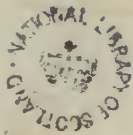


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W O R L D.

VOL. II.

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THE

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W O R L D.

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PART II.

INTRODUCTION.

I WAS born to a life of wandering, yet my heart was ever at home! though the country that gave me birth gave me but few friends, and of those few the greatest part were early lost, yet the remembrance of her was present with me in every clime to which my fate conducted me; and the idea of those, whose ashes reposed in that humble spot, where they had often been the companions of my infant sports, hallowed it in my imagination with a sort of sacred enthusiasm.

I had not been many weeks an inhabitant of my native village, after that visit to the lady mentioned in the first volume which procured me the information I have there laid before my readers, till I found myself once more obliged to quit it for a foreign country. My parting with Mrs. Wistanly was more solemn and affecting than common souls will easily imagine it could have been, upon an acquaintance accidental in its beginning, and short in its duration; but there was something tender and melancholy in the cause of it, which gave an impression to our thoughts of one another, more sympathetic perhaps than what a series of mutual obligations could have effected.

Before we parted, I could not help asking the reason of her secrecy with regard to the story of Annelly and his daughter. In answer to this she informed me, that besides the danger to which she
exposed

exposed herself by setting up in opposition to a man, in the midst of whose dependants she proposed ending her days, she was doubtful if her story would be of any service to the memory of her friend: That Camplin (as she supposed by the direction of Sir Thomas Sindall, who was at that time abroad) had universally given out, that Miss Annesly's elopement was with an intention to be married to him; on which footing, though a false one, the character of that young lady stood no worse, than if the truth were divulged to those, most of whom wanted discernment, as well as candour, to make the distinctions which should enable them to do it justice.

Several years elapsed before I returned to that place, whence, it is probable, I shall migrate no more. My friend Mrs. Wistanly was one of the persons after whom I first enquired on my arrival. I

found her subject to the common debility, but not to any of the acuter distresses of age; with the same powers of reason, and the same complacency of temper, I had seen her before enjoy. “These, said she, are the effects of temperance without austerity, and ease without indolence; I have nothing now to do but to live without the solicitude of life, and to die without the fear of dying.”

At one of our first interviews, I found her accompanied by a young lady, who, besides a great share of what is universally allowed the name of beauty, had something in her appearance which calls forth the esteem of its beholders, without their pausing to account for it. It has sometimes deceived me, yet I am resolved to trust it to the last hour of my life; at that time I gave it unlimited confidence, and I had spoken the young lady's eulogium before I had looked five minutes in her face.

Mrs.

Mrs. Wistanly repeated it to me after she was gone. “That is one of my children, said she, for I adopt the children of virtue; and she calls me her mother, because I am old, and she can cherish me.” —“I could have sworn to her goodness, I replied, without any information besides what her countenance afforded me.” —“’Tis a lovely one, said she, and her mind is not flattered in its portrait: though she is a member of a family with whom I have not much intercourse, yet she is a frequent visitor at my little dwelling; her name is Sindall.” —“Sindall!” I exclaimed. “Yes, said Mrs. Wistanly, but she is not therefore the less amiable. Sir Thomas returned from abroad soon after you left this place; but for several years he did not reside here, having made a purchase of another estate in a neighbouring county, and busied himself, during that time, in superintending the

improvement of it. When he returned hither, he brought this young lady, then a child, along with him, who, it seems, was left to his care by her father, a friend of Sir Thomas's, who died abroad; and she has lived with his aunt, who keeps house for him, ever since that period.

The mention of Sir Thomas Sindall naturally recalled to my mind the fate of the worthy, but unfortunate, Annesly. Mrs. Wistanly told me, she had often been anxious in her enquiries about his son William; the only remaining branch of her friend's family; but that neither she, nor Mr. Rawlinson, with whom she had corresponded on the subject, had been able to procure any accounts of him; whence they concluded, that he had died in the plantation to which he was transported in pursuance of his mitigated sentence.

She farther informed me, "that Sindall had shown some marks of contrition at
the

the tragical issue of the scheme he had carried on against the daughter's innocence and the father's peace; and to make some small atonement to the dead for the injuries he had done to the living, had caused a monument to be erected over their graves in the village-churchyard, with an inscription, setting forth the piety of Annesly, and the virtues and beauty of Harriet. But whatever he might have felt at the time, continued she, I fear the impresson was not lasting."

From the following chapters, containing some farther particulars of that gentleman's life, which my residence in his neighbourhood, and my acquaintance with some of the persons immediately concerned in them, gave me an opportunity of learning, my readers will judge if Mrs. Wistanly's conclusion was a just one.

C H A P. I.

Some account of the persons of whom Sir Thomas Sindall's family consisted.

THE baronet's family consisted, at this time, of his aunt, and the young lady mentioned in the Introduction, together with a cousin of his, of the name of Bolton, who was considered as presumptive heir of the Sindall estate, and whose education had been superintended by Sir Thomas.

This young gentleman had lately returned from the university, to which his kinsman had sent him. The expectations of his acquaintance were, as is usually the case, sanguine in his favour; and, what is something less usual, they were not disappointed. Beside the stock of learning
which

which his studies had acquired him, he possessed an elegance of manner, and a winning softness of deportment, which a college life does not often bestow, but proceeded in him, from a cause the least variable of any, a disposition instinctively benevolent, and an exquisite sensibility of heart.

With all his virtues, however, he was a dependant on Sir Thomas Sindall; and their exercise could only be indulged so far as his cousin gave them leave. Bolton's father, who had married a daughter of the Sindall family, had a considerable patrimony left him by a parent, who had acquired it in the sure and common course of mercantile application. With this, and the dowry he received with his wife, he might have lived up to the limits of his utmost wish, if he had confined his wishes to what are commonly considered the blessings of life; but, though he was

not extravagant to spend, he was ruined by an avidity to gain. In short, he was of that order of men, who are known by the name of projectors; and wasted the means of present enjoyment, in the pursuit of luxury to come. To himself indeed the loss was but small; while his substance was mouldering away by degrees, its value was annihilated in his expectations of the future; and he died amidst the horrors of a prison, smiling at the prospect of ideal wealth and visionary grandeur.

But with his family it was otherwise: his wife, who had often vainly endeavoured to prevent, by her advice, the destructive schemes of her husband, at last tamely yielded to her fate, and died soon after him of a broken heart, leaving an only son, the Bolton who is now introduced into my story.

The distresses of his father had been always ridiculed by Sir Thomas Sindall,

as

as proceeding from a degree of whim and madness, which it would have been a weakness to pity; his aunt, Mrs. Selwyn, joined in the sentiment; perhaps it was really her own; but at any rate she was apt to agree in opinion with her nephew Sir Thomas, and never had much regard for her sister Bolton, for some reasons no less just than common: in the first place, her sister was handsomer than she; secondly, she was sooner married; and thirdly, she had been blest with this promising boy, while Mrs. Selwyn became a widow, without having had a child.

There appeared then but little prospect of protection to poor Bolton from this quarter; but, as he had no other relation in any degree of propinquity, a regard to decency prompted the baronet to admit the boy into his house. His situation indeed was none of the most agreeable; but the happy dispositions which nature had given him, suited themselves to the

B 6

harshness.

harshness of his fortune; and, in whatever society he was placed, he found himself surrounded with friends: there was not a servant in the house, who would not risk the displeasure of their master or Mrs. Selwyn, to do some forbidden act of kindness to their little favourite Harry Bolton.

Sir Thomas himself, from some concurring accidents, had his notice attracted by the good qualities of the boy; his indifference was conquered by degrees, and at last he began to take upon himself the charge of rearing him to manhood. There wanted only this to fix his attachment: benefits to those whom we set apart for our own management and assistance, have something so particular in their nature, that there is scarce a selfish passion which their exercise does not gratify. Yet I mean not to rob Sindall of the honour of his beneficence; it shall no more want my praise, than it did the gratitude of Bolton.

C H A P. II.

Some farther particulars of the persons mentioned in the foregoing chapter.

BOLTON, however, felt that uneasiness which will ever press upon an ingenuous mind along with the idea of dependence: he had therefore frequently hinted, though in terms of the utmost modesty, a desire to be put into some way of life, that might give him an opportunity of launching forth into the world, and freeing his cousin from the incumbrance of a useless idler in his family.

Sir Thomas had often made promises of indulging so laudable a desire; but day after day elapsed without his putting any of them in execution: the truth was, that he had contracted a sort of paternal affection for Bolton, and found it a difficult
 matter

matter to bring himself to the resolution of parting with him.

He contented himself with employing the young man's genius and activity in the direction and superintendence of his country affairs; he consulted him on plans for improving his estate, and entrusted him with the care of their execution: he associated him with himself in matters of difficult discussion as a magistrate; and, in the sports of the field, he was his constant companion.

It was a long time before Mrs. Selwyn, from some of the reasons I have hinted, could look on Harry with a favourable eye. When Sir Thomas first began to take notice of him, she remonstrated the danger of spoiling boys by indulgence, and endeavoured to counterbalance the estimation of his good qualities, by the recital of little tales which she now and then picked up against him.

It

It was not till some time after his return from the university, that Harry began to gain ground in the lady's esteem. That attachment and deference to the softer sex, which, at a certain age, is habitual to ours, is reckoned effeminacy amongst boys, and fixes a stain upon their manhood. Before he went to the university, Harry was under this predicament; but, by the time of his return, he had attained the period of refinement, and showed his aunt all those trifling civilities, which it is the prerogative of the ladies to receive; and which Mrs. Selwyn was often more ready to demand, than some males of her acquaintance were to pay. In truth, it required a knowledge of many feminine qualities, which this lady doubtless possessed, to impress the mind with an idea of that courtesy which is due to the sex; for her countenance was not expressive of much softness, the natural strength of her features

features being commonly heightened by the assistance of snuff, and her conversation generally turning on points of controversy in religion and philosophy, which requiring an intense exertion of thought, are therefore, I presume, from the practice of the fair in general, no way favourable to the preservation or the improvement of beauty.

It was, perhaps, from this very inclination for investigating truth, that Bolton drew an advantage in his approaches towards her esteem. As he was just returned from the seat of learning, where discussions of that sort are common, she naturally applied to him for assistance in her researches: by assistance, I mean opposition; it being the quality of that desire after knowledge with which this lady was endued, to delight in nothing so much, as in having its own doctrines confronted with opposite ones, till they pommel, and
belabour

belabour one another without mercy ; the contest having one advantage peculiar to battles of this kind, that each party, far from being weakened by its exertion, commonly appears to have gained strength as well as honour, from the rencounter.

Bolton indeed did not possess quite so much of this quality as his antagonist: he could not, in common good-breeding, refuse her challenge ; but he often maintained the conflict in a manner rather dastardly for a philosopher. He gave, however, full audience to the lady's arguments ; and if he sometimes showed an unwillingness to reply, she considered it as a testimony of her power to silence. But she was generous in her victories : whenever she conceived them completely obtained, she celebrated the prowess of her adversary, and allowed him all that wisdom which retreats from the fortress it cannot defend.

There

There was, perhaps, another reason, as forcible as that of obliging Mrs. Selwyn, or attaining the recondite principles of philosophy, which increased Bolton's willingness to indulge that lady in becoming a party to her disquisitions. There was a spectatress of the combat, whose company might have been purchased at the expence of sitting to hear Aquinas himself dispute upon theology——Miss Lucy Sindall. My readers have been acquainted, in the Introduction, with my prepossession in her favour, and the character Mrs. Wistanly gave in justification of it. They were deceived by neither.

With remarkable quickness of parts, and the liveliest temper, she possessed all that tenderness which is the chief ornament of the female character; and, with a modesty that seemed to shrink from observation, she united an ease and a dignity, that universally commanded it. Her vivacity

vacuity only rose to be amiable; no enemy could ever repeat her wit, and she had no friend who did not boast of her good-humour.

I should first have described her person; my readers will excuse it; it is not of such minds that I am most solicitous to observe the dwellings: I have hinted before, and I repeat it, that her's was such a one, as no mind need be ashamed of.

Such was the attendant of Mrs. Selwyn, whose company the good lady particularly required at those seasons, when she unveiled her knowledge in argument, or pointed her sagacity to instruction. She would often employ Bolton and Miss Lucy to read her certain select passages of books, when a weakness in her own sight made reading uneasy to her: the subjects were rarely of the entertaining kind, yet Harry never complained of their length. This she attributed to his opinion of their usefulness;

fulness; Lucy called it good-nature; he thought so himself at first; but he soon began to discover that it proceeded from some different cause; for when Miss Lucy was, by any accident, away, he read with very little complacency. He never suspected it to be love: much less did Lucy: they owned each other for friends; and when Mrs. Selwyn used to call them children, Bolton would call Lucy sister; yet he was often not displeas'd to remember, that she was not his sister indeed.

C H A P. III.

A natural consequence of some particulars contained in the last.

THE state of the mind may be often disguised, even from the owner, when he means to enquire into it; but a very trifle will throw it from its guard, and betray its situation, when a formal examination has failed to discover it.

Bolton would often catch himself sighing when Miss Sindall was absent, and feel his cheeks glow at her approach; he wondered what it was that made him sigh and blush.

He would sometimes take solitary walks, without knowing why he wandered out alone: he found something that pleased him, in the melancholy of lonely recesses, and half-worn paths, and his day-dreams commonly

commonly ended in some idea of Miss Sindall, though he meant nothing less than to think of such an object.

He had strayed in one of those excursions, about half a mile from the house, through a copse at the corner of the park, which opened into a little green amphitheatre, in the middle of which was a pool of water, formed by a rivulet that crept through the matted grass, till it fell into this basin by a gentle cascade.

The sun was gleaming through the trees, which were pictured on the surface of the pool beneath; and the silence of the scene was only interrupted by the murmurs of the water-fall, sometimes accompanied by the querulous note of the wood-pigeons, who inhabited the neighbouring copse.

Bolton seated himself on the bank; and listened to their dirge. It ceased; for he had disturbed the sacred, solitary haunt. "I will give you some music in return,"
said

said he, and drew from this pocket a small-piped flute, which he frequently carried with him in his evening-walks, and serenaded the lonely shepherd returning from his fold. He played a little plaintive air which himself had composed; he thought he had played it by chance: but Miss Sindall had commended it the day before: the recollection of Miss Sindall accompanied the sound, and he had drawn her portrait listening to its close.

She was indeed listening to its close; for accident had pointed her walk in the very same direction with Bolton's. She was just coming out of the wood, when she heard the soft notes of his flute; they had something of fairy music in them that suited the scene, and she was irresistibly drawn nearer the place where he sat, though some wayward feeling arose, and whispered, that she should not approach it. Her feet were approaching it whether she

she

she would or no; and she stood close by his side, while the last cadence was melting from his pipe.

She repeated it after him with her voice. "Miss Sindall!" cried he, starting up with some emotion. "I know, said she, you will be surpris'd to find me here; but I was enchanted hither by the sound of your flute. Pray touch that little melancholy tune again." He began, but he played very ill. "You blow it, said she, not so sweetly as before; let me try what tone I can give it."—She put it to her mouth, but she wanted the skill to give it voice.—"There cannot be much art in it;"—she tried it again—"and yet it will not speak at my bidding."—She looked stedfastly on the flute, holding her fingers on the stops; her lips were red from the pressure, and her figure altogether so pastoral and innocent, that, I do not believe, the kisses, with which the poets
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make

make Diana greet her sister huntresses, were ever more chaste than that which Bolton now stole from her by surprize.

Her cheeks were crimson at this little violence of Harry's. "What do you mean, Mr. Bolton?" said she, dropping the flute to the ground. "'Twas a forfeiture," he replied, stammering, and blushing excessively, "for attempting to blow my flute."—"I don't understand you," answered Lucy, and turned towards the house, with some marks of resentment on her countenance. Bolton was for some time rivetted to the spot; when he recovered the use of his feet, he ran after Miss Sindall, and gently laying hold of her hand, "I cannot bear your anger, said he, though I own your displeasure is just; but forgive, I intreat you, this unthinking offence of him, whose respect is equal to his love."—"Your love, Mr. Bolton!"—"I cannot retract the word,

though my heart has betrayed me from that prudence which might have stifled the declaration. I have not language, Miss Lucy, for the present feelings of my soul; till this moment I never knew how much I loved you, and never could I have expressed it so ill."—He paused—she was looking fixedly on the ground, drawing her hand softly from his, which refused involuntarily to quit its hold.—“ May I not hope ?” said he—“ You have my pardon, Mr. Bolton”—“ But”—“ I beg you, said Lucy, interrupting him, to leave this subject ; I know your merit, Mr. Bolton—my esteem—you have thrown me into such confusion—nay, let go my hand.”—“ Pity then, and forgive me.”—She sighed—he pressed her hand to his lips—she blushed,—and blushed in such a manner—They have never been in Bolton’s situation, by whom that sigh, and that blush, would not have been understood.

C H A P. IV.

Bolton is separated from Miss Sindall.

THERE was too much innocence in the breast of Lucy, to suffer it to be furnished with disguise. I mean not to throw any imputation on that female delicacy, which, as Milton expresses it,

“ --would be woo'd, and not unfought be won.”

This, in truth, cannot be called art, because nature has given it to all her females. Let it simply proceed from modesty, and it will never go too far; but the affectation of it is ever the consequence of weakness in the head, or cruelty in the heart.

I believe Miss Sindall to have been subject to neither; she did not therefore assume the pride of indifference which

she did not feel, to the attachment of so much worth as Bolton's, and he had soon the happiness to find, that his affection, which every day increased, was not lavished without hope of a return.

But he did not seem to be so fortunate, meanwhile, in the estimation of every person in the family: Sir Thomas Sindall had not of late shown that cordiality towards Bolton, with which he had been wont to favour him. As Harry was unconscious of any reason he could have given for it, this alteration in his cousin's behaviour was, for some time, altogether unnoticed by him: and, when at last he was forced to observe it, he attributed it to no particular cause, but considered it as merely the effect of some accidental and temporary chagrin: nor did he altogether change his opinion, even when Lucy suggested to him her fears on the subject, and entreated him to recollect,

if

if he had, in any respect, disobliged his cousin, whose behaviour seemed to her to indicate some disgust conceived particularly against him.

Not long after, the baronet informed his family of his intention of changing their place of residence, for some time, from Sindall-park, to his other estate, where, he said, he found his presence was become necessary; and at the same time communicated to Bolton his desire, that he should remain behind, to superintend the execution of certain plans which he had laid down with regard to the management of some country business at the first-mentioned place. Harry thought this sufficiently warranted his expressing a suspicion, that his company had not, of late, been so agreeable to Sir Thomas as it used to be, and begged to be informed in what particular he had offended him.

“Offended me! my dear boy, replied

Sir Thomas; never in the least.—From what such an idea could have arisen, I know not; if from my leaving you here behind when we go to Billwood, it is the most mistaken one in the world: 'tis but for a few months, till those affairs I talked to you of are finished; and I hope there to have opportunity of showing, that, in your absence, I shall be far from forgetting you."

During the time of their stay at Sindall-park, he behaved to Harry in so courteous and obliging a manner, that his suspicions were totally removed; and he bore with less regret, than he should otherwise have done, a separation from his Lucy, which he considered as temporary; besides that his stay behind was necessary to him, whose countenance and friendship, his attachment to that young lady had now rendered more valuable in his estimation. Love encreases the list of our depen-

dependencies; I mean it not as an argument against the passion; that sex, I trust, whose power it establishes, will point its vassals to no pursuit but what is laudable.

Their farewell scene passed on that very spot, which I have described in the last chapter, as witness to the declaration of Bolton's passion. Their farewell—but where the feelings say much, and the expression little, description will seldom succeed in the picture.

Their separation, however, was alleviated by the hope that it was not likely to be of long continuance: Sir Thomas's declaration, of his intending that Harry should follow them in a few months, was not forgotten; and the intermediate days were swallowed up, in the anticipation of the pleasures which that period should produce.

In the mean time, they took something from the pain of absence by a punctual

correspondence. These letters I have seen: they describe things little in themselves; to Bolton and Lucy they were no trifles, but by others their importance would not be understood. One recital only I have ventured to extract for the perusal of the reader; because I observe, that it strongly affected them, who, in this instance, were interested no more than any to whom the feelings it addresses are known; and some of my readers, probably, have the advantage of not being altogether unacquainted with the persons of whom it speaks.

C H A P. V.

An adventure of Miss Sindall's at Bilswood.

TO assume her semblance, is a tribute which vice must often pay to virtue, There are popular qualities which the world looks for, because it is aware, that it may be sometimes benefited by their exertion. Generosity is an excellence, by the apparent possession of which I have known many worthless characters buoyed up from their infamy: though with them it was, indeed, but thoughtless profusion; and, on the other hand, I have seen amiable men marked out with a sneer by the million, from a temperance or reservedness of disposition, which shuns the glare of public, and the pleasures of convivial life, and gives to modesty and gentle man-

ners the appearance of parsimony and meanness of spirit.

The imputation of merit with mankind, Sindall knew to be a necessary appendage to his character; he was careful therefore to omit no opportunity of stepping forth to their notice as a man of generosity. There was not a gentleman's servant in the county, who did not talk of the knight's munificence in the article of vails; and a park-keeper was thought a happy man, whom his master sent with a haunch of venison to Sir Thomas. Once a year too he feasted his tenants, and indeed the whole neighbourhood, on the large lawn in the front of his house, where the strong beer ran cascade-wise from the mouth of a leaden triton.

But there were objects of compassion, whose relief would not have figured in the eye of the public, on whom he was not so remarkable for bestowing his liberality.

rality. The beggars, he complained, were perpetually stealing his fruit, and destroying his shrubbery; he therefore kept a wolf-dog to give them their answer at the gate; and some poor families in the village on his estate had been brought to beggary by prosecutions for poaching, an offence which every country-gentleman is bound, in honour, to punish with the utmost severity of the law; and cannot therefore, without a breach of that honour, alleviate by a weak and ill-judged exercise of benevolence.

Miss Lucy, however, as she could not so strongly feel the offence, would sometimes contribute to lessen the rigor of its punishment, by making small presents to the wives and children of the delinquents. Passing, one evening, by the door of a cottage, where one of those pensioners on her bounty lived, she observed, standing before it, a very beautiful lap-dog, with

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a collar.

a collar and bell, ornamented much beyond the trappings of any animal that could belong to the house. From this circumstance her curiosity was excited to enter, when she was not a little surprised to find a young lady in a most elegant undress, sitting on a joint-stool by the fire, with one of the children of the family on her lap. The ladies expressed mutual astonishment in their countenances at this meeting, when the good-woman of the house running up to them, and clasping a hand of each in her's, " Blessings, said she, thousands of blessings on you both ! a lovelier couple, or a better, my eyes never looked on."—The infant clapped its hands as if instinctively.——" Dear heart ! continued its mother, look, if my Tommy be not thanking you too ! well may he clap his hands ; if it had not been for your gracious selves, by this time his hands would have been cold clay !

clay! (mumbling his fingers in her mouth, and bathing his arms with her tears) when you strictly forbid me to tell mortal of your favours, Oh! how I longed to let each of you know, that there was another lady in the world as good as herself."

The stranger had now recovered herself enough to tell Miss Lucy, how much it delighted her to find, that a young lady, of her figure, did not disdain to visit affliction even amongst the poor and the lowly. "That reflection, answered the other, applies more strongly to the lady who makes it, than to her who is the occasion of its being made. I have not, madam, the honour of your acquaintance; but methinks, pardon my boldness, that I feel as if we were not strangers; at least, I am sure that I should reckon it a piece of singular good fortune, if this interview could entitle me

to

to call you stranger no longer." Their landlady cried and laughed by turns; and her two guests were so much pleased with this meeting that they appointed a renewal of it, at an hour somewhat earlier of the subsequent evening.

Lucy came a few minutes before the time of appointment; when she learned that the stranger was the daughter of a neighbouring gentleman, whom a difference of disposition from that of Sir Thomas Sindall, arising at last to a particular coolness, had entirely estranged for many years from the baronet, and prevented all intercourse between the families.

When this lady arrived, she brought such tidings along with her, that I question, if in all the sumptuous abodes of wealth and grandeur, there was to be found so much sincerity of joy, as within the ragged and moldering walls of the hovel which she graced with her presence.

She

She informed the grateful mistress of it, that by her intercession with some justices of the peace, who made part of the judicature before whom the poor woman's husband was brought, his punishment had been mitigated to a small fine which she had undertaken to pay, and that he would very soon be on his way homewards. The joy of the poor man's family at this intelligence was such as they could not, nor shall I, attempt to express. His deliverance was indeed unexpected, because his crime was great; no less than that of having set a gin in his garden, for some cats that used to prey on a single brood of chickens, his only property; which gin had, one night, wickedly and maliciously, hanged a hare, which the baronet's game-keeper next morning discovered in it.

His wife and little ones seemed only to be restrained by the respected presence of their guests, from running out to meet a
husband

husband and a father restored to them from captivity. The ladies observing it, encouraged them in the design; and having received the good woman's benediction on her knees, they walked out together; and leaving the happy family on the road to the prison, turned down a winding romantic walk, that followed the mazes of a rill, in an opposite direction.

Lucy, whose eyes had been fixed with respectful attention on her fair companion, ever since her arrival at the cottage, now dropped a tear from each. "You will not wonder at these tears, madam, said she, when you know that they are my common sign of joy and admiration; they thank you on behalf of myself and my sex, whose peculiar beauty consists in those gentle virtues you so eminently possess; my heart feels not only pleasure, but pride, in an instance of female worth
so

so exalted. Though the family in which I live, from some cause unknown to me, have not the happiness of an intercourse with yours, yet your name is familiar to my ear, and carries with it the idea of every amiable and engaging quality."

"Nor am I, returned the other, a stranger to the name, or the worth, of Miss Sindall; and I reckon myself singularly fortunate, not only to have accidentally made an acquaintance with her, but to have made it in that very style, which effectually secures the esteem her character had formerly impressed me with."

"Beneficence indeed, replied Lucy, is a virtue, of which the possession may entitle to an acquaintance with one to whom that virtue is so particularly known."

"It is no less a pleasure than a duty, rejoined her companion; but I, Miss Sindall, have an additional incitement to the exercise of it, which perhaps, as the tongue
of

of curiosity is at one time as busy as its ear is attentive at another, you may ere this have heard of. That ancient building to which the walk we are on, will, in a few minutes, conduct us, was formerly in the possession of one, in whose bosom resided every gentle excellence that adorns humanity; he, Miss Sindall,—why should I blush to tell it?—in the fordid calculation of the world, his attachment was not enviable; the remembrance of it, though it wrings my heart with sorrow, is yet my pride and my delight! your feelings, Miss Lucy, will understand this—the dear youth left me executrix of that philanthropy which death alone could stop in its course. To discharge this trust, is the business of my life; for I hold myself bound to discharge it.”

They had now reached the end of the walk, where it opened into a little circle surrounded with trees, and fenced by a
rail,

rail, in front of an antique-looking house, the gate of which was ornamented with a rudeiy sculptured crest, cyphered round with the initials of some name, which time had rendered illegible; but, a few paces before it, was placed a small urn, of modern workmanship, and, on a tablet beneath, was written,

TO THE MEMORY
OF
WILLIAM HARLEY.

Lucy stepped up to read this inscription; “Harley! said she, how I blush to think, that I have scarcely ever heard of the name!”—“Alas! said Miss Walton, his actions were not of a kind that is loudly talked of: but what is the fame of the world? by him its voice could not now be heard!”—there was an ardent earnestness in her look, even amidst the melancholy

cholly with which her countenance was impressed. "There is a blank at the bottom of the tablet," said Lucy: her companion smiled gloomily at the observation, and, leaning on the urn in a pensive attitude, replied, that it should one day be filled up.

They now heard the tread of feet approaching the place: Lucy was somewhat alarmed at the sound; but her fears were removed, when she discovered it to proceed from a venerable old man, who advancing towards them, accosted Miss Walton by her name, who, in her turn, pronounced the world Peter! in the tone of surprise. She stretched out her hand, which he clasped in his, and looked in her face with a certain piteous wistfulness, while a tear was swelling in his eye. "My dear lady, said he, I have travelled many a mile since I saw your ladyship last: by God's blessing I have
succeeded

ſucceeded very well in the buſineſs your ladyſhip helped me to ſet up; and having ſome dealings with a tradesman in London, I have been as far as that city and back again; and, ſaid I to myſelf, if I could venture on ſuch a journey for the ſake of gain, may I not take a ſhorter for the ſake of thanking my benefactreſs, and ſeeing my old friends in the country? and I had a ſort of yerning to be here, to remember good Mrs. Margery, and my dear young maſter.—God forgive me for weeping, for he was too good for this world!”——The tears of Miſs Walton and Lucy accompanied his.—“ Alack-a day! continued Peter, to think how things will come to paſs! that there tree was planted by his own ſweet hand!—I remember it well, he was then but a boy; I ſtood behind him, holding the plants in my apron thus:—“ Peter, ſaid he, as he took one to ſtick it in the ground, perhaps
I ſhall

I shall not live to see this grow.”—“ God grant your honour may, said I, when I am dead and gone!” and I lifted up the apron to my eyes, for my heart grew big at his words; but he smiled up in my face, and said, “ We shall both live, Peter, and that will be best.”——“ Ah! I little thought then, Miss Walton, I little thought!”—and he shook his thin grey locks!—The heart of apathy itself could not have withstood it; Miss Walton’s and Lucy’s, melting and tender at all times, were quite overcome.

They stood for some time silent; Miss Walton at last recollected herself: “ Pardon me, Miss Sindall, said she, I was lost in the indulgence of my grief: let us leave this solemn scene, I have no right to tax you with my sorrows.” “ Call not their participation by that name, answered Lucy, I know the sacredness of sorrow; yours are such as strengthen the soul while they melt it.”

C H A P. VI.

A change in Bolton's situation.

THE reader will pardon the digression I have made; I would not, willingly, lead him out of his way, except into some path, where his feelings may be expanded, and his heart improved.

He will remember, that I mentioned, in the fourth chapter, the expectation which Bolton entertained, of seeing his Lucy at a period not very remote.

But that period was not destined to arrive so soon. When he expected Sir Thomas's commands, or rather his permission, to visit the family at Bilwood, he received a letter from that gentleman, purporting, that he had at last been able to put him in the way of attaining that independence he had so often wished for, having just procured

procured him a commission in a regiment then stationed at Gibraltar; that though he (Sir Thomas), as well as Mrs. Selwyn and Lucy, was exceedingly desirous to have an opportunity of bidding him farewell, yet he had prevailed on himself to wave that pleasure, from the consideration of its inconvenience to Harry, as it was absolutely necessary that he should join his regiment immediately. He inclosed letters of introduction to several gentlemen of his acquaintance in London, remitted him drafts on that place, for a considerable sum, to fit him out for his intended expedition, and begged that he might lose no time in repairing thither for that purpose. He ended with assuring him of the continuance of his friendship, which, he declared, no distance of time or place could alienate or impair.

The effect which this letter had upon Bolton, as he was then circumstanced, my readers can easily imagine. There
was

was another accompanied it; a note from his Lucy: she intended it for comfort, for it assumed the language of consolation; but the depression of her own spirits was visible, amidst the hopes with which she meant to buoy up those of Bolton.

With this letter for its text, did his imagination run over all the delights of the past, and compare them with the disappointment of the present. Yet those tender regrets which the better part of our nature feels, have something in them to blunt the edge of that pain they inflict, and confer on the votaries of sorrow a sensation that borders on pleasure. He visited the walks which his Lucy had trod, the trees under which he had sat, the prospects they had marked together, and he would not have exchanged his feelings for all that luxury could give, or festivity inspire. Nor did he part with the idea after the object was removed; but, even

on the road to London, to which place he began his journey next morning, 'twas but pulling out his letter again, humming over that little melancholy air which his Lucy had praised, and the scene was present at once. It drew indeed a sigh from his bosom, and an unmanly tear stood in his eye; yet the sigh and the tear were such, that it was impossible to wish it removed.

C H A P. VII.

His arrival, and situation in London.

WHEN Bolton reached the metropolis, he applied, without delay, to those persons for whom he had letters from Sir Thomas Sindall, whose instructions the baronet had directed him to follow, in that course of military duty which he had now enabled him to pursue.

In the reception he met with, it is not surprizing that he was disappointed. He looked for that cordial friendship, that warm attachment which is only to be found in the smaller circles of private life, which is lost in the bustle and extended connexion of large societies. The letters he presented were read with a civil indifference, and produced the unmeaning

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professions

professions of ceremony and politeness. From some of those to whom they were addressed, he had invitations, which he accepted with diffidence, to feasts which he partook with disgust; where he sat, amidst the profusion of ostentatious wealth, surrounded with company he did not know, and listening to discourse in which he was not qualified to join.

A plain honest tradesman, to whom he happened to carry a commission from Mrs. Wistanly, was the only person who seemed to take an interest in his welfare. At this man's house he received the welcome of a favoured acquaintance, he eat of the family-dinner, and heard the jest which rose for their amusement; for ceremony did not regulate the figure of their table, nor had fashion banished the language of nature from their lips. Under this man's guidance he transacted any little business his situation required, and was frequently
conducted

conducted by him to those very doors; whose lordly owners received him in that manner, which grandeur thinks itself entitled to assume, and dependence is constrained to endure.

After some days of enquiry and solicitude, he learned, that it was not necessary for him to join his regiment so speedily as Sir Thomas's letter had induced him to believe.

Upon obtaining this information, he immediately communicated it to the baronet, and signified at the same time, a desire of improving that time, which this respite allowed him for his stay in England, in a visit to the family at Billwood. But with this purpose his cousin's ideas did not at all coincide; he wrote Harry an answer, disapproving entirely his intentions of leaving London, and laid down a plan for his improvement in military science, which could only be followed in

the metropolis. Here was another disappointment; but Harry considered it his duty to obey.

What he felt, however, may be gathered from the following letter, which he wrote to Miss Sindall, by the post succeeding that which brought him the instructions of Sir Thomas.

“ As I found, soon after my arrival here, that the necessity of joining my regiment immediately was superseded, I hoped, by this time, to have informed my dearest Lucy, of my intended departure from London, to be once more restored to her and the country.

“ I have suffered the mortification of another disappointment: Sir Thomas’s letter is now before me, which fixes me here for the winter; I confess the reasonableness of his opinion; but reason and Sir Thomas cannot feel like Bolton.

“ When

“ When we parted last we flattered ourselves with other prospects; cruel as the reflection is, I feel a sort of pleasure in recalling it; especially when I ventured to believe, that my Lucy has not forgotten our parting.

“ To-morrow is Christmas-day; I call to remembrance our last year’s holidays; may these be as happy with you, though I am not to partake them. Write me every particular of these days of jollity; fear not, as your last letter expresses it, tiring me with trifles; nothing is a trifle in which you are concerned. While I read the account, I will fancy myself at Billwood; here I will walk forth, an unnoticed thing amidst the busy crowd that surrounds me: your letters give me some interest in myself, because they show me that I am something to my Lucy; she is every thing to her

BOLTON.”

C H A P. VIII.

Filial Piety.

BOLTON had a disposition towards society, that did not allow him an indifference about any thing of human form with whom he could have an opportunity of intercourse. He was every one's friend in his heart, till some positive demerit rendered a person unworthy his good-will.

He had not long possessed his lodgings in town, till he cultivated an acquaintance with his landlord and landlady; the latter he found to be the representative of the family, from a power of loquacity very much superior to her husband, who seemed to be wonderfully pleased with his wife's conversation, and very happy under

der what might, not improperly, be termed her government.

To Mrs. Terwitt, therefore (for that was the lady's name), did Bolton address his approaches towards an acquaintance, and from her he had the good fortune to find them meet with a favourable reception: they were so intimate the second week of his residence in the house, that she told him the best part of the transactions of her life, and consulted him upon the disposal of her eldest daughter in marriage, whom a young tradesman, she said, had been in suit of ever since the Easter-holidays preceding. "We can give her, added she, something handsome enough for a portion; and the old gentleman above stairs has promised her a present of a hundred pounds on her wedding-day, provided she marries to please him."

"The gentleman above stairs! said Bolton; how have I been so unlucky as

never to have heard of him before?" "He is not at present in town," replied the landlady, "having gone about a fortnight ago to Bath, whence he is not yet returned. Indeed, I fear, his health requires some stay at that place, for he has been but poorly of late; heaven preserve his life! for he is a good friend of ours, and of many one's else who stand in need of his friendship. He has an estate, Sir, of a thousand pounds a year, and money besides, as I have been told; yet he chuses to live private, as you will see; and spends, I believe, the most of his income in charitable actions."

"I did indeed, said Harry, observe a young man come to the door this morning at an early hour, and I heard him ask if the gentleman was returned; but I did not then know that he meant any person who lodged here." "Ay, sure enough he meant Mr. Rawlinson, said Mrs. Terwitt,

witt, and I wish he may not feel his absence much; for he has called here frequently of late, and, the last time, when he was told of his not being yet returned, Betty observed that the tears gushed from his eyes." "When he calls again, said Bolton, I beg that I may be informed of it."

Next morning he heard somebody knock at the door, much about the time he had seen the young man approach it the preceding day: upon going to the window, he observed the same stripling, but his dress was different; he had no coat to cover a thread-bare waistcoat, nor had he any hat. Bolton let the maid know, that he was aware of his being at the door, and resumed his own station at the window. The youth repeated his enquiries after Mr. Rawlinson, and, upon receiving the same answer, cast up to heaven a look of resignation, and retired.

Bolton slipped down stairs, and followed him; his lodgings were situated near Queen-Square; the lad took the country-road, and went on without stopping till he reached Pancras church-yard. He stood seemingly entranced, over a new-covered grave at one end of it. Harry placed himself under cover of a tomb hard by, where he could mark him unperceived.

He held his hands clasped in one another, and the tears began to trickle down his cheeks. Bolton stole from out his hiding-place, and approached towards the spot. The poor lad began to speak, as if addressing himself to the dead beneath.

“Thou canst not feel their cruelty; nor shall the winds of winter chill thee, as they do thy wretched son;—Inhuman miscreants! but these shall cover thee”—
He threw himself on the ground, and
spread

spread his arms over the grave, on which he wept.

Bolton stooped down to raise him from the earth; he turned, and gazed on him, with a look wildered and piteous. "Pardon a stranger, young man, said Bolton, who cannot but be interested in your sorrow; he is not entitled to ask its cause, yet his heart swells with the hope of removing it."—"May heaven requite you," replied the stranger, for your pity to a poor orphan! Oh! Sir, I have not been used to beg, and even to receive charity is hard upon me; did I mean to move compassion, I have a story to tell.—You weep already, Sir! hear me, and judge if I deserve your tears."

"Here lies my father, the only relation whom misfortune had left to own me; but heaven had sent us a friend in that best of men, Mr. Rawlinson. He came accidentally to the knowledge of our sufferings,

ferings, and took on himself the charge of relieving them, which the cruelty of our own connections had abandoned; but, alas! when, by his assistance, my father was put into a way of earning his bread, he was seized with that illness of which he died. Some small debts, which his short time in business had not yet allowed him to discharge, were put in suit against him by his creditors. His sickness and death, which happened a few days ago, did but hasten their proceedings; they seized, Sir, the very covering of that bed on which his body was laid. Mr. Rawlinson was out of town, and I fancy he never received those letters I wrote him to Bath. I had no one from whom to expect relief; every thing but these rags on my back, I sold to bury the best of fathers; but my little all was not enough; and the man whom I employed for his funeral, took yesterday, from off these clods, the very sod
which

which had covered him, because I had not wherewithal to pay its price." Bolton fell on his neck, and answered him with his tears.

He covered the dust of the father, and clothed the nakedness of the son; and, having placed him where it was in his power to make future enquiries after his situation, left him to bless Providence for the aid it had sent, without knowing the hand through which its bounty had flowed. That hand, indeed, the grateful youth pressed to his lips at parting, and begged earnestly to know the name of his benefactor. "I am a friend, said Bolton, of Mr. Rawlinson, and humanity."

C H A P. IX.

A very alarming accident; which proves the means of Bolton's getting acquainted with his fellow-lodger.

WHEN Bolton returned, in the evening, from those labours of charity he had undertaken, he found that the family were abroad, supping, in a body, with the daughter's lover: the maid sat up to wait their home-coming; and Bolton, who had more liberty, but much less inclination to sleep, betook himself to meditation.

It was now near midnight, and the hum of Betty's spinning-wheel, which had frequently intermitted before, became entirely silent, when Bolton was alarmed with a very loud knocking of the watchman at the door, and presently a confused
assemblage

asssemblage of voices crying out, Fire! Fire! echoed from one end of the street to the other. Upon opening his window he discovered too plainly the reason of the alarm; the flames were already appearing at the windows of the ground-floor, to which they had probably been communicated by the candle, which the maid had burning by her in the kitchen below.

She had now at last awaked, and was running about before the door of the house, wringing her hands, and speaking incoherently to the few who were assembled by the outcry, without having recollection enough to endeavour to save any thing belonging to herself or her master.

Bolton, who had more the possession of his faculties, entreating the assistance of some watchmen, whom the occasion had drawn together, made shift to convey into the street, a few things which he took to be the most valuable; desiring Betty
to

to be so much mistress of herself, as to keep an eye upon them for her master's benefit.

She continued, however, her broken exclamations of horror and despair, till, at last, starting as it were into the remembrance of something forgot, she cried out vehemently, "Oh! my God! where is Mr. Rawlinson?"

Bolton caught the horrid meaning of her question, and pushing through the flames, which had now taken hold of the staircase, forced his way into the bed-chamber occupied by the old gentleman, who had returned from the country that very evening, and, being fatigued with his journey, had gone to bed before his fellow-lodger's arrival at home.

He had not waked till the room under that where he lay was in a blaze, and, on attempting to rise, was stifled with the smoke that poured in at every cranny of the

the floor, and fell senseless at his bed-side, where Bolton found him upon entering the room.

On endeavouring to carry him down stairs, he found it had now become impracticable, several of the steps having been quite burnt away, and fallen down in flaming brands, since the moment before, when he had ascended.

He had presence of mind enough left to observe, that the back-part of the house was not so immediately affected by the flames; he carried Mr. Rawlinson therefore into a room on that side, and, having beat out the fash, admitted air enough to revive him. The latter presently recollected his situation, and asking Harry, if it was possible to get down stairs, heard him answer in the negative with remarkable composure. "As for me, said he, I shall lose but few of my days; but I fear, Sir, your generous concern for a stranger,

stranger, has endangered a life much more valuable than mine: let me beg of you to endeavour to save yourself, which your strength and agility may enable you to do, without regarding a poor, worn-out, old man, who would only encumber you in the attempt." Bolton, with a solemn earnestness, declared, that no consideration should tempt him to such a desertion.

He had, before this, vainly endeavoured to procure a ladder, or some other assistance, from the people below; the confusion of the scene prevented their affording it: he considered, therefore, if he could not furnish some expedient from within, and having united the cordage of a bed, which stood in the room, he found it would make a sufficient length of rope to reach within a few feet of the ground. This he fastened round Mr. Rawlinson's waist, in such a way that his arms should support part of the weight of his body,
and

and sliding it over the edge of the window, so as to cause somewhat more resistance in the descent, he let him down, in that manner, till he was within reach of some assistance below, who caught him in their arms; then fastening the end of the rope round the post of the bed, he slid so far down upon it himself, that he could safely leap to the ground.

He conveyed Mr. Rawlinson to other lodgings hard by, which then happened to be vacant; and having got him accommodated with some clothes belonging to the landlord, he returned to see what progress the fire had been making, when he found, that, happily, from a piece of waste ground's lying between the house where it broke out, and the other to the leeward, it was got so much under, as to be in no danger of spreading any farther.

Upon going back to Mr. Rawlinson, he found him sitting in the midst of the family

family with whom he had lodged, ministering comfort to their distresses; the unfortunate Betty, whom, as she stood self-condemned for her neglect, he considered as the greatest sufferer, he had placed next him. "You shall not, said he, addressing himself to the old folks, interrupt the happiness of my friend Nancy or her lover here, with wailing your misfortune, or chiding of Betty. I will become bound to make up all your losses, provided your good-humour is not of the number."

"But who, continued the old gentleman, shall reward Mr. Bolton for the service he has done us all?" "May heaven reward him!" cried Mrs. Terwitt, and all her audience answered, Amen! "You pray well, said Mr. Rawlinson, and your petition is heard; on him, to whom the disposition of benevolence is given, its recompence is already bestowed."

C H A P. X.

*Effects of his acquaintance with
Mr. Rawlinson.*

SUCH was Bolton's introduction to Mr. Rawlinson's acquaintance; and from the circumstance of its commencement, my readers will easily believe, that neither party could be indifferent to its continuation. Rawlinson saw his own virtues warm and active in the bosom of his young friend; while Harry contemplated, with equal delight, that serenity which their recollection bestowed on the declining age of Rawlinson.

In one of his visits to the old gentleman, some time after the accident related in the foregoing chapter, he found with him that very youth, whose sorrow, over
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the grave of his father, he had so lately been the means of alleviating. The young man was, indeed, in the midst of their recital as Bolton entered the room, and had just mentioned with regret, his ignorance of his benefactor, when the door opened and discovered him. Bolton could not help blushing at the discovery; the other, starting from his seat, exclaimed, "It is he, it is himself," threw himself on his knees before Harry, with tears in his eyes, and poured out some broken expressions of the warmest gratitude. "It was you then, said Mr. Rawlinson, who were the comforter of my poor boy, who covered the grave of his unfortunate father! I will not thank you, for Jack is doing it better with his tears; but I will thank heaven, that there are some such men to preserve my veneration for the species." "I trust, my dear sir, said Bolton, that there are many to whom such actions are habitual."

habitual.”—“ You are a young man, interrupted the other, and it is fit you should believe so; I will believe so too, for I have sometimes known what it is to enjoy them.—Go, my boy, turning to the lad, and wish for the luxury of doing good; remember Mr. Bolton, and be not forgetful of Providence.”

“ The father of that young man, said Mr. Rawlinson, when he was gone, was a school-fellow of mine here in town, and one of the worthiest creatures in the world; but, from a milkiness of disposition, without the direction of prudence, or the guard of suspicion, he suffered himself to become a dupe to the artifices of some designing men; and when, some time ago, I discovered his place of abode in an obscure village in the country, I found him stripped of his patrimony, and burthened with the charge of that boy, who has just now left us, whose mother,

it seems, had died when he was a child. Yet, amidst the distresses of his poverty, I found that easiness of temper, which had contributed to bring them on, had not forsaken him; he met me with a smile of satisfaction, and talked of the cruel indifference of some wealthy relations, without the emotions of anger, or the acrimony of disappointment. He seemed, indeed, to feel for his child; but comforted himself at the same time with the reflexion, that he had bred him to expect adversity with composure, and to suffer poverty with contentment. He died, poor man, when I had put him in a way of living with some comfort; nor had I even an opportunity of doing the common offices of friendship to his last moments, my health having obliged me to go down to Bath, whence I had removed to Bristol, and did not receive any accounts of his illness till my return to London. I am
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in your debt, Mr. Bolton, for some supplies to his son; let me know what those were, that we may clear the account." Bolton replied, that he hoped Mr. Rawlinson could not wish to deprive him of the pleasure he felt from the reflexion of having assisted so much filial piety in distress. "It shall be in your own way, said the old gentleman; I am not such a niggard as to grudge you the opportunity; yet I cannot but regret my absence, when I should have closed the eyes of poor Jennings. He was the last of those companions of my childhood, whose history in life I had occasion to be acquainted with; the rest, Mr. Bolton, had already fallen around me, and I am now left within a little of the grave, without a friend (except one, whom accident has acquired me in you) to smooth the path that leads to it; but that is short, and therefore it matters not much. At my age, nature her-

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self may be expected to decline; but a lingering illness is shortening her date. I would do therefore what good I can, in the space that is left me, and look forward, if I may be allowed, to make some provision for the service of futurity. Here are two papers, sir, which, on mature deliberation, I have judged it proper to commit to your custody; that in the parchment-cover, which is not labelled, my death alone will authorize you to open; the other, marked "Trust deed by Mr. Annesly," I can explain to you now. That man, Mr. Bolton, who is now a saint in heaven, was prepared for it by the severest calamities on earth: the guilt and misfortunes of two darling children, cut short the remnant of a life, whose business it was to guide, and whose pleasure to behold them in the paths of virtue and of happiness. At the time of his death they were both alive; one, alas!

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did not long survive her father ; what has become of her brother, I have never been able to learn ; but this trust put into my hands in their behalf, may still be of importance to him or his, and to you therefore I make it over for that purpose ; for though, by Mr. Annesly's settlement, the subject of the trust accrues to me on the failure of his own issue, yet would I never consider it as mine, while the smallest chance remained of his son, or the descendants of his son, surviving ; and even were the negative certain, I should then only look on myself as the steward of my friend, for purposes which his goodness would have dictated, and it becomes his trustee to fulfil. In such a charge I will not instruct my executor ; I have been fortunate enough to find one whose heart will instruct him."

Bolton, while he promised an execution of this trust worthy of the confidence

reposed in him, could not help expressing his surprize at Mr. Rawlinson's choice of him for that purpose. "I do not wonder, replied the other, that you should think thus, for thus has custom taught us to think; I have told you how friendless and unconnected I am; but while we trace the relatives of birth and kindred, shall we allow nothing to the ties of the heart, or the sympathy of virtue?"

C H A P. XI.

*A remarkable event in the history of Bolton.
—His behaviour in consequence of it.*

THE provisions which Mr. Rawlinson had made, for an event of which he had accustomed himself to think with composure, were but too predictive of its arrival. That worthy man lived not many weeks after the conversation with Bolton, which I have just recorded.

Bolton was affected with the most lively sorrow for his death. This friendship, though but lately acquired, had something uncommonly ardent in its attachment, and liberal in its confidence. Harry, who had returned it in the most unreserved manner, felt the want both

of that kindness which soothed, and that wisdom which instructed him.

Upon opening the sealed paper which had been formerly put into his hands by Mr. Rawlinson, it was found to be that gentleman's will, devising his whole estate, real and personal, to Mr. Bolton. The reason given for this, in the body of the paper itself, was expressed in the following words: "Because I know no man
 " who has deserved more of myself; none
 " who will deserve more of mankind, in
 " the disposal of what I have thus be-
 " queathed him."

Bolton was fully sensible of the force of this recommendation to the exercise of a virtue which he had always possessed, and had only wanted power to practise. He acted as the almoner of Mr. Rawlinson, and justified his friend's method of benefaction (for so this disposal of his affairs might be called), by joining with
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the inclination to do good, that choice of object and that attention to propriety, which dignifies the purpose, and doubles the use of beneficence.

Having settled accounts of this kind in town (amongst which those of young Jennings and the Terwitt-family were not forgotten), he set out for that estate which had now devolved to him by the will of Mr. Rawlinson. With what ideas he made this visit, and in what manner he expressed them on his arrival, I shall allow his own words to describe, in the following letter to Miss Sindall.

“ Wilbrook.

“ My Lucy will not blame me for want of attention, because she has heard of, what the world will call, my good fortune, only from the relation of others. To her I could not address those short letters of recital, which I was obliged to write to

Sir Thomas. She will not doubt her Henry's remembrance at all times; it is only with relation to those we love that prosperity can produce happiness, and our virtues themselves are nourished from the consciousness of some favourite suffrage. The length of this letter shall make up for a silence occasioned by various interruptions. I have had a good deal of business for the present; I have been forming some projects for the future: the idea of my Lucy was absent from neither.

“ After the death of Mr. Rawlinson, the friend of mankind as well as of your Harry, there were some offices of duty which the successor of such a man was peculiarly bound to perform. Though I could discover no relation of his but one (whose fortune, as it had formerly taught him to overlook his kinsman, stood not now in need of that kinsman's acknowledgment), yet there were numbers whom
humanity

humanity had allied to him. Their claim of affinity was now upon me, and their provision a debt which I was called upon to discharge: this kept me some time in London. I have another family here whom it was also necessary to remember; I have been among them a week, and we have not been unhappy.

“ When I looked into the conveyances of this estate, I found it had been once before transferred, in a manner not very common in the disposal of modern property. Its owner immediately preceding Mr. Rawlinson, was a friend and companion of his, who had gone out to India some years later than he, and, by his assistance, had been put in the way of acquiring a very large fortune. The greatest part of this he remitted to his former benefactor in England, to be laid out on some purchase near the place of his nativity, which it seems was a village

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but a few miles distant from Wilbrook. This estate was then in the possession of a gentleman, whose London expences had squandered the savings of four or five generations, and, after having exhausted every other resource, he was obliged to sell this inheritance of his family. Mr. Rawlinson gave him the price he asked, and made a present of a considerable sum besides to a very deserving woman who had the misfortune to be the wife of this spendthrift. His friend ratified the bargain with thanks; but he lived not to enjoy his purchase. A fever carried him off in his passage to England, and he bequeathed his estate to him, by whose former good offices he had been enabled to acquire it.

“ The new proprietor took a singular method of improving its value. He lowered the rents, which had been raised to an extravagant height, and recalled the ancient tenants of the manor, most of whom

whom had been driven from the unfriendly soil, to make room for desperate adventurers, who undertook for rents they could never be able to pay. To such a man was I to succeed, and I was conscious how much was required of his successor.

“ The third day after my arrival, I gave a general invitation to my tenants and their families to dine with me. The hall was trimmed for their reception, and some large antique pieces of plate, with which Mr. Rawlinson had furnished his cupboard, were ranged on the large table at the end of it. Without doors stood a cask of excellent strong beer for any one of inferior quality who chose to drink of it, dispensed by an old, but jolly-looking servant, whose face was the signal of welcome.

“ I received my guests as friends and acquaintance; asked the names of their children, and praised the bluntness of the
boys,

boys, and the beauty of the girls. I placed one of the most matronly wives in the wicker-chair at the head of the table; and, occupying the lowest place myself, stationed the rest of the company according to their age on either side.

“ The dinner had all the appearance of plainness and of plenty: amongst other dishes, four large pieces of roast beef were placed at uniform distances, and a plum-pudding of a very uncommon circumference was raised conspicuous in the middle. I pressed the bashful among the girls, commended the frankness of their fathers, and pledged the jolliest of the set in repeated draughts of strong beer.

“ But, though this had the desired effect with some, I could observe in the countenances of others evident marks of distrust and apprehension. The cloth therefore was no sooner removed, and the grace-cup drunk, than I rose up in my place,

place, and addressed my guests to the following purpose:

“ The satisfaction, my worthy friends,
 “ with which I now meet you, is damped
 “ by the recollection of that loss we have
 “ sustained in the death of your late ex-
 “ cellent master. He was to me, as to
 “ you, a friend and a father; so may
 “ heaven supply the want to me, as I will
 “ endeavour to fill his place to you. I
 “ call you to witness, that I hold his estate
 “ by no other title.

“ I have given orders to my steward to
 “ renew such of your leases as are near ex-
 “ piring, at the rent which you have here-
 “ tofore paid. If there is an article of
 “ encouragement or convenience want-
 “ ing to any of you, let him apply to
 “ myself, and I will immediately enquire
 “ into it. No man is above the business
 “ of doing good.

“ It

“ It is customary, I believe, on such
“ occasions, for the tenant to pay a certain
“ fine or premium to the landlord: I too,
“ my friends, will expect one; you and
“ your families shall pay it me—be in-
“ dustrious, be virtuous, be happy.”

“ An exclamation of joy and applause,
which the last part of my speech had
scarcely been able to stifle, now burst
forth around me. I need not tell my
Lucy what I felt; her heart can judge of
my feelings; she will believe me when I
say, that I would not have exchanged
them for the revenue of a monarch.

“ The rest of the day was spent in all
the genuine festivity of happy spirits. I
had enlarged a room adjoining to the hall,
by striking down a partition at one end;
and closed the entertainment with a dance,
which I led up myself with the rosy-cheeked
daughter of one of my principal tenants.

“ This

“ This visit I have already returned to several of those honest folks. I found their little dwellings clean and comfortable, and happiness and good-humour seemed the guests of them all. I have commonly observed cleanliness and contentment to be companions amongst the lower ranks of the country people; nor is it difficult to account for this; there is a self-satisfaction in contented minds which disposes to activity and neatness; whereas the reckless lassitude that weighs down the unhappy, seldom fails to make drunkards of the men, and flatterns of the women. I commended highly the neatness which I found in the farm-houses on my estate; and made their owners presents of various household ornaments by way of encouragement.

“ I know the usual mode of *improving* estates; I was told by some sagacious advisers in London that mine was *improvable*:

able: but I am too selfish to be contented with money; I would encrease *the love of my people*.

“ Yesterday, and to-day, I have been employed in surveying the grounds adjoining to the house. Nature here reigns without controul; for Mr. Rawlinson did not attend very much to her improvement; and I have heard him say, that he conceived a certain esteem for an old tree, or even an old wall, that would hardly allow him to think of cutting the one, or pulling down the other. Nature, however, has been liberal of her beauties; but these beauties I view not with so partial an eye as the scenes I left at Sindall-Park. Were my Lucy here to adorn the landscape!—but the language of affection like mine is not in words. She will not need them to believe how much I am her

HENRY BOLTON.”

C H A P. XII.

A change in the family of Sir Thomas Sindall.—Some account of a person whom that event introduces to Miss Lucy's acquaintance.

THE answer which Bolton received to the foregoing letter, contained a piece of intelligence material to the situation of Miss Sindall; it conveyed to him an account of the death of Mrs. Selwyn.

Though that lady was not possessed of many amiable or engaging qualities, yet Lucy, to whom she had always shown as much kindness as her nature allowed her to bestow on any one, felt a very lively sorrow for her death, even exclusive of the immediate consequences which herself was to expect from that event.

These

These indeed were apparently momentous. Mrs. Selwyn had been her guardian and protectress from her infancy; and though Sir Thomas Sindall had ever behaved to her like a father, yet there was a feeling in the bosom of Lucy, that revolted against the idea of continuing in his house after his aunt's decease. By that lady's will she was entitled to a legacy of six hundred pounds; by means of this sum she had formed a scheme, which, though it would reduce her to a state very different from the ease and affluence of her former circumstances, might yet secure her from the irksomeness of dependence, or the accusation of impropriety; this was, to appropriate two-thirds of the interest of her capital to the payment of an annual sum for her board with Mrs. Wistanly.

It was now that Bolton felt the advantage of independence from the hopes of
being

being useful to Lucy; but he had her delicacy to overcome: she would not throw herself, at this moment of necessity, into the arms of a man whom fortune had now placed above her. She adhered to her first resolution.

But the kindness of Sir Thomas Sindall rendered it unnecessary; for a short time after Mrs. Selwyn's death, when Miss Sindall communicated to him her intention of leaving his house, he addressed her in the following terms: "I have always looked upon you, Miss Lucy, as a daughter, and, I hope, there has been no want of tenderness or attention on the side of my aunt or myself to have prevented your regarding us as parents. At the same time, I know the opinions of the world; mistaken and illiberal as they often are, there is a deference which we are obliged to pay them: in your sex the sense of decorum should be ever awake;
even

even in this case, I would not attempt to plead against its voice; but I hope I have hit on a method which will perfectly reconcile propriety and convenience. There is a lady, a distant relation of our family, whom a marriage, such as the world terms imprudent, banished in early life from the notice or protection of it; but, though they could refuse their suffrage to the match, they could not controul its happiness; and, during the life of Mr. Boothby (for that was her husband's name), she experienced all the felicity of which wedlock is susceptible. Yet on her husband's death, which happened about five years after their marriage, the state of his affairs was found to be such, that she stood but too much in need of that assistance which her relations denied her. At the time of her giving the family this offence, I was a boy; and I scarce ever heard of her name till I was apprised of her misfortunes.

fortunes. Whatever services I have been able to do her, I have found repaid by the sincerest gratitude, and improved to the worthiest purposes. Upon the late event of my aunt's death, I was naturally led to wish her place supplied by Mrs. Boothby; she has done me the favour to accept of my invitation, and I expect her here this evening. Of any thing like authority in this house, Miss Lucy, you shall be always independent; but I flatter myself she has qualities sufficient to merit your friendship." Lucy returned such an answer as the kindness and delicacy of this speech deserved; and it was agreed, that, for the present, her purpose of leaving Billwood should be laid aside.

In the evening the expected lady arrived; she seemed to be about the age of fifty, with an impression of melancholy on her countenance, that appeared to have
worn

worn away her beauty before the usual period: some traces however still remained, and her eyes, when they met the view of the world, which was but seldom, discovered a brilliancy not extinguished by her sorrow.

Her appearance, joined to the knowledge of her story, did not fail to attract Miss Sindall's regard; she received Mrs. Boothby with an air, not of civility, but friendship; and the other showed a sense of the obligation conferred on her, by a look of that modest, tender sort, which equally acknowledges and solicits our kindness.

With misfortune a good heart easily makes an acquaintance. Miss Sindall endeavoured, by a thousand little assiduities, to show this lady the interest she took in her welfare. That reserve, which the humility of affliction, not an unsocial spirit, seemed to have taught Mrs. Boothby, wore off by degrees; their mutual

tual esteem encreased as their characters opened to each other; and, in a short time, their confidence was unreserved, and their friendship appeared to be inviolable.

Mrs. Boothby had now the satisfaction of pouring the tale of her distresses into the ear of sympathy and friendship. Her story was melancholy, but not uncommon; the wreck of her husband's affairs by a mind too enlarged for his fortune, and an indulgence of inclinations laudable in their kind; but faulty in relation to the circumstances of their owner.

In the history of her young friend's life there were but few incidents to communicate in return. She could only say, that she remembered herself, from her infancy, an orphan, under the care of Sir Thomas Sindall and his aunt; that she had lived with them in a state of

quiet and simplicity, without having seen much of the world, or wishing to see it. She had but one secret to disclose in earnest of her friendship; it faltered for some time on her lips; at last she ventured to let Mrs. Boothby know it—her attachment to Bolton.

From this intelligence the other was led to an enquiry into the situation of that young gentleman. She heard the particulars I have formerly related, with an emotion not suited to the feelings of Miss Sindall; and the sincerity of her friendship declared the fears which her prudence suggested.

She reminded Lucy of the dangers to which youth and inexperience are exposed, by the sudden acquisition of riches; she set forth the many disadvantages of early independence, and hinted the inconstancy of attachments, formed in the period of
romantic

romantic enthusiasm, in the scenes of rural simplicity, which are afterwards to be tried by the maxims of the world, amidst the society of the gay, the thoughtless, and the dissipated. From all this followed conclusions, which it was as difficult as disagreeable for the heart of Lucy to form: it could not untwist those tender ties which linked it to Bolton; but it began to tremble for itself and him.

C H A P. XIII.

Certain opinions of Mrs. Boothby.—An attempt to account for them.

FROM the particulars of her own story, and of Bolton's, Mrs. Boothby drew one conclusion common to both; to wit, the goodness of Sir Thomas Sindall. This indeed, a laudable gratitude had so much impressed on her mind, that the praises she frequently bestowed on him, even in his own presence, would have favoured of adulation to one, who had not known the debt which this lady owed to his beneficence.

Lucy, to whom she would often repeat her eulogium of the baronet, was ready enough to own the obligations herself
had

had received, and to join her acknowledgments to those of her friend. Yet there was a want of warmth in her panegyric, for which Mrs. Boothby would sometimes gently blame her; and one day when they were on that subject, she remarked, with a sort of jocular air, the difference of that attachment which Miss Sindall felt, in return for so much unwearied kindness as Sir Thomas had shown her, and that which a few soft glances had procured to the more fortunate Mr. Bolton.

Miss Sindall seemed to feel the observation with some degree of displeasure; and answered, blushing, That she considered Sir Thomas as a parent whom she was to esteem and revere, not as one for whom she was to entertain any sentiments of a softer kind.



“ But suppose, replied the other, that he should entertain sentiments of a softer kind for you.”—“ I cannot suppose it.”—“ There you are in the wrong: men of sense and knowledge of the world, like Sir Thomas, are not so prodigal of unmeaning compliment as giddy young people, who mean not half of what they say; but they feel more deeply the force of our attractions, and will retain the impression so much the longer as it is grafted on maturity of judgment. I am very much mistaken, Miss Lucy, if the worthiest of men is not your lover.”—“ Lover! Sir Thomas Sindall my lover!”—“ I profess, my dear, I cannot see the reason of that passionate exclamation; nor why that man should not be entitled to love you, who has himself the best title to be beloved.”—“ I may reverence Sir Thomas Sindall, I may admire his goodness; I will

I will do any thing to show my gratitude to him; but to love him—good heavens!”

“There is, I know, rejoined Mrs. Boothby, a certain romantic affection, which young people suppose to be the only thing that comes under that denomination. From being accustomed to admire a set of opinions, which they term sentimental, opposed to others which they look upon as vulgar and unfeeling, they form to themselves an ideal system in those matters, which, from the nature of things, must always be disappointed. You will find, Miss Sindall, when you have lived to see a little more of the world, the insufficiency of those visionary articles of happiness, that are set forth with such parade of language in novels and romances, as consisting in sympathy of soul, and the mutual attraction of hearts, destined for each other.”

“ You will pardon me, said Lucy, for making one observation, that you yourself are an instance against the universal truth of your argument; you married for love, Mrs. Boothby.”—“ I did so, interrupted she, and therefore I am the better able to inform you of the short duration of that paradise such a state is supposed to imply. We were looked upon, Miss Lucy, as patterns of conjugal felicity; but folks did little know, how soon the raptures with which we went together were changed into feelings of a much colder kind. At the same time, Mr. Boothby was a good-natured man; and, I believe, we were on a better footing than most of your couples who marry for love are at the end of a twelvemonth. I am now but too well convinced that those are the happiest matches which are founded on the soberer sentiments of gratitude and esteem.”

To

To this concluding maxim Lucy made no reply. It was one of those which she could not easily bear to believe; it even tinctured the character of the person who made it, and she found herself not so much disposed to love Mrs. Boothby as she once had been.

For this sort of reasoning, however, that lady had reasons which it may not be improper to explain to the reader, if indeed the reader has not already discovered them without the assistance of explanation.

Sir Thomas Sindall, though he was now verging towards that time of life when

“the heyday of the blood is tame,”

was still as susceptible as ever of the influence of beauty. Miss Lucy I have already mentioned as possessing an uncommon share of it; and chance had placed her so immediately under his observation

and guardianship, that it was scarce possible for him not to remark, and having remarked, not to desire it. In some minds, indeed, there might have arisen suggestions of honour and conscience unfavourable to the use of that opportunity which fortune had put in his power; but these were restraints which Sir Thomas had so frequently broken, as in a great measure to annihilate their force.

During the life of his aunt, there were other motives to restrain him; those were now removed; and being solicitous to preserve the advantage which he drew from Miss Sindall's residence in his house, he pitched on Mrs. Boothby to fill Mrs. Selwyn's place, from whom his former good offices gave him an additional title to expect assistance, by means of the influence she would naturally gain over the mind of one who was in some sort to become

come her ward. As I am willing at present to believe that lady's character a fair one, I shall suppose, that he concealed from her the kind of addresses with which he meant to approach her young friend. It is certain there was but one kind, which the principles of Sir Thomas allowed him to make.

One obstacle however he foresaw in the attachment which he had early discovered her to have towards Bolton. This, on the most favourable supposition of the case, he might easily represent to Mrs. Boothby, equally hurtful to Lucy's interest, and destructive of his own wishes; and if she was prevailed on to espouse his cause, it may account for those lessons of prudence which she bestowed upon Miss Sindall.

Besides this, the baronet did not scruple to use some other methods, still more dishonourable, of shaking her confidence

in his cousin. He fell upon means of secretly intercepting that young gentleman's letters to Lucy; from this he drew a double advantage; both of fastening a suspicion on Harry's fidelity, and acquiring such intelligence as might point his own machinations to defeat the purposes which that correspondence contained.

C H A P. XIV.

A discovery interesting to Miss Sindall.

UNDER those circumstaces of advantage, in which Sir Thomas Sindall stood, it did not seem a matter of extreme difficulty to accomplish that design which I have hinted to my readers in the preceding chapter. Let him, whose indignation is roused at the mention of it, carry his feelings abroad into life; he will find other Sindalls whom the world has not marked with its displeasure: in the simplicity of my narrative, what is there that should set up this one to his hatred or his scorn? Let but the heart pronounce its judgment, and the decision will be the same.

Hitherto

Hitherto Sir Thomas had appeared as the parent and guardian of Lucy; and though, at times, certain expressions escaped him, which the quickness of more experienced, that is, less innocent minds, would have discovered to belong to another character; yet she, to whom they were addressed, had heard them without suspicion. But she was now alarmed by the suggestions of Mrs. Boothby; these suggestions it is possible the baronet himself had prompted. He knew the force of that poison which is conveyed in those indirect approaches, when a woman's vanity is set on the watch by the assistance of a third person. She who imagines she hears them with indifference, is in danger; but she who listens to them with pleasure, is undone.

With Lucy, however, they failed of that effect which the baronet's experience had
had

had promised him: she heard them with a sort of disgust at Mrs. Boothby, and something like fear of Sir Thomas.

Her uneasiness encreased as his declarations began to be more pointed, though they were then only such as some women, who had meant to give them no favourable ear, might perhaps have been rather flattered than displeas'd with; but Miss Sindall was equally void of the art by which we disguise our own sentiments, and the pride we assume from the sentiments of others.

To her virtues Sir Thomas was no stranger; they were difficulties which served but as spurs in his pursuit: that he continued it with encreasing ardor, may be gathered from two letters, which I subjoin for the information of the reader. The first is address'd

To

To Mrs. Wistanly.

“ My dear Madam,

“ I fear you begin to accuse me of neglect; but there are reasons why I cannot so easily write to you as formerly. Even without this apology, you would scarce believe me capable of forgetting you, who are almost the only friend I am possessed of. Alas! I have need of a friend! pity and direct me.

“ Sir Thomas Sindall—how shall I tell it?—he has ceased to be that guardian, that protector, I esteemed him; he says, he loves, he adores me;—I know not why it is, but I shudder when I hear these words from Sir Thomas Sindall.

“ But I have better reason for my fears; he has used such expressions of late, that,
 though

though I am not skilled enough in the language of his sex to understand their meaning fully, yet they convey too much for his honour and for my peace.

“ Nor is this all.—Last night I was sitting in the parlour with him and Mrs. Boothby (of whom I have much to tell you), I got up, and stood in the bow-window, looking at the rays of the moon which glittered on the pond in the garden. There was something of enviable tranquillity in the scene; I sighed as I looked.—“ That’s a deep one,” said Sir Thomas, patting me on the shoulder behind; I turned round somewhat in a flurry, when I perceived that Mrs. Boothby had left the room. I made a motion towards the door; Sir Thomas placed himself with his back to it. “ Where is Mrs. Boothby?” said I, though I trembled so, that I could scarcely articulate the words. “ What is my

my sweet girl frightened at? said he; here are none but love and Sindall." He fell on his knees, and repeated a great deal of jargon (I was so confused I know not what), holding my hands all the while fast in his. I pulled them away at last; he rose, and clasping me round the waist, would have forced a kiss; I screamed out, and he turned from me. "What's the matter?" said Mrs. Boothby, who then entered the room; "a mouse running across the carpet, frightened Miss Lucy," answered Sir Thomas. I could not speak, but I sat down on the sofa, and had almost fainted. Sir Thomas brought me some wine and water, and pressing my hand, whispered, that he hoped I would forgive an offence which was already too much punished by its effects: but he looked so, while he spoke this!

"Oh!

“ Oh! Mrs. Wistanly, with what regret do I now recollect the days of peaceful happiness I have passed in your little dwelling, when we were at Sindall-park. I remember I often wished, like other foolish girls, to be a woman; methinks I would now gladly return to the state of harmless infancy I then neglected to value. I am but ill made for encountering difficulty or danger; yet I fear my path is surrounded with both. Could you receive me again under your roof? there is something hallowed resides beneath it.— Yet this may not now be so convenient— I know not what to say—here I am miserable. Write to me, I entreat you, as speedily as may be. You never yet denied me your advice or assistance; and never before were they so necessary to your faithful

L. SINDALL.”

To

To this letter Miss Sindall received no answer; in truth it never reached Mrs. Wistanly, the servant, to whom she entrusted its conveyance, having, according to instructions he had received, delivered it into the hands of his master Sir Thomas Sindall. She concluded, therefore, either that Mrs. Wistanly found herself unable to assist her in her present distress, or, what she imagined more probable, that age had now weakened her faculties so much, as to render her callous even to that feeling which should have pitied it. She next turned her thoughts upon Miss Walton, the manner of her getting acquainted with whom, I have related in the fifth chapter of this volume; but she learned, that Mr. Walton had, a few days before, set out with his daughter on a journey to the Continent, to which he had been advised by her physicians,

ficians, as she had, for some time past, been threatened with symptoms of a consumptive disorder. These circumstances, and Sir Thomas's farther conduct in the interval, induced her to address the following letter to Bolton, though she began to suspect, from the supposed failure of his correspondence, that the suggestions she had heard of his change of circumstances having taught him to forget her, had but too much foundation in reality.

To Henry Bolton, Esq.

“ Is it true, that amidst the business, or the pleasures of his new situation, Harry Bolton has forgotten Lucy Sindall? Forlorn as I now am—but I will not complain—I would now less than ever complain

plain

plain to you.—Yet it is not pride, it is not—I weep while I write this!

“ But, perhaps, though I do not hear from you, you may yet remember her, to whom you had once some foolish attachment. It is fit that you think of her no more; she was then indeed a dependent orphan, but there was a small chance of protection from friends, to whom it was imagined her infancy had been entrusted. Know, that this was a fabricated tale; she is, in truth, a wretched foundling, exposed in her infant-state by the cruelty or necessity of her parents, to the inclemency of a winter-storm, from which miserable situation Sir Thomas Sindall delivered her. This he has but a little since told me, in the most ungenerous manner, and from motives which I tremble to think on.—In-

human that he is! Why did he save me then?

“ This Mrs. Boothby too! encompassed as I was with evils, was I not wretched enough before? yet this new discovery has been able to make me more so. My head grows dizzy when I think on it!—to be blotted out from the records of society!—What misery or what vice have my parents known! yet now to be the child of a beggar, in poverty and rags, is a situation I am forced to envy.

“ I had one friend from whom I looked for some assistance. Mrs. Wistanly, from infirmity, I fear, has forgotten me; I have ventured to think on you. Be but my friend, and no more; talk not of love, that you may not force me to refuse your friendship. If you are not changed indeed, you will be rewarded enough when
I tell

I tell you, that, to remove me from the dangers of this dreadful place, will call forth more blessings from my heart, than any other can give, that is not wrung with anguish like that of the unfortunate

L. SINDALL."

C H A P. XV.

She receives a letter from Bolton.—A new alarm from Sir Thomas Sindall.

IT happened that the messenger to whom the charge of the foregoing billet was committed, was a person, not in that line of association which the baronet had drawn around her; consequently it escaped interception.

When Bolton received it, he was not only alarmed with the intelligence it contained, but his fears were doubly roused from the discovery it made to him, of his letters not being suffered to reach Miss Sindall. He dispatched his answer, therefore, by a special messenger, who was ordered to watch an opportunity of deli-

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vering it privately into the hands of the lady to whom it was addressed. This he found no easy matter to accomplish; nor would he perhaps have been able to effect it at all, but for an artifice to which he had recourse, of hiring himself on a job in Sir Thomas's garden, for which his knowledge in the business happened to qualify him. He had indeed been formerly employed in that capacity at Sindall park, and had there been well enough known to Miss Lucy, who was herself a gardener for amusement; and, after leaving that place, having gone to the neighbourhood of London for improvement, he was met, and hired by his former acquaintance, Mr. Bolton.

The very next evening after he had got into this station, he observed Miss Sindall enter the garden alone. This was an opportunity not to be missed; on pretence, therefore,

therefore, of fetching somewhat from the end of the walk she was on, he passed her, and pulled off his hat with a look significant of prior acquaintance. Lucy observed him, and feeling a sort of momentary comfort from the recollection, began some talk with him respecting his former situation, and the changes it had undergone. She asked him many questions about their old neighbours at Sindall-park, and particularly Mrs. Wistany; when she was soon convinced of her misapprehension with regard to a failure of that worthy woman's intellects, Jery (so the gardener was familiarly called) having seen her in his way to Billwood, and heard her speak of Miss Lucy with the most tender concern. "And what was your last service, Jery?" said she—"I wrought for Mr. Bolton, Madam."—"Mr. Bolton!"—"And I re-

G 2

ceived

ceived this paper from him for your Ladyship, which I was ordered to deliver into your own hands, and no other body's, an't please your ladyship." She took the letter with a trembling impatience, and whispering, that she would find an opportunity of seeing him again, hurried up into her chamber to peruse it. She found it to contain what follows:

"I have not words to tell my ever dearest Lucy, with what distracting anxiety I read the letter that is now lying before me. To give her suspicions of my faith, must have been the work of no common treachery: when she knows that I wrote to her three several times without receiving any answer, she will, at the same time, acquit me of inconstancy, and judge of my uneasiness.

"That discovery which she has lately made, is nothing to her or to me. My
Lucy

Lucy is the child of heaven, and her inheritance every excellence it can bestow.

“ But her present situation—my God! what horrible images has my fancy drawn of it! For heaven’s sake, let not even the most amiable of weaknesses prevent her escaping from it into the arms of her faithful Bolton. I dispatch a messenger with this instantly. I cannot possibly follow him myself sooner than two days hence. I will then set out for the neighbourhood of Billwood. That house I am forbidden to enter, Sir Thomas having taken occasion, from my resigning a commission which would have fixed me ingloriously in a garrison abroad, that I might be of some use to my country at home, to write me a letter in the angriest terms, renouncing me, as he expresses it, for ever. I see, I see the villainy of his purpose; ’tis but a few days hence, and I will meet him

in the covert of his falsehood, and blast it.
 Let my Lucy be but just to herself and to
 BOLTON."

She had scarcely read this, when Mrs. Boothby entered the room. The baronet had, for some days, quitted that plan of intimidation, which had prompted him to discover to Lucy the circumstance of her being a wretched foundling, supported by his charity, for a behaviour more mild and insinuating; and Mrs. Boothby, who squared her conduct accordingly, had been particularly attentive and obliging. She now delivered to Miss Sindall a message from a young lady in the neighbourhood; an acquaintance of hers, begging her company, along with Mrs. Boothby's, to a party of pleasure the day after. "And really Miss Sindall," said she, with an air of concern, "I must enforce
 the

the invitation from a regard to your health, as you seem to have been drooping for some days past." Lucy looked her full in the face, and sighed: that look she did not chuse to understand, but repeated her question as to their jaunt to-morrow. "Miss Venhurst will call at nine, and expects to find you ready to attend her." — "What you please," replied the other; "if Miss Venhurst is to be of the party, I have no objection." The consent seemed to give much satisfaction to Mrs. Boothby, who left her with a gentle tap on the back, and an unusual appearance of kindness in her aspect.

Lucy read her letter again; she had desired Bolton to think of her no more; but there is in the worthiest hearts, a little hypocrisy attending such requests: she found herself happy in the thought that he had not forgotten her.

When she opened her bureau, to deposit this fresh testimony of his attachment, she observed the corner of a piece of paper which had been thrust into a fissure occasioned by the shrinking of the wood. Her curiosity was excited by this circumstance; and, unfolding the paper, she found it to contain——

To Miss Sindle.

“ Madm.

“ I writ this from a sincere regard to yur welfer. Sir Tho. Sindle hafe a helitch plott against yur vartue, and hafe imployde Mrs. Buthbie, whu is a wooman of a notoreus karicter in Londun to asist him. They wil putt yu on a jant tomoro on pretens of seeing Miss Venhrst, butt it is fals: for she is not to be thair, and they only wants to inveegle yu for a wicket purpes.

purpes. therfor bi advyzd. by a frinde,
and du not go.

Yur secrt welwisnar,

R. S."

Amazement and horror filled the mind of Lucy as she read this; but, when the first perturbation of her soul was over, she bethought herself of endeavouring to find out her friend in the author of this epistle, whose compassion seemed so much interested in her behalf. She remembered that one of the servants who was sometimes employed to ride out with her, was called Robert, which agreed with the first initial of the subscription of the note she had received. At supper, therefore, though she wore a look of as much indifference as possible, she marked, with a secret attention, the appearance of this

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man's

man's countenance. Her belief, of his being the person who had communicated this friendly intelligence, was encreased from her observation; and she determined to watch an opportunity of questioning him with regard to it.

C H A P. XVI.

Miss Sindall has an interview with Robert.

*—A resolution she takes in consequence
of it.*

AFTER a night of wakeful anxiety, she was called in the morning by Mrs. Boothby, who told her, that breakfast waited, as it was near the hour they proposed setting out on their jaunt. “Miss Venhurst,” continued she, “has sent to let you know, that she is prevented from calling here as she promised, but that she will meet us on the road.”——“I am sorry,” answered Lucy, with a counterfeited coolness, “that I should be forced to disappoint her in my turn; but I rested so ill last night, and my head akes so violently, that

I cannot possibly attend her.”——“Not go!” exclaimed Mrs. Boothby; “why, my dear, you will disjoint the whole party; besides, I have not time to acquaint the Venhurst-family, and it will look so odd.”——“It would look odder, said Lucy, if I should go abroad when I am really so very much indisposed,” “Nay, if you are *really* so much indisposed,” answered the other, “I will send our apology, late as it is.”——“But you shall not stay at home to attend me,” interrupted Lucy. “Indeed but I shall,” replied Mrs. Boothby; “it was on your account only that I proposed going. Keep your chamber, and I will send you up some tea immediately.”——And she left the room for that purpose.

Her attention indeed was but too vigilant for the scheme which Lucy had formed of examining Robert about that note she

had found in her bureau; but accident at last furnished her with the opportunity she sought. Mrs. Boothby having left her, in order to preside at dinner, sent this very servant, with a plate of something to her patient above stairs. He would have delivered it to one of the maids at the door; but Lucy, hearing his voice, desired that he might come in, on pretence of talking to him about a young horse she had employed him to ride for her, and sending the maid on some errand, put the paper into his hand, and asked him if he was the person to whom she was indebted for a piece of information so momentous. The fellow blushed, and stammered, and seemed afraid to confess his kindness. "For God's sake, said Lucy, do not trifle with my misery; there is no time to lose in evasions; what do you know of Sir Thomas's designs
against

against me?"—"Why for certain, Madam, said he, servants should not blab their masters secrets; but your ladyship is so sweet a lady, that I could not bear to see you so deceived. Sir Thomas's valet de chamb is a chum of mine, and he told me, after having made me promise to keep it a profound secret, that his master designed to entice you on a party with Mrs. Boothby; that they were to stop at a solitary farm-house of his, and there Sir Thomas"——"Forbear the shocking recital," cried Lucy.—"To be sure it is shocking, said Robert, and so I said to Jem, when he told me; but he answered (your ladyship will forgive me for repeating his words) that it mattered not much; for she is nothing better, said he, than a beggarly foundling, whom my master and I picked up, one stormy night, on the road, near his hunting-place there at
Hazleden;

Hazleden; and, having taken a liking to the child, he brought her home to Mrs. Selwyn, pretending, that she was the daughter of a gentleman of his own name, a friend of his who died abroad; and his aunt, believing the story, brought her up for all the world like a lady, and left her forsooth a legacy at her death; but if all were as it should be, she would be following some drabble-tailed gipsy, instead of flanting in her fineries here.”—“Would that I were begging my bread, so I were but out of this frightful house.”—“I wish you were,” said Robert simply, “for I fear there are more plots hatching against you than you are aware of: is not Mrs. Boothby’s Sukey to sleep to-night in the room with your ladyship?”—“I consented, on Mrs. Boothby’s importunity, that she should.”—“Why then, continued he, I saw Jem carry a cast gown of
Mrs.

Mrs. Boothby's, she had formerly given to Sukey, but which she asked back from the girl on pretence of taking a pattern from it, into his master's dressing-room; and when I asked him what he was doing with it there, he winked thus, and said, it was for somebody to masquerade in to-night." "Gracious God! cried Lucy, whither shall I turn me?—Robert, if ever thou would'st find grace with Heaven, pity a wretch that knows not where to look for protection!"—She had thrown herself on her knees before him.—"What can I do for your ladyship?" said he, raising her from the ground. "Take me from this dreadful place," she exclaimed, holding by the sleeve of his coat, as if she feared his leaving her. "Alas! answered Robert, I cannot take you from it."—She stood for some moments rapt in thought, the fellow looking piteously in her face.

“ It

“It will do,” she cried, breaking from him, and running into her dressing-closet. “Look here, Robert, look here; could I not get from this window on the garden-wall, and so leap down into the outer court?”—“But supposing your ladyship might, what would you do then?”—“Could not you procure me a horse?—Stay—there is one of the chaise-horses at grass in the paddock—do you know the road to Mrs. Wistanly’s?”—“Mrs. Wistanly’s!”—“For heaven’s sake refuse not my request; you cannot be so cruel as to refuse it.”—“I would do much to serve your ladyship; but if they should discover us”—“Talk not of ifs, my dear Robert;—but soft—I will manage it thus—no, that can’t be either—the servants are in bed by eleven.”—“Before it, an’t please your ladyship.”—“If you could contrive to have that horse saddled

at

at the gate so soon as all is quiet within, I can get out and meet you."—"I don't know what to say to it."—Somebody from below cried, Robert—Lucy was down on her knees again—"Stay, I conjure you, and answer me."—"For God's sake, rise, said he, and do not debase yourself to a poor servant, as I am."—"Never will I rise, till you promise to meet me at eleven."—"I will, I will (and the tears gushed into his eyes), whatever be the consequence." Sukey appeared at the door, calling, Robert, again;—he ran down stairs, Lucy followed him some steps insensibly, with her hands folded together in the attitude of supplication.

In the interval between this and the time of putting her scheme in execution, she suffered all that fear and suspense could inflict. She wished to see again the intended companion of her escape; but
the

the consciousness of her purpose stopped her tongue when she would have uttered some pretence for talking with him. At times her resolution was staggered by the thoughts of the perils attending her flight; but her imagination presently suggested the danger of her stay, and the dread of the greater evil became a fortitude against the less.

The hour of eleven at last arrived. Mrs. Boothby, whose attendance was afterwards to be supplied by that of her maid, had just bid her good-night, on her pretending an unusual drowsiness, and promised to send up Sukey in a very little after. Lucy went into her dressing-closet, and fastening the door got up on a chair at the window, which she had taken care to leave open some time before, and stepped out on the wall of the garden, which was broad enough a-top to admit
of

of her walking along it. When she got as far as the gate, she saw, by the light of the moon, Robert standing at the place of appointment: he caught her in his arms when she leaped down. "Why do you tremble so?" said she, her own lips quivering as she spoke.—"Is the horse ready?"—"Here," answered Robert, stammering, "but"—"Get on, said Lucy, and let us away, for Heaven's sake!"—He seemed scarce able to mount the horse; she sprung from the ground on the pad behind him. "Does your ladyship think," said Robert faintly, as they left the gate, "of the danger you run?" "There is no danger but within those hated walls."—" 'Twill be a dreadful night"—(for it began to rain, and the thunder rolled at a distance). "Fear not, said she, we cannot miss our way. But if they should overtake us"—
 "They

“They shall not, they shall not overtake us”—Robert answered with a deep sigh! —But they were now at some distance from the house, and striking out of the highway into a lane, from the end of which a short road lay over a common to the village in which Mrs. Wistanly lived, they put on a very quick pace, and in a short time Lucy imagined herself pretty safe from pursuit.

C H A P. XVII.

Bolton sets out for Bilswood.—A recital of some accidents in his journey.

As I flatter myself that my readers feel some interest in the fate of Miss Sindall, I would not leave that part of my narration which regarded her, till I had brought it to the period of her escape. Having accompanied her thus far, I return to give some account of Mr. Bolton.

According to the promise he had made to Lucy, he set out for Bilswood, two days after the date of that letter she received from him by the hands of his gardener. That faithful fellow had orders to return, after delivering it, and on procuring what intelligence he could of the family,

family, to wait his master, at a little inn, about five miles distant from Sir Thomas Sindall's. The first part of his business the reader has seen him accomplish; as to the rest, he was only able to learn something, confusedly, of the baronet's attachment to Miss Lucy. He expected to have seen that young lady again on the day following that of their first interview; but her attention had been so much occupied by the discoveries related in the two last chapters, and contriving the means of avoiding the danger with which she was threatened, that her promise to the bearer of Mr. Bolton's letter had escaped her memory. He set out therefore for the place of appointment on the evening of that day, and reached it but a very short time before his master arrived.

Bolton, having learned what particulars Jery could inform him of, desired him to
return

return in the morning to his work in Sir Thomas's garden, and remain there till he should receive farther orders; then, leaving his horses and servants for fear of discovery, he set out on foot, in the garb of a peasant, which Jerry had found means to procure him.

As he had passed several years of his life at Billwood, he trusted implicitly to his own knowledge of the way; but soon after his leaving the inn the moon was totally darkened, and it rained with such violence, accompanied with incessant peals of thunder, that, in the confusion of the scene, he missed his path, and had wandered a great way over the adjacent common before he discovered his mistake. When he endeavoured to regain the road, he found himself entangled in a very thick brake of furze, which happened to lie on that side whence he had turned; and, after

after several fruitless efforts to make his way through it, he was obliged to desist from the attempt, and tread back the steps he had made, till he returned to the open part of the heath. Here he stood, uncertain what course to take; when he observed at a distance the twinkling of a light, which immediately determined him. On advancing somewhat nearer, he found a little winding track that seemed to point towards the place; and after following it some time, he could discern an object which he took for the house to which it led.

The lightning, which now flashed around him, discovered on each hand the earth raised into mounds that seemed graves of the dead, and here and there a bone lay mouldering on the walk he trod. A few paces farther, through a narrow Gothic door, gleamed a light, which faintly illuminated a length of vault within. To this

Bolton approached, not without some degree of fear; when he perceived at the farther end a person, in a military uniform, sitting by a fire he had made of some withered brush-wood piled up against the wall. As Harry approached him, the echo of the place doubled the hollow sound of his feet.—“Who is there?” cried the stranger, turning at the noise, and half unsheathing a hanger which he wore at his side. “A friend,” replied Harry, bowing, “who takes the liberty of begging a seat by your fire.” “Your manner (said the other) belies your garb; but whoever you are, you are welcome to what shelter this roof can afford, and what warmth my fire can give. We are, for the time, joint lords of the mansion, for my title is no other than the inclemency of the night. It is such a one as makes even this gloomy shelter

shelter enviable; and that broken piece of mattock, and this flint, are precious, because they lighted some bits of dry straw, to kindle the flame that warms us. By the moss-grown altar, and the frequent figures of the cross, I suppose these are the remains of some chapel devoted to ancient veneration. Sit down on this stone, if you please, sir, and our offering shall be a thankful heart over some humble fare which my knapsack contains." As he spoke, he pulled out a loaf of coarse bread, a piece of cheese, and a bottle of ale. Bolton expressed his thanks for the invitation, and partook of the repast. "I fear, sir," said his companion, "you will be poorly supped; but I have known what it is, to want even a crust of bread.—You look at me with surprize; but, though I am poor, I am honest." "Pardon me," answered Harry,

ry, "I entertain no suspicion; there is something that speaks for you in this bosom, and answers for your worth. It may be in my power to prevent, for the future, those hardships, which, I fear, you have formerly endured." The soldier held forth the bit of bread which he was putting to his mouth. "He, to whom this fare is luxury, can scarcely be dependant; yet my gratitude to you, sir, is equally due;—if I have felt misfortune, I have deserved it."——He sighed, and Harry answered him with a sigh.—"I see a sort of question in your face, sir; and I know not why it is, there are some faces I cannot easily resist. If my story outlasts the storm, it will take from the irksomeness of its duration."

C H A P. XVIII.

The stranger relates the history of his life:

“IT is now upwards of twenty years since I left my native country. You are too young, sir, to have gained much knowledge of mankind, let me warn you, from sad experience, to beware of those passions which at your age I was unable to resist, and which, in the commerce of the world, will find abundant occasion to overcome incautious and unexperienced youth. Start not when I tell you, that you see before you one whom the laws of his country had doomed to expiate his crimes by death, though from the mercy of his prince, that judgment was mitigated into a term of transportation, some

time ago elapsed. This punishment I incurred from the commission of a robbery, to which some particular circumstances, joined to the poverty consequent on dissipation and extravagance, had tempted me.

The master to whom my service was adjudged in the West-Indies, happened to die soon after my arrival there. I got my freedom therefore, though it was but to change it for a service as severe as my former: I was enlisted in a regiment then stationed in the island, and being considered as a felon, unworthy of any mild treatment, was constantly exposed to every hardship which the strictest duty, or the most continual exposure to the dangers of the climate, could inflict. Had I revealed my story, and taken advantage of that distinction which my birth and education would have made between the other convicts and me, it is probable I

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might

might have prevented most of the evils both of my former and present situation ; but I set out, from the first, with a fixed determination, of suffering every part of my punishment, which the law allots to the meanest and most unfriended. All the severities, therefore, which were now imposed upon me, I bore without repining ; and, from an excellent natural constitution, was not only able to overcome them, but they served to render me still more patient of fatigue, and less susceptible of impression from the vicissitudes of the weather : and from a fullen disregard of life, with which the remembrance of better days inspired me, my soul became as fearless as my body robust. These qualities made me be taken notice of by some of the officers in the regiment, and afterwards, when it was ordered to America, and went on some Indian

H 4 expeditions,

expeditions, were still more serviceable and more attractive of observation. By these means I began to obliterate the disgrace which my situation at enlisting had fixed upon me; and, if still regarded as a ruffian, I was at least acknowledged to be a useful one. Not long after, on occasion of a piece of service I performed for an officer on an advanced guard, that was attacked by a party of hostile Indians, I was promoted to a halberd. The stigma, however, of my transportation was not yet entirely forgotten, and by some it was the better remembered, because of my present advancement. One of those, with whom I had never been on good terms, was particularly offended at being commanded, as he termed it, by a jail-bird; and one day, when I was on guard, had drawn on the back of my coat, the picture of a gallows, on which was hung a
figure

figure in caricature, with the initials of my name written over it. This was an affront too gross to be tamely put up with; having sought out the man, who did not deny the charge, I challenged him to give me satisfaction by fighting me. But this, from the opinion conceived of my strength and ferocity, he did not chuse to accept; on which I gave him so severe a drubbing, that he was unable to mount guard in his turn, and the surgeon reported that his life was in danger. For this offence I was tried by a court-martial, and sentenced to receive five hundred lashes as a punishment. When their sentence was communicated to me, I petitioned that it might be changed into death; but my request was refused. That very day, therefore, I received one hundred lashes (for the sentence was to be executed at different periods), and next morning was to

H 5

suffer

suffer as many more. The remainder, however, I resolved, if possible, to escape by an act of suicide. This I was only prevented from putting in execution by the want of opportunity; as I had been stripped of every the smallest weapon of offence, and was bound with ropes to one of the posts of my bed. I contrived, nevertheless, about midnight, to reach the fire-place with my feet, and having drawn out thence a live ember, disposed it immediately under the most combustible part of the bed. It had very soon the effect I desired; the room was set on fire, and I regained my liberty, by the ropes, with which I was tied, being burnt. At that moment the desire of life was re-kindled by the possibility of escaping: the flames bursting out fiercely at one side of the house where I lay, the attention of the foldiers whom the fire had awaked,

awaked, was principally turned to that quarter, and I had an opportunity of stealing off unperceived at the opposite side. We were then in a sort of wooden huts which had been built for our accommodation on the outside of one of our frontier forts; so that, when I had run two or three hundred yards, I found myself in the shelter of a wood, pretty secure from pursuit; but, as there it was impossible for me long to subsist, and I had no chance of escaping detection if I ventured to approach the habitations of any of my countrymen, I formed the resolution of endeavouring to join the Indians, whose scouting parties I had frequently seen at a small distance from our out-posts. I held therefore in a direction which I judged the most probable for falling in with them, and a very little after day-break discovered a party, seated after the man-

ner of their country, in a ring, with the ashes of their newly-extinguished fire in the middle. I advanced slowly to the place, which I had almost reached before I was perceived. When they discovered me, they leaped up on their feet, and seizing their arms, screamed out the war-whoop, to alarm the different small parties who had passed the night in resting-places near them. One of them presenting his piece took aim at me; but I fell on my knees, showed them my defenceless state, and held out my hands, as if imploring their mercy and protection. Upon this one of the oldest among them made a sign to the rest, and advancing towards me, asked me, in broken French, mixed with his own language, of which too I understood something, what was my intention, and whence I came? I answered as distinctly as I could to these interrogatories;

gatories; and showing the scars on my back, which I gave him to understand had been inflicted at the fort, made protestations both by imperfect language and significant gestures, of my friendship to his countrymen, and hatred to my own. After holding a moment's conversation with the rest, he took my hand, and, leading me a little forward, placed me in the midst of the party. Some of them examined me attentively, and upon some farther discourse together, brought the baggage; with which two prisoners, lately made from some adverse tribe, had been loaded, and laid it upon me. This burden, which to any man would have been oppressively heavy, you may believe, was much more intolerable to me, whose flesh was yet raw from the lashes I had received; but as I knew that fortitude was an indispensable virtue with the Indians, I bore

I bore it without wincing, and we proceeded on the rout which the party I had joined were destined to pursue. During the course of our first day's march, they often looked stedfastly in my face, to discover if I showed any signs of uneasiness. When they saw that I did not, they lightened my load by degrees, and at last, the senior chief, who had first taken notice of me, freed me from it altogether, and, at the same time, chewing some herbs he found in the wood, applied them to my sores, which in a few days were almost entirely healed. I was then entrusted with a tomahawk, and shortly after with a gun, to the dexterous use of both which weapons I was frequently exercised by the young men of our party, during the remainder of our expedition. It lasted some months, in which time I had also become tolerably acquainted with their language.

language. At the end of this excursion, in which they warred on some other Indian nations, they returned to their own country, and were received with all the barbarous demonstrations of joy peculiar to that people. In a day or two after their arrival, their prisoners were brought forth into a large plain, where the kindred of those who had been slain by the nations to which the captives belonged, assembled to see them. Each singled out his expiatory prisoner, and having taken him home to his hut, such as chose that kind of satisfaction, adopted them in place of the relations they had lost; with the rest they returned to their former place of meeting, and began to celebrate the festival of their revenge. You can hardly conceive a species of inventive cruelty, which they did not inflict on the wretches whom fortune had thus put into
their

their power ; during the course of which, not a groan escaped from the sufferers ; but while the use of their voices remained, they sung in their rude, yet forcible manner, the glory of their former victories, and the pleasure they had received from the death of their foes ; concluding always with the hopes of revenge from the surviving warriors of their nation. Nor was it only for the pleasure of the reflection that they caroled thus the triumphs of the past ; for I could observe, that, when at any time the rage of their tormentors seemed to subside, they poured forth those boastful strains in order to rekindle their fury, that intenseness of pain might not be wanting in the trial of their fortitude. I perceived the old man whom I have before mentioned, keep his eye fixed upon me during this inhuman solemnity ; and frequently, when an extreme
degree

degree of torture was borne with that calmness which I have described, he would point, with an expressive look, to him on whom it was inflicted, as if he had desired me to take particular notice of his resolution. I did not then fully comprehend the meaning of this; but I afterwards understood it to have been a preparatory hint of what I myself was to endure; for the next morning, after the last surviving prisoner had expired, I was seized by three or four Indians, who stripped me of what little clothes I had then left, tied me in a horizontal posture between the branches of two large trees they had fixed in the ground, and, after the whole tribe had danced round me to the music of a barbarous howl, they began to re-act upon me nearly the same scene they had been engaged in the day before. After each of a certain select number had stuck
his

his knife into my body, though they carefully avoided any mortal wound, they rubbed it over, bleeding as it was, with gun-powder, the salts of which gave me the most exquisite pain. Nor did the ingenuity of these practised tormentors stop here; they afterwards laid quantities of dry gun-powder on different parts of my body, and set fire to them, by which I was burnt in some places to the bone.— But I see you shudder at the horrid recital; suffice it then to say, that these, and some other such experiments of wanton cruelty, I bore with that patience, with which nothing but a life of hardship, and a certain obduracy of spirit, proceeding from a contempt of existence, could have endowed me.

“ After this trial was over, I was loosed from my bonds, and set in the midst of a circle, who shouted the cry of victory, and

and my aged friend brought me a bowl of water, mixed with some spirits, to drink. He took me then home to his hut, and laid applications of different simples to my mangled body. When I was so well recovered as to be able to walk abroad, he called together certain elders of his tribe, and acknowledging me for his son, gave me a name, and fastened round my neck a belt of wampum. "It is thus," said he, "that the valiant are tried, " and thus are they rewarded; for how " should'st thou be as one of us, if thy " soul were as the soul of little men; he " only is worthy to lift the hatchet with " the Cherokees, to whom shame is more " intolerable than the stab of the knife, " or the burning of the fire."

C H A P. XIX.

A continuation of the stranger's story.

“**I**N this society I lived till about a year and a half ago; and it may seem extraordinary to declare, yet it is certainly true, that during the life of the old man who had adopted me, even had there been no legal restraint on my return to my native country, scarce any inducement could have tempted me to leave the nation to which he belonged, except perhaps the desire of revisiting a parent, and a sister, whom I had left in England sunk beneath that ignominy, which the son and the brother had drawn on his guiltless connexions. When we consider the perfect freedom subsisting in this rude and
 simple

simple state of society, where rule is only acknowledged for the purpose of immediate utility to those who obey, and ceases whenever that purpose of subordination is accomplished; where greatness cannot use oppression, nor wealth excite envy; where the desires are native to the heart, and the languor of satiety is unknown; where, if there is no refined sensation of delight, there is also no ideal source of calamity; we shall the less wonder at the inhabitants feeling no regret for the want of those delicate pleasures of which a more polished people is possessed. Certain it is, that I am far from being a single instance, of one who had even attained maturity in Europe, and yet found his mind so accommodated, by the habit of a few years, to Indian manners, as to leave that country with regret. The death of my parent by adoption loosened, indeed, my attachment
to

to it; that event happened a short time before my departure from America.

“ The composure with which the old man met his dissolution, would have done honour to the firmest philosopher of antiquity. When he found himself near his end, he called me to him, to deliver some final instructions respecting my carriage to his countrymen; he observed, at the close of his discourse, that I retained so much of the European, as to shed some tears while he delivered it. “ In those
“ tears,” said he, “ there is no wisdom, for
“ there is no use; I have heard that, in
“ your country, men prepare for death,
“ by thinking on it while they live; this
“ also is folly, because it loses the good,
“ by anticipating the evil: we do other-
“ wise, my son, as our fathers have bet-
“ ter instructed us, and take from the
“ evil by reflecting on the good. I have
“ lived

“ lived a thousand moons, without cap-
“ tivity, and without disgrace; in my
“ youth I did not fly in battle, and in
“ age, the tribes listened while I spake.
“ If I live in another land after death, I
“ shall remember these things with plea-
“ sure; if the present is our only life, to
“ have done thus is to have used it well.
“ You have sometimes told me of your
“ countrymen’s account of a land of souls;
“ but you were a young man when you
“ came among us, and the cunning among
“ them may have deceived you; for the
“ children of the French king call them-
“ selves after the same God that the Eng-
“ lish do; yet their discourses concerning
“ him cannot be true, because they are
“ opposite one to another. Each says,
“ that God shall burn the others with
“ fire; which could not happen if both
“ were his children. Besides, neither of
“ them

“ them act as the sons of Truth, but as
 “ the sons of Deceit; they say their God
 “ heareth all things, yet do they break
 “ the promises which they have called
 “ upon him to hear; but we know that
 “ the spirit within us listeneth, and what
 “ we have said in its hearing, that we do.
 “ If in another country the soul liveth,
 “ this witness shall live with it; whom it
 “ hath here reproached, it shall there dis-
 “ quiet; whom it hath here honoured, it
 “ shall there reward. Live, therefore,
 “ my son, as your father hath lived; and
 “ die, as he dieth, fearless of death.”

“ With such sentiments the old man re-
 signed his breath, and I blushed for the
 life of Christians, while I heard them.

“ I was now become an independent
 member of the community; and my be-
 haviour had been such, that I succeeded
 to the condition of my father, with the
 respect

respect of a people, amongst whom honour is attainable only by merit. But his death had dissolved that tie which gratitude, and indeed affection for the old man, had on my heart; and the scene of his death naturally awakened in me the remembrance of a father in England, whose age might now be helpless, and call for the aid of a long-lost son to solace and support it. This idea, once roused, became every day more powerful, and at last I resolved to communicate it to the tribe, and tell them my purpose of returning home.

“ They heard me without surprize or emotion; as indeed it is their great characteristic not to be easily awakened to either. “ You return,” said one of the elders, “ to a people who sell affection
 “ to their brethren for money; take
 “ therefore with you some of the com-
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“modities which their traders value.
 “Strength, agility, and fortitude, are
 “sufficient to us; but with them they are
 “of little use; and he who possesses
 “wealth, having no need of virtue, among
 “the wealthy it will not be found. The
 “last your father taught you, and amongst
 “us you have practised; the first he had
 “not to leave, nor have we to bestow;
 “but take as many beaver-skins as you
 “can carry on your journey, that it may
 “reach that parent whom, you tell us,
 “you go to cherish.”

“I returned thanks to the old man for
 his counsel, and to the whole tribe for
 their kindness; and having, according to
 his advice, taken a few of the furs they
 offered me, I resumed the tattered re-
 mains of the European dress which I had
 on when I escaped from the fort, and took
 the nearest road to one of our back-settle-
 ments,

ments, which I reached, without any accident, by the assistance of an Indian who had long shown a particular attachment to me, and who now attended me on my way. "Yonder smoke," said my conductor, "rises from the dwellings of your countrymen. You now return to a world which I have heard you describe as full of calamity; but the soul you possess is the soul of a man; remember that to fortitude there is no sting in adversity, and in death no evil to the valiant."

"When he left me, I stood for some minutes, looking back, on one hand to the wilds I had passed, and on the other, to the scenes of cultivation which European industry had formed; and it may surprize you to hear, that though there wanted not some rekindling attachment to a people amongst whom my first breath

had been drawn, and my youth spent; yet my imagination drew, on this side, fraud, hypocrisy, and fordid baseness; while on that seemed to preside honesty, truth, and savage nobleness of soul.

“ When I appeared at the door of one of the houses in the settlement that was nearest me, I was immediately accosted by its master, who, judging from the bundle of furs which I carried, that I had been trading among the Indians, asked me, with much kindness, to take up my lodging with him. Of this offer I was very glad to accept, though I found a scarcity of words to thank my countryman for his favour; as, from want of use, my remembrance of the English language had been so much effaced, as not only to repress fluency, but even to prevent an ordinary command of expression; and I was more especially at a loss for
ceremonious

ceremonious phraseology, that department of language being unknown in the country whence I was just returned. My landlord was not a little astonished, when I could at last make shift to inform him of my having passed so many years among the Indians. He asked a thousand questions about customs which never existed, and told me of a multitude of things, of which all the time I had lived in that country, I had never dreamed the possibility. Indeed, from the superiority of his expression, joined to that fund of supposed knowledge which it served to communicate, a by-stander would have been led to imagine, that he was describing, to some ignorant guest, a country with whose manners he had been long conversant, and among whose inhabitants he had passed the greatest part of his life. At length, however, his discourse centered upon the

fur trade, and naturally glided from that to an offer of purchasing my beaver-skins. These things, I was informed by my courteous entertainer, had fallen so much in their price of late, that the traders could hardly defray their journey in procuring them; that himself had lost by some late bargains in that way; but that, to oblige a stranger, the singularity of whose adventures had interested him in his behalf, he would give me the highest price at which he had heard of their being sold for a long time past. This I accepted without hesitation, as I had neither language nor inclination for haggling; and having procured as much money by the bargain as, I imagined, would more than carry me to a sea-port, I proceeded on my journey, accompanied by an inhabitant of Williamsburg, who was returned from an annual visit to a settlement
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on the back-frontiers which he had purchased in partnership with another, who constantly resided upon it. He seemed to be naturally of an inquisitive disposition; and having learned from my former landlord, that I had lived several years with the Indians, tormented me, all the while our journey lasted, with interrogatories concerning their country and manners. But, as he was less opinionative of his own knowledge in the matter than my last English acquaintance, I was the more easily prevailed on to satisfy his curiosity, though at the expence of a greater number of words than I could conveniently spare; and, at last, he made himself entirely master of my story, from the time of my leaving the regiment in which I had served, down to the day on which I delivered my recital. When I mentioned my having sold my beaver-skins

for a certain sum, he started aside, and then lifting up his eyes in an ejaculatory manner, expressed his astonishment how a Christian could be guilty of such monstrous dishonesty, which, he said, was no better than one would have expected in a *Savage*; for that my skins were worth at least three times the money. I smiled at his notions of comparative morality, and bore the intelligence with a calmness that seemed to move his admiration. He thanked God that all were not so ready to take advantage of ignorance or misfortune, and cordially grasping my hand, begged me to make his house at Williamsburg my own, till such time as I could procure my passage to England.

C H A P. XX.

Conclusion of the Stranger's Story.

“PURSUANT to this friendly invitation, I accompanied him to his house on our arrival in that place. For some days my landlord behaved to me in the most friendly manner, and furnished me, of his own accord, with linen and wearing apparel; several articles of which, though necessaries in the polished society of those amongst whom I now resided, my ideas of Indian simplicity made me consider superfluous.

“During this time I frequently attended him at his store, while he was receiving consignments of goods, and assisted him

and his servants in the disposal and assortment of them. At first he received this assistance as a favour; but I could observe that he soon began to look upon it as a matter of right, and called me to bear a hand, as he termed it, in a manner rather too peremptory for my pride to submit to. At last, when he ventured to tax me with some office of menial servility, I told him, I did not consider myself his dependant any farther than gratitude for his favours demanded, and refused to perform it. Upon which he let me know, that he looked upon me as his servant, and that, if I did not immediately obey his command, he would find a way to be revenged of me. This declaration heightened my resentment, and confirmed my refusal. I desired him to give me an account of what money he had expended, in those articles with which he had supplied

plied me, that I might pay him out of the small sum I had in my possession, and, if that was not sufficient, I would rather sell my new habiliments, and return to my rags, than be indebted for a farthing to his generosity. He answered, that he would clear accounts with me by and by. He did so, by making oath before a magistrate, that I was a deserter from his majesty's service, and, according to my own confession, had associated with the savages, enemies of the province. As I could deny neither of those charges, I was thrown into prison, where I should have been in danger of starving, had not the curiosity of some of the townsfolks induced them to visit me, when they commonly contributed some trifle towards my support; till at length, partly, I suppose, from the abatement of my accuser's anger, and partly from the flagrancy of detain-

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ing me in prison without any provision for my maintenance, I was suffered to be enlarged; and a vessel being then ready to sail for England, several of whose hands had deserted her, the master agreed to take me on board for the consideration of my working the voyage. For this indeed I was not in the least qualified as to skill; but my strength and perseverance made up, in some operations, for the want of it.

“ As this was before the end of the war, the ship in which I sailed happened to be taken by a French privateer, who carried her into Brest. This, to me, who had already anticipated my arrival at home, to comfort the declining age of a parent, was the most mortifying accident of any I had hitherto met with; but the captain and some passengers who were aboard of us, seemed to make light of their misfortune. The ship was insured, so that
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in property the owners could suffer little; as for ourselves, said they, the French are the politest enemies in the world, and, till we are exchanged, will treat us with that civil demeanor, so peculiar to their nation. We are not (addressing themselves to me) among *savages*, as you were.—How it fared with them, I know not; I and other inferior members of the crew, were thrust into a dungeon, dark, damp, and loathsome; where, from the number confined in it, and the want of proper circulation, the air became putrid to the most horrible degree; and the allowance for our provision was not equal to two-pence a day. To hard living I could well enough submit, who had been frequently accustomed, among the Cherokees, to subsist three or four days on a stalk of Indian corn moistened in the first brook I lighted on; but the want of air and exercise

cise I could not so easily endure. I lost the use of my limbs, and lay motionless on my back, in a corner of the hole we were confined in, covered with vermin, and supported, in that wretched state, only by the infrequent humanity of some sailor, who crammed my mouth with a bit of his brown bread, softened in stinking water. The natural vigour of my constitution, however, bore up against this complicated misery, till, upon the conclusion of the peace, we regained our freedom. But when I was set at liberty, I had not strength to enjoy it; and after my companions were gone, was obliged to crawl several weeks about the streets of Brest, where the charity of some well-disposed Frenchmen bestowed now and then a trifle upon the *pauvre sauvage*, as I was called, till I recovered the exercise of my limbs, and was able to work my
passage

passage in a Dutch merchant-ship bound for England. The mate of this vessel happened to be a Scotchman, who, hearing me speak the language of Britain, and having enquired into the particulars of my story, humanely attached himself to my service, and made my situation much more comfortable than any I had for some time experienced. We sailed from Brest with a fair wind, but had not been long at sea till it shifted, and blew pretty fresh at east, so that we were kept for several days beating up the Channel; at the end of which it encreased to so violent a degree, that it was impossible for us to hold a course, and the ship was suffered to scud before the storm. At the close of the second day, the wind suddenly chopped about into a westerly point, though without any abatement of its violence; and very soon after day-break of

the third, we were driving on the south-west coast of England, right to the leeward. The consternation of the crew became now so great, that if any expedient had remained to save us, it would have scarce allowed them to put it in practice. The mate, who seemed to be the ablest sailor on board, exhorted them at least to endeavour running the ship into a bay, which opened a little on our starboard quarter, where the shore was flat and sandy; comforting them with the reflection, that they should be cast on friendly ground, and not among *savages*. His advice and encouragement had the desired effect; and notwithstanding the perils with which I saw myself surrounded, I looked with a gleam of satisfaction on the coast of my native land, which for so many years I had not seen. Unfortunately a ridge of rocks ran almost across
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the bason into which, with infinite labour, we were directing our course; and the ship struck upon them, about the distance of half a league from the shore. All was now uproar and confusion. The long-boat was launched by some of the crew, who, with the captain, got immediately into her, and brandishing their long knives, threatened with instant death any who should attempt to follow them, as she was already loaded beyond her burden. Indeed there remained at this time in the ship only two sailors, the mate, and myself; the first were washed overboard while they hung on the ship's side attempting to leap into the boat, and we saw them no more; nor had their hard-hearted companions a better fate; they had scarcely rowed a cable's length from the ship, when the boat overset, and every one on board her perished. There now remained
only

only my friend the mate, and I, who, consulting a moment together, agreed to keep by the ship till she should split, and endeavour to save ourselves on some broken plank which the storm might drive on shore. We had just time to come to this resolution, when, by the violence of a wave that broke over the ship, her main-mast went by the board, and we were swept off the deck at the same instant. My companion could not swim; but I had been taught that art by my Indian friends to the greatest degree of expertness. I was therefore more uneasy about the honest Scotchman's fate than my own, and quitting the mast, of which I had caught hold on its fall, swam to the place where he first rose to the surface, and catching him by the hair, held his head tolerably above water, till he was able so far to recollect himself, as to cling
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by a part of the shrouds of our floating main-mast, to which I bore him. In our passage to the shore on this slender float, he was several times obliged to quit his hold, from his strength being exhausted; but I was always so fortunate as to be able to replace him in his former situation, till, at last, we were thrown upon the beach, near to the bottom of that bay at the mouth of which our ship had struck. I was not so much spent by my fatigue, but that I was able to draw the mate safe out of the water, and advancing to a crowd of people whom I saw assembled near us, began to entreat their assistance for him in very pathetic terms; when, to my utter astonishment, one of them struck at me with a bludgeon, while another making up to my fellow-sufferer, would have beat out his brains with a stone, if I had not run up nimbly behind him, and dashed
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it from his uplifted hand. This man happened to be armed with a hanger, which he instantly drew, and made a furious stroke at my head. I parried his blow with my arm, and, at the same time, seizing his wrist, gave it so sudden a wrench, that the weapon dropped to the ground. I instantly possessed myself of it, and stood astride my companion with the aspect of an angry lioness guarding her young from the hunter. The appearance of strength and fierceness which my figure exhibited, kept my enemies a little at bay, when fortunately we saw advancing a body of soldiers, headed by an officer, whom a gentleman of humanity in the neighbourhood had prevailed on to march to the place for the preservation of any of the crew whom the storm might spare, or any part of the cargo that might chance to be thrown ashore. At sight of this detachment

tachment the crowd dispersed, and left me master of the field. The officer very humanely took charge of my companion and me, brought us to his quarters in the neighbourhood, and accommodated me with these very clothes which I now have on. From him I learned, that those Englishmen, who (as our mate by way of comfort observed) were not *savages*, had the idea transmitted them from their fathers, that all wrecks became their property by the immediate hand of God; and, as in their apprehension that denomination belonged only to ships from which there landed no living thing, their hostile endeavours against the Scotchman's life and mine, proceeded from a desire of bringing our vessel into that supposed condition.

“ After having weathered so many successive disasters, I am at last arrived near
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the place of my nativity; fain would I hope, that a parent and a sister, whose tender remembrance, mingled with that of happier days, now rushes on my soul, are yet alive to pardon the wanderings of my youth, and receive me after those hardships to which its ungoverned passions have subjected me. Like the prodigal son, I bring no worldly wealth along with me; but I return with a mind conscious of its former errors, and seeking that peace which they destroyed. To have used prosperity well, is the first favoured lot of Heaven; the next is his, whom adversity has not smitten in vain."

C H A P. XXI.

Bolton and his companion meet with an uncommon adventure.

WHEN the stranger had finished his narration, Bolton expressed, in very strong terms, his compassion for the hardships he had suffered. "I do not wish," said he, "to be the prophet of evil; but if it should happen, that your expectations of the comfort your native country is to afford you be disappointed, it will give me the truest pleasure to shelter a head on which so many vicissitudes have beat, under that roof of which Providence has made me master."—He was interrupted by the trampling of horses at a distance; his

his fears, wakeful at this time, were immediately roused; the stranger observed his confusion. "You seem uneasy, sir," said he; "but they are not the retreats of houseless poverty like this, that violence and rapine are wont to attack."—"You mistake" (answered Harry, who was now standing at the door of the chapel) "the ground of my alarm; at present I have a particular reason for my fears, which is nearer to me than my own personal safety." He listened;—the noise grew fainter; but he marked by the light of the moon, which now shone out again, the direction whence it seemed to proceed, which was over an open part of the common. "They are gone this way," he cried, with an eagerness of look, grasping one of the knotty branches which the soldier's fire had spared. "If there is danger in your way," said his companion, "you shall not meet

meet it alone." They sallied forth together.

They had not proceeded above a quarter of a mile, when they perceived, at a distance, the twinkling of lights in motion: their pace was quickened at the sight; but in a few minutes those were extinguished, the moon was darkened by another cloud, and the wind began to howl again. They advanced however on the line in which they imagined the lights to have appeared, when, in one of the pauses of the storm, they heard shrieks, in a female voice, that seemed to issue from some place but a little way off. They rushed forward in the direction of the sound, till they were stopped by a pretty high wall. Having made shift to scramble over this, they found themselves in the garden belonging to a low-built house, from one of the windows of which they

saw the glimmer of a candle through the openings of the shutters; but the voice had ceased, and all was silent within. Bolton knocked at the door, but received no answer; when, suddenly, the screaming was repeated with more violence than before. He and his companion now threw themselves with so much force against the door, as to burst it open. They rushed into the room whence the noise proceeded; when the first object that presented itself to Bolton was Miss Sindall on her knees, her clothes torn and her hair dishevelled, with two servants holding her arms, imploring mercy of Sir Thomas, who was calling out in a furious tone, "Damn your pity, rascals, carry her to bed by force."—"Turn, villain," cried Harry, "turn and defend yourself." Sindall started at the well-known voice, and pulling out a pistol, fired it within a few feet of the

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the other's face; he missed, and Bolton pushed forward to close with him; when one of the servants, quitting Miss Sindall, threw himself between him and his master, and made a blow at his head with the but-end of a hunting-whip; this Harry caught on his stick, and in the return levelled the fellow with the ground. His master now fired another pistol, which would have probably taken more effect than the former, had not Bolton's new acquaintance struck up the muzzle just as it went off, the ball going through a window at Harry's back. The baronet had his sword now drawn in the other hand, and, changing the object of his attack, he made a furious pass at the soldier, who parried it with his hanger. At the second lounge Sir Thomas's violence threw him on the point of his adversary's weapon, which entered his body a little

below the breast. He staggered a few paces backwards, and clapping one hand on the place, leaned with the other on a table that stood behind him, and cried out, that he was a dead man. "My God!" exclaimed the stranger, "are not you Sir Thomas Sindall?"—"Sir Thomas Sindall!" cried a woman, who now entered half-dressed, with the mistress of the house. "It is, it is Sir Thomas Sindall," said the landlady, "for God's sake do his honour no hurt." "I hope," continued the other, with a look of earnest wildness, "you have not been a-bed with that young lady!"—She waited not a reply—"for, as sure as there is a God in heaven, she is your own daughter."—Her hearers stood aghast as she spoke!—Sindall stared wildly for a moment, then, giving a deep groan, fell senseless at the feet of the soldier, who had sprung forward to support him.

him. What assistance the amazement of those about him could allow, he received; and, in a short time, began to recover; but as he revived, his wound bled with more violence than before. A servant was instantly dispatched for a surgeon; in the mean time the soldier procured some lint, and gave it a temporary dressing. He was now raised from the ground, and supported in an elbow-chair; he bent his eyes fixedly on the woman: "Speak," said he, "while I have life to hear thee." On the faces of her audience sat astonishment, suspense, and expectation; and a chilly silence prevailed, while she delivered the following recital.

C H A P. XXII.

A prosecution of the discovery mentioned in the last chapter.

“ I HAVE been a wicked woman; may God and this lady forgive me! but Heaven is my witness, that I was thus far on my way to confess all to your honour (turning to Sir Thomas Sindall), that I might have peace in my mind before I died.

“ You will remember, sir, that this young lady’s mother was delivered of her at the house of one of your tenants, where Mr. Camplin (I think that was his name) brought her for that purpose. I was entrusted with the charge of her as her nurse, along with some trinkets, such as young children

children are in use to have, and a considerable sum of money, to provide any other necessaries she should want. At that very time I had been drawn in to associate with a gang of pilfering vagrants, whose stolen goods I had often received into my house, and helped to dispose of. Fearing therefore that I might one day be brought to an account for my past offences, if I remained where I was, and having at the same time the temptation of such a booty before me, I formed a scheme for making off with the money and trinkets I had got from Mr. Camplin: it was, to make things appear as if my charge and I had been lost in crossing the river, which then happened to be in flood. For this purpose, I daubed my own cloak, and the infant's wrapper, with mud and fleech, and left them close to the overflow of the stream, a little below the common ford.

With shame I confess it, as I have often since thought on it with horror, I was more than once tempted to drown the child, that she might not be a burden to me in my flight; but she looked so innocent and sweet, while she clasped my fingers in her little hand, that I had not the heart to execute my purpose.

“ Having endeavoured in this manner to account for my disappearing, so as to prevent all farther enquiry, I joined a party of those wretches, whose associate I had some time been, and left that part of the country altogether. By their assistance too, I was put on a method of disguising my face so much, that had any of my acquaintance met me, of which there was very little chance, it would have been scarce possible for them to recollect it. My booty was put into the common stock, and the child was found useful to raise
compassion.

compassion when we went a-begging, which was one part of the occupation we followed.

“ After I had continued in this society the best part of a year, during which time we met with various turns of fortune, a scheme was formed by the remaining part of us (for several of my companions had been banished, or confined to hard labour in the interval) to break into the house of a wealthy farmer, who, we understood, had a few days before received a large sum of money on a bargain for the lease of an estate, which the proprietor had redeemed. Our project was executed with success; but a quarrel arising about the distribution of the spoil, one of the gang deserted, and informed a neighbouring justice of the whole transaction, and the places of our retreat. It happened to be a fortune-telling in this gentleman’s

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gentleman's house, when his informer came to make the discovery; and, being closetted with one of the maid servants, overheard him enquiring for the justice, and desiring to have some conversation with him in private. I immediately suspected his design, and having got out of the house, eluded pursuit by my knowledge in the by-paths and private roads of the country. It immediately occurred to me to disburden myself of the child, as she not only retarded my flight, but was a mark by which I might be discovered: but, abandoned as I had then become, I found myself attached to her by that sort of affection which women conceive for the infants they suckle. I would not, therefore, expose her in any of those unfrequented places through which I passed in my flight, where her death must have been the certain consequence; and, two or
three

three times, when I would have dropped her at some farmer's door, I was prevented by the fear of discovery. At last I happened to meet with your honour. You may recollect, sir, that the same night on which this lady, then an infant, was found, a beggar asked alms of you at a farrier's door, where you stopped to have one of your horse's shoes fastened. I was that beggar; and hearing from a boy who held your horse, that your name was Sir Thomas Sindall, and that you were returning to a hunting-feat you had in the neighbourhood, I left the infant on a narrow part of the road a little way before you, where it was impossible you should miss of finding her, and stood at the back of a hedge to observe your behaviour when you came up. I saw you make your servant pick up the child, and place her on the saddle before him,

Then having, as I thought, sufficiently provided for her, by thus throwing her under the protection of her father, I made off as fast as I could, and continued my flight, till I imagined I was out of the reach of detection. But, being some time after apprehended on suspicion, and not able to give a good account of myself, I was advertised in the papers, and discovered to have been an accomplice in committing that robbery I mentioned, for which some of the gang had been already condemned and executed. I was tried for the crime, and was cast for transportation. Before I was put on board the ship that was to carry me and several others abroad, I wrote a few lines to your honour, acquainting you with the circumstances of my behaviour towards your daughter; but this, I suppose, as it was entrusted to a boy who used to go on er-

rands for the prisoners, has never come to your hands. Not long ago I returned from transportation, and betook myself to my old course of life again. But I happened to be seized with the small-pox, that raged in a village I passed through; and, partly from the violence of the distemper, partly from the want of proper care in the first stages of it, was brought so low, that a physician, whose humanity induced him to visit me, gave me over for lost. I found that the terrors of death on a sick-bed had more effect on my conscience than all the hardships I had formerly undergone, and I began to look back with the keenest remorse on a life so spent as mine had been. It pleased God, however, that I should recover; and I have since endeavoured to make some reparation for my past offences by my penitence.

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“ Among other things, I often reflected on what I had done with regard to your child; and being some days ago accidentally near Sindall-park, I went thither, and tried to learn something of what had befallen her. I understood, from some of the neighbours, that a young lady had been brought up from her infancy with your aunt, and was said to be the daughter of a friend of yours, who had committed her to your care at his death. But, upon enquiring into the time of her being brought to your house, I was persuaded that she must be the same I had conjectured, imputing the story of her being another’s, to your desire of concealing that she was yours, which I imagined you had learned from the letter I wrote before my transportation; till meeting, at a house of entertainment, with a servant of your honour’s, he informed.

formed me, in the course of our conversation, that it was reported you were going to be married to the young lady who had lived so long in your family. On hearing this I was confounded, and did not know what to think; but, when I began to fear that my letter had never reached you, I trembled at the thought of what my wickedness might occasion, and could have no ease in my mind, till I should set out for Bilswood to confess the whole affair to your honour. I was to-night overtaken by the storm near this house, and prevailed on the landlady, though it seemed much against her inclination, to permit me to take up my quarters here. About half an hour ago I was waked with the shrieks of some person in distress, and upon asking the landlady, who lay in the same room with me, what was the matter, she bid me be quiet and say nothing; for
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it was only a worthy gentleman of her acquaintance, who had overtaken a young girl, a foundling he had bred up, that had stolen a sum of money from his house, and run away with one of his footmen. At the word *foundling*, I felt a kind of something I cannot describe, and I was terrified when I overheard some part of your discourse, and guessed what your intentions were; I rose, therefore, in spite of the landlady, and had got thus far dressed, when we heard the door burst open, and presently a noise of fighting above stairs. Upon this we ran up together, and to what has happened since, this company has been witness."

C H A P. XXIII.

Miss Sindall discovers another relation.

IT is not easy to describe the sensations of Sindall or Lucy, when the secret of her birth was unfolded. In the countenance of the last were mingled the indications of fear and pity, joy and wonder; while her father turned upon her an eye of tenderness chastened with shame. “Oh! thou injured innocence!” said he, “for I know not how to call thee child, canst thou forgive those—Good God! Bolton, from what hast thou saved me!” Lucy was now kneeling at his feet.—“Talk not, Sir,” said she, “of the errors of the past; methinks I look on it as some horrid dream, which it dizzies my head to recollect..

lect. My father!—Gracious God! have I a father?—I cannot speak; but there are a thousand things that beat here!—is there another parent to whom I should also kneel?” Sir Thomas cast up a look to Heaven, and his groans stopped, for a while, his utterance,—“ Oh! Harriet! if thou art now an angel of mercy, look down and forgive the wretch that murdered thee!”—“ Harriet!” exclaimed the soldier, starting at the sound, “ what Harriet? what Harriet?” Sindall looked earnestly in his face—“ Oh! heavens!” he cried, “ art thou—sure thou art!—Annesly?—look not, look not on me—thy sister—but I shall not live for thy upbraidings—thy sister was the mother of my child!—Thy father—to what does this moment of reflection reduce me!—thy father fell with his daughter, the victims of that villany which overcame her
innocence!”

innocence!" Annesly looked sternly upon him, and anger for a moment enflamed his cheeks; but it gave way to softer feelings.—“What, both! both!”—and he burst into tears.

Bolton now stepped up to this new-acquired friend. “I am,” said he, “comparatively but a spectator of this fateful scene; let me endeavour to comfort the distress of the innocent, and alleviate the pangs of the guilty. In Sir Thomas Sindall’s present condition resentment would be injustice. See here, my friend (pointing to Lucy), a mediatrix, who forgets the man in the father.” Annesly gazed upon her. “She is, she is,” he cried, “the daughter of my Harriet;—that eye, that lip, that look of sorrow!”—He flung himself on her neck; Bolton looked on them enraptured; and even the languor
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of Sindall's face was crossed with a gleam of momentary pleasure.

Sir Thomas's servant now arrived accompanied by a surgeon, who upon examining and dressing his wound, was of opinion, that in itself it had not the appearance of imminent danger, but that from the state of his pulse he was apprehensive of a supervening fever. He ordered him to be put to bed, and his room to be kept as quiet as possible. As this gentleman was an acquaintance of Bolton's, the latter informed him of the state in which Sir Thomas's mind must be from the discoveries that the preceding hour had made to him. Upon which the surgeon begged that he might, for the present, avoid seeing Miss Sindall or Mr. Annesly, or talking with any one on the subject of those discoveries; but he could
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not prevent the intrusion of thought; and not many hours after, his patient fell into a roving sort of slumber, in which he would often start, and mutter the words Harriet, Lucy, Murder, and Incest!

Bolton and Lucy now enjoyed one of those luxurious interviews, which absence, and hardships during that absence, procure to souls formed for each other. She related to him all her past distresses, of which my readers have been already informed, and added the account of that night's event, part of which only they have heard. Herself indeed was not then mistress of it all; the story at large was this:

The servant, whose attachment to her I have formerly mentioned, had been discovered, in that conference which produced her resolution of leaving Bilswood, by Mrs. Boothby's maid, who immediately

ately communicated to her mistress her suspicions of the plot going forward between Miss Sindall and Robert. Upon this the latter was severely interrogated by his master, and being confronted with Sukey, who repeated the words she had overheard of the young lady and him, he confessed her intention of escaping by his assistance. Sir Thomas, drawing his sword, threatened to put him instantly to death, if he did not expiate his treachery by obeying implicitly the instructions he should then receive; these were, to have the horse saddled at the hour agreed on, and to proceed, without revealing to Miss Sindall the confession he had made, on the road which Sir Thomas now marked out for him. With this, after the most horrid denunciations of vengeance in case of a refusal, the poor fellow was fain to comply; and hence his terror, when they
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were leaving the house. They had proceeded but just so far on their way, as Sir Thomas thought proper for the accomplishment of his design, when he, with his valet de chambre, and another servant, who were confidants of their master's pleasures, made up to them, and after pretending to upbraid Lucy for the imprudence and treachery of her flight, he carried her to this house of one of those profligate dependants, whom his vices had made necessary on his estate.

When she came to the close of this recital, the idea of that relation in which she stood to him from whom these outrages were suffered, stopped her tongue; she blushed and faltered. "This story," said she, "I will now forget for ever—except to remember that gratitude which I owe to you." During the vicissitudes of her narration, he had clasped her hand
with

with a fearful earnestness, as if he had shared the dangers she related; he pressed it to his lips.—“Amidst my Lucy’s present momentous concerns, I would not intrude my own; but I am selfish in the little services she acknowledges; I look for a return.”—She blushed again—“I have but little art,” said she, “and cannot disguise my sentiments; my Henry will trust them on a subject, which at present I know his delicacy will forbear.”

Annesly now entered the room, and Bolton communicated the trust he was possessed of in his behalf, offering to put him in immediate possession of the sum which Mr. Rawlinson had bequeathed to his management, and which that gentleman had more than doubled since the time it had been left by Annesly’s unfortunate father. “I know not,” said Annesly, “how to talk of those matters, unacquainted

quainted as I have been with the manners of polished and commercial nations, when I have any particular destination for money, I will demand your assistance; in the mean time, consider me as a minor, and use the trust already reposed in you, for my advantage, and the advantage of those whom misfortune has allied to me."

C H A P. XXIV.

Sir Thomas's situation.—The expression of his penitence.

NEXT morning, Sindall, by the advice of his surgeon, was removed in a litter to his own house, where he was soon after attended by an eminent physician in aid of that gentleman's abilities. Pursuant to his earnest entreaties, he was accompanied thither by Annesly and Bolton. Lucy, having obtained leave of his medical attendants, watched her father in the character of nurse.

They found on their arrival that Mrs. Boothby, having learned the revolutions of the preceding night, had left the place, and taken the road towards London. "I think

think not of her," said Sir Thomas; "but there is another person, whom my former conduct banished from my house, whom I now wish to see in this assemblage of her friends, the worthy Mrs. Wistanly." Lucy undertook to write her an account of her situation, and to solicit her compliance with the request of her father. The old lady, who had still strength and activity enough left for doing good, accepted the invitation; and the day following she was with them at Billwood.

Sir Thomas seemed to feel a sort of melancholy satisfaction in having this company of those he had injured assembled under his roof. When he was told of Mrs. Wistanly's arrival, he desired to see her, and taking her hand, "I have sent for you, madam," said he, "that you may help me to unload my soul of the remembrance of the past." He then con-

fessed to her that plan of seduction by which he had overcome the virtue of Annelly, and the honour of his sister. "You were a witness," he concluded, "of the fall of that worth and innocence which it was in the power of my former crimes to destroy; you are now come to behold the retribution of heaven on the guilty. By that hand whom it commissioned to avenge a parent and a sister, I am cut off in the midst of my days." "I hope not, sir," answered she; "your life, I trust, will make a better expiation. In the punishments of the divinity there is no idea of vengeance; and the infliction of what we term evil, serves equally the purpose of universal benignity, with the dispensation of good." "I feel," replied Sir Thomas, "the force of that observation: the pain of this wound; the presentiment of death which it instils; the horror with which the
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the recollection of my incestuous passion strikes me; all these are in the catalogue of my blessings. They indeed take from me the world; but they give me myself.”

A visit from his physician interrupted their discourse; that gentleman did not prognosticate so fatally for his patient; he found the frequency of his pulse considerably abated, and expressed his hopes, that the succeeding night his rest would be better than it had been. In this he was not mistaken; and next morning the doctor continued to think Sir Thomas mending; but himself persisted in the belief that he should not recover.

For several days, however, he appeared rather to gain ground than to lose it; but afterwards he was seized with hectic fits at stated intervals, and when they left him, he complained of a universal weakness and depression. During all this time Lucy

was seldom away from his bed-side: from her presence he derived peculiar pleasure; and sometimes, when he was so low as to be scarce able to speak, would mutter out blessings on her head, calling her his saint, his guardian angel!

After he had exhausted all the powers of medicine, under the direction of some of the ablest of the faculty, they acknowledged all farther assistance to be vain, and one of them warned him, in a friendly manner, of his approaching end. He received this intelligence with the utmost composure, as an event which he had expected from the beginning, thanked the physician for his candour, and desired that his friends might be summoned around him, while he had yet strength enough left to bid them adieu.

When he saw them assembled, he delivered into Bolton's hands a paper, which
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he told him was his will. "To this," said he, "I would not have any of those privy, who are interested in its bequests; and therefore I had it executed at the beginning of my illness, without their participation. You will find yourself, my dear Harry, master of my fortune, under a condition, which, I believe, you will not esteem a hardship. Give me your hand; let me join it to my Lucy's;—there!—if Heaven receives the prayer of a penitent, it will pour its richest blessings upon you.

"There are a few provisions in that paper, which Mr. Bolton, I know, will find a pleasure in fulfilling. Of what I have bequeathed to you, Mrs. Wistanly, the contentment you enjoy in your present situation makes you independent; but I intend it as an evidence of my consciousness of your deserving.—My much in-

jured friend, for he was once my friend (addressing himself to Annelly), will accept of the memorial I have left him.—Give me your hand, Sir; receive my forgiveness for that wound which the arm of Providence made me provoke from yours; and when you look on a parent's and a sister's tomb, spare the memory of him whose death shall then have expiated the wrongs he did you!"—Tears were the only answer he received.—He paused a moment; then looking round with something in his eye more elevated and solemn, "I have now," said he, "discharged the world; mine has been called a life of pleasure; had I breath, I could tell you how false the title is; alas! I knew not how to live. Merciful God! I thank thee—thou hast taught me how to die."

At the close of this discourse, his strength, which he had exerted to the utmost,

most, seemed altogether spent; and he sunk down in the bed, in a state so like death, that for some time his attendants imagined him to have actually expired. When he did revive, his speech appeared to be lost; he could just make a feeble sign for a cordial that stood on the table near his bed: he put it to his lips, then laid his head on the pillow, as if resigning himself to his fate.

Lucy was too tender to bear the scene; her friend, Mrs. Wistanly, led her almost fainting out of the room; "That grief, my dear Miss Sindall," said she, "is too amiable to be blamed; but your father suggested a consolation which your piety will allow: of those who have led his life, how few have closed it like him!"

THE CONCLUSION.

EARLY next morning Sir Thomas Sindall expired. The commendable zeal of the coroner prompted him to hold an inquest on his body; the jury brought in their verdict Self-defence. But there was a judge in the bosom of Annesly, whom it was more difficult to satisfy; nor could he for a long time be brought to pardon himself that blow, for which the justice of his country had acquitted him.

After paying their last duty to Sir Thomas's remains, the family removed to Sindall-park. Mrs. Wistanly was prevailed on to leave her own house for a while, and preside in that of which Bolton was now master. His delicacy needed
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not the ceremonial of fashion to restrain him from pressing Miss Sindall's consent to their marriage, till a decent time had been yielded to the memory of her father. When that was elapsed, he received from her uncle that hand, which Sir Thomas had bequeathed him, and which mutual attachment entitled him to receive.

Their happiness is equal to their merit: I am often a witness of it; for they honour me with a friendship which I know not how I have deserved, unless by having few other friends. Mrs. Wistanly and I are considered as members of the family.

But their benevolence is universal; the country smiles around them with the effects of their goodness. This is indeed the only real superiority which wealth has to bestow; I never envied riches so much, as since I have known Mr. Bolton.

I have.

I have lived too long to be caught with the pomp of declamation, or the glare of an apophthegm; but I sincerely believe, that you could not take from them a *virtue* without depriving them of a *pleasure*.

THE END.

