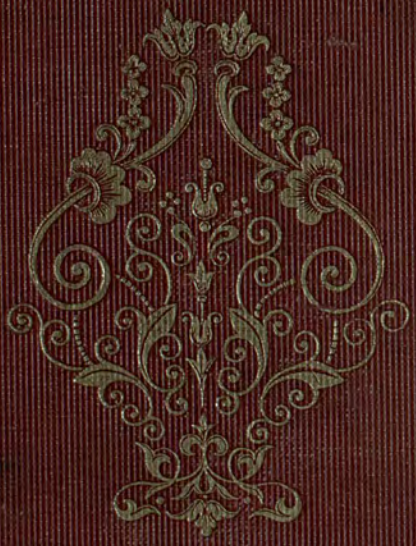

A. W. Wiley

ENERGY.

London—Printed by Darling & Son, Leadenhall Street.

ENERGY.

S. Williams. del. S. Springsguth. Steel.

His younger brother and sister gazed earnestly at the Carriage, and the Lady; and their mother a pale but fine looking woman in a widows mourning, hastened to welcome. Page 251

ENERGY,

A

TALE,

by

Mrs. Hofland.

Author of

AFRICA DESCRIBED, DECISION, FORTITUDE,
HUMILITY, INTEGRITY, MODERATION,
PATIENCE, REFLECTION, SELF DENIAL,
YOUNG CADET, CLERGYMANS WIDOW, &c. &c.

Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.
Ecclesiastes.

LONDON,
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Ecclesiastes.

LONDON:
A. K. NEWMAN AND COMPANY.
1838.

ENERGY.

CHAP. I.

"OH, what a dismal place London is! I cannot see to read, although it is not four o'clock; and if I put my head ever so far out of the window, I can only see a small portion of the sky."

These words were addressed by a youth of sixteen to his father, Mr. Weston, as they sat near the window of their lodgings, in Dean-street. The father laid down his pen, and looked sorrowfully in his son's face without speaking.

Mrs. Weston, who was sitting by the fire, observed in reply—"You know, my dear, I always told you, that it was very different to Weston Green, which is to be sure a paradise of a place; yet you were impatient to come to London."

"Very true, because I wanted to see the places and people I had read about; and I had

no idea of being cooped up in streets and back rooms. I knew I should not have the coppice to wander in, nor the mountains to climb; but then I thought I might muse in Westminster Abbey for hours, holding 'high converse with the mighty dead,' survey the Tower, and recal its awful memories. I wanted to examine St. Paul's, and the India House, the Foundling Hospital, and the Bank, the British Museum, and, above all, that I should go to the theatres, where Shakespeare may be seen as well as read."

"My dear boy, how you run on!"

"I expected to see great men—generals, and poets, and statesmen, and painters, and travellers——"

"Hush!" said Mr. Weston, putting up his finger.

All were silent, and listened with delighted attention to a sweet Italian air, sung by a female voice, in an adjoining room, accompanied by some kind of musical instrument, which was new to them, and which Mr. Weston adjudged to be a theorbo. After the song, they had the pleasure of hearing a duet, in which the deep, sonorous voice of a man aided the powers of the young female with so much effect, that it struck Mr. Weston, their fellow lodgers must be pro-

fessional; and he observed—"That the language of Italy was made for music; it charmed him so much, that if he were likely to hear it often, he should almost be compensated for the home he had left and lost."

"I know you are fond of the Italian poets, or you would not have given me the name of Orlando, father."

"When I married, I earnestly desired to go into Italy, my dear; but your mother's insuperable objection to the sea prevented the design from being put into execution."

"Oh, what a pity! I should then have been born a Roman."

"In which case you would not have been born a Briton, a matter of frequent boasting with you, my dear boy."

"True, father; but still I cannot help wishing that I had dwelt in the 'eternal city,' the land of heroes, the nurse of art; that I had wandered in the 'golden shell,' where Virgil walked and Horace sung; that I could kneel where Petrarch knelt, and gaze every day on domes conceived by Angelo, and pictures painted by Raphael; think of that, father."

Orlando ceased, but his eyes still spoke; and as he shook back the full clustering curls that

fell over his high fair brow, they darted such beams of intelligence, the growth of treasured knowledge, poetic perception, and lofty impulse, no wonder the fond father gazed on him with admiration. In another moment, some bitter remembrance passed over his heart, his looks were downcast, and he took up his pen again; but the maid of the house entering to lay the cloth for dinner, he sought relief to his thoughts, by inquiring—"If there were other lodgers in the house?"

"Oh yes, sir! this be a wery large house, and Mr. Barnard have the best of it; the large drawing-room be his painting-room, and the back drawing-room, as lies opposite this'n, is their sitting-room; but bating that Miss makes a noise with her thingumbob, they'll give no disturbance, for they are as good people as ever I know'd in my life."

"What servants do they keep?" said Mrs. Weston.

"Only a bit of a footboy, ma'am, to go errands for master, and get his brushes ready: but laws, ma'am, they ben't a bit of trouble to us; you'll never hear their bell go ting, ting in your ears; they do all for themselves, as it were."

This observation was not lost on poor Mrs.

Weston, who, until the present week, had been used to more servants than her husband's situation warranted, and who, although indulgent.to a fault, had yet been in the habit of ting tinging, when it was her duty to lay down the cap she was sprigging, and step into the kitchen, or dairy, in order that her presence might recal their functionaries to those avocations which her absence caused them shamefully to neglect.

Whilst she is helping her delicate husband to the vilely-cooked viands, which he is unable to eat, we will look into her history.

The father of Mr. Weston inhabited a dwelling situated in one of those fertile valleys in Derbyshire, where nature appears to make herself amends for the sterility of mountains and moors, by pouring abundance on isolated dales. He lived on his estate, as his fathers had done before him, neither improving it by his wisdom, nor scattering it by his profusion, though he remained single, having only one brother, who, agreeable to the custom of younger brothers in *old* rather than *rich* families, was settled in business as a flourishing ironmonger in the town of Macclesfield.

In his fifty-second year, Mr. Weston made two important speculations for wealth and happi-

ness; he ventured a sum of money in exploring a neighbouring mountain for lead ore, and he married the daughter of a gentleman, who joined him in the concern. From that time his mind knew little peace, for the hopes and fears now awakened, harassed him with anxieties, for which a life of tranquillity and comparative indolence had totally disqualified him. He was the father of only one child who survived the diseases of infancy; but in this one his whole happiness was wrapt; and when his speculation proved bad, and he had sent one sum of money after another, in the vain hope of regaining what was lost, until his estate was reduced to one-third of its value, and as the same evil attached, of course, to that of his partner, there was no prospect of one parent making amends to their progeny for the deficiencies of the other.

Mr. Weston was the more desirous of restoring his property to its original value, because he perceived from very early life, that his son, although amiable, affectionate, and of decided talents, was averse to business of every description; books were his idols rather than his amusement, and it was with difficulty his mother could tear him from them to take necessary exercise. When however he had once resigned the beloved

poet, or natural philosopher, to wander in his native woodlands, every thing above and around him awoke his imagination, inspired his adoration of heaven, and his love of earth; every bud of spring, every blossom of summer, was hailed by him with the welcome of a friend, and all animated nature beheld by him with the feelings of a brother. He would traverse the most rugged wild to rescue a lamb from a thicket, or challenge the boldest rustic who dared to seize a bird's-nest; but when the ebullition of generous compassion or honest indignation had subsided, he pursued his solitary musings, as one living in a world of his own. With the solicitude of his father, beyond feeling the sympathy of affection, he had nothing to do; but when in his fourteenth year, he had the misfortune to lose his mother, new sources of feeling were awakened, and his very sorrows confirmed his predilections.

Mr. Weston was more than twenty years his wife's senior, and he was conscious that he should not long survive her. With wisdom, that arrived too late, he busied himself by applying one portion of his land to redeeming another, and placing his affairs in a position of conveniency for his successor, whom he forbade to follow the system he had himself suffered from. He

arranged for the expences of Charles at the University, to which he was aware his inclinations would eventually lead him; and observed, "that his estate would still add something handsome to a clergyman's income, and preserve a gentleman in the family, whom his brother, to whom he had been very liberal, might hereafter enrich."

But, alas! before the time came when Charles's destination was decided, his father died, and he was consigned, without any expressed wishes on the subject, to the care of his brother—a brother who had no other idea than that wealth, however attained by honest means, was the grand, indeed, sole business of existence.

CHAP. II.

"I HAVE got an excellent engagement for you, Charles," said the uncle to the mourning boy: "there is a house in Foster-lane, in my own line, who will take you apprentice for two hundred pounds fee; I will give it myself rather than you should lose it."

"But, sir, I have not been educated for trade, and I dislike the idea of it."

"Fiddle, faddle! How can you dislike what you never saw? By the middle of life you will be able to return to Weston, and plant a new family there that shall outshine the old. Every body should get money; I never blamed your father for trying to do so—only he put it off too long, and engaged in what he did not understand: now, give your mind to trade, and depend upon it you will more than redeem his losses—you will become a wealthy man."

"But, indeed, I cannot do it, sir, and therefore——"

"Nonsense! you *must*, and you *shall!* And

there's my ward, Betsey Snowdrop, a pretty girl, with five thousand pounds, whom you may marry; you can take her fortune into the concern, and if it produces thirty per cent. you will have an income that——"

"I cannot do it—I hate per cents. and I want no wife."

"Harkee, Charles! if you thrive in the world, I'll give you every shilling I have; if you go down in it, I will not give you one single farthing."

This threat would have had no effect on such a mind as Charles's; but when it did so happen that he fell seriously in love with the fair and gentle girl, who sympathized in his sorrow, and listened to his complaints, he was at length induced to take up his abode in Foster-lane, and conform to the monotonous round of duties it demanded. Alas! the change from measuring verses to weighing nails, from reading Homer to writing invoices, was too violent; his heart sickened, his spirits fled, his health declined; and his master, more compassionate than his uncle, declared, "that the trial was made as far as the victim could bear," and generously lent him the means of support, until the time when his property would be under his own control.

The breath of his native mountains, the music

of his native groves, soon restored Charles to the health and spirits he had lost; and as his expences were confined to books, his conduct exemplary, and his manners most engaging, so much blame fell on the uncle, that in order to reinstate himself with the world, rather than his nephew, in due time he permitted his marriage with his ward, whose property his own judicious management had so far increased, that the produce of their united fortunes produced somewhat more than five hundred per annum.

Tenderly attached to each other, strangers to the gaieties of life, and placed completely out of the reach of its ordinary temptations, had Mr. Weston let his land and lived on his income, he would have had more than sufficient for his wants and even wishes, as he never had any child but the son we have seen; but unhappily, farming his own land, absorbed in literary pursuits, neither possessing the knowledge, or exhibiting the activity his situation required, every year saw him decline in property, and, of course, in health and spirits, for anxiety is a cankerworm that will prey on the strongest. Highly honourable in his intentions, strictly honest in his dealings, but ignorant as a child on all common affairs, and alive to every man's sorrows and wants, he

was the perpetual dupe of imposition—the continual theme of pity or ridicule.

His wife, mild, affectionate, and well-meaning, at all times content to appear below her real claims in society, to suffer privation, or sink into obscurity, was perhaps the principal cause of that slow but certain ruin into which he sank. Too easy in her temper to attend to the conduct of her servants, too indolent in her habits to take interest in the appearance of her house, much less inspect the expenditure it required, she quietly contented herself with sighing over that decrease which she imputed to misfortunes; and while she denied herself a visitant, or a new gown, employed twice the number of servants necessary, and allowed them the unrestrained indulgence of waste and negligence. Thus at the end of seventeen years, without the expences of children, the honours of hospitality, the recollection of misfortune, or the demands of sickness, they were reduced to the necessity of abandoning their home, and letting their land for about a hundred a-year more than the interest of their mortgages: these mortgages had, of course, not taken place till the fortune of Mrs. Weston had sank by a gentle decline into the tomb of the Capulets.

To London, the resort of the rich and the refuge of the poor, within whose ample walls prosperity seeks to revel and adversity to hide—to London came Mr. Weston, and through the medium of his former master, with whom he had always held pleasant intercourse, he procured the lodgings where we find him: they were by no means elegant, but they were respectable, and, comprising three rooms and attendance, considered cheap, although involving more than Mr. Weston's entire income; as, however, he had a handsome sum in his pocket, arising from the sale of his farming-stock, he trusted that it would last him until he obtained the means of life, which London only could supply. His views were two-fold; he wished to procure by purchase some little place under government, and desired as an author to turn the fruits of his solitary hours into the profit demanded by his wants.

Mr. Hanbury in Foster-lane could neither give him advice or assistance in either of these points, save to warn him against all advertisements which pretended to patronage, and were generally the tricks of swindlers. With publishers, he observed, he had no acquaintance, but he had undoubtedly heard that "poems," of

which Mr. Weston spoke, were property "that vary in the market."

Observing that the countenance of his country friend grew longer with every sentence he uttered, Mr. Hanbury, who was really a kind-hearted man, inquired after his family, adding—"But I recollect you have only one boy; how old is he?"

"He has just entered his seventeenth year; he is tall and manly for his age, and pretty well educated."

"He is about what you were when you came to us, I apprehend?"

"His mother," replied poor Weston, with a languid smile, "says he is exactly what I was: it is certain he possesses much the same characteristics, except that he is two or three years younger, and much handsomer: he differs from me in being fond of London, which, you may recollect, I never was."

"May I ask if you have any intercourse with your uncle?"

"Only through the medium of my attorney. He has the greatest part of my estate in mortgage, but never chooses to transact business personally, being fearful that his interest would be paid less punctually, a fear very unnecessary,

for I should scorn the idea of obligation to so hard a man."

"Um—um—it is natural for you to have that feeling; but yet it is a great pity for your son's sake that you should be at variance: he is now very rich, is growing very old, and has lately taken in a very respectable partner, who might hereafter be such to your son, if he were brought up to his business."

"It would certainly be desirable, and tend to conciliate him, for although he has apparently cast me off, he still keeps up some little correspondence with my wife: my fear is, that Orlando would make out as a tradesman no better than myself."

"If you like to try, I will, for the old man's sake, take him on the same terms we took you some eighteen years ago, notwithstanding the change of times."

Mr. Weston, little as he knew of times, was aware that this was a very liberal offer, and the consciousness that he had in his pocket the hundred pounds to be advanced as an apprentice fee, made him the more desirous of closing with it; yet he heard, with the feelings of a reprieved criminal, that some weeks must elapse ere Orlando could be received, for he dreaded

to mention the plan, either to him or his mother.

This conversation will account for the look of sorrow assumed by the father, on hearing his son exclaim against the confinement of London; nor did the rhapsody which followed in its developement of youthful wishes, combined with elegant pursuit, tend to improve his spirits. How could he condemn this amiable, interesting, and most fondly-cherished being, to a species of martyrdom, from which in his own person he had shrunk so completely, and to which his improvidence alone had condemned his child?

Happy to find any refuge from his own thoughts, by thus inquiring after the unknown minstrel, he soon began to speak of arts and artists; and since Orlando was positively forbidden by his mother from stepping beyond the door, except when accompanied by his father, the poor boy's whole mind became occupied with a desire of peeping into Mr. Barnard's painting-room, but no circumstance occurred to forward his wishes for some days. It did, however, happen at length, that a porter delivered at the same time a box of books which followed Mr. Weston, and a case which contained a picture for Mr. Barnard; and the son of the former

joined the wife of the latter when she was settling with the carrier.

Mrs. Barnard, having paid, was turning away; but struck with the age and appearance of her young neighbour, she loitered a moment, and recalled with a sigh the memory of her own long-buried boy. In consequence, she heard the porter's demand, and deeming it exorbitant, told him to produce his ticket.

The man grumbled something about "people minding their own business;" but this did not for a moment deter Mrs. Barnard from persevering in procuring justice for the stranger. The ticket was produced, and three and sixpence saved by the discovery.

Orlando, surprised and delighted, observed to himself, as he thought, "it was quite clear gains, and would pay for going to the play;" but in another moment, with a look of intelligent gratitude, thanked Mrs. Barnard for her kind interference.

They walked up stairs together, and Orlando found himself, he scarce knew how, in the very place he had so ardently desired to enter. What a new world did it present to his view! The eager expression of his eye, his total forgetfulness of all forms, even the apparent annihilation of the

living ones in the overwhelming interest excited by the pictures, was delightful to the painter, who, in witnessing his attitude of surprise, the fine form of his head, the animation and beauty of his features, was soon as much abstracted as the youth himself.

"That must be Brutus! yes, he is addressing the people after Cæsar's death. Ah! on this side is Virginia; poor girl! how soon she must die!"

Orlando turned his head as if addressing his conductress, who had left the room, and he found himself close to another Virginia, into whose cheeks rose a glowing colour, as she turned from his bewildered gaze. So much had he been confused, as well as delighted, by the novelty of being in a large room completely covered with historic pictures, that he had in the first glance mistaken the form of the living model for another painting.

To relieve his daughter, Mr. Barnard now addressed his young guest. He was a fine-looking, dark man, about fifty, with an air of elegance in person and bearing, such as Orlando had never seen before, and which his imagination would have given to one of the unbonneted knights of Spencer's Fairie Queene; and so touching was

his courtesy to the very heart of his rural admirer, that when he observed "that he would be glad to see his parents also," Orlando seized his hand, and bade God bless him.

The painter gave a sigh to the memory of his own son, as his wife had done before him; but he looked on his daughter, and was consoled.

It was only in the hope of returning with his father that Orlando could tear himself from the spot; but although that father heard with pleasure his son's artless description of the place and the kindness he had met with, he could not accept the invitation. Naturally timid, and now suffering under that sense of awkwardness which long seclusion and conscious poverty alike create, he could not accept the pleasure he yet ardently desired to partake; and as Mr. Barnard was himself naturally a reserved man, and at this time a disappointed one, this little opening to acquaintance seemed nipped in the bud, to the great grief of Orlando, who most pathetically lamented his father's refusal the whole of the day.

The following evening, just as they had dined, a tap was heard, for the first time, at their door, and on opening it, our young friend saw with delight, the pretty round face of Mrs. Barnard, who entered smilingly, yet not obtrusively.

"I beg pardon, Mrs. Weston, but you see, ma'am, I have made a kind of acquaintance with your son, so I venture to step in to say, that if agreeable, Mr. Barnard will be glad of his company to the play to-night."

"You are very kind, ma'am," was uttered by all parties, but a pause followed.

"You see, sir, the thing is this; my husband was obliged to take tickets for us all three a week ago, and now the time is come, I have such a cold I would rather not go; and so, if master Weston will accept it—and indeed he will be happy with Mr. Barnard—so if you please, sir."

"Oh, certainly, certainly; you are truly kind, ma'am."

Orlando lost no time in dressing, but it was all taken up by his mother in repeated injunctions, "to stick close to his conductor, avoid all crowds, and above all things, remember that she should be absolutely miserable all the time he was absent."

Mean time, Mrs. Barnard described the party she had seen to her daughter, whose frock she was tying,

"There was Mrs. Weston sitting close to the fire with a shawl on this mild day, and a huge cap, such as were worn twenty years ago,

which makes her look as if she were her husband's mother; yet she's really pretty, and quite a lady, with little fubsy hands, as white as snow: then she's so heavy and unwieldy, as to be really an object; she ought not to have been that size for many a long year, indeed, not at all. As for Mr. Weston, he's all skin and bone—tall, and thin as a thread-paper, but with something very taking about him. Their whole room was in a sad litter, and a great many papers on the table; it strikes me, poor man, that he is an author, or at least, some kind of a genius—more the pity say I."

The voice of Mr. Barnard broke off the detail, by calling for Seraphina; and in a few moments, both families were all talking together in the passage; and the warm heart of Mrs. Barnard rejoiced to see, that her little plan of treating the son had brought the father forward. She had the good sense to be aware, that although a most desirable helpmate for her husband, she was yet not the companion his highly-cultivated mind, and somewhat fastidious taste required; and ardently did she desire to obtain for him some substitute for the polished circle which he had many years enjoyed.

Mr. Barnard was the son of an officer, who

fell early in the unhappy contest with our American colonies, leaving his widow with a slender provision, and three children. Thomas, the eldest, reaped the advantages of his father's valour, by being appointed to a writership at Madras; the second, a girl, was taken by her father's family, and eventually married in Scotland; Henry remained with his mother, who, after some years of widowhood, married a sculptor, who made her a most excellent husband, but had the misfortune to lose her, after giving birth to a child, who soon followed her to the grave.

Henry and his father-in-law became the more closely united, by the dissolution of that bond which had brought them together: he was a boy of fine parts, vivid imagination, and acute perception, and seized on all those subjects connected with the fine arts, which were now brought daily under his observation, with an intensity and capacity of comprehension, which commanded the attention of the artists of that day, a small, but highly-gifted circle. In consequence, Mr. Spottiswolde (his only efficient friend) gave him every advantage of education in his power, leaving his choice free, as to the peculiar walk of art maturer judgment might select.

Henry chose painting, in that which has ever been deemed its highest form, and in which, Mortimer, Hamilton, West, and others, were then essaying to make an impression on the public mind. Sensible that the perpetual contemplation of marble had deadened his sense of colour, he heard with pleasure, that his kind father-in-law desired to revisit Italy for his sake; and as he was now far advanced in years, the plan was desirable for his own, on account of the climate, and they soon departed together.

After travelling some time, they settled at Rome, where the old man met old friends, the young made new ones, and being every where loved as a man, and extolled as a promising artist, soon became delighted with a place ever dear to the man of genius and research, and most valuable to the sinking object of his solicitous tenderness, the only relative in fact with whom he had any personal intercourse.

Mr. Spottiswolde died before a cloud had arisen upon the prospects of his excellent son, to whom he bequeathed the little fortune which had supported them. At this time Henry wished to return to his native country, but he was engaged by an English nobleman to paint a series of pictures, which would necessarily occupy

a considerable period, but promised fame and fortune. This patron, not less considerate for his comforts than just to his talents, introduced him into the highest circles, where his varied knowledge, graceful manners, and virtuous sentiments, ensured him respect and admiration.

Thus had Mr. Barnard attained his thirtieth year, without knowing any mistress save the art to which he was a devoted lover, when he was one day struck by the appearance of a young person, who, passing him in the street, entered a house opposite to his own, which he had been told was taken by an English gentleman in poor health. There did not require this information to convince him, that the young creature he had seen was indeed his countrywoman. The brilliant fairness of her complexion, the clear blueness of her eyes, the perfect absence of all expression, save that of innocent good humour, together with a steadiness of carriage, which combined the dignity of modesty with its simplicity, brought the better part of treasured recollections and imaginings so strongly to his mind, as to induce the *maladie du pays* more decidedly than he had ever felt it before.

Again and again she met his sight, and put all his ideas to confusion. He began to believe

that he wished to obtain her as a model, yet he could not recollect one Roman matron or Grecian heroine for which she could be substituted. However, in a short time Mr. Cholmondely and Lady Emily his wife visited his painting-room, and even courted his acquaintance; "it was therefore likely that he should see more of her, as she was evidently resident with them, and frequently in their carriage."

When he first entered their drawing-room, she was indeed seated at her work; but scarcely had he taken a chair, when she disappeared. Another and another visit took place, always with the same results; and at length, in a tone rather of anger than admiration, he observed, "that it was plain he was an object of terror to the young lady, though she must know he was an Englishman."

"The young person you designate *lady* is my wife's maid, who conceives it her duty to depart when a visitor enters, otherwise so highly do we esteem her, so truly valuable have we found her, during our long journey (which has combined all possible trials), that she never leaves us for an hour."

"She is every thing to me," said Lady Emily, evidently affected; "her affectionate disposition,

her sound understanding—oh! she is all a woman should be."

"You may say that indeed, my dear, with the single exception of that title Mr. Barnard gave her. Poor Crossland will never be a lady; her original phraseology, her provincialism as a Yorkshire woman, will stick to her through life, although the quickness of her ear, and the perseverance of her mind, has already made her a proficient in Italian."

"Her father," resumed Lady Emily, "is a respectable farmer on our estate, near Tadcaster, but after losing her mother, who was an exemplary woman, he married a very different person; and his daughter soon found out that she would be a servant without wages in his house, and therefore preferred coming to me, about three years ago, since which time I have found her more friend than servant."

"She must have been a mere child, madam?"

"No, she was then nineteen, and as thoughtful as twenty-five; she does not look one day older than she did then, although her labours for us, and the dangers she has shared with us, might have produced that effect. There is such an equanimity of temper about her, she is so active and temperate, I think neither time nor

circumstance will make any great change in her for many years."

Mr. Barnard had a good deal of pride, both from nature and profession, and he felt half angry with himself, for having listened, with so much interest, to the account of the pretty girl, who was "only a servant after all;" but as Mr. Cholmondely grew daily worse, and Crossland shared in all her lady's cares for his relief, he saw her now continually, and every interview displayed qualities calculated to win his esteem, not less than her artless beauty charmed his eye as an attractive novelty. The death of the long suffering invalid, by throwing them more immediately together, for Mr. Barnard was at this awful crisis the widow's only present assistant and adviser, added the interest of pity to that of love; and it was in those moments of anxiety which belonged to that distressing circumstance, that Mr. Barnard declared his attachment, and offered his hand.

"I cannot forsake my lady at such a time as this, sir, otherwise——"

The blush, and the *otherwise*, were very dear to the lover, who had far too much good feeling to urge his suit further at such a moment. It so happened, that within a very short time,

an opportunity occurred for Lady Emily to escape with a family of distinction, who were going to Portugal, and undertook her convoy, "provided she was alone, and passed for a foreigner." As being decidedly a brunette, this was possible; whereas, such a removal, under the strict *surveillance* of the French armies now harassing Italy, was impracticable for poor Crossland, even if she could have been admitted of the party.

To advise with Mr. Barnard, was Lady Emily's first step, and his declarations were explicit. In great agitation, the poor young woman was at once torn from the mistress she idolized, and given to a stranger; but her marriage was witnessed, not only by her weeping lady, but the friends whom she accompanied, at the earnest request of her husband.

Happy were those who had departed. The troubles of Rome now began, and year after year passed by, without affording the painter an opportunity of returning to England; and during that time, his generous patron became so much a sufferer, that he could not pay him for the past, nor employ him for the future. The short peace, by sending a number of English into Italy, promised to remedy all deficiencies;

but Mrs. Barnard had then two small children, and it was either a duty to remain, in order to provide for them, or a difficulty to travel with them; therefore in Italy they still continued.

Again the demon of war raged, and, to the unutterable grief and indignation of our artist, the spoils of Italy, on which his very soul had feasted, were torn from their bleeding country, now suffering in every pore. Compelled to retire from place to place, in order to avoid recognition, he encountered the evils of *malaria*, and a blooming boy of seven years, and a fair babe at the mother's breast, sickened and died beneath its influence. Alarmed for the health of his only surviving offspring, he determined to brave all dangers, and endure all loss, to effect the purposes of removal; and having hastily turned his property into specie, he abandoned his dwelling, and by a long circuitous journey through many countries, and at continual hazard, he at length reached his native land, after an absence of more than half of his existence.

Like every man who has been thus situated, Mr. Barnard found himself the inhabitant of a new world. So often had his heart (rich in the best affections of human nature) flown out to

this beloved spot, with the sensibility and enthusiasm peculiar to minds of his class, that he felt, as if every man he met should receive him with the cordial grasp of welcome—that a tempest-beaten stranger should be made sensible of the comforts of that haven, to which he had steered through so many difficulties.

More especially was this sensation awakened towards men of his own profession. Those amongst whom he had lived so long, were all impassioned votaries of art, and greeted as brothers the wanderers from every land devoted to her service. They were a sacred band, moved by one impulse, actuated by one desire, of different gradations in ability, and distinct branches of pursuit, but perfectly united in general sentiment, and enjoying pleasures, suffering privations, practising virtues, and committing errors exclusively their own. With them, *talent* was *rank*, and the brow of poverty, when gifted by genius, never knew the sense of shame, as a consequence of humble birth and inferior fortune.

Poor Barnard, surprised at the immense population in which he now moved, and the rapid improvement his country had made in arts, whilst the world considered her devoted to arms—whilst he looked on all with admiration, which increas-

ed his pride as a Briton, yet sunk his spirits as an individual. In all this multitude, " no man bade him welcome:" the stars which had illumined his early day, had nearly all disappeared, and the more extensive galaxy of the present time lent no rays to him. The general coldness of English manners, the necessity, where many contend for the prize, that each should secure his individual share, perhaps accounted for the distant politeness, or the marked indifference with which he was received by most. He could not fail to remember, in how many instances his house had been the asylum, his introduction the passport of his countrymen; and their apparent unkindness, however naturally it might be accounted for in persons not thus obliged, fell on the acute feelings of the painter with the irritating effects of insult, and even cruelty.

Happily, the health of his long-pining child was now fully restored, and being too young to share his solicitude, yet old enough to imbibe the knowledge he delighted to bestow, she became a consoling angel, in that wilderness of life which he had hoped to find an Eden.

So soon as Mrs. Barnard had settled him in comfort, and perceived that he was in some measure regaining composure, she conceived it

her duty to visit her father, whom she had not been able to hear of for several years, and, if possible, gain some information respecting Lady Emily, who had been lost to her still longer, owing to the miserable state of the continent, during so long a period.

CHAP. III.

Mrs. Barnard had the satisfaction of finding her father's dwelling greatly improved in appearance, for, during a few preceding years, farming had been the only business that prospered; but beyond the assurance of good thus offered to her observation, her pleasure did not extend, for her father was increased in bulk and ill-humour as much as years, and he spoke of nothing but crops and mildews, bad markets, and worse times, than had ever been known before.

Her mother-in-law actually received her with the more pleasure, praising her for many good qualities in which her own daughters were deficient, and lamenting the day in which she left them. These young persons set up for very fine ladies, and evidently did not find their travelled sister so smart "as a London lady should be;" and after the first welcome was over, the countenances of all became clouded, and cold constraint fell on them as a mantle.

Of Lady Emily, they knew nothing beyond

her being married again, as she had never returned thither, her husband's estates having fallen to a distant relation.

Mrs. Barnard, long as her journey had been, felt that her stay must be short, for her warm heart was chilled by her cold reception; she, however, thought it her duty to give her father a hint, that since he was evidently a thriving man, had bought a commission for one son, and a business for another, and given the "young ladies boarding-school educations," he might spare a little to her, as the only offspring of that wife "who brought him a pretty fortune, and, in every respect, made a man of him." Naturally generous and high-minded, and prudent, both from habit and principle, Mrs. Barnard was the last woman in the world to assert even her own rights, for her own sake; but she had already seen enough of England, to be aware that the expences of her family would be treble what they were in Rome, and her husband's chances for supplying them very much less, if indeed he had such at all. After a year's travelling, he could have but a small sum left, and a few valuable pictures, saved from the wreck of his affairs, would have little chance for sale, in a country so pressed upon as his own

now was. However disagreeable it might be, whatever consequences might arise, it was necessary for her to speak for herself, or, as her husband called it, "exert her energies." In somewhat of a tremulous accent, she observed to her father—"That farming had been a good thing since she had been absent."

"It was gude once, but it's bad eneugh noo."

"What has become of our old servant, John Holmes?"

"He's gone blind as a beetler."

"I will go and see him, poor man—he'll remember Sally?"

"Not he; folks may go oft'ner than they're welcome."

"You wrote me word of the death of my great-aunt, poor Mrs. Alice; I wonder she left me nothing."

A silence ensued, that might be called almost palpable, so decidedly was it accompanied by dark looks and sneers; and most thankful was Mrs. Barnard to have it broken by sounds from the kitchen, as if somewhat of a bustling entrance took place, and in another moment, a voice cried out—"Where is she—where is Miss Sally as was?"

"'Tis poor old John!" said Mrs. Barnard,

rushing out, though her father caught her by the arm, as if to detain her. "My good old friend, here I am," said Mrs. Barnard, catching hold of his hand, and placing him beside her on the langsettle, always found near the fireside in Yorkshire farm-houses.

"An sae ye're come back at last, my bonny lass? many's the time I ha carried ye i'my arms, and many's the fears I've had as how the French wad get hould on ye; and now I cannot see that pretty face that had always a smile for Johnny Holmes."

"And it has still a smile," said Mrs. Barnard, throwing her arms round the old man, and kissing his forehead.

"Why, see ye there now!" said the proud old man, wiping the drops that gathered in his sightless eyes; "many waters will not quench love, and it's neither goin beyon seas, nor living in grandeur, that alters a gude heart. But, Sally, dear, is it true that your husband is so proud, he will not accept the money and the gear Mrs. Alice left you?"

"I never heard she left me any thing; both myself and my husband would be thankful for it, for we have lost much of our own."

"Murder will out; I always thought ye

could not be sae foolish; why, child, she left ye all she had ten years agon. There were thirteen hundred pounds i'Lunnun banks, more than fifty guineas in gold, wi' silver candlesticks, and a kist full of linen, besides cloathes and china without end; I brought it all into this house my own self."

"It is all true, ma'am," said John's nephew, a respectable-looking man, who had led him thither; "and every body knows as how your father put four hundred pounds to it, and bought Greenhow Farm, where we live. They said *here* as how you were dead; but if it was so, we thought your children should have it after you."

"Thou shalt have thy own *now*, however," said the old man, thumping his stick on the floor; "me and mine will stand by thee to the last drop of our bluid."

"Yes," said the young man, "to the last penny we have."

"Thank ye heartily," said Mrs. Barnard, wiping her beaming eyes; "I shall soon settle every thing."

In a very few minutes Mrs. Barnard had returned to the parlour, and inquired of her father who was his attorney?

"What's in the wind now, eh? ye don't mind what nonsense that puir blind man's been telling ye?"

"Yes, I do, because it stands to reason, that my mother's aunt should leave her daughter the property she always promised; in short, I will have my money, or the *most* of it; and I am glad you laid it out as you did, because it admits of an easy transfer. It will be far easier to settle with me than with my husband's lawyer, as you may suppose, to say nothing of the disgrace it must bring on us all, if I should go to law with my own father."

The family party were well assured of *this*, for they had already smarted under conjectures; and, either from the quiet resolution she evinced, the whispers of conscience, or the dread of exposure, her claims were allowed, and the title-deeds of John Holmes's farm put into her possession, together with all the money then in the house. It was far short of her legal rights, all were aware; but she was not a hard creditor, and in ceding a little, she made those friends, who, whilst retaining all, had been her enemies.

In the course of those discussions, which led to so happy a conclusion, she had the farther

satisfaction of learning that her mother's dower would return to her, and that the legacy of her aunt was given to her personally, free from the controul of either father or husband. She therefore renewed John's lease to his nephew, the following day; and after bidding him an affectionate farewell, and her family a friendly one, set out homewards, taking her candlesticks in her hands, and her fortune in her pocket, happy to present it to a husband she loved, and even venerated, and whom she was certain was continually wishing for her.

Happy was she indeed to meet her family again, short as her absence had been; and proud did she feel when gazing on her daughter (now entering her fifteenth year), and contrasting her quiet elegance, yet active obedience, and various acquirements, with the vulgar vanity and silly pretensions of the girls she had left. Seraphina was, indeed, a girl of no common character. To her father she was indebted for elegant accomplishments, considerable knowledge, and a lively perception of all that was honourable in conduct and noble in sentiment. To her mother she owed the constant engrafting of *common sense* upon the enthusiasm of a young and inexperienced mind, and to plain, but distinct, ideas of Pro-

testant faith, as inculcating purity of heart and strictness of morals. Under her peculiar circumstances, Seraphina had, therefore, been imbued with reflection beyond her years, and a delicacy of thought and manner, that seemed to place her above contagion, like the gloss of a garment on which no dust can rest.

To this we must add, that her mind was strong and energetic; the scenes she had witnessed, the difficulties she had encountered, and more especially, the blessings she was sensible of receiving through this disposition in her mother, and its deficiency in the father, whom she yet loved almost idolatrously, had nurtured in her a habit of exertion, a disposition to industry, and a power of self-controul, where duty demanded it, which rendered her alike useful, amiable and happy.

Returning from this necessary digression, we will accompany her mother to the sitting-room of the Westons, with whom she agreed to take her tea. She apologized for her dress, which was perfectly neat and fashionable, which led Mrs. Weston, with a sigh, to say, she believed, for her own part, she was like nobody else; but it did not signify.

"Why, ma'am, that's just what I said when

I first came; but I soon found it *did;* so I new-modelled myself to look like other people. I'll just shew you what a pretty cap I bought, by way of pattern, for a mere trifle."

In another moment the cap was produced, and soon, by a kind of gentle force, placed on the head of Mrs. Weston, to whom it proved so becoming, that her husband declared she had not looked so well for the last ten years, adding—"My dear, you must have a few new things, or you cannot go to church."

"Well, my dear, if you admire this cap so much, I will see what is to be done; but I don't like trouble, I confess."

"Now, I *do*," said Mrs. Barnard; "I mean what some people call trouble; and as it would be the death of me to sit with my hands before me, if you will just give me a square of muslin, like that handkerchief you have on, I will make you a turban like this, and when your son comes home, how he will look!"

Mrs. Weston rang the bell, and sent the maid for a box, which contained a great number of handkerchiefs, of which she desired her new friend to make choice. Eagerly pouncing on all, she exclaimed—"I will take them, and make you frills, habit-shirts, and what not. Sara and me

will make you quite smart, without costing you a farthing."

Mrs. Weston thought her friend not very delicate, but yet she was sensible she was truly kind; and as the becoming head-dress grew under her hand, she could not help thanking her warmly for taking such a terrible deal of trouble.

"Dear me, ma'am, 'tis a real pleasure, for what were we all sent into the world but to help one another? I am no ways accomplished, but I have hands, and can use them, and I know what it is to be a stranger in a strange land; besides, your son is just such a one as my Raphael might have been, bless his sweet face."

"You lived abroad a long time," said Mr. Weston.

"Yes, sir, I married in Rome. I was only a servant, sir, though my lady spoiled me, and called me her companion. Mr. Barnard took a fancy to me, sir, and married me; indeed, he was never the man who thought of me otherways, and I may say——"

This was a point which never failed to awaken the most lively gratitude in the heart of Mrs. Barnard, who, young and pretty as she then was, had found no other man with the manners

of a gentleman, equally disinterested with him, whose virtuous passion formed the pride and felicity of her life. Her still beautiful eyes filled with tears, and for some time she was silent, but after a pause, proceeded.—" I trust I have made him a good wife, notwithstanding the difference between us, for I have sought his welfare day and night; and he never could have throve as he once did, if I had not kept every thing together, aye, and brought grist to the mill, he never suspected to come by my means. Yes, if the French had not ruined all they touched, we should have returned to spend a fortune, not seek one. Well, well, I only did my duty; every man must ask his wife if he can live? we all know, a gentleman is a helpless creature at the best, but if into the bargain he happens to be a genius, what will become of him, if his wife doesn't see after him?"

Mrs. Weston, after wriggling about uneasily, and sighing deeply, observed Italy was a very delightful place, she believed.

" Very much so, to those who understand it, but as I like things all of a piece, I never admired it as some people do; every thing there is a kind of patch-work, dirt, and finery, beau-

tiful churches, and tumble-down-houses: oh! what pains poor Barnard took to inspire me (as he called it) with a love for those antiquities, and I took to them in time, pretty tolerably, considering."

"Were you ever at Tivoli, ma'am?" said Mr. Weston.

"It was the place he took me to on our marriage; never shall I forget his going out to sketch, when I sate down on a stone behind him, and taking out my huswife, began stitching a wristband. It was all natural, you know, sir, that when he went to his trade, I should go to mine. I dare say, had you been there, you would have made some verses; but, dear heart! when he turned his head, and saw me sewing, he grew as white as a sheet, and cried out, in a kind of agony, 'is it possible, in such a scene as this, any human being can sit down and sew!"

Mr. Weston, by a motion of his head, proved that his surprise would have been at least equal with that of Mr. Barnard.

"Well, but, sir, 'tis fine talking—when I married him, he hadn't a shirt that was fit to be seen, nor a wristband that didn't hang in fringes (Mr. Weston instinctively pulled down his

coat-sleeve); his stockings had no feet, his painting-room was more unclean than Noah's ark, his drawing-room itself had a university of fleas, established as long as Padua. I'm sure, I thought it my duty to make all comfortable, in the first place, for such a clever man, and I am sure, Mrs. Weston thinks as I do; how could I shew my love for him better than by doing my best for him? and he very soon saw that himself, I assure you."

"I can readily believe *that*," said Mr. Weston, and might have given his reasons, but the uneasy expression in the face of his wife checked all comment, and he only added—"your daughter has an Italian name, *Seraphina*, I think."

"Yes, that is her name; but since we came here, I generally call her Sara, as being more English: now you cannot alter Orlando, more the pity, and it is quite as much out of the way."

"Nor do I wish it; a pleasant name is music in the ear, and it is one of the things of which fortune never can deprive us."

"I'm sure I don't wish it to be altered, for that very name gave me the idea that you would be the companion my husband wants so

much, as one that loves Italy, and honours art, and feels poetry. All is right in your case, but when my daughter is frying a veal cutlet, or ironing her mother's cap, Sara seems a more suitable name to an English servant's ear."

"Is it possible such an accomplished girl can stoop to such homely avocations?"

"To be sure she can, if it will relieve her mother, and afford pleasure to her father. It can't be supposed she likes such employment, as well as playing, or painting, but then she has all the more merit in doing what's right. Why, there's your son now, a fine, elegant boy, as one would wish to look at; he must do something soon, or he'll be ruined for ever; let a lad be idle till twenty, and he'll be helpless the rest of his life."

So forcibly did the last assertion strike the mind of Mr. Weston, as applying to his own case, that it occasioned him not only to reveal his fears and his engagement for his son, but to pour out all the story of his own uneventful life, and candidly confide his views, his situation, his few hopes, and his many fears, to one who had evidently penetration enough to guess a great part of what he told, and who might, perhaps, have the power of inducing Orlando to

comply with circumstances, and by that means ensure the future favor of his rich relation.

Mrs. Barnard listened in profound silence, but with the deepest sympathy, to these melancholy details; it was so evident to her conception, that the *lady-wife* had principally brought things to this grievous pass, that she had some difficulty in repressing the exclamations that rose to her lips, indicative of blame, yet she could not look on the humble and evidently self-condemning, helpless woman beside her, without feeling the tenderest pity, and even affection for her, and the most ardent wishes to assist her, by imparting somewhat of her own activity, and what she called *forth-putting* thoughts. She wished at once to do every thing for her, and yet induce her to do all for herself—her heart embraced her as a sister.

Their highly-wrought feelings were checked by the arrival of the party from the play, and no tongue was heard, save that of the raptured Orlando, whose delight had so conquered his timidity, that he descanted eloquently on all he had beheld, and could never sufficiently thank his dear Mrs. Barnard for the treat she had given him.

From this time the two families became very

intimate, and, to the generous joy of Mrs. Barnard, she saw her husband bestow such a portion of warm admiration, which soon became affection, upon Mr. Weston, as to render him most happy in his society, and supply to him the *converzazioni* he had enjoyed in circles of wealth and rank.

Whilst the gentlemen pursued subjects of interest to those devoted to the pencil and the lyre, their wives were engaged in domestic occupation; while Orlando sedulously took lessons of drawing from Seraphina, or endeavoured to accompany her theorbo with the flute, in which he had made some progress. The similarity of their tastes, pursuits, and even wants, bound them to each other; and although their mutual entertainments were very frugal, they were rich in intellectual stores, and that sincerity of friendship in which higher hospitalities are too frequently deficient.

CHAP. IV.

"This is all very pleasant," said Mrs. Barnard to herself, "but it cannot last; if I do not sell poor Weston's poem, it will never be done, for my dear Barnard, in money matters, could never speak a word for himself, so how should he do it for another; then this fine boy, if he is not weaned from reading and drawing, what will become of him."

"My dear Sara, you have practised two hours, which is long enough, so you had better help me to mend these stockings."

Seraphina immediately complied, on which Orlando observed—"I wonder any woman likes to mend stockings; it appears to me the most stupid, unamusing work in the world."

"So it is, undoubtedly; but both Sara and me know that it is our duty to mend them; and when we have finished them, we feel happy, not because our work is beautiful, but because we have conquered our dislike."

"There is a great pleasure, I think, in doing

any thing useful, or, at least, a great reproach in leaving it undone," said Seraphina. "Remember the story you told me from the Parent's Assistant."

"I dare say you are right. I wonder when I shall be useful?"

"When you are bound apprentice to the ironmonger, whom your father visits in the city, my dear."

"Surely, Mrs. Barnard, he does not think of employing me in such a tasteless occupation as that?"

"In truth, he thinks of nothing else; indeed, he is fretting himself to death with the very foolish idea that you cannot do it, because, forsooth, you cannot like writing in a ledger, weighing iron, and so forth: what nonsense! Our lives are not to be spent in doing what we like, but what we ought to do: it is a pleasant thing when we like our business, and most people can learn to like it if they please; but, at all events, it must be done."

"But I hate the noise and turmoil of the city; and I don't want to be rich, like Mr. Hanbury, not I. How can I live amongst drays and dirt, and nails, and packing-boxes, without books and drawing, or even conversation?"

"It is enough to know you *can* do it, and the more difficult you find the task, the more you will display a manly mind, and an affectionate heart in doing it. Sera, who is two years' younger than you, and a *girl*, would do it, if she saw her father pining away as yours does—wouldn't you, my child?"

"Can my mother ask me?" said Seraphina, throwing her arms round her mother's neck, and bursting into tears.

We are not sure that these tears did not arise for Orlando's sake; for the painful emotions awakened in his bosom were already very visible in his countenance, and the struggle he endured between repugnance on the one hand, and tenderness on the other, compelled him to retire to his chamber, and weep away the surprise, and, indeed, agony of the hour. Mrs. Barnard, however, had not made a false estimate of his character, and when they met again, he promised not only to obey his father's wishes, but to spare his parents the knowledge of that pain it could not fail to cost him; and he received from the whole family of the Barnards praise for his resolution, and approbation of his future plan of action.

Most thankful was poor Weston when this long harassing question was thus disposed of,

though his wants, and not his wishes, placed his only son in a situation so uncongenial to his talents, but which was yet desirable, from its respectability, and its promise for the future. Orlando's visits, for some time, shewed that he was far from happy; his cheek was pale, his eye heavy, his manners abstracted—undoubtedly his mind languished for the society to which it was fondly attached, and for the exercise of its talents in the path they were wont to excite approbation. The heart of the father bled in every vein, and the mother's audible sighs went to proving her grief, and increasing her son's; but the urgent entreaties of Mrs. Barnard saved them from the error of probing a wound, not difficult of healing in so young a subject. She led him to converse upon his employments, to describe the various articles in which he dealt, the mode of their manufactory, the various important circumstances with which it was combined, and induced him to enquire into the properties of iron, its value to man, influence on his actions and connection with his history, thus awakening his curiosity, and engaging his mind in the many enquiries united with the philosophical portion of his business. Her ignorance of first principles stimulated him to knowledge, and his acquisition

of every thing connected with it, subdued his repugnance, and impressed him with new ideas on the subject: he began to see value in commercial pursuit, and believe that powerful mind and varied talent might be beneficially exercised in it. He was young enough to be pliant, and wise enough to perceive that every walk of life presents somewhat of interest either in itself or its combination.

When Orlando talked cheerfully of shipments and exports, or described what he had learnt of ores and forges, blasts and smelting-mills, astonishing Seraphina, and securing Mr. Barnard's attention by descriptions of the wonders of Colebrook Dale and Merthyr Tidvil, there were moments when the father almost feared lest his son should become contented as a tradesman, and learn to be happy in the accumulation of wealth. From fears of this nature he was, however, too soon relieved, by his own near prospect of wanting that money he had been lately despising. When this apprehension first pressed upon him, he was most seasonably comforted by a letter from his uncle, addressed to his wife, which informed her that "the writer was much pleased with the destination of her son, whose apprentice fee and immediate expences he took upon himself,

and whose future fortunes he was willing to undertake, on the plan he had formerly chalked out for his father; but they must all understand, that if his schemes were again frustrated, every shilling he had accumulated should go to found an hospital for idiots, as the only means of helping the future Westons."

Of this threat, neither parent thought much at the moment, on account of the benefit which accompanied it; but the time came when they reasoned upon it, and felt a full assurance that it would be literally acted upon, so far as regarded the alienation of the old man's property. If he could for so many succeeding years sever from his eyes and his heart the only son of a brother whom he had known and loved—a brother who had been in early life a benefactor to him beyond his means—it was unlikely that he should be more attached to the person, or considerate to the inclinations of one whom he had purposely never beheld, although he had consented to be his sponsor by proxy.

The time came when, business being slack, Orlando was kindly permitted to visit his parents more frequently; and when the happy boy (to whom such treats were invaluable) had rested five minutes, after running from Foster-lane to

Dean-street, he generally proposed a walk to his father, and, if possible, engaged Seraphina to accompany them. These walks were considered by Mr. Barnard beneficial to his daughter; to Mr. Weston they were positively necessary; for his health was exceedingly injured by the sedentary life he led, and the atmosphere he breathed. His state had all the evils of confinement, without producing its fruits; for hitherto he had neither been able to finish one work, in such a manner as to satisfy his own refined taste; nor under this persuasion could he offer it to the public.

In the objects worthy of curiosity to which he was led by his son in the metropolis, or the glimpses gained by a ramble in the adjacent villages, his mind (always deficient in energy) was, to a certain degree, invigorated, and his enervated frame experienced renovation. Yet, though acknowledging these effects, he had not the resolution, in his present state of general depression, to go out alone; and beyond the church in her own street, or a single turn in the neighbouring square, poor Mrs. Weston had never ventured.

On one grand occasion, indeed, the eloquence, or the enthusiasm of Orlando, prevailed over the sedentary habits and nervous indisposition of

his mother. A whole day's holiday had been given him, for the express purpose of seeing a balloon, with the æronaut of the day go up from a certain space in Westminster, suitable for the purpose. It was of course an object calculated to excite the mind of a youth, who had never seen any thing of the kind, to the utmost, whose reading had led him to consider its nature, and probably overrate its powers. From the moment of his arrival, both families were in motion, and his ardent desire to make his dear mother the partaker of their pleasure, actually overcame all her pleaded reasons, or rather, her numerous fears. When all were ready, Mr. and Mrs. Barnard proceeded first, Seraphina took (as she was accustomed to do) Mr. Weston's arm, whilst he waited the tying of his wife's clogs; and thus Orlando was left to be the escort of his mother, although naturally impatient to outstrip the elder part of his company.

The day was fine, but the sky cloudy, nevertheless the whole party prophesied that the crowd would be immense. Conscious that they had waited for the accoutring of Mrs. Weston to the latest moment, Mr. Barnard led the way, with his ever active wife, at a brisk pace, and in the nearest direction, therefore poor Orlando

soon entered into all the difficulties of convoying the mincing steps of his mother through narrow alleys, crowded streets, and crossings, full of all the lesser impediments of London pedestrians, evils of no little magnitude, to the anxious care, and impatient curiosity, which alike occupied his mind; but far greater were these evils to his really terrified and shuffling companion.

"Dear mother, let me take your clogs in my hand."

"How you talk, child! I should get my death; you know I always wore clogs at Weston Green when I went into the garden; you used to put them on yourself, dear, to save me from stooping."

"Yes, but it was damp there, and the pavement is perfectly dry you see."

"Put your mother's clogs into your pocket at once," said Mrs. Barnard, "or they will be nipped out of your hand, and it is plain she cannot require them."

"Dear, what a sad place this is!" said the poor woman, but she suffered her son to remove the clogs.

Whilst this was doing, "By your leave," cried a porter, with a shove which almost threw her over her stooping son.

"My dear mother," said Orlando, tenderly reassuring her, "we shall get on bravely now;" but in less than a minute, Mrs. Weston herself went bounce against an amazonian woman, with a child in her arms—the boy roared, the woman raved, Mrs. Weston apologized.

"Dear mother, you have done no harm, let us go on."

"It was my veil, love, that prevented my seeing; and look, look, the woman has caught it again!"

Orlando released the veil, and turned it over his mother's bonnet, grieved to see, by the colour of her face, that she was dreadfully overheated; but the press of people, now mixing with them, prevented every thought but that of going safely with the stream.

"My dear child, I cannot see Mr. Barnard nor your father; bless me, they are all out of sight!"

"Never mind, mother, I can surely take care of you; I know London better than either of them—*much* better than my father."

"But if he should be robbed in this crowd! perhaps murdered! Oh dear! my breath is quite, *quite* gone. I shall never get over this—*never!* but, my love, I don't blame you; oh! no, no."

"Keep up a good heart, mother; we shall be better off soon."

"What a dreadful place this London is!" groaned Mrs. Weston.

"For sure, it ben't a place for a thread-paper to pilot a woolpack," said a little man behind her.

"Don't you go for to be sacy to the lady, master minikin; you have bin sailing in her wake as snug as a packet under convoy of a first-rate," said a rough-looking fellow near them.

"Vell, I hopes she an't got never a vatch on!" cried a third.

Though now wound up to great impatience lest he should not see the balloon, and bitterly repenting his own false judgment of his mother's capabilities, Orlando stooping, said—"Mother, you did not bring your reticule, I hope?"

"How should I, child, I never had such a thing in my life. But, oh dear me! we must turn back, I have lost my pocket, and every thing in it—hold! perhaps it is turned round. I have such a many things on—dear, dear, it is gone, quite gone!"

A shout from thousands now rent the air. Orlando, first lifting his mother's bonnet, which

had been completely pressed over her face, intreated her to look up, but they were closely pent in a narrow street. He gazed to the right and left, asked every one around, "where is it? do you see it? which way is the wind?" but in vain; he learned too soon that it was already in the clouds, and lost even to the most happily situated spectators; of course, he had no chance whatever.

Exceedingly disappointed (for never had his ardent mind been equally excited), and vexed beyond his bearing, words of anger sprang to his lips, but they were instantaneously arrested on looking again at his mother, whose appearance, however ludicrous to those around, to *him* was distressing in the extreme. He well knew that she came out on this ill-fated expedition in compliance with his wishes, not her own desires, and that she had complained very little, considering what she had suffered from heat, fatigue, and terror, lest complaint should pain him by appearing reproach. Forgetting his frustrated wishes, he sought for a temporary shelter until the crowd moved off, and after some trouble procured a coach, in which they drew up just as their party reached home on foot.

As the confusion of Mrs. Weston subsided, she found that she had indeed lost her pocket (which had been very easily discerned by those near her, being equal to the saddle-bags of a trading traveller), the repository of all her personal treasures; her mother's massive gold watch and etwee-case, her silver nutmeg-grater, in which were deposited several family rings of considerable value, a purse with various silver at one end, and that scarce coin, a five guinea piece at the other (the gift of her godmother), and what was best of all, a pocket-book containing her husband's love-letters, were the sacrifice of this luckless expedition, which for ever closed her London campaigns.

Orlando's day was now far spent, and his curiosity could not be gratified even by listening to the accounts of those who had seen the balloon, and were willing to describe it for his gratification; he nevertheless departed in good humour, earnestly hoping his mother would be no worse, and assuring her he would take every possible means of ascertaining what had become of her unfortunate pocket and its contents.

"Well!" said Mrs. Barnard, as she heard the outer door close after him—"well! this I must say, I have seen many people in many

countries, but such a sweet-tempered youth as that, never did I behold any where."

"He is indeed an amiable creature! his affections as a son I have never seen equalled: boys are not like girls in general, in those little attentions which are so endearing and gratifying, for our sex is more selfish than yours," observed her spouse.

"A woman would be happier in sharing a crust with him, than a banquet with many a one, even if he loved her; for how few, in the warmth of their wishes, can endure to be thwarted? how few can——"

"Come, come, my dear, don't soliloquize when we are all wanting our tea; I am sure poor Mrs. Weston cannot make it even for herself. I'll step and see if the poor soul has got her things off."

Mr. Barnard had perceived his daughter listen to her mother's unpremeditated eulogium on Orlando with a sparkling eye and heightened colour, and something like fear for the future suddenly darted on his mind, and induced him to wish for change of subject; and his wife, thus recalled to her domestic duties, soon forgot in them the thoughts which had been passing in her mind, and produced her words. Not so did they pass

from the memory of her daughter, for they led to many a serious discussion, and even examination of the character of one towards whom she had hitherto felt (as she concluded) the affection only of a sister. Her father's alarmed look told her that she ought to become alarmed for herself also, since it was evident that, however highly he might approve Orlando personally, he would not approve any nearer connection with him. "Besides," said Seraphina to herself, "even if Orlando had thoughts of *me*, what are we both but children? he is bound for years to a master who would forbid him to marry, and I have heard my mother say many a time, that early marriages in England were always ruinous —never shall the hearts of my dear parents ache for me on that account."

Many girls make similar resolutions, but few keep them; Seraphina was, however, one of those few, in so far that she succeeded in checking the too powerful predilection she had some time been sensible of, by constantly employing her mind, as well as her hands, and endeavouring to think more of those who were before her eyes, than him for whom those eyes too often languished. She became somewhat more thoughtful, but her mind gained in strength what it

lost in vivacity, and acquired a maturity of character, and a sense of energy, which attained power in the calmness of reflection, and the acquisition of piety.

CHAP. V.

Another winter succeeded, and the two families were, if possible, still more united, for each had certain cares weighing on their spirits, which, although they remained uncommunicated, were yet understood, and called for the relief afforded by friendly society. As however the shadow was far deeper on poor Weston's brow than her husband's, and Mrs. Barnard observed to her daughter, "if your father does little, our poor neighbour does less," she took care that the Westons should visit her at least three times for receiving her once; and every day found some good reason for becoming the purchaser of their victuals, or inspecting their cookery. By these quiet attentions she constantly diminished their expences, or increased their comforts, and at the same time by degrees engaged Mrs. Weston in certain petty exertions, which had a beneficial effect upon her health and spirits.—"You see, ma'am," she would say, "it is of no use whatever to sit and sigh over things; on the con-

trary, it makes that which is bad become worse, by adding sickness to poverty; if we can do no good in main matters, we can at least preserve ourselves from sinking for want of exertion."

"You are right, my dear friend, for every hour of my life I see how blameable I have been in days past—how much I might have done as a wife and a mistress, in the preservation of our property; alas! the butter and cheese, that have been spoiled in my house, merely because I did not see the dairy-woman do them justice; the neglect and waste I suffered to go uncontrolled, to say nothing of my silly fear of troubling my husband when I saw him evade the most palpable duties, lest I should give him a very temporary trouble. All this I see; indeed I always saw it, but I fancied I could not help any thing, whereas I now see I might have helped every thing; but now, *now* I can do nothing—I feel indeed that I have nothing to do."

"Poor Orlando wants shirts sadly."

"Yes, but I have no cloth."

"Never mind, I have; if you will really help us, they will soon be made, though I can do little just now, for I am engaged (though he does not know it) in gaining an acquaintance for my husband, who may be of use to him. These great

geniuses must have their bread cut, or they will starve for want of some common but kind hand to do it for them; we must not therefore blame them, for perhaps if they had less delicacy and pride, more common-place notions, and 'forth-putting,' they would be less able to prosecute their own purposes, and produce fine works; my daughter at least tells me so; but I am determined she shall learn both rough and smooth; at all events, I will make her useful, and see whether it will spoil her for being agreeable; but that appears to me very unlikely. A man blest with fortune and health, may doat on the beautiful, helpless wife that he gazes upon, under a glass-case as it were; but when things are changed, and she can and does come out to meet the storm, and smile for his sake, I've a notion his love will be of a far better quality."

"Well, that I will try to do, at least. The sinking of my spirits shall not add to my husband's depression. I will walk with him, and try to keep him from despondency."

This wise resolution was acted upon, and, undoubtedly, with good effect, for both parties: meantime, under the invisible influence of his wife (in a way which saved his feelings, and flattered him as an artist), Mr. Barnard made an

engagement with a very eminent printseller in Pall-Mall, and therefore might be said to bring himself fairly before the public. So soon as this affair was settled, and she once more saw him employed, heart and hand, at his easel, Mrs. Barnard became anxious to dispose of that poem of which her husband had frequently spoken, "as a thing which ought to place poor Weston most advantageously before his countrymen."

One evening, when they were all seated together, Mr. Weston confessed, "that the near prospect of want had so far conquered his timidity, that he had ventured to offer his work to several houses of known celebrity."

"What did they say?" cried Mrs. Barnard, with an eagerness that alarmed her husband, because he feared, that in her active benevolence she might be led to offend those whom she desired to help, and that her total ignorance on the subject would lead her to making some egregious blunder.

"They were kind and polite," returned the unfortunate poet; "but that only renders my case more hopeless: one declined publishing any more poems, because he had lost money by the last he bought; another because he was busy with a very extensive work, which required all

his time and money; a third declined, as being too short, and not likely to sell high enough to pay for advertising; and a fourth, with much candour, said, he never accepted any thing that was not recommended by some literary person, on whose judgment he could rely, since he alike distrusted himself and the author, in a case where one was deficient in knowledge, and the other might be too partial."

"Now, that was what I call a sensible man," cried Mrs. Barnard; "and it seems to me a perfectly plain case, that you can do nothing without a friend."

Mr. Barnard's face reddened; he felt certain that his wife was about to set him on a task from which his friendship (sincere as it was) must certainly shrink, and where his pride would feel as acutely for his friend as for himself; he therefore exclaimed, hastily and angrily—"Why, my dear, will you talk on affairs of which you are totally ignorant?—ay, *totally!*"

"I shall say no more, Mr. Barnard—only I may observe that I should think the city was a better place than the west end; don't you think so yourself, Mr. Weston, on second thoughts?"

"I apprehend not; but, in truth, I don't know. My notion was, that where I might get

a hundred *here*, *they* would offer me only fifty or sixty; but, probably, the notion only got into my head from something Mr. Hanbury said. I am, in truth, quite ignorant on such subjects."

This answer sufficed for the anxious, busy mind of poor Mrs. Barnard; but her husband, vexed with her for continuing the subject, and fully possessed with the idea that she intended him to be the negociator in this affair, now spoke to her again so angrily, that the tears sprang into her eyes, and she left the room.

"Pshaw! how can your mother be so silly, Sera? She knows she *ought* to know that—that——"

"That you were very angry, papa; no wonder she is hurt."

Mr. Barnard followed his wife, whose open, unclouded countenance told him he was already forgiven.

"My dear Sarah, I am sorry, very sorry, to have vexed you; but you placed me in so strange a predicament. I cannot sell our poor friend's book; I would rather buy it of him."

"I know that, my dear. Surely I need not be told that you are no longer the powerful friend who loved to help, and *did* help many. It would be strange if I did not remember the dif-

ference between Signor Barnardo, who lived among cardinals and princes, and Mr. Barnard, who is forgotten by his countrymen. You cannot think that I would place you in any situation calculated to wound you?"

"Well, I was wrong; you *never* did so place me; but the thing was new, and I trembled lest your solicitude for Weston should mislead you. I ought not to have suspected you—*you*, who have been to me patient, considerate—Well, well, this is not the time to talk of what I owe you."

"*Owe*, indeed! Well, then, pay me, my dear Barnard, by asking Mr. Weston to lend Seraphina his poem."

This request was instantly complied with, and the subject was entirely dropped, every one studiously avoiding it, by talking of the news of the day, which was indeed particularly interesting from the position of our armies on the Continent.

About a fortnight after this, it was agreed that the Barnards should take tea with their fellow-lodgers; but when the usual time came, and Seraphina said, "she was waiting to accompany her father," he observed, "it was very odd that her mother should be out, as she was generally punctuality personified."

Mr. and Mrs. Weston wondered she was gone, and lamented the matter in many more words than the occasion called for; yet it was evident to both their visitants that their minds were abstracted, and their hearts heavy. Mr. Barnard reproached himself for having made no exertion on his friend's behalf, and almost determined to buy his manuscript, and trust to chance for its future disposal; but as he cast his eye upon his daughter, he felt that he had a stronger claimant on his abridged powers.

The maid brought in the tea-things, and Mr. Barnard enquired if she had seen his wife go out?

"Oh yes, sir! she was a comin down stairs, when I meets her, with a note in her hand, and a bit of a passel as was brought by a footman; so she reads the note, then upstairs she goed, slipped on her new silk p'lisse, and was off in a crack."

When the maid had left the room, Mr. Barnard, looking earnestly at his daughter, said—"Can you make any thing of this story about a note, a footman, a pelisse, and running away, Seraphina?"

"I *think* I can, sir, but am by no means certain; but I am, at least, quite sure of one thing—my mother is gone out either on some useful or benevolent errand."

"That may be; nevertheless, I abhor all mysteries. How she happened to receive a note and read it, without coming in and telling us, I cannot imagine. Were I wholly an Italian, instead of half a one, I should be jealous; eh, Weston?"

"And with good reason," said his friend, as at this moment the subject of their conversation ran into the room, her colour heightened by exercise, and her eyes sparkling with pleasure that seemed to animate her frame.

"We had quite lost you, my dear ma'am," said Weston.

"So much the better, sir; I would have stayed out till midnight to have had this pleasure. There, sir, is ten ten pound notes, for your poem; and *here* is a paper, properly signed, by which you will be entitled to fifty pounds for each succeeding edition: and here, sir, is the handsome note from ——, which enabled me to make this bargain; and if you are, as I take it, a true genius, a bit of such praise of your poem as that, will be, from such a man as that, worth the money twice over."

Mr. Weston was a true genius, for he read the note *first*, and Barnard looked over him, while Mrs. Weston, rising, with unwonted agility,

threw her arms round Mrs. Barnard, pressed her to her bosom, and sobbed aloud.

"This is, indeed, a very handsome note from ——: but how did you get introduced to him, my dear Sarah?"

"I introduced myself; for, thinks I, is it not a sin and a shame that we should live within bow-shot of a great poet, and, of course, a patron of poets, and not put it in his power to befriend a gentleman in his own line, as it were? Haven't I heard you, and Canova, and Thorswalden, say, fifty times, you had no pleasure like helping a brother artist? So, the day after I got hold of the poem, I put on my best bonnet, and made free to step into Soho-square, and call on him."

"Well, 'twas a bold stroke; but no man could read your countenance wrong. Go on, my dear."

"At first my face was exceeding hot, and I stammered a little; but as he's quite a gentleman, he encouraged me, and I said—'This work was written in the country by a friend of mine, and I think you will have pleasure in reading it; and if that proves the case, I trust you will say so, as it will benefit a very worthy man.' I hoped he would excuse me, as I had lived many years in Italy, and was therefore a stranger to English

forms, but that I meant neither harm nor offence; and added, that he must very well know if no person undertook the business of a genius, it would never get done."

"*Business!* surely, Sally, you did not bring in that cursed word again? Have I not now, for seventeen years, been teaching you the difference between *art*, the noblest employment of the human mind, and *trade*, its most vulgar employment? You have a mind to comprehend the difference; you have an eye for all that is excellent in the fine arts; and all your mature days have been spent in their very emporium; yet your tongue still cleaves to those vile words, *trade*, *business*, *his line*, *that article*."

"It is very true, my dear; and many a good scolding have you given me; and I *am* better than I was. I don't think I said so to the gentleman: I am sure he didn't look as if he thought me vulgar, but very much the contrary."

Barnard shook his head incredulously.

"Well, do forgive me; I will be more guarded with these words and phrases; so don't damp my pleasure now; for I am sure I have made as good a *job* of this as I ever turned my hand to, and that's not a few."

Barnard and Weston at once laughed out-

right, and in their mirth the kind-hearted woman felt perfectly happy, though fully aware that they were laughing at her, and, for the moment, forgetting the value of her services in the manner of them. But Mrs. Weston, though the meekest of women, was by no means equally satisfied; it was an act of rudeness to one whose every action was ruled by sincere kindness, and whose energies had a value far beyond conventional refinement. Even the open brow of Seraphina became clouded, until honourable amends had been made by the offending parties to her mother—a mother she esteemed not less highly than she fondly loved her.

When Orlando found that his father's work was indeed in course of publication, he was exceedingly delighted, less—far less, from considering it as a medium of pecuniary relief to his beloved parents, than as the groundwork of fame to his father; and it required all the cares of his maternal friend, and her sensible daughter, to prevent his own mind from relapsing into those dreams of life, as connected with higher pursuits, which were likely to interfere with its duties. Happily, the increase of business compelled him to forget them, and in his industry and attention to other objects, he insensibly lost his regret,

and obtained the sincere regard of his worthy master, who was well aware that his situation was by no means his choice.

Alas! the time again came when Mr. Weston's disordered nerves and decreased appetite awoke alarm in his wife, and extreme solicitude in Mr. Barnard and his family, each of whom felt for him all the interest which near relationship or the friendship of a long life could have inspired, so deeply were they impressed by his talents, his innocence, and his pitiable situation. His pale looks and bending form were still more striking to Orlando on his weekly visits, and the unhappy youth, afflicted beyond measure, at length sought for that medical aid which the sufferer himself had protested against receiving.

It was the doctor's positive order that Mr. Weston must remove immediately to country lodgings, or at least sleep out of town. In consequence of the success of his poem, the publisher had offered him an engagement in a periodical work, which he was exceedingly desirous of keeping; but as his employment could be carried on in the vicinity better than where he was, no objection could be made, and Mrs. Barnard offered to seek him a lodging, on whatever side of the town would suit his complaint the best. The

consultation ended by a sleeping-room being secured at Kensington, for his spirits were so much affected at the thoughts of parting with his friends, that it was thought this was the better scheme, since it included that of a walk or ride night and morning.

That it would have done him much good there can be no doubt, if the expence to which it subjected him had not so preyed upon his spirits, as to counteract the benefit he received. Still his wife and son urged him to persevere, and he obeyed their wishes, although so much of his time was necessarily consumed, that it became impossible for him to continue his engagement, and of course a new source of anxiety was laid upon his mind, which was the foundation of his disease.

About this time, Mr. Barnard had received a commission from a nobleman who had known him in Italy, desiring him to paint a picture of a large family group at his seat in Nottinghamshire. So unpleasant was it to the painter to leave his wife and daughter, that, notwithstanding it was the first agreeable recognition he had met with since his return, he would have declined it, but for the persuasions of Mrs. Barnard, who justly regarded it as the hinge on

which his future fortunes might turn. As he was likely to stay a considerable time, the first care of his ever-provident helpmate was to provide a better place for his footboy, next to give her own bed to Mrs. Weston; and in order to save her from the pain of accepting too much, she offered board to herself and husband for a very moderate stipend indeed.

This truly generous offer was thankfully accepted, and all arrears to the house immediately paid, because the people were evidently angry at the arrangement, and would not fail to be impertinent if any opening were left, and she could not bear that so fragile a being as Mr. Weston, such a gentle and unoffending creature as his wife, should be subject to insolent words, or even repulsive looks, from people of their description. But, alas! they were at this time a little indebted to their butcher, and a little more to their grocer, who, finding that they had ceased to be customers, became very importunate. Fearful of involving himself still further, Mr. Weston gave up his country lodgings, just as they became really serviceable, and applied himself to seek again that employment he had resigned. For this exertion he felt himself little able; but his integrity prompted him to it, more than any

fear of the evil which the malignity of the people about him precipitated.

One morning when Mrs. Barnard had set out to procure something which might tempt his weak appetite, she was overtaken by Seraphina, who flew after her without her bonnet, but was unable, from haste or terror, to inform her what had happened. Losing not a moment, she returned, and found Mr. Weston, pale and trembling, on the top of the stairs, between two men, and his wife, fainting but unaided, leaning against the wall.

"What's all this about?" said Mrs. Barnard, assuming a look of courage which she was far from feeling.

"I am arrested by Davidson the grocer. My poor wife! for Heaven's sake take care of her—you are her only comfort."

"Comfort! nonsense!—what is there to hurt her? How much money do you want?"

"Between sixteen and seventeen pounds."

"Here's a pretty piece of work truly for such a paltry sum!" said she, brushing past the men, and seizing Mrs. Weston's arm, she drew her into the painting-room; and after trying to reassure her, enquired "if they had any money at all?"

" Only between three and four pounds. Had I had my watch and my rings, they would——"

" Well, never mind, don't cry; your tears kill your husband by inches. Take this silk handkerchief, dear ma'am, and wipe this picture very clean."

Mrs. Weston, though shaking in every limb, obeyed, and the anxious friend returned to Weston; and after assuring him all would be settled in ten minutes, begged the men to walk into her parlour.

It was not the bailiff's intention, of course, to gain so speedy a settlement; he talked of its being a step to his house, where there was every accommodation.

" Mrs. Weston," replied his follower, " had better get a coach, as it was evident the prisoner was much too ill to walk."

This was at the door in another minute; but by the talismanic use of silver, Mrs. Barnard and her picture were hurried into it, before the oysters were eaten and the liquor drank, which Seraphina had placed before the bailiff, in consequence of a hint from her mother.

Poor Weston, unable to behold the grief of his wife, slowly paced the little apartment, listening to the sobbing agony with which she was

now lamenting his destination, and for which Seraphina was preparing him, by various articles of clothing, placed and displaced, for the purpose of gaining time, and in all the agitation so distressing an occurrence could not fail to produce in so young and affectionate a bosom.

In a time incredibly short, Mrs. Barnard entered the room accompanied by the creditor Davidson, on which Weston raised his head, and said, "He was quite ready to go."

"This gentleman must not have your company at present, for here is Mr. Davidson's money. And now, sir, what is your demand?" said Mrs. Barnard.

The bailiff was put in good humour by good cheer, and he simply required his fees; and the grocer, lamenting that he had been "put up to this action, and had no idea the gemman was so poorly," followed him out.

Even Mrs. Weston, albeit unused to the flying mood, might be said to fly into the arms of her husband, whilst their lately-active friend, overcome by the hurry of the moment, her fear of having done something wrong, and her joy in witnessing their relief, burst into a passion of tears.

The cares of her daughter soon restored her;

and she then inquired, "what more they owed?" for she saw clearly, that the repetition of such a shock as this would completely crush Mr. Weston, although his present escape made him not sensible of its effects on his delicate frame.

"I only owe the butcher twelve pounds, and the tailor nine."

"Umph, very good! Sara, step for the butcher, we will give him five pounds, and tell him your rent will be paid in six weeks; and then, as you are living at no expence, you will have something pretty to go on with after settling with him."

"We are living at very little, but still your claims, with this morning's loan, will nearly take that money, and I cannot bear to press upon you in my friend's absence."

"Be easy about that: my Sara, Heaven bless her! learnt how to clean and restore paintings in Rome, and since her father went, I have procured her some work of that kind, on which she has been, and is now, employed; it will make my housekeeping matters quite easy; so, my dear, Barnard, who has the soul of a prince, will have the satisfaction of serving a friend, and be none the worse for it. I wonder *you* have not missed her music."

At this moment she entered the room with the tradesman they expected, who readily agreed to their wishes, saying, "If more agreeable, he would take the gentleman's bill at two months." But against this Mrs. Barnard strongly protested; she said, "Bills were the ruin of England, and did more mischief than Buonaparte."

"I fear," said the butcher, "you didn't get much good with going out o'town, sir?"

"Yes, I did, but the thing was too expensive for me."

"I've a little spot out on the Hampstead-road, where I have a field for stock; it's quite a cottage, but it's clean and neat, with a sofa-bed in it; if so be you have bedding, all I can say is, that it's quite at your service, sir, and I shall be glad to have it used."

Mrs. Barnard had bedding and every thing—Seraphina knew the spot—it was a little paradise; and the matter was settled for him, before the invalid had time to recoil from obligation, or to offer objection, which indeed it would have been folly to make; for all the time the butcher talked, he had been handling a work-basket, rather than look so pale a man in the face; and Seraphina answered his symptoms of admiration by presenting it to his wife, thus affording to

Mr. Weston proof of his own capacity of repayment.

His heart lightened of a load of care, Mr. Weston soon departed in a coach with his wife and their necessaries; and in a short time became so much better, that Mrs. Weston was convinced good air and good nursing were alone necessary for his restoration; and for the latter she provided, by nearly every day taking their food, and chatting an hour, in praise of that sweet daughter, who was then engaged in her disagreeable but useful employment.

Before his appointed time Mr. Barnard returned to his family, and, to their great joy, entered just as Orlando had run over to enquire after his father, of whose removal the stranger had not heard. Fearful of grieving the young man, Mrs. Barnard did not mention the circumstance of the arrest; but at breakfast-time the next day, she related the whole affair, not without certain misgivings, which had, in fact, troubled her ever since it took place, more especially from the late conduct of the picture-dealer.

"I am truly glad, my dear, that you saved poor Weston; and as to his repayment of the money, I care not; but you should not have meddled with my *old* pictures. You say this

was very dusty; surely it was not my Tintaretto?"

"That's the very name Sarah mentioned; and it is true, a suspicion, a recollection, a—a——"

"Good God, Sarah! you have ruined me!—thrown away my Tintaret! my St. Catharine! sold for twenty guineas a picture that cost me above four hundred!—a picture for which——"

"I did not *sell* it; I did not for a moment intend to sell it; and though the man is now so wicked as to say I did, I am quite sure, when I give him the money, and a proper compliment, I shall get it back again."

"Never—*never!* it is gone, irrecoverably; my study for colour—the very picture the Marquis of —— wants in his collection, and which I intended to clean and take to his house. I had rather you had taken every thing in the place besides."

Mrs. Barnard looked ready to faint, and her husband ceased to reproach her; but his vexation was such that he could not conceal it, and he therefore walked out of the house, to hide the irritation he could not conquer.

"Dear mother," said Seraphina, "recollect yourself; was not Mr. Davidson, the grocer, with you when you went to the broker's?"

"He was, my dear; but he stood in the shop,

and I transacted this unlucky affair in the parlour, not choosing him to know what was passing exactly."

Seraphina put on her bonnet, stepped to the grocer's, and asked if he remembered any thing about it? He answered, "yes; he remembered every word that passed; for, struck by a pretty clock, he went near the parlour door, and heard Mrs. Barnard say, 'she would not sell any picture, for the world, in her husband's absence, but she would leave it in his hands as a security for the twenty guineas she had occasion for."

"Will you say this to the broker, Mr. Davidson?"

"Undoubtedly I will; your mamma did me a good turn, and I shall be glad to serve her."

Seraphina and the grocer soon reached the place; it was yet early, for the Barnards were never late risers, and the picture-dealer's wife was making her husband's breakfast; she stepped to the stairs' foot, and said—"Here be Miss Barnard come to ax about a picter."

"What picture?" said the husband: "I'm busy, you may tell her."

"Vy, that picter as you sent to my Lord Abberford's last Monday—that St. Catherine, you know."

A volley of oaths, discharged at the wife for being "such a cursed chattering fool," so frightened Seraphina, that she flew out of the shop, followed by Davidson, who assured her, "that he would at any time come forward, in such a manner as should secure the return of her father's picture." The poor girl, however, knew that her father would take no steps for its restitution, since she had seen him too frequently endure loss and suffer imposition, merely because contention was offensive to his fastidious feelings. After looking into the grocer's Court Guide, to see where Lord Abberford lived, she returned home, with a slow step and an aching heart.

She found her mother alone, and weeping.—"Dear mother, has my father returned in anger?"

"Oh, no; if he were not the kindest, noblest creature that ever lived, I should not be affected in this way. He has conquered his temper, kissed me tenderly, and set out to visit poor Weston; but I see clearly, no power on earth will induce him to take the law against the wicked broker, as, undoubtedly, he ought to do. My dear child, let what may happen to you, never allow your mind to be embarrassed as mine was. Dear me, I don't know what I said; I only know what I meant."

"You had more self-command than you give yourself credit for," said Seraphina, relating all the words Davidson recollected, and continuing her story till she arrived at the mention of Lord Abberford, and his residence in Berkeley-square, when Mrs. Barnard jumped up, and cast off her sorrow, declaring she would dress directly and go thither, desiring her daughter to write her name beautifully on a card, with a request to speak to his lordship on the subject of a picture by Tintaretto.

In as short a time as the occasion demanded, the indefatigable wife of our painter had sent in her card. His lordship was not down stairs, but two young gentlemen, having inquired "what the woman was like?" and being answered that "she was very pretty, though not very young, handsomely dressed, and quite unlike a petitioner," they determined on seeing her, "for a quiz."

"If you do quiz her," said a boy about seven years old, who was playing in the room, "my lord will be very angry; he says it is a naughty thing to quiz servants, or——"

"Who talks of quizzing?" said Lord Abberford, who at this moment entered the room.

"Only George himself, sir," said the young

officer who held the card, adding, in a tone even the child understood—" the lady is handsome, and though not young, quite *comme-il-faut*."

" Desire the lady to walk in," said Lord Abberford.

When Mrs. Barnard entered the room, the little boy sidled up to her, as if to protect her, and Lord Abberford stood as if courteously to attend to her request; but her eye had caught two objects, each of which detained her even from him to whom she was a suitor; the one was her own picture, now properly cleaned and beaming in full beauty, the other the mild black eyes of the little boy, which came over her with " memories of the past."

" I beg pardon for intruding on your lordship, but I hope you will forgive me asking if you have bought that picture?"

Lord Abberford immediately conceived that Mrs. Barnard was the wife or sister of the picture-dealer, and he answered sternly—" I have *not* bought it."

Mrs. Barnard uttered an half-audible ejaculation of joy.

" The picture has great merit in colour, and may be an original; but as I find Mr. Sinister

offered it for four hundred guineas to Sir John Lydford within a month, and now will not take less than five hundred from me, I will not take it at any price, and you may remove it as soon as you please."

"Oh, thank you, my lord, a thousand times! I have a coach at the door—I am so much obliged—so thankful!"

"Have you disposed of the picture?" said Lord Abberford, with an air of surprise.

"No, my lord, we do not want to sell it, for it is valuable as a study to my husband, and he gave upwards of four hundred pounds for it himself, in Rome: but I ought to explain. Mr. Barnard is an artist, and has been painting at the Earl of —— some time. During his absence I happened to want twenty guineas for an unexpected use, and I took this picture (having a respectable person with me) to Mr. Sinister's, and borrowed the money of him, leaving this as a security to him, although he had made a good deal of money by us, and might have done it without security; some days after, I called and told him, it was, I found, more valuable than I had suspected, and begged him to be careful of it, when, to my surprise, it was gone out of the house, and he had the assurance

to say I had sold it—a thing I would not have done for the wide world."

"So, then, on this payment, he offers me the picture for the moderate profit of five hundred and five pounds?"

Lord Abberford laid his hand on the bell, but the servant at the same moment entered to say, "Mr. Sinister had come to know if his lordship had made up his mind about the picture?"

"I have: remove it into the hall, and send *him* to me."

When the picture-dealer entered, he looked blank, as he had met the picture making its exit; but on seeing Mrs. Barnard, his face became more ruefully elongated.

"So it appears that this picture, which you thought you had secured for twenty guineas, and sold for five hundred guineas, is not yours to sell?"

"Why, my lord—I'll tell you, my lord: Mrs. Barnard there comes to me in great distress, my lord—yes, crying, my lord; she may deny it if she can, my lord, but she was crying."

"I don't deny it at all; for I never was in such a flutter in my life; it is very likely I might be crying."

Her coolness disconcerted Sinister, who looked

in Lord Abberford's face, as if to gather materials for proceeding; but he found none, and was answered by—"So, she being in distress and crying, you kindly advanced her twenty guineas (having previously made many twenties by her husband), for which you held the picture as security. Afterwards, deeming possession nine-tenths of the law, you offered it to Sir John Lydford for a *moderate* profit, and to me for—— But go away; it is galling to speak to you. Yet, stay; acknowledge that you have done with the picture, and you shall be exposed no further."

"But he has not done, my lord, till I've paid him; and here (please to witness) is the money, and two guineas for your civility; for it was a civility, certainly, for we are not at home as we were in Rome, and must ask a tradesman instead of a nobleman for a favour."

Mr. Sinister saw Lord Abberford's eye was on him, and he would accept only the debt, mumbling something about her husband "being as much benefited as himself had the picture been sold," as he left the room: the little boy, looking Mrs. Barnard in the face, said—"Did you live at Rome yourself, ma'am?"

"Oh, yes, sir, many years."

"I wonder if you knew my mamma's Crossland?"

"Your mamma's? *yours*, my love! Yes; these eyes are my dear Lady Emily's own eyes. I thought—I felt——"

Mrs. Barnard could not say what she felt, but her noble auditor could: he well remembered the Crossland whom Lady Emily spoke of frequently, together with the services the artist who married her had performed for herself; he desired her to sit down and compose herself, informed her "that Lady Emily was married to Sir Strahan Churchill, his own near relative; that she was coming to town, after an absence in Ireland of some years, with her two daughters, the son then present being her youngest, and the hopes of the family."

"And now," added his lordship, kindly, "that I know who you are, I may enquire how you got into such a dilemma with the man who has left us?"

"Why, my lord, I had been to market, and when I came in, what should I see, but Mr. Weston, a fellow-lodger, and dear friend of ours, a gentleman, and a scholar (as Barnard says), and what's more, a dying man, standing between two bailiffs, and his wife, as white as a sheet, fainting by his side. Well, I found this misery came on for a debt very lately contracted, of less than

twenty pounds; so I hastily looked round for the means of helping them, and seeing this picture of a pretty young woman, and a wheel, I took it off to Sinister's, never dreaming that it was the St. Catharine my husband thought so much about."

"I am heartily glad to find you sent her on an errand of mercy, instead of necessity," said Lord Abberford, "and I shall soon look at her in Mr. Barnard's studio, but not to remove her, for your critique will prevent me taking her thence."

"My critique, my lord?"

"Yes, *yours*, which is not the less valuable because unintentionally given: you saw beauty in this head, but it was the beauty of a peasant, not the elevation of a martyr: you felt the subject justly."

Mrs. Barnard, after being assured that she should be informed of Lady Emily's arrival so soon as it occurred, and that in the mean time George should visit her, now took leave, gladly and thankfully carrying her recovered treasure back to gladden the heart of her husband.

"Well, gentlemen," said his lordship, "my appetite for breakfast is not a little quickened by this prelude, which has certainly combined a

good deal of dramatic interest: whether it has satiated or sharpened yours for the amiable amusement of quizzing, I know not; but your laughter need not hurt a woman who has, it appears, rescued a man of merit from distress, baffled a villain, found a long-lost mistress, saved the property of a beloved husband, and, assuredly, secured a *friend*."

CHAP. VI.

It will be readily believed that the sight of his picture was delightful to Mr. Barnard, and that he listened to his wife's details of her successful expedition with great attention; her account of finding in the little boy the son of her beloved lady, being almost equally interesting to him with the recovery of his picture. He had been always kindly inclined to Lady Emily, and had done her essential service in her day of sorrow, and in expediting her departure from Rome; therefore she was never recollected by him without sincere wishes for her welfare, and an earnest desire to see her again.

It will, however, be naturally concluded, that his anger was raised against Sinister, in proportion to the clear proof his wife gave of the advantage taken of her distress. Abhorrent of all duplicity, noble in nature, not less than pure in principle, his heart turned sickening from the man capable of such conduct as from a noisome reptile; but in recollecting the people of the

house as the prime movers of all the mischief, as having sought to crush his dear and truly pitiable friend, and thereby harassing three women, at a time when he was unable to protect them, his anger was aroused beyond controul, and rising, he instantly proceeded to the parlour below, and after a few words of warm reproach, gave notice that he should quit the lodgings immediately, at the same time proceeding to pay all possible demands.

Mrs. Barnard had been so punctual in her payments, so modest in her requisitions, and even so successful in procuring them other lodgers for the rooms occupied by the Westons, that it was extremely mortifying to them to receive this warning, especially so early in the spring. Their numerous apologies, and fawning civilities, changed the current of Barnard's glowing indignation into cool contempt, but his determination remained unmoved; and on his return to the sitting-room, he desired his wife not to lose a moment in seeking for other lodgings, as he would not (could he help it) sleep another night under the roof of people capable of behaving so ill as their present landlord and his wife had done.

"But, dear Barnard, we shall, in that case,

pay them for seven weeks more than we ought to do. They can demand the whole quarter's rent you know."

"I have already paid it: there, my dear—take the rest of my money—it is seldom I have so much about me, but I am glad it was in my pocket now, as it enabled me to shame those dirty wretches, for whom you were always much too considerate."

Mrs. Barnard was very sorry he had it about him, for although she was very willing to go away (notwithstanding the trouble it must necessarily give her), she thought if she had settled with the people, she should most probably have saved a month's lodging. As to retaining the rooms until her time was finished, and thereby perhaps depriving them of desirable lodgers, the thought never crossed her mind; if it had, she would have repelled it as a mode of "returning evil for evil," utterly inconsistent with her ideas of Christian forbearance. She desired justice, but she was utterly incapable of revenge, and was also fully aware of the value of money, and in her case, the necessity of securing it.

Accustomed to read her thoughts in her open brow, Barnard replied to her pensive looks, for

she had not spoken a word.—"Dear Sarah, if I remained here, with my feelings excited as they would be, by the sight or hearing of these people, all the powers of my mind would be destroyed, and now is the time when I must make a great effort. I am going to paint a picture for the Royal Academy, which may do me a great deal of good."

"You belong to many academies, older and most likely better than this; I hope you will take care to let them know it."

Mr. Barnard smiled.—"Ah, my dear, that is all very true, but times are changed as well as countries, and I must work diligently now to obtain even a humble place in the academy of my native land; and, as I said before, I can do nothing, if my mind, my temper (perhaps I ought to say) is not kept placid."

As poor Mrs. Barnard had long since made up her mind on this subject, and felt fully assured her husband was the very best painter the world had ever seen, or ever would see, almost the only thing which could possibly rouse her ire, was the undervaluing his talents by others, or which could sink her spirits below bearing, was his own dejection on that score. There was something in the tone of his voice

(which was singularly fine and sonorous) at this moment which affected her exceedingly; she fancied also that he looked paler than usual, and finding herself grow suddenly, what she called, "nervous and good for nothing," she hastened to obey his mandate, and resolved more firmly never to hint at the money which was now lost irrecoverably.

As in Newman-street dwelt West, Stodhard, Ward, Howard, and other Royal Academicians, and many other painters, Mrs. Barnard concluded it was a desirable residence for the profession; and she commenced her inquiries, not only with vigilance, but in such a manner as a woman of business, as to induce an artist, projecting a trip into the northern provinces, to declare "his willingness to give up the rooms the following week."

"You are a single man, and can go out any day; perhaps you would give them up even sooner; if you please, I will take them from to-morrow, in which case I will secure them for the quarter you have engaged them for, and I will become answerable for it."

"Then how must I do about paying?" said the young man, with an air of equal honesty and simplicity.

"You shall pay me on your return from the country, which will be perhaps more convenient."

"A great deal, for I want all I have, and more, for my expences."

Mrs. Barnard returned home, after completing her arrangements with the mistress of the house, pondering once more, as she had been in the habit of doing for years, on that peculiarity in the human mind, which in its power of embracing great things, lost the faculty of even understanding little ones: she recapitulated her negociations with pleasure, and commented on the size of the rooms, and the accommodations they offered to a painter, in such a manner as she concluded would give great satisfaction to her husband.

To her mortification he appeared to take little pleasure in her description; he was no longer pale, but had gained an unusual colour; yet even the acquisition he had desired failed to satisfy him; after a time indeed, that smile of quiet humour, for which he was remarkable, came to a certain degree over his mouth, and he said—"It appears to me, Sally, that you have made a worse bargain than even myself; I can stay here if I choose, and have money's worth for my money;

but you engage to pay a month's lodging for a man you never saw before, nor will probably ever see again. My dear, *clever* Sarah has been fairly outwitted this time, with all her worldly wisdom."

"He will pay me honestly I'll be bound. Didn't I see his pictures, and can't I read a man's genius in his countenance and his voice? Surely I have seen plenty of such people to understand them; they have all a weak spot in their heads, but they are mostly honest; even when they cheated me, I knew they did not mean it."

"We shall see," said Barnard, with an endeavour to smile again; but the attempt was a failure, and he clapped his hand to his forehead, and confessed he was unwell, but yet could not define his complaint, or even his sensations.

Like most men of his profession, his labours and anxieties had from time to time produced bilious and nervous attacks, which his wife knew well how to parry, by recalling the prescriptions of medical men, and the regimen which observation told her had been most beneficial; and in her cares of this nature, Seraphina had become also proficient. As they were alike persuaded that the mental excitement he had undergone in the last twenty-four hours, combining pain, joy,

and indignation, produced the languor and heat under which he appeared to labour, they sought only to soothe and cheer him, and offer the gentle restoratives of tea and lemonade, as he was wont to have it made in Italy, and persuade him to go to a well-aired bed as soon as possible.

After a restless night, he sunk into slumber towards morning, when his ever-active wife sprang up, and, with her daughter, began to pack up their cloaths, and arrange the removal of books, easels, &c. the distance between their new home and their present one being short.

When Mr. Barnard had, with some difficulty, huddled on his cloaths and descended, he found his breakfast waiting, his property gone under the eye of his faithful partner, and his affectionate daughter ready to attend to his wishes, and accompany him to Newman-street.

He would have approved of this, and rejoiced in it, but was evidently too much indisposed even to understand it; and the hand he offered to Seraphina was burning. In great alarm, she declared a medical man must be immediately procured; but this he roused himself to protest against, saying, he would not walk, but a drive to their new home would refresh him; besides, "her mother alone knew what was good for

him." They therefore soon set out; but on arriving, their first care was to place him in the bed he was alone fit for; and on a gentleman being sent for from Berner's-street, his complaint was pronounced to be a fever, and one with dangerous symptoms.

It was not known to the alarmed mother and daughter, that poor Barnard, on his return from Nottinghamshire, had travelled with a wretched-looking man, who had just left the infirmary, and was still an helpless invalid. Although a reserved man, not less than a courteous and gentlemanly one, to this evidently-afflicted sufferer he had shewn great attention, and helping him with attention at meal-times, lending him his arm from the inn to the coach, and in various acts of petty kindness, coming in personal contact, in a way likely to prove injurious in a case where infection might be apprehended. The idea never crossed his mind, till the word fever by chance met his ear, when every circumstance connected with the sick passenger rushed upon his memory, and he was convinced that he had become the victim of some terrible disease; he repeated every circumstance which had occurred, over and over, to his heart-stricken hearers, under all the morbid presentiments likely to

operate on his mind under such circumstances; and it was much better for himself, at least, when his complaint brought on delirium, since the images which then engrossed him were confined entirely to his profession.

From the moment that his afflicted wife became aware of the dreadful nature of this attack, her very soul seemed paralyzed, and that wonderful energy which had supported her through scenes of harassing alarm and wearisome caution, during times of warfare in Italy, and had rendered her the cheerful support of her desponding husband in England, seemed suddenly extinguished. As a mother, she had been not only a tender and patient, but skilful nurse; and so happy had been her attendance on her husband, that he had been apt to conclude he could never require better aid; but she saw and felt this case was beyond her skill, and, in her helplessness, her grief overwhelmed her. This effect was increased when her husband no longer knew her; for then she felt that her only power of benefiting him was utterly gone—she was already a widow.

Such was the wild, or bewildered, expression of her usually benign countenance—so rapid the changes of her complexion from extreme paleness

to a crimson flush, that poor Seraphina fully believed she had caught her father's disorder, and under a twofold affliction of so overwhelming a nature, no wonder her young spirit sunk appalled, more especially when their medical attendant expressed a desire for further advice. This wish he also accompanied by an offer of procuring her a nurse from the neighbouring hospital, observing, "that persons accustomed to the regular discharge of those duties required by the sick, were far more useful to them than relatives could possibly be, for their very anxieties precluded them from acting promptly and firmly as occasion might call for."

Seraphina already knew this; for her father no longer obeyed her entreaties, and her mother seemed only capable of weeping and praying: continually she repeated to herself—"I can die for him; I feel I can, if God will accept me." And many a time would she drop on her knees, and lifting her overflowing eyes to heaven, seem in wordless prayer to be beseeching the Great Disposer to accept the sacrifice; but, as the power of reason returned, she would bitterly reproach herself for this presumption—would remember that the course of nature is directed, not changed, in its general laws, by a superin-

tending Providence, and earnestly pray for that resignation which alone could help her.

Then would she recollect poor Seraphina, her young, distressed, and inexperienced child, and rush, in all the agony of maternal solicitude, to her assistance; but when she beheld the bed, and its inhabitant, who no longer had an eye to recognise, a voice to welcome her, again sorrow overwhelmed her, and all her wiser resolutions were put to flight.

It will be readily conceived that the awakened imaginings of a mind no longer under the controul of reason, gifted as poor Barnard's was, both by nature and recollection, by knowledge and talent, would be singularly vivid and intense. It was his misfortune to believe himself in danger, from the hostile armies whom he had, in fact, often had reason to fear, and to be continually haunted with the belief that they were destroying those *chefs-d'œuvre* which had become to him almost objects of idolatry: thus, he was either raving continually, in sorrow or in anger, lamenting the loss of wife, daughter, and friend, the destruction of pictures and statues, or anathematizing Buonaparte and his generals.

When he saw Mrs. Barnard weeping, he generally spoke of her as the Countess of C——,

at whose seat he had been staying; whereas, Seraphina was Virginia, Marèe, Beatrice, Laura, or some other heroine; and when Dr. Uwins, his kind physician, arrived, he was designated "Seneca." Poor Weston, who hung over his bed half-broken-hearted, always received some poetical name, which proved an imperfect remembrance; but his visits, and those of his equally-afflicted wife, were soon interdicted, as every new face seemed to increase the malady, though they were those of old friends, and narrow indeed was the circle. In London, immense and populous London! how few inquired after the health, or interested themselves in the comfort of one so gifted, virtuous, and benevolent, as this man of genius!

For twenty-one days—ah! what an eternity of time seems this to the aching heart of solicitude, did the fever continue; but the delirium subsided some time previous, and the first person known to the patient was Orlando. Night after night had the distressed youth ran to the house of mourning; and several times had he remained watching till daylight, during which, Seraphina, confiding in his care, allowed herself repose; and, on one of these occasions, to his surprise and joy, the patient had said,

" Surely that is Orlando! Dear Orlando, when did you leave England?"

In a few words, the young man became enabled to convince him that he had never left it, and he brought forward his daughter, as a proof that all he most loved were in safety and near him. After this he became generally *comatose*, and the hopes of Mrs. Barnard, which had outgone the occasion on hearing his inquiries, were suddenly crushed, and Seraphina was again given up to the agony of a companionless grief, since she dared not mention a fear or a symptom, make an inquiry, or hazard a conjecture upon her father's danger, lest she should annihilate all hope and energy in her mother; to Mr. Weston alone could she speak freely, and he now only ventured to make inquiries at the door, so absolute was the stillness insisted upon.

But the prayers of the few who loved him were heard; the fever left him, and although life appeared ebbing away also after a certain number of hours, in which the king of terrors seemed actually present, in the silence of a chamber where the eye alone ventured an inquiry, and the beatings of aching hearts alone were audible, their excellent and sympathizing physician bade

them to hope; but it was evident that they "must rejoice with trembling."

The next visit confirmed the promise thus given, and then poor Mrs. Barnard's faculties arose as from the dead; she seemed to comprehend at once all that ought to be done for the patient, and all that might be expected to ensue, in one so reduced in strength, and irritable in constitution; saw that Seraphina was brought down by sorrow and watching to the lowest ebb, and must now be restored by sleep and nutritive sustenance, by praise for her unbounded exertions, and hope for future happiness. She took her place by the bed-side of the patient, confident that now his senses were restored, on her alone would he rely with confidence, and that she would have a power over his conduct, in regard to compliance with instructions, no other person could possess.

When, by slow degrees, sufficient restoration was obtained for the power of conversation, the patient enjoyed it in an extraordinary manner with his kind and considerate doctor, who loved and understood the art to which Barnard was devoted, and had a younger brother who professed it, and was at that very time awaiting the period when Italy (the day-dream of poets and

painters) would be opened to the northern traveller, by the now-victorious armies of England. The similarity of taste and talent rendered these conversations restorative as well as interesting to the patient, because the stimulant was skilfully administered, and the time necessarily limited; the good physician knew well the constitution of artists as such, for he sate by the bed-sides of many, their liberal *unfeed* benefactor; and although he rarely met with a capacity so extensive, information so general, or intellect so decisive as Barnard's, he well knew the general characteristics of their temperature, and could alike apply to their mental and organic peculiarities what each required; whilst, to their necessities he was ever alike considerate and delicate*.

By degrees, poor Weston and his quiet wife were admitted to the sick man's room, the former looking paler and far more woe-begone than himself, for so much had he grieved during the sickness of Barnard, that he had been unable either to eat or to write, which "was very sad indeed," Mrs. Weston observed, "seeing they were the two things that kept him alive."

* Accept, gentle and benignant spirit, this honest tribute of grateful recollection. B. H.

Very contrary to her expectation, on this the sick man began to scold her husband, and say so many ill-natured things, that their visit was cut short; but their hearts were soothed by an assurance from Seraphina, that papa was cross to every body except his physician; even Mr. Guy, though he loved him much, came in for a share, and *he* said "it ought to be so, it was a sign of returning vitality."

But Orlando said, "he was all kindness to *him*, and so very thankful for his company."

"Yes, he loves Orlando exceedingly," answered Seraphina, "and he knew him before any body; but he will most likely come in for a bit of blame by and by, though it is not easy to—to——"

Undoubtedly Seraphina thought it was not easy to be cross to Orlando; but the words did not leave her lips, and she blushed so deeply, that Mrs. Weston cast down her eyes to save her from further confusion, thinking, as she returned to their lonely lodging, how hard it was to bear even temporary anger from one for whom they had been suffering so much, and from time to time looking tenderly and gratefully on the pale partner of her life, for whom she felt that she had done so little.

CHAP. VII.

Although Mr. Barnard, as a natural effect of his disease, occasionally evinced that irritability of temper in early convalescence, which is an inevitable concomitant, in point of fact, his mind was happily affected by his past sufferings, for they had led him to a deep sense of the value of religion, and an earnest desire to attain that steadfast faith in the promises of the gospel, which alone insures hope of a joyful immortality. Frequently warmed to enthusiasm by the magnificent spectacles, and the entrancing music of the churches at Rome, and as frequently disgusted by the puerile conceits and childish superstitions he had also witnessed, without doubting the truths of Christianity, retaining the highest sense of its divine morality, and profoundly honouring its propagators, he had yet become indifferent to all that is implied by the "forms and ceremonies" of its churches, a spirit which generally leads to sinful carelessness on those points in which all Christians are united who are

sincere; for self-examination, humble devotion, and unshrinking profession, are essentials.

He now saw clearly, that habitual devotion, and the "assembling themselves together" in open acknowledgment, and humble adoration, are not only tests of the "hope that is in us," but necessary to all creatures so frail as man, liable to be drawn away by every breath of temptation, and seldom disposed to consider eternal subjects beyond those temporary elevations of spirit, which are awakened by circumstances of a striking or affecting character. So much did he love and admire the simple but sterling piety of his wife, that he had constantly urged her to instruct Seraphina (so far as she was able) in the doctrines and practice of the Protestant Church, conceiving, as many men unhappily do, that religion was necessary for women, who would be without it weak and profligate, or rebellious and unamiable. His perceptions were now different, for his mind was humbled under a sense of weakness, and his heart drawn towards God by love and gratitude; he felt assured that the same guardianship was necessary for all rational creatures, since all were liable to sin and capable of happiness, and thought it utterly inconsistent with divine goodness that man should

not share in the blessings, since he evidently required the restraints of his weaker helpmate.

To Mr. Weston on such subjects his whole heart was soon opened, and as he had read much and thought much (as long desiring to enter the church) on these important subjects, he was able to examine them fully, and obviate whatever appeared difficult and objectionable, whilst his awakened feelings and strong perception of the beautiful and excellent, touched his tongue as with "a live coal from the altar" of truth. His earnest eloquence conveyed at once conviction and consolation; it went from the heart to the heart, and became a bond between them, both stronger and sweeter than they had ever known before, for the sympathy of devotion is still stronger than that of genius.

Through the medium of Dr. Uwins, several artists now looked in upon the invalid, and Mr. West kindly urged him to walk in his gallery, so soon as a stout stick and a good arm enabled him to take a little exercise; and many pleasant half-hours did he now spend in that interesting place. To him, historic art was the life of life; and all that recalled the past sensations and avocations of his long residence in its great emporium, gave him not only pleasure, but apparently

strength; whilst the suavity and friendliness of the good old president, his anecdotes of early life and early trials, his evident absorption in his art, and even the light touches of self-admiration which played not ungracefully over his conversation, were all delightful to the kindred mind, and gave a soothing welcome to him who had hitherto felt himself a stranger in the land of his birth—an alien to those whom he held to be a "sacred band," with whom he had a right to be enrolled, and whose increased strength and importance, during his long expatriation, formed a subject in which he always felt capable of rejoicing, whether shared or not.

Perhaps the praises given to his daughter were, however, the most endearing pleasure he received from these visits; for Seraphina never failed to attract the warm admiration of the aged artist, who often wished her to be acquainted with his own lovely granddaughter—a wish re-echoed by the father's heart rather than hers; for at the present time she was so thankful for her father's health, she shared so intensely her mother's gratitude for his improved religious views, that it might be said, "her content was absolute," being perhaps unknown to herself, aided by the constancy of Orlando's evening visits, which, al-

though short, were a source of the sweetest satisfaction, as she firmly believed her parents loved him almost as well as they loved her, and his presence was a cordial to their hearts.

This was the spring of 1814, and except where sickness or sorrow pressed immediately on the person, it might be said that every heart became absorbed in the news of the day; therefore it was no wonder that a man of so much sensibility, and one who had suffered so much from political causes as Mr. Barnard, should enter into passing events, with all the enthusiasm of his nature. Even whilst stretched on his sick-bed, the ringing of St. Giles's bells three times in the course of twenty-four hours, for successive victories, announced by different arrivals, had agitated him with joy; and now that peace, the result of long-protracted warfare, was announced, it might be truly said, his nerves vibrated with a pleasure almost injurious to his attenuated frame.

Nor was this happy change felt less acutely by that friend, whose life had been spent in those peaceful valleys where the sounds of war never entered, though the consequences of war were unquestionably felt and lamented; for although this happy island never groaned under the immediate horrors of a French conscription, every

where its youth were drawn from the plough and the loom, to pour their blood on a foreign soil: wives and mothers, aged men and helpless children, were groaning throughout the land for those who should have been their support and comfort, prematurely torn from their side; and even now when glory was secured and peace purchased, Britannia smiled only through her tears; she hailed her conquering hero with pride and joy; but she remembered those

> ——————"Who sink to rest,
> With all their country's wishes blest."

But, lo! the warriors of our own, and the sovereigns of other countries, poured into London; and such was the air of wealth and festivity assumed on all sides, it was almost impossible not to feel sympathetic joy, and equally so, not to admire the general appearance of wealth and power, in a population which had so long borne the brunt of desolating and expensive warfare, yet still possessed so much to gladden posterity, so much to prove the undecaying fabric of that greatness which springs from the energy of a free and intellectual people.

Whatever might be the pleasure of Mr. Barnard in these national proofs of greatness, his warm-hearted wife had, at least, equal joy in

finding that Lady Emily Churchill had not only arrived to share the pleasures of this busy time, but expressed the greatest desire to see her; and by a kind note she fixed on an early hour for receiving her in Berkeley-square, where Sir Strahan Churchill had secured a house for the season, his whole family being with them.

Both parties were affected when they met; for time rolled back the past from memory, and shewed the now gay and prosperous woman of rank, the death-bed of him whom she first and fondly loved, the alarms and dangers which followed, and more especially, the loss she had experienced of one who had so faithfully shared her toils and sorrows, cared for her welfare, guarded her health, united deference to affection, and been at once a sister and a servant—all was present to the mind of Lady Emily, not less than her once faithful attendant.

Naturally supposing Mrs. Barnard must desire to know somewhat of a journey so eventful as hers had been, and of the history of one for whom she had evinced such attachment, when Lady Emily had controuled her first emotions, she related her hair-breadth escapes from the French army, the necessity of quitting her new-found friends, and seeking a refuge in Portugal,

many difficulties arising from her deficient funds in Lisbon, the kindness of some countrymen, the cruel indifference of others, and the wearisome time past in a convent before she was enabled to reach her native country, and " when there, alas!" said Lady Emily.

" Ay, madam, I say alas! too. But then you were rich, and had many friends."

" You mistake, dear Crossland, I was poor, and had therefore few friends; my small portion was indeed settled upon me, but it afforded a very narrow income; and my husband's estate going to a distant relation, no consideration for my convenience was shewn by him, and the little my beloved husband had been enabled to leave me, was swallowed up very nearly by the expences of our ill-fated journey. Had I been a mother, I should have been rich, you know; but the man who from that very circumstance became so, had no pity for me, but, on the contrary, threw on me the debts of his relation."

" May he go childless to his grave!" said Mrs. Barnard, with a bitterness she seldom felt or expressed.

" My cousin, Henry Somers (you remember Henry) died at Bath in the fifth year of my widowhood, and left me a large sum of money

in the funds, which I came to London to take possession of, with a very thankful heart, you may be certain. Sir Strachan was his executor, being a man about his own age, and, like himself hitherto, a bachelor; he also benefited by the will: we were thrown much together, and—— but I need say no more, we married the following winter."

"And you have become the mother of a family, my lady?"

"I have two sweet girls, and, most happily, an heir also in the dear boy you saw; otherways I should have been miserable, for the estates of my present husband would have gone, as those of the last did, to the male heir, a most notorious scoundrel."

"Well, thank God, troubles of that kind I never knew, or ever expect to know; but I am well aware they are great ones to those who have them: the world is more equally divided as to happiness and misery than it seems to be at first sight."

"But you have undoubtedly had many troubles, marrying as you did a comparative stranger, and in such a dreadful hurrying manner—the French coming—your beloved mistress going—it was indeed a terrible time; yet you

look so well, in fact, so little altered, that it makes me feel younger to see you. My life, on the whole, must have been easier than yours, therefore I may flatter myself that I am the same in your eyes that you appear in mine."

"I should have known you any where in the world," said Mrs. Barnard, speaking simply the truth, and afterwards beginning in her turn to relate adventures.—"To be sure I was married in a foreign land, and in a very uncomfortable way; but since it was to a kind and honourable man, I have never repented, nor fretted after any thing but you, my lady. Mr. Barnard was also a great match for me, for you know he took me, without a shilling, to a handsome home, and provided me with every comfort; besides, he was a man respected by every body: many's the marquisses, counts, and even cardinals, that came to his *atelier;* for wonderful, clever, and industrious, he was then, and indeed always."

"But men of genius, even when capable of great exertion, are rarely prudent, and often has my head ached when I thought of you in a far distant country, forbidden by circumstance to share the society in which your husband was moving, and too probably condemned to narrow

means, without a friend to advise you, or a hand to aid you; I feared lest when his first admiration ceased, indifference and perhaps repentance might succeed."

"It was a pity, dear madam, you gave yourself that trouble, for, indeed, it was very unnecessary. I have had my trials, it is true; for I have buried two sweet babies, and have seen my husband's property made ducks and drakes of, as it were, by the French bouncing about; but from my dear husband I had no cause of complaint whatever, save and except that all the time we lived in Italy he must needs run after every handsome face he saw."

"How shocking! nothing could be more unforgiveable in a man so situated. Little did I apprehend such a propensity, when I urged you to marry one who appeared so honourable—indeed, so truly virtuous."

"I wonder you didn't expect that fault, for all painters, so far as I can see, have it, more or less. As to his being honourable, and all that, so he certainly is; but if he had but a single pound in his pocket, it would go for a Madonna, I really believe."

"Do you mean to say he ran after pictures then?"

"To be sure, my lady; what else did you suppose he ran after? Nothing, of course, could be more silly. Why should he buy pictures when he can paint them for himself?"

"There are many worse things in life, Barnard, than such a fault as this; the love of pictures belongs to his profession, and is necessary to his studies."

"So he says; but when I remember how much money he has spent, which is all, I fear gone for ever, and find myself in a land where money does every thing, and is wanted for every thing, how can I help lamenting it. To see him go down, *down*, as it were, who has a right to be held with the highest in his profession, is no light grief to a woman, proud as I am of him. And then, I have a daughter, who is worthy of every thing."

Lady Emily asked many questions respecting Seraphina, and was not long in calling upon Mr. Barnard, and judging for herself of his lovely daughter. She found her a perfect gentlewoman in manners—of admirable talents, cultivated mind, and uniting with perfect elegance of deportment a gentle seriousness, which induced her to believe that she possessed the steady energy of her mother, not less than the high mind and superior

endowments of her father. Many things rapidly passed her mind on the subject of Seraphina, which she determined to digest at leisure.

Mr. Barnard was now able to resume his labours at the easel, but only for short exertions at a time; and since every person he saw was talking of a trip to Paris, or projecting the longer journey to Italy, and making many enquiries of him for their future governance, he could not help seeing that it was feasible for him as well as them. From time to time he read in the public journals the names of persons with whom he had been connected, many of whom were his debtors, and who, since they were living, would, he doubted not, pay him, at least so far as they were able. He had got commissions, likewise, for views, which could only be executed in Italy, and trusted that many of his most valuable pictures, left there under the care of friends, might yet be recovered. The late shock given to his constitution, and the unbounded tenderness and energy displayed by his excellent daughter, rendered him alike sensible of the precariousness of life, and anxious for the future provision of one so inestimably dear, and he could not but feel, that however great the exertion, however painful the parting with her must be, it was a

duty he owed both herself and her mother to make it.

That his journey included parting with Seraphina, was a circumstance that could not be doubted, since she had attained in England that health and strength which she never knew in Italy, and had arisen from a drooping plant, shrinking from every breeze, into blooming womanhood, capable of endurance and habituated to exercise: he dared not trust her to the chances which change of climate might again effect.

His intentions, fears, and feelings, were very naturally imparted to Lady Emily, for whom he had a sincere regard, and who never failed to press the necessity of leaving Seraphina in England, having, indeed, determined, from the day she saw her, to transplant her, if possible, into her own family, in the capacity of governess to her daughters. At the proper moment, she made this proposal to her parents in so kind and liberal a manner, it so evidently suited their present situation, and offered, in their eyes, not only a safe asylum, but most eligible abode, calculated at once to increase her pleasures, and improve her talents, that they could not hesitate to accept it most thankfully.

Mr. Barnard made only one condition respect-

ing the removal of his daughter, this was, the circumstance of her situation, if Sir Strachan and his lady should, like many others, be induced to visit France. In that case, he insisted that Seraphina should be left in England; his feelings as an artist had been so outraged by the injuries perpetrated in Italy (his dear foster-country), that he held that country as "a den of thieves, a nest of ruffians," whose atrocities he shuddered to remember, and whose valour formed no apology for their inroads and depredations.

Mrs. Barnard joined warmly in the same intreaty, for she had many remembrances connected with the inroads of the French armies, tending to keep far from the view of the gay and great, the accomplished and unprincipled, her too attractive and innocent daughter; and as Lady Emily knew their prejudices (nor indeed her own) could have had time to subside, she readily promised, that not only might Emily remain at home should they go to Paris, but that the idea of such a trip should never be presented to her mind, adding—"Indeed, it must be evident to you, that the comfort of leaving my daughters under her care at the Oaks, would be a great inducement to me to

consent to the journey, which I confess Sir Strachan has several times mentioned. You both know how much I have suffered from travelling on the continent, and will conclude, that I have little desire for renewing the memory of the past."

This being settled, they readily agreed to her proposition of Seraphina's immediate removal to Berkeley-square, in order that she might be weaned by degrees from the only society she knew, and they might themselves judge of their own power to spare her; of her compliance with their wishes they could have no doubt, because she was informed on all that belonged to the projected journey, and their anxieties on her account. She was perfectly willing to run all risks of her health, and would have had pleasure in returning to the land of her birth; but she respected their fears and feelings far too much to oppose their will; she had too lately bent over the couch of sickness, and trembled for the life of her father, not to feel a full sympathy in the fears he might have for *her* life; therefore, however painful the parting, it must be submitted to, and she was capable of assuming the fortitude necessary for such a trying occasion.

In two days, therefore, Mr. Barnard himself

placed in the hands of Lady Emily, that which he felt to be a deposit of inestimable value, and addressed his whole mind to the journey before him, so far as related to his arrival in Italy, the securing his friends, his pictures, and the sketches necessary for future productions. All that was more immediately necessary for the undertaking, and which is generally seen after by the gentleman, he left entirely to his wife, happy in placing in her hands a sum of money, which might or might not be equal to their wants, of which she was unquestionably the best judge. Of course she became happily too busy to indulge the sorrow she could not forbear to feel; and though her eyes would perforce often fill with tears, and she involuntarily looked for Seraphina in her wonted occupations, she roused her mind to the task before her, remembered, with humble thanksgiving to God, the more terrible parting from which she had so lately and so narrowly escaped, and pursued, as well as she was able, the duties that demanded her attention.

Who is there amongst us, advanced so far in life as these parents, that cannot estimate the loss of a young creature in a narrow circle, more especially an only child, a dear daughter! Her pleasant voice was music to the ear, which the

heart re-echoed; her smile gave a zest to the homeliest viands, her affection an interest to the most commonplace intention or action; and schemes for her well-being, fears for her future life, watchfulness of her conduct, delight in her abilities, pride in the possession so dear, and so loveable, constitutes the perpetual occupation of the heart, which is rewarded by her presence for its care; when she is gone, there is a blank on all things—the care remains, but the enjoyment ceases.

Dear as they were to each other, and lately as their happy reunion had renewed their mutual allegiance, our affectionate couple felt their loss with even more than usual acuteness, for they had never parted from their child a single day; and although they alike considered that their conduct was not only justifiable but kind, as it referred to her especial benefit, still feeling would subdue the voice of reason, and lament the decision which produced results so painful. Each party pitied the other for a privation each fancied themselves capable of enduring.

"What will become of my poor wife," said Barnard, "without the dear child to assist her in all the bustle of packing and preparing!"—"How can poor Barnard bear that wretched

painting-room, without Seraphina to consult about colour and such like! There is no music now, no singing, no reading; he will be absolutely lost, if I can procure him no friend to think with and talk with. Ah! if poor Weston could go with us, we should be every thing to him, and he not less a blessing to us; but I fear that is impossible."

Perhaps there was a third person, whose loss of Seraphina, if less constantly felt, was more acutely so. Orlando felt the whole affair of this journey to Italy as the great misfortune of his life, and which, considered as the first, necessarily was the most afflictive; he thought that the shackles which bound him to his monotonous duties were doubly galling; and the want of money, which kept him also from removal, assumed the worst character of poverty in his eyes. It is true, on learning that Seraphina remained, his heart was lightened of half its load; but when he made his first call in Newman-street, and found her gone from thence, more than half of his first emotions returned, and utterly unable to parry them, he literally fled from those dear friends, who were too much affected to retain him.

On the following Sunday evening, having rallied his spirits, poor Orlando, after spending the

day with his father, called on his beloved friends as he returned home, prepared, as he hoped, to behold the pale face and the sinking silence of Mr. Barnard unmoved, and to learn from his now pensive but always kind lady, somewhat of their own movements, and their daughter's situation. Scarcely had he taken a chair, when the startling rap of a footman announced a carriage; and in another minute Seraphina entered the room, and was instantly locked in the embraces of her father.

If all had appeared dark and gloomy in the apartment before, if dulness fell on them as a mantle, and notwithstanding urged to stay, he had yet been insensible to welcome, all was now changed, light and beauty shone in the room, and joy flushed from the lips of all. Lady Emily, in setting down the dear girl on her way to a gay party, had little idea that she imparted a pleasure so sweet and so intense, that if beaten out like fine gold, it might have given to the wide circle she entered far more than they were likely to experience, in a scene where

"The heart misgiving, asks if this be joy?"

The fair girl was elegantly though modestly dressed; and Orlando thought she was a great deal handsomer than he had formerly fancied her

to be: nor was he by any means pleased with her improvement in a point generally deemed so desirable; on the contrary, the more beautiful she looked, the more she seemed to be constrained to become estranged from him, and he felt that she could never more be the friend, the sister, she had been; never more would she net him a purse, sing with him a favourite duet, or give him a lesson in drawing; and he sighed over the days that were passed, even days thought at the time to be very melancholy ones, as if they had been brilliant with happiness, and were now fled for ever. When she spoke of the kindness of Lady Emily, the splendor of her house and her parties, the servants appointed to attend herself and pupils, the concerts at Hanover-square, the singing at the opera, and the pictures at Cleveland-House, the heart of Orlando sunk to the very climax of misery. Every circumstance which had a tendency to exalt the situation of Seraphina, seemed to throw him at an immeasurable distance from her and below her.

Many times did he rise to fly, unable to endure the misery which weighed heavy at his heart; but as often did he reseat himself, unable to tear himself from the fascination of her presence; and at length his friends were obliged to

entreat him to remember the time. Slowly did he tread the homeward path; sleep forsook his eyes, hope was a stranger to his heart, and, for the first time in his life, a sense of ill-humour combined with the grief which harassed his spirits. Yet reason whispered he had no right to utter the angry invective, or the unfair construction: Surely he did not envy Seraphina's advantages? Had he not wished a thousand times to see her placed in the highest situations earth can bestow, and thought all below her merits? When had he indulged a dream of happiness for future life, in which she had not been the principal object? Nor could he say that Seraphina was the least spoiled by the new and dazzling scenes in which she was placed; often had she looked at him with an expression of the most tender concern, and her enquiries respecting his father's health argued precisely the same friendly solicitude as usual. No, Seraphina was not changed, but Orlando was; for he was in love, and jealous.

For a single hour on the Sunday evening, for three successive weeks, the same meetings took place at Mr. Barnard's, as Orlando returned from the Hampstead-road, and the same sad thoughts arose when he departed: every time he resolved that he would never go again—never

subject himself more to the mortification and misery which always followed these fascinating interviews; but the recollection that whether he would or not, the power of renewing them was about to end, induced him to venture onward. In August, Sir Strachan and his family would remove, and in a fortnight afterwards Mr. and Mrs. Barnard set out for Italy, and with them would go his last chance of earthly comfort; yet, surely Seraphina would still cling to the remembrances of by-gone days—she would correspond with and occasionally visit his mother?

Mrs. Barnard's mind was scarcely less occupied with her benevolent scheme for the removal of poor Weston, than his son had been with that of her daughter; in order to facilitate this end, her great object was the securing a sufficient sum of money, for all expences likely to occur, in hand; for she dared not rely on the power of several persons who owed them money, though she could do so on their good will; and she had not the slightest doubt that their pictures would be safe, and prove hereafter valuable property in the English market. Ever since the illness of her husband, the propriety and necessity of securing them had pressed so strongly on her mind, as to make her willing to encounter fatigues and

difficulties of every kind; but this was neither to ensure that comfort for her declining years her affectionate husband earnestly desired her to possess, nor any ambitious wish of giving a handsome portion to her sweet daughter, but purely, as she told Mrs. Weston in confidence, "that her dear Barnard might give over business, and be able to live like a gentleman the rest of his days."

"But it appears to me," was the reply, "that people in your husband's way and mine, never do give over toiling at their easels, or desks; and I have understood, the longer they work the better the works will be. When I come into your street, I often see two or three very elderly men, who are, I understand, busier than ever they were; and I remember Mr. West said, he had been painting till two in the morning at his 'Christ Rejected."

"Yes, my dear friend, but that is either because they want the money, or have become *weak* old men, and fancy themselves better, when they are, in fact, worse. God forbid my husband should be either! I never could completely comprehend men of genius, as much as I have seen of them; but it stands to reason, a time must come to them as to others, when they should

rest. When all is said and done, they are but men."

"I don't know, I am sure," said Mrs. Weston, thoughtfully: "you know if their works are immortal, something extraordinary must appertain to the creature that produces such works; the powerful mind that——"

"*Powerful* fiddle de de! As the man in the play says, 'Cæsar, in a fever, asked for drink, like a sick girl;' and I am quite sure old age wants rest and comfort, both in man and beast, clever and stupid. God grant you and I may see our husbands in old age sitting under their own oaks (you know I cannot expect vine and fig-trees), or by their own fires, neither racking their brains for rhymes that won't come, nor contriving draperies and faces that don't match. I say nothing against the dear old souls pleasing themselves with their pens and their pencils; but Heaven forbid they should be forced to send their productions into the world for a young fry to sneer at, and a——"

Mrs. Barnard was interrupted by a visit from the young artist whose rooms she had taken, and who, having heard of the intended journey, called to enquire when she would give them up, at the same time producing the money she had

paid, or would pay for him, thanking her for having so readily trusted him.

This she put by as clear gains in favour of her scheme; nor was it all she set down in the same way, as the person who succeeded to their lodgings was an attorney, and insisted on paying his first month to Mr. Barnard, who was in fact the holder of them notwithstanding his abandonment, so that her loss there was very trifling. Full of hope, and under the persuasion that Mr. Weston would not live over another winter if he did not accompany them, she now wrote to the tenant on her farm, informing him how she was situated, and saying—"If he could manage to pay his rent a few weeks beforehand, she would be much obliged, and make him a suitable recompence."

The answer was favourable, and a place named in the city where the money would be paid to her order, and she lost no time in securing it; nor did she hesitate to call on the publisher of Mr. Weston's poems, for having been the first person he saw as a negociator, he naturally concluded that she was a sister, or near relative of that gentleman.

To her great satisfaction, she found that during the late influx of company, so many had been

sold that the work was going into another edition, and the publisher was very willing to advance the money he had promised immediately; and when Mrs. Barnard ventured to say Mr. Weston was about to visit Italy, he eagerly observed—"That he should be extremely happy to enter into an agreement with him for a work on that interesting country, more especially if it were accompanied by suitable embellishments."

Poor Mrs. Barnard almost gasped with delight, for she knew where there was deposited, what she called "a whole nest of embellishments," which no eye but her own had seen for many a long day; and eagerly did her benevolent heart wish for the wings of a dove, that she might collect the persons and the things necessary for the well-being of all concerned in her movements.

CHAP. VIII.

Mrs. Barnard had set out on these errands at the same time when her husband took his leave, and giving a sigh to the memory of those pleasant walks in which his daughter was his companion, proceeded to the humble dwelling of the Westons, in order to bring them back to dinner, which it was his custom to do, "in his own hackney coach *."

Our active friend got home the first, and welcomed her beloved friends with even more than her usual cordiality; but her warm address called forth no answering smiles from their guests, who almost wondered how she could thus greet them, when the days of her stay were numbered, and this would probably be the last of those friendly meetings so precious to them all, but more especially dear to the most helpless and lowly party.

After listening to poor Weston's "tale of symptoms," which, although not more lament-

* Goldsmith.

able than usual, were told in a more languid tone, Mrs. Barnard said, gaily—"Well, my dear sir, with all this you mustn't despair, for if I am not wonderfully mistaken, you have nothing to do but take my prescription, to be made a stouter man than you ever were. It all depends upon your lady's permission."

"My permission! What can I give him to do him good?"

"Every thing; you can permit him to go with us, and by spending the winter in Italy, he will avoid those colds and coughs which have been so often injurious, besides being amused with the buildings and antiquities: you know you fretted when he went into country lodgings, but you got better of it, and surely——"

"I know all you would say, dear Mrs. Barnard, and what you think, and have a right to think of me as a poor helpless woman, but indeed I am not a selfish one; and I have wished many and many a time dear Weston could go with you, and if it could be managed, I should be happy, most happy!"

A deluge of tears interrupted her words, and gave proof of her happiness, while Mr. Weston earnestly entreated her not to agitate herself, as "the thing was impossible;" had it not been so,

he confessed he should have been transported with the prospect of visiting Italy, which had been the land of promise to his heart from very boyhood.

"There is no impossibility at all," cried Mrs. Barnard, "for I have got money enough in my pocket to take us all, keep us a good while after we get there, and when Mr. —— pays you, why, of course you'll pay me. I don't want to saddle you with any obligation—not I, only I don't know how to put the matter delicately before you; every body must be sure your company will be invaluable to my husband, and I take it, your wife will trust me with nursing you in return."

"Surely, my dear Weston, Sera makes a very fair proposition," said Mr. Barnard; "we are not strangers now. I am sure I should agree to it, were I in your place, immediately."

"No," said Weston, "you would not, Barnard: how do I know I shall ever get into another edition—and what is it?"

"Fifty pounds," cried Mrs. Barnard, almost shoutingly, "which he will give you to-morrow, and sign an agreement for your writing a Tour in Italy, to be embellished by my husband's views, which are laid snug, I'll be bound, in old Dominie's cell, in the corner where I stowed

them, for there is not a better creature than that monk in all Christendom."

"My dear Mrs. Barnard, you are my better angel. I will go this moment to Mr. ——, and if my dear wife——Betsey, my love, consider, I will not leave you; I will not proceed a single step in this business, if you are unhappy."

"My love, you shall go—I know it is your duty to go, for your health and——But can I go with you? can we contrive to cross only a very little bit of the sea, and then I can manage perhaps?"

"It is the long sea voyage which is to do your husband good; if he goes with us, we will adopt it for his sake."

"But why should *you* go, my friend? I should never feel lonely, if——"

"Ah," cried Barnard, "but I should be lost! You little know what a provident traveller she is, for seeing all difficulties, guarding against all dangers——"

"Dangers!" said Mrs. Weston, turning very pale.

"Nonsense," echoed Mrs. Barnard; "there no danger but of spoiling my dinner; let us all sit down this minute; you will find both fears

and feelings soothed by eating; I never knew any body in my life that was not the better for it."

No observation appeared to have been more just, for before dinner was over, Weston had shaken hands on the bargain, agreed to save the post in writing to Gibson for an advance of money, and calculated on his peregrinations with a pleasure that seemed to renovate his fragile frame. His wife had comforted herself with the remembrance that Orlando was almost a man, and would take care of her, and that now the French were conquered, she might have letters by every post.

"Had you not better board in the country, my dear ma'am?" said Mr. Barnard; "the air there is much better for you, as well as Weston."

"I don't care for that, I must be near Orlando, and shall take a small lodging in the city for that purpose. What would become of me if I had not him to look to?"

Mrs. Barnard insisted that it was only right she should be thus indulged, for her sacrifice had been great, and most nobly made, and said, "she would herself look out for a proper place, and fix her there before they went;" but she urged her in the mean time to exert herself in

procuring for Mr. Weston many things necessary for a long absence, and for which money would be received on the morrow; nor did she doubt more would come from their tenant, so that she herself would be left at ease for some time to come. Every counsel she gave, and every circumstance she dwelt on, were calculated to cheer and support the heart of that anxious wife, who had never before been parted for a day from her affectionate husband.

The following morning they were in town early. Mr. Weston's business was transacted to his complete satisfaction; and his wife, by a great exertion, procured many of the things he wanted, tears not unfrequently interrupting her orders to a shopkeeper, and sighs invariably following the closing of a parcel. She was nevertheless this day the better woman of the two; for poor Mrs. Barnard had learnt from Lady Emily, that at noon to-morrow Seraphina would call to take leave of her parents, a circumstance she had in kindness concealed till now, believing that the longer the trial was brooded on, the worse it would be to bear.

That her judgment was just, the situation of both parents demonstrated on this eventful day. Mrs. Barnard was indeed compelled to action,

but she was silent, abstracted, incapable of remembering even the most urgent business; and conscious of the many pressing causes for solicitude there must be, when one so fair and young is left without one natural connection in a country to which she was comparatively a stranger, often did the mother's aching heart question the wisdom of those arrangements which she had made from the purest motives, and almost determine even now to renounce them.

Mean time poor Barnard, unable to remain quiet a moment, paced from room to room, in the perturbation of a sorrow which he felt to be uncontroulable, yet sought to conquer for the sake of its beloved object. It so happened that Seraphina came at least an hour before they had hoped to receive her; and Mrs. Barnard had not returned from a place to which she had conducted Mrs. Weston; the father therefore received her alone; and after tenderly kissing her, led her into the painting-room (his own sanctuary); and after saying her mother would be soon at home, seated himself by her, and looked earnestly in her face, as if reading every lineament of her countenance, and transferring them to his memory.—"My child," said he at length, "I thought to give you advice on many things con-

nected with your youth and your situation; but I find, now the time is come, I am unable to say any thing."

Seraphina threw her arms round her father's neck; her head rested on his shoulder, her tears fell rapidly, her sobs were audible. In a short time she ceased, by a strong effort, thus to weep; throwing back the curls that clustered upon her brow, she exclaimed—"Pray say a few words, dear father, I shall never forget them!"

"You are young, my child; you have great sensibility; your heart may make an election long before our return."

"Oh! no, dear papa, I have no heart but for you and my mother."

As Seraphina spoke, she blushed deeply. There might be a whisper from within denying the assertion; but still she looked calmly, like one who was at least as capable of controuling passion as of admitting its influence.

The fond father for a moment smiled through the tears that would not be repulsed, and resumed—"Should you, my love, be tempted to marry, remember, I require in your husband the principles of a sincere Christian, and, as a consequence, unsullied integrity and fair character. I also desire fine taste, and——ah! how many

things do I desire for my daughter! But with these, and a tender devoted heart, I mean to say you may leave lesser, though necessary, things to God and your father."

Again the head of Seraphina sank on his shoulder.

"I have spoken, my love, of a husband. You live among the great and the gay; men may approach you with other views; there may be reptiles so base." Here his voice became thick, and his frame trembled with emotion—"Remember, Seraphina, *remember*, you hold your father's life, his reason, in your keeping; *your* infamy would be *his* death—nay, more, his damnation."

The agonizing burst of tears which followed these words, alike in him who uttered and her who received them, cannot be described; and long, very long, was it ere the terrible images thus awakened could be obliterated; but the fond caresses, the softened tones, the assurances of reliance on her love to her parents, and the purity of her heart and manners, restored the unhappy girl to comparative equanimity; and the father, conscious that he could bear no more, on hearing her mother ascend the stairs, seized his hat, snatched another kiss, and fled from the house.

Mrs. Barnard saw how much her beloved child had suffered, and was scarcely sorry to hear wheels approaching, since it was better that she should not have the power of inflicting new sorrow; but Seraphina, flinging herself on her mother's bosom, enquired "if she had no advice to give her?"

"No, my love; I have only to say farewell, my beloved, my good Seraphina."

"Yes, mother, you *have*. Say something that I may treasure it, as I treasure every word of my father's."

"Never neglect the ordinances of God, my love; they will renew your sense of his presence, and confidence in his protection: distrust yourself, but never distrust the God who sees you—the Saviour who bought you."

"God forbid!" said Seraphina.

"Should great friends fail you, cling closely to Mrs. Weston, whom I wish you to hold dear as a mother. Don't cry, my love, so very sadly; all will be well with you soon: there is no lasting sorrow but sin; no grief incurable but shame."

Lady Emily entered as the last words were spoken, and drew the weeping daughter from her mother's arms, promising, with every kind intention, to supply to her a mother's cares.

The travellers soon departed for Falmouth, from whence they took shipping for Leghorn, a plan which was extremely desirable, so far as regarded Mr. Weston's health, and perfectly accorded with the wishes of Mr. Barnard, who, so far from flying, as artists in general did, to view the riches of the Louvre, and inhale the spirit of art from that unrivalled emporium, turned away from it with sorrow and disgust, yet observed, "that what was desirable to other Englishmen could not apply to him, whose best days had been blessed with the advantages they were seeking."

When they were really gone, Mrs. Weston, like a bow which had been bent too far, relapsed into all the timidity and helplessness which belonged to her nature, and which had never been successfully counteracted by either persons or circumstances, save Mrs. Barnard. Without any motive for exertion, and with an evident excuse, and, indeed, reason for low spirits in the absence and ill health of her husband, Mrs. Weston became dependent on her son for all the comfort or consolation she required, and her demands on his time and attention harassed the young man, and was offensive to his master, without actually relieving herself. A wearisome winter set in for them both, since they had not

yet received letters; but soon after Christmas, Orlando's heart was cheered by the sight of a note from Seraphina to his mother, announcing her arrival in London, and her intention of seeing her the first opportunity; but she added regret that the abode of Mrs. Weston was so far from Berkeley-square, since the power of visiting her frequently would have been the greatest pleasure she could enjoy during the absence of her own parents.

"I wish, mother, you would leave this place, and go about a mile westward; it is a gloomy, dirty place for Miss Barnard to come to, and it would be no object to me to run a little farther."

"But I cannot, my dear; for I have very little money left, and can have no more till Lady-day, when Gibson pays his rent. I was so anxious about your father, that I sent some things after him to Falmouth, for I then thought next to nothing would keep me; but, somehow, a little goes every day, and every thing is so dear in London."

Orlando was much concerned to hear this, for he really wanted many things which his affectionate consideration had prevented his mentioning, and which his mother had not the faculty of discovering, like Mrs. Barnard, who had been

for nearly four years the medium of all his personal comforts. He could not look to Seraphina for assistance, nor did he wish to appeal to her pity; but he was certainly desirous of appearing respectable in her eyes; and it was quite impossible for him to call upon her in his present habiliments.

But when they next met, Orlando was not humbled by Seraphina's appearance; he found her sitting with his mother, in an old gown, to which he was partial, and her person and manners alike denoted that true kindness which seeks for recognition in another's heart. She had received a letter, and was the bearer of one from Mr. Weston, forwarded through Lady Emily's connections, and their accounts were in every respect most flattering as to the health of one party and the prospects of the other. Orlando, with Seraphina on his arm, did not on this eventful evening find the walk too long; but on arriving at her magnificent home, the lighted hall, the stylish servants passing and repassing, disconcerted him, and he could not forbear to wish that she had never become the inhabitant of such a place.

"But I am only one of the dependants, Orlando; I never forget that."

"But every one else will; I am sure you have the presence of a princess."

At this moment the door opened, and a tall, handsome man, in regimentals, stepped out; he spoke to Seraphina, and measured her conductor with no friendly eye. The servant held the door open; it was too late for him to enter, and he had scarcely the power to whisper "who is that?"

"Captain Churchill, Sir Strahan's youngest brother."

The door closed, and with it all the late exultation of poor Orlando's heart; but how were its throbbings increased, when he perceived the captain turn hastily back to the house, and saw that he again looked at him, with that haughty stare which the insolence of prosperity deems the due of those in humble life who cross the steps, or intercept the views of their superiors.

The spirit of Orlando was however not to be cowed by a look; and the eye of insult met that of cool defiance, in so determined a manner, that as the captain passed him, never had Orlando walked forward so erect in his life, thereby proving at least that nature had been no niggard to him, whatever fortune might be. Alas! long before he reached home, all his high-wrought feelings had subsided, and he felt only that he

was miserable, that he had lost an opportunity of declaring his love to Seraphina, which might never return; whilst she, surrounded by gaiety and splendour, admired and flattered, and probably feeling only for him that sisterly regard she had long nourished, might listen unblamed to sentiments of a softer nature, from one who had indeed the power to make her happy.

A few nights after this, the young man was on business to Bond-street, and he could not forbear running forward, just to look at the place which contained the object of his increasing idolatry. The rooms were lighted up, as if a party were expected; and after standing a few minutes, he perceived Seraphina enter the drawing-room, and going up to a harp, place herself before it, and try the strings. Whilst he gazed, "his rapt soul sitting in his eyes," Captain Churchill entered also, and appeared to assist in regulating the instrument, and there was in his assiduity a desire to please, which went beyond the necessity of the case. In Seraphina he could discern nothing particular; but a servant entering, the curtains were let down, and he could only return in sorrow and anxiety more acute than the past.

A few days afterwards, his mother presented him with the means of obtaining every thing he

wanted, and told him that she had determined to go and spend two or three months with old uncle Weston, which would set her finances to rights; adding, "you know I never personally offended him, and I well remember how kind he was to me when I was a girl."

Orlando suspected justly that Seraphina had been the latent cause of his mother's wise resolution, and his own acquisition: he did not, when well equipped, omit to call upon her, seeing that the close union between their parents fully justified some communication between them. She met him with evident pleasure, and greatly increased his, by the information that Captain Churchill had set out for France a week before, and she believed Sir Strahan and Lady Emily were likely to follow him; in which case herself and her charge would be sent down to the "Oaks," in Northamptonshire, from whence they had so lately come up.

In the course of this interview, which was necessarily short and constrained, Orlando became convinced that his mother's plan had indeed originated and been assisted by her wise young friend. It was delightful to him to think that she was interested in his welfare, and he felt that for her sake he could serve an apprenticeship for

any time, or to any trade, so it would soften the heart of his uncle, and give the promise of eventually offering even the humblest home to her who merited the proudest: in young hearts, hope has innumerable fibres on which to hang, and cling, and tremble.

Seraphina had passed her eighteenth birthday, and was certainly much handsomer than when Orlando first knew her, being then a tall unformed girl, more matured in mind than person. She inherited a perfectly good figure from her mother, which education had rendered more graceful than that of her parent; but she had not her dazzling complexion, being indeed a brunette of that description "which shames the lilies and the roses;" her face greatly resembled her father's; her eyes were dark and brilliant, yet mild in expression; her nose was that of a Grecian statue, whilst her mouth was entirely Italian, the upper lip being short and full, succeeded by a dimpled chin most exquisitely formed. The character of her countenance was that of quiet dignity and innate purity, which required only time to render it the representative of a Roman matron, or a Christian martyr. The highest accomplishment Seraphina possessed, was knowledge of her father's art, although her

practice of it had been necessarily limited; she was also a scientific singer, and her greatest charm undoubtedly consisted in the sweetness and compass of a voice,

"Which could untie
The hidden soul of harmony,"

and produce effects rarely given by any private performer. They would unquestionably have produced both fame and fortune to the possessor, if exhibited to the public; but of such destination her father would never have thought for a moment, nor had the idea ever been presented to her mind.

Proud of possessing Seraphina as an elegant novelty, and looking to the time when her own fair girls should be as striking and Italianised as their young governess, Lady Emily, now changed from an anxious wife and impoverished widow into a woman of fashion and an ambitious mother, introduced her into her parties with an apparently friendly zeal, but one little calculated to benefit its object.

The poor girl was at once brought forward as a kind of idol, to which rank might offer incense, and pride might bend; caressed, exhibited, admired, and extolled, either by the kind who wished to encourage her, or the insidious who

desired to injure her. She was placed on an eminence, which menaced her destruction, while it appeared to advance her importance; for where is the human being that adulation cannot pervert, and luxury enervate? Who has a right to expect from eighteen the wisdom of experience, or the discrimination called for in a dependant? How can any one perform duties which require the most arduous and self-controuling discipline one part of the day, yet be honoured as the dispenser of delight to wealth, talents, beauty, and fashion, the other?

Most happily did Seraphina pass this awful ordeal, for she united the unsophisticated good sense and unfailing exertion of the mother to the talents and refinement of her father; but unquestionably, her natural disposition, however excellent, would have been unequal to her preservation, if both parents (fearful that her infancy had been exposed to a wrong bias) had not taken especial pains to render her pious, humble, and capable of withstanding the temptations which surrounded her, by constantly studying her duties as a Christian, and calling on all the energies of her mind to assist her in performing them.

CHAP. IX.

In compliance with the plan her poverty compelled her to adopt, poor Mrs. Weston wrote to her former guardian, informing him, "that as her husband's health had compelled him to try the effects of a milder climate, and she found herself very lonely, she would, if agreeable, spend a few weeks with him, as it was now many years since she had enjoyed that pleasure."

In reply, the unyielding old man informed her, "that he was sorry she should be under the necessity of inventing a falsehood, to account for her husband's absence; he was aware of his desire to go abroad the last twenty years, and having met with some runagate like himself, had chosen to set off, and leave her to shift for herself. He should be glad to receive her until the following Easter, when the house was to be painted, and his servants could not be hindered by company."

This ungracious permission reached Mrs. Weston at the time when Seraphina was bidding her

adieu, and conscious that the pride and tenderness of Orlando would not fail to resent it, yet the total dependance of his situation render it most inexpedient that he should do so, she advised Mrs. Weston to say nothing on the subject, and to set out as soon as she was able. The considerate girl had nothing to give at this time beyond good counsel, save a few trifles of dress, and a short message to Orlando, which conveyed a small portion only of the many thoughts which were passing in her mind respecting him.

It thus happened that our young friend was deprived of all personal intercourse with those to whom he was so fully bound, that he never sought to supply their places to his heart. Their memory was, however, most beneficial to him; he became diligent in his business, and anxious to extend his knowledge of it; and combining the idea of Seraphina with all his future views of life, trusted that the visit of his mother might produce the happiest results for them all.

These hopes were quashed in a short time, for her letters were full of complaints; and she soon declared, "such were the cruel tauntings from her uncle, and the insolence of his servants, that she would not, and felt she ought not, to bear

with them a single hour beyond the period when Gibson would send her the rent due at Lady-day."

When Mr. Hanbury heard of Mrs. Weston's intention to return, he deprecated it decidedly, observing, " that however desirable it was that a young man should obey the wishes of a mother so situated, yet her demands had been heretofore such a tax upon his time as could not be submitted to, especially now that time was really useful, and ought to be more especially employed, in return for the smallness of his apprentice fee. He offered himself to write to Mr. Weston, and point out in strong terms the propriety, and even necessity, of offering his house as an asylum to his niece during her husband's absence, an absence which he declared to be so necessary for his health, that he believed poor Charles could not have weathered another winter had he remained in England.

This letter, which was likely to produce good effects (for Mr. Weston had always implicit faith in Mr. Hanbury's assertions), was duly dispatched, but was unfortunately rendered nugatory, from the extraordinary circumstance of Gibson, in most praiseworthy attention to Mrs. Weston's wants, sending her rent the very day

it was due to her, at Macclesfield. Having felt herself very unwell some days, and being repeatedly assured by the housekeeper, "that it would never do to be ill there, as master was quite trouble enough in all conscience," she hastily determined to get into a home of her own as soon as possible, and proposed taking a place in the earliest coach for London.

So glad did every one around her appear to be, in consequence of her determination, that although she was at present unprovided with any lodging, her place was not only immediately taken, but paid for, the only act of consideration accorded during her stay. On seeing the hurrying way in which one so gentle and unintrusive was packed off by his servants, the heart of the old man seemed a little moved towards her, and his pride somewhat offended by so small a portion of respect being shown to his relation; but this manifestation of proper feeling soon evaporated, and it was evident that, however unyielding he had been to his relation, to his servants he was more than pliable enough, and had given way until all power in his own house was completely lost.

Meditating on her own forlorn situation, and reproaching herself for much that had befallen

her, Mrs. Weston paid little attention to her fellow passengers, or any thing connected with her journey, until the violent plunging of a fresh set of horses, and the repeated assertions of those around her, "that they should never reach Northampton in safety," awoke her fears; and during many miles, the jeopardy in which they were evidently placed, greatly added to the indisposition under which she laboured.

The town at length was seen, to the great joy of all, but the prophecies proved but too true; in turning into the very entrance, the coach was upset with a tremendous crash, falling on the side where Mrs. Weston was seated, and giving so violent a concussion, that she was instantly deprived of her senses, and lay like one bereft of life, during the confusion of mingled screams, oaths, and groans, which succeeded.

When at length removed and carried to the inn to which the coach belonged, her senses were restored, and her injuries found to be so numerous and serious, that a letter was instantly dispatched to Orlando, desiring him to come and see his mother without losing a moment, as, from an accident, she was placed in the utmost danger, and earnestly entreated his presence.

The poor young man, horror-struck, and al-

most wild with distress, ran with the letter in his hand to Mr. Hanbury, who, on reading it, did not hesitate a moment to furnish him with money for his journey, and advise him how to proceed. He told him that a coach would leave the Bull-and-Mouth inn exactly at five o'clock in the afternoon, and sent him to secure a place, which being done, and a small bundle of necessaries packed, he had nothing left to do, save meditate on his misfortune.

In all the agitation of extreme solicitude, now earnestly desiring the presence of his father, now consoling himself that he was spared the shock he could so ill have borne, Orlando paced up and down the warehouse, utterly incapable of attending to any thing save his own sad thoughts, until the clock struck four, when, snatching his hat and parcel, and uttering an almost inarticulate farewell to those around him, he darted out of the place, and soon found himself in that emporium of noise and apparent confusion, the Bull-and-Mouth yard, not as it now is, but as many of my readers will undoubtedly remember it, when darkness and narrow passages added to the dangerous bustle of the perpetual movements.

Coaches coming in and setting out, loud halloes for porters to carry packages, and " by your

leaves" from porters bringing other packages in, passengers mistaking, or fearing to mistake, the vehicles in which they intended to ride, added to the Babel-like torrent of tongues, but also inspired Orlando with a determination not to be driven from that which was to be his own conveyance, on the top of which he deposited his paper of luggage, intending to mount after it the moment the horses appeared.

Whilst thus situated, he caught the sound of a female voice familiar to his ear, although the words were in a low and tremulous tone: the lady was desiring the guard of a coach, from whence she had just alighted, to procure a coach to take her to the very street where his mother formerly lodged, a small and very retired court in Holborn.

Struck exceedingly by the circumstance, he pressed through all the opposition made by wheels, horses, passengers, and porters, to obtain a view of the speaker; but this was by no means easy, for the lamps being lit, served only, in the contention of lights, to render objects less distinct; and he had already spoken to three ladies whom he had never seen before, when the coach so ordered was announced, and a female darted from the office to obey the summons.

The figure, though much muffled, and closely veiled, resembled that of Seraphina. He followed her closely into the street, and again, in a low, distinct voice, heard her name his mother's street and number; therefore he hesitated no longer, but gently laying his hand on her arm, said—"Miss Barnard."

A shriek of horror escaped her, and she clung to the coach door in such trembling agitation, that he feared she might faint; therefore, his first care was to remove her veil, to give her air, when he saw that it was indeed Seraphina, but looking so wild and terrified, that it immediately struck him she also was flying to his mother, but knew her to be worse than he was acquainted with. Uttering a few words of reassurance, she turned fully to him, and on beholding his face, exclaimed—"Thank God!" and burst into a flood of tears.

Coach after coach now called for a clear passage, and Orlando, not daring to leave the spot, supported her on his arm; but paying the coach called, retired into the yard, telling her the sad news of his mother's situation, to whom he was at that very moment flying.

"We will go to her together," cried Seraphina, grasping his arm with eagerness. "And, oh!

dear Orlando, let me beseech you, by all the friendship which exists between our parents, do not leave me—no, not a moment!"

It was evident that she was labouring under some trouble distinct from that which he had apprehended; yet, in Orlando's ear, these were the sweetest words she had ever uttered; but there was no time for reply. It was found that there was one place in the coach by which the lady could be accommodated, and into which she was instantly handed; whilst Orlando, mounted over her head, felt that he could not fail to be the heroic defender of such a treasure.

When the coach stopped for refreshment, Seraphina, who was literally retracing the way she came, suffering from want of food, and averse to being seen by the people of the house, agreed to eat a rusk, and take a glass of negus with Orlando, during which they walked before the door. Whilst she was listening to the contents of that letter which had grieved them both, a post-boy near them observed to another—"The cattle ha suffered shamefully that Wilkins and you drove this a'ternoon. I suppose as how you were paid hansom; but it's very hard on the dumb craturs."

"That's very true; but we couldn't help it; if we hadn't a druv like mad, he'd never a stood

at shooting us. His own man said, he was one o' yor fighting men, that never stick at nothing."

"Why it ben't a fortnight since he comed from France; maybe he's off there agin?"

"Put me in the coach," said Seraphina, whisperingly.

Orlando complied with her request, and became her centinel closer than ever, having gained, as he apprehended, some light into her cause of flight, and especially of the shock she underwent on his first addressing her.

At seven in the morning they reached Northampton, and as the coach stopped at the place where poor Mrs. Weston was confined by sickness, they were immediately admitted to her apartment. They found her, alas! in the ravings of delirium, now calling on her husband in the language of reproach, now beseeching his pity in the most moving words and pitiable voice.

Without allowing herself more rest than nature required, in order to gain the strength she needed, Seraphina entered on the duties of a nurse, with all the tenderness, vigilance, and firmness the sad case required; but eleven days of distressing anxiety passed before the patient was out of immediate danger, or restored to her

senses, and life then hung on so slender a thread, that even her pleasure in seeing her son and Seraphina threatened to be fatal. By slow degrees she emerged from the present injuries; but there was reason to fear rheumatism might settle in her limbs, and leave her an invalid for life.

When Mrs. Weston's fever, consequent on her bruises, had increased to delirium, the innkeeper placed her purse, which contained nearly fifty pounds, in the hands of her medical attendant, who, perceiving that his patient was a gentlewoman, and that she carried about her as much cash as any affluent person was likely to do, gave orders for her accommodation accordingly; and the superior appearance of the young people who so immediately answered his summons, confirmed him in the propriety of his orders. Seraphina, accustomed to the comforts of great houses, saw nothing beyond the necessities of the case; but poor Mrs. Weston, when able to leave her bed, looked round with alarm, and declared an intention of removing into lodgings as soon as possible.

"We will talk to Seraphina about it; she is now gone down to make your barley water herself, mother."

At this moment she rushed into the room,

evidently in the greatest trepidation, and after locking the door, flung herself on the first chair, pale and trembling.

"For Heaven's sake, what is the matter?" cried Orlando.

"I have seen him—seen Captain Churchill."

"There is not a man living who shall dare to terrify you thus," cried Orlando, hastening to the door.

"Hold!" said Seraphina, catching him by the arm; "you frighten me still more. Stop but one moment—Ah! there, he is gone; I saw his carriage at the door."

"What is all this about? surely nobody is going to arrest poor Orlando?" cried the alarmed mother.

"Oh no, my dear ma'am, it is all over now."

"But you look very pale, and Orlando very red; tell me all about it."

"I have little to tell; but it is true I have suffered, and do suffer from this wicked man. My father's words, when we parted, seem ringing in my ears, in my heart. May Heaven preserve me!"

"Wicked! I thought he was perhaps a lover, my dear."

Seraphina's cheeks glowed, as she answered,

almost inarticulately—" He was such, certainly, but not the less wicked too."

Orlando paced the room with rapid steps, and eyes that glanced like lightning.

" I thought the Churchills went to France?"

" So they did, ma'am, at this man's persuasion; but no sooner were they settled, than he returned rapidly and clandestinely."

" How very odd! what reason did he give for it?"

" Oh, his reasons were too plain——no matter; after enduring more vexation——in short, much as I loved the children, highly as I regarded Lady Emily, I was compelled literally to run away, and that I did so, I am now most thankful for. I trust I have been of use to you, dear Mrs. Weston, and that you will be henceforward a mother to me; my own dear mother told me to look to you, and I have no other friend; I am very, *very* forlorn and wretched; and though I have done every thing for the best, I may be blamed at last."

" Yes," said Orlando, " blamed for coming hither with *me;* yet what else could you do? and with whom, save my mother, can you live? Dear Seraphina! remember your own words, ' Orlando, never lose sight of me again!' enable

me to fulfil my promise, to be your protector from this and every other man—marry me."

Orlando spoke in all the agitation awakened by love, sorrow, solicitude, and recent indignation; but as he took Seraphina's hand, she threw herself on her knees by Mrs. Weston, and hid her blushes and her tears in the lap of the invalid, who cast upon her a look full of the tenderest anxiety and affection.

"Mother, dear mother, speak to her if you are able; it is true, I have never talked of love, but my whole soul has been full of nothing else: Seraphina is the very life of my life. I have suffered unutterable torments, in the fear of losing her to a wealthy *husband*; judge then what I feel, when thinking of this hateful wretch —yes! I love her as never man loved woman, and I ought therefore to be her protector. 'Tis true, I am poor, and, what is worse, bound to another; yes! I cannot ask her to marry me— God knows I would not injure her—I would not bind *her* to *my* poverty and wretchedness."

Seraphina raised her eyes, they met those of Orlando, and told him she was not unwilling to share his lot, whatever it might be; but they both hung with looks of intense solicitude on the only parent they had left to guide them, and

who unfortunately was the one least able to advise them.

"Indeed, my dear children, I don't know what to say, you are both so very young; but then, Seraphina is so steady and good, and Orlando will grow older every day. I had rather he married you, Sera, without a shilling, than any other person with ten thousand pounds, and if you and I went into Derbyshire, you could share my income, whilst Orlando finished his term—marriage is the happiest life after all."

With such an ameliorator of all difficulties, it was no wonder two young creatures, fondly attached to each other, and very awkwardly situated, should unhappily rush into an engagement to which the bride-elect felt herself urged by propriety not less than love; yet, a thousand times did she recal her father's words, and examine Orlando by his standard—the result was, a firm belief that he was the very person to whom his description and his wishes pointed. However love might deceive her in this point, it could not in another; she was certain he would hold Orlando's engagement with his master binding, and she insisted on his writing to Mr. Hanbury, informing him of his mother's conva-

lescence, yet continued weakness, and to say that he awaited his commands.

The answer to this letter unhappily gave a liberty to the young lover, not less delightful than unfortunate. The writer said, "he had been under the necessity of engaging an efficient person in Orlando's place, to whom he must pay a salary for six months at least; that the season for business was now gone by, and he therefore thought, since Orlando was so far on his road, he had better proceed to pay a visit to his uncle, and induce him to receive his invalid mother, who could in his house obtain those comforts she might need for a considerable time.

Against being in her weak state thus forced upon a family who had been already so unkind, Mrs. Weston violently objected; and so many instances of that which Orlando termed insult and cruelty did she adduce, that his spirit rose indignant against his aged relative; and he protested, with all the ardour of youthful feeling, against seeking the favour of one who had used his beloved parents so unworthily. From this hateful subject the young lover naturally turned to that far dearer one in which his whole heart and soul were so deeply interested, and which, from an utter inability to see him suffer, be-

came not less of moment to his mother than himself.

Their united importunities were not likely to be parried, by one who innately loved not less tenderly and constantly than himself; yet Seraphina could not blind herself to the difficulties with which they were surrounded. At length she gave consent that the bans of marriage should be published, that being the only safe mode, as Orlando asserted, for minors; and then immediately urged the necessity of procuring lodgings, and settling the accounts of Mrs. Weston.

This settlement took so nearly all his mother's store, that Orlando declared against Seraphina's power to fulfil her engagement with one so utterly helpless and wretched as himself; and the contest of generosity ended, as it was likely to do, in one so fondly and so long attached, so distressingly situated, and so conscious of possessing not only the resources of prudence but talent. Her own person had been well stocked by Lady Emily on her setting out; her wardrobe was valuable, and when she was married, she should send for it; any thing was better than Orlando's despair and his mother's tears. Married, therefore, they were; and for some weeks Orlando was

happiest of the happy; for not only had he obtained Seraphina, whom every hour made more dear to him, but he had returned to the exercise of those elegant pursuits, which had formed the early tie betwixt them, and in which he flattered himself he could soon make such progress, as could not fail to procure them at least temporary assistance. With his young wife he sketched, he walked, he sang. Her constant attention to his enfeebled parent, the care she manifested in their expenditure, the integrity and benevolence which alike characterized her conduct, her unfailing desire to render him the sharer of religious impressions, and the unfailing charm of her conversation, rendered her not less the object of his esteem than his affection; and in the enthusiasm of his nature, he felt as if all earthly felicity were insured, and only regretted that their dear absent parents could not witness and rejoice in it.

But the time soon came when Orlando could not fail to know that Seraphina's little store was daily wasting, or to perceive a shade of care at times come over her open brow, however quickly she banished it. He exerted himself to seek for employment in the town, either as clerk in a counting-house, as a shopman in the iron trade, or even in the most humble employment, willing to do

whatever man could do, for the sake of those he held to be inestimable. Alas! business was now every where standing still. An awful cloud again hung over Europe, by the return of Buonaparte from Elba; and again the warriors of our own and other countries were rapidly assembling, to repel the aggressions of that ambitious man, who had so often bathed the plains of many countries with the blood of their best and bravest, for his own selfish aggrandizement and ambition.

When Seraphina was really married, she ventured to write to the housekeeper at the Oaks, and request her cloaths to be forwarded, of which she had long been in great need, having only a little linen, and the habit in which she had travelled. Her request was soon complied with, and the trunks, accompanied by a letter, which, to her great satisfaction, informed her, "that the children were now with their father's sister, and very happy; but Lady Emily and Sir Strahan had been compelled to go into Germany, lest the success of the returned emperor should again render them his prisoners." The writer added, "that Captain Churchill had joined his regiment at Brussels, but that the outrageous way in which he had sought her, led them to guess the reason of her clandestine re-

moval had been his attentions; she now found it was her own marriage."

This mistake Seraphina was not anxious for the present to clear; she could only rejoice in the removal of him whom she held in the light of a persecuting enemy; and although, in the innocence of her heart, she believed with her husband that her marriage must have cured his passion, she yet felt relief from his absence. Ah! how soon was this brave officer (the guilty cause of conduct which led to the most distressing results) called to that great account, which is opened for high as well as low! he was mortally wounded at Waterloo, but died at Brussels.

From their beloved travellers our anxious family were prevented from hearing, in consequence of the movements of Murat's army; and much did Seraphina lament that her poor mother should again suffer under circumstances she knew too well how to estimate. Her husband's mother was also not less an object of anxiety, for her progress to health was exceedingly slow, and her affectionate children could not fail to perceive that her reduced state required those restoratives that they could not procure, without themselves foregoing necessaries. They

did their best, both in kindness and self-denial; but poor Seraphina had changed her last guinea, before she had been four months married.

Orlando made fresh efforts to procure employment; he offered himself even to the most menial offices, but no one who looked upon him could think of engaging him as a mere drudge; and he regretted a thousand times that he had not removed to London whilst he had it in his power, as there he might have found employment of some kind. At length, by the sale of his watch, and the only remaining trinkets Seraphina possessed, they were enabled to leave their lodgings, and remove to a poor cottage in the outskirts of the town, where they obtained that obscurity which is the refuge of poverty.

From this place Mrs. Weston wrote to her uncle, recapitulating her misfortunes (although he was already well acquainted with them); and informing him, that from the incapacity of Gibson to advance her any money, she was driven to great distress, and that if she had not been assisted by her son's wife, she must have applied to him before, since it was impossible for her husband to help her; she therefore earnestly entreated him to send her something for her present support.

In the course of a few days an answer was received, in which Mr. Weston informed her, "that she was welcome to the bill he inclosed; but he desired her to consider it the last she was likely to receive, as her folly in drawing away her son from his business, and in conniving at his marriage with a proud beggar, who neither could bring a portion nor earn one, was conduct he never could forgive in her, nor her son neither, until he learnt that the young man had honestly fulfilled his agreement, by serving out his time with his lawful master, which the enclosure might enable him to do."

The bill thus referred to was a five guinea country bank note, and so remarkably dirty and crumpled, that Mrs. Weston was persuaded it was not the original inclosure of her uncle, who was remarkable for his extreme neatness and attention to even trifles, and it was therefore singular that he had not specified the sum. In thanking him for this present, she took care to describe the bill received; but as no further notice was taken, she concluded that her suspicions had been false, and she could only sigh over the smallness of the bill, and observe, "that it could not take Orlando to London, since he was not in a situation to appear in Mr. Hanbury's business without proper cloathing."

Opposite the place where they now lived, the ground was occupied by a coachmaker, and the road into the town was shortened by passing through his premises. One day when the young wife was returning from making her scanty marketing, fear of rain induced her to go through this place, at the time when the master was lamenting to one of his men, "that he could not get the arms upon an injured carriage repainted in Northampton." She listened to this conversation with breathless anxiety, as if she had laid hold of a tangible blessing, yet feared it would escape; redoubling her speed, she hastened homeward, and met Orlando at the door.—"The coachmaker is in distress for somebody to paint his pannels; go, my love, and offer yourself this moment."

"But, dear heart, I cannot do them—I know nothing of oil-painting."

"No matter! I *can* secure the work; don't stand on terms."

Orlando went; but the person would not trust his powers until he had proved them; but he readily gave him the materials required to make the experiment.

In a very short time Seraphina had painted a specimen sufficient to prove her power, and the

coachmaker was glad to avail himself of her abilities. She became regularly employed, and although poorly paid for her labour, rejoiced in having attained a certain means of support, which was embraced by every member of the reduced family with thankfulness; and the voice of cheerfulness and activity rendered their humble dwelling the abode of content, not less than affection.

Orlando eagerly applied himself to learn the art, in order to relieve her, and soon became better able to expedite the work than herself, as her health precluded the possibility of remaining long at her task. The ability and dispatch with which every thing they undertook was performed, gave great pleasure to their employer, who seldom received Orlando without shaking his head, and wishing "he had known such a clever young man some years ago;" and it was evident that he was far from being happy.

Mrs. Weston, though still delicate and a little lame, exerted herself to the utmost of her power, and her health and spirits, notwithstanding the lowliness of her situation, appeared all the better for it; she cooked their victuals, mended their cloaths, and prepared those which were necessary for that little helpless being, which was expected

in due time to claim their tenderness, though it would add to their difficulties. This circumstance, which was of late appalling to the young parents, now only increased their industry; and the value of the money thus acquired by mutual exertion, gave them a sense of riches in its possession, which they could not have enjoyed by any other medium. Often, while even tears were in her eyes, would the good mother smile to hear their plans of saving for each other, till the strife of love was settled by bestowing the fruits of their hard earnings upon herself, or the future endearing claimant.

Poor young creatures! how soon was even this comparative state of happiness to be denied them! Orlando had worked about four months for the coachmaker, and observed, that "he should henceforth interdict Seraphina from further toil;" when on looking out of the window one morning, he saw the shutters of the counting-house closed; and observing one of the workmen standing near, he went out, to enquire "what was the matter?"

"Matter enough! it's all over with poor maister—mair the pity."

"All over! he was in good health yesterday."

"Why he's in health now, as far as that goes;

but I mean that he is a ruined man—a bankrupt. I have no means of bread."

"Nor I!" ejaculated Orlando; and he reentered the cottage the very image of despair.

Terrible as Seraphina felt the shock, she yet roused herself to the utmost, to soothe and reassure him, well knowing that it was on her account that he felt so acutely, and was overwhelmed so entirely. Not only was her mother's example (in many a scene witnessed in her early days) present to her mind, stimulating her to similar exertion, but her mother's advice in their parting moments; and earnestly did her heart seek from her heavenly Father, that power to endure, or that assistance in receiving, which his providential goodness might speedily supply. Then turning to Orlando, she besought him to controul a sorrow far more painful to her than any privation could possibly be—reminded him that she had saved four guineas from their late earnings for her future necessities, on which they could live for the present; and that, as he had obtained by his labour great facility, he might improve his present leisure by painting landscape, as he had frequently desired to do. But however sweet were her words and smiles, however noble her spirit in sustaining them all,

and pure the faith and resignation she evidently possessed, the pressure of circumstances fell bitterly on the heart of the mother, whose experience rendered her apprehensive for the future, and the husband who could have perilled the world for that pale sufferer, who bore her trial so calmly. Four weeks passed, the winter set in severely, and no means of help appeared; Mrs. Weston again wrote to her uncle, and the letter was returned unopened.

Without making any observations on the subject, Seraphina had parted with all the valuable articles in her wardrobe, and had laid out the last shilling for bread, when one morning a little boy, the son of the coachmaker, ran into the house, laid a paper on the table, and vanished as quickly. Orlando opened it, and read as follows—

"At the time my business closed, I was indebted to you a guinea and a half, which I have not been able to send you before, and which you merit more than any person in my service. I advise you by all means to go to London, where a man of your abilities might be employed by various manufacturers; *here* you must starve. Yours, &c."

This relief, small as it was, was so welcome, that all felt the advice offered along with it equally acceptable; and Orlando, starting up, exclaimed—"Yes, I will go to London! I will procure bread for my family, or perish in the attempt!"

Seraphina completely approved of this determination, being fully persuaded that if she were in London, many ways were open by which she could assist, and even maintain them all; but now, if she had the means, her removal was not advisable, since her expences would be less, and probably her health better. She exerted herself therefore in making up Orlando's parcel, adding to it two small pictures which she had painted as copies for him, and which she hoped he might dispose of; but it was with no little agitation she entered on this employment; it was with trembling hands, and an aching heart, that she expedited the departure of that beloved being, whose tenderness was the only solace of her life. If young and happy wives, in similar situations, fear to lose sight of their dear husbands on the common business of the day, what must Seraphina feel, whose partner was torn from her at this awful juncture by actual want, and who left her a prey to poverty and anxiety,

without the power of reckoning on his means of support or return?

The money sent by the coachmaker was three half-guineas; the first Orlando paid in rent for their humble abode, took one of the others, and gave to Seraphina the third, though much against her wishes. She compelled him to take her watch, the only thing of value they had left, and which, being a small Geneva one, did not suit the sale of the person to whom it had been offered in Northampton.

Thus equipped, in one of the sharpest days in December, poor Orlando set out on foot for the metropolis, tearing himself from the wife he doated on, the mother he fondly loved; resolved to submit to all evils, endure all trials, encounter all difficulties for their sakes, under the full conviction that the agony of that hour, however manfully it was struggled with, could never be exceeded.

CHAP. X.

When Orlando was really gone, and his tall, slender form no longer visible, Seraphina suffered the bitter tears she had so long restrained to pour from her eyes in the transport of overwhelming sorrow, until perceiving how much she afflicted her husband's mother, when she sought to suppress her grief, and even to "comfort her comforter."

For this purpose, turning from the window against which she had been leaning, she became sensible that a little girl stood near, courtesying, and endeavouring to draw her attention to something in a band-box. She shook her head, and said—"No, child, no;" but as the girl did not move, and looked blue with cold, that compassion which even sorrow could not banish from a heart incapable of any selfish feeling, induced her to open the door and say—"I cannot buy any thing, but come in, child, and warm yourself."

"I have only this one frill left: I will sell it for sixpence—for fourpence: I will give it, if you please to take it."

Seraphina wiped her eyes, and thought she had seen the little girl before: she said—"*Give it me*, child! what do you mean?"

"I mean, you was very good to mammy last summer, when she was so bad, and you were gentlefolks, and lived up by the church. Don't you remember giving us broth, and some doctor's stuff in a bottle, that did her a power of good?"

"I remember it very well now; I hope your mother is well?"

"Pure and strong, thank'ee; she goes out washing now."

"Then she does not make these frills?"

"Oh, no, ma'am; no more can't I, 'cause their sich neat work; it was Miss Sally Froster as made 'em, and I sold them for her; but she's married this morning, and gone quite away; and just now at Christmas, I could sell a mort, if I had 'em."

Shaking off her sorrow, with all the energy of an active, determinate spirit, touched by the springs of affection, Seraphina now examined the frill carefully, and submitted it to the inspection of Mrs. Weston. They alike saw the power of making them, and found, from the child's information, that they must be very profitable. To send poor Orlando something quickly, to assure

him that her day of trial would be again provided for, were blessings valuable enough to stimulate her to the utmost. In another hour the muslin was bought, both were employed, and the child happy in being permitted to stay and wait on the beautiful lady, who taught her to sew, as the most useful benefit circumstances permitted her to bestow. Thankful for the employ, and improving as they proceeded, they worked till past midnight, when the long day was closed, with begging fervently for blessings on their wanderer's head.

We will now follow that wanderer.

For many a weary mile Orlando pushed on, regardless of the sleet which blew in his face, and rendered his walking a double labour, until the middle of the day, when finding his feet sore, and his strength fail, he turned into the first house of entertainment by the way-side. His late employment having been altogether sedentary, he was so unaccustomed to this mode of exertion, that he became sensible he should not be able to walk much further, and he had therefore better spend his money in getting a lift upon the coach, which he learnt might be expected presently.

Though little calculated for making a bargain, Orlando did it now, and by paying three half-

crowns, secured the means of removal to a small town at a considerable distance; and having paid for the refreshment he had for the first time taken, was again in motion.

The evening proved dreadfully stormy; and when at length Orlando was set down, wet and weary, it was with the dreadful consciousness that he had only fourpence in his pocket, and knew not where to lay his head, being alike unable to pay for the continuance of his journey, or the bill of his landlord.

Still, he was in a town; he could sell something from his bundle, or pledge it; and his weariness and cold were so extreme, as to compel him to seek rest. He turned into the first public-house he saw open, where it did not appear that sorrow, cold, and hunger, though strikingly visible in the pale intelligent countenance of our friend, was any recommendation to his fellow-creatures. "No man bade him welcome," by look or gesture; the room was full of people of the lowest grade; a party of soldiers were about the fire; loud singing, obstreperous oaths, and violent altercations, were heard on every side.

"Can I have a room and a bed?" said Orlando.

"No; every place is full," was the answer, sternly uttered.

Orlando at this moment felt really ill; he looked round for a chair; a pint of ale was put into his hand, as a hint that he ought to have called for it; but conscious that he could not taste it, he offered it to a serjeant who stood near him, at the same time he laid his pence upon the table.

The serjeant drank his health, and offered his chair, which was indeed acceptable; and when he had finished his draught, said—"I perceive, sir, you are fairly over-done: I know how to feel for those who have had a long day's march. I'm an old soldier, sir."

The voice of kindness, by whomsoever it is uttered, will be welcome; to poor Orlando it was affecting also: he became of a livid paleness.

"Take my arm, sir; we will go into the air. By the way, I believe I can procure you a good night's lodging at the Woolpack, for I'm a bit of a favourite with the maid, you must know."

"You will do me a great service."

"'Tis a particular night with them; they had somebody to send off by the coach, or else they'd been shut up ere now. The house is kept by a respectable old woman and her niece, and being well off in the world, they can afford to be particular, you see."

He soon knocked at a door, which was not opened till the good-natured guide had announced "a very respectable gentleman, as he would answer for;" and having said this, he vanished, leaving Orlando, in a room so neat, clean, and quiet, that the very sight of it refreshed him: a small table, with a snow-white cloth upon it, was placed before an elderly woman, dressed with great neatness, and a countenance full of benevolent expression.

"Nancy, take the gentleman's wet coat, and bring slippers.—Take a mouthful of my negus, sir; it is very warm, and will do you good."

In a few minutes a delicate veal cutlet was put before Orlando; and although long fasting and severe cold had a short time since made the thoughts of food disagreeable, yet he soon found himself able to take this with pleasure. He was shown to an excellent bed, but the pain of his feet allowed him little repose, combined as it was with fond recollection of his suffering wife, and his own pennyless situation.

Orlando's first care, on rising, was to take out the little pictures from his bundle, with an intention to sell them, if possible, before breakfast, although he well knew they were not likely to find a market in such a place. On descending

he found breakfast in the little parlour, and Miss Nancy full of kind inquiries as to his health and rest; to which he answered in so vague a manner, that believing him to be still unwell, she proceeded to make his tea for him.

Whilst this proceeded, the aunt came in, and was equally civil; the kindness and respectability of these people rendered Orlando so utterly wretched, that, to conceal his chagrin, he took out a pencil and an old letter from his pocket, and seemed to be engaged in making figures, as if calculating.

But when the paper was laid down, Miss Nancy perceived that the features of a face were drawn upon it; combining this circumstance with that of the little pictures, she eagerly cried out—"Oh, dear aunt! I do really think we have found the right person at last; this gentleman must be a painter, or an artist of some sort."

Orlando replied, "that he certainly could do something in that way."

The old woman instantly left the room, but soon returned with the maid, each bearing a ponderous picture, on which the forms of her long-lamented parents had once been delineated; but they were so incrusted by dust, varnish, and oil, as to be now scarcely visible.

" You see these precious portraits have long wanted cleaning, and I cannot bring myself to send them to London, for fear of any thing happening to them. Now, if you will do them, I will give you two guineas, and the best the house affords, if you stop a fortnight."

" I will," said Orlando; but he could say no more; the sudden relief he experienced, from a sense of shame and terror, such as he had never felt before, rendered his emotions overwhelming; and flying back to his bed-room, he sank on his knees, and while tears of joy coursed down his pale cheeks, in wordless gratitude, gave heartfelt thanks to that God, who " suffereth not a sparrow to fall to the ground" unheeded.

Orlando rose so refreshed in spirit, that he lost the sense of his yesterday's fatigue, his sleepless night, and even the severe cold he had taken; he entered on his task with avidity, recollecting how Seraphina managed such work in the early period of their acquaintance; and on the morning of the third day, when he exhibited the pictures to the mistress of the house in all their original lustre, the tribute of tenderness, called forth by her surprise and delight, well repaid him. Full of gratitude, she would have insisted on his remaining another day, if she had not had

the opportunity of forwarding him twenty miles on his way to London, with a neighbour, who would drive him in a comfortable chaise-cart.

Orlando, whilst waiting for this convenience, sat down to write to Seraphina, and inclose her the half of this unexpected prize.

"I shall always be glad to see any body as you belong to in my house," said the landlady; "so pray tell your father so."

"I am giving a line to my wife."

"Wife! and so young!" said Miss Nancy, instantly quitting the room.

Orlando put a one-pound note in the letter, and another in his pocket, gave the maid the shilling; and then took a farewell of the whole party, amid thanks and good wishes, that were almost affectionate.

The chaise-cart was slow in its movements; but as, on quitting it, he was scarcely fifteen miles from London, he determined to walk forward, until he arrived within the distance of a short stage. In pursuing this plan, he overtook two ill-looking men, each carrying a heavy stick in his hand. Orlando recollected, with much vexation, that on repacking his little bundle, he had put Seraphina's watch in it. It naturally occurred to him to feel for it, and ascertain its

safety; the action drew the eyes of the man nearest to him, and in another moment, lifting his stick in a menacing attitude, he demanded his money and his bundle.

"Neither!" cried he, darting forward and catching the stick, which he succeeded in wresting from the grasp of the ruffian, who now grappled with him, and fell upon him. Alert as courageous, Orlando soon recovered his feet, when, seeing the other robber prepared to strike him a terrible blow, he sprang from under the weapon, and, conscious of his inability to encounter two desperadoes, trusted to flight alone for safety, and had the good fortune to distance them both. When however he found breathing-time and safety, by reaching the next village, he became sensible that his bundle was gone for ever.

As all hope of its recovery was vain, and a new motive for economy was given in its loss, our wretched traveller durst not indulge in taking the stage. After sleeping in the cheapest lodging he could procure, about noon the next day he entered the metropolis, under that sinking of the spirits every man will feel who has not even the comfort of a single change of linen to turn to.

It had been agreed that Seraphina should di-

rect to him at Davidson's, the grocer, in Dean-street; and although it was not likely that there should be any letter for him as yet, thither he bent his steps, not choosing to be seen by any person in the neighbourhood of Foster-lane. It was however his ill luck to meet one of Mr. Hanbury's porters, who told him "that he had just set off his master to Ireland, where he was likely to stay a long time, being the assignee to an important bankrupt." This was painful information; for however he desired to avoid shewing himself, he knew, in case of the worst, he could appeal to the pity of one who had always been kind to him.

In passing through Greek-street, his eye was attracted by some chairs of singular and elegant construction; the back formed a lyre, which rested on a chaplet of flowers, beautifully painted; he stopped to examine them.

"You look earnestly at these chairs, young man," said the owner, stepping out. "Have you ever been engaged in this kind of painting?"

"Never; but I understand it. I have painted the arms on coach-pannels."

"Come in, and let me talk to you. I am distressed for a person to finish these chairs; they are for a lady of rank, who is impatient."

In a short time Orlando had made an agreement, and engaged to begin his work on the morrow. He now went forward, with a light heart, to procure a lodging in the neighbourhood, as well as call at Davidson's, where he indeed found a letter from Seraphina, the first he had ever received from her. Oh! what a prize to the forlorn wanderer, and what a letter! how full of tenderness, of hope-inspiring kindness, of resignation to Heaven, of confidence, energy, and love! yes, this dear letter contained the fruits of poor Seraphina's successful labours, and her whole property too, for when she found that her half-guinea had become twenty-two shillings, she could not forbear sending her husband a pound-note, which prevented her from continuing her new-found business. Happily for her, his love being not less active than her own, the means for resuming it were speedily given, in the manner we have already seen.

Orlando was indefatigable in his labours; and although his first efforts were rather promising than satisfactory, he improved rapidly, and the impossibility just then of finding a substitute secured him the whole of the work. In a short time he received such a recompence as enabled him to provide a few necessary articles of cloath-

ing; after which, he laid a plan for abridging his expences, so far as to enable him, in the third week of his absence, to transmit Seraphina a five-pound note, against the awful hour now fast approaching.

For several days Orlando had been sensible of pain in his breast, and oppression in his breathing, which he imputed to the struggle he had had with the villain who robbed him, and he now found that it had increased to a distressing degree; but he neither named that nor the loss he had sustained to Seraphina, whom he desired to cheer and support to the utmost. The chairs, alas! became finished, and the owner had no other work to give him; but being desirous of assisting him, he was told to call every morning, and see if any thing were wanted.

In the unfortunate leisure thus given, he was one day slowly returning to his poor lodging, when he saw, by mere chance, the two little pictures of which he had been robbed, in the window of a pawnbroker. On entering, and enquiring how they had been obtained, he could get no satisfactory answer; but on asking the price, he was told they were, as a pair, three guineas.

Orlando eagerly enquired—"If he had not

also a lady's gold watch, which came from the same parties?"

The man, with a suspicious air, opened a drawer, from whence he drew poor Seraphina's watch, but instantly replaced it. A gentleman, entering at the moment, enquired the price of the pictures, and proceeded immediately to purchase them. The broker mentioned Orlando as having claimed them, and hinted his suspicions of something being wrong about him, which led to his relating the "unvarnished truth" of the story, and critically describing the watch. Mr. C——*, the purchaser, was well known to the man as the most eminent printseller in the kingdom, and seeing he was kindly inclined to the young painter, he also was civil, and offered to sell him the watch far below its value, or keep it for him until a more convenient time. Orlando thankfully accepted the latter offer, and left the place with Mr. Colnaghi, who gave him a commission for two other small pictures, for which he promised five guineas, two of which he now put into Orlando's hands, in order to purchase materials.

* Why should I hesitate to say, that the late Mr. Colnaghi is the person here mentioned? every word of this transaction, and all that follows, where he is concerned, being true to the letter, and told to me by the artist himself. B. H.

For this purpose he hastened to Newman's in Soho-square, and whilst there, looked in at Davidson's, " as there might be a letter." There was indeed a letter from his mother; he opened it with a trembling hand—it hailed him as a father.

Let those who *can*, condemn the youthful parent, the doating husband, that, forgetful of his poverty, his distance, the severity of the weather, and the indisposition which hung over him, after kissing the letter over and over, hastened into the city, and soon found himself on the top of that very vehicle where, not a twelvemonth before, he had journeyed with that wife who was now " dearer than the bride."

The night was cold, and Orlando suffered severely in the course of it; but in the morning all was forgotten. He knelt by the side of Seraphina, he beheld her pale but smiling countenance, he pressed his lips on the velvet cheek of that helpless little one, who was only less dear than herself; and he beheld his beloved mother happy in them all, and delighted with the very cares they caused her.

When the anxious young wife had the power of observing her husband, she was struck with his altered looks, and sorry to observe that he

had a little cough, which teased him perpetually, and which she imputed to a cold caught in coming down. Orlando himself made light of it; and more than ever anxious to share her society, he applied himself with the utmost diligence to the pictures ordered by his new and liberal friend; and Seraphina, conscious that she could finish them more highly, in her anxiety to assist him, retarded her recovery; happily for both, Gibson remitted a part of his rent to Mrs. Weston; and thus all were, to a certain degree, relieved.

At the end of a month, the pictures being finished, and Mrs. Weston dividing her purse with them, Seraphina accompanied her husband to London, and they waited together on Mr. Colnaghi, who was much pleased with his purchase, and ordered another pair of larger dimensions, observing, "that he was sorry to see how much Orlando was altered since he had left town."

On calling at the upholder's in Greek-street, the observation was re-echoed, the person exclaiming, with more sympathy than wisdom, "Bless my life! the poor creature is in a galloping consumption."

These words struck on Seraphina's ear like the sentence of death, nor could she rest till she

had procured the best medical advice for Orlando, which, however judiciously given, produced no apparent change for the better. He became every day thinner and weaker; his appetite failed entirely; and it was the bitter agony of his wife to feel the pressure of poverty, in that case where riches are especially desirable. Every day to know you live in the midst of delicacies money could procure, yet to be unable to obtain them for one so fondly doated on, so pitiably situated, so worthy of all, and more than all, the world could give, oh! this is indeed to drink the very dregs of the cup of penury—it is to wring out the last drops from the chalice of want and misery.

They now expected letters from abroad; and Seraphina felt sure, that whatever might be their sentiments as to her marriage, both parents would relieve her probable distress under it. Her mother could not fail to consider for *her*, seeing she was considerate for *all;* and she had in the most moving manner appealed to her father's tenderness, and even justice, in his implied promise, and his evident love for Orlando, whom he had frequently even called his son, owning that she had met with more than one man of the description he had appeared to dread,

and only one who loved her in purity and truth. To her letters, alas! there arrived no answer, although a short one, evidently written under painful circumstances not specified, was received, assuring them of the continued and improved health of the party. Mr. Hanbury was still absent; and they had no friend to whom they could look for help, save Mr. Colnaghi, who not only took every work produced by their joint labour, but generally advanced them most of the money beforehand, knowing their pressing necessities.

Poor Seraphina, with a babe at her breast, and a husband so helpless and languishing, could rarely devote an hour to the pursuit of an art which demands an eye undimmed by tears, a hand unshaken by anxiety. Her recollection and imagination (so positively called upon for the power of combining forms and producing effects) were paralyzed by solicitude and poverty. How could she think of beauty, who beheld only decay? how transport her mind to groves and fields, trees and flowers, from a small attic in a narrow alley, whence proceeded the moans of sick children, the quarrels of vulgar mothers, and the oaths of their drunken husbands?

At length their benevolent employer perceiv-

ing how utterly impossible it was for the one to work at all, and the other to help herself further, put a twenty-pound note into Seraphina's hand, and told her to lose no time in setting off with her husband to Bristol, which he had understood to be the best place in England for persons who were ill of decline.—" And I will give you," he added, " a letter to a very liberal and clever physician at Bath. He once saved my life, and I doubt not he will do poor Weston good; I rather think you will be quite as well under his care as if you went further; but this he will be better able to determine than me."

Seraphina had frequently heard her mother speak of persons who travelled in Italy for decline; but she could not recollect that any amongst them recovered, save in the case of Orlando's father, whom, to her apprehension, he now greatly resembled. On the strength of his recovery, and the natural conclusion that their constitutions resembled each other, she endeavoured to build up those hopes, which, however fallaciously founded, are happily in early life ever ready to arise, and which in her it was a duty to awaken and foster, lest she should completely sink under the complicated miseries which surrounded her, and thereby destroy the sole comfort of her fragile partner.

Having written an account of their intended removal to Mrs. Weston, and revealed the distressing reasons for it, in the least painful manner possible, well knowing what the feelings of the mother must be, she prepared, as quickly as possible, to take the advice of their only friend, and set out on a journey, from which the invalid himself augured those happy results, so generally expected by sufferers of his description, to whom disease itself is kindly deceptive.

Consistent with that steady sense of duty, which influenced her not less than pure affection, Seraphina placed her husband in the inside of the coach, and laid her baby on his lap, whilst she ventured herself upon the roof. True it is, that " when the mind's at ease, the body's delicate;" a heart aching with intense anxiety, a mind busied with incessant cares, living in another's life, seems frequently endowed with a power to suffer and to struggle beyond all common calculations. Thus was it with Seraphina; but the child had not the mother's powers, and had been long ailing, in consequence of the mother's uneasiness; and before their arrival in Bath, the little sufferer became seriously ill.

Conscious that on this account they could not for the present proceed, and that medical advice

was immediately called for, the letter to the kind physician became of tenfold value. His pity and skill were not appealed to in vain; he visited them immediately, prescribed both for the father and child; and considering the state of the former to be perfectly hopeless, advised them to procure a cottage in the neighbourhood of Beechum Cliff, of which several had been lately prepared for the accommodation of patients with humble means.

By his own recommendation to the landlord, they were soon settled in one of these domiciles, and Seraphina thankfully held their situation valuable, on account of his kindness and services, which she had no chance of finding in Bristol; and on informing poor Mrs. Weston of the change in their destination, she so far dwelt on its advantages, as to cast a veil over the increasing weakness of her son, and her own trouble with the pining infant.

This season was particularly bad for farmers, as may be painfully remembered; in consequence of which poor Gibson was behind-hand with his rent, and the summer was far advanced before he could remit to Mrs. Weston, and thereby enable her to pay her debts, and proceed to join her beloved children. Indeed it required no little

resolution in her to set out on so long a journey without a friend, after the affliction of the last, the effects of which still hung about her.

Most welcome was her presence to the young people; but dreadfully did the appearance of her idolized, her only son, wound her heart, and tax her fortitude; and when he told her how much better he had grown, and she saw (as she fully believed) death written on every feature of his still beautiful countenance, her emotions rose to very agony. Yet she suppressed all; she read the entreaty of Seraphina in her suppliant looks, and hurrying to her little chamber, there gave way to the yearnings of her overcharged and nearly broken heart.

The summer of 1816, though rainy and cheerless, was not visited by those excessive heats and trying changes which operate as by pestilence on the withering forms of consumptive patients, and Orlando was therefore enabled, day after day, somewhat to aid the lagging hours, by a book or a pencil. The poor child still languished, but in the beginning of autumn it sunk into that grave which seemed open for the father also, and into which his extreme fondness for the dear child (which he believed to be the sharer of his disease, and had ever fondly tended), seemed

likely to precipitate him. To soothe his sorrows, and avert his mind from dwelling on them, the young mother bore her trial nobly, and emulating her example, bravely did the fond husband struggle with his fate, at once seeking support from heaven, in resignation to its will, and to avert, by exertion, that poverty pressing upon them now more than ever.

Relieved from one description of toil, Seraphina eagerly entered on another; and when she had laid in the earth that dear little being who first awoke in her heart its most holy affections, she began eagerly to work on the unfinished pictures of her husband, or commence new ones, from sketches made in their immediate neighbourhood. She was extremely anxious, through this medium, to pay her debt to Mr. Colnaghi; but other claims were also on her mind. "Yet surely his were the first, and it would be impossible to ask him even for a trifle, without sending one picture at least."

She was the better enabled to pursue this plan of industry, from the assistance given by her mother-in-law, and because the wearisome hours of Orlando were amused by watching her progress, and commenting upon it. He could seldom paint himself, but he had pleasure in sup-

posing he was useful to her, by mixing a colour, or preparing a pannel; and when she had finished two small pictures begun by himself, he placed them in the window to dry with his own hands, and began eagerly to speak of what should be next undertaken.

Scarcely had this circumstance taken place, when a gentleman, walking past the cottage, was struck by the appearance of fresh-done paintings, in a spot where he could not have expected such productions; after examining them some time, he stepped in, and inquired, "If the paintings in the window were intended for sale?" adding —"that he was himself an artist, and therefore could not afford a high price, but he must own they pleased him much, and he should like to become the purchaser."

Seraphina answered—"That the pictures were part of a commission from a gentleman in London, but as he had never seen, and could have no predilection for them, she considered her husband at liberty to sell them."

Even as she spoke, the words died away on her lips, for a rough-looking stranger had entered the open door, and addressing Orlando (who was laid on an old sofa, with his eyes fixed on the gentleman), rudely demanded payment of the bill sent in last Monday.

"Last Monday! I really don't know any thing of it; I have forgotten——"

"Forgotten! why, 'twas for the coffin and the funeral of your own child!" cried the boisterous creditor; "I should hardly a thout ye'd a forgotten he already."

The changes in Orlando's countenance were alarming, and Seraphina besought the man to listen to her; but the new-found deliverer, opening his pocket-book, took out two five-pound bills, and inquired—"If ten pounds would do?"

"Oh, yes, yes, more than do!" cried Seraphina, bursting into tears.

"More than *do*, I trust, for this unfeeling man, but not more than pay for the pictures, certainly. I will send for them to-morrow, or perhaps look in myself; I hope then to find my brother artist better."

The man was gone, and Orlando breathed again; and though the hectic of shame, as well as fever, tinged his cheek, his heart sprung forth to thank the benefactor who rescued him in such a distressing moment, that he appeared to him a messenger from Heaven.

The gentleman (who was no other than the late Mr. Hewlet) endeavoured to divert his mind from memory of the late painful scene, by speak-

ing of the pictures, and making observations on them likely to please the painter, and wean the sufferer from his mortification; and with a tact the delicately compassionate alone possess, spoke of the trials peculiar to artists, and their feelings under them, in a manner so truly sympathetic, that Orlando felt not only soothed, but invigorated by his visit, which lasted a considerable time, and enabled him to obtain courage to advert to the ill-fated opening of their acquaintance, by saying—"It is a fact, that the words, ten pounds, were on my lips, as the price of this pair of pictures, when I was so cruelly annoyed by the entrance of the only rude creditor it has been my lot to encounter; but if that is more than you intended to pay, pray say so, my dear sir, and the matter shall be rectified very shortly."

"I will answer you candidly. In my own mind, I meant to give ten guineas, not as being their value, but because I had not a right to treat myself by a farther out-lay. To prove my sincerity, I now ask you to paint me another pair for that price; you know it is the custom of artists to work for guineas, not pounds, the only respect, I believe, in which we resemble physicians." So saying, he departed, only adding—"he would soon call with the money he was indebted,

when he hoped to find the invalid much better."

This was again an unexpected relief, but it called only the more upon Seraphina's energy and industry; therefore to Mrs. Weston, of necessity, the sole cares of their little household devolved; and although continually asking Seraphina for advice or temporary assistance, yet she did manage tolerably for all, under the equal pressure of stern necessity and pure affection. As promising the more immediate payment, the new commission was got forward the first; but another pair was put into hand for Mr. Colnaghi, and worked upon by turns, their labours being now enlivened occasionally by calls from Mr. Hewlet, who often brought little presents of fruit, or confectionary, for the poor man, whose every day he almost expected to be the last.

At the time when this "friend indeed" called to pay for the second pair of pictures, he mentioned, as the news of the day, "that on the Monday following a balloon would be set off from Sidney Gardens, in which the great aëronaut of the day would ascend;" and observed, "that a very fine view of it would be obtained from the hill above their house."

From this time poor Orlando talked of nothing

but the balloon, when he could talk at all; and although Seraphina sought to divert his mind by drawing him to the pictures designed for London, and seeking to interest him in their progress, her efforts were entirely in vain. He would recapitulate his misfortune, in missing the only balloon he ever had happened to be near, calculate on the accession of strength he might expect in the next fine days, and confidently predict, that as he could now walk fifty yards, he should then walk a hundred. It was evident that it haunted his imagination, in such a manner as to have completly absorbed a mind partially weakened by long suffering and confinement.

Desirous of yielding him every possible gratification, and grieving that so little remained in their power, when the day really arrived, Seraphina and his mother proposed taking him in a chaise to the gardens; but of this he would not hear. His plan was laid, and with quiet but determined pertinacity, he insisted on following it.—"I will go out in very good time," said he, "with Sera for one arm, and this good stick for the other; we will carry my drops and some water, and I am certain I can manage it."

Seraphina's heart sunk at the thoughts of what

they might encounter: disappointment, suffering, death itself, swam before her eyes, as the natural result of the experiment; but she could not bring herself to oppose his wishes: that beseeching eye had so long looked to her for all it desired—so long had he regarded her with gratitude, as unbounded as his love, that she could not now dispute even the most inconsistent entreaty.

In extreme solicitude the mother remained behind; a humble assistant followed with a chair; and thus prepared, they began to ascend the narrow path from their own dwelling, towards the one leading up the hill.

Every step was a dreadful exertion; pause succeeded pause, each more lengthened than the last; and respiration became at length so difficult, that Seraphina observed it was impossible to proceed. Orlando, utterly incapable of reply, pointed to a little knoll at a very short distance, as a place where he would be contented to rest; and thither his patient conductor tried to lead and support him.

But ere they attained this, the guns were fired which announced the ascent of the balloon. Orlando pressed forward; he reached the spot, and Seraphina, on whom his wasted form almost wholly rested, pointed out the object his eye

sought for, majestically rising above the city, and bearing directly towards the place on which they stood, and he was thus enabled clearly to perceive the bold adventurer. At the moment he passed over their heads, with the enthusiasm natural to a young and ardent mind, the enfeebled invalid waved his hat above his head, and tried to hail him; but in the very attempt, he became apparently suffocated; violent sickness ensued; the attendant flew to his assistance, but he was now sunk upon the grass, and both her and Seraphina believed that he would rise no more.

Gently, gently did they raise his head, and seek to resuscitate his exhausted frame by the restorative drops, and when they perceived that he did once more breathe and swallow, they placed him in the chair, and prepared to carry him home; but he was now sensible of breathing, with a freedom he had not known for months, and his trembling wife perceived with astonishment that he spoke with his former voice. Mrs. Weston received them with fearful apprehension, and was astonished on her son rejoicing to see the coffee ready, and begging for a toast, "as he was very hungry."

Orlando took the refreshment prepared, and then laid down and fell into the calmest slumber

he had enjoyed since their arrival. Seraphina now sent a pressing message to their friendly physician, whom she yet dreaded to behold, lest she should learn that this great change was preparatory to a still greater.

Orlando awoke refreshed, and again desired food, observing—"That the pain and weight so long upon his breast were entirely gone, and had left very little soreness, and that his appetite was craving."

The physician arrived, and after various questions, and seeing him take a portion of nutriment prepared by his directions, he declared, "that the imposthume, which had so long threatened his existence, was really gone, and had undoubtedly been suppurated in the moment of his intense excitation with the balloon; he recommended extreme care and prudence in his treatment, and had no doubt but he would be soon restored to convalescence*."

Orlando slept—no fever scorched his veins, no cough obstructed his breathing, a respiration, soft as infancy, parted his unparched lips; and the mother and wife, who, during the live-long night, watched in doubtful joy his unwonted slumbers, at length became assured that they

* This artist, whose case I have given as I received it from *himself*, is still living. B. H.

might dare to be happy. Grasping each others hands, they knelt down together, their silent tears of mutual gratulations fell upon each others bosoms, their heart-felt gratitude, their profound adoration, ascended to the throne of Heaven.

Not less fervid was the pious thanksgiving of the late sufferer, when he became sensible that he had shaken off disease as a mantle, and that health and strength were now revisiting his shrunken form, and sending the tide of life through his withered veins. His figure recovered its commanding height, his step regained its elasticity, and he soon required the warning voice of his ever watchful Mentor, to remember "that he was still very weak, and must be guarded."

But Orlando did not need any one to tell him that his first visit must be to the house of God, for the language of his heart was, "I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord;" and on the second Sunday from the time we speak of, he was enabled to accompany his wife and mother to church, and remain for the communion without weariness or exhaustion.

His appearance at church was that of a being

so shadowy and attenuated, so delicate and lonely, that he seemed to be scarcely an inhabitant of earth; and the ardour of his devotions, the entire abstractedness of his air, rendered his manners still more impressive than his person. A gentleman was near him, who had himself been very ill, and perhaps this circumstance, more than any other, rendered him interested in one so young and so enfeebled. He spoke of him the following day to Mr. Hewlet, who was then painting his niece, as possessing the finest profile he had ever seen, and expressed a great desire to know more of him.

"It must surely be the young landscape painter; yet I had no idea he would ever go to church again. Let us go together and see if it is the same."

The interest Orlando had excited whilst unknown was considerably increased, when Mr. Wilmot (the gentleman in question) heard his simple yet not ineloquent account of the wonderful change which had befallen him, and listened to his spirit-stirring description of those feelings which animated his heart, and restored him the power of exertion. Mr. Wilmot was a man of large fortune, and known as an amateur and patron of art, particularly in landscape;

it was therefore not surprising, that he accorded a share of his favour to one who had in fact captivated him more as a man than a painter.

"You shall paint me a pair of small pictures like those of Mr. Hewlet, but you must put them in suitable frames."

By the time these were finished, Orlando was able to take them to the Upper Crescent himself. Mr. Wilmot expressed himself much pleased, and commissioned him to make a copy of a valuable picture, for which he was willing to give sixty guineas; "but," he added, "I will pay you for *these* at present; what are they?"

Orlando answered—"The pictures are ten guineas, the frames five guineas."

Mr. Wilmot wrote a check, which he gave Orlando, who took it thankfully, and departed.

When Orlando had descended the hill to a little distance, he looked at his check, in order to see where the banker lived, and perceived that Mr. Wilmot had made a mistake, and given him a check for thirty guineas, on which he ran back immediately, and showed him in what the error consisted.

"I will rectify it," said Mr. Wilmot; and on giving him another folded check into his hands, said, "be assured there is no mistake *now*, so

go as fast as you can to my banker's in Milsom-street. I expect you to dine with me at five on Friday; but make all the haste you can *now*, as you may want the money *immediately*."

Orlando well knew that if he dined at such a house as this on Friday, he should indeed want his money immediately; therefore he ran down into the city with all speed; and on giving his check to the clerk, received, to his astonishment, the sum of sixty guineas*.

Mr. Wilmot's emphatic *now*, his benevolent smile, even his manner of hastening him out of the house, proved his kindness intentional. He reached home with a heart glowing with gratitude and pleasure, which was heightened when participated with the partners of his poverty and anxiety. While his heart still throbbed with these emotions, he wrote a letter to his benefactor, which proved not only the warmth of his thankfulness, but the polish of his mind—the sensibility of his heart.

The invitation now given led to many. Mr. Wilmot's circle comprehended the wealthy, the literary, and the fashionable; all were likely to

* This was the conduct of the late Mr. Wilmot of Bath to the artist whose memoirs are here introduced, and to whom he bequeathed a thousand pounds.

befriend Orlando; but the last were his more immediate patrons, and they adopted him for his personal advantages (now peculiarly striking), and his talents for music, quite as much as for his pursuit of art, to which might be added the *name* his extraordinary cure had procured him, as a kind of wonder. Under these circumstances, the more Bath filled, the more was Orlando courted; but Seraphina, who in the first instance had been delighted with the attention shewn him, became alarmed for so young a man taken completely into a new and dazzling sphere, and, so far as she could see, by no means essentially benefited by the change.

They had indeed a few commissions, but of the most trifling kind, besides that of Mr. Wilmot, and upon these she was left to labour nearly alone, for morning breakfasts and concerts, evening dinners or balls, consumed the time of her husband; and although he always lamented leaving her, and returned to her with pleasure, he found himself wound in toils that appeared inextricable. Under these circumstances was finished the picture of his only real Bath friend, if we except the kind Mr. Hewlet.

A severe shock awaited its delivery, as he found Mr. Wilmot was suffering under a return

of that complaint which had formerly afflicted him. Ill as he was, he desired to see Orlando, who from that time seldom left him, till the awful hour which removed him for ever.

This circumstance was deeply afflictive to Orlando; nor did the information that his friend had left him a handsome legacy lessen, but increase the acuteness of his sorrow; but as his feelings could only be estimated by those who knew him, to his own family were their developement confined.

In a short time Orlando was paid for the last commission of his friend, and informed, "that in a year's time he would receive a thousand pounds, which he had left him." He read the letter with dismay, and exclaimed—"His death is a blow which prostrates all my hopes; already the people who have flattered and invited me, look cold upon me, nor do they pay even for their trifling pictures; I am disgusted with Bath, and think we had better leave it."

"So do I, my dear, because it is unquestionably your duty to go to London, and serve out your time with Mr. Hanbury."

"I have not forgotten that painful subject, Seraphina; but I trust I shall by and by be able to offer him money instead of time."

"That will not reconcile your uncle, Orlando."

"My uncle! surely you cannot think I owe him service, a cruel man, who returns even our letters unopened?"

"We are called upon to perform *our* duties, whether he performs his or not. Six months is not a long time to serve one who has proved himself a kind master, and more especially sought to preserve your great-uncle to his family. When we came here, most gladly would I have entered into any service, however long or galling, only to have preserved your life, my dear Orlando. Think how much we owe God for extraordinary mercies, and you will think little of what we pay man in the path of duty and obedience."

"I will go wherever you wish me: I will be an ironmonger all my life, to save you from the recurrence of those privations under which you have suffered so much. How could I ever know even the gratification of an hour unshared by you?"

In a few days Seraphina had procured payment for some small pictures, and packed the rest for repayment to Mr. Colnaghi; and whilst her husband bade adieu to his gay friends, she

had gratefully visited the benevolent physician, and no less benevolent painter, dropt a tear on the grave of her little one; and after earnestly recommending herself and her future path to that merciful God, who had sustained her through so many trials, prepared to enter anew on a life of turmoil and care, dependence and privation, in a different scene.

CHAP. XI.

The Westons arrived in London at a time when the services of Orlando were particularly welcome to Mr. Hanbury; for the long and vexatious residence he had been obliged to make in Ireland, had injured his health, and having been himself recommended to visit Bath, he wished to leave behind a person in whom he could confide. He was much struck by the more manly appearance and improved behaviour, of one to whom time, sorrow, and experience, had imparted many useful lessons, and to whom superior society had given some portion of its graces, without injuring simplicity and openness in manners.

"I have several letters for you, which came at different times, and the former ones by circuitous routes; but I have only known a very short time of your being in Bath, and I had no address to you there; so I determined to bring them myself, assured that I should find your residence, though I feared it was a very poor

one, as I know your uncle has sent you but little help, and of late none at all."

These letters were first from Florence, and afterwards Naples; and it appeared that in consequence either of their own various movements, or from political causes, the travellers had suffered great anxiety respecting those whom they had left behind. At one time they had been rendered extremely wretched, by the clandestine journey of Seraphina, which was communicated to them by Lady Emily, through the medium of a gentleman in Rome; but this dreadful letter was soon succeeded by another, in which she told the fate of her brother-in-law, who had exerted himself on his death-bed to exonerate Seraphina from all blame, and confess the errors of his own conduct, towards one whom he declared to be as innocent as she was faultless. It was a considerable time after this, before letters had been received from England, announcing her marriage by Seraphina, from which time Mrs. Barnard had been a prey to unceasing anxiety, knowing, as she could not help doing, the want they could not fail to encounter, though even her worst forebodings had never amounted to half the dread reality. She now wrote, empowering her daughter to receive the rents due

from her farm, and gladdened her with the assurance that they should come to England as soon as it was possible for her father and Mr. Weston to secure the objects of their journey, for which every thing was in the happiest train.

It appeared, from Mrs. Barnard's share in the correspondence, that both the fathers were delighted with the union of their children; and Barnard so proud of the conduct of his daughter, in resisting the allurements of so handsome and captivating a man, that he reiterated promises of making her easy for life on his return. Mr. Weston spoke of himself as perfectly restored to health, and this assurance, combined with all she had observed in her husband, was consolatory to Seraphina, who justly concluded that the ailments of both father and son arose from accident, and were not the result of constitutional weakness.

When these delightful letters had been read and re-read, until every word was committed to the memory of each, Seraphina busied herself with seeking a lodging for herself and Mrs. Weston, which should be within an easy distance of Orlando, whom yet they determined to leave wholly at liberty, in order that he might now prove himself indeed the trust-worthy ser-

vant required in his master's absence; and no kind words were wanting which might stimulate him to exertion, or console him for change of situation, and absence from those so entirely loved, and to whose society he had been so long habituated.

When Seraphina presented herself and her pictures to Mr. Colnaghi, together with the astonishing news that her husband was in health, and then pursuing a far different occupation to that of painting, the kind-hearted man was equally glad and astonished, considering his recovery as little short of miraculous, but being willing to give his friend, the physician, credit for procuring it. Seraphina assured him that she had received from that gentleman every possible kindness, as well as from himself; and as her only means of acknowledging it, she proposed painting a pair of pictures, to send down as soon as she could procure frames for them.

"You have brought me not only more than I expected, but more than you ought to do. These I claim as my own; the small pair, done last, and which some persons would prefer, you may send to the doctor—or, rather, I will frame them for you, and forward them, if you will write a note."

This was soon done, for Sera had always the

pen of a ready writer; and although her eyes overflowed with mingled feelings, there was some pleasurable sensation in her grateful tears. That business settled, she entered into further negociation with Mr. Colnaghi, who, although he did not want any more paintings of landscape, advised her to call on him now and then, as it was very likely he might get her to copy or repair pictures, and in various ways assist her.

The next time Seraphina went thither, she was obliged to wait some time before Mr. Colnaghi could speak to her, during which her eye was attracted by a case of miniatures that lay open on the table. There were in it four portraits; two were of children; one of a lady about twenty, apparently their mother, and another of a lady turned thirty, and evidently of a much earlier date; *this* she saw, with great surprise, exactly resembled one of her father's mother, which he always carried about his person. On looking nearer, she thought one of the children greatly resembled her own lamented babe.

She mentioned these circumstances to Mr. Colnaghi, and inquired "if he knew the owner of the case?" to which he answered in the negative, saying, "it had been left with his son by a gentleman, who purchased a good many things,

and desired them to get some repairs done for the case, for which he was to call on his return from a journey to the north."

Seraphina could not help musing on the circumstance all the way home; but on arriving there, it was entirely put out of her mind by the evident uneasiness of Mrs. Weston, who, during her absence, had received a letter, forwarded to her through Mr. Hanbury's house, and which ran thus:

"DEAR NIECE,

"Old Johnson, my housekeeper, died about a month since, and I am very poorly. Sally behaves extremely ill, and Jack is good for nothing; so that if you are not afraid of another journey, I wish you would come and see what is to be done. But if you have any ailment yourself, it is of no use to come; but if you know any steady, respectable person, who understands the country, pray send her to take care of me. I am glad your son has returned to his business; 'tis a long lane that has never a turn;' and I begin to hope he may do well at last, though a man seldom gets over a foolish marriage.

"Yours, &c.

"H. WESTON."

When Seraphina laid down the letter, Mrs. Weston, in a plaintive voice, began to say—"I do dread going to that house again very much; but then, Johnson will not be there to torment me; and I cannot bear the thoughts of that saucy jade, Sally, insulting the old man, now he is unable to help himself. When all is said and done, I now see clearly he has had his trials with us, as well as us with him; and when I was a girl, he was very kind to me; I have always said that. We must forget and forgive; I will not desert him now; yet I tremble to think of it."

"Make me your substitute, dear mother. I will go to him as a superior servant sent by you, so shall I avoid stirring any angry feelings against me as Orlando's wife, and ensure him those attentions his enfeebled, perhaps dying, state requires."

When Orlando heard of this scheme in the evening, he protested most violently against it, but suffered himself to be persuaded into it by his mother, who represented Seraphina's health as likely to be injured by residence in the city, and as he also knew, that if she was near, he should be perpetually running to see her, his reason yielded, though slowly, to the "belief that

it might be a good thing;" but he made many stipulations as to her situation, and insisted that she should tell him the very hour she wished to return, when he would fly to her relief immediately.

The very next morning, after dressing herself in Mrs. Weston's caps, and endeavouring to make herself in every respect look as old as she could, with a palpitating heart, but humble resolution, Seraphina set out; but the hurry of her preparation had not prevented her from providing a little present to leave at the house where her husband had been so kindly treated; nor did she pass through Northampton without a remembrancer to her frill-seller. The road thither was indeed full of sorrowful recollections, and it was well for her when she had passed the place, and was induced to look forward; but so much did she find to fear, that she became surprised at her own temerity, and could only reconcile herself to so desperate a step, by the belief that her mother would have done the same under the same circumstances. Often did she remember her words, "Nothing is shameful but sin—there is no sorrow to be compared with disgrace." It was at this time her comfort to know that, however deeply she had drank of the for-

mer, the latter was untasted yet; and she trusted that her present journey would avert it still further; she felt that the path of duty might be thorny, but never could be base.

When Seraphina arrived at Mr. Weston's house in Macclesfield, she was informed by an idle-looking footboy, who swung the door backward and forward all the while he was speaking, "that maister was very bad, and couldn't see nobody, so it was no use to come in." Seraphina nevertheless did step in, and ordered the porter to put down her luggage.

"What's the meaning of all this?" said the maid, who was descending the stairs; "I suppose somebody is come here by mistake; we can't do with company at our house."

"I am sent here by Mrs. Weston, from London, and——"

"Then you may go back for your pains; I shan't let any body come here, to disturb the poor old soul up stairs, that I shan't."

Seraphina, wearied and disheartened, felt that her task would be beyond her strength; nevertheless she endeavoured to rally, and inquired, "who attended his master?" of the boy.

"Why Doctor Edwards, to be sure, as lives at the bottom o' the street."

"Conduct me to Doctor Edwards," said she to the porter.

In a short time Seraphina returned, accompanied by this gentleman, with whom she went to the chamber of the invalid, whom she found a well-looking, though aged man, sitting by a little miserable fire, with a basin of greasy water, misnamed broth, standing on the hob, which he very naturally declared "he could not bring himself to taste."

When he had read his niece's letter, he said—"It seemed strange she should send so young a woman to nurse him;" nevertheless, seeing she had come so far, she must be taken care of; adding, "I doubt Sally will lead the poor thing a terrible life."

"You must not permit that, sir," said Mr. Edwards.

"Ay! 'tis very fine talking—ill as I am, what can I do?"

"Sir," said Seraphina, mildly, but with a firm voice, "I am come hither to be your upper servant, and I trust you will give me a month's trial, but I expect to be solely mistress of those below me; and if *you* place me in this situation, I have no doubt I shall preserve it."

"Fairly spoken, young woman, so pray ring the bell."

But before he had time to desire Sally's presence, she rushed in, declaring, "that now Johnson was dead and gone, nobody should be put over her head; and if the Lunnun woman was to stay, she would go away in ten minutes, that she would."

"You hear, Mr. Edwards, what I have to endure perpetually?"

"Then bear it no longer, sir; stranger as I am, I will do every thing you require, until a proper servant can be procured in this young woman's place," said the newly-arrived housekeeper.

The rage of the servant now knew no bounds, and her violence so affected the patient, that the medical man removed her by force. The stranger (who announced herself as Mrs. Sera) informed her, "that if she behaved herself properly, she would retain her, but if not, she would pay her her wages, with due allowance for her sudden departure, and dismiss her immediately."

The calmness of Seraphina's temper, and the superiority of her manners, convinced Sally that she was not to be frightened out of her purpose; and when she had seen her tie on an apron, and take up the coal-scuttle to refresh her master's fire, she felt that her reign was over. Sitting

down sullenly, she said—" Madam might take her own way;" and the boy observed, " so she might for him."

It was soon perceived that the old man was in want of every comfort, and Seraphina, opening a little box, took out some arrow-root, which she prepared as a substitute for his unpalatable broth. He ate it with great pleasure, observing, it was long since he had any thing half so good, and he really believed he had no complaint which good nursing could not cure. His new nurse advised him to lie down, and lamented there was no sofa in the room.

" There is a very nice one in the drawing-room adjoining, but I could never get it here. Johnson expected it would be hers in time, so she would not let me use it."

Seraphina immediately desired the boy to help her in with the sofa, and despite of his allegiance to Sally, he obeyed. When Mr. Weston was laid down, she next examined his bed, and finding it was hard (being indeed the worst in the house), she, with Jack's assistance, changed it for the best, and without finding fault with any thing, rendered the room more comfortable; so that the boy observed, " she could put her hand to any thing, and be civil into the bargain."

As the damsel below continued sullen, Seraphina cooked the dinner, and partook it with her charge, who praised her cookery and her carving. Sally herself condescended to eat, and after a time, both her and Jack thought "they might as well stay, and see the end of things."

The next morning, the invalid, having had a good night, was really better; and on taking the nice basin of chocolate, made by his housekeeper from the contents of her little box, he said—"It was very pretty of his niece to send him these good things; it proved her to be more thoughtful than she used to be;" and he went on to inquire about her son, and how he had gone on, with his *fine lady* wife?

"They have suffered a great deal from sickness and poverty."

"They had nothing better to expect; sorrow brings sickness and poverty both. Have they any children?"

"They had a little boy," said Seraphina, "but they lost it."

"Poor little thing! poor little thing!" said the old man; and again her heart softened towards him.

When Sally resumed her activity, she did not resume her duties, but left the "Lunnun woman"

to perform every menial office, save what Jack, in his impudent indolence, sometimes amused himself with stooping to do; but every day she had the satisfaction of seeing her patient improve under her hands, and his gratitude for her attentions were expressed in the warmest manner. As it was evident that she suffered much in her health, he became also adviser and purveyor for *her;* and although till now very penurious in his habits, was always inquiring for something that might tempt her to eat, or in any manner prove his regard for her. He even praised his niece highly for sending her, and expressed a great desire to be acquainted with his great-nephew, who, he said, might have been a clever fellow, if he had not had fools for his parents—"Fools they must be," he would add, "since they never cut the figure rogues would have done, and yet sunk into poverty all the same."

"But surely, sir, it was a much better thing so to sink and so to suffer, than mislead their fellow-creatures, by assuming the wealth they had not, and thereby contracting debts they could not pay? They have injured not one human being, save themselves, and preserved an old family name from stain and blame."

"No such thing, child; they have injured

their innocent son, by robbing him of his patrimony; and who knows that he will not be led by his poverty to disgrace his name?"

"Never, sir, *never;* he has been tried in the hottest fire of adversity, and not found wanting."

"So much the better; and, as you say, they might have done worse: many a hundred pounds would have been in my purse now, if your dashing folks, who flourish on credit, and become bankrupt at last, hadn't taken them out. I loved Charles Weston dearly once; there never was a sweeter youth, for certain."

"And believe me, sir, there are few better men; had you witnessed, as I have, his patient industry, his sincere piety, his unchanging affection, his resignation, and——"

"Yes, yes, there was every thing about him that would have made an excellent country clergyman. I see it now—I see it now."

When conversations of this kind occurred, Seraphina earnestly desired to seize an auspicious moment for revealing herself, more especially as Orlando, whose letters were her sole comfort, was continually urging her to do so; but she could not gain the courage she fancied the confession required. When she had been about two months, and had really nursed the old man into health,

she was greatly assisted by the arrival of his partner, Mr. Matthews, who generally looked in twice a-day. One morning he entered in a great hurry, and after shutting the door cautiously, said to Mr. Weston—"Pray do you recollect getting from me a bank post bill for your niece, when she was living in Northampton?"

"To be sure I do, though she never acknowledged it to this day; but you know she was always very idle."

"Don't blame her, sir, about this, for depend upon it, she never received it: this fifty pound is the very bill, I know, because I wrote upon it, and a small note at the same time, 'John Jasper,' from whom I received them. Now this bill is just put into my hand, to be changed by the nephew of your late housekeeper, who undoubtedly purloined it."

"I can explain it all," said Seraphina, eagerly. "Mrs. Weston received from you a five guinea Macclesfield bank-note, which was very much crumpled and dirty, and on which I remember seeing the words, 'John Jasper,' written in a good hand."

"That note I gave undoubtedly to Johnson for house expences, at the same time."

"I saw you do it," said Mr. Matthews, "and

remember your saying, that you hated the sight of dirty paper."

"Mrs. Weston was so struck with the circumstance, that she said—'You could not have sent it, especially as it was for a sum so trifling, as to be quite inadequate to the purpose for which it was meant;' and when she wrote to thank you, she specified the sum and the number of the bill," added Seraphina.

"I never had any answer from her."

"Of course not," said Mr. Matthews, "for it must have led to discovery; your *servants* took care you heard no more from her."

"Her letters were returned to her by the post, as I can prove," said Seraphina, taking several from her bag, amongst which was one written by herself in their extreme distress.

The old man held it in his hand, evidently much hurt, and repeating, "Five guineas—poor Betsey! it was mocking her to send five guineas; had you brought me a larger bill, Matthews, I should have sent it. I was angry at her son, but she had no harm in her—poor Betsey! she was my best friend's only child."

Tears were in the old man's eyes, but seeking to hide his emotion, he began to read the letter in his hand, though his spectacles were often

wiped; at length he said—" This is not written by her, it seems; but it's a pretty letter, I must say that," and he handed it to his partner, who immediately read it, and returning it, observed —" It's a letter that's enough to break a man's heart, especially when one remembers that your servants were robbing you, whilst your own flesh and blood were starving. Had me or my wife known that your relations were in this situation, the best bed, and the best bit in our house should have been theirs, poor young creatures."

Seraphina, overcome by her recollection of that trying period, could not forbear to weep.

" I suppose," said Mr. Matthews, " you know this to be all true?"

" Yes," said the old man, " she knows them well, and she has a tender heart that feels for every body; nor shall she want the means to help herself, and other people too, that I promise her, before you; she has been a daughter—more than a daughter to me."

" Then, dear sir," cried Seraphina, seizing his hand, " forgive me for the only fault you ever charged me with."

" Fault!—fault, child! you have no faults."

" I am the wife of Orlando Weston, the unhappy young woman who wrote the letter in

your hand. I came, believing that I was better able to take care of you than my mother Weston could be, since her misfortune."

"And well have you proved your power," cried Mr. Matthews; "you have given him a new lease of life."

The aged rarely weep, but old Mr. Weston wept freely, as he threw his arms round Seraphina, and called her his child—his own dear child; and again bade Mr. Matthews be a witness to his determination, that her and her dear, though unknown husband, should be the inheritors of Weston, and indeed, of all he had, save a due provision for their parents, whom he should yet live to see settled in their own country.

Fearful that this ebullition of feeling would prove injurious to one so weak, happy and grateful as she felt for the success of her mission, Seraphina earnestly sought to tranquillize and re-assure his mind. Having induced him to lie down, and endeavour to compose himself, she attended to Mr. Matthews, who had, by various significant gestures, given her to understand, that he must speak with her on a matter of importance immediately.

His communication amounted to informing her, that after receiving such a proof of the

character of Mr. Weston's servants, he felt it a positive duty to save him from further spoliation; and he wished her to remain perfectly quiet, and seek only to amuse the old gentleman, whilst he took the steps necessary for effecting his purpose.

In a short time he procured a search-warrant, and the boxes of Sally were subjected to a scrutiny they were little able to bear; for it appeared her own clothes had been sent out of the house piecemeal, in order to fill various trunks with the plate, linen, and china of her master, to which she had added several articles of Seraphina's wardrobe, which had attracted her fancy. The moment she learnt that Mr. Matthews and the constable were above stairs, "rummaging her things," she ran out of the house, and, so far as they knew, the town also, as she never made her appearance again; nor was the old gentleman troubled further with the matter, than giving the proof of her designs, and enabling him to put every thing into the care of his young niece, whom he designated Mrs. Weston, junior, and endeavoured to render important in the eyes of all who approached them. When he learnt from the doctor that she was likely to perpetuate the family name, his attentions were redoubled, and he seemed to think he never could do enough for

one so dear and so meritorious; and he hastened to introduce her to Mrs. Matthews, who was an excellent and amiable person, calculated to add greatly to her comfort.

This lady and her husband had long wished to inhabit Mr. Weston's house, which was very convenient, and alike suitable for their business and family; therefore, perceiving how wonderfully pliable he had of late become, and how much better his health really was, no wonder they took the opportunity of pressing upon him advice to leave the town altogether, and in his own native air recruit his constitution, and enjoy the society of those he loved. On referring to Seraphina for her opinion, she warmly seconded it, saying, that she had been so long accustomed to hear Orlando speak of Weston Green as a most beautiful place, it was certain she should be glad if he would live there, and occasionally receive herself and a family so long attached to it.

After two or three days' cogitation on the subject of his removal, which he connected with the idea of resigning all the business to his partner, his better feelings on that point prevailed, and the rest soon followed, for if gain could be given up, any thing else surely might. He even became anxious to expedite all their movements,

yet expressed a childish desire that they should not be revealed to his niece in London, whom he wished to surprise; and he dwelt much on his power to make alterations and improvements, talking (as aged people too often do) as if they were to live here for ever, and had quite forgotten that they must soon go elsewhere.

Their preparations for removal, and every other circumstance tending to their comfort, was arranged by Mr. Matthews; and as his good wife was the only object of regret to Seraphina, her general energy was exerted to expedite their movements; and at the end of a fortnight, herself, Mr. Weston, and a servant engaged to wait on her person, were placed in a post-chaise, attended by a new footboy, dressed in the family livery; for it appeared to be an express object with Mr. Weston, to restore and improve upon the former situation of his family.

Their journey was only fifteen miles, but it led through much that was beautiful in the picturesque and romantic county of Derby; and Mr. Weston was delighted to hear his great-niece declare that she had never seen any thing in England to be compared to the scenes she was now traversing. Part of their road lay through wild moorlands, sublime from their continuity,

and varied in their foreground by rocky knolls and murmuring rills. They passed sometimes through rich valleys and flowery meadows; skirted bold mountains, crowned with beetling rocks, and saw in their way the silver Dove and the flowing Derwent. The admiration expressed by Seraphina was delightful to Mr. Weston, and beguiled the length of a journey which he had somewhat feared to encounter, as it not only gratified his own predilection for his native place, but soothed those feelings of self-condemnation which had of late annoyed him, when he remembered his own unforgiving coldness and inattention, by pointing out the power of making atonement for the past.

Delighted with her observations, and even the knowledge of certain localities Seraphina displayed, he was led to speak of his own early days, and stepped back to schoolboy pranks, as if memory had treasured the records of half a century past, with a tenacity of which she was incapable since yesterday; and as his former school-house lay only a little way out of the road to Weston Green, being at the end of the village, he insisted on being driven thither, in order to ascertain if an old tree still remained, under which he had played marbles a thousand times, and seemed to

expect, that if not his playfellows, yet their descendants must be glad to receive him.

Seraphina was tired herself, and she knew the horses were, but she could not oppose him in a matter on which he had set his heart, and which probably gave him spirits enough to bear his fatigue; so orders were given, and in a short time they were in front of what appeared to her a long low cottage, wanting repairs as much as she feared the house would do whither they were hastening.

A post-chaise at Weston was an extraordinary sight, and although every body knew the improvements that were taking place argued the arrival of such a vehicle, they did not expect it as yet; nor were they inclined to pay much respect to the new comer, whom they termed "a hard-hearted uncle, who might be ashamed of stepping into his good nephew's place." Nevertheless, from the school-house its inhabitants quickly poured out, anxious to pay every possible attention to the strangers. A tall youth hastened to the carriage door; his younger brother and sisters gazed earnestly at the carriage and the lady; and their mother, a pale, but fine-looking woman, in a widow's mourning, hastened to welcome Seraphina, who was the first to alight.

When Mr. Weston had reached the house, and graciously received the inquiries of the widow, whom he addressed as Mrs. Foster, adding —" I had no idea you were here now," it was evident that the poor woman was ready to sink to the earth, whilst the face of the youth who had flown to the carriage was suffused with blushes, indicating alarm and distress. He, however, obeyed Mr. Weston's desire, that he would lead him to the tree, adding, " Seraphina might follow when she liked; her movements were quicker than his."

The moment he was out of hearing, the widow, in an agony of fear that would not be suppressed, addressed Seraphina—" I beg your pardon, madam, for entering on my own concerns to a stranger, but it is a matter of such great moment to me and mine, I must speak. Is old Mr. Weston going to remove us?—will he take away the bread of the orphan and the widow?"

" So far as I know, he has only stopped here to look at the play-ground of a place to which he is attached. Why should he remove you? and how could he do it?"

" You seem, ma'am, not to know that this school was endowed by the Westons centuries ago, with the condition that the resident should

always appoint the master; but in case of absence, the power was vested in the nearest clergyman and his churchwarden. They——may God bless them!" The poor woman stopped for a moment, unable to proceed; but the evident interest and sympathy of her hearer encouraged her, and she continued—" My excellent, my invaluable husband died last November, and left me with five children. I dare not advert to the dreadful sufferings of that time, or I could not tell my sorrowful story; it is enough to say, that my son, who you see, ma'am, is a manly boy, being as good and clever a young man at seventeen as ever was born, saved me from utter despair, by devoting himself to me and the children. He continued to instruct the village children, until such times as a master was provided, and, with my assistance, has hitherto managed so entirely to every body's satisfaction, that we hoped, by God's blessing, to remain, until the 'squire came home from foreign parts."

" I hope he will come soon," said Seraphina.

" But the question is to me, alas! will he come *here?* will he own his land, and enjoy his rights? Ah! were his dear wife here, most gladly would her kind heart speak a word for Amy Binge, whom she loved so dearly."

"Amy Binge!" cried Seraphina; "how often have I heard my dear Mrs. Weston (my beloved husband's mother) speak of you as the friend of her youth! and how often has she compared me to you in many particulars! be assured I will speak for you, as she would were she here."

"Alas! you are young, care and sorrow are unknown to you; but she, I fear, knows them too well."

"We have borne them together," said Seraphina, much affected; but at this moment young Foster was dispatched to bring her to the place Mr. Weston was examining, and she instantly, though reluctantly, obeyed the summons; and as he soon after hurried them away, she was unable to re-assure the widow beyond what kind looks imparted.

The sun cast his departing rays on Weston Green as they arrived there; and the general beauty of the scene prevented Seraphina from observing the dilapidations and generally melancholly air which pervaded the house and gardens; but when she rose in the morning, although it was a beautiful April day, and the verdure looked bright around her, yet her heart sunk at the forlorn character of the place. The windows were darkened with creepers—the papers were

dropping from the walls; Gibson had turned the front garden into a potatoe-ground, and occupied the drawing-room with apples and corn.

"Don't sigh, my dear; here's a well-filled purse for you, and money can do wonders, even at Weston Green: the men will soon be here with the new papers; and whilst you give orders about the inside of the place, I will give them for the outside: my first care shall be cutting away these rubbishy plants, and giving us a little more light."

"Stay, my dear uncle, a moment; let the first act of your power at Weston Green be one of kindness—give the school to the worthy young man who is emulous to tread in the steps of his father, and to keep his whole family by his own exertions."

"Nonsense, child! he's but a mere lad."

"But he is a well-taught one, and has learnt how to instruct others, from assisting his late father."

"Pshaw! he knows nothing of Latin, child; how should he, when his father kept him to writing and accounts?"

"At any rate he knows as much Latin as his scholars require; it was not by Latin that you became a good tradesman. Gibson says his chil-

dren are admirably taught, and that all the neighbours are satisfied and thankful."

"Yes, satisfied that their bairns have their own way. How can a boy manage a parcel of rough rogues, like our mountaineers, I wonder?"

"His mother helps him, and they love her; besides, if you were to look in now and then, they would be afraid of being rebellious when the 'squire called, and he would thereby gain necessary power."

After a considerable pause, Mr. Weston said in reply—"You are right, child, quite right. I will support the young man's authority, and that will enable him to keep the whole fry from coming on the parish, which would be the case some time, decent as they appear now, and well to do as they were in times past."

Little as there was of humanity in the motive of this grant, it was exceedingly dear to her who had procured it; and leaving Mr. Weston to give his orders as to the garden, she set out to enlighten the widow's dark prospects. Long before she reached the school-house, a sound like the hum of bees told her all were at work, and she therefore passed the house-door and entered the place itself.

Mounted on a high stool, and assuming as

much an air of importance as his pretty round red and white face could assume, sat young Foster, asking questions from a book of a set of great boys, who replied in accents so uncouth, as to render their words absolutely unintelligible to Seraphina. In an arm-chair was placed the pale anxious mother, surrounded also by a circle of urchins who were trying to read; a little girl was teaching another its letters in a corner, and a little boy trying, but vainly, to keep half-a-dozen of the youngest quiet; the whole family were evidently employed, as a little girl was necessarily left in the house to perform the necessary drudgery.

"Ah! what a life of labour and noise, of constant care and frequent disgust, does this appear to me!" said Seraphina to herself; "yet its continuance is earnestly desired by that poor woman, whose person and manners would grace so superior a station—such is the love of a mother." Her soliloquy was interrupted by the anxious one before her, who sprang forward to welcome her, and conduct her into the adjoining domicile.

From this hour, Seraphina possessed that which she greatly wanted, an intelligent and active female friend, attached to her person, and alive to the peculiarities of her situation. Busy

as she was with her own children, and the children of the whole parish, yet the grateful widow devoted her evenings to aiding the wishes of her young benefactress in the improvements of the house, submitting to the dictatorial dogmas of Mr. Weston on points she understood much better than himself, and in giving all the neighbours a kindly impression of his actions and intentions, such as they had never entertained before.

The consequence of this good character was soon visible, for assistance poured in upon them, in a manner which the well-filled purse had in the first instance failed to procure, notwithstanding the boast of its owner. In towns, especially manufacturing ones, interest is the sole tie between the rich and the poor; but in agricultural and secluded districts, the sturdy independence of Englishmen demands motive for action of a different nature; and many, when pressed to labour for the new comer, had doggedly answered —"I wunna, for I dunna like him;" and the offer of higher wages than usual, only increased the scorn with which the overtures had been rejected. But now, kindness to the widow of a man they loved, and pity for the young wife, whom they considered in the light of a dependant,

but one evidently well treated, operated to the subdual of their repugnance to him they contemptuously called the "iron man;" and whenever he went out, "kind good day to ye's" from the men, and bobbing curtseys from women and girls, spoke a very different feeling towards him.

Mr. Weston well knew the nature of his countrymen; he felt also the dependance which age inflicts, and therefore the value of conciliating them; nevertheless, the natural sternness of the old bachelor was apt to interfere with his resolves, except when Seraphina was present, for to her wishes he always bent a willing ear, and was delighted to walk with her over the farm, or into the village; required her approbation for every tree that was planted, and path that was projected; and often counted like a child longing for holidays, how many days must elapse before Orlando's servitude would expire, not one of which he yet would consent to abridge; he called it a debt which must be paid, and not by money, but service.

As the place improved, so did the owner's health, which, at this time, promised him a patriarchal old age; and Seraphina truly rejoiced in what she considered her own work; and she would certainly have been perfectly happy, if

she could have enjoyed the company of Orlando; but even her correspondence with him was curtailed at this period, because the old gentleman, in order to keep his secret the better, continued to have all their letters still forwarded to Macclesfield, and from it.

One evening, when they returned from a walk to Mrs. Foster (who had now become a great favourite with Mr. Weston), and he had promised to repair both her house and school, they were told that a gentleman was in the parlour, waiting to see young Mrs. Weston.

Seraphina's heart throbbed almost audibly, for she felt certain it was her dear Orlando, who had thus ventured to come before his time, and she dreaded the consequence. It was a relief to her when Mr. Weston professed an intention of visiting the cow-house before he went in, that she might see her husband first, and advise him how to propitiate the man she knew he disliked and dreaded.

On entering the sitting-room, a very different person to her now-blooming partner met her eye; an aged man, of bilious complexion, wrapt in a shabby great-coat, much too large for him, was leaning over the fire, as if cold and unwell. The stranger did not take off his hat till she had

got close to him; and then applying a glass to his eye, he scrutinized her features, with more attention than politeness; it was yet evident that in doing this, he was much affected; and Seraphina had too much sympathy with all who suffered, not to wait with patience the result of his investigation. At length he addressed her in a pleasing manner, and with a voice that seemed almost familiar to her ear—"Pray excuse me, ma'am; I am so deeply interested in this interview, that my bearing may seem strange, almost alarming. I am about to ask questions so important, that I have scarcely courage enough for the purpose."

"Pray sit down, sir, and compose yourself. May I offer you refreshment?"

"Not yet, not yet. You were at Mr. Colnaghi's, in London, some months since, and saw on his counter a case of miniatures, one of which you declared to be the resemblance of your father's mother, of which he had a duplicate; but you did not mention that father's name."

"It is Henry Barnard; the picture was that of Mrs. Spottiswolde, my grandmother. Is it possible you should be my dear father's brother, who went to India so many years ago, and whom he has lost sight of so very long?"

The stranger was for the moment incapable of reply; but he seized the hand she offered, and pressed it warmly.

"I see I am right, dear uncle; your voice and your eyes are like my father's, and I thought the babes in the miniature-case resembled my own little Henry, whom I have lost."

Tears sprang to Seraphina's eyes, which were met with answering drops in those of the stranger, as he replied—"I am indeed your father's long-lost brother, whose endeavours to reach his family by letters have failed, ever since Mr. Spottiswolde removed to Italy, probably from my own situation being in a part of India which is far removed from the coast."

He then proceeded to inform her, that he had not married till late in life, and had fully made up his mind to end his days in India; but that the successive deaths of his wife, and two promising children, had rendered him so wretched, that he set out for Europe, as a medium of relieving his mind, by the variety offered by change of scene, and a determination personally to trace his family.—"My first object," he continued, "after finding that my brother had been long resident in Italy, and was now returned thither, was to enquire for our only sister, for

which purpose I set out to Scotland; I there learnt that she married, and died in giving birth to a son, who himself lost his life as an officer in the Peninsula. On my return, I called for my precious case of miniatures at Mr. Colnaghi's, and as there was a parcel for you, directed hither, lying near, it recalled to his mind the observations you had made on the miniatures, and the interest you had expressed on the subject. Such was my anxiety on hearing this, that I lost not an hour in setting out; although the address of your mother-in-law was given me, so greatly had my solicitude increased since my disappointment in the North, that if I had not been led thus providentially to you, I should have set out for Italy immediately to seek your father."

"Providentially indeed!" exclaimed Seraphina, recollecting that no person in London but Mr. Colnaghi knew she was at Weston Green; but she added, "My dear father is, I trust, even now on his road to England; how grievous it would have been if you had missed each other!"

"Has my brother no child but you?"

"Ah, no! like you he has lost two promising boys."

"Excuse me if I make one more enquiry—How is he situated as to pecuniary concerns?"

"My father suffered much from the irruptions of the French in Italy; and by ruining his patrons, of course they injured him in his professional pursuits; he is now there for the purpose of regaining some portion of the property so lost, and I trust——"

The stranger breathed a sigh at this moment so deep, that Seraphina started, and looked upon him earnestly. It struck her that his appearance, which was certainly shabby, indicated distress, although her surprise and his manners had hitherto prevented her from attending to it. The idea that he had returned to his native country, alike bereft of family and fortune, and seeking the consolation of pity, till now, in vain, affected her exceedingly, and without reasoning upon it, she approached him with an air of the truest sympathy, saying, as she again took his hand—"My father is not *poor*, dear uncle, and he has such a kind, such a princely heart, he will be delighted to own all your claims as a brother; and my mother, oh! how you will love my mother! how considerate and kind you will find her! we shall all be happy in contributing to your happiness—yes, *all!*"

The stranger imprinted kiss after kiss on the hand he held, but he answered no further.

"You may perhaps have heard from Mr. Colnaghi, that since I married, and during my parents' absence, I have suffered great distress—heard perhaps that I was relieved, supported by his kindness, and that is all very true; but the storm is blown over now, and I am sure the master of this house will be happy to receive you, until my father——"

Poor Seraphina, in the warmth of her awakened feelings, had promised more than she could answer for the fulfilment of, and suddenly recollecting how possible it was that the old gentleman might look cold and austere on a person of whose existence he had never heard before, she suddenly stopped in great confusion, yet with a countenance so full of beaming kindness, he could not suppose she meant to retract her promise.

At this moment Gibson entered to say, "that the gentleman's sarvant were comed from the public-house, to know if he would want the horses to return, seeing he wasn't sure how he should settle."

"No, no!" cried Seraphina, "this gentleman is my uncle, and will remain some time."

"Then he mun gi' me that big cooat, for he borrowed it o'th' landlord."

"First get him another," said Seraphina, with habitual care.

As Mr. Barnard handed the coat to Gibson, he said—"I ought in gratitude to have preserved that garment, for it has shewn me your heart, my child; it has repaid my wanderings—restored my little ones."

Gibson again put in his head, to say, "I ha' told Mr. Weston as how the ginl'man is your uncle, an' he be comin as fast as his poor old legs 'll carry him."

"Then as this is your *husband's* relation, my dear, it will be as well for *him* to know that your uncle is returned *rich*, not *poor*, and declares you his heiress, for never, *never* will he forget that your kindest words of welcome were offered to him *as poor*."

Mr. Weston was sufficiently informed on this head, for the stranger had travelled in his own carriage, and his servant had not been slow to blazon his pretensions. He was not sorry to find Seraphina thus well allied, yet he would not at this time have resigned her affectionate attentions for any wealth she could bring into his family. So cordial was his welcome, and so delightful was it to Mr. Barnard to be thus warmly received by one he could love so truly

as Seraphina, that he accepted his invitation with the greatest pleasure, and consented to remain an inmate of Weston Green, until the arrival of his brother.

Mr. Barnard, like the generality of long residents in the east, was in very delicate health, and looked older than he was; and Mr. Weston, though twenty years his senior, had great pride and pleasure in bustling about, and exhibiting his own superior activity. Seraphina was frequently obliged to exert her benignant influence in preventing him from undertaking too much; and so judicious was her guardianship of both these declining relatives, that they alike flourished beneath her protection. Mr. Barnard was informed of their secrets and their plans, and being himself anxious to see the husband of a niece he every day esteemed more highly, he at length induced Mr. Weston to issue the summons for Orlando's arrival, about a week before the stipulated time had expired.

From the time this letter was despatched, although a few days must elapse before Mrs. Weston and her son could set off, the old man neither knew a moment's peace, or suffered those around him to know it. Poultry was killed, pies and custards made for the expected guests; and with

the anxiety of a child to exhibit a new toy, every article in the furniture and the farming utensils were brought forward in the most conspicuous manner, as if to greet their arrival.

As it was barely possible, but by no means probable, that they should arrive on the third day after the despatch of his letter, Mr. Weston, towards evening, insisted on Mr. Barnard accompanying him in a walk to look out for them. He led the way up a steep hill, incrusted, as many are in Derbyshire, with slaty shingles, which are extremely difficult to mount, saying, from thence they could see a chaise for a long way, and the last few miles could only be travelled by that medium. Poor Mr. Barnard could by no means keep up with his aged but intrepid guide, and his unsuccessful efforts awoke the loud mirth of the hale mountaineer, who, turning back and saying, "he would help him," his feet slipped, and he fell the whole length of the way he had climbed, having no power to stay himself, and being quite out of the reach of his companion.

Mr. Barnard, dreadfully shocked, and believing him to be killed on the spot, hastened thither as soon as possible: he found him fearfully injured, but not insensible, and he was soon enabled to procure assistance to convey him home,

after which he hastened thither to inform Seraphina, in the most prudent manner, and she soon became capable of affording him the comfort of her presence. A surgeon was at the house before the patient arrived there; but the fiat was soon passed, for a fall which might have been fatal even in early life, could not be borne at eighty.

A fever, the consequences of his dreadful bruises, ensued, but it left him in possession of his senses, and an increased desire to see his niece and her son, to whom Mr. Barnard wrote, urging them not to lose an hour. Happily they had set out, and on the second evening after this awful accident, they arrived at that "pleasant home," which was now changed into a house of mourning.

The whole of that day life had hung upon a feeble thread, yet the wandering eyes of the patient, rather than his words, indicated his intense desires; and although he listened thankfully to Seraphina when she read or prayed with him, it was yet plain that he felt as if he had something to do in this world before he quitted it for ever, which he held to be essential. When, therefore, the strangers really arrived, scarcely did Seraphina allow herself to give the kiss of welcome,

ere she ushered them to the sick man's chamber.

Causing himself to be raised in bed, the suffering patient, to Mrs. Weston's great astonishment, addressed himself to her in the language of submission and entreaty—"Forgive me, Betsey," said he, "that I thwarted your husband's views, and in my pride and obstinacy determined to make him like myself—a mere money-getting tradesman. I have been to blame for all that followed; but, alas! I became wise too late."

"No, no, dear uncle, you had, at all events, but a portion of the blame, for we ourselves should bear the principal. We had neither the industry necessary for making money, nor the care requisite for preserving it; still less had we the energy called for in recovering it. We have suffered justly; but our punishment fell upon the innocent also."

"May the Most Merciful forgive us all—even *me*, whose hard-heartedness was certainly worse than your weakness!—Orlando, my boy, come to me: when you were young, I would not see you for fear I should love you; now I want to see you, though I already love you—your dear wife has taught me. I cannot see you; are you here?"

Orlando spoke to him, took his right hand,

and tenderly chafed it between his own, saying —" Seraphina has also taught *me* to love *you*, dear uncle."

The sound of his voice seemed to give the old man great pleasure, and it was evident that his hearing was much quicker than usual. After a short pause, he said—" Be a good husband, boy ; you have an *invaluable* wife." And in so saying, put his other hand out, which Seraphina (who understood all his wishes) immediately took : he smiled gratefully, but nature was exhausted, and without a single groan, he was soon after found to be a corpse.

CHAP. XII.

It was found, on examining Mr. Weston's will, which had been only completed a short time, that notwithstanding the affectionate sentiments he had of late entertained for his nephew, he still retained the belief, that he was not a man calculated to manage a fortune, for he had given the accumulations of his long life to Orlando, on condition of his paying five hundred a-year, by quarterly payments, to his parents, and allowing them to live at Weston Green. This, with a respectable legacy to Mr. Matthews, a small, but most welcome annuity to Mrs. Foster, and a suitable remembrance to Gibson, constituted his last testamentary disposal. It had been executed with the privity of Mr. Barnard, which accounted for the omission of any provision for his great-niece, but he had mentioned her as an object of especial regard, and left her a diamond ring, to be worn in remembrance of him.

Truly thankful was Seraphina, not only for the presence of her beloved husband, but that

of his dear mother, who was so delighted to find herself in the only home where she had ever known happiness, that the very walls seemed to her as old friends, and every flower she found in the garden appeared to have blossomed on purpose to hail her coming. The presence and assistance of her former friend, Mrs. Foster, was also of the greatest consequence to them all; she arranged every thing concerning the funeral, in the same manner such occurrences were wont to be conducted, and satisfied the poor with a dole usually given by the family, and in every way secured the affection of the neighbourhood towards the young people, whom they now understood to be at the head of affairs.

Scarcely was this awful business got over, when Seraphina became the mother of a lovely and perfectly healthy boy, a circumstance apparently as delightful to her uncle as her husband, for nothing could exceed his interest in her welfare; but after waiting to see his niece enter her drawing-room, he professed an intention of going to Buxton, until his brother's return, when he would gladly obey their summons: at present, he conceived himself to be a troublesome guest, though borne with patience.

Seraphina thought it very likely that her in-

valid relative was not quite comfortable in the house with a young child, and believed that a trip to Buxton would do him good, but she had seen enough of him to be sure he would not be happy at any distance from them, and as there was a house empty, about half a mile off, which her uncle had frequently mentioned as a nice place for himself by-and-by, she advised Mr. Barnard to take it, and to this he readily agreed, on which Orlando offered to get it into order, saying—"He could have no employment more agreeable to him, than in rendering it comfortable as soon as possible."

"Are you then become a man of business at last?" said Mr. Barnard, with a smile.

"I flatter myself I am, sir, for Mr. Hanbury thought my late services entitled not only to praise, but reward; and you know, 'he that gives his money, never feigns."

"Then, had the old gentleman lived, he might have had the great desire of his heart gratified, in making you an ironmonger."

"It is by no means improbable, for I have learnt at length, that an active and useful life can never be an unhappy one; that it is folly and short-sightedness to suppose that any respectable employment is incompatible with mental refine-

ment, and elegant pursuit; on the contrary, I think the man who is constrained to follow a certain *routine*, for the sake of a beloved wife and family, will, in his leisure hours, find a charm in his books, or the exercise of his pencil, which the professional man can rarely enjoy, since there is the constraint of business in one case, the relaxation of amusement in the other. At all events, a man *can* do that which he ought to do: my Seraphina has proved, that under the influence of right principles, *she* could do any thing."

"So could you, Orlando; but it does not become us to praise each other."

Mr. Barnard thought it did, for he became every day more attached to them both; and when, after a short sojourn at Buxton, Orlando went thither to acquaint him that his house was ready, he returned with a pleasure he had never hoped to experience again. They found the two ladies walking in the garden, and the elder remarked, "that, long as she lived in that house, she never saw two carriages there before, since her own wedding."

"Where is the second?" said Orlando, looking round.

"See there, it is a post-chaise—it passes the

village, and must be coming hither—it must come from Macclesfield."

"It is undoubtedly Mr. and Mrs. Matthews come to congratulate you, Seraphina; but they do not come here—why do they stop at the orchard, I wonder!"

Whilst he spoke, two gentlemen, and afterwards a lady, alighted. "Could it be—Oh, yes! it is my own dear Charles, come back to me and to Weston Green," cried his wife, in almost hysterical joy.

Before she had time to speak—before Orlando had been able to welcome either father, Seraphina had rushed into the midst, and twining her arms round her mother's neck, was weeping with overpowering and unexpected pleasure.

"We have been wrong, very wrong," said Mrs. Barnard, "to come upon them so suddenly; did I not say we should remember my daughter's situation?"

"No, dear mother, have no fear for me," said the daughter, flying to her father's arms, and crying—"Oh, papa, I have such a present for *you*—one you will deem invaluable!"

"And is it not for me too, Seraphina?" said Mr. Weston.

"Dear Mr. Weston, *my father*, forgive me;

but see, I have yet another father. Oh! how rich I am—how thankful!"

The elder Mr. Barnard, deeply moved with this joyful yet affecting meeting, had hitherto stood apart, but his niece, now seizing his hand, drew him forward, crying—"Here is my prize, father, your own long-lost brother!"

"Yes, Henry, your daughter (mine also) tells you the truth; we are sons of the same beloved and well-remembered mother—the same early-lost, but lamented father."

Mr. Barnard, bewildered, yet most thankful, cast his eyes to Heaven, and then strained to his bosom a brother, well and tenderly remembered, though long since resigned, and who came to him as a gift so unexpected, that for the time it seemed to be more precious than the rest. But who shall tell the joy of a meeting so full of happiness, yet allied to recollections of so much suffering? who can doubt, that even the least and unconscious part of the family received its full share of admiration, and even contributed to the general felicity?

When they were at length seated in the house, and became a little more composed, the appearance of each stranger was adverted to by Seraphina. She thought her father a little alter-

ed, he looked as he had done before the fever; but the traces of anxiety, rather than those of time and travel, had set its mark on her mother's features, though they were now lighted up by the sweetest satisfaction, and devout thankfulness to that merciful Providence, which had not only permitted them to meet again, but given additions to their circle likely to become inexpressibly dear; and Seraphina had the satisfaction of seeing that her uncle had taken her word for her mother's virtues, and was paying the kindest attentions.

Indeed he could not rest, till he had, in a whisper, told the manner of his arrival, and what he termed, "the old coat story," on which poor Mrs. Barnard, who was of course as much a stranger to his circumstances now, as her daughter was then, exclaimed, at the moment he said the dear girl thought me poor—"Well, Mr. Barnard, *brother*, I mean, never mind if so be it is so, for you see our dear child is nobly provided for, as the gentleman told us at Macclesfield, and my husband will be the very happiest of men, to share what we have with his own flesh and blood."

Seraphina had cast rather an uneasy glance towards this *tête-á-tête*, and fancied her father

was doing so, for she considered her uncle the finest gentleman (in the truest sense of the word) she had ever met with. Her fears were instantly relieved. Stepping up to her, he said —"You told me I should love your mother; I do so already; her heart is a jewel of the first water. Henry has been a very fortunate man."

As he spoke his carriage was announced, and Seraphina urged him to go, lest the night air should be injurious, saying, "You will come to us to-morrow, I trust, pretty early?"

"Undoubtedly," said he, as he received from his valet the rich pelisse necessary for an eastern traveller in an English May; "my curry here is too good for me to forsake it."

"My daughter *is* a very pretty cook, isn't she, sir?" cried Mrs. Barnard, "though I say it that oughtn't to say it, seeing I taught her all common sort of useful things, whilst her father made her accomplished. I hope, for her sake, you'll be so good as to excuse the little slip I made just now, for you have lived long enough to know it isn't a man being well drest, and appearing quite a gentleman (which for sure my dear husband's brother must be), argufies that he's rich; so if I made an unproper offer, it was done in real good will: if you are (as I take it

you are) a rich nabob, so much the better for you; but if you had been poor and helpless, so much the better for me, for I know you'd have lived to say—' Brother, your wife makes me very comfortable;' and he'd have loved me all the more for doing it."

Mr. Barnard caught her hand, and saying—"Henry, I have your leave," kissed the cheek of his new sister fervently; then darted from the room to his carriage, unequal to a more formal adieu.

"What a very taking kind of man he is!" said Mrs. Barnard; "quite like his brother, only older, and not so handsome. Speaking of that, I think, Orlando, you must see how much better your father looks for being stouter, and losing his pale complexion; I hope you will get brown yourself, now you are in the country."

Mr. Weston, who had appeared sunk in a happy reverie, hearing himself alluded to, began to speak.—"On every side I see so much to surprise and delight me, that I am unable to describe my sensations. This house, my native place, is and is not what I have known it, being at once the same and something far better; but the change is nothing in my house, compared to that I find in my dear wife, whom I dreaded to

see a confirmed invalid; she is much thinner, but appears to have dropped her years and her flesh at the same time, and trips about the house like a girl."

"The change is so great," said Mr. Barnard, "that in any other place than this, I should not have known Mrs. Weston; I suppose it is the Derbyshire air; may my dear brother find its efficacy, for he evidently requires it."

"He is a man who lives much on the *heart*, and will improve every day, now you are come home safe," said Orlando; "so indeed does my mother, who will be again *en bon point*, now you are here; I call her a wonderful woman."

Mrs. Weston was re-entering the room, and saw by the affectionate looks of her son that he was speaking of her, and she said gaily—"Say rather you have a wonderful wife, my dear, for her example has made even your mother active and considerate. I am still far short of what I ought to be; nor will I cast a damp over this happy time, by adverting to that school where my new steps were gained, for *severe* though salutary were its lessons: enough to say, that though a slow scholar, I have at length attained a portion of those powers necessary for every woman, and incumbent on every Christian; for

there is no station of life, in which exertion is not called for, and every woman ought to cultivate the virtue of ENERGY."

THE END.

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