THE
MICROCOSM.

BY THE AUTHOR
OF
VICISSITUDES IN GENTEEL LIFE.

"To blend instructive Truths with fiction, ought to be the endeav-
ror of those who write for the amusement of youth.
"To entice the opening mind to be in love with Rectitude, it is
"proper to exhibit it in the robe of pleasantry."

IN FIVE VOLUMES.

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CHAPTER LX.

Mr. Clifford.

As the character of our new friend may be collected from what has been already said of him, we will simply sum up our evidence by observing that, with one of the best understandings, he had all the good qualities of the human heart. Every one allowed his person to be genteel and his manners pleasing. His hair and his eyes were dark, and his face by the generality of women was thought handsome. The liveliness of youth appeared in all
all his actions, but his disposition was rather more serious than that of Henry Seymour. Friendship, for which his soul was formed, was at that time his ruling passion, as love had never yet disturbed his tranquillity.

CHAP. LXI.

An Apology for the Christianity of our Favorites.

The mischiefs of the present day will not think our pair of friends the more accomplished for being Christians, and for having real sentiments of Piety in their bosoms: for "Oh hideous!" will the celebrated Janette cry—"What can be expected from two young men who are slaves to the ridiculous prejudices of education! What can they do worth recording! How is it possible for any of their actions
"actions to entertain the imagination of a "woman of spirit!"

This young lady, for we are perfectly acquainted with her, will not find any amusement from the relation of events within the bounds of nature. Nothing but what is monstrous or impossible can secure her approbation. She will not, upon any account, allow either her hero or heroine to be degraded by any species of religion; scarcely of morality: we therefore disclaim all intention of pleasing her or any of her sisterhood. It is to the wise and good, or to those who are desirous of being so, that we address ourselves; and of their corrections we shall be greatly more proud than of the favor of such as Janette.

That both Mr. Clifford and Seymour thought for themselves, and thought freely, we will not deny, and probably a century back, the latitude of their sentiments might have been deemed reprehensible by those who insisted upon forms, more perhaps than upon what is now allowed to be of higher
higher consequence—*internal rectitude in a simpler attire*. The Christian religion will stand the test of the strictest enquiry. To make its beauty conspicuous, it must be stripped of its ornaments, which, like other ornaments, may dazzle weak eyes and raise admiration, but will never create pure and unalloyed affection. To the gospel code, all moral philosophers are indebted for their brightest precepts, though they may sometimes be ignorant of its benefactions, and may ascribe to the light of nature and the aid of reason what is justly attributable to the system of Christianity alone. For what duty can be inculcated which the gospel does not teach! What obligation of amity enforced that it does not enjoin! The community at large—private friendship—nay even the highest self-interest is promoted by its precepts. If happiness [as it surely is] be the one great terminating prospect of our existence, what more can man desire than the most unerring directions to compass the point in view! If the
the religion of Christianity was instituted by impostors, they were glorious ones, and the illiterate men, who so well understood the interest of mankind, wiser than all their predecessors, or than those who have succeeded them; and far wiser than all those who, under pretence of raising still higher the beautiful, but simple superstructure, would shake its foundation, were it not fixed upon an immovable Rock.

CHAP. LXII.

Several new Acquaintance.

The sentiments of Seymour and Clifford were so consonant, and their minds so congenial, that there arose between them the most unlimited confidence, and each told the other every past circumstance of his life. Clifford therefore was perfectly acquainted with Miss Montague,
and endeavored to console his friend under the severity of his affliction, which, lively as he naturally was, and gay as he endeavored to appear, time seemed rather to increase than to lessen.

Miss Eversham was a young lady of the most gentle, delicate and timid disposition: her person expressive of the tenderness of her mind; her understanding good and her manners pleasing. With a heart unprepossessed, and more than commonly susceptible, it will readily be conjectured that Henry Seymour was not long in her eyes an object of indifference, as attracted by her amiable qualities, he treated her with peculiar attention and respect. Mr. Clifford was pleased with observing their mutual esteem, as he hoped that his friend would, in some degree, lose the remembrance of Miss Montague: even Mr. Barker presaged some benefit to his pupil from the same cause, and often dwelt on Miss Eversham's perfections: but they were mistaken in their conjectures—Seymour's heart could not
not admit any other image than that of Harriet, whom he still saw in her native beauty; and his acquaintance with the ladies at Mr. Eversham's had not any other effect than that of amusing him for the moment, and of leading him to compare in his hours of retirement, their attractions, with the far more powerful ones of Miss Montague.

While Miss Eversham almost unconsciously sighed in secret for Henry Seymour, Lady Jane Sommerton was industrious to let it appear that she likewise had conceived an attachment for the same accomplished object, and having observed her cousin's prepossession (which indeed, in some degree, gave rise to her own determined partiality) she took pains to intimate to the gentle Olivia her own expectations of an early avowal of his affection, and that therefore she would do wisely to suppress all appearance of her visible predilection. The amiable girl was extremely pained at the
want of generosity in her cousin's behavior, of which she was prudent enough however not to take any notice, only calmly replying that she should be sorry to encourage any propensities which would either render herself ridiculous or interrupt the happiness of others.

The person of Lady Jane Sommerton had many advantages; particularly in the eyes of the gay and fashionable part of mankind. She was a small woman, with a face rather handsome than otherwise. Her eye was dark, quick and intelligent, and the bloom of health glowed upon her cheeks. The consequence which, in her own opinion, she derived from her birth, fortune and accomplishments, led her to believe that every mark of her favor would be received with gladness by him to whom it should be directed, and being piqued at the distinguished politeness shown by Mr. Seymour to her cousin Olivia, whom she deemed every way her inferior, she determined to draw his attention to herself, which she doubted
doubted not of being able to do upon permitting her approbation of him to appear.

Mrs. Highman had a peculiar affection for her niece of quality. Not because she had a greater opinion of her merits but because she was the daughter of an Earl—a circumstance which in her estimation, outweighed every other advantage. This lady was the eldest of the three sisters; had in her youth received several good offers, and was on the point of marriage with a very worthy gentleman, when Lord Broomley appeared at her father's. A title instantly absorbed all her ideas; she abruptly dismissed her admirer, and never after would listen to any proposal which did not afford a hope of her being addressed by the sweetly-sounding appellation of "your ladyship."

"Who is he?" "Of what family?" "What connexions?"—were her first inquiries of every man, after the period of her sister's appearing as a countess, who solicited her father's approbation. Mrs. Eversham (married about a year before)
was now an object of her contempt. "My "plebeian sister" was the appellation which she generally bestowed upon her, though she had formerly been her favorite, and after the death of their father had resided with her. This gentlewoman, now considerably advanced in life, had not originally a contemptible understanding; nor was she naturally of a bad disposition; but the witchcraft of quality had bewildered her ideas, and she had no value for anything more estimable. The title of a saint would have sunk to nothing, when put in competition with terrestrial honors. As Mrs. Eleanor Highman was mistress of a large fortune, and not disagreeable in her appearance, she was an object of attention to many gentlemen who wished to marry what is called advantageously. She had consequently several opportunities of entering into the conjugal state, but none that flattered her hopes of receiving the varnish of quality. Indeed just before her arrival at Cambridge, Sir Samuel Boyden a City Knight,
Knight, not so rich as City Knights are in general, had been recommended to her acceptance by a gentleman who was well acquainted with her foible: and though Sir Samuel was the father of five daughters by a former wife, Mrs. Eleanor had very nearly closed with his proposal under the persuasion of his being a baronet; for as she advanced in years, she abated in the degree of dignity upon which she had formerly insisted; but no sooner did she know that his title was not hereditary than she broke the treaty, being determined never to bring into existence a son and heir who, probably would all his life be doomed to the ignominy of plebeianism.

This objection created some surprise in Sir Samuel, who was impolitic enough to hint his ideas upon the circumstance, which so highly offended the fair one, to whom the intimated consideration seemed new and wonderful, that she immediately prohibited the Knight's future appearance in her presence.
CHAP. LXIII.

A Treaty of Marriage in the Quality Style.

To Mrs. Eleanor Highman, Lady Jane Sommerton unfolded the wishes of her heart, respecting the invincible Henry. To her she expressed her resentment at the insolence of Miss Eversham in presuming to stand first in Seymour's esteem; relating a dispute with Eliza on the preference which she had said he evidently gave to her sister's company and conversation. Mrs. Highman, notwithstanding her predilection for quality, readily fell in with the views of her favorite niece, from the consideration that the noble origin of the young lady would always secure her a little of distinction, and that it was most likely the gentleman would easily be induced to purchase a coronet for the aggrandizement of his future family, the elder branch of which she had been informed was already dignified.
fied by hereditary honors; if the alliance therefore would not augment, it would not in her opinion derogate her original con-
sequence.

Matters once agreed upon, Mrs. Eleanor determined to enter upon the business with expedition; assuring her favorite, that Olivia must soon drop her pretensions, as it could not be doubted but Mr. Seymour would readily embrace the proposals which, in as delicate a manner as possible, she meant to offer to his consideration.

Mrs. Eleanor was not without affection for either Miss Eversham or Eliza, though the quality of Lady Jane gave her so great a preference in the good spinster's opinion, that she thought it presumptuous in them to pretend, in any degree to vie with their right honorable cousin. Her peculiarities were not unnoticed by Mr. Eversham, who was sometimes hurt at the distinction she made between her nieces, but as he was an easy, quiet man, and as she had a large independent fortune, he did not chuse to dispute
dispute with her on that, or on any other subject. Notwithstanding her partiality to Lady Jane Sommerton, she had frequently declared that if she died unmarried or without children, she would equally divide her property between the daughters of her two deceased sisters, and Mr. Eversham therefore tacitly submitted to her decision in almost everything relative to the management of his domestic concerns.

Mrs. Highman's first address to Mr. Seymour, respecting a marriage with Lady Jane, was couched in such terms as are used in treaties of the same kind between the illustrious houses of Hanover, and Orange. She loved the pomp of royalty, and affecting its language, without preparation, demanded the hand of Mr. Seymour for Lady Jane Sommerton; pointing out the advantages which would result from such an union.

The astonishment into which our hero was thrown by this proceeding of the dame's, was considerable, but his quickness of
of recollection and innate politeness prevented its appearing so evident as to offend. She perceived however his embarrassment and expressed her wonder at his hesitation. On this the truly noble youth, after thanking her for the honor which she intended him, candidly confessed that his affection was too much engaged to permit him to profit by her very obliging opinion of him, which he assured her he should ever remember with the highest gratitude.

"Gratitude! Sir," exclaimed she. "What is gratitude! gratitude is not the only return I demand: my treaty is of a kind that asks a different answer. "Lady Jane Sommerton, daughter and sole heir to John William, Earl of Broomley, "Viscount Tattisford, Baron Ballinore; "and of Dorothea Margaretta his wife, "consents to link the name, though she "will retain the title, of her family, and to "quarter the arms of the house of Som- "merton with those of Seymour. You, "likewise, are of right noble extraction, or "this
"this embassage had not found a nego-
cciatrix in me, but you have no prospect
of a title except from purchase, therefore
as you cannot make your comfort a Lady,
it would, I should think, be matter of the
highest gratification to you to marry one
that both by blood and birth is a Lady
already. You would not, sure, contain
minate your hereditary glories by mixing
with mere plebeianism."

Thus ran she on unceasingly and thus
might she have continued to run on without interruption for a much longer period,
for Seymour sat fixed in a profound reverie.
The sounds, indeed, of Mrs. Highman's
voice vibrated upon his ears, but to the sense of her last long harangue he was an utter stranger. Harriet Montague occup-
paid all his ideas. The recollection of her numberless perfections filled his mind, and he only thought of Lady Jane Sommerton
to exalt his lost charmer by the comparison.

When Mrs. Eleanor ceased speaking,
the sudden silence occasioned Mr. Seymour to start. Instantly sensible of his unpoltate inattention to the lady, he endeavored to collect himself, but it was not without considerable embarrassment that he repeated his sense of the great honor, and the prior engagement of his affection, which rendered it impossible for him to accept the proposal without doing the greatest injustice to the merits of Lady Jane Sommerton.

"You will then oblige me Sir," said Mrs. Eleanor, "to notice what I wished to pass over!"—"Prior engagement of your affection!" "Yes, I pretty well know the object of your predilection, but cannot suppose you to be so weak as to set the daughter of a plebeian in competition with the heiress of the Earl of Broomley.

"To be plain with you, Mr. Seymour, I mentioned the matter yesterday to Olivia, who did not deny what I advanced."

At that instant the rattling of a carriage and a loud rap at the door of the hall, arrested
refled the attention of Mrs. Highman, who instantly stept to a looking-glas and adjusted her dress upon an expectation of visitors of quality, but she was disappointed by the entrance of three young ladies who assumed airs of consequence because their name was spelled like that of a noble family to which they were not in any degree related. Mrs. Highman termed them plebeians and "wondered"—to use her own words—"what the tawdry hussies meant by endeavoring to squeeze themselves amongst people of distinction, who only laughed at their pretensions."
A candid Acknowledgment misconstrued.

Mr. Seymour being released from his situation by the arrival of the visitors mentioned in the last chapter, to whom Mrs. Highman did not chuse to summon any of her nieces, walked, with a spirit much perturbed, into Mr. Eversham's garden, to which, from his intimacy with the family he always had free access. For a considerable period he sat revolving in his mind the circumstances which oppressed him. Lady Jane Sommerton, an admired young woman of quality with a very large fortune, was offered, doubtless with her own approbation, to his acceptance; her partiality, of course, might be presumed upon. What could he—what ought he to do in such a predicament?—was his question to himself.
self. Accept Mrs. Highman's proposal, and marry Lady Jane?

Forbid it honor! Forbid it rectitude!—he replied; scarce sensible that love, unconquered love gave a stronger prohibition than either. Harriet Montague reigned unrivalled in his soul. Every other woman suffered in a comparison with that his only charmer. He indulged the reverie which presented her in all her beauties, and saw truth and affection beam from every lovely feature.

It was now impossible to think of Lady Jane Sommerton as his partner in domestic life. He arose, and with firm steps traversed the garden, almost forgetting that his Harriet had renounced him. At length recollecting Mrs. Highman had intimated her having mentioned to Miss Eversham, the subject of his attachment, the knowledge of which he imagined she might have gathered from one of the Percivals, he determined to speak to her upon the circumstance, little suspecting that she herself was the
the supposed object of his predilection, and that it was under such a persuasion the good lady had, the day before, been talking to her niece, who was too suddenly and sternly accused of her partiality for Mr. Seymour to deny it. Her aunt, indeed, without any preface, gave her to understand she must resign her pretensions to her cousin Lady Jane; respecting whom, she intended to make proposals to the young gentleman.

The amiable Olivia was nearly sinking to the ground upon this information. Till this moment, she was not conscious how entwined Henry Seymour was with her happiness, nor had she laid any claim to his favor or presumed upon his professed friendship; but the mandate of her aunt pierced to her heart, and she felt inexplicable affliction at the idea of giving up a man for whom, half an hour before, she was scarcely conscious of entertaining any sentiment but esteem.

As Mrs. Highman left Miss Eversham, her sister entered the room, upon which she caught
caught hold of her arm, leaned upon her shoulder and burst into tears.

Eliza, who was a lively girl; of a tender disposition and had a sincere affection for Olivia, was greatly penetrated by her distress, and hastily demanded the occasion: but the afflicted fair could not readily give any answer to the question. She could only, with a sighing exclamation, mention the name of Lady Jane, upon which Eliza caught her meaning, and endeavored to soothe her sister into a belief that an union with their cousin could never meet Mr. Seymour's approbation, his disposition being diametrically opposite to her; and she was assured he never would barter conjugal happiness for either riches or honor, as he had a sufficiency of both in himself.

Miss Eversham wished to be convinced by her sister's argument, but could not remove the weight which oppressed her spirits. The remainder of the day she passed in her chamber, and saw nothing of Mr. Seymour till the next morning, when he breakfasted at
at Mr. Eversham's, and was, afterwards, detained by Mrs. Eleanor Highman, as has been related.

CHAP. LXV.

New Perplexity, and the Efforts of Heroism.

Mr. Seymour walked out of the garden where we left him a page or two back, with a resolution to request an audience of Miss Eversham, who received his message with a quick beating heart, half persuading herself that he intended to speak in a language more congenial to her own sentiments than that of the esteem which he had hitherto professed.

Hapless Olivia! Thy disappointment was indeed a bitter one! When a pure and tender mind has suffered itself to be invaded by a youth worthy of its affection, what can exceed the distress of being told by
by the beloved object himself that he is devoted to another—of being made the confident of an attachment which destroys every hope of its own happiness!

When Seymour first entered Miss Ever-sham's apartment, he began the conversation by telling her that Mrs. Highman had informed him of her having mentioned the subject upon which he had requested permission to speak in private.

This address confirmed to the blushing, trembling Olivia that her conjectures were not ill-founded, which so much agitated her that she was unable to make a distinct reply.

"Sir—Sir—If you please"—were the only words she could pronounce.

Seymour was in some degree surprised at her embarrassment, but as he himself was under considerable perplexity, he noticed it not so much as he otherwise would have done, and proceeded with acknowledging that the unabated strength of his attachment to the remembrance of Miss Montague, with
with which circumstance he found that she was acquainted, must in justice prevent his soliciting the favor of any other woman; that therefore he requested her to represent to Mrs. Highman, who he apprehended was offended with him, the ingratitude he must be guilty of to accept the honor—

Lifting at this moment his eyes, which before were rather cast down, to the face of Olivia, he perceived it overspread with a death-like paleness, and upon his looking surprised and alarmed, she fell back in her chair and was sinking to the ground, when he sprang forward and caught her in his arms, at which instant the door of the apartment was opened, and Mrs. Highman appeared.

"So, Miss! you are acting a fine tender farce I perceive"—was the aunt's exclamation upon seeing her fainting niece supported by her supposed lover. "But I advise you to be careful how you proceed. "Remember I have not yet made my last will and testament. As for you Sir!—If
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"you are so grovelling as to prefer a daughter of Mr. Eversham to the heiress of the Earl of Broomley, I shall change my opinion of you, and shall pronounce that the nobleness of your appearance is degraded by your plebeian sentiments."

"Upon my honor, madam, you entirely mistake."

"Honor sir!"—interrupted Mrs. Eleanor—"what have you to do with honor! You despise it. But did she not yester-

day as good as own to me your court-

ship? Did she not confess her affection? And do I not now see her very indecorously reclining in your arms? What young woman who had the most distant affinity to quality would permit such vulgar freedom!"

"For Heaven's sake madam!" said the truly distressed Olivia, scarce able to raise her head from the shoulder of Mr. Seymour, who supported her, kneeling by her chair upon one knee, "do not—do not thus——" She could not say more; her eyes
eyes closed, and she was insensible to the entrance of Eliza, who when she saw the situation of her sister, sprang to her assistance. Mrs. Highman, now growing alarmed, rang for some attendants and the lovely maid was conveyed to another apartment.

For some moments Seymour stood motionless. The preceding scene had stricken him with amazement, but starting from his reverie at the sound of approaching steps, he recollected the impropriety of lengthening his stay and precipitately quitted the house of Mr. Eversham. As soon as he retired to his room, he sat down to revolve the circumstances of the day, but the more he considered, the more he was perplexed. That Olivia Eversham, of whose delicacy and truth he was steadily convinced, could convey to Mrs. Eleanor an idea of a correspondence which never existed, was to him one of the most unaccountable circumstances that ever occurred. It never before entered his imagination that she entertained any other sentiment in his favor.
favor than that of a friendly esteem. But entirely free as he was from that despicable vanity, conspicuous in every gesture of the generality of our present race of young gentlemen, he could not shut his eyes against the incidents which raised the idea of a more tender partiality. Henry Seymour, unlike the powdered beau whose eye may perchance wander over these pages of our work, did not exult in the conquest he had undesignedly made of the heart of an amiable young woman. He did not sit down and contemplate his own prowess, or walk before a looking-glass to survey, with complacency, his own irresistible figure; nor did he study to keep, without entangling his own liberty, the valuable affection he had gained. No; he sighed, and was sincerely grieved at the event. He looked back upon his conduct, and was apprehensive that he had too ardently expressed his friendship; that the fervency of his language had led the lovely maid to expect an offer of his heart. This idea occasioned him to censure
centure himself with some severity: yet he had only to lament a total lack of presumption and conceit, for his intention was unfulfilled, and he was unconscious of his own attractions. Deeply concerned for his fair friend, Henry Seymour now began to examine more strictly the state of his heart, and to inquire if it were possible to return the affectionate partiality of Miss Eversham. Carried away by native generosity; by gratitude; by the delight of being the means of happiness to an amiable woman, he almost determined to sacrifice the dear idea of Harriet, to Olivia, and was upon the point of springing to Mr. Eversham's to make her an offer of his hand. Thus did compassion and true tenderness incline, in favor of the gentleness, innocence and merit of Miss Eversham, that heart over which neither the honor nor riches offered with Lady Jane Sommerton could prevail. Seymour arose from his seat and walked across the room, meditating in what manner he should declare his intention, and he experienced
experienced a considerable degree of pleasure in the premature consciousness of his heroism, when it occurred, for the first time; so absorbed had he been by subsequent reflections, that scarce an hour had elapsed since his acknowledgment to Olivia of another woman's being in possession of his unalienable affection. This recollection staggered him: the impropriety of pursuing his design was flagrant! What could he do! The offer would be an insult. He had affirmed that he could not, with justice, solicit the favor of any second lady; and so soon to act in contradiction to that assertion was impossible.

A secret complacency now prevailed over the mind of our hero. Honor forbade him to make the sacrifice which a moment before he believed that honor demanded, and which he had brought himself to determine upon with a degree of pleasure; but it was the pleasure that a great mind experiences from the performance of great actions in opposition to its own interest and inclination.
tion. The pleasure of indulgence, was now recollected. The figure of Miss Montague was allowed to pervade his imagination. He was glad that, without any motive respecting Olivia, he had unfolded to her his situation, and wondered what illusion had led him to form the inequitable design, which he now relinquished, of offering to her a heartless hand.

The recollection of Mrs. Highman's having intimated that Miss Eversham had acknowledged a particular correspondence with him, now recurred and perplexed him. It was impossible to account for this circumstance. He conjectured without coming to any conclusion; and in this uncertainty we must leave him, to finish the chapter, which is already of a convenient length.
THE fair Olivia, whom we left under the care of her sister, was a considerable time before she recovered any composure, the abruptness of her aunt having disordered her much more than even the unexpected and unwelcome disclosure made by her beloved Henry. As soon as she was able to speak, she informed the anxious Eliza of the cause of her discomposure. Her affectionate sister inveighed with much warmth against the partial and indelicate proceedings of her aunt, of whom she declared that she would instantly demand an audience and represent the injustice of her conduct. She likewise said that she would speak upon the subject to Mr. Seymour; but from this, Olivia requested her to desist, saying she had so strong a confidence in his honor;
honor; was so assured of his delicacy, and had such an opinion of his generosity, and rectitude of thinking, that she was determined to summon sufficient resolution to speak to him herself, as she thought, after what her aunt had imprudently and erroneously intimated of her having acknowledged a particular correspondence with him, an eclairsissement was the only thing that could prevent such a coolness between them as, if not prevented, would probably deprive her of his friendship and good opinion; a loss, in her estimation beyond compensation. Beside, she believed that she owed such an explanation to her own character, and her sex's delicacy.

Eliza, in pursuance of her resolution, went in quest of Mrs. Highman as soon as her sister could be left with safety, and entered with some show of resentment into the subject of her errand, her affection for her sister urging her to speak very freely on the injury which might result from the incidents of the day. Mrs. Highman was
at first very haughty in her replies, but being at length convinced of her error, she expressed some concern at having made the mistake. She refused however to enter into any conversation with Mr. Seymour on that subject, or on any other, as she affirmed that the man who could be backward to receive the honor of Lady Jane Sommerton's offered favor, was absolutely beneath her notice, and ought to be held in contempt by every one allied to quality. Eliza was, therefore, obliged to rest satisfied with her aunt's acknowledgment of sorrow for the cause of Olivia's indisposition; though she censured her with some severity for her confessed partiality, as she was not of a quality which entitled her to commence a negociation.

Eliza, on her return from Mrs. Highman's dressing room, met Lady Jane, who with a haughty air said that she hoped Miss Eversham was better than she had been. Eliza offended by the manner in which she spoke, replied, "My sister is perfectly recovered,"
recovered, for which your ladyship will
be more concerned than if she were ill."
"Who I child! I concerned! Of what
consequence is her good or ill health to
me, except from the affection I enter-
tain for her."
"O I know what your affection is,"
replied the other; "and I am perfectly
acquainted with the excellency and
sweetness of your disposition."
"Poor thing!" sarcastically retorted
the maid of quality, piqued at the manner
in which her cousin spoke, "is it afraid I
should get its own, as well as its sister's
lovers! Well do not be very uneasy—
when I am settled I will provide for you
both as well as I can, if you will but
use a little patience."
"Your own patience may perhaps have
some exercise, if you are in haste to be
married," returned Eliza; "and as to
your friendly offer of provision, I decline
it in my sister's name as well as in my
own, as we should both be very sorry to
be
be united to any one who would listen to your recommendation." Saying this, she hastened away and went to Olivia, whom she found very low but tranquil, she being possessed of those happy sentiments which lead the mind to resignation to the will of Heaven.

How little will the above character of Miss Eversham exalt her in the eyes of the modish fair ones of the present day. Piety is such an unfashionable trait in a young lady of distinction, that she who merits what we are so outre as to call the honorable appellation of pious, is avoided by half her acquaintance. "Oh! she is much too good for me," exclaims Celinda: "it is time enough to think of another world when we are about leaving this. "I should like to be an Angel, it is true, "because they are beautiful, but I do not "choose to forfeit my present pretensions "for the title to a precarious right here-"after."

Pray my good Lord Bishop, would you think
think there are, within your diocese, many hundred pretty creatures of Celinda's kind? —Creatures who pretend to believe in futurity, yet ridicule and shun, as a nuisance to society, every one who pays any regard to either religion or morality? If your reverence is acquainted with this species of females, generally known by the title of fine ladies, we request you to give them a little wholesome admonition. Let them be informed that there are such principles as good and evil; virtue and vice; and that whatever they may think of their own conduct, it is truly contemptible in the eye of every wise person in his Majesty's dominions. As to their admirers—as shallow and as despicable as themselves—be so charitable as to assure them that these women will make miserable help-mates; spendthrift housewives, and destructive mothers.

If O ye wise and virtuous prelates! you have hitherto been unacquainted with these fair-faced crocodiles, look into the streets and
and assemblies of your towns and cities—search even your villages and country places, and you will find some of the per-tiferous race at every turning. View them, and you will perceive that they are watch-ing to catch the admiration of passing eyes. Listen to their conversation, and hear them in bold and fearless language give applause to the prophane and destroying libertine; ridiculing the conscientious and the modest of both sexes, and endeavoring to bring into fashion, a behavior that in purer ages, would have scandalized a Heathen country.

And now if your lordship will point your view another way, you may behold a levy of beauties of a different description—charmers of the heart as well as of the eye; whose attractions will never fade; whose worth can never be too highly estimated—Lovely; lively; innocent: whose understandings are refined; whose hearts are pure, and who will prove a continual benefit, as well as a source of felicity to the favored mortals of their choice. These, though
though they cannot but be conscious of their superiority over the fluttering missles of the first description, are never heard to speak with severity upon their follies, and though they do not covet their acquaintance, treat them with good nature and complaisance.

Follow, O! my fair perusers! the example of these lovely maids and ever industriously shun those females, though abounding in riches or dignified with titles, whose manners violate the rules of modesty, or whose conversation tends to depreciate the beauties of morality and true religion.
CHAPTER LXVII.

Delicate Distress.

LADY Jane Sommerton, upon being left by Eliza Eversham, hastened to the dressing room of Mrs. Highman, to whom, swelling with insolence and resentment, she recounted her cousin's affronting language and then burst into tears.

Mrs. Highman was extremely displeased with Eliza for daring to insult her favorite, but after soothing her into a more placid humour, she informed her that she had been under a mistake as to the extent of Miss Eversham's confession, who had only acknowledged her own prepossession; and that it now stood evinced that there was no particular correspondence between the parties. The young lady was in high spirits upon this intelligence. Her countenance instantly cleared, and a malicious joy heightened the color of her cheeks.
She disregarded his prior entanglement, which she said was only a boyish attachment that would soon give way to the splendor of her alliance, as she would not stop at any measures to accomplish her design, were it only to chastise Olivia Evertham for presuming to vie with her pretensions. The aunt would have persuaded her niece to relinquish every idea of a man who appeared so insensible to the honors offered him; giving it as her opinion that it was a proof of his having a plebeian soul.

"Just the contrary," said the determined girl. "It convinces me that he has a soul of quality, as his not being dazzled by such prospects, shows that ideas of grandeur are natives in his mind."

When Mrs. Eleanor found Lady Jane so fixed in her purpose, she ceased to oppose her, promising, at the same time, to do all she could to accelerate the accomplishment of her wishes. With this promise
mife she professed herself to be extremely well satisfied, and retired to her own apartment to plan her proceedings.

Olivia, in the mean time, was consulting with her sister on the method which she should take to explain to Mr. Seymour the business of the morning, without injuring either truth or delicacy, and at length, she determined to write a note, requesting him to favor her with a visit, which she did in the following words.

"Sir,

The perfect reliance I have on your generosity and honor, has led me to resolve upon a mode of conduct which, in the opinion of the lightly thinking, would seem extraordinary if not unjustifiable; but as a strange misconstruction has been put upon my language, and as I am not conscious of meriting the censure I must necessarily have incurred, it appears requisite I should explain the mistake which occasioned the severity of..."
my aunt's language yesterday. I therefore request to see you for that purpose as soon as it will suit your leisure to oblige me with a quarter of an hour's audience. This effort, I must own requires a great exertion of my resolution, and I must beg you will assist in making my task easy by introducing the subject. In anxious expectation of your arrival,

I am sir,

your obliged friend,

Olivia Eversham.

Mr. Seymour received the above as he sat down to breakfast, on the morning which followed the preceding events. As Clifford was with him when his servant entered, he only wrote an answer of two lines, importing he would do himself the honor of attending Miss Eversham within an hour.

Seymour had no secret of his own that he concealed from this friend of his heart, but forbearing on the business in question to utter one alluding syllable, he only told him
him that he had promised to attend at Mr. Eversham's after breakfast. As soon, therefore, as this repast was ended, Mr. Clifford took his leave and left his friend to his engagement.

When Mr. Seymour arrived at Mr. Eversham's, he was immediately conducted by a servant to whom previous orders had been given, into the room in which the young ladies usually received their morning visitants, where he found the sisters expecting his arrival. As soon as he appeared, they arose, but the presence of mind which Olivia had been endeavoring to collect, almost forsook her and she trembled in evident confusion. Eliza was greatly hurt at her sister's discomposure, but it lasted not long, for Henry Seymour with all the grace and elegance that ever was possessed by one individual, hastened to her, and taking both her hands, seated her and sat down by her. He then thanked her for the very great honor which her freedom had done him, and hoped that she believed
believed him when he assured her of his conviction that every action of her life was not only justifiable but meritorious.

Olivia thus encouraged, went through her purpose with tolerable fortitude, and never appeared in a more shining light than when in the language, and with the manner of modesty's own self, she explained the mistake of her aunt, which of necessity included an acknowledgment of those favorable sentiments a sense of his merit had occasioned; adding that she considered herself under peculiar obligations to the confidence he had reposed in her respecting Miss Montague, as it was a circumstance which would effectually fix her his friend through every stage of her life, with sentiments conformable to his own.

The warmth and the delicacy in which Seymour expressed his admiration of Miss Eversham's proceeding, did honor to his sensibility, and afforded a general relief; the two sisters now spoke with the greatest freedom; and an unseigned friendship reigned
reigned in the hearts of the amiable trio. Miss Eversham requested to be made acquainted with whatever should happen relative to Miss Montague; and Seymour, with acknowledgment for the interest which she took in his affairs, promised that she should; though he confessed, that notwithstanding his affection was fixed beyond eradication, he never expected either to see or to hear from her again. Other conversation ensued, and the party separated; every one being satisfied with the event of the interview. After this, Lady Jane Sommerton took all possible pains to entrap Mr. Seymour, but vain were all her attempts. He saw through, and despised her blandishments, while he carefully avoided all appearance of disapprobation, lest the consequence should produce a prohibition to his visiting at Mr. Eversham's. The friendly intercourse, was, therefore, continued, and while the gentle, sensible Olivia was regaining her tranquility, Lady Jane was flattering herself with the idea of being at last successful. Soon
Soon after the events above related, a party from Beverly appeared at Cambridge. Mr. and Mrs. E. Spencer; their three daughters; Mr. Russel; Mr. and Mrs. Percival; Miss Percival, and Miss Bullion agreed to visit the University. Where, notice being previously given, they were accommodated by Mr. Barker with handsome lodgings. Miss Bullion and Mr. Stephen Percival conducted themselves as betrothed lovers. Miss Percival took great pains to infuse an idea of a subsisting partiality between herself and Henry Seymour, while Lucy Spencer and Mr. Clifford were soon sensible of a mutual congeniality. Seymour saw the sympathy with peculiar satisfaction, as he was convinced that they were formed to constitute each others happiness. The prospect however was not unattended with pain as it suggested his own lost felicity, and presented an idea, which heaved his bosom with a sigh.

The Beverly party purposing to stay some weeks at Cambridge, they were introduced to
to the acquaintance of the Evershams, whom they saw, soon after their arrival, at a concert given by the son of a nobleman at Pembroke Hall, upon his coming of age. Lady Jane Sommerton, who knew the connexion between the families, immediately singled out Miss Percival for her particular companion, intending to make her an instrument of her design upon Mr. Seymour, and began her manoeuvres by insinuating the predilection of Olivia Eversham. This intelligence Miss Percival so industriously disseminated, that, in a few days it was known through the circle. Clifford was by these means first made acquainted with the circumstance, for so sacredly had the youth of real honor kept the secret, that neither he nor Mr. Barker had any suspicion of it. Stephen Percival, indeed, whose prying temper and native cunning rendered him an adept at discovering a mystery, had long been convinced of both Miss Eversham's and Lady Jane's partiality, but he reserved the discovery till a disclosure could
answer some purpose to himself or his family. When Mr. Barker and Mr. Clifford understood the truth of the circumstance, they wished that their friend could return so prizuable an affection. Even Miss Spencer, dear as to her remembrance were the excellencies of her Harriet, could not but acknowledge that she thought Mr. Seymour would be very happy with such an amiable woman as Miss Eversham. But no consideration could prevail with Henry to accede to their wishes, against which he said there were insuperable bars. He added, also that he was convinced the lady would not only refuse the offer of his hand, could he be so lost to sentiment as to make it, but, acquainted as she was with the prior engagement of his affection, would despise him for the tender: that, moreover, he was persuaded, however he might have been honored by her favorable opinion, that, at that period, she considered him in no other light than as a friend in whose welfare, un-
connected with any circumstance relative to herself, the professed to take an interest.

Thus, instead of expressing any insolent degree of pity for the soft heart captivated by the irresistible beauties of his person and dazzling qualities of his mind, as Beau Jef-

son would have done, did this noble youth endeavor to obliterate, as much possible the idea which had been disseminated of the fair one's partiality—a mode of proceeding earnestly recommended to the practice of young gentlemen of the nineteenth Cen-
tury, upon any real or imaginary conquest over the beauties in an assembly, who, prob-
ably, only wish to secure partners for the evening, but whose smiles they continue into symptoms of tender admiration, and then industriously proclaim, by intelligible inuendoes, the supposed effect of their prowess, which they even affect to lament.

When the friends of Seymour found him determined in his intentions, they ceased to solicit him upon the subject, and now a violent
violent animosity broke out between Lady Jane and Miss Percival; each discovering the other to be her competitor for the affection of a man with whom scarcely any disengaged young woman could converse with indifference. He did, indeed, charm every heart. His acquaintance was courted by both sexes of all ranks, ages and dispositions; the good; the grave, and the learned, finding as much pleasure in his conversation as the young and the lively. Vivacious, to almost an extreme, as he naturally was, he had, notwithstanding, a fund of solidity which, though it never made him either pedantic or vain, rendered him a delightful companion to all those who loved to converse on rational topics; yet at a ball—who more gay than Henry Seymour! He appeared exactly calculated for the diversions of the evening. Every lady with whom he engaged looked upon him as her own; every mother was gratified when he singled out her daughter for his partner in the dance.
The two above-mentioned fair competitors could hardly confine themselves within the bounds of decency when they met in public company, but the respect, with which Mr. Seymour treated Miss Percival, as the daughter of his guardian, so enraged Lady Jane, as she construed it into a personal preference, that she absolutely refused making one in any party in which the Percivals were expected to join. For some days this proud girl suffered, on this account, many severe mortifications, but she was soon relieved by a summons which Mr. Eversham received to go to Bath in consequence of the death of a distant relation, by whom he had been left a considerable estate in that neighbourhood, where he afterwards resided.

Removed to a new scene, Lady Jane Sommerton, soon forgetting Mr. Seymour, continued her endeavors to draw to herself the attention of every smart young man who distinguished her cousins, and was astonished at her want of success; for notwithstanding
withstanding all her prodigious imaginary advantages; they were both married—Olivia, at the persuasions of her sister and other friends, to the eldest son of an earl, whose rank was his least recommendation; Eliza to a baronet—long before the haughty maid of quality received one proposal to which she would condescend to listen. Expecting a better and a still better offer, she began at last to despair of ever being married at all; and in this humor and satisfying herself with the retention of her own consequence, she gave her hand, without the consent or even the knowledge of her aunt, to a young attorney, whose father was butler to a nobleman. Chagrined and mortified by this event, Mrs. Eleanor Highman, now turned the current of her favor towards her other nieces.
A Letter from the honorable Mrs. Catharine Lumley to Mrs. Mitchel.

THE removal of Lady Jane Sommerton and Miss Eversham, left Miss Percival imaginary mistress of the field. Her fears had, of late, been so strongly excited on account of these two formidable rivals that she had almost forgotten the greater obstacle to her success—Henry Seymour's remembrance of Harriet Montague. She had indeed nearly persuaded herself that though that unfortunate maid must necessarily live in his recollection, she could not be thought of by him but with abhorrence, and that, therefore, there was not much doubt of her own wishes being ultimately completed: so sanguine was this Lady's vanity, increased by her relations; and so flattering the sweetness of Seymour's disposition,
disposition, which softened his manners even to those whom he disliked, and displayed itself in a constant native politeness to every individual.

About this period, Mrs. Mitchel, who remained at Beverly with Miss Deborah (she not being sufficiently recovered from the illness occasioned by her disappointment, to accompany the party) received a letter from the honorable Mrs. Catharine Lumley. This was immediately communicated by the insidious governess to Mrs. R. Percival, who with great art and industry circulated its contents amongst the friends by whom she was surrounded.

"Dear Mitchel,

"Just as your last reached my hands, I was setting off for Tunbridge and only returned late last night. During my stay in Kent I was so intolerably engaged that I could not find one half hour for any absent friend, or your inquiries should have been attended to, though I could not
"not then have given them any answer, "and now that, by means of an interview, "this morning, with Millemont's cousin "Fitzgerman, I am empowered to trans- "mit you some intelligence, it is with pain "that I execute my commission, as I can "only inform you of the complete ruin of "one of the loveliest girls I ever saw. "When she first went off with Captain "Millemont, she seemed to expect his "instantly making her his wife, and Fitz- "german says held out resolutely some "time, but was at length obliged to yield "to the force of the captain's battery. "You will, my dear Mitchel, excuse the "lightness of my dialect: the occasion de- "mands a greater solemnity of style, but "I chose the exact words of my intelli- "gence, who farther says that the terms "of Miss Montague's surrender were, her "being allowed to wear her commander's "name, and an actual solemnization of "the nuptials upon their arrival at Jamaica, "or before the birth of the first child. "This
"This account seemed so highly incon-
"sistent with the idea I had formed of Miss
"Montague, that had it been given me
"uncorroborated by her previous decamp-
"ment with a known libertine, I should
"not have credited a syllable; but the
"last being a certainty, who could doubt
"of the other?

"The amorous couple failed for the
"West last week; not, to prevent pur-
"suit as it was given out, immediately
"upon quitting Beverly.

"It is happy for your reputation Mit-
"chel that your other pupils do so much
"credit to your tutorage, else the morality
"of your precepts might he brought into
"question. The misses Percival are ho-
"nors to your name. Miss Debby is a
"charming creature; yet her sister, it
"must be confessed, exceeds her. She
"will be an ornament to her husband, and
"I congratulate the family on the very
"eligible union which, Wharton writes
"me, will now probably take place be-

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"tween
tween her and Mr. Seymour. I always thought they appeared to be much more formed for each other than that gentleman and the fair fallen Harriet, though I do not pretend to have been possessed of that precience to which Nanette Beever lays claim, as I did not suspect her of such superlative fineness: nay, I even thought the family, her grandmother, in particular, blameable for the severity with which they treated her, but they are now justified, as it is proved that they were better acquainted with her real disposition than those who judged of her more favorably. Fitzgerman was in raptures with her appearance, which he said was brilliant, and even sumptuous; indeed, the account he gave of her habiliment much surprised me, as I used to think she looked the essence of elegant simplicity; but I believe when once these kind of young women have parted with their innocence they are in haste to part, likewise, with its semblance. Thus,
"Thus, my dear friend, have I not only answered your inquiries, respecting your degenerate pupil, but have given you my unasked sentiments upon the occasion.

"And now for a word or two of intelligence relative to our old friends at Tunbridge.

"Mr. Beever has professed himself to be mortally wounded by Miss Wilmot, who with the utmost fang froid seems perfectly unconscious of the important conquest. You and I, Mitchel, have seen too much of the world to be deceived by appearances, else we should think Miss Wilmot, Diana's own daughter, educated by Minerva. But ah! I beg the chaste dame's pardon. Stranger to petites amourettes—the icy fair boasts of virginity unsullied, so I must find a goddess more congenial with myself, to honor as the mother of Miss Wilmot, who will not raise my wonder by D6 showing
showing herself as another Miss Montague.

"My dear Major is married and repents.

"Miss Shetton still dies for Leeland, and Irwin languishes for me.

"I am, dear Mitchel,

"Yours with all sincerity,

"Catharine Lumley."

This precious epistle was received by Mrs. R. Percival at the breakfast-table, in the presence of a large company; Seymour and Mr. Clifford, being amongst the number. Having an admirable command of her features, her countenance as she perused the letter, was expressive of wonder and deep concern, upon which Mr. Percival asked with anxiety how Debby was.

"As well as when we left her," replied the lady.

"You look uneasy," returned her husband. "What is the matter?"

"Nay nothing new, nor any thing un--

"expected,"
"expected," was her answer, putting into his hand the letter enclosed, which he hastily perused, and returned with saying "What else could she look for?"

The subject was then dropped and a silence of two or three minutes ensued, after which a walk round the town was proposed by old Mrs. Percival, and acceded to by the rest of the party.

CHAP. LXIX.

Miss Montague’s fall industriously circulated; yet not implicitly believed.

The adroitness of Mrs. R. Percival soon made every one, who had any concern in the business, acquainted with the particulars of the honorable Mrs. Catherine Lumley’s letter. To Mr. Clifford whom, in the course of the walk, she singled from the rest of the company, she talked
talked upon the subject with an appearance of great concern, and asked his opinion respecting the propriety of imparting to Mr. Seymour the intelligence which he had received. Mr. Clifford hesitated from an idea of the concern his friend would experience on the occasion, but at length concluded with thinking it perfectly right that he should know every circumstance, as a full conviction of Miss Montague's degeneracy would most probably free him from every remaining tie of tenderness. When the letter was shown to Miss Spencer, which Clifford requested it might be, previous to its being put into the hands of Mr. Seymour, she was affected beyond description, and could scarcely be prevailed upon to yield her assent to its credibility, but as its apparent authenticity was too strong to admit of continued disbelief, she was obliged to give up the cause of her Harriet, whose conduct she in vain endeavored to extenuate—in vain attempted to soften the evidence against it; or to repel
repel the forcible accusations which were brought forward by Mrs. R. Percival. She sighed; she wept, and continued silent. Miss Montague was condemned to ignominy, and Mr. Clifford, after due preparation, put the insidious letter into the hands of Henry Seymour, whom it threw into a temporary frenzy! Had he sooner known the continuance of the culprits in England after their flight from Beverly, he would have explored their residence, and demanded an explanation of their conduct. Nothing he averred, less than diabolical enchantment, could have drawn from the path of rectitude his Harriet Montague! Infernal arts must have been practised to have seduced such a woman from herself.

In this manner, in a high tone of voice, did the enraged Seymour for some time exclaim; his friend rightly judging that it would be as ineffectual as unseasonable to endeavor to moderate at the moment the violence of his passion, and when Clifford, in due time, ventured to oppose the torrent,
and attempted to represent the matter as a common occurrence, springing from the frailty of womankind, Seymour turned short upon him and with a stern air said "Clifford! you did not know my Harriet, or you would not have talked of her in such familiar language. She was—Good Heavens! what was she not! She was all that mortals can conceive of beings angelic! But Oh!" continued he, after a pause "she is gone; she is lost, and my soul cannot form any idea of future felicity."

After this, he studiously avoided the subject, and whenever any of the Percivals insidiously endeavoured to introduce it, he arose and left the company: all conversation, therefore, respecting Miss Montague soon ceased, and Mrs. R. Percival was impatient for Mr. Percival's proposing to Seymour an union with her daughter while his mind was inflamed with resentment, as she concluded that it must be, against the lovely victim of her machinations; but her mother-
in-law advised a delay till the vacation, now approaching, should unite the parties at Beverly Lodge. How far this policy was preferable to the other, we will not take upon us to determine.

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CHAP. LXX.

Kind Intentions to some of our Readers.

THE vacation is arrived. Our visitants who were prevailed upon to stay till that period, are preparing to leave Cambridge. The sorrow of Henry Seymour is unabated, though his native vivacity, which, when in company, he permits to disguise the real feelings of his mind, induces the Percivals to believe that Harriet is thence erased, and that Barbara, who is a pretty girl and whose beauties they view through a magnifier, will, of course, succeed to his affection, while she, tormented by
by jealousy, watches every attention which the friendship of Henry directs to Lucy, and dreads, as many of our readers may judge with probability, lest their mutual sympathy should insensibly lead to a warmer sentiment; for notwithstanding the congenial attachment between Miss Spencer and Mr. Clifford appears more conspicuous every day, yet as the gentleman has not formally avowed his tendresse, Miss Percival trembles with apprehension lest the soft allurements of her cousin should defeat the fond hopes which she has formed.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Spencer see Mr. Clifford with partiality. Mr. Russell and Mr. Barker unite him in esteem with Henry Seymour. Matilda and Caroline Spencer wish to call him brother, while the family of the Percivals dislike him because of his attachment to the Spencers, to whom, notwithstanding great appearances to the contrary, they have an insuperable aversion. Miss Bullion detests him for his insolence and stupidity—"we select the lady's own phrases
phrases—for not paying due deference to people of fortune, for he treats her as if she were not worth a shilling in the world.

Kind and gentle reader, we have now done with the present tense, and shall lapse into our old dull style of relating past events. If thou art tired, stop at the point to which thou art arrived. We will not lead thee on by promises of better entertainment than what thou hast already experienced, because we may thus perchance baulk thy expectations; but we will do our best to fill the vacuity of thy mind; inform thy understanding, and amend thy heart. We will entice thee to follow the examples set thee by our favorites and to shun the vices of those whom we disapprove. We will paint, in our most glowing colors, the beauty of virtue and the deformity of vice; and if thou demeanest thyself with teachable humility, we will give thee all the praise that thou canst desire.
CHAP. LXXI.

Those who have experienced the Cause will excuse the Effect.

When the party we just now left at Cambridge reached Beverly, they received the alarming intelligence that the good old Mr. Spencer was taken dangerously ill about an hour before their arrival. Till this period, he had enjoyed an uninterrupted state of health, which increased the apprehension that the disorder would prove fatal.

The effects of this event on the minds of the inhabitants of Beverly were various. The major part greatly and sincerely lamented it, and offered up to Heaven fervent prayers for the recovery of their venerable friend and benefactor. Even children ran crying to their mothers, when they were told that Mr. Spencer would die, and the general
general question from one individual to another, when they met, was, "How long " is it since you heard anything from the " Aviary?" If the reply was favorable, the countenance of the inquirer instantly brightened, and "Thank GOD," with a real ardor, closed the conversation.

Reader! Thou didst not know our great, our beneficent Mr. Spencer; nor wert thou, I ween, acquainted with that kindred soul of his, which inhabited the form of the gentleman mentioned in the 28th chapter of the first volume of these our labors, by the name of KILDERBEE! If thou hadst witnessed, as we did, the closing scene of the latter, and of its effects upon the people in the vicinity, thou wouldst be able, without our assistance, to form an idea of the general concern which seized the inhabitants of the village upon an apprehension that the end of Mr. Spencer was approaching.

When Mr. KILDERBEE [kind, good, amiable father!—friend!] left these lower Regions,
Regions, to join "congenial minds above, the Parish mourned: the bond of industry was arrested: business stood still; and silence expressed the universal sorrow which the sudden stroke occasioned.

Reader! whoe'er thou art that feelest thyself displeased by an apostrophe to a man ever dear to our recollection—ever high in our remembrance, go thy ways. We write not for such as thou; nor shall thy frozen criticism flop, or chill the filial tear which stealeth down our cheek.

Hail blessed Spirit! And as on Earth thy glory was to aid thy Maker's praise, so now from Heaven come and influence us below to tread thy steps. Be thou our Guardian Angel and keep our souls from evil!

CHAP.
CHAP. LXXII.

Sorrowful Intelligence.

The close of our last chapter has deprived us of all our juvenile and light-minded perusers, and we have a prophetic idea that our future pages will be opened only by the good and wise; a number so inconsiderable when compared with the multitudes which incommode our friends, that did we not conceive their good opinion to be a vast overbalance to the disapprobation of the trifling many, we should fold our paper, and leave Mr. Spencer to die unregarded; Miss Montague to be destroyed without a sigh; Mr. Seymour to be wretched and Miss Spencer to mourn without commiseration, and the rest of our favorites to sink into utter oblivion, without the feeling of any compunction: but encouraged by the smiles of our lenient friends,
friends, we will proceed, and even attempt to entice our disloyal subjects to return to their duty, by promising to entertain them with the joys of folly and the triumphs of vice.

"Mr. Spencer is ill."

"Mr. Spencer is dying."

"Mr. Spencer is dead"—was, by the progressive voice of fame, soon echoed through the village and vicinity of Beverly.

As we have already attempted a faint sketch of the sorrows of the friends of virtue upon an apprehension of losing the exemplary Philanthropist, we will now cast an eye upon those, who from an expectation of some advantage accruing to themselves from the occasion, received the intelligence without a sigh.

"Is he dead!"—said Mrs. Quaintly.

"Then Dorcas give me my hat and my cloak and my clogs, and let me run up to the Lodge. Perhaps the news has not yet been sent there; or if it has, my good and dear friend, Mrs. R. Percival,

"will
"will have so much to do, that she will, I " know, be glad of my advice and assis-
" tance."

Mrs. Quaintly was, in some measure, disappointed. The news had reached the Lodge, but it wanted the confirmation which she was happy to bring, of its authen-
thicity. The family and their partizans now entered into consultations upon the proper and the improper; and great re-
sentment was expressed against the people about the old man, as they disrespectsfully styled the reverend parent, for not imme-
diately dispatching a messenger with the intelligence: but it was supposed that they
flaid to concert their measures, and to de-
termine whether they should or should not, immediately quit the Aviary.

"I thought madam," said Mrs. Quaint-
ly, "Mr. Stephen Percival was entitled to
" the estate upon the death of Mr.
" Spencer."

"Why so he is, to be sure," replied Mrs. Vol. III. E R. Per-
R. Percival; "at least, I am, which is the " same thing."

"Certainly madam," obsequiously returned the other; "but how then can " those people hesitate about relinquishing " possession?"

"Why, Mrs. Quaintly," said the first, "there is an awkward clause in my great- " grandfather's will, which wants explaining, as it does not definitively say who " is to enjoy the property in case of my " grandfather Spencer's death before the " heir arrives at the age appointed; but " there is not much doubt of its being the " parent of that heir: however, as Ste- " phen is so near of age, it would be mad- " ness in my sister or cousin to dispute the " matter."

"Certainly; certainly."

"To be sure."

"Certainly"—exclaimed one, then another, of this precious groupe, which con- "sisted of all the Percivals, Mrs. Mitchel and Mrs. Quaintly.
Mr. Barker and Henry Seymour were at the Aviary, where the first was in high esteem and the other so greatly favored, that Mr. Spencer always called him the son of his affection.

George Percival was the only one at the Lodge who expressed any sorrow for the event which so many deplored, and he was asked with sarcastic severity whether he shed tears because his brother would be lord of the village.

"Yes," said the angry youth; "because he never will cut so bright a figure in that station as my grandfather has done, who was, questionless, the best man in the Universe."

Mr. Stephen was going to reply with a menacing air, when being told that the servant who was ordered to go express to Bullion Bower, waited for his letter, he instantly retired to write, and George walked into the garden to vent his grief without the danger of reproach.
CHAP. LXXIII.

The Percivals in Triumph.

Beverly Lodge, Tuesday morning.

"MY dear Miss Bullion is already in
my idea transformed into Lady
Beverly, and she will, I now hope, be
very soon the declared mistress of Spencer
Aviary.

"After this it is needless to say that the
late possessor is no more.

"Exercise, my dear madam, your fancy;
prepare your ornaments, and enjoy in
prospect the astonishment which the
whole country will be under at the blaze
of brilliancy you will exhibit upon an
ensuing occasion, the delights of which
already fill the heart of

"Your

"Stephen Percival."

The
The above was the billet sent by the heir apparent to his elected bride, and beyond expression was the transport with which she perused the fascinating tidings which it conveyed. She was seized with a delirium of pleasure, and actually, in the paroxysm, wrote an answer to Lord Beverly, and sent it to the Lodge with that address. She then ran up to her father and mother and acquainted them with the joyful event, congratulating them upon the prospect of her soon being the first lady in the country. She then began to arrange the articles of her intended bridal habillement, saying—"It was always my wish to be a mourning bride, there is something so novel and so elegant in the design that I am determined to be married in mourning. The dress in which I mean to make my appearance is silver tissue, which shall be spotted with black and trimmed in festoons with the broadest and finest black lace that can be procured. My ornaments shall be jet and pearls. Jet bracelets
bracelets with pearl lockets will have a most beautiful effect upon my arms, which, since I used milk of roses are charmingly improved, and, in my opinion, show more good blood than those of the girl who ran away from the Lodge, about which, the men used to make such a fuss. Jet for my necklace and earrings will likewise be of advantage to the complexion of my face and bosom, especially as the slightness of my mourning will admit of powder in my hair. My best shoes shall be, white satin, my others, black, with jet fastenings to the first, and pearl roses for the second. The ground of my watch case, too, shall be pearls, with jet studs.

Thus did the Nabob's daughter anticipate the delights of bridal finery, while her admiring parents sat looking first upon her and then upon each other with looks of the fondest approbation. After she had run over all the particulars of her intended dresses, the old people recapitulated the articles
articles which had been previously agreed upon, respecting jointure; younger children's fortunes, and pin money, till miss recollected it was time to write orders to her tradesmen in London; which she did with all possible expedition and sent off the letters by express.

And now let us leave these exulting people to the only happiness which they are capable of feeling, while we follow the too long neglected Harriet Montague, or, as at this period, she was styled, Mrs. Milmont, through a series of incidents which led to the crisis of her fate;—a fate which affected even the hearts of Mrs. R. Percival and Miss Bullion, invulnerable as they ever had been to the sufferings of virtue, or the fall, with the ruin which generally ensues, of its votaries.

Reader, we again leave it at thy option to "pursue, or not to pursue" the subject of our pages. If thou art amongst the tender of thy species, close the volume, for thy soul will be pained by our relation. If
adamant furrounds thy heart, proceed, for the distresses of virtue, in all her loveliness, will not touch thy feelings. No pang for others can invade thy serenity; no sigh for the wretchedness of a fellow-creature heave thy unruffled breast. Malus, we envy thee, for thou art defended against that sympathy—that compassion which often tears our hearts for the woes of another; nor will thy brother's cries, though misery bends him to the ground, destroy one atom of thy felicity. But, Malus, we pity thee, for thou art lost to joys unspeakable—Joys which a frozen mind can never know, but which, as Amator thou canst tell are exquisite—the joys of lessening, by partaking of, a fellow-creature's grief.
CHAP. LXXIV.

Love—improperly so called; and a few Ideas on the Sale of our Fellow-Creatures.

We left Miss Montague in a situation sufficiently deplorable to excite compassion in the breast of a Spanish duenna, and it would have been an act worthy of the most renowned knight-errants of old Castile to have released her from the giant Millemont, pressing her, as we have said, to look forward to happiness when the gulph of destruction seemed opening to receive her. In vain were her entreaties for him to relinquish his purpose. In vain did she assure him that certain wretchedness to both, would be the inevitable consequence of his persisting in his design (which, at that time, she did not doubt to be matrimony), as it never could be in her power to make such a return of affection as he seemed to desire, or as a
wife ought to give to a husband. To all this he replied that he would trust to time and his own assiduity, which, he feared not, would conquer her prejudices and enable her to reward his passion—as he very justly termed it, for affection, in its genuine sense, was a plant of too divine a genus to flourish in the rank soil of Millemont's bosom.

Tired with the contest, she wept and was silent, till the libertine clasped her in his arms, with a rude fervency, and swore that moment was the most rapturous of his existence. The indignant maid, with all her strength, resisted his disgusting freedoms, and, thrusting her head through the window, wildly screamed for assistance; but there was not any near, for the ruffian had concerted his plan with too much policy for her efforts to be effectual. The carriage which conveyed the lovely subject of these pages had been lent by a young nobleman practised in exploits of this nature, and was well adapted for the purpose, being
being furnished with spring blinds, that could be let down in an instant and which Millemont never failed to use, whenever any houses or passengers appeared in sight; by which means, and by being met, at proper distances, by fresh horses, they reached London without molestation on the following evening. Here the terrified and almost exhausted Harriet, who had refused all the refreshment which Millemont had provided for her, was entirely wrapped in a counterpane and carried into an elegant house in Portland Place. It belonged to the same nobleman who had accommodated the Captain with his chaise, and who had also left for his friend's use one of his carriages in town; his lordship being, at that time, at Bath, for the recovery of his early decayed constitution.

The wretch, who received the distressed beauty, was a practised pander, whose manners were perfectly genteel, and who appeared a man of fashion. His wife, equally polished with himself, and equally qualified
for the very honorable employment for which his lordship had selected them, was the daughter of an honest farmer who, contrary to his own judgment had suffered his wife to give her an education greatly above his situation. This injudicious measure had the ill effect of disposing her to listen to the adulation of the landlord, and in a short time, to fall a willing sacrifice to his allurements, a circumstance which broke her mother's heart and shortened the days of her father. After her lover was tired of his conquest, he proposed her as a wife to the confidant of his amours, who readily accepting the offer, received a very considerable sum for his compliance. This finished pair entered very warmly into each other's views, and losing their patron soon after their union, set up for themselves, and in a short time obtained so superior a reputation for being useful, that the noble lord, in whose house they now resided, determined to monopolize their services, by the settlement of a handsome
handsome annuity for the term of their joint lives, and a residence in one of the many houses of which this illustrious pillar of the British Senate was possessor. Fortunately for the purposes of our military gentlewoman, this Mr. and Mrs. Blarney were now housekeepers for his lordship in Portland Place, where he had purchased a tenement which, on account of the privacy of the back apartments, seemed purposely framed for mischief.

When Miss Montague was released from her cotton setters, Mr. Blarney was the sole object that appeared in her view; the captain being gone to give directions to the servants, who were to continue with him, and to consult with Mrs. Blarney the best method of procedure. As she gazed around her in astonishment and terror, her skilful attendant in the most consoling language requested her to be comforted and easy; assuring her that she was in a house where she would be protected from every ill, and that
that he should be happy to render her every possible service.

The distressed Harriet immediately caught hold of the hope which this address afforded, and clasping her hands with supplicating ardency, sprang from the chair, upon which she had been seated, and threw herself upon her knees at the feet of Blarney without his observing her intention in time to prevent her. In this posture she was beginning to thank him and to implore his protection, when the door was opened and captain Millemont entered, introducing Mrs. Blarney. Harriet now relapsed into her former terrors, and sank upon the floor, from which Millemont and Mrs. Blarney lifted her, and carrying her up stairs, another female attendant was summoned, who assisted the lady procure her in putting her to bed. When she was sufficiently recovered to be able to speak, she demanded of Mrs. Blarney, who was sitting by the bed-side, where she was, and under whose protection? The experienced woman, putting on an air
air of tenderness, assured her that she was perfectly safe; that no harm was intended her, and that she might rely upon her for protection.

Harriet looked at her; hesitated, and doubted; for she thought that her countenance indicated duplicity; but Mrs. Blarney most strongly protested that notwithstanding she had been prevailed upon by her cousin Millemont to receive (as she had been led to suppose) his intended bride, she was a woman of too much conscience, and Mr. Blarney a man of too nice honor, to permit any undue proceeding in her house.

Harriet was still apprehensive; but totally overcome by fatigue, she yielded to the power of sleep, after having, with difficulty, been prevailed upon to take a little nourishment. A female servant, devoted to her employers, was left to attend in the room through the night, and Mrs. Blarney joined her husband and the captain in the supper room, where it was agreed that every method
method of persuasion should be used to procure Miss Montague's consent to the wishes of her lover, as he falsely styled himself; that if her principles were inflexible, he would propose marriage; taking care, however, not to be legally fettered, and that, if this was rejected, the must thank her own obstinacy for ensuing consequences, as after their arrival in the West Indies, for which place he expected to fail in a short time, he would repay himself for his trouble, either with or without her consent. Till this period, she was to have all the liberty she could desire within the house, but not, on any account, to be allowed to go abroad.

Mr. Blarney thought Millemont had arranged the business very properly, and applauded his not intending to proceed to violence in Portland Place, as notwithstanding the convenience of the back rooms, if her resistance was attended with screaming, the people at the next house, who were strange precise creatures, might catch the sound and make impertinent inquiri-
quiries. Mrs. Blarney likewise spoke approvingly, but hinted that she thought his restraint might cease upon their going on board the ship, and that the commander ought to be prepared to expect Captain and Mrs. Millemont. The gentleman was pleased with the intimation; told her the plan should be pursued, and asked her to procure a proper person to attend his wife to Jamaica. Mrs. Blarney assured him that he could not meet with a young woman of greater fidelity than Hannah Jenkins, the girl who was then attending Miss Montague's bedside, for she believed nothing could corrupt her but gold; which, she presumed, the captain was too well experienced to permit his lady to possess. Hannah was proof as Mrs. Blarney was positive against prayers and tears, having no ears for the language of complaint on occasions of the present nature.

Thus was the destruction of our Harriet determined upon by three villainous conspirators, who paid no regard to the weight of
of distress which the prosecution of their plan must inevitably heap upon the devoted victim:—and who deliberately resolved upon destroying—possibly the future, certainly the temporal felicity of one of the most amiable young women in the universe, for no other reason than that of her being beautiful; accomplished, and meriting the esteem of all who had any knowledge of her.

Captain Millemont was in love with Miss Montague! He adored her! It was she only who could make him happy!

What a prophanation of language! What an inversion of meaning!—for it follows—And, therefore, he would render her the most wretched of existing creatures, and an object of contempt to all by whom she was formerly respected.

Yc Millemonts of the Age! draw near. Hear, with detestation, the recital of your enormities, and avoid a recommission of crimes which mark, with infamy, the name of MAN! Yc advocates for the iniquitous traffic
traffic of your fellow-creatures! rejoice; for while destroying libertines exist ye shall not be deemed the most atrocious of your species: for ye only ruin the worldly felicity of thousands—only lay waste united families and happy countries—only tear children from parents; parents from helpless children; husbands and wives from each other's fond embraces, and divide the dearest friends for their remaining term of years in this state of existence, after which, in that blest region where

"No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold,"

they shall be reunited in never ending joy, whilst ye, sinking under their accusation, shall be doomed to perpetual slavery in the only place calculated for the punishment of your crimes: but the libertine, who often gives death to both the body and soul of those whom he has ensnared, shall have the additional torment of being continually goaded by the wretches who were, by him, conducted
conducted to the horrid scene of their mutual punishment!

Yet vaunt not too much O ye fordid purchasers of human flesh! that there are in the Creation sinners of a still blacker hue than yourselves; for deadly dark must be the corners of your flinty hearts. Your advocates—what cause is so bad as to be destitute of a pleader?—your advocates advance the necessity of slaves to cultivate the Western Lands; but we deny that such necessity exists; and we deny it logically. Nothing can be necessary that is evil; and that this practice is evil, may very easily be proved; therefore, it cannot be necessary.

If your lordship and Sir Judas are so hardy as to refuse your assent to our assertion, that the sale of human creatures is an evil, the first question which we will ask you, is, whether an African be naturally inferior to an European in point of uncultivated intellect? To this we conclude, as we suppose you to be possessed of common sense, that you will answer—No.—Say, then, what would
would be your sensations on seeing a hundred Englishmen dragged from their native shore—(whether without, or with, the authority of their king)—chained, and confined on board a trading vessel, and knowing that they were torn from their distracted friends for the purpose of performing the work of horses and of oxen! What would be your sentiments of their purchasers? And what your tortures, were any one of your own children to be seized by the ravagers!

Gracious Heaven, that any man who calls himself a Christian, can give his voice in favor of such execrable proceedings—such tolerated barbarity!!! That any nation which professes to believe the Gospel of Christ, can hesitate to abolish a traffic so diametrically opposite to its divine injunctions!!!

It has been urged that these Africans, till employed by Europeans, are a set of people entirely useless, and that we, kindly, endeavor
endeavor to render them beneficial to the universe!

Blind! ignorant! stupid! fordid wretches! To suppose that the Almighty Father created thousands of rational beings for no end—no purpose! and that we have been very meritorious in discovering a method to make these supernumerary people of service to the rest of their species, by employing them in business for which, GOD and Nature omitted to qualify them! If the work of brutes was to be their work, we could teach the Great Omniscient to do much better than He has done: we could instruct him to send this part of the human race into this world without the reason with which it is requisite that we should be endowed; and by taking care to blunt the edge of their sensibility; by preventing their having any sentiments of affection or friendship for their own species, and by rendering them inaccessible to torture—to prepare them for the condition which is allotted to them.

Will
Will our readers excuse the above digres-

sion upon the miseries of thousands of their

brethren now slaves in Christian territories?

Will they heave the sigh of pity and drop

the tear of sympathy upon human woes?

Or will they, indignantly shut the book

and de:cent upon the absurdity of mixing

such a subject with the incidents of a

novel?

But again let us remind our censurers

that we are not amenable to their judica-
ture. We are sovereigns in our own pro-

vince, and consider ourselves as superior to
every petty critic who shall presume to
display his unripened judgment upon our
performance.
We have given Miss Montague a long night's rest. Her sleep was found and refreshing, notwithstanding the apprehensions under which she closed her eyes; and she arose in the morning perfectly recovered from her fatigue, though not relieved from her suspicions and alarm. She determined however to be as collected as possible, and to use every method to engage the friendship and assistance of Mrs. Blarney. But our Harriet had another—a greater resource. However unfashionable and, of course, contemptible, it may render her in the eyes of fine ladies and gentlemen, she raised her mind to Heaven. She implored protection of the Almighty, and in Him placed her confidence, while she prayed for death, or for deliverance.
As it was in Mrs. Blarney's instructions to endeavor to procure the good opinion of Miss Montague, she conducted herself with the utmost decorum; and talking in the language of virtue, lamented the infatuation of Mr. Blarney respecting her cousin Millemont, to whom he was so extremely partial, as always to comply with all that gentleman's requests. From this cause proceeded the restraint under which she was sorry to say that she had been compelled to promise to keep Miss Montague during her residence in her house, where she should be happy to make her abode as agreeable as a confined situation would admit. Mrs. Blarney then artfully painted, in glowing colors, the ardency of Captain Millemont's affection for her lovely prisoner, and enlarged upon the beauty and elegance of his person; the brilliancy of his understanding; the sweetness of his disposition; the magnificence of his fortune; the consequence of his connexions, with the reputation which he had acquired in the line of his
his profession; and summed up the whole with an observation that his lady would be one of the most envied women in England. She was astonished, as she observed, on finding, since her arrival, that the violence of the captain's passion had impelled him to take an undue method of endeavoring to secure so lovely a prize; but she must needs say that the temptation would almost excuse the action, which she hoped a short time would induce Miss Montague not only to pardon, but reward.

To the above harangue, Harriet listened in almost perfect silence. Her grief, at first, prevented her from speaking, and as Mrs. Blarney proceeded, her manner and the turn of her countenance, notwithstanding she used all possible circumspection, infusing into the mind of Miss Montague a suspicion of duplicity, she instantly determined to be upon her guard, and to forbear saying anything which might inflame her goalers, or precipitate her wretched destiny. As she endeavored therefore to assume
assume an air of serenity, Mrs. Blarney was persuaded that she would, in process of time, be induced to yield to the wishes of the captain. This idea she imparted to the two gentlemen below stairs, and it was in consequence agreed that Miss Montague should not at present be too strongly solicited; much less be treated with violence, as Millemont had so much sentiment mixed with his passion, as to lead him to wish for a continued, rather than a transient engagement. Our Harriet, therefore, enjoyed full liberty within the house; had free access to a large and tolerably well furnished library, with permission to use pen, ink, and paper, though not to dispatch any letters. She, however, addressed her writings to her Lucy, with a hope, that some incident might favor her transmitting to Spencer Aviary an account of her distress and of her residence: for being allowed to go in company with Mrs. Blarney, into the upper front rooms, the windows of which were well secured, she perfectly knew to what
what part of the Town she had been conveyed, as (though the circumstance was not sufficiently material to our history to be mentioned) the Percivals had frequently made excursions to London, during her residence at Beverly, and she never was left behind.

Day after day, did Miss Montague watch and wait in vain for an opportunity of taking some step to procure her own enlargement. Every avenue to an escape was strictly guarded, and every possibility of conveying a letter out of the house, precluded. Reading and writing employed one great portion of her time; but when Millemont was at home, she was obliged to hear his professions of affection, to which she seldom gave any other answer than that she was too much in the condition of a slave to talk upon a subject which required the determination of free-will. She urged sometimes on these occasions with unrestrainable vehemence, for the liberty of which, with unparalleled audacity and injustice,
justice, he had deprived her. To this he made the replies usual on such occasions—that the little hope he had of being the object of her choice while she resided at Beverly—his unbounded affection, which rendered it impossible for him to think himself blest without her—his determination to make her the happiest of woman-kind, &c. &c. had impelled him to proceed in the manner which he had done—that he never could set her free till she had consented to bind him, and that she must be cautious not to drive him to acts of desperation; a menace which had at one time, so great an effect upon her, that she fainted; fell from her seat, and sank at his feet. By this circumstance he was, in some degree, affected; but Mrs. Blarney entering the room on his ringing the bell, he was by her intimations almost led to think that the fainting fair would be more reconciled when all was over, and was tempted to use the dreadful opportunity of ending that part of her distress occasioned by suspense.
But Miss Montague's fainting was attended with convulsions, and her situation appeared to alarming that every fiend in the house (for the servants all knew the business for which they were selected) was sedulous in assisting her recovery. After this, the captain laid aside all intention of proceeding to extremities till his entrance on shipboard, and the terrified Harriet was deterred from again expressing, in such strong terms, her indignation at being a prisoner; though she never would tarnish her sincerity by giving him room to hope that she would favor his address. When she was left to herself, her reflection a second time almost overpowered her senses. The idea of what her beloved Henry would endure, and what construction he would be led to put upon her disappearance, had always been the sharpest pang which her bosom knew, and at this juncture it so strongly recurred that it drove her to the verge of distraction. Terrified as she was, when she was first seized by Millemont and his myrmidons,
myrmidons, she was yet sensible by the conduct of the Percivals and of Mrs. Mitchel (which afterwards, more than at the time, struck upon her imagination) that they were necessary to the outrage committed upon her; and as she did not doubt that their motive for the commission of so barbarous an act was to remove her as an obstacle to the views of Miss Percival, she naturally concluded that they would represent her conduct in very dark colors to her Henry; but she endeavored to console herself with frequently perusing the letters which had passed between them, during the several days of her confinement at Beverly; having kept in her pocket-book those of Mr. Seymour and copies of her own, that she might show them to Lucy at their first interview. She was, likewise, more easy with respect to Miss Spencer, from the recollection of what she had written to her during the same period; little thinking that the elucidating letters had never reached the hands of those kind, tender,
der, faithful friends to whom they were addressed, but had served as subjects of ridicule to the most destroying friends that ever disgraced the name of women.

"Hapless Harriet!! We lament, we deplore thy miserable fate! and are grieved that the truth of thy destiny commands us to proceed with an account of thy distresses, which we wish that we had authority to say had now reached their highest point: but alas! the heaviest pressure was yet unborne—the pressure which crushed her almost to the ground, and rendered her one of the most wretched of her sex.

As Millemont was desirous to amuse Miss Montague, and to render her confinement as little irksome as possible, he ordered a printer to supply her with the productions of the day; such as newspapers, magazines; reviews; light pamphlets, &c. that it might not appear that they were sent on her account, he directed them to be carelessly thrown upon the table in the library. Wandering about in a truly "melancholy
"melancholy mood," she sometimes took up one or other of these publications, scarcely knowing what she did, or what she read, and merely because her own ideas were insupportable. It was in one of these hours of vacancy, that she accidentally unfolded a morning paper which had lain there several days, and skimming over the contents, a passage printed in rather distinguishable type, caught her eye. She read a line. She started. She attempted to read on, but was almost prevented by agitation. Her eye sought the end of the paragraph. She was still unasfurred of its import, and therefore began again, and, at length, reached the conclusion.

Our susceptible readers will quickly be alive to the feelings of the fair sufferer, when they peruse the copy of the paragraph by which she was so greatly affected, and which we here give verbatim.

"The elopement mentioned in a former paper, of a beautiful young lady from B-v-ry Lodge in a County not far from
from that of Middlesex, with the gallant Captain Millemont, is likely to be productive of an immediate union between Mr. S-ym-r, the deserted lover and Miss Sp-nc-r, the bosom friend of the fair runaway.' Matters were instantly put en train, as the young gentleman (contrary to the wishes of his guardian, who intended him for his own daughter) went post to Sp-nc-r Aviary upon information of Miss M-nt-g-c's infidelity, and offered himself to Miss S. who, with the ready concurrence of her friends accepted his tendresse.

The fugitive fair embarked with her military lover, the day after her arrival in London, on board the Ceres, bound for the West Indies, were the gentleman has a considerable estate."

With amazement—with a disbelief of the evidence of her senses—with a persuasion that she was under the illusion of a dream, did Harriet peruse the above intelligence. Again she read it; and again; still
fill endeavoring to persuade herself that her eyes had deceived her. For a few moments, she laid down the fatal paper and endeavored to collect her powers of reasoning, but in vain; the paper was again referred to; she once more read the passage over in astonishment and casting her eyes down lower, the following, amongst the articles of births, &c. presented itself,

"Yesterday was married at St. John's Westminster, by the Lord bishop of Norwich, Henry Seymour, Esq. of Martin's Priory Leicestershire, to Miss Spencer of Spencer Aviary. The gentleman is lineally descended from a noble family, and has a handsome estate. The young lady is perfectly accomplished and amiable, and will have a large fortune: the union therefore is a circumstance perfectly agreeable to the relations of both the parties.

"N. B. Our second column which contains the paragraph relative to the elopement of Miss M-nt-g-e, was printed off before
before we were favored with the preceding article. We did not then imagine the marriage would have been so speedily celebrated."

Nearly petrified by astonishment, Harriet held the paper in her hand some moments after her eye had reached the last syllable of the above. She then ran to a window in a paroxysm of despair, thrust her head through one of the squares and seemed as if we wanted to burst the bars and jump down; but her strength failed; her reason was overturned, and she fell upon the floor in convulsions. The windows of the library opened into a back square surrounded by the offices belonging to the house, and the broken glass, falling on the pavement, alarmed the servants in the kitchen, who ran upstairs to Mrs. Blarney to acquaint her with the circumstance. On this alarm Mrs. Blarney hastened into the room and found Miss Montague upon the carpet entirely senseless and the handkerchief upon her neck stained with
with blood. She thereupon immediately rang for assistants to convey the seemingly expiring Harriet to her bed, and Mr. Blarney hastened to summon Captain Millemont, who was that day gone to dine with a nobleman in St. James's. When the gentlemen returned, they met Mrs. Blarney upon the stairs in the greatest fright imaginable. Miss Montague was ungo vernable. She had recovered the use of her senses, but her reason was gone. She raved, and struggled for liberty; threatening destruction on all who opposed her going out, and vehemently insisted upon being her own mistress. With the assistance of the servants, Mrs. Blarney had endeavored to secure her arms, and stop the bleeding which issued from a wound on one side of her throat, given, as it was conjectured, by herself; but she could not effect her design, for the strength Miss Montague exerted on this occasion was astonishing. She furiously pushed away every one that approached her, and tore
off the bandage which they had put round her neck; so, that locking the door, they thought it best to give way to her, in some measure, till the Captain's arrival, as by struggling they were apprehensive of increasing the bleeding, and by sending for medical assistance, they might expose themselves to detection: for Harriet in her frenzy, though as yet unacquainted with the full extent of their infamous designs against her, was perpetually charging them with being accomplices in her destruction.

When Millemont and the Blarneys entered the room, she sprang to the door and driving backward the lady as she followed the others, attempted to force her way into the gallery: but the Captain caught her in his arms, and with the most soothing words entreated her to be composed, assuring her that a coach should be called, and that she should go wherever she pleased, provided she would permit Mrs. Blarney to wash the blood from her neck; dress the wound, and put her on some clean linen, as it would
would be highly improper for her to appear abroad in her present condition. For a moment she seemed to listen, and looked as if she was considering upon the matter; but presently she startled, and cast her eyes about in wild confusion; then talked in incoherent language and again insisted upon going abroad that moment. After some time, her spirits subsided and she sat in a kind of stupor, during which, they washed, and inspected the wound, which (not thinking about the broken window) they still concluded that she had herself occasioned. Mrs. Blarney, at Millemont's instigation, gave her a cordial of a composing quality; a dose in which this dexterous dame was perfectly skilled; having several times administered it to stifle a sense of that distress which it had first assisted to create. Harriet, overpowered by previous contention, soon yielded to the powers of the somnific cup, and then they ventured to send for a man [he did not merit the appellation of a gentleman] of the faculty, with
with whom Mrs. Blarney had some acquaintance. The wound—upon examination found to be slight—was then dressed and some restorative drops ordered to be administered as soon as he should awake. When he had discharged his office, the man of medicine took his leave, carrying with him some suspicion, which he deemed it would be most profitable to keep to himself, respecting the truth of those circumstances to which he had been a witness.

For several days, the lovely object of the Captain's attention, continued in a state of delirium, and her fever increased with such rapidity that all her persecutors were alarmed with apprehensions for her life: at length however the goodness of her constitution surmounted her disease, and she was judged to be in a state of convalescence.

The sagacious reader need not be told that the paragraphs in the newspapers which had so deeply affected Miss Montague, were of Millemont's fabrication. He had, indeed,
indeed, bribed the printer to alter the press for the one last struck off: and this produced in part the effect which was intended by it, as it persuaded her that Seymour was for ever lost to her, by his union with Lucy Spencer; but it created no alteration in her sentiments respecting the Captain. Her rejection of him was founded upon principle.

During the period of Harriet's illness, Captain Harding, the commander of the vessel, whom Millemont had engaged to carry himself; his lady; two men and one woman servant, to Jamaica, informed him that he should be ready to sail in a few days. This was a perplexing piece of intelligence, as Harding was a man who would not openly aid an illegal measure, though he would connive at what he called a trivial breach of the laws, provided the bribe was sufficiently large to overcome the whisperings of his almost conquered conscience. However, upon hearing a fabricated tale respecting the unhappy derangement of
of Mrs. Millemont, on account of her having been detected in an improper situation with an Officer in the Guards, Harding, who pretended to believe what he suspected was false, agreed to receive the lady on board his ship while under the influence of a powerful narcotic. This Millemont suggested as a necessary expedient, assuring Harding that she had not only refused to go with her husband, as she had previously promised, to his West-Indian Estate, but had insisted also upon being separated from him by formal articles.

Preliminaries being thus arranged between these two noble commanders, Mrs. Blarney was commissioned to procure proper apparel and other necessaries for the devoted Harriet. She was to be attended in her voyage by Hannah Jenkins and the two footmen, who had long been retained by Millemont on account of their adroitness in managing his intrigues.

At length the fatal hour arrived. Miss Montague, by the force of medicine, was thrown
thrown into a deep sleep; put into a chair, and conveyed on board the ship in so gentle a manner that she never awoke till several hours after it was under sail. The dose indeed was so strong that it had nearly saved her from all subsequent distresses. When she first opened her eyes, she looked around her in astonishment: but, seeing Hannah at her bedside, she thought herself scarcely recovered from a dream, and after asking for something to drink, closed again her still heavy eyes, and remained perfectly quiet till a sudden motion of the vessel occasioned her to start up in her bed, and give a faint scream. Millemont now approached, and seeing her look wildly (for having been sensible of her former delirium, she believed that her reason had again deserted her) he endeavoured to soothe her with all the tenderness which he possessed, and upon her demanding to know where she was, he acquainted her by degrees with the truth of her situation.

And now, reader, we confess ourselves unequal
unequal to the task of describing the distresses of the truly wretched Harriet. The poignancy of her grief can only be imagined by those who, in some degree, have experienced similar anguish.

Pause here awhile my good friends; shut your outward eyes, and let fancy present Miss Montague in the confined cabin of a West-Indiaman, upon the bosom of the deep; sea-sick, and otherwise extremely ill; deploring—not simply the loss of a man for whom she had the purest and most fervent affection—and of a friend whose sympathy had hitherto softened all her sorrows, but in the union of these two, under the belief of her perfidy and depravity, an event which must render it impossible for either to be restored to her. The loss of their good opinion—the detestation with which they must think of her, was the severest part of her affliction. Could she have hoped that they remembered her with affection—that they pitied her destiny, and sympathised together for her loss, it would
would have softened the sense of her sorrows: but to be considered by Seymour and Lucy Spencer as a deceitful, wanton, degenerate creature—as having preferred a man of Millemont's character—it was more than she could support. The deprivation of her other friends—the sentiments of the world at large, grievous as in themselves, were these considerations, appeared as trifles, when put into the balance, with the loss of Henry and Lucy. To fill the measure of her woes, she was entirely in the power of a lawless and abandoned libertine, of whose vile designs she could no longer entertain any doubt: for Hannah (more gross than Mrs. Blarney, whose specious manner and assumed gentleness, veiled, in some degree, her fraudulence,) talked to her in a language that shocked her sense of hearing, and disclosed the horrors of her prospects. Captain Harding addressed her as the wife of Millemont; and the two footmen impressed the ship's crew with
with a belief of their mistress’s faulty conduct towards her husband.

Thus was every resource, every ray of hope and comfort shut from the view of our poor Harriet. Without friends—without money to purchase assistance [for Mrs. Blarney, during her illness, had taken out of her pockets every sixpence, under pretence of its being impolitic to leave her the power of bribing her attendants]—what could save her from the destruction which awaited her!

CHAPTER LXXVI.

The Voyage.

The ways of the Wisdom of Providence are unfathomable; and its goodness is a solid rock of never-failing defence to all who rest upon it in confidence. It never did—It never will—It never can deceive them.

The
The great—the Divine system of Christianity, disincumbered from the obscurities in which its pretended friends have involved it will infuse its consolation through the deepest adversity; and with its "small, "still voice," will assure its suffering votaries that the morning will at last dawn upon them, and that their souls shall again know peace and gladness.

Harriet Montague, young as she was, and gay as was the disposition which she inherited from nature, drew her support from the great resources of religion: a circumstance which, as we are apprehensive, will so far degrade her in the estimation of persons of the ton; that the consideration of her youth; beauty; understanding; sweetness of temper and various accomplishments will perhaps be insufficient to reinstate her in their regard. But she was more than paid O readers! for your scorn, by the consolation which she received from her hope—her confidence in Infinite Clemency. Ye are not, ye unlearned in this science!
science! to suppose that she was happy, or even tranquil in her situation. No; she was weighed down by grief: she was oppressed by accumulated sorrows, and the most horrid prospects were presented to her view. Nay, sometimes despondency prevailed, and reason seemed to dictate to her that future happiness was an impossibility which she must not hope to attain. She would then wonder that she could ever cherish what she would then call so delusive an idea. For had she her liberty, to whom could she fly for protection! The whole family of the Lodge, she was convinced, was privy, if not necessary, to the violence which had been committed upon her. And could she apply to the Spencers! The thought was torture. Could she undeceive them! Or if she could, would not the knowledge of her innocence fill them with regret, and poison all their felicity! But allowing there was a general reconciliation, could she support the idea of seeing her Lucy, Mrs. Seymour! Oh! no! it was not to be endured. To
what spot, then, could she, with safety, direct her steps.

This, when despair prevailed, was the substance of her soliloquies: for it is not to be supposed that the comfort which we have affirmed to be deduced from a perfect reliance on Almighty mercy, is constantly to banish a sense of misfortune. Surely not, for then suffering would be entirely at an end. All circumstances would be alike; and troubles, which are sent with the benign intention of fitting us for a happier state, by purifying our hearts, would then be divested of their effect. It is at times, only, when we are under heavy afflictions, that this brightness illumines our prospects, and gives momentary but efficient vigour to our hope and faith.

Whoever has experienced the truth of the above doctrine, will subscribe to our opinion. Whoever has not, will ridicule our tenets and remain an infidel. Wishing, therefore, to the latter a portion of valuable
valuable wisdom, we will proceed with our story.

In the depth of her distress, Miss Montague had hope of deliverance.

How shall that hope be realized?

Must we raise a storm; sink the ship; drown all the rest on board, and effect her escape by means of a part of the wreck? Shall Millemont be suddenly stricken by remorse? Or shall a hero start up from amongst the sailors?

No; a cowardly avarice was the means of her safety through the dangers of her voyage; for stealing one evening upon deck while the gentlemen were at supper; the men servants attending and her guard Hannah, overpowered by the fumes of rum, a liquor of which she was extremely fond, she hastily walked to the stern of the ship, and wringing her hands, in evident distress, appeared to one of the sailors who stood observing her, to have a design of throwing herself overboard. With this persuasion, he sprang to her; clasped her in his arms,
and ordered a boy to call Captain Harding. He accordingly soon appeared, and understanding the circumstances, artfully began to expostulate with her, and advised her to conduct herself with more show of regard to a husband whose affection for her was, upon all occasions, very evident.

The indignant Harriet, upon this address, assumed a composed and determined air, bidding the commander, at his peril, countenance any farther illegal measures against her; telling him, in the presence of the sailors, who had gathered round them, that he very well knew that she was not married to Captain Millemont; that she never intended to be his wife, and that if Captain Harding persisted to aid her destruction, she would appeal to the laws in the first land upon which she should set her feet, where justice presided; that she understood Mr. Long was his employer, and she doubted not, as she was personally, as well as by character acquainted with that gentleman, that he would cause all possible
retribution to be made for what she might suffer in her voyage.

At the mention of Mr. Long, Harding stood aghast. He well knew the strictness of his integrity; and being convinced that he would not shut his ears to a complainant, till he had investigated the cause and found it groundless, immediately determined to change sides, and, Millemont that instant coming upon deck to learn the occasion of the commander's being summoned from his supper, he, with settled assurance, upbraided him with falsehood respecting his pretended marriage; and observed that as he was now convinced the lady was not Millemont's wife, it was his duty, and should be his care, to see that no violence was offered to her person during her residence in his ship.

Harriet, upon this, was transported with joy, and thanked Harding with the liveliest expressions of gratitude, while Millemont stood astonished at the scene. Supposing however that Harding was acting an artful part,
part, in order to befriend him, he said only that he thought himself obliged by any sentiments expressed in favor of his Harriet, to whom, notwithstanding her unkindness to himself, he was most tenderly attached; and that therefore, though the doubts which had been suggested of his honor, called for his resentment, he would let them pass unnoticed; assuring every one present that the lady was truly and lawfully his, as his servants could testify.

"I am not—I am not his wife—I never will be—" exclaimed the agitated fair.

"I would die sooner than give"—

"Hush! hush my love," said Millemont in a raised tone, to drown her softer voice, as, assisted by his people, he carried her from the deck; "your delirium will return if you thus permit the violence of your temper to predominate. You are mine, and shall be mine till the existence of one of us be terminated."

In vain did the resisting Harriet endeavor to declare the truth of her circumstances.
to the listening sailors. The prejudice was gone out against her, and they all adhered to Millemont, whose address and generosity had secured every voice in his favor.

On being carried to her cabin, she was consigned to the care of the too truly Humphrey, till the evaporating fumes of the rum should leave the confused brain of the then snoring Hannah.

When Miss Montague was secured from again appearing upon deck, Captain Millemont returned to Captain Harding, to inquire into the cause of the bustle, when he was astonished at the continued alteration of Harding's language and manner, which Millemont had imagined to be only assumed, for the purpose of quieting his fair prisoner.

A sharp and long dialogue now ensued between these noble commanders, which, were it to be given verbatim, might exhibit a picture of the minds of many in the same distinguished situations; but the respect which we entertain for both our marine and
and land officers, induces us to suppress the relation, lest our readers should imbibe prejudices to the disadvantage of these gentlemen in general. To secure Captain Harding to his interest, Captain Millemont offered him a considerable sum, in addition to what he had before received, but he was not to be corrupted by gold; at least not by the portion tendered by the other gentleman. He was in possession of the passage money for Millemont and his family, and he feared, from the threats of Miss Montague, the loss of his ship and entire disgrace, should his conduct ever reach the knowledge of Mr. Long. He softened however his refusal of assistance to the lover, by telling him that whatever favor he could procure from the lady's consent, he should congratulate him upon, though he could not permit any violence to be used during her residence on board his ship. Millemont now guessing the motive of Harding's refusal, ironically complimented him upon the purity of his principles, and

G 4 added,
added, that he thought himself greatly obliged to so rigid a virtue for that relaxation of sentiment which gave him leave to make the vessel a brothel, provided that the commander could be secured against the consequences.

After considerable abuse on both sides, a reconciliation ensued on Harding's promising to facilitate Miss Montague's conveyance to the country house of Captain Millemont on their arrival at Jamaica: and this he effected by dispatching a boat to land with a servant, who had orders to wait with a carriage at a little distance from the town. The plan was executed to the wishes of its projectors, and after a stormy and otherwise distressing voyage of eleven weeks and four days, our lovely Harriet was conducted to her destined habitation, in a very pleasant situation not far from St. Jago, near which place Millemont's estate was considerable. Behind the house was an extended wood, the path through which, led to a plain that gave a prospect of Port-

Passage,
Passage, a Sea-port town six or seven miles from St. Jago, and not far from Kingston.

The terrors which seized Miss Montague when she found herself in a spot secluded from all authority but that of the man whom she continued to detest, cannot be conveyed by any language with which we are acquainted. We will therefore leave it to our susceptible and sympathizing friends to form an idea of what she must have endured upon the disappointment of the expectation which she had formed of being carried to a town, where she hoped to be able to force an appeal to some person in power.
CHAP. LXXVII.

Scenes at Citron Grove.

For several days Miss Montague endured the tender persecutions of Captain Millemont, when foreseeing that persuasives would be vain, he began to assume a stronger tone, and to employ fiercer language. After offering her his hand and fortune in a legal way, which he did not however intend, that she should legally possess, he bade her consider that she was totally in his power and that it was not likely that he should have taken such pains and have been at such expense without the assurance of reaping the expected reward: that, therefore, she would do wisely to comply with his offered terms, since, if she refused, he had determined upon her being his without terms.

This intimation had, in some measure,
the desired effect upon the attentive Harriet. She hesitated; blushed, and looked confused; and from these symptoms the sanguine lover presaged, what he thought, the happiest conclusion. He hoped that she would now accede to his proposal of matrimony; which great point gained, he doubted not of succeeding in his more atrocious designs. But he greatly erred in his conjectures. Her hesitation; her blushes, her confusion, proceeded not, as he imagined, from an inclining weakness in his favor, but from an increase of terror at the more immediate danger of her situation, mixed with a contempt which she did not dare to evince, for the principles that he now so plainly avowed. Struck with a thought that she must necessarily dissemble her abhorrence of both the man and his measures, she stood silent without daring to raise her eyes to his, left any expression from them, of her sentiments, should precipitate her destruction. Millemont viewed her with rapture; his soul was on fire, and
but for his expectation of the consent with which he now hoped to be favored, the next hour would not have left aught for him to wish or for her to apprehend. He now again addressed her in the kindest language; assuring her of his unalterable affection, and promising to comply with every thing which she could desire. Fortunately for Harriet, who was but little skilled in dissimulation, a summons just then arrived for Millemont to attend a gentleman at the gate, and this gave her leisure to collect her ideas; to see the necessity of concealing her aversion, and to ask a stated time for consideration.

When Millemont returned, he found Harriet in a deep reverie, and drawing a favorable omen from the placidness of her air, he not only complied with all her requisitions, but gave her even more time than she demanded; procrastination, with respect to the marriage ceremony, well suiting the villainy of his projects. He told her, and he told her truly that he
only wanted her consent to be his some time or other, and that he would rely on her generosity to fix an early period. Calculated as these assurances were to quiet the mind of Miss Montague, they were accompanied by a manner which only increased her alarms, and convinced her that she must pursue some desperate method, or be a sacrifice to the designs of an abandoned libertine. This opinion was confirmed by a conversation between Millemont and her jailor Hannah, which she overheard while she was in vain endeavoring to explore some means of escape from a long gallery that led to various apartments. When she was first imprisoned at Citron Grove—the name given by the Captain to his West Indian estate—her sanguine temper led her to depend on the assistance of some one of the many gentlemen who visited there, to whom she determined to appeal for redress. But this hope proved fallacious. The sentiments of Millemont's friends too well agreed with his respecting the fair sex, to induce them
them to give her the protection which she demanded. Of this, she had very soon undoubted proof, for one evening, as the captain was surrounded by a large party, she rushed from her apartment, followed by the clamorous Hannah, who was unable to overtake her, into the dining room, where, almost frantic with distress, she told the circumstances of her situation with an energy and pathos that must have affected hearts of humanity, but which made not the least impression upon those of her auditors. Swearing that she was an Angel, they rallied the captain upon his keeping her so close; telling him that it was a proof of his consciousness of his want of power to detain her by the ties of love. A great deal of ribaldry passed upon the occasion, and from indecent language, they proceeded to such acts of freedom as soon drove her in indignation from the room. After this she made another effort to procure a protector by appealing to another party whom she met, as attended by Han-

annah
nab (out of whose sight she never was trusted), she was walking in a piece of pleasure ground at a small distance from the house. By this groupe she was received in the same manner as by the first; and Millemont, proud of the praises given to Harriet's beauty, pressed her to grace his table by her presence at dinner: but this she peremptorily refused, being now convinced that all who visited him were of principles too dissolute to afford her any assistance. But still desirous of making one more trial, she took advantage of a slight indisposition, and requested to have some medical advice, reasonably concluding that she could not fail of securing to her interest a man who, by profession, was a friend to the afflicted. But disappointment again succeeded to expectation. Doctor Watson disgraced his fraternity; all his answer to the lovely Harriet's request for assistance, was, that he should be extremely happy to be able to benefit her health, but that he did not profess to be a physician to the mind;
mind; that he should not suspect her's could be diseased, as he was convinced that the admirable qualities of Captain Millemont, whom he was proud to call his friend, were all employed to render her life a scene of felicity.

Harriet was, at once, silenced by this speech, which clearly indicated that she must not expect assistance from this Doctor of physic, who was, indeed, as much of a libertine as Millemont himself.

We do not intend to carry our readers through all the distresses under which Miss Montague labored, during her captivity at Citron Grove. It is sufficient that we prevent their forming so erroneous an opinion as that of her quietly submitting to reside there. Every moment was employed in planning the means of escape; but so faithfully were the commands of Millemont obeyed, and so strictly was she guarded by the female dragon to whose care she was committed, that her schemes proved abortive.
tive and she was left to bewail her destiny with unavailing lamentations.

We will now revert to the circumstance of Miss Montague’s overhearing an alarming conversation between Millemont and the infamous Hannah. In this it was agreed that Harriet was to be treated with increased respect, and to have the liberty of walking where she pleased, with a proper attendant; but not to be indulged in her frequent request of sleeping in a chamber by herself. Hannah had likewise orders to provide a second key to the door of their apartment, that after it had been locked by Miss Montague, as it regularly was, it might, without her knowledge, be again unlocked, if circumstances should render such a plan eligible.

When she had thus accidentally obtained this information, the terrified Harriet hastened to her apartment, more apprehensive of danger than at any former period. What then was her resource! A very ungenteel one in our opinion, though the only
only one upon which mortals can rely with either safety or certainty. She bent her knees and raised her mind to God.

Her prayer was heard. Her mind was comforted, and she soon after endured the presence of her persecutors without any discomposure of spirits.

From whence, say O ye worldly wise! was this serenity derived?

Was it from a stoical apathy of thought?

Was it from the dictates of taught philosophy?

Was it from bravery of spirit—from the exerted resolution of a tender, timid female mind?

No; with only these assistants, the lovely Harriet must have sunk under accumulated and accumulating woe. Despair would have bowed her soul to the earth, and probably self-destruction have closed the scene of her sublunary wretchedness. But her soul was quieted. The tempest in her mind was bid to cease, and the "Still small voice" assured her of the protection of Heaven.

CHAP.
OUR young readers, and perhaps many of their seniors, are disgusted with the serious sentiments which often irresistibly intrude with the incidents which we are busy in relating. An habitual belief of the constant inspection and protection of Providence renders us, we must confess, but ill-calculated to please the gay ones of the present age. We have notwithstanding, as much conviviality in our composition as any miss or master, old or young, in the gayest circles round the metropolis; and were it not for the misfortune of being possessed with an ardent desire ofbenefiting, as well as of amusing, our subjects in general, we could perhaps present them with as much fun as ever distended the rosy lips...
lips of a modern belle at the representation of a modern farce.

During the ensuing night and the next day, Harriet was totally engrossed withconcerting some probable means of escape from the vigilance of the watchful Hannah, who, though she pretended to leave her at liberty to walk where she pleased, during a few hours absence of the captain, took care not to let her be beyond the limits of her observation. Miss Montague could, therefore, only wander about with seeming inattention to the scenes around, till the advance of evening, when Millemont returned with a large party of gentlemen from Kingston, the appearance of whom at a distance, drove the affrighted fair in haste to her apartment. Doctor Watson was amongst the gentlemen now arrived at Citron Grove. Of him, upon the sudden projection of a plan which she hoped to be able to execute that night, Harriet desired an audience; and, upon seeing him, complained of want of sleep, entreating him to provide
provide for her a gentle soporific, which she requested might be as tasteless as possible, as she had a strong aversion to every kind of medicine.

Watson, by nature, a man of gallantry, professed his readiness to serve the lady in all that was compatible with his fidelity to his friend, with whose diabolical views he was so well acquainted, that an idea instantaneously occurred of the advantage that a little laudanum might possibly be of to the cause which he was so ready to promote. He therefore told his patient that he would dispatch a servant to Kingston for a small phial of a composing liquid, of which she might occasionally take, to the quantity of thirty or forty drops: but he enjoined her always to inform her attendant of the time of her using it, that every thing about her might be kept perfectly quiet:—so sedulous was this disgrace to human Nature to facilitate the destruction of one of its greatest ornaments.

The drug was speedily procured—the gentlemen
gentlemen were assembled in the saloon, and Hannah attended Miss Montague to inquire what she chose to eat.

"Only a small piece of biscuit with a little rum and water," was Harriet's reply; requesting some orange peel might be added to the beverage.

Rum and water—or rather rum without water, was, as Miss Montague well knew, Hannah’s favorite liquor, of which she would frequently drink very freely. The viands were soon set before her; when, requesting Hannah to go down for a little more water, she poured into the mixture a sufficient quantity of laudanum for the purpose which she wished to effect, and complaining, on her duenna’s return of a disagreeable bitterness in the liquor which she did not like, she refused to drink it. It was in vain that Hannah assured her it was only from the peel of the orange; Harriet continued obstinate, and said that she was convinced there was something more in it than usual. Thus did necessity compel
compel one of the most ingenious of female minds to practise an artfulness foreign and irreconcilable to her character.

Hannah, offended at the intimation of having infused improper ingredients, to prove the truth of her assertions, and probably to gratify her fondness for the liquor, took the basin, and to the great joy of the trembling maid, whose heart bounded at this beginning success of her design, emptied it at one draught. The effect of the medicated bowl was soon evident; and the sooner perhaps from the vile creature's having helped herself pretty largely while preparing what was intended for the lovely Harriet. In a short time Hannah staggered across the room, and throwing herself into an armed chair, sank almost immediately into the truly leaden chains of Somnus. Harriet watched the operation of the powerful drug some minutes in perfect stillness, when, being assured that the woman could not be easily disturbed, she ventured to search her pocket for the key of
of a door, which, by a private passage, opened on a pair of stairs descending to a back entrance to the garden, and readily found it. Possessed of this treasure, she essayed to go, being determined to risk any other danger than that which immediately threatened her; but a perplexity now ensued which did not at first occur to her recollection.

During the interval of the servants going to Kingston, Harriet had put a small parcel of clothes into a handkerchief to take with her, in case that she should be able to effect her meditated escape, and had laid them in her dressing room, against the door of which the sleeping Hannah sat leaning, and now, though she hazardcd the trial, her strength was unable to draw the chair from its place. Struck with this unforeseen misfortune, she stood a few minutes in suspense; till recollecting that if that opportunity should be lost, another might never offer, she determined to commit herself and her future welfare, without any provision.
vision for the next day, to Him in whom she trusted. On turning however to the door, a few biscuits which had been left upon the table caught her eye; these she put into her pocket, and resolutely quitting the apartment, descended the stairs with trembling steps, and arrived at the outward door. This she opened without difficulty and found herself in the garden.

Alone; in a Foreign Country; destitute of money; undetermined which path to pursue, behold the lovely—the truly charming Harriet Montague! Separated from all that she held dear!—deprived of fame and fortune, and with nothing but destruction in her prospect! Yet still she hoped—still she confided that she should find some place of safety!

The clock from the turret now struck eight; an hour in which the inhabitants of Jamaica are enveloped in heat and darkness, unless the silver luminary, which had not yet ascended the horizon, supplies the
departed light of the scorching sovereign of the sky.

Fearful of delay, Miss Montague hastened through the garden and rushed into a little grove at the bottom of a sloping lawn, where she sat down to recover her breath, and to compose her fluttered spirits. From this place she had a full view of the house, which was surrounded by lamps; and presently she saw the party of gentlemen issue from the saloon and fix themselves upon the lawn, round a table which the servants were covering with bottle, bowls, and glasses. Alarmed by their appearance, she hastened through the grove, and pursued a path which, after walking near two miles in the greatest trepidation, led her to a thick wood, just as the moon's verge appeared over an opposite lake. In this place she determined to remain through the night, as the extended plain, on all sides, appeared of an immeasurable length: but she thought it most prudent
prudent to endeavor to find a passage through the wood to the other side, that
the return of morning might enable her to form some idea of the Country, which she
wished to explore. Having with difficulty effected her design, she ascended a tree by
nature calculated to afford repose. It was a
fine spreading cedar, whose branches, entwin-
ing gave a commodious alcove. Here she
rested securely, and having been extremely
fatigued by her exertions and her alarms,
she soon lost every sense of distress in that
soft and soothing sleep, which nature often
gives to innocence, even when surrounded
by dangers, but ever denies to guilt,
though reclining on beds of down in pa-
laces, and environed by a thousand guards.
From her flumbers, which presented Guär-
dian Angels hovering round her, she did
not awake till the harmonious matin of a
feathered chorister, that perched upon her
leafy canopy, called her to join his hymn of
gratitude, for the protection which they had
both experienced from their mutual Creator.
Her orisons gone up on high—her trust in Providence renewed—Harriet ventured to step from the place of her concealment and to take a view of the adjacent plain. This she now saw to be not so extensive as on the evening before it appeared to her terrified imagination, and she lamented that she had not endeavored to reach another wood at the opposite side, before she closed her eyes. To continue in that which she was, seemed to be dangerous, lest Millemont and his people, all of whom would doubtless go in search of her as soon as she was missed, should find the place of her retreat. Perceiving therefore the day to be scarcely yet broken, she determined to attempt reaching the wood before her, ere the returning light should render the design more hazardous. Nor think, gentle reader, her resolution was a rash one. Condemn not the lovely Harriet till thou hast weighed her reasons, drawn from the following considerations. The revels in Captain Millemont’s family never
never ceased till a very late hour, and consequently, it was not till a very late hour in the morning that either he or his family were awake.

She had told Doctor Watson, when he presented her with the laudanum, that as she was rather feverish and thirsty, and more sensible than usual of an inclination to sleep [which, for the honor of our Harriet's veracity, we would have her friends to know was the fact] she would not take any of the opiate on that evening, lest the effect should be more powerful than she wished. She then, in very complainant terms, requested Millemont, who had been pressing her to favor the company below with her presence, that he would once more excuse her, as she was really indisposed. Watson, confiding in the future utility of his drug, gave the captain a sign to acquiesce, and Hannah was ordered to attend her lady with some refreshment and to keep the apartment as quiet as possible.

Add to this, that Harriet left her att-
tendant in state of torpitude; and that she had locked the door at the end of the passage which led to her suite of rooms. When all these circumstances are duly reflected on, our heroine's intention of darting to the opposite covert at the breaking of the day, will not be deemed too adventurous. And dart she did; for such was the celebrity with which she crossed the intervening plain, and so beautiful her appearance, notwithstanding the discomposure of her dress, that an observer might have been excused for imagining that he saw an Angel glide over the verdant mead.

And now having screened our favorite in the friendly thicket, which she reached in safety, we will return and take a cursory view of the subsequent scene at Citron Grove.
CHAP. LXXIX.

A violent Altercation between three worthy Personages.

IT was not till a later hour than usual that the family of Millemont was awakened on the morning succeeding the lovely prisoner's escape. The captain, within view, as he thought, of the summit of his wishes, had ordered his overseers to deal out the liquor with a more than usual liberality, and in consequence there was not an individual at Citron Grove who did not go to bed in a state of intoxication. An order had likewise been issued that the rooms under the apartments destined to the use of Miss Montague, should be kept quiet, and the order was obeyed till the potency of the libations drove it from remembrance. At the hour of midnight the whole house was a scene of confusion, and
to great was the uproar, that it awakened Hannah from her trance, who starting from her chair into which she had fallen, ran forward, perfectly bewildered, without knowing whither. Chance, if we can allow the existence of such a blind guide, conducted her to Miss Montague's sleeping-room, where, unconsciously throwing her left upon the bed, she again sunk into a torpid state; from the narcotic power of the drug, which still acted with unexhausted force.

When Millemont and the company that remained at Cibou Grove, were assembled at breakfast, Doctor Watson inquired how Miss Montague had rested, expressing his apprehension that their joviality had disturbed her repose. The reply to his enquiry was, that Hannah had not yet appeared, and as no noise had been heard from the apartment, it was concluded that they were both asleep. Upon this intelligence the Captain, by the Doctor's advice, again ordered that side of the house to be kept quiet. Breakfast then being over, the gentlemen
tlemen fallied out for a walk: and at their return the enquiry after Miss Montague was renewed, Millemont having promised a view of his enchantress to a young Baronet, lately arrived from England, who deemed himself a connoisseur in female beauty.

Hannah had not yet been down.

Miss Montague had not been heard of.

This was surprising; very surprising!

What could be the occasion of this perfect stillness!—was echoed from one to another of the wondering party. Millemont, at length, became seriously alarmed, and demanding Watson's attendance, ascended the staircase which led to Harriet's apartment; but he found the door at the end of the gallery still locked. Here they called, and rapped violently for some time without effect; till Watson, observing that he was of that profession which, to the nicest delicacy would soften the invasion on a lady's privacy, proposed advancing to the chamber window, by means of a ladder.

H 5  Watson's
Watson's observation with respect to his profession was a just one: A medical man ought to be particularly cautious to acquire and to preserve such a character as modesty and delicacy can confide in. Tenderness, and a perfect observance of decency in all his actions, ought to unite with a proper degree of fortitude in the man who, of necessity must often be admitted to the retirements of the fair. From which the bold, assuming libertine, however high his reputation for professional skill, ought ever to be excluded.

Millemont acquiescing in the Doctor's proposal, a ladder was immediately ordered to be erected, and the Doctor ascended to the window of the apartment lately occupied by our Harriet. The sash being partly open, but the blind down, he tapped against the glass, and demanded to know if Miss Montague was well, when not receiving any answer to his repeated inquiries he threw up the sash and entered the room. This he found empty, and on opening the door
door of the inner chamber he saw Hannah just awakening from her sleep. Astonished at her appearance, which evinced that she had not been undressed since the preceding evening, he hastily asked where Miss Montague was.

"Miss Montague! why bless my heart!—why were am I?" exclaimed the still stupid creature, while Watson stood fixed in astonishment. "Why for certain," continued she, "I have been bewitched; for I know no more how I came here than the dead in their graves?"

"What the plague do you mean?" sternly interrogated the wondering physician. "And where, I again ask you, is your lady?"

"My lady!" repeated she, looking around her in wild confusion, "why gone down stairs to be sure." Then running to the door of the first chamber she continued—"Mercy on us! where can she be! the doors have not yet been opened."

H 6 "Why
“Why she must have got out at the window!”—but her escape that way appeared to have been impossible, as the height from the garden underneath was extreme, the rooms being all very lofty, and the first floors considerably above the level of the ground.

A violent altercation now ensued between Watson and the woman—he accusing her of misconduct, and she magnifying her care and watchfulness. Their vociferations soon reached the ears of the listening Millemont, who, with strong forebodings of misfortune, instantly mounted the ladder, and seeing the disputants in violent attitudes and with wrathful countenances, sprang in at the window and demanded his Harriet.

“Your Harriet” said Watson “may be ascended to the moon or sunk to the shades below; for any attention this her duenna has paid to your injunctions: The lady is certainly missing.”

“Missing!”
“Miffing!!—” echoed the Captain in a rageful and distracted tone.—“How!—
“Where!—How it it possible—” asking unconnected questions without waiting for any reply.

Were we versed in the language said to be in vogue within the precincts of Billingsgate, we might endeavor with some expectation of success, to describe the torrent of abuse which resounded through the apartments; but the horrid oaths and execrations made use of by every one of the combatants (the woman being at least upon a par with either of her assailants) would, were we capable of transmitting them, shock both the delicacy and piety of our beloved readers. The Doctor was twice obliged to drop his own anger that he might save the culprit Hannah from the rage of her employer, who twice attempted to finish her pernicious existence by aiming a blow at her head with a mahogany basin stand, that being the only weapon within his view.

Defended
Defended by the Doctor, she escaped into the next room, leaving the two worthies to form various erroneous conjectures respecting the flight of Miss Montague. But they did not long continue that fruitless employment, for summoning some of the servants from below, they broke open the doors which were locked and ordered a general search and inquiry to be made round the place. Every individual was quickly in motion; but vain were the toils of both servants and masters; Miss Montague remained in security, and Millemont in furious despair.

To some of our readers it might be amusing were we to paint the uproar which prevailed throughout the house for several days succeeding the escape of our favorite; but we have so little pleasure in scenes of this nature, and are so impatient to attend to her safety, that we must leave our friends to their own imagination: and these, if strongly exerted, may possibly give some idea
idea of the almost undescrivable tumult, which subsided not, in any degree, till every probable place of refuge was explored, and hope gave entire place to absolute despair.

CHAP. LXXX.

The friendly Covert.

MISS MONTAGUE was detained a prisoner in the wood to which we last conducted her, all the day, the eminaries of the Captain having several times traversed it in divers directions, while she sat trembling upon the upper branches of a catalpin, whose broad leaves effectually screened her from their search. To this asylum she had with extreme difficulty ascended, upon observing at a distance, se
veral people in much apparent hurry, approaching the place of her retreat. These, as she had apprehended, were really her pursuers, and she was but just secured from their observation when they entered the wood, and proceeded to examine it minutely; without dreaming, however, of her having attempted such an elevated situation;—a height which, perhaps, in calmer moments, she would herself have thought it impossible for her utmost efforts to reach.

For several hours after their departure, she continued in her position, though it now began to be very uneasy to her, but the dread of her enemies return prevented her from endeavoring to descend. Fortunately some wild grapes were just within her reach: with these she allayed her thirst and then eat one of her biscuits, and this was all the nourishment which she took during the day. Towards the close of the evening she essayed to descend from her sanctuary; but she found the attempt so dangerous
dangerous that she almost despaired of ever being able to succeed in it without assistance. At last, she was obliged to swing from a bough several yards from the ground, and from such a height as to bruise rather severely one of her arms. Terrified at the idea of passing another day in a place so near to Citron Grove, she determined to cross the other plain, and hastily rising with this intent, insensible almost to the pain of her arm, she ventured to the skirt of the thicket. Here looking eagerly around, she saw at a distance a gentleman and lady just alighted from an open chaise, which they had left to the care of a servant, and walking forward toward the place of her concealment. Extremely agitated, she stood irresolute how to proceed. The terrors which for so long a time had been fixed upon her mind gave her a dread of danger upon the appearance of every human being. Starting almost involuntarily back to her covert, she seemed to wish to hide herself from view; till recollecting the
the horrors of her situation and admitting a hope which quickened the beating of her heart, she rushed forward and hastened to the objects before her, who continued their direction to the wood. At the sight of so beautiful an appearance in such a place, they dropped in surprise and waited the approach of the lovely fugitive, who the instant that she reached them, sank, unable to support herself, at their feet.

"For Heaven's sake!—Oh!—A distressed!—" It was all she could utter as she attempted to clasp the lady, whose countenance beamed immediate sympathy, while the gentleman kneeling upon one knee, raised her head from the Earth, and reclining it upon his breast, assured her of the protection of himself and the lady, who supported her on the other side, and who, to encourage her reliance on his professions, he immediately informed her was his wife. Happy in this intelligence, she lifted up her eyes to Heaven in silent, but deep felt gratitude, then sobbing her thanks to her supporters,
supporters, attempted to rise that she might release them from their position: they assisted her endeavors, and without inquiry, leading her between them, conducted her to the chaise; lifted her in, and ordered the driver to return.

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**CHAP. LXXXI.**

An amiable Couple, and an affectionate Brother.

Our new acquaintances, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert, deserve all the respect which we can possibly show to them. To them therefore we shall dedicate this chapter on their introduction upon our theatre. The wise and the good will esteem them because they possessed, and practised, every great and amiable quality of head and heart; but as this will be deemed
deemed a trivial recommendation to the gentlemen and ladies of these refined times; we are happy to be able to add that more unexceptionable one of their being both descended from ancient and noble families; or, in other words, from ancestors who had long been dignified with what are commonly called titles of honor; and many of whom had verified these hereditary distinctions, by holding them in little estimation, and by respecting the character of a good Christian, as superior to that of a great man. The major part of our readers will be apt to suspect that these people must have been affected by some unhappy mental malady; that either hereditary idiocy or lunacy was the source of such outré sentiments. We can assure them however that the conclusion would be entirely false: no such affliction ever had visited any individual of either family. The only reason which can be given for their singular way of thinking, was an unfortunate ignorance of genteel life, occasioned by their having
having been educated under the inspection of people who absurdly thought more of the future than of the present, and ridiculously regarded the glories even of an English peerage as of inferior consequence to the happiness of angels—a happiness of such vulgar attainment as to be equally near to the grasp of the lowest plebeian, or the negro-slave, as to that of the noble or the monarch;—a happiness, too which is apparently at some distance, while the joys of mortal grandeur shine gloriously and immediately around us, and while poverty is felt to be disgrace, and humble virtues are neglected as contemptible. It cannot, it is true, be denied that, to many of us, this other world may be disclosed to-morrow, and then we may possibly regret our not having cherished a thought of it sooner, and may deplore our having too far acted on the prudential maxim—of possession's being better than "reversion."

Mr. Herbert, nephew of an earl and one
of the younger sons of a bishop, was educated with the brother of his Rosella, at whose father's he used to spend some of his vacations. An early attachment, between the future bride and bridegroom, took place: the friends on both sides approved of the union, and in due course of time it was agreed that the nuptials should be celebrated upon Mr. Herbert's return from an intended voyage to Jamaica; his father, who had several children, encouraging his wish to enter into life as a West-India merchant. Soon after Mr. Herbert's departure, Rosella, whose mother had been some time dead, lost her father, and in consequence of his dying intestate, depended for her support solely upon the generosity of her brother. But this she did not feel to be any misfortune, as the affection between these relations was more than what commonly subsists between children of the same parents. Rosella was assured that Frederic would make her happiness his first pursuit, and he did not disappoint her.
her expectation. His wish to facilitate the union between his sister and his friend, was now more ardent than ever; and he did not permit one consideration for his own interest to impede that prospect. Rosella, when her father died, was just turned eighteen; and Frederic, only one year older, proposed that Mr. Herbert, who was just of age to execute the office, should be chosen their joint guardian. Pleasure, gratitude and modesty deepened the blush upon the cheek of his sister at this nomination, to which however she delicately objected, and intimated the greater propriety of requesting the favor in question from Mr. Herbert's father, the good Bishop of Chichester, to which see the prelate, who was distantly related to the Lord Chancellor and greatly esteemed by him, had recently been translated. Frederic, pleased with her motive, acknowledged the justice of her discernment. The Bishop was applied to; the office accepted, and every thing relative to the affairs of the deceased soon brought
brought into order and settled. Mr. Herbert's return from the West Indies was now expected with redoubled impatience, as it was the wish of the friends on both sides that the union should take place as soon as possible. The conduct of Frederic, became, in the mean time, an universal theme of conversation. The character of a prudent man was lost to him forever, and fathers warned their daughters against the specious appearance—for he was very genteel and handsome—of such a prodigal young fellow, who it was likely would soon bring a wife and family to beggary. His crime was indeed very great; no less than that of dividing, without being obliged to do so, the property of his father with a beautiful and beloved sister. Neither did his imprudence rest here: for he promised, should he outlive an old relation whose estate he must necessarily inherit, that he would present her with a portion also of that property. A too rare instance of disinterestedness
disinterestedness in a young man of the eighteenth century!

And now my dear readers stop and examine the texture of your minds. Your applause or condemnation of the conduct here related, will be a criterion by which you may exactly appreciate your own value. If your hearts glow with pleasure on contemplating the generosity of the young Frederic, and you feel conscious of being willing, in a similar situation, to imitate his example, be grateful to Nature who has so nobly endowed you with her choicest gifts. You are deserving of the friendship of the judicious, and we congratulate you on your superiority over most of your neighbors. If, on the contrary, you think that he ought to have been more prudent, depend upon it you are weak and worthless, notwithstanding the plausible reasonings of self-love, which may whisper the duty of frugality, economy, discretion, and other similar virtues practised by avarice with such strictness, that nothing is retained
of the original principle but the appellation. Sordid in your natures, you have no relish for—no sense of, the beauties of disinterestedness and philanthropy.

Censured as was the conduct of Frederic by prudent fathers, it gained peculiar applause from the daughters of the vicinity. "The generous fellow!" "The noble fellow!" "The charming fellow!"—were the epithets which distinguished him amongst the juvenile fair; some of whom perhaps, however much they applauded him while they viewed his conduct distinct from their own interest, would, after marriage, have upbraided him with what they then would have thought an unreasonable generosity injurious to the nearer connections of a wife and children.

Before we finish the little history of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert, we will stop to mention with some distinction our worthy friend the prelate. In early life he had formed an acquaintance with Mr. Spencer, but the distance of his residence and a multiplicity
tiplicity of family concerns, which confined
him within the precincts of his diocese, had
of late years interrupted the intercourse;
at their meetings, however, though rare
and accidental, so intimate were their
minds and so fixed their esteem for each
other, that they appeared as if they had
parted only the day before. Nor can this
circumstance be wondered at when it is
recollected that Mr. Spencer was one
amongst the best men upon the habitable
globe, and the bishop was—to comprise
his excellencies in a short sentence—the
Watson of his generation.
CHAP. LXXXII.

Prosperity abated, yet Happiness continued.

We will now suppose Mr. Herbert returned from the West Indies and made happy in an indissoluble union with his Rosella. With her, for a few months, he lived a life which potentates might have looked upon with envy: but the smiles of fortune were soon contracted, and in a short time the severest of her frowns darted upon the united pair. An eminent banking-house, in which Mr. Herbert had lodged large sums of money, stopped payment, just as he expected the arrival of considerable cargoes from Jamaica; and about a week after he received an account of the death of Mr. Palmer, one of his correspondents
respondents in that Island, with the more distressing intelligence that the son of his friend had disappeared with all the property which he could carry off, and had left large debts upon the Firm, to be discharged by Mr. Herbert and the other partner, Mr. Cumberland. This stroke was indeed a heavy one: Mr. Herbert's property, in which was included his lady's fortune, was vested in this firm. Her brother had already assisted him to the utmost of his power. The finances of the good bishop were, at this period, very much perplexed, as he had lately been translated from Peterborough to Chichester and heavy expences had, as usual, attended the translation. His children were many, and it had cost him large sums to educate and fix them in the world. Early in life he had married an amiable young widow, whose first husband was Sir Samuel Herbert, to whom the bishop was diistantly related. Lady Herbert was mistress of a large sum of money when her guardian disposed of her to
to Sir Samuel, at the age of sixteen, and much against her inclination. At his death, which happened within three years after their marriage, she enjoyed a jointure sufficient to enable her to live genteely, but not adequate to the fortune which she originally possessed, that being settled upon her daughter; the only child whom she had by her first husband. Of this daughter, whose name was Bridget, we may perhaps speak something more hereafter; but at present we are so impatient to return to Mr. Herbert, that we shall only say she was in every respect widely different from the worthy woman who brought her into this state of existence.

The vexatious turn of his affairs rendered it necessary for Mr. Herbert to hasten to Jamaica, and as it was probable that business would require him to reside there a considerable time, Mrs. Herbert determined to accompany him, though she was then in a situation which rendered the voyage inconvenient if not dangerous: but the
the apprehended event was providentially suspended, and Mrs. Herbert reached Port Passage in safety about three weeks before her delivery of a fine girl, to whom she gave the name of Almeria.

Mr. Herbert now exerted all his abilities to retrieve the affairs of the firm, and, aided by the diligence of Mr. Cumberland, he succeeded greatly beyond his expectations. From the wreck of their banker's fortune they reaped, indeed, but small benefit, the dividend being only one shilling in the pound; but they were more fortunate in recovering great part of the effects with which young Palmer had absconded, he having been discovered at Philadelphia by the affiduity of Mr. Phillip Nicklin, a man with whom we have the pleasure of being personally acquainted, and to whose urbanity and integrity, we are pleased with this opportunity of giving our testimony.

Young Palmer was no sooner discovered than he was apprehended and put under proper security till he delivered up all the effects.
effects which he had endeavored to secrete. When the business was put into a proper train for final adjustment, on his resignation and apparent penitence, Palmer was fixed in an employ that afforded him a comfortable maintenance.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert had resided at Port Passage nearly three years at the period to which our history is arrived, and during this time their family had received the addition of two lovely girls, and the lady was again enceinte. Their house was at the extremity of the town, in a very pleasing situation, and Mr. Cumberland resided with the happy couple.
WE left our Harriet under the protection of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert, returning to Port Passage. Were we not in some haste to arrive at a distant period, we could very much entertain and instruct our attentive perusers, by relating the first conversation, and the circumstances which occurred during the early part of Miss Montague's abode with her new friends—friends in the strict sense of the phrase, who merited that noble appellation. A mutual confidence soon took place between them; and Harriet related to them without reserve every recollected particular of her past life. To say that they greatly compassionated and truly admired her, would be what every ordinary reader would readily imagine, and would fall far short of the sentiments
ments which her story and merits inspired. To her misfortunes they were, indeed, feelingly alive; and they entered so inti-
mately into the sufferings of her mind that they determined to bring the abominable occa-
ioner of them to punishment. But she entreated—she most earnestly supple-
cated them to desist, and to permit her to remain secluded in their house, during their continuan-
ce in the West Indies; alleging that a prosecution must be attended with great expence as well as inconvenience; that the result would be uncertain, as there was no question but the creatures of Mille-
mont would give a testimony in his favor, and that, therefore, it was to be feared the event would inevitably be injurious to her reputation. She dreaded, besides, that the resolute libertine, stimulated by revenge, would not then forbear any means, however outrageous, to get her again into his power, and on the possible contingency of his suc-
cess, her utter destruction would be inevi-
table:—that as it was, ill treated as she had been
been by the atrocious proceeding of a lawless villain, she could raise unfeigned thanks to her Great Preserver for having been rescued before she had suffered such irremediable injuries as must have excluded every ray of hope for future peace.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert and Mr. Cumberland were so convinced by this reasoning of our Harriet's, that they agreed in the propriety of keeping the matter as secret as possible; and if either of the gentlemen should, in company, hear any thing mentioned relative to the circumstance, they were carefully to conceal their having any knowledge of it. Mr. Cumberland, who was a wise and good man, further proposed that Miss Montague should assume the name of his maternal family, which was Mansfield, and pass for his relation during her residence in Jamaica. The proposal was acceded to, and the servants instructed in what answers to give to any inquiries which might possibly be made relative to the lady.
Miss Montague was now in a state of some tranquillity, compared with what she had lately endured: but her mind was oppressed by the thoughts of what she had suffered, and what she had lost—sake! fortune! friends!—friends of the highest kind ever possessed by a human being. This last recollection so chilled every rising hope of ensuing happiness, that not all her native gaiety of temper, which habitually led her to rest her eye upon the brightest side of every prospect, nor all the affectionate soothings of her new and now dear friends, could remove from her constant idea her beloved Lucy Spencer, lost to her in Mrs. Seymour, or her still dearer Henry, separated from her for ever, by being the husband of the first friend of her heart. The family of the Shrubbery, as well as that of the Aviary, claimed her affectionate and tender regard. The Abingtions and Mr. Russel, were dear to her remembrance. The good Mr. Spencer, the report of whose death had never reached her, had a most particular
particular share of her attachment: yet the loss of all these, greatly as that loss alone would have grieved her, would have been supportable, had she still retained her Seymour and Miss Spencer. And then in what a light must she appear to them all!—for the fatal paragraphs which she perused in the newspaper, during her residence in Portland Place, so entirely convinced her of their belief of her infidelity and depravity, that no doubt could be made of their abhorrence of her credited ill-conduct. She could, it is true, endeavor to convince them of her innocence, and it was, perhaps, a duty which she owed to herself: but could she be sure of succeeding? Was it not certain that the people at the Lodge, of whose atrocity she had full conviction, would take every method to prevent the disgrace which must necessarily fall upon them if she should be exculpated? And to attempt and fail, would double the ignominy with which she was already branded. Better to hide, herself forever from the world.
world than to live in open reprobation! Befide;—could she even exonerate herself, what would be the effect? Her own distress on a new ground, and wretchedness to her dearest friends, who were, doubtless, at present happy under the delusion of thinking her unworthy! These were the reasonings of the charming Harriet when she first began to ponder on future events: and the consideration last mentioned had more weight in determining the truly generous girl to remain in obscurity, than those which were more immediately interesting to herself. She now endeavored to fix upon some plan which might afford her a maintenance: but this consideration was soon rendered unnecessary by the earnest entreaty of Mrs. Herbert that she would not think of leaving her, as she had promised herself peculiar happiness from such a companion. Mrs. Herbert added, that any assistance which her friend would condescend to afford her in forming the minds of her little girls, would greatly over-pay the
the trifling accommodations which her house could supply. Harriet knowing the situation of their affairs, which, though recovering, were, nevertheless, not yet flourishing, diffidently refused the eligible proposal; till Mr. Herbert and Mr. Cumberland joining in an effort to convince her that she would be the obliger, she, at length, complied, with a grateful sense of the reality of the kindness they thus endeavored apparently to lessen. Mr. Cumberland now insisted upon her accepting a bank note for present exigencies, and on her consenting to the receipt of the same sum annually, for cloaths and other incidental expenses. Miss Montague, the texture of whose soul was gratitude, was overpowered by these acts of friendship from people with whom she had so recently been acquainted. She burst into tears and vainly endeavored to express in words, her sense of their kindness. But we must close these scenes, pleasing as they would be to a few of our readers, and advert to other business.
The time of Mrs. Herbert's expected delivery now drew near. Harriet, in the interim, assisted in the preparations necessary for the event, and greatly endeared herself to those by whom she was surrounded; the natural vivacity of her temper enabling her to be a cheerful, as well as an amiable companion, notwithstanding the unconquerable grief which embittered her solitary moments.

Mrs. Herbert, at length, produced another child of the female sex, who, in compliment to Miss Montauge, was named Harriet Rosella. Soon after its birth several circumstances rendered it absolutely necessary that Mr. Herbert should fix his residence, for a considerable period, at Philadelphia. He therefore embarked with his lady, their three little ones, and their lovely friend, on board a vessel called the Harmony, leaving Mr. Cumberland in much sorrow for their departure, he having imbibed a partiality little short of parental for his adopted relation.
CHAP. LXXXIV.

Our Favorites in Affliction.

We congratulate our readers upon their return to their native Country, and will instantly waft them to the justly celebrated Village of Beverly, from whence we departed upon the news of the death of our greatly revered Mr. Spencer, which we will now give ourselves the pleasure to inform them was premature.

Mr. Spencer is not dead, but enjoys as firm a constitution and as sound health as a man of his age was ever blest with.

When we took our leave of Beverly in the Seventy-third Chapter of these our labors, he was, by all his attendants supposed to be drawing near to his translation—a phrase which we must always use, when we mean the termination of the earthly
earthly existence of such a man. Universal sorrow, and almost universal silence reigned throughout the place: every one was fearful of disturbing the general attention, and the minds of all present seemed impressed with a belief that Delegates from Heaven hovered over his bed, ardent to convey his departing Spirit to the Realms of Light and Bliss.

"The Chamber where the good man meets his fate,
"Is privileged beyond the common walk
"Of virtuous life, quite in the verge of Heaven.
"Fly, ye profane! if not draw near with awe.
"For here, restless demonstration dwells.
"A death-bed's a detector of the heart.
"Here, tired dissimulation drops her mask:
"Here, real and apparent are the same:
"You see the man: you see his hold on Heaven."

But the task of his Guardian Angel was not yet ended. It pleased the Great Director to postpone his entire beatification, and to spare him, for a still longer period to his surrounding friends. The crisis of his disease came on, and the disorder took a favorable
favorable turn, a salutary sleep ensuing, and at the end of two hours he awoke greatly amended. His physicians now ventured to express a hope of his recovery: every one was eager to catch the pleasing tidings, and to hear a repetition of the glad augury, which was verified by the event in a shorter space of time than the Doctors had dared to predict.

The family of Mr. Edward Spencer; that of Mr. Abington (Miss Martha excepted); Mr. Rufiel; Mr. Barker, and Henry Seymour, remained at the Aviary during the good man's confinement. During this period they mutually endeavored to administer consolation to all around, and now united in heightening the general felicity, by their sincere and fervent congratulations to each other. Seymour was scarce ever out of the apartment of his venerable friend; nor would Lucy Spencer often leave his presence. The whole party, indeed, was but in the next room during all
their waking hours, which were at least three-fourths of the twenty-four.

With regard to Mr. Spencer's own conduct, we must remain nearly silent, as an attempt to describe it minutely, could not fail of tarnishing its glory. We have, it is true, *seen one good man die*—a man "who had no fault that his friends could perceive, or his enemies remember"—and the scene is ever present to our mind. The recollection, therefore, of that, might aid us in depicting this; but though we retain the sentiments, we cannot speak the language which he used; nor can we do justice to the sootheings and advice of Mr. Spencer to his weeping friends; for something super-human seemed to inspire him, and to irradiate his countenance. His temporal concerns did not interrupt the more important ones of futurity, as his accounts were always in a settled state, and his will had been made many years before.

When

* See Chap. 71.
When this more than nominal Christian perceived, by the altered countenances of his truly affectionate relatives and friends, that a hope was entertained of his recovery, and found by his own feelings that he was really amended; he said, "And must I " be longer detained where troubles exist? " I had hope that my release was coming: " But He who governs, gives us what is " best."

And after a pause—"Then be it so"—and he bowed his head in resignation.
CHAP. LXXXV.

A bitter Disappointment to the Percivals.

The anticlimax of mentioning such people as the Percivals, at the latter end of the last chapter, would have been so great, that every common reader must have been disagreeably affected by the sudden descent. Nor could we, without committing an outrage upon our own feelings, have visited the Lodge after our departure from the Aviary, till we had allowed ourselves a little leisure to moderate the sublimity of our ideas.

When we were last in company with the people above-mentioned, they were wondering at not having received formal intelligence of Mr. Spencer's death, of the certainty of which, however, they entertained not the least doubt.

When the good man was first taken ill, a messenger,
a messenger was dispatched to Mrs. R. Percival, who immediately ordered her carriage and was driven to the Aviary, and upon the declared increase of danger, Mr. Percival and his children followed. But when Mr. Spencer was apparently drawing near to his release, Mrs. Percival found herself so much agitated by a variety of passions, that her husband deemed it prudent for her to return to the Lodge, as she could not suppress the appearance of that joy which the idea of presiding as Lady of the Village inspired. Under pretence, therefore, of sudden illness, her family attended her home, Mr. Percival alleging, to Mrs. George Abington's expressed desire of her sister's continuance at the Aviary, that the house was already sufficiently full of trouble, and that, on that account, it would be most proper for her to be removed. Mrs. G. Abington, whose disposition was naturally very tender, and now, from the circumstances of the time, still more softened, reluctantly
reluctantly acquiesced, and the precious groupe departed to their home.

Continual were the inquiries from the Lodge to the Aviary, and the constant answers were that Mr. Spencer was still worse.

"He holds it an amazing time!"—said his affectionate grand-daughter. "I query " if he will not weather it at last!"

"Impossible," said Mr. Percival, "without a miracle. I think he will not survive to-morrow."

"I wish it was all over," replied his lady, "for I am fatigued to death with anxiety and expectation."

A messenger now returned with the intelligence that Mr. Spencer was believed to be near expiring, and soon after, a servant arrived from the Village with an account, which was said to come from the doctor, of his death.

The case was this—Mr. Foster, surgeon and apothecary to the family, went from the
the Aviary to a neighboring village, and upon his return home asked Mrs. Foster if she had heard from Mr. Spencer, and upon being answered in the negative, replied with a sigh "Then, without question " that good man is dead!" This was caught by his apprentice, who intimated the circumstance to the next person who entered the shop, in terms which implied no doubt of the fact in question. This of course was instantly spread through the vicinity. Mr. Percival's servant received the intelligence from the man who had heard it from the young apothecary, and he hastened with it to his master, shrewdly guessing that this gentleman would not be displeased with the tidings. The messenger who was ordered to go with the accustomary inquiry, had now a countermand, and the family waited for a formal communication of the great event. They amused themselves in the meantime, with planning the method of taking possession of the long...
wished-for habitation; while the heir, in the fulness of his joy, imparted the event to his elected bride, whose fortune was to assist in rendering him one of the richest subjects, in the three Kingdoms. Mrs. Quaintly aided the contemplating family in settling the ardent business of the moment.

What can be more evidently vain than the preparations of mortals for to-morrow! What more common than plans for coming years! We should laugh at a man who formed projects for a century hence; but we call him long sighted, who determines what he will do upon occurrences which it is two to one he will never live to witness. The folly in the first instance is not more extravagant than that in the last; and we only cease to wonder at this from its frequency.

The delay of the intelligence which Mrs. R. Percival so impatiently expected, vexed her beyond measure. Every rap at the door—every horseman in view, pro-
duced the exclamation of—"A servant is "now coming! Let Robert take the mes-
"sage."

Robert, whose countenance gave no spec-
cimen of what was passing within; prepared with full satisfaction to obey the commands of his mother every time that she fancied the messenger to be approac-
ching: but the disappointments were so frequent, and the lady so fretted, that at len-
th it was proposed that a servant should be dispatched with the usual inquiry, as if they had not received any information of the concluding event. He was accord-
ingly commanded to go and return with the utmost speed, as no one, with the least degree of decency, could begin to order even a single article of mourning till they were made acquainted with the incident in a proper way. Mrs. Mitchel, however, to amuse the interval, observed that Miss Percival would look exceeding well in a black riding dress; especially as it could
not be necessary for her to relinquish powder.

"Certainly not," replied Mrs. R. Percival; "nor do I know that I myself shall " go without, any longer than while I am " receiving the first compliments of con- " dolence. I had almost," continued she, with a smile and downcast eyes, "said " congratulation."

"For shame Eleanor!" said Mr. Percival, with the same kind of simper on his countenance, "do let the old man " be buried before you dance over his " grave."

"Well it does not signify disowning " it," returned the lady; "this certainly " is the most joyful day of my life, and a " day which has been so long in coming " that I began to think it never would " arrive."

"I wish every thing was settled, and that " we were all fixed in the other house," was the rejoinder of Mrs. Percival the elder,
elder, while her countenance betrayed anxiety.

"You will go immediately, I presume," said Mrs. Quaintly: "and you will go to " your destined habitation. It was always " in my three o'clock prayers that I might " see the blessed day, and I have known " long ago that my prayer would be an- "-swered, for this is an ac-cepted family ;" continued she, clasping her hands with fer- vency and hypocritically lifting her eyes to the cieling—we will not say to Heaven, for Heaven is not to be pervaded by eyes to which such a heart as Mrs. Quaintly's is united.

Our pious friends will not be pained by the foregoing observation, because it is not the real Religion of any sect at which we point, but the assumption of Religion to serve the worst of purposes. Mrs. Quaintly, it is true, professed Calvinism, but she hardly knew the principles which it taught. The outward sanctity it prescribed was what she was most sedulous
to
to observe, as under that disguise she could best pursue her designs, of patching a broken reputation, and in the character of a Saint, professing a holy friendship for those to whom it was her interest to appear attached. At the Lodge, she was always an acceptable visitor, because she flattered the vanity of its inhabitants, and was serviceable to many of their projects. She likewise made them acquainted with all the business of the vicinity, and apprised them of those who withdrew the continuance of the Spencers at the Aviary, and of those who waited with impatience for a change of its possessors.

With conversation such as has been related, did the waiting party amuse themselves till the return of the dispatched messenger; Miss Deborah wondering when her grandpapa would be buried; Miss Percival supposing that they would keep him as long as they could, that they might stay in their situation to the last possible moment; and Mr. Stephen, with the soft tongue
tongue of a Blisil, professing compassion for those whom the justice of the circum-
stances rendered it necessary to expel from the Aviary; and declaring his sorrow for
the task which fell to his lot, of dispossessing them.

"You may do as you please, I suppose," said the generally silent Robert; "nobody
will oblige you to go."

"Rectitude, Robert, obliges me," replied Mr. Stephen. "Every man ought
to obey the will of his ancestor—except" [he would have added, had he
spoken his secret sentiments] "their in-
junctions should oppose his interest or
inclinations."

The returning messenger now appeared in view.

"He is coming!" "He is coming!"

"It is he!" resounded through the room, while they set themselves in order to hear
the tidings, which Robert was dispatched to receive.
Robert who obeyed the command with more than his usual alacrity, staid some minutes with the servant, and then with hasty steps returning, exclaimed as he entered—"Why, my grandfather is not dead!"

"Not dead!?!"—in the strongest tone of astonishment, proceeded from the lips of two or three at the same instant, while the silent ones seemed to have been struck with inexpressible amazement.

"No; not dead"—replied the churlish youth, "but better and likely to recover."

"Impossible!" said Mr. Percival; "this must be some mistake."

"You will not find it one, though," returned the former, as Stephen hastened out of the room in search of the messenger, that he might himself examine him; "my grandfather is not dead, but has had a fine sleep and is much better."

The surprize of Lady Booby, which our cousin Fielding so emphatically conveyed, when he heard a young man talk of his virtue,
virtue, fell greatly short of that which now seized the family of our Percivals and their adherents. They looked upon each other in speechless wonder, till Mrs. R. Percival at length burst into a flood of tears, and then exclaimed—"This is more than I can bear! To be so near, as I thought to the attainment of my wishes, and to be disappointed in this manner—!!!"

Stephen now returned with unconcealable chagrin in his countenance; but struggling for composure and a smile, he said—"It is surely true; my great grandfather is not only still alive, but absolutely, in the opinion of the people about him, in a state of convalescence."

"Curse the people about him!" said the enraged and indecent Mrs. R. Percival. "They are now triumphing in my mortification, and I dare say made more of his amendment than truth warrants, on purpose to plague me. I hate the whole crew!"

"Mother! Mother!" exclaimed the equally
equally disappointed Mr. Stephen; "let me beg of you to be moderate. My grandfather, though somewhat revived, cannot live for ever. He has now passed his grand climacteric, and though after that period, some constitutions mend, yet shall not I soon be of age? And will not your wishes be as effectually accomplished by that event, as by his death?"

"Yes; and more effectually," returned the mother, with eagerness, "for I should glory in driving them all before me; but who knows what may happen before that period? Your life is not ensured!"

"But am not I the next heir?" morosely asked Robert. "I am older than any of my cousins. And will not that be all the fame to our family?"

"You are right Robert," said Mrs. Percival the elder, with a significant nod; "and your mother is blameable to be so much affected by the old man's amendment; which, however, after all, I cannot but say I am sorry to hear."
A silence of some minutes now ensued, during which every countenance betrayed vexation, Robert's excepted. The idea of his brother's death before his arrival at the age of twenty-one, now forcibly struck him as an event which would be highly beneficial to himself. Not that this was the first time such contingency had pervaded his imagination, but as it never, in his presence was made a subject of conversation, the confirmation which his grandmother gave of his having been right in his supposition, instantly sent a wish to his heart that his brother might die before his attainment of the age requisite for the possession of Spencer Aviary.

The disagreeable silence was first interrupted by Mrs. Quaintly's saying—"Mr. Stephen just now mentioned old Mr. Spencer's having passed his grand climacteric. I thought that period had been over with him long ago. I judged him to be eighty-five, at least."

"Oh, he is not near that," replied Mrs. K 6 R. Percival.
R. Percival. "All our family married very young; and he, himself, was a grand-
father before he was forty-two."

A silence again ensued, for no one was in a humor to make conversation agreeable. We will therefore leave them to digest their disappointment, the bitterness of which every day increased, with the en-
creasing strength of Mr. Spencer. In a short period, this good man seemed to be not only perfectly recovered, but even in a much better state of health than he had en-
joyed for some of the preceding years.

The chagrin of Miss Bullion exceeded, if possible, that of the Percivals. In the midst of jet and pearls, did she receive the countera\ling letter of her dear Lord Be-
verley, and after a paroxism of rage, she sank into a fit from which she recovered to re-
turn to the violent agitation, the convulsive struggle of passion, which had occasioned her fainting. For several days she cried incessantly, and it was not till Mr. Stephen Percival had twice visited her and repre-
fented how soon the time would arrive when the law would give her possession of all she coveted, that she was in any degree pacified. The disappointment was so extreme, and the countermand to milliners, mantuamakers, &c. so mortifying, that she could not, with any degree of decency, submit to the circumstance.

CHAP. LXXXVI.

The Codicil.

WE will now take a view of what is going forward at Spencer Aviary, beginning with the joy which all the family experienced upon the recovery of its venerable possessor. As soon as he was able, Mr. Spencer went with his truly grateful friend to the Parish Church to return thanks.
thanks to the Almighty Preserver for the blessings which he had received. Not that Mr. Spencer thought that his orisons would ascend more readily from the church than from the closet: but his intention was to set an example to those around him, and to evince his sense of the superintendence of the All-merciful and Supreme.

After the friends at Spencer Aviary had recovered the serenity which had been interrupted by their late apprehensions, other interesting conversations began to take place amongst them, and no one subject more generally excited the feeling and expression of their regret than the loss of Harriet Montague. With Miss Spencer and Mr. Seymour this was a continual theme of discourse. They seemed to prefer the melancholy pleasure of talking about her to all the various amusements which surrounded them; and as they often walked together to indulge in conversations relating to her former excellencies, it was soon buzzed about that their intercourse was
that of love. To this idea, however, neither the Spencers nor the Abingtons gave any encouragement: not that any one of them could have formed an objection to such an attachment, but because they had daily proofs of Seymour's unbated affection for their lost and lovely favorite; and because they were not unacquainted with the partiality subsisting between Lucy and Mr. Clifford, who was now soon expected at Beverly. But from neither of these circumstances did the Percivals derive equal confidence against the existence of an attachment, which would involve the extinction of some of their dearest wishes, and most deeply founded plans. Their fears led them to believe its reality: and Miss Percival could hardly bear the severe mortification which she experienced. It was, indeed, a cause of keen vexation to the whole family: but as we have not leisure to attend upon them at this period, we must leave our readers to suppose what they
they endured from jealousy, pride, and disappointed ambition.

Mr. Barker and Henry Seymour spent the greatest part of the vacation at either the Aviary or the Shrubbery, and thus gave great offence to the people at the Lodge. By the advice however of Mr. Stephen no displeasure was expressed on the occasion, as that politic young man wished to have his family appear quite calm and complaisant, till he should get firm footing, and be established beyond controversy in the Aviary. The Percival's accordingly put on an abundant show of civility; and visited at the different houses as usual; but Mr. Russell always affirmed, with a single exception in favour of George, there was latent venom in the hearts of all the family.

Mr. Clifford now made his appearance at Beverly, and his presence brightened every eye. The ostensible motive for his visit was to see his friend Seymour, although
he resided at the Aviary, which would not be termed Seymour's home. Hope now returned to the breast of Miss Percival, for it was soon known through the village, that Mr. Clifford had asked Miss Spencer of her parental friends, and that his petition had been well received.

All now was gaiety at the Aviary, every hour produced a festive scene. Parties of rural pleasure were continually forming, of which Mr. Ruffel was generally the projector, and at which Mr. Spencer, whose presence animated every heart, usually attended. The house was filled with numerous young visitants of both sexes, and everyone endeavored to please and be pleased. Yet a something still mitigated and chastised the happiness of the select society. Miss Spencer continued to lament the friend of her heart, and Seymour to fight for the sole possessor of his affection: even Mr. Spencer himself was not without concern for the lovely favorite of his adoption. On his own account he was totally indifferent to
to every occurrence of life; but as he was not so abstracted respecting the pleasures of those whom he loved, he saw with some regret the hasty approach of that period which must necessarily abridge his power of diffusing felicity through the vicinity; and prevent the assemblage of such numerous young parties as he delighted to see happy in his spacious abode: for though the Shrubbery, to which it was intended that he should retire upon Mr. Stephen Percival’s arrival at age, was an elegant situation and quite large enough for its defined inhabitants, yet the mode of living there could not be the same as at the Aviary; a place which was doubtless calculated to afford as much rational pleasure as any one spot upon this habitable Globe. But the good man did not let any expression of concern for the expected change escape him. On the contrary, he endeavored to reconcile to the necessity, every person whom it was probable that it would affect, by painting the future prospect in the most glowing
glowing colors, as well as by arguments of a more serious import. Mr. Ruffel was not so temperate in his conversation upon the subject. He frankly declared that it would be a very agreeable incident to him if Stephen, Robert and Barbara Percival were to leave this world of trouble before their arrival at the age of twenty one, as then Lucy Spencer would incontestibly inherit the estate under the will of her great grandfather, she being the next in seniority.

Mr. Ruffel's declaration was not a commendable one. He was a really good man; but he was also a humorist, and had conceived a dislike to all the family at the Lodge, their dispositions being diametrically opposite to his own, which was truly philanthropic. When Miss Montague was mentioned, he always shook his head; and often exclaimed—"That old Hecate!"—intimating that Mrs. Percival was, directly or indirectly, instrumental to the ruin of his favorite; from whose greatly superior charms she dreaded, as he averred, the disappointment
appointment of her plan for the aggrandizement of her son's family. For a long time he would not believe that Harriet had quitted the kingdom, and when, upon the most diligent search, he found that she had certainly departed from England with Captain Millemont, he continued to affirm that there was some mystery he could not then fathom, but which he would explore even though the investigation should cost him a voyage to the West Indies. He wrote in consequence to a former correspondent of his at Kingston in Jamaica, to request all the information which could be collected respecting what he termed the iniquitous business: but this letter did not reach the Island till Miss Montague had left Citron Grove. The gentleman to whom it was addressed being unfortunately at the time of its arrival a patient of Doctor Watson's, whom he knew to be acquainted with Millemont, apprised him of the inquiry which he had been directed to make. By the Doctor then he was informed that there
had been at the Grove such a lady as the letter described; that everybody supposed her married to the Captain; that however, he [the doctor] had now his doubts upon the subject, as the lady, in a fit of anger, had left the gentleman, and was somewhere secreted with a handsome young officer who had accompanied her in her flight. This account which the ever-mischievous Watson immediately fabricated, was transmitted to Spencer Aviary, to the complete demolition of the fame of the spotless and charming subject of our kind reader's solicitude. But it was not till after the period to which we have brought affairs at Beverly, that this letter reached the hands of Mr. Russel.

We will now revert to the circumstance of Mr. Clifford's visit to Miss Spencer.

When Mr. Percival was convinced that the gentleman was well received at the Aviary, and that, consequently, the idea of an attachment between Seymour and Lucy was a creature of the brain, he yielded to the
the arguments of the female part of his family, and summoning the young gentleman to a conference at the Lodge, after some preparatory conversation, proceeded in the following strain—

"You now see Harry, the absurdity of forming any material connexion without the advice, or at least the approbation of those who from office, and experienced judgment have a title to expect your attention to their precepts. Had you listened to me, you never would have been duped by the specious appearance of virtue in Harriet Montague."

"I do not recollect Sir," replied Mr. Seymour, "your ever mentioning any thing relative to the subject you point at. My opinion of Miss Montague was indeed a high one; and that, at least, she DID deserve it, I shall never cease to believe."

He spoke with an air so firm, and looked with such meaning, that his guardian was almost abashed. However, being a man of
of deep art, he disguised his confusion under an appearance of surprise, and exclaimed in a note of authority—"How dare you sir, thus peremptorily to profess sentiments so diametrically opposite to those of him who has a right to direct your opinion? Whatever may be your erroneously formed ideas, a regard to decorum—to modesty, ought to teach you to suppress an open avowal of what is so contrary to my declared judgment."

"If my manner has offended you sir," returned the ingenuous youth, with unabated firmness, but with an air of decent submission, "I am sorry for it; but it would be an ill compliment to your principles to suppose that you could wish me to reply to you with duplicity."

Mr. Percival saw with high displeasure the intrepidity of his ward, but, determining to avoid any farther altercation upon the subject, he only, with a half smile said, "Another guardian, young gentleman, might resent the freedom of both your speech"
"speech and manner, but as your candor
" is some atonement for your incivility, I
" am willing to overlook it, and will pro-
"ceed to the chief business for which I
"summoned you here this morning."

Seymour bowed; looked serious, and sat
attentive, while Mr. Percival, not without
some little confusion, continued his speech
in the following language.

"You were early made acquainted, Harry,
"with the purport of your wife, good,
"prudent and economical father's last will
"and appointment, which protracted the
"term of your minority till the comple-
"tion of your twenty-second year. You
"likewise know that he gave me entire
"power over the produce of the estate till
"that period, leaving it to me to make
"your allowance what, from circumstances,
"should appear to me to be fit and dif-
"cree.""

"With all this, sir," replied Seymour,
"I am perfectly acquainted, and though
"the circumstances are somewhat extra-
"ordinary,
"ordinary, I never permit myself to think about them with disapprobation."

"The circumstances Harry," observed the guardian, "are not perhaps, so very extraordinary when it is considered that your father left you to the care of a man in whom he was convinced he could confide with safety; but there is one particular instance of his solicitude with which it has not hitherto been deemed proper to make you acquainted."

Seymour started, and Mr. Percival proceeded—"Not satisfied with the precautions in his will, your father, just before he departed, made a codicil."

"A codicil!" echoed the youth, considerably alarmed. "Why has it been kept so carefully from my knowledge?"

"Because had you sooner been told the injunctions it conveys, the wilfulness so natural to youth might have rendered you less disposed to fall in with our wishes than, left to your more ripened judgment, you now I hope will find yourself..."
"to be," was Mr. Percival's reply with something like hesitation.

"Pray sir go on," said Seymour, "I am all anxiety."

Mr. Percival then proceeded to inform his listening ward that his father had expressed a wish that their two estates, which were not only contiguous, but quite intermixed, might, in process of time, be formed into one, which then, he observed, would be the first in the county; that, therefore, he had promised to his dying friend to give to that daughter whom his son should prefer, the estate in question, upon his paying to one of the other children a stipulated sum: that the plan thus proposed so strongly possessed the mind of Mr. Seymour, that he would not permit Mr. Percival to rest till an attorney was sent for to make a codicil which should bind the young Henry to complete the scheme, under the penalty of the detention of the product of his estates till his twenty-fifth year. "This Harry," continued Mr. Percival, holding
ing out a paper, "is a copy of the codicil, " which may be deemed your good father's " last will, as the subject of it was that " which most occupied his last moments."

"It is with the utmost concern sir," replied Seymour, in a firm tone of voice, after near a minute's silence; during which his eyes were steadfastly fixed upon Mr. Percival—"that I am taught to believe " that my father, whose character, circum-
" stances, as well as nature and duty, have " directed me to regard with reverence, " could have sunk into such an imbeci-" lity!—could have sanctioned [with " peculiar earnestness of voice and manner " he spoke the word] such injustice, as it " respects posterity; and such cruelty, as it " particularly refers to an only surviving " child, for whose happiness I have under-" stood that he always expressed almost " unwarrantable anxiety."

"It was that very anxiety Harry," answered Mr. Percival, endeavoring to retain a placidness of manner, "which induced
"your father to comply with—to comply with, did I say! No; to enforce his last fervent wishes for your future welfare, by binding you to pursue your probable felicity. In this age, young gentleman" [gathering resolution as he continued his speech], "daughters are so educated, that a careful parent esteems it a blessing if his child marries into a family which preserves itself from the contagious vices which infest our rising generation. Was it therefore any impeachment of your father's prudence; foresight, and paternal regard that he wished to direct your choice where it was likely that you should escape the wretchedness of being united to a mind corrupted by modern manners?"

"It is not my intention sir," answered Mr. Seymour, in an almost angry tone of voice, "to derogate from the merits of any individual of your family. Suffice it to observe, that it is not always the most deserving object who excites that affection
"affection which ought to precede an "union for life. However worthy. Miss "Percival or Miss Deborah may be of my "highest regard, I am sensible of its not "being in my power to offer to either of "them such sentiments with my hand as "a woman of true delicacy would accept."

"All romance Harry!" returned the guardian, with an attempt at a smile. "Such boyish ideas are inconsistent with "the strength of your judgment. The "terms are—The choice that has been made "for you; or the detention of your estate till "you shall be five and twenty!"

"Till that period then sir," said the in-
dignant youth, rising from his seat, "I am "a beggar. Circumstances may fetter "my fortune, but not destroy the freedom "of my mind. I own no director of my "affection."

He bowed, and was leaving the room, but Mr. Percival desired him to stop: he obeyed, and turning round, stood in silence.

"You will think better of this matter. "when"
"when you are cool Harry," said Mr. Percival, as he rose from his chair, "or I have formed too high an opinion of your understanding. Take therefore this copy of the codicil and peruse it attentively. "You will there see the strength of your excellent father's reason and affection united, and this may lead you to perceive that there is some sense of kindness due to myself likewise. The advantage, "Mr. Seymour, will not be all on one side."—While he was thus speaking he put the paper into the almost passive hand of his ward, who continued mute and transfixed till his guardian had left the room. Then sighing deeply, he walked with a solemn pace out of the house and mounting his horse, rode slowly towards the Aviary. Mr. Percival went immediately to the apartment of his lady, who, with her mother-in-law, was sitting in anxious expectation of the event of the negociation, which they were so sanguine as to suppose could not fail of being successful. Very great, therefore,
therefore, was their disappointment upon the report of Mr. Percival, who was himself so chagrined, that he felt a pleasure in exaggerating, if that could be done, the determined manner in which Mr. Seymour had declared his nonacceptance of the offered terms. Mrs. Mitchel joined the malcontents, and increased, by her forebodings, the vexation of the party. When Miss Percival was necessarily made acquainted with the extinction of her hope, the variety of passions with which her breast was agitated, overpowered her; she sank into the arms of her governess, and it was long before she would listen to any consoling suggestions.

Had Miss Percival really entertained a fervent affection for Mr. Seymour, we should not record the bitterness of her disappointment in such stoical language: on the contrary, the tenderest expressions of compassion would have accompanied the recital; for in our opinion the human heart cannot, with innocence, know a grief more poignant.
poignant than that which is occasioned by the neglect of an object really beloved. Under such an affliction, every prospect is dark; existence seems at a stand, and this fair creation, a dreary, disgusting wilderness: the pleasures that court the tender moments are refused with disdain: no possibility is allowed of future comfort, and nothing but that solitude which increases the sorrow of the heart, is willingly endured.

As a sense of meriting the grief we suffer, is doubtless a great aggravation of it, we once ventured to assert that a guilty person is more to be pitied than an innocent one under the same circumstances; and we affirm, upon the word of our Royalty, that we meant to utter a Christian sentiment. An endeavor, however, was charitably, though rather unsuccessfully made, to correct the error of our ideas; for being at that juncture in company with the reverend Mr. Sternhold, he told us that a man for whom we suffered our hearts to
to heave a sigh, had no just title to our compassion, as he had brought upon himself the heavy load of misery, under which he groaned. We looked at the reverend gentleman with some surprise, and attempted to exculpate ourselves by saying that we only intended to observe, that as innocence is such a sweet and solid alleviator of all a man can suffer, we could not but more deeply commiserate him who had deprived himself of this truly Divine Comforter. Mr. Sternhold then assured us that we were excessively wrong, and proceeded to inform us that the doctrine of "An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth," was much more consistent with the Justice of the Almighty than that which says "If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink," and he declared his intention of explaining to his parishioners that misconstrued text—"I will have mercy and not sacrifice," which he assured us ought to be rendered, "I will have sacrifice without mercy." The Christian preacher...
(for so he really termed himself) finished his instructions with showing us that the doctrine of mercy, which the Great Gospel Teacher had every where so much insisted upon, had been more injurious to the interests of the Church than any other tenet or heresy which had been broached.

"GOD forgive you sir," said I as I left the room; but the reverend gentleman refused my prayer.

The passion which swelled the breast of Miss Percival was a compound of pride, vanity, envy, malice and covetousness. That she had a preferable regard for Mr. Seymour, we are ready to acknowledge; but had not his family been noble and his person handsome; had she not envied the beauty of Miss Montague and hated her for possessing it, and had not Martin's Priory been a large and unencumbered estate, the affection of the young lady would not have been an obstinate one. In this case she would stoically perhaps have contemplated the more uncommon and more valuable
valuable endowments of heart and mind which distinguished our favorite Henry and placed him high above the multitude of his species: but that Harriet Montague should be preferred to herself—that the gentleman should be capable of seeing her own perfections with indifference, and should disappoint the expectations which all her family had raised, and continued to encourage, was such a shock to her pride and self-love that it was not to be endured. We will therefore leave the mourning fair to the care of that only infallible physician time, and advert to the indignant Henry Seymour; whom our friends will excuse for having at this juncture more resentment than philosophy in his sentiments.
A select Company of Anti-moderns.

As we are in haste to attend to circumstances in a distant part of the World, we must exercise anew the imagination of our readers in the business which occupied our last chapter, leaving them to suppose what kind of conversation passed between Mr. Seymour and Mr. Clifford, on their meeting after the recent communication from Mrs. Percival, in the Aviary Park. Mr. Clifford on this occasion adopted the resentment of his friend without even attempting to mitigate his anger while it was in its height; a method frequently very injudiciously pursued by those who wish to calm an agitated breast. In earnest converse they proceeded to the house; where the assembled friends were made acquainted with the particulars before
fore related and the copy of the codicil read aloud by Mr. Barker. The astonished hearers expressed their amazement at the past silence of Mr. Percival, as well as at the injustice of the late Mr. Seymour to his son. "But be not under any undue concern, my dear Harry," said Mr. Spencer. "While I have a home upon this earth, that home shall be your's. "My purse, likewise, shall be extended to supply all your wants; and, so well am I acquainted with your mind, that I hesitate not to say, your wishes too, till the proscribed period shall arrive."

Seymour, with tears of more than gratitude springing into his eyes, started from his seat and seizing the hand of the philanthropist, pressed it to his breast in silence; bowed and was retiring to his chair, when Mr. Spencer detaining his hand, continued—"I feel my good young friend, the sentiments of your heart: they are depicted in your face. Hear me a few words more, but answer me not. Should it be"
"the Will of Him to whom [let it not
found like ostentation] it is my supreme
pleasure to bow with resignation, to re-
move me from my present state of exist-
ence before you are put into possession
of your estate, have confidence in those
on whom I can with safety bid you rely.
Look around you, my dear boy: there
is not an individual present who will
not, with pleasure, supply all the services
which I can offer, when I shall be gone."

The face of the venerable speaker thone
as he spoke. The scene was affecting. Every one wished to say something, but all
were silent. They could only bow and look a confirmation of the good man's affir-
tion. Mr. Edward Spencer at length arose, and going to his grandfather said,
"My dear sir I thank you for thus answer-
ing for me, amongst the rest of our as-
sembled friends. I hope that I shall
not disappoint your kind predictions."
"You never did disappoint my predic-
tions, Edward," returned Mr. Spencer.
"I always
"I always foresaw that you would be what you are. If you fail in the present instance, you must do a violence to your nature."

A general conversation now ensued, in which every one spoke with energy the sentiments of his mind. Mrs. Spencer warmly coincided with her husband in assuring Mr. Seymour that she could not know a greater pleasure than that of being permitted to consider him as one of her family.

"Were I," she said, "capable of envy, it would I think, rest upon the woman who could boast of being the mother of such a son."

"Would to Heaven"—said Mrs. George Abington, and stopped; then resuming, added, "yet how can I suppress a wish that the descendant who is to succeed my grandfather resembled him as much as Mr. Seymour does; or at least, that he bore more of his image than Stephen Percival."

"It
"It is a wish my dear Matilda," rejoined her husband, in which every one present, and indeed all who are acquainted with the circumstances, must very cordially unite."

Miss Martha Abington, who happened to be that day at the Aviary, rebuked her brother and his lady for their uncharitable innuendoes; adding—that it was "evidently the intention of Providence the Aviary estate should pass to the family of her friend Mrs. R. Percival, who had been very unjustly stigmatized for what, charitably speaking, was only policy and prudence."

"Policy, and prudence!" echoed Mr. Ruffel. D-v-l-fully impudence and roguery! "Policy and prudence indeed! Why Martha thou art as bad as she, and that is as bad as the d-v-l can make thee, if thou defendest her infamous conduct."

"Infamous! Sir," replied Miss Martha, and was going on when Mr. Abington prevented her by saying, "Patty, I request you not to enter upon this subject. "Charity,
"Charity is a virtue which I wish you to "exercise upon all occasions"—[with an emphasis he spoke, as the lady was not particularly eminent for charity to her neighbours in general]—"but in the present instance, too much lenity would be a "faulty weakness to crimes that ought not "to be patronized."
"Crimes! Sir,"—repeated Miss Martha, when she was interrupted by her mother, who said—"Indeed child you are too par- "tial to the errors of Mrs. R. Percival. "You know your intimacy with her has "often been a source of concern to us all. "I wish you would not spend so much of "your time at the Lodge."
"Indeed madam," returned Miss Martha, "I think myself old enough to chuse "my acquaintance: but I suppose my "sister Emily is not fond of the Percivals. "She, perhaps has asked you to prohibit "my visits to that family."
"Nay, now Patty you are unkind," re- plied Miss Abington, a tear starting into her
her eye. "When did I ever breathe a "wish to deprive you of any pleasure con-
"sistent with your real happiness?"
Matilda and Caroline Spencer, between whom she saw the falling tear and were
affected; upon which Caroline, with a
quickness natural to her, said. "How can
"you Miss Martha, say any think so un-
"kind of Miss Abington! Pardon me my
"dear friends that I take so much conse-
quence upon myself as to speak on this
"subject, but when Miss Abington suffers
"I suffer likewise.
"Who can do otherwise?" said the
meeker Matilda. "Miss Abington's cause
"is the cause of every affectionate heart."
Miss Martha arose and left the room,
saying, with a courtesy, that she should not
stay for any stronger hints to take her leave;
and adding that notwithstanding the kind
advice which had been given to her, she
should seek that welcome at Beverly Lodge
which she found was denied her at Spencer
Aviary.
Her departure cast a cloud over the countenances of her nearest relations: but it was soon dispelled, as her conduct was too often similar to what she now exhibited, to permit their being either surprised or lastingly concerned by its unpleasantness. As soon as the door closed after her, the business respecting the codicil of Mr. Seymour's father was resumed. Mr. Russell, who had proposed the measure of Henry's choosing another guardian, was informed by Mr. Barker who had attentively perused the will, that the step would be ineffectual, as the testator had absolutely constituted Mr. Percival, not only the sole guardian to his son, but an absolute Trustee to the whole estate; that Henry's choice therefore of a guardian could only give a friend the right of protecting his person "And that right," continued Mr. Barker, "we all agree in "thinking cannot be consigned to a more "proper individual than himself;":

"You say true, my good friend," replied Mr. Spencer, "with respect to protection "from
from personal injury, but the choice of a new guardian for the remaining term of his minority may lay some restraint on the arbitrary designs of Mr. Percival, who I am grieved to think will not stop at trifling oppositions to what now appears to be his determined plan.

Mr. Barker was convinced that Mr. Spencer judged properly, and Mr. Seymour, with a face glowing as he spoke, said to the venerable man—"If I might be allowed to name you Sir as my protector, I should have hope that Mr. Percival would desist from undue proceedings. The bare nomination would strike him with too much awe to permit his pursuit of any unwarrantable project."

"Do you consider, my dear child," replied the Patriarch, "the nature of your request? Do you recollect that you are talking to an old man whose term of life is expiring, and who hopes ere long to—"

"Dear sir!" said Lucy, interrupting him,
him, "do not hold such a melancholy picture to our view. Your presence is "the life of your children; let us enjoy, "it while we may, without anticipating "the dismal prospect of our deprivation."

Clifford was instantly by the side of his Lucy. He enforced her request and added—"Permit me my venerable friend, to "number myself amongst your children, "and let me urge our Seymour's being "made happy by your particular pro-"tection."

Mr. Spencer was affected by the reverence paid to him by all around. His eyes were moistened by paternal pleasure, and taking a hand from Lucy he put it into one of Clifford's and pressing them between his own, said, "You are amongst the num-"ber of my dearest children. May the "blessing of Heaven attend your union!"

He could say no more, but smiling benignly on the attentive circle, withdrew to his own adjoining closet. Lucy dropped her
her head on the shoulder of Clifford, who whispered an earnest entreaty that she would not, longer than circumstances rendered it necessary, preclude him from her grandfather's benediction. In a short time Mr. Spencer returned to the company, and the remainder of the day was spent in that peculiar happiness which such congenial minds were calculated to enjoy; cheerfulness, and even mirth, soon regaining that place which, for a period, had been given to the more affecting presence of tender sensibility.
The Scheme of the meditated Entrée into Spencer Aviary.

The last chapter introduced our readers to a conversation in which several of our favorites bore some part. Previous to the long leave which necessity obliges us take of the Aviary, we are desirous of giving every one an opportunity of delivering his opinion in his own words, though our scanty portion of time hardly allowed us to execute our wishes.

Mr. Spencer is now the chosen and declared guardian of Henry Seymour; and Mr. Percival is alarmed by the transaction.

Mr. Ruffel, deputed by Mr. Spencer, investigates the legality of the late Mr. Seymour's dispositions, and finds, that though he had been induced, or, as some circumstances almost demonstrated, had been compelled
compelled in his latest moments, to put his signature to the prepared codicil of Mr. Percival's directing, he had no power to fix any limitations on his son's possession of the property after his attainment of his twenty-second year; a term mentioned by the first entailed, a great maternal uncle, who having been enticed, on his entering on his fortune, to marry an artful woman with whom he lived a very miserable life, was determined to give his successors another year's chance for acquiring wisdom before they could legally sign their own ruin. The deeds of the entail had been carefully kept by Mr. Percival from the perusal of Henry Seymour, who was so young when his father died that he had no other knowledge of his own affairs than what his guardian chose to communicate. For a considerable time Mr. Percival continued obstinate and refused to come to any explanation with his ward's new protector; but finding that the tide of circumstances ran too strongly against him, he at length thought
thought it proper to make a seeming merit of necessity, and lay every thing open to Mr. Russel's investigation. His conduct, as he pretended, had proceeded from a pious intention to perform a promise extorted from him by his dying friend, of endeavoring to secure the young Henry from making an improper choice by connecting him in early life with one of his own daughters, and that he had not thought it right to inform the young gentleman of the full extent of his own power, till he had effected the wishes of his careful parent.

Mr. Russel was desirous to pursue a further detection of Mr. Percival's interested and reproachable conduct; but as Mr. Spencer, who wished to preserve, at least the appearance of family amity, requested that this Gentleman might be let off as easily as was consistent with a due regard to rectitude, Mr. Russel, after setting in his own view the reprehensibleness of his proceedings, told him that if he would consent to make Mr. Seymour a genteel
gentle allowance, no public notice should be taken of the affair. Instead of acknowledging himself obliged by the proposal, Mr. Percival's sense of his own degradation made him sullen. Assuming an haughty air, he said that he neither would nor could increase the annual sum allotted for the young man's minority. Injudicious as his conduct had been, Mr. Percival was determined to prove himself a faithful steward for him. What he had hitherto received, should still be paid to him, and as he had thought proper to choose himself a better guardian, he might spend his allowance in any part of Great Britain, but he must on no account leave the Island, his father's dislike to a foreign education having been mentioned in his will.

As Mr. Percival's power could not be superseded, the gentlemen separated, greatly dissatisfied with each other; Mr. Ruffel determining to furnish Mr. Seymour with whatever money he wanted till he should become possessed of his estate, and Mr. Percival
Percival resolving to make the whole vicinity feel the effect of his influence when his son should be Lord of Beverly. As he left the room, he muttered something respecting his vexation at the soundness of the old man's constitution, but at the same time intimated that by the protraction of the life of Mr. Spencer, even he would be made sensible of the power and consequence of himself and his family.

Spencer Aviary was now to be the residence of both Mr. Seymour and Mr. Barker during the periods of their university vacation. Circumstances were soon arranged; and the young gentlemen returned to College, where the same apparent unity prevailed amongst them as formerly. The prudence of Mr. Barker; the sweetness of Seymour's disposition; the urbanity of Clifford; the hypocrisy of Stephen; the subtle acquiescence of Robert, and the real good humor of George, all conspired to prevent any apparent animosity from severing the Beverly students. It was not, indeed,
deed, possible that such sentiments as pos-
sessed the minds of the two elder Percivals, 
could intimately or cordially unite with 
those which influenced the rest of the par-
ty, which were composed of materials the 
most rare and ornamental in our nature.

Clifford; in process of time found himself 
in a happy independency by the death of 
the relation mentioned in our first account 
of him. But neither he nor Mr. Russel, 
nor any of his Beverly friends, could prevail 
on Seymour to accept of an increase of in-
come. He knew that if he should die in 
his minority, the debt would remain unpaid, 
and this consideration made him resolute in 
his rejection of any offer of this kind, 
greatly desirous as he was to make a for-
 reign tour, and much as those who were 
interested in his happiness wished him, for 
a period, to leave the kingdom. To this 
with his friends were induced by the belief 
that a change of scene would assist in ob-
literating from his remembrance the la-
mented Harriet Montague, whose image 
continued
continued to obtrude, as they were sensible, on all his retirements, with unabated liveliness. Of this, indeed, they were well convinced, though the vivacity of his disposition and manners prevented an ordinary acquaintance from any suspicion of such a secret attachment. In all parties of pleasure Clifford and Seymour stood foremost, and enlivened the rest of the company. Henry, in particular, yielded to dissipation more than a rigid tutor would have approved: but Mr. Barker who still continued with the young gentlemen as an advising friend (their public preceptor being a Fellow of the College in which they were entered) was far from discouraging these indulgences, convinced that they would not be carried beyond due bounds, and hoping that a diversity of objects would assist in liberating the too strongly fixed affection of his favorite pupil. Stephen Percival, who was not received with those smiles which never failed to welcome the arrival of Seymour and Clifford, often intimated
timated to Mr. Barker the impropriety of such a conduct, and when he found that he could not prevail with that gentleman to advise Henry to be what he called more circumspect, objected the example and encouragement it gave to his brothers to relax from the necessary austerity of a College residence, where learning, he said, ought to be the only object in view. Robert, indeed, he hoped would not be contaminated, but the opinion and attachment of the more giddy George, might lead him to approve and follow whatever was taught him by Mr. Seymour. In opposition, however, to all the sophistry of Mr. Stephen Percival, Mr. Barker persisted in giving to Henry all the liberty which his bias led him to take; and without any alteration of plan the students continued at Cambridge till nearly the time at which Mr. Percival's guardianship was to expire, and at which it was deemed necessary for Mr. Stephen to make preparations for taking possession of the noblest estate in the country, together with
with the hand of the opulent heiress of Bullion Bower.

When the gentlemen returned to Beverly, they were severally received with lively expressions of joy by their expecting friends; allayed, however, on the part of Mrs. R. Percival by her observing that her son Stephen, on whom all her happiness depended, looked pale and drooping. Miss Bullion too was alarmed at his appearance, for though Robert was the next hope of both, yet to both, another twelvemonth seemed an Age to wait for the completion of their wishes. But their consolers smoothed the appearance of danger by representing that in a very few months, possession would be taken of the estate and the marriage solemnized; that immediately on these Lord Beverly would be empowered to dispose of all the property, and that then there could be no doubt that his widow and his nearest relations would be the peculiar objects of his care. On these suggestions the ladies endeavoring to banish their
their fears, began to prepare the most sumptuous attire that could be procured, and made such splendid arrangements for the superbe entrée, which was fixed on the day after Mr. Stephen's birth day, that nothing else was talked of in the vicinity. Six coaches with six horses to each; double the number of chariots, with chaises, phaetons and various fancy carriages, attended by multitudes of gentlemen on horseback, and a profusion of servants in the richest liveries, were to issue from the gates of Beverly Lodge, on the impatiently expected morning of the seventeenth of June. Every gentleman's family in the surrounding country was invited to increase the grand cortège; indeed no excuse was admitted for the non-acceptance of the invitation. The bells in all the neighboring steeples were to be in motion, and several bands of music were bespoke to attend the procession; which was to move slowly, that the foot-people, who it was expected would appear in myriads, might keep up with
with this raree-show. The young women in the village were to be provided with white dresses, and to carry baskets of flowers to be strewn before the company upon their alighting from the upper avenue in the park at Spencer Aviary. From this place, as no doubt was entertained of the fineness of the day, the party were to walk to the house. On their arrival at the mansion the marriage ceremony was to be performed by the Bishop of the Diocese, who was to go in the state coach with Mrs. R. Percival and the bride and bridegroom. A great number of canopies were to be erected in the park, under which, it was designed that tables should be spread with a profusion of provisions for all the neighborhood; and to display the immensity of the estate, it was intended that the tenants should dine before the front windows. In the evening, the house and gardens were to be illuminated, and music was to attune its notes in every quarter for the dancers, both within and without.
An endeavor to describe the repast designed for the grand visitants, would be ridiculous, as nothing but the highest raised imagination can form any idea of it. The pen of even Sir Charles Morell would have found sufficient employment in the description. There was not one quarter of the Globe left unransacked on this occasion, nor was the greatest expense spared to make the slightest addition which was suggested by the fancy of any of those who were admitted to the consultation. As it was necessary that some of these designs should be forwarded previous to the period in which they were to be exhibited, it was likewise requisite that leave should be asked of Mr. Spencer for the artificers to enter the park for the purpose of raising tents, canopies, &c. On this account it was in debate whether a slight, but formal invitation ought not to be given to the inhabitants of the Aviary to stay and partake of the entertainment; though it would be a matter of absolute indifference whether or not
not that invitation was accepted, as their absence or their presence would supply the exulting Percivals with an equal occasion of triumph.

But gentle reader! we cannot pursue a subject which it irritates us to contemplate. We cannot unmoved behold even in idea what the Percivals termed the disgrace of Mr. Spencer.

The disgrace of a Good Man! The words are incompatible with each other. A Good Man! my good friends! cannot be disgraced. Clouded—eclipsed—he may be for a time; but disgrace can only be fastened on those who wilfully offend their GOD, or—which is an expression synonymous—depress and injure their fellow-mortals!!!
An aërial Tour without a Balloon—and a Letter.

In our last chapter we resided in the dominions of the King of Great Britain; a Monarch whose social virtues must endear him to every lover of humanity, and whose conduct renders him a proper example for every husband; father and friend within his own territories. We are now wafted to the fraternal shores of Pennsylvania; landed in the city of Philadelphia, and fixed in the house of Mrs. Montgomery, a widow who lets lodgings in Front Street, opposite to the beautiful Province of New Jersey; which lies immediately on the opposite bank of the spacious River Delaware.

Mrs. Montgomery was an amiable, worthy and unfortunate woman. Did not circumstances press upon our leisure, we would
would wound the hearts of our readers of sensibility with an account of her merits and misfortunes: but engaged as we are, we must forego the relation of them.

In the pleasant apartments of this gentlewoman—apartments in which we have spent many agreeable hours—we are now to suppose that Mr. and Mrs. Herbert, with their three daughters, and our lovely and beloved Harriet Montague; are comfortably established: and if our readers are not glad to be brought again into the society of these persons, whom we so strongly patronize, we must declare our decided disapprobation of their taste, and we shall not hesitate to disclaim their pretended allegiance.

There are in this foggy Island—an Island, by the bye, as well calculated for the practice of every virtue and the enjoyment of every happiness, as any tract of land between the Poles, from the first to the hundred and eightieth degree of east or west longitude from the meridian of London Bridge—there are, I assert, in this foggy Island,
Iland, some strange, vacant faces of clay, united to solid heads, in which no brain ever worked; and to hollow hearts which no affection ever warmed, that can read of—nay could have seen Miss Montague, without any other emotion than that with which they contemplate one of the finely carved busts which ornament the saloon of Lord Elmwood.

"It is very beautiful indeed!"—would they exclaim in echo to the observation of some one capable of forming an opinion of his own, whether it was the head of Oliver Cromwell or the face of a Miss Montague that came under their investigation; but if a greater personage should happen immediately after to find any fault with either the Usurper or the Venus, one of the same speaking statutes would reply—"I perfectly agree with you my lord; I cannot, I own, see any beauty in it"—That Miss Montague would not have been looked upon with approbation by such a being, is certain, because Miss Montague was not rich, a circumstance which would sink the finest
finest features and the most estimable qualities to a level below the notice of these Knights of the stupid order; whereas a certain quantity of the shining ore would make the most homely face glitter in their eyes, and brighten the understanding of an idiot. Nor can such a standard of estimation, with such a class of the human race, be a just subject of wonder. Conscious that the gold which they possess constitutes their only superiority, they grow impene-trable to the sense of merit drawn from any other possession in the Universe.

The hospitality our sojourners experienced from the inhabitants of the City of Philadelphia, abated the irksomeness which the necessarily protracted time of their abode in that city would otherwise have occasioned. Mr. Herbert found it to the advantage of the firm to continue there much longer than he had intended: and though Mrs. Herbert sighed to return to England, she was too wise and too good to increase her husband's uneasiness, by any ardently expressed desire for a removal. Our
Our Harriet, respecting present circumstances only, was happily situated, as the high opinion her new friends entertained of her, led them to treat her with the greatest respect, while their affection, every day increased by an increased sense of her merit, found a solace in her company which greatly overpaid, in their estimation, all the services that they were empowered to render her. The frequent absence of Mr. Herbert, sometimes for months together, in both the southern and northern parts of the western Continent, would have been almost intolerable to his lady had not Harriet been with her; for though they were soon known and greatly esteemed by many very respectable families in Philadelphia, to whom they had brought letters of introduction, yet it was not from amusement that she could extract consolation. Sympathy and the pure balm of friendship only could soften the hours of anxious expectation, which, so fervent was her regard for her benefactor and protector, were almost as severe to the grateful Harriet as to Mrs. Herbert.
Amongst the families which particularly distinguished our friends, those of Mr. Bond and Mr. John Warder stood foremost. The first gentleman was then Deputy Consul; but is now Consul General for the middle and southern States of North America. The other is a very respectable merchant; a man of the highest integrity; who carrying over to Philadelphia a very agreeable lady whom he married from Ipswich, was peculiarly sedulous to cultivate the acquaintance of respectable English people. These last mentioned hospitable Americans, if the lady can justly be termed one, were of the sect of Quakers—a sect more eminently remarked for acts of philanthropy and beneficence than any other under Heaven.

Our good orthodox readers are now all in alarm at the outrage of this assertion, and we are set down as enemies to the sacred rites of the Christian Religion. But softly my dear zealous friends! do not let your charity be ran away with by the warmth of your persuasion. Quakers are Christians.
Christians as well as you, and Christians, let me tell you, of the purest kind; but as you are exceedingly angry with us for our lenity, we will, to appease you, acknowledge that there are in this flock, as in all others, many speckled sheep. We assert only that the principles of these people, however much some of their professors may tarnish them, are unadulterated, pure Christianity.

With Mr. and Mrs. Warder and numerous branches of their family; Mr. Mrs. and the Misses Bond; the amiable Mrs. Montgomery; Mrs. Williams her very worthy aunt; Miss Hawkins her sister, and Mr. Kensley, a facetious fellow-lodger, did Mrs. Herbert and Miss Montague sometimes lighten the heavy hours of Mr. Herbert's occasional absence, for the space of more than two years, during which time the gentleman was obliged to go again to the West Indies. This circumstance was a severe piece of fortune; but his expeditious return, once more gilded the scene, and after
after various perplexities, their voyage to England was fixed for the ensuing October.

When Mr. Herbert was last in Jamaica, he was greatly alarmed by the altered appearance of the worthy Mr. Cumberland, who seemed hastening to dissolution: an event of which he was himself perfectly sensible, but of which he had hitherto forborne to afflict his friend with the communication. He now however imparted his conviction of his approaching departure to Mr. Herbert, and advised him to select some person upon whose integrity he could rely, for the supplying the vacant situation, it being absolutely necessary that there should be one partner constantly resident at Port Passage. Mr. Herbert was extremely grieved at the prospect of losing this estimable friend; but Mr. Cumberland reasoned so forcibly and indeed so pleasantly about a removal from this world to the next, that Mr. Herbert could not refuse his assent to his arguments, or reject the consolation, which they offered.

"I am," said Mr. Cumberland, "sum-"
moned at an earlier period than from the apparent soundness of my constitution might have been expected. But to what am I summoned? Not to another life of toil and vexation. Not to another land of fatigue and continual dis-appointment, but to a region of unfur-plied—unfading felicity! Think not that I speak from one boasting—one presuming principle. On the contrary, I know, I feel, I confess that I have neg-lected and abused the mercies of my GOD, and that if I had my deserts, my portion would be wretchedness. It is not sufficient to plead my being left at an early age to the bias of my own too vivacious inclination. I always knew what was rectitude and what was error. I was always conscious that there was a secret, whispering monitor fixed in the awful recesses of my heart, whose voice, when I stifled it not, told me in the most friendly language, the path to duty and to bliss. For a series of years I insulted this truly Celestial Guide. I persuaded myself
myself that the voice was the voice of superstitition; but He who presided over this Instructor, at length softened my mind to attend to His dictates. As from a deep and dangerous sleep, I at once seemed to be awakened, and stood astonished at the unwearied care with which I was now conscious that the Almighty Father of the human race had watched over me—over me, an undeserving individual who was utterly unworthy of His love. The awakening impulse was so strong that it convinced me my salvation was a subject of importance in the eyes of Heaven. I saw the watch that had been set over me. I saw the precipices on which I had stood; the dangers from which I had been rescued, and was perfectly sensible that the bliss of futurity was still, not only offered to my choice, but enforced upon my acceptance. The crisis was important. I resolved to endeavor to free myself from the shackles of pleasure; from the incitements of a life of dissipation: and to
pursue the resolution when it was once formed, was beyond my imagination easy and pleasant. I am not yet sixty, and yet I have outlived every relation of whom I had ever any knowledge. As you therefore must have the trouble of executing some of my last wishes, and as your presence in England will be absolutely necessary, I feel a peculiar anxiety for your establishing, without delay, some worthy partner in our firm; and from what I have heard you say of your brother Frank, I cannot but think that he would be a very eligible person for the appointment.

And now my gay and critical readers, what have ye to say to the above oration of Mr. Cumberland's?

Was he a Methodist; or a Quaker; or a Presbyterian; or a Mahometan; or what! An orthodox member of the Church of England he cannot be; for though his sentiments are conformable to the tenets of that church, they are rather opposite to the opinion and practice of many of its present
sent members. The fact is, that Mr. Cumberland's father was an old-fashioned preacher of the Gospel of Christ. He believed what he delivered from the pulpit, and his life was in harmony with his doctrines. Mr. Cumberland, therefore, who had imbibed his father's precepts, and had never lost sight of his faith, notwithstanding the deviation of his practice, was a professed and sincere member of the Church of this kingdom, though not perhaps a strict observer of all its forms, nor a zealous advocate for every ceremonial precept.

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CHAP. XC.

What the Reader pleases.

The sentiments of Mr. Cumberland deeply affected Mr. Herbert, the two gentlemen having lived upon terms of the greatest cordiality ever since the name of the last mentioned had been added to the firm.
It was some time before Mr. Herbert could make any reply; but at length he subdued his emotion, and assuring his friend that the strictest attention should be paid to every injunction, whether written or only verbal, he thankfully accepted of the nomination of his brother, to whom he said, that the offer would be very acceptable. Mr. Herbert accordingly wrote without delay to his father; and Frank arrived at Jamaica in sufficient time to secure, by the regularity of his conduct, the confidence of Mr. Cumberland before that gentleman received the summons of departure, which, for a length of time he had expected with peculiar resignation.

END OF VOL. III.