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SON AND THE NEPHEW.



A NOVEL.



THE  
*Son and the Nephew.*

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CHAP. I.

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THOUGH I searched almost in every obscure part of the town, and made the strictest enquiry at the theatre, I could not learn any thing of the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Glenmorris; no person knew any thing about such people; "strange!" exclaimed I to the box-keeper, as I turned away dissatisfied.

“Not at all strange, sir,” cried the fellow, with an important grin and a shrug of his shoulders, “we seldom trouble our heads about such folks as they—they may live in a garret, or sleep in a cockloft, if they chuse, its all one to us, so long as they are on the stage when they’re wanted to do their business; our manager makes it a practice never to demean himself about any of their concerns when they are once out of the theatre.”

“Your manager, then, I conclude,” cried I, exasperated at the fellow’s insolence, “keeps strictly up to the old pro-

verb, 'that charity begins at home,' and this universal creed appears to be adopted by every surly fellow who stands at his doors."

I turned upon my heel; the box-keeper growled; but accident soon favoured my impatient inquiries after Mr. and Mrs. Glenmorris by the following circumstance, and by presenting the very objects themselves to my observation; the latter of whom leaning on the arm of her husband, attracted all eyes towards her as she passed, truly exemplifying by her appearance, that 'loveliness needs not the foreign aid of orna-



ment, but is, when unadorned, adorned the most.' So plainly dressed was Mrs. GRENBOURNE, that the belles of London would have passed by her, scarce deigning by a single glance to notice her in any way but by shewing their contempt, had not the loud whispers of the men awakened their surprize, and excited their spleen and envy, to find that the shabby-dressed creature was the object of universal admiration; and were she to pace Bond street as much as many of our female loungers do, would attract loyalty itself to gaze at her charms; a straw hat of the coarsest texture which had not the decoration of a simple ribband

to set it off, shaded the delicate complexion of Mrs. Glenmorris, but could not confine the exuberance of her fine hair, which was of a light Auburn colour, nor could the modest folds of a plain stuff gown, nor white muslin scarf, hide from the prying eye of observation, the regular and beautiful symmetry of an exquisitely lovely form. Glenmorris himself appeared to be about thirty; he had a pleasing countenance, and was well made, but he was evidently under a depression of spirits, and as his eyes wandered in pensive contemplation over the features of his beautiful wife, the unconscious tear, which seemed ready to

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*start*, was as often repelled by the delicate apprehension of wounding those feelings he prized *more* dearly than his own. Poor Glenmorris, thought I, poverty struck, even to the lowest ebb of fortune's spite, how truly art thou to be commiserated; for there is not a being in this world's earthly space, however despicable, that would not gladly spit his venom at thee.

Hardly had I finished this apostrophe, when I beheld them slowly directing their course towards a beautiful plantation of cocoa-nut trees; which I knew belonged to the fine estate of my friend

MORE SECRETS THAN ONE.

Mortlock, and I rejoiced that I should now have an opportunity of addressing them in a manner most agreeable to their feelings, and free from the impertinence of vulgar curiosity. Instinctively I pursued the path they had taken, till I beheld them quietly seated beneath the umbrageous boughs of the cocoa-nut shade; I then began to make my approach slowly towards them, but at so cautious a distance, that I would not rudely interrupt a conversation they had entered into, part of which I distinctly heard as follows from the lips of Mrs. Glenmorris as she affectionately addressed her disponding husband—every

syllable of which harrowed up the feelings of my inmost soul.

“Now there, Glenmorris, cried the lovely creature, pointing her finger to a negro, who appeared faint and exhausted under the weight of a heavy burthen he was carrying through the plantations. “Look there, my love,” cried she, “behold that poor negro sinking with fatigue; the hand that made him black, has made me white, it is true, but we are no less the children of the same father, and I cannot consider my destiny more hard than his—is it not hard to be born a slave, Glenmorris? Oh, thank heaven you are not a slave.”

“ Dearest Matilda, I will not argue the point with you,” said Glenmorris, with a pensive sigh, at the same moment that he threw a look of unutterable fondness towards the beautiful enthusiast, “but we are all slaves, whether black or white, in some shape or other to the follies of mankind, and the greatest of all slaves are they who suffer themselves to be governed by the impulse of tyrannic passion; I consider myself as much a slave as that poor black, when the woman, where we lodge just now so insolently demanded our rent, which I could not discharge, though willing to do so, but from the extreme poverty of our circumstances.”

“Think not of her, Glenmorris, Oh! think of me, and let hope chase away the bitter pang of despondency; for my sake be cheerful,” replied Mrs. Glenmorris, as she wiped off the fast-falling tear that unconsciously stole down the pallid cheek of her husband.

“Oh, God knows I do think of you, insomuch that it almost sets my brain on fire:—yes, I do think that this day my Matilda has wanted a dinner.”

“Well, Glenmorris, it is not the first time,” answered the patient pleader, “and indeed I do not mind it: let not

that grieve you; I have wanted many a meal when my poor mother was alive, and might have drank my own tears, had not your kindness so amply supplied us; do you remember, Glenmorris when I had eaten nothing all day long, how rosy I used to look at night after a draught of strong ale and a good supper, and then my poor mother —— ?”

Here Mrs. Glenmorris faltered and stopped, a sudden recollection seeming to dart across her mind that was painfully agonizing, she remained a few moments in silent contemplation, but quickly recovering her composure, proceeded



in a voice soft and melodious, to reanimate the languid spirits of her husband.

“ We shall have money to-morrow,” cried she in as gay a tone as possible, “ the manager will pay us our salary to-morrow; our rent will be discharged, and we shall have a good dinner.”

“ You shall, my dearest,” exclaimed Glenmorris, as he gazed on his lovely comforter with a fondness which nearly amounted to adoration. She shall, thought I, if the island of Jamaica can produce one, and you, my worthy fellow, shall partake of it. I was now measur

ing my steps fast towards them, when Glenmorris made the following request to his wife, which on her part was almost as instantly complied with, and transfixed, I returned to the spot where I had at first concealed myself an attentive listener to a tale told with such beautiful simplicity, that had Corregio been in my situation, he would have seized the opportunity of exercising his skilful art in presenting to the world the interesting features of Mrs. Glenmorris, as an exact model for one of his most celebrated Medonas.

*End of Chapter First.*

## CHAP. II.



“If promises before marriage are to be held sacred,” said Glenmorris addressing his wife, “pray Matilda, are they not infinitely more so when that event has taken place?”

“Assuredly, but why that question Glenmorris?” answered she, the bloom of the rose, heightening a complexion where

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the lilly had already spread its snowy hues. "What promise has Matilda neglected to perform? nay you must tell me Glenmorris, or for once in my life I shall grow angry, pout, and give myself airs."

"On that condition, I will instantly inform you," replied he, "it is now almost a twelvemonth since my Matilda promised to give me that part of her mother's history and her own of which I have hitherto remained ignorant, and strange as it may seem, I am yet eager to learn the cause of that dreadful malady which at intervals occasioned her senses to wander

and which has so repeatedly warned us that her dissolution was near; do you not remember my Matilda, the night when the son of the poor woodman was killed in the forest, by an unlucky fall of the axe? Oh, what a night was that.

The first objects that presented themselves by the side of his mangled body were his aged father and mother speechless with horror, and with grief they beheld the last remains of a dutiful son, their sole surviving child cut off in the full prime of health and beauty; but they were pensively silent, they murmured not, it was the will of heaven that

such should be his fate, but why it was so, they dared not enquire of him who gave us breath, and who has the same power to take it away ——.”

“Not so calm was your poor mother, the sight of the mangled youth threw her in convulsive agonies; she uttered the most piercing cries, shrieked out the name of Rueben, and fainted in our arms.”

“Well might she do so,” cried Mrs. Glenmorris, with a deep sigh, “for, Oh, Glenmorris, such was the fate of my father, his name was Rueben, and it was

ever nearest her heart; but you shall hear her sad, sad history, in the concealment of which from you, I had no earthly motive but the wish to spare your heart from those feelings which now so painfully affect my own: your Matilda, Glenmorris, is the offspring of imprudent but not dishonorable passion: why then should I blush to disclose to you the sad events which marked the destiny of the authors of my being? but were it otherwise, for ever sacred be the indiscretions of a parent; in holy silence sealed eternally be those lips that would open to pierce the bosom from whence they sprung. My mother was the only

daughter and sole-surviving child of a West India trader, who, having gained a sufficient competency by his several voyages to distant countries, wisely resolved to gather up the harvest of his industry, and drop anchor on his native shore; he did so, and having married a young woman, to whom he had been for many years paying a faithful courtship, took her with him to reside on a small estate he had purchased in the Isle of Wight, where, notwithstanding his affluence, he still continued to trade with the different captains of the ships that came into the harbour; in short, my grandfather, who was called Capt. Singleton,



was a most extraordinary character, and so completely the rough sailor, that he was generally styled the Bear by those who did not understand the whimsicality of his disposition, which, to say truth, was far from being a good one, being so exceedingly morose that in the violence of his passion, he would strike the best friend he had in the world, and turn away the most faithful domestic in his service, if they once incurred his displeasure; such was Jonathan Singleton, while his gentle partner, the beautiful Matilda Rayner, whom he had married, was his very opposite to the greatest extreme, and it was often said in the petty squab-

bles he had in the neighbourhood, that they run from the Bear to fly to the Dove. My Grandfather was out of humour, because the first year of his marriage brought him no child, but this fortune was soon repaired, for the following produced twins, but they were boys; my grandfather still complained, he did not like two of a sort, he observed the boys lived till they were nine months old, caught the measles and died; my grandfather was again inconsolable, and two years elapsing without any prospect of a family, he grew so discontented, that he declared he would go to sea again. But this resolution was soon

put aside from the increasing appearance of Mrs. Singleton, who in a short time gave birth to the loveliest little creature that ever was born; Glenmorris it was my mother, my unfortunate mother, for when her eyes first encountered the light of this world, her mother closed her's to behold it no more. My grandfather, not aware of the danger of Mrs. Singleton, could scarcely contain his joy when he heard that she had given birth to a daughter; but the next moment, when he was obliged to be informed that he had no longer a wife, he gave himself up to the most violent symptoms of excessive grief, he beat his breast, tore his

hair, and would not suffer a soul to go near him but the nurse with his infant daughter, over whom he shed tears—the first genuine proof of sensibility which Jonathan Singleton had ever given in the course of his life ; a mind formed of such materials as my grandfather's did not long mourn over the ashes of a departed wife. Though he swore a tremendous oath that he would never marry again, and in which he kept his word, bestowing the whole of his affections on his little Mally, as he called her, and who grew up the semblance of her beauteous mother ; her influence over him was unbounded, and if at any time

the violence of his temper could be quelled, a kiss from the cherub lips of his daughter would produce the desired effect. My mother, at the age of sixteen, was the complete mistress of my grandfather's house, in which she was permitted to reign a little queen, but her education was neglected, and while no money was spared by her fond father to decorate her beautiful person, not one shilling was expended to procure her those advantages, without which beauty is but a painted butterfly which attracts the eye, but wants the power to engage the heart; a few fairy tales, old romances and sentimental novels, called from the

overflowing shelves of a circulating library produced the whole of my mother's knowledge of literature, the latter of which books had a fatal tendency to increase the natural softness and sensibility of her youthful bosom; nor was my grandfather nice in his selection of the company that visited at his house, provided they were rich; poverty he had an universal contempt for, and a poor gentleman was never welcome at the table of Jonathan Singleton from two apprehensions, equally formidable, the one that their necessities might induce them to ask assistance of him, and the other that they might attract the atten-

tion of his daughter, whose softness he well knew led her to compassionate and to relieve the distressed. As my grandfather's house was at the sea side, many were the calamities which my mother was a daily witness to, such as vessels being wrecked on the coast, and casualties happening to poor fishermen, whose lives were exposed in the winter season to the tempestuous weather, at all which my grandfather would laugh, and while he smoked his pipe, drank a fresh glass of grog at the expence of the poor souls who had perished, observing to his daughter as she sat by his side, "That there was fine work for Davy Jones, that night."

“What do you mean, father?” cried my mother in fearful apprehension.

“Why I mean, Matty,” answered my grandfather that there is as fine a ship as ever I saw in my life stranded on the rocks.”

My mother was at this moment playing with a favourite kitten, it fell from her nerveless hands, her complexion became paler than ashes, while in a tremulous voice she demanded to know of my grandfather if any assistance had been rendered to save the lives of the sufferers on board.



“That’s not my business, Matty, nor your’s,” replied my grandfather, filling his pipe with fresh tobacco.” My mother burst into tears.

“You foolish little toad, what do you cry for?” demanded my grandfather.— My mother rose from her seat, she threw her arms round my grandfather’s neck, she wept, she implored, she entreated, she conquered Jonathan Singleton, flinty as rock dissolved into the milk of human kindness administered to him from the soft lips of his compassionate child; he put on his hat, mustered all his men, took a keg of brandy, and in spite of the pel-

tings of the pitiless storm, summoned them all down to the sea-side to perform the duty of a man and a christian—the exercise of humanity.

*End of Chapter Second.*

### CHAP. III.

Although every precaution was taken to discern the objects that floated on the sea shore, yet the darkness of the night rendered them scarce visible, and the tempestuous howling of the wind made it almost impossible to distinguish the sound of a human being, till the rough voice of Captain Singleton bellowing out

to his men, commanded them to proceed no further till he had examined something which rolled beneath his feet, and from which a groan issuing at the same moment, he concluded it to be that of an expiring seaman.

“Avast, there,” cried my grandfather, “heave to, my boys, bring the lights; and let us see what this poor devil is made of.”

At his command, they raised the almost lifeless clay, which they discovered to be a man in sailor's jacket and trowsers, but not a feature in his face was

discernable from the quantity of blood and filth with which he was covered, and he appeared expiring from the wounds he had received on the sharp-pointed rocks; he raised one of his hands, dreadfully lacerated as they supported him as if desirous of speaking, which he attempted to do with extreme difficulty.

“I am a dead man and not worth your care,” at length exclaimed he, “no matter, I have done my duty, and shall die happy, could I be certain that the young man I held in my arms, till my strength failed me, was yet alive—I saw him in the dreadful wave that parted us;—God

for ever bless him, he is the bravest young gentleman that ever breathed the breath of life—save him, good fellows if you can—save the son of——.”

A groan of anguish followed the unfinished sentence of the dying seaman, but it was his last.

“I wish he had told us whose son he was, before he slipt his cable,” said my grandfather, as they departed from the dead body of the seaman to search for the object, who had been so much his care, and for whose preservation he was still anxious even in the last moments of

expiring life "tis so plagy dark, that I cannot find my tobacco box," cried my grandfather, loitering far behind his men to search in his pockets for this precious relic of his affections, which he no sooner found, than he hastened after his companions just as they had discovered the body of a young man, stretched on the sands apparently not more than twenty years of age. Though in a state of insensibility and much bruised, yet he still breathed; and a little brandy being poured down his throat he began to revive sufficiently to enable them to remove him from the sands. and proceed with him to the

light house, where being wrapped up in blankets, he was carried to the house of Captain Singleton, put into a warm bed, and every possible means used for his recovery, being the only soul saved from the dreadful wreck out of five hundred persons that were on board her at the commencement of the hurricane; she was a fine West Indiaman, and as it appeared from some part of her cargo which floated to the shore, was richly laden with English merchandize. When the cloathes were stripped off the young man, on his being put to bed they underwent a strict investigation from my grandfather, and not a corner of his



pockets remained unexamined, so anxious was this charitable christian to learn the name and quality, but chiefly the circumstances of the unfortunate whom he had rescued from a watery grave; at length his unwearied pains were amply rewarded, and his curiosity gratified by the sight of a red morocco case fastened with gold clasps, which on being opened was found to contain bank notes to the amount of five hundred pounds and a letter, the seal of which was already broke open and the superscription ran thus :—

“ *To Richard Mortlock, Esq.*

“ SIR, — I, Oliver Homespun, agent of

“ the late Sir H. Montague, do, at the  
“ immediate commission, of the late Sir  
“ Henry Montague’s executors of his  
“ last will and testament, hereby inform  
“ you, that in consequence of the late  
“ Sir Henry having died without male  
“ issue, or any issue whatsoever, that the  
“ whole of his properties and possessions,  
“ together with all his effects, both  
“ landed and personal, do justly and by  
“ right of law devolve to you, Richard  
“ Mortlock, being the existing and pre-  
“ sumptive heir to all such properties,  
“ possessions and effects, so stated in the  
“ last will and testament of the late Sir  
“ Henry Montague: signed sealed and

“ witness on the 24th. instant the day of  
 “ his decease, you therefore, the said  
 “ Richard Mortlock, are hereby ex-  
 “ pressly enjoined, to come and take the  
 “ immediate possession of your estate,  
 “ to which you have become the rightful  
 “ heir, Rose Valley, in the island of  
 “ Jamaica, by desire of the executors, I  
 “ here enclose the bills for the sum of five  
 “ hundred pounds.

“ I am, Sir,

“ With the most profound respect;

“ Your most obedient,

“ Humble servant,

“ *Oliver Homespun.*”

Here was a discovery for Jonathan

Singleton, and one so little expected, by him that he became dumb with astonishment, and more anxious than ever since he had gained intelligence so pleasing to preserve the life and contribute to the recovery of a person of such consequence he gave fresh orders for the strictest attention, in the apartment of the invalid, whose symptoms of returning animation were still so perceptibly slow, as to occasion the most alarming apprehensions for his safety, and while the faculty were holding a profound consultation on the danger of his case in one apartment, my grandfather with the letter in his hand, which he grasped with an affection,

truly sincere, slipt into the chamber of my sleeping mother, when his voice completely aroused her from her gentle slumber by the following exclamation,

“Shiver my topsails, Matty, what do think?”

“Think father,” cried my mother, who was hardly yet awake, “why I think you are altogether very uncivil to break in thus rudely without giving one a moment to recollect one’s self.”

“Give you a fiddlestick’s end,” cried my grandfather, his eyes sparkling with pleasure, and his tongue big with the

secret he had to unfold, "I'll give you a prize my girl, a rich West Indiaman, loaded with ready rhino, a twenty thousand pounder; there's a bouncer for you."

With this elegant oration my grandfather, placing the letter in the hands of my astonished mother, left her to peruse the contents, saying that he was going to turn in for half an hour, when he should be ready for some soft tommy and a dish of catlap as soon as she pleased.

Accustomed to the singularity of my grandfather, my mother was not surprised, when after having read Mr. Mort-

lock's letter, that the information it contained had been so gratifying to the feelings of her father, whose predeliction for the golden ore she knew to be invincible, but for her own part it was a circumstance to which she was perfectly indifferent, and whether the young stranger was rich or poor, had never for a moment occupied her thought, she had reflected on him only with compassion and pity, when she had beheld his almost lifeless form stretched before her, and this sentiment was neither increased nor lessened by a knowledge of his circumstances. Such is the youthful bosom, before worldly principle has crept in to

colour the silver stream, where the fountain of the heart flows untainted. Let but one drop of self interest fall to sully the fair surface, and the beauteous semblance is corrupted; it flows indeed but not with the pure and genuine simplicity of feeling and of nature.

*End of Chapter Third.*



## CHAP. IV.



In a few days, the stranger exhibited the most favourable symptoms of convalescence, and at the end of a week was pronounced by the physicians to be completely out of danger; the first use he made of recovered animation was to pour forth the strongest and most sincere effusions of gratitude to Captain Single-

ton, whom he styled his deliverer, precisely informing my grandfather of what he already knew before, that the shipwrecked mariner, whom providence had snatched from a watery grave, was the undoubted heir to a rich West India property, which he had been going to take possession of, and was on his voyage for that purpose when the fatal catastrophe prevented the possibility of his intention, and but for the timely assistance which has been given him, had terminated his existence. My grandfather was not slow to inform Mr. Mortlock of the great obligation he was under to his daughter, at whose instigation he had

received the attention which his perilous situation had stood so much in need of.

“To your daughter, sir?” uttered the young stranger with involuntary surprise, “I did not know till this moment that you had a daughter.”

My grandfather having now hit upon the chord nearest his heart, the only tender one which could be found in his whole composition, exclaimed in tones of exultation,

“A daughter, yes, by my faith have I, and as nice a rigged vessel as ever

sailed on the bosom of salt water (perceiving the young stranger to stare with some astonishment, my grandfather spared no pains to make himself better understood, and he resumed his discourse thus:—"I means by Matty, that is to say, Matilda, but I call her Matty by way of shortness; for I hates long ways, so you see, sir, I am speaking of Matilda Singleton, my daughter, as pretty a girl as ever you clapped your eyes on, and but for her, young gentleman, you would now be as dead as a herring in a fishwoman's basket; but mum, not a word before Matty, don't say I told you."

So saying, my grandfather walked off, leaving young Mortlock more pleased than angry at the whimsicality of his character, and with no small symptoms of curiosity to behold the object of his praise. I have already told you, Glenmorris, that my mother was beautiful, but you knew not how beautiful, for when you saw her, Alas! but a shell remained of the most perfect form that ever came moulded from the hands of its creator ; had you seen her when I did, when recollection first dawned upon my youthful mind, her complexion beaming with healthful beauty, her eyes illuminated with the purest affection for

the husband she adored, and her voice expressive of the soft peace which reigned in her gentle heart; suffice it to say, that the young West Indian heir saw, approved, and loved her to adoration; nor was it likely that he would be left to sigh in vain, for my grandfather, who pleaded his cause most powerfully with my mother to receive him as an affianced husband, which she at length consented to do; but she granted his suit more in compliance with the wishes of the father than regard for the lover; not that Mortlock was displeasing to her, his person was elegant, his understanding refined, his manners prepos-

sessing, and his heart gentle and kind; my mother respected, esteemed, approved; admired, but alas, she never loved, without which precious link, the holy state of matrimony should never take place; when love gathers the rosy wreath that encircles the brow of the willing maid, ten thousand blossomed flowers yield their delicious sweetness; but matrimony without love is a garland of a sickly hue; it lives indeed, but its drooping leaves promise but a short and transitory existence. At the expiration of three months, during which period Mortlock, who thought himself the happiest of lovers, finally agreed between

my grandfather and himself that a contract should be drawn up, and made binding on both sides, that on his return from the West Indies, whither he was going to settle his affairs, the hand of Miss Singleton should be his reward, and this contract was not only joyfully signed by my grandfather, but by Matilda herself. A kiss of rapture from the lips of Mortlock, and one returned without passion from those of my mother, closed the agreement.

“ Shiver my topsails ; I am so happy, cried my grandfather, “ I could dance a hornpipe on the mainmast of a man of war.”



He then related to Mortlock in his usual whimsical manner, though very ill timed for so grave a subject, the last words of the dying seaman who had perished on the coast, concluding that he fell off the perch without letting them know whose son he was. And now,' cried my grandfather, 'do tell Matty and myself who you are? the son of my brave fellow, pray do.'

Mortlock smiled, and though internally disgusted at the rude vulgarity of his intended father-in-law, yet the good humoured sweetness of his beautiful daughter charmed and transported him,

and by no means inclined to offend either, he answered, with considerable emotion, and placing the strongest emphasis on his words, "I am the son of a gentleman, sir ;" and the next morning, he set sail for the island of Jamaica.

*End of Chapter Fourth.*

CHAP. V.



“ My mother witnessed the departure of the impassioned Mortlock without either experiencing or betraying any of those tender emotions which must inevitably assail a heart attached to a beloved object whom they are not certain of ever beholding again, not that she was insensible to the perfections of her lover

every way worthy of her regard, but truly because the little blind boy had not yet aimed one arrow that had found its way to the heart; she slept that night and many succeeding ones, but the image of Mortlock never once intruded itself in her dreams, or disturbed the tranquillity of her gentle mind, while the impatience of my grandfather became every day more and more apparent; nor were its consequences the most pleasing, as it increased the natural turbulence of his temper to a degree that completely tired the patience of all around him, except the being who might justly be termed the idol of his heart; but even with her

he would sometimes fall out on her shewing the slightest opposition to his wishes, or refusing to comply with the absurdity of his commands. At length the long-expected packet from Jamaica arrived to the no small gratification of my grandfather, as it contained a couple of bank bills to considerable amount, which the warm-hearted Mortlock had transmitted to Captain Singleton, to defray the expences during his long visit at his house ; for Miss Singleton a separate packet was enclosed with a small box composed of curious rose wood, on which was incribed 'a lover's legacy,' and consisted of a necklace and ear-rings of

the richest pearls, clasps to encircle the waist of the same, and bracelets to correspond, but the chief ornament which the box contained was a highly-finished portrait of the young and blooming Mortlock, a striking likeness of the handsome features of the original, the whole of which exhibiting healthful beauty, irradiated with the smile of hope—these presents were accompanied by a letter expressive of the strongest, most honorable, and delicate assurances of his unalterable attachment to the mistress of his soul, informing her that at the expiration of three or four months he should embark for England and claim the pro-

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mise of his beauteous bride. The riotous raptures of my grandfather could scarcely be kept within bounds, nor was my mother the least averse in bestowing commendations on a lover so generous and sincere, but it was a kind of joy that was perfectly tranquil, and she looked forward to the celebration of her approaching nuptials without any of those sensations which most young ladies feel on the like occasion; no blush dyed her cheek with crimson when the name of her lover was repeated; no fluttering seized her heart or made it sigh responsive to the tender flame—no! the bosom of Matilda Singleton was calm as the

surface of the silver lake—quiet, serene as spring-tide flowers—unsullied, pure as the breath of holy angels wafted from descending skies. Not long, however; was my mother permitted to remain in this happiest state of human bliss:” here Mrs. Glenmorris, from an involuntary emotion faltered, sighed, and paused.

“You are fatigued, my Matilda,” said Glenmorris, “this melancholy retrospection has both pained and distressed you; can you forgive me for thus cruelly wounding your feelings?”

“Not so, my dearest Glenmorris,”



answered she with a fascinating smile, "for you have undoubted right to my confidence; and much as you will have occasion in the sequel of this history to condemn my mother's conduct, yet it is for her that I would now willingly seal my lips in silence."

*"Let those without faults condemn, my Matilda,"* cried Glenmorris, pressing the lovely hand that rested on his shoulder, and with increased emotion she resumed a narration which now evidently excited in her gentle and affectionate mind the most poignant and mortifying reflections, for Mrs. Glenmorris felt and I delicately

felt, that she was the child of that parent, the errors of whose conduct she was necessarily obliged to expose, and in the words of Sterne, she wished that the recording angel from heaven's chancery might drop a tear over the indiscretions of a mother, and blot them out for ever.

*End of Chapter Fifth.*

CHAP. VI.



About a quarter of a mile distant from my grandfather's house, stood a humble cottage, remarkable for its simplicity and neatness, and the peculiar taste which was displayed in the cultivation of the little garden which surrounded it, from which a choice collection of the most delicate flowers breathed their fra-

grant perfumes, an ancient oak shaded the entrance, around which the ivy crept in various folds, and was also entwined with the eglantine, and the sweet briar, which, like a twin brother and sister in affection, could scarce be separated from the venerable branches which afforded them protection. The tendrils of the shooting vine, where the purple grape was here and there visible, covered the lattice of the windows, under one of which a blackbird was carefully disposed of in a wicker cage, from whose little throat poured forth notes of the most enchanting melody. My mother, whose disposition was of the most romantic

turn, had often looked at this cottage, and the peculiar simplicity which surrounded it with the most pleasurable sensation. The song of the blackbird, the beautiful flowers, the venerable oak, the grape vine, and lastly, the cottage itself, was congenial with the taste and feelings, and whenever she beheld it, an unusual fascination stole over her senses, and she would listen to the notes of the favourite little songster, till the setting sun often reminded her that it was time to depart from a spot of which she every day grew more fond and more curious to behold the inhabitants; she had learned indeed, that the owners of it were old

and infirm, and that their name was Fitzowen, whose quiet and harmless lives had been passed in humble industry, and that the old man still pursued the occupation of a gardner—in which he was assisted by an only son, and was much respected by the neighbourhood for the honesty and integrity of his character, and the pleasantness of his disposition. My mother had just learned enough to be convinced, that there would be no impropriety in her one day entering the cottage and making a present to old Fitzowen and his wife for their honesty and industry; besides, she longed to pluck a bunch of the grapes that

looked so inviting through the lattice of the windows—and more than all, she wanted to possess herself of a branch of the beautiful eglantine, and to sit for a few moments under the shade of the oak, whose majestic appearance she so much admired; in short, my mother had so many important reasons for wishing to enter the cottage of Fitzowen, that she determined to delay it no longer than the following morning, which accident more particularly favoured that any circumstance whatever; the rain pouring down in torrents, obliged her to take shelter under the spreading branches of the oak, but she was nearly wet through

before she was perceived by any inhabitant of the cottage; and it was in this condition that she was at last discovered by Mrs. Fitzowen, who no sooner caught a glimpse of her appearance, than she entreated my mother in the warmest and most genuine terms of hospitality and kindness, to enter the humble abode, when she would instantly take every precaution she could think of to prevent her taking cold."

'O dear, I do not mind a little rain,' cried my mother, 'I shall take no harm, if you will suffer me to remain till the storm has abated:' and she followed



Mrs. Fitzowen into a snug and comfortable apartment which seemed, from its utility, to serve for a kitchen as well as a parlour, for it had the appearance of both. The chearful ember of a bright wood fire emitted its brilliance as well as imparted its warmth through the apartment, and in a few moments, my mother was made perfectly comfortable by the hands of the good old dame, in whose countenance there still remained traces of extreme beauty, though she appeared approaching towards seventy years of age, and from habitual constitution was by no means infirm; such are the happy effects of a life passed in

temperance, and in the exercises of cheerful industry. Mrs. Fitvowen no sooner learned that my mother's name was Singleton than she lifted up her hands with astonishment."

'Thank the Lord,' cried she, 'that I am so happy as to have so good and charitable a young lady beneath my humble roof; Ah! Miss, it is to your great bounty that so many of our poor in the village are indebted for the bread they put in their mouths. Ah! bless you, you have the prayers of many a poor man's child, and the thanks of many a widow.'

And had I been poor, should I not have wanted too?' cried my mother with artless warmth, 'the gifts of nature are not given; they are only lent to us, in order that we make a proper use of them in dispensing kindness to others. I do not wish to be thanked for doing my duty, my dear madam, so pray, if you please, let me hear no more about it; but do me the favor to accept of this trifle for your civility and the trouble I have given you, and in return, you shall gather me a bunch of those moss roses to take home with me; but pray, Mrs. Fitzowen, who is it that bestows such care and culture on your beautiful little garden?'

One who is like an angel dropt down from heaven to me,' replied the dame, wiping the tears that gushed from her eyes with a corner of her apron; 'I am his mother, it is true, and should not praise my own, but if you knew what a child our Rueben is, you would not blame me.'

'Blame you! by no means,' answered my mother, 'for a good child exceeds all praise; it is then your son that you are speaking of, is it not?'

'Yes, madam, our only son,' replied Mrs. Fitzowen, 'and the only child

that has been preserved to us out of fourteen; they dropt in the grave one after the other, and my Rueben was the youngest, and he is now just eighteen; and he is the sweetest flower I have in my garden; Ah! they would all wither without my Rueben; he works late and early madam, to procure us a comfortable living in our old age, he is up at sunrise to help his father to dig in the neighbouring plantations, and does more, heaven bless him! than his young hands are able; yet he is chearful, because he sees us happy; and I sit spinning at my wheel, while he and his father weed in the garden; I hear his voice, and it is

far sweeter to me than that black-bird's.' Then it must be sweet indeed, thought by mother, while a blush for the first time mantled a cheek pure as alabaster. The cause of which as it had no particular source, she did not pretend to define, though it certainly was a blush of the deepest dye; and as she took the moss roses from the delighted hands of Mrs. Fitzowen, who declared that they had been planted by Reuben, a sort of latent curiosity actually floated in my mother's bosom to see this youth so idolized by a fond mother, whose rustic hands were so laudably employed in supporting the infirmities

and contributing to the wants, of his aged parents. He must be a very good young man, a very good young man indeed, thought my mother, as she carefully placed the roses in some vases in her apartment, and I dare say he is very handsome! No sooner had this thought crossed my mother's imagination, than she blushed a thousand times deeper than before; that Reuben might be handsome as well as good, was an idea natural enough; but it was an idea she should not have suggested to herself, nor a conclusion which she had no right to form: to a mind so perfectly pure and artless as my mother's then was, any

thing in the shape of impropriety startled and alarmed her, and she deprived herself of the satisfaction for many days afterwards of her accustomed walk to the White Cottage, and to hear the song of her favorite bird, until the following circumstance made it highly necessary, as well as proper, that she should again call at the cottage, and enter into conversation with the mother of Reuben.

*End of Chapter Sixth.*



## CHAP. VII.



“While my mother was engaged in those pursuits that were most pleasing to her, my grandfather was no less actively employed in busying himself with the occupations which he designed as preparatory to the celebration of a certain event, which he intended should take place almost immediately on the

return of Mortlock from the West Indies, holding constantly the old proverb in his mind, 'that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.' The house, therefore, was to undergo a thorough repair—the walls white-washed—the apartments highly finished—and the furniture improved and modernized according to the fashion—while the fish-ponds, which had lain so long neglected, were to be cleared, and the gardens laid out to the best advantage:—projected plans in consequence filled the head, and sometimes confused the imagination, of my grandfather, who by night and by day was never happy but when smok-

ing his pipe, and drinking his grog to the success of his new schemes, which were to be productive of so much happiness to the darling of his heart, whose opinion he sometimes condescended to ask, and on whose judgment he frequently relied: one morning therefore, during breakfast, my grandfather with the subject always nearest his heart, began with observing that they must have a good riddance of the toads and frogs before any thing could be done with the flower garden, which was already overgrown with weeds and rubbish.

'Tis indeed in a sad condition,' cried my mother, resting her arm thoughtfully on the table.

'I wish Matthew Mast would look out for a smartish gardener that could see into the business, and put things a little into repair,' said my grandfather. At which my mother was so rude as to laugh most heartily; the idea of Matthew Mast being applied to on the present occasion was indeed enough to effect risibility in the gravest; for Matthew Mast was a disabled seaman nearly eighty years of age, who having spent his best days in the service of his coun-

try, was at last allowed to limp about the village quietly on one leg, with a pittance which just kept him from starving: my grandfather however had taken a great liking to him, because he never contradicted him: moreover, he was very ingenious in many points, such as making a glass of most excellent grog, filling a pipe with peculiar dexterity, was no less curious in relating humorous stories, and above all, was remarkably clever in constructing a sea pye; all which qualifications actually advanced Matthew Mast to the high post of honor of being groom of the chambers in the house of Captain Singleton, over whom

he possessed unbounded influence; and like Cerberus, he stood at the gate to frighten the smile, of hospitality from its entrance, and growled at each stranger that civilly asked admittance with an invidious and horrible grin; faithful to his post, he would not allow even so much as a dog to enter the *portal*, or steal a bone from the refuse of the dunghill without demanding to know what business it had there? much less a beggar to ask alms! Matthew Mast shook his head and brandished his whip, and the trembling supplicant vanished to seek for shelter in a humbler shed. Matthew Mast, who had never been a

favourite of my mother's, was rendered still less so when she discovered the natural moroseness of his disposition; but as he took care never to exercise any act of severity in her presence, in which he always felt his insignificance, she had scarcely any communication with him farther than that he always obeyed her commands with the strictest punctuality."

‘What the d—l are you laughing at **Matty?**’ exclaimed my grandfather, ‘I think **Matthew Mast** a very able fellow, though he has lost one of his legs, to look after my business?’

‘He shall have nothing to do with the garden,’ cried my mother, pettishly, he has quite enough to do to frighten away every body that comes to the gate, he is a scarecrow I am told to all the poor people in the parish.’

‘I like him the better for it,’ retorted my grandfather; I don’t chuse to squander away my substance upon a parcel of vagabonds, idle gipseys, strolling players and wandering beggars; shiver my topsails it wont do.’

‘I like gipseys—am very fond of the players—and have no dislike to all the



beggars,' said my mother with one of those sportive and fascinating smiles which instantly subdued the heart of my grandfather, and the following arrangements took place between them; that Matthew Mast was to be confined to his post as Cerberus at the gate; but have nothing to do with the garden, the whole and sole management of which was to be left to my mother; who putting on a little straw hat, and taking a basket under her arm; in which she crammed as many delicacies as she conveniently could, tripped off with spirits light as the buoyant air she floated in, and with a step like gossamer, to the cottage of

Mrs. Fitzowen, where in a few minutes she found herself quietly seated by her side, and chatting very comfortably, interrupted only by the sweet notes of the blackbird, till the entrance of another in ruder to the apartment, my mother blushed deeper than the fresh-gathered rose that hung on her bosom when Mrs. Fitzowen exclaimed, 'its only Reuben,' and he instantly presented himself before them.

*End of Chapter Seven.*

elegant: and in the habit in which he was dressed of humble rusticity, the brown fustain jacket and the green silk handkerchief that was tied loosely round his neck, gave to his appearance the look of an Arcadian shepherd, at least my mother thought so, and it was with no small confusion that she hastily communicated the nature of her business to Mrs. Fitzowen which had that morning brought her to the cottage, at which the delighted mother instantly called her husband, and my mother perceived in the silver headed old man the strongest resemblance to the beautiful youth that stood before her.—Immediately terms were agreed upon.

and the old man proposed, that himself and Reuben, should begin their occupations the following morning, and be at the house of Captain Singleton by six, my mother then rose to depart with the blessings of the old couple showered on her head, and I believe the blessing also of the young one, but he kept his blessing to himself, unless it was breathed on the opening flowers, a nosegay of which he presented her with at the request of his mother when she left the gate. Can you not guess the sequel of this story, my dear Glenmorris?" said the beautiful narrator as she paused for a moment to gaze on the surprised features

of her husband, "Ah! with that pain," continued she, "do I relate, that from this very morning my unfortunate mother nourished in her youthful bosom the most uncontrollable passion for Reuben Frowen, which owed its source to the romantic turn of her disposition and the neglect of a careful education, not yet arrived to the age of seventeen; in the full bloom of youth and beauty, and naturally possessed of those warm and susceptible feelings, which, however fascinating or even amiable, require the strongest check to be directed to a proper source from the only example of which she was bereft—the example of a maternal monitor.

“ My mother saw and conferred every day with the most beautiful object in creation, whose cheeks were dyed with blushes whenever she approached him, and in whose eyes it was impossible for her not to discover the admiration ~~excited~~ excited but whose humble birth rather stimulated the romantic passion she had conceived, than in the smallest degree lessened him in her eyes, and my mother now wished for what she had never yet experienced the pangs of dear delightful poverty in a cottage with the man she adored. Things were now in a promising way at the house of my grandfather, who delighted with the improve-

ments made in the grounds and plantations by old Fitzowen and his son, lavished on their exertions the most extravagant praise, and though he had often remarked to strangers the extreme beauty of Reuben Fitzowen's person, yet he was cautiously silent in the presence of his daughter, and never hearing a sentence drop from her lips that could convey the smallest idea that she had ever noticed his attraction, my grandfather set his heart at ease about so handsome a young fellow coming so frequently to the house, and rather encouraged than shewed any dislike when he perceived my mother in conversation

with him, which she used to do more than usually long, sometimes in the summer house, where Reuben was generally employed in arranging exotics, yet day after day increased the passion of my mother while each hour perceptibly paled the fresh rose on the cheek of Reuben; he pined in secret anguish for a treasure he never could possess and even thought it sacrilege to think of, for it was publickly known that Miss Singleton was soon to be the wealthy bride of a rich West Indian, and were it otherwise what could poor Reuben hope for, nothing—he hallowed the shrine which he dared not pay his vows to—and



Prudently resolved as soon as the work in the grounds of the captain were fully completed, that he would banish himself for ever from the sight of an object so dangerous to his repose, and for whom he felt a sentiment as new as it was fatally pleasing. The integrity of poor Reuben as well as his resolution was unshaken, but he could not hide the secret of his heart from his anxious mother, who saw her beautiful and affectionate child drop like a faded flower; and one morning with tears in her eyes, entreated to know the cause of his unhappiness? She spread his daily break-

fast before him of milk and fruit, to which she added a cake of her own baking; but Reuben though he smiled, tasted not, and the agonized mother burst into tears.

‘Ah, Reuben what ails thee, my dear child,’ cried the old dame. ‘You never served me so before, something has bewitched thee that is certain since—ah! tell thy old fond mother what it is.’

‘Nay mother ’tis you are bewitched to think so,’ Reuben replied with a forced smile, ‘do I not rise as early, and work

as late as ever, and don't I strive to make you and poor father happy, as much as ever.'

'But you don't make yourself happy, sobbed out the old dame, and it will break my heart to see you miserable. Ah, well you wont work so hard by and by to be sure, you have had a great deal to do at the captain's lately, that's for certain, and it has been almost too much for my dear boy; but there will be a great change soon.' Here Mrs. Fitzowen wiped her eyes, and in a gayer tone resumed her discourse to the silent Reuben, yes I warrant me,' cried she, 'we shall have fine

doings when our dear young lady is married to the fine rich gentleman that's coming over the seas, your business will be finished then Reuben.'

"Scarce had Mrs. Fitzowen ended this last sentence, than she perceived a sudden emotion in the countenance of Reuben, whose complexion became of an ashey paleness, while in trembling accents he faltered out, 'yes, mother, my business will be finished then, sure enough.'

"Mrs. Fitzowen shocked at her son's appearance, and thinking that she had

not made herself sufficiently understood, by way of making things better, instantly repeated, ‘ I mean my dear child, when Miss Singleton is married, that you will have nothing more to do with the gardens.’

“ Reuben stared wildly in his mother’s face, he grasped her trembling hands; at length exclaimed, ‘ when Miss Singleton is married, I shall have nothing more to do with this world,’ and sunk down motionless at her feet.

*End of Chapter Eight.*

## CHAP. IX.



Poor Reuben recovered sufficiently, in a few moments, to acquaint his distressed mother with the nature of his feelings, which so shocked the old dame, that it was many minutes before she could recover from the surprise and grief into which this discovery had thrown her. As she foresaw nothing

but danger, and even ruin in the consequence to her beloved child ; yet wishing to spare a further trial of his sensibility, she endeavoured to soften matters as much as possible, and more than her prudence ought to have suggested ; as to say, there was no knowing what might happen, and that many a stranger thing came to pass than her darling boy to marry a fine lady.

Beside,' continued the old dame, perceiving the countenance of Reuben to look brighter, ' I really do begin to think that Miss loves you.'

‘Loves me, mother!’ exclaimed Reuben. ‘Oh, if I thought Matilda loved me! Yet how is it possible? She never told me so! Still her looks—so kind, so gentle—then her voice is as sweet as my blackbird’s.’ O plague take the blackbird, thought the old dame, it was all along of him that she ever came under the window of our humble cottage; but this thought did not escape from her own breast; and she turned again to Reuben to comfort him.

‘Ah! it was not for nothing,’ continued she, ‘that I saw Miss kiss the roses you gathered, and put them in her



bosom; and it was not for nothing that she brought so many fine things in her nice little basket that she carries on her pretty arm; and when she comes in, she always looks as if she was going to say, 'Where's Reuben?'

“Mrs. Fitzowen having said thus much to comfort the spirits of her dejected son, stopped to take a little breath—when the entrance of old Fitzowen put an end to the discourse; for she was too well acquainted with the disposition of her husband as to leave a doubt on her mind, that he would not totally discourage the hopes of the aspiring Reu-

ben, the moment he should discover at what his romantic folly aimed—in fixing his affection on objects so far beyond his reach. This induced the wary dame to be silent; at the same time that she longed to tell the aged partner of her heart the whole of her grievances, and to consult with him on the best mode of lessening the danger that threatened their fondly beloved child.

“Had Mrs. Fitzowen done this, she had acted wisely. But *woman-like*, she could not muster up resolution to disclose the secrets of her poor Reuben, the consequence of which was, an in-

crease of the passion which daily consumed him, while the situation of my mother was as truly pitiable; the more so, as the time was fast approaching when the return of Mortlock might naturally be expected; a climax she looked forward to with fear and apprehension, which became every hour more and more insupportable. The neglected portrait of the now almost forgotten Mortlock lay in a corner of her drawers disregarded, or viewed only with a melancholy sensation of indifference, and a deep regret that she had ever beheld him; meanwhile, the fresh and blooming countenance of the youthful Reu-

ben was ever present to her imagination, around which the fascinating graces of beauty had spread a magnetic charm.

The gardens were now fully completed, and the plantation in the most flourishing condition, the orchards teemed with fruit of the most delicious quality, ripened into perfection by the care and culture which had been bestowed upon them, and every blooming flower looked more blooming, that owed its preservation to the hand of Reuben. At length the long expected, the so much dreaded moment, arrived; and one evening, while my mother sat work-

ing in her favourite summer house with Reuben at no great distance from her, my grandfather suddenly made his appearance with the following exclamation.

‘ Shiver my topsails, Matty—he’s come—he’s arrived safe and sound, and will be here before you can cry Jack Robinson.’

‘ Lord, father! how you frighten one,’ cried my mother; an universal tripidation seizing her whole frame, ‘ Who will be here?’

‘Why, your sweetheart—your husband that is to be to be sure,’ answered my grandfather, perceiving, for the first time, her extreme emotion, ‘Zounds and the Devil! Does that frighten you; you are the first girl in Christendom, I believe, that would be frightened at a fine handsome young fellow with twenty thousand pounds in his pocket, and who is going to marry you without a penny in your’s? come along, I say, and let us have a barrel of the best ale tapped; and the fat sow killed before to-morrow morning.’

My mother dared not disobey a command so peremptory, but she felt all the misery of her situation completed in one moment; and as she mechanically rose to follow the step of my grandfather, she directed her eyes to the spot that contained the treasure of her soul; but he was flown. Reuben eagerly caught the intelligence of my grandfather! he heard no more: the watering pot dropped from his trembling hand, and the next moment found him by the side of his mother in the white cottage!

*End of Chapter Ninth.*

## CHAP. X.



The unsuspecting Mortlock, too much elated with the prospects of his present happiness, and possessed of too much generosity in his own nature to doubt the sincerity, and, least of all, the truth of her he adored, perceived not the change which a few months had produced in my mother, who, no longer



happy herself, could not enjoy the happiness around her; and, suddenly shut out from the presence, and deprived of the society of Reuben, she became listless, pensive, and melancholy, till the following circumstance determined her to throw off all disguise, and to make a confidant of her generous lover, on whom, as she could not bestow her affection, she positively resolved, in her own mind, never to bestow her hand, even though my grandfather should annihilate her existence. However, my mother was possessed of a sort of wavering resolution, which would not

always suffer her to act decidedly ; and she delayed her necessary communications to Mortlock till the morning was even appointed for their marriage, on the eve of which, as they sat at supper, my grandfather suddenly inquired of a servant that waited, why it was that neither of the Fitzowens ever came near the house. ‘ Foolish toads,’ cried he, ‘ why don’t they come and enjoy themselves while they can ; and now I think of it, I have never set eyes on Rueben Fitzowen this month past.

Why, Sir, have you not heard the

news?’ replied the servant, as my mother, with her face inclining, over a plate of cherries greedily devoured his discourse.

‘ Reuben has kept his bed these three weeks, and last night was given over by the doctors.’

“ My mother who had been kept in ignorance of this all that was passing, and had never seen Reuben since the return of Mortlock, felt panic struck at hearing intelligence she so little expected, and the pang it gave her was insup-

portable. Reuben absent and banished from her presence, had made her experience poignant sensation of grief. But Reuben ill; nay, perhaps already dying, was more than her whole stock of fortitude could support--the frowns of an angry father, the jealousy of an alarmed lover, the complainings of her own conscience;--all, every thing was forgot but Reuben; and she determined on seeing him that very night before she retired to rest. To put this into practice, it was necessary for her to appear tranquil and composed, a task the more difficult, as Mortlock, for the first time

in his life, began to view her changing countenance with evident marks of astonishment and surprise ; but forbearing to make any comments, lest he should pain her delicacy ; and fondly attributing the emotions she discovered to a cause totally different from what they really were, he remained silently gazing on the beauties of a form and face which he fondly believed would soon be his own. My grandfather expressed his concern at the illness of Reuben with more kindness than might be expected ; and turning round to my mother, desired she would send him something from

the larder every day while he continued ill; ‘For shiver my topsails,’ said he, ‘if ever I saw a more industrious lad in all my born days. If he had been idle, I would not care if he had been hanged; but I have seen him work in the ground till he has been as faint as a rat;—so, **Matty**, don’t be sparing of the bacon: send him a good lump.’

Bacon, father, for a sick person,’ replied my mother, endeavouring to force a smile. ‘Well, I don’t mind, for once, if you stretch the neck of one of the old hens,’ answered my grandfather, laying

down his pipe; and the hour being yet early, he challenged his son in law, as he already called him, to play a game at chess, which, on Mortlock's side, was immediately accepted, and then it was that my mother contrived to steal out of the room. Hardly knowing what she did, she desired the cook to bring her a couple of cold chickens and some slices of ham; and taking with her a bottle of the best wine, she flew, as it might well be termed, on the wings of love to the cottage of her beloved Reuben. But when she arrived at the gate, her trembling fingers refused their office, a cold perspiration covered her face, and it was

in vain that she tried to raise the latch of the door, fearful of encountering the dreadful phantom which her imagination had formed of Reuben's being already dead. She listened for the notes of the blackbird, but all was silent; neither was the wicker cage seen through the lattice of the window: even the very flowers drooped, or seemed to droop in the absence of him whose hand had raised them from their lowly bed.

“The windows of the cottage were closed, and no light was perceptible, except the feeble rays of a glimmering lamp, which appeared from the chamber



above, and which, in a few moments, being hastily removed, left my mother in total darkness. Already was her hand again placed on the latch of the door, when an owl, who had taken up her night's lodging in the branches of the old oak, flapped her wings, and uttered a piercing shriek! Accustomed as my mother had been to the noise of these frightful birds, she fancied the omen now to be prophetic, and would have dropped senseless to the ground, had not her ear caught the imperfect sound of a voice, which now and then being interrupted by sobs, declared it to be that of the heart-broken mother, as she

seemed to be bending in agony over the form of her beloved and expiring child.

‘ Mary, let us pray,’ exclaimed a voice in the most affecting tone, ‘ for, see the spirit of our blessed child is departing. Mary, weep not my beloved wife. Rejoice, lift up your hands to the Most Merciful! for Reuben, our son, will die in the Lor i!’

“ My frantic mother heard no more. She screamed most violently, and beat her hands against the door, which now yielded to her touch. She rushed with the rapidity of lightning up the

stair-case, the door of the chamber was already open, and Mrs. Fitzowen had no sooner uttered the involuntary exclamation of ‘Gracious Providence! Miss Singleton!’—than my mother flew in, and wildly exclaimed, ‘I come to save your Rueben,’ and sunk at his bedside, when the bright sun-beam, which no mortal power can resist, suddenly emerges from a dark cloud darting its refulgent rays on all around, so suddenly appeared a change in the languid countenance of the dying Reuben, who instantaneously catching the well-known sound of my mother’s voice, grasped the snowy hand which she had placed on

his with almost supernatural firmness, and in tones of extacy exclaimed, ‘ Matilda.’

‘ Matilda lives for Reuben,’ said my mother; and instantly dropping on her knees, she declared, in the presence of her Creator, that her nuptials, which were about to be solemnized on the following morning, should never take place; and that she would never be the wife of any but her dear Reuben.

For mercy’s sake, Miss Singleton, recollect what you are saying,’ cried the father of Reuben, while all power of speech was denied to his astonished mother, ‘ talk not thus madly, my dear

young lady:—it cannot be:—my Reuben never can be the husband of one so much above him— let him not listen to you, Madam, I beseech you!

Fear nothing,' cried my mother, as she poured out a glass of wine, and administered it with her own hand to Reuben.

“ But he had *received a cordial* far more precious than the juice of the grape, or any other cordial could bestow; and assisted by his mother, he very soon found sufficient strength to rise from his bed, and put on his clothes, when be-

tween the two really-attached lovers an explanation followed that wanted but few words.

“ Reuben was satisfied that Matilda loved him; and my mother felt convinced that Reuben was her own; meanwhile, the distress of the old couple knew no bounds; the danger that threatened this fatal and ruinous attachment, they foresaw might yet be the grave of Reuben as well as their own; and more than all, they were puzzled to think, as things had gone to such a crisis, how it was possible Miss Singleton could avoid being married the next

morning to Mr. Mortlock ; but my mother bade them again to fear nothing ; and comforting Reuben before she departed with the assurance of her unalterable regard, with also the sacred repetition of what she had sworn, she presented herself again at the house of my grandfather, and perceiving, by the tranquillity that reigned within, her absence had not been detected, and that her father and Mortlock were in the heat of their last game, she contrived to steal softly into her own apartment, where, undressing and throwing herself on the bed, she rung the bell in the most violent manner ; and when an attendant

came, declared that she was taken so suddenly ill as to require the most immediate assistance. The alarm was instantly given. My grandfather was thunderstruck. Mortlock distracted, and a physician immediately sent for. On his arrival, my mother desired to be left alone with him, which request, as it seemed but natural, was instantly complied with; and my mother, without further ceremony, addressed him in the following words:—

‘ Sir, I labour under no complaint; and with respect to my health, am as well this moment as ever I was in my



life—you will therefore perceive how unnecessary your attendance here, and how ridiculous will be the use of your medicine.’

‘Madam,’ cried the doctor, who was really a clever and sensible man (which is not always the case with every one in the profession), ‘Madam,’ cried he again in the greatest astonishment!

‘My disorder,’ cried my mother, ‘is a disease of the mind, and strange as it may seem, though your medicine and advice would totally fail in rendering me the least service, yet it is nevertheless

in your power to effect my most perfect recovery.'

“Had the doctor been either a very young or very handsome man, so singular a confession from the lips of a beautiful young woman might have awakened the embers of vanity, had they lain ever so dormant in his composition; but the case was far different with Dr. Crookshank, who, more than fifty years old, was, beside, the father of a numerous and respectable family; and an explanation very soon took place between him and my mother respecting the peculiarity of her situation, in which, as a

man of honour, he could no further assist than merely to say, that he recommended the delay of a few days in the celebration of the expected ceremony, as being necessary to expedite the recovery of his patient's health—a circumstance which, though extremely mortifying to my grandfather, was delicately attended to by her lover; and he insisted, that his beloved Matilda should not be discomposed by any ridiculous impatience her father might discover at the postponement of their wedding.

“ My grandfather was therefore obliged to comply, and contented him-

self with only now and then muttering, that the pig would be got too old for the roast, and the tongue too much smoaked for the *wedding dinner*.

“ Meanwhile, the doctor attended his sham patient with the greatest punctuality and good nature, advising her, that if she had any plan to execute, to put it into practice as soon as possible, as the farce was growing serious with her father.

“ Accordingly, one evening, as the enraptured Mortlock sat by her side, and taking the advantage of the absence

of my grandfather, who had rode out to a country club, she thus suddenly addressed him:

‘Mortlock, I believe you love me,’ said my mother, and made a full stop.

‘As my life, Matilda; can you doubt it?’ replied he, astonished at the question.

‘I wish I could,’ cried my mother; ‘for then I should be more happy.’

‘Happy, Matilda,’ cried Mortlock, ‘at the possibility of my not loving you,’

explain yourself; for I confess your words are, at this moment, a little enigmatical.'

“ This was the critical moment; my mother burst into tears, she threw herself at the feet of the astonished Mortlock, she disclosed her love for Rueben, she confessed her own unworthiness, and her own ingratitude and implored his pity and forgiveness, entreating, for the love of Heaven, that he would not divulge her fatal secret, and expose her to the cruelty of her enraged father.

“ For some moments, when my mother ceased speaking, amazement sealed the lips of the petrified Mortlock. At length, in a tremulous tone, he broke silence thus:—

‘ No, Matilda! it is not for me to punish your indiscretion, I can call it nothing else; yet be assured, shocked as I am] by a confession which almost annihilates my existence, still I could not bear to see you wronged or used unkindly from your father’s reproaches; while I stay in your presence, I will certainly spare you; but think you, Matilda, I can long remain in a country where the

treasure of my heart is flown. Cruel girl, do you wish me to stay and witness the confirmation of that happiness which never can be mine? Must I support the altar, and become the bleeding sacrifice of Matilda's perjured vows? No, Matilda, we must separate—instantly separate:—wide as the ocean's space—eternal as the sleep of death! Yet will that beautiful form harrow up each moment of my existence, and in fancy's airy dream, you will be mine again. Farewell, dear adored Matilda! eternally farewell.'



“Mortlock rose wildly from his seat : he threw a despairing look towards my mother, hurried out of the apartment, and she never saw him more. He instantly left my grandfather’s house with no motive to explain why he did so : and every body felt grieved, confounded, and astonished but her for whom secretly and alone he had quitted the house never to return. My mother heaved a sigh that she could not reward a generosity so unexampled ; but love was the tyrant of her heart, and ruled with despotic sway over every resolution she had formed. She thought of Reuben, and she was happy.

“ It was a late hour when my grandfather returned from his nocturnal revels in not the most peaceable disposition that could be imagined ; for he had been making large libations to Bacchus, quarrelling with every person in the club room, and had very narrowly escaped a sound drubbing. Of the flight of Mortlock therefore, no one chose to inform him till the following morning, when he burst out like a sky rocket on all that came in his way ; first making all possible speed into the chamber of my mother, he began thus :

‘ Zounds and fury ! what’s the meaning of all this:—it’s all along of you

you little vapourish toad, it is. Shiver my hammock and topsails, do you know what you have lost? You have lost the sum of twenty thousand pounds, you little Jezabel, you have, and there you sit as easy and composed as a three decker going under easy sail.

“Perceiving my mother to remain perfectly silent, my grandfather grew the more enraged; and, with a whisk of straw, which he held in his hand, threw it in her face, swearing, with a tremendous oath, that if she did not that moment immediately inform him of the oc-

casian of Mortlock's flight, that he would knock her down.

'Do so, Sir,' cried my mother, now summoning up all the spirit she was able, 'and when you have bowed the head of your only child to the earth, and sent her to an early grave, see how a father will look when he is arraigned in the Court of Heaven's Chancery for the trial of her murder.'

'I murder you, you little hussey,' cried my grandfather, his voice softening each moment as he spoke. 'You know I doat on you. Tell me what is become

of Mortlock : that's all I want to know ; and what is the reason he has gone away without so much as saying, " Thank you for your pains ! "

' I cannot tell the reason of Mr. Mortlock's departure,' cried my mother ; but while she said this, she felt a painful struggle with her feelings.

' Well, if you cannot, you cannot, I suppose,' said my grandfather, ' and shiver my topsails if I know a better reason in the world, because it is a woman's. So, come down Matty -- Mix me a glass of grog ; and don't cry your eyes

out for the loss of your lover, though he was a three decker.

‘ I shan’t cry at all,’ cried my mother, with an air of simplicity, but perfectly *natural*; for the idea of Reuben, blooming in health and beauty, again breathing vows of love and adoration, was a thought too extatic for any shadow or sensation of regret to steal into her soul; and while the self-banished Mortlock was a prey to anguish almost insupportable on the shores of a foreign land, my mother hailed the sweet moment when she should become the bride of the humble Reuben, who, perfectly re-

stored to health, worked again in the plantations of my grandfather, receiving, for the reward of all his toils, a smile and kiss from the glowing lips of his Matilda, who, when she accepted of a fresh gathered rose from his sun-burnt hands, would press it with ardour to her bosom; and as she implanted a kiss on its dewy leaves, would fondly exclaim:—‘ Ah! sweetest Rose, your beauty is only rivalled, and your fragrance can be only equalled, by the beautiful countenance and the sweet breath of Reuben Fitzowen.’

“ Thus continued my mother to nourish in her bosom a passion which knew

no bounds; and which, at length induced her to consent to a private and clandestine marriage with the idol of her heart, a discovery of which, was the alteration of her shape in a few months afterwards to the enraged eye of my grandfather; but when he learned who was the father of her child, and that she was honourably, though privately married, to Renben Fitzowen, the son of the gardener, he was seized with a fit of apoplexy, after having made a will, in which he disinherited my mother of every shilling he possessed, and with the malediction of a father's curse. Just three months after she became an inmate



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of the white cottage, your Matilda,  
Glenmorris, first saw the light. But my  
mother was happy, and though rendered  
poor by a father's cruelty, yet she was  
the happiest of the poor; and Reuben,  
my father, was the paragon of the  
industrious: he worked night and day  
to procure comfort for his Matilda; and  
I was just five years old when a report  
prevailed in the village, that my grand-  
father, Captain Singleton, was at the  
point of death.

“ Several neighbours called on my  
mother at our cottage to inform her of  
a circumstance at which it was impos-

sible for her not to feel affected; and among others the worthy old Doctor Crookshank; and earnestly did he exhort my mother to seek an interview with her dying father.

Do not consider yourself, my dear Mrs. Fitzowen,' said this worthy man, 'for though deaf to your complaints, yet your father cannot be insensible to the voice of nature in your innocent child; that lovely girl bears the strongest resemblance of your features; the sight of her will awaken sensations which has lain so long dormant:—it will remind him of the power you possessed

over him in the period of your infancy ; he will see his Matilda in the youthful innocent, and stretch out his arms to enfold both the mother and the child.

“ The rhetoric of the worthy doctor prevailed ; and my mother, though far advanced in a state of pregnancy, consented to present herself at the bedside of her dying father, and to take me with her.

“ The doctor advised that I should be the first object presented to my grandfather. Accordingly, one morning, the doctor called ,to his appointment, when

I was already dressed for the occasion, and my mother throwing a veil round her still beautiful form, concealing, as much as possible, the nature of her situation, set out to view once again her paternal abode, the doors of which had been closed against her by the author of her being!

‘ See, Captain Singleton,’ cried Matthew Mast, who stood sentinel at the door of his bedchamber, ‘ I am sure you cannot do any *such thing*. You had better go about your business, Mrs. Fitzowen; for I am pretty certain my master will never see you nor your brat

either; so march—it's my orders to turn you *out*, whenever you turn *in*, and I'll defy any man to say that Mathew Mast ever neglected his duty.'

'Impudent scoundrel,' cried the doctor—your age and infirmity is your only protection. Instantly, conduct us to Captain Singleton; or, by the mass shall bundle you headlong down the staircase, wooden legs and all.'

“Mathew Mast no longer shewed an opposition, and the door of my grandfather *was thrown open to receive the unexpected guests.*

My courage fails me,' cried my mother, as she turned towards the bed, on which reclined my dying grandfather, intercede for me. Oh! speak; for I am incapable.'

Your child!' exclaimed the doctor, Captain Singleton, behold your daughter!

*End of Chapter Tenth.*

## CHAP. XI.



“There are some breasts impenetrable as the flinty rocks, and deaf as the raging winds, to the supplications of innocence or the tenderness of compassion, even though uttered by the voice of nature, and speaking through the simplicity of childhood. My mother had taught my infantine lips to lisp out the

name of grandfather at an earlier period than at this most affecting moment, in which the worthy doctor, taking me in his arms, and drawing aside the bed-curtains, thought proper to present me to Captain Singleton; and as he opened his eyes, and fixed them on me with some attention, I stretched out my little arms towards him, involuntarily and softly repeating the name of grandfather. But no sooner had I uttered this than the bed shook beneath him with the violence of his passion; and, in a voice of thunder, he roared out ‘Grandfather! you vile reptile of a muckworm! Zounds and fury, who brought you here



to call me grandfather! Grandfather indeed! Shiver my topsails if I'll be grandfather to any such vermin. Who brought you here, I say?

My little heart was brimful. I burst into tears, while my poor mother, no longer able to controul her feelings, emphatically exclaimed 'Your Matilda, Sir!—Your long forgotten and neglected Matilda, who, now a wife and mother, implores of her own father a blessing for her child.' To which my enraged grandfather replied, 'Be gone, you vile, disgraceful hussey: be gone to your vagabond husband, and dig potatoes in

your filthy hole. Go and take my curses, which I give most heartily to you and your abominable brat.'

'Inhuman father,' cried my mother, snatching me out of the arms of the petrified doctor, and folding me fondly to her bosom. 'Inhuman father—on my devoted head let all your curses fall; but spare, oh spare, this innocent, who never wronged you.'

“ My grandfather now waved his hand in sullen silence for my mother to quit the apartments, and calling loudly for Mathew Mast, he was about to

exercise his authority, when Dr. Crookshank compassionately drew her arm in his, and led her out.

Come, Mrs. Fitzowen,' said he, 'let me, for ever, conduct you from a scene which has proved so agonizing to your feelings, and which I cannot forgive myself for having exposed you to; but my intentions were good,. I could not foresee the failure of my wishes for your welfare, much less could I have expected the brutality I have been an eye witness to. Come, Madam, take comfort, and though I can offer you but little consolation in the present instance, yet.

be assured, there is retribution in another quarter from which you have nothing to fear. There is mercy in Heaven, Madam, though it is denied on earth.'

“ My mother listened to the worthy doctor; but her spirits had received too severe a shock for the critical delicacy of her situation. She was put to bed in the most imminent danger, and the very same morning that my mother gave birth to a son that lived but a few hours after her delivery, intelligence was brought to our cottage, that my grandfather had breathed his last, dying obdurate and unforgiving to the very last

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moments of his mortal existence, leaving his property in the hands of strangers, and a large sum of money to his base counterpart, *Mathew Mast*, who soon becoming landlord of one of the principal inns in the village, failed not to insult the weary traveller who wanted money to pay his reckoning, nor to turn from his doors the children of the unfortunate; but his career was short, and he soon died, blind and miserable, because he could not see to count his money bags, which became the property of the next harpey who succeeded him. Meanwhile, my father and mother enjoyed a repose which la-

hour rendered more sweet than could be imagined from the poverty of their circumstances, which, though it had long since entered the door, had not driven love out of the window. My mother was still beautiful, and her faithful Reuben still kind, and having laid his father and mother in the peaceful dust, he became the sole possessor of the white cottage and its beautiful gardens, where the old oak still flourished with majestic beauty, bidding defiance to the hand of time, and still encouraging the young ivy to cling to it for protection. All but the blackbird remained in their former situation, as

when my mother enamoured of its wild notes, would station herself beneath the window ; but its artless song was heard no more, for it was dead, and sacred to its memory, no other bird was ever suffered to supply its place. I was, at this period, my beloved Glenmorris, ten years old, and being the only child, contributed more to the happiness of my parents than any other circumstance whatever. My mother taught me to read, to write, and make fine works ; but it was my father who taught me to spin, to brew, and to bake ; and it was from him that I learned the pleasures of humble industry, all my savings and my

work being put by him into a little green purse, and at the end of a twelve-month I generally earned sufficient to purchase some new clothes. In short, it was scarce possible to love a father more than I did. When I lost him! ah! Glenmorris, that ever-to-be-remembered night, how it shocks my memory! The season was winter. In the gloomy, cold, and perishing month of December, my father was employed to cut down wood in the neighbouring forest, whither he was accustomed to go each day while it was yet dark, in order that he might return home at an earlier hour in the evening. Ah! then how cheerful and



how happy he would seem around the blazing fire which my mother had prepared for him; and while he fondly pressed her to his honest breast, my little hands delighted to spread the cloth, and get ready our humble, but sweet repast, a kiss from my father being the reward of my pains.

“ One night being thus employed—I tremble, Glenmorris, while I relate it, one dreadful night, when the wind and rain struggled for contention against the *windows*, of our lowly cottage; and my father, at a late hour, was not returned from the forest, we experienced a thou-

sand fears for his safety. The darkness of the night became every moment more terrible: the wind increased, and the rain poured in fresh torrents. A presentiment of terror seized the mind of my frantic mother! As placing a fresh taper in the chamber above, I heard her mournfully exclaim ‘Oh! God, protect my Reuben! Guide him through the terrors of this dreadful night, and bring him once more in safety to Matilda!’ My full heart throbbed convulsively at her words, and I durst not speak. My fears, which almost amounted to a conviction that some accident had befallen my beloved father, ‘Stay, mother,’

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cried I, wrapping my little red cloak about me, 'do not venture out, but let me go, and seek my father?'

'What, in the dreadful beatings of this pitiless storm, my child,' cried my mother, 'you cannot, Matilda, think of exposing yourself to such danger.'

'I can think of nothing but my father,' exclaimed I, 'and flew from her outstretched arms. 'I will return in a moment, mother,' cried I; and I was instantly out of her sight. Breathless I ran across the wild heath, which bordered on the skirts of the forest, and

scarce seeming to touch the marshy ground, had just gained the entrance of the well-accustomed path, when a confused murmuring of voices met my ear. I looked forward, my heart panted, and my eyes grew dim; for I beheld a pale glimmering of lights, and a sort of slow procession moving towards me. I remained transfixed to the spot, where I was till the nearer approach of the heights gave me a full opportunity of discovering what it was. Glenmorris! it was the corpse of my father, mangled and bleeding limb from limb, crushed by the falling of a tree in the forest in the dreadful storm. Four neighbours rushed

to his assistance, but he was gone for ever, and they were now bearing his mangled body on a platform, in order to convey the dreadful intelligence to his distracted wife. I stayed not a moment to view a spectacle which harrowed up my soul, and at which I rent the air with my cries. But before I reached the cottage, a humane neighbour had stepped in, and apprised her of the full extent of her misfortune. I found her lying senseless on the floor, where she continued for many hours without motion, recovering only at intervals to scream out the name of her beloved husband in all the frantic agonies of de-

spair. At length time threw a melancholy veil over the past. My mother lost the violence of her grief; but with it, alas! she lost her reason, and sinking into a state of perfect insanity, became insensible to all that passed or repassed in the habitable world. I watched her night and day for many weeks. I prepared her food, and my endeavouring attentions made her swallow it. She recovered slowly in health, but became a mere child in mind and manners—such, Glenmorris, as you beheld her when you first entered our wretched cottage! Ah! what then was its neglected appearance!—obliged to spin

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wool for our scanty maintenance. I could no longer bestow a thought on plants or flowers, watered now but with my tears—they drooped and perished, and our garden was a wilderness, and our cottage was a cobweb when you, Glenmorris, entered our solitary abode, and in the form of a good Samaritan, ‘ beheld the form of an angel,’ interrupted Glenmorris, piously supporting, by the labour of her youthful hands, a senseless, heart broken mother, to whose comfort she contributed to the latest moment of her frugal existence, and whose passport was signed to Heaven, by the filial duty of an affectionate child !

Thanks, my Matilda, thanks, my Angel, for your interesting, though melancholy recital. Oh! for the wealth of worlds, to make you forget past sorrows and subsequent misfortunes in the devoted attentions of your faithful Glenmorris.'

'My wealth of worlds rests in the arms of my husband,' cried Mrs. Glenmorris, 'blest with his affections, secure in his confidence, and possessed of his reciprocal esteem, can Matilda be poor? Oh, never!

Glenmorris bestowed a look of rapture on his lovely wife; and just as they



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were about to turn from the plantations,  
I eagerly advanced towards them, when,  
without further ceremony, I communi-  
cated the intelligence I had to unfold,  
and the errand on which I came.

*End of Chapter Eleventh.*

## CHAP. XII.



An expression of surprise and astonishment, to which was added an animated glow of sensibility, lighted up the countenance of the son of the Muses and the favourite of Thespis, nor could Mr. Glenmorris hide from observation the tear which intrusively fell on the hand of his beautiful wife, as clasping

his in silent wonder, she glanced her meek eyes towards him, as if wishing to interrupt the nature of his present feelings; but Glenmorris could not have told her; for they were sacred to that fountain from whence all goodness flows. It was rapture, it was bliss too great for utterance, and could only be felt by such a husband as Glenmorris! That his Matilda should be raised, by the unseen hand of Providence, not only from a state of the most abject dependance, but from extreme want and wretchedness, to a situation in which she would not be exposed to either, nor subject to the caprice of an ungrateful, and too

often a merciless public, made Glenmorris feel, as it were, transported to the shores of an Elysian world.

“ Will you pardon me, my good Sir and Madam?” cried I, “ for having the temerity to acknowledge myself an attentive listener to the narrative of Mrs. Fitzowen.—Absolutely spell-bound, I could not stir from my hiding place—to which the connection of my friend Mortlock, with many parts of so interesting a recital, made me more anxious to hear the its conclusion. “ Come, Mrs. Glenmorris,” continued I, taking the hand of the beautiful Matilda, “ let me

conduct you and your worthy husband to the presence of my friend. Bear up, Madam, you are innocent, have never wronged him, and can have nothing to fear."

"But my mother has," cried Mrs. Glenmorris, in tremulous accents. "My poor unfortunate mother, whose image I now am! ah! will not the sight of me make him shudder? Am I not the child of his rival? and will he not behold in my features the counterpart of his faithless Matilda? Oh, Sir! Oh, Glenmorris, spare me from the just reproaches of his generous heart. I can-

not bear to wound it, and the sight of me will wound it deeply!"

"There are some wounds, Madam," cried I, "which, gently bound by the hand which has inflicted them, will speedily effect a cure!"

I said no more; but Mrs. Glenmerris perfectly comprehended my meaning, and a silence was maintained on all sides, till broken by me on our near approach to Rose Valley. "There, Madam," said I, pointing to some beautiful cocoa nut-trees! "There, in those embowering shades, is concealed, but in

ambush, the elegant mansion of **Richard Mortlock.**”

“The once destined husband of the lovely **Miss Singleton,**” repeated **Glenmorris,** as he gazed with intent observation on the feature of his agitated wife, and softly whispering, as she leaned for support on his protecting arm, “**Courage, my Matilda!**”

We soon gained the entrance of the portal, when I immediately conducted the wife and husband into an apartment, where I begged they would remain till I had formally acquainted **Mr. Mortlock**

with their arrival, who met me at the door of the library with the following words:—

“ You have been absent unusually long, Cleveland,” cried he, “ and have either failed in discovering the objects of your search, or had but little consideration for the feelings of a tortured heart.”

“ Your accusation is a little unjust, my friend,” answered I, reaching out my hand: “ the objects of my search are already found. I have brought Mr. and Mrs. Glenmorris along with me: they



are in the house, and it is out of respect wholly to those feelings which I so highly venerated, that I did not immediately conduct them to your presence."

"Is, then, the daughter of Matilda here," cried Mortlock, trembling so excessively, that he could scarcely support himself.

"And her husband also," returned I: they both wait in readiness to receive your commands."

"My commands," cried Mr. Mortlock, in the greatest agitation. "Oh! it

is the child of Matilda, that must henceforth command me. Cleveland, I am no philosopher. I tremble a second time to encounter the glance of Fitzowen's daughter. Yet sacred to the memory of her I once so dearly loved, I will at once perform the duty of a lover and a Christian. My rival sleeps in the grave of his father; and the cold earth presses the remains of my once-adored Matilda. Perish, then, for ever, the remembrance of her unworthiness. Time indeed has registered the record here; but mercy blots it out for ever. The living daughter of a dead rival shall be the heiress of my fortune."

I waited not to hear the concluding words of my friend Mortlock ; but conceiving the present state of his feelings to be thoroughly prepared for the reception of Mr. and Mrs. Glenmorris, returned to the apartment where I had left them, when, taking the hand of Mrs. Glenmorris, I led the way into the library, where sat the agitated Mortlock to receive her.

There is a delicacy in interviews of this nature which makes the intrusion of any other person or persons besides the immediate party concerned, not only

disagreeable to the feelings, but highly improper.

I closed the door therefore after me the moment I beheld Mr. and Mrs. Glenmorris fairly seated in the presence of my friend, nor would I again return to the apartments till I was summoned to the supper table, at the head of which, with no small degree of satisfaction, I perceived the beautiful, unaffected, and interesting daughter of Mrs. Fitzowen, on whose snowy and modest cheek a pellucid tear lingered, still betraying the sensibility which had so re-

cently affected her; but like morning dew on the leaves of the rose, it moistened but for a short time the transcendent beauty of the blushing flower. Mrs. Glenmorris soon smiled, and that genial warmth created by that smile, soon animated the breast of her husband, and awakened him to the fullest sense of his now enviable situation. Mr. Mortlock found in Glenmorris a sensible and rational companion—discovered in him a mind elegantly gifted with those accomplishments which must ever be found to exalt riches, though riches cannot exalt them, and which the humblest station, though surrounded with the sharpest

pangs of poverty, cannot debase. In Mrs. Glenmorris, as the child of his Matilda, Mortlock perceived every virtue to love, and many qualities that commanded his admiration. Still his judgment could not help acknowledging a superiority of mind and a solidity of disposition which Mrs. Fitzowen had never possessed. In a few weeks after the happy meeting, he caused his will to be made, in which the whole of his wealthy possessions were left in favour of Mrs. Glenmorris immediately on his decease, an event which took place as speedy as unexpected by his lamenting friends. In less than the period of three

months after his adoption of Glenmorris and his amiable wife, he died of a nervous fever, and it was with deep and heartfelt regret that I followed to the grave a man so truly excellent, that it might be said—Humanity and virtue marked him for her own. “Peace to thy ashes, Mortlock,” cried I, as I turned slowly from the piece of earth that shadowed his remains! “Peace to thy ashes, dear, lamented friend! The recording angel, as he writes thee down, need not blush when he carries into Heaven’s Chancery the unsullied page which marks thy virtue and thy faults.” The inscription on his tomb, and which I

well knew was traced by the elegant hand of Glenmorris, was simply thus:

“ Sacred

TO

*The Memory of Richard Mortlock, Esq.*”

The most lasting memorials of a man's virtues are not given in monumental praise: it is recorded in the hearts of those he leaves behind him!—Glenmorris was right. Volumes could not have conveyed more forcibly to the feeling heart a better or more appropriate sentiment, illustrating the character of departed worth, than the sim-



plicity he had adopted. For my own part, I detest pageantry of all kinds,—more particularly that which appertains to the great in their splendid escutcheons, marble monuments, perfumed coffins, and funeral orations. The last eventful history of their past lives, which, like the nodding plumes that bear them to the grave, can only say, in a drawing room I once flourished,

A circumstance which the authoress asserts, recently occurred in the precincts of Grosvenor square, otto of roses being put into the coffin with the deceased personage. This is carrying folly to the grave in reality.

and was gay, which reminds me of the following lines:—

‘ And why not gay? I gave the poor!’

‘ You did indeed!—your lordship’s door!’

*End of Chapter Twelfth.*

CHAP. XIII.



It was not to be supposed, that though I passed my life in one unvarying scene of tranquillity and rational happiness with my amiable friends, that I was indifferent to the fate of the Mandeville family; and, strange to say, that though I was stationary with Edward in the Island of Jamaica for the

period of seven years, yet I could not gain the smallest intelligence from Mr. Worgham respecting any of my relatives till the account which he gave in a letter to his son, informed me of the following events which had taken place.

“Tell Egbert Cleveland,” says the old gentleman, “that in compliance with his solicitation, I went a step beyond my inclination, and more than two steps beyond my capacity, to serve him: for I actually hired a post chaise, and your sister Caroline being rather poorly I took her with me for the benefit o

the journey. But where did you suppose I journeyed to?

Why not to the blue mountains, to be swallowed up alive, wholesale and retail, for the benefit (as you once did, you know, on a former occasion), for the benefit of the Blackamoors!

No! I desired the postillion to drive to Mandeville Manor; and when I arrived, boldly demanded an audience of Sir Peter Mandeville, which was not so easy to be done as said, for the porter actually denied me admittance; but I so rated him, that, curse me if ever he will

lose sight of good manners again as long as he can remember Ned Worg- ham, Grocer and Tea Dealer. No ad- mittance—cannot possibly let me in! and go about my business! Why, curse your impudence! cried I! tell an honest tradesman that has come forty miles in a post chaise, and all at his own ex- pence, to go about his business! Why, you lazy, lubberly, fat, greasy, kennel hound, I have left my business, and come all this way to speak to your master, and speak to him I will; or, by the Lord Harry, I will soon let you know what o'clock it is! here's manners,

here's good breeding at the house of a baronet! By the Lord, the nation may well go to pot when such fellows as you who are fed by it, are suffered to kick civility out of doors. So saying, I handed Caroline from the chaise, and without ceremony, advanced into the middle of a hall large enough to turn a coach and six horses! and there, to my surprise, sat three more fellows, all dressed out in green and gold, with gingerbread buttons, and stinking of perfumes like so many pole cats. 'Come, come,' cried I, shall stand no more of your nonsense—either go up to your master, and inform him, that a person

waits on him with particular business, or I shall go myself. On this they all scouted, one and all, like so many hares, but I waited longer than I could have served twenty customers, before I was desired to walk up stairs, which I did, in no very good humour, for the lazy rascals had ruffled my temper. I knocked at the door, because I thought if a baronet did not know what good manners were, that his inferiors would teach him; but I soon got the better of my ill humour, when I saw one of the finest old gentlemen my eyes ever beheld with a pleasing and benevolent countenance, advance to meet me.



“ Mr. Worgham, I presume,” cried he, “ and the young lady; but pray have the goodness to be seated.”

“ My daughter,” answered I. “ We have both pressed in rudely here, Sir Peter; but I am a plain man of dealing, quite unaccustomed to the ceremony and forms that attend a great man like you: therefore I hope you will excuse me.”

‘ Sir,’ cried he, ‘ with a most placid smile, I am as plain a man as yourself, and as little fond of ceremony, and what may appear more strange to you, am at

this moment as unacquainted with great men, as you are pleased to call them, as yourself. I live in retirement, as you perceive, disgusted with the follies, and heartily despising the customs of that world, which, sources of domestic affliction, have rendered hateful to me!

“ On this, the old gentleman wiped off a tear that started from his eye, and without inquiring into my business, he rang the bell to desire that some refreshment might immediately be brought in, which he very politely pressed Caroline and myself to accept of!—Ah! ah!

thought I: this will do vastly well—this is something in the shape of old English hospitality; but what a pity that the servants of so good a man should, by their insolent mode of behaviour, give a stranger an unfavourable impression of his character!

“When Caroline and myself  
drank off a glass of wine a piece I  
thought it was time to open my business,  
and should have done so, had not the  
silly girl, on casting her eyes over the  
chimney board, and seeing a full length  
portrait of a certain person, gave a loud

scream, which, as you may suppose, entirely put every thing I had to say out of my head."

"My God! young lady!" exclaimed Sir Peter, "what can thus alarm you! but his eyes following in the same direction as her's, the meaning was plain enough, and more plain than I either wished or expected, Edward; but to business."

"Surely," continued the baronet, "you have no knowledge of the person that portrait represents?"

“ Indeed but she has thought,” cried I, “ and a better youth does not exist, let the other be where he will, than in the person of Edward Cleveland!”

“ On these words, Sir Peter rose from his chair, almost in a delirium of joy, and folding his hands together with an emotion I shall never forget, exclaimed, ‘ Gracious Heaven, I thank thee! O worthy Sir! O! excellent young lady! Ease the throbbings of an old man’s heart, and tell me all you know of Egbert Cleveland! Does he live? Is he well? Is he happy? and O! more

than all, I wish to ask, shall these old eyes ever behold him?"

"I was so affected, Edward, that though I am not much given to crying, yet I found myself on the point of being in a melting mood. So I up and told Sir Peter all I could pick and scrape about his nephew, not forgetting the blue mountain story into the bargain, at which he expressed so much delight and satisfaction, that I thought he never would have done acknowledging how greatly he was obliged to me.

"Mr. Worgham," cried he, "after

what you have related, I am neither willing to part with you nor your fair daughter on so short an acquaintance, and if you are not pressed for time, must positively insist on making you prisoners for a few days at Mandeville Manor, having communications to offer which I hope will be as conducive to the happiness as well as advantageous to the fortune of my dear nephew, who has been for many years legal heir to the whole property (a few legacies excepted) of Lucilla Penman. The uncertain probability that the dear boy would ever be found again, or that he might no longer be living, has caused the will in

either case to descend to my youngest son, Joseph Mandeville, who has been some time united to a most amiable and deserving young woman, the youngest daughter of Sir James Sommerville, with whom he lives in as perfect state of conjugal felicity as few married lives afford."

"In the present times you mean, Sir Peter," cried I, "for when I married my little Dorothy forty years ago, I had no care in the world but to get children, and now I have got them, all my care now is, how to provide for them."



“ You know, Ned, I never like to lose a joke if I can help it. Sir Peter smiled, and turning round to Caroline, paid her a compliment that made the poor girl blush like a rose in full bloom. But to proceed to business, for I have a long story to tell you before I conclude this epistle.

“ All this while, you must know, I kept twirling about my fingers and thumbs in a very awkward manner, as Caroline afterwards told me, because I wanted to ask a question, and that was, whether that the Devil, Lady Mande-

ville, was on the stocks or no? and what was become of her precious cub, Mortimer? or, if the poor girl whom he so infamously betrayed, was ever yet heard of? all which questions Sir Peter was kind enough to take off my hands, by relating the following circumstances.

‘I am now a widower, Miss Worg-  
ham,’ cried he, addressing Caroline;  
‘therefore, if you will condescend to  
grace a batchelor’s table to-day, I may  
probably introduce you to the society of  
a female companion to-morrow in my  
sweet and lovely neighbour, Lady Adela  
Hugh de Tracy! that is if we can draw

the fair recluse from her little cottage, where she has resided since the death of Lady Mandeville and the marriage of my son, Mortimer."

" You have both your sons married, then, Sir Peter," cried I, " and your daughters——."

" Will continue maids as long as they live," answered he, " and old maids, I promise you, which, to do them justice, has been more the fault of their mother than their own. Lady Mandeville bred them in the school of fashionable indolence, and taught them to expect to

marry peers of the realm ; but no peers of the realm having thought it convenient to marry them, poor Clotilda and Jemima may wear the willow for the remainder of their days. They are still so fond of fashion and folly, however, that they reside with their brother in the parlours of St. James's, who has married a thoughtless giddy woman of fashion, dissipated like himself, and more calculated to be his mistress than his wife, and whom, I strongly suspect, will shortly involve him both in ruin and disgrace ; but," continued Sir Peter, with a sigh, " as he married to please himself and not me, I shall not discuss

a subject so displeasing to my feelings, particularly as not even my most earnest entreaties ever could prevail with him to do justice to his cousin, by acknowledging that unfortunate affair of Lubina Blackbourne.

‘ For my own part, I am fully convinced who is the seducer, and who is not. The *Son*, and not the *Nephew*, being the transgressor, though passion blinded me at the time, and the artifice of a deceitful woman (which Lady Mandeville confessedly was), and too well succeeded in those arts, in persuading me to adopt measures, and

charging my nephew with a crime of which I need no conviction than my own heart that he never was guilty.'

“Lubina herself, were she but here, would most gladly attest his innocence,” cried I; “but till that moment fortunately arrives, I fear your nephew is so scrupulously delicate, that he will never be prevailed on to face your presence.”

‘Then I shall die without blessing him,’ exclaimed Sir Peter: ‘he shall, he must come to close the eyes of his poor heart-broken uncle. Will he not, think you, Mr. Worgham?’

“Doubtless,” I replied, “which was but right, you know, Edward.”

“Then I will write to him to-morrow,” cried the old gentleman; “nay, more, I will get a fair hand to add her signature to mine in requesting that he will immediately come over to England and possess himself of that property which now no longer has a right to be withheld from him. Yes, Adela shall be the olive branch of peace between us! Adela, whom no mortal can resist, and, least of all, I think, my nephew! She is an heiress of one hundred thousand pounds, Mr. Worgham. Her father,

Lord Hugh de Tracy, lately dead, and the whole of this property at her own disposal.”

“ An exceeding snug thing, upon my soul!” cried I: “ an hundred thousand pounds. What can a young woman do with so much money?”

“ What few young women do with their’s, I believe,” answered Sir Peter. “She gives it, Mr. Worgham, to relieve the wants of others, and lives in secluded retirement, while she publicly bestows the most liberal donations to help a sinking multitude. Now I will pre-



vail on this angel to write to Egbert, and who knows—

“Dinner is on the table, Sir,” said a fellow, thrusting in his head at the door, which was as white as a cauliflower, and I could not help making a remark that did not in the least offend the baronet, though it was one of his own servants; but, on the contrary, seemed to afford him some amusement as we went down stairs, which remark was, Ned, that I was not surprised to farmers keeping up the high price of corn, nor millers that of flour when so

many livery servants made use of it in powder for their heads!"

*End of Chapter Thirteenth.*

CHAP. XIV.



The shipwrecked mariner, when safe from the dangers of the storm, reviews the land that gives him birth with tenfold pleasure, and counts each moment till he shall behold it, an age of pain! Dear objects meet in crowded recollection on his memory, and relatives beloved float across his imagination, and

while every pulse beats with the swelling tide of expectation, hope, on which he has so oft reposed his sheet anchor, comes to crown his wishes, and weaves, at last, a never-fading garland for his brow.

Such were my hopes, such were my wishes, and such my expectations on perusing and re-perusing the contents of Mr. Worgham's letter, thrice welcome to me, not only on account of its intelligence, but from the warm breathing sentiments which it conveyed.

To find myself master of a fortune

I so little expected from the goodness and generosity of Miss Pennman, excited the deepest sense of gratitude, nor could I sufficiently express my obligation to Mr. Worgham, which bound me in ties the most sacred to himself and son!

“ Dear Edward,” cried I, while tears, which I could no longer restrain, gushed from my eyes, “ Dear Edward, to you and your excellent father am I indebted for the good fortune which now attends me.

“ Had your doors been closed against

me in the hour of distress, when I first came under your hospitable roof, slandered by my enemies, and unprotected by those relatives that should have befriended me, what, at this moment, would have been the fate of Egbert Cleveland?"

On this, Mrs. Worgham, who was making breakfast, opened her rose-bud lips with a sweet smile, and laying her hand on mine, 'Come Cleveland,' said she, 'a truce to all sombre reflections. If you wish to inspire melancholy, let us take another trip to the blue mountains; but, for my part, I will hear no-

thing that in the smallest degree inclines me to be serious for a month to come.”

“ In a month to come,” said Edward, “ my sweetest Rosa, you must prepare for a voyage across the Atlantic. What say you, my love, to another specimen of your abiliites in the character of **Little Jack the Sailor Boy?**”

“ **Had I** the same object in pursuit, I would again venture on so hazardous an undertaking, but at present my character is decidedly fixed.”

“ **Ultimately so, charming Rosa,**” cried

I, "and may that character never change; it never can. Faithful love binds a rosy wreath around the head of hoary time, the influence of which may pale its bloom, but never destroys its fragrance."

"I shall give you one of my best curtesies for that pretty speech some other time," said Mrs. Worgham, "but really Cleveland, though you are everlastingly talking of love, I do not suppose that the little blind boy has much to answer for on your account, or I think the rich planter's daughter Miss Monson, who is certainly a very fine girl, and set her cap



so pointedly at you at the last assembly, would have made some impression on your heart."

"Madam," cried I, "had Miss Monson the charms of a Medeccean Venus, I have a coat of mail which would effectually shield me from their brilliancy."

"Indeed," said Mrs. Worgham, with an arch smile, "and what sort of coat of mail may that be, Sir?"

"A faithful heart, Madam," answered I, "already devotedly in the possession of another!"

“I am satisfied,” cried Mrs. Worg-  
ham, on perceiving an expression of  
surprise and even disappointment de-  
picted in the countenance of Edward;  
“I shall ask no more questions; but  
woman’s curiosity, you know, you re-  
member Blue Beard. Mercy on us, my  
dear Edward, how grave you look.  
Come, smile. I hate to see you look  
grave. One would almost imagine that  
you thought Cleveland had fallen in love  
with your wife!”

Edward, on this rally of the lively  
Rosa, recovered his spirits, but not  
without softly whispering, as he sat

close to my elbow, "Poor Caroline! it is all over with you."

Mrs. Worgham having occasion to leave the room, I anxiously inquired after the health of both his sisters, at which he replied, "Lucy has her usual health and spirits; but Caroline, my father informs me, is, he apprehends, in the first stage of a consumption, and my mother inconsolable at the change which has so recently taken place in her disposition."

"She is a dear, lovely, amiable girl," continued Edward, "and next to my

own Rosa, dearest to my heart, I once thought, I once wished, I—I—I—no matter what I wished; it is all over with poor Caroline; and so there is an end of the business!"

“ Shocked and surprised by a communication so unexpected, I experienced a thousand indescribable pangs, and felt for Caroline Worgham all that a man could feel in my peculiar situation!

“ My unbounded obligation to her father, my affection for Edward, whom I loved as my brother! and divested of all this, my admiration of the gentle

virtues of the lovely Caroline herself, all tended to one point, that of making her an offer of my hand; at the same moment that I should myself resign every hope of earthly happiness, the renunciation of my long cherished hope—the love of Adela; but candour being a brief point in a case like this, I instantly disclosed the nature of my feelings to Edward, and concluded by declaring, that after what I had informed him, if he thought my hand worthy the acceptance of his sister, that hand was her's!

“What?” cried Edward, “save my

“sister and sacrifice my friend! No  
 Cleveland, this is a point on which man  
 must speak for man; and I candidly  
 confess, that I would not give up Rosa  
 to spare a thousand sisters!”

“Here’s my hand—take it. The un-  
 exampled proof you have given of self-  
 denial for the happiness of a whole  
 family demands a brother’s thanks, and  
 more than ever binds you to my heart!”

Here ended the foregoing conversa-  
 tion between Edward and myself, and  
 from this day the subject never was re-  
 sumed. I had none my duty, but my

mind was agitated and discomposed. I longed for the arrival of my uncle's mandate to recall me to England; and to sum up the whole in one word, I longed to behold Adela, to throw myself at her feet, declare my unalterable attachment to her, and to know if ever I had been dear to her.

Edward having amassed a very pretty fortune in the West Indies, declared his intention of sailing in the very next fleet for England, and I, who had contributed to the very utmost of my power towards his acquiring the property he found himself possessed of,

gave me a competent share of the emoluments. We therefore closed our accounts on the very day that the so much expected letter arrived from Maundeville Manor: it was written in a hand I had never seen before, and ran thus:

*“ To Egbert Cleveland, Esq.*

“ Egbert Cleveland is earnestly and affectionately entreated by the commands of a fond uncle, to return to his native country.

“ That uncle is now confined, by



indisposition, to a sick bed, and languishes to behold his nephew!

“ If this has no avail, the writer has to inform Mr. Cleveland, that the property of the deceased Miss Penman has, by that lady’s last will and testament, become his. He is therefore strictland enjoined, on the receipt of this letter, speedily to forward the wishes of Sir Peter Mandeville, by presenting himself the lawful and acknowledged heir of all such property bequeathed to him, and to hasten to the arms of an affectionate uncle, who is impatient to behold him.”

No signature being signed to this, and being written in an elegant female hand, I concluded it to be the handwriting of Adela, and from that moment made such arrangements of my little mercantile affairs as to be ready to depart with Edward at the earliest opportunity, which we did in the course of six weeks from that period, experiencing no difficulty on our voyage but the incessant calms which prolonged it. At length arriving in the English channel, we yielded to the entreaties of old friends, but not with new faces.

Rosa no longer timid from the fears

which had assailed her in a foreign climate, could talk of nothing else but her father and mother, from whose arms she had fled to those of her lover; but whom she could now face without reprehension!

When we left the ship, I consulted with Edward what plan I should adopt. "Shall I," said I, "instantly depart for Mandeville Manor, or accompany you down to Louthborough?"

"I know your delicacy, my dear friend," answered he, "and respect it; but my father will never forgive me if I

do not take you home for a day or two, at least, that I am pretty certain of!"

"But Caroline," cried I!

"Must weather out the storm," replied Edward. "Caroline is a sensible girl, and her mind, superior to most women, will reason with itself to cherish a hopeless passion, which can never meet a return, would be folly indeed! Beside, you will soon be the husband of Lady Adela; and then, you know—

"I the husband of Adela!" cried I, transported at the thought, "Edward,

do not talk so madly. Lady Adela will never unite herself with me.”

“ Then she will lead apes in a certain place which shall be nameless,” replied Edward, laughing most heartily at the suggestion, “ and I think the arms of a fine handsome young fellow like you a devilish deal more preferable, and so, I dare say, will her ladyship.”

Our luggage being disposed of in the post-chaise, we drove off full speed from the City of London, and arrived in Louthborough the following morning, when the meeting between Edward and

his family may be better imagined than described, receiving his beloved Rosa with such marks of affection as made the eyes of this charming woman overflow with genuine sensibility!

“Gad, Zookers, Egbert Cleveland!” cried Mr. Worgham! “what a giant you are grown, and there is Ned as fat as a porpus! Well, Dorothy, let us have a good dinner, quite snug and comfortable, a brace of roast ducks, stuffed with sage and onions, and plenty of gravy!”

“What is become of Caroline,” said Edward, looking anxiously round the

room, and at her name my heart sunk within me; but I was seasonably relieved when Mrs. Worgham informed him, that she was gone for a few days into the country. Then turning to me with tears in her eyes, a sight I could hardly support, "Indeed, Mr. Cleveland," cried she, "you would scarce recollect my once blooming Caroline, were you now to see her since her illness; but she is much better, and I hope God will spare my darling a great while longer."

At this language of the fond mother's heart, I felt such intolerable anguish, that I was obliged to complain of

a violent head ache to apologize for my want of spirits.

“What! you have brought your little favourite back again, Mr. Cleveland,” said Miss Worgham, caressing Julio with her accustomed kindness.

“Yes, Madam,” cried I, “and in some cases would sooner have parted with my life than with this faithful animal!”

“I should very much like to know whose dog that was,” cried Mr. Worg-



ham, “that you are so confoundedly fond of; but I would wager sixpence—nay, I will go as far as tenpence, which is all I can afford, that it belongs to a lady that dined with us at the Manor!”

“Did she indeed!” cried I, quite forgetting myself, “Did Adela indeed dine with you at my uncle’s?”

On my saying this, they laughed so heartily at my expence, that I began to fancy myself very ridiculous; yet I continued three days with this most amiable family, promising that I would write to

them a full account of my proceedings, at the Manor when my mind was more settled and in a state of tranquillity!"

*End of Chapter Fourteenth.*

CHAP. XV.



On stopping to change horses at the first inn on the road, I observed numbers of country people of the most respectable appearance flocking to the adjacent village known by the name of Mount Sorrel, and through which I necessarily had to pass, being on the road to Mandeville Manor.

“ Can you inform me,” cried I to the master of the inn, “ if there is a public fair held this day at any of the neighbouring villages ?”

“ Yes, Sir,” replied he: “ there is something public, but very different from a fair, at which many people go to laugh ; but here they will go to cry. I warrant me there will not be a dry eye to be seen in the whole village.”

“ Then it is the funeral of some person whose loss is greatly lamented,” observed I.

“Greatly indeed,” replied the inn-keeper, “I shall never live to see her fellow! She fed the hungry, cloathed the naked, and was a blessing to all the poor, both far and near. Bur her funeral is over! She died this day three weeks, and was buried the week following, only this day there is a funeral sermon to be preached at Mount Sorrel by our worthy rector himself; and this good lady was so beloved, I say again, there will not be a dry eye to be seen in the whole church!”

“Have the goodness to tell me the name of your rector,” cried I.

“Mandeville,” replied he, “the youngest son of Sir Peter Mandeville, of the Manor House.”

I fell back in the chaise almost deprived of the power of articulation, till a flood of tears came to my relief.

“Poor Joseph,” cried I, “it is, then, the spirit of thy gentle Emma who has fled to Heaven, and left thee so deeply to deplore her loss! Brother of my heart, companion of my early days, in what a moment of affliction shall we meet!

“ I desired the postillion to drive on, scarcely knowing what I did on seeing any object on the road till we reached Mount Sorrel, when I suddenly formed a resolution of disguising myself as much as I possibly could, in order that I might be present at so awful and sacred a ceremony, and that I might behold with what fortitude a Christian and a man bends to the rod that chastizes him!

“ I will go,” cried I, “ and in an obscure corner of the church, listen to the voice of my beloved Joseph! and though

unseen, I will be a mourner in the truest sense of the word, for my sorrows will will be private!

With this determination, I desired the postillion to stop at the first inn, and there to take charge of my luggage and wait for my returning, just slightly observing, that it was my intention to go and hear the funeral sermon in the village.

Accordingly, wrapping myself up in a large great coat, and slouching my hat over my face, I proceeded to the church porch, where numbers had al-



ready assembled for the doors to be thrown open for them, young and the old, the sickly and infirm! while the mournful sound of the church bell announced the approach of their rector! At length he advanced with a firm and steady step! his hands folded on his breast, and his eyes meekly raised towards Heaven!

I threw one look towards him; but it was enough! It was Joseph! My heart acknowledged my beloved cousin! Every nerve trembled! Every pulse beat convulsively; and at the moment he slowly advanced to the pulpit, I

could have knelt at his feet, and worshipped him!

I obtained a seat, where, if my emotion got the better of me, I could neither be seen nor heard, but I found it impossible to restrain my feelings when Joseph opening the first page of his book, commenced with the following words:—

“ Oh, God! unto whom all hearts be open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hidden ;”

These were the words of my uncle in my last interview with him, and the

remembrance of that agonizing scene rushed so forcibly on my recollection, that, unable to controul my feelings, I sobbed aloud, which drew the attention of all eyes to the spot from whence it proceeded, and amongst others the eyes of a female, who, like myself, appeared to shun the public gaze as much as possible.

She was of a light and elegant form, the little that could be discerned of her, and habited in the deepest mourning, but not a feature of her face was visible; a thick impervious veil being thrown over a close bonnet, that completely

answered the purpose for which it was designed. The voice of Joseph was weak and tremulous at the beginning of the sermon, but grew manly and firm at its conclusion, in which he had endeavoured to impress on the minds of his hearers that meek submission to the will of the Most High, even when sinking under a load of worldly calamity, which was so truly exemplified in himself; and when he ceased the divine truths he had conveyed, and the affecting pathos of his voice melted every heart to reverence and praise, the congregation slowly retreated from the place of worship, and as they departed, bowed their heads

with religious enthusiasm towards their beloved rector, regarding him as a tutelary saint.

“ I observed the lady in mourning follow at a distance the steps of my beloved cousin! I saw her enter his house! My curiosity was on the rack! A strange fluttering seized my heart! I knocked at the door, and it was opened not by a servant, but by Adela!

“ Not looking at me, she hastily said, Mr. Maudeville, Sir, is too much indisposed to see company at the present. Have the goodness to leave your busi-

“ I could now support silence no longer: Not see me, cried I. Will my once tenderly beloved Joseph refuse admittance to Egbert Cleveland?

“ Egbert Cleveland! uttered Adela, and the colour faded from her cheek. I snatched her, for one moment, to my throbbing heart. Yes, cried I, Egbert Cleveland! Angelic girl! Your own Egbert Cleveland!

“ My Egbert Cleveland, repeated Adela, the roses returning in fresh bloom to her complexion!

“ Yes, your own—your eternally devoted Egbert Cleveland, I replied. “ The lips of Adela were sealed in silence. But the expression of her eyes whispered love and hope; and as I pressed the snowy hand which was clasped in mine, a sweet boy between four and five years of age called her by her name to come to his papa. He had no occasion to repeat his commands, for Adela flew with the rapidity of lightning from my side, and snatching up the child in her arms, desired me to follow her. On our entrance to the drawing room, I beheld Joseph sitting in an attitude of pensive contemplation!

“ Look, papa! look! cried the child.

“ He raised his mild blue eyes, and the next moment I was clasped in his arms!

“ Now let me draw a veil over a scene which mocks description: and to do justice to which, the famed Corregio himself could not sufficiently paint! Suffice it to say, that instead of proceeding to Mandeville Manor, as I fully intended, the chaise was sent for, my luggage taken out of it, and safely lodged in an apartment of Joseph's house; and that precisely at three o'clock I sat down to dinner with



him and Adela, devoured his sweet boy with kisses, and recounted all my adventures (except the attachment of Caroline Worgham), over a bottle of old port! drank my uncle's health in a flowing bumper, and went to bed, forgetting all but love and Adela!

“The next morning I visited Mandeville Manor. My uncle was kind and affectionate beyond expression. I found Lubina returned to her parents, having been in service, where she had so long concealed herself. To my great joy, she had fully revealed the name of her seducer, and the white shield of innocence

which had so long supported me, now dispelled the frozen gloom of mystery.

“ I have now revealed *More Secrets than One*, yet another of importance remains to be told. Can any of you guess what that is?

“ Why on a certain morning in a certain month, and on a certain day, Joseph Mandeville, Rector of Mount Sorrel, in the County of Leicestershire, joined together, in the holy bands of matrimony, Egbert Cleveland and Lady Adela Hugh de Tracy!

“ I cannot tell how the bride was dressed, but I believe she chose that which best suited her complexion, as most brides generally do.

“ For my own part, all I can remember, is, that my uncle, on joining our hands, whispered something in Adela's ear that caused a momentary blush! I asked her what it was? and she replied, ‘ Your uncle is so unfashionable as to wish our honeymoon may not only last three months, but continue to the end of our lives !! ’ ”

FINIS.





