

THE

Tragical History

OF

George

BARNWELL,

THE

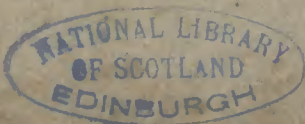
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TRAGICAL HISTORY  
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George Barnwell.

**M**R. BARNWELL, the father of George, was the worthy and pious Rector of Hanworth; an ornament to society, and a blessing to those amiable beings who formed his domestic circle. An illness, with which he was suddenly attacked, threatened his speedy dissolution:—mortification had nearly advanced to its last stage, and he had heard with placid resignation, the opinion of his Physician. Though he felt no pangs of guilt, no dread of future worlds, and though perfectly content to submit to the will of his Creator, and resign his soul to him that gave it; yet there were attractions whose resistless force made him yet wish for a longer existence. Around that couch from which he was never to rise, knelt objects, that awakened in his breast the feeling of a husband father, and friend. His amiable wife too deeply affected to weep, gazed alternately on her expiring husband, and on those who were soon to be the orphan pledges of his love, with the piercing wildness of despair. Their son a youth of sixteen held his father's hand clasped between his own, and bent his face over it to conceal his tears. A daughter who was some.

whst younger, with tears and swelling sighs mingled ejaculations to the Almighty, to spare a life so dear. At the foot of the bed stood the benevolent friend and skilful physician of the Rector, whose serene countenance he appeared contemplating with pleasure. "I could have wished (said Mr Barnwell) that my brother had arrived; I would have retired from the scenes of this live with less regret, had I committed these my only cares to his kind keeping. But his own good heart will suggest to him all I could have said."——

Sir James Barnwell, the brother to whom he alluded, entered the room as he was speaking. The knight, after a pause, approached the expiring Rector, and an affecting farewell took place. Tears rolled down the pale cheeks of Mr. Barnwell: he pressed Sir James's hand, and cast a meaning look on his family; then sunk exhausted on his pillow. "Think of this world no more, my brother (said Sir James) from this moment, this is my wife, these are my children, and all I have is theirs."——  
"My God, I thank thee," exclaimed the Rector, and expired.

The grief of this amiable family for their irreparable loss, is better felt than described. Sir James was the first to call the attention of his sister-in-law from the tomb, which held her affections, to the duties she owed herself, her children, and society. "I am a lone man, (said the Knight) and with the blessing of Heaven, have acquired by my honest endeavours more riches than I shall ever spend.— My brother, I know, accumulated in another

way; his was the treasure of the mind a proper possession, doubtless for a clergyman, but for which his heirs are little or nothing the better. After the loss you have sustained, my dear sister, I am sure your inclination must be to quite this place as soon as possible.—— I insist upon you and yours accompanying me to my old mansion, where you shall have leasure to discuss a plan I have in contemplation to make us all happy." A proposal so congenial to their feelings was readily accepted by the Barnwells; and, as soon as the requisite arrangements were made, they set off to the seat belonging to the benevolent Knight.

Adjoining the castle of Sir James, stood the remains of one of those Cemeneteries for the living, called Monasteries. One of the Aisles of the Chapel still remained in its original state. and afforded conversation for all the lovers of romance. Spectres of all sizes and shapes, of either sex, had been seen by moon or torch lights, playing singular antic, in the old Abbey Chapel! At one time it was a Nun! at others a Monk! and now assumed the terrific appearance of a fallen angel, dancing along the Aisles in a beautiful form, to notes of delightful harmony! Among other subjects which engrossed the attention of the company at the Knight's table, a few days after his return from the Rectory, was the haunted Aisle, which became a general topic of conversation. After various stories had been related of different appearance, sir James declared that he would not absolutely deny belief in all stories of this kind, nor would implicitly give credit to all the

heard. "What thinks my nephew?" said he. George blushed deeply, and replied that he must confess he had been taught to consider tales of this description as ridiculous.

"Ridiculous! (exclaimed, Sir James Chaplain,) ridiculous young gentlemen, and wherefore, let me ask you?" "Because being irreconcilable to truth and nature, they are beneath the dignity of serious argument." Eliza Barnwell, whose modesty did not permit her to trouble the company with her observations, treasured in her memory all that had been said concerning the Abbey. When she retired to her chamber the window of which commanded a view of the ruins, she questioned the servant who attended her concerning the story of the haunted Aisle; the incongruous narrative of Hannah increased her curiosity, and she resolved to pay a visit to the Abbey on the following morning as soon as she arose.

Sleep did not conquer the senses of Eliza with its usual ease. A slight slumber brought with it the following dream: Eliza imagined that she had just entered the haunted Aisle, when a tomb that stood at the entrance, appeared to rock at her approach. It then became enveloped in an ascending vapour! the Abbey ruins echoed the groans of one, as if in the agonies of death! and as the vapour dispersed, there appeared kneeling on a tomb, a most beautiful female! Her eyes swelled with weeping, her hair dishevelled, and blood trickling from her wounded breast; while her hands in vain attempted to remove a dagger whose point was buried in her bosom. Eliza's atten-

tion to this Spectre was so intense, that she did not notice the form of a man, who stood contemplating with smiles the agony of the female, until the sound of a harp which he touched in a rapid manner, aroused her. He was remarkably handsome, and his voice, which accompanied the harp was melodious. But the fair maid was struck with horror, when she found his verses were expressive of the pleasure he felt at the heart-rending scene before her!—

Eliza awoke with terror from her dream, and doubted for some time whether what she had seen and heard; were not real. Just as she had overcome the impressions arising from so horrible a vision, the night-wind wafted by the casement of her chamber, the tone of an instrument so similar to that which she had heard in fancy, that, starting up, she drew aside the curtain, under apprehension of beholding awake the vision of her sleep. The chamber was in total darkness, but the same sounds were repeated. She left her bed and opening the casement she heard them more distinctly, and was convinced they came from the Abbey.—

In a few moments all was silent, and she beheld a lighted torch borne along the ruins! but the night was too dark to discern the person that carried it. That music was not imaginary, she was convinced; but for what purpose any one would ramble among the mouldering tombs, she had yet to learn. In the morning, terrified by the events of the night, Eliza dropt her intention of visiting the Abbey alone; but unburthened her mind to her beloved brother.

“There is (said George) a singular coincidence in your dream with the music you heard; we will take a ramble to the Abbey this evening and should there be in the old Aisle a tomb resembling that in your dream, I think we should relate the whole circumstance to Sir James. Murder (added the youth) is a crime beyond all other offensive to God; and if, in our days, he display a miracle, I can conceive nothing more likely to occasion his interference than the detection of so foul a crime.”

At dinner they joined a numerous circle of the neighbouring gentry. It was the custom of Sir James to invite them all without exception once a year. At other times he indulged himself in a selection according to his taste. On this occasion he relinquished his prejudices, and there were at his table, individual of as various a cast as a circuit of ten miles round contained. Among those visitors, was one most opposite to the Knight in his principles and manners; Mr. Mental was supposed to be equally averse from all kings and all religions. His dress and figure were the most singular to be imagined. He was of a large make, but thin; his face pale, his hair black, and cropped short in his neck; his dress always the same, a suit of plain brown cloth. He would eat nothing that had ever enjoyed life: nothing in which sugar was an ingredient; and his drink was water. He never smiled, and the only pleasure he appeared to enjoy, was the triumph of argument. The evils of society were his dearest topic, and the claim

of his felicity was to render discontent triumphant. He had been a neighbour of Sir James's for many years, but saw no company at his own house, and seldom accepted an invitation from any other; whenever he did, it was his invariable custom to single out one from the young part of the company, with whom he would abruptly enter into conversation. Young Barnwell was singled out for this purpose; and they entered into a long discourse, in which each appeared to take an interest. Mental appeared less and less disgusting in the eyes of George, and George delighted old Mental, who expressed a wish that this might not be the last of their conversation. "You are an inmate of Sir James's, I presume," said he. "For the present, (replied Barnwell); but in a few weeks I shall quit this place for London,"———"London!" (cried Mental.) "What takes you to that focus of corruption and folly?"———"My Uncle has most generously entered into a treaty with a merchant there, a share of whose concern is to become mine after the usual initiation,"———"A merchant!" (exclaimed Mental,) "Can you condemn your noble faculties to courses of Exchange? Have you thought what you are about to undertake? As you value your happiness for life reflect; now is the important moment, the period of your existence, that will glid with pleasure, or darken with discontent, every scene as yet behind the veil of time: I feel a lively interest in your welfare, and if you can trust yourself with me for an hour to-morrow, I will venture to say you will not regret it."



A summer's day drew towards its close; the well dressed guests of the worthy Knight departed, and the family were once more left to themselves.

Eliza, with a palpitating heart, accompanied her brother to the Abbey. They were at the entrance of the Aisle; Eliza trembled.—“Stay, (said George,) it is dark, and we are far from the house; I have little dread of ghosts, but it is not impossible that this retreat may be the rendezvous of beings less merciful, and more powerful than mere spectres.—Do you wait a moment behind this old column, and listen attentively: I will go on, should there be any danger, you will hear my cries; then run as fast as possible to the house and procure assistance.” Eliza's remonstrance on the score of his personal danger were in vain, and she clung to the pillar in anxious expectation. A few minutes elapsed; Eliza grew impatient, at length she heard footsteps approaching!—She left her retreat, thinking to meet her brother, when a form muffled in a long black cloak, and masked, met her at the entrance of the Aisle. She screamed!—In an instant George was at her elbow; but the cause of her alarm had vanished. “Surely I cannot be deceived, (said Barnwell,) it was a man; I saw him distinctly; a black cloak and mask were lying on the tomb, which you described from your dream; as I approached it, a man, who was kneeling near it, started up, hurried on the disguise, and presenting a pistol, exclaimed, “I am discovered!—Ere I had recovered my surprise, he was gone.”—

They walked swiftly towards the house; the family were assembled at supper, and the looks of Eliza served as a preface to George's narrative.

"I have heard, (said Sir James,) stories of this nature frequently repeated; but till now I own, I never paid a serious attention to them; what has now happened, has determined me to take some active measures towards unraveling the apparent-mystery."

In the morning, the Knight, with the Chaplain and George, sallied forth, a few armed domestics having proceeded them. Arrived at the Aisle, Sir James demanded of his nephew, "Are you sure that on this tomb you saw a cloak and mask; there you also saw a man kneeling near it; saw him rise and array himself in his cloak? Again I say are you sure no part of this scene was imagination?"—"I am certain, (replied the youth) that I beheld all that I have stated. Could not this tomb be moved? Were we in the forests of Germany, I should be induced to think that it covers the door of some subterraneous retreat."—"Aye Sir, (said Joseph, an aged domestic of the Knight's) you are in the right; to be sure it is no concern of mine, but if I was a Magistrate, this here monument should be pulled down, and dug under, and my life on it, murder lies at the bottom."—"That cannot be done without the consent of the owner. (said Sir James) or some better grounds of suspicion than we have at present."—"Do not you own these ruins, Sir?" said George, "Not this

part of them; all the land on this side, the elder trees belongs to the next estate." George asked the name of the owner? "Mr. Mental, the cynic whom you saw yesterday at my house. What do you start at, nephew?" — "Nothing Sir, (replied the youth, hesitating.) but Mr Mental is a strange man." — "Ah! God forgive him, (said Joseph,) if all that people say be true." — "God cannot forgive him, (rejoined the Chaplain) he is an Atheist." "He is undoubted a sigular being, (said the Knight,) and people will talk, although nobody, it seems, knows who or what he is. But I have heard old men, who remember his first coming to reside here, whisper strange stories."

After a fruitless search, the party returned home. A variety of conjectures were raised in the fertile brain of the youth, all pointing to Mental. He conceived him to be the man he had seen at the tomb on the preceding night; he imagined the voice he heard to be that gentleman; and built on these impressions a suspicion to the disadvantage of his character. Then his heart rebuked him for so illiberal a conclusion, from a train of mere accidents; he recollected the invitation he had received, and resolved immediately to visit him. He kept his intended visit a secret from the family, and merely observed, that he was going to take a stroll round the village. The residence of Mr. Mental was a large old fashioned house, containing many rooms, of which three only were in use; one served as a kitchen and chamber for an old woman, his only domestic;

a second was the sitting, eating, and sleeping room for her master; and the third was his study. George rang at the iron-gate; the aged dame appeared at a window, and demanded his business. Having informed her master, the youth was admitted. He was conducted to an apartment, where Sarah (his old domestic) told him that Mental would come to him.—

After some time spent in contemplating the motly furniture of the apartment, George ventured to call Sarah, and informed her, that if her master was then engaged he would take another opportunity of waiting on him. “As for that, Sir, come when you will, you will find him at his studies.”—“Shall I go to him?” said George. “God forbid!” exclaimed Sarah; “I have been here these twenty years, and no living soul but himself has been in that Study.—” At this moment Mental entered the room. “Are you really come?” said he. “Has curiosity urged your compliance with my request?—Be honest Sir, your doubtless wondered how an old fellow like myself could at first sight take an attachment to your countenance. Now, tell me, Sir, frankly, what kind of man you think me!”—“Forming solely from appearances, my ideas,” replied Barnwell, “I should suppose you a disappointed man, whom misfortune had induced to quarrel with the world.”—“The very notions” said Mental, “I should have imbibed had I seen my present resemblance at your age, for then I viewed mankind through the same fairy telescope that you do now; then my delighted fancy saw such guests on earth as friendship, sympathy, and love. ’Tis delusion all!—Do

I not know it?—Have I not felt it?—Oh!”—  
 The gesture that accompanied this apostrophe, was that of the extremest anguish. George was affected, and Mental perceived the emotions he had caused. “Nay, nay,” said he, “I meant not to sinuate that I am peculiarly wretched; it is the common lot, the destiny of man.—If the detail would not be thought tiresome, there are particulars in my own experience, that might perhaps, afford you a lesson. I have not for years talked of myself to others; but if you would like to listen to my tale, nor hold your time ill spent—”

“I should ill deserve so great a favour,” interrupted Barnwell, “if I could estimate its worth no better.”

“You have,” said Mental, “a heart of sensibility, and a mind superior to your years. Hold! think not I compliment, for in my opinion the possessing them is a matter that calls for condolence more than congratulation. But to my story.

“My father was a tradesman, who was unfortunate in the concerns he undertook, for some years before his death; and, at last, broken hearted with disappointments, sunk poor to the grave. My mother had gone there long before; and at the demise of my father, I was their only living descendant. Ere I was eight years old I left my native roof, and became a member of the public school at Eton.—Success favoured my endeavours, and before I was thirteen years old, I was qualified for

the University, and my fancy already placed me as struggling for academical distinction.— But a most unhappy reverse took place.— My father died insolvent; and before my fourteen birth-day, a letter from his cousin, and my benefactor informed me that, in consequence of a failure in his speculations, his fortune was impaired, and that he could not fulfil his promise of supporting me at the University, and desired me to consider what trade I should like.— Trade, my soul sickened at the word APPRENTICE! horror was in the sound. I repaired to the house of my relation, and informed him as respectfully as I could of my aversion to trade. He expostulated with me on the subject of such terms, that at length I yielded my consent to his plan, which was to bind me apprentice to a grocer, and I was to repair to my future master on the next day. And now let me, Mr. Barnwell, conjure you to listen to me. The thirst for knowledge is occasioned by an unquenchable spark, and must be gratified, or will consume. Imagine not that I approve of that morbid sensibility, so often mistaken by its possessors for heaven born genius, but the active principle, which neither ease nor gain can satisfy; which soars in the regions of sublime inquiry; and that creative fancy, gazing with eagle-eye, even on the source of light. Let him who feels the heavenly gust obey its sacred voice; for I have contended with its power, know that genius is not to be subdued. He that submits to smother it, seeks his own misery and deceives not only himself but his friends. Every necessary was provided for me at the expence of Mr. Darnwell, my benefactor, and I bade him farewell, with a sigh to my school companions. I was received by Mr Nutting, the grocer, and his wife, in a little room at the back of the shop. They appeared plain sort of

folks neat in their dress, and precise in their discourse, but I soon found they were bigots to Calvinism. I passed my month of approbation, and with an aching heart signed my indentures. When the business of the day was ended, my apartment was the kitchen, my companion an old woman, who was the servant, and her friend, a black cat. I might have employed myself by reading, but unfortunately her library consisted only of the Pilgrim's Progress, and a volume of two sermons, which at that time was little suited to my taste:

“I passed my time in this manner till my eighteenth year, when Mr Nutting was sent for one evening to visit a stranger, who had lately come to lodge at the next door, and was now at the point of death. This stranger was a man, who, having early in life obtained a considerable estate, had indulged in every pleasure that a vitiated taste and corrupt principles suggested. On a bed of sickness, his heart smote him; chance had led him to the house he was then in; the landlord was a strict Dissenter of the same persuasion as Mr. Nutting whose sanctity and upright conduct had been so frequently proclaimed in the hearing of the dying man, that he requested to see him, and to him made an ample confession of his crimes, while he derived from his discourse a pleasing consolation. There was only one object living, for whom, in his present situation, he felt any concern; and that was a daughter, the fruit of an illicit amour in the west Indies. He had brought her up with the true affection of a father, devoted a considerable sum to her education, and she now resided as a private boarder in the same school where she had received her tuition, and such was the confidence he placed in Mr. Nutting, that he made a will by which he bequeathed an estate in Hertfordshire, and a considerable property in the funds to his

daughter, on the express condition of our residing with Mr Nutting, till her twenty-fifth year, unless she married before that time with his consent.— Mr Nutting was his sole Executor, and was to receive the interest of her property. The father died, Miss Ellison had visited him at his lodgings, and had heard of his intentions with respect to her. A day was fixed for her removal, and I was ordered by my master to take a coach from Hyde Park Corner to Kensington, and bring Miss Ellison to the Strand. She was not a beauty, her complexion was rather tinged with an olive hue, but her features were the index of these inmates of the female breast, which charm the heart of man, sweetness of temper and conquering submission, while the expression of her eyes indicated a superior mind. I gazed and received an impression never to be crased, no never. Miss Ellison brought with her a large quantity of books which had been carefully selected for her use by Mrs Harries her late governess, among them were the works of the immortal Shakespear.— These Mr Nutting strictly prohibited his ward from reading, as he determined that none but works of a religious tendency, that accorded with his own ideas, should be perused by Ellinor; and I was ordered to replace them in a box and convey them to the loft. Here, my dear George, instead of retiring to my bed I passed most of each night.— I tasted every dish of knowledge, and found every dish a dainty. The spring of reason, that had been stretched to impotence by the bigotry which I had insensibly imbibed to this family, seemed, by this accident, to have recovered its elasticity, and once more resumed its operations to the prejudice of superstition.“

Here Mental proposed breaking off his story to another opportunity. Barnwell took leave, with many thanks for the confidence he had obtained, and returned to his uncle's.



This night George determined to watch among the ruins : and when the rest of the family were retired, he put on a box-coat, and taking a brace of pistols repaired to the ruins. At the same moment as he entered the haunted Aisle, he heard footsteps and had scarce time to conceal himself behind some fragments of stones, when the same masked figure, that he had beheld the proceeding evening, passed along bearing a lighted torch. Pleasantly the tone of a harp struck his ear : after a few interesting moments, a voice accompanied the instrument.-- George could no longer resist the impulse of curiosity : but creeping softly, advanced along the Aisle, the unknown sat on a little stool near the tomb on which lay his mask. The verses which he sung were descriptive of the agony of his mind, and plainly portrayed his being the murderer of some beautiful female. The unknown arose—Barnwell retired a few paces to a spot where he might remain unobserved.—“ Am I,” said the mourner, “ ever to endure these pangs ? O that a blow would end them. Fool that I am, why do I hesitate to try ? He drew a pistol from his bosom saying. “ This in a moment brings me to my—would I could save my end.— But no, she did not cease to be when I plunged this steel into her breast, (holding a dagger with a blood-stained point) for still her ruthless spirit haunts her murderer—steal peace from his pillow, crosses him in his very path—and here, even here, while like an outcast wretch, I mourn away my nights, it follows me and makes a hell !” Here elined on the tomb, and covered his face with his hands. The suspicions of George were just, his voice, his face, proclaimed this murderer to be Mental.— In a few moments he exclaimed, “ Away this dream of horror ! Was she not faithless as fair ?--O, Physician ! omnipotent, Physician Mental art thou turning Monk ?—Can intercession prevail with the All

powerful more than his own benevolence?"—Not a syllable uttered by this miserable man, was lost to George. Three hours passed away; during which, Mental broke out in similar ejaculations, or played upon a harp. As soon as a distant bell announced three, he removed a large stone which lay at some distance from the tomb; a kind of grove appeared, in which he placed the harp, lamp, and the stool; then masked himself, and left the Aisle. The next morning George contented himself with saying to the family, that he had been partly successful in his research at the Abbey, and that he hoped in a short time to be able to unravel the mystery.

Various were the emotions that agitated Barnwell, as he strolled to Mental's house. When he was introduced into his presence, he trembled.—Mental abruptly began with, "How dissimilar the manners of the Nuttings were to those of Ellinor, she submitted without repining or sullenness to their mode of life. But she was no hypocrite, she ever avowed her dissent to their doctrines. Blessed with the confidence of this charming woman, my situation was changed from the most cheerless to the most cheerful. In the absence of the Nuttings we read, we conversed together, we wrote and submitted our performances to the criticisms of each other. I looked forward with impatience to the termination of my servitude, when I imagined I should burst forth into the world as a prodigy of genius. Having one day wrote some verses, in which were these words.— "If constant my Ellinor prove." &c I unfortunately left it on my master's desk, where he found it.— "Here's going on," said he: "here's attention to trade; Why it is a love elegy, or some such stuff, to steal the affection of my ward; but I'll put a stop to it. If ever I see you speak to her, or even look at her I'll.—" Choaked with anger, he stamped

his foot, and threw down three pots of honey, an accident which by no means helped to restore him to reason. Sometime after this the illness of a relation caused the absence of Mr. and Mrs Nutting for a few days. During this time, under a pretence of going to pay Mrs Hennis, the governess, a visit, we left the house, were united to each other in bonds which only death could rend asunder. Not to tire your patience, I shall merely state, that in a few weeks our union was discovered; we were both rudely driven from Mr Nutting's house. Mr Darwell, my only friend on earth, refused to see me; and thus were the proceeding five years of my life fooled away without advantage either to myself or benefactor. Ellinor had, while at Mrs Harrie's, formed some acquaintance with a Mr. Brooker who was a bookseller and publisher in the city, and with whom she renewed her friendship by the assistance of the above lady; he found us sufficient employ in poetry and translations. Ellinor wrote a Novel, which succeeded well, and competence was the reward of our labour. We resided in a neat dwelling at Walworth, and only visited the metropolis occasionally. At the end of the first year, Ellinor bore me a daughter, who took her name.—But see me my young friend, to-morrow—Retire now—I am not equal to the task I have imposed on myself; and come prepare to hear a tale of horror.”

Towards evening, on the following day, a packet was delivered to Barnwell, he retired to his chamber and hastily broke the seal; on a slip of paper was written these lines; “An event which has occurred this day drives me from a retreat, in which I had hoped to die. I shall see you no more till we meet in London. I shall discover your abode, and will not fail to call on you. In the mean time, I have penned for your perusal the sequel of my story.—

You will perceive what a blank there is in my affection. If the glow of social feeling is ever more to warm my frozen breast it must be kindled by you, Amen. May you never feel the torture that racks the bosom of Mental." The narrative ran thus :

" Among others who visited at our cottage was a celebrated painter of that day. He had a person of manly beauty, and his converse was captivating. We delighted in the company of Mr. Linmore, and he seemed to receive an equal satisfaction in ours. His paintings were the ornaments of our room, and the marks of his favour in our company. We passed a year in the utmost bliss I ever saw on earth.— In the course of this period, Mr Nutting died, and smitten with the injustice of possessing a fortune which Ellinor's conduct had bestowed on him, on his death bed made a Will, by which she regained her right, and we became completely independant. My little Elinor was now three years old, and my happiness appeared complete.— But clouds soon darkened the sunshine of prosperity. Know then that the spacious moralist, Linmore proved himself a villian. He came to our dwelling and found peace, innocence, and love, he saw a fond pair as nature ever designed for each other ; what then was that principle, that could excite the vile design to mar such bliss? Oh what a void, I felt in my breast, when suspicion pointed to Ellinor's dishonour. Start not, my jealousy was well founded : virtue was subdued and vice triumphant ! One fatal day pretending some hours absence, I concealed myself at home. I saw her enter the chamber and in few moments Linmore followed. All the powers of reason fled, my hand instinctively grasped a dagger that was near me ; I rushed into the room and aiming a just reward at the seducer's heart, he shrunk from my vengeance, and it fell on the poor lost

Ellinor. The coward fled, and I was discovered kneeling by the side of my wife, the weapon still buried in her breast. I was dragged by force from the body, and confined in my own house, under the care of some physicians. In a few days my senses returned, and I was able to give an account of the transaction, which being corroborated by the flight of Linnore, the Coroner's jury returned a verdict of accidental death. Though I was not then deemed a madman, my reason has sustained a shock it has never perfectly recovered.

“Ellinor was then in her coffin, I threw myself on it nor would I quit it till my strange wish was gratified, in preserving the coffin-lid as a memento. Another was accordingly made. My cottage at Walworth now became frightful: every room reminded me of some happy scene, and brought my Ellinor to view. My child how it chilled my blood to look at her; I could not bear her presence, I placed her under the care of a respectable person, made a provision for her education, and in case of my death left her the whole of her mother's fortune. I then went to live in America. Even here misery pursued me. Scarcely had I settled in any degree of intimacy, and felt something like humanity reviving in my heart, when those troubles of which the world knows well, broke out. My friend was an American by birth and sided with the Congress. My opinions though they did not coincide with the rulers of England, yet compelled me to resist the entreaties of my friend, to take up arms against my country. I would have remained nouter, but that could not be; and thus, as soon as I began to cherish love for my friend, my arm was lifted up to destroy him. It was then I was compelled to use the arms you saw at my residence. One instance of retributive justice I met with in America which in

some degree reconciled me to the notion of a Providence; the villian Linmore, who had made that country his refuge, was in prison when I arrived, implicated in a charge of murder. He was executed and dissected. I obtained his seull at a large price. Disgusted at the scenes that passed before me, I embraced the first opportunity of returning to England & bought the estate of the Abbey near your uncle's. Its distance from any other dwelling, the romantic scenery around it, and the gloomy walks along the Abbey ruins, accorded with my soul's distress.— The old woman I retained as a servant, had lived some time in the house before I bought it. I deposited the coffin lid and the seull, in my study: and from that moment the poor woman would never enter the room.

“I flew for amusement to chemistry, electriety, and anatomy, but grew tired of each. I in general kept close at home all day, and walked among the ruins when others slept. Among a few other memorandums of former bliss, I had reserved my dear Ellinor's harp—it had been her delight. Annexed to these memoirs you will find some pieces of poetry which I composed at midnight in the Abbcy: they relate to my dear Ellinor. Let this memorandum sometimes claim a place in your thoughts. (It was a miniature of Mental, done in his youth; and how unlike his present appearance! George placed it in his bosom, and resumed Mental's narrative.)— Newspapers, and various publications, shewed me the bustling scenes of life, on which I gazed an unconcerned spectator. Yet there was still one object for whom my heart felt an interest: my daughter often started to my memory, and pained me for her fate in such a world of treachery and woe. I heard often from her governess, but could never bring myself to her. The accounts I received were satis-

factory, till her eighteenth year, when a letter came with tidings, that without any known cause, she had eloped. A severe illness that threatened my dissolution, followed this intelligence; every effort to discover her was unavailing. Thus misery weighs down my declining years; and I live in torturing doubt as to my child, my Ellinor. Last night I was discovered by some peasants at my favourite occupation in the Abbey ruins. I will not be a theme for babbling tongues; I have taken my old domestic with me, and I quit this place, perhaps, for ever.—Will you, then, pity a miserable old man, and commiserate his fate. Talk of him as little as possible; but when his name is mentioned, do that justice to his memory, which these memoirs enable you.—Thy breast is pure, thy slumbers are sweet! may they ever be so.—Farewell.” Barnwell’s uncle, mother, and the tender-hearted Eliza, to whom he communicated the melancholy tale, united in commiserating the sufferings of a man, whose life, almost from his infancy, had been marked with disappointment and sorrow.

In a few days George quitted his uncle’s hospitable roof, which still remained the asylum of his mother and Eliza. Sir James had given his nephew three thousand pounds, and a further seven thousand was to be given at the expiration of the time for which he was articulated, on condition of his being admitted into a share of the concern. Mr Freeman, the elder partner of the firm, resided wholly in the country with his lovely daughter, the amiable Maria; he was a widower, and not being

blessed with this child, till a late period of his age she was the darling of his soul. He committed his affairs to the management of his two partners, Mr. Emery and Mr. Drudge.

For the first time George entered the metropolis. From the account he had received from Mental, of the meanness and avarice of traders, he was not a little surpris'd at the elegant appearance of Mr. Emery's residence. His astonishment increased, when upon his admission into the hall, he was surrounded by four or five stout fellows in blue and silver liveries. The youth was confus'd; and felt some difficulty in persuading these gentlemen of the ceremonies to procure him an audience of Mr. Emery.

Some months pass'd away unmark'd by any event of consequence. Mental had not visit'd him, though George constantly expected him. But it was his misfortune to fall in with a beautiful young woman, who went under the name of Millwood, but turn'd out to be Ellinor, the daughter of Mental, who pretended to be deeply in love with him. She got him advis'd to murder his uncle, and she, by the assistance of an Italian called Zelotti with whom she formerly cohabited, poisoned her father, that they might obtain possession of their riches.—For which they were all apprehended; George was tri'd, condemn'd, and execut'd. Millwood went distract'd in prison, brok a blood vessel in her rage, and died; and Zelotti poison'd himself.

*FINIS.*