved, at all events, not to sell any of his Exchequer tallies till he had received ocular demonstration of the rumoured enormity. True, the King had ordered Huddleston, the priest who attended the late monarch in his last moments, to make a public declaration of his having died in the Romish faith; and he had published, in his own name, two papers found in the royal strong box, and written in his brother's hand, in favour

of the same doctrines; but that he should go publickly, whatever might be his private sentiments, to the celebration of a ceremony which the laws he had so lately promised to maintain declared to be criminal; was an outrage not to be credited on less than ocular authority. To that decisive proof it might be speedily subjected, for it was then the Sabbath morning. Arraying himself accordingly in his Sunday habiliments, depositing his Protestant flail in one pocket, a prayer-book in the other, and furnishing his waistcoat with a fresh supply of lump sugar from a locker that formed the seat of his parlour-window, he uttered a loud "hem!" expressive of his purpose to be fully satisfied, struck his cane sharply upon the ground, and began his walk towards St. James's.

On his approaching the chapel in question, the little knots of people whispering eagerly together in its vicinity, and the buzz that proceeded from the mob collected around the doors, presently convinced him that the rumour was widely circulated, and that some extraordinary visitant was expected. Our merchant, who,

perhaps, imagined that his short sight might excuse a little exertion of his sturdy strength to procure a good place, soon shouldered himself into a position near the door, where he had not long remained when the sound of trumpets occasioned all eyes to be turned in the direction of Whitehall, whence the King was seen approaching in full procession, with a numerous retinue, and all the ensigns of royalty, being attended by the Lords Sunderland, Godolphin, and others, and followed by his guards. Isaac's grey, searching, and reproachful eye looked as if it would start from its socket and nail itself to him as he approached; but his wrath against the monarch, bitter as it was, was absorbed for a moment in admiration of the Duke of Norfolk, who carried the sword of state, and stopped short at the door of the chapel.—“Your father, my Lord, would have gone further,” said the King passing him. “And your Majesty's father would not have gone so far,” replied the Duke, bowing and drawing still further back. James coloured slightly, bit his under lip, and entered the chapel, while

a buzz of approbation, mixed with exclamations of "God bless your Grace!" in which Isaac's voice predominated, issued from the gratified assemblage without.

As if sickened at the abomination he had witnessed, the merchant turned aside, spat indignantly upon the ground, and after trying to sweeten his imagination, through the medium of his palate, by a lump of sugar from his waistcoat pocket, walked hastily to the chapel royal, determined to show that one at least of his subjects remained uninfluenced by the King's desertion of that orthodox house of prayer. Here he had the consolation of hearing a sermon against Popery from the Bishop of Bath and Wells, and a few days afterwards had the additional satisfaction of learning, that when James complained of some intemperate reflections he was alleged to have introduced, the Bishop had the spirit to reply—"Sir, had you attended your own duty in Church, my enemies had missed the opportunity of accusing me falsely."

On his emerging from the chapel-royal, Isaac

returned to the City filled with a thousand vague misgivings as to his life and property, and confirmed in all his resolutions to seek a chance of prolonging the enjoyment of both by quitting business and retiring into the country. After the completion of his solitary dinner, for he never saw company or dined out on the sabbath, he sallied forth to enjoy his Sunday afternoon's walk. The general aspect of the City on this day, with its shops and windows all closed, its streets deserted, and the busy hubbub of crowds and carriages exchanged for solitude, and the mournful tolling of innumerable bells, is at all times sufficiently forlorn and dismal; but the promenade then selected by a portion of the citizens was still more lugubrious. It was the broad paved walk, or mall, in Moorfields, flanked by formal rows of smoke-blackened, leafless trees on either side, terminated by Bedlam Hospital at one extremity, and infested by a whole Lazar-house of crippled beggars, whose exposed sores and deformities seemed little calculated to promote the trade of the ginger-bread and apple-stalls in their immediate vicinity. Here the

good citizens with their wives and children, some of the latter of whom they dragged behind them in little chaises, paraded sedately up and down through the chill gloomy atmosphere, gazing alternately at Cibber's figures of madmen in front of the building, or at the head of some living maniac protruded from the bars of his prison; while the tolling of church bells was varied at intervals by the yelping of disobedient urchins, or the shrieks of some raving inmate of the hospital. And here too did the methodical Isaac, with his left hand extended, palm outwards, across his back, and his right making the stones ring with the regular percussions of his ferule, march out his appointed hour till the time of afternoon service, when he betook himself to his parish church. The evening was dedicated to the perusal of the Bible in his own darkened back parlour behind the counting-house, and in the morning he resolved to lose no time in making such inquiries as might enable him to select a pleasant residence in the country, and secure at the same time an eligible investment of his money.

In pursuance of this determination he proceeded immediately after breakfast to Jonathan's Coffee-house for the purpose of looking over the Weekly Courant in which the different estates for sale were generally advertised. As he approached the threshold of the house, his eye was accidentally directed to a large board containing printed notices of the sales for the ensuing week, at the very head of which he distinguished the word GOLDINGHAM in goodly Roman capitals. At sight of this phenomenon he made a dead halt in no small surprise, but as few impressions were sufficiently vivid to urge him to any unbecoming hurry, he took out his spectacles, wiped them very leisurely with his handkerchief, and fixing his shrewd eye upon the paper, while his lower jaw fell upon his stock, he discovered that his friend Tibbs the Scrivener had the disposal of—"That truly valuable Freehold Estate, with Mansion-house and Offices, called GOLDINGHAM PLACE, near Lyme in Dorsetshire, situate in the centre of a Park at a pleasant distance from the sea, environed by two thousand three hundred acres of arable,

pasture, meadow, and woodland, divided into homestall and farms, partly in hand, and partly let upon lease to respectable tenants, in a healthy and beautifully picturesque part of the country, surrounded by excellent roads."——

“Goldingham Place!—Goldingham Place!” ejaculated the merchant, taking off his spectacles and replacing them in his shagreen case.—“I knew not that any place in England bore that appellation, nor that there existed another family of the same name. I remember, indeed, to have once read in the Mercury, that one Harry Goldingham, who was to represent Arion in a pageant before Queen Elizabeth, finding his voice to be very hoarse and unpleasant when he came to perform it, tore off his disguise and swore he was none of Arion, not he, but even honest Harry Goldingham. I question, however, whether this croaking varlet ever came to be a lord of the manor, and to bestow his name upon a mansion in a park. Curious enough—curious enough:—I must see Jemmy Tibbs immediately.”

It seemed doubly extraordinary to Isaac, who

was always deeply affected by omens and odd coincidences, that he should at such a moment stumble upon a purchase so singularly adapted to perpetuate his name, if he wished to become the founder of a family, as from his large fortune he was well entitled to be. It was true his wife was dead—he had never had any children of his own; and it was somewhat of the latest to think of direct issue. He had a nephew, indeed, of his own name, Basil Goldingham, the only child of a deceased brother; but the youth was a moping, churlish lout,—one to whom Nature had been equally niggardly, not to say unkind, both in respect to his personal and mental qualifications; and having paid a handsome sum to have him received into the house of Sir Godfrey Kneller, that he might learn portrait-painting, the only art for which he seemed to have the smallest capacity, his uncle cared not to see much more of him, and of course never dreamt of making him the heir to his fortune and estate.

He had another nephew, however, Reuben Apsley, the son of his only sister, who with her

husband and daughter were supposed to have perished at sea, as they had sailed homeward from India several years before, and had never been heard of since. Reuben, whom he had always intended to adopt as his own son, might take the name of Goldingham, and provide heirs for its perpetual transmission; although there were no particular motives for continuing a name which he could not trace beyond his grandfather, of whom he had no great reason to be proud. In the family, indeed, there had been dim traditions of a great-uncle who was within two of the civic chair when he died of a surfeit; but Isaac very candidly attributed all this shadowy grandeur to the vanity of his mother, who, being herself a common council-man's daughter, was of an aristocratical spirit, and prone to attach undue importance to worldly dignities and honours.

He was not himself, however, without a certain family pride prospectively, for it may be observed that many of those *parvenus* who affect the most supreme contempt for all the honours of ancestry, are the foremost in securing

them for their posterity, by entailing the bulk of their property upon an eldest son, and purchasing mansions and titles for transmission to his descendants, as if determined to constitute the root of a new family-tree, since they cannot attach themselves to any branch of an old one. Certain vague aspirations of this nature began to flit athwart the merchant's mind, as he bent his way to the office of Jemmy Tibbs, whom he fortunately found at home, and with whom he instantly proceeded to business. From his statement it appeared that Goldingham Place belonged to a nobleman whose occasion for money was so urgent, owing to heavy losses at play, that he was willing to make a very considerable sacrifice, provided he could have payment in three or four days. Within this short period it was quite impossible to travel into Dorsetshire and back, and it was altogether contrary to Goldingham's habits to make a blind bargain, or buy a pig in a poke, as he expressed himself. Having, however, carefully examined the rent-roll, and fully inquired into all the circumstances of the estate, which his friend the

Scrivener (upon whose testimony he could rely) had lately inspected, he began to think that the still further reduction he might squeeze out of the embarrassed proprietor would fully counterbalance any disadvantages arising from the want of ocular inspection. Indifferent as to localities, he merely required a beneficial interest for his money so that after a good deal of struggling between his habitual distrust and his desire of driving a good bargain, with no small portion of chaffering between the needy vender and the money-loving purchaser, he finally concluded his contract on very favourable terms, and proceeded immediately to sell a sufficient portion of his various stocks to complete the purchase-money.

Nothing could exceed the astonishment of the brokers and dealers upon 'Change, when they learnt his purpose, except the fervent expressions of their regret that the Baltic-walk should lose one of its wealthiest merchants, and unquestionably its brightest ornament. So profound was their sorrow, that as a mere hedge to their feelings they all became suddenly anxious

to carry in their pockets some memorial of so dear and valuable a friend. One therefore kindly offered to take his India Stock off his hands, a second his Exchequer tallies, a third his shares in the African Company, and others his flax, hemp, and tallow, at such depreciated prices, as would give them some hundreds of sterling reasons for remembering him. But Isaac was much too old a bird to be so easily plucked. His sneering half-suppressed laugh, and the expression of his keen contemptuous eye, soon convinced them that, if they meant to deal with him at all, they must do it at honest market prices. He obtained the full value for his Stock, paid over the purchase-money, and received his title deeds. The conversion of his merchandize however into cash, and the collection of his outstanding debts, were not to be so rapidly accomplished. These were objects which occupied two or three months of unre-mitted application, at the expiration of which period he thought he might well stand acquitted of undue precipitation if he just ran down by

the coach to have a peep at the estate upon which he projected passing the remainder of his life. All that had recently occurred tended to confirm him in the wisdom of his proceedings, and two omens had more especially convinced him that times of public trouble and disaster were rapidly approaching. During the King's coronation, the crown, not being properly fitted to his head, tottered; when Henry Sidney, the Keeper of the Robes, kept it from falling off—pleasantly observing that it was not the first time his family had supported the crown. On the same day, a square of glass in one of the churches, whereon the King's arms were painted, suddenly fell out and broke to pieces, the rest remaining entire. Trifling as they were, these inauspicious auguries agitated the minds of the people, and upon few did they make a deeper impression than upon Isaac Goldingham, whom we may now no longer designate as "The Merchant." It was therefore with a complacent "hem!" of more than ordinary loudness, and an almost fire-striking stamp of his ferule upon the pave-

ment, that, after having seen his luggage safely bestowed in the huge basket behind, he mounted the ponderous six-inside stage-coach which was to occupy many a weary hour of successive days in dragging him into Dorsetshire.

CHAPTER II.

“Why how now, Hecate? Thou look’st angerly.”

MACBETH

AROUND the Green that faced the entrance lodge to Goldingham Place was confusedly scattered a small hamlet, presenting the usual assemblage of cottages, barns, a wheelwright’s and a blacksmith’s sheds, and a numerous indiscriminate *melée* of sheep, geese, pigs, ducks, and ragged rosy children; in its centre was a shallow pond with dirty poached banks, wherein two or three cows were generally to be seen standing up to the knees in water, if it happened to be warm weather, staring very steadily upon nothing, and deliberately chewing the cud as they lazily whisked off the flies from their sides with a bedraggled tail. At one end of the Green

reposed an old cage for offenders, which from its neglected appearance seemed to have had few tenants for many years past; and at the opposite extremity, on the other side of the high road, was a public house called the Cricketers, from its being the rendezvous of a rustic club who occasionally met upon the Green for the enjoyment of that pastime, and some of whose members were immortalized upon the sign, bedizened in crimson breeches, wielding a blue bat, standing before pea-green stumps, and directing their attention to a scarlet ball in the sky, infinitely larger and more glorious than the rising sun behind it.

Upon a low bench in front of this rural caravansera were seated the landlord, and an itinerant vender who travelled daily with a small cart from the coast to the interior, to supply fish to such of the gentry and richer farmers as lived at any distance from the market town; though it was vehemently suspected that he derived more profit from his connexion with smugglers and poachers, than from his ostensible trade. This dubious personage was in the act of blow-

ing off the froth which formed nearly one-fourth of his pint of ale, when his companion exclaimed, "Sad work, Master Hewson—sad work, this! nothing stirring in the tap since the old Cavalier's death: we used to wag our tongues against him in his lifetime; but Goldingham Place is like to have a worse master, if all's true that folks say; and after all, the old gentleman must have been mainly loved by all the gentry round about, or they wouldn't have sent their empty carriages to make such a fine procession at his funeral. A rare lot of lambswool I sold that day, besides drams of Nantz, and gills of Canary; for sorrow, you know, is apt to be a-dry; and I promise you many a coachman went away with a tipsy eye under his crape hatband. And yet, dark as the night was, there were no accidents to speak of. Squire Hartfield's coachman indeed, poor red-faced Ralph, broke his leg; and Lady Crockatt's carriage was rarely smashed against a post, and the driver sadly mauled; but, Lord love us! what's that out of so many?—a mere nothing."

"No great matter—no great matter," replied

the fish-dealer; "and as to Lady Crockatt's carriage, hang her for a whimsey-headed witch, I wish it had been upset over Abbotsbury cliff with herself inside. The lack-a-daisical cat, with her dainty airs and fancies, will buy no fish except out of Honiton market; as if that which I carry past her door, as I bear it straight from the sea-side, were not fresh enough for her. Squire Hartfield is plaguy short of cash o'late, but he is a good customer; and so here 's to his health."

"With all my heart!" cried the landlord;—"another pint, Sally!—for, as you were saying, the Squire is a staunch toper, and a good friend to the publicans within five miles of the Rookery. It 's a rare penny in my way, Master Hewson, when his hounds meet at the Green; and better still if they kill in this neighbourhood. Then there 's luck now and then—a nest egg, a Godsend, such as that of young Tony Harbottle, who laid seven weeks in the little green bed up-stairs, after his horse had fallen upon his leg and broken it, and all his friends and relations had rode over his body till it was almost poached

to a jelly. Ah! there was picking in that job; for the least they could do when they came to see him, was to drink and drown care. Pledge you, Master Hewson:—another pint, Sally.—But who the dickens is that yonder, clambering over the stile with so much difficulty?”

“Dont you know her?—’tis Norry Molloy by her waddle: I could swear to her a mile off.”

The personage thus designated, and who was now slowly stumping towards the public-house carried with apparent difficulty a round corpulent figure, forming a singular contrast to her thin, wild, weather-beaten face, from which she wiped the perspiration with the back of her hand as she advanced, and occasionally pushed aside the long, ragged, grey locks that fell over two sunken eyes of the same hue. “Good luck to you,” she exclaimed, addressing the landlord in a broad Irish accent—“good luck to you, honey!—a pleasant evening this same, but somewhat of the warmest.” And so saying she sat down upon the bench, and threw open a large brown cloak in which she had enveloped her-

self, notwithstanding the mildness of the weather —“ But, honey dear,” she continued, while she looked with a dark scowl at the ostensible fish-vender, “ ye havint left an owld customer, and a regular runner from coast to coast, to dabble with a rascally middle-man, an interloper, a land shark, that just sneaks his cart down to the baiclt afore daybreak, haggles for a keg or two, and runs away with half the profit, while he laves all the risk to others. The divil may choke 'em ! Is it an elegant article ye're wanting just now, honey?—the right Nantz—the true crater? then wait a bit, and I'll just give ye a sup. Ah, now, be aisy, and don't be looking up the road and down the road; there's never a nose upon the scent, for customs and cise are all down at the wreck under the Cobb rock.”

At these words she again drew her cloak around her, and after making certain mysterious arrangements beneath the foldings of its amplitude, threw it partially aside, so as to discover a huge bladder under her left arm, and a proportionate evisceration of her body cor-

porate, while with her right hand she drew a drinking horn from her pocket and proceeded to fill it.

“ To tell you the truth, Norry,” quoth the landlord, “ your last batch seemed to me little better than Irish aqua-vita, lowered with water and flavoured with burnt sugar.”

“ Bad manners to ye, honey dear, and brimstone blisters upon the tongue that says it ! Is it myself doesn't know Irish usquebaugh from right Nantz? us that had a bit still of our own, up in the hill by Ballinderry, (God's blessing on every blade of its grass !) and where we might be getting an honest livelihood this same day, but that we shot Carroll O'Driscoll one morning ; and Dermod Mahoney paiched, (blue blazes to him !) and so we were obliged to show the light heel, and my boy Mick has no other house than our brave cutter, the Greyhound ; and myself is obliged to tramp the shore and the sea-coast for a mere mouthful. But Erin go brach ! and may those that don't like it have another of Carroll O'Driscoll's pills to swallow ! Taste

it, honey; 'twill do your heart good;—taste it, for you never tossed the like of it over your tongue.”

First smelling the liquor, then rinsing his mouth with it, and spirting it out again with the true distasteful and depreciating look of an intended buyer, the landlord handed over the horn to his companion, who swallowed what was left with apparent satisfaction, smacked his lips, and ejaculated, “Not bad, Norry,—not bad; but if it's the same price as the last, it's too dear by half. Zooks! you have no conscience.”

Whether it was the uninvited fluency with which he had dispatched the remainder of her sample, the boiling over of an old grudge against a spoiler of her trade, or the just indignation of one of the murderers of Carroll O'Driscoll at any imputation upon her conscience, certain it is, that the vials of Norry Molloy's wrath were suddenly poured out upon the offender with a volubility which might well be termed the eloquence of passion, and which was sustained with such unbroken vehemence,

that the whole ebullition appeared to be but one period, and to be uttered in a single breath. "Then may the next drop choke ye, for a lying land lubber," she exclaimed with a malignant scowl; "and God send ye may shortly be put to bed under the green grass, and myself may live to ait a goose that has been fattened upon the grave of ye! Is it for such skulkers as ye to be saying it's dear! ye that are sitting in the sunshine, with a warm house at your lazy back, and the owld steady earth under yeer feet?"—Here she stamped violently upon the ground to show the importance of having such a trust-worthy element to depend upon.—"Have ye ever stole out of the Dutch ports in a low lugger, on the long cold dark nights of winter, as I have done, to be brought, perhaps, by the suck of the sea in the midst of Russell's blockading squadron, and where ye think the divil himself couldn't see the foam of your cut-water, nor hear the wind snoring in your lugsail? ye shall see a flash at a distance, and a shot strikes light in the black waves a yard or two a head of ye, and the roar of the cannon runs forenent ye into the dark-

ness, and ye're right glad to run after it, gunnel under, for fear another bullet should come dancing to the same tune?"

"Nay, but Norry," said the fish-vender, "I never meant—"

"Dear!" interrupted the Irishwoman, whose breath scemed to fan the flames of her own wrath,—“dear, ye sneaking shingle-roamer, ye think a great deal, I warrant, when ye're snoozing in your truckle on the stormy nights, about the poor sowls that are tossing on the big black waves, when even the moon and the stars are afraid to come out, and the sea and sky are all the same colour, and the wind howls in your ear like a brute baist that is waiting to tear ye to pieces, and every wave seems rushing to swallow ye up alive. Many a better man than ye, or any of the snivelling likes of ye, has felt his boat sink under him, and though he wished to be the gull over his head, or the porpus beneath him, has scorned to cry for help where it was no use, but has gone down with a silent tongue and a stout heart, and none but the whistling wind to know where he

last held up his hand in the wild and lonesome sea."

"Zooks! woman, will you but listen?" interposed the fish-vender.

"Dear!" bawled Norry Molloy, again overwhelming his voice with an increased vehemence. "What! ye think our business is all over when we see the white cliffs of England, or run upon the sands, when perhaps we're capsized in the breakers; or just as we get our cargo ashore the 'ciscemen come down upon us, and after our toilsome night's battle with the waves, we are among the barkers and slashers, and have the whistling of bullets, and the clash of cutlashes for our morning's music. Dear! ye cowardly land pirate, ye cliff-loitering, keg-stealing wreck-watcher! why I'm selling ye the last breath, perhaps, of them that were suck'd down to the bottom, whiles ye were snoring; of brave men that are now being gnaw'd by the fishes, while such earth-treading cowards as ye are safely tipping your ale. The curse of Saint Patrick be upon the whole gang of ye!"

Norry Molloy had not been so wholly en-

grossed by the latter part of this philippic, although it was delivered with infinite fury and volubility, but that, upon observing the approach of a stranger, she had again wrapped her cloak around her, had managed to return the bladder to its former position, to restore the equilibrium of her figure, and to pocket the drinking-horn, which she had snatched during the latter part of her invective.

As the stranger came up, covered with dust, holding his hat in the same hand that grasped his cane and a large blue-bag, while he wiped his forehead with the other, mine host jumped up and saluted him with his usual inquiry, "What will you be pleased to drink, Sir?" and without awaiting any reply, followed it up with his customary cry of—"A pint of ale, Sally."

"I don't want to drink," returned the pedestrian, "but to be informed the way to Goldingham Place."

"Why then, by St. Patrick, I guessed as much," cried Norry, whose wrath seemed by no means to have subsided. "Ye have heard that the officers are all down at the wreck under the

Cobb rock, and ye think it a safe evening to pedlar the country with your run goods in the dry line. I warrant ye haven't such a thing in your bag as a piece or two of French silk, let alone a dozen or so of fringed gloves, or a card of lace, or a roll of cambric for gentlemen's wipes. Ah now, be aisy wid ye! Sit down and save your shanks, for the owld Cavalier is dead and cold, and his wife that used to buy those thingumbobs is left this side the country; and the chimneys of Goldingham Place seem dead too, for the divil a breath has come out of their mouth this many a week."

"Nor is there likely to be much fish dressed in its kitchen," added the vender of that commodity—"for they say the new proprietor is no better than a great tallow-chandler from London."

"A tallow-chandler!" exclaimed the stranger. "They that say so are fools and numsculls; and so having settled that point, you will perhaps answer the question I put to you five minutes ago, and tell me the way to Goldingham Place."

“ There’s the lodge, right afore you;” you have only to follow your nose, and I ’m sure its long enough,” growled the landlord, who was neither pleased with the tone of so dusty a foot traveller, nor with his apparent intention to proceed without touching the pint of ale which Sally had placed beside him. “ You’re not going without paying the pint?” he bawled out as the stranger turned his back.

“ As I neither ordered it,” replied the latter, “ nor touched it when brought, I see no good reason why I should pay for it.” And so saying he crossed over towards the lodge, pelted with exclamations from the party he had left, of— “ There’s a raff! a regular bilk!”—“ Ah now, bad luck to the spalpeen!” and other equally flattering appellations.

The fish-vender now drove off in his cart; and no sooner did Norry Molloy find herself alone with the landlord than an immediate change occurred in her fierce and rugged features, which assumed the most ingratiating smile of which they were susceptible, while with a softened fawning voice, she began to coax and

wheedle her customer, flattering him on his unrivalled skill in cricket, which she knew to be his weak point, reminding him of the number of friends whom she had sent to his house, magnifying the value of her future services in this way, and finally cajoling him into the purchase of her whole stock of spirits, for which she received silver and copper in exchange, when she marched triumphantly back to the sea coast.

Isaac Goldingham, for the stranger who had been so uncivilly dismissed was no other, had been singularly unlucky in his journey to take possession. On booking his place in London, he had been assured by the coachman that he would set him down within a stone's throw of the lodge, an indefinite distance certainly, but one which he never expected to amount to a hot dusty walk of three miles, across a strange country, and one to which he was not the better reconciled from his having to carry a heavy bag, containing a portion of his wardrobe, several bundles of commercial papers, his protestant flail, and his silken armour. Heated by his ex-

ertions, soiled by the dust, attired in his homeliest garb, which he had prudently selected for the journey, and carrying a large bag, his appearance was by no means calculated to awaken any exalted idea of his dignity, at a period when a man's rank or riches were generally indicated to a certain degree by his attire. To these circumstances may be partly attributed the ungracious reception he had hitherto encountered, and the further testimonies of disrespect to which he was destined to be exposed subsequently to his quitting the party at the cricketers.

After ringing the lodge bell three times with the violence of an insulted and enraged proprietor, but without obtaining any response to his summons, except the angry barking of a dog, he drew back the bolt of the iron gate, pushed it open, and entered a serpentine drive, planted on either side with shrubs and trees, in which an opening had been left at a short distance from the lodge, so as to command a fine view of the mansion. As the traveller halted here for a moment to contemplate his new purchase, in spite of his irritation he could not suppress

one of those loud involuntary "hems!" which were generally indicative of complacency; while he stumped his cane approvingly upon the ground, popped a bit of sugar into his mouth, and smacked his lips aloud and relishingly. The sun was just setting, so as to involve the basement story of the building in the purple tinge of evening, while the upper portion retained a red glow, and the windows were lighted up by the rays, as if the old Cavalier were still alive, and had ordered the whole house to be illuminated for some brilliant victory. The woods on either side exhibited a somewhat similar appearance; the trunks and lower boughs of the trees, thrown into broad and deep shade contrasting strongly with their tufted tops, dancing in the breeze, and glittering with the ray as if they had been dipped in liquid sun-light. Three minutes' more gaze, and a second lump of sugar would have completely restored Goldingham's equanimity; but, alas! the new lord of this goodly domain had hardly time to cast an eye over his possessions, when he was rudely hailed from behind, with the shout of—"Hallo, you

chap! what the dickens be'st a'ter?"—accompanied by the fierce barking of a dog; and upon looking round, he beheld a sturdy, bull-headed rustic, in a fustian jacket and goloshes, holding back by a chain a raging mastiff, which evinced a furious eagerness to fly at the trespasser.

“Cogsnouns! was it thee made zuch a vine clatter at the bell?” said the fellow, as he noticed the shabby appearance of the intruder—“dang'd, if thee bees 'nt a proper zaucy codger. What be up to, trow?”

“Insolent clown!” replied Goldingham, determined not to make himself known. “I have business with Mrs. Holmes, the housekeeper.”

“Then, thee may'st go round by the voot-path, and ring at back gate; so thee'lt please to bundle out again, same way thee comed in. But, stop a bit, my vine vellow, I be game-keeper for the present, for want of a better, so I'll just overhaul this'n blue bag; for spite o' the three-cornered castor, drat me if I doant think'ee bee'st no better nor a poacher.”

“ If you come one step nearer, you scoundrel,” cried Goldingham, brandishing his horn-headed cane, “ I’ll make you remember it the longest day you have to live. I have business at the house, and as I see no good reason for either showing you my bag, or turning back, I shall not do one or the other.—Hem !” • So saying, he walked a few paces forward, the fellow following and continuing his abuse, while the mastiff nuzzled so close to Isaac’s leg, and showed such a raging appetite for a mouthful or two of his grey cotton calf, that he looked round for some more efficient weapon than his cane. Luckily espying a pole that had been used by the lodge-keeper’s wife for extending linen, he seized it, and instantly aimed a blow at the four-footed assailant, which would have been probably fatal, had not his master pulled him back by the chain. Neither approving the aspect of this weapon, nor the resolute look of the party who wielded it, the fellow now thought it prudent to retreat, contenting himself with muttering, as he hauled away his bristling and snarling mastiff,—“ Thof I leave thee, my old

boy, danged if I doant mark thee. Thee may'st go on if thee likes, and if thee do pop thy leg into a trap, or get blown up wi' gunpowder, I'll let loose Viper here, to help 'ee out of scrape."

Although he decamped after this valediction, without offering any further impediment, his parting words produced a marvellous effect upon Isaac's peace of mind, as well as upon the velocity of his further progress. Pacific as his habits had been, he was of an obstinate and fearless temperament, that would not allow him to shrink from any open antagonist upon equitable terms of contest; but the very mention of traps and gunpowder occasioned a tingling horror to run through his blood, and gave a momentary shudder to his whole frame. They savoured of Popish plots, the dread of which was ever uppermost in his mind, and his imagination coming in aid of his fears, he could not help fancying that some secret Jesuit, inflamed by the known Protestant zeal of the new proprietor, might have set traps and pitfalls all over the grounds for the purpose of exterminating him upon his first visit. In point of fact,

there was no engine of any sort in the park, the gamekeeper's threat being only a customary menace employed to intimidate beggars, suspected poachers, or other trespassers; but as Isaac paid him the unmerited compliment of believing his assertions, he felt considerably embarrassed how to act. His first impulse was to retreat, but that stubbornness of purpose to which we have already alluded, presently acquiring the ascendancy, he put on his spectacles to assist his discovery of the suspected traps, pushed the pole along the ground before him as a feeler, and thus slowly won his way, inch by inch, along his own grounds to his own mansion. Many a broken twig upon the earth, suspected of being a wire lying in insidious ambush, and connected with some infernal machine, was turned over and over with infinite misgiving and palpitation of heart; a hen-coop half concealed by a bush assumed the terrific form of the very engine in question, whose flank it was necessary to turn by walking over the opposite borders, and making a considerable deviation from the drive; and the gate of an adjoining

coppice happening to shut with a loud bang just at that moment, he jumped two yards backwards at a single bound, and could not believe, until he had felt himself all over, and stamped upon the ground, that he was neither blown up into the air nor visited by any grievous wound, from steel, ball, or bullet.

After much bodily exertion and anxiety of spirit, and in a violent perspiration arising from both those causes, he at length reached the steps that led up to the entrance of the house, mounted them with infinite relief of heart, solaced himself with a modicum of sugar from his waistcoat pocket, drew in a long breath, which he suddenly expelled with a loud sonorous "Hem!" and ejaculated — "Soh! a pretty beginning of rural ease and tranquillity—a comfortable foretaste of the pleasures of territorial possession! Cheated by a lying coachman, and obliged to carry my bag three miles in the heat and dust; told when I civilly inquire the way, to follow my own long nose; suspected of being a tallow-chandler, or a smuggling pedlar; insulted as a poacher by my own gamekeeper;

very near having the calf of my leg snapped off by his mastiff; and finally, groping the way to my own house like a blind beggar, in momentary fear of being caught in my own trap, or blown up with my own gunpowder! Wheugh! these things never happen in the City.”

In the intensity of his scrutiny after concealed snares, he had not ventured to lift up his eyes to look a second time at his house, until he found himself upon its threshold; and the deep shades of evening now preventing him from seeing any object distinctly, he deferred the gratification of his curiosity till the next morning, raised his hand to the bell, and pulled it with a master's pull.

Mrs. Holmes, who had been left in custody of the house, was one of those discreet personages who make it a point to be civil to every body, until they have ascertained that it is quite safe to be otherwise, and was moreover a connoisseur in rings and knocks, which she considered as pieces of handwriting, whereby most people betrayed their station and the purposes of their visit. Interpreting the energetical ring

she had just heard, to be that of a person who felt himself authorised to be decisive, and having also received some vague intimation of her new master's odd appearance, she dropped a low curtsy as she met him in the hall, exclaiming in a soft voice, and with a gracious smile,—
“ Mr. Goldingham, I presume, you are welcome, Sir, to the Place, and I wish you health and happiness to enjoy your new purchase. Allow me to take your bag, Sir—” And then suddenly rising to a sharp key, she called aloud
“ Why, Timothy ! Timothy ! always out of the way ! lights in the parlour directly, here's the new master arrived !” Ushering him into this apartment she wheeled a large arm chair for his reception, brought him a pair of slippers, and inquiring in a tone of gentle condolence whether he had supped upon the road, assured him there were viands in the house which could be got ready in a few minutes—added that his bed had been kept carefully aired, and that she had provided a little tea in the house, though probably his honour did not like any such new-fangled slops.

“ Thank ye, thank ye, Mrs. Holmes,” said Isaac, with more complacency than he had felt in the whole course of the day, “ that ’s all very right and proper ; you seem to have your wits about you, and to be a woman of business, which is what I like. None of your tea, no new-fangled slops for me ; but if you can let me have a pipe, and some mull’d lamb’s-wool, I shall be glad of them as soon as you please.” These, with the addition of some saffron cakes, which she informed him were of her own making, being presently placed before him by the bustling and obsequious Mrs. Holmes, he dispatched his frugal meal, smoked a pipe, and fatigued with the exertions of the day, retired shortly after to bed, and fell fast asleep in that ancient mansion which had never before received so plebeian a proprietor.

CHAPTER III.

Mercury.—*Bon Ton!* What's that, Madam, pray define it?

Mrs. Modish.—Oh! Sir, excuse me: it is one of the privileges of the *Bon Ton* never to define or be defined. It is the child and the parent of jargon. It is—I can never tell you what it is."

DIALOGUES OF THE DEAD.

ON the following morning Goldingham arose at an early hour, completely recovered from the fatigues of his journey, as well as from the irritation occasioned by the misadventures attendant upon his arrival, and not a little anxious to sally forth and inspect his estate. Having signified to Mrs. Holmes his wish to be accompanied in his excursion by some competent person as a guide, she immediately raised her voice from the subdued and respectful tone in which she habitually spoke to her superiors, to

a shrill and angry note as she bustled along the lower apartments calling aloud for Timothy, who having been out of the way on the previous night, had not yet seen his new master. This ancient domestic had passed nearly the whole of his life in the house, where he had successively filled all offices, in doors and out, from the lowest to the highest. For many years, when the old Cavalier became infirm and gouty, he had waited upon him in the double capacity of a crutch whose arm was always ready to support him, and of a companion who might toddle about with him, and amuse him by the freedom of his remarks. His master, attached to him from a long experience of his fidelity, and ever willing to laugh at his little oddities and sallies, had always encouraged in him a degree of familiarity, not to say impertinence, which utterly confounded all distinctions of rank; while in his latter years the Cavalier had sunk into such a state of superannuated fatuity, that Timothy had in fact become the master of his master; and long habit and impunity, as well as his own increasing age, had now incapacitated him from

treating his superiors with a whit more respect than he evinced towards his equals. It was from habit too that he remained in the house; for though his own savings and a small legacy from his master, had rendered him independent, he declared that he would never quit Goldingham Place till he was turned out. Some called him a queer old wag, some a superannuated dotard, and some a saucy menial spoiled by indulgence; and yet his honesty and good conduct in other respects had ever been so unimpeachable, that Timothy continued to be a sort of chartered offender, enjoying the privileges, although he did not fulfil the functions, of the old professional jester. Adhering to the fashion which existed in his younger days, he wore trunk hose and suffered his beard to grow; his head was bald; though his face was furrowed with age, his ruddy cheek attested him to be still hale and hearty; and his countenance exhibited a constant simper, of which it was difficult to say whether it partook more of slyness or silliness.

Such was the personage, who having always been accustomed to see his former master ar-

rayed in periwig and powder, lace and embroidery, a sword by his side and a star upon his breast, made a dead halt as he entered the parlour, in obedience to Goldingham's orders, and after having measured him two or three times from top to toe, and ever with an increasing smile of derisive astonishment, at last terminated his survey by a low chuckle, and a correspondent jerk of his left shoulder.

“What are you sniggering at, fellow?” said Isaac, fixing upon him in return his stern grey eye.

“By my troggs!” replied Timothy, renewing his scrutiny, “I can hardly tell, for it's all to nothing the queerest object I ever clapped eyes on, but I am positively told that it be the new master.”

“And prythee, fellow, do you always behave in this saucy way to your master?”

“Why, I never had such a comical one before, and I'm not very particular at any time.”

“Nor I either,” said Goldingham, angrily; “and though I am willing to make every allowance for an old fool——”

“For which of us?” interrupted Timothy, with a sheepish leer.

“Harkee, sirrah!” cried Isaac in some wrath, “if you wish to continue in my service you must forego this merry Andrew’s license of your tongue. I want no undue servility—I hate it—but I will be treated with respect. Hem! I sent for you to show me the way over the estate, and to accompany me to my different tenants.”

“By my troggs! I’ve no kind of objection to take a walk with you, master, provided it doesn’t rain.” Going to the window he looked up at the sky in different directions, and coming deliberately back continued—“It seems like to be showery by and by, so the sooner we set out the better”—at the same time tendering his arm to his companion, who exclaimed rather indignantly—“What! do you take me for the gouty Cavalier? Sirrah! I need no man’s support.”

“So much the better,” said Timothy, “for the old gentleman used sometimes to lean plaguy hard, and I’ve often threatened to leave him in

the lurch if he didn't make his own stumps carry a little more of his own carcass."

"Troth! you are the most unceremonious fellow of a servant that I ever heard of," said Isaac, preparing to set off.

"Like enough, like enough," replied Timothy, "we're a queerish couple, I take it.— You must come back, Sir; that's not the door that leads into the park. This way—this way—follow me, and you shall see every nook and corner of the old place."

Being conducted by this eccentric and free spoken domestic to the terrace in front of the building, Isaac was at length enabled to obtain a survey of his new purchase. The house was of moderate dimensions, consisting of two low stories, with an embattled stone coping at top, whence arose a high sloping roof, crowned by a belfry in the centre. Massy oaken frames divided the small panes of the windows, which were provided with musquet-proof outside shutters; and a heavy porch, projecting from the middle of the building, supplied the place of a hall. For the purpose of defence during

the civil war, it had been surrounded by a wall with a gatehouse, which the Cavalier's lady, after a long battle, had prevailed upon him to demolish, though he had still rendered the materials available in some respects to military objects, by constructing with them, at each extremity of the terrace, a little mimic fort, to which he had respectively applied the names of Liskard and Roundway Down, from his having been engaged in both those battles, and their proving fortunate to the royal cause. Here were mounted some small brass cannons which he fired off upon every anniversary and victory, real or assumed, and in front of them extended the park, an improvement suggested by the wife, who was also responsible for the serpentine drive, or approach to the house, along which the new proprietor had won his way on the previous evening with such infinite trouble and trepidation.

From this terrace Isaac Goldingham, well satisfied with the appearance of the mansion, looked down over a rich, extensive, and well-wooded landscape in one direction, while in the

other he beheld, through the openings of the trees in his park, the dark blue line of the sea, studded here and there with white sails. It was a breezy, elastic, sparkling morning, so bright indeed that Timothy declared with a misgiving shake of the head, it was sure to bring rain. By his master, however, who saw nothing but the present brilliance of the day, and whose notions of the picturesque had been pretty much limited to the romantic of Hoxton or Islington ponds, when he had gone a ducking to them in his younger days, the scene now before him could hardly be contemplated without its awakening new and delightful sensations. He had no idea that the country was half so fine an invention, and when he beheld it, not only as a beautiful object of itself, but as constituting in part his own property—as a source of revenue, and a beneficial purchase, his feelings of mingled gratification arrived at an acme which could only be expressed by his drawing himself proudly up, uttering one of his loudest “Hems!” and indenting the gravel with his cane as he struck it forcibly upon the ground.

It was the first time in his life that he had ever owned a foot of land, and however a man's notions may be sophisticated by civic appreciations of wealth, there is a charm, a magic in the word "Freehold," which finds its way to every bosom. He who stands upon his own terra firma, has a right to feel like one of the lords of "creation, for he is part and parcel of the general system of things, owner of a certain portion of the solid globe itself, upon which he may strike his foot with the certainty that the ground beneath, down to the very centre of the earth is his own; and that the echo he awakens, even should it rise upwards to the heavens, will travel through a portion of space which the law has equally pronounced to be his property. Elevated and inspirited by these impressions, Isaac set forward to traverse his domains at a pace which soon left his servant considerably in the rear.—"Come on, good Timothy," he cried in a conciliatory tone, occasioned by his pleasurable sensations—"Come on—'tis a brisk morning—I am in a hurry to see my farms, and I love to walk fast."—"Like

enough, like enough," replied the old man, continuing the same jog-trot pace, "but I have seen the farms a hundred times, and I like to walk slow."

Offended as he was at the freedom of this obstinate old animal, as he pettishly called him, Goldingham had sufficient insight into character to be convinced that his attendant would be equally insensible to coaxing and menaces, and that to avail himself of his services he must accommodate himself to his humours.

No showman exhibiting some newly imported baboon to the astonished rustics at a country fair, ever paraded his monster with greater satisfaction, than did Timothy lead about his strange-looking master to the different tenants, his face surcharged with a sly simper that occasionally broke out into a half-suppressed snigger, and a jerk of the left shoulder, as he introduced him. "By my troggs! Farmer Penfold," he exclaimed to the first whom they thus visited, "'tis neither a flam nor a bamboozle, but the new landlord in real down-right earn-

est, and a proper queer one he is, sure enough. Zooks! man, never stare o' that fashion, it's not the man in the moon, but Master Goldingham, who has bought the old Cavalier's estate, and all that belongs to it, and so make your best bow to your new landlord." In this manner they proceeded from one farm to another, until they had visited every portion of the domain, when Isaac returned to the house, highly delighted with all that he had seen, and still more with his friend Tibbs the Scrivener, who had rather under than over-stated the beauty of the place, and the value of the property. The unbridled freedom of old Timothy's tongue had indeed more than once offended him, but he seemed to be so thoroughly acquainted with every thing relating to the estate, and when called upon for the account of disbursements and receipts since the time of the purchase, he had furnished it in so clear and satisfactory a manner, that it reconciled his new master to his flippant familiarity, which he was willing to acquit of all intentional offence, and determined

him to retain him, at least for the present, in the house.

The novelty of his situation and impressions, together with the bustle incidental to his new arrangements, kept him for some days after his arrival in such a constant state of excitement, that he had no leisure to think of his neighbours, although he received several visits, one from the Clergyman, hastening as a matter of duty to pay his respects to a new Parishioner, who might perhaps, like his regretted predecessor, have a dinner-party every Sunday; three others from as many neighbouring Curates, who knew nothing, of course, of his having purchased the advowson; and a fifth from the Apothecary, who not only hurried to get the start of a competitor recently set up in the vicinity, but to have the first sight of the stranger, and make himself welcome among the neighbouring gentry by retailing the most minute particulars he had gleaned in this early inspection. Through this loquacious medium of communication, all the real oddities of Goldingham's appearance, to-

from being seated in the gallery above him, had not even obtained a glimpse of his figure, there was no small crowding, when service was over, to see him enter his carriage. So importunate did the curiosity become, that the object of it, offended at such vulgar rudeness, which he was determined not to gratify, stepped hastily into the vehicle, and bade his coachman drive on. Timothy, however, seeing one of his own friends pressing forward, and anxious to oblige him with a peep, checked his horses, nodding backwards at his master, as much as to say, "There he is, come and have a stare at him; isn't he a queer chap?" Several others appearing disposed to avail themselves of this halt, Goldingham, in great dudgeon, drew up the blind, when Timothy very unconcernedly exclaimed to his friend, with a knowing wink, "T'other side, Jemmy, t'other side; you 're sure of him there, for the blind won't go up."

This was too much for his master's patience, especially as he saw a rush of gazers to that side, and at the same moment observed that

Timothy's left shoulder was twitched up and down with a convulsive though inaudible snigger. "Sirrah! sirrah!" he cried out as he hastily let down the front window, "if you do not instantly drive on I'll knock you off the box with my cane!"

"Have you seen enough of him, Jemmy?" said Timothy to his friend, without in the least noticing his master's threat. An answer was given in the affirmative, the friends exchanged nods and good bye's, when Timothy, deliberately squaring his elbows and gathering up the reins, set off at his established jog trot as if nothing had happened.

"This fellow's conduct," said Goldingham to himself, "whether it proceed from dotage, ignorance, or an insolent affectation of playing the wag, is equally intolerable; and but that it is the Sabbath, I would turn him out of the house this very day." It cost him three lumps of sugar to recover any degree of serenity, and it was not 'till he reached Goldingham-place that he determined after all to retain the of-

fender in his service, at least till he could provide himself with an efficient and equally honest substitute.

Isaac Goldingham had supplied on that day a topic of discussion to all the surrounding district. It was now necessary to come to some decision, since he had officially announced his arrival by appearing at church, upon the important subject of visiting him, and the debates engendered by this knotty point were not less general than keen and animated. According to established custom in the rural portions of this our happy island, the neighbourhood was divided by party-hatred, jealousy, and stiff-necked notions of gentility and decorum, into various factions, which, though they did not altogether destroy the ceremonies and outward observances of sociability, sadly chilled the kindly feelings which can alone render them valuable. In the present instance, the difficulty was incalculably increased by an invidious rumour, founded probably on the nature of his importations from the Baltic, and industriously circulated by some rustic wag, that the new

settler was neither more nor less than a common tallow-chandler, who had invested the fortune made by candles in the purchase of Goldingham-place, merely because it happened to bear his own name. At a consultation held upon this alarming report by some of the surrounding gentry, Lady Crockatt had bravely volunteered to venture into the enemy's camp, to call at the Place, to extract from his own mouth the truth or falsehood of this imputation, to settle the question of his relationship to the old Goldinghams, and to decide upon ocular evidence whether or not the man were visitable.

It will be recollected that her ladyship had been designated by the fish-vender, (with whom, however, it must be also remembered that she refused to deal,) as a whimsey-headed witch and lack-a-daisical cat, terms which it little became one in his station of life to apply to a female, and especially to one of rank! Fortune had exacted the customary penalty for the great wealth she had lavished upon her ladyship, who having no children, and no occupation, hating

her husband, and possessing nothing in which she could interest her vacant affections, except a fat plethoric spaniel, had fallen into the morbid state of ennui which is so apt to be generated by a surfeit of luxuries, and that pitiable complaint—the want of a want. Her present resource against this tedium was a desperate attempt to stimulate excitement in herself, and awaken sympathy in her friends, who began to grow weary of her fantastic conceits, by affecting the invalid, disserting upon the wretched state of her nerves, giving an inventory of her maladies in a lugubrious tone of voice, prophesying her approaching dissolution, and vituperating the world and all its inhabitants.

“I am happy, Mr. Goldingham, to see the place once more tenanted,” said the visitant as she deposited her fat pet upon the carpet, and was ushered into the drawing-room where Isaac was looking over some papers. “I knew the worthy old Cavalier, your predecessor, most intimately, and had a high regard for him, but I believe it is my fate to meet with nothing but vexation and annoyance from those to whom I

have shown the greatest kindness. Would you believe, that all I got by sending my new carriage to the funeral, was to have the harness completely smashed to pieces."

"Was the old Cavalier driving it?" inquired Goldingham drily.

"The Cavalier!—bless my heart, no! He had just been buried when it happened."

"Then really, my lady, I see no good reason for making him accountable for the accident."

"Oh, not in the least; only you know, Sir, if he had not died just as I got my new carriage, this provoking event could not have occurred. No, I believe my coachman (nobody to be sure was ever so unfortunate in servants) had been tipping at the Cricketers. He was shockingly hurt, I am told, but I have never inquired about him since, for such is my acute sensibility that my feelings will not bear to be revolted. I am foolishly considerate for my servants—spoil them all by over-indulgence—but I must say the fellow does not deserve the least compassion. You did not know the old Cavalier, I

believe. Poor Gentleman!"—Here she heaved a deep sigh, applied an embroidered handkerchief to her eyes, and after smelling to a bottle of sal ammoniac, continued—"Excuse me, Mr. Goldingham, my feelings, alas! are too susceptible for my peace of mind; a sympathizing bosom is such a——Heigho!—The coach had only come home a few days before from Mawley's; fawn-coloured pannels, with crimson mantles to the arms, and gilt mouldings. But, God knows, a vehicle is of very little use to any one in my wretched state of health."

"If I might judge by appearances," said Goldingham, "I should pronounce your ladyship to be perfectly free from complaint."

"Proofs of disease, Sir, proofs of disease; nothing is more alarming than that plumpness of the flesh, and freshness of the complexion, to which you allude."

"May I inquire the nature of that malady which declares itself by such unusual symptoms?" inquired Goldingham.

"Ah, Sir, there's the rub—there's the difficulty. Nobody can discover what it is, though

I have consulted all the first physicians—Sir Thomas Millington, Sir Charles Scarborough, Sir Edmund King, and Sir Thomas Witherby; attendants upon Majesty, you know, but my case baffled them all. Unfortunately, though I feel that I am dying by inches, I excite no sympathy, because I have not the aspect of an invalid, my nearest relations, and those whom I have loaded with favours, contemplating all my sufferings with the most heartless indifference. I cannot hold out much longer—and, Heaven knows! I have no wish to remain in so selfish and callous a world.”

Having complained and hospitalised for some time longer in this strain, with occasional most interesting episodes about the pills, leeches, blisters, and cataplasms, to which she had been subjected, the pseudo incurable came to the purpose of her visit, and opened the trenches after the following fashion.—“Heigho! the poor old Cavalier! if I can thus feel for him as a mere friend, what must be *your* regrets; and yet it is astonishing how obstinate some people are, even in the teeth of the most con-

clusive evidence. All the world knows that the worthy Cavalier was descended from the old family of the Goldinghams;—your going to church with his carriage, without any alteration of the arms, and the similarity of name, were indications not to be mistaken, and yet Mrs. Chatsworth persists in maintaining that you are not related to him, nor in any way descended from the old proprietors of the Place.”

“Mrs. Chatsworth is really very kind to trouble herself about me and my connections,” said Isaac, “and I beg leave to confirm her statements. If I am related to either of the parties mentioned, it is entirely without my knowledge, and lest I should be subjected to any injurious reports of having inherited my wealth from others without any merit or exertions of my own, I beg your ladyship will do me the justice to state every where, upon my authority, that it has been principally derived from my dealings in flax, hemp, and tallow. Hem!”

“Tallow!” screamed Lady Crockatt, who saw an admission of his guilt in the mere mention,

tion of the word, and made instant and eager application to her salts—"very much to your credit, Mr. Goldingham, no doubt. In a commercial country like this every body should—and I am willing to believe that such persons are perfectly respectable—that is to say in their own way, but—Eugh!—this pain in my side! I believe after all it is a confirmed liver case. Here Cynthia! Cynthia! Cynthia!" At these words she snatched up her corpulent spaniel, which no real invalid would have been able to lift, and hurried down stairs, Goldingham politely accompanying her to her carriage, during the whole of which progress she never once moved her smelling-bottle from her nose.

"If this is the best society that the neighbourhood affords," exclaimed Goldingham, as he returned to the drawing-room, "I care not how much I am alone."

"Lord love ye! you may have better company if you like it," cried Timothy, who had unperceived followed him into his apartment; "there's no occasion to be moping all alone; I

am always in the house, and you have only to send for me: it's what the old Cavalier always did when he was dull and stupid."

"He was a superannuated dotard, and you are another," cried Goldingham, pettishly. "quit the room, sirrah!"

"By my troggs!" replied Timothy, walking deliberately to the door, "you will be in worse company if I leave you to yourself. Ah! you're all alike, you don't know what's good for you, and you will have your own way; but it's all one to Timothy—all one to Timothy."

CHAPTER IV

Fools ne'er had less grace in a year,
For wise men are grown foppish ;
And know not how their wits to wear,
Their manners are so apish.

SHAKSPEARE.

TAKING it for granted that Goldingham had confessed himself to be neither more nor less than a common shopkeeping tallow-chandler, Lady Crockatt, big with the tidings she had to communicate, drove immediately to the Rookery, the seat of Marmaduke Hartfield, Esq., commonly called Squire Hartfield, the last of a long line of Squires, who for several ages had hunted over the downs of Dorsetshire, until having duly broken their necks in the chase, or accelerated their deaths by hard drinking, they

had been regularly conveyed to the family vault about a stone's throw from the Rookery, to make way for a new Nimrod. It would have been well for their present successor, if he had been content to inherit their mode of life as well as their estate, which had come down to him unimpaired; but in an evil hour, he had betaken himself to London, fallen into all its dissipations, followed the fashion of connecting himself with an extravagant actress, and rattled the dice-box at the gaming-houses in Pall Mall, or the Groom-porter's at Whitehall, where he had offered such a palpable butt to the sharpers, plebeian and noble, that they soon plucked him of all that he had to lose. His pack of hounds, and his full establishment being kept up at the Rookery, at which place he still passed the greater portion of the year; he had succeeded in mortgaging his patrimony, and reducing himself to pecuniary difficulties while he was yet in the prime of youth, at the same time that he had managed to pick up many of the vices of the London debauchee, without losing any of the boorishness of the fox-hunting Squire.

Neither of these characters, however, had obtained such complete possession of him as to overmaster his originally strong and cordial feelings. His heart, which was naturally amiable, might be perverted, but it was not yet hardened; and in spite of his lax morality, his notions of honour were loosened rather than corrupted. Proud of the antiquity of his family, and of the hospitable state which they had always maintained at the Rookery, he was at once stung with remorse at the ruin which he was so rapidly drawing down upon it, and restrained by a false shame from reducing his establishments; so that he lived on in a kind of reckless desperation, often feeling compunction at his mode of life, yet never attempting its amendment, endeavouring to drown care by filling his house with company, and to banish thought by a boisterous rattle of clownish spirits in the morning, and a ceaseless round of Bacchanalian revelry at night.

Lady Crockatt, on her arrival at the Rookery, whose owner was at that moment absent, had the mortification to encounter the identical Mrs.

Chatsworth, mentioned in the last chapter, and to endure the glee and volubility with which she triumphed in the confirmation of all her assertions respecting Goldingham.

“ And does your Ladyship really decide that he is not presentable, not visitable ?” she inquired, when she had learned the result of the visit to Goldingham-Place.

“ My dear Mrs. Chatsworth ! how can you ask such a question ? the mere association of ideas made me so qualmish, (you know how morbidly sensitive I unfortunately am,) that I have not since been able to withdraw my smelling-bottle from my nose. Not but that the man is perfectly decent and well-behaved, spite of the oddity of his appearance, and the abomination of his horrid business ; but in our rank of life you know——. Nobody is more free from aristocratical prejudices than I am ; thank Heaven, I have the good sense to despise them, but the many noble families to which I have the honour to be related, such as the Earl of ——”

The list of titled relatives who were to esta-

blish her ladyship's utter contempt of aristocratic prejudices, was suddenly cut short by a loud cry of "Hey, whoop! Tantivy! Yoicks! Tally-ho." The door was thrown wide open, and the Squire bolted into the room, attired in a scarlet frock, with tarnished gold lace and splashed skirts, a deer skin waistcoat, buff leather breeches, and boots, a dog whistle hanging from his neck, and a horsewhip in his hand. Although his face was flushed with recent exercise, it was obvious that anxiety and dissipation had made deep inroads upon the healthy and happy expression he had received from Nature; while the premature grey that partially gleamed amid the dark thick locks which hung neglectedly about his neck, attested other ravages than those of time. His figure was manly rather than elegant; and indeed the slovenly tie of his loose cravat, and the general carelessness of his appearance, proved that he was too much absorbed in more engrossing thoughts, to be very solicitous about the Graces.

"Hey, boys, hey!" he continued, after whistling to two large dogs that came bounding

after him into the room. "Down, Ringwood! down, Sweetlips! There's a beauty, Lady Crockatt! You hardly recollect Ringwood, I suppose, for you have n't seen him since he was a puppy; he was given to me by Ned Hartop: you knew his father, I believe?"

"What, Sir Jasper Hartop, of the Grange?" inquired Lady Crockatt.

"Psha! Ringwood's father, I mean; the famous liver-coloured dog, Banter, sister to Lord Brouncker's white bitch Venus, that won the silver cup at Dorchester. Banter's grandfather, old Jowler, belonged to my father; I have been out with them both many a time when I was a boy, and I hardly know which I loved the best. Both their pictures are hanging up in my bed-room. Ah! we shan't soon see such another couple of staunch ones in the field as old Jowler and the old gentleman!"

"A noble dog indeed," said Mrs. Chatsworth patting him on the head; "for his pedigree has got the start of Lady Crockatt's, with which we were just on the point of being favoured."

"Sweetlips is a good dog at a retrieve," re-

sumed the Squire, not noticing this remark—
“but not equal to the other; then Ringwood’s voice! you should hear him take the lead at a recover after the whole pack has been at fault; there’s music! there’s a tone! Singleton and Clayton, the glee-men, are nothing to it. Your heart beats and jumps and thumps at the sound, as if it would break out of your bosom, and leap over a five-barred gate.”

“You come just in time to learn the news about Mr. Goldingham,” cried Mrs. Chatsworth; “all that I reported of him is true.”

“Whoop! that is new indeed,” replied the Squire; “but I am not so much surprised, for I believe you said nothing in his favour and where there is either disgrace or misfortune to be ferreted out, either in a man’s own person, or in any of his relatives, I’ll back Mrs. Chatsworth for a staunch hound to stick to the scent, and a rare one to give tongue when it is found.”

“Oh, you ungrateful creature! is this my reward for saving you from visiting a tallow-chandler?”

“Whoop! I am none of your London fantasticals,” replied the Squire: “in the country it is the houses not the inmates that are acquainted. Harpsden Hall, Goldingham Place, Penwick Castle, Havering Court, the Rookery, and two or three more within visiting distance, have been cronies together for ages, and you wouldn’t surely have the heart to break up the intimacy. He shall dine with me, by the Lord Harry, and your ladyship shall meet him.”

“Oh! my dear Squire, you forget my delicate health: my poor stomach is in such a state, that if once I get a nausea I should be qualmish for a month. Eugh! I declare the very thought has made me quite faint and queasy; I must take one of Dr. Goddard’s drops.”

“Yoicks! Fiddle-faddle! take a gallop with me after the hounds, and you’ll be well in a week. I’ll mount you on such a pad that you may canter him with a bumper in your hand, and never spill a drop: I’ll defy all England to match little Ginger. You know his family, don’t you? His father Tantivy was brother to Rainbow, the famous Roman-nosed bay, whose

sister was Lord Croft's white mare Calypso. You've heard, I dare say, that Ginger is first cousin to Lord Castlehaven's flea-bitten grey Highflyer, and second cousin to Colonel Ashley's famous white filly Snow-drop, that won three plates the first season at Brackley, Stanford, and Newmarket.

"I would willingly do any thing to oblige you," resumed Lady Crockatt, again having recourse to her smelling-bottle, and turning up her nose with a most distasteful look,—“but the peculiar nature of the gentleman's profession—”

“Ay, and the peculiar nature of the country,” interrupted the Squire; “the days are cursed long in the summer, and when the fowling-piece is hung up in the hall, the hunter turned out, and his master half asleep for want of amusement in field or cover, rot me if it is n't something to have a house to call at, and a queer old badger to bait, like this city square-tocs. It will be better sport than going to see Dove, the famous bear, mouzzled by the mastiffs. Besides, he has plenty of cash they say,

and if he plays at piquet, gleeck, ombre, queen Nazareen, lantiloo, hankfalet, passage, boast, or hazard, shuffle-board or billiards, bowls or tennis, he shall meet with a match here that will soon make him show the colour of his city gold. Whoop! tally-ho! to cover! to cover! we'll rout him out, unkennel the old fox, bag him up safe, bring him in triumph to the Rookery, and turn him out in the dining-room, before a full field of sportsmen."

"My dear Marmaduke!" said the Squire's sister, a fine blushing girl with bright black eyes and a profusion of jetty ringlets, "you are always so precipitate: Mr. Goldingham may prove to be a personage whom it would be quite unworthy to treat in this manner, and I am decidedly of opinion that you ought to wait."

"And what say you, Old Nick?" cried the Squire, turning to one of his guests, whose sodden, ghastly, time-worn features, and crafty-looking, though fixed and lustreless eye, seemed to render the name by which he was addressed not altogether inapplicable.

"Since he has got the darby, the rhino, let

us have him by all means," was the reply given, in a hoarse, husky voice; "if he is bubble-able I warrant I'll soon make my pocket acquainted with the clink of his megs."

Among the Squire's guests present at this conversation was Sir Ambrose Jessop, a member of Parliament, a great orator, but a considerably greater bore in the House; a prig and a solemn coxcomb every where. With a selfish timidity he generally withdrew whenever his vote would have been of real consequence to either side, and upon common occasions evinced a benevolent anxiety to conciliate both parties, by speaking for one and voting for the other.—By this constant dependance upon his own paltry apprehensions, he aspired to the reputation of an independent member; while in private life he sought to secure esteem by being of every body's opinion but his own, and to command respect by doling out his sententious indecisions in pompous alliterations: "Before this question is decided," he exclaimed, rising up very formally from his chair, "I wish to offer a few words on the subject. Though I completely

coincide with my fair friend on the right, that there are very* obvious objections to any very intimate intimacy with the party in question; yet, God forbid! that in a commercial country like this, I should prohibit the privileges of society to any one, simply for being deficient in descent and of poor parentage. I am most happy to harmonize with our hospitable host in many of his remarks, while it affords me singular satisfaction to subscribe to the sentiments of the respected young lady on the left, as to the needlessness of any necessity for particular precipitation."

During the delivery of this empty exordium, the party addressed by the name of Old Nick, who, in spite of his years affected to play the wag, placed himself behind the orator, put a handkerchief hastily around his head and pretending to fall fast asleep, nodded in accordance with the measured cadence of the speaker; while the Squire himself, who dreaded nothing worse than these long-winded harangues, suddenly cried out, "Question! question!" and slapping his friend roughly on the back, ex-

claimed, "Zooks! Sir Ambrose, you are in the Rookery, not the House of Commons: we all perfectly coincide in all that you were going to say, for we know that you meant to agree with every individual present, and so we may as well put the question to the vote at once. All you who are of opinion that the candle-dipper should dine at the Rookery on Wednesday next, hold up your hands; on the contrary, yours. The ayes have it; so Nick, prepare to act as our ambassador. Teod! we'll have rare work with the old fox when we can fairly give the view-holla. Hey! whoop! tantivy! yoicks! tallyho! Sink me if I was ever in such prime spirits in all my life.—Haugh! haugh! haugh!"

The betraying tone of this forced merriment, and the haggard look that instantly succeeded to the flash of laughter, belied his assertion; but it passed muster with all his auditors except his sister, who only noticed it with a sigh; the rest presently dispersed in pursuit of their respective amusements, and the deputed messenger, after promising the party to make fine sport with the queer old prig, set off to execute his mission.

Nicholas Chinnery, the ambassador in question, better known in London by the diminutive of old Nick, having long ago ruined himself by gaming, now prowled about his old haunts for the purpose of ruining others. For some time he had been a bolter of Alsatia, as it was termed, that is to say, one who made occasional sorties from the debtor's sanctuary of White Friars, and fled back to that refuge when close pressed by the bailiffs. Latterly he had become a tavern rook, looking out for culls and bubbles, whom he generously offered to treat with a pottle of sack, if he thought he could entice them to try their luck at dice, of which he always carried a bale in each sleeve of his coat, well prepared for his purpose, whether it was expedient to use High Fullams or Low Fullams. Much of the slang he had picked up in Alsatia he still retained in his familiar dialect; he could croak a smutty song upon occasion, he was an adept at the low pastime of dumfounding and selling bargains, and set himself up for a bit of a mimic and buffoon—a combination of qualities which had appeared to the Squire so well cal-

culated to keep up his flagging spirits, and cheer the tedium of the country out of the sporting season, that he had given him an invitation to the Rookery.

It was Nick's full intention to perform his promise by "bamboozling the old codger properly," but one penetrating look from Isaac's large stern eye convincing him that there might be some danger in the experiment, while, from the absence of witnesses, there would be little glory, even in its success, he proceeded at once to unfold the purpose of his visit. The little treaty which he came to negotiate proved to be much more difficult of accomplishment than he had anticipated. Disdaining to truckle to aristocratical prejudices, which he despised, Goldingham had determined never to make the first visiting overtures in his own person, and to exact from those who sought his acquaintance a rigorous compliance with etiquette. All difficulties, however, being at last removed, it was only necessary to know the geographical position of the Rookery.

"Your coachman is well acquainted with the

road," said Chinnery; "it is merely a pleasant drive of eight or nine miles along the coast. You turn out of the high road by the turnpike, go along by the edge of the Chalk Pits, down Sloperton Lane, and so on by Abbotsbury Cliffs till you see the Rookery down in the valley."

"I don't much like the sound of it," said Goldingham, shaking his head. "I suppose the road is neither watched nor lighted. Ah! London is the place for that—I have little fancy for Cliffs, and Chalk Pits, and Sloperton Lanes.—Is there no other way?"

"You may go round by the sands, if it's low water, and so up Seaford Gap."

"Worse and worse," cried Goldingham; "to be nabbed perhaps by the tide as I'm coming home, floated ashore next morning, and my body found by some poor shrimp-woman, half covered with sand, an oyster-shell in my mouth, and a bit of sea-weed in my hand!"

"You will be perfectly safe by the high road," resumed Chinnery, "for it is the night of the full moon."—This fact being verified by a reference to Lilly's Ephemeris, and Timothy,

who was expressly summoned on the occasion, having declared that he could almost find the way blindfold, the invitation was at length accepted, and Chinnery took his departure.

Upon this approaching dinner, however unimportant an occurrence in itself, the inmates of the Rookery now fixed their attention with the childish impatience of those listless Londoners in the country who are delighted to fasten their minds upon any future event, as a sort of windlass by which they may drag themselves forward through the intervening time. Punctuality was one of the cardinal virtues with Goldingham, who carried this feeling to such a nicety that he held it nearly as culpable to be before the time as after it. In a ride of eight or nine miles it was difficult to be scrupulously exact, but as Timothy always drove at the same jog trot, and had frequently timed the distance upon former occasions, they had the good fortune to arrive at the entrance to the Squire's grounds about seven minutes before the appointed hour. At this moment the coachman, who had petted and pampered his old horses till they were as

fat as aldermen, observed one of them to be chafed by a buckle, and got down from the box to set it right.

“ You may as well leave this till we reach the house,” said Goldingham, holding his watch close to his large poring eye; “ it wants but seven minutes, and I should not wish to be after my time.”

“ Like enough, like enough,” answered Timothy, pulling at the buckle; “ but I don’t care much about it myself. By my troggs ! if your back was galled like poor Rupert’s, you’d be glad to wait till your hurry was over.” At these words he took a clasp knife from his pocket with which he proceeded very deliberately to cut at the leather, that he might adjust it to the buckle; and Goldingham, who knew by experience that he was not to be put out of his way either by scolding or coaxing, employed himself in taking a survey of the house.

“ The Rookery !” he exclaimed aloud; “ why have they given it that name, I wonder ?”

“ I should have thought any doddipate might have guessed the reason o’ that,” said Timothy,

as if the question had been addressed to him ;
“ why, because there was a rookery all along the front of it, to be sure.”

“ And prythee, what has become of it, saucy fellow ?” inquired Goldingham with some anger.

“ Why, the rooks have flown right away with it,” replied Timothy, tugging at the buckle.

“ Sirrah ! if you cannot speak without this impertinent waggery, please to hold your tongue : when I want some one to play the fool for me, I need not apply to my own coachman.”

“ True enough, 'cause you may apply to your own self,” muttered Timothy. “ Why, I told you nothing but the truth ; the rooks *have* flown away with it, the bully-huffs and the biters, the sharpers and the tricksters, that shake their elbows and rattle the dice, those are the rooks that have made the Squire's purse cast its calf, and have flown away with the rookery. You may see the stumps of the trees all round about you.”

“ What ! all cut down to pay gambling debts ?” ejaculated Goldingham ; “ I wish the knaves that brought this ruin upon the place

had been hung on the tallest of the trees before the Squire cut them down; and if all the villains concerned in the Popish plot and the murder of Sir Edmundsbury Godfrey had been swinging by their side, I should not desire to see better fruit hanging from a bough. Such a respectable looking old house, too!"

The building to which this epithet had been applied, and which Goldingham had abundant leisure to survey while Timothy was twiddling with his buckle and strap, exhibited a succession of gable ends, surmounted with pinnacles, and edged with mouldings of oak, whose carved work had been all worn away and rounded by the hand of Time. Moss and lichens had spread over the sand-stone roof till it resembled the thatch of an ancient barn, the massy twisted red-brick chimneys seemed crumbling together with age, and the upper floor, whose heavy beams terminated in carved heads, looked as if it would crush the lower story over which it projected. Large tin spouts jutted out at unequal distances from the top, so as to inundate all those who should approach within ten feet

of the walls during a shower; but, as if to remove any inhospitable notions that they might awaken, a row of earthenware martin-coops ran along under the eaves, in proof that even the birds of passage, the travellers of the air, were provided with a lodging the moment they claimed the shelter of the roof. An ancient pear-tree, trained so as to run round the projecting diamond-paned windows, might, from the solidity of its timber, have been almost thought to uphold the building rather than to be supported by it; while a massy dove-house at one extremity wore the air of a huge buttress planted there for the purpose of strengthening the whole pile, rather than that of rearing pigeons.

A bowling-green with its summer-house and smoking-room extended along the front of the mansion, which was connected by a whole village of outbuildings with the farm-yard. Here was the dog-kennel for the hounds, whose dissonant baying, mixed with the almost incessant thumping of flails, and the various cacklings of poultry, was deemed no unpleasant music by the owner of the Rookery. Every granary and

barn door, thickly studded with impaled polecats, weasels, stoats, and other destroyers of the game, showed the activity of the warfare carried on against those four-footed poachers; and a spacious warren stretching round the orchard at the back of the premises, attested that when nobler sport was not to be had, the Squire would condescend to shoot rabbits, or even hunt them with ferrets.

Leaving Goldingham for the present, alternately gazing at the house, or looking at his watch with an increased impatience which was not in any degree participated by the slow and imperturbable Timothy, we shall request the reader to enter the low hall, hung round with fowling-pieces, powder-belts, stags' horns, foxes' brushes, and other sportsman's trophies; to pass the shuffle-board table at one end—to traverse the parlour, furnished with high-backed, leather-bottomed chairs, and an antique oak cabinet in every corner—to ascend the stairs; then to go along a passage, and down three steps, and finally to let us pilot him into the drawing-room, where, before a long narrow

glass fixed in the pannel, Sir Harcourt Slingsby, a new guest at the Rookery, stood combing his periwig; a practice not a little inconsistent with modern notions of politeness, especially before ladies and a roomfull of visitants, although it was an established habit with the beaux and exquisites of that æra. Of these fashionable flutterers about the court and the circles of high life, Sir Harcourt, who had many imitators but no rival, was the avowed leader; a pre-eminence universally conceded to him not less on account of his fine figure and splendid fortune, than the tasteful modishness of his attire, and the polished urbanity of demeanour which shone through all the fopperies of his discourse and dress, preposterous as they sometimes were. “May I be freckled!” he exclaimed to some of the by-standers, while he insinuated his comb into the hair, passed it along the surface of his wig, and looked tenderly at it with his head on one side, “if it be not the prettiest periwig in Christendom. Chedreux! it will immortalize thee—it is thy chef-d’œuvre, and ought for ever to remain as it is now, unvisited

by the wind, and unprofaned by a hat. No flax was ever whiter; and what a beauty there is in a fair wig! How well it sets off my dark eye-brows! (by the by, I have brought them into fashion; nothing will go down this season but black brows,)—ah! how delicately a blonde *peruque* shows off against these dark curtains! May those in the dining-room be a shade deeper! though, after all, nothing can relieve it better than the chocolate colour which I have chosen for the lining of my new French calash. *Ah, mon cher!*” he continued as the Squire entered the room in a dress suit. I give you joy—I see you have published a new coat, and may I be pimpled if it be not of a passable device, and praiseworthy cut.”

“Whoop! Sir Harcourt, why, you have never turned round to look at it yet.”

“There’s no occasion, *mon cher*, for I can see it in the glass, and still correct the eccentricities of these two or three truant hairs. Tell me, Squire, didst ever see a sweeter *peruque*? Not a curl in it—I have exploded them for ever, but every line softly flowing and waving

up and down like the undulations of a summer sea. There! it is finished and faultless, and now, *mon cher, que je t'embrasse*—let me kiss thee, for thy coat is jaunty and piquant.”

Stretching out his head as far as possible so as to avoid the smallest derangement of his sacred peruke, he kissed the cheek of the Squire, who exclaimed, “I don't know whethcr your wig be of such a rare breed as you pretend, but sink me! if I ever saw six such clean long-tailed nags as you have got to your calash. Fifty to twenty I match the peruque six times over before you produce such another set of horses in all England. Your off wheeler is uncommonly like my black gelding Skyscraper. Where the devil did you pick him up?”

“May I be visited by the chicken rash! if I can tell you. I merely order my people to procure for me whatever is most rare and unique, and not to trouble their heads about the expense.”

“You boast of your peruque,” resumed the Squire, “but the newest fashion about you is your speech. When I left London you drawl-

ed and stretched out the letter A as if you were loth to part with it, and talked as broad as a Scottish gardener."

"Run me through! Squire, if I could stick to it any longer after it came down to that sorry rogue Titus Oates. I was standing beside him when he said to my Lord North, "Maay Laird. Chaife Jaistaice, whay this baisness of Baidlaw caims to naithaing," and I instantly forswore the North country drawl, and introduced the French lisp. This too being soon profaned by vulgar mouths, I abandoned it, and had actually some thoughts of speaking simply and naturally; but it was held to be too daring an innovation, too great an affectation of singularity, so that I am obliged to be somewhat foppish and fantastical in my oaths, for fear of being set down for a coxcomb.-- Let me blood! Squire, if your cravat be not most villainously disposed; w. entrust an affair of such importance to an Englishman? We have no native artists in this line. My man Guilloteaux was had over from Paris on purpose, and does nothing else."

“ Whoop ! Sir Harcourt, I always tie it myself : you can never make a fop of a fox-hunter.”

“ My dear Squire, if you were to break your neck to-morrow, it would surely be a consolation to have a tasteful cravat round it—to fall like Cæsar, and die in a becoming manner. Life is uncertain, and you have two other duties to perform which should not be neglected for a single moment—you should get ruffles of Spanish point instead of Venice, and change this horridly unbecoming glass. You stout fellows are so fond of mirrors that make one look thin.”

“ Yoicks ! tantivy ! tally-ho !” roared the Squire, as he saw Goldingham’s carriage draw up to the door : “ we have unkennelled the old fox ; lay on the dogs, my lads and lasses, and let us start him for a good day’s sport.” At this exclamation the company betook themselves to the window, a little amused at the sight of Timothy, with his beard and trunk hose, the corpulent coach-horses smoking with their exertions, the old-fashioned vehicle, and the still more antiquated appearance of its proprietor.

Having made the party for the express purpose of "showing up the old badger," as he termed it, and turning his new guest into ridicule, the Squire began the sports of the day by introducing him with a mock ceremoniousness to each individual present, as Mr. Isaac Goldingham, of Goldingham Place, which words he took every opportunity of repeating, till the room seemed to echo with no other sounds. Most of the company found it difficult to repress a smile as they returned the formal salutations of the new visitant, but Sir Harcourt was not to be betrayed into any departure from his uniform politeness. His low and graceful bow occasioning the ends of his periwig to fall forward, he gave his head a tender shake as he arose, like a water-spaniel emerging from the wave; and casting down his eyes for a moment, to see that every thing had fallen into its proper place, he resumed the gracious expression of his countenance, and recovered the becoming attitude in which he had been previously standing.

"A most singular-looking personage, is he

not?" whispered Lady Crockatt, who, in spite of all her protestations to the contrary, had joined the party, though she still kept her smelling-bottle to her nose.

"I was not, like my friend Sunderland," replied Sir Harcourt, "so fortunate as to see my Lord Keeper Guilford riding upon the rhinoceros; but I hold myself well indemnified by witnessing the arrival of Mr. Goldingham and his equipage. I consider him altogether a very curious *lusus naturæ*, and one that would make a rare addition to Ashmole's Museum, at Lambeth, though I believe he does not admit live specimens."

As Lady Crockatt was the only person, except Chinnery, with whom Goldingham had made any previous acquaintance, he now interrupted her whispering by inquiring the state of her health, expressing a hope that the pain in her side had abated, congratulating her on her improved appearance, and not forgetting to ask after Cynthia. The magic of this inquiry, and the chance of a fresh listener, just as the last of the old ones had been used up, immediately

reconciled her to her new acquaintance, spite of his odious associations, and elevated him into a confidant of her complaints.

While her ladyship was indulging her usual hospital strain, Chinnery who had covertly possessed himself of Goldingham's flat, three cornered beaver, took a chair behind him, and placed it upon his own head, a piece of buffoonery which was received with such a boisterous shout of laughter by the Squire, and a half suppressed tittering by other portions of the company, that Goldingham looked round to discover the cause of their merriment, when the purloiner of the hat adroitly slipped it behind his chair, began rubbing his chin with infinite gravity, and seemed to be lost in a deep reverie. Fresh laughter accompanied this rapid transformation, and Chinnery, encouraged by success, thought he might venture an attempt at *dumfounding* the old gentleman. This pastime, which was a practical joke, then in high repute with the wags and witlings, consisted in giving some unsuspecting party a smart rap between the shoulders, with such dexterity that he

should be unable to discover to whom he was indebted for the favour. Providing himself with a small stick for the purpose, the operator inflicted a severe blow upon Goldingham's back, who turning suddenly round with some wrath and greater amazement, saw nobody behind him but Lady Crockatt, fanning herself with one hand and holding her smelling-bottle in the other. All joined in the laugh occasioned by the angry and bewildered look of the sufferer, except Sir Harcourt, who refrained from a sense of politeness, and Sir Ambrose Jessop, who was fearful of giving offence to so stern-looking a personage.

Sir Ambrose had attired himself for the party with his usual finical formality. One of the knots of his tye wig hung over his shoulder, his fringed cravat was elaborately twisted down his breast, and the end drawn through a gold edged button-hole, and no spindle-shanked prig of a gentleman-usher ever stood more bolt upright, or drew on his long laced glove with a more solemn countenance. While he was thus occupied, Chinnery, meaning to kill two birds

with one stone, gave Goldingham a second blow, in such a direction that it seemed impossible to have proceeded from any one but the Baronet, to whom the assaulted party accordingly bristled up with much fierceness, exclaiming—"Sir, it may not be safe for you to repeat this joke; I neither understand such treatment, Sir, nor am I in the humour to submit to it Sir;—hem!"

The utter consternation of Sir Ambrose at his being supposed capable of such an outrage, the agony with which he disclaimed it, although he was afraid to inculcate the real perpetrator, combined with the incredulous expression of Isaac's fiery countenance, who stared at him as if he would run him through with his eye, aggravated the Squire's laugh into a mixture of shrieking and coughing, and excited the risible faculties of some of his guests in a manner almost equally vehement. Hitherto Chinnery had been successful, but his third attempt was not destined to be equally fortunate. Goldingham's watchful glance caught the uplifted stick, and in a moment after his horn-

headed cane, which he had retained in his hand, fell upon the scone of the offender, with a crack that made the room echo, accompanied by an exclamation of—"I suppose the joke is to go round, Mr. Chinnery, so I may as well take my turn."

The discomfited wag, who was now fain to supply laughter to the company at his own expense, felt no disposition to continue his favourite game of *dunfounding*, and was not at all sorry when the announcement of dinner put an end to the boisterous raillery of the Squire.

With the amiable motive of annoying Lady Crockatt as much as possible, the Squire placed her close to Goldingham; Sir Harcourt Slingsby, who had been invited to the Rookery, in the double hope that he might lose his money freely at play, and perhaps form an attachment to Emily, the Squire's sister, was of course seated next to her at the top of the table; a place in which he adjusted himself with infinite complacency, when he observed that a dark curtain immediately behind, relieved his blonde periwig in a manner that would have left nothing to

desire, even if Lely or Kneller had found him in that position, and were about to paint his portrait. Chinnery was stuck at the bottom, to assist his host; Sir Ambrose, Mrs. Chatsworth, and others, to whom we have not thought it necessary to introduce the reader, arranged themselves as accident dictated.

Smarting for the chastisement he had received in the drawing-room, Chinnery now launched a succession of miserable jests allusive to Goldingham's imagined trade, which were received by the Squire with a cackle of huge delight; though the slang language in which they were conveyed, and his perfect ignorance of the implied joke, occasioned them to pass unnoticed by the party against whom they were levelled. The founder of the feast began at length to fear that he should be disappointed in the sport he expected from his guest's vulgarity, never having reflected that the same shrewdness which had distinguished him in one sphere of life, would quickly enable him to adapt himself to any other; and that the basis of good manners is good sense. With all his peculiarities, there

was a tact about Isaac that saved him from committing himself; so that the Squire, finding the ladies had withdrawn without his having elicited from his visitor a single awkwardness or eccentricity, determined to make a beast of him, since he would not suffer himself to be made a fool. He hoped, at all events, so to fluster him with wine that he might be tempted to try his luck at cards or dice, having already marked him for a rich cully whom it would be most desirable to pluck.

“ Whoop! yoicks! tantivy!” roared the Chairman; “ now that the petticoats have left us, we’ll show you, master Goldingham, how we West-of-England lads tipple our claret, and prove the truth of the old song:

‘ The Sun goes to tipple all night in the sea, boys;
 To-morrow he’ll rise and be paler than we, boys:
 Give us wine, give him water,—’tis sack makes us
the boys,
 With a fa, la, la, la, lero!’

Roper! bring us a magnum of claret, clean glasses, and the Monteith. We have an old custom at the Rookery, neighbour Goldingham,

to which I am sure you will not object: we always begin our claret by tossing off an extra-sized glass, our royal rummer as we call it, to the King's health, with three huzzas."

"I never drink claret," said Goldingham: "owing to the kind challenges of yourself and friends during dinner, I have already taken more than my usual quantity of wine, and though I have no objection to express my good wishes for his Majesty's health, I must decline drinking it."

"Whoop! man, this is a toast that is never declined by Whig, Tory, or Trimmer. What! would you pass for a traitor, for a fanatic, for a Muggletonian, for one of Monmouth's faction, or a retainer of Hans Mundungus, the Prince of Orange? It is the rule of the house, and sink me, if I allow any shirker or flincher at the Rookery."

"With regard to infringing the rules of the house," observed Sir Ambrose, "the penalty pronounced is precise and peremptory, and I feel myself called upon to declare that the declining to drink such a toast, although every man in this

free country is a sort of—hem! a kind of—haw—aw—”

“Curse him, Squire,” croaked Chinnery, “don’t suffer such an Abram cove to play the counterfeit crank. If he were to refuse to booze it at the George in White Friars, the Bear and Harrow in Chancery Lane, the Setting Dog and Partridge in Jackanapes Alley, or any of the loyal houses in London, they would mill him with a filch, or give him a worse Rose-Alley salutation than Johnny Dryden’s.”

“Whoop! Master Goldingham,” cried the Squire, “if you don’t drink one bumper, we shall fine you three; ay, and make you swallow them too: so

‘Lay by your cares, and hang up your sorrow,
Drink on—he’s a sot that e’er thinks of to-morrow.’”

During the whole of this vulgar attack, which was coarsely echoed by some of the Squire’s rustic associates, Goldingham’s⁺ obstinacy had been gradually fortifying itself in resistance, until the command of the King himself would not have persuaded him to put the glass to his

lips. With a stern countenance, that declared he had made up his mind to a purpose, and meant to abide by it, he said to his host, "Mr. Hartfield, I have told you my resolution; it is not to be altered by singing or brawling, neither by your own angry looks, nor the furious clamour of your friends. The acquaintance between us was of your seeking, not mine; and since it does not suit me to conform to the rules of your house, I am very willing to leave it."

"Mr. Chairman," said Sir Ambrose, after clearing his throat with a preliminary hem! "I rise to order."

"It is high time," exclaimed Goldingham.

"I have a proposition to propose," continued the Orator, "upon which I wish to take the sense of the company."

"Where the deuce will you find it?" inquired Isaac pettishly.

"Little did I think, and less did I imagine," pursued the Parliamentarian, "that I should witness such a scene as this. Completely coinciding with our hospitable host, without, however, in the least inculpating his visitant——"

“ Lock the door, Chinnery ! ” bawled the Squire, observing that Goldingham was preparing to withdraw, “ Whoop ! sink me if he shall quit the room unless by the window, till he drinks the bumper. Yoicks, my lads ! stop him, stop him, and support your chairman.”

“ My dear Hartfield,” said Sir Harcourt Slingsby, rising, “ I cannot sit still and see you act in a manner so inconsistent with the polite and urbane coat that does such honour to your taste. May the corner of my favourite eye exhibit the crow’s foot ! if I can allow this matter to go any further. I am sorry Mr. Goldingham has such an objection to drink bumper toasts ; but it must not be said that he suffered any constraint or rude indignity, in the presence of so many well-dressed gentlemen. It would be an imputation upon their cloths, an impeachment of their cravats and perriwigs.” At these words he opened the door, making a courteous bow to Goldingham, who, as he passed out exclaimed, “ Sir, you are a real gentleman, and I shall be happy to do business with you,—to see you, I mean, at Goldingham Place.” The

wind of the closing door wafted after him a rich perfume from Sir Harcourt's scented peruke, as he passed up stairs into the drawing-room, whose inmates had no reason to suspect that he had been just engaged in such a Lapithæan strife. His carriage, which had been ordered at an unusually early hour, was soon afterwards announced, and Goldingham took his departure from the Rookery, after passing a most uncomfortable day, and without the least wish of ever again crossing its threshold.

CHAPTER V.

Yet love the city as the kindly nurse
Of all good arts and fair civility ;
Where, though with good be intermixt the worse,
That most disturb our sweet tranquillity,
Content thyself till thine ability
And better hap shall answer thy desire :
But, Muse, beware, lest we too high aspire.

HENRY PEACHAM.

It may easily be imagined that the boisterous vulgarity of the Squire, the low, boorish manners of some of his companions, and the malignant scandal of others, did not impress Goldingham with any very exalted opinion of the society to be found in the new neighbourhood into which he had transplanted himself. It was doing it a great injustice, indeed, to measure it by such a standard ; but as yet he had

been afforded no other criterion, and he began to think that the more elevated class with whom he was destined to associate, unless he preferred absolute solitude, supplied but sorry substitutes for his old cronies in the City, who had for so many years discussed with him, over a pipe at Jonathan's, the latest news, the contents of the Weekly Courant, the prices of Baltic produce, and the truculent plots of the Papists. In hoping to escape from his terrors upon the latter subject, by sequestering himself from their presumed focus, the metropolis, he had been woefully disappointed, for the dread of those omnipresent but invisible assassins, was a national delirium, which equally maddened every hamlet in the empire. Unfortunately for Isaac's peace of mind, his vicinity to the sea brought him in contact with marauders and smugglers, whose occasional signals and skirmishes were invariably attributed to a descent from the Irish, coming to ravage the country with fire and sword; and although his Protestant flail, and his silken panoply afforded him some little consolation, he remembered, with much trepidation of spirit, that in the hour of

need he could neither pop his head out of the window and call the watch, nor send one of his clerks to give information to the Lord Mayor, as he might have done in the City.

The country, in short, after the bustle of his settlement had a little subsided, no longer appeared to him so fine an invention as he had first pronounced it, and there was something so oppressive and even alarming in the dead breathless silence of the night, when he happened to be awake, that he longed for the bawling of the watchmen, the rattling of wheels, and the punctual chimes of the Royal Exchange clock. There was really no sleeping comfortably without some noise or other: the idea that all the world round about him was buried in deep repose, seemed to leave him in such a forlorn and unprotected plight that he could not close his eyes. Nor did the days offer him such an uninterrupted succession of tranquil delights as he had fondly anticipated.

Although his neighbours gradually began to thaw from their frozen etiquette, as the ridiculous rumour about his unsavoury business was

refuted, and his commercial respectability fully established; and although several families of some distinction found a pleasure in calling upon him when they were absolutely at fault what else to do, yet Goldingham now and then found himself terribly at a loss to get through the day, especially if it happened to be a rainy one. He felt that a man who has been for many years engaged in active absorbing pursuits, and conversant with busy bustling faces, finds nothing so difficult to do as to do nothing, and no company more irksome to be restricted to than his own. Idleness, in fact, requires a regular apprenticeship, and is seldom well performed, except by those who are born and bred to the business. — “Adzooks!” he exclaimed one day, as he soliloquised up and down his gravel walk, “when one has stood upon ’Change, talked to brokers, and made one or two hundred pounds of a morning, it is bad enough to sit in a sunny field, prattle to buttercups and daffodils, and get nothing after all but a cold. But what am I to do in the winter? when my neighbours are all shooting away Time

with their fowling pieces, or hunting him down with dogs and horses?—I can't perch upon a gate and whistle like a blackbird, nor hop about looking for crumbs like a robin redbreast, nor squat down in the fern like a hare, nor stand in the snow chewing the cud, like a cow, nor go to bed like a dormouse, and tell Timothy to call me next spring. Oh! for a sleety morning at Christmas! give me the fire-side corner at Jonathan's, with a fresh pipe, a pint of mull'd lamb's wool, and the Weekly Courant. Green lanes are certainly very pretty things, but one sadly misses the foot-pavement, and the shops on each side, and the lamps; you can't hold up your finger for a hackney-coach if caught in a shower, nor call the watch and spring half a dozen rattles in as many minutes, if any one threatens to assault you. For the summer the country may be a very ingenious contrivance; but I shall never be able to get through the winter here, unless I have somebody to talk to besides Mrs. Holmes and Timothy. Adzooks! I don't know which is the worst of the two, the one always smiling and curtsying, and saying "Yes, Sir,

certainly," before I have ever opened my lips, though I hear her scolding like a shrew the moment she quits the parlour; and the other a saucy, superannuated old fool, who fancies himself a wag, and whom I shall send about his business the moment I can supply his place.—Talk of the country, indeed! I should like to know where there is such society as at the Exchange, such a garden as the Stocks' market, such ponds and decoys as in Leadenhall, such parks for venison, without going a-hunting, as in the cooks' shops in East Cheap. What I have in the country they tell me is my own; so is that in London, so long as I have got money to buy it. I wish Jemmy 'Tibbs the scrivener, or Bat Hobson of the Russia Walk, would just run down for a month or two when the bad weather first sets in."

Just as he finished this desponding soliloquy, Timothy came to announce to him that the little grey pony, which he had purchased with the other effects of the late General, was eating its head off in the stable, and falling ill for want of exercise; declaring at the same time, in answer

to his master's inquiries, that he was as quiet as a lamb and as easy as an arm-chair. A cross-breed between a lamb and an arm-chair, seemed to Goldingham precisely the sort of animal upon which he should like to commence his equestrian experiments; and finding horsemanship a much easier acquisition and pleasanter exercise than he had anticipated, he frequently indulged in it, to the benefit of his health as well as the exhilaration of his spirits. Still, however, feeling the want of a companion in these excursions, as well as in the long evenings at home, it occurred to him that he might at all events secure the society of his nephew, Reuben Apsley, whom he had not long before dispatched to Oxford to complete the last term of his education. Eager to grasp at any thing that promised to relieve him from his ennui, and having been always warmly attached to Reuben, whom he had now resolved to adopt as his son and successor at Goldingham Place, upon condition of his taking the name, he immediately wrote to summon him home; giving such minute directions as to the stage by which he should travel, and the route

from the high^d road to the Lodge; that it required a very clear head not to be perplexed and puzzled by his explanations. So satisfied was he with this arrangement, and the precision with which he had given his orders, that when he had sealed his letter, he testified his complacency by his customary "hem!" and almost emptied his waistcoat pocket of its lumps of sugar as he walked up and down settling future plans for the joint occupation and recreation of himself and Reuben.

It has already been slightly intimated, that his nephew's parents, together with his sister, were presumed to have perished at sea; the vessel in which they embarked on their return to Europe from the East Indies never having been heard of, although many years had elapsed from the time of their sailing. Circumstances had induced the father to take his wife and daughter with him, when his commercial affairs rendered it necessary that he should visit the East; and to leave Reuben, who was considerably younger than his sister, under the care of his uncle Goldingham. As several vessels were

known to have perished in a dreadful hurricane that swept the whole Indian ocean not long after they sailed on their homeward voyage, it was taken for granted that their ship had foundered in the same tornado, and that not a soul on board had been saved; in which conviction Goldingham collected the remains of his brother-in-law's fortune for the benefit of his sole surviving child, whom he thenceforward determined to treat as his own son.

Reuben was a boy at the time of this presumed catastrophe, but not too young to know and feel, even had his heart been less acutely sensitive that it was, the full extent of his loss. At no other period of his life, perhaps, would the same calamity have made an impression so deep, desolating, and ineradicable, for at no other time could it have produced so total a change in his mode of existence. He was an only son, beloved by both his parents with a devotedness so intense and passionate, that, like the clinging ivy, they might have withered the young plant around which their heart-strings

were entwined, had not its native vigour enabled it to bear up under their over-fond embraces without being warped or weakened. As he could derive little assistance from his yet undeveloped reason, it might be said that he exhibited a constitutional rectitude in all his propensities, as if he were naturally too amiable to be spoiled, even by an injudicious indulgence. His intellectual capacity, however, was not less strong than his affections, and indeed it will be generally found that the higher and more noble qualities of the head and heart accompany one another. From such a youth, so gifted by nature, so endeared by his amiable character, so precious from his being an only son, his parents could not bear to part; and his father, well qualified for the task by his having been always addicted to literature, took the entire charge of his education.

Such was the delightful home, such the scene of tenderness from which Reuben was suddenly wrenched away, when his father's commercial engagements compelled him to make the voyage to India, in which it was

deemed advisable that his wife and daughter should accompany him. Reuben was sent to school, at all times a trying disruption to boys of the toughest temperament, and doubly distressing to one so susceptible as himself, who had been hitherto fondled and cradled, as it were, in the very heart of his parents, and was thrown into a large seminary at a period when such institutions were governed with a severity still more savage and wanton than that by which too many of them are degraded even at the present era. His talents and good conduct saved him from the ferocity of his task-masters, but he was perpetually revolted in all his tastes, habits, and affections; his heart, like an unsupported vine, withered for want of something which it might embrace, and he was only saved from despair by the single, sweet, and almost redeeming consolation of the school-boy, a certainty that every miserable day brings him nearer to the holidays. At that period he hoped at least to be able to converse about his parents, perhaps to receive tidings of them from others, or letters from

themselves, to evince his gratitude to his uncle—
at all events to enjoy a temporary release from
the almost intolerable hardships of his present
life. But even in this he was doomed to be
disappointed. Never having had children of
his own, Goldingham could little sympathize
with the feelings of a boy; he had no wife to
take charge of him; his house in Throgmorton
Street offered no recreations for a youth, whose
presence would only be a restraint upon him-
self, and he therefore determined to leave him
at school during the holidays. Perhaps there
is no situation in life more desolating, more
soul-subduing, than that to which Reuben
was now condemned—to take leave of all his
happy and clamorous companions—to see their
sparkling ecstatic countenances—to hear their
joyous huzzas as the last coach-load leaves the
gate, and then to turn back with streaming
eyes and an almost bursting heart into the
deserted school-room where he is to pass his
solitary, forlorn, and cheerless holidays!

Hope, however, was still at hand to comfort
him after the first ebullition of his grief; it was

but to protract the term of his emancipation, and he could not be disappointed. His father had repeatedly declared, that his business in India could be dispatched in a few months, and had as often pledged himself to return at the earliest possible period. Part of this time had already elapsed, every hour brought him nearer to that moment of unutterable bliss when he should again embrace his parents and his sister, and he forgot half the sufferings of the present, in delicious anticipations of the future, like one who gazes upon the distant sun until his dazzled eyes can scarcely discern the objects by which he is immediately surrounded. But when the dreadful intelligence was communicated to him that his whole family, all that he loved upon earth, and all for which he wished to live, had perished together, he was utterly overwhelmed by the blow, under which he would probably have soon sunk, but that there was still a glimmering of hope, a possibility that his parents and sister might have been shipwrecked upon some distant shore from which they would ultimately return, and reconcile him to existence. To this belief he clung

with the stubborn tenacity of one who feels that it is his only resource against total despair. Every fresh arrival from the East, although it confirmed others in the conviction, that the unfortunate ship, with all its crew and passengers, had foundered in the hurricane, was so far a consolation to Reuben that it brought no certain account of their fate, and justified him in still nourishing the fond expectation which was the sole support of his heart.

Thus the years passed on without throwing any new light on the doom of his lost parents, and without weakening the sanguine confidence of their son as to their final restoration, although the sickness of hope deferred imparted to his character a mingled tinge of melancholy and enthusiasm, which clung to him in after life. It was known that the vessel intended to touch at one of the islands in the Indian Ocean for the purposes of traffic;—it was possible that his parents might be prisoners or slaves among the barbarous natives:—a ship that arrived direct from the island in question, and brought no confirmation of this surmise, did not

by any means root it out from his mind; his family might be pining on a different part of the coast; and he made a solemn compact with his soul, that when he arrived to man's estate, and the command of his fortune, he would embark for the East Indies, and devote his property, his time, his life, to an endeavour at ascertaining their fate. If he succeeded, he would for ever secure happiness to himself and them; if he perished in the attempt, there would be little to regret, for life without them offered but a dreary and uninviting prospect.

Every thing was now contemplated with a reference to this object. Voyages and travels in the East became his favourite reading. In his studies, whether of classical or sacred history, he lingered with a fond and yearning admiration upon every instance of filial piety. His whole heart journeyed with Telemachus as he wandered through the world in search of his father Ulysses, and in the Scriptures he found many examples of a similar devotedness, that confirmed him in his purpose, by elevating it into a religious duty. Even his senses were made minis-

trant to this predominant feeling of his mind, which occasionally urged him to a visionary and romantic enthusiasm. He would spring from his bed before day-break to catch the first appearance of the sun, as if, because it apparently rose up from the Eastern hemisphere, it could bring him tidings of his parents: it was at least associated in his thoughts with that portion of the globe in which he believed them to be still existing, which was sufficient reason for his gazing upon it with delight. Even the blighting Eastern wind possessed the same attraction to his mind; he would listen to it as it sighed amid the trees, till he fancied he could recognize the wafted voices of his father and mother, and his sister, and the tears stole unconsciously down his cheeks as he stood in breathless ecstasy, devouring their imaginary accents with his ear. "Sometimes, as a cloud sailed towards him from the same quarter of the heavens, his overheated fancy would impart to it the form of a stately ship, upon whose deck he could distinguish the figures of his parents stretching out their arms, and his sister leaning

over the side of the vessel till her hair fell forward and became radiant in the sun-light, when the enthusiastic youth would lift up his arms, and run forward to meet them, uttering a cry of joy, which was quickly to be succeeded by a gush of tears as the fond coinage of his brain assumed some different configuration, or melted into air. In vain did he ask the waves—

“ And question every gust of rugged winds,
That blows from off each beaked promontory ;
They knew not of his story——”

And the baffled inquirer, unable to gather any tidings from external nature, turned inwards and sought refuge in his own affectionate bosom, where he conjured up a delicious landscape of some fair island of the East, beneath the shade of whose palms and plantains, and in front of the rude bower they had constructed for their abode, he beheld the objects of his love, gazing upon the blue and boundless sea, as they passionately exclaimed—“ When, oh ! when, will our own, our darling Reuben bend his bark over the waters that imprison us, and restore

us to liberty, to the world, but above all—to himself.”

In spite of the elucidations by which his uncle had obscured the route in his written instructions, Reuben found his way to Goldingham Place in due time, and was warmly welcomed by its proprietor. At this period his form and features had thrown off much of their boyish expression, and already indicated that his approaching manhood would be one of great comeliness and symmetry, although there was a pensive, not to say a melancholy character about his mouth, and his large dark eyes, which was scarcely consistent with his age, and seemed to betray that he nourished some secret, patiently endured grief. When his feelings, however, were roused, his sparkling looks became animated with a fine enthusiasm, which occasionally contrasting with, and relieving his habitual sedate expression, invested his countenance with a moral beauty, a thousand times more interesting and winning than any that could have been derived from the most faultless combination of handsome features. Goldingham was really

delighted to see him; his self-gratulating "hems!" and the frequent applications to his sugar-pocket, as he conducted him over the house and grounds, attested his pleasure at the arrival of a companion, who, if he could not altogether dissipate the ennui, would at least break the solitude of his rustication; while Reuben was not less pleased with his emancipation from a college life which had been rendered peculiarly irksome to him by his total want of congeniality with the dissipated habits to which the great majority of his brother collegians devoted their time and talents. As his uncle's active mind sought to exercise itself upon whatever trifles were presented to it, rather than remain unoccupied, he made an amazing clutter about Reuben's arrival, arranging his bed-room and his sitting-room, and fixing up his book-shelves with his own hand, and settling all the future plans by which they were to bid defiance to the country, and stave off the assaults of time, tædium, and Popish plotters, both in summer and winter.

A fervent admirer of the beauties of nature,

Reuben seized the first opportunity of escaping from these domestic details, in which he felt little interested, that he might explore the neighbourhood in search of picturesque scenery; and the thought of his lost parents, which was ever the predominant one in his mind, especially in his lonely wanderings, conducted him, almost unconsciously, to the sea-shore. With an emotion that sent a thrill through his whole frame, he stood for the first time in his life beside that mightly element, which, even as an ordinary spectator, he could scarcely have contemplated without feeling oppressed by a sense of its awful and stupendous grandeur; but which, after his soul had been exalted by the sublimity of this spectacle, melted his heart with tenderness and grief, when he gazed upon it as the same mass of waters that had floated his family from the shores of England—the same earth-enclasp-
ing ocean of which the very waves that now broke before him had, perhaps, foamed at the feet of his lost parents on the opposite extremity of the globe, and delighted their eyes, as they now did his, with their sparkling gambols, and

lulled their ears, as they now did his, with the murmur of their music.

For some time he stood gazing upon the waters, lost in a variety of fond reveries, until his thoughts reverting to the possibility that the remorseless deep which he was contemplating, might have boomed over the heads of his lost relatives, became too painful for endurance; the tears dimmed his eyes, and he hurried from the spot. Striking rapidly inland, to escape from a scene fraught with such distressing associations, he wandered he knew not whither, until his attention was at length aroused by the singular character of the scenery before him. The road along which he was passing, wound down with a rapid descent between rocky banks of considerable height, whence a young larch, or birch-tree, shot here and there in fantastic directions, the projecting ledge of earth where it grew, seeming quite inadequate to its support, though the naked roots appearing underneath, and clinging to every minute aperture and cleft, as they crept downwards, explained the real nature of the tenure by which it was up-

held. At top, the banks were thickly tufted with bushes, and at the termination of the little ravine, a tree of larger size, having fallen across from one summit of the bank to the other, had become mantled over with wild flowers, weeds, and ivy, which hung in festoons over the road, the whole foreground forming a species of natural frame to a most picturesque and extensive landscape, bounded by the ocean, which the eye was enabled to command between the enclosing rocks and the superincumbent tree. Reuben had seated himself upon a craggy stone, to enjoy this prospect, and was regretting that he had not brought with him his drawing materials to make a sketch of the scenery, when he heard a strange and loud gabbling of tongues and indistinct noises behind him.

From the winding of the road, it was some time before he could discover the cause of this hubbub, but at length he beheld a disorderly kind of procession advancing towards him, consisting of Norry Molloy in the custody of two constables, followed by a rabblement of men, women, and children, all clamouring to-

gether, and vituperating the prisoner as a papist, and a witch ; while the rear was closed by a poor idiot, arrayed in an old cocked hat, shouldering a mopstick for a musquet, and exercising the functions of a drummer as well as a soldier, by marching with great vigour and stateliness to the loud vociferation of his own—
“ Rub-a-dub, dub ! rub-a-dub, dub ! ” This unhappy object presented the usual revolting features of his class, his bulbous watery skull projecting unnaturally at the forehead, over large, lustreless, vacant, grey eyes, with white lashes. He had no eyebrows ; his thin, coarse, pig-coloured hair hung strait from the head, his countenance exhibited that peculiar sheepish imbecility which instantly marks the absence of reason, and his motions and attitudes were either convulsed and automatic as he mimicked the military gait, or shambling and ungainly when he relapsed into his proper character.

“ Charley shot Norry Molloy,” cried the poor creature in a cracked half-infantine voice, although he was of adult age ; “ Charley shoot

her again." At these words he shouldered his mop-stick, levelled it at his object, and imitated with a shout the report of a gun, when Norry happening at the same time to raise her arm which was streaming with blood, he burst into a discordant cackle of laughter, as if he had accomplished his purpose, again shouldered his wooden weapon, and resumed his march with additional pomposity and energy. From the scene before him, Reuben was at first inclined to believe that the idiot had been committing some desperate assault on the woman, and had inflicted the wound upon her arm; but as he could not understand why she should be in custody for this misfortune, he joined the constables, and as he accompanied them on the road, inquired the cause of her arrest.

Norry had been stationed in a boat, whence a crew of her comrades, labouring in their old vocation of smuggling, had just been landing contraband goods, when they were unexpectedly attacked by a party of Revenue officers, and her son Michael, or Mick she called him, being

a little detached from the others, was thrown down and made prisoner. At this sight she seized a pistol in her right hand, jumped from the boat, and swimming or wading to the beach with her weapon in the air, shot one of her son's assailants in the shoulder, and succeeded in rescuing him from the other, though not before she had herself received a severe wound in the arm from a cutlass. Mick ran instantly to assist his companions who were still engaged in fighting, and his mother presently found herself separated from the rest of the party. She would have regained the boat, but the men left in charge of it, seeing that their friends lower down the beach were hard pressed and retreating, pulled away to receive them on board; and Norry finding her escape by sea cut off, had no alternative but to betake herself to the land, every hole and inlet and lurking-place of which was familiarly known to her. Effecting her retreat to one of these haunts, she bound up her arm as well as she could with a fragment of her garment, meaning to seize the first opportunity

of crossing the Channel, and to remain on the opposite coast till this unlucky rencontre should have blown over.

The affair, however, had been too desperate to allow of its being so easily hushed up. Several of the assailants were badly wounded, particularly the one whom she had disabled with her pistol, and as it was known that she was lurking about the country, a hue and cry was raised, a reward was offered for her apprehension, and the parties who now held her in custody had succeeded in surprising her while she was sleeping in a hiding place which she had burrowed for herself in a stack of faggots.— While they were relating some of these particulars to Reuben she marched on in a sullen dogged silence; but when they stated, in conclusion, that the man she had shot was in a very dangerous state, she burst out into a wild triumphant laugh, exclaiming, “Ogh, then! I’m content any how that I gave him his soup, and wouldn’t I be glad to trate the whole wid the same sauce? Blue blazes to him, and may the divil have the picking of his bones! Is it

me, Norry Molloy, that 'ud see the big baste knaling upon my boy, and his slasher at his throat, the neger, the same that fetched me this wipe upon the arm? Knaling upon Mick, ma vournene, my jewel, my honey dear, and he the only one left me out of five as tight lads as ever stipped upon turf, let alone Mary that 's married to the souldier."

"Have you then, my poor woman, been so unfortunate with your children?" inquired Reuben.

"Ah, sure now!" replied Norry, who was won by the evident interest he took in her fate, and the compassionate expression of his features, "wasn't there Dennis, it was he had the voice like a bird, and would sing ye Sheela na Guiragh, and Shannon Water, so as to coax the very heart out of your ears? And wasn't there Larry, his father's joy and mine too, that I doated down upon, an ilegant lad that would lape a gate as clane as a greyhound, and didn't they both go to the wars and die under the green flag? And wasn't there Patrick, the natest of all, that stood six feet high when he was six-

teen, and was kilt in the turn-out wid the Sullivans; and Tirence, the curly-headed gossoon, always laughing at the maily potatoe in his hand, and the only one that died in 'his moder's arms, and was waked, and buried decent? There they are now in the cowl'd ground: all my childer but Mick and Mary, and may be I'll be soon going myself to lay my owld bowns in the same bed."

"Have you then no husband?" inquired Reuben.

"Is it Corny you mane? Oh wirra! wirra! poor sowl! poor sowl! he lies long since in the church-yard of Ballinderry—God's blessing be wid him by day and by night!" For some moments she walked on in silence, lost in melancholy reflections, and Reuben observed that the muscles around her mouth were slightly convulsed, while her eyes began to fill with tears; but she compressed her lips forcibly together, swallowed down the rising emotion, threw up her head, shook aside the grey locks that hung over her weather-beaten features, and as her whole face lighted up with exulta-

tion, exclaimed in a tone of mingled tenderness and triumph, "But sure, haven't I Mick left to me? Ah, Mick, my darling, my own honey dear, I got ye away any how from the grip of the sharks, and maybe ye'll be sitting at this same moment over a cropper of Nantz singing Carlow Blossoms, or the Fair of Balinacor. Yes, Mick, my jewel, I saw ye lape into the boat and pull off for the Greyhound, and once ye boarded her, neither man nor divil, barrin' the wind, would ever come up wid ye."

"For God's sake! my good woman," cried Reuben, taking out his pocket handkerchief, "let me bind up your poor arm which is streaming with blood."

"Good luck to you, master, and God increase you!" she replied; "but is it this blood I'll be caring for? Whisht! be aisy now, be aisy; they may have all this if they like, for my heart's blood is running in Mick, and I've saved it every drop. Ye haven't a thimble-full of it, ye cowardly rascals, that came upon me when I was asleep, draming that I was happy wid my darlint, and going on a pilgrimage to

while his own orphan plight led him to sympathise by anticipation with Mick, outlaw as he was, should he be deprived of a mother who doated on him with a devotedness so intense. Seeing in her achievement a proof of courage and maternal heroism to which the Romans would have erected a statue, he could not reconcile himself to the idea of her imprisonment, still less of her punishment. His feelings in fact got the better of his judgment, and having convinced himself by his sensations, for the question would not admit of argument, that it was justifiable to attempt her rescue, he abandoned himself to the enterprise with all the generous ardour and unreflecting precipitation of youth.

The rustic inhabitants of the Green, and even the more wakeful inmates of the Cricketers, usually retired to rest at an early hour; but to make assurance doubly sure, he thought it better to wait till midnight before he began his attempt. The night was so far favourable to his design, that though the moon occasionally emerged and threw a glare of light upon the

earth, it was almost immediately obscured by dark masses of clouds that were hurried athwart the sky by a stormy wind. Stealing silently from the house with a small flask of spirits in his pocket, which his humane consideration had led him to provide for Norry's sustenance in her flight, he cautiously approached the cage under cover of the temporary darkness, when, as he drew near the spot, a short gleam of moonlight revealed to him what seemed to be a soldier marching up and down before the door. Disappointment and alarm taking possession of his mind at this unexpected discovery, he retired behind an adjacent building to hold a parley with his thoughts as to the possibility of persevering in his design. With extreme reluctance he had just decided upon abandoning it, at least for the present, when the sounds "rub-a-dub, dub! rub-a-dub, dub!" struck his ear, and upon taking a more accurate survey of the figure in question, he recognized the cocked hat and the exaggerated strut of his morning's acquaintance—Charley the idiot.

This was a welcome discovery, but still there

might be considerable embarrassment in his presence. He might own himself bound to support the character he had assumed of a soldier upon duty, and should he lend himself to this delusion, his bodily strength, to say nothing of his mopstick, or the means of raising an alarm, rendered him a very formidable antagonist. While pondering these points, Reuben recollected that in their morning's halt at the Cricketers, the landlord had given the idiot half a glass of Nantz, which he had eagerly swallowed, dancing and capering about with an extravagant glee. Hoping to obtain his services by the same means which enabled Trinculo to tame the monster of the Enchanted Island, he advanced towards him with the flask at his mouth, which no sooner caught Charley's eye than he threw down the mopstick, and ran towards him, exclaiming "Nantz! Nantz!" Reuben gave him a taste as a sort of retaining fee, and then making him understand that more was to be got, if they could liberate the prisoner, he instantly converted him from an imagined opponent, into

a zealous, and as it ultimately proved, a very judicious co-operator.

A file with which Reuben had provided himself, was now produced, and he set to work with prodigious alacrity; but however easy it may be to cut through a substantial iron bar in theory, or in the pages of a romance, he found it by no means so simple an operation in practice, his arm being completely fatigued before he had made any very perceptible impression upon the metal. The prisoner herself was repeatedly summoned to assist in the process, but no answer was returned, and he was beginning to have most unpleasant misgivings, both as to the cause of her silence, and the chance of his ultimate success, when he observed that Charley, who had clambered up to the roof of the little building, was very deliberately forcing off the tiles, and throwing them down upon the grass. As this seemed a much more hopeful method of proceeding, he climbed up to lend him a helping hand, and in a few minutes by their joint exertions an aperture was made of sufficient

magnitude to allow Reuben to let himself down into the cage.

So complete had been the prisoner's exhaustion, both from the length of the morning's march, and the sleeplessness of the previous night, that notwithstanding all the noises he had been making, he found her extended upon the floor in slumber, though the moonbeams that now streamed through the open roof disclosed by the agitation of her features that she was not undisturbed by dreams.—“Now, Mick, now,” she exclaimed in her sleep—“lape into the boat, pull away for the skiff, ma vournene; never fear the big brute with the slasher—I've wing'd him any how—look how he hangs his arm—Ha, ha, ha, ha!”

There was something so horrible in the sound of this unnatural sleep-laughter, that Reuben hastened to awake her, which he found considerable difficulty in doing, and when she opened her eyes, so as to recollect where she was, without immediately knowing Reuben or his purpose, she burst into a half frantic volley of imprecations for being thus “interrupted in her

dramas, and routed out like a brute baist at that unsaisorable hour. May the curse of Cromwell be upon ye!" she exclaimed, in a malediction that had probably reference to some of her dreams, "may ye hear his trumpets, as I did five-and-thirty years ago, and see his big flag floating over the hill where ye were born, and the word 'Emanuel' written upon it in big letters of gowld sparkling in the sun, and his sowldiers setting fire to your cabin, and cutting down your father with their swords!" At this moment she recognized Reuben, who had no sooner stated his friendly intentions than the whole malignant character of her face vanished at once: she started up rapidly upon her knees, and with an expression of the most impassioned gratitude, ejaculated—"Ah! whisht, now! is it the young master? Then God increse ye! and the Lord send ye good luck! and the holy St. Patrick, and the blessed Virgin befrind ye, wherever ye go over the wide world; and may blessings fall upon your head as thick as the potato blossoms in Eliogurthy!"

Upon Reuben inquiring whether her wounded

arm would prevent her raising herself to the roof, she looked up at the aperture, exclaiming with a contemptuous smile, "Whisht! is it that same you mane?" when leaping up so, as to catch hold of the rafters with one hand, she applied her feet to the side wall, and scrambled out upon the roof like a cat. Reuben followed, and they had no sooner reached the ground outside, than Charley danced round them with an asinine chuckle, crying out for the promised flask of Nantz. In compliance with his contract Reuben gave it him; the poor creature immediately poured the remainder of its contents down his throat; and when the constables came in the morning to claim their prisoner, they found Charley lying upon the floor of the cage in a state of complete intoxication. Upon recovering from its effects, he declared that he had liberated Norry Molly for a flask of Nantz, a statement which appeared so probable, that no one ever dreamt of any other party being implicated in her escape; and the disappointed constables, after venting their wrath upon her liberator, retired to their respective habitations.

The rescued Irishwoman in the mean time, having received a supply of provisions from Reuben, to prevent the necessity of her emerging from her hiding-place in the day-time, concealed herself for the present in an old deserted tool-house upon Goldingham's grounds, meaning to seize the opportunity of the first dark night for stealing down to the sea-side, and endeavouring to obtain a passage to the opposite coast.

CHAPTER VI.

My wanton Muse that *whilom used to sing*
 Fair beauty's praise, and Venus' sweet delight,
 Of late hath changed the tenor of her string
 To higher tunes than serve for Cupid's fight :
 Shrill trumpets' sound, sharp swords, and lances strong,
 War, blood, and death are matter of my song.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

EMILY HARTFIELD, the Squire's sister, who loved him too affectionately to allow him to make any man his enemy if she could prevent it, had no sooner learnt the rude assault made upon their neighbour in his visit to the Rookery, than she availed herself of Lady Crockatt's carriage and company to call at Goldingham Place, and apologize for her brother's conduct, which she attributed to the effects of wine, rather than to any intentional disrespect. While

she blushed up to the very top of her forehead, and became confused, from an apprehension that what she pleaded in extenuation of his offence was little calculated to exalt him in the opinion of so sober an auditor, she deprecated any further notice of the transaction with such a friendly and imploring earnestness in her manner, that Goldingham felt for her distress, and taking her by the hand, assured her he could refuse nothing to so kind-hearted and fair an ambadress; adding, that he believed her brother's convivial and hospitable feelings had led him into the error, which he heartily forgave, and should be most happy to see him at Goldingham Place. Emily was all blushes and joy at the success of her little negociation, which she had no sooner brought to this happy issue, than Lady Crockatt began to open her Lazar-house mouth, whence issued "convulsions, epilepsies, fierce catarrhs," and such an array of alarming and infectious complaints, which had chosen her body for their head-quarters, that if her statements had found credence, she ought to have been clapped into quarantine without

further delay. With rather more minuteness than delicacy she next detailed, as usual, her various remedies under this complication of disorders:—inveighed against selfishness as a vice which she held in particular abhorrence; declared that she had no wish to live in such a world, unless it were to plague her husband, Sir Carrol, who longed for her death, and whom she sometimes tantalised by pretending to have a church-yard cough; devoured a most hearty luncheon; drank three glasses of wine, which she maintained to be an additional proof that she was afflicted with a false appetite; handed a large plateful of meat to her fat wheezing spaniel (who seemed to labour under a similar complaint); and finally, looking as qualmish and queasy as her plump features would allow her, while she put her hand to her side with an exclamation of “Eugh!” at every third step, her ladyship crawled down stairs, was helped into her carriage, into which Emily jumped after her, and they drove off.

The Squire having set down Goldingham for

a rich old citizen, who might be "bubble able," that is to say, one that might be plucked at cards, dice, or in some other mode; was not a little vexed at the thought that he had offended him, and was proportionably pleased when Emily related the success of her visit, with which he had not been previously made acquainted. At her solicitation he even consented to ratify the treaty by calling on the old badger, and making an apology in person, a ceremony which he performed after a fashion of his own, endeavouring to carry off the humiliation of his excuse by an appearance of uproarious spirits, and venting now and then a verse of some boisterous song, to show that he was not hurt by asking pardon in plain prose. "Whoop! Yoicks! Tantivy! Master Goldingham!" he exclaimed,—“sink me if I ever meant to offend you, man; and if I did, I ask your pardon, and there 's an end on 't. 'Sblood! I know you to be an honest fellow, and so I had a mind to make you free of the county, and show you how we West of England boys handle our glasses,—

‘ There were three men came out of the West,
 To make saltpetre strong,
 To turn it into gunpowder,
 For to charge the King’s cannon.

Haugh! Haugh! gad, I’m in rare spirits,
 so let’s shake hands and be friends.”

“ With great pleasure,” said Goldingham;
 “ and if, in future, you will but allow me
 to drink as little as I like, I promise that you
 have my free consent to get as tipsy as you
 please, and as often as it may suit you.”

“ Well, that’s hearty; and if you will let
 me take you in hand, and prove myself a good
 neighbour, sink me if I don’t make you in six
 months such a proper country gentleman to the
 back-bone, that you shall talk of nothing but
 dogs, horses, billiards, dice, tennis, bowls, hunt-
 ing, fishing, races, and cockfighting. Aye, and
 we’ll make you a toper, too, and oblige you to
 confess that

‘ Diseases and troubles are ne’er to be found,
 But in the damn’d place where the glass goes not
 round.’”

“ I very much doubt,” said Goldingham,

“ whether you will find me an apt scholar in any of these respects ; but if you are disposed to give me a lesson or two in farming—”

“ Farming ! whoop ! I ’m your man. Fifty to ten, you don’t find a chap in Dorsetshire that better understands a sample of grain ; how to handle a sheep or bullock, when to plough, sow, harrow, fallow, and manure ; or one that can drive a closer bargain for a load or a stack, than Marmaduke Hartfield, of the Rookery. Hey ! Venus, Venus ! there ’s a pretty spaniel bitch ! her father was Tumbler, the famous dog that Lord Arlington belonged to ; and her mother was the long-eared brown bitch that brought the highest price at Sir Geoffrey Palks’s sale. What say you, neighbour ? it ’s a plaguy long morning : shall we have a game at ombre, tric-trac, crimp, primero, hazard,—anything you will ?”

“ I never play of a morning,” said Goldingham, drily.

“ Well, then, I ’m your man, next time we meet, after dinner ; and so farewell, neighbour, for the present—Hey, Venus, Venus !”

Let none at misfortune or losses repine,
But take a full dose of the juice of the vine.'

Come, Venus, hey, lass, hey !"

Most of the surrounding gentry having now asked Goldingham to dinner, invitations which he had willingly accepted, for the sake of becoming acquainted with all his neighbours, he availed himself of Reuben's arrival to give his first party in return, asking all those individuals to whom the reader has been introduced, and several others who have not yet been submitted to his notice. Hospitable by nature, anxious to make a handsome *début* before his new friends as the purveyor of a feast, and not at all sorry to find an opportunity for being bustling and busy, Isaac put in requisition all the skill which he had required in his civic capacity, and provided an entertainment which would not have disgraced the most esurient and epicurean of London Aldermen. The old Cavalier's stock of wine having been purchased with the house, Reuben was deputed to ransack the binns, which were all numbered, and

named after different Royalist commanders: and though their contents had been nearly exhausted in celebrating the anniversaries of old victories, and drinking bumpers to King Charles and his mistresses, (who were numerous enough to occasion a rapid accumulation of empty bottles); the age and quality of such wines as yet remained rendered them a *bonne bouche* for the most critical *Gourmet* in existence.

“Page!” said Sir Harcourt Slingsby, as he descended from his six-horsed calash, in which he sat most carefully upright, lest his capacious periwig should touch either side of the vehicle; “follow me up stairs, and see that my peruke be not disordered behind.* There is a villainous and unfeeling wind abroad that cares not what mischief it makes among the most precious hair.” At the door of the drawing-room, Sir Harcourt was assured by his attendant that every thing was in faultless order behind, when he examined himself in front by the assistance of a little pocket-mirror, which in those days had received the Dutch appellation of a *sprunk-*

ing glass, and having corrected two or three hairs, and altered one plait of his point-lace frill, his page opened the door, and he swam into the apartment with a graceful corant slur and a coupée, diffusing a thousand rich odours around him as he advanced, bowing and bending in all the glory of smiles, brocade, embroidery, lace, gay garniture, and fluttering ribbons.

“ Ah ! my dear Sir Harcourt,” cried Mrs. Chatsworth, “ you come most apropos to decide a bet between me and Lady Crockatt, who maintains that you lately sent fifty pieces to Flatman the poet, to liberate him from prison. This I knew to be impossible, because the fellow has so recently abused you in that scurrilous lampoon, which all your friends have of course read ; if not, I can lend anybody my copy.”

“ May I be wrinkled, Madam, if I should have sent the dull rogue the moiety of a tester had he not libelled me, but as I suspect nothing can be more humiliating than to receive favours from those we have wantonly wronged, I horse-whipped his mind with fifty pieces of gold, which I consider a more painful infliction than

if I had laid as many stripes upon his back. It is always my way of revenging an injury."

"That is so like you, Sir Harcourt," cried Lady Crockatt, pleased at having won her wager; "you always attribute a bad motive to your good actions, and are more ashamed of a virtue than others are of a vice. T'other day you were most eager to free yourself from the imputation of sobriety."

"Strike me stupid, Madam! if I could have explained myself properly. I plead guilty to all those virtues which gratify my inclination, but I disclaim any merit in merely doing that which gives me pleasure, and which I should not otherwise practice. Your ladyship will not find me deficient in any of the vices which are calculated to afford me the smallest delight, though I am a perfect saint in refraining from all those that I dislike."

"But surely there is a merit, Sir Harcourt, in being even constitutionally addicted to that which is noble, and feeling a natural antipathy to that which is base."

"Just the same, my dear Lady Crockatt,

that there is in liking one dish and disliking another. There is no merit except when we make our principles triumph over our inclinations ; and may my periwig be soaked in a shower, if I can advance the smallest pretensions to this species of virtue ! Sir Ambrose, this is pretty raised work on your Point d'Espagne ; but the fashion is defunct ; has been dead these six weeks :—permit me—there is a loose hair upon your shoulder. Sweet snuff, too ! your nose must be an antediluvian of three moons old, for so long has it been exploded. Taste mine : it is real Pongy-bongy.”

“ He who follows the fashion in these minor matters,” said the sententious Sir Ambrose, “ must chop and change with every veering variety of vanity. I have a real respect for your snuff, and indeed for that of all those who favour me with their friendship and their boxes ; but at the same time, and without in any degree presuming to—”

“ Oh, Sir Harcourt !” exclaimed Mrs. Chatsworth, interrupting the orator, “ what divine

perfumes you always have; what is this delicious odour?"

"Madam, I am the spurious issue of a vender of mouse-traps, if I can tell you; but people have such villainous pastiles and pomanders that I am obliged to defend myself as well as I can: my laced gloves are scented with amber and fleur d'orange, my handkerchief with musk and romagna, my point de Venice with frangipane and Neroly, and my periwig with a mixture of calembuc, jessamine, tuberose, and marechal."

"Hey! whoop! stand aside," bawled the Squire as he entered the room, holding a bag in each hand, and followed by the blushing Emily.—"Look'ye, neighbour Goldingham, I promised to make a sportsman of you, and if you have any fancy to fight a main of cocks, I have brought a couple of the right sort to show you. There's a picture," he continued, taking one of the birds out of its bag: "feel his weight, see what a size he is, look at his comb and spur, and his lion's eye; there's a proper

shakebag for you!—he was bred by red-nosed Ralph, my coachman, one of the best feeders and cock-masters in England;—sink me! if I wouldn't pit him for a hundred guineas in a battle royal or Welsh main." He tossed the bird upon the carpet, and taking the other from its confinement, continued, "Now this was bred by Jem Yates, of Scaford, and a large heavy bird he is, as you may all see; but he has a craven eye, and sink me, if I don't think from this feather in his tail that there's a cross of the dunghill in him."

As if in immediate refutation of this calumny, the bird seeing an opponent before it, sprung from his hands and instantly commenced a furious attack, which was as fiercely retorted by the other. "Whoop! a ring, a ring!—and fair play for both sides," cried the Squire, clapping his hands and putting back the company; "fifty to thirty on red-nosed Ralph—Bravo, Ralph!—Well fought, Jem Yates!"

"Oh! I shall faint—I shall die," exclaimed Lady Crockatt; my poor nerves could never bear the sight of blood.—Eugh! I am sick to

death at the very thought of such cruelty.— My dear Sir Ambrose, do for Heaven's sake seize one of those nasty creatures and wring its neck."

"It may not be desirable to destroy it," said Sir Ambrose; "but since your Ladyship is so flurried by their fighting, for which indeed this is no appropriate place, I will beg Mr. Hartfield's leave to put one of the birds back into its bag." While he was very formally and deliberately stooping for this purpose, the game cock, fluttering upwards to avoid its assailant, entangled its claw and spur in the Baronet's tie wig, and in its efforts to liberate itself only became the more inextricably fettered. Sir Ambrose rose up in considerable dismay at a clatter above his head which half blinded him with pulvilio and scattered feathers; the other bird thinking its antagonist was attempting an escape, flew up at it, fluttering, pecking, and spurring with increased fury; while, as the unfortunate Sir Ambrose sprung from one side of the room to the other, the Squire followed him shrieking with laughter, clapping his hands,

and shouting "Whoop! bravo, red-nosed Ralph! well fought, Jem Yates—touzle him, touzle him; whoop! haugh! haugh! haugh!"

Sir Ambrose at length having succeeded in disentangling his assailant, and throwing it out of the open window, through which its pugnacious antagonist flew instantly after it, walked up to the Squire with a most dishevelled wig, and a countenance rendered ghastly by a mixture of pulvilio and perturbation, and thus addressed him with great solemnity, "Mr. Hartfield, I have a real respect, a rooted regard for yourself, and far, very far be it from me to blame the behaviour of the birds, but I have a motion to make concerning the conduct of these cocks, to which, such is the character of the case, I am compelled to call the consideration of the company. Little did I think, and less did I imagine.—"

"Whoop! buzz!" interrupted the Squire, "'twasn't my fault,—so you needn't speechify. I told you Jem Yates's was an ill-bred bird, and so you found him. Haugh! haugh! haugh! 'Sblood! Sir Ambrose, you have got off cheap,

for if any boys had been passing, and seen the poor bird tied by the leg, sink me! if I don't think they would have taken it for a Shrove Tuesday cock, and have thrown half a dozen cudgels at your head."

"May I lose a front tooth!" said Sir Harcourt, as he offered his sprunking glass to the disordered baronet, and busied himself in arranging the back of his tumbled peruke, "if it be not a most harrowing spectacle to see such a prostration of curls; but you must allow me to say, my dear Sir Ambrose, that the wig scarcely merited a better fate. You should rejoice that it is defunct, and pr'ythee let your new one be more jaunty and debonair, unprofaned by powder—wavy, not curled, and of a flaxen hue like mine. Chedreux is your artist; the only one in Europe. I allowed him to exhibit mine for a single morning in his shop window; and run me through! if he could get out of his own house for the mob that besieged it."

Goldingham, who had been absent from the room during this disturbance, now made his appearance, and expressing the greatest regret at

the occurrence, assisted the Baronet in making his toilet, which was no sooner completed than the dinner was announced. It came most opportunely to restore the interrupted harmony of the meeting, for the repast would have done honour to any caterer; the wines were pronounced to be unrivalled; the host, assisted by his nephew, did the honours of the table with great cheerfulness and hospitality, and the guests seemed well disposed to enjoy such a pleasant combination of circumstances. Mrs. Chatsworth told scandalous stories of the whole neighbourhood, always excepting the present company;—Lady Crockatt, in the intervals of hearty feeding and complaints of the heart-burn, aggravated some of these charges by her vindications, declaring that she believed the parties to be innocent, at least to a certain extent, but confessing that they were tainted with selfishness, a vice that she held in particular abomination; and one which she considered much worse than any thing she had heard imputed to the delinquents;—the Squire tossed off bumper after bumper with increasing praises of the

wine, until his satisfaction could only be expressed by the boisterous merriment with which he shouted snatches of Bacchanalian songs. Emily, who had been placed next to Sir Harcourt, blushed and looked happy, as with a gay, playful, and polite courtesy he sported his fantastical adjurations, and amused her with all the anecdotes of Whitehall, and the pleasantries of high life in London, which to her was a perfect *terra incognita*. Chinnery made deep and steady potations, only interrupted by occasionally chorussing the Squire's songs, or croaking out in his own slang language, approbation of the viands and the wines; and even Sir Ambrose Jessop so far forgot the ruffling both of his temper and his tie-wig that he called upon the company to drink a bumper toast, and declared he had—"not only a particular pleasure, but a great gratification in proposing the health of their hearty and hospitable host."

The evening was growing late—the company were assembled in the drawing-room—the Squire had succeeded in establishing a game of Dice-doublets with Goldingham, who having

taken rather more wine than was his wont, was playing high, and, it is needless to add, was losing his money; and the rest of the party were gathered round Emily's spinnet, when a loud scream resounded from the passage outside,—the door was thrown open, and Mrs. Holmes the housekeeper rushed into the room, with a face of dismay and horror, shrieking, “Help, help! we are all murdered!—the Papists! the Papists!” at the conclusion of which alarming cry she sank into a chair, and began fanning herself with her apron, unable to articulate another word. As soon as she had sufficiently recovered herself she stated in an agitated and incoherent manner, that Lance Boulderson, the lodgekeeper, had learnt from Hewson, the fishmonger, who was riding inland to alarm the country, that the Irish Papists had landed at Lyme, had set fire to the town, and were cutting the throats of man, woman, and child, as fast as ever they could.

“The plot! the plot!” cried Goldingham, with a visage crimsoned by sudden agitation, “I always said it was true. Tell the watch-

men to spring their rattles! call the constables!—send to the Lord Mayor to order out the train-bands! O Lord, O Lord! I forgot that we are in the country, and may have our throats cut before we can raise an alarm. Wheugh! I wish I had never left Throgmorton Street. We are all lost—we are all lost!” At which words he hurried out of the room in great perturbation and agony of spirit—an example that was almost immediately followed by Lady Crockatt; and in a few minutes Chinery also slunk away, with a most chop-fallen look, and without uttering a single syllable.

There is something so contagious in fear, that the agony of Mrs. Holmes would alone have been sufficient to shake the nerves of those that remained, even had not her alarming tidings received some sort of confirmation from the sound of cannon in the direction of Lyme, each report being followed by a fresh scream from the hysterical housekeeper. A momentary pause ensued, when a succession of rockets from the same quarter were thrown up into the air, illuminating the sky as they burst, and ter-

rifying some of the spectators at Goldingham Place with the notion that they were the signals for a general massacre. "Good heavens!" exclaimed Emily, trembling and clinging to her brother, "what will become of us? what shall we do?"

"Whoop, girl, never fear!—I'll take care of you," replied the Squire: "the carriage is at the Cricketers, I'll just run down and have the horses harnessed;—we'll bowl over to the Rookery to look after the dogs and hunters and secure the Claret-cellar; and then, hey! for Dorchester, where the militia are stationed, who will soon drive the raparee rogues back to their ships."

Sir Harcourt, who had seen too much of Titus Oates to be a believer in plots, implored the company not to be needlessly alarmed, as it would probably turn out to be nothing more than the landing of an Irish regiment, one or two of which he knew to have been ordered over, offering his calash to any body that was unprovided with the means of immediate escape, as he was himself perfectly willing to re-

main where he was. Reuben, although utterly at a loss to explain the firing and the rockets, eagerly seized Sir Harcourt's suggestion as a means of pacifying the agitated guests; Mrs. Chatsworth begged the calash might be ordered without a moment's delay, declaring that she would most gratefully accept the offer of a seat in it; while Sir Ambrose, whose face and lips were pale with dismay, told Sir Harcourt in an unsteady voice, that he could not accept his solution of the alarming report and appearances they had just heard and witnessed—he wished to Heaven he could, but that he did verily and indeed believe it was a landing of the Papists, for the purpose of the long meditated massacre. “I have always,” he continued, “had a real regard for our brethren of the Popish persuasion, whose doctrine I have neither denied, nor have I criticised their creed. If these circumstances were stated to the gentlemen who have landed at Lyme, or if at this cruel conjuncture I were just to call myself a Catholic, don't you think, my dear friend, that——”

“Run me through, if I think it would be

of the least use in the world," replied Sir Harcourt, scandalized at the pusillanimity of his friend, as he had dubbed himself;—"I have always understood these gentlemen were most undistinguishing butchers, so that we have only to submit to our fate, and become martyrs in spite of ourselves. For my own part, if it were merely laying down my life I could endure it with fortitude, but there is a still more harrowing consideration."

"Gracious goodness! Sir Harcourt, what can be worse than to be thus massacred in cold blood?"

"The consideration, my dear Sir Ambrose, that they cannot cut one's throat without rump-ling one's cravat!"

"Sir Harcourt, Sir Harcourt!" cried the Baronet in a mixed tone of anger and terror, "our sad situation neither affords matter for merriment, nor a proper pretext for pleasantry."

Without noticing this reprimand, Sir Harcourt was addressing himself to the females of the party, endeavouring to allay their appre-

hensions, a benedict office in which he was warmly seconded by Reuben, when the door again opened, and Goldingham re-entered the apartment, the cause of his temporary absence being sufficiently explained by the total change in his appearance. From top to toe he had cased himself in his silken panoply, even his head being covered by a scull-cap, over which he had placed his wig: an old sword hung in a buff baldric at his side, he had grasped a pistol in each hand, the top of his Protestant flail stuck out from his pocket, and his whole appearance, at once bustling and grotesque, gave him no small resemblance to a hog in armour. Timid as he had been when there was nothing to apprehend, he seemed to have derived courage from desperation now that he considered the danger to be imminent. “Ring the alarm bell, Reuben,” he exclaimed—“collect the servants and tenants—bring the brass cannon from the forts upon the terrace, into the house—see what gunpowder you can collect—barricado the doors, and let every body arm himself as well as he can. We will not be slaughtered like sheep, but sell

our lives dearly, like brave Englishmen and true-blue Protestants—hem !”

His doughty figure, his brandished pistols, and his hectoring harangue, increased the agitation of the female auditors, who were smelling to salts, uttering ejaculations of terror, and falling back in their chairs, when the door once more opened, and the Squire and Lance Boulderson made their appearance, hauling in a prisoner. This was no other than Norry Molloy, who observing the unusual demonstrations upon the coast, and hoping, whatever was its cause, that she might escape in the confusion, had bolted from her hiding place just as her present captors were making their way to the Cricketers, and had been seized and brought into the house, in the belief that she could furnish information as to what was passing at Lyme.

“ Hold her fast ! tie her hands behind her ! search her for arms and gunpowder !” cried Goldingham ; keeping one of his pistols pointed at her head. “ She is an Irishwoman, I know

her of old—she is a Pāpist and one of the plotters.”

Reuben was now thrown into considerable alarm, lest he should become implicated with the plotters, by the discovery of the service he had rendered to the prisoner, and as he caught a glance of her eye, he put his finger to his lips to enjoin silence. “Whisht! now, be asy,” said Norry, with a significant wink; and then turning to the company, who, as she rightly conjectured, knew nothing of her recent offence and arrest, she demanded, with an air of angry innocence, why she had been seized and dragged into the house, merely because they found her walking along the road, as “quite as a lamb.”

“Oh, you cut-throat harridan! Oh, you Popish Jezabel!” cried Goldingham, still keeping his pistol pointed at her head; “tell us how many of the wild Irish from Cork have landed at Lyme, and, who is concerned in your damnable plot? for we are quite sure that you know all about it.”

“Is it me you spake of? Norry Molloy?”

Sorrow a know do I know, y^cour honour, more than any other fool in the world; but that's enough for them that have a thimblefull of brains. Ye're a mighty queer set, ye gentry, and it's the mercy of God that ye haven't to do for yourselves, for the divil a rap would ye arn, nor put a halfporth into your mouths, barrin' the silver spoon that ye're born wid. Ye go to bed and to sleep, and get up to eat and drink, as if it all came as asy and as natural as the light and darkness; and so ye might do, just as well, if ye had an innocent's head upon your shoulders. It's we that have to think and to do for ye."

"Prevaricating devil! what has all this to do with the landing from Cork?" cried Goldingham, impatiently.

"From Cork!" replied Norry, shrugging her shoulders with a look of contemptuous amazement; "I wonder how the world goes on since the gentry have got the management of it. Do ye know which way is the wind?"

"No," replied Goldingham, "there's no wea-

ther-cock that I am aware of; and if there were I could not see it this time o' night."

"Weather-cock, indeed! If the wind brought ye your dinner, as it often does mine, I'll engage ye wouldn't want a weather-cock to tell ye when to say grace. Whisht! now, I cannot help laughing at the lubbers, no offence to your honour's honour, that talk of the Irish sailing out of Cork when it blows a hard gale, and has done any time these three days, right into the mouth of the harbour! Why Mick's cutter wouldn't do it, and if that can't the divil can't. wouldn't spake trason, but ye 're a pretty set 'o' wisecacres, arn't ye?"

"I protest there seems to be some reason in this statement," said Goldingham, dropping his pistol, and feeling considerably re-assured; "but what then is this landing at Lyme, and what is the meaning of the firing and the rockets?"

"Arrah! the divil a halfporth can I tell ye; —becase why—I know no more than your father's son; but if what I was larning at Holland a while agone is sartain sure, it's more like to be a Protestant landing than a Roman one; and tin

to one ye'll find the Duke of Monmouth at the head of it, and not any of the Papists out of Cork, God's blessing be on the top of them!"

This conjecture being confirmed by the arrival of a servant whom the Squire had detached to gather intelligence, Norry Molloy was liberated, and told she might go about her business, a permission of which she did not appear to be in any immediate hurry to avail herself, for she drew herself up, and looking reproachfully at Goldingham, exclaimed—"After a body has been treated in this way, seized and carried clane off afore she could cry trapstick, is it your honour 'ud send her about her business without a rap to drink your honour's health next her heart, or buy a dish of bacon and banes?"—The party to whom this speech was addressed, was too much delighted at being freed from his terrors about a Popish plot, not to take the hint it conveyed: he slipped a handful of silver into Norry's palm, who curtsied out of the apartment with a profusion of thanks and blessings on her tongue, but an expression of contemptuous

ridicule on her features that betrayed her low opinion of the capacities of her auditors.

“Aha!” cried Goldingham, delivering himself of a hearty “Hem!” and fumbling to get at his waistcoat pocket for a lump of sugar,—“this is a very different thing from a Popish plot, and we need not have broken up our party in such a hurry. What has become of Lady Crockatt?” Upon inquiry it turned out that her Ladyship had slipped down stairs at the first alarm, and finding that her own carriage had not arrived, had persuaded Timothy to harness the horses and convey her home in Goldingham’s chariot, for which she pretended to have his express authority and orders. One of the servants, however, had been charged to assure his master that the horses should be returned the moment she had reached home, and had procured fresh ones to carry her forward.

“Upon my honour,” cried Isaac, in high dudgeon, “it was very considerate of her ladyship to let me have my tired cattle as soon as she had done with them. Methinks she might have offered me a seat in my own carriage.”

“Whoop! neighbour,” said the Squire, “the thought did occur to her, ~~that~~ she specially charged Boulderson to apologize for not doing so, as Cynthia, her spaniel, was now become so fat that there was hardly room for three.—Haugh! Haugh!”

“Confound her assurance!” said Goldingham, “this is rare in one who thinks selfishness the besetting sin of the age, and thanks Heaven that she holds it in particular abomination.”

The house was now gradually cleared of the remaining visitants, who took their departure with little feeling of apprehension, since it had been confirmed from several quarters that the rumoured invasion of the Papists was in truth a landing of the Duke of Monmouth, who came with a small array of men and arms to set himself up in opposition to King James. “He can never succeed, he can never succeed,” said Goldingham to himself, as he paced his drawing-room, still bustling in his grotesque armour, although he had ventured to deposit his pistols, “but there will be a terrible panic in London, and I must write to Charley Duncombe, the

Exchequer banker, to sell me a lot of tallies. They will be down again to fifty discount, as they were in the year seventy-two, when poor Alderman Backwell was ruined. India Stock and Actions wd fall too. Why did this desperado land before I had sold all mine. Reuben! it is our duty to support the Government in this trying emergency. Timothy told me yesterday that the old coach-horse had fallen lame. We must send him over to-morrow morning to the commander of the district, and offer him in my name for his Majesty's service. Every loyal man should contribute something. We shall have much to do; we must be up with the lark, so we had better hurry to bed as soon as we can, after we have carefully locked and barricaded the doors. Wheugh! is this the tranquillity I was to have in the country? But after all, Reuben, this is much better than a Popish plot, hem!"

CHAPTER VII.

Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind,
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind,
To war and arms I fly.—
True, a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field ;
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.—
Yet this inconstancy is such
As you too shall adore ;
I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honour more.

RICHARD LOVELACE.

ALTHOUGH Goldingham maintained it to be the duty of every loyal man to contribute something to the royal cause in this emergency, it may be doubted whether he himself could be properly included in the number, for his horror of popery, which it was now the King's

avowed object to introduce, rendered him anything rather than well affected towards the ruling powers. As a rich man, however, he felt the propriety of supporting the existing government, which could at least afford him protection and security for his property, against such an assailant as the Duke of Monmouth, a mere adventurer, a natural son of the late King by a low woman, one who appeared little likely to subvert an established government with two or three hundred desperadoes, for such was the amount of his present force, and one moreover whose turbulent life and profligate conduct conferred but little credit upon his religion, although he had assumed himself the title of the Protestant Prince. Even if he were successful, a contingency hardly within the bounds of possibility, he would be only an usurper, whose temporary elevation might entail upon the country an interminable civil war, than which no calamity could be greater to a holder of Exchequer tallies, Government Actions, and India Stock, to say nothing of his landed property in Dor-

setshire. All these matters did he deeply cogitate in the night, and so profound was the impression they made upon his mind, that he was up with the lark next morning, agreeably to his promise, and writing to his different agents in London ere Reuben, who slept soundly because he had none of the anxieties of wealth to awaken him, had shaken off his slumbers.

It was still early, however, when the latter started from his bed, and dressing himself in all haste, sallied forth to gather information respecting the landing, which was of course the paramount object of interest throughout the neighbourhood. He had just descended from the terrace for this purpose, when his attention was arrested by the sound of horses' feet, and on looking towards the lodge, he beheld a body of about thirty Cavaliers galloping along the drive, which they presently quitted, dashed through the plantations into the little park, and spreading themselves into a line, advanced at speed towards the house. At this unusual sight, Reuben turned back that he might ascer-

tain their object, stationed himself upon the front of the terrace, and waiting their arrival, had leisure to observe that they were a tumultuary looking troop, mounted on horses of all descriptions, and arrayed in every variety of costume, some having half armour, others nothing but an iron or steel head-piece, and a third set totally unprovided with defensive panoply, though they were all furnished with weapons of some sort, and might be judged to constitute a common band from their all wearing a white ribbon upon the left arm. Their banditti-like appointments, and the rapidity of their approach, imparted to them a sufficiently formidable appearance, and though Reuben did not deem it likely that they could advance with any hostile intentions, or meditate violence against an unarmed individual, he was not altogether free from apprehension as they galloped up to him. Stopping their horses immediately under the low wall of the terrace, several of the party hastily dismounted, and were clambering up as if to take the place by storm, when a person who appeared to act as

their commander, called out to them to fall back, and, intimated by waving his hand, that they were to desist. At the same time he advanced towards Reuben, and had begun to address him by stating that he acted under the authority, and by the command of the Duke of Monmouth, when he broke suddenly off, exclaiming—"Is it possible?—yes,—surely I have the pleasure of addressing Mr. Reuben Apsley."

Reuben looked earnestly at the speaker, who was so altered by his helmet and military equipments that some moments elapsed ere he recognized in him the elder brother of Charles Fludyer, his only intimate associate among the collegians at Oxford. In his occasional visits to that place, he had been introduced to Reuben, who had eagerly cultivated his acquaintance because he had formerly been the friend of his father, and more especially as from a motive of kindness to his young auditor, rather than from his own convictions, he acquiesced with him in the probability that his lost parents might still be living. "My dear Mr. Fludyer," exclaimed

Reuben, "this is indeed a most unexpected meeting, both as to the individual and as to the manner of our encountering, but before I seek an explanation of the apparent hostility of your approach allow me to inquire after my good friend Charles. Surely he cannot be of your party, for I left him but lately at Oxford?"

"He is well acquainted with our enterprize, and will join us so soon as he can travel hither," replied Fludyer, who then proceeded to state that he and his companions constituted a portion of the force that had landed the day before under the Duke of Monmouth, who had dispatched him to Goldingham Place to take possession of some cannon, of which he had been informed there were two little batteries stationed upon the terrace; adding, that their total want of artillery, and the urgency of the occasion, must apologize for the unceremonious manner in which he came to take possession of them.—"If you will mount the terrace and look at the brass falconets which have been thus magnified," said Reuben, "I think you will scarcely be at the trouble of removing them."

Having complied with this invitation, Fludyer could hardly repress a smile at the insignificance of the reported batteries, but observing that they would at least serve to make up a show of ordnance and inspire confidence in the common people, he declared that he must fulfil his orders by conveying them immediately to the Duke's head-quarters.

“But surely you will await my uncle's permission,” said Reuben.

“Do you think it will be granted?” inquired Fludyer.

“To deal candidly with you,” replied Reuben, “I have reason to believe that it will not.”

“My young friend,” said Fludyer, again smiling, “you must be aware that in these cases we do not—we cannot stand upon punctilio—we are committed to a glorious but perilous adventure: self-preservation, the first law, supercedes all others, and I must plead its authority in the present instance, when I order my men to dismantle your uncle's fortifications. If the Duke succeed, Mr. Goldingham will be well repaid for his falconets; if we fail he

cannot be blamed for yielding to a force which he has no means of resisting; and it would, perhaps, be more prudent, and expose him to less responsibility, if you were to leave him in ignorance of our proceedings until we have got clear off with our booty. In this respect, however, you will of course exercise your own discretion." So saying, he ordered his men to mount the terrace, remove the guns, and tackle them to some of the horses that they might be carried away; while Reuben, convinced by the arguments he had just heard, that it would be better to leave his uncle altogether unacquainted with the affair, remained a passive spectator of their proceedings.

Fludyer, the commander of this little party, was one of those restless turbulent spirits that are thrown up in times of trouble and commotion; and who as surely presage a political convulsion when they exhibit themselves, as the flight of the Petrel indicates an elemental storm. He had been concerned in all the numerous intrigues and complots that agitated the latter end of Charles the Second's reign, until he had

acquired a sort of taste for conspiracies, as if his life became a burthen the moment he ceased to put it in jeopardy, and his neck felt uncomfortable unless he could keep a halter perpetually around it. Nothing knavish, however, or even selfish, entered into his motives. He was an enthusiast, sometimes wild and visionary, sometimes even aimless in his movements, but always honest, always sanguine that good was to result from them, if not to himself, at least to his fellow-creatures. Thin and eager-looking in visage, his large restless eyes seemed starting from his head; he was profuse of speech, and talked with an eloquence and an accompanying gesticulation inspired by the ardour and earnestness of his temperament.

While his little troop were executing the orders they had received, a proceeding which their awkwardness and inexperience rendered more tedious than was necessary, Fludyer had taken Reuben's arm and was walking with him up and down the terrace, discoursing with a rapidity that seemed intended to keep time with the quickness of his march. In language

glowing with the fiery indignation that he felt, he reprobated the arbitrary measures and nefarious designs of the King, whom he stigmatized as a tyrant, plotting in conjunction with France to subvert at once the liberties and the religion of his subjects; it was the duty, he said, of every manly Briton and rational Christian to take up arms against this intolerable oppression; he represented the Duke of Monmouth to have engaged in his present enterprise, not from personal ambition, but in obedience to the universal cry of the nation, who only wanted a leader to rise up as one man; his success he maintained to be indisputable—the glory of those who supported him in the emancipation of their country would be imperishable, while the shame of their cowardice would leave an indelible brand upon the forehead of those who refused to co-operate with him. He alluded to the example bequeathed to them by the patriots and tyrannicides of old, and finally incited Reuben by every thing that was great and good to join their standard, concluding his impassioned harangue by exclaiming, “Oh, if your

noble-spirited father, ever the advocate and champion of liberty, were now among us, with what fervour would he embrace our cause, with what alacrity would he point out to his son the path that he should pursue—with what pride would he see him enlisted beneath the sacred banner of political and religious freedom !”

It is always difficult to resist the impetuous oratory of a man who obviously speaks under the impulse of a profound conviction. By sentiment and reflection, strengthened by the whole course of his classical reading, Reuben was an ardent friend of liberty; when, in addition to their suggestions which already prompted him to obey the call of patriotism, his filial piety, the master passion of his soul, whispered to him, that by doing so he should be acting in conformity with the will and the injunctions of his father—that his duty sanctioned his inclinations—the question was decided in his own mind, and the first impulse became the final and fixed purpose of his heart. Precipitate, however, as he was, he did not in his supposed obedience to

a lost and perhaps a deceased father, forget him who had supplied his place. He demanded time to consult with, or at least to sound his uncle, pledging himself to come to a decision within a few hours, and to present himself at the Duke's head-quarters in the afternoon. Fludyer, who in the course of their previous acquaintance had obtained a sufficient insight into his character to know the chord that vibrated to his heart's core, congratulated him on his having proved himself worthy of the patriotic stock from which he sprung, adverted to the probability that his father might still revisit the shores of England, to bless him for his present resolution, and reminding him that there was no time to be lost if he would get the start of his friend Charles, who would quickly join their standard, he put himself again at the head of his troop, and marched out of the park, taking with him the captured brass cannons.

Short as this conversation had been, when Reuben was left to his own reflections, and measured it by its effect upon his feelings, he

could hardly believe that it had not been of much longer duration. His whole soul was in a tumult, for when he no longer marked the enthusiastic countenance, and listened to the emphatical and seductive energy of his friend, he became conscious that he had pledged himself to a desperate enterprize which nothing but success could justify, while nothing but the death of its abettors could expiate its failure. The more perilous, however, the undertaking; the greater would be the glory of its prosperous achievement; the call of his country was imperative; the eloquence of Fludycer had done its work; he fancied that he heard the voice of his father urging him to enrol himself among the patriot band, and he proceeded to the house to sound his uncle, touching the prudence of a measure which he had already fully resolved to adopt.

For the reasons already stated, Goldingham expressed his perfect conviction that the Duke's adventure would fail, and that it was not even desirable that it should succeed; declaring his determination to take no active part on either side, but to remain at Goldingham Place, and

await the result of a struggle, which could not be long protracted, since the monarch of three kingdoms could scarcely require a greater number of days in dispersing and destroying such a mere handful of invaders. Undismayed by this disheartening prophecy, Reuben persevered in his purpose, resolving, however, not to compromise his uncle by communicating to him his intentions, but to disappear instantly, in order to encourage the belief among the servants and neighbours that he might have been forcibly carried off by the troop that had taken possession of the brass cannons, without his having had any conference with Goldingham. With this view he hurried to his room, collected his little store of money, stole down the back stairs, made his way to the plantations in the Park, leapt the fence, and ran across the country in the direction of Lyme, at which place he had learnt from Fludyer it was the intention of the invaders to remain until the following morning. Whatever discouraging impressions had been left upon his mind by his uncle's predictions were speedily dissipated as he approached the town, towards which the whole population of

REUBEN APSLEY.

the country seemed to be flocking with every demonstration of enthusiasm and joy. The craggy hill, at whose base it is situated, was thickly thronged with spectators and partisans, flags were flying from the mast-head of all the vessels in the harbour, as well as from the steeple of the church, whose bells were ringing a merry peal ; every street in the place, and even the windows and tops of the houses appeared crowded with the Duke's friends ; troops were seen forming and parading around the harbour ; the sounds of trumpets and other martial music floated upon the air, mixed with the chiming of the bells ; the occasional acclamations of the multitude, and salvos of firelocks ; while the whole cheerful and motley scene, the town, the surrounding country, the shipping, and the ocean, stood sparkling in the radiance of a sunny morning in June. It was impossible not to sympathize with such an association of spirit-stirring sounds and objects, not to catch the enthusiasm by which all seemed to be inspired ; and Reuben's inflammable temperament was little likely to resist the in-

fluences by which he was thus surrounded. As he pressed his way with some difficulty through the dense mob, he felt the colour rushing to his cheeks, and his heart throbbing as if it would leap from his bosom, while he almost unconsciously joined in the deafening huzzas of the people, and shouted with them till he was as hoarse as his neighbours, "Long live the Duke of Monmouth!—Long live the Protestant Prince!"

The object of this popular cry had for the present fixed his head-quarters at a public house, from the balcony of which he occasionally presented himself and bowed to the multitude, who saluted him in return with a stunning shout; which being successively re-echoed by those on the hill, by the troops around the harbour, and by other dispersed assemblages, made the whole welkin ring with lengthened and reiterated bursts of joy. Reuben drew a happy augury from this universal ardour in the good cause. If the sacred flame of liberty had kindled such a blaze in the first corner of the empire that it had touched, how should the tyrant quench it

when it came to be extended through the whole land? He accepted the appearances before him as an assured omen of 'ultimate success, and already congratulated himself upon the promptitude with which he had entitled himself to the honour of having contributed to that most glorious consummation.

Having with considerable difficulty forced his way through the crowd that beleagued the public-house, he inquired for Fludyer, whose name passed from mouth to mouth as if it had been familiar to all, but whose multifarious occupations, and the general confusion of the place, rendered him a personage exceedingly troublesome to find. After having dispatched various messengers in search of him, and waited above an hour for his appearance, he at length heard his voice, talking with his usual earnestness, as he shouldered himself into the porch of the house. His quick and restless eye soon discovered Reuben, whose hand he seized, as if to make sure of him when he should want him, while he continued for some time, with an undiminished volubility, issuing various orders

respecting forage and provisions for the troops, a department which had been placed under his superintendence. A pause having at length ensued, rather from the want of persons to receive his orders, than from any exhaustion on the part of the speaker, he turned to Reuben, pressed his hand between both of his own, declared that he was overjoyed to see him, and proposed that he should immediately accompany him up stairs for the purpose of being introduced to the Duke. On entering the apartment he found the latter in eager, and as it appeared to Reuben in angry discussion with a little knot of gentlemen, part of whom were in different uniforms and wore the appearance of officers, while the rest were armed, but without any regular military equipments. Their conversation, whatever was its subject, ceased as they entered. He was introduced by Fludyer, who whispered in the Prince's ear for the sake of giving due value to his recruit, that he was the nephew and heir of Mr. Goldingham, a wealthy merchant, whose influence in the city might materially forward their views. His re-

ception was of course flattering, for few or none of the better classes had yet flocked to the Protestant standard, as it was termed; and Reuben knew not which most to admire, the singular beauty of the Prince's person, or the courteous elegance of his demeanour as he introduced him successively to Lord Grey, Sir Patrick Hume, and Mr. Fletcher of Salton, the principal persons of eminence who had accompanied him from Holland. It was easy to see, as the conversation was renewed, that the latter individual enjoyed the principal share of his confidence, a distinction well merited by one who united in his own person all the powers of the soldier, the orator, and the scholar.

Reuben presently discovered that the unanimity which pervaded the whole multitudinous mass without, and from which he had drawn such happy auguries, did not by any means extend to the small party before him. They were discussing the Prince's manifesto, a tedious, long-winded production, remarkable for nothing but the dull malignity with which it imputed the most atrocious and improbable

crimes to the King, and which Fletcher, a classical writer and a gentleman, maintained to be derogatory to the Duke's honour, rather than to that of the monarch. It was vindicated by a man of the name of Ferguson, who had been the Prince's tutor, and was the real author of the scurrilous production in question; Fletcher was constitutionally choleric; words ran high; both were brave, and each had placed his hand upon his sword, when the Duke interfered, and implored them not to sacrifice their common cause by individual brawls in this the very outset of their counsels. Good or bad, he observed, the manifesto had been issued; it was too late to recall it, and if errors had been committed, it was wiser to prevent their effects, if possible, than to upbraid their authors.—“Harkye, gentlemen,” he exclaimed, smiling, “if we have any of us said amiss, let us all agree to eat our own words, and I will be the first to set the example; for, by St. George, we are little likely to find a better meal. Here is the whole country trooping to us by thousands, and we have neither rations to give them to-

day, nor better hope for the morrow, unless some of ye be shrewd enough to tell me how we may fill hungry stomachs out of empty magazines."

"I undertake to find subsistence for the whole army for one day," said Ferguson, "if I may have the command of it for a single minute."

"How say you, Fletcher?" cried the Duke, taking out his watch; "may we trust him thus long?"

"Your Royal Highness has known Mr. Ferguson longer than I have," replied Fletcher, sarcastically; "and I see you have prudently prepared yourself to limit your confidence to the period of sixty seconds."

"My Lord Grey, Sir Patrick Hume, Trenchard;" resumed the Duke, turning to the parties thus designated—"you are of my staff and council; have I your sanction to this desperate measure?"

All signified their assent that he should accept the offer, not a little curious to understand its meaning, and to learn how this sudden ca-

terer for a whole army would redeem his pledge.

“Ferguson!” exclaimed the Duke, going up to him and fixing his eye upon his watch, “I appoint you Generalissimo for the minute; but, be quick as thought in issuing your command, for five seconds of your generalship have already slipped away.”

“I order that the soldiers shall observe a solemn fast to-morrow, for our success,” cried Ferguson,—a solution of the difficulty at once so satisfactory and so unexpected, that the Duke laughed as he again pocketed his watch, and the company unanimously agreed that no commander had ever done so much for his army in so short a space of time, or hit upon a more economical expedient for supplying their wants.

Finding his companions restored to good humour, and his troops provided for the next day, the Duke took Reuben apart, and inquired whether he felt competent to discharge any species of command, adding that they were much in want of officers, and that he should be happy to give him any commission

to the duties of which he considered himself adequate. Upon learning his utter ignorance of military duty, he recommended him to attach himself to his friend Fludyer, as a sort of general aid-de-camp, a situation in which he would soon acquire such an insight into the soldier's profession as would qualify him for a more prominent appointment; and giving him warm assurances of his favour and protection, he dismissed him to commence his new career.

Fludyer was now in his element and in all his glory, attending to every body's business as well as his own, perpetually bustling and in full motion, like a squirrel in a cage, without making much more progress; as full of zeal and energy as he was deficient in method and forethought, thinking everything to be achieved when he had conquered the little difficulties of the moment, and no further troubling his head about the future than as it would consummate that success of which his sanguine and enthusiastic temperament did not permit him to harbour the shadow of a doubt. In every momentary pause of speech or action, and he seldom allowed

himself one of longer duration, he rubbed his hands rapidly together, while his prominent, lamp-like eyes sparkled, and his thin sallow visage flared with joy as he contemplated the hubbub and confusion which he had assisted in conjuring up, and by which he hoped to keep himself for some time to come in the midst of the strife, agitation, and danger which were so congenial to his turbulent nature. Under such a stirring busybody Reuben was allowed little time for reflection, and scarcely sufficient leisure for the paramount duty of equipping himself. The first recruits had exhausted all the arms brought over by the Duke, and Reuben, who was not yet sufficiently imbued with the soldier's morality to hold himself warranted in seizing what he wanted, considered himself fortunate in being enabled to purchase a sword and a brace of pistols. To avoid the wrangling and even the fighting for weapons, of which he had already seen several instances, he thought proper to secure the possession of his pistols by having his name engraved upon their hilt: an old baldrick of untanned leather

served to support them as well as his sword. By nearly emptying his slender purse, he had purchased a helmet which was very little the worse for wear, and not much too big for him; and thus accoutred, the late pensive and studious collegian, suddenly transformed into an irregular soldier, and engaged in rebellion against his sovereign, presented himself to his commanding officer.

Nothing was now wanting to complete his equipment but that most essential article—a horse, which his slender finances would not enable him to purchase, but which Fludyer, infinitely less scrupulous than his *aid-de-camp*, presently procured for him by the simple expedient of seizure. Mounted upon this animal, which proved to be a fleet and good one, he was dispatched in various directions with orders respecting forage and provisions, a service which occupied him till a late hour; when, overcome with the fatigues of the first day's campaigning, he was happy to throw himself down upon some clean straw in a barn, the best quarters that he could procure, where he slept soundly till day-

break. Scarcely had he dressed and refreshed himself, when he was summoned by Fludyer to mount and attend Lord Grey, whom the Duke had ordered, with three hundred men, to storm Bridport, while Fletcher was detached with another party on a different expedition. The little band to which Reuben now belonged stormed and took the town with great spirit, while Lord Grey deserted his men, fled back to the Duke, and reported they were defeated. Fludyer himself soon brought the news that they were victorious, and had been basely abandoned by their commander. "What shall I do with him?" said the Duke confounded. "There is not a general in Europe who would ask such a question but yourself," was the reply. Yet such was the softness and irresolution of the Duke's nature, that he continued him in his command. Fletcher, who knew their enterprise to be too perilous to admit of ceremony, had in his expedition seized for his own riding the horse of a country gentleman, which stood ready equipped for its master. Its owner, a stout yeoman, ran in a passion to the spot, saluted the pur-

loiner of his steed with opprobrious language, shook his cane, and attempted to strike. Rigid moralist as he was, Fletcher, choleric by nature, and stung by the indignity of a cane uplifted against the soldier and the gentleman, could not command his feelings; but pulled out his pistol, and shot the man dead on the spot. A clamour was raised, the people of the country waited upon the Duke in a body to make their complaints, and he was forced to desire the only soldier, and the only man of genius in his army, to abandon him.

In spite of these discouraging circumstances his force daily increased in number, and by the time he reached Taunton, the Duke was at the head of six thousand men. Mounted on a stately charger, equipt in half-armour of polished steel, over which he wore a white scarf, with the ribbon and diamond George of the order of the Garter, his head uncovered, and his dark ringlets thrown back on either side, so as to discover the full beauty of his fine features, the Prince entered Taunton, whose inhabitants received him with enthusiasm, strewed his way

with flowers and herbs, adorned their walls with green boughs; and threw open their houses to his army. Twenty-six young maidens presented him on their knees, a banner of their own handiwork and a bible, which he received with a kind of transport, as an omen of his future fortune; and kissing the sacred book, cried out that he came to defend the truths contained in it, or to seal them with his blood. Not less easily elated than dejected, he now proclaimed himself King, declaring Lord Albemarle, who was marching against him, as well as the whole House of Commons, traitors if they did not dissolve themselves; he ordered some mock regalia to be made, amusing himself by occasionally wearing and playing with them, and he began to touch for the King's evil; as if by thus clinging to the empty shadows of royalty, he could assure himself of its substance.

The interval that elapsed between this period and the fatal battle of Sedgemoor, constituted little better than a succession of errors, and gave Reuben abundant opportunities for observing, that although the Duke had on former

occasions afforded more than one example of a reckless valour, he was altogether deficient in those great qualities which could alone ensure a prosperous issue to so perilous an enterprise as the present. Without talent or judgment to command success, he was equally ungifted with fortitude to endure reverse; never having been accustomed to think or to act for himself, but habituated to follow the impulse communicated to him by others, he found it an intolerable effort to come to a decision upon the points that were almost hourly submitted to him, especially when he recollected the dreadful responsibility which the smallest error might entail, both upon himself and others: hence he became irresolute and procrastinating, often perpetuating old errors, lest by a change of any sort he should be committing new ones. His looks sufficiently betrayed the tumult of his soul, as he successively yielded to and struggled with his despondency, in which varying moods he betrayed the unsteadiness and frivolity of his mind, by alternately praying to Heaven for

support, and singing amorous French songs. He asked advice of all who approached him, he called a council of his officers, and with a superstitious weakness that formed a part of his character, procured an ignorant old man to be secretly conveyed to him, who had the reputation of being a wizard, and had been tried as such forty years before, that he might consult him as to the probabilities of his success, and purchase from him a charm against danger. This ancient fortune-teller, who probably saw the desperate situation of the Duke's affairs, and had no wish to compromise himself as a traitor, refused to salute him with the title of king, though tutored to do so. "How canst thee be King of England?" inquired the sturdy rustic; "beesn't thee the son of Lucy Walters?"

"Villain!" exclaimed Monmouth, reddening with wrath; "the son of a King requires no mother; King Charles the Second was my father."

"Thee beest like un, and that's the truth on 't," said the clown; "but thee beest vor all

the world more like King Charles the First, when I zeed 'un coming out o' ^WWhitchhall to ha' his head chopped off."

"Avaunt! thou traitorous old knave," cried Monmouth, as he spurned him from his presence. But he could not forget his sinister words by driving the man from his sight; they appeared to be of most inauspicious omen; he tried in vain to expel them from his memory—he rejoined his staff, and in a state of the deepest dejection gave orders for the immediate retreat of the army to Bridgewater.

At this place he mounted to the top of a high tower, to take his last view of a country which he foresaw that he must soon abandon. With the assistance of glasses he discovered the King's forces at Sedgemoor, so carelessly encamped as to promise an easy victory, and he resolved to attack them that night in the dark, reserving to himself the command of the foot, and entrusting to Lord Grey that of the horse. One of his captains reminded him of Grey's behaviour at Bridport, but from the easiness and over-delicacy of his nature he answered,

“I will not affront my Lord; what I have given him in charge is easy to be executed.” Soon after midnight the army advanced to the attack with great regularity and silence, when a Captain Hacker, who had joined him in England, but was offended with the Duke for having refused to make him Governor of Taunton, fired a pistol as they approached the enemy, to give an alarm, and then rode off to take the benefit of the King’s pardon; Lord Grey ran away at the first charge, as he had done before, and the Duke’s followers, thrown into confusion though not disheartened, lost all regard to his orders. A mass of them, consisting mostly of stout-hearted and able-bodied Mendip miners, formed themselves into a solid body, and laying their shoulders close to each other, advanced, stopped, fought, and died together, maintaining the contest for three hours until all their ammunition was spent, and even then disdaining to run away. The scythes, axes, and mining tools which are still occasionally turned up on the field of battle, attest at once the rude manner in which some of these troops were armed,

and the desperation with which they wielded such inefficient weapons, until death wrenched them from their grasp.

Forgetting in his own cause that personal bravery of which he had been so lavish when fighting for another, the Duke galloped from the field as soon as he saw the battle lost, continued his flight for twenty miles together, without knowing whither he was going, quitted his exhausted horse, changed clothes with a peasant, and struck across the country on foot. Reuben and Fludyer had been attached to that body of bold and stubborn miners on whom the Duke placed his chief reliance. Early in the action Reuben's horse had been shot under him, when he joined himself to the ranks, and fought on with all the desperate enthusiasm of his comrades, until the King's cannon were brought to bear upon the solid mass of which he now formed a part, mowing them down the more destructively from the thick order into which the men were gathered; and at the same time the royal horse, wearied with pursuing Grey, returned and fell upon their rear. An indis-

criminate slaughter ensued, and yet death seemed to be almost universally preferred to flight. Amid numerous instances of desperate valour, Reuben was particularly struck by the enthusiasm of a young man who had for some time fought with an undaunted intrepidity by his side, and who, although he was now lying upon the ground, pierced with mortal wounds, employed his last moments in alternately singing psalms, and encouraging his comrades. Upon stooping down and inquiring whether he could in any way assist him, he was earnestly implored by the dying man, to deliver to his father a small pocket bible which he drew from his bosom, and to assure him he had done his duty. He was proceeding to explain where his father resided, when his voice suddenly failed him, and after two or three ineffectual efforts at speech, he fell backwards and expired. Reuben secured the sacred memorial, though he considered it but an useless care, for in the belief that the cause of religion and liberty had sunk for ever, he had resolved to imitate the example of his dauntless companions, and

to perish with it, when the thought of his lost parents, and the conviction that it was his duty to live for the purpose of elucidating their fate, suddenly inspired him with the desire of saving himself by flight. At this moment Fludyer, of whom he had lost sight for a considerable time, and who, with a characteristic courage and sanguineness, refusing to despair of victory long after the Duke had fled, had galloped wherever he could be useful in repelling the enemy or encouraging his own men, approached him upon a lame and bloodstained horse, which was painfully panting from wounds and over-exertion.

“What is to be done?” inquired Reuben, calling to him.

“Not much more to-day, I believe,” replied Fludyer, putting his hand above his eyes to shade them from the sun, (for he had lost his helmet,) and looking over the field with an air of perfect composure, although the men were fast falling immediately around him. “No, not much more to-day; but there will be a good many materials left for a future insurrection, and we must save ourselves that we may assist in organizing it.

"Poor fellow! poor fellow!" he continued, very leisurely dismounting, and patting his steed on the neck, "I should have been glad to back you in our next battle, for you are a good and trustworthy charger, but I fear me you have done your last day's duty. Apsley, my good fellow, we must look out for fresher cattle, and have a gallop for our lives."

There were many horses careering wildly about the field, one of which having approached them as they were talking, Reuben darted forward and seized it by the bridle, when, as he was leading it up to his companion, it was struck by a ball, and rolled over struggling at his feet. "It is no great loss," said Fludyer, "for the animal was already jaded; but if we could secure a couple of yonder drinking party we might still hold our enemies a lengthy chace." He pointed to a small pool at a little distance, where several riderless troop-horses, parched by the heat of the weather, and regardless of the hubbub and destruction that surrounded them, were eagerly slaking their thirst. So intent were they while thus occupied, that two of the

stoutest and freshest looking of the animals suffered their approachers to secure them, and in another minute Reuben and Ludyer were galloping from the fatal field, though their ears long rang with the roar of artillery, the whistling of bullets, the tramp of steeds, the braying of trumpets, and the clashing and the clamour of the still infuriated combatants.

CHAPTER VIII.

“ Sweet are the thoughts that savour of content ;
 The quiet mind is richer than a crown :
 Sweet are the nights in careless slumber spent ;
 The poor estate scorns Fortune’s angry frown.
 Such sweet content, such minds, such sleep, such bliss,
 Beggars enjoy when princes oft do miss.”

ROBERT GREEN.

“ THIS little bit of a scrape will be of great use to you,” said Fludyer, who seemed to think that he had conferred an obligation on his young companion by having brought him into his present most perilous predicament. “ You are quite right to begin betimes in learning how to play at hide and seek with the hangman, for it is a pastime in which we may all be frequently driven to participate, before we can succeed in the great object of emancipating our country. For myself, I have so often had a game at bo-

peep with Jack Ketch that I am hardened to the diversion, though I dare say it may seem rather an unpleasant sport to beginners."

"To me, at least," replied Reuben, "I must candidly confess that it possesses no attractions whatever. I like not my present state of jeopardy: as an Englishman I am deeply, most painfully grieved for the failure of our enterprise, which will probably give stability and permanence to the existing tyranny, while my heart bleeds for the fate of our brave companions in arms who have fallen in battle, as well as for the survivors, who will doubtless feel the full vengeance of a merciless monarch."

"Psha! my young friend, you consider these trifles too seriously. Our cause is a good one, and it will but flourish the more certainly for this momentary check, as the river that is dammed up for a while does but spread the wider, and gather force for bursting over all mounds and impediments. Perhaps it is better for us all that we should have sustained this little rebuke, for those who have been killed are but so many insurgents sown in the earth, like seed,

to yield us forty-fold in due season; and the tyranny that will slaughter the survivors will be only committing an unconscious suicide upon itself. We must look forward, Sir, forward. We are sure of the Prince of Orange for another attempt sooner or later, and I shall betake myself to his Court to urge him on, since every thing looks so prosperous in England. I have reason to believe that Lord Sunderland, one of the King's ministers, was at the bottom of Monmouth's enterprize, and will, of course, give his countenance and support to another; the Marquess of Halifax is friendly to us, though he is too timid a creature to declare himself; we are sure of the leading Whigs; I have three different cyphers for corresponding with them, and we must have a care that the next landing takes place nearer to the capital."

"Had we not better secure our escape from one unlucky enterprize, before we make arrangements for another?" inquired Reuben; who could not so easily forget the present in the future as his sanguine companion.

"Certainly, certainly, and we will talk the

matter over when we are a little more at leisure; there is no immediate hurry. The Dutch pink and dogger which we left at Lyme, will doubtless be seized; but my friend Fletcher, of Salton, whose head is as provident and thoughtful as his heart is honest, promised to hover off the coast till he learnt the result of the battle, in order that, if it proved unfortunate, he might carry off the Duke, or any of his associates. After the first ardour of pursuit shall have a little relaxed, we must make for the sea-shore, and take our chance of finding his cutter, or some other that may tilt us over to Holland, and then—hey for another plot, and a fresh descent!”

“But at present we are galloping away from the coast,” observed Reuben.

“We have not been allowed much choice of a road,” replied Fludyer, “and could not have made direct for the sea without carrying a few bullets in our bodies. The best way to reach it at last is to go inland at first, as the bowl that makes the widest circuit in the beginning, often hits the jack the surest at the end of its course.

How we shall enjoy our sail over to Holland, after this little troublesome affair of our escape has been disposed of!"

"You are to be envied in being always able to look forward with so much confidence."

"Why, just at this moment," replied Fludyer, whose acute senses were all upon the *qui vive*, even when he seemed most indifferent about his situation, "there is no great pleasure in looking backwards; for my ear has caught from time to time the tramping of a horse at full speed behind us, and now, at yonder turning of the road I spy a fellow in pursuit of us, whose better steed threatens to introduce him to our acquaintance in a few minutes. Are your pistols loaded?"

Reuben replied in the affirmative.

"I have but one of my own weapons left," resumed Fludyer; "but as I am probably the best shot, I will let fly at him as he approaches, while you reserve your fire to make sure of him at close quarters. And this being settled, pull up your horse, who by his puffing and panting will not be sorry to take breath, and soon as we

have disposed of this impertinent, we will resume our conversation and our ride." So saying, he examined the pan and flint of his pistol, and continued, "Now, though I seldom lay bets. I will hold you a silver decus to a doit that this foolish fellow's horse will arrive before his master ; for as I rarely miss a swallow on the wing, 'twere sorry bungling if I could not hit a trooper on his war-horse, and tumble him into the dust ere he come ten yards nearer." So saying, he levelled his weapon, and was very deliberately taking aim, when the stranger, observing his attitude, snatched from his bosom a white ribbon, which was the badge of Monmouth's partisans, and kept waving it in the air as he galloped up to them. "Trenchard!" exclaimed Fludyer, replacing his pistol in his belt, "is it you? Lay by that lucky white-fillet in lavender, or hang it up in the temple of Fortune, for had you not flourished it at the moment you'did, you would have had a brace of bullets in your body, and I should have lost one of my best and bravest friends."

"It is not my first escape to-day," said

Trenchard, "and I hope it will not be my last, for I foresee that we shall have hot and close pursuit. Scouring parties have been detached in all directions, one is already behind us, and at no great distance, which will account for my speed. We have no time for parley; on, on, for heaven's sake! for we may well try to win the race when we are riding for our lives." At these words he again clapped spurs to his horse, and being much better mounted than his companions presently distanced them, and disappeared on the opposite side of a hill; at the foot of which Reuben's steed, which had for some time been exhibiting signs of exhaustion, suddenly stopped, and could not be prevailed on either by blows or encouragement, to advance a step further. "How truly unfortunate!" exclaimed Reuben, in a tone of regret and apprehension.

"That remains to be seen," replied his companion; "I have often known these little disappointments turn out the luckiest things in the world, and prove by their results that it is we who are blind, and not Fortune. Your horse

knocks up on purpose to remind me that we cannot be doing a more foolish thing than to continue together. If we are to be caught at all, let them catch one at a time, and we shall at all events last the longer. I am an old offender, and may act as a Jonah to all those who are found to be of my crew; you are a beginner, and may perhaps be pardoned for a first offence. Mount my horse, therefore, who will yet hold you a gallop of some miles, throw away your sword and belt, and change your helmet with the first peasant that will give you his hat in return. Some good friend of Lord Faversham's army, foreseeing that mine might lead me into a scrape, kindly knocked it off my head with a bullet. When your horse is jaded, make for the woods on foot, find your way if you can to the sea-coast, in the neighbourhood of Lyme, for we shall soon be in Dorsetshire; prowl about the beach at night; if any of Fletcher's men are patrolling the sands to bring off stragglers, you will know them by their white dresses; and we may perhaps scud over to Holland in the same cutter, and in another fortnight

be making arrangements for a fresh landing, and a new insurrection. The season is fine, the nights will be delightfully dark for a week to come, no time could be more pleasant or favourable for taking your first lesson in the art of escaping, and as I think you told me your finances were low, and you may perhaps have occasion for a little bribery and corruption, you had better take my purse to assist your proceedings."

During the latter part of this speech, which was delivered with his usual rapidity, he had dismounted; and now stood with his purse in one hand and his horse's bridle in the other, offering them both to Reuben, who was, however, much too generous in his own nature to take advantage of his friend's magnanimous proposal; suggesting that he himself might as well strike across the country on foot, while his comrade rode forward, and absolutely refusing to touch a shilling of the money.

"Look'ye, my young friend," said Fludyer, seating himself by the road-side, "when you have known me a little longer, you will have

discovered that I am somewhat obstinate and inflexible in my purposes. If you do not instantly mount, I shall turn the animal loose, make my way down yonder lane, and leave you to your fate; and when your lost parents revisit England, they will have the misery of learning that you refused to preserve a life so dear to them, although the means were proffered to you."

"Do you indeed believe that they still exist—that they will be restored to my embraces?" eagerly exclaimed Reuben, whose objections were instantly overcome by this artful appeal to his feelings: "not for worlds would I lose that blessed chance, or afford them the shadow of a cause for reproaching my memory. When, oh, when will the blissful moment of our meeting——"

"Never!" interrupted Fludyer, "if you waste another moment in vain aspirations; for, hark! that trumpet, sounding from the hill behind us, announces that the foremost of the scourers are hard upon our track. Up, up, and away! for if you stand one second longer upon punctilio, we may both chance to dance

upon nothing." So saying, he lifted rather than helped his companion into the saddle; and Reuben, determined not to deprive him of his purse, of which he would now, probably, have more need than himself, hastily exclaimed—"God bless you, my generous friend!" waved his hand, struck spurs into his horse, and again galloped rapidly forwards, neither knowing in what direction he was riding, nor what he should do when his steed would no longer enable him to continue his flight.

Thus did he press onwards for some miles without relaxing his speed, filled with gloomy apprehensions, which were increased by the threatenings of the wind, as it ever and anon bore to his ear the braying of a not very distant trumpet, until he reached a solitary alchouse, in front of which a man, who appeared to be its landlord, was sitting in the shade, smoking a pipe, with a tankard of ale by his side. The sight of a person thus pleasantly occupied, not only suggested to him the necessity of some refreshment for himself and his horse, but reminded him of Fludyer's advice, that, in order

to avoid betraying himself by his equipments, he should seize the first opportunity of exchanging his helmet for a hat. With this intention he drew up at the door; when the landlord started from his bench to receive him, exclaiming, "Sniggers! my noble captain, thee'll surely be pleased to 'light; for thy poor beast's flanks do reek vor all the world like a lime-kiln, and thof he do look like a rare good 'n, I can zee by the zhaking of his tail that he ha'n't got much more go in him."

"Thank ye, friend," replied Reuben: "I cannot tarry more than a few seconds; for I am bound upon an errand of life and death. But I am worried with this helmet, which, as you see, is too large for my head, and yet will not protect my eyes from the sun: would it suit you to receive it in exchange for your more comfortable beaver?"

"What! swop my old castor for that 'ere vine helmet? how much must I gi' ye besides?" said the rustic, chinking the silver in his breeches' pocket.

"You may keep your money," replied Reu-

ben, "if you will only bring a pail of water for my horse, allow me to finish your tankard of ale, and to fill my pockets with yonder biscuits that are ranged along the window."

"Done!" exclaimed the rustic, with an eager chuckle, at the same time reaching out his hat, and receiving the helmet in return; when, having deposited the latter in a place of safety, he handed up his tankard, ran to fetch a pail of water, which he popped down under the horse's nose, and bustling into the house for a large handful of biscuits, crammed them into Reuben's pocket, as if to bind the bargain, and prevent any possibility of a hitch in such a beneficial exchange. His chapman, however, who had no wish to break his bargain, finished the remainder of the tankard, allowed his horse to empty the pail, and speedily resumed his flight; when the landlord, bursting into a more audible chuckle than he had previously ventured to indulge, struck his hand upon his thigh, exclaiming, "Danged if that chap baint the softest flat ever I coom across!"—at the conclusion of which words, he clapped the helmet upon his

head, and strutted into the house, to show himself off in his finery, and boast of his bargain to his wife.

Reuben meanwhile, whose horse had gathered some additional strength and courage from his short bait, was enabled to pursue his rapid and aimless career, until he was nearly twenty miles distant from the fatal field of Sedgemoor, when the poor beast became so exhausted and distressed that his rider at length dismounted, took off his saddle and bridle, which he threw into a ditch, together with his sword and belt, and turning the jaded animal into a field by the road-side, struck across the country on foot in an opposite direction, taking care to conceal his pistols beneath his horseman's cloak. He now proceeded for some time along an open champaign tract, in a state of cultivation, although the respective properties were only divided here and there by hurdles, or marked by boundary stones, neither of which would serve his purpose of concealment, should it be rendered necessary by the appearance of his pursuers. At a small distance from him, he at length ob-

served two peasants at work, and feeling well assured that they could know nothing of the dismal overthrow which had converted so many gallant soldiers and gentlemen into fugitives and outlaws, whom it had become the duty of every loyal subject to seize or destroy, he boldly ventured up to them, and inquired the way to the sea-coast, or the town of Lyme. Expressing no small amazement at the latter part of the question, since as they told him, the place was "right clean away all across the country," they added that he was only a few miles from Pool, and pointed out to him in what direction it lay, for which information he thanked them, and continued his flight with as much speed as he could exert. Still the country retained the same open shelterless character, until as the shades of evening began to gather around him, he observed with satisfaction that he was approaching a range of enclosures, trees, and plantations, crossed by lofty hedges, and dotted here and there with cottagers' hovels. As he drew near to this welcome spot, hoping that it might afford him

some secure hiding-place for the night, his heat and thirst, which the remainder of the landlord's tankard had been insufficient to allay, induced him to stop for a moment to gather some unripe blackberries from a low spreading bramble-bush. On leaning over for this purpose, the earth gave way beneath his foot, and he fell suddenly forward, through the yielding bush into a deep hole, which had probably been a saw-pit in former years when timber had been felled in the neighbouring copse, though it was now so completely overgrown by the brambles which had struck root on either side, as well as by rank grass and weeds, that no one could have suspected its existence.

He had received no other injury in the fall than a few slight scratches, and was preparing to scramble out again, as well as he could, when it occurred to him that as the place was luckily dry, sheltered in some degree from the elements, whose assaults, however, were not much to be dreaded in the month of July, and afforded a better security against discovery than he would be likely to obtain elsewhere, he could not be-

stow himself more eligibly for the present than in the lair upon which he had thus accidentally stumbled. Night, he was well aware, was the only season in which he could with safety steal his way towards Lyme, a point that on several accounts he was most anxious to reach; but he was now too much exhausted to crawl any farther, and had equal need of refreshment and repose. Moistening his mouth, therefore, with some of the green berries that formed a thick canopy over his head, and making a meal upon his biscuits, which hunger rendered palatable, he communed for some time with his own sad thoughts, and then wrapping his cloak around him, he stretched himself upon the bottom of the pit, where he presently forgot all his anxieties and dangers in a profound sleep.

At daybreak, however, he awoke, and immediately began to peer on all sides through the interstices of the bramble-bush, to see whether there were any appearances of pursuit. All was hushed and motionless, the cattle had not arisen from their grassy beds, there was no

smoke from the cottagers' hovels, even the lark had not yet sprung upwards from the dew; every thing seemed to be still sleeping in the grey twilight. After he had gazed around him in this manner for a short time, he observed a man in a peasant's dress creeping along one of the avenues, skirted with peas, oats, and fern, until he reached the outbounds of the enclosures, when he crouched down and threw a furtive glance over the open country, as if to ascertain whether he might safely venture forth. Stealthily as he had advanced, and scarcely audible as had been his footfall, it had occasioned a hare to start from her form beside him, and make her escape through the oats with a rustling noise; which so scared the scarer of the animal, that he slunk timidly back along the avenue, and disappeared ere Reuben could obtain a glimpse of his face. Not above ten minutes, however, had elapsed, when he observed the same figure stealing up another lane towards the outbounds immediately opposite to his place of concealment. Here he again stooped down, looking eagerly to the right and left, as

he had done before ; at which moment the rays of the rising sun, falling upon his face, betrayed the well-known features of the Duke of Monmouth.

Although Reuben had quitted the field of battle a full hour later than the Prince, it chanced that he had fled along the same road, which was, indeed, the only one unoccupied by the royal troops, and had accidentally betaken himself to the same part of the country for refuge. Notwithstanding all the fatigues of the previous day, the unfortunate Monmouth had not been able to obtain a single moment's sleep, and his wan and haggard looks, rendered the more conspicuous by their contrast to his customary beauty and vivacity, attested at once the exhaustion of his body and the wretchedness of his mind. Upon reaching the entrance of the enclosures, he had, for their common security, separated himself from Lord Grey, and one of his friends, a Brandenburgher, who had hitherto accompanied him ; and striking into the avenues, had wandered about till night-fall, when he threw himself into a ditch,

overcome with fatigue and despairing thoughts, whose very excess prevented his obtaining the sleep that alone could remedy them. Here in the silence and darkness of the night, he was stung to the heart by the most poignant regrets for the past, while the future was haunted by a thousand images of horror. Remorse, shame, and terror tore his bosom by turns. He had sacrificed his dearest friends and a gallant army to a project which he now felt to have been as desperate and hopeless, as it was utterly unfounded in any claim of right or justice: he had tarnished and destroyed that military glory which it had been the darling object of his soul to acquire; he saw no chance of escape; he was a miserable, destitute outcast, in that very country of which he had madly proclaimed himself the King; while the whole tenour of his life, but more especially the rancorous proclamation he had so recently issued, whispered to him that he had no hope of mercy from a monarch, cruel by nature, and aggravated by a long succession of the most flagrant wrongs and insults.

But that which shot the most thrilling pang to his heart, and occasioned tears of mingled tenderness and anguish to burst from his eyes, was the recollection of the happiness which, for the first time in his whole turbulent career, he had been enjoying in the society of Lady Harriot Wentworth, a lady who had sacrificed every thing for his love, and to whom he was passionately attached in return; when the suggestions of Argyle, Ferguson, and others, and the pliability and weakness of his own nature, ever yielding to the judgment of those that surrounded him, had seduced him from the delights of mutual affection, and the bosom of domestic peace, into that wild project of ambition which threatened soon to terminate in his ignominious death. A thousand times, as his thoughts reverted to the dear object of his attachment, did he curse the advisers that had tempted him with such sinister counsels, and himself for being weak enough to listen to them; while in the next moment he implored the pardon of heaven for his imprecations, and besought its aid in extricating him from the destruction that

seemed to menace him on every side. Such had been the agonizing conflict of his feelings, which, combining with his deplorable plight in a damp ditch, had deprived him of sleep, and imparted to his features a haggard and woe-worn character, that excited the deepest commiseration in the bosom of Reuben as he gazed upon his face, and watched his timid, stealthy movements. Disguised as he now saw him, in the sorry garb of a peasant, soiled with mud, pale with watchfulness and anguish, and terrified at every rustling of a leaf, Reuben recalled the recent day when he had beheld him at Taunton glittering in armour, radiant with youthful beauty, mounted on a stately charger, heading a gallant army, and surrounded by enthusiastic multitudes, who hailed him as their deliverer and their king: and the sad contrast smote upon his heart with a withering sensation, that made him utterly forget his own perilous plight in his anxiety to assist the Prince.

While he was considering in what way his services could be rendered available, he observed the object of his solicitude kneel down, take

a paper from his bosom, unfold it, kiss it devoutly, press it to his heart, and then throw up his eyes to heaven as if in earnest supplication. Knowing his passionate attachment to the lady we have mentioned, he concluded it to be her miniature, and that he was imploring for her the protection of Heaven, should he himself be prevented by death from rejoining her. Alas! it was a written charm against danger, which the superstitious Prince had purchased from a celebrated Dutch astrologer, and he was now appealing to its mediation with the sky, for assisting his escape, should he venture forth out of the enclosures, and make for the sea-coast.

Notwithstanding this supernatural protection, which he carefully returned to his bosom, he still stood irresolute, looking every way, and afraid to quit the covert; when Reuben at length determined to speak to him, and inquire whether he could render him any assistance. For a moment he was undecided how to address him. The title of Majesty, by which he had been always recently accosted, would sound like a mockery when applied to him in his present

forlorn circumstances, and he therefore ventured to reduce him to his former rank, by calling out in a loud whispering voice, "My lord Duke! my lord Duke!" But the first accents had scarcely escaped his lips, when the unfortunate Monmouth, to whose eager ear every sound came fraught with death, rushed down the avenue with all the speed of terror, and was quickly lost in the thick overgrowth of the enclosures.

His thoughts now reverting to his own situation, Reuben began to consider whether it would be better to betake himself to the covert, which from its extent offered a more numerous choice of hiding places, or remain where he was till night-fall, at which time he had resolved to make a bold push for the coast. A few minutes' reflection decided him to lie *perdu* in his present lair, which as it only constituted a low solitary bush, apparently insufficient to cover and hide a human being, would be likely to escape suspicion and search, while the enclosures would be sure to be surrounded, and to undergo a strict scrutiny. He was at no loss

for provisions, and although he already began to be parched with a thirst for which the green berries only afforded a momentary relief, he thought he might well endure this slight inconvenience for a single day, especially as his patience in this respect might perhaps ensure the preservation of his life. Remaining thus concealed and peeping through the leafy loop-holes of his little arbour, he saw the cottagers trudge forth to their customary occupations, he marked the white wood smoke of their hovels curling upwards to heaven, and showing in full relief against the tall trees of the enclosures; and as its not unpleasant odour was wafted to him by the wind, he could not help sending his thoughts to the quiet fire-sides whence it proceeded, and wishing that he could claim the protection of some such domestic altar for himself. Though their progress appeared slow, the hours still slipped away: from the position of the sun he saw that the noon had arrived: all was quiet around him: as far as his eye could reach he discovered nothing that indicated pursuit or danger; the Duke presented himself no more from the

enclosures; none but a few peasants at their labour were to be seen in the open country; he heard no sound but the song of the free and happy birds, whose lot he envied while he listened to their strains, and he recovered confidence and hope in the persuasion that he should remain unmolested till the night, when, by pushing for the coast, he might perhaps be fortunate enough to make his escape by sea.

This pleasant delusion was doomed to be of short continuance; ere another hour had elapsed, he discerned with no small consternation, a body of men moving towards him, whom, as they approached, he distinctly recognized for a party of foot soldiers, headed by a mounted officer. He felt that the hour of peril was now indeed at hand, and while he resolved to neglect no precaution that might contribute to his escape, he prepared himself for a desperate resistance, however hopeless might be the contest, determining if possible not to be taken alive. He called to mind the recent speech of

one of Argyle's captured partisans, when the King, wishing to extort confessions from him, said, "You know, Mr. Ayloff, it is in my power to pardon you;" to which the undaunted prisoner replied, "I know it is, Sir, but it is not in your nature." Sharing this conviction of the Monarch's unforgiving temper, and anticipating no mercy if he should be taken, he wished to spare his beloved parents (of whose existence and return to England he ever fondly cherished the belief) the ignominy of his public execution; while his own feelings suggested to him that it was more glorious to perish with arms in his hand, than to be manacled, insulted, imprisoned, and finally hung up like a common felon. Under the influence of these mingled feelings, he gathered a quantity of the long, rank grass that grew at the sides of the pit, which he strewed thickly over his head to prevent his being betrayed by the dark colour of his hat or hair, leaving an aperture just sufficient to enable him to see what was going on; and having thus arranged himself in the way that he conceived

most likely to elude detection, he grasped a loaded pistol in each hand and resolutely awaited his doom.

The military party consisted of a detachment of the Sussex militia, headed by Lord Lumley, who rode forward till he came within a few paces of Reuben's place of concealment, reconnoitered the enclosures for a moment, and then ordered his men to disperse themselves and take possession of all the avenues and outlets. Loosening his rein, that his horse might nibble the grass, he remained in this position for some time, occasionally calling out to the soldiers what points to occupy, while he moistened his palate with the contents of a small leathern flask, a refreshment which the exceeding sultriness of the weather seemed to render peculiarly acceptable. His horse, appearing to be equally well satisfied with his meal, and having one leg always stretched out before him, kept gradually eating his way towards the mouth of the pit, until another step would have probably occasioned the banks to give way beneath his weight, and have inevitably produced a discovery of

Reuben, when an officer on foot suddenly approached the spot. The startled animal receded two or three paces; and his rider gathered up the reins; "Ha! Trevanian, is it you?" he exclaimed, "where is your company? Have you secured the southern side of the enclosures?"

"We have been there this half hour, my Lord," replied the party thus addressed—"every outlet is so strictly guarded on that side, that not even a fox can escape, so that if the Duke have not passed through in the night, and made for the coast, we may defy him to give us the slip; although this wild covert is so cursedly tangled and overgrown, where it is not crossed by the hedges and deep ditches of the Cotter's enclosures, that we had need of a pack of hounds to unkennel him."

"I would not give a ducat for his life," said Lord Lumley, "and I would bet my roan charger, who will owe you a grudge for interrupting his bait, against the contents of this flask, which as you may perceive makes a melancholy return of *nil* as I turn it up, that ere twenty-four hours be over his empty head; we shall

send this Birmingham king to gaol, to hold a court with his friend Lord Grey."

"Is his Lordship then taken?" inquired Trevanian.

"Ay, and in such safe limbo, that with all his practice in running away, he cannot budge a foot. Before five o'clock this morning, some of my men stumbled upon him near Holt Lodge, four miles from Ringwood. We have found the peasant, too, with whom his Birmingham Majesty changed clothes, and from his information we have good reason to believe that he skulked into these enclosures yesterday afternoon, in company with another of the rebels."

"Then we will lose no time," said Trevanian, "in taking some of our sharpest-sighted files into the covert, and beating the bushes for the game. It will be hot work, and if your Lordship has a companion to that flask, I should be glad to tap it, and drink to our success, before we throw off."

"*Pardi!* I should be well content to join you in such a toast, or in any other, for I have been on horseback the whole day, and my

mouth is as dusty as the ring in the Park, but I have not, unluckily, another drop wherewith to water it."

"Were I still a schoolboy, now," said Trevanian, "I might crush a sour but welcome wine out of these unripe blackberries, and as it is they may serve to cool my mouth, and relieve it from the taste of dust." So saying, he stretched out his hand, and plucked a bunch within a few inches of Reuben's head, who held his breath, and grasped his pistol more firmly, in the full expectation that he would tumble headlong into the pit; and that in a few seconds more, they would both be engaged in a scuffle of life and death, within its narrow bounds. Fortunately for all parties, the crude fruit proved distasteful to the gatherer, who spat it out again, and turning to Lord Lumley, proposed that they should proceed immediately to select the men whom they were to lead into the enclosures in search of the Birmingham Prince. His Lordship assented, and to the inexpressible relief of Reuben's mind, who had been upon tenterhooks during the whole of the conversa-

tion, they moved forward, and joined the soldiers stationed at the outbound of the covert.

From his leafy windows he now watched the men with an intense interest, as they strictly beleaguered the avenues, and occasionally dispatched small bands in different directions to beat up the interior of the enclosure, a duty to which all parties appeared to address themselves with the greatest zeal and activity. From time to time he heard the voices of the soldiers in the different brakes and thickets hallooing to one another, or caught the sound of crashing boughs as they beat the bushes with their muskets; but nothing as yet indicated that they had made any discovery of the Duke; and as to himself, he trusted that the worst of his danger was now over, since if they remained thus occupied till night-fall, he might steal from his lurking-place, and bestow himself in some less suspected spot. While he was thus congratulating himself, a small spaniel belonging to one of the officers, which had for some time been questing backwards and forwards, came up to that side of the pit which was the farthest from the enclosures,

and presently discovering that it contained some uncustomary tenant, commenced a most clamorous barking. That he should be betrayed by this unlucky cur, after having had such a narrow escape from his master, provoked Reuben almost beyond the bounds of sufferance. Could he have shot the howling whelp, without ensuring discovery by the noise of the report, nothing would have delighted him more than to silence him for ever; as it was, he suddenly stretched forth his arm, struck him sharply with his pistol, and the frightened animal slunk yelping away, without having excited any notice among the soldiery, whose attention was exclusively devoted to the enclosures.

This was the last alarm that Reuben was doomed to experience on that most anxious and agitating day. With the delight of one who looks forward to the darkness as a period of at least temporary emancipation from misery and danger, he saw the sun slowly sink down behind the cabins that skirted the enclosure, and hailed the gathering shades of night, beneath whose concealment he hoped

to steal away unobserved. As the gloom continued deepening, he watched, as long as he was able, the movements of the soldiers, not sorry to gather from their gestures, and from such portions of their discourse as now and then reached his ear, that they had been all unsuccessful in their search. It was possible, he thought, that the Duke might have made his escape from the opposite side of the enclosure, an idea that inspired him with fresh confidence in his own deliverance, especially when he should be favoured by the night. As the darkness, however, set in, Lord Lumley ordered all his men from the interior of the covert, stationed a guard at every outlet, appointed sentinels and piquets at a few yards distance, all round the place, directed subalterns to go the rounds every half hour, with fresh soldiers for the relief, and enjoined to all his men the strictest watchfulness and vigilance upon pain of the most severe and summary punishment. To Reuben's inexpressible disappointment one of these sentinels was planted so near to him, that even upon the grass he

could hear the tramping of his feet, as he marched backwards and forwards; others were stationed at a trifling distance: the night proved by no means so dark as he could have wished; to scramble out of the pit under such circumstances, without giving an alarm all along the line, would be utterly impossible; there was at least a chance of escape by remaining *perdu*, which would be wantonly thrown away by an attempt at running the gauntlet through such a train of sentries; and seeing no alternative left but to pass another night in his present hiding-place, he reluctantly submitted to necessity.

Wrapped up in his cloak, stretched along the bottom of the pit, occasionally giving way to desponding thoughts, now forgetting himself in a few minutes' uneasy slumber, and again recalled to a consciousness of his perilous plight by the noise of the soldiers, as they came round to relieve guard; Reuben was not sorry when the night, whose approach he had hailed with so much expectation, wore slowly away, and the morning once more threw a dim glimmering of

light around his miserable sleeping-place. With the same precautions as before, he again put himself upon the watch, and observed that as soon as the sun had risen above the horizon, the sentries were withdrawn, and again dispatched among the trees, bushes, and underwood, to resume their search; while guards were planted, as before, at every avenue.

Soon after they had thus dispersed themselves, a peasant girl hurried out of a hovel in pursuit of a runaway calf, calling out to the soldiers stationed at the nearest outlet to stop it. One of them accordingly seized the halter by which the animal had been secured, and led it up to its pursuer at a small distance from Reuben; when the girl, starting back and clapping her hands together, exclaimed, "O the Fathers! what do I zee?—zure thee beest Henry Parkin?"

"Amy Ferrant!" ejaculated the soldier in return;—"God's heart! gi' us a buss, wench; for I be main glad to clap eyes upon 'ee once more."

From the short conversation that ensued,

Reuben learnt that the parties had been lovers, between whom a brooked sixpence had been broken; and that the swain, finding himself too poor to marry, and seeing no better cure for his love, had quitted the county, and enlisted in the Sussex Militia. After some mutual criminations, terminated by a reconciliation and a second kiss, the soldier inquired of his sweetheart whether she had seen or heard any thing of the Brummagem King, who was suspected of being concealed in the enclosures, together with some other of the leading rebels. The girl, who had really something of importance to communicate, but was much too tender-hearted to bring any fellow-creature into trouble, if she could avoid it, blushed deeply at the question, declaring, at the same time, that she had seen “nothing in the varsal world—no, that she was zure she hadn’t.” When her lover, however, proceeded to state that a reward of five thousand pounds had been proclaimed for the Duke’s apprehension; that he was one of five-and-twenty soldiers who had agreed, if any one of them took him, to divide the whole sum

among them, so as to secure two hundred pounds to each; and added, that if he were fortunate enough to come in for a share, he would marry her and make a lady of her; the poor girl's compassion for a stranger was not proof against her love for Henry, especially when the visions of splendour embodied in the idea of two hundred pounds, and in her becoming a fine lady, flitted at the same time before her. "Bee'st 'ee in right down earnest, and woo'st 'ec zwear to it?" inquired the damsel eagerly, and with sparkling eyes. The soldier bound himself by the required adjuration; when his mistress revealed to him that, as she was in the cowhouse at daybreak that morning, she heard a slight noise in the adjoining lane; and looking through a chink in the building, saw a strange man, dressed like a peasant, who took a clasp-knife from his pocket, and drawing off his glove for the purpose of opening it, she observed that his hand was as white as a lily, and that he had a glittering diamond ring upon his finger. She added, that he was a beautiful man, although his face was mortal pale; that he had black

curling hair; and that, after he had cut a quantity of fern, he gathered it up, and retreated cautiously down the lane.

“It be the Brummagem King, as zure as a gun!” cried the soldier, snapping his fingers all the way, as he hurried back to communicate to some of his four-and-twenty partners the important intelligence he had received; while Amy, unconsciously letting go the halter of the calf which she had come out on purpose to recover, walked slowly back to the cottage without it, lost in more delicious dreams of grandeur than ever delighted the imagination of the castle-building milkmaid in the fable.

In the conviction that the stranger she had seen in the manner described was indeed no other than the Duke, Reuben’s heart sank within him; for he knew that the place had been since too closely beset by the troops to allow the possibility of his withdrawing himself, and he already gave him up for lost. Some hours of the most painful suspense ensued, during which his eyes were intently fixed upon the enclosures, in the vain endeavour to ascertain what was going

on within them. At about eleven o'clock, however, a shout of triumph from the interior of the covert announced the successful termination of the search. Stimulated at once by the love of Amy, of gold, and of glory, and furnished with a clue by the statement of his mistress, Henry Parkin had at last discovered the unfortunate prince lying in a ditch beneath a pile of fern, which might have effectually answered the purpose of concealment for which it was intended, had he not been overlooked while cutting it in the morning. Worn out with fatigue, hunger, and anxiety, human nature could endure no more: the wretched Monmouth, suffering himself to be seized without resistance by a single soldier, burst into tears, and fainted away!

Several of Parkin's comrades being summoned to his assistance, had set up the shout of triumph that Reuben had heard, and he now saw them emerging from the covert with the fainting Duke in their arms, whom they deposited upon the grass; and dispatched one of their company to inform the commanding officer

of his arrest. Lord Lumley, Captain Treva-
nian, and others, soon ran to the spot, when the
former, ordering some water to be instantly
brought to assist in the recovery of his prisoner,
directed that his pockets should be searched
and emptied. In one were found spells against
danger, songs, and prayers in his own hand-
writing, papers indicative of the ambition, plea-
sure, and superstition, to which his mind was
addicted. From another were produced affect-
ing evidences of the extremes of human life to
which he had been subjected; the green pease
snatched from the fields, on which he had sup-
ported himself since the battle, and the diamond
George, that had so often sparkled at his side
when he formed the ornament of his father's
court, and which he had last worn on the day
of his triumphal entry into Taunton.

Parkin, the soldier who had been dispatched
to procure water, ran to the cottage of his mis-
tress, where, with infinite exultation having re-
counted his exploit, and stated the purpose of
his present visit, Amy filled a small mug from
the bucket, and hastened to the spot, upon

which a little band of officers and soldiers stood surrounding their still insensible prisoner. The sight of the Duke, however, stretched motionless upon the grass; the singular beauty of his features, which not even his temporary death could obliterate; and the diamond George, which, by recalling to her mind his royal dignity, seemed to render his seizure a species of sacrilege as well as cruelty, combined to shoot such a pang of compunction to her tender heart, that letting fall the flag of water, and grasping her lover with both hands, partly to support herself, and partly as if to arrest him, she exclaimed, "O Henry! Henry! thee hastn't been such a rogue as to seiz'n, hast 'ee?"

"'Odds pittikins!" he replied, "this is rare! Didn't 'ee tell me thyself how to vind 'n? Icod! I should never have tho't he was in the ditch, if it hadn't been for the yern thee wedst'n cut, and which was straw'd all over 'n."

"Well-a-day! well-a-day!" exclaimed Amy, "I never was adreamt of all this'n, or I would ha' bit my tongue off avore I told 'ee. Zuch a beautiful gentleman too, and zuch a white skin!

Poor creature! poor creature! what will they do wi' un, I wonder."

"Why chop his head off, to be zure," replied the soldier.

"Oh the blood-thirsty villains!" cried Amy, "would they dare to do zuch a thing as that'n?" —She let go hold of her lover, and pressing both hands upon her bosom, exclaimed, "How my poor heart do thump and thump, as if it were gooing to break through!" For some moments she strove to suppress her emotions, but another glance at the wan, motionless Duke, and the self-reproaching thought that she had been the cause of his seizure, completely overcame her; she burst into a passion of loud, ungovernable weeping, and walked rapidly back to the cottage, sobbing violently, trying in vain to dry her eyes with the corners of her apron, and uttering, deaf to the consolations of her lover, who walked by her side, reminding her of the two hundred pounds he should have, and urging her to fix the day of their marriage.

A cordial having been poured down the Duke's throat, he soon recovered, and being

placed upon a horse, was conveyed to Pool, and thence under a strong escort to the Tower of London. On the following morning he was taken by water to Whitehall, ignominiously led through the palace with his arms pinioned behind him, and conducted to the apartments which had formerly been Chiffinch's, where he was presently visited by the King, accompanied by his two secretaries. Monmouth fell upon his knees, and implored his life in the most abject terms, even making an appeal to the King's bigotry, in his distrust of his clemency, by offering to become a Catholic. Preserving a stern silence James gave him a declaration to sign, acknowledging the illegitimacy of his birth. He obeyed; the King then desired him to name all his accomplices, and when he refused to purchase life on such base terms, loaded him with reproaches, until the Duke started from the ground in a transport of passion, and quitted the royal presence with the air of an equal.

Relying on the flatteries of a fortune-teller, who assured him that if he outlived a certain

day he was designed by Providence for great things, Monmouth wrote to his uncle to implore another interview; but the notorious Colonel Blood, who seems to have possessed the inexplicable power, both in this and the preceding reign, of perpetrating with impunity whatever atrocity he chose, whether directed against the King, his courtiers, or his crown, obtained possession of the letter, and having ascertained its contents, carried it to Sunderland. The latter fearing that he might himself become implicated in his confessions, should the prisoner obtain another interview, destroyed the paper, and on the following morning the unfortunate Duke, being escorted to the place of execution by the Guards which he had once commanded, was beheaded upon Tower Hill, in the midst of an immense and sympathizing multitude of spectators.

CHAPTER IX.

To Chloë's study shall we go?
 (For ladies have their study now,)
 Oh, what a splendid sight is there!
 'Twould make the dullest hermit stare:
 There stand, all ranged in proud array,
 Each French romance, and modern play;
 Love's magazine of flames and darts,
 Whole histories of eyes and hearts:
 But, oh! view well the outward scene,
 You'll never need to look within;
 What Chloë loves she plainly shows,
 For, lo! her very books are beaux.

PREVIOUSLY to the seizure of the Duke of Monmouth, the German who had accompanied him had been also apprehended at the opposite extremity of the enclosures. As no others had been seen to enter them, and the principal objects of pursuit were at all events secured, the harassed troops were withdrawn, leaving the

neighbourhood of the sequestered covert, which had recently been the scene of so much bustle and anxiety, to the rural gossips who were gathered here and there in little knots, eagerly discussing the occurrences of the morning, and particularly the good fortune of Amy's lover, and her approaching marriage, an event that excited among them a not less lively interest than the fate of the unfortunate prince. Reuben in the mean while remained in his lurking place, tormented with a thirst which the green berries could not any longer relieve, and yet compelled to endure his imprisonment till the darkness should enable him to escape. To occupy the intervening time, he drew from his pocket the Bible that had been entrusted to him by the dying combatant at Sedgemoor, and upon opening it, he saw inscribed upon the first leaf — "*Joel Wardrop, the gift of his dear father, Malachi Wardrop;*" but without any address or other clue that might enable him to perform the request of its late owner. By the dim light admitted into his hiding-place, he contrived to read it for some time, and when the deepening

gloom compelled him to desist, he had the satisfaction to observe that the peasants were wending homewards from their labour in the fields: the sun set behind the trees; the bark of the sheep-dogs was no longer heard; the shades of night soon gathered around him; nothing remained visible but a few straggling lights amid the cottages, which disappeared one by one; and when he judged by the universal silence that every thing was buried in deep repose, he scrambled out of the pit. After having been so many hours buried, as it were, in that narrow grave, he seemed to have recovered a new life when he could again freely use his limbs, cramped by the long confinement, and wander unobstructed over the earth of which he had at last regained possession, a privilege that appeared the more precious from his uncertainty how long he might continue to enjoy it. His first object was the alleviation of his thirst, for which purpose he struck into the enclosures, and the night was not so dark as to prevent his discovery in a field adjoining a sequestered cottage, a trough of water that had

been placed there for the cattle. Turbid as it was, he drank heartily of the element, which, to his parched palate, appeared the most delightful beverage he had ever quaffed; and by the assistance of his biscuits, happily not yet exhausted, finished, in solitude and darkness, a meal rendered delicious by a sense of the immediate liberty under which he partook of it. His recent vigils had induced an almost irresistible drowsiness, which, as the instant ardour of pursuit was over, he thought he might safely venture to gratify for a few hours: in this belief, he pulled some hay from a stack, constructed a rude sort of bed, threw himself down, and slept soundly till day-break.

On awakening next morning, he felt a considerable degree of perplexity as to the most prudent course to adopt. Many circumstances rendered it advisable to reach the sea-side as quickly as possible, more especially the hope that by betaking himself to the neighbourhood indicated by Fludyer, he might be fortunate enough to be picked up by some of the emissaries of Salton, who had promised to hover off

the coast for that purpose; or procure a conveyance to Holland by other means. He knew that he could not travel in the day-time without exposing himself to the danger of being arrested; but feeling the great importance of expedition in his movements, so as to anticipate the measures that might be adopted to prevent the escape of the fugitives; and recollecting that there was nothing in his appearance to excite particular suspicion, since he had carefully concealed his pistols, he gathered a thick stick, in order to confer upon himself a more rustic appearance, and emerging from the enclosures on the opposite side to that by which he had entered, boldly ventured into the open country. He avoided the high road as much as possible, cutting across the fields and downs in the direction of Lyme, and betaking himself to the hollows, or such woody covert as he could find, whenever he observed any parties of peasants or wayfarers, whom he thought it might be safer to avoid.

From this circumstance, combined with his ignorance of the proper route, which occasion-

ally led him astray, his progress was necessarily slow in spite of all his anxiety to advance, and he had not accomplished a great many miles of his approach to Lyme, although he had wandered over no inconsiderable tract of country, when fatigue and the approach of night compelled him to betake himself to a ruined, half roofless barn, which was the best sheltering-place he could obtain. Wearied by his exertions, and favoured by the mildness of the weather, he passed a better night than could have been expected from the miserable nature of the tenement; and prepared with renovated strength and spirits to resume his march on the following morning; but his stock of provisions was exhausted, and to obtain a fresh supply it became necessary to enter some hamlet, or detached public-house; he chose the latter as the least dangerous, while the more effectually to avert suspicion he determined to assume the character of a royalist making for the coast in the hope of arresting some of the runaway rebels, and of being well rewarded for his zeal and loyalty. His feint so far answered that he obtained a

most ungracious reception from the landlord of a lone ale-house, into the kitchen of which he had made his way with an air of confidence, for the cause of Monmouth was universally popular with the lower orders, and this rural Boniface was at no pains to conceal his scorn of those who from sordid motives could be base enough to betray any of the Duke's discomfited partisans. The King, he said, had no need of any additional spies or assistants, since the whole coast was patrolled night and day by parties of troops, while boats filled with armed men were perpetually rowing backwards and forwards to intercept the fugitives; and he intimated that there was more to be made by helping the unfortunate rebels to escape, than by bringing them in as prisoners, since he had been given to understand that several of the gentry who had been arrested had contrived to get away by bribing those who had seized them. In conclusion he bitterly abused the fishermen upon the coast, who in consequence of the alleged difficulty and danger of the enterprize under such circumstances, had charged an exorbitant price to

several of the better sort whom they had received on board their smacks to be conveyed to Holland; and telling Reuben that he wished the traffickers in blood-money all the success they deserved, while he drew his fore-finger under his left ear so as to render his meaning by no means equivocal, the sturdy publican dismissed his guest from his gate, casting after him a look that was not a whit more benevolent than his recent gesture.

However he might flatter himself upon the success of his little finesse, Reuben found the information which it had enabled him to glean any thing rather than satisfactory. To learn that the point he had been so anxious to reach was guarded with an especial vigilance, was such a bitter disappointment to his hopes as almost induced him to abandon his first intention of making for Lyme; while the prospect of escape by bribing his captors, should he be seized, or of seeing the fishermen, should he even obtain unobstructed access to them; afforded him little consolation, since upon a reference to his finances it appeared that the cost of his

equipment and subsequent disbursements, had reduced him to the miserable pittance of a few shillings. Let him fly whithersoever he would, and by whatever means he might attempt his escape, money was indispensable; and this article of vital necessity he could only obtain from his uncle. Irritated as he doubtless must be against him for having acted in a manner so diametrically opposed to his own expressed opinions and wishes, and especially since it had brought him into so perilous a predicament, he felt confident that Goldingham's purse would be gladly placed at his disposal if it could conduce in the smallest degree to his safety. To him, therefore, he determined to have recourse in the first instance; but even in this there was considerable difficulty.—He felt that he had acted a part sufficiently prominent in the late rebellion, to make it probable that the house would be beleaguered with spies and soldiers for his apprehension, so that his uncle might become dangerously, perhaps fatally, compromised by his opening a communication with him, either in his own person, or through the instrumentality

of others. What course to adopt where none suggested itself without some startling objection, he was utterly at a loss to determine; he therefore resolved to approach as near to Goldingham Place as he could with safety, to reconnoitre the premises strictly, to pick up all the information in his power, and to act according to circumstances and the expediency of the moment.

Thus determined he pushed stoutly forward, and without encountering any material incident had arrived within a few miles of his uncle's residence, when he beheld Hewson the fish-vender jogging towards him in the cart which he used for the conveyance of his commodity into the interior. Knowing this man to be a professed gossip, Reuben drew the flap of his hat over his face, and assuming a clownish walk and dialect to avoid recognition, ventured to stop him and inquire the way to Mr. Goldingham's house, pretending that he was the bearer of a letter for him. Not contented with giving him the information he sought, the communicative fish-dealer stated that the gentleman in

question had been arrested and carried before the magistrates, though ~~he~~ was now out upon bail, on account of his nephew, one Mr. Reuben Apsley, having joined the Brummagem King — that soldiers were quartered in his house, and stationed about the grounds, keeping a sharp look out for the young gentleman; and that strong parties of the militia, through one of which he had just passed, were patrolling the road for several miles round Lyme, with orders to arrest all stragglers who could not give a good account of themselves. He would have continued retailing the news some time longer but that Reuben, by no means anxious to be subjected to the scrutiny of the patrolling party, hastily bade him good evening, and as soon as he lost sight of the cart struck into a narrow cross road, along which he walked at a brisk pace.

Not many minutes had elapsed, however, when he caught the sound of horses' hoofs behind him, and not doubting that it was some of the mounted officers of the militia, he ran rapidly forward, looking eagerly as he advanced for a

hiding-place. None offered that presented even a chance of concealment, but on one side of him he beheld a stately mansion, flanked with a high wall, which he hastily skirted, intending to take refuge behind the building. At the farther angle of this enclosure there was a handsome summer-house, of two stories; the upper one, which appeared to communicate with a garden on the inside, was furnished with a low window that overlooked the country, while a door opened from the lower room into the fields on the outside. It was ajar—he entered, and having admitted light enough to ascertain that the place was used as a wood-house, he drew the door after him, and ensconced himself, as well as the darkness would allow, behind a pile of faggots and billets. Here he presently caught the trampling of horses, and heard one of the riders say to the other, “ Shall we ring the bell and search the house ? ”

“ ‘Sblood ! man, not for the world,” was the reply ; “ it belongs to Lord Trevanian, a tantivi Tory, a prerogative man, a high-flyer, one who would give up his own father to be hung if he

had in any way been aiding or abetting his Birmingham Majesty. His son, the Captain, was with Lord Lumley when they seized him; he is coming back to Lyme with the troops he commands, and if he should get scent of a rebel here at Harpsden Hall, he would presently blow him out of one of Kirk's petards into Dorchester gaol." Their conversation now became inaudible, and Reuben was left to his own reflections, which filled him with a deeper despondency than he had yet experienced. He was hurt beyond measure that his uncle should have been subjected to so much disgrace and vexation upon his account. His scheme of getting money from him to facilitate his escape, was rendered utterly abortive by Hewson's information that Goldingham Place was occupied by soldiers, and beset with spies; both sea and shore were strictly guarded by night and day; the roads were covered with patrolling parties, from one of which he had just had a most narrow escape; the whole country was up in arms against the fugitive rebels; and he had taken present refuge on the premises of a relentless

partizan of the Government, whose son he had seen at the time of the Duke's capture, and whose activity upon that occasion afforded him but a sorry hope of his own escape, should any suspicion be entertained that he was lurking about the precincts of Harpsden Hall, which from the conversation he had just heard he gathered to be the name of the mansion. This review of his plight and prospects was in itself sufficiently disheartening, but it became doubly distressing when he reflected that by his precipitation and imprudence he had probably marred for ever the darling object of his life—the high and solemn duty to which he had pledged himself, that of devoting all his means and energies to an attempt at elucidating the fate of his lost parents. Utterly at loss how to act, and whither to go, he was decided by one trifling circumstance, to remain, at least for the present, where he was. From the recent dialogue of the horsemen he had learnt that the premises of so staunch a Tory as Lord Trevanian were above suspicion, and secured from the invasion of the soldiers; a circumstance which, although it exposed him

to certain destruction if he were discovered, afforded him at all events an additional chance of eluding detection; and with this forlorn hope for his sole consolation, he spread his cloak over the faggots, threw himself down, and for a few hours forgot all his sufferings in sleep.

The uneasy nature of his bed, however, forbidding a lengthened slumber, he arose, and cautiously opened the door of his humble dormitory. The sun was just rising, neither man nor beast appeared to be yet awake, and he turned back with the intention of again composing himself to rest, when by the dim light admitted into the woodhouse, he observed that it had formerly been a grotto, the walls being still decorated with shells, spars, glass, and grotesque ornaments, although the whole place had been suffered to fall into decay. In a recess of one side, a stone basin had formerly received water from the open mouth of a carved monster above it; but the basin was lying in fragments upon the earth, and the mouth gaped in vain for the fountain that should supply it. At one extremity of the place, was a

flight of wooden steps, the use of which he was at a loss to conjecture, since they rested against the floor of the room above, until upon some minute examination he discovered a trap-door, so constructed as to slide aside horizontally. With some difficulty, apparently from its long disuse, he pushed it along the grooves in which it ran, walked up the steps, and found himself in the summer-house above, a room handsomely furnished and adorned with mirrors, and exhibiting marks of recent occupancy, music-books being carelessly dispersed about it, and a guitar with a lady's fan and glove, together with a large open romance handsomely bound, lying upon a table in the bow-window, by the side of a glass vase, filled with gold and silver fish.

After having observed these different objects with some curiosity and attention, he proceeded out of the summer-house, along a gravel-walk planted with evergreens on either side, and found himself in a fair and spacious garden, terminated by a sheet of water at whose upper end stood the mansion. None of the shutters

were yet opened, no smoke ascended from its chimneys, and he remained gazing upon it with a sort of melancholy pleasure, envying the inmates who could sleep in a tranquil security that offered such a contrast to his own state, when the barking of a dog alarmed him; he hastily retreated, descended the steps, drew the trap-door across the aperture, and resumed his station among the faggots.

Lord Trevanian, upon whose premises he had thus taken refuge, was a political bigot, a stickler, to the very utterance, for the divine right of kings, but above all of his most sacred and anointed Majesty King James the Second; a preacher up of unconditional submission, and passive non-resistance on the part of his subjects. At the outset of his career, his Lordship had formed an inflexible resolution never to be in the wrong, to which sapient rule he had adhered with an exemplary constancy. Indeed his obstinacy generally increased with the flagrancy of any mistake in his conduct; for when his judgment whispered to him that he was going astray, he called his pride to his aid, and

clung to his errors with a more stubborn tenacity than ever. It was from this feeling rather than from his own religious convictions, that while he was ready to proceed all lengths in political slavishness to his lord and master, he was deaf as an adder to his importunities when he solicited him, as he had done more than once, to become a Catholic. Not that he had any insuperable objection to one creed, or devotedness to another, but he could not endure the thought that old Lord Trevanian should acknowledge young Lord Trevanian to have been a fool; that the latter part of his life should give the former part the lie; that it was possible for a personage of his profound penetration to have been mistaken in a point of such vital consequence. Like other proud and yet abject men, he exacted from the rest of the world the same crawling deference to himself, that he conceded to his sovereign; and imagined that he was asserting his own dignity when he maintained a cold, stern, tyrannical demeanour, not only to his own family, but towards all whom he considered his inferiors, which embraced a most

comprehensive class. Judging by analogy, the world is prone to believe that the mind which cannot bend must needs be strong: they might as reasonably conclude that the rigidity of the muscles induced by rheumatism is an evidence of vigour. Lord Trevanian had the full benefit of this mistake, palpable as it was. From his repulsive habits he had scarcely any intimate acquaintance, a circumstance that kept up the popular delusion as to his character; for those who knew him well, were at no loss to discover that in spite of the hauteur and solemn inflexibility which he affected, he was the selfish, heartless, servile tool of the ministry; utterly empty and ignorant upon many points, of which he arrogated a superior knowledge, while he was shallow and superficial upon all.

In the most important step of life he had committed a blunder, which surprised all those who were willing to take his judgment at his own valuation. He had married a woman for her beauty who was as superior to him in talent as she was unfitted for him in every other respect. Lady Trevanian yielding to the im-

portunity of her parents, and dazzled by the prospect of a splendid alliance, found herself soon after her marriage the miserable wife of a man whose understanding she despised, from whose principles she dissented, to whose person she was indifferent, and whose frigid stateliness of manner appeared to her at once ridiculous and revolting. It might have been difficult to pronounce to which of this ill-assorted couple the marriage yoke proved the most galling; they wore it notwithstanding for three or four weary wrangling years, when they formed a rather unusual compact. A separate maintenance and establishment for Lady Trevanian, by rendering this disagreement notorious, would not only have convicted his Lordship of a glaring mistake in his choice, but would have called upon him for pecuniary sacrifices, which he always contemplated with aversion, for he coveted money on account of the power and superiority which he imagined it to confer: a compromise was therefore made which spared both his pride and his purse. They agreed to occupy the separate wings of Trevanian House, their

London residence, an extensive pile which allowed such an arrangement without any material inconvenience; while the state rooms in the centre were appropriated to such grand political dinners or festive parties, as it might suit either of them to give, on which occasions they met together, not indeed with the cordial delight of mutual affection, but with the cold urbanity of well-bred people, who respected themselves too much to let the world perceive how little they respected each other.

Although Lady Trevanian was a woman of spirit and talent, she evinced in all matters of conduct a lamentable want of judgment, of which she never afforded a more striking evidence than when she decided that she was now at full liberty to disregard appearances, and to act as she pleased. Licentious as was the age, there were certain observances of decorum which few married females felt warranted in neglecting, and when the more timid of Lady Trevanian's friends withdrew from her society, it was rather on account of her want of prudence in this respect, than her want of

virtue. Indignant at this affront from parties, some of whom she knew to be as culpable, though they might be more discreet than herself; and hopeless of recovering the estimation she had forfeited, she determined, at least, to enjoy her bad reputation, and abandoned herself to gallantry, as if to justify her quondam friends for the step they had taken. Setting herself up for a *bel-esprit*, her moiety of the house was the resort of the wits and literati, her *bon-mots* were repeated whenever the hearers were not too fastidious to listen to them, she branded all observance of the decencies of life by the name of hypocrisy and cant, assumed an effrontery of carriage quite foreign to her original character, and seemed daringly resolved to out-brazen the world and defy its malice.

Her face, which at the period of our history, was still handsome, bore fearful testimony to the struggles and irregularities of her life. It was completely auto-biographical, and its character decidedly volcanic; betraying the fire of the passions that had been raging within. It dis-

closed the lurking contest of pride battling against a consciousness of criminality, and it might be truly said that her audacity was but a perpetual effort to conquer her natural modesty. Determined boldly to stare down scrutiny, she fixed her eyes upon every gazer with a scornful look that seemed to say, "Yes, I am the Lady Trevanian of whom you have heard so much—and what then?" but through all this superficial covering of defiance, nothing was more distinctly legible than the wretchedness beneath.

But Lady Trevanian, who, under happier auspices, might have been a virtuous and irreproachable wife, did not cease, even in the vortex of her misconduct, to be a fond and anxious mother. Her only son, the Captain Trevanian, of whom we have already made slight mention, had been sent to a public school by his father, after which she rarely saw him; her two daughters had been entrusted to her own management. Helen, the eldest, at the request of a rich old bachelor uncle, whose great age rendered it probable that his great

wealth would soon be distributed among those who won his favour, had been sent to him on a visit that was protracted from year to year, until the old gentleman, who had long railed against matrimony, and piqued himself on escaping the snare, came to the usual end of such sagacious declaimers by marrying his house-keeper, a consummation which occasioned his niece to be immediately taken home. Lady Trevanian had felt so much annoyance from her own ignorance of French, which was much spoken at the Court, especially during the long stay of Charles the Second's favourite Madame de Querouaille, the Duchess of Portsmouth, that she resolved to secure the acquisition of that language for her youngest daughter Adeline. She was accordingly provided with a Parisian governess for her Duenna, who was strictly charged never to trust her out of her sight, and always to make her speak French, to facilitate which object she had an unlimited command of romances and plays in that language.

Helen's return, and the arrival of that period

when it became necessary to present both sisters at Court, and introduce them into the world, seemed for the first time to open their mother's eyes to the character of the circle by which she was surrounded; and some licentious language addressed to Adeline by one of the profligate gallants that frequented the house, confirmed her misgivings, and even awakened all her terrors. Hardened as to her individual fate and estimation, she felt with a sensibility rendered more jealous by the remembrance of her own misconduct, the dangers to which her daughters might be exposed; while a pang of deep though silent remorse stung her to the heart as she reflected that it was herself who had subjected them to these perils, herself who had alienated them from many of the pure and virtuous associates of their own sex, who might have served them for a model of conduct, for which unfortunately they could not look to their own mother. Her repentance was intense, although she still sought to make a compromise with her pride by giving out to the world that she withdrew from London on her daughters'

account, not upon her own. Such was the general profligacy of the courtiers, and more especially of those with whom she was the most intimate; such was her experience of the unhappiness of marriages contracted amid the circles of fashion and high life as they were then constituted, that she deemed it preferable to seek a settlement for her girls among the more respectable, though less polished classes of the country gentlemen. Perhaps some individual disgust or disappointment confirmed, if it did not suggest, these notions. Be this as it may, she submitted her wishes to Lord Trevanian, who eagerly acquiesced in an arrangement which would release him from a wife whom he hated, while he could little regret the separation from his daughters, whom he had rarely seen, and about whom he had never troubled his head. She withdrew with them accordingly to Harpsden Hall, a mansion of his Lordship's in Dorsetshire, where she had not been many months settled when Reuben sought sanctuary in the wood-house, under the circumstances we have stated.

With a finely shaped oval face, mild hazel

eyes, the clear complexion of a brunette, ~~silky~~ dark hair, a singularly noble and intellectual though somewhat sedate expression of countenance, and a form that might be emphatically termed lovely and feminine, Helen united a mind of almost masculine solidity, good sense, and self-possession. In the library of her Bachelor uncle she had passed much of her time among sterling books, and having few associates or amusements during her abode with a sequestered old humourist, she had thought more for herself in her first childhood, (if that period may be extended to the middle of the teens), than many who are about to enter into their second.

As to Adeline, she was a handsome romantic girl, whose highly-arched eyebrows, expressive of an animated wonderment, and the simper that for ever wreathed her features, and flickered around her mouth, would have stamped her with a character of mingled good-nature, vanity and vivacity, even had she not conveyed that impression by the sparkling frivolity of her discourse, the affectation of her coquettish de-

meanour, and the fantastical over-finery of her dress. Vain and superficial as she was, she exhibited at times in her discourse a certain character of archness, and an amusing love of *espéglerie*, that seemed hardly to assimilate with her general love of romance, and the occasional weakness of her conduct; so that at times it was difficult to decide whether her actions proceeded from natural silliness, or a mere love of mischief and adventure. The plays and romances that had formed her only reading, seemed to have left room in her head for little else, except scraps and interjections of French, picked up from a governess not much wiser than herself. There was little congeniality of disposition between herself and Helen, who sometimes by argument, sometimes by ridicule, ineffectually endeavoured to cure her of her faults; and poor Adeline had nothing to do but to wander about the grounds with some French volume in her hand, recline under a tree in an interesting attitude, or perch herself in the summer-house window, like a Juliet without a Romeo, while she read French romances,

played upon the guitar, waited for adventures, and sorrowfully bewailed the lost gaieties of the Court, and the vanished beaux and flutterers of the Mall, the Ring and the Mulberry Garden. In vain did she sigh to the trees, and sing to the wind; no rural Damon was discovered gazing furtively at her from amid the foliage; no ambered billet-doux on rose-coloured paper, was tossed over the garden-wall, or deposited in her path; no plumed and whiskered Cavalier was seen to prowl about the neighbouring copse, with the calash and four fleet barbs that were to whirl her away to love and elysium, and she unceasingly deplored her cruel fate in being thus cut off from every catastrophic, and condemned to all the horrors of a serene and uneventful existence.

“*Dieu! que c'est ennuyeux!*” she exclaimed, one day, throwing herself into a chair in the summer-house, in order to indulge in a long soliloquy, since there was nobody but herself to talk to; “*Dieu! que c'est ennuyeux que de végéter de là sorte! Eh, Seigneur! je m'impatiente.*” May I die, but I had rather be a cow

or cabbage at once, if one must be planted in the horrid country; or, at all events, it were better be a simple rustic Joan, who has never known any other fate, than to trudge in paragon and pattens, to stuff curds and cream, stewed plums and honeycomb, to rise with the sun, tend to the dairy, and think a rasher of bacon for breakfast a delicate regale. Were I in France now, as Mademoiselle Etienne has often assured me, I should not stir a step among the trees without encountering a charming groupe of *paysannes*, with their *tabliers de soie, couleur de rose*, and their *sattin shoes* to match, each *coiffée comme un ange*, and all dancing like St. André or Gouvion. *Helas! c'est bien différent* with our Colin Clouts and Gammer Gurtons in England, whom it rebutes one even to approach, unless one is fortified with a tuberose pomander, or a *casolette* of Frangepan. Not a single spark, gallant or cavalier have I yet seen in this odious country, of whom it may not be truly said, *qu'il sent bien sa province*. *O mes mignons!* my dear Romances! what should I do without ye?

Point d'amants à la campagne, how, therefore, should I pass the time if I could not participate in the courtship of your 'pages, and mingle in the loves of Arethusius and Hyacinthia, of Orontes and Andromeda, of Cloria and Narcissus! What adventures can one hope for in this miserable Harpsden Hall? no heroes or heroines, no elopements or marriages, no duels or mysteries, no suicides or murders; one cannot even kill time."

She gazed from the window on every side, but observing nothing in the surrounding solitude except a confirmation of all her sad assertions, she arose from her seat and walked up and down before a large mirror, drawing herself up, bridling, turning up her eyes, tossing her head, biting her lips, flirting her fan, and practising a thousand coquettish airs and graces as she surveyed herself in every possible variety of attitude, look, and action. "This provoking *tois*, will never keep in curl," she continued, arranging her head-dress, and these *confidants* come a little too forward, though they certainly give me an air *languissant et amoureux*. *Mais*

çette Sultane me va à merveille. May I die! but the sleeve has a most enchanting slope from the elbow! How *coquette* and *enjoué* was that expression of my face! but where is my *boîte à mouches*? I must put a patch upon this cheek just to draw attention to the 'dimple. Attention! *Helas!* of whom am I to make a conquest? whose eyes can I attract unless it be those of the gold and silver fish beside me, or of the birds and beasts that seem to be the sole lords of the earth in this rural desert? *O Ciel! comme il est triste, ce monde moderne!* We have fields enough, *par exemple*; but no field of Enna, where if a young lady goes to gather daisies and blue-bells, the earth yawns beneath her, up starts a king and invites her to take a ride to his Stygian dominions, and become his queen. May I die! but I had a thousand times rather encounter a similar spectacle than—”

Here she was interrupted by a sudden noise, the floor opened beneath her feet, and up jumped Reuben Apsley, who having been rendered almost desperate by repeated unavailing attempts to escape from the wood house towards

the coast, and hearing a female voice over his head, resolved in his confidence of that kindness and magnanimity which he knew to be the common attributes of woman, to throw himself upon her generosity, whomsoever she might be; and implore her aid in procuring him a more effectual disguise, so that he might get away with safety, or in assisting him to secrete himself where he might obtain the means of subsistence, of which he now stood in absolute want, until the ardour of pursuit should have abated. Adeline, however, was so little prepared for such an apparition, that she uttered a shuddering cry, and fell back fainting in her chair; Reuben was thrown into no small consternation lest her scream should attract some of the inmates of the house to her assistance; while in his ignorance of fainting fits, he was not altogether certain that he had not actually frightened her to death. Some signs of life, however, recalling him a little to his recollection, he took some water from the vase that contained the fish, and sprinkled it, rather more copiously than was necessary, over the face of the sufferer,

in which process he caught a glimpse of his own figure in the glass, and very naturally concluding that his slouched hat, and the general dishabille of his appearance, might have contributed to her alarm, he threw off his beaver, and made his toilet as becomingly as three or four agitated minutes would allow. In a short time he had the satisfaction of seeing her slowly open her eyes, and exclaim in a faint voice, “*O Ciel!* what are you, whence come you? Help, help!”

“Ten thousand pardons,” exclaimed Reuben, falling on one knee, “for this unintentional alarm; believe me you have not the remotest reason for apprehension; my name is Reuben Apsley, and my uncle Mr. Goldingham——.”

“Reuben Apsley?” interrupted Adeline, recovering confidence as rapidly as she had lost it, and evidently not displeased with the handsome features and fine figure which a calmer observation allowed her to discover,—“*Mais, quel coup d’etourdi* to take you for Pluto, when you are so much younger, so much better looking—so much more——Reuben Apsley!

it is a very pretty name,—and mine is Adeline Trevanian; it has been reckoned very *gentil* and *distingué*. How did you come here? Oh, by that nasty trap-door I perceive. Pray shut it up, for you surely can't think of again going down those dreadfully steep steps."

"My uncle, Mr. Goldingham," said Reuben, about to enter into a full explanation, but he had proceeded no farther when his vivacious companion stopped him with an exclamation of, "*Eh! mon Dieu! je m'en rappelle*, I thought I had heard the name before. You are the young gentleman that ran away from Goldingham Place, and joined the Duke."

Reuben bowed his head in token of acquiescence.

"And you have put on this disguise, and hidden yourself in the murky cavern below for fear of being taken up, and hanged for a rebel."

Another bow admitted the correctness of this supposition, when his fair auditors clasped her hands, and exclaimed, with a look of the greatest delight, "*O que c'est charmant, cela! Voilà*

donc enfin une aventure! such as one reads of in a Play or a Romance. Nothing could possibly come more *à propos*; it is the very sort of incident I have been sighing for; I would not have missed it for the world."

"I am gratified beyond expression," said Reuben, "to find that you are not offended at my boldness, that you allow me to place my life in your hands."

"Offended?" *tout au contraire*, I am delighted, *on ne peut plus*, and as to your life, I swear to preserve it even at the risk of my own. You shall find that I know the duty of a heroine upon such occasions. I will think of nothing but your safety, and sacrifice every feeling to the sacred claims of—La! goodness me! the cape of my sultane and my Colbertine cornet are dripping wet! *d'où vient cela?*"

"I fear, Miss Trevanian, that I must apologize for the awkwardness of my hand, or the agitation of my feelings, which led me to sprinkle you rather too profusely in the hope of accelerating your recovery, but at such a distressing moment——"

“ Oh, it was the least you could do,” replied Adeline, standing before the glass, and arranging her disordered dress and curls, “ to bring me to life, after having frightened me to death. But mamma will lecture me for a whole week if I catch cold and spoil my voice, so I had better hurry home as fast as I can.”

“ But not, I trust, without condescending to afford me the hope and happiness of another interview ‘in the course of the day, or at all events, to-morrow.”

“ *A la bonne heure! à la bonne heure!* why should I not? I promise you I am not going to abandon an adventure so romantic. May I die! but I should be *desesperée au dernier* were the nasty constables to come and take you away to be hanged, and so spoil an incident than which there is nothing prettier in *Almahide*, or *Mathilde d’Aguilar*.”

Reuben now ventured to remind her that the instant sacrifice of his life might be involved in the smallest violation of secrecy, professed an eternal gratitude for her promised interest in his preservation, declared that his life would

become doubly valuable if he were to owe its preservation to one who appeared to be as compassionate as she was beautiful, which was the utmost compliment that he could pay to her humanity, and concluded his passionate address with the rather humiliating avowal, that necessity must soon expel him from the asylum he had chosen, unless he could procure food, of which he had tasted none for many hours.

“ Food !” cried Adeline with a look of infinite disappointment and surprise, “ how excessively unromantic ! In the Knight of the Sun, I remember that Roseclairc and his brother, the sons of the Emperor of Constantinople, fasted for a whole fortnight without inconvenience. *Mais, c'est égal* ; modern heroes are not like those in the days of Chivalry. I will manage to bring you something, *à la derobé ! allons ! allons !* I am dying to see you sink into the earth like a mole. You must not mind being buried alive ; in the country we are all in the same predicament. There, take care how you get down. How dark it looks below ! *Vraiment, cela me fait horreur. A Dieu ne plaise,*

that you should be discovered. Provoking! I see by the glass that my *tour* is again all out of curl. *Adieu! au revoir: fiez vous à moi.* Draw the trap-door quite close again. May I die! if I shall ever call you any thing but Arcadius; of course you have read of Prince Arcadius, in the Royal Romance, who lived in a cavern six weeks for love of the Princess Cloria. The trap-door is shut. *Adieu! àdieu! Voilà une plaisante aventure!*

CHAPTER X.

Love me not for comely grace,
For my pleasing eye or face,
Nor for any outward part;
No, nor for my constant heart:
For those may fail, or turn to ill,
So thou and I shall sever:
Keep, therefore, a true woman's eye,
And love me still, but know not why
So hast thou the same reason still
To doat upon me ever.

HERE was a delightful occurrence, which not only came to break the monotony of Adeline's existence, but seemed expressly calculated to inflame an imagination already kindled by the perusal of French romances. It was, indeed, an incident that possessed every element of attraction to a mind like hers;—its novelty and mystery were combined with a due portion of

the terrible to preserve the interest, for the consequences of a discovery would probably be fatal; and as to love, she was not only *éperdue-ment amoureuse* at the very first sight, but beheld in the passionate earnestness of Reuben's manner while he was kneeling at her feet, as well as in every subsequent word, look, and gesture, the confession of a reciprocal flame, which, like all those she had ever read of, was to rage with a desperate and inextinguishable ardour. Elated, enraptured, at the thought that she was acting the part of a heroine, she stolè covertly to the summer-house with a basket of provisions, snatching every possible opportunity of repeating her visits; and, far from thinking that she was lowering herself, or committing any impropriety, by these clandestine interviews, she became so exalted in her own opinion, as to consider herself infinitely superior to the common daughters of earth, while she was thus tripping to the place of rendezvous. When there, however, her demeanour was common-place enough,—she coquetted, laughed, rattled, talked French, sang songs in the same

language to the accompaniment of her guitar, arranged her *coiffure* or altered a patch in the glass was thrown, into the prettiest and most becoming terrors imaginable whenever she heard any unexpected noise, and listened very patiently to Reuben's plans for his escape, unless when she interrupted him to moot a point out of some high-flown romance, to ask his opinion of a sweet fancied scarf just received from London, or to consult him whether the scollops of her new *Sac à la Sedley* should be edged with gold or silver.

Struck as Reuben had been by her beauty at their first interview, as well as by a certain air of high-bred, though somewhat fantastical elegance in her appearance, and not less flattered by the instant ardour with which she had embraced his cause, such conversation as we have described could not fail to lower his estimate of her understanding. True, he was a lover of the romantic; but it must be the intuitive romance of the intellect, not that borrowed from the ponderous tomes of Scuderi and Calprenède: he doated upon enthusiasm; but it

must be the genuine effusion of the heart, not the cold* frivolous emanation of the head: poetry was his idol; but it was the lofty, the passionate, or the profound, not the flat and frigid amorousness, or the affected fervours, of French chansonettes. Wearied with her girlish inanity and Frenchified phrases, finding nothing lively in her vapid rattle, and a good deal that struck him as unfeminine in her forwardness, especially as he felt the unfavourable construction that would be put upon their furtive meetings, should they ever chance to be discovered, he became impatient to break them off by making his escape; with which view he had already stolen out several times to reconnoitre, but had as often been driven back by the appearance of troops and patrolling parties in the neighbourhood.

Adeline, however, dreamt not of any such speedy termination to their courtship, for such she fully considered it to be. Fancying that it would now become her to be pensive and sentimental, she sang her tenderest and most melting songs, assumed a languishing look, suffered her

hair to fall about her ears like a tragedy queen, occasionally laid her right hand upon her heart, very often looked up to heaven with an expression of vacant melancholy, became vehemently attached to the moon, and was seldom unprovided with a deep and most love-fraught sigh. Never had she been so happy as when assuming these appearances of woe. It was so delightful to have something to interest one in the country—to have encountered a real adventure; to possess a lover concealed in a woodhouse—and one, moreover, whose life was in her power! And then the importance she derived from being the depositary of a profound, impenetrable, death-involving secret, was in itself no small charm; though she felt it would be still more delicious, if some one could know how fortunate she was, what a mighty mystery was confided to her, how furiously she was beloved, how devotedly she returned the passion! Besides, all heroines, whether of romance or tragedy, had a confidant, who shared their joys and sorrows, and, what was of more consequence, assisted them in their projects. Her

secret, too, was really uneasy in her own bosom ; it seemed to burn within her ; she was dying to reveal it ; it was perpetually fluttering upon the tip of her tongue, as if waiting for an opportunity to fly away from her. She fidgeted about Helen, looked significantly and sheepishly by turns, began a sentence, and suddenly stopped short as if afraid of committing herself ; carefully shut the doors before she would open her lips upon the most indifferent subject, and dallied, and coquetted, and played off a thousand ridiculous and affected airs with the mystery in her possession.

Her sister was the only person who could consistently fill the vacant point of confidant, but Helen, she thought, was so prim, so starch and precise, and formal and fussy, and hated adventures, and talked so sapiently about propriety, and all that sort of thing, that she really did not believe she could ever bring herself to make the communication. However, all these dissuasions yielded to the still greater annoyance of not being disburthened of her secret, and after various resolutions to that

effect, and as many failings of the heart, she sate herself down one morning beside her sister, who was painting a landscape, and endeavoured to prepare herself for the important avowal, as well as to awaken attention in her auditors by a most ominous heigho!

Helen had already observed that there was something labouring in Adeline's mind, but as she had reason to believe her deficient in real feeling, although with abundant susceptibility to any frivolous and evanescent impression, she attributed it to some sentimental woe with which she had been infected by her French romances, and determining to wait with patience till the mountain should be delivered of its mouse, she pursued her employment without noticing the lugubrious sigh aforesaid.

“*Dis donc, ma sœur,*” said Adeline after another sigh—“*crois-tu que l'on puisse aimer—*”

“Nay, prythee,” interposed Helen, “if you are going to talk of love, let us speak plain English, or I shall cry with Shakspeare's *Mercutio*—“*Bon jour*—there's a French salutation for your French slop, and so take my leave.”

“ Shakspeare, my dear Helen ! he was a *savage*, a *barbare*. How can you quote from a man who is only endurable upon our stage when altered and improved by Tate, Davenant, Crowne, or Ravenscroft ? We had no genuine taste till the Restoration brought it over to us from France. I was going to inquire whether you still disbelieved in the possibility of love at first sight.”

Helen declared her conviction that any dignified love must be the deliberate offspring of the head and heart, and could not be thus instantaneously born of the eyes.

“ *N’allez pas si grand train,*” cried Adeline, and then having played for some time with her fan, and counted the sticks, and slightly blushed, and cast a glance at herself in the mirror as she bridled up her head, and shook back her curls, she continued, “ You may have never been placed in such a situation, Helen, but for myself I can attest from my own experience, that a woman may find it impossible—that is to say, that she may fall in love at first sight.”

“ So then, the wonder is out at last,” ex-

claimed Helen, “and pray, if it is no longer a secret, may I ask the name of this redoubtable Amadis, who has conquered your heart by a single *coup d’œil*? Some Cavalier, I presume, whom you have discovered upon his palfrey from the window of the summer-house, at which you are so delighted to plant yourself.”

“*Tu ne t’y prends pas mal*,—not badly guessed;” said Adeline, waiting to be more particularly cross-questioned before she proceeded in her confession.

“I have never any wish to be made the depositary of a secret,” said Helen; “if this, therefore, is nothing more than a girlish admiration of some unknown Romeo, I had rather not receive it. If it is a matter of any serious import, in which my advice or assistance can benefit you, they are both willingly at your service.”

“It is, it is!” exclaimed Adeline in a passionate tone, and clasping her hands as she spoke; “something in which the happiness of my own existence, and the life of a fellow-creature are concerned.”

“Nay then, my dear Adeline,” said Helen,

reddening with sudden surprize, and affectionately kissing her, “ I am most anxious to hear it.”

“ And you promise me upon your honour, you swear to me, never to reveal it without my permission.”

“ Certainly, my dear Adeline, since you have so little confidence in my discretion as to require this pledge.”

“ Well, then, you were right; it *was* in the summer-house that I first encountered him—it is there that we have always met.”

“ Always met! Good Heavens! whom have you been meeting, and for what purpose?”

With some little real confusion, and more affectation, Adeline proceeded to recount the whole adventure, making no secret of the delight with which she had insisted upon a new interview every time they parted, interlarding her recital with passionate praises of Reuben’s personal and mental recommendations, and concluding with the assurance that he was desperately in love with her, and that he was her own dear, darling Arcadius.

Helen, who concluded that she was to be made the confidant of one of those evanescent loves at first sight, of which such flighty and inflammable girls as her sister are apt to have a score before they are as many years old, was not less surprized than shocked at this communication. Taking Adeline's two hands, and pressing them between her own, while the blood, mounting even to her forehead, betrayed that she felt more shame in hearing, than her sister did in recounting the adventure, she exclaimed, —“ My dear, dear Adeline, have you indeed been so excessively imprudent? do you know anything—”

“ Oh, if you had but seen him !” interrupted Adeline ; “ such a beautiful creature ! and so interesting, and so melancholy, and so *spirituel* and *eveillé*, quite the *cavalier accompli* ; and as to his understanding, *il a de l'esprit comme quatre*. Would you have had me *congedier* a youth with such fine large expressive eyes, who placed himself and his life in my hands. Remember, that Mandana, in the Grand Cyrus, sate down on the cold ground, by the King of

Assyria, and not only pitied him who died for her—Ah! you should see him, *c'est un homme fait à peindre.*”

“But were you not aware, Adeline, of the gross impropriety of these clandestine meetings—of the injury your reputation would sustain if discovered—of the danger—”

“*Eh, pour l'amour de Dieu, nè joue pas la Sermonieuse*, and don't look so terribly serious and frightened; there was no danger, believe me, for he is perfectly *sage*, and not in the smallest degree *entrepenant*, I assure you.”

“Will you allow me, at least, to inquire whether he has ever made any explicit declaration of love to you?”

“La, Helen! how can you be so indelicate? do you suppose people cannot carry on a courtship without prattling love all the day long? *Il m'a fait les doux yeux*—his eyes confessed a *tendresse* from the first moment; he swore an eternal gratitude; and this is a thousand times better and more delightful authority than any formal, vulgar, common-place declaration.”

“ My dear Adeline,” exclaimed Helen, looking still more serious; “ every word you utter fills me with additional distrust and alarm. As you value your character and your peace of mind, I do implore you to discard from your thoughts——”

“ Stop, Helen, stop, I can spare all your fine arguments, by recalling to your recollection *qu'en fait d'amour ne ne raisonne pas.*”

“ Do you then seriously mean to confess that you are in love with this stranger ?”

“ *Eperdument—à la folie*—desperately, distractedly,” replied Adeline, endeavouring to assume a most tragical and energetic look; “ and neither the storms of fate, nor the frowns of fortune, nor all the cruelty of unrelenting parents shall ever tear his dear image from my heart.”

“ But the laws of your country may claim him as their victim in spite of all your heroics. Supposing even that he reciprocates your passion, have you reflected that he is an outcast and a fugitive, who, so far from being in a si-

tuation to think of marriage, must either fly from England or live in hourly danger of the scaffold?"

"*Tu me fais fremir: quelle idée horrible!* But no, no, no! Every body says that an amnesty will shortly be published; he will be pardoned; Mr. Goldingham is enormously rich; he will purchase him a handsome house in St. James's, and if I once get back to London, may I die if I ever again suffer myself to be buried in the *triste*, the *sombre*, the horrid country, *où l'on s'ennuie à la mort.*" The pleasant idea of London, by recalling her old lovers, completely drove her new one from the volatile mind of Adeline, as she exclaimed in a sort of rapture, "O dear, gay, delightful London! Oh, the pleasures of the ring, the parks, the Mall, and the Mulberry Garden! Every place else is a desert. Oh, the charms of a ball, where you are sure to meet the whole of the *beau monde*—an *embarras* of sedans and coaches in the street, through which your chairmen are half an hour in forcing their way—every window lighted up—flambeaux flaring at the door

—an uproar of footmen in the hall—music and laughter sounding from above, a *melée* of plumes and perukes, and an *entortillement* of swords, hoops, and flounces on the stairs, while the whole house rocks to the merry feet of beaux and belles of the Court and the *grand monde*, as they dance corants, lavoltas, and galliards.”

“But to recur to this unfortunate affair,” said Helen.

“What so gay and *seduisant*,” continued Adeline, whose flighty imagination was too completely transferred to London to allow her to notice her sister’s remark; “as to drive to dear Mrs. Thody’s, or some of the Indian shops in Bucklersbury, to buy French toys, fans, points, jessamine gloves, Spanish paper, tires for the head, almond-water and washes, a finger watch, a japan patch box, or a darling little china monster, so ugly and so useless, that you can’t possibly help falling in love with him. Then hey! for the Park, where you presently notice some handsome gallant in a gilt chariot, with four long-tailed horses, and a whole cluster

of lacqueys clinging behind; he has a periwig that would not disgrace even Sir Harcourt Slingsby; he lowers his side-glass as you pass, and surveys you *d'un air enjoué*; again he passionately side-glances you when you meet, *et vous fait les doux yeux*; he quits the Park when you do, and you see him on the Mall, followed by a black page, with a brass collar, a philamott livery, silver buttons, with a coronet, and a glazed hat; your spark passes you three times, looking languishing *comme on ne peut plus*; and at night you meet him in the drawing-room at Whitehall, in a velvet suit, with diamond buttons, buckles, sword-hilt, and hat-band, when he bows, offers you his snuff-box, lays his hand upon his heart, sighs *eperdument*, *et fait la rôle d'un amoureux avoué*."

So totally had Adeline lost herself in this imagined scene, that she went bowing, curtsying, flirting, and swimming up and down the room, acting to her own description, affectedly coquetting with the invisible lover she had conjured up; and far from noticing Helen when she again attempted to bring her back to the important

subject of their first discourse, she burst into a new rhapsody, “Oh! what bewitching games of cards have I played in London! Oh! the delights of the capote at picquet, of paroli at basset, matadore at ombre, the nine of diamonds at comet, and pam in lanteraloo! Oh! the charm of being joined at the play by a handsome young *galant*, all lace and ribbons, periwig and pulvilio; *qui vous fait sa cour à la dérobé*, while you lounge backwards in a side box, and see amorous heroes on the stage, tearing, and stamping, and huffing at the gods, in rhyme, in one of Dryden’s darling heroic plays!” For some moments she remained lost in a silent continuation of this delicious reverie, and then suddenly recollecting herself, she turned to Helen, and exclaimed in a tone of surprize, “*Eh! mon Dieu!* we have quite forgotten my poor dear Arcadius in the wood-house!”

To herself this reproach might be applicable enough, but certainly not to Helen, whose whole thought, during the delivery of this rapturous effusion, had been devoted to a consideration of the best means for getting rid of

Reuben, and thus putting an end to Adeline's romantic and dangerous passion for a stranger and an outcast. Knowing her to be not less giddy than susceptible, she really trembled at the risk she was incurring, while her penetrating mind instantly foresaw how perilously the whole family might be compromised if they were detected in harbouring and communicating with a traitor, who was known to have taken an active part in the recent rebellion. Their father's fury, and the fiery impetuosity of their brother the captain, consequences which had entirely escaped Adeline's recollection, would not by any means be the worst result of a discovery, since it had been publicly announced that all those who should conceal the fugitives, or refuse to give them up, would be held guilty of a capital offence. As to surrendering the unhappy man to death, who had chosen sanctuary upon their premises, she would have perished herself rather than have become instrumental in so base an act of cruelty; nay, she could not help deeply sympathizing with his misfortunes, though she did not the less keenly

feel the vital necessity of getting rid of him with as little delay as possible. Filled with the most anxious and painful thoughts, and afraid of acting with precipitation in an affair that involved such fearful consequences to all parties, she exacted from Adeline a promise not to revisit the summer-house on that day, agreeing to accompany her thither early on the following morning, and informing her that she should in the mean time devote her mind to a deliberate consideration of the steps which would be most prudent for them to adopt in so delicate and dangerous a predicament.

With this understanding they parted, Helen betaking herself to her painting room, where she was less liable to be interrupted, that she might collect her thoughts, and consider how their unwelcome visitant might be dismissed with the least peril to all parties; and Adeline to her own apartment, to conceal the distress she felt at having pledged herself to violate her engagement for another interview with her own dear darling Arcadius. As the appointed hour drew near, she indulged in the most gloomy

apprehensions of the extremities to which he might be driven by his despair at her non-appearance.—All the catastrophes of disappointed lovers that she had encountered in her romances, presented themselves at once to her imagination; she even doubted whether she ought to observe her vow, solemn as it was, when she reflected that her lover's suicide might be the consequence of her cruelty: but apprehending that Helen might be upon the watch to intercept her, she made a virtue of necessity, and contented herself with looking most wistfully towards the plantations in which the summer-house was embowered.

It was the time of sunset, an hour peculiarly consecrated to those who are suffering under a wounded spirit; the evening star was beginning to twinkle, an object with which all forlorn lovers are known to sympathize; and anon the sonnet-hatching moon, that never-failing stimulant of poetry and romance, was seen emerging from the clouds. This combination of attractions, though by no means uncustomary, exercised an unusual influence on the agitated

mind of Adeline, who resolved to escape from her unwelcome confinement, and walk round the large sheet of water at the back of the mansion; serving, however, the strict letter of her engagement with Helen, by keeping always at a considerable distance from the summer-house. She accordingly betook herself to the borders of the little lake, studded here and there with weeping birch trees, whose silvery bark now shone in the bright relief of moonlight against the dark evergreens behind them. At the further extremity of the water was an arbour, provided with a seat, on which she threw herself, contemplating for some time with a placid melancholy, the semicircular and successive flashes of light as a gentle breeze sent the radiant waves rippling close to her feet.

Here she remained for some time, bemoaning her hard fate, until the lateness of the hour warned her that it was time to retire, when just as she was rising for this purpose, she heard a rustling amid a plantation of laurels and firs at a small distance, whence the figure of a man cautiously stole forth, and advanced towards the

water. A large cloak enveloped his limbs, but Adeline's throbbing heart seemed already to have penetrated through this vain disguise: "Ah!" said she to herself, in a palpitating whisper, "the keen eye of love is not so easily deceived; it is, it is the youth of my affections; my own dear, darling Arcadius. There is his fine figure—there are his graceful attitudes." But at the same time remembering her solemn pledge not to seek an interview, and determined to show that she could exhibit a proper restraint and self-control, when the occasion demanded it, she resolved to remain concealed and watch his motions.

Advancing with the same circumspection to the brink of the water, the figure looked eagerly up and down its banks, as well as to the plantations behind him, and then it was that the idea suddenly rushed into Adeline's mind that he was gazing in that manner to see whether he were watched, preparatory to his throwing himself into the oblivious wave, that he might forget at once his dangers as a rebel, and his disappointment as a lover. All pledges, and all

delicacy vanished before this appalling apprehension, and she was preparing to start forward and discover herself, when she murmured softly to herself; "Hist! he turns round, he quits the water, perhaps he repents his intention; he unfolds his cloak, he draws a pistol from his bosom, I know that he is provided with those fatal weapons. O heavens! he levels it at his own head!!" At this terrific sight she uttered a piercing scream, and exclaiming as she rushed forward; "Rash man, forbear! live, live for your faithful Adeline!" she dashed from his hand the supposed pistol, which fell to the ground with a loud smash:—as the figure turned suddenly round, the moonlight shone full upon the coarse features of a ruffian-looking fellow, who muttered in a hoarse voice.—"Cogswounds! what the dickon be that vor? dangee, thee hast spilt as prime a bottle of double ale as were ever tipped over tongue." Scared at such an unexpected apparition, Adeline uttered another scream, and ran with all the speed of terror towards the house; while the fish-poacher, (for such the fellow was,) who had

been lurking about for his expected comrade, to assist him in dragging the water for the carr and had intended to solace himself in the meanwhile with a bottle of alc, thought it most prudent to decamp from the premises, quite unable to account for the adventure, but not in the least doubting that the mad lady, as he took her to be, had run to the house for the purpose of alarming the servants.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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