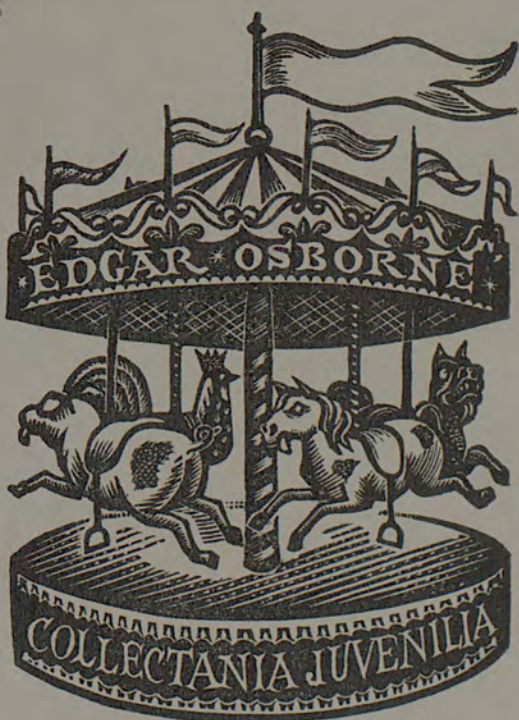


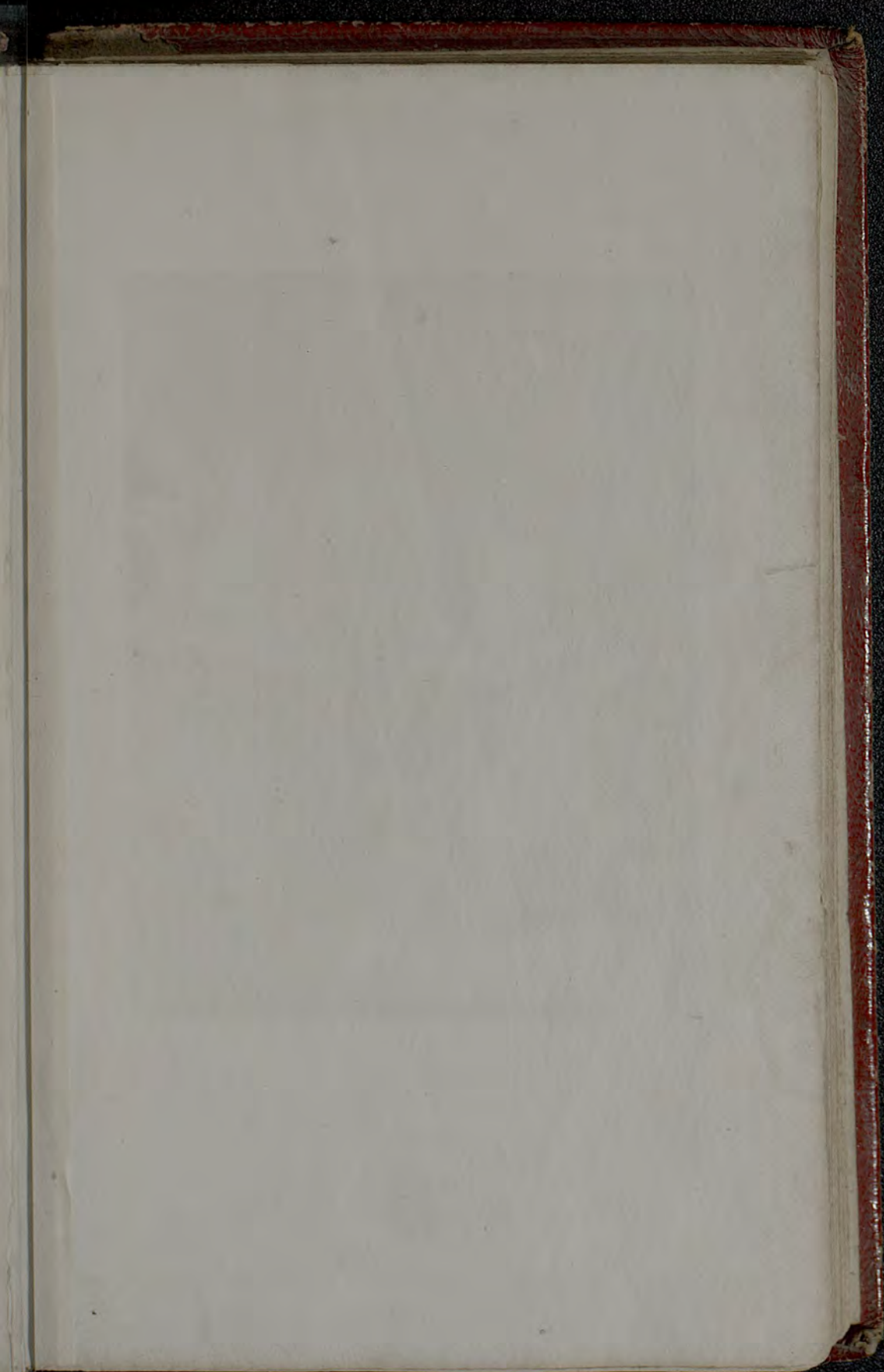
EMILY

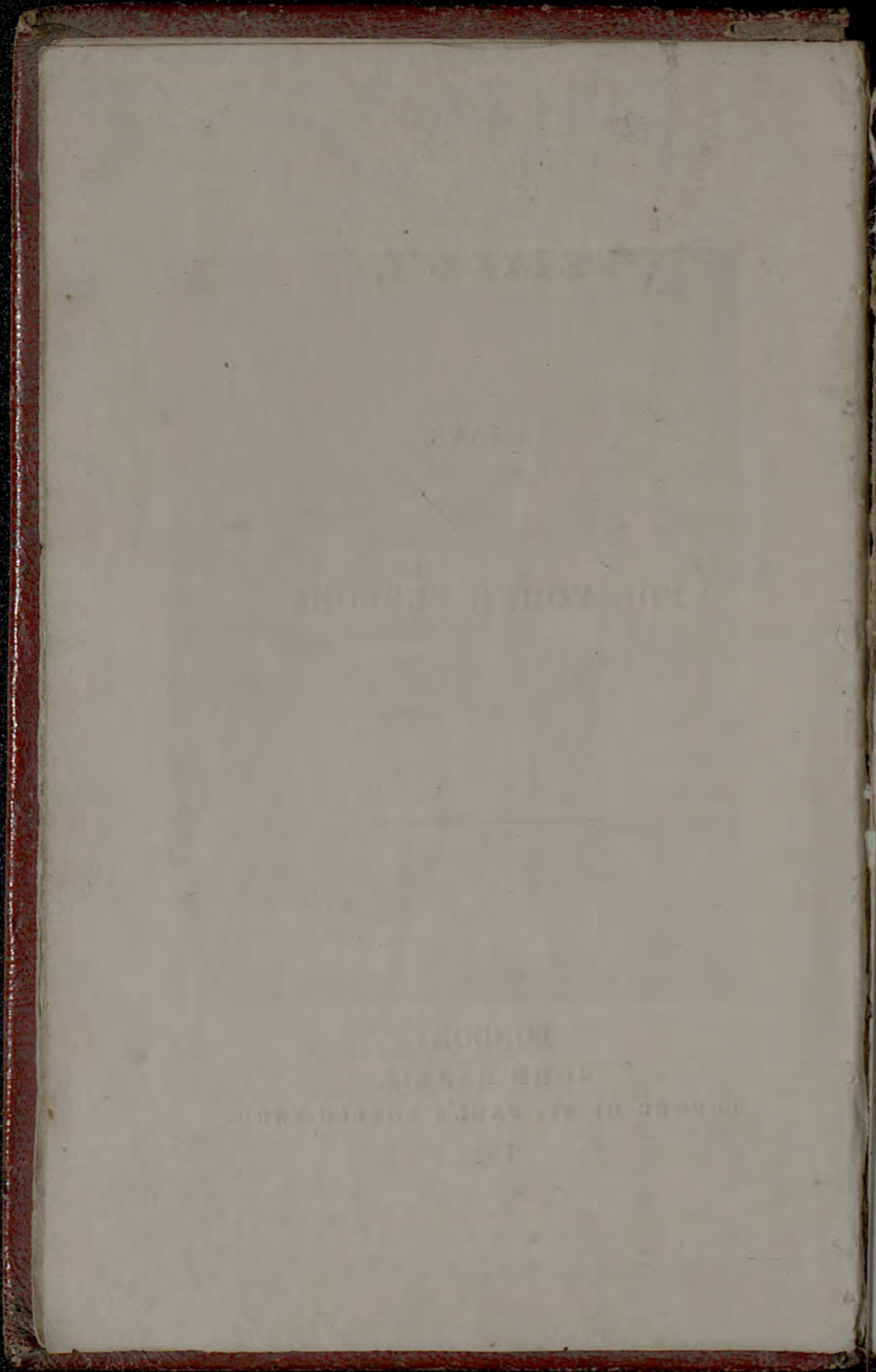
58



37131039 927 009

II 883





Faint, illegible text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page. The text is centered and appears to be arranged in several lines, possibly forming a title or a short passage. The characters are very light and difficult to discern against the aged paper.

EMILY,

A TALE.

Printed by S. and R. Bentley,
Dorset-street, Fleet-street, London.

EMILY,

A TALE.

CHAPTER I.

“AND so, Mr. Ashurst, the Grettons are really come,” said Mrs. Margery Simpkins, as she bustled into the village attorney’s parlour; “and so they are really come, and you have seen them!”

“Yes,” said Mr. Ashurst with an air of importance, “I had the honour of handing the ladies from their carriage yesterday evening; but,” added he, “I am sorry you are come at a moment when I cannot stay to say more, as Mr. Gretton appointed me to be at the Hall at twelve, and it is now—bless me, it wants little more than half an hour——”

“ Pray do just stay and tell me how many there are of them, and what they look like—it won't take you five minutes: do now, that's a good creature.”

“ Well, recommend me to you ladies for curiosity,” said the attorney; and not unwilling to shew his own consequence, he prepared to answer the hows, and whats, and whens, Mrs. Margery was going to assail him with.

“ That's a dear good man! well, in the first place, how many are there of them?”

“ Mr. Gretton, Mrs. Gretton, two sons, and two—no, three daughters.”

“ A nice family,—are they grown up?”

“ All except one daughter, and I should guess her at fourteen or fifteen. Mr. Gretton was extremely well satisfied with all the arrangements I had made, and indeed so he ought to be; you know how I had slaved day and night, as one may say, to get every thing ready in the short notice I had; but indeed, Mrs. Margery, I must be going.”

“ One thing more, Mr. A.: did they come direct from the West Indies?”

“The West Indies! Lord bless you, no; they have been for the last season at least, in London, and two years on the Continent before that.”

“On the Continent! dear me, I dare say the young ladies are very accomplished.”

“No doubt, no doubt—well, good morning Mrs. M., I must absolutely——”

“Oh, do just tell me whether the young ladies are pretty, and how they were dressed, and——”

“My good Mrs Margery,” said Mr. A. making his retreating bow; “my good Mrs. M., excuse me.”

“Mr. Ashurst—Mr. A.—” screamed Mrs. Margery, “Ah! he is gone! was ever any thing so provoking! well, however, I have learnt something, and they will sure to be at church on Sunday, when I shall see and judge for myself.” So saying, she set out to spread through the little village of Hawksthwaite the news she had just heard, well embellished and amplified by her own fertile imagination. In the mean time, I will let my young readers a little more

into the secret than Mr. Ashurst was able to do, had he been so inclined.

Mr. Gretton married a widow who was left sole heiress to a very large estate in the West Indies ; she had a family of four young children ; and though she had brought him several children, they had all died in their infancy ; these therefore he considered as his own. Their West India estates requiring both Mr. and Mrs. Gretton's presence for some years, they had, before their departure, entered their two eldest children, Henry and Robert, into one of the great public schools ; and the girls, Laura and Julia, were placed with Madame de Tourville, as her school was considered one of the most fashionable in or near London. By years of successful commerce Mr. Gretton had accumulated an immense fortune, and his thoughts were at last bent upon returning to his native land, to enjoy in ease and luxury the fruits of his labours. His children's education was now said to be completed, and Mr. G. found on his arrival his sons grown into fine handsome young

men, with a gentlemanly appearance, and he neither looked nor wished for any thing further: Mrs. G. had equal reason to be pleased with her daughters, who played both on the harp and piano forte in a masterly style, and spoke French and Italian fluently; what more could a mother desire? certainly Mrs. G.'s ideas were completely realised, and she expressed her satisfaction to Madame de Tourville in the most animated terms. A large house had been previously taken for them in Portman Square, and soon Mr. G.'s dinner-parties, and Mrs. G.'s routs, were the admiration and envy of those less favoured by fortune. But, as the London season was nearly over, what they should do, and where they should go, was the question. The voice of the young people was for going abroad. Henry's school acquaintance, Lord L., had been abroad for the last twelvemonth, and had written to assure his friend there was no existing without seeing life in Paris. And Lady Emma B., who had been educated there, had fully persuaded Laura and

Julia, that England, compared with the dear Continent, was perfectly detestable. So the thing was decided.

Every preparative was speedily arranged, when, about a week before their intended departure, Mr. Gretton joined the breakfast party with a countenance which betrayed much inward emotion.—“What is the matter, my dear?” said Mrs. G.: “I would venture any thing that tiresome Durnfort has again disappointed you about our travelling barouche; really I would have nothing more to do with him, for it is a great deal too——”

How long this fair lady might have vented her anger against the horrid tradesman is uncertain, for her husband interrupted her with—“Pshaw, the carriage has been here some time, which you might have known had you taken the trouble to enquire. This letter is from——” said he, producing a letter from his pocket; “I have a letter from—but read it yourself, if you think it worth while; you see it has travelled to Jamaica and followed me here.” Mrs. G. read aloud as follows.

“ SIR, Emsdale, Jan. 1.

“ It becomes my duty to convey to you the melancholy intelligence of the death of your only sister Mrs. Stewart. She expired in poverty, without other succour than I could afford her, and has left one child, a daughter, just entering her thirteenth year. I have long and intimately known your sister, and consequently *all* the circumstances of her sad history: she has entrusted her child to me, should her natural protectors continue to neglect her. You, Sir, may not consider it your duty to receive this orphan into your family: in that case she shall, whilst I live, share with me the little I possess; but I owe it to her to state that I can leave her nothing, that I am old, and that she has no prospect of support after my death, which cannot be far distant. Waiting your decision, I conclude the first and last appeal I shall make to you, with subscribing myself,

Yours, &c.

J. HAMILTON.

“ A letter addressed to the Rev. J. H. Emsdale, Cumberland, will reach me.”

“What an insolent letter! every line seems to insinuate that you have injured your sister!” said Mrs. G. “when he knows——”

“Never mind what he knows,” said Mr. G. in a hurried tone, “what shall we do with the child? is the question.”—“Really,” said Mrs. G. “it is excessively annoying—I do think poor relations are——”

“Relations!” interrupted Robert, “poor little thing! why should she not come to us? But how is it we never heard of this aunt before? who, and what was she?” “She disgraced herself,” said Mr. G. in an almost inaudible voice, and his lip quivering with contending emotions, “she disgraced herself—and let me add, Sir,” he continued, raising his voice, “let me add, that I forbid you to speak again upon the subject; when we ask your opinion, it will be time enough for you to give it.” Robert reddened, and as fathers in these days are sometimes neither objects of dread nor respect, was going to give a warm answer, when Julia interposed.

“Indeed, Papa, I must say Robert’s plan

does not appear to me a bad one, though he always spoils every thing with his ridiculous notions. Mamma, you know you were saying the other day, you wished you had somebody a little above a servant, in whom you could confide many little things one does not like to trust a servant with: now, if the child is quick and active, I think she would soon be of use to us, and one would not willingly leave her with that man after such a letter."

"And," added Laura, "if she presumes too much, or turns out disagreeable, we can easily send her back."

"Back! no, she shall never return to that old hypocrite," said Mr. G.: "only, if she comes, keep her out of my sight, and then I care not."

"Oh! that we can easily do," said Julia, "and I really think she will be very useful, and at her age it will not be difficult to keep her in her place."

"Without doubt," said Robert, in an ironical tone, "it will be charming for Miss Laura and Miss Julia, to have a Cinderella to submit to all their fancies, and save them the trouble of

giving orders, or even of thinking for themselves. Mais pour la pauvre Cinderelle je la plaise. Henry, shall we take a lounge in the Park?"

"Not I," said Henry, "I'm not so fond of walking."

"Well then I will go by myself; so adieu, my sweet Julia."

"How excessively tiresome you are! well, he is, however, really gone at last, that's some comfort, and now let us talk over this matter in peace."

After some further conversation it was agreed upon that the little Emily should be sent for forthwith and accompany them abroad.

CHAPTER II.

TILL Emily Stewart had attained her twelfth year, her life had been one untroubled scene of happiness; for though her unfortunate mother had struggled with accumulated sorrows, and though a mortal disease preyed upon her feeble frame, to the very last she had ever a cheerful smile for her Emily,—to the very last she had talked to her of the *happiness* which attends virtue, of the bliss which (even in this world) God permits those to taste of who love Him. Emily's heart responded to these words, and to love God, and her fellow creatures through Him, was a principle interwoven with her very existence. Brought up amidst the magnificent works of Nature, she had been early taught to look above them to "Nature's God;" and

whilst her eye rested on the beauteous and varied works of His hand, her mind was accustomed to extend itself to scenes of never-fading bliss, "exceeding all that the eye hath seen, or the ear heard." Blessed with great abilities, she had early learnt to appreciate their value, and by habits of industry and application to improve them to their utmost capability, whilst the extreme poverty of her mother, and the seclusion in which she lived, had rendered it easy to train her beloved child in habits of self-denial, order, meekness, and humility. Such was the being who now stood in the little garden of Emsdale parsonage, seemingly absorbed in bitter reflection, and unconscious of all that surrounded her. Her mother's last illness and death had first clouded the happiness which laughed in her dark blue eyes and betrayed itself in every action. This first and bitter sorrow had too strengthened her powers of discrimination and reflection: she had discovered that her mother had felt griefs her love had hidden from her child; she also had perceived, that since her mother's death, Mr. Hamilton

seemed to wish to prepare her mind for some farther trial. She had always looked on him as her second father, and loved him as such : but at the conclusion of that morning's studies, he told her how he was situated ; he had spoken to her of trials, of sorrows, of duties, which, though hard to be performed, were not the less duties. He had added, that he could not yet relate her mother's history to her, but she had relations, wealthy, and able to serve her, who might claim her—and in that case it would become her duty to leave him ; for he was not bound to her by ties of blood ; that he was old, and having always lived up to his little income, would be unable, at his death, to leave her protected from the bitter evils of poverty. Emily heard all this in sad and despairing silence ; yet, when he added, “ Your mother, dearest Emily, shrunk from no sacrifice, however painful” —she raised her head ; a noble spirit shone in her lovely eyes ; and, throwing her arms around his neck ; she said, “ And neither will her child.” Yet now she was alone, and had time for reflection, the thoughts of all she must sacrifice

burst upon her mind with accumulated bitterness. Long would she thus have remained, unconscious of all around her, had not an unusual sound struck upon her ear, and attracted her attention towards the village, from whence it proceeded. She saw a chaise approaching the Parsonage, and she feared it was come for her—to take her from her only friend!—from all that was dear to her! With childish terror, she ran to the remotest part of the garden; where, as she remained motionless, she heard the chaise approach and stop; but all was silent. Suspense, more dreadful than even the horrible certainty, caused her to hurry towards the house. She met Alice, the old servant. “Where is my father?”—“In his study, Miss, and wants you.”—“Who is with him?”—“Nobody, but—” the rest was lost to Emily, who was already at the study door. She opened it; Mr. Hamilton was reading a letter; while tears streamed uncontrolled down his aged cheek. “My Emily! my child, you see how much it costs me to part with you.”—“Ah, then the chaise is for me! Did I not know it? But do not say I must leave you,

dearest father!—my more than parent! I cannot—I cannot! It will break my heart! Do not send me away from you.”—“Recollect yourself, Emily; recal to your mind——” He was unable to proceed; for when he observed the tears flowing from her eyes, and the agony that convulsed her pale features, his fortitude gave way. Claspng her, therefore, in his arms, he could only articulate: “My beloved child, be composed. God, I humbly trust, will permit us to meet again.” As her feelings gradually became calm, Mr. H. informed her that her uncle had sent a letter, in which he gave him assurance of safe and honourable protection to his orphan niece, and that he would provide for her—that he and his family were on the eve of going off for the Continent, and that she must set off, without delay, under the charge of a confidential servant, who was the bearer of the letter. “Go, therefore, to Alice,” continued Mr. H.; “she is already making preparations for your departure; you will have much to do, and think of; and let us meet at supper with minds more subdued to this hard trial.” Forced to instant and active

exertion, Emily gradually regained her habitual serenity of mind. Though she had much to do, she finished her packing, with the aid of Alice, before the supper hour; for all that belonged to her was kept in such exact order, that no time was lost in wondering where such and such a thing could be. Mr. H. had not yet left his study, and Emily thought she should have time to stroll once more through the garden, and go into the village to exchange a parting word with some dear though humble friends. As she stood at the door of the Parsonage, on her return, the last rays of the setting sun beamed upon the ocean; she turned from this magnificent spectacle to look at the hills, the lake, the village. "Is it—can it be—for the last time, that I behold scenes so dear?" As she spoke, her eye rested on the peaceful and retired church-yard where reposed the mortal remains of her mother.

"Oh, that I could kneel by her grave once more!" burst from her lips. "You shall, my child," said the calm voice of Mr. H. "I was seeking you for that purpose; let us walk

thither together." Arrived at the sacred spot, Emily's tears flowed fast.

"Perhaps you leave me," said Mr. H. "to mix in the hurry, the gaiety, the dissipation of the world; perhaps to meet with neglect, or to call forth the daily exercise of your fortitude and forbearance: in either case, let this grave be often in your remembrance. Recal daily to your mind the precepts of her who sleeps beneath its sod; act up to them, and you will, you must be happy."—"Happy!" said Emily, "when I leave you, to dwell among strangers! and leave you with the thought, that you have no one left to cheer your solitary hours!"—"Happiness, my child, consists in the quiet, resolute, and conscientious discharge of our duties; not as the tasks of a hard master, but as services rendered to a beloved parent. This truth is unaltered by time, place, or circumstances; and this, my Emily will feel, if the love of God reign in her heart; this happiness her aged and adopted father will feel, though he must lose the prop

of his declining years." Emily could only press the hand of the venerable old man in reply, and in silence they returned to the Parsonage. Alice had laid the neat white cloth on the humble table, and set on the supper. The faithful creature was in tears, for Miss Emily was dearer to her than any being on earth, not even excepting her old master. "My poor Alice!" said Emily, extending her hand to her.—"Ah, Miss! you won't forget us," sobbed Alice; "you'll often think of us, as I'm sure we shall of you; night and day my prayer will be to God for you." "Doubt not but that it will be heard, my good Alice," said Mr. H. "Come, my love, sit down, for it grows late." The conversation was prolonged, for much did he find to say, to advise, to admonish; at last, "The hardest part yet remains unsaid," added he; "think not ill of your relations, if I tell you, they forbid you writing to me. Nay, speak not, my Emily, I feel I was in fault. I was harsh, unfeeling; I ought to have remembered that I myself also am a sinner. You must be gone very early in the morning," said he, after a pause. "I will not try your

young spirits, by another parting scene, for you will have need of all your strength. Let us say "Farewell!" before we kneel down in common to thank God for His mercies. The venerable old man folded her once more in his paternal arms. "Go," said he, "beloved of my heart; go, protected by my prayers; perhaps, on this side the grave, we shall meet no more; but be it engraven on your heart, that beyond the grave our union may be eternal!"

CHAPTER III.

“How I do hate music!” said Robert, starting up and pacing the room impatiently. “How I do hate music! One can hear nothing, attend to nothing, for that horrid eternal tinkling.”

Laura stopped in the midst of a brilliant cadenza. “And what is it your high mightiness wishes to hear?”—“Why I fancied—but it is impossible to know—I fancied I heard a chaise.”

“A wonderful occurrence truly, in London,” said Julia, who was packing up her jewels at the table. “*Vous croyez dire là quelque chose de bien spirituelle, ma petite*; but if you would have condescended to await the end of my sentence, you would have heard a chaise stop at the door.”

“And what then?”

“What then! Can you have forgotten that our cousin is coming to-night?”

“To-night is she! Oh, ay, I had forgotten.—That then accounts for your fidgetting out of the room every ten minutes.”

“And for his finding my poor music so detestable, when he is in it,” said Laura. “Really, Robert, you make yourself very ridiculous by the fuss you are making, and have made, about that child, ever since you heard of her. Does he not, Mamma?”

Mrs. G. who was reclining with West-India indolence on a sofa, in a happy state of lethargy, between sleeping and waking, languidly raised her head at this question. And Robert, seeing by the expression of her countenance, that she had understood none of the merits of the question, said hastily, “I believe, Ma’am, our cousin, Miss Stewart, is arrived; if she is, shall I bring her in here?”

“Cousin! Miss Stewart! Oh, yes, I remember now. Well, let her come in, I am rather curious to see her.”

Robert did not wait for a second command,

but hurried to the hall, where he saw packages, &c. which convinced him of her arrival; and he inquired of a servant, who was carrying them up stairs, where Miss Stewart was. "Mrs. Evans has taken her to the housekeeper's room, Sir, where there is a good fire; for, poor young lady, she was sadly starved by the night air, and tired with her journey too." Thither Robert proceeded, and met at the door the good-natured Mrs. Evans, who had been paying those attentions to the friendless young stranger, which the selfish heads of the house had neglected.—"Oh, Mr. Robert, I thought you would come, Sir.—Poor young lady! she's sadly tired; and very low at leaving her friends, and coming amongst strangers, as well she may, poor little thing."

"Well, but Evans, stay—tell me what sort of a looking girl is she?"

"Why, indeed, Mr. Robert, in my mind, I never set eyes on so pretty a creature before of a child—if it were not that she's so deadly pale, and her eyes are red with crying, as one might say." Robert's eager hand was on the door. "Bless you, Mr. Robert!" said Evans: "I al-

ways said you were worth all the bunch of 'em together, and so you are."

Though Evans's panegyric had prepared him for something pretty, yet when he saw before him a girl, tall for her age, with a complexion of exquisite whiteness, set off by a profusion of glossy black curls, dark blue eyes, which, after an instant's timid glance, were cast down, shewing the long-fringed eye-lash, and well defined eyebrows, which gave expression to the loveliest features he had ever gazed on, he stood for a moment in silent admiration, till her confused curtsy, and the blush which mantled on her pale cheek, recalled him to himself; and, extending his hand, he said, "My dear little cousin, welcome! You see before you a graceless cousin, who announces himself as Robert Gretton; now let me know your name, and we shall be friends at once."

Emily stammered, and blushing deeply, said, "I hope my aunt and cousins—"

"They are quite well," interrupted Robert. "And I am come to conduct you to them; but first let me know, if you have had every thing you want, or wish for?"

“Every thing, Sir, I thank you.”

“Sir!” said he, taking her little trembling hand: “Remember I am your own cousin Robert, and nothing formal about me, thank Heaven. But come,” added he, drawing her hand under his arm, “I am impatient to introduce you.” Emily, reassured by this kindness, ventured to ask, how many cousins she should meet; and, secretly hoping they might all resemble him, was ushered into the drawing-room. The scene which presented itself caused as great astonishment to her wondering eyes, as Alladin felt in the garden of the genius of the lamp. Chandeliers, sofas, ottomans, statues, pictures, lamps, and all the refinements of modern luxury, made her stand mute with astonishment, till Robert, laughing at her wonderment, led her forward. —“Mother, this is Emily Stewart, your niece.” Mrs. Gretton’s cold “How d’ye do?” and negligent inclination of the head, chilled poor Emily’s rising hopes, and she turned her eyes in search of Laura and Julia; but as they did not advance to meet her, she said in a timid voice to Robert, “Will you introduce me? Are

these my cousins?"—"You may well ask the question," exclaimed Robert, reddening with indignation. Then approaching them, he added in a lower tone, "Have you no feeling?—Speak to her."

"Indeed," replied Laura, in a tone of mock civility, "we have been remiss; but we hesitated as to the manner in which we should address Miss Stewart."—"Or, rather," added Julia, "we waited to ascertain whether it were really our cousin you were ushering in with *ce grand air*, or some distinguished person, whom you would make known to us." Robert's angry reply was prevented by the entrance of his father, who got opposite to Emily before he was aware she was in the room. "Good Heavens!" said he, starting, "who is that? Speak! Tell me!"

"My dear Mr. G." said his lady, "it is only our little niece, who has arrived this evening—Emily Stewart, you know."—"Emily! Emily," said you? "How like her mother!" At the word *mother*, the forlornness of her situation struck the poor orphan so forcibly, that tears, unbidden, trickled down her pale cheeks. The

indolent Mrs. G. was moved: "Poor thing!" escaped from her lips. The sound, faint as it was, caught Emily's ear, and, hastily approaching her, she pressed her hand to her lips: "My dear Aunt," she began with a tremulous voice—"There, my dear," said Mrs. G. "I did not wish you to *faire une scène*. I dare say you are tired, and would be glad to go to bed; I will ring for Anderson, who knows where you are to sleep."

"I will go with my cousin to your dressing-room," said Robert, "and find Anderson for her. My sweet coz," continued he, as they ascended the stairs—"my sweet coz, we are sworn allies, heart and soul, and here's my hand on't." Poor Emily, bewildered and stupefied by what had passed, unconsciously put her hand in his. "That's right," said he, heartily shaking it, "that's right; and now be comforted; we need not fear being a match for them. Are we not two to nothing? for they haven't a heart amongst them.—Anderson! Anderson! here; my mother bids me give Miss Stewart to your particular charge, and begs

you will see she has every thing she wants.—Good night, dear Emily, I shall see you again in the morning. What, not a word?—Well, when we are better acquainted, I foresee, we shall have abundance to say, on both sides.”

On re-entering the drawing-room, he found only his two sisters and Henry; and he began with all the warmth natural to him to censure their unfeeling conduct.

“Now really, my good Robert,” said Julia, “it is plainly to be foreseen, that, with your high-flown notions, you will entirely spoil this child, and make her forget who and what she is. For my part, I am determined from the very first to give her to understand, that she is not to expect, whilst we are abroad, to go wherever we go, see every thing we see, and do every thing that we do.”

“As for the two first articles,” replied Robert, “I am perfectly indifferent, provided she sees what I please; and for the last clause, I hope to Heaven she will not be inclined to it.”

A warm reply was on Julia’s lips, when Henry, who had been reclining with indolent indiffe-

rence in an arm-chair, started up and exclaimed, "Will you two never have done with your eternal disputes about nothing? What earthly interest can either of you take in that child? It must be for the sake of quarrelling, that you talk about her. Do let us settle our Tuesday's journey, now the governor is out of the way. I am thinking of driving my tilbury as far as Canterbury; for as to going in a family party, it's a horrid bore, and I can't do it. Will you go with me, Robert? though I sha'n't break my heart if you don't; for I can't trust you with the reins, and it's insupportably fatiguing to drive all the way."

"You mean to say, you would rather have Tom, to save you the trouble of opening your mouth, except for the purpose of yawning and eating. That eating, too, is a horrid bore—but eat, alas! he must. Ah! cruel fate!—the unhappy Henry can't by proxy eat!"—"Very fine, I dare say," said the unmoved Henry; "but nothing to the purpose: say in a word—if you can—will you, or will you not?"—"I will not," replied Robert: "the servants, of course, must

follow in another carriage, and I'll go on the box."

"And take care of your protégée, I presume," said Julia, taking up a bed-candle.

"My protégé—oh, Emily,—I had forgot; but of course she *will* go outside."

"Emily again!" muttered Henry. "I see I shall hate the name. I'll go to bed;" so saying this amiable family separated for the night.

CHAPTER IV:

FOR some weeks after the arrival of our party at Paris, nothing worthy of observation occurred. They had taken a large hotel in the Rue St. Honoré, and as every individual was wholly bent upon following his own selfish gratifications, it is not surprising that Emily should be totally forgotten, except when she could in any way contribute to them. If any thing was wanted in a hurry, any trimming to be sewed on, any music to be copied, or such like, Emily's indefatigable fingers were employed. Mrs. G. had engaged the most celebrated professors to attend on her daughters; but when the first novelty was worn off, a party of pleasure, or preparations for a ball, or the theatre, often prevented them from taking a lesson, and

Emily was substituted in their place. Except when thus called upon, she seemed entirely forgotten; and her time was at her own disposal. For the first week or ten days this was spent in unavailing regrets, and ceaseless sighs after her peaceful and happy home; but, in unpacking and arranging her books, she discovered a small packet addressed to her, in Mr. Hamilton's hand-writing; she eagerly opened it, and found that it contained the most excellent advice, how to conduct herself under every event which his sagacity foresaw, or his tenderness feared, might befall her. How many tears did she shed as she perused this affecting testimony of his anxious love! At last she came to a passage which seemed peculiarly applicable to her present situation; it was as follows: "It may happen, dearest Emily, that neglect and contempt await you; even from those, whom the ties of blood ought to inspire with sentiments of kindness, harsh and unfeeling conduct may proceed. If such be your fate, to forgive as you hope to be forgiven, will be the first feeling of your heart; yet, at the same time, despon-

dency or apathy may steal upon you. The conviction that no one cares whether you perform your duties or not, may lead you to forget that you have duties to perform. Guard yourself, my beloved child, from this dangerous error; you are accountable for every moment of your time; see that you employ it not only innocently, but wisely. Each day, before you leave your room, lay down a plan for the occupations of the day; and at night presume not to ask the blessing of your God, till you have examined whether, as far as lay in your power, you have pursued it."—"Yes, my more than parent," said Emily, "from this day, such shall be my conduct:" and this promise she steadily adhered to. After some time, Robert, almost satiated with the sights and gaieties of Paris, thought of his little cousin, and reproached himself for having so long neglected her. He easily obtained leave from the indolent Mrs. G. to take her to see whatever was most worth seeing in that great metropolis; and, delighted with the intelligence and information she displayed, as well as by the originality and naiveté of all she said, he was

daily more and more frequently in her society, and often spent great part of his morning in the little sitting-room which was appropriated to her. Having formed an engagement with some young friends, to go on an excursion to some distance in the country, they had agreed to set out very early in the morning; and Robert, who was in general a late riser, was called by his servant at five o'clock. What was his surprise to hear, on descending, the sound of a harp!—"It's Miss Emily," said Thomas; "she'll often be playing at that'en for two hours or more before any body be stirring." Robert went softly to the door from whence the sound proceeded: the musician was just finishing a piece of much brilliancy of execution. The sound ceased; she tuned her harp, struck a few simple chords, and sang as follows:

1

“ Oh ! follow me, follow me,
And I'se be your guide ;
Oh ! follow me, follow me,
By the lone bourn side.

Or gin ye loe mountain scene,
 We me ye maun come ;
 Sae dear to my heart and een,
 Is this my loved home.

2

Oh ! follow me, follow me,
 O'er the locks blue wave ;
 Our oars, gin ye 'll follow me,
 Its clear waters shall lave.
 Or climb ye the rock wi' me,
 An' view ocean's foam ;
 Ah ! ne'er can ye loe like me
 This heart-cherished home."

Robert stood for a minute as if entranced ; he had often heard voices as clear, as powerful, but never one whose every tone spoke thus to the soul ; he opened the door and went in. " Robert ! how you startled me :—how came you here ? What are you come for ?"

" I came, my dear little coz, in at the door ; and I come to thank you for the sweetest—bless me ! in tears !—how, why, and wherefore ?"

Emily smiled through her tears, but dared not trust her voice to speak.

“ Well, in spite of that April face—I see a dumb fit has seized you, and I must be gone. Your bewitching strain has made me forget that I am beyond my time.”

“ What, have you been listening to me ?”

“ Humph—I shan’t answer your question, as you don’t choose to answer mine; but I shall ask you a hundred this evening; so prepare to answer them rationally, pertinently, and methodically—*Jusqu’au revoir, mon bijou.*”

Laura and Henry, as the young reader may have discovered, were naturally indolent; and the little abilities they possessed were devoted to promote their own selfish gratifications; beyond that boundary their thoughts and wishes rarely, if ever, extended: hence Emily was to them an object of such perfect indifference, that Henry was scarcely conscious of her presence when in the same room with her, and Laura’s apathy would have been as great, if Emily had not in many ways been very useful to her. Did she tire of any piece of embroidery, Emily’s ready fingers completed it; her drawing implements mislaid, were sure to be found and put

in order by Emily: to collect her scattered music, to tune and string her harp, to fetch her shawl, her bonnet, her reticule, to pay her bills and settle her accounts; all this devolved on Emily, and was performed with as unvarying a cheerfulness and promptitude, as it was received with nonchalance and indifference. All this, and more, was exacted by Julia, and repaid with injustice and harsh treatment. She possessed all the ability and vivacity of Robert, without his good humour. His generous sentiments had been fostered, and his selfishness subdued, by the rough discipline of a public school; whilst Julia had been taught to think of nothing but self, and of the appearance she should make in the world. As she was very pretty, with her disposition she could ill brook a rival; and though Emily was but a mere child compared with herself, her extreme loveliness fostered feelings of jealousy, which her young cousin's evident superiority, even in those accomplishments on which she most valued herself, soon ripened into hatred, and she took every opportunity, which petty spite and malice could sug-

gest, to shew her ill will. Her shafts, though aimed with her utmost skill, fell powerless before the shield which Emily unconsciously opposed. So early had the commandment of her blessed Saviour, that we should love one another, been implanted in her breast, that resentment was unknown to her, and the faults and frailties of her fellow-creatures excited only pity or surprise. Thus was Julia often provoked that her bitterest invectives could never rouse Emily to reply, and were always received in perfect silence; sometimes, indeed, a look or gesture of surprise escaped her, and often her eyes were filled with tears of pity for her unhappy cousin, thus a prey to ungovernable passions. Julia was sometimes inclined to think her quiet manner proceeded from stupidity, but oftener from deceit; and her animosity, which grew stronger every day, was not a little augmented by Robert's undisguised praises of his little cousin.

On his return from the excursion just alluded to, Robert hurried to Emily's room, and found her deeply engaged over an embroidery frame, putting the finishing hand to a trimming which

was to ornament Julia's dress that night. "Why, those little fingers are moving almost as quickly as they did this morning! Tell me how you learnt to draw such sweet expressive sounds from your harp? In short, explain to me by what miracle you are, at your age, what you are?"

"By no miracle," said Emily, deeply blushing; "I can take no merit to myself; what I am, and what I do, I owe to the unwearied pains of the best of mothers, and the best of friends. As to my music, the miracle would have been, had I not played well with such inducements as I had; so true it is—*on peut tout ce qu'on veut, quand un puissant intérêt nous anime et nous guide.*"

"And what was your powerful motive?"

"My mother," said Emily in a low voice, and bending over the frame to hide the starting tear, "my mother found comfort in my harp, when nothing else could soothe her, and, for two years, was too ill to play herself, or do more than instruct me." Robert looked at her in silence, and seemed to forget the hundred other ques-

tions he had to ask. At last, "Emily," said he, "I long to hear that song again; come with me now to the drawing-room and play it once more."

"I will, when I have finished this little rose, —Julia is waiting for her trimming."

"Julia! what signifies Julia!"

"To me much: and it is of equal consequence to her; she could not go to the ambassador's ball to-night, *sans* trimming to her gown; so, Mr. Impatience, you *must* wait."

After watching her, as he leaned on the back of her chair, for about ten minutes more, seemingly absorbed in a reverie, Robert again broke silence. "Emily, I wish I knew your receipt for happiness; no one is so often scolded, so often neglected, so left to perfect solitude, or has so much to do; and yet I see you skipping up and down stairs, and singing, with *gaieté de cœur* that does mine good to hear you. Sometimes I see you bounding round the garden with the swiftness and playfulness of a young fawn, and then you laugh so heartily at any thing—at nothing. I wish," added he with a deep sigh, "I wish you could tell me how this is."

“Why,” said Emily, looking up in his face with an arch smile, “my cousin Robert is not so *very* grave.”

“Perhaps not; but yet there are times when I am *triste à mourir*, when I know not what on earth to do with myself, and seem to have a load on my mind, a weariness of existence, which it is impossible to describe to you who have never felt it, and as impossible that you should pity.”

Emily looked up from her work, and said, with an animation and earnestness which riveted Robert’s attention—“My dear cousin, I do pity you, you know not how deeply. But why should you for an instant be in want of my pity! Why will you not be what your rank in life, your talents, your disposition, all call on you to become—a blessing and an honour to your country?”

“But how, dearest coz? Habit, indolence, selfishness, custom, and fashion, fetter every limb and every joint, even to the end of my little finger.”

“Ah, Robert, believe me, if you would only

bring to the struggle all the strength you could, these fetters would be like the cord on the limbs of Samson, whilst he was yet true to his God." As she spoke her dark eye sparkled, and her cheek glowed, whilst every expressive feature shewed how much her soul was in the subject.

"Little enthusiast!" said Robert smiling.

"Nay," replied she, "it is not my childish folly which speaks, but the experience of my dear father, who is wiser and better than any one I ever knew. He says, that all our efforts ought to be directed towards promoting the good and well-being of those whom Providence has given us the power to serve; that in acquiring talents and virtue, we by example teach; and that no man can be aware, until he has brought all the powers of his mind to the trial, of the vast extent to which his individual exertions may benefit his fellow-creatures. Why do you smile and look at me so earnestly? Is it that you think I have learnt my lesson so well? Only let me repeat it to you half as often as I have heard it, and I will write you down *Dunce* if you do not know it too."

“ Never mind why I smiled.—But take your work to Julia, and put on your bonnet; I will take you to see the Gobelins, you so much wished to see.”

“ And the song——”

“ Oh! never mind the song; you see I am going to profit by your lessons, and begin by being generous; so go——”

“ Dear Robert,” said Emily, hastily taking out her work; “ no—Will you really go with me?—How very delightful! You shall see I will not be five minutes; I will just run with this to Julia, and then——” nodding and laughing she left the room, and Robert listened with delight to her light step as she flew up-stairs. But five, nay ten—fifteen minutes passed, and she came not; at last, just as he was going in search of her, he heard her step slowly and unwillingly approaching—she opened the door:—“ Emily, what’s the matter? What can have happened?”

“ Nothing,” replied she, brushing away the large tear that had gathered in her eyes as she spoke, and attempting to smile; “ nothing, only that I am a fool, that’s all.”

“ Well, but why haven't you your hat and shawl on ?”

“ Julia thinks—Julia says—Julia——”

“ I see how it is—that Julia, with her cursed temper, won't let you go,—but I vow to——”

“ Hush! hush!” said Emily, playfully putting her hand before his mouth, “ make no rash vows; to-day is Monday; consequently Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, are yet to come and to choose out of. Ought I then to complain, if Julia has found a little more work for me to-night?”

“ Say what you please,” said Robert, impatiently pushing away her hand; “ say what you please, your unrepining meekness only makes me the more determined to be revenged! And revenged I will be before the end of this week!—So let Miss Julia look to it!” As he spoke this, he left the room.

“ Revenge!” said Emily, looking after him “ and he himself needeth forgiveness!”—As she spoke, she sat down, silently and quietly to fulfil her task.

CHAPTER V.

FORTUNATELY for Emily, Robert, on quitting her, could not gain admittance into his sister's room : for, busied in preparations for the evening's ball, she would suffer no interruption to such important deliberations; and before they met again, he had time to reflect on the probable consequences that might ensue to poor Emily from any intemperate warmth on his part. He still indeed secretly vowed revenge, but determined upon saying nothing to Julia that might provoke her to more open hostility against her dependent cousin.

In a few days, the party left Paris, where they had spent a year, and as they proposed passing through Switzerland, on their way to Italy, Robert promised himself and Emily many

pleasant mountain excursions, of which even Julia should not disappoint him. But none of the rest of the party had any taste for beautiful scenery. Henry grumbled incessantly at the bad roads, and worse accommodations; Julia's thoughts were more bent on being seen than seeing; and she eagerly desired their arrival at Florence, where they had several introductions, both to English residents and foreigners. Mrs. Gretton and Laura were tired to death with their journey, and only expressed pleasure at the idea, that a few more days would bring them to the end of it; whilst Mr. Gretton was seldom roused to express either pleasure or approbation at any thing, which did not belong exclusively to himself, or in some way gratified his vain ostentation of wealth. One thing however was in Emily's favour; Mrs. G. could never be prevailed upon to breakfast before ten, and Robert, incited by his cousin's entreaties, and his own love of sights, left his bed at a very early hour, to accompany her on many pleasant excursions, in which he was often obliged to confess that his little mountaineer was a better

scrambler than himself. It would be impossible to describe the feelings of Emily, as Mont Blanc, in all its grandeur, burst upon her view. An exclamation of delight and wonder escaped her lips; and, forgetting how often her ardour had been coldly met, she leant forward from the box, and said, "Laura! Julia! pray do look! Did you ever behold so sublime a scene?" Laura looked up: "What, do you mean that great mountain? It's Mont Blanc, of course; but I'm really sick to death of seeing nothing but mountains."

"However, it is natural enough," added Julia, "that Emily, who was brought up amongst such sort of scenery, should be glad to see any thing that reminds her of her own barbarous wilds." At this moment, Robert, who had run forward to gratify his eager impatience by a first sight of the mountain, returned, and springing on the box, furnished to Emily a companion who participated in all her admiration.

The residence in Italy, which occupied another year, presented nothing of interest; and

the young reader may imagine them again established in Portman Square for some months; Emily still pursuing her usual occupations, unvaried except by the caprices of Laura and Julia, or the friendly society of Robert; but never did a day pass that her thoughts did not rove to her loved Emsdale, and its still dearer inhabitants.

One morning, as she was busily engaged in settling some rather complicated accounts of her cousin's, Robert rushed into the room:

"Emily! Emily! good news! joyful news! glorious news!"

"Hush! hush!—97 and 9—ninety—oh! Robert, I must go over all this again! Pray don't interrupt me; for Julia desired——"

"Glorious news, sweet coz, I tell you! Hang the accounts!" and huddling them together, he was proceeding to put them into the fire.

"My dear Robert, are you mad!" said Emily, holding back his arm.

"Mad! no! but *you* will be, when I tell you—Cumberland! Cumberland! Dear Emily, we are going to scramble amongst its mountains, and——"

“We! You don’t mean that I—that you—that my cousins—Cumberland!” stammered Emily; and, turning very pale, she looked as if her life depended on the answer.

“Yes,” said Robert, shaking both her hands, and laughing heartily, “I *do* mean that I—that you—but stay, let us do it in order: I go—thou goest—he goes—I will go—thou shalt go—to Cumberland! hurrah!” At this moment his eye rested on Julia, who, unperceived by either party, had entered the room.

“So, a pretty fool my wise brother makes of himself! And, Miss Demure, pray do you and he often indulge in these ebullitions of wisdom? My accounts must have been well written out, truly! Take them up, and retire to your own room!”

Emily unhesitatingly prepared to obey.

“By Heavens!” said Robert, “she shall not go! She shall stay and hear.”

“I command you to go!” exclaimed Julia; and Emily, casting a look of entreaty on Robert, left the room in silence; whilst Julia thus gave vent to her anger.

“So then, it turns out that you and Emily have been plotting together to induce papa to take us to that odious Cumberland; but if she thinks to gain any thing by it, she is bitterly mistaken; for she never will be permitted to visit that old wretch, of whom she pretends to be so fond. And I shall take care to inform mamma whom she may thank for the unaccountable whim, which my father has taken into his head, of going to bury us alive in those horrid mountains—I shall inform her, you may depend upon it.”

“Add to the kindness, my *gentle* Julia, by informing me, for that is the only part of this delightful scheme I am as yet ignorant of. Be assured, I will lose no time in conveying the intelligence to poor Emily, who, thanks to your *sweet* and *mild* deportment, does not as yet *quite* know we are going, much less the cause.”

“Perhaps,” says a very acute observer of human nature—“Perhaps nothing is more irritating than to be called *mild* and *gentle*, when one feels oneself in a rage.” And thus it was with Julia: she darted on her brother a furious

look; "Do you think to carry it off in that tone? did I not see you—did I not hear you—did I not hear the word Cumberland from your own lips?—did I not see the deceitful wretch turn pale on beholding me?—did I not——"

"Well," interrupted Robert, as he moved towards the door, "breathe awhile, and then to it again! and by the time you have recovered your energies, I'll send——Ah! by good luck, here he comes!—Harry, do try to convince my *gentle* sister, that your taste for grouse shooting, and the taste my father hopes to acquire for farming, have more to do with this exile, this banishment, than my plots; and that Emily is not worse than Guy Fawkes."

"I shall say nothing about Emily, depend upon that. Neither shall I trouble myself with your disputes."—"Well, but say that you like grouse-shooting and Cumberland."—"And what if I do?"—"And that you have persuaded our commander-in-chief to make this purchase."—"And what if I did?"—"What if you did! you Goth! you Vandal! don't you perceive the emotions, the almost convulsions, which the

very idea of it has excited in the breast of your amiable sister?"—"What confounded stuff you talk:—do you mean she don't like to go?"—"Like! Heaven and earth! can you ask?—Like! *no!*"—"Well then," drawled out Henry, "she can stay at home, I suppose. But you bother one so, I don't know what I—Oh, here it is! Robert, my good fellow, do just write out, clear and straight forwards, these directions to Forsyth about my new double barrel—for my tandem is at the door, and I must just drive down to Lord L—s, about a dog, that he—ah! and there's the patent belt at Henderson's; and—upon my soul, that fool Tom, he never can remember five minutes together." Muttering this, Henry left the room, with a quicker step than he was ever known to do before; and Robert, looking at Julia, burst into a loud, long, and unrestrained fit of laughter.

Robert was not quite right in his conjectures as to the cause of their sudden journey to Cumberland. At a dinner at the Earl of B—'s, Mr. Gretton and Henry had met a gentleman of great landed possessions in the North, who

after expatiating much on the delights of grouse shooting, &c. turned to Mr. Gretton, who happened to be his neighbour, and said:—"In short, hereditary landed property is the only thing that enables us country gentlemen to keep our places in society, so much does the monied interest elbow us out." Mr G. bowed coldly. "It is excessively annoying," continued the gentleman, "to be continually out-done by people who have risen within a very few years out of a sugar-cask, or a brewing-vat! And yet, even in the country, one is continually seeing new people taking possession of old family seats, who a few years—ay, I may say a few months before, were measuring tape behind a counter, or superintending spinning jennies in a cotton manufactory."

"It must be annoying," said Mr. G. with a confused air.

"Ay," rejoined his unconscious tormentor, "and what is worse in these days, it is sufficient that a man takes his place as a country gentleman, and lives in a certain style. No one troubles himself to inquire who, or what, he is;

it is all one to them, whether his father was the first of his family, or, that he can trace his descent through noble and illustrious ancestors, pure and uncontaminated, from our Saxon princes."

Mr. G. again made some cold and constrained answer; but his assailant was too much taken up by the subject and his Lordship's excellent wines, to perceive the evident confusion of his hearer; and he proceeded.—“And then they say, it is but just that a man who has worked hard should reap and enjoy the fruit of his labours! Let him enjoy it, in the name of Heaven, in his own snug little box, by the side of the turnpike road. But is it just, is it right, that such men should jostle us out of our privileges? That we, who from time immemorial have, through our ancestors, formed the rampart of the throne, have expended blood and treasures, and sacrificed all that is most dear to defend its rights, and the rights of our country—is it to be borne—is it to be endured, that we should be surpassed, neglected, forgotten, for a set of miscreants who have obtained their gold

behind a counter, or by means of a drove of slaves, goaded to labour by the whip of an overseer?"

At this instant a young baronet, who sat on the other side of the speaker, and who had evidently been much amused by the conversation, or rather harangue—for Mr. G. had no part in it—whispered a few words in the gentleman's ear, which had an instantaneous effect. He replied in a low tone, but not so low as not to catch Mr. G.'s sharpened attention. "Heavens! you don't say so! I thought myself quite secure! Lord B—— is in general so—" "Hush!" said his friend, "I will explain. You see his Lordship has given the signal for retreat."

No sooner had they quitted the room, than Mr. G. ordered his carriage, and signified to Henry his intention of returning home immediately; but Henry, who had had more reason to be pleased with his evening, declined accompanying him, and said he should find a place in his friend Lord L—'s or Sir George Danson's carriage. Mr. G. therefore returned

alone to ruminate on the severe mortification his vanity had received. As his thoughts, in painful retrospection, ran over all that the unknown had said, they particularly dwelt upon the words, "In these days, it is sufficient that a man takes his place as a country gentleman, and lives in a certain style. No one troubles himself to inquire who, or what, he is." And he secretly determined thus to establish himself.

It happened, that Sir G. Danson, Henry's friend, and the young baronet who had spoken to Mr. G.'s tormentor, was so embarrassed by a late run of ill luck at the gaming-table, that he was under the necessity of parting with an estate in Cumberland to pay some debts of honour, which could not be delayed; and as he foresaw what might be Mr. G.'s resolution, he artfully, in the course of the evening, so excited Henry's passion for field-sports, and so enlarged on the merits of Hawksthwaite, which he protested under other circumstances he would never have parted with, that Henry lost no time in persuading his father to buy it. Mr. G. saw Sir George, and the affair was soon ad-

justed. Sir G. in taking his leave, recommended Mr. Ashurst to Mr. G.'s notice, as a person who would make all arrangements as speedily as possible; adding, that he would find him useful in a thousand different ways; and he believed him to be as honest as attorneys ever were.

Henry hastened their departure, that they might be there before the 12th of August; and in a short time the whole party set off for Hawksthwaite—but with very different feelings among the several individuals, as to the expected pleasure or expediency of the journey.

Emily repeated twenty times a day, "O! my dear Cumberland!" and as every stage brought them nearer and nearer to its well-known scenes, her heart beat violently. At last, when one of the hills, visible from Emsdale, burst on her view, her hand convulsively grasped Robert's arm, for, as usual, he was her companion, and pointing to the mountain, she exclaimed: "Ah! there is Stellgarth crag! my beloved home! Emsdale is—" Here all utterance failed her, and she burst into tears.

“Can you see Emsdale now?” said Robert.—
“No no,” sobbed she, “from my garden I
can see that hill.”

“Oh, well then,” cried Robert, the distance
cannot be great—trust to my fertile brain,—
who knows what I may contrive? And look,
Emily! I believe we are entering the gates of
Hawksthwaite.”

Such indeed was the fact; and thus have we
arrived at that very important epocha, when
Mr. Ashurst handed the ladies from the car-
riage. As Sir G. Danson had large possessions
in the West of England, this seat had not been
inhabited for many years, except for a few
weeks during the shooting-season; it was there-
fore a matter of no small importance to the inha-
bitants of this little village, that the estate had
passed into the hands of a West Indian, who
was said to be rolling in wealth, and had a
large family. Great were the expectations of
the splendour which the manor-house would
display, and of the fêtes that would be given.

CHAPTER VI.

ON the evening of their arrival all the party were so tired, that they were very glad to retire to their beds as early as possible; but the light spirits of youth and health are soon restored; and the beams of a bright summer's sun awoke Emily at a very early hour the next morning. With an eager desire to feast her eyes once again on the beloved hills of Cumberland, she started from her bed, dressed herself with all possible expedition, and soon found herself in a spacious and beautiful park, which seemed to combine all the varieties of hill and dale, wood and water.—She wandered from one scene to another, with all the eager delight and unwearied research after novelty which are so natural to the elastic spirits of youth, till, at

last, having gained a steep eminence, Stellgarth again presented itself, and Emily gazed on it with feelings almost insupportable. So near to her home, she might hope to hear of Mr. Hamilton; or she might convey to him some slight message, which would assure him of her health and welfare. It looked so very near, and she was so excellent a walker, that in some of their mountain excursions she and Robert might even walk in sight of Emsdale. Her heart bounded at the thought—her cheeks glowed, and her bright eyes sparkled: but in the midst of these cloudless anticipations the words “and if that home should be desolate,” rested on her lips; tears dimmed her eyes, and the thought struck a chill to her heart, as though the supposition had been a certainty. At this instant she was roused by the sound of footsteps hastily approaching, and soon she distinguished the merry voice of Robert singing—

So light to the croup the fair lady he swung,

So light on the saddle before her he sprung,

She is won, we are gone, over bank, bush, and
scour.

“ They ’ll have fleet steeds that follow,” quoth
young Lochinvar.

“ Ah! good morning, dear coz!—I knew I
should find you with your eyes fixed on that old
hill.”

“ And who is the fair lady you are going to
carry off in that cavalier style?”

“ Yourself—the steed is ready, if you are so
inclined.”

“ And whither are we to go?”

“ To Emsdale.”

“ To Emsdale! nonsense.”

“ It is no nonsense, but sober serious truth,
that *I* am going; and if Miss Precision could
take for once a morning ride without permis-
sion, it is but nine miles by the nearest road.”

“ But nine miles! Oh, Robert!”

“ Oh, Emily!—Why you see it is but half-
past six, and we could be back by their late
breakfast. I have got Tom to put a side-
saddle on my mare, who is the quietest creature

on earth. I'll ride a horse of the governor's, and"—

"Impossible," said Emily.

"I see nothing impossible in it. The servants like you too well to betray you; and surely you can keep your own counsel."

"I will not put myself into the power of servants; and in such a case I could not keep my own counsel. I cannot, and I will not go; so let us think no more of it."

"You really are too absurd, Emily. Well, then, I shall go by myself; and if I can keep my resolution, I won't tell you a syllable when I come back."

"But your father"—

"My father! that's too good! I am not such a chicken, I hope, as to be obliged to give an account to him of my actions. And be assured, for your sake, I shall tell no one else. Good b'ye, dear Emily. I know all you would say to Papa; and I intend to make him very fond of me by telling him what a good child you are."

"But, Robert! Robert!"—He looked back,

nodded, laughed, and then was quickly out of sight: and Emily returned slowly to the house. How the hours seemed to creep! She tried to employ herself; but in vain. The least noise made her start; every sound was listened to with eagerness. At last, at the late hour of eleven, the breakfast-bell rang, and she entered the room where the family were assembled, with so agitated an air, that even the unobservant Laura exclaimed, "Emily, what's the matter? You look frightened, and as pale as death!" Emily felt her cheeks becoming like crimson. Julia fixed on her a penetrating glance, and said, "Not very *pale*, I think; but come, child, and make breakfast."—They had not long been seated, when the sound of a horse's hoof was heard. Laura looked up, and began, "I wonder who—" when her eye rested on Emily. "Have you lost your senses, child? You are washing the cups with coffee." Emily tried to laugh. "How very silly I am; I beg your pardon."—"Certainly," said Julia, who continued watching her with attention; you are improving upon your folly now by emptying

that cup into the sugar bason—there is something at the bottom of all this, which I shall discover.” Emily again coloured deeply, and tried to repair her mistake; but on the door opening just as she was on the point of handing a cup of coffee to Mr. Gretton, her hand trembled so violently, that half the contents were spilt.—“What the d-v-l are you about?” said Mr. G.—“Julia, do take that awkward creature’s place.”—“No, no,” said Julia, “pray let her go on; she is distinguishing herself very much.” At this moment Mr. Ashurst was announced, and the vulgar bustle of his bows and compliments gave poor Emily time to regain a little composure, and to be sensible how absolutely necessary it was to have more self-command. She stopped the servant as he was leaving the room, and in a low voice begged to have her sugar replaced; then, with a steady hand, she offered some excellent coffee to her Uncle and Mr. Ashurst, the latter of whom, however, almost upset her again by saying, “Where is Mr. Robert? I believe it is Mr. Robert that I miss.”—“Yes, by the by,” said Mr. Gretton,

“ where is he? — do you know, Henry? ” —
“ Not I! I dare say not out of bed ” — “ Much fatigued with his journey, I suppose, ” said Mr. Ashurst. “ Our roads are horrible — we are so entirely out of the way of all lake tourists, or we should be better off. I have long been wanting to have them Macadamised, and now the Manor House is so well filled, ” added he, bowing to Mr. Gretton, “ Hawksthwaite and its roads will be quite another thing. ” — “ Pray, who are our best neighbours, Mr. Ashurst? ” said Mrs. Gretton. — “ Why, as to neighbours, ma’am, we are rather badly off. The Hawksthwaite estate is so large, and extends so far, except indeed on the Hawksden side. Sir William Hawksden is your nearest neighbour, or rather, I should say Lady Hawksden, for she does not allow her son to have a will of his own, poor young gentleman ! ”

“ Is he her only child? ” — “ Yes; and a prodigious fuss she makes about him, and keeps him quite buried alive, as one may say, at Hawksden. But he is now eighteen, and is going to college, they say; and, if I mistake

not, will soon show her that he can play another game."—"Do they see a good deal of company?"—"Quite the contrary; Lady Hawksden is a woman of very singular notions—rather methodistical, I should say."—"A methodist! dear! how very disagreeable!" said Laura.—"And pray is her son like her?"—"I should think not, in his heart; though, as I said before, ma'am, he dare not have an opinion of his own. But I hear he is very fond of shooting, fishing, &c. and he takes wide excursions on the moors. I've heard of his being out and sleeping amongst them for two nights together."—"After game, I dare say," observed Henry; "I hope we have a good deal here."—"Yes, sir, very fair, very fair indeed—for Sir William's (I should say Lady Hawksden's) tenants keep her manor so well, that it maintains a good stock, though we have many poachers."—"Oh! we'll soon put down those wretches," said Mr. Gretton. "I dare say, sir, I dare say," said Mr. Ashurst, with one of his lowest bows.—At this instant Robert entered the room: his heightened colour,

his riding-dress, and well-splashed boots, showed evidently that he had been riding, not sleeping. Julia looked earnestly, first at him, then at Emily; but the latter was, or seemed to be busily occupied; and Robert, as penetrating as herself, in a single glance detected her suspicions. "Good morning to you all! and to you in particular, my dear Julia; for the flattering earnestness of your gaze makes me hope you admire the fine bloom I have gained on the mountains—rather full-blown damask, I suspect; for I rode the last five miles confounded hard; and am as hungry as keen Cumberland air can make me. My little Emily, some breakfast,—quick!"—"And where might you have been?" said Julia; "you are not used to be so early a riser."—"How know you that?" rejoined he, eating very fast—"how know you that? You never call me!—How d'ye do, Mr. Ashurst, I beg your pardon for not seeing you before. Henry, shall I trouble you for some more of that potted deer? It's perfectly excellent! I foresee we shall revel in good cheer amongst these wilds. Julia, you have not

surely done eating? you positively make me blush by the attentive kindness of your looks. Let me recommend you to try the effect of these early mountain breezes; you cannot conceive the relish they give to the breakfast."—"They seem to have unchained your tongue too," said Mr. Gretton, rising. "Come, Mr. Ashurst, let us go into the library, for there appears to be no end either of his eating or talking."

For some time after their departure, Robert continued eating most perseveringly, and to drink cup after cup of coffee. One by one the party dropped off. But Julia, as if she guessed his motive, said, "Now you have cleared that fourth plate, and drunk that fifth cup—will you condescend to answer my question?—Where have you been?—Emily, you need not waste your time here, child; go and unpack and arrange my books, till I come, and then I will tell you what farther to do." Emily withdrew. "I feel most particularly honoured," said Robert, bowing: "shall I trouble you, then, for one more cup of coffee? Hold! not any sugar,—I have never liked sugar since the

French taught me what coffee was. Do you remember at Orleans — no, not Orleans—but you look impatient; you asked me some question.” — “How tiresome! for the third time, where have you been?” Robert felt in both pockets, looked around him, then got up and rung the bell. “What is the matter now? What are you looking for?” — “For my pocket map of Cumberland. “Oh!” said he to the servant, “ask Tom to look for my pocket map, or say whether I gave it to him. But stay—here it is. Well then, nothing; only take these things away.” Robert now proceeded with great deliberation to spread the map on the table; then, after looking carefully for some time, began: Hawksden, Eaglescrag, Stelthwaite, Overfell, Muckelden,—Stop. Yes—no,—that’s not right. I’ll begin again. — Hawksden, Overfell, Eaglescrag, Muckelden—Ah! now I have it! then I crossed this brook without a name.—Nay, look not so angry!—if I were upon my oath, I do not know it. But to proceed, or rather, we had better go back, as I got into a bog on the other side of that

nameless brook; and I would not advise you to cross it even when you *do* know the name. —Hem! Hawksden—but I see a storm coming. Oh! goddess, gently on thy suppliant's head lay thy dread hand." As he thus spoke, laughing, he left the room. "Idiot!" muttered Julia, as she looked after him; and then she retired, to try what she could extort from Emily; but with no better success, for she had entirely recovered her self-command. At the sight of Robert's cheerful face, she felt that all was well; and she received Julia's ill-humour with unaltered and unalterable serenity.

CHAPTER VII.

JULIA kept Emily so well employed all the day, that Robert found no opportunity of speaking to her unobserved; and the next morning being Sunday, his cousin did not make her appearance till half an hour before their late breakfast-time, when completely equipped for church, she entered the room.

“Little torment!” said Robert, as she opened the door, “here have I been dancing attendance for a good hour; and now you are come, when Miss Julia will make her appearance in five minutes.”—“I only came to see if any one was here with whom I could leave word that I was gone to church.”—“To church? And your breakfast?”—“Oh, Evans has supplied me with some bread and milk; and I must begone, for

I hear it is a long walk. But, tell me first, added she, approaching and speaking in a low voice, "tell me first, if you saw my dear fa——" "I'll tell you nothing," interrupted Robert, as he turned from her, with half real, half affected pique. "I'll tell you nothing; why couldn't you have been here an hour ago, and then you would not have taken me, like a martyr, to church without my breakfast."

"Taken *you* to church! No—will you really go with me?" said Emily, her eyes sparkling with delight. "Let us be gone then, before the rest of the party assemble. We can leave word with Hurford, as we pass through the hall. Come, come along! this is the most agreeable of surprises."—"So then you make light of my sacrifice!"—"It shall be none," said she, laughing. I capture, and will be the bearer of three of these rolls, or as many more as you like: and in the course of my rambles yesterday I discovered the dairy which lies in our way to church: I therefore can promise you some delicious milk."—"Bread and milk!" sighed Robert, rising to follow her, and eying the

potted char, marmelade, &c. which met him at the door. "Well! I hope you fully understand that I make this great sacrifice purely for your sake, and because I see no other means of talking to you uninterruptedly. Julia will not follow us to morning church, that's one comfort."

"I wish to my heart she would," said Emily, with a deep sigh which proved the sincerity of the wish. "And I wish, too, it was not for my sake you make this sacrifice as you call it."

"As *I* call it! Heavens and earth! and pray, what may *you* call it? Is it no sacrifice, think you, to leave such a breakfast as we have just met? particularly with an appetite sharpened as mine has been by pacing from the drawing-room to your door and back again, under your window, not daring to call, lest Julia should be with you?"

"Poor Robert!" said Emily, with one of her archest smiles. "Well, to console you, I'll recount my disasters of yesterday." He laughed heartily at the relation, and whilst he was drinking some milk, which he could not but own was

delicious, he gave a most comic account of the scene between himself and Julia, after Emily had left the room.

“Tell me only,” said Emily, as they hurried on to church, “that you saw my dear friend, and that he was well. I must not trust myself to hear more till we come out.”

“He was well—and I saw him.”

“Thank God!” said Emily. “What endless, ceaseless cause for gratitude I have! Oh! that I could always be thus sensible of it!” After a pause, she added:—“Undoubtedly the greatest blessing we can receive from the Father of all mercies is a grateful heart, able fully to appreciate the happiness, the advantages, the comforts, that surround us.” Robert made no answer. Ever since he and his young cousin had banished all reserve, nothing had struck him so much—nothing had so irresistibly won his admiration—as the unaffected piety to which she sometimes gave utterance. It seemed as though, from the fulness of her innocent heart, the love of God spoke in her eloquent eye, or dwelt upon her lips; and at that moment the

surrounding scenery lent its aid in furtherance of the soft persuasion of her accents. They had just gained the summit of a little eminence; and the village church, embosomed among trees, stood before them in all its rural beauty; the country people, in their Sunday dress, with sober pace, were advancing towards it—whilst the simple chime of the bells added its influence to subdue the passions, and bring the mind to a devout frame; and Robert, as they approached, took off his hat to enter the house of God, with feelings of reverence and devotion he had never before experienced.

We must now recal our reader's recollection to a person, whom we have long neglected; namely, Mrs. Margery Simkins, who had been for some time attentively listening for *the* carriage—a carriage was heard, and, all in a bustle, she placed herself so that she could most conveniently see the door by which the party was to enter; she stretched out eagerly her long yellow neck: "Pshaw! it was only the Hawksdens!" Again she listened; but the last chime had finished, and the commencing hymn was

singing, when our pedestrians quietly entered the church, unattended even by a single servant, and were shewn into their pew by the beadle. Emily's close cottage bonnet entirely concealing her face, her white muslin spencer, plain dress, and unassuming air, soon marked her out to the sharp eyes of Mrs. Margery as only the poor relation, whom Mr. Ashurst had told her the Grettons had adopted out of charity. What a disappointment! She tried to console herself with the thought that they might come in the evening; and in the mean time she set herself to examine Robert from head to foot, that she might ascertain whether Mr. Ashurst's praises of his personal appearance were exaggerated. But now the hymn had finished, and the clergyman, rising to begin the sacred office, riveted the whole attention of Robert and Emily. He appeared to be between forty and fifty; though sorrow seemed to have lent its hand in deepening the furrows of his brow, giving sadness to the ordinary expression of his large dark eye, and spreading an air of touching resignation over his whole person. His tall and commanding

figure had a dignity, formed at once to control the good, and keep the bad in awe; yet so tempered by an aspect of benevolence and meekness, that he seemed more to be loved than feared. His countenance was in the highest degree indicative of vast powers of mind, often exercised in the noblest of all studies; bringing to the recollection those lines of our great poet,

“ Till oft converse with heavenly habitants
Begin to cast a beam on th' outward shape;
The unpolluted temple of the mind.”

Though his voice was sometimes powerful and impressive, it had oftener a tone of persuasive earnestness, which found its way irresistibly to the hearts of his hearers; carrying with it a conviction that he who addressed them, had no desire so great, no interest so powerful, as that the words of heavenly truth which he uttered, should sink deep into their minds, and produce the rich fruits of wisdom and virtue. It was impossible not to feel assured of the sincerity and the fervour of the zeal which animated him; as, with the tenderness of a father for his

children, of a pastor for his flock, he besought them to drink of the living fountain, to taste of the unpolluted pleasures which spring from a steadfast adherence to a religion of peace, of joy, and of love. His concluding address still dwelt fresh in the memory and the hearts of Emily and Robert, as they walked silently towards home. At last, as they entered the lane which led into the park, Emily begged her cousin to tell her all he had seen and heard at Emsdale.

“In the first place,” replied he, “I found that nine miles across these mountains, is not quite the same thing as nine miles along the London Road; and then my love of gratifying my eyesight, made me stray out of the little path that there was, and I so contrived to lose myself, that I did not reach Emsdale till eight o’clock.—As I was riding slowly down this uncommonly lovely, though almost inaccessible village, I saw a venerable-looking old——”

“Ah! it was my father! and he saw you, and you spoke to him? Go on, go on, dear Robert.”—“I protest against your interrupting

the thread of my history, Miss Emily. Here had I got it all arranged in my head, and now you have put me out."—"I promise not to offend again; but I beseech you go on."—"Well, where was I?—Oh! I saw a fine venerable-looking old clergyman approaching me. Thanks to your multiplied descriptions, I was not at a loss for a moment. I knew him, even to the shape of his clerical hat, and the tie of his shoe-strings. So I dismounted, and approaching him:—Emily! I wish you could have seen my bow—it was very far from one of these exquisite nods, in which you say I am such an adept: the fact was, I felt a little ashamed of my name, and hardly knew how to begin. So I hoped by this silent salutation to get him to make a start; and the scheme succeeded. Uncovering his venerable head, and returning my bow,—‘Pardon,’ said he, ‘my blindness, or forgetfulness; but I do not remember ever to have had the pleasure of seeing you.’ A bright thought struck me. ‘You never have, Sir; but I come from Emily Stewart, and my name is Gretton.’ Acknowledge that this was the *ne plus ultra* of

generalship, to put your name in the advance-guard, and wonderfully well it answered; for he exclaimed—‘Emily! my beloved child!’ and in a few seconds we were intimately acquainted. I walked with him to the parsonage, and round your little garden; and we talked of you! Oh! I assure you, I was never half so agreeable in my life. But I got a little reproof too.”—“I am thinking,” said Emily, looking up at him, and smiling, “Miss Precision can guess for what.”—“Yes, he found out somehow that I came unknown to my father; and though he thanked me much for the comfort I had given him, he said, I must not come again. I am sorry, both for your sake and my own, for Mr. Hamilton’s absurd scruples—for absurd I must call them—I do not see why I should *respect* a prohibition which is not *respectable*, or pay obedience to a mere whim, equally opposed to justice and common sense.—Nay, do not put on that face of utter dismay!—What! I am very wicked, am I?—You must not expect perfection in an instant, sweet coz! And here we are at the park door; so I shall just pop

you inside, and run down to Henry, whom I see a little lower in the lane."—"Henry!"—"Ay, you may well wonder; how he ever walked there, is the mystery! But to-morrow will be the 12th of August; so perhaps it is unravelled."

As he thus spoke, Robert opened the little door which led into the park, and having closed it again on Emily, he ran forward to join his brother, whom he found in deep consultation with the gamekeeper, endeavouring to settle the important point of where they should commence operations the next day.

On seeing Robert, he exclaimed, "What cursed folly could take you with that child to church this morning? I wanted to consult you about a hundred things. Wainwright tells me there is abundance of game on a moor that borders Hawksden Manor. I am thinking of taking that way. But my shooting pony has had the ill-luck to lame itself this morning, and I want to know whether you ride or walk."—"That is, whether I will lend you my pony?—With all my heart! for I like walking, provided you'll let me have Carlo."

“Carlo! the very best dog I have! A likely joke truly! But Wainwright says Juno is a very good one. Fetch her here, and let Mr. Robert see her. Meanwhile let us go on to the turn in the lane, and I will shew you where the moor begins. By the by, did you see young Hawksden in church? For, I suppose mamma makes him a church-goer.” “Young Hawksden! yes, I believe I did. I really hardly know; my attention was so taken up with the clergyman, that I—” “The clergyman! You! Ha! ha! ha! Now really that’s the very best thing I have heard this age! Capital, i’faith! Ha! ha! ha!” Robert reddened at his brother’s insulting laugh, and was going to defend himself with some warmth, when Henry caught his arm—“Look!” said he, “there’s a face worth all the clergymen that ever got together; and, by the prayer-book in her hand, she seems to have been to church too—though you were such an ass you could not see her.”

CHAPTER VIII.

ROBERT looked the way that his brother pointed, and saw approaching them a young girl, seemingly about nineteen or twenty, whose dress, from its simplicity, in these days of universal frippery and finery, was alone remarkable. A plain printed cotton gown of the neatest pattern, without frill, flounce, or ornament of any sort, was surmounted by a muslin handkerchief, of snowy whiteness, which, neatly pinned across the bosom, was only ornamented by a nosegay of wild roses which she had just stopped to gather. A straw cottage-bonnet, with strings of the same colour, shaded a face, of which it is enough to say it had attracted the admiration of Henry, and called off his attention from grouse and dogs. She advanced with light and

active steps, unconscious of the presence of the brothers, who, aware of this, retreated behind a projecting bush. When she got close up to the spot where they were hid, she stopped, and looking on the opposite side of the road, exclaimed, in a voice of disappointment, "Not here! this is too bad."—"But," said Robert, stepping out of his hiding-place, "we are here; shall not we do as well?" A start, a half scream of surprise, escaped her; then deeply blushing, she drew her bonnet closer over her face, hung down her head, and tried to pass in silence; but Henry crossed her path—"Tell me, my pretty girl, what faithless swain has disappointed you? Nay, never be ashamed of your face."

"She need not," added Robert, "it will bear looking at as well as any I ever saw."—"Gentlemen, pray let me pass," said the poor girl, in great agitation. "With all my heart!" said Robert; "but you must pay toll first." At this instant a slight noise was heard behind the hedge, on the opposite side of the road, and immediately a young farmer sprang over

the high fence, stepped, with a determined air, between the parties, and drew the arm of the young female in his.—An exclamation of pleasure burst from her lips: “Oh, Walter! I am so glad you are come—these gentlemen”—“If they are gentlemen,” said he, “they will not stop your road.”—“Excellent!” cried Henry, “this clodhopper is going to teach us what it is to be gentlemen.—If it were *not too much trouble*, I would beat into him a little piece of knowledge he wants—teaching him not to jump over and destroy fences when there are gates and stiles to be found.”

“The proviso is capital!” said Robert, laughing; “and then there is another consideration—one would be half inclined to pardon him, in favour of his feat of agility.—Out of Astley’s, I never saw seven feet cleared better; not a twig was bent, much less broken; and,” added he, whispering in Henry’s ear, “if you *were* to come to the *scratch*, I should be half afraid the Hawksthwaite champion might get the worst of it.”

“Give you but something to laugh at,” mut-

tered Henry, and you would not mind if the rascal knocked you down yourself."—"Assuredly not," rejoined Robert, "provided I returned the compliment."

Whilst this dialogue was going on, the young rustic was eyeing the speakers with great curiosity; and at last, as if he had suddenly recollected who they must be, pulled off his hat, with an air as respectful as it was devoid of fear and servility:—"I presume," said he, "that you are the sons of the gentleman who has taken Hawksthwaite; in that case, you may not be aware that the land on this side the road belongs to Lady Hawksden."

"And you, as one of Lady Hawksden's tenants, are privileged to destroy her fences, my good fellow?"

"Nay! not so, Sir; Lady Hawksden cannot have more faithful guardians of her property than her tenants; but the field from which I came is my own—I rent it of Lady Hawksden;—I wish you good morning, gentlemen," said he, again taking off his hat, and attempting to pass. Robert, much struck by the

language and manner of the young farmer, and willing to prolong the conversation, said:—
“What sort of a landlord are you likely to have in Sir William?” The intelligent countenance of the young farmer seemed animated by the name, and he broke out into warm eulogiums of his young master. “It is saying every thing,” he replied, “when I describe him as resembling our beloved lady as nearly as possible.”—“And she?”—“Oh! it is to Lady Hawksden we owe all the happiness we enjoy. It was she, directed by Mr. Sidney, who established our school, and made us what we are—a happy, contented, and grateful people.”—“Then you are much attached to Lady Hawksden?”—“Attached to her! we would to a man die to defend her—that may seem an idle boast when no dangers are to be feared, but she knows our hearts.”

As he thus spoke, the young girl, who leant on his arm, raised her head, and casting a timid glance towards Walter's auditors, seemed to wish to read in their countenances the impression his eloquence had made on them. But great was her mortification to see Henry yawn-

ing most deplorably, whilst he said:—"Come, Robert, do you intend to stand gossiping with these people for ever? I am tired beyond expression with such horrid prosing—and there is Wainwright with Juno—do come along."—"Do you go," said Robert; "I shall walk on a little towards Hawksden."—"What confounded folly! and what am I to do about Juno?"—"Oh! I suppose I must have her, and let you have the pony." Shrugging up his shoulders, as if in pity, Henry rejoined the keeper; whilst Robert proposed to his companions to walk on with them, professing himself much interested in what he had heard.—"You do us much honour, Sir; Susan and I intended walking towards our house, that is to be," said Walter, smiling, and looking at his blushing companion; "Sir William sent me yesterday to see if all was right at Buckthwaite Moors; and I think it long if more than a day passes without getting a peep at—" "I will walk with you," said Robert, that is, provided your Susan will permit me after the fright I have given her." Susan's modest courtesy, and approving smile, seemed to as-

ing ;—Gold. Hist. Eng.—Russel's Mod. Europe, —Bewick's British Quad. and Birds—some Voyages and Travels,—many standard works on agriculture, and a good collection of sermons, and books on religious subjects. Walter, who was still gazing on the card, now put it into Robert's hands:—"Read it, Sir; pray read it, aloud, if you please." Robert read as follows—"Sir William Hawksden, to his good friends Walter and Susan; the bookcase will be valued as his own work, and the books, though often read before, for themselves. May his new tenants imitate the example of their parents, and they will ever find in their landlord a protector and a friend."—"Ah!" said Susan, breaking through the timidity which had hitherto restrained her, "would that our power of serving him were equal to our desire! But I am wrong to wish other blessings than those which Providence has bestowed. We are happy, dearest Walter; we must be happy under such a landlord."

The energy of her manner, and her lovely face turned towards him, expressing all the ten-

derness and purity of affection, so enchanted her lover, that, catching her in his arms, he exclaimed:—*We*, did you say! Bless you, my sweet Susan, for the word—yes! in a few weeks you will become my wife—this will be my home—Sir William will be my landlord.—Oh! God, I thank thee!” Susan, blushing, disengaged herself from his embrace,—“For shame! Walter, you forget,” said she, looking at Robert. “And I forget,” added Robert, “that I—a stranger, ought not longer to intrude on your happiness, but I shall not easily lose the remembrance of it.” So saying, and shaking them heartily by the hand, he withdrew.

As he pursued his way back to Hawks-thwaite, he thought over what had passed, and could not help coupling it with what he had heard from Laura the day before of the supposed methodistical turn of the Hawksden family. “I wish,” thought he, “people could be good without cant and methodism. I feel that this young Hawksden will be no companion for me, whatever my new friend Walter may predict. From my very soul, I hate that formal cant about

ing ;—Gold. Hist. Eng.—Russel's Mod. Europe, —Bewick's British Quad. and Birds—some Voyages and Travels,—many standard works on agriculture, and a good collection of sermons, and books on religious subjects. Walter, who was still gazing on the card, now put it into Robert's hands:—"Read it, Sir; pray read it, aloud, if you please." Robert read as follows—"Sir William Hawksden, to his good friends Walter and Susan; the bookcase will be valued as his own work, and the books, though often read before, for themselves. May his new tenants imitate the example of their parents, and they will ever find in their landlord a protector and a friend."—"Ah!" said Susan, breaking through the timidity which had hitherto restrained her, "would that our power of serving him were equal to our desire! But I am wrong to wish other blessings than those which Providence has bestowed. We are happy, dearest Walter; we must be happy under such a landlord."

The energy of her manner, and her lovely face turned towards him, expressing all the ten-

derness and purity of affection, so enchanted her lover, that, catching her in his arms, he exclaimed:—*We*, did you say! Bless you, my sweet Susan, for the word—yes! in a few weeks you will become my wife—this will be my home—Sir William will be my landlord.—Oh! God, I thank thee!” Susan, blushing, disengaged herself from his embrace,—“For shame! Walter, you forget,” said she, looking at Robert. “And I forget,” added Robert, “that I—a stranger, ought not longer to intrude on your happiness, but I shall not easily lose the remembrance of it.” So saying, and shaking them heartily by the hand, he withdrew.

As he pursued his way back to Hawks-thwaite, he thought over what had passed, and could not help coupling it with what he had heard from Laura the day before of the supposed methodistical turn of the Hawksden family. “I wish,” thought he, “people could be good without cant and methodism. I feel that this young Hawksden will be no companion for me, whatever my new friend Walter may predict. From my very soul, I hate that formal cant about

religion which intrudes in season and out of season: it is the *ne plus ultra* of bad taste. How can I fancy this starched formal prig of a young fellow turning up his eyes at every thing that is not *pious*. Pious! ay, that's the word! I know I shall detest him." His thoughts at this instant involuntarily turned to his young cousin, and he could not but confess to himself how possible it was to be pious, yet not proclaim it to the world. "But then Emily has led so retired a life; that extreme simplicity, that sincerity of expression, that touching artlessness of manner, would soon wear off in the world, or degenerate into that hypocritical cant which I hate."

He had now arrived at the lodge, and saw the carriage approaching, with Henry on the box driving. This not a little surprised him; but he was still more astonished to see his father, Julia, and Laura, inside. "Where can you be bound?" said he. "To church," replied Julia. "To church! and wherefore?"—"Oh, of course it is necessary to show ourselves to the neighbourhood."

“Little did I think,” said Robert, “that I should be seen twice at Hawksthwaite church on the first Sunday! but since it is only for show, I flatter myself,” added he, with a complacent glance at his dress, and settling his neckcloth,—“I flatter myself I shall make as handsome a show as any of the family;” then, ordering the coachman to dismount, he seated himself by Henry. “What induced our commander in chief to give himself this trouble?” continued he, as Henry drove on: “was it his desire to show himself in his new dignity as *Seigneur de Château*?”—“I don’t know; I was altering the harness before we started, and did not see that he *was* there, till Julia took it into her foolish head to scream at my driving so fast, and as I pretended not to hear, the governor put out his head and made me.”—“And where is Emily?”—“How should I know? my head, thank Heaven! does not run upon *Emily*, as yours does.” As he spoke, he gave one of his leaders a cut with his whip, accompanied by one of those harmonious inflections of the human voice which marks a true

disciple of the four-in-hand.—Robert felt himself colour, he scarcely knew why; and changed the subject, by saying: “I told you, when you bought that mare that she was no more worth seventy guineas than you are. She can’t go at all.”—“Can’t go!” exclaimed Henry; “I’d match her for what you please, against any of the three. You’ll see how neatly she’ll turn that corner at almost a canter!”—“And Julia, and my father—”said Robert. “If she takes fright, or he storms, do you bear me out when I swear we hardly went out of a walk.” So saying, in spite of Julia or his father, he drove up to church at a pace that convinced Mrs. Margery Simpkins, that at last the carriage was come. They entered the church in the midst of the lessons, and found Emily quietly seated in the pew; who with one glance of her dark eye, as Robert placed himself by her, expressed at once her surprise and pleasure.

CHAPTER IX.

ON the ensuing day, our young sportsmen, who had desired the rest of the family not to wait dinner for them, did not reach home till after the ladies had retired to the drawing-room. Mr. Gretton, who took no pleasure in field sports, had spent the greater part of the day with Mr. Ashurst, whose mean, subservient spirit rendered him acceptable to the West Indian's love of command. By his children Mr. Gretton was little thought of, except when his money could promote, or when his ill-temper stood in the way of, their amusements. On the other hand, his reserved, unsocial habits, made him take so little interest in what passed around him, that it is not to be wondered at, if his children thought it unnecessary to communi-

cate to him their schemes, unless his consent were absolutely requisite for carrying them into execution. Sometimes, indeed, when Emily suddenly made her appearance, or joined in the conversation, he would start, and look disturbed; so that Robert would jestingly call her *the Governor's bugbear*—and ask her how she could interpose her frightful form between him and his reveries? Mrs. Gretton was so mere a cipher, that, when fully awake, which did not often occur, her opinion was always that of the person who chose to govern; and, as Julia was prompted by character and disposition to take the lead, which Laura, from indolence, was as willing to yield, she, in fact, ruled the whole family.

But, to return to our sportsmen, whom, during this digression, our young readers must imagine to have been doing ample justice to the viands set before them, and far too busy to talk. As soon as they had thus made ample amends for the extra exertion of the day, they sought the ladies; or rather sought to indulge that “soft recumbency of outstretched

limb," which the furniture of our modern drawing-rooms so amply provides for. In five minutes, Henry was fast asleep; and Robert, after pacing the room silently with an air of discontent, which might arise from Emily's not being there, threw himself into an arm-chair, and seemed preparing to follow his example.—“Now really this is too bad,” said Julia, “to see nothing of you all day, and only to be favoured with your slumbers in the evening.”—“I am so dead knocked up—and there is nothing to keep one awake, that I see—” “Very gracious, truly! Surely, if you are too much fatigued to talk, you might keep sufficiently awake to listen.”—“To listen!” said Robert, and half raising himself, he looked with some curiosity at Julia; then, resuming his former position—“Humph! I see how it is; a bevy of old maids from the village have been to pay their first visit, and you are dying to tell all about it.”—“Old maids!” exclaimed Laura, “no indeed! it was young ——” — “Hush!” interrupted Julia, “if he has no curiosity to know, pray let him sleep in peace.”—“Nay, if there be any

thing *young* in the question, I am all curiosity and attention, with eyes as wide open as if I had left my bed at eleven this morning instead of three; so let me have it quick, my sweet Julia."

"Well then, Sir William Hawksden has been here."—"Sir William Hawksden! on the 12th of August!—Impossible!—Hold! I have it—he is a vast deal too good to spend the whole day on so vain an amusement as shooting, and, therefore, came to detect our immorality, and prepare exhortation the first."—"If you would not talk so fast, and would let me speak, I would tell you every thing."—"I am silent—only pray do tell me *every thing* in as many words as your ingenuity can devise; for I am singularly curious to know what could have induced him to pay a morning call on the 12th of August."—"To begin then:—Mamma and Laura were just gone to drive round the park in the pony-chaise, and I was in the breakfast-room, trying some new harp music, which I got just before we left town,—when I was startled by the sound of a horse on the carriage road; and, looking out, I saw a young

man, unattended, riding up to the door. Mamma had taken Hurford with her; but, as good luck would have it, that raw youth, whom Papa has patronized since we came here, opened the door; and when Sir William asked if Papa, or you, were at home, he said Yes; and, blundering, shewed him into the room where I was. He had just sense enough to announce him, or it would have been *un peu embarrassant*."—"Why, yes—if he had made his *débüt*, both unattended and unannounced, the fair Julia might have mistaken him for Nobody, and not have taken the trouble to attempt a conquest, or shewn airs which might have precluded the possibility of it."—"Announced, or unannounced, it would have been impossible to have taken Sir William Hawksden for any thing but a gentleman;—I never saw a more easy, graceful, and at the same time, a more dignified manner."—"Dignified! and as precise as buckram itself, I dare say!—and as handsome as 25,000*l.* per annum can make him! Hey, Julia!"—"How annoying you are! you know what I meant, when I said dignified—that kind of tone and manner which bespeak high birth, and

are as apparent in a child of six, as in a man of sixty, and which Sir William Hawksden possesses in as great a degree as any one I ever met with.—As to handsome—to say the truth, I think you much handsomer.” Robert got up and made a low bow. “Nay, do not bow; for I was going to add, that no one would think of you for an instant, whilst he was present.”

“*Il faut se consoler,*” said Robert, shrugging up his shoulders, and resuming his arm-chair: “All people may not be of your opinion. And now let Sir William—this prodigy of wilds and moors—advance and speak for himself; for you have kept him standing at the door for a weary time.”—“Oh! I cannot pretend to repeat all he said! Suffice it to say, he was exceedingly agreeable, and not in the least methodistical: for he talked of balls, and plays, and operas; and professed himself a devoted admirer of music and dancing.”—“Dancing! abomination of abominations! It is well Mamma and the tutor were not present!—But, seriously, I am right glad of it; for it shews he can have an opinion of his own. And what did he say about us?”—

“Why, when I told him how you were occupied, he said, he had feared he should not find you at home; but had wished to testify, as early as possible, his desire of cultivating your acquaintance, and therefore had abridged his day’s shooting.” — “*Abridged!* well, that retrieves matters a little; I really think I shall abridge my day’s sport to-morrow, and return the call. And now, as Emily is not here, give me a little music, while Laura makes tea; and then I shall take myself to bed, for I am extremely tired.”

Julia’s brow darkened at the name of Emily; but a well timed compliment averted the storm, and they separated better friends than they had been for some time.

The next morning, as Laura and Julia were sitting at work, Mr. Ashurst came bustling into the room with a commission from their father, to beg them to come and look at the intended site of a green-house, and give their opinion on it. They were preparing to follow him, when Julia perceived Emily sitting at the window absorbed in reading. “What have you

got there, child? Bring it to me.—*Storia di Davila!*—Pshaw! I wish you would not waste your time in reading trash! People, who have not a farthing in the world, ought to have other things to do than spend their lives in reading.”—“And what do you think?” added Laura, “the other day, I actually caught her reading Latin! It is a fact, upon my word! She was so busied over her book, that she neither heard nor saw me, till I snatched it out of her hand; and then she almost cried, because I would not give it her again, till I had shewn it to Robert, who was coming into the room. He laughed heartily when he looked at it; but on seeing the hypocritical tears fairly streaming down her cheeks, he blamed me for interrupting his *dear* little reader of Cicero, as he called her.”—“Oh! he always takes her part, and encourages her in every thing.”—“I had finished all you gave me to do, before I began to read,” said Emily in a gentle voice: “Is there any thing now that I can be of use to you in?”—“Yes, put some strings on the harp, and get it in good tune before I return.” Emily laid down

the offending volume, and prepared to obey, as the amiable sisters left the room together.— A heavy sigh escaped her, as she finished placing the strings on the instrument, and first awoke her to the consciousness that she was indulging in useless regrets. Determining, therefore, to overcome what she considered a weakness, she picked up some music of Julia's, and sat down to play it. It happened to be a brilliant difficult piece, which engaged all her attention till she was roused by the sudden opening of the door, and the servant announcing Lady Hawksden, and Mr. Sidney.—She started and blushed deeply, knowing that her not having heard the carriage, and retired before the visitors entered, was a crime which Julia would not easily forgive. She still stood irresolute and trembling by the harp, when Lady Hawksden approached and said, "Have I the pleasure of addressing Miss Gretton?" This recalled poor Emily to some presence of mind, and looking timidly up, she said: "No, madam; but if you will have the kindness to wait a few instants, I will inform the Miss Grettons that you are here." She

curtesied, and was retiring; but Lady Hawksden, struck by the singular beauty of her appearance, and the air of humility and dejection which marked the few words she had uttered, said, "Pardon me, you are then a friend of the family?" After what had just passed between her cousin and herself, the word *friend*, pronounced by a stranger with a voice of such soothing kindness, forcibly touched the heart of the poor orphan. The blush, which their entrance had called forth, fast faded from her cheeks, and tears dimmed her lovely eyes, as, in a low voice, she answered: "I am, madam, a niece of Mr. Gretton's, and indebted to him for protection and support." Lady Hawksden saw the struggle of her mind, and, with all the ease of polished manners, turned the conversation to the harp, which she had heard on her entrance; declared it was her favourite instrument; and, discovering it to be of a new construction, so engaged Emily in the explanation of its merits, that she had nearly regained her self-possession, when Lady Hawksden, happening to turn her eye to Mr. Sidney, exclaimed:

“ My dear sir! what is the matter? You are ill?”—Emily now for the first time looked at the gentleman who had accompanied Lady Hawksden, and perceived it was the clergyman she had seen on Sunday, but was equally struck with Lady H. by the deadly paleness of his countenance. As he replied to his friend’s question, he seemed evidently to struggle with feelings too powerful to be surmounted.—“ Do not be alarmed,—I am not ill; but the sight of this young lady recalls a sorrow I thought for ever subdued. She is the image of a dear, a long-lost friend.” He paused, and covering his face with his hands, remained for some minutes silent. Then raising his head, and fixing his eyes on Emily, he said: “ May I know your name?” — “ Emily Stewart.” — “ Emily! her very name! And pronounced with that voice—I betray great weakness, my dear madam,” added he, turning to Lady Hawksden, “ yet you will sympathise with me, when I say, you see before you a being who is what my Emily was, when I for ever lost her. Yet, striking as the resemblance is, it must be purely

accidental, as the name both of Gretton and Stewart are equally unknown to me."

"I can indeed enter into your feelings," replied Lady Hawksden; "and, though you look better now, you frightened me so much, that I must insist upon your trying the effect of the open air a little."

Mr. Sidney retired, and Lady H. took the opportunity to inquire of Emily whether her uncle had ever borne any other name than that of Gretton. Emily replied she believed not; and that she had learned from Robert that her mother was his only sister. Shortly afterwards, Emily again offered to withdraw, and as Lady H. thought she perceived that more was meant than met the ear, she no longer opposed it; and, in a few minutes, Laura entered the room.

The Hawksdens and Hawksthwaites, after an interchange of visits, continued to see each other occasionally for some time; but nothing worthy of observation occurred, except the visits paid by the few families in the neighbourhood, and the acquaintance between Sir William Hawksden and Robert, which was fast

ripening into friendship. Scarcely a day passed, in which the former did not contrive to ride over to Hawksthwaite; and Robert had begun to suspect that Julia's attractions had some weight in the scale; when one morning he entered the room just as Julia was finishing a little Italian song, accompanied by herself on the harp. Sir William was standing opposite to her, and the fair lady's endeavours "to look delightfully with all her might," had so far succeeded, that Robert approached, and even placed himself before his friend, before he was observed. "Very fine indeed! Bravo! Bravissimo! my dear Julia.—I must praise you; for Hawksden can neither hear, see, nor speak." Sir William coloured, yet replied, laughingly: "What consummate vanity! Because I am not instantly aware of your presence, I must needs be deaf, blind, and dumb!—I have paid you so early a visit, that I might be sure of finding you at home, in order to give you and Henry a verbal invitation to dine and sleep at Hawksden to-morrow. I want to give you a real specimen of what Cumberland can produce in the way of

game, by taking you to Buckthwaite Moors; to do which we ought to leave Hawksden between four and five in the morning at latest; so you must sleep with us." Robert assented; and then asked if Mr. Sidney was to be of the party?—"At dinner, of course; but he does not shoot.—Why do you ask?"—"To say the truth, I am horribly afraid of him; he is a vast deal too *good* for me!—Julia, I shall run away with your swain; for I want his opinion upon divers sporting matters.—Tell me, Hawksden, is your head sufficiently cleared of this Italian *aria*, to discern a good dog from a bad one?"

Julia looked vexed; but she did not care to speak; and Sir William, after taking a confused leave of her, said as they left the room:—"Eternal jester, will you let nothing escape you? But I will have my revenge to-morrow."—"I defy you; I am sure to have the best of it! 'Live and laugh: laugh and live,' is my motto, aye! But to-morrow I shall be as mute as a fish.—Your mother, though I allow she takes all possible pains to hide it, is a little too *perfect*! And then, that Mr. Sidney! Alas!

Alas!"—"Indeed you are very absurd about Mr. Sidney; I wish you knew him half as well as I do, I would answer for your liking him."—"Nay, never answer for any body so utterly averse to *perfection* as myself—I never could endure it till—till—What possesses the lock?" said he, trying in vain at the door of the dog-kennel.—"Nothing," rejoined his friend, laughing:—"Only a piece of *perfection* crossed your mind, in the shape of the invisible and incomparable Emily, and has made your hand rather unsteady. Let me do it." So saying, he opened the door; and as the sight of the dogs changed the conversation to a subject which, however interesting to the parties concerned, has nothing to do with our story, we will dismiss them; particularly as it is our intention, in the next Chapter, to give a conversation, which passed on the ensuing day, between the formidable Mr. Sidney and his pupil; allowing those of our young readers, who have no taste for *la triste morale*, just to skim the cream of it, and pass on to more enlivening subjects.

CHAPTER X.

“MY dear friend,” said Sir William Hawksden, laying his hand familiarly upon Mr. Sidney’s shoulder, as they hastily descended an old flight of stone steps, which led from the library to the park—“My dear friend, which way shall we walk, now we have once turned our backs on our studies? I will confess, I never was so heartily weary of any thing in my life—I hope you will give me full credit for concealing and overcoming this idle fit.”

“*Overcoming!* Humph! for *concealing!*—certainly; witness your stopping in the midst of Priam’s beautiful petition to Achilles, to ask me to solve some grammatical difficulty; and whilst I got up to refer to the Lexicon, you prudently took that opportunity of yawning, to

the imminent risk of your jaws ; and then, as I was apparently busied in deep research, you drew back your chair just so much as to get a glimpse of the Hawksthwaite woods ; and when at last I had resolved the difficulty, after some thought and meditation, you started from a reverie—equally profound and useful, no doubt—with so ready an acquiescence in all I said, that I was both astonished and delighted at the facility with which your mind seized all the bearings of a subject at once so obstinate and intricate.”

“Most sage and eagle-eyed Mentor!” said Sir William, laughing: “I wonder I escaped without reproof!—But now the stern preceptor is forgotten in the loved companion, let me talk,—and talk nonsense,—for I have a great deal——” “To get rid of; well then, the sooner done the better. I give you a *carte blanche*.—In the mean time, let us walk towards Walter’s farm; for I have some school-books to give to Susan.”

Whether the full permission to talk nonsense had taken away the desire, or whether he was

at a loss how to begin, certain it is, that Sir William walked for some time in profound silence by his friend, who seemed busily engaged in examining a moss he had gathered from the old stone balustrades, which guarded the steps they had just descended. But an attentive observer might have seen in the penetrating glance, which he from time to time cast on his silent companion, an anxious and even alarmed attention.

“I wish I had not come without my tin-case and microscope,” said he, at last: “It is very foolish ever to do so! How shall I carry it back safely?—I do believe this curious little moss is in flower.—Look for me, William, and tell me if you see any signs of it.—But I forget; you have no taste for these *minutiæ*.—And pray what has become of all the nonsense that was to be poured on my astonished ear? Is it your taste to leave such thoughts of folly, ‘and meet the matron Melancholy, goddess of the tearful eye?’—“Nay, do not laugh at me; I would tell you, if I could, that—that—” “That Miss Julia Gretton’s eyes are beautiful, not

tearful; and that both she and Sir William Hawksden are fully aware of it."

Sir William started, coloured deeply, and cast a look of surprise on his friend. "How is it that you always thus read my most inmost thoughts?"

"My dear boy," said Mr. Sidney, in the calm and quiet tone of sincerity which distinguished him; "think you the interest I take in your happiness is not sufficient to make me alive to all that does or may concern it? But we will not dignify, as your serious and inmost thought, this slight and boyish fancy for a very graceful and certainly a pretty girl."

"Merely pretty?—I think her beautiful."

"Well, perhaps she is,—her brother Robert is very handsome, and, except in expression, she is like him. However, granting she is beautiful, do you, my dear William, pay blind adoration to a set of features, and look no farther?"

"I have looked farther; and it is for that very reason I wished to talk to you, knowing I could not have a more indulgent listener.

Besides, when I attempt to speak of her to Robert, he turns off the conversation to some idle jest, or launches out into exaggerated praises of a certain cousin of his——”

“ Which have no interest for you, I presume.”

“ Why, if they were not so provokingly ill timed, I think they would excite my curiosity to see the fair Invisible; particularly as it is Julia’s conduct towards her, which I cannot reconcile with those feelings I should wish her to possess.”

“ What! does she dare to treat this poor dependent harshly ?”

This was uttered in a tone of emotion, so unlike the usual quiet manner of his preceptor, that Sir William looked at him with surprise; then said :—“ Why, no; I have no reason to suppose she does.—But is it not singular that this poor girl, though so nearly related, should never make her appearance? Robert, too, tells me, that his sisters have determined she shall not be seen at the little dance they talk of giving; however, he vows she shall; or, at least, that I shall see her.”

“ See her! You?—In what way?—Not, I trust, with her consent, and without the knowledge, or against the inclination of her friends?”

“ No, certainly not with her consent; for Robert says she is precision itself; and the least hint would spoil the whole design.—I do not know that he would approve of my having inadvertently told you; but he is not aware how excellent a confident you are.”

“ Even better than yourself, it seems,” said Mr. Sidney, smiling; “ but have you considered the consequences likely to attend so rash a scheme? If it be true that she is treated harshly in the family, would it improve her situation, should it be discovered that she has been even an unwilling actor in such an interview?—Many other consequences, equally to be deprecated, a little reflection will suggest; and will you, to gratify the idle curiosity of a moment, endanger the happiness of this poor girl, or render her situation, if bad, worse, and more difficult to be supported?—I feel assured you will not.”

“ I did not think of all this,” said Sir Wil-

liam, after a pause; “and indeed, my dear Sir, you may depend upon my not consenting to any plan that may involve this poor child in disagreeables. But if, by peeping through a window, or any ingenious contrivance of Robert’s fertile brain, I can see the Invisible, unseen by her—my curiosity *will* carry me thus far.”

“Well, with this I must be contented. But you call her *child*—from her appearance, I should guess her at fifteen or sixteen.”

“What! have you seen her?—when? where? and how?—pray do tell me.

“Did I not mention to you,” said Mr. Sidney, affecting an indifference which he was far from feeling, “that your mother and I saw her for a few minutes when we called at Hawksthwaite for the first time? And, besides, you know, we get a glimpse of her every Sunday at church: and she appears taller than Miss Julia Gretton, who is rather above the common standard.”

Julia’s name turned the current of Sir William’s thoughts; and he now talked unceasingly

of her and of the ball, till they stopped at the wicket which led into Walter's neat garden.

"I am going to have a long talk with Susan on school concerns," said Mr. Sidney, "which, in your present mood, you might chance to find dull; so I shall here say, Farewel."

"But we shall see you at dinner, my dear Sir?"—"I think not: I am, you know, glad of an excuse to stay at home; for I have a thousand things to arrange preparatory to our tour. So, once more, farewel—and let me recommend as much caution as can be expected from a head of young eighteen, full of the thoughts of an approaching dance, and the attractive image of a fair lady."

"At least," said Sir William, laughing as he turned to go, "you have not raised your expectations too high."

Robert was not a little pleased, on sitting down to dinner, to find that Mr. Sidney was not of the party; and he was also obliged internally to confess, that if Lady H. was too *perfect*, it was most carefully concealed under the most winning manners and unaffected good

humour. Always ready to participate in William's constant flow of spirits, or to laugh at the lively sallies of Robert, she still, with that *tact* which distinguishes real politeness, addressed her conversation to Henry on subjects most interesting to his genius, sufficiently to make him feel himself not forgotten. — What contributed largely to Henry's good humour, was the excellent dinner, the admirable French dishes and wine, and the style in which every thing was served. Robert too, who, as our readers may remember, was not insensible to the pleasures of the table, begged his friend to send away some roast beef, which he seemed to be eating with marvellous enjoyment, and let him send him a little of the excellent *hâchis* which stood near him. “Nay!” said Lady Hawksden, “if you can persuade William to that, you will indeed work wonders; for he is the most inveterate eater of roast beef, and the most determined John Bull, in his Majesty's dominions.” — “Once on the other side of the Channel,” replied Robert, “and I will answer for his acquiring a more civilized taste.”

The conversation now turned on France and Italy; and Robert, whose retentive memory, good taste, and great abilities, had enabled him, even in spite of his indolence and dissipation, to draw much real advantage from his tour, delighted his new friend as much as he astonished himself, by the varied stores of the useful and the agreeable which he displayed. After Lady H. had retired: "I fear," said William, "you have seen enough of the Continent, or how much I should enjoy going over all this with you, who know so well what is worth seeing, and what is not." Robert looked at him with surprise. "Are you serious in inviting one so thoughtless and wild as myself on your sober tour? What would your mother, what would Mr. Sidney say?" "They would think me very fortunate in having secured so valuable a *compagnon de voyage*; but say, will you, or can you go?" "As to *can*," said Robert, "unfortunately, I *can* do whatever I will—*soit bien soit mal*—for no one cares for me;—I say unfortunately," added he with a deep sigh, "for I begin to comprehend the happi-

ness of sacrificing even one's most cherished inclinations to such a mother as yours." William's eloquent eye spoke how he felt this tribute to his mother's excellence: he pressed his friend's hand, and then passing on the bottle to Henry, roused him from a fast approaching nap, by recommending some excellent Santerne. Then turning the conversation to the sports of the ensuing day, it became general.

The bottle passed briskly, and Henry and Robert drank more than enough, even with the modern latitude allowed to young men just escaping from school trammels. But in spite of the railleries that assailed him, William preserved a strict temperance; yet so well did he parry their attacks, so ready was he to retort the joke and join in the laugh, so attentive to see that, whilst he followed his inclination, his young friends had ample means to indulge their's, that Robert felt, however, he might laugh, William had the best of it. As they were leaving the dining-room, William proposed a stroll in the park, before they rejoined his mother. Henry protested against sharing in it, saying he would

rather go and look at the dog-kennel : so having rang the bell, and ordered the keeper to be in attendance,—when Henry chose to move, William and Robert left the room together.

The rich glow of an autumnal sun, just sinking in the west, tinged the tops of the magnificent trees, some of them the growth of centuries, which ornamented the extensive park. Herds of deer were tranquilly browsing or reposing around, whilst, as they advanced, the graceful fawn, starting up from their feet, flew with the swiftness of light towards its mother. Conversing familiarly, the two friends at last descended, by a precipitous path, to a deep glen ; when an exclamation of delight and astonishment burst from Robert's lips at the scene which suddenly opened before them.—Falling in cascade from an opposing rock, and then rushing along the bottom of the valley, an impetuous mountain-stream forced its way over every obstacle, and with its noise waked the echoes around. Fantastic crags, of a thousand varied forms, rose up amidst innumerable mountain shrubs, plants, and lichens ; whilst here

and there the light and elegant birch, and the ash, had taken possession of the rich beds of soil formed by time in the crevices of the rocks. To the south, the valley opened, and disclosed an extended and beautiful prospect. Robert and his friend stood on a sort of natural terrace which overlooked this lovely valley. The soft, velvet, and well-kept turf under their feet, and the grotesque rustic seats dispersed in well-chosen situations, alone shewed that art had any thing to do with so wild a scene.

“This spot,” said William, “has been my delight as long as I can remember any thing; these seats, and that bridge, thrown across the chasm where the brook falls in cascade, are very early efforts of my genius; and yet, you see, I am still proud of them, since I brought you here to admire.”—“O, Rasselas! Prince of this happy valley,” said Robert, as he threw himself into one of the moss-grown seats, “say, does thy mind never take its flight beyond these boundaries, and long to see what the world really is? Do no thoughts of love, of ambition,

of curiosity, disturb the quiet current of thy soul?"—"Sage Imlac!" replied William, laughing, "no mind is much employed on the present: recollection and anticipation fill up almost all our moments. Anticipation peculiarly belongs to youth; and I will confess to thee, that almost every corner and crevice of my royal soul is now occupied by bright dreams of the future."—"Might thy faithful slave be intrusted with the last ideal picture of perfect happiness created by thy fertile brain? I, who have seen, and felt, and known, how truly saith the preacher 'all is vanity and vexation of spirit,' will meanwhile sit and smile with complacent pity at the flights of thy young imagination."—"Thus, then, I pay homage to thy experience," said William, seating himself at his feet; "and now, tell me, most philosophic friend, is there, can there be, any alloy to the happiness, unmixed and perfect, of a ball?—But," added he, with a more serious tone, "the word 'ball' recalls to mind a question I wish first to ask you—Do you still persevere in your intention of introducing your incomparable cousin on

Wednesday?"—"Undoubtedly I do.—It is not likely I should change a purpose for which I have three such powerful incentives."—"Three incentives! I am curious to know them."—"In the first place, I want to put to silence for ever your obstinate incredulity;—in the second, I want my poor little Emily to know what the inside of a ball-room looks like;—and thirdly, I want to pay off an old grudge I have owed Julia these two years at least: of which debt I should have acquitted myself long and long ago, had not Emily, like an angel as she is, persuaded me not."—"But," said William, with still increasing seriousness, "how is it that the appearance of your cousin can be annoying to Miss Julia Gretton?"—"How!" replied Robert, "is it possible you can be ignorant? Ah! this comes of your being immured here. Know you not, that the heart of a thorough fine lady is full of 'hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness'?"—"I wish," said William, rising to return to the house, "I wish you would be serious for one moment." Hitherto, when William had praised his sister, Robert had always remained

silent, or turned off the conversation with a jest; but now, thrown off his guard by the wine he had drunk, he replied to his friend, as he got up to accompany him: "Serious, say you?—why, truly, my dear Hawksden, I should find it difficult to pull so doleful a face as you do now; but if by *serious* you mean speaking the truth from one's heart, I will tell you honestly and plainly, I do not know a more perfect *diable* in petticoats than this said Julia; and, alas, the mark! sister of mine."—"And can you, her brother, say this?"—"Brother! truly, she bestows upon me a great deal of sisterly affection: I don't believe there is any one she hates worse, saving and excepting Emily, who receives usage I would not inflict on a dog, with an unrepining meekness that——" "Is it possible," interrupted William, to whom the praises of Emily were indifferent, "is it possible these can be your feelings towards each other? And I have so often thought with envy of the happiness which the society of such a sister must be to you."—"This, you see, is another of the visions of the happy valley; and I, by opposing sad

reality, have swept it away and 'left not a wreck behind.' Alas! poor Romeo—what, not a smile?—Well, let us change the subject; I want to have one of my wonderments settled. How comes it that you, immured in these barbarous wilds, have so little of the rustic, except, indeed, these raw notions of happiness? You appear not even to wonder at the fashionable selfishness of my amiable brother, to say nothing of the numberless eccentricities of my more amiable self."—"I ought first to bow to the compliment, and then say I have not been immured. My mother goes to London every year, has a very extensive acquaintance, and consequently sees much society at Hawksden."—"You astonish me! How is it then that you have participated in none of the gaieties which form the life and soul of London?"—"Because," began William; then added, smiling,—“but I have a shrewd guess, the long dry reasons I must adduce would not suit your present temper; besides, here we are at home.”

CHAPTER XI.

EVERY thing went on prosperously in the arrangements for the little dance, of which Julia had been the projector, and in which she promised herself to be the chief object of attraction. The few families in the neighbourhood had promised to attend, and some of the most respectable inhabitants of the village had invitations, including, of course, Mrs. Margery Simpkins, and her two nieces. Robert had charged himself to procure music, and after much research, had succeeded in securing one fiddle, and a pipe and tabor, and this was all he could muster; but as Julia had supplied them with the most fashionable quadrilles, and they were tolerable musicians, it was hoped all would go off with great *éclat*. At last the eventful

night arrived, and, one after another, the carriages rolled to the door.—Robert was in attendance to hand Lady H. from her's, and as he shook his friend by the hand, he whispered in his ear—"When you hear a terrific crash amongst the fiddle-strings, prepare yourself for the great event."—"Cannot it be brought about by a less sacrifice?" said William, "for I own I——" "Hush! peace, on your life—and trust all to my generalship." So saying, he followed Lady Hawksden into the saloon, which was lighted up with brilliancy, and prepared for the dancing. Julia's really handsome face, and very graceful figure, were set off by every advantage of dress; and as all had conspired to keep her in good humour, her smiles were irresistible; and Sir William Hawksden, forgetting sundry sage resolutions he had made during the drive from Hawksden, hastened to claim her hand for the first quadrille. Robert saw, with surprise, that his friend not only seemed perfectly *au fait* in the newest figures, but that he danced extremely well: his whole attention seemed engrossed by his fair partner, and at the

end of the set, when obliged to seek another for the next, he begged she would allow him to dance the third with her. Robert, who stood near and heard this compact, rubbed his hands with delight, and went immediately to the place where the musicians were seated, to whom he seemed to give some directions.

Leaving them to the enjoyment of their ball, we will turn our young reader's attention to the solitary study where poor Emily was sitting.— She had much assisted in the decorations of the saloon, and in the arrangements for this gaiety ; and as Julia had expressed some approbation at the result of her labours, Emily half indulged the hope that she should be allowed to see, if not to participate in the dancing. When at last undeceived, she submitted with her usual cheerfulness, though she could not help feeling both surprised and mortified, that Robert, contrary to his usual custom, had made no effort in her favour, and seemed to have entirely forgotten her.

The evening came, and the sounds of the merry music, the cheerful hum of voices, and

the noise of the dancers' feet, reached her, as she sat in her solitary room. She sighed as she listened, threw down the book she was reading, and opened the door to catch the sounds more distinctly: then, as if ashamed of her *désœuvrement*, sat down and took her pencil, drew, and effaced as fast as she drew. "Pshaw! I can apply to nothing;—and there is Robert's voice—I am sure that was his laugh;—how very much I should like to see them dance—how very very much——." As she spoke, she went softly to the top of the stairs, from whence she could command a view of the door of the saloon; but the servants assembled in the hall soon perceived her, and she caught the words—"Poor Miss Emily! It's a great shame—I wonder at Miss Julia," &c. &c. which made her quickly retreat; and, again sighing, she paced the room,—then half advanced again to listen. Suddenly the music ceased, and all seemed bustle and confusion;—then a hasty step was heard ascending the stairs and approaching the room—it was Anderson, Mrs. Gretton's maid, to whom Emily and her wardrobe had always been par-

ticularly confided. — “ Oh dear, Miss Emily, good news! good news! Miss Julia begs you will go down to the saloon directly.” Emily started up — “ I? Anderson—did you say I was to go down? How very very kind of Julia!” and she hastily approached the door. — “ Stay, stay, Miss Emily, you hav’n’t your gloves; and let me put you on a nice-looking sash. — I suppose Miss Julia would not be pleased if you were to stay to change your frock, and it’s very well, too, for a plain white muslin.” — “ Thank you, Anderson,” said Emily, as she fidgetted about her; “ that will do, I dare say—How *very* delightful! I do so dearly love dancing!” — “ I’m afraid you won’t have much of that, Miss: for, from what I understand, it was something about your playing to them.” — “ Oh, never mind, I shall see them dance, and that will be nearly as pleasant: there now, indeed I should think you must have made me very neat.” — “ But your hair, Miss Emily; let me just arrange your curls—well, now I think you are very nice—Oh! but stay, let me just—” “ Nay, indeed, dear Anderson,”

said Emily, laughing and escaping from her, "I must go: consider, I never saw any thing like a ball in my whole life." So saying, she tripped down stairs with the lightness of a young fawn, followed by the admiring eyes of Anderson; for she was the idol of all the servants, who, with true English feeling, always side with the oppressed. Besides, Emily's cheerfulness and unvarying good humour had quite won their hearts.

But we must now return to the dancers, and learn what occasioned this unlooked-for message, which our readers may perhaps have guessed, did not proceed from Julia. They were just standing up for the third set; and as William was leading his partner to her place, his eye caught Robert's. There was in it such an expression of mischief and undisguised triumph, that it recalled to him instantly the words his friend had greeted him with on his arrival; and his thoughts almost involuntarily reverting to their conversation in the park, threw a damp over his spirits, and an expression even of gloom over his countenance. Julia

quickly perceived the change, and rallied him upon it. At this instant, they struck up a lively and beautiful air, and he replied, making an effort to smile—"Even if you accuse me justly, here is a tune which says 'Begone dull care!' and we are to begin." As he spoke, a string of the violin snapt.—William started, and coloured deeply; his heart beat, and he looked first at the door, and then at Robert, as if he expected this sound, like the stroke of a fairy's wand, would place Emily before him. Robert quitted his partner, and approached him laughing: "Look, Julia, do look at Hawksden; his face of utter dismay is worth an empire!—Come," said he, turning to the fiddler, "mend your tackle, and strike up again."

"Sir," said the man, "I have no more strings; and I'm afeard this 'll be too short; however, if I can tune up the others, perhaps—" As he spoke, he turned the screws; and, one after another, the strings snapt short; when, laying down his fiddle, in real or affected despair, he declared all was at an end for that evening. "How excessively provoking!" exclaimed Julia; "and

how stupid to bring no more strings! But can't you get any?"—"Why, yes, Miss, to be sure I *could*; but I live five miles off; and it will be better than two hours afore I can be back."

William, who never took his eyes from Robert, saw him at this moment go to the door, and give some order to one of the female servants, who were peeping in with eager curiosity: he then returned. "Well, Sir Knight of the fiddle," said he, "so I suppose your work is at an end for to-night?"—"He! he! he! why, yes, Sir," answered the man, looking at him significantly; "I suppose as how as—" "You suppose as how you may go about your business, eh?"—"Go! why what shall we do?" said Julia, in a tone of great vexation. "Oh, do not be uneasy," replied he; "my genius has provided for all—foreseen all. I have sent for a harper, who will be here in five minutes."—"A harper!" resounded from many voices. "A harper! dear, how pleasant! Where did you meet with him, Mr. Robert? I am sure we ought all to be much obliged to you."—"Nay," said he, "you must thank Julia; for if I had not sent the order in her name, and under pre-

tence it came from her, I could never have procured you this incomparable musician. But, come," added he, " I must insist upon your resuming your places ; or my little rustic will be frightened at this formidable circle, and make a hasty retreat."

It was in vain he spoke ; for every eye was bent towards the door, as a slight confusion and buz of delight among the servants announced that they were making way for somebody ; and the next moment Emily advanced into the room, with the same step of airy lightness with which she had just escaped from under Anderson's fingers : wholly occupied with the enchanting thought of seeing a ball, she had forgotten there would be any body to see her. A bright blush of delight gave animation to her lovely features, and lighted up her sparkling eyes, whilst she threw back her head, as if to shake the clustering curls from her forehead, and feast her senses on the scene : but the alarming phalanx which stood in array before her, quickly checked her speed ;—her steps faltered ; she cast one timid glance towards the harp ; and, seeing it was at the farther extremity of the room, she felt it

was perfectly impossible to walk to it, and suddenly stood motionless as a statue: deeper and deeper blushes suffused her cheeks, whilst her eyes, directed towards the door, seemed indeed to meditate the retreat Robert had predicted. A murmur of admiration ran through the room; and, before Julia could recover from her extreme surprise, Robert approached, laughing—"Did not I tell you, you would frighten my young minstrel?" said he; and then led her triumphantly to the harp. Confused and frightened, she scarcely heard the encouragement he gave her, but whispered him her thanks for so considerately coming to her relief. "I really think I must else have run away," said she. She soon resumed courage, and struck the harp; Robert went in search of his partner, and in a few minutes the group were again in motion.

As soon as the set was over, William approached his mother, and whispered something to her; she got up and consulted with Mrs. Gretton; then approached Emily, and after recognizing her as an old acquaintance, said, "I come armed with full powers from your Aunt to

Take your place at the harp, and introduce you to my son for the next quadrille, if you are so inclined."

Emily blushed, and cast a timid glance round, as if in search of Julia. "Nay, Emily," said Robert, who had joined them, "be content with the permission you have got, and never look farther and fare worse; pray accept Lady Hawksden's kind offer."—"I do most gratefully," replied Emily, "but—" "But, nonsense, child, go along."

As they took their places, Lady Hawksden looked over the quadrilles marked out for her to play, and said to Robert: "Oh, the very set I played last winter till my fingers ached, many a weary time. I am glad of it; for I know them so well, I shall be able to look at the dancers and talk to you.—But you are going to dance, too, ar'n't you?"—"Why, no," replied Robert, "there are enough without me, and I shall indulge myself with looking on, and talking to you, since you are so kind as to allow me."—"To say the truth, I was not thinking of what I said, when I gave the permission; and as we are now

old acquaintances and very good friends, I shall tell you honestly I do not like to see young men think it an *indulgence* to sit still in a ball-room.” —“Your ladyship must make an exception in my favour for once,” replied he, laughing; “this is my little Emily’s *début*—and I long to see her display her Parisian steps; did you never see the complacency with which an old cat watches her kitten, as it frisks for the first time before her?—I see what that glance expresses—that the simile holds good only as far as the kitten is concerned; and yet, I assure your ladyship, in spite of my madcap humours, I am capable of some very *parental* feelings towards my little *protégé*. Now, I beseech you, Madam, look with what fairy grace those little feet go—as pat to the music as its echo; how delight sparkles in her dark eyes—and then the timid glance under their fringed lids, to see what sort of an animal she has got for her partner; now they stand still, and Hawksden good-humouredly talks to her: Little fool! can you say nothing but Yes and No? Now I know by his looks this way, that he is speaking of me.—Ah! there

is a subject that gets the better of her fright! With what interest she listens! With what animation she answers! I never so longed to hear my own praises in my life.—I protest it is better than the best pantomime I ever saw.”

Lady Hawksden laughed outright; but as she really felt an interest in this young dependent, she listened to all Robert had to say on the subject with something more than patience, till Emily again joined them, with many thanks, and relieved her from her task.

The evening passed off very pleasantly to all but Julia, who, with rage, mortification, and jealousy, filling every corner of her heart, vowed revenge on Robert and on Emily. How her threats were put into execution, as far as related to the latter, must be shewn in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XII.

It was Lady Hawksden's intention, that, during the three years of William's stay at Cambridge, his vacations should be spent abroad; and Robert, whose friendship for him increased daily, easily obtained leave from his father to substitute Cambridge for Oxford, whither he was to have gone after the long vacation, and where Henry still determined to pursue the important studies that occupied him. Mr. Gretton was glad to learn that Sir William Hawksden wished Robert to be also the companion of his travels; for the young baronet's family and fortune entitled him to a high place in society; and he thought the connection might help to make his own want of family forgotten. It was determined, therefore, that they should

proceed to Paris first, and stay there till October; and Mr. Sidney, who was to accompany them, had provided an estimable young curate to supply his place in his parish.—when an invitation arrived, which hastened the departure of William and Robert. It was from a friend of the latter, who had an estate in the highlands, and begged him to try a week's shooting there. He proposed to William to accompany him, and thus get a glimpse of Scotland, and then proceed through York to London, where Mr. Sidney would join them. William expressed so much pleasure at the thought of this excursion, that it was resolved on, and the day at last arrived on which they were to set out.

With a heavy heart Robert entered the room where Emily was sitting, to bid her farewell; she seemed busily employed in drawing; but the tears fell fast upon her paper. Robert sat down by her, and took her passive hand—hemmed—coughed—tried to speak, but could not. At last: “Dear Emily, be comforted—three years will soon pass away; think how

short a time it seems since you came to us. Nay, why should your tears fall so fast," said he, putting his arm round her; "I love you, dear Emily, as tenderly as ever brother loved a sister; and when I have it in my power, I will prove it to you. You shall not be dependent on Julia's caprices. Some time or other," added he, affecting to smile, "I suppose I must be 'Benedict the married man,' and my Beatrice must be a shrew indeed if sister Emily have not a home under my roof. Tell me only that you will not let unkindness prey upon your spirits, when I am not here to defend you;—but I know you will bear it all with angel meekness. Tell me only," said he, pressing her closer to him, "that if unforeseen misfortune should assail you, you will write immediately to your brother, your friend."

Emily looked up, as if resolved to speak; but when she saw Robert's manly features bathed with tears, which in vain he attempted to conceal, she hid her face on his shoulder, and gave way to uncontrolled sorrow. He pressed her in his arms, imprinted a brother's

kiss of tenderness on her cheek, and praying God to bless her, left the room before she had power to utter a single word. As she listened to his parting step, poor Emily felt as if her only friend had abandoned her; and long would she have indulged in the bitterness of grief, had not Julia entered the room, and found other employment for her thoughts.

The third day after Robert's departure, Laura and Julia were gone to pay some morning calls, previous to their return to town; and, as usual, they had left Emily abundance to do, when the servant, entering the room, gave her a letter addressed to herself, and said, a man with a postchaise had brought it, and waited her answer. She hastily opened, it and read as follows:

“ My beloved child,

“ I am ill: come to me. At my age, illness may always be suspected as the messenger of death;—if it be so now, I would that my Emily should close my eyes, and receive my last blessing. Your kind friends—kind I know them to be,

from the account your cousin brought of your welfare and happiness—will not refuse you to my prayers. Yet do not too much alarm yourself—much may be hoped from the tender care, and attentive nursing, of my beloved and adopted daughter.

“ J. HAMILTON.”

Emily flew up stairs, and, with an eager hand, began packing a little trunk. In the midst of her operations, Laura and Julia entered the room, and Emily with streaming eyes told them what she had just learnt. A look of triumphant malice was expressed in Julia's face. She felt that now the moment was arrived in which she could shake off this poor dependent for ever; and she hastily left the room, to seek her father.

“ Is it your wish, Sir, that Miss Stewart should go and visit that old clergyman when she pleases, without even condescending to ask your permission?”—“ My pleasure! you know it is not—she does not dare to do it!”—“ She not only *dares*, Sir, but during our absence she has ordered a chaise, packed up her trunk, and is

on the point of setting out."—"Ordered a chaise!" said Mr. Gretton, starting up in great anger, "impossible!"—"You little know her," replied Julia, with a malicious smile, "if you think any species of art, cunning, or deceit impossible to her. She has gained over the servants, one and all, not fearing to be detected; for Laura and I intended passing the morning from home; and, doubtless, she thought to return before us."—"Nay," interrupted Mr. Gretton, "of what use would her trunk be, if it were only for the part of a morning she was going?"

Julia felt she had overshot the mark in her eagerness to accuse; but, after a moment's pause, she continued: "Be that as it may—and I do not pretend to fathom her deep-laid designs—the fact undoubtedly is as I say. You know, too, as well as I, that we have never known what it is to have peace, since she came to us; Robert always takes her part, and—" "But Robert is no longer here," again interrupted Mr. Gretton, with the evident air of a man who perceived her drift, and shrunk from

it.—“That is true, but her temper and disposition are such, that she is a constant source of uneasiness to us; and, surely, if she obstinately persists in the scheme of going to Emsdale, in open opposition to your commands, you will not suffer her to return to seek a protection she scorns and contemns.”

Mr. Gretton shuddered; and it was not till after some minutes' pause, that he replied: “*If* she refuses—but I cannot think she will—mind, only *if* she refuses to give up this scheme—.” Julia's eyes sparkled with joy and triumph, and hastily moving towards the door, she said: “I will remember, Sir; and it shall only be on her positive refusal to obey, that I shall deliver your commands.”

“My *commands*, said you? Stay, stay, Julia! She is gone—she does not have me.” He leaned against the chimney-piece, where he was standing on Julia's entrance: he turned very pale, covered his face, and a deep groan escaped him. Then, after a few moments' pause—“But Julia is right: she *ought* to go, if she refuse obedience to a prohibition so reasonable—and if

she goes to this Mr. Hamilton, I do not turn her away friendless, as——” Here the door opened, and Mr. Ashurst, entering with an obsequious bow, soon succeeded in stifling his remorse and regrets together.

Julia, in the mean time, had again joined her young cousin, who was now equipped for her journey, and had nearly finished packing the few things she thought she should want.—“ So, I see you persevere in your obstinate determination ! Perhaps it may cool your ardour a little, when I deliver to you the following message from my father :—On quitting this house, you quit it to return no more ; make therefore your determination and choice, whether to remain here, or return the beggar you came.”

Emily looked at Julia for some minutes with an astonishment which suspended her sorrow : then said, with a quiet but resolute voice : “ I have no determination to form, no choice to take ; no other thought, but that my more than father is perhaps dying, and I am not with him.” —“ Then you go ?” said Julia, ringing the bell. “ I thought as much.—Anderson, you know

what things belong to Miss Stewart; see they are put together; and if she is so impatient to leave us, that she cannot stay to take them with her, let them be sent afterwards."

"Dear Miss Emily," exclaimed Anderson, "surely you won't leave us! You are not going, not to come back again?" Emily pressed her hand in silence; then turning to Julia, made an effort to speak calmly—"Julia, farewell: say to my uncle for me, that I thank him for the protection and support of three years.—May I not see my aunt?"—"No," replied Julia, who feared the impression her tears might make on her mother's weak mind, and dreaded any explanation of the cause of Emily's departure. "No; you might be aware that she can have no wish to see one who thus acts in direct disobedience to my father's positive commands."

Thus saying, she retired; and Emily, after taking an affectionate farewell of Anderson and Evans, got into the chaise which was to convey her for ever from her only natural protectors.

But on this she scarcely bestowed a thought. Mr. Hamilton ill, perhaps dying, was alone pre-

sent to her imagination; nor were her forebodings worse than the sad reality. The tears of poor Alice, who met her at the door, told her to expect the worst. She sent her to break to him the tidings that she was come; but he had caught the sound of the chaise, and, all impatience, summoned her to his room. Alas! she too plainly saw the hand of death was on him, and stood by his bedside gazing in speechless sorrow. "My Emily! my child! God has heard my prayer;—the hand of affection will smooth the pillow for my dying head, and close my eyelids."

For two days, the soul of the expiring saint still lingered in its earthly habitation, as if unwilling to lose, though but for a season, that voice of love and gentleness; as if unwilling the eyes of sense should shut out for ever that form so cherished, which glided softly round his bed, ever present to minister to his slightest wish; whilst with soft hands, she smoothed his pillow, wiped the cold sweat from his brow, supported with her arm his languid head, spoke of consolation, of hope, she felt

not; then turned aside to weep. At intervals, when free from pain, he spoke much of her future prospects; and when he said, he died happy in the consciousness that her friends were kind, the desolate Emily would not undeceive him, nor disturb the holy tranquillity of his last moments.

As she entered his room, from which she had retired for two hours, for sleep and refreshment, on the third evening after her arrival, she was struck by the great change which had taken place in his appearance. He was sitting supported by pillows, and the faithful Alice was beside him, watching every expression of a countenance which might be truly said to beam with the heavenly light which in that hour strengthened him. "Emily, beloved!" said he, smiling, as she approached, "is it you? This morning, as I unclosed my eyes to look for the last time on this world, '*Mors janua vitæ*' dwelt upon my lips. Was it not Heaven itself that thus whispered 'Death is bliss!'"

Emily wept; and, bending over him, impressed

a kiss of anguish on his venerable forehead.—
“Alas! poor child!” said he, laying his hand on her head, “how natural are those tears to eyes that only see the dark portals close over all held most dear, and view not the bright, the immortal radiance beyond!”

He paused, and seemed rapt in celestial vision: then fixed his eye once more on the only tie that bound him still to earth; and pointing to a manuscript which lay beside him: “Daughter of my affections! this sad history of thy mother’s life will teach thee, that amidst the hardest trials, religion gives a peace, which the world cannot take away. As thou readest, forgive, as thou hopest to be forgiven; and now draw nearer to me; let my fading eyes still look on thee; let my dying hand be still raised to bless thee. Father of mercies! there have been moments when my wavering faith has mourned over the darkened future, that seemed to threaten this poor orphan. Forgive! for in this hour, with all the confidence of holy trust, I know thou wilt not leave nor for-

sake her." As he spoke, without a struggle, and without a sigh, he closed his eyes, never to open them again till the resurrection of the just.

Emily, who had dwelt on his words as on inspiration; who had watched the kindling fervour of his eye, to the forgetting of earth and its sorrows, saw the cold insensibility of death steal over his features, and saw no more.—Overcome with fatigue, with watching and anxiety, she fainted on the inanimate corpse.

But we must pass slightly over the feelings of desolation, with which the poor orphan awoke to consciousness—the sad consignment of ‘earth to earth;’—and proceed, in the next chapter, to give the contents of the manuscript delivered by the dying hand of Mr. Hamilton to Emily, and which was read in the first week after the funeral; when, from the exhaustion and lassitude which follow violent grief, she felt herself unequal to exertion, and hoped to draw from its perusal some guide in the dark prospects which lay before her.

CHAPTER XIII.

IT is now many years ago, dearest Emily, that I went, after repeated invitations, to spend a fortnight with a loved and valued college friend, residing in Staffordshire. It was even then a most rare occurrence for me to stir from my quiet parsonage; and I saw its neat white walls again, at the expiration of my visit, with delight. As I was walking round my garden, on the evening of my return, your friend Martha Jones, who, though she lives far on the other side of the lake, almost daily received a visit from you, opened the little wicket, and approached me.

“My good Martha, you seem in trouble: no ill, I trust, has befallen you in my long absence?”—“Ah! no, Sir, not to me; but I have

a sick gentleman for a lodger, whom I wish you would visit."—"I will go with you now," said I, turning to accompany her: "has he been with you long? What brought him to your house?" "Why, the matter is this, Sir:—The very day after you went on your journey, a person, looking like a gentleman, came and asked me, if I could give him a lodging; offering to pay me beforehand for it, and for any thing he might want. He seemed very ill, and in great pain; and I could not find in my heart to refuse him, though I had a misgiving that it would bring on me a power of trouble. Well, Sir, and as soon as he had seated himself in the house, he wrote a letter, which he told me to get put into the post for him directly, at our market town, and to see for the Doctor; for he felt himself but very badly. At last, when the Doctor came, the gentleman was gone into his bedroom, and was got to bed, and groaning so sadly it made my very heart ache to hear him. The Doctor went to him, and staid some time; and when he came out again, he told me it was indeed a sad case; for the poor gentleman had

been fighting a duel, I think he called it, with another gentleman, and had got a pistol-ball lodged in his right shoulder; and he feared, that what with the journey he had taken to get here, what with the trouble he seemed to be in, it would go hard with him; and indeed, Sir, since that time, he has got worse and worse."

"And has none of his friends come to him?"

"Oh, yes, Sir; when he had been with me a week, there came a young lady, with the sweetest little babe I ever set eyes on: she sighed, as if her very heart would break, as I shewed her into the gentleman's room! But she did not shed a tear, nor say a word, after she had first asked for him, and if he was yet alive. When we got into the room, he started up, quite wild, as one may say, and looking at her, said: 'Who are you? speak! tell me!' — 'Your wife, your Emily, dear Stewart: and here is our child; be comforted, all may yet be well.' I remember well the words, Sir; for never did I hear so sweet a voice. But it only seemed to make the poor gentleman more wild. 'Wife! child!' said he; and then he

laughed.—Oh! Sir, it would have made your blood run cold to hear that dreadful laugh! ‘Begone!’ said he, ‘I want you not. Leave me here to die.’ Well, Sir, to make short of my story, since that time he has got worse and worse; and the poor lady is in sad, sad trouble; for he takes no notice of her, nor of the baby, nor of nothing else; and does nothing but groan, or talk as if he hadn’t his right senses; and to-day he is so very bad, that I think he cannot live many hours; and very glad I was, when I heard you were come back; for, perhaps, you could say something that would give ease to his poor troubled conscience, or at least comfort the dear lady: for I think what she goes through will go nigh to be the death of her.”

Here the kind-hearted creature wept, and I hastened forwards, deeply interested in her melancholy story.

As I entered the darkened bed-room of the little cottage, I listened with horror to the groans and wild ravings of this unfortunate being. Beside him sat a young creature, her eyes bent on him; and her whole soul so en-

grossed by the contemplation, that not the slightest sign or motion betrayed that she was aware of our entrance. Their infant was sleeping in her arms; and its smiling placid baby-face formed an affecting contrast with that of its mother, which was turned towards us. Yet, though the paleness of death was on the latter, and an expression of sorrow, almost amounting to despair, I thought I never beheld a countenance so lovely. "Madam," said Martha, "here is our good minister; if any body can bring you comfort, he will." At these words, she raised her eyes, and hastily placing the baby on the bed, rushed towards me, and knelt at my feet. "Servant of a God of mercy, take pity on us!—Speak peace to the troubled soul of my dying, and, alas! my guilty husband!"

Deeply affected, I raised her, and approached the bed. "Unhappy sufferer!" I said; "look up! unburden thy troubled conscience—there is yet mercy; great may have been thy crimes, but the pitying forgiveness of thy God is infinite; raise, therefore, thy thoughts to Heaven." He started up with the wild energy of despair.

“ Away! Begone! Talk not of mercy to one with murder on his soul!—Speak not to me of a God I have rejected; of a Heaven I have derided! Man! wilt thou dare to speak of forgiveness to a wretch, who has brought the extremity of ruin on the innocent heads of his wife and child!”

“ Though you have done all this, and even more,” I replied, “ salvation may yet be your’s: think only of securing it.—Dismiss from your mind all earthly thoughts, all earthly cares: think only of the eternity to which you are hastening.—Your wife and child are no longer destitute; I will protect them; whilst I live, with me they shall find a home.”—“ With you! what claim——” I interrupted him, “ Think not of this! In acting thus, I but obey the commands of the Saviour, whose servant I am; the Saviour, who even now extends the arms of His mercy towards you—reject not the offered pardon.”—He still fixed his eyes on me in wild astonishment; a convulsive shudder shook his frame; and whilst his countenance expressed a

horror, which it is impossible to depict, it gradually stiffened into the insensibility of death.

Your mother, for such she was, dear Emily, perceived that all was over:—yet no sound escaped her quivering lips—no gesture betrayed that life still animated her motionless form. At last, in a low measured tone, and as if unconscious of the words that escaped her lips: “He is dead! Yes—dead—unrepenting—unpardoned! And I—ah! what can save me from despair!”—I took you in my arms, just waking from your infant slumbers, and, as you stretched out your little hands towards her, and smiled in unconscious innocence, I said, “Your child!” She snatched you to her maternal breast, and shed over you tears, which, in all probability, saved her reason, or her life.

As soon as it was possible, she and her dear Emily took up their abode under my roof, where for many years they formed my happiness.

I will now, as briefly as possible, trace back the events, which led to your unfortunate father’s seeking refuge in this village.

Your grandfather's name was Williams. He had acquired an immense fortune by trade, and was left a widower a few years after his marriage, his wife dying on giving birth to your mother, leaving one other child, a boy, about four years older. As Mr. Williams was incessantly occupied in the acquisition of wealth, his little daughter would have been sadly neglected, had not a maiden sister, much older than himself, taken the charge of her education. She lived in the retired village of Haswell, in a remote part of Cornwall, and was his only relative. His wife, a woman of a very good family, had so offended her connections by marrying a tradesman, that, from that time, they had entirely broken off all intercourse with her.

As no expense was spared in the little Emily's education, she acquired all the accomplishments the masters of a neighbouring town could give her. Her aunt, though not possessing a cultivated mind, was a woman of sound religious principles; and early engraved on the heart of her young charge, that deep and unaffected piety, which distinguished her short life,

and made her so early ripe for immortality.— Except an occasional short visit from Mr. Williams, they lived in the greatest retirement till Emily had attained her tenth year, when the curate of the neighbouring village, who had also officiated at Haswell, died; and the rector, who resided constantly at a more valuable living, appointed as his successor a young man, of the name of Sidney, who had just taken orders. He became the familiar guest of Mrs. Eleanor Williams, and the good-natured playfellow, and constant companion of her niece. He soon perceived that, with all the accomplishments she was acquiring, her mind was neglected, and begged Mrs. Eleanor to let him become her instructor. He had gone to college poor and almost friendless, but by the vast power of his mind, and his persevering industry, had not only supported himself there, but had acquired much distinction, and secured to himself many valuable friends. Yet, such was his desire of retirement, and his decided inclination to the clerical life, that, as soon as he was old enough to take orders, he eagerly accepted the first

curacy that offered, and came to bury, in this obscure village, talents and knowledge which would have done honour to the most exalted station.

To Emily his instructions were invaluable; and he seemed to have no happiness so great as in imparting to her opening mind some portions of the rich stores of his own. In proportion as the laborious and painful struggles to surmount the evils of poverty had kept his heart untainted by the vices, and the follies of the world, in such proportion were its feelings deep and concentrated; and as his young pupil grew from youth to womanhood, the interest he felt for her was insensibly changed to a passion, of the intensity of which he was not fully aware, till the sudden death of Mr. Williams left Emily, at the age of seventeen, the uncontrolled heiress of 100,000*l.* and seemed to place her at an immeasurable distance from the poor and humble curate.

His heart died within him, as Emily informed him, that a letter from her brother, invited her aunt and herself to London, that they might

take up their abode with him, in a large house he had purchased at the west end of the town. Emily had never seen her brother since their infancy, as he had been sent early abroad for his education; and she spoke of meeting him, and of the journey, with delight; and, though, on stepping into the carriage, which conveyed her from her tutor and friend, she shed tears, and made him promise to write to her aunt during their absence, he saw in this nothing but the natural effusions of her affectionate and grateful disposition.

After a few months, spent amongst the gaieties and bustle of London, Mrs. Eleanor grew so heartily tired of them, that she declared her resolution of returning to her beloved and quiet village. Mr. Williams would, however, by no means consent to part with his sister; and it was at last arranged, that Mrs. Markham, a widow of good family, but reduced circumstances, with whom they had formed an acquaintance, should be Emily's *chaperon* till the next summer, when she would rejoin her aunt.

Emily's weekly letters to Haswell, were at first filled with accounts of the fêtes, balls, &c. &c. in which she was incessantly engaged: these were all read to the old lady by Mr. Sidney, whom in her occasional letters to her niece, she described as quite an altered man, and as seeming to be suffering under the pressure of some heavy calamity, which she in vain endeavoured to discover. Gradually Emily's letters spoke more and more of the pleasures of returning home; described her brother as being immersed in gaieties; sometimes leaving her for days together; and that she feared even his immense fortune must suffer from the enormous expense of his establishment, &c. She then proceeded to give a minute description of one of her brother's friends, a Colonel Lewis, of whom she saw much. Of his character she knew nothing; but in person, manner, conversation, and talent, she confessed she knew not his equal, except Mr. Sidney.

Poor Sidney derived no comfort from the exception, and delivered himself up to all the despair of a hopeless attachment, when a letter

arrived, which filled the mind of the good Mrs. Eleanor with apprehension and grief, whilst, in some degree, it revived the hopes of the unfortunate lover.—Emily wrote to say, that Colonel Lewis had informed her, in confidence, that her brother was addicted to high play; that he knew him to be involved in difficulties; and that he feared, if her fortune were in his hands, as he understood it was, it must have suffered; and he advised her to withdraw what yet remained as speedily as possible. This, she said, had determined her to have an explanation with her brother, when he returned, which she hoped would be in two or three days, when she would write again; that she intended to inform him of her wish to return to Haswell, again to seek happiness in her and Mr. Sidney's society. "Assure the latter," she added, "that his pupil has not for a day forgotten him; that she will return with a heart as deeply sensible of the value of his friendship, as when, a twelvemonth back, she quitted her regretted home."

Poor Sidney's emotion on reading this was so evident, that even Mrs. Eleanor, though not

very quick-sighted, perceived and commented on it. Thrown off his guard, by the prospect of happiness which opened before him, he confessed to her an attachment to her niece, so deep-rooted, so ardent, that, whether successful or not, it would only end with his existence. The old lady listened with wonder, mixed with approbation; for he was dear to her as a son; and then, with an approving smile, said, she suspected her darling Emily would not prove very obdurate, when Henry Sidney was the suitor. On this he retired to image to himself bright visions of domestic bliss, which were alas! never to be realized.

On the expected day, a letter, to the following effect, arrived:

“ I have, dearest aunt, seen my brother; but how shall I be able to give you a connected account of the result of the interview? All the wealth accumulated by my poor father, including what was settled on me, is irretrievably lost!— Squandered at the gaming table! For this, perhaps, you were prepared; but what will be

your feelings when you learn, that without consulting you, without even awaiting your blessing, your Emily has given her promise, in one short week, to become the wife of Colonel Lewis! Yet, how could I refuse? My brother threw himself at my feet, and entreated me to save him from the horrors of a gaol, by marrying a man, in every point of view unexceptionable; whose fortune is very large, and who loves me so ardently, as to promise to make my brother's interests his own, on condition that I marry him. Alas! dearest aunt, could I refuse? Could I plead a prior attachment, which I scarcely dare own to myself, and which, if acknowledged, could only be treated as the romantic folly of a girl, by my brother, and by him who has never thought of the unfortunate Emily, but as a being whom he could benefit by his instruction and example? And, believe me, even now I find consolation in the happiness I have restored to my brother, and conferred upon Lewis, of whom I have every reason to think most highly. Affairs, which call him to Scotland, the week after next, as well as my brother's

pressing interests, have combined with their united entreaties, to make me determine on so early a day. Our friend, Mrs. Markham, goes with us; and, on our return, we shall come immediately to you; and then Mr. Sidney will—but I know not what I write. Pity your poor Emily, and pray for her.

“E. WILLIAMS.”

Mrs. Eleanor had scarcely finished reading this, when Sidney burst into the room, with an expression of the most animated joy on his countenance. “My dearest Madam,” said he, “rejoice with me; I have this instant received a letter from a very dear college friend, possessing a large estate in the North of England, who offers me a valuable living in his own parish, and begs me eventually to become the tutor of his infant son, with an additional salary of five hundred pounds per annum. Oh! beloved Emily! poverty no longer places a bar between us! But,” added he, looking at his venerable friend, “you seem agitated: have you heard from our Emily?” Tears filled the

aged eyes of Mrs. Eleanor, as deeply affected, she laid her trembling hand on the open letter before her, seeming to interdict his reading it. "She is ill?—I must see it!" exclaimed he, snatching the letter from her, and eagerly looking at the contents: he stood for an instant motionless; then, uttering a wild cry of despair, thrust the letter into his bosom, and rushed from the room.

From that hour, Mrs. Eleanor saw him no more; nor did your poor mother know whether he were living or dead; but I must hasten to the conclusion of my melancholy story.—

Colonel Lewis and his bride set off for Scotland immediately after the marriage. He was called thither by the death of a distant relation, who had bequeathed his property to him, on condition of his taking the name of Stewart. It was not long, before, throwing off the disguise the lover had worn, he betrayed to your unfortunate mother, that the exterior advantages he possessed served but to conceal a most depraved and unprincipled mind. But, though deep was her anguish, on the discovery, she

tried, on her visit to her aunt, to appear not only contented, but cheerful; and shortly after their return to town, the good Mrs. Eleanor sunk peacefully to her grave, with the belief that her adopted child was happy.

Mr. Williams, taught by experience, resolutely, and for ever bid adieu to the gaming table; turning all his thoughts to the acquisition of wealth. In furtherance of this object of his ambition, he married, about eight months after his sister, a widow with a family of four young children, who was left the sole heiress of a very large estate in the West Indies; and, willing to bury all remembrance of his low origin, he took her name, of Gretton. Often did Mrs. Stewart entreat him to endeavour to put a stop to the destructive course of life pursued by her infatuated husband; but in vain: he could not, or would not, interfere; and after the first two or three months of their marriage, almost abandoned by Colonel Stewart, she was left a prey to unavailing sorrow.

At last she gave birth to his daughter; and as she gazed on it, with all the fond delight of a

mother, she half gave way to the hope, that its smiles would win back its heartless father, when she received the overwhelming intelligence that he had fled to Scotland, with the wife of another, leaving his affairs in irretrievable disorder. Mr. Gretton begged that herself and her infant would come to his house. For a few days, she endured all the agonies of suspense, which were only put an end to by the worse reality, when a letter arrived for Mr. Gretton, from Colonel Stewart, saying, that he had fought with the injured husband, and killed him; whilst he himself received what he at the time fancied a trifling wound; and had proceeded with all speed towards Liverpool, intending to take a passage in the first ship bound to the Continent or America; that, on arriving at P——, he could not, on account of some neighbouring assizes, procure any thing but a wretched hack; that on this he had proceeded; but losing his road, had at last reached the remote village of Emsdale, overcome with fatigue, and the increasing pain of his wound: he added, that he had taken a small lodging there, and begged his

friend would find him a supply of money sufficient to enable him to proceed; as well as to support himself on the Continent, till this affair was blown over.

Mr. Gretton informed his poor sister of all this; and added, that such were the immense debts Colonel Stewart had incurred, by his devotion to high play, and his senseless extravagance, that all attempts to set things straight again were hopeless; and that it would be madness in her to think of joining him: if she did, she must take the consequences.—*Prudence* forbade his squandering his money upon a madman, for such he must consider him. Besides, he owed his fortune to his wife, and could not reconcile it to his *conscience*, to give away the property of her children, whom he now considered as his own.

Mrs. Stewart heard all this in silence; then calmly said, her duty demanded her presence by the sick bed of her husband; she, therefore, that very evening, put herself and you, her infant treasure, into one of the public coaches,

and arrived as speedily as possible at the little cottage of Martha Jones.

But the trials she underwent were too great for her slight frame to endure ; and, though she clung to life for some years to watch the growing virtues of her child, she never recovered sufficient health to stir beyond the boundaries of my little garden, except when, supported by myself and Alice, she went occasionally to church.

Shortly after she came to me, she wrote to her brother, to inform him of all that had happened. He returned a cold answer, saying that she might remember, he had forewarned her of the imprudence of the step she persisted in taking. That he was making preparations for leaving England, as his presence would be necessary for some years on his West-Indian estate. He enclosed a draft on his banker for a trifling sum, and said he had directed that her wardrobe, books, harp, &c. should be forwarded to her.

From that day, she heard no more from a brother, for whose sake she had sacrificed so

much: but, during her last illness, she entreated me when all was over, to write to him. "A voice will speak from my grave, and touch his heart; he will not then refuse to the orphan of his unfortunate sister, his protection and support."

CHAPTER XIV.

MANY were the tears Emily shed over the narrative of her mother's sufferings; but she could not for an instant doubt, that the tutor of Sir William Hawksden, the clergyman who had shewn so much emotion on seeing her, and the unfortunate Henry Sidney, were the same; and her grateful heart breathed forth a prayer of thankfulness, that in such an hour a friend was raised up to help her. She sat down calmly to deliberate on what was best to be done; and Lady Hawksden instantly occurred to her, as the only person to whom she could apply for assistance and direction. The benevolent interest she had shewn for her in the slight intercourse they had had; Sir William's friendship for her cousin Robert; and the esteem of Lady

Hawksden for Mr. Sidney, all prompted her to take this step. She, therefore, wrote, and after explaining the desolate situation in which she then was, proceeded to say that, in following what she still believed to be her duty, she had unfortunately offended her relations, who refused again to receive her. She begged Lady H. to transmit the accompanying manuscript to Mr. Sidney, whom she supposed on his way to Paris; and who, she felt assured, would, on reading it, take an interest in her fate. In the mean time, she dared to hope from Lady H.'s known benevolence, that she would afford her the protection of which she stood so much in need, as she was without any earthly friend, except her young cousin, to whom circumstances rendered it absolutely impossible she should apply.

With a beating heart she saw the messenger set out to convey this packet to Hawksden, and most anxiously did she await his return. It was late when her attentive ear caught the distant sound of his horse, and she flew to the door as if to hasten his arrival. He came, but brought

neither letter nor message: her Ladyship was gone out to dinner, but he left the packet with one of the head servants, who promised to deliver it to her immediately on her return.

Emily's heart sunk within her as she retired to the solitude of her little parlour, and looked around, almost instinctively, for the friend to whom her presence had been joy. Alas! the death-like stillness that dwelt there spoke only desolation. She raised her thoughts to Him who careth for the orphan, and was comforted. As she came down to breakfast the next morning, the extreme paleness of her cheeks, and her trembling limbs, shewed that the anxiety and distress of the last sad fortnight had been too much for her young spirits, unused to such keen sorrow. Alice looked at her as she brought in the little breakfast, and sighed bitterly. "Dear Miss Emily, don't take on so sadly; while poor Alice lives, and has strength to work, you shall never know want." Emily threw her arms round her neck, and wept. At last, struggling with her tears: "My fate is in the hands of God, dear Alice; and I doubt not but that

in His good time all will be well; of this, be assured, I will accept of no happiness of which you are not a sharer."

As she spoke, Lady Hawksden's carriage stopped at the door, and the next moment Mr. Sidney rushed into the room: "Child of my beloved Emily!" he exclaimed, "object of her's, and henceforward of my dearest affections; let me fold you to my aching, desolate heart, which yearns to be unto you a father!" Surprise, joy, and a thousand contending feelings, deprived the poor orphan of all power of utterance; and she could only weep as Mr. Sidney pressed her again and again, in his arms; gazed on her with the tenderest affection; kissed her pale cheek, and told her she was no longer friendless. Lady Hawksden, who had followed him into the room, now approached; "My dear friend," said she, "I see that present joy, and the exhaustion of past sorrow, are too much for our dear Emily; you must leave her with me; and while she and I talk over the little arrangements for her speedy removal from this scene of woe, I shall banish

you, till you can bear your happiness with more outward show of tranquillity." He pressed Lady H.'s hand: "You are right, my dear madam; I will go and find consolation, even by my Emily's grave, in the grateful thanks my heart will offer to Him who has spared to me her child."

When Mr. Sidney returned, he found Emily and Lady Hawksden talking with all the familiarity of old friends; and he sat down to partake of the breakfast Alice had provided, with more subdued feelings. He then joined in the general consultation; and it was soon settled, that Alice was to be left in charge of the house and furniture, till the latter was disposed of; then to follow her young mistress, no more to leave her. Mr. Hamilton's books and manuscripts were to become Emily's; and the produce of his other effects to be distributed amongst his parishioners. Emily then made a hasty package of the few things she wished to take with her, and got into Lady H.'s carriage; where, seated between her and Mr. Sidney, it almost seemed she was the sport of some blissful

dream, so great was the change a few hours had wrought in her situation.

Mr. Sidney prolonged his stay three or four days, to enjoy the society of his adopted child; he then left her to the charge of Lady Hawksden, who promised to watch over her with the tenderest care. Emily wrote a long and affectionate letter to Robert, by Mr. Sidney, in which she told him all that had happened since they parted, carefully softening, as much as possible, the unfeeling conduct of her relations. Soon after Mr. Sidney's departure, Lady H. and Emily went again to Emsdale, and returned with the happy Alice.

Our young readers must now imagine Emily completely established at Hawksden. How swiftly the three years of the travellers' absence seemed to glide by! To Emily it was such "sober certainty of waking bliss," that her grateful heart arose in almost hourly praises to Him who gave the blessing. The friend and constant companion of Lady H. she daily made her way still more and more to her affections; and Lady H. felt that, excepting her

beloved William, no one was dearer to her than this interesting orphan.

Emily soon became actively useful in the school, and in forwarding the benevolent schemes of her protectress. Introduced by her to the families in the neighbourhood, she was much and deservedly admired. The Grettons, on their return to Hawksthwaite, for a short time, the following summer, seeing that Emily, by her early call and conciliating manner, had buried in oblivion all that had passed, were glad to forget it too, and to notice the protégée of Lady Hawksden. The retirement of Hawksden was often enlivened by numerous friends; and Mr. Sidney occasionally stole a week or fortnight from his duties at Cambridge, to enjoy the society of his Emily, and report the progress of his two young friends, who, he said, were almost equally dear to him.

Frequent letters, also, from the absentees helped to while away the time; but to Emily, the dearest privilege of all was the society and conversation of Lady Hawksden; and, at the risk of being thought tiresome and prosing by

some of our young readers, we shall venture to transcribe what the latter said on one occasion, as Emily and she were returning from one of their frequent visits to Walter and Susan.

“It is indisputably true, that, the more thoroughly duties are understood, the more likely are they to be performed; and, as knowledge raises man in the scale of being, it appears desirable that our lower orders should be as well instructed as possible, consistently with the duties they have to perform. No nation, in modern times, has turned its thoughts to the subject with such benevolent earnestness as the English; none so liberally expended both time and money to promote it: and yet, it appears to me, that, taken in the aggregate, the labouring class, both in France and Switzerland, have more general knowledge, more intelligence, than our own. If the fact be so, and, as far as my observation enables me to judge, such I believe it to be; how is it to be accounted for? May it not proceed from some defect in our plan of education; which, confining the children of our farmers, mechanics, and labourers,

to what may be designated the mere mechanical parts of education, leave the reflection and the judgment almost unexercised? Why should not an Englishman be early made sensible of the blessings he enjoys, by a knowledge of the history of his own country? Will it render him a less faithful subject, or a worse servant, that he employs the leisure of his winter evenings in reading to his family, rather than at the ale-house? Might it not be also the most effectual curb to the increased and increasing love of finery, which degrades the lower orders of English females, to give them a taste for higher gratifications, by teaching them how their scanty leisure might be more beneficially employed? That such things may be effected, my own happy peasantry prove; and if the time it consumes be an objection, (I speak from experience,) a few hours, wisely directed, is all that is required. Till the age of ten, children are not of much use to their parents, and they pass as much time in my school, as in the dame's schools of every village; after that time, I restrict them to three hours in the day,

in the less busy times of the year, and to only one, in haymaking and harvest. And this I have found amply sufficient, under the judicious direction of Mr. Sidney, to give them a thorough knowledge of religious subjects; to make them good arithmeticians, able to write and spell correctly, and to ground them well in history and geography. The result you see. Never was there a more grateful, happy, and contented, peasantry. William's interest is as dear to them as their own; and this they take every opportunity of proving, by preserving his young plantations, his game, and, in short, his property of every description, with the most affectionate zeal."

At last came a welcome letter from William, to say, that he, Mr. Sidney, and Robert, should be at Hawksden on the Friday following to a late dinner. All was bustle, preparation, and joy, throughout the house and neighbourhood. Soon after breakfast, on the morning of the joyful day, Lady H. said: "Emily, my love, put on your hat, and let us stroll into the park; for my heart—a mother's heart—is so full of

my boy, that I can apply to nothing." Her steps turned instinctively to what Robert called "the Happy Valley", for there every thing spoke of William. As she sat looking around her, with happiness too great for words, Emily replied to her thoughts, by saying: "Yes, dearest Madam, in a few hours, a son so worthy of your love, will be seated by you; I participate sincerely in your happiness. I too shall have my share for Mr. Sidney; and my dear Robert will be here. Robert, my steady, firm, and affectionate friend, through all my little trial! How I long to hear his cheerful voice and merry laugh, once more!"

Lady H. now delighted her young friend by her warm praises of her cousin: "And yet, Emily," added she, "he is partly your work. I fear the world would have spoiled him, had it not been for the pity and admiration he felt for his young cousin, which kept alive every generous feeling in his breast."—"But," said Emily, "it is surely possible to live much in the world, conform to its customs, and yet escape its contagious influence!"—"Undoubtedly

it is," replied Lady H.; "far be it from me to become a declaimer against the vices of the age in which we live. I am willing to believe better things of it than its enemies would allow: and, whatever be its follies, its vices, or its crimes, I *know* that many redeeming virtues still flourish in full vigour in my beloved country. Yet I think every calm and dispassionate observer of the 'shifting scene,' will deplore with me the alarming increase of two principles of action, (if they may be so designated,) which sap the very foundation of every right sentiment—I mean selfishness, and a cold, heartless ridicule, or, as the French have it, *persiflage*, which laughs to scorn every Christian, and every patriotic feeling, as the drivelling of a methodist, or the empty folly of a school-boy.

"It was to give my son the *moral courage* necessary to resist such baneful influence, that my efforts, and the efforts of his inestimable preceptor, have been principally directed. And that his resistance of the evil might carry with

it nothing forbidding, I have, perhaps, paid more attention to personal accomplishments, and the art of pleasing in society, than I otherwise should have done. I wished to take from him all appearance of austere, pedantic, or morose virtue; to let him be the first to promote the laugh, and the jest, and to join in all the harmless festivities of the world. But William is a Christian, and accustomed from his earliest youth not to be ashamed of, but to glory in, the title. We have, with earnest and unremitting care, endeavoured to make religion more a business of the heart than of the head—a vital principle, living in his daily thoughts and actions, rather than a subject of occasional study, or of abstract speculation. And, through the blessing of God, we have succeeded. Armed with this invincible ægis, the shafts of ridicule will never overawe him into intemperate indulgence in the pleasures of the table or the bottle: and he will turn, with all the disgust of a sound and uncorrupted mind, from grosser vice. His heart, accustomed to

the daily exercise of benevolence, has felt how 'blessed it is to give;' and will never consider *self*, when——"

Here a slight sound attracted their attention to the spot from whence it proceeded—and William stood before them. "Mother! dearest, best of Mothers!"—"My beloved son!" was all that for some minutes was uttered; when, Robert and Mr. Sidney joining them, joyous greetings, inquiries, and mutual congratulations, were heard on all sides. As they proceeded towards the house, Lady H. said, smiling: "It is to be hoped, William, you were not listening to your own praises, before you made your sudden appearance."—"Were you, indeed, so employed?" replied he: "had I known it, I should have checked my speed; as it was, when we learnt you were gone this way, I ran, at the imminent risk of my neck, down the steepest part of the glen to outstrip Robert, and have the first look, the first greeting."—"And to whom are we indebted that you came so early?"—"Oh, to Robert, who bribed the post-boys

all the way from town, and would have four horses the two last stages."

The hours flew swiftly, till dinner was announced. As they sat down to table, Robert said—"My little Emily does infinite credit to your Ladyship's care. Are all those roses natural?"—"Pleasure has added a little rouge, I suspect," said Mr. Sidney, gazing on her, with feelings of parental delight.

Robert now gave a ridiculous account of his friend's fidgetty impatience as they approached Hawksden, and rattled away incessantly, till the ladies retired.

"Emily, dearest!" said Lady Hawksden, as the gentlemen quickly followed them to the drawing-room, "sing to us the little song you wrote after I had read to you part of William's last home-sick letter."—"Did you say *my* letter, mother?" said William, drawing near the harp, where Emily, blushing 'rosy red,' had taken her station.—"Yes, of your's; now silence!" added she, as Emily struck the first chords of a well-known air, to which she had arranged

her song. She played it over three or four times before she could summon courage to trust her voice. At last, rich, clear, and melodious, it breathed forth the following words.

Oh! deep is the blue of Italia's fair sky,
And bright is its vine-clothed hill,
And sweet are the gales, that from orange-groves
 sigh;
Yet the wanderer turns to thee still,
 Home! dearest home!
Yet the wanderer turns to thee still.

As he climbs the wild hills of Helvetia the free,
And feels his brows fann'd by her breeze;
Whilst 'Alps over Alps' he still lingers to see,
His thoughts often wander from these
 To his home, home!
His thoughts often wander from these.

On thy banks, lovely Rhine, on thy wood-clothed
 heights,
'Mid thy castles, that frown o'er the scene;
On the crags of rude Norway, in the noon of its
 nights,
Thy loved image will still intervene,
 Thou! his home, home!
Thy loved image will still intervene.

Yes! thou liv'st in the sunshine, thou sigh'st in
the gale;

Thou art with him, where'er he may roam;
Thou enshrin'st all the holy affections that dwell
In an Englishman's breast—Thou! his home!

Home! sacred home!

In an Englishman's breast—Thou! his home.

And the wanderer has sought thee! thy wild woods
how dear!

Thy mountains, thy glens, and thy streams!
To his heart how *more* precious the eye's glist'ning
tear,

And the welcome its tenderness beams.

Welcome, home! home!

And the welcome its tenderness beams.

The music ceased, yet all still seemed to listen, as if afraid to break the charm; at last Robert, turning to Lady Hawksden, said, "You may remember, Madam, before we left Hawksden, three years ago, I told you, my friend set out on his tour with a secret and determined resolution to return as thorough a John Bull as he went. What can be a greater proof that I was right, than the silence with which he receives *such* a welcome, when it even moves

me—although highly unbecoming, being her beloved and right worthy cousin." He threw down his eyes, with affected modesty, as he continued: "It even moves *me* to say, I never heard strains more worthy of praise."—"Have not I often warned you," said Lady H., laughing, "that he was incorrigible, and unworthy of the pains you take to polish him?"

Perhaps, however, the fair musician was fully sensible of the eloquence of William's silence; certain it is, her blushing cheek, and eyes averted from his earnest gaze, looked rather suspicious. Lady Hawksden continued: "But I see every thing is prepared for tea, beneath the favourite old oak; and the assembled tenantry, old and young, are waiting to get a glimpse of our wanderer, and give him the 'Welcome, home, home!' William, offer Emily your arm; and I shall find two trusty supporters in my dear old friend, and my dear young one." So saying, she put an arm in Mr. Sidney's and Robert's, and they descended to the park.

Warm was the greeting between William and his humble friends. As they proceeded, he

shook hands cordially with all he recognized; and when they had gained the oak, he advanced in front of the admiring group, and thus addressed them: "My friends! You know not the happiness I feel, to find myself once more amongst you; once more in my beloved home, where I hope to live and die, surrounded by all that is dear to me! May the God we serve,"—he uncovered his head reverently as he spoke,—"may the God we serve enable me to be a faithful steward over that He hath entrusted to me! May He enable you faithfully to perform your duties, as honest and upright Englishmen! And may He preserve in us all a grateful and lasting sense of the blessings we enjoy!"

Heartfelt applauses, "deep, not loud," followed the speech. — "John Bull has found his tongue, at last," said Robert, as he brushed his hand across his eyes, "and with marvellous effect; witness these tears in one 'albeit unused to' be touched with the pathetic.—Do you know, Madam, I feel wonderfully inclined to try my oratorical powers; have I your Ladyship's permission?"—"By all means." Robert

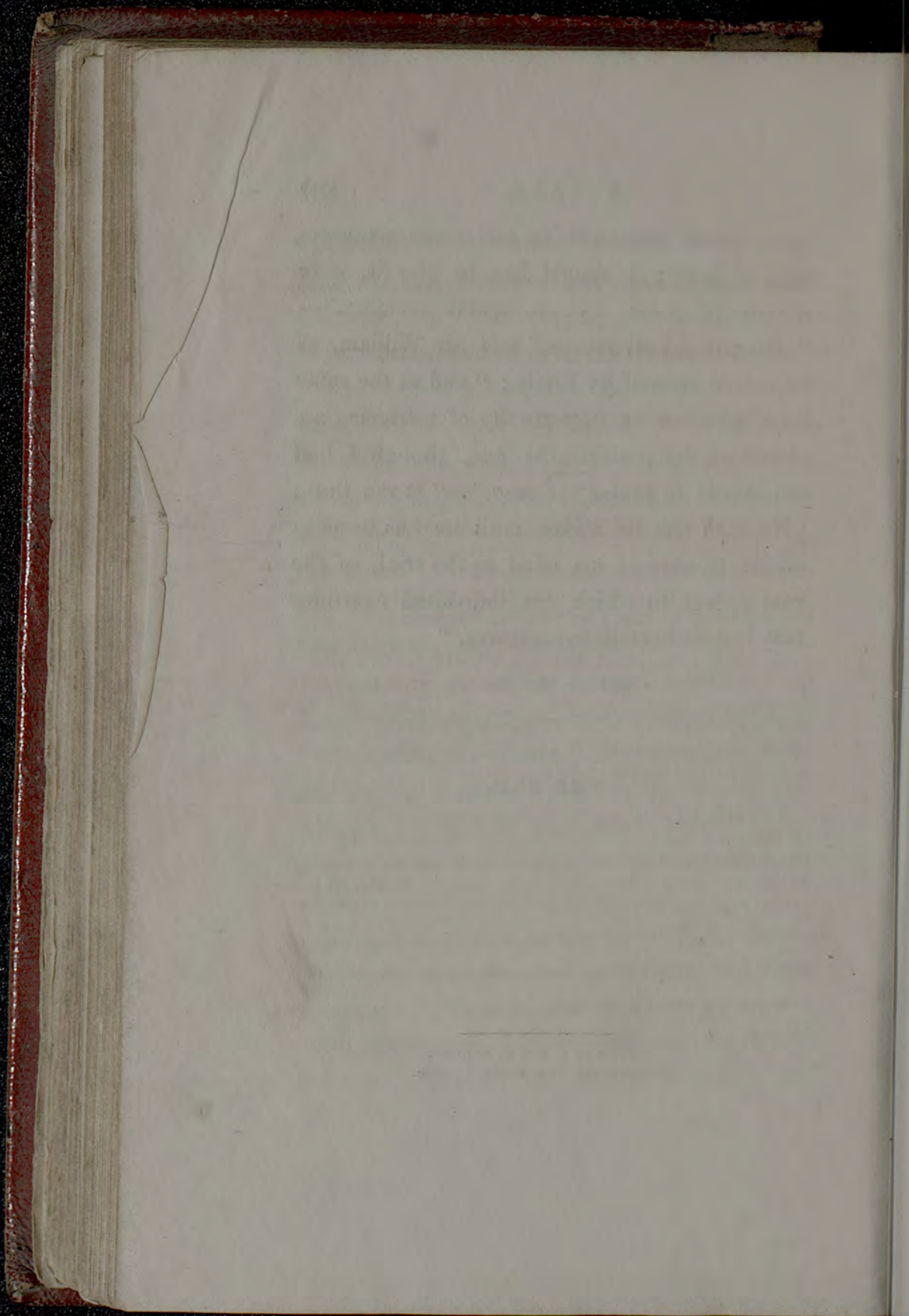
advanced: "My honest friends! Being a singular lover of merriment and good cheer, I have not been long in discovering that to-morrow is to be wholly devoted to these meritorious purposes! I would, therefore, advise you to retire now, that you may appear in full vigour with the rising sun, to play your parts, whether of eating or laughing, or both. Yet, before we separate, let us give three cheers: one for the house of Hawksden, one for our King, and one, hearty, long, and loud, for England, Old England, our dear, our native land!"

He waved his hat as he spoke, and the responding shouts of the assembled crowd, were prolonged by the echoes. They then dispersed, and our little party stood looking after them, with feelings of that quiet, silent, heartfelt happiness, which is, perhaps, the purest, and most perfect reward of virtue here below.

At last Robert's joyous spirit again broke forth and roused them.—"Come, let us sit down to tea; happiness always sharpens my appetite. The scene we have just witnessed, recalls to my mind the text of a sermon my

little cousin preached to me, some six years ago, at least; I should like to give it, were it only to prove my prodigious memory.”—“Give it, by all means,” said Sir William, as he seated himself by Emily; “and at the same time, give me an opportunity of retrieving my character, by praising the *text*, though I had not words to praise the *song*.”—“It ran thus: ‘No man can be aware, until he has brought all the powers of his mind to the trial, of the vast extent to which his individual exertions may benefit his fellow-creatures.’”

THE END.



New and Useful Books for Young People,

PUBLISHED BY J. HARRIS,

CORNER OF ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

1. LONDON SCENES ; or, a Visit to Uncle William in Town ; containing a description of the most remarkable Buildings and Curiosities in the British Metropolis. With seventy-eight Engravings. Price 6s. half-bound, plain ; and 7s. 6d. coloured.

2. THE LADDER TO LEARNING ; a Collection of Fables, Original and Select, arranged progressively in one, two, and three Syllables. Edited and improved by Mrs. TRIMMER. With eighty-seven Engravings on Wood. Price 5s. 6d. half-bound, plain ; and 7s. 6d. coloured.

3. THE LITERARY BOX ; containing the contributions of the Evelyn Family, consisting of Instructive and Amusing Tales, in Prose and Verse. Price 3s. 6d. half-bound, with twelve Engravings, plain ; and 4s. 6d. coloured.

4. TALES OF THE VICARAGE. By Mrs. SELWYN. With Engravings. Price 2s. bound.

5. WALKS WITH MAMMA ; or, Stories in Words of One Syllable. With Engravings. Price 2s. bound.

New and Useful Books for Young People.

6. BEGINNINGS OF BIOGRAPHY; being the Lives of One Hundred Persons eminent in British Story; illustrated with forty-eight Engravings. By the Rev. ISAAC TAYLOR, author of "Scenes of British Wealth," &c. &c. Two vols. half-bound, price 12s. plain; and 15s. coloured.

*** The undermentioned are in Preparation, and will be ready for Delivery the beginning of January.*

1. ALFRED CAMPBELL; or, the YOUNG PILGRIM; an interesting account of a Journey to the Holy Land. Written purposely for the Amusement of Young Persons. By Mrs. HOFLAND. Illustrated with twenty-four copper-plate Engravings.

2. NORTHERN REGIONS; or, the Voyages of Uncle Richard towards the North Pole, as related to his Nephew on his Return; with an Account of the Overland Journeys of his enterprising Friends. With twenty-four copper-plate Engravings.

3. A PICTURE OF THE MANNERS, CUSTOMS, SPORTS, AND PASTIMES, OF THE INHABITANTS OF ENGLAND, from the arrival of the Saxons, down to the Eighteenth Century; selected from the Ancient Chronicles, and rendered into modern phraseology, so as to form an instructive and pleasing study for Youth. By JEHOSHAPHAT ASPIN. Illustrated with Engravings.

4. TALES OF THE HEATH. By Mrs. BAYLEY. With a Frontispiece.

5. EMPLOYMENT, THE TRUE SOURCE OF HAPPINESS; or, the Good Uncle and Aunt. By the same Author. With an Engraving.

6. EMILY; a Tale. With a Frontispiece.

New and Useful Books for Young People.

7. STORIES FROM THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND ; with many Engravings. Written by the Author of "Stories from Ancient and Modern History."

8. CONVERSATIONS ON ASTRONOMY. With appropriate Engravings.

9. EASY RHYMES. Written by a Lady. With a variety of Elegant Engravings.

10. EASY LESSONS. With eight Engravings.

11. THE THREE CAKES ; or, Mrs. BARBAULD's History of HARRY, PETER, and BILLY, in Verse. With Cuts.

12. MARGERY MEANWELL ; or, the interesting Story of GOODY TWO-SHOES rendered into familiar Verse. With many Engravings.

13. THE HISTORY OF WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT, in Rhyme. By the Author of "Margery Meanwell."

14. LESSONS IN GEOGRAPHY ; combining Biographical and Historical Information. By JOHN OLDING BUTLER, of Hackney.

15. CHIT-CHAT ; or, Short Tales in Short Words. By the Author of "Always Happy."

**** New and Improved Editions of the following Established Works.*

1. TRUE STORIES FROM MODERN HISTORY, chronologically arranged, from the Death of Charlemagne to the Battle of Waterloo. By the Author of "True Stories from Ancient History," &c. Illustrated with twenty-four Engravings. Price 7s. half-bound, 1 vol. Second Edition.

New and Useful Books for Young People.

2. TRUE STORIES FROM ANCIENT HISTORY, chronologically arranged, from the Creation of the World to the Death of Charlemagne. By the Author of "True Stories from Modern History," &c. New Edition. Illustrated with seventy-two Engravings. Price 7s. 6d. half-bound. Third Edition.

3. TRUE STORIES FROM THE HISTORY OF SCOTLAND. Illustrated with twelve Engravings. Price 4s. half-bound. Third Edition.

4. THE ADVENTURES OF CONGO in search of his Master. A True Tale; containing an account of a Shipwreck, and interspersed with Anecdotes founded on fact. Illustrated with twenty-four Engravings. Price 5s. half-bound, plain; and 6s. 6d. coloured.

5. FEMALE FRIENDSHIP, a Tale for Sundays. By the Author of "School for Sisters." 12mo. With a Frontispiece. Price 5s. boards.

6. THE HISTORY OF WILLIAM TELL, the Patriot of Switzerland. A free Translation from the French of Florian. To which is prefixed a Life of the Author. Illustrated by twenty-four appropriate Engravings. Price 5s. half-bound, plain; and 6s. 6d. coloured.

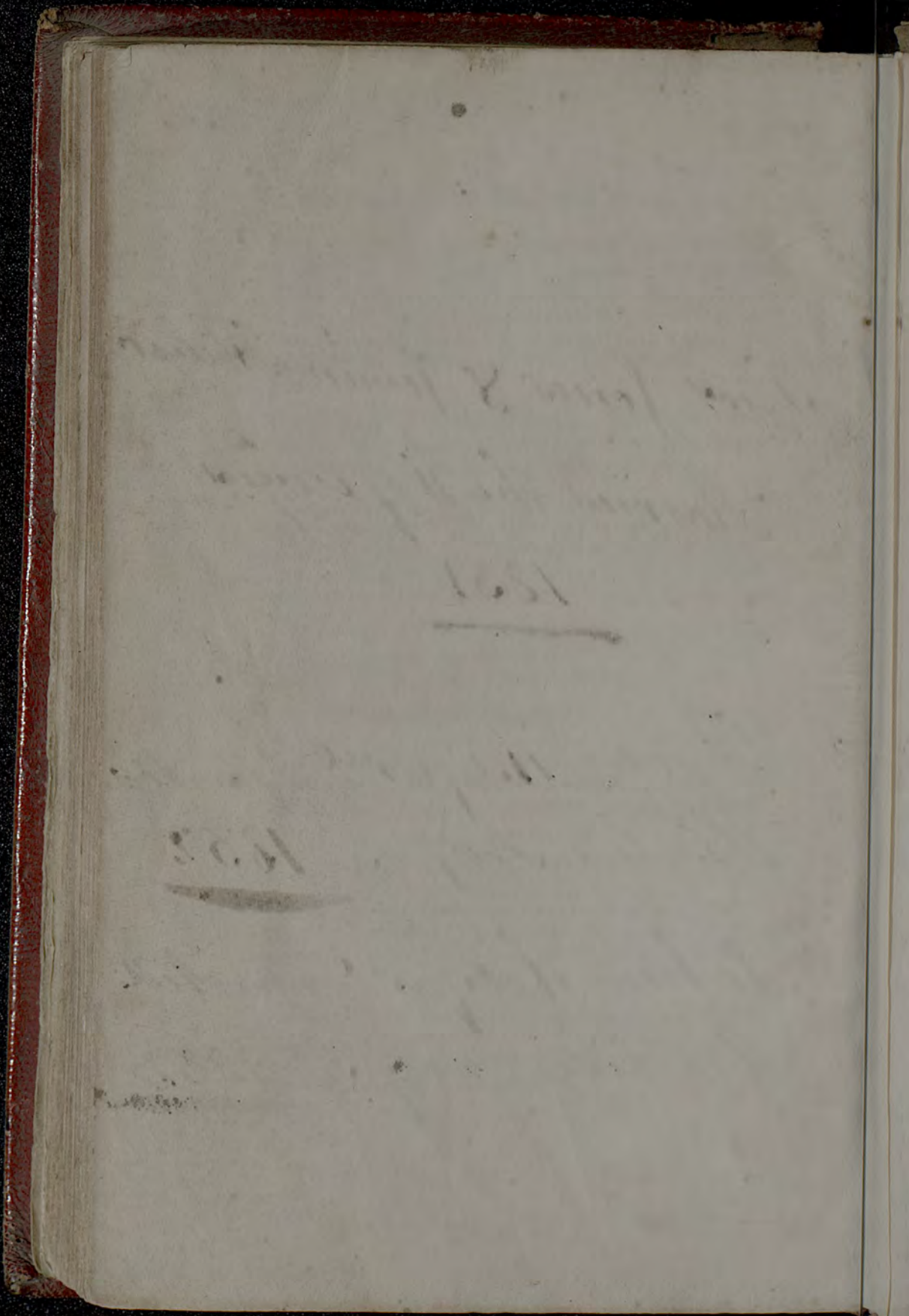
7. SCENES OF BRITISH WEALTH, in its Produce, Manufactures, and Commerce; for little Tarry-at-Home Travellers of every Country. By the Rev. I. TAYLOR. Illustrated with eighty-four Engravings. Price 7s. 6d. half-bound, plain; and 9s. 6d. coloured.

8. HOFER, the Tyrolese Patriot, after the manner of "William Tell." By the Author of "Claudine," a Tale. Illustrated with twelve Engravings. Price 4s. 6d. plain; 6s. coloured.

Thos Jones & Semima Helyar
Married the 11th of August
1831

Ann Helyar Departed
this life Feb. 7th 1832

John Helyar Departed
this life May 3rd 1832



This book forms part of
The Osborne Collection of Early Children's Books
presented to the Toronto Public Libraries by

MR. AND MRS. EDGAR OSBORNE

[Faint, illegible handwriting, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side of the page]

