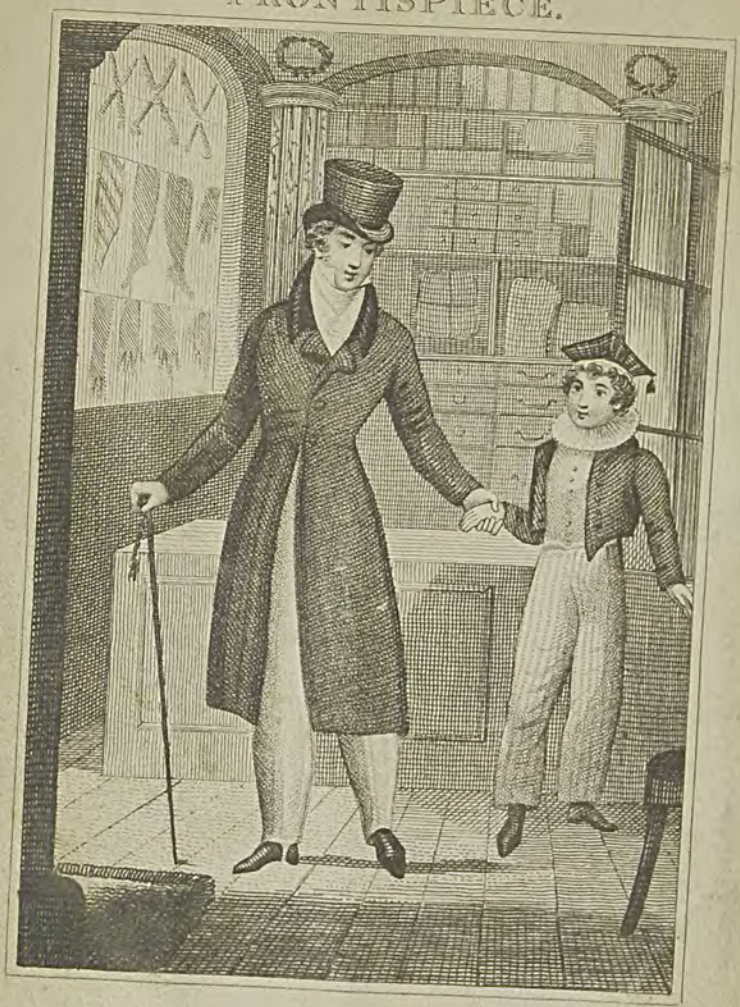
Mary & Anne Street
from their Aunt
Lowe Septr 7th 1827

FRONTISPIECE.



On raising his eyes, they met those of a tall and dignified stranger.

Vol. I. p. 7.

London Published by W. Sole 10. Newgate Street.

TALES

FOR A

WINTER'S FIRESIDE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

BY A. SELWYN;

AUTHOR OF

"MONTAGUE PARK," "A NEW YEAR'S GIFT,"

&c. &c.

Thou seest we are not all alone unhappy,
This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in. SHAKSPEARE.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY AND FOR WILLIAM COLE,

10, NEWGATE-STREET.

Ix
(w
of
sp
An
of
suc
stra
fer
vig
mi
pag
bu
na
ad
tio

PREFACE.

In submitting the following Tales, (written to beguile the dull tedium of a winter's hour,) to public inspection, it may be presumed the Author possesses no ordinary share of temerity in venturing to explore such paths, as have already been strewn by the flowers of the most fertile imaginations, lively wit, and vigorous intellects. The writer admits the deficiency of the following pages in the above named respects; but trusts, that as they were originally written for the amusement of adolsecent youth, a gleam of instruction may also be derived from their

perusal. The cultivation of the domestic virtues—the charms of benevolence—the pleasing results of a reciprocity of kindnesses, are subjects of such an elevated nature, that the Author is aware how feebly her pen has been engaged in pourtraying such qualities as can alone adorn and dignify human nature.

A SKETCH

OF THE

MORTIMER FAMILY.

"MAMMA, dear mamma," cried Helen Mortimer, "pray cheer up your spirits, for you know not how great an injury you do yourself and us, by indulging in sorrow; and though not one customer has entered our shop to-day, yet a dozen may call to-morrow, and the small profits we shall in consequence acquire, will go towards paying that troublesome man, who has agitated us all with his cowardly threats."

"Indeed!" cried little Edmund, with an air of spirit, "if I had been a man, no person living should have dared to talk to mamma as that tax-gatherer did:

Oh! how I wish I had the money, and then I would just tell him what I thought of him."

"Ah, would you, Edmund?" replied his mother, with a faint smile; "but you must recollect, my dear boy, that the man considered he was doing no more than discharging the arduous duties of his office; and though he ought to have been more civil, yet you know, he felt not our distresses; the king's taxes, he rightly observed, must be paid."

"I wish I was a little older," returned Edmund, "for I would then work night and day, in order to pay my king his just dues; you always taught me to love royalty, mamma, though I don't like this tax-gatherer, and I only wish my king would employ better servants; for I am sure if he knew how this man acted to a widow, he would feel very angry, and more particularly on being told, how ready we were to obey his majesty and serve our country."

Edmund, as he uttered these words in a loud and commanding tone, turned from the little parlour into the shop: to his surprise he found his hand seized, and on raising his eyes, they met those of a tall and dignified looking stranger. Edmund, conscious his words had been overheard, shrunk back abashed, as he encountered the penetrating eye of the individual before him.

"And pray what is your name, my gallant little boy? and whose son are you, that you have been so admirably trained in the knowledge of what constitutes the nature of true loyalty?"

"My name is Edmund Mortimer, Sir," he replied, with an air of boyish confidence, "and I am the only son of my mother, Mrs. Mortimer."

"Your mother must then be a very happy woman," said the stranger, "in owning so brave a lad as Edmund Mortimer for her son."

"Alas! no, Sir; my dear parent is

most unhappy, but—but,—" here Edmund paused: he recollected he had no right to detail the secrets of his family's distresses to the hearing of a stranger; and a sentiment of pride filling his heart, he added, as a deep blush mantled over his cheek, "I must say no more, unless I have my mamma's permission so to do."

Mrs. Mortimer hearing her son in conversation with somebody in the shop, now stepped forward, and courtesying to the gentleman, she enquired, if she should have the honour of showing him any article.

"Yes, madam," he replied, "I wish to look at your assortment of gloves; and while you parcel me out a dozen pair, I trust you will not deem me impertinent in submitting a few questions to this interesting boy, whom I understand is your son."

Mrs. Mortimer replied, with a grace which convinced the observant stranger

that she had never been accustomed to stand behind a counter; and from the gentleness of her voice, and refinement of her manners, he was further confirmed in the idea that she once moved in a more elevated sphere; while, as he traced the noble features of the mother in the boyish but open physiognomy of Edmund, he thought them the descendants of a family, to whom he was himself endeared by the most sacred ties of gratitude and friendship.

Having enquired of Edmund whether he was designed for any particular trade or profession, and finding he was at a loss to reply to his question, he added, "What! have you no choice, my little man; I alway thought that every one had some particular bent, to which his genius inclined: how is it then, that I find you an exception to the general rule?"

Edmund coloured, as he glanced on his mother; but meeting the stedfast looks of the stranger, he replied, "That Louisa

had told him, he must have no choice, no wish but what was his parent's: and I must follow her advice," he rejoined, "for she gave up her dearest hopes, in order to comfort and support my mother."

"And who is Louisa?" returned the stranger. "My sister, Sir," said Edmund, "and the eldest child of my mother; I wished to follow the profession of my father, who was a gentleman born and bred; but Louisa said that as I was the only son, it would appear very ungrateful in me, to desire to leave my country and my dear family, when my services would be required in a very different manner at home."

Mrs. Mortimer, who appeared anxious to arrest the continuance of a conversation, which evidently recalled feelings of painful memory to her heart, desired the address of the stranger, in order that she might have the pleasure of forwarding his small parcel.

The gentleman replied, that he would

take the gloves with him, as he could not think of giving so much trouble ; and as he turned from the shop, he bade Edmund adieu, saying, that with his parent's permission, he would again shortly hear from him.

Mrs. Mortimer courtesied her reply, for she could not but admire the affable condescension of the elegant stranger, who appeared to take the kindest interest in whatever related to the future welfare of her son, and darling hope. Edmund, whose little heart was buoyant with the thoughts of having gained a friend in the person of the amiable stranger, waited the return of his elder sister with considerable patience, the hour had past and Louisa came not. Mrs. Mortimer, who had hitherto sat listening with feelings of maternal pleasure to the interesting prattle of her son, now became seriously alarmed, lest any accident should have befallen her daughter.

It was in vain that Helen, with Ed-

mund, and the little lively Charlotte, sought to dissipate the fears of their mother, who was continually reflecting on her own negligent conduct, in suffering Louisa to undertake a journey of fifteen miles alone and unprotected.

Two hours of agonizing suspensé past, when Edmund, who had been standing at the door, loudly proclaimed the coming of his sister; he ran to meet her, exclaiming in the affection of his heart:

"Oh, Louisa, you don't know how we have all repented, in suffering you to go to our proud uncle's house unattended; mamma really imagined that something had befallen you, and neither I nor my sisters could account for the reason of your delay."

"All apprehensions are now at an end, the danger is past, my dear Edmund," cried Louisa, as she hastened to receive the maternal embrace of Mrs. Mortimer, and the sisterly salutes of the affectionate Helen and Charlotte.

"Dear Louisa," cried Edmund, as he

pressed round his sister, "do tell us whether you have been successful or no with Lord Mortimer, for indeed I am all anxiety to learn."

"Oh, Edmund," said Helen, "how can you be so thoughtless as to trouble Louisa with questions, when you see her look so pale and weak; you ought rather to bring her some refreshment than distress her mind by ——"

"Ah, Helen, you have guessed too well," cried Louisa, interrupting her; "oh, I trust," she added, "my dear mother will bear this additional stroke of affliction with her usual calm and Christian-like resignation; but ——" here tears choked her utterance, she was unable to proceed; and Mrs. Mortimer, who at the moment thought of nothing but the safe return of her daughter, besought her not to distress herself; for, whatever had happened, she had the pleasure of announcing, that during her absence, heaven had favoured them, by sending a customer

to their shop, who was as kind and generous, as he was good and benevolent."

"Ah, and little do you imagine, Louisa, that he condescended to converse with me, all the time that mamma was assorting the best gloves she could find; for the stranger was so much the gentleman, that he took mamma's word for every thing, and paid the money without even so much as glancing on the parcel he put into his pocket."

"I once was uncharitable enough to imagine," said Helen, "that the world contained not a truly benevolent heart, save those possessed by my dear parents and Louisa; but now I must retract my opinion, since I have beheld the existence of characters, who would dignify the most exalted station: do you not think so, mamma?" she added, as she turned to Mrs. Mortimer.

"Let us not draw premature conclusions, my dear Helen," said her mother,

"for remember, that perfection is not the allotted portion of human nature; we all, either more or less, have our faults; though some there are, who, from their universal benevolence to mankind, appear more like guardian angels, designed by an overruling Providence to hover around, and soothe and comfort the distresses of their fellow-creatures: oh! such a being, my children," she added, "was your late revered and excellent father!"

"Oh, that this frail nature did but partake of the purity of that now sainted parent's!" cried Louisa; "then I might prove the solace of my family—I who have been reared in the school of affliction, and have not yet learnt the hard task of confiding my sorrows to my own breast; forgive me then, my dear mother, for indeed I ought not to regret any thing, when blest with the affection of the best of parents, and in the constant society of my endearing sisters and brother."

"You have every thing to regret, my beloved child," said Mrs. Mortimer, "when, for the love of your family, you renounced a home, and refused to participate in such pleasures, as were natural to your years and ardent expectations."

"Dear mamma," cried Louisa, interrupting Mrs. Mortimer, "talk not thus, for I feel how inadequate I have proved to the discharge of my filial duties; I vainly imagined that from the education I had received I should at least be enabled to support my family in ease and comfort; but my expectations have been blighted. I will not advert to a painful truth; but trust to the goodness of Providence, who will not, in fortune's adverse hour, forsake the widow and her fatherless children."

"And to what may I ascribe, my Louisa," replied Mrs. Mortimer, "your knowledge of some truth that trans——"

"I will shortly explain," returned Louisa, interrupting Mrs. M. "you know,

dear mamma, that when I set out this morning for Lord Mortimer's seat, I was in ardent expectation of reviving those feelings of fraternal affection, which have long lain dormant in his lordship's breast; but delusive was the hope, for on my entering into detail, with respect to the distress to which we are reduced,—being even threatened with an execution in the house, if the king's taxes were not paid within three days——But I will not hurt the feelings of my excellent parent, by repeating the cold-hearted language of our wealthy relative, for he will not know her; good and amiable as she is, he will not do her justice. My indignation was excited when I traversed the princely hall, crowded with servants, dressed in the richest liveries, while peace and superfluous plenty shed her blessings on the inmates of a mansion in which my father first drew his breath; and he, the brother of their present lordly possessor, who spurning the child of his once loved kins-

man from his presence, refusing to relieve the necessities of her family, and paining her heart by declaring, that she could never expect to receive his sanction to the design she held in contemplation, of opening a seminary; "indeed," he added, "the name of Mortimer has been sufficiently degraded by the retaining of a shop; and had you not been blind to your own interests, you might have moved in a station befitting your birth, and your mother would have been made comfortable in the constant society of the rest of her children, had she followed my advice and quitted the country."

"Oh, my lord," cried I, "and what could my parent have done in a foreign land, among strangers and unknown! her delicate constitution and broken spirits would soon have fallen a victim to the ravages of an unhealthy clime. What then would have been the fate of my sisters and brother, or what could I have

known in having separated from my mother at an hour in which she most needed the assistance of her eldest daughter. The cold-hearted policy of my uncle's sentiments, however, arrested my appeal, and he shortly returned, that we could never expect to receive any succour at his hands, unless his commands were complied with."

"And was Lord Mortimer deaf to your entreaties," replied Mrs. M., "of affording you the recommendation required by Lady Maria C——?"

"Alas! mamma," said Louisa, "her ladyship has already made application, and has rejected me; for my uncle did not consider me sufficiently experienced to undertake so important a trust, as the education of his friend's children."

"Oh, my poor discarded Louisa!" exclaimed Mrs. Mortimer, bursting into tears, as she pressed her daughter in her arms, "what will now avail us!—I had fondly thought that your countenance, the

perfect resemblance of your ever-to-be-lamented father's, would have spoken conviction to your uncle's heart, and would have pleaded forcibly, where even language had failed—but what is to be expected for your mother, what for her future peace, when even the daughter, the child of her fondest hopes, is driven as an alien and a stranger from the bosom of her father's family!"

"Do not weep, dear mother," cried the interesting, but fatherless family; "all will yet be well," they added, with accordant voice, "for God will not forsake those who place their trust in his Almighty power. He can soften the heart of our obdurate uncle, though it be as impenetrable to the touch as the hard flinty rock."

Mrs. Mortimer clasped her hands, and raising her eyes to Heaven, she exclaimed:—

"Forgive me, Great Father, for murmuring at thy just decrees; thou knowest

the weakness of human nature; thou knowest too that my heart is the most feeble and unstable of all. Teach me, then, to bow down with pious resignation at thy just dispensations, feeling myself unworthy to receive blessings at that hand, which, by the committing the great sin of disobedience, I have so justly incensed. But spare, O thou Most High, spare in thy mercy, these children of my widowed affections; attach not to them that blame which belongs exclusively to their mother, who has never ceased deploring the committing of a fault which has entailed misery on her helpless family and sorrow on herself."

"Never will I desire to become a soldier more," said Edmund, looking fondly in his mother's face, "if mamma will but promise not to grieve so sadly; for though uncle may laugh, and say it is degrading that his nephew should stand behind a counter, yet I would rather do that than

leave mamma and my sisters friendless and unprotected."

"You are a dear boy, and already a hero in heart and understanding, my Edmund," said Mrs. Mortimer, smiling sadly on her son; "and I trust I shall live to behold the day, in which, whatever may be your occupation, you will become an honour to your father's house, and the pride and darling hope of your mother's declining years."

While this amiable family are recounting their mutual griefs, hopes, and fears, it will be necessary to give the reader an insight into the circumstances which had involved Mrs. Mortimer in such a state of pecuniary distress.

Mrs. Mortimer was the only daughter of an officer of small fortune, but ancient family, who having had the misfortune to kill his colonel in a duel, had fled the country; his widow and infant

daughter being left destitute in consequence, were necessitated to form an establishment for the completion of the education of young ladies.

Mrs. Balin, who had assumed the name of Forrester, had the pleasure of finding that her seminary exceeded, in a very short time, her most sanguine expectation; for, being a very accomplished woman, many a noble personage was anxious to place either his or her daughter under the able superintendence of Mrs. Forrester. It was under this lady's roof that the late Lord Mortimer, who had long sworn enmity against every member of the Balin family, for having deprived him of his only brother, placed his grandaughter, little imagining Mrs. Forrester was the wife of the man who had so deeply injured him. Years passed, when Louisa Forrester, as she was termed, flourished, under the watchful guidance of the maternal eye, nature's own sweet and unsophisticated child; her

qualities far exceeded the charms of her person; and she so won the affections of all who had the pleasure of knowing her, that she shortly became the esteemed and acknowledged friend of Jane Mortimer. The latter, in the warmth of her friendship, could not support the thoughts of being separated from the society of the amiable Louisa, and when the vacations commenced, she would always invite her to the residence of her grandsire.

Mrs. Forrester, though she would hesitate in complying with the requests of her pupil, yet could not withstand the entreaties of her daughter, who loved Miss Mortimer with an affection of the most sisterly nature. It happened that during one of the annual visits to the castle, the brothers of Jane returned from their collegiate studies, in order to domesticate at their grandsire's seat, during term. Mrs. Forrester hearing that the castle was likely to be visited by these young noblemen, was on the point of

sending for her daughter, so watchful was she of her peace and final happiness, but a malignant fever having gained an entrance in the family, spreading its ravages indiscriminately among the domestics of her household, she naturally felt anxious that the absence of Louisa might be protracted, rather than hazard the life of a being, whose existence appeared interwoven with her own.

Few young women were so little addicted to a love of vanity and self-conceit as Louisa; still she could not but feel mortified on finding how low she stood in the estimation of George Mortimer, the heir of his grandfather's title and the inheritor of his estates; who, proud and commanding in his disposition, would frequently animadvert, in an indirect manner, on the mean ideas which his sister had inculcated at Mrs. Forrester's seminary. Louisa was in consequence highly piqued, though from her heart she forgave the proud collegian, as

she thought of his amiable sister, the love she bore her, and the respect she entertained for Edmund Mortimer, the younger brother of Jane, a virtuous and deserving young man. Never were two beings more opposite in character and temper than were the brothers George and Edmund; and though evidently much attached to each other, yet the ruling passion of the former was pride, while his disposition was as remarkable for its tyranny and impatience, as his brother's was for its mildness, gentle forbearance, and universal philanthropy. Edmund was the favourite brother of his sister, and when he called at Forrester House he would also evince the most lively esteem for her amiable and unassuming friend. Louisa, who had something of the romantic in her composition, could not but venerate so noble a character; yet her affection was merely Platonic. At length, Jane was taken ill of a mortal malady, and Louisa became her chief

nurse: no hand but her's administered the medicine to the dying sufferer; and while she smoothed the pillow, whereon to rest the aching head, she felt she had performed her duty, and acknowledged she was more than repaid by the gentle smile of the grateful Jane, who, unable to express her thanks in language, would press the hand of Louisa with fervour to her lips. Jane died. Louisa and Edmund were at first inconsolable, but time, that destroyer of our acute griefs, at length had power to diminish their sorrows. Edmund, whose heart had been taken by surprise, on observing the faithful affection of Louisa's heart, and in gratitude for the services she had performed to his lost sister, was convinced he could not bestow his attachment on a worthier object; but great was his disappointment when he received orders from his grandfather to visit Forrester House no more, and was informed by the mistress of the residence herself, that she not only re-

tained the name of Balin, but was the wife of him he most detested: he also further commanded his grandson, on pain of threatened disinheritance, that he would no longer hold communication with a family whom he had sworn to remain in enmity with to the last days of his life. It was in vain that Edmund pleaded his strength of affection, and his warmth of gratitude to Louisa, the esteemed friend of his sister; neither would he listen to him, but with the most extreme repugnance, on a subject his lordship had long held in contemplation, and that was to unite him to a lady of high rank and great wealth, and cousin to the fashionable woman whom his brother had lately married. Lord Mortimer remained inexorable; when Edmund, in an infatuated moment, was so indiscreet as to unite his fate by an indissoluble union to that of the fair Louisa's. It was true, that when the latter pronounced her vows at the altar, with a trembling voice, and

death-like countenance, something like presentiment entered her mind, that her future years would be embittered by the remembrance of her disobedience to the best of parents; for she had acted in direct opposition to the wishes of her mother, who besought her not to connect herself with a family, by whom she would be both scorned and neglected.

Louisa, however, had sealed her fate; and the consequence of this imprudent step was her husband's forfeiture of his grandsire's affection, as well as depriving him from inheriting such property as he intended to bequeath, had Edmund obeyed his orders. It was well for the new made Mrs. Mortimer, that her husband was of that magnanimous temper as not to regret any thing, and whose sole study it was to render every one around him as happy and comfortable as they could possibly wish; and often with a smile would he chase the starting tear from his wife's eye, as she reproached

herself with being the unhappy cause of her best friend being alienated from his family, and driven from the seat of his ancestors with scorn and reproach; she observed that she alone had necessitated him to seek his fortune on foreign shores, where she lived in daily apprehension, lest some untoward accident might deprive him of either his health or his life.

The ravages of a pestilential disease now entered the family of Mr. Mortimer, and he, with an infant daughter, first fell a prey to its malignant influence. Mrs. Mortimer, who had been similarly attacked, owed the preservation of her life (under Providence) to the unremitting assiduities of her daughter Louisa. No longer having occasion to remain in foreign climes, she was advised to return to England, and try the beneficial influence of her native air, in order to repair her shattered constitution, as well as restore her unsettled mind to a comparative state of peace, for it had long been a stranger

to her breast. Even while her husband lived, she felt but little happiness; so conscious was she of the fault she had committed, in marrying in direct opposition to the wishes of her affectionate parent. And now that she had mourned the loss of her dearest friend, she imagined tranquillity would never more fall to her share, though she was resigned to the decrees of a just Providence, and rightly judged that this life was but a probationary existence, the stage whereon we must all perform our allotted parts. Mrs. Mortimer returned to England with her fatherless family; a stranger in her native land, (her mother being dead) she had not a friend, save her children, who would solace her in her griefs. In this emergency, her last alternative was to apply to the incensed brother of her lost husband; she believed, that as they were once mutually attached, their hearts being entwined in the bonds of brotherly affection, Lord Mortimer, if he rejected

the mother, would, at least, acknowledge the children of his deceased friend and brother. The uncommon likeness which Louisa bore to her father, had partially affected his lordship's haughty nature, and he offered her protection beneath his own roof; at the same time hinting, that he trusted she would render herself agreeable in the society of his lady, as she would necessarily become the companion and participator in all Lady Mortimer's amusements and scenes of pleasure.

Louisa had scarcely remained three months under the protection of her uncle, when she became heartily tired of the enervating scenes of dissipation in which her aunt was continually engaged; but what was more galling to the feelings of her liberal mind, was the being not only regarded, but treated as the dependant of a family, to whom she was related by ties of consanguinity and friendship. Often would the tear start in her eye, in regarding the cold and chilling man-

ners of her ladyship towards herself, and she would exclaim, in the bitterness of her heart, "Oh, that at this moment I was but the inmate of my mother's endearing home; humble as it is, gladly would I exchange the luxuries, the pleasureable follies, the never-ceasing cares of this splendid mansion, for its retiring scenes; nay, its deprivations and wants, if but enriched by the smiles of affection, would be more grateful to my warm heart than the wealth of the wide universe."

Mrs. Mortimer, finding that she could expect to receive no further assistance from his lordship, was reduced to the necessity of taking a small shop, with the intention of opening it in the haberdashery line, but having little or no capital, it could not be expected that her business would prove a lucrative one. She struggled, however, with many contending difficulties, and would in all probability have surmounted them, had it

not been for the delicacy of her frame, which was ill able to stand the repeated shocks of adverse fortune. She concealed the anxiety she laboured under from her amiable daughter; but Louisa, who had long borne the unfriendly taunts of her relatives with becoming patience, at length resolved to bid adieu to greatness, and under the maternal roof seek that peace and happiness she could never hope to experience within the splendid walls of Mortimer Castle.

Louisa, in concert with her sisters, now strove to support their mother in ease and comfort; yet their faith in an all-seeing Power was still to be tried: for though Louisa was a proficient in music, and had some pupils, Helen quite an artist in drawing, and Charlotte an excellent needlewoman, (Edmund being the family accountant,) yet with their united endeavours they were unable to discharge the arrears of the king's taxes; other debts were impending, when Louisa

keenly feeling for the distresses of her mother and family, determined on soliciting her uncle once more in their behalf: the result has already been disclosed. Louisa returned in hopeless despondency, and witnessing the evident dejection which had deprived her mother of the power of reflecting on some point likely to remove the difficulties under which they laboured, she thought of an expedient, which, with the assistance of her sisters, would at least alleviate some part of the evils attendant on a state of poverty and want.

It happened that a few days previous, Edmund had been sent to the house of a very eminent silk-mercer and haberdasher, on particular business from his mother; while waiting to speak with the principal of the concern, a lady passed him, and addressing one of the young women in the shop, requested to be shewn some embroidery, as trimming for dresses. Edmund was not a little sur-

prised on hearing the exorbitant price demanded for the same; but when the milliner added, they could scarcely procure patterns of a like beautiful nature for money, hands being very scarce, Edmund was delighted as he thought of his sisters, who were perfectly acquainted with the manner in which this delicate work was wrought; and, hastening home, he joyfully announced to the delighted girls the news which had been indirectly submitted to his hearing. Louisa was so well pleased with the design of her brother, that she immediately waited on the milliner, and was gladly engaged to undertake the completion of two dresses, for a lady of high rank; but the sordid woman offered her but one half the sum she required, at the same time observing, that had her mother been a stranger to her, she would not have employed her on any terms, the dresses in themselves being of the most intrinsic value, and she was persuaded her lady-

ship, if she knew it, would be much displeased that she had permitted them to be removed from her sight."

Louisa sighed, as she thought that the person before her must have certainly guessed at the low state of her finances, or she would not have been thus peremptory in her commands, insisting on the work's completion at a given hour; for it was in vain that Louisa endeavoured to convince her, that if she worked night and day at the embroidery, it was impossible she could do justice to the work in that period.

The milliner replied, "that if it was not well done, she should expect a reduction in the charges;" but added, with an affected simper, "that as she did not wish to inconvenience her, she would give her two days more, in order to have the embroidery finished in the most perfect state."

Louisa, assisted by her mother and family, completed the task within the

given time, and was much pleased, when even the milliner herself, with all her penetration, confessed her entire satisfaction of the same; but, in answer to the hesitating observation of Louisa, respecting payment of her hard-earned money, she said, "they always received a few weeks credit, and could not think of deviating from a practice which had long since been established."

Louisa, who would not have undertaken the task at such low terms, had she not finally hoped to receive immediate payment for her work, quitted the presence of her unfeeling employer with an oppressed heart, and hastening home, could scarcely repress her tears, when relating the disappointment she had experienced to her mother.

"Have a little patience, my dear Louisa," said Mrs. Mortimer, "and you will find Mrs. Bond will quickly repay you, when she is assured you will not submit to become the dupe of her sordid

practices; she knows she cannot procure hands that would work for her at so low a rate; and she must shortly be convinced of the injustice she is doing not only my child but herself."

Mrs. Mortimer was, however, deceived in her expectation of receiving the money due from Mrs. Bond; though the latter had the hardihood, under the colour of an obliging letter, to supply poor Louisa with a considerable portion of work. This, at the instigation of her mother, she refused to undertake, unless payment was made on the articles being delivered. Mrs Bond was highly offended, in consequence; but self interest stifling her resentment, she consented to discharge the amount due to Louisa. This second work was speedily accomplished by the unfortunate widow and her family; but experiencing treatment of a similar nature to that which they had hitherto been subjected from their unprincipled employer, Mrs. Mortimer resolved, that whatever

might happen, she would never more permit her children to be subject to the capricious and unjust conduct of a woman so despicably mean.

A heavy and rather unexpected demand having been made on Mrs. Mortimer's pecuniary resources, she had been so much pressed, in consequence, as to deprive her of the means of discharging the just dues of her king and country; and Louisa, alarmed lest the tax-gatherer should put his severe threats into execution, remembered that the unkind Mrs. Bond was still in her debt, and that she owed her a sum, which would, in part, defray her mother's heavy bills.

"Down, down, ye presumptuous feelings!" she cried, as she addressed Helen on the subject, in the absence of their parent; "away, ye corrosive workings of a proud heart, for my inclinations, self-willed as they are, must bend subservient to the caprice and injustice of one whom, but a few months since, I might have

commanded; yes, as the niece of Lord Mortimer, and the inmate of his castle, Mrs. Bond would have gladly sought both my favour and services."

"No, no," said Helen, "this mean-spirited woman is not to know every thing, at least with respect to our family connexions; but, dear Louisa," she added, "I am still a stranger to the design you hold in contemplation of paying a third visit to the residence of this singular Mrs. Bond."

"You know, Helen," replied her sister, "that our united endeavours to afford satisfaction to the fickle nature of Mrs. Bond have merited a deserving success. You are aware too, that she esteems our services as a very valuable acquisition towards the promotion of her interest, and she very probably has some work in hand that may require our assistance, which I will now gladly undertake, provided she will settle the amount due. I must therefore hasten, dear sister," she added, "and

endeavour to compromise the feelings of pride to the dictates of imperious interest."

The day arrived in which the tax-gatherer had threatened to put his cruel intent into execution, if payment was not made; the distress of the unhappy widow's mind, in consequence, was great; and when Louisa disclosed her intention of visiting Mrs. Bond, she burst into tears, as she reflected on the mean insults her child must necessarily endure, when embosomed by poverty and want. With a palpitating heart the amiable Louisa entered the shop of her unfeeling debtor, and when she observed the assumed smile which played most uncouthly over the harsh features of Mrs. B. her mind misgave her that she still sought excuse for non-payment of the account; for Mrs. B. could be obliging enough when not pressed for money, her condescension to her superiors being so marked, as to degrade her character into the mean and servile arts of flattery; but Louisa, urged

by necessity, was compelled to entreat for what was most justly her right. Her voice, gentle and ladylike, was however soon drowned by the loud noisy vociferations of Mrs. Bond, who demanded, "if Louisa thought it reasonable she should feel inclined to show her that favour, which was denied herself; for you must know," she added, "that it is sometimes three years before I can collect my accounts. People in your situation have no idea what it is to have to deal with the great, for one dares not ask a titled connexion for money, though they seldom think of settling their debts; and if I was to importune them, as you do me, why I should certainly expect to be showed from the door in the twinkling of a moment."

"Ah! but Mrs. Bond," said Louisa mildly, "you appear to have forgotten that I have worked at a ready-mone price, and there must exist a wide diffe ence between——."

"Yes, you are right," cried Mrs. Bo

interrupting her in anger, "you are right: there certainly exists a wide difference between us; and I cannot but consider that I am greatly demeaning myself in holding a conference with one whom nobody knows; so, as to your money, young woman, you need not expect to receive it till your betters are served,—my Lady Maria Moreton, for whom you worked the embroidery, being one of the most dilatory customers I have, with respect to settling her accounts; indeed there is no such thing as procuring any money from her; so, if you choose, you can carry your piteous tale to Moreton Park, and preach a lesson to her ladyship on the dishonourable practice of continuing long in debt. Should she condescend to speak to you, remember then," she added, "that I am not troubled before the expiration f three months, as I neither can nor will lieve you."

So indignant were the feelings of Louisa, listening to language couched in such

insulting terms, that casting a look of contemptuous pity on the woman before her, she turned from her; for her heart, anguished as it was, yet felt too proud to reply to a speech intended to wound and mortify her feelings. She turned, it is true; but, to her wondering amaze, it was to meet the no less astonished regards of her friend, Lady Maria Moreton. The latter, unknown to Louisa and Mrs. Bond, had entered the apartment, and overheard the whole of their conversation. Shocked at finding the being she so much respected reduced to such a state of mortifying distress, she clasped the agitated girl in her arms, exclaiming, "Is it thus we meet, dear, ever dear Miss Mortimer, and at a time when I least expected to behold you! You know not the many anxious enquiries I have made after you at your uncle's. From the castle I could gain no tidings, and probably never should, had not fate guided my steps to this place. Say then, dear Louisa, what cruel power

has consigned you to the merciless grasp of Mrs. Bond? Yes, madam," she continued, addressing the panic-struck milliner, "I have listened to a detail which had for its subject the defamation of Lady Maria Moreton; but in that you have erred, and most materially too, for methinks, Mrs. Bond, that I never hold long-standing accounts with you. Hear me patiently: did I not settle the amount due a month since; and were you not left my debtor, as you had not, or would not have, withal to change my note? and I at the same time remarked, it was of no consequence, as it could stand over, and be deducted from the next payment. That I give you, Mrs. Bond, for neither I nor this young lady will ever trouble you more; though, remember, you have meanly insulted a lady of birth, of rank, though fallen may be her fortune. Revive, Louisa, your sorrows are but for a moment: peace and prosperity now hover around you—they linger but to crown your tried endea-

vours with the wreath of fame, felicity, and honour."

It was in vain that Mrs. Bond essayed to speak, her tongue clave to the roof of her mouth; she could only utter a few disjointed sentences, "that she so much regretted her ladyship had misunderstood her, for none could be more honourably inclined than Lady Maria Moreton; she would not have offended her for the wealth of the Indies, and she should be miserable at the thoughts of living under the displeasure of her ladyship; for as to Miss Mortimer's being a friend of her ladyship, see had not the least idea, and could never forgive herself, in consequence, for what she had said and done."

"I pardon you, Mrs. Bond," said her ladyship, but ere we separate, I would enjoin you to be more charitable: be repentant, and sin no more, lest evil overtake you in an unexpected hour."

Lady Maria had now drawn Louisa towards the door of the shop—her car-

riage was standing before her; and desiring her friend to step into it, she followed, eager to escape the hypocritical apologies of Mrs. Bond. Desiring the coachman to drive to Mrs. Mortimer's, she cast a sad and half-reproachful glance on her companion, expressive of her regret that she had so long concealed it from her knowledge.

Louisa knew full well the meaning of her friend's look, as she returned, with tearful eyes. "Had I not retained the name of Mortimer, had I not been born the daughter of my late honourable father, the sentiments of innate pride had shone less conspicuous, and I should have gladly sought the soothing consolation of my noble-minded friend; who, unlike the world in general, deigns to court the society of one overwhelmed by indigence, and lost in obscurity."

"Even the thatched roof would prove an honourable residence in my estimation," replied her ladyship, "provided it em-

bosomed the Mortimer family; yes, fairer to my view would it appear, than the stately palace, decked in all its splendor of——."

Her ladyship paused, as Louisa, taking her hand, gratefully pressed it; her full heart having vented its tide of joy in tears, she at length found utterance to recount her little tale of sorrows to the hearing of her sympathetic friend. Scarcely had she concluded, when the coach stopped suddenly before the door of her mother. Louisa, on alighting with Lady Maria, was surprised to find that nobody came to greet her entrance; but the reason was shortly elucidated, for on proceeding to the parlour, both ladies heard Mrs. Mortimer say, "Generous stranger, it is a subject of much regret to me that I am necessitated to detail my family grievances in your hearing, though I——."

"Indeed," cried a voice, rudely interrupting Mrs. M., and which Louisa knew to be that of the tax-gatherer's, from its

harsh tones, "indeed I think you have rather cause to rejoice that you have met with so kind a friend. Certainly you are a wonderful young man, Sir," he added, turning to the gentleman, "to offer to settle other people's debts; that is nothing to me, to be sure; so as I have the money I care not where it comes from."

"It is my brother, it is Frederick himself!" cried Lady Maria, following the steps of Louisa; the latter started on hearing the assertion of her friend, and bursting into tears, she exclaimed, "noble, generous family, what do we not owe you! Eternal blessings rest with you and yours; for the kindness shown to the reduced Louisa, to her widowed mother and family, shall meet Heaven's high reward. Pride had once revolted at the bare mention of a benefit received; but now gratitude, that noblest feeling of the soul, predominates over every other selfish consideration."

Lady Maria, who still grasped the hand

of Louisa, by which she prevented her entrance to the parlour, was somewhat amused, when her brother drawing out his pocket-book, wrote a check on his banker, and delivering it to the tax-gatherer, demanded if that would not satisfy him.

"'Pon my honour," returned the man in an ironical tone, "if this isn't more than what I thought you was able to do; a check, eh, and drawn too on Messrs. —, what a mighty generous young man; but I must be cautious, before I praise, lest after all, I should be duped out of the money." Saying these words, he put on his spectacles, and began reading the check, with the most penetrating observation.

"You do right, friend, to be particular," said Frederick, "lest, indeed, you become the dupe of my designing pen."

"Ah, young man," he replied with a threatening air, "if I find you have been deceiving me, remember you shall not

escape with impunity,—let's see then the attached signature; ah, what Frederick Moreton, is it? why that name I know well, being that of our minister, the noble Marquis of ——. Oh, so you desire to pass off for some relative of his lordship, I presume; but the trick wont do; I am a wiser man than you think for, I assure you, and know almost every member of that family, as well by sight, as I do my own children."

"Be it then known to you, that I am Lord Frederick Moreton," replied the gentleman with a dignified air, "and son to the Marquis of whom you speak; dread then the effects of an enquiry into your conduct; your iniquitous proceedings I am fully convinced of. You spare the rich, but distress the poor; you unjustly extort payment from the latter, even before the required period; while, the former you never think of troubling, till it shall suit their own pleasure and convenience. Prepare then to quit a station,

for you have proved yourself unworthy of becoming the agent of government, or—"

"Oh, my lord," said the now humbled man, (for he could not doubt the personal identity of his lordship, when Lady Maria advanced, and acknowledged him to be her brother;) "oh, my lord," he continued, "I know my conduct has been reprehensible in many respects, but if a future life of faithful services, can compensate for my past offences, they shall be mine. Your lordship is most mercifully inclined, and will not, cannot deprive the father of a family of his character and fair name—of the means of bringing up his children, in ease and comfort."

"I see you have a powerful pleader in the amiable individual, you have so cruelly oppressed by your unmanly threats," replied Lord Frederick; "at the instigation of Mrs. Mortimer, then, your case shall experience that lenity, which the dictates of justice would forbid. Leave us, then,

for I trust the shaft pierces already sufficiently deep."

It would be impossible to express the gratitude which swayed the hearts of the Mortimer family, on being suddenly relieved from the distress under which they had laboured; nor were the feelings of Lord Frederick and his sister less happy on the occasion, as they had proved the fortunate means of restoring peace to the breasts of those, whose characters they could not but admire and esteem.

Lady Maria having introduced her respected Louisa to her brother, as the friend, the loss of whose society he had often heard her regret, now reseated herself, as his lordship recounted to the surprised Mrs. Mortimer the most eventful passage of his life.

It appeared from his relation, that when he first visited the shop of Mrs. Mortimer, he had not the least knowledge of the rank and station she had once held in life, but struck by the superiority of her ap-

pearance, as well as interested by the manly remarks of Edmund, he had on his departure, made particular enquiries into the state of their former fortunes; the result of these remarks, were, that he had held conversation with the niece of him, to whom his family were eternally obliged. Captain Balin, the uncle of Mrs. Mortimer, once rescued Lord Frederick, when an infant, from a watery grave; and in consideration of that memorable circumstance, his lordship was persuaded that his father, the marquis, would gladly tender his services, in order to produce a reconciliation between the long disunited families of Mortimer and Balin; and he did not doubt of his parent's ultimate success, as he possessed the most unbounded influence over the mind of his friend, Lord Mortimer.

In the course of a few days Mrs. Mortimer was joyfully surprised by the reappearance of her right honourable friends, and followed, to her increasing amaze, by

Lord Mortimer himself: in token of his reconciliation, his lordship raised the widowed hand of his sister-in-law to his lips, assuring her, at the same time, that she possessed both his friendship and esteem; while for the future, she might lay claim to his protection and support.

The rejoiced widow raised her streaming eyes in silent thanks to Heaven, as her fatherless children prayed down blessings on the head of their now repentant uncle; the latter was himself affected, as he regarded the lowly condition to which his late brother's family were reduced. In order to disguise those feelings that had too long lain dormant in his breast, he turned to Edmund, saying, he had heard a most favourable account of his boyish merits from his friend, Lord Frederick; "and I doubt not," he added, "that, when we are better acquainted, I shall be equally pleased with you."

"I know myself to be undeserving of exciting either your or Lord Frederick's

esteem," modestly replied Edmund; "but my constant endeavour for the future shall be, to prove myself in some degree worthy of being ranked in the honourable opinion of my noble friends."

"You are a surprising boy," said his uncle, drawing towards his nephew, and taking his hand; "and if I find you thus modest and wise, you shall be the Edmund of my affections, for you forcibly recal to memory and friendship the early years of your late father. You certainly much resemble him in mind and feature. Say then, Edmund, is there a wish your heart retains, and I will at this moment grant it to the full extent of my power."

"Ah, my lord," said Edmund, "I have long desired to see you, for heavy thoughts have lain here," he added, pointing to his breast; "and since you are so kind as to require me to explain, I think I may do it without offering offence to any one present. You have said, dear uncle, that

you will prove a protector to my mother and sisters."

"Well, Edmund, continue, for I intend to perform my promise," said Lord Mortimer, observing his nephew pause.

"Then, when I am gone, they will have nothing to fear."

"And whither are you going, in the name of goodness, Edmund?" returned his lordship.

"Sure your lordship would not make a tradesman of me!" said Edmund, with a disappointed air.

"Explain yourself more fully then, my boy," said his uncle, "for, on my life, I cannot at all comprehend your meaning."

"Why, my lord," replied Edmund, blushing, "I have long desired to follow the profession in which my father acquired so much honour to his name; shall I then, his son, the descendant of a nobleman, be enabled to cherish a warlike spirit, when entering on the world of traffic and commerce; and though I have

been brought to acknowledge, that the truly virtuous may be as distinguished in the garb of a tradesman as in military costume, yet I feel I could never be content in following the avocation of the former; do then, my lord, permit me to enter the army, for my mind is bent on leading a soldier's life."

"Gain your mother's permission, my brave boy, and you have mine," said his uncle, tapping him on the shoulder.

"Mrs. Mortimer will not thwart the inclinations of her son," said Lord Frederick; "for something prophetic whispers, that Edmund Mortimer shall become the modern Scipio of the day, as magnanimous, as brave, and virtuous.

Lord Mortimer now bequeathed to Louisa and her brother the property that had been their father's. Had he acted in conformity to the wishes of his grandsire, a small residue would have been held in reserve for the maintainance of Mrs. Mortimer and her other daughters;

but Louisa generously divided the half of her fortune with her mother and sisters; indeed she would have dedicated a larger share, had not her hand been sought in marriage by Lord Frederick Moreton, who, though disinterested himself, could not answer for the commands of his parent, who desired not only rank and amiability of disposition, but a dower also, in the bride elect of his son's choice.

Mrs. Mortimer, as soon as she had witnessed the union of her daughter, retired into the country, where in peace and hopeful security she superintended the education of Helen and Charlotte; Edmund being sometime after sent to college by his uncle, whose heir he was now become, that nobleman being deprived of his only son by the relentless hand of death.

AFFLICTION'S BEST SOLACE.

Mr. Dawlinson having been bereft of a father, mother, brother, and two sisters, in the short space of three years, returned to his paternal seat in the north of Scotland, labouring under a weight of accumulating affliction. His mind, deeply impressed with sorrow at the recent loss of his only surviving parent, and a younger brother, could experience little or no pleasure in receiving the warm testimonial of his tenants' respect and affection on his safe arrival at the seat of his ancestors, from the milder clime of the southern shores of France.

Fast flowed the tears down the cheek of Mr. Dawlinson, as he replied to the affectionate greetings of the warm-hearted

Highlanders, who appeared most deeply to sympathize in the griefs by which he was assailed; and as the expression of their good wishes, and prayers for his future happiness, lingered on his ear, he felt the truth of the remark, "that nothing is more grateful to the feelings of the unhappy than the voice of consolation and kindness; administering a balm of the most soothing quality to mitigate that anguish, which preys on the vital energies, rendering the individual equally indifferent to the world's comforts and enjoyments.

Mr. Dawlinson, as he entered the abode, so late the beloved home of his still dearer relatives, threw himself, with a desponding air, in the large easy chair that had once wheeled his infirm father from his respective suite of apartments. "Ah!" he exclaimed, "thou precious relic of my now sainted parent, what days of pleasure, what moments of endearing affection dost thou not recall to my memory and

tenderness! Ah! whither have ye flown, ye days of past happiness! ye years of anticipated, but unrealised bliss!" Dawlinson sighed deeply, and the tears again fell from his eyes, as the bitter reflection crossed his mind, that he had not a friend or relative, in whom he could confide his sorrows: not one remained, and he felt desolate and wretched. It was true, he had many acquaintances, several of whom were most happy to rank him on the list of friends; but Dawlinson had early imbibed such an enthusiastic idea of the sentiments of true friendship, that from frequent disappointments in finding how fickle and inconstant were the best intentions of the generality of mankind, he declined selecting any particular individual as his esteemed companion, and confined his attachments exclusively to the more immediate members of his own family; who, bound to each other by the most sacred ties of filial and fraternal affection, were remarked as being not only

the most wealthy, but the most domestic and amiable family in the north of Scotland.

Dawlinson, as he dwelt on the virtues of the deceased, gave himself up to feelings of the most melancholy nature: he loved to frequent the shades of solitude, and hold converse with the departed spirits of his endeared but lost family, till the faithful domestics of his establishment, dreading lest their worthy young master should be deprived of the use of his faculties, resolved by every means in their power to win him from an indulgence in such immoderate sorrow, so prejudicial to his health, so baneful to his future interests and peace; "and even sinful," they would add, "was it to repine, under the just dispensations of a wise and overruling Providence."

"What a pity it is," cried the aged nurse of Mr. Dawlinson, to the respected steward of the household,—"what a pity it is that the milk of human kindness has

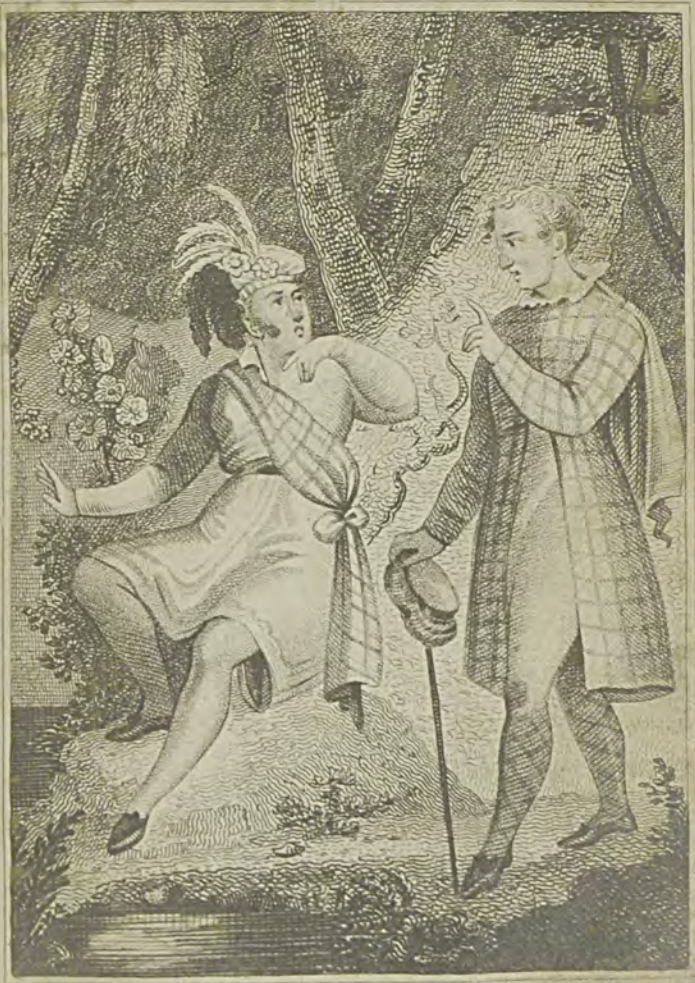
lost its power over the heart of my dear Master Colin; he does not appear to feel for the woes of his fellow-creatures, as he once did; and since he has lost my good lady and gentleman, with his brother and sisters, I declare he is quite altered. Oh! you remember, Mr. Campbell," she added, "that less than four years ago you pronounced him to be one of the most generous and best hearted lads in the whole country round. To be sure, poor young gentleman, I don't wonder at his taking it so sadly, for it was not a little affliction to be deprived of the dearest of his friends in so short a time."

"Ah!" said Mr. Campbell, shaking his head, "Master Colin would do well to remember, there is no balm more soothing to the afflicted heart than that of affording, by every means in our power, to assuage the miseries of human nature; besides, he is doing a great injustice to the memory of his deceased relatives, who were so good and amiable in their lives,

for he mourns their loss, as without hope. I now go, to arouse him to a sense of his duty, an accident having happened in the neighbourhood, the evils of which, I trust, through his humanity and prompt assistance, will in part be averted.

Mr. Campbell now sought this afflicted young man in the retreats of solitude and reflection. Dawlinson started from his contemplative posture, on observing his steward standing before him. The latter did not give him an opportunity of inquiring into the nature of the occasion which had led him to seek him in retirement, as he commenced as follows:—

"Sir, I deem it an imperative duty in me, as one engaged in the faithful discharge of your services, to take cognizance of every affair, whether of important or relative interest, that is done either directly or indirectly upon the precincts of your domains; and, to keep you in no longer suspense, I shall proceed to inform you, that it pleased Heaven last night to



Mr Campbell now sought this afflicted young man in the retreats of solitude.

visit
stor
man
inca
men
grou
denly
their
scarc
bodi
degr
expo
childr
weath
comfo
for, as
afflicto
neighb
can th
tion."

"M
means
bell,"
them

visit us with one of the most tremendous storms the inhabitants have beheld for many years; the mischief it has done is incalculable: many of the poor fishermen's huts are blown even with the ground; none, thank God, have been suddenly summoned from this world, with all their sins upon their heads, though there is scarcely one that has not received some bodily injury, in either a greater or lesser degree. In this maimed condition they are exposed, with their wives and weeping children, to all the inclemencies of the weather, with not a friend to soothe and comfort them—no, nor even to assist them; for, as it happens, my worthy but equally afflicted young master is the chief of the neighbouring hamlet, and to him only can they look for support and protection."

"Mitigate their sufferings by every means in your power, my good Campbell," said Mr. Dawlinson; "and give them my best wishes, as well as prompt

services, for their future comfort and well-doing."

"Pardon me, Sir," continued Campbell, "but my melancholy relation is not yet come to a conclusion, for the stormy influence of the hurricane has even been more destructive on the sea than on shore: several fishing smacks have not only been lost, but what is more dreadful, a small vessel, bound to the Hebrides, has shared the same fate."

"And her unfortunate crew," cried Dawlinson, in breathless anxiety, have they too been lost in the briny deep?"

"Some, it is too fatally apprehended, Sir, have met with a watery grave," replied Campbell, pleased on observing he had at length aroused the compassion of a man, made almost insensible to every thing but his own woes; "others have indeed escaped," he continued, "through the wonderful interposition of Providence, though deprived of their little all, from the ravages of the tempest. It would have

affected even the heart of a savage to have beheld the mother, with her clasped babe in her arms, enquiring, in a state of distraction, for those little innocents, which she was doomed never more to behold, from their early and untimely death; the husband, for the esteemed wife of his youth's choice; the child, for the parent; the friend, for the selected companion of his once gay or serious moments. In short, Sir, I can add no more—the scene beggars all description; though, if I had a tongue to dwell with tenderness and persuasive feeling on female suffering, I would touch on the misery of a fine young lady, deprived too surely of a father's fostering care, as we could gain no tidings of him; and I think I now behold her uplifted eyes, and clasped hands, as she dropped with pious resignation on her knees, declaring her stedfast faith in the power of the Most High."

"Well, Campbell, you know you are empowered with orders to render every

assistance in either mine or your own power, to alleviate the misfortunes of the sufferers. Leave me then for the present: I wish to be alone."

"What! leave you, Sir, and at such a time as this?" cried Campbell, with energy. "No; I am convinced you are still too nobly inclined to perform by proxy what you ought to discharge in person. Forgive the boldness of an old man, Sir; but I must demand, Are you an Highlander, the descendant of the most honourable of the Scottish clans; and yet deficient in politeness, and to a lady, whose superiority of birth, of mind, and person, claims from you the heart's due reverence and respect? Oh! I have known the day, when your lamented father would have flown, with all the magnanimity of his nature, to defend and assist the cause of female innocence and worth! Methinks in vision I still behold him,—yes, Sir,—contemning your immoderate grief; for faith teaches me, that he, with the de-

parted members of his family, are now reigning in realms of peace and glory. Arouse yourself, then, my still amiable young master, the beloved son of him who was once dear to my heart, as my own parent. Oh! cease to indulge in sorrow; you know not how prejudicial are these selfish workings of the human heart; they destroy your happiness, and, above all, they annihilate the most brilliant prospects of declaring the Christian's cause: even Glory to God in the highest, and peace and good will to man on earth."

Mr. Dawlinson regarded his steward for some minutes in wonder; at length, as a bright blush mantled over his cheek, he said, in a hurried tone, "and do you, Campbell, regard me as that miserable selfish being, who, alike indifferent to the woes of suffering nature, is——?"

"Forgive the freedom of an old man, Sir," cried Campbell, interrupting Mr. Dawlinson; but I do regard you as selfish, in refusing to sympathize in the mis-

fortunes of your fellow-creatures. You certainly do good by deputy, but then you deprive yourself of receiving the sweets of a personal blessing; you throw from you one of the noblest enjoyments of life; and, in a case like the present, it will be impossible for me to supply the place of my master: I, who have neither ability, politeness, nor delicacy, to offer my services to a lady, who appears to have been bred in the courts of refinement."

"Yes, yes, you have all those qualities, in a partial degree, my worthy Campbell," said Mr. Dawlinson; "however, I will accompany you to the sea shore, for you must know, that for once you have made a complete convert of me; and you shall see, that with all your ill judging, I am not quite so callous hearted as you imagine?"

"I know your heart to be naturally susceptible of the best impressions which can elevate the human species, Sir," said

Campbell, in accents of pleasure; "but excuse me," he added, "should I say, that you had fallen into such an alarming state of lethargy, and appeared so indifferent to every thing around, that I thought it preferable to run the risk of incurring your displeasure, by awakening you to a sense of the danger of your situation, than calmly permitting you to follow the bent of your inclinations; which, in the end, must have deprived not only me, but many a warm-hearted and faithful domestic, of the best and most endeared of masters."

"Ah! my good friend," said Mr. Dawlinson, "I feel how unworthy I am of receiving the flattering testimonial of your praise; but still you must not condemn the feelings of intense affliction, which even now preys on the most vital energies of the soul; for you are aware, that the domestic calamities which I have been doomed to experience, were evils of no ordinary cast, nor——."

Here Mr. Dawlinson paused; his emotion choked his utterance; and the steward, whose philosophical nature was somewhat moved at the reflection of his young master's sorrows, pressed the extended hand affectionately between his own; while the big tear, which rolled down his aged cheek, convinced Dawlinson how ready he was to soothe the perturbed state of his grief-worn heart.

Scarcely a word passed between Mr. Dawlinson and his steward, as the former followed the latter to the neighbouring hamlet; each being so absorbed in the retrospection of his own feelings, as to afford but little zest for the display of the conversational powers.

On the steward's suddenly stopping before the door of a mean-looking cottage, Dawlinson enquired if any part of the shipwrecked crew were lodged in the humble cot before him.

"Yes, Sir," said Campbell, Miss Macdougal is here, she had no where else to

shelter her befriendless head; and even under this roof I heard her return her heartfelt thanks, that Heaven had been thus pleased to deal so graciously with her."

"Poor young lady," replied Dawlinson; "but did she not murmur, when deprived of a father's fostering care?"

"Miss Macdougal believes, that Heaven in mercy has still spared the life of her only surviving parent, and that he has been picked up by one of the many boats which were put out to sea, on receiving intimation of a ship's being in distress."

The steward having stepped in before Mr. Dawlinson, in order to apprize the inmates of the cottage of his approach, now introduced Mr. D. to the suffering Miss Macdougal; who, in accents of calm resignation, dwelt with grateful feeling on the numerous kindnesses she had received, not only at the hand of Mr. Campbell, but from those, whose humble condition in life were but ill able to assist

her. "But God will reward their humanity," she cried, as a shower of tears bedewed her face: "for unless my beloved father's life is spared to his daughter's prayers, I feel I shall never be enabled to requite them."

Mr. Dawlinson, who imagined, that when his steward first mentioned the hapless condition of this young lady, he had done so for the sole purpose of raising him to deeds of benevolence, overrated the personal merits of his fair subject; his expectations were, however, agreeably disappointed, when he beheld a female endowed with the most polished charms of mind and person, while he gathered from her affecting discourse an antidote wherewith to soothe his own sorrows, in the pious expressions of her virtuous and affectionate heart.

Mr. Dawlinson, having promised Miss Macdougal that no means should be left untried, in order to gain some intelligence of her father, quitted the cottage, after

receiving her warm thanks for his intended services. He first visited the house of a lady, who had been a particular friend of his late mother; and he doubted not, from the benevolent disposition of Mrs. Stewart, that she would show those attentions to the unfortunate Miss Macdougal, which the peculiarity of her case so loudly demanded.

Mrs. Stewart, who was much pleased on finding the son of her lamented friend rousing himself to deeds of active exertion and benevolence, cheerfully acceded to his request; as rising from her seat, and ringing the bell, she ordered her carriage to be immediately prepared.

Mr. Dawlinson, as he seated himself by the side of the amiable Mrs. Stewart, (the coachman having been desired to proceed to the cottage of poor Ferguson,) experienced a calm of soul that had long been a stranger to his breast; his kind friend observing the mild serenity which beamed from his grief-worn countenance,

turned towards him, while with a smile she added, "What pleasure is greater, what feeling more sweet and consolatory, than that of endeavouring, by every means in our power, to prove of service and benefit to our fellow creatures?"

"O! none, none in the world," cried Dawlinson, with energy, as a thrilling emotion of the purest pleasure now emanated through his heart, and appeared to promise him some hopes of returning happiness, during his sojourn through this vale of vanity and tears.

"Though we may be doomed to drink the cup of bitterness to the very dregs," continued Mrs. Stewart, "and Heaven knows," she added, with a sigh, "how I have loathed the painful draught; but the hour of affliction is past,—my hopes are fixed on that haven to which we are all journeying, and from whence there is no return; yet remember, my young friend, that this life is sweetened by the possession of a conscience void of offence,

of the recollection of a life well spent; and, to use scriptural language, 'I have been young, but now am old, yet never saw I the righteous forsaken, or their seed begging their bread.'"

Dawlinson bowed in respectful silence, as Mrs. Stewart concluded; and he inwardly admired that fortitude of mind, and pious resignation to the will of Heaven, that this lady had displayed throughout the eventful career of her life; for she too had beeen deprived of her dearest connexions, in a manner as singular as the result was melancholy and afflictive.

The coach now stopped at the door of Ferguson's cot; and as Mr. Dawlinson handed his friend from it, they were suddenly met by Miss Macdougal, who, not expecting the return of Mr. D. entertained the delusive hope that he had indeed found her father. "O no!" she exclaimed, in abrupt accents, as the tears of disappointment strayed down her cheek,

"oh no! such happiness is not in store for the poor unhappy Caroline!"

"Caroline!" reiterated Mrs. Stewart, as she caught the sinking frame of Miss Macdougal in her arms; oh! that name recalls to memory and affection moments of entrancing bliss; would that I had never tasted of happiness unalloyed, anguish had not then ceased upon this widowed, this bereaved heart."

Miss Macdougal looked in the face of her who so kindly supported her, and as she listened to her affecting lament, she pressed the hand of Mrs. Stewart to her lips, with the most sympathetic interest.

"My dear young lady," cried Mrs. Stewart, "forgive me for having betrayed symptoms of such violent emotion in your presence; I came not here to soothe my own griefs, but rather to mitigate yours. You say, that you had hoped your father had returned with Mr. Dawlinson; ah, I could almost wish," she added, "that he had not been yours."

"Madam," exclaimed Caroline, in accents of surprise, "what is it I hear you say? Oh! in pity, do justice to the worth of my father, who is one of the best and noblest of human beings."

"Can I do otherwise," said Mrs. Stewart, recovering her composure; "the name of Macdougal is a stranger to my ear, consequently your father is unknown to me; I was scarcely conscious of what I was uttering, in being suddenly blest with the sight of a countenance, which bears the most striking resemblance to that of a once dear friend, whose death I can never cease lamenting. Independent then of every other good quality, you bear with you a talisman, that has bound the heart of Anne Stewart with ties of warm and unalterable friendship. Believe me sincere then, my dear girl, when I add, that I take the truest interest in your welfare; and, convinced of the amiability of your disposition, even from our present short acquaintance, shall

henceforth stand, whether protected or not, your firm and unalienable friend."

"You are kind, too kind indeed, my dearest madam," said Caroline, in grateful accents; "and I trust I shall not prove undeserving of that warmth of benevolent feeling, with which you have been pleased to display to the friendless daughter of Captain Macdougal; but it shall henceforth be my first and chief endeavour to render myself, in some degree, worthy of that confidence which you have reposed in a stranger——."

"Say no more, my amiable young friend," replied Mrs. Stewart, interrupting her, "for I am fully sensible of the noble sentiments which ever actuate the generous heart to deeds of gratitude and affection; but where is Ferguson and his wife?" she added, looking round, "I do not see them; for I had designed, ere I carried Miss Macdougal from their lowly roof, to make them some recompense for their indefatigable attention and kind

care of not only their fair inmate, but of several individuals who formed a part of the shipwrecked crew."

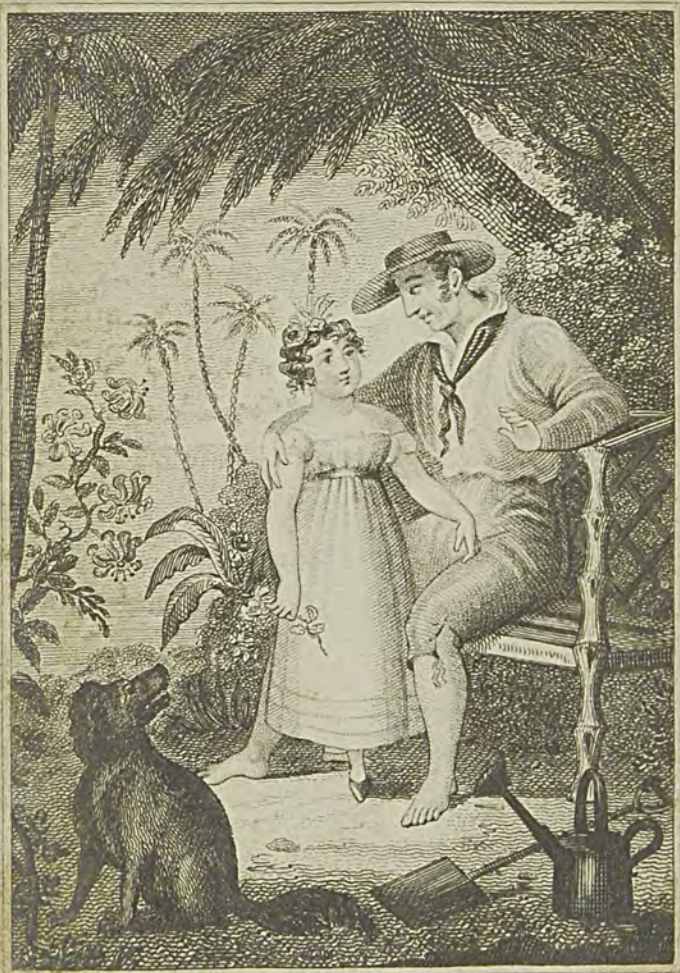
Ferguson, who had been standing at the outside of the door, (feeling a repugnance to intrude himself into the presence of Mrs. Stewart and young Dawlinson,) on hearing his name mentioned came forward, and bowing to the ladies, said, as he modestly cast his eyes on the floor, "That he returned God thanks for having enabled him to prove of service to those who required assistance at his hand; and I hope," he added, "that should it please Heaven to visit me with affliction, or place me in a similar situation of trial and suffering, that some one will stretch out an arm to relieve my distresses; so that I consider, by doing a good action, I am only performing my duty; and though my station in life is humble indeed, yet it being that which it has pleased God to call me to, I am content, and endeavour to render my wife and family as happy as

possible, even when times run harder with us."

Then you cannot always procure a livelihood for yourself and family, my honest man?" said Mr. Dawlinson.

"Alas; no, your honour," replied Ferguson's wife, twisting her apron strings round her finger, "but still we do the best we can; and though my heart is sometimes inclined to murmur, when we suffer cold and hunger, yet my good husband always checks me, by reminding me of my faith and duty, which teaches me to trust with confidence in the hand of Providence."

"And your confidence will meet with its due reward, from a just and overruling hand," said Mrs. Stewart; "and as long as you seek the favour and protection of a heavenly Power, you will never want an earthly friend to succour you in the hour of distress. Farewell then, my good people, for the present; to-morrow you shall again hear from me, though first



My parent, after his day's labour, would seat me on his knee. Vol. I. p. 91.

accept this trifle as a reward for your humanity; but more of that hereafter," she added, as sliding the contents of her purse into the hand of Mrs. Ferguson, she turned to Miss Macdougal, and enquired "if she desired to bring any particular articles with her, as apartments were already prepared for her at Stewart Castle; and she was now anxious to return thither, in order to afford her friend an opportunity of reciting her sad and affecting narration."

Miss Macdougal having replied, "that the shipwreck had deprived her of her all," was shortly after conducted to Mrs. Stewart's carriage, followed by the prayers and good wishes of Ferguson's family for her welfare and happiness.

Mr. Dawlinson, who had accompanied Mrs. Stewart and Caroline to the castle, felt a secret degree of satisfaction on the latter requesting he would prolong his stay; as she desired not only to unfold her short and eventful history to the hear-

ing of her amiable friend, Mrs. Stewart, but to his also. Indeed," she added, "I feel indebted to you, Mr. Dawlinson, for the many kind attentions I have received, through the hands of Mr. Campbell, your excellent and venerable steward."

"Ah, madam!" replied Mr. Dawlinson, as a blush of ingenuous confusion overspread his face, "it is not to me your thanks are due, but rather to Campbell, my aged monitor; who, with a resolution as admirable as it was praiseworthy, roused me from the state of lethargy into which I had unhappily fallen, through—,"

"Pardon me for interrupting you, my friend," said Mrs. Stewart, "but we will not revert to melancholy topics; though I must now recall to your remembrance the words which you uttered in my presence a few evenings ago, "that you thought the heart a useless incumbrance to man, as it was evidently designed to feel the most torturing strokes of pain and anguish; but now, surely, you must

admit, that it was also formed to experience no inconsiderable portion of joy and happiness, in the sweet contemplation of having performed an upright action. But Miss Macdougal, I see, is anxious to narrate her promised recital; and we both promise," she rejoined, " not to interrupt its progress, though she may believe, that we not the less sympathize with her feelings on that account: continue then, Caroline; and, in listening to your sorrows, we will for awhile cease to recollect our own."

Miss Macdougal bowed, as her friend ceased speaking; and wiping the starting tear from her eyelash, she commenced, as follows:—

" I am the only child of Captain Macdougal, the descendant of an ancient and respectable family in the north of Ireland. I was yet an infant, when my father received orders to join his regiment, then stationed at Portsea. He was on the point of obeying them, when he received

intelligence of the dangerous illness of an only and beloved sister, who resided in one of the Scottish isles. She, conscious of her approaching dissolution, requested, in the most earnest manner, to see her brother, ere he departed for America. My father, in the anxiety of his feelings, immediately complied with the wishes of my aunt; but ere he arrived, in company of his wife and child, this endeared relative had expired. Often have I heard my parent assert, that this, his first and last voyage to the Scottish isles,—(oh, may it not prove so! cried Caroline, deeply sighing, as she clasped her hands with fervour,) yes, he has said it was the most eventful of his life, for scarcely a week had elapsed since the demise of my aunt, when my mother experienced a dreadful accident in a fall from her horse. In this condition she besought my father to permit of her accompanying him across the Atlantic. She landed on the shores of America; and when my father was

necessitated to join his army, I formed the only companion of her solitary hours. She would frequently weep over me; and though at that period I could not have been four years of age, yet well do I remember that she has called me her hapless Caroline; would say I was born to a hard fate; and when on her death bed, which happened shortly after, she placed my hand within that of her husband's, she earnestly requested him, if it was possible, to restore me, after her demise, to my friends and country; but, should the idea prove impracticable, to keep the secret till I had arrived to years of discretion. My father, who could not support the idea of continuing to reside in a country in which the partner of his joys had expired, obtained leave of absence to revisit his home and friends; but misfortune still pursued him, and his faith was put to the test, when an Algerine corsair boarded our small vessel, which, after a gallant resistance on our part, was

obliged to yield to superior numbers. In this action my parent, to the anguish of my infant heart, lost his left arm; and had not Providence watched over his safety, I must have become an orphan, left friendless, and in the hands of barbarians; who, despising the laws of civilized society, would have either condemned me to perpetual confinement, or sold me for a slave. Nothing, however, could induce me to quit the side of my wounded father; and the pirates, observing the strength of my affection, gladdened my parent's heart with the promise, that he need not fear a separation from his child, as, in the event of his recovery, he would be sold to a brother of their captain's; and, as he had a thorough knowledge of botany, it was not unlikely but that he might be employed in gardening, and where I might be of use, in watering the flowers.

"Such was the fate of the gallant and noble-minded Captain Macdougal," continued Caroline; "he was at first over-

whelmed with melancholy, for the galling fetters of slavery bore most heavily on his independent spirit, though he would observe, with parental tenderness, that his first and greatest sorrow was, to know that he had unhappily brought his little Caroline into a state of bondage and slavery, from which he had neither the means nor power to extricate her. Suffice it to add, I was happy as a child could wish, in the affection of my parent; who, after his day's labour, would seat me on his knee, and from the powers of his highly cultivated mind, would inculcate the lessons of virtue and wisdom; and while my understanding naturally expanded, from the beneficial instructions of my father, I in consequence became a more desirable companion to the daughters of Abul Aram, the name of the man in whose service we were engaged.

"At the expiration of seven years my father, with his Caroline, were ransomed through the noble generosity of a friend.

Who can express the gratitude which filled our hearts, when we quitted the Algerine coast, and as we firmly trusted, for ever. My parent was resolved on following the steps of his benefactor, who, we were informed, had set sail for Bengal. In a few months my father again sailed, and for the first time was deaf to my entreaty, as he would not permit of my visiting the Asiatic territories; but placing me under the superintendence of an accomplished woman, who resided near the English metropolis, he desired that neither pains nor expense should be spared in his absence, towards the completion of my education. Having given me a packet, with strict injunctions that I would not break the seal, but in case of his death ensuing, he bade me farewell; assuring me, at the same time, that he purposed returning, with Heaven's permission, at the expiration of the year; but owing to the calls of some official capacity in which he was engaged, his absence was pro-

tracted to two years. How I rejoiced in his return! and how I endeavoured to prove myself deserving of his parental care and tenderness, by my infefatigable attention to the various studies in which I was engaged! Suffice it to add, that my father was so well pleased with the improvements I had made, that in the course of another twelvemonth he removed me to the paternal seat in Ireland. Here I passed my days in tranquil ease, and, surrounded by every comfort which renders life endearing, I was happy as my heart could wish. But alas! it was too great for mortal nature to enjoy. I had almost forgotten that this world, after all, was but a probationary scene, the stage whereon we must each perform the allotted tasks of trial, pain, and suffering; for, should not affliction at times assail us, I fear the human heart would too often feel inclined to forget that Hand, which so plenteously showers down the blessings of peace and plenty. But whither is my

imagination wandering," continued Caroline; "I certainly have to apologise to my kind auditors for digressing from the main subject of my history, but I will offer no second interruption.

"It was about this period, that some property having been bequeathed to my father in the Scottish isles, he was obliged to quit his beloved home, and cross the Irish Channel, and secure, by his personal attendance, what had been willed to him. I accompanied him; and as we set sail with a fair wind, we had hopes of shortly arriving at the place of destination, after a propitious voyage. But vain and delusive are the expectations of man, for off these shores we were suddenly threatened with a most tremendous storm. Our fate was decided—the vessel foundered; and though all hands on board had been employed to save her, yet every exertion failed, and the captain, in concert with my father, hastened to prepare the boats, in order to save the passengers and

crew. They were shortly crowded to excess; and, on looking round, I beheld with despair that my parent had not reserved a place for himself. In vain did I entreat him to permit of my sharing his fate, but he was deaf to my prayers and tears. 'We shall again meet, my Caroline,' he cried; 'you know I am an excellent swimmer, and doubt not of reaching the shore, through Divine assistance, in perfect safety. Trust in Providence, my child. God bless you, Caroline; once more, farewell!'

"These were the last words I heard him utter," continued Miss Macdougal, much affected; "and while my gaze was rivetted on the shattered vessel, which bore my dearest friend from my sight, I saw him seize a plank. His example was followed by the generous captain, and his mate; who, with magnanimous feeling, had rejected a place in the boats, in order to preserve as many as possible of their less courageous companions, from the

effects of a watery grave; but we must have inevitably perished, had it not been for the timely assistance we received from some poor fishermen; Ferguson kindly placed me in his little boat, and though we were every moment threatened with immediate death, as the sea was running mountains high, yet, through the miraculous power of an over-ruling hand, we were at length enabled to reach the shore in safety."

Miss Macdougal had scarcely finished speaking, when the drawing-room door suddenly opened, and on an elderly gentleman's being ushered into the apartment, she uttered a scream of joy, and flying to the arm open to receive her, she exclaimed in faint accents:

"Heaven be praised, I have found my father!"

It was with some difficulty that the Captain was enabled to support Caroline to a seat, so great was his emotion on recovering the lost child of his affections;

and so unexpected was the meeting on the part of the latter, that it was some minutes ere she could reply to the solicitous enquiries of the Captain. Her heart having vented its fullness of joy in a flood of tears, she pressed her father's hand to her lips, and besought him to inform her, by what means he had been so providentially rescued from the plank on which he had thrown himself: "Oh," she added, "you cannot conceive the dreadful apprehensions your daughter has ——"

"Daughter!" retorted Captain Macdougal, "alas! Caroline, I have no daughter."

An exclamation of surprise escaped both Mrs. Stewart and Mr. Dawlinson; but Caroline, whose feelings were agonized by the thoughts that she must have offered some unintentional offence to the best of parents, threw herself at his feet, and implored him to recall his cruel assertion, saying, "it was death to her heart

to learn that he who had protected her in years of helpless infancy, and reared her in the paths of virtue and truth, should now disown her as his daughter. Oh, my father," she added, "in what have I been guilty—in what have I offended—that you no longer cherish your filial and ever-affectionate Caroline."

"You are dear to my heart as ever, Caroline, thou child of my affections," replied the Captain, with energy, "but the time is arrived in which I am called upon to discharge an imperative duty; learn then, the particulars of my long-concealed secret: sixteen years ago, as I was passing these shores on my way to Ireland, in company with my wife, who was at that time much reduced in health, owing to the effects of a sad accident, as well as the grief she sustained in having just mourned over the death of her only child; I was standing at the helm of the ship, regarding the fragments of a vessel, which appeared to have been

lost a day or two before, from a succession of bad and stormy weather, when, to my astonishment, I beheld the body of a child floating on the surface of the water; immediate aid was at hand, and the lifeless infant was hoisted into the ship. A surgeon being fortunately on board, observed, that though he believed the child to have remained too long in the water to afford the least hopes of her recovery to life, yet he thought it his duty to try experiments; some hours had elapsed, and no signs of life appearing, the surgeon, after the most strenuous exertions, declared life was extinct; but my wife, who was retaining the lovely child in her arms, would not permit him to give up the attempt, and in a few minutes more we were unspeakably blest by hearing Caroline breathe a long and deep sigh."

"Caroline!" repeated Mrs. Stewart, in faultering accents, "oh, would to Heaven—but no, the wish is vain."

"Be composed, dearest madam," replied the Captain, approaching that agitated lady, and taking her hand, he placed it within Caroline's, "be composed, I know the sacred wishes of your maternal heart; you believe the realization of them to be impossible; but know, that nothing is impossible with God—you once possesed a daughter—you lost her by some untoward accident—you now have recovered her—give Heaven the praise then.—Caroline, thou darling prop of my declining years, come and embrace your mother; though I once little imagined I should be called upon to resign you at a future day to the arms of maternal tenderness."

Mrs. Stewart heard no more, for she had sunk on the bosom of her daughter, so overjoyed were her feelings on recovering the child whom she had long since believed to have slept the sleep of death in the briny waves of the ocean.

On her recovery, she exclaimed, as she

raised Caroline from the ground, "and are you, indeed, my daughter? Oh yes, my heart first recognised you, when I beheld your countenance at Ferguson's, the striking resemblance of your ever-to-be-lamented father's."

"It will be necessary for me," said the Captain, "in order to prove the identity of this dear girl's person beyond the possibility of a doubt, to enter into further particulars: at the time in which Caroline was rescued from the water, we firmly believed that her parents had perished with the remnant of the ship-wrecked crew, and commiserating the fate of the hapless innocent, we determined on bringing her up as the child of our affections, and my wife earnestly requested I would not disclose the secret of Caroline's being no offspring of ours, until she had arrived at the age of maturity. Imagining the child might be less attached to me, I readily agreed to fulfil conditions from which, I trusted, a consi-

derable portion of happiness might accrue both to Caroline and myself; the result, indeed, far exceeded my most sanguine expectations, for Caroline, my adopted child, became the most duteous daughter that ever owned a parent's care: but, madam," he added, addressing Mrs. Stewart, "do you remember in what your child was habited on the day you lost her?"

"Well do I recollect the habiliments of my darling," replied Mrs. Stewart, as tears of joy stole down her cheeks; "she had on a nankeen pelisse, with a long blue sash, fastened as a belt about her waist, on which the word "Caroline" was stamped, and from which hung a toy of the most curious workmanship, which, opening by a spring, disclosed the name of my child, the place of her residence, and ——"

"Here it is," cried the Captain, interrupting her, as he drew the identical article in question from his pocket; "and

it is not an hour since that I became in possession of the secret it contained; for having miraculously escaped death from the shipwreck, and making every possible enquiry for my lost Caroline, I at length learnt she was situated at the cottage of a poor fisherman; I hastened to join her, and preparing a few articles which I had attached to my person for immediate security, I dropped, by some accident, the toy in question: hearing it fall, I stepped back to pick it up, but to my surprise I found it lying open, and now, for the first time, read the name of Caroline Stewart, of Stewart Castle.—You may guess my astonishment, when, on proceeding to the cottage, I was informed that my adopted child was actually gone to the residence of her mother, and the seat of her ancestors."

"How wondrous are the ways of Providence!" cried Mrs. Stewart, "and how unspeakable is the mercy of that Great Being, who in my declining years has

restored to my bereaved heart, the daughter of my idolized hopes! but what do I not owe you, Captain Macdougal," she rejoined, "for having trained this fair blossom in the paths of wisdom, truth, and honour; but Caroline must reward you, for I am unable to discharge so heavy a debt; she will never cease to venerate him, who tenderly cherished her in years of helpless infancy, and reared her to the maturer age of opening adolescence."

"Bare professions would ill requite thy care of the ever grateful Caroline; no, thou best of friends, language is too cool to convey the expression of my sentiments.—I must act."

"Dear girl," exclaimed the Captain, as Caroline ceased speaking, "say no more, lest you should so unman the soul of Macdougal, as to make him weep with all the weakness of an infant."

Indeed, it was impossible to conceive a happier party, than that which was

assembled at the Castle, though it was some time before Mrs. Stewart was sufficiently composed to enter into an explanation of how or in what manner she had been deprived of her daughter; the Captain being all anxiety to learn the particulars of so singular a circumstance, his worthy hostess commenced as follows:—

"You naturally concluded, Capt. Macdougal, from the circumstance of the recent shipwreck, that the parents of my Caroline had perished in the deep; but my child was never on board the said unfortunate vessel, if she had, life must have been extinct, as the crew all perished two days previous to my losing my daughter. I had entrusted her to the care of her nurse; and with a strict charge not to walk too near the sea, she quitted my presence; but who can describe the state of my feelings, and those of my husband's, on learning that this woman had absconded with our child, then two years and a half old. After a fruitless search, we at length

gained intelligence, that a person, answering the description of the nurse, had taken her passage on board a vessel, destined for the East Indies. Thither Mr. Stewart was determined on following, but, alas! his parental intention was —" Here Mrs. S. paused, her feelings were, at the moment, too acute to permit of utterance: "my husband," she at length added, "fell overboard, and left me to mourn his loss, under circumstances of the most agonizing nature; for the woman, who had been the miserable cause of all my sorrows, on hearing of her master's lamentable death, in the remorse of her heart, sent to a clergyman in Edinburgh, to whom she made the following sad confession:—' that having unhappily dropped her little mistress in the sea, as she was stooping to pick up shells, and the sea running high at the time, the child was washed far beyond the reach of human grasp. In the first moments of her terror, she thought it would

be better to abscond, as she could not think of facing the distracted parents of the hapless infant, whose life she believed she had sacrificed through the effects of her carelessness; and she further declared she had not been absent from Edinburgh a day since the melancholy accident, consequently could not have been the person who was stated to have taken her passage to India. As I was assured the miserable woman was a sincere penitent, I sent her my forgiveness, and procured her a situation in the laundry of a friend, where I understood she conducted herself so well as to merit the favour of the family with whom she had engaged. She wrote me a letter during her stay in that service, affecting in the extreme, esteeming herself the murderer of my happiness, and the destroyer of my family's hopes. But I will not dwell on the sad subject, as Heaven, in mercy, has restored to my maternal arms my long-lost child, my beloved Caroline.—Oh!

had her father lived to have seen this day!—but no—extreme bliss is not the allotted portion of mankind.—I will not repine—we shall one day meet yonder," added Mrs. S., raising her hands to Heaven, "never more to separate."

Again was heard the voice of joy and gladness, resounding in echoing peals to the vaulted roof of Stewart Castle; again did a train of old and faithful domestics rejoice that the heiress of a long line of ancestors, the daughter of their beloved mistress was still in existence, and blest in the possession of such virtues as rendered her not only a comfort to herself, but the delight of every one around her.

Mr. Dawlinson, who long admired the inestimable qualities of the fair Caroline, ere he aspired to the possession of her hand, was at length rendered happy in consummating an union with one whom his heart both loved and esteemed; and though he still retained the most tender

recollection of his lamented relatives, yet he was never known after to give way to despondency and grief, but exerting himself to deeds of active benevolence and charity, he shortly experienced that calm of soul which the world, with all its enticements, can neither give nor take away.

MRS
offic
the
soon
the e
with
Engla
her n
her th
reflec
tion of
But
to ex
childr
could

THE SISTERS.

Mrs. Stanly was the widow of an officer, who had died manfully fighting in the service of his king and country. As soon as the melancholy report reached the ears of his amiable wife, she retired with her young family into the West of England, where, taking up her abode with her mother, she endeavoured to divert her thoughts from a train of melancholy reflections, by superintending the education of her daughters.

But Mrs. Stanly had the mortification to endure, that, from having spoiled her children by overweening indulgence, she could exact little or no obedience to the

commands of her maternal precepts, and she felt inclined to give up the important trust, when Lucinda, her eldest daughter, requested to avail herself of her parent's permission to pay a visit to her maiden aunt, who at that time resided at Harrowgate, in Yorkshire. Rosetta, her younger, and only sister, was now left to solace her widowed parent in her griefs, and form, with her grandmother, the sole companion of her solitary hours.

Mrs. Stanly did not complain of the unkindness her eldest daughter had evinced towards herself, by leaving her at a period when she most required the assiduous attentions of those who were dearest to her heart, for she too well knew that she had herself been to blame in having indulged her favourite child in the gratification of every capricious whim, from the earliest stage of her infancy. Lucinda was the eldest of five children, and from the extreme beauty of her per-

son, and fine mental endowments, would have become the idol of her family, had it not been for the excessive haughtiness of her character, and the tyrannical influence of a temper, never accustomed to receive the checks of contradiction. Rosetta, her sister, who was a twelve-month younger than herself, had been somewhat neglected by her friends and relatives, who had not the partiality to discover, beneath the plain exterior, a heart as gentle and affectionate, as it was noble and exalted. Rosetta was now twelve years of age, and even at this early period of her life, she had imbibed a taste for such literary pursuits as were likely to expand her youthful mind, and improve an understanding of the first order.

As the three sons of Mrs. Stanly were sent for the completion of their education, to a public school near London, that lady now turned her sole attention

to the intellectual improvement of her docile and ever-grateful Rosetta. Mrs. Stanly, who had almost daily occasion to admire the expansion of some fresh virtue, in the development of her daughter's character; and as she listened with delight to her intelligent and sensible remarks, she wondered that she had not before observed traits of such intrinsic value in the retiring and unassuming Rosetta.

Six years passed rapidly away, during which period Rosetta had the pleasure of knowing that her solicitous attentions towards the procuring the happiness and comfort of her mother, had fully re-established her in her estranged affections. Lucinda, who detested the idea of a fixed residence in the country, had occasionally been the inmate of the paternal roof, but she had been so accustomed to govern every one around her, that she could ill support the restraint she was necessi-

tated to endure at home; for the eyes of her mother were at length opened to the conviction of the error she had committed in not having curbed, by timely caution, and tender advice, the unruly temper of the beautiful Lucinda in the days of her childhood.

Lucinda was nineteen, when she was obliged to return into Herefordshire, and take up her abode with her family, on account of the recent death of her aunt, who had bequeathed to her favourite niece the whole of her personal property, amounting to several thousand pounds, of which she was to become sole mistress at the age of twenty-one. No expense had been spared towards the completion of Lucinda's education, or, in what might be termed with greater propriety, the most fashionable accomplishments of the day; but her mind, naturally capacious, had been entirely neglected; it was like a deserted waste overrun with weeds; and

Rosetta, when she first beheld the elegant figure, and handsome countenance of her sister, after their long absence, with eyes of partial admiration and sisterly pride, could not but feel a sentiment of pity, on finding her a stranger to the most common-place topics. Mrs. Stanly too, who had received her daughter with a mother's joy, and, in the first moments of their salutation, believed her Lucinda was become all her heart could wish, from the elegant suavity of her manners and address, was shortly undeceived, by the impatient question, or silly vanity, to which Lucinda, with all her acquired refinements, was continually subjecting herself to; and Mrs. Stanly, as she glanced from the perfect but somewhat affected features of Lucinda to the cheerful but plain face of Rosetta, often secretly wished that the sisters had been alike plain in form and feature, if, indeed, the latter was but irradiated with the

smiles of affability and good-nature, and stamped by the hand of truth, sensi- and intelligence.

The first evening passed agreeably enough, for Mrs. Stanly had permitted her younger sons to return to their beloved home for some few weeks, ere their eldest brother, who was destined for the army, quitted England to join his regiment, at that time in Portugal. The laughing gaiety of the youths, and the excessive merriment of Eugene Stanly, the young officer, contributed to inspire the whole family with feelings of vivacity and joy. Lucinda too, who at first could ill brook the pointed jests of James and Henry, was at length inclined to join in the general laughter. Being requested by her mother to favour her with some tunes on the piano, she replied, she would be happy to do her best, provided Rosetta first touched the instrument; her sister immediately complied, and played

some Scotch melodies, with an air of such spirited sweetness, as completely charmed the hearts of her brothers. Lucinda, as she listened, could not but acknowledge to herself, that her sister possessed no common share of taste, and was naturally endowed with a musical ear. Now as Lucinda prided herself on being an excellent performer, having, under the direction of her late aunt, allotted six hours of each succeeding day to the attainment of a science esteemed by the world as the most fashionable and admired accomplishment of the day, she could, with difficulty, conceal the vexation she laboured under, when Rosetta, with an endearing smile, rose from her seat, and received the unqualified approbation of her family. Lucinda, as she endeavoured to excel her sister, imagined she surpassed herself in the execution of some Italian operas, which might well be said to be solely adapted

to the gratification of the scientific ear; but Henry, who could scarcely restrain his impatience, on listening to a performance which he deemed far inferior to Rosetta's, as he declared, *sans ceremonie*, that he thought Lucinda had been merely tuning the instrument all the while, and with boyish roughness demanded, when she intended to gratify their hearing by the commencement of the jocund tune or merry dance.

Lucinda started up, and darting an angry glance at her brother, exclaimed, "Indeed, mamma, you must excuse me from playing more, for I can receive but little pleasure in executing some of the most celebrated airs in the world, for the mere amusement of the ignorant ear, which can ill requite me for my pains."

Henry felt the rebuke, and was for some moments lost in surprise, as to what could have occasioned the resentment of Lucinda; and as he watched her

reproachful looks, which actually converted her handsome countenance into a plain one, he imagined he could trace the workings of a mind full of envy at the merited success of the gentle and sweet tempered Rosetta.

Just in the humourous mood for jesting and raillery, he retorted, with a boyish freedom, "Now pray, sweet Lucinda, lower the gloom from thy fair open brow; I assure you the shades of discontent sit most awkwardly there; and for what are you angry?—why, mamma, must needs know, that, forsooth, it is that Rosetta has had the good fortune to enchant the heart of the ignoramus with her delightful melody."

Rosetta, who was anxious to spare the feelings of Lucinda, and observing the incensed reply quivering on her lips, checked its utterance by turning towards Henry, whom she addressed in the unassuming language of her virtuous heart:

"Why, Henry, my dear brother, are you so vain, as to suppose that Lucinda regards your nonsense? no, I am persuaded she is too wise, to feel disturbed by your raillery, though it may derive its origin in the exuberance of your overflowing spirits; and again, you must not be so profuse in your encomiums on the indifferent performance of Rosetta, in her presence, lest she should imagine, dear as is the praise of her brother to her feelings, that he is somewhat more polite than sincere."

"Well, Henry," said Eugene, smiling, "what have the words of Rosetta for once silenced you?"

"We will not take into consideration either the volubility or taciturnity of our dear, but madcap, Harry," said Mrs. Dalton, the mother of Mrs. Stanly, "otherwise I apprehend conversation will not end smoothly; and I feel desirous of listening to Lucinda's detail of the

marvellous adventures at which she has been present, during her late residence in London's gay city."

Lucinda was now gradually restored to a state of returning good humour, as she had the pleasure of knowing the family's attention was now entirely absorbed in herself; and, to do her justice, such was her self love, she exerted herself to her utmost, in order to render her communication as intelligent and agreeable as possible: for it was Lucinda's pride to eclipse all within the sphere of her acquaintance.

On the following morning several young ladies, who were frequent visitors at the residence of Mrs. Stanly, called to pay their respects to the eldest daughter of that lady. It was true, they were fascinated by the external appearance of Lucinda, for it was almost impossible to regard her beauty without admiration; but when they discovered that air of

supercilious hauteur, which indicated a conscious superiority over many an interesting compeer, they felt disappointed; and, to dissipate the unpleasant feelings they sustained in the presence of Lucinda, they turned to her sister, who was as much beloved for the sweetness of her disposition, as for her many services of prompt good will, and no less pleasing attentions. It happened that one of the young ladies asked Rosetta to oblige her, by singing a simple melody, of the words of which she was very fond. Rosetta, as was her usual custom, had gracefully complied with the request; but scarcely had she concluded the first stanza, when she was interrupted by her sister's exclaiming, "Oh! I pray you, Rosetta, do throw that odious tune from you; I declare it is either the most inharmonious thing I ever heard, or you are dreadfully out of voice this morning; indeed, I think, if you had but once heard the enchanting

singing at the Opera, you would never feel inclined to chaunt your native notes thus wildly in the presence of company."

"Well, to oblige my sister," replied Rosetta, much hurt at the unkind expressions of Lucinda towards herself, "I will away with the song, for I certainly admit I am not in voice this morning, and more particularly, since I have heard Lucinda cannot endure any other style of singing than the operatic."

But Rosetta shortly discovered, and with much regret, that the love of tyrannizing was not the only defect in the composition of her sister; for what was still worse, the incessant thought of self had banished the kindlier affections from her heart, and it was not only estranged from all sense of sisterly tenderness, but deficient in more important duties, even wanting in affection and filial obedience to the maternal mandate.

Mrs. Stanly, who was possessed of a very delicate constitution, was frequently so much indisposed as to be confined to her apartment. During this trying tedium, Lucinda would at times visit the sick room of her mother for an occasional hour; she then imagined that she had performed her duty, and was at liberty to pursue the bent of her inclinations, into whatever path they might chance to flow; pleasure was her predominating forte; but of that, since her residence in the country, she could see but little, and of which she often complained, even in the presence of her invalid parent. It is true, something like conviction would at times appeal to her heart, when she beheld the duteous conduct of Rosetta, who was never known to quit the side of their excellent mother, but form the chief companion of her suffering hours; and while she either smoothed the pillow, or tendered the beneficial

draught, would fervently utter a prayer for the return of her health, with peace of mind and happiness, while here on earth.

It happened that Mrs. Stanly was one day taken more seriously ill than she had been for some time past; both Rosetta and Mrs. Dalton were so much alarmed, that medical aid, of distinguished celebrity, from the vicinity of Bath, was immediately called in. Mrs. Stanly was pronounced to be in a very alarming state, having had a relapse of her disorder. Rosetta, who never quitted her mother's bed-side, was surprised, on the following morning, by the unexpected entrance of Lucinda, who was attired in her gayest costume. "Surely," thought Rosetta, "my sister is not so wanting in filial respect, as to be seen from home at such a time as this! impossible but that the health, nay, the life of our dearest mother, must preponderate the scale of her affec-

tions, and for once cause her to sacrifice the deceitful allurements of pleasure at the shrine of one of the most sacred and endearing of duties."

Thus reasoned Rosetta; but she was shortly made sensible of the errors of her judgement, with respect to the character of a sister, whom it was almost impossible for her either to love or esteem; and she could scarcely conceal her pity, when Lucinda, after enquiring for her mother, observed, " that she had accepted the invitation of Colonel Gournonville's family to attend them to the races, and she could not think of disappointing them, solely for the purpose of being immured in the sick apartment of her mother, whom she was persuaded would be much better without her; for you know, Rosetta," she added, observing the surprise of her sister, " I am not half such a nurse as you are."

This was the first time Lucinda had

ever offered her sister a compliment, and as Rosetta well knew from what motive it originated, she appreciated it in its true light; but so hurt were the feelings of this amiable girl, that she could not refrain from tears, as she regarded the heartless Lucinda impress a kiss on the pale brow of their mother. The latter at that moment started as if awakening from the feverish dream of anxiety and care; her eyes at first glanced vacantly around her, till the gay appearance of Lucinda attracted her wondering regard. "This is kind, my dear Lucinda," she exclaimed, in faint accents, "for I did not expect you thus early; but whither are you going, my child, that you are thus gaily apparelled?"

"My dearest mother," said Rosetta, hastily approaching, for she felt what her parent would feel, did she know how wanting Lucinda was in the noblest affections of the heart; "my mother," she con-

tinued, " you must not be angry with your Rosetta, should she place her finger on your mouth, to prevent the utterance of language ever grateful to her ear. You remember the caution Doctor Trelaw gave me yesterday, that I was not to suffer you to speak, but, with a daughter's love, and a nurse's presence of mind, anticipate your very wants, nay, even your wishes; repose yourself then, my ever dear parent, and when you bless us with your returning convalescence, your duteous daughters are at hand to reply to your maternal enquiries, with cheerful alacrity and willing obedience."

Rosetta, as she said these words, drew the curtains around her beloved parent, and taking the hand of Lucinda, she besought her, in a whisper, to unite with her in supplicating the throne of Mercy for the restoration of their mother's health.

Lucinda could not but accede to the pious request of her sister, and she fol-

lowed her in silence to the adjoining room; but ere they had commenced the morning's devotion, Lucinda's attention was attracted to the window by the sound of carriage-wheels. "Oh, goodness!" she cried, "here are the Gournonville's themselves; I cannot think of making them wait a single moment; adieu then, Rosetta, I will attend to your pious suggestions this evening, I cannot possibly stop now; though remember you say not a word of this day's adventure to my mother."

Seizing her shawl, she hurried down stairs to join her friends, regardless of the sigh which escaped the breast of Rosetta, as she exclaimed, "No! not for worlds would I pain my mother's ear, by awakening her to a sense of her unhappiness, by informing her of the heartless conduct of her beloved daughter!"

Rosetta now returned to the sick apartment of her parent, and was much affected

when her mother enquired for the absent and inconsiderate Lucinda. She endeavoured to avert the question, by replying, "that her sister had visited the room in the morning, but that she believed she was passing her time in some agreeable recreation."

Mrs. Stanly, who had not the least idea that her daughter was from home, replied, to the affectionate condolence of her duteous Rosetta, that she felt much better, but was under some apprehension for the continuance of her child's health. "Go, my dearest girl," she added, "and join your sister in such amusements as she most delights in."

"What! and leave you thus? No, my beloved mother; for you must know the heart of your Rosetta better, than to suppose she could receive pleasure, when at a time duty calls on her to attend on the sick couch of her first and dearest friend."

Mrs. Stanly would have replied, but the announcement of the physician's name prevented her. The doctor had evidently overheard part of the foregoing conversation, ere his patient had been apprized of his attendance by a domestic in the apartment, as approaching the bed side, he said, " My dear madam, when I first listened to the sound of your enfeebled voice, I was on the point of lecturing your daughter for neglecting the strict charge I gave her yesterday, that she guarded you from the approach of all loquacious visitors, lest the most trifling exertion on your part might prove of fatal tendency to your life; but when I heard your daughter elicit sentiments of the most sacred feeling, in the cause of filial duty and obedience, I knew that her language would prove a more salutary balm towards the restoring you to perfect health, than all the medicines I could possibly administer. I desire then, Mrs. Stanly," he added,

"no better nurse than your Rosetta; submit but yourself to her's and my direction, and in a short time, I trust, through the blessing of Providence, to see you so far recovered, as to be enabled to bear the fatiguesof the journey, and to enjoy not only the benefits, but the many pleasures with which the city of Bath abounds."

In less than a month Mrs. Stanly, to the delight of her family, and a numerous circle of friends and acquaintances, was pronounced in a convalescent state; but her maternal fears were now excited for the safety of Rosetta's health, which had greatly declined, from constant watchings, and anxiety of mind; and while her pallid countenance bore the traces of recent sickness, her sister's, from its roseate bloom, appeared the living image of health and beauty. Doctor Trelaw, who was still frequent in his visits to the family, was one morning addressed by Lucinda,

who demanded if he did not conceive her sister required change of air; "now, for instance," she added, "I think a visit to Bath would not only be conducive to her health, but to the entire restoration of mamma's?"

"Ah!" replied the doctor, with a significant shake of the head, "poor girl, she looks very sickly; but, notwithstanding, I love to contemplate the pale hue of her countenance, for methinks I behold every feature of her intelligent face impressed with the feelings of sanctified love and filial duty. But I see," he rejoined, with a smile, "that my words have occasioned the cheek of my amiable young friend to mantle with a hectic flush. I will wave the subject then, and gladly accede to the proposal of Miss Lucinda, who may hasten the departure of her family for Bath as soon as it is convenient."

After a few weeks residence in that ad-

mired and fashionable city, Rosetta was so much recovered, as to be enabled to participate with her sister in the festivities of the place. She one evening accompanied Lucinda to a ball, where they were soon after joined by Colonel Gournonville's family; a young gentleman, of very elegant mien, and superior manners, was also of their party. The individual in question having received a previous introduction to Lucinda, planted himself, with modest freedom, at her side; and Rosetta, as she observed the suffusion of her sister's cheek, when the handsome stranger engaged her hand for the two first dances, imagined he possessed Lucinda's secret friendship; and she was anxious to enquire his name and family of a Miss Lawson, a cousin to the Gournonville's, who was seated at the moment in an adjoining chair, in the refreshment room. "The gentleman of whom you speak," replied the lady, "is, in every sense of

the word, a very excellent young man, though, I think, his judgment has materially erred, in suffering his heart to be enslaved by the charms of your beauteous sister. Be not surprised, Rosetta, that I speak thus disinterestedly of Lucinda: I cannot love her. Her haughtiness is insufferable, and her vanity ridiculous; and I must add, that Henry Fitzosmond should have selected a more amiable object as the choice of his first affection. Be that as it may, he is blinded by the irresistible attractions of your sister, whose beauty, I must admit, is unrivalled.

"Were you not speaking of my friend Fitzosmond, cousin Mary," said the colonel, addressing Miss Lawson, for I thought I heard you mention his name. Poor fellow! he has lately received a sad disappointment; for his old uncle, Lord Manvers, whose heir he was, has been weak enough to marry a young girl in an inferior station of life; and Henry had not

the least idea of this unequal marriage, till informed of the same in a letter which he received from his uncle this morning.

At this moment a distinguished nobleman entered the apartment, and, as he passed the colonel, he slightly returned the evening salutation. Loitering idly around the dancers, his eyes fell upon the elegant figure and graceful movements of Lucinda. Waiting patiently till the conclusion of the dance, he followed both her and her partner to a seat, and requested the favour of her hand to dance. Lucinda, elated by the distinguished honour, knew not what to reply, for her hand was pre-engaged to Fitzosmond: she stammered, apologised, complained of the fatigue she had sustained in the last dance, and expressed her apprehension, that she should not be enabled to go through the second; and advised the panic-struck Henry to offer his hand to her sister. In short, she acted the very part of a coquette, as

turning to the noble lord, she replied to his witty remarks on the gay throng by whom they were surrounded. Henry was too indignant to permit his mistress to see how much she had triumphed over him; and though he felt an acute pang at heart, yet he was resolved that for the future he would avoid the society of so dangerous a syren. Doctor Trelaw, who happened to be present, was in conversation with Rosetta at the time her sister had acted so disrespectfully to his young friend, Fitzosmond, whom he had advised to dance, and she laughingly replied, "that no one would take the trouble of leading out such a plain girl as herself, for that, positively, she had not had so much as an offer. The doctor vowed he would engage her hand, if he could not procure the attendance of a younger partner; "for though his dancing days were almost over," he added, "yet, by retaining the hand of Miss Rosetta Stanly, he

should esteem himself the most honoured man in the room."

Observing how ill Lucinda had acted towards Fitzosmond, and hearing Rosetta express her surprise at the unaccountable behaviour of her sister, he merely replied, "that wealth in hand, and a title in person, was far more acceptable to some ladys' feelings than the one held in perspective, though presented to the admiring gaze in the most attractive colours. He now joined Fitzosmond, as he concluded his sentence, and demanded if he did not think the beaux were all blind, in neglecting to show the most amiable woman in the room proper attention."

"Point her but out, and I am her true and faithful knight for the remainder of the evening," said Fitzosmond; "for indeed I know not what to make of your celebrated beauties."

"She's a Stanly, however, said the

doctor, with a smile; "but she reflects honour on her name, I assure you."

A transient hue of paleness now overspread the face of Henry, and, as he glanced on the figure of Lucinda, the blood again rushed to his cheek, in all the pride of a wounded and indignant spirit.

"That is the lady of whom I speak, sir," said the doctor, pointing towards the confused Rosetta.

"And is she indeed the amiable being of whom you were speaked, doctor," said Henry, in surprise; "and positively a sister to the beautiful Lucinda?"

"Yes, Fitzosmond; that is Rosetta Stanly, who has visited Bath, not with a view of seeking its pleasures, but to try the beneficial influence of its waters on her shattered frame; she had nearly fallen a sacrifice to her filial duty, as she never quitted the sick room of her mother for the space of three months."

"And Lucinda?" enquired Henry; "where was she?"

"Does it require an answer," said the doctor; "was she not seen at every place of amusement within ten miles round the country, during the trying interval of her mother's indisposition?"

"Enough, my worthy friend," replied Henry, "and I am now anxious that you oblige me by introducing me personally to the amiable Rosetta, for my heart, I trust, is still under the mastery of reason; I can do justice to her worth: I esteem virtue; I venerate the intrinsic qualities of a noble and affectionate soul; and though I am sensible of the charms of beauty, yet, if mischief lurks within, I can forsake its presence with philosophical ease."

In short, Fitzosmond was so well pleased with the sensible conversation of Rosetta, that, to the surprise of Lucinda, he attached himself solely to her society

for the remainder of the evening; but who can describe the vexation she experienced, when Henry, at the expiration of six months after, became Lord Manners, on the decease of his uncle; and, with noble sincerity, solicited and obtained the hand of Rosetta, preferring an elevated character and virtuous heart, to beauty, unadorned by either.

END OF VOL. I.

Printed by William Cole, 10, Newgate-street.

ia
ty,