The person charging this material is responsible for its return to the library from which it was withdrawn on or before the Latest Date stamped below.

Theft, mutilation, and underlining of books are reasons for disciplinary action and may result in dismissal from the University.

To renew call Telephone Center, 333-8400

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS LIBRARY AT URBANA-CHAMPAIGN

APR 22 1980
THE

MICRO COSM.

BY THE AUTHOR

OF

VICISSITUDES IN GENTEEL LIFE.

"Great events often arise from trifling incidents. A point of "
"etiquette will sometimes involve a nation in war."

IN FIVE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

London:

PRINTED FOR J. MAWMAN, IN THE POULTRY.

1801.

By T. Gillot, Salisbury-square.
DEDICATION.

THE effusion of a heart fraught with gratitude, is ever liable to be mistaken for flattery, and an acknowledgment of obligation, if accompanied by only just praise, deemed the language of adulation. But if to the character of a Senator, whose independent conduct, through a series of years, has evinced his being superior to the acceptance of Place, Pension, or titles, be added, that of a private gentleman, whose tenants are permitted to live in ease and comfort, while those of too many possessors of large landed property, are daily raised to almost rack-rents, it will surely be beyond the power of even the ingenious passions of envy and malice, to torture the due attribution into a principle
a principle unworthy the acceptance of conscious rectitude: yet, apprehensive of offending by any semblance of flattery, the author will forbear to express more particular sentiments, and will only, in simple language, make an offering (the acceptance of which will increase a lift of unreturnable obligations) of the ensuing pages, written under various disadvantages, with little more to recommend them than an intention not reprehensible,

TO

Sir Edward Littleton, Bart.

One of the Representatives

Of the County of

Stafford.
PREFATORY LETTER,

ADDRESSSED TO THE

REV. WILLIAM JOHNSTONE.

SIR,

THE obligation under which I think myself for your friendly advice, makes me determine upon answering your letter in this public manner, that I may at once offer you my thanks, and spare myself a formal preface, as the reply which your letter demands, will include all I can say upon the subject.

You first ask me why, as you are pleased to say, I have a turn for more serious composition, I choose to employ my time in writing a novel which requires greater labor than simple moral essays; because invention must be added to a display of moral truths.

A 3

To
To say I make emolument a subordinate consideration, would be absurd, and likewise discredited; but this, whether or not I am believed, I can assert with the strictest truth—that whatever might be my primary motive for rendering myself liable to public censure, one of the greatest pleasures the employ affords me, is to describe in glowing tints the beauty and pre-eminence of the Christian system in its primitive attire; with the happiness which ever results from habitual sentiments of true piety; and were I to make this attempt in theological language, and under a theological title, my efforts would probably be fruitless; the number of tracts from the pens of professed Divines, would throw my puny labors into obscurity. When the writings of Doctors; of Deans, and of Bishops are daily advertised, who would condescend to be instructed in superior duties, however excellent the precepts, by an humbler author! I wish to write to the hearts of my readers. I wish to draw the ductile mind to be in love
love with rectitude, and the design of conveying instruction; reproof; encouragement—of ridiculing folly, originating from, or ending in vice—of shewing virtue in her native beauty and inviting or rather alluring others into her paths, has ever been most successfully pursued by those who have had genius and ability to exemplify precepts in an interesting and well told story. The fabrications of our Fielding; Richardson; Sterne; Smollet; Hawkesworth; Goldsmith; Johnson, &c. have ever been esteemed amongst the first of English productions, even by those who affect to contemn this species of writing. And has not Spain boasted of her Cervantes?—France of Moliere; Le Sage; Fenelon; Rousseau; Voltaire?—Greece, of Homer? And Italy, of Virgil? Yet did not every one of these delight in fiction? Were not their most choice sentiments and important precepts delivered in the words of an imaginary hero? Even Milton chose the drapery of romance for his sublimest ideas. Story or fable
Fable has been adopted from the earliest ages of the world, by the most pious, as well as most learned men that ever ornamented its surface. What but fables, are the inimitably simple parables in the Gospel? What but allegory, the Song of Solomon? And what the whole Book of Job, (written probably by Moses) but the finest of all novels that ever was composed? Indeed, there can scarce be named a writer of any celebrity, who has not, at one time or another, employed his pen (either in prose or verse) in something of the novel species, and yet the critics of the present age, too light, perhaps to form an opinion of their own, adopt (in words) the dry sentiments of the last century (which affected to set amusement at defiance), in expectation of acquiring thereby a reputation for that profound wisdom which, if really possessed, would but serve to render them unamiable companions, and unimproving instructors; for can it be supposed that the gayety of a juvenile mind will so readily acquire a relish for the information
tion which reading affords, if it must be always confined to the moroseness of dictatorial teachers, as if it were sometimes indulged with a permission to stray in the flowery paths of instructive imagery? Certainly not; nor will dry dictates alone produce so good an effect; for to young people "example is better than precept;" for which reason it ought to be as much the endeavour of a writer to deform vice as to ornament virtue; a consideration seldom sufficiently attended to.

You will not mistake my meaning by supposing that I approve of an attachment to these kind of writings, without distinction. Novels whose tendency is to render any vice, however fashionable, enticing to a youthful eye, or which leads the puerile heart to entertain romantic ideas, ought to be reprobated in the severest language; but those which draw the mind to love, and to practice not only the gentle, but severer virtues; to shun every vicious principle, and in one sentence, to make genuine piety the foundation
foundation of every action, cannot be con-
demned but by the pedant or the cynic—by
an affectation of wisdom, or morose unami-
able virtue—which last phrase, however, is,
in my opinion, a direct contradiction in
terms.

What kind of writings, let me ask, would
you have the young people of this age ad-
vised to peruse? History? Travels? Poet-
ry? or Plays? Does not the same objec-
tion lie against these as against novels? Is
there not good and bad of every species?
Does all history inform the mind and im-
prove the heart? Will the account of every
traveller open the understanding and elevate
the sentiments of his readers? A taste for
drama must still less be indiscriminately in-
dulged, as the best and the worst of precepts
are delivered in a dramatic form. And
what more corrupting than some of the
poetry which shines in superb covers on the
shelves of our libraries?

You will perhaps say that a proper selec-
tion ought to be made of these publications.
And cannot this, with equal propriety, be
said of novels? Why, except from what may be termed vulgar prejudice, should any one species of composition be condemned in toto? If you urge that young people ought to be confined to moral essays, and works of mere instruction, I must again ask whether this will be effectual to the design of alluring the juvenile reader to the love of study. Surely no: a young mind must be invited, not driven, to a fondness of improvement, and after the habit be formed, a relish for books more profound will be acquired. To this point I speak from close observation and experimental knowledge.

You have read Studies of Nature, written by James Henry Bernardine de St. Pierre, and you subscribe to the warmest eulogium that can be given to the author. Yet even this great man, whose writings no one can attentively peruse without experiencing an elevation of sentiment, did not think it derogatory to his dignity to insert the novel [for such, whether the story was or was not founded in truth, it must be enti...
Some time back I met with the production entitled "Pompey the Little," with the preface to which I was much pleased, because my own sentiments, formed long before I read that work, were there presented. Fearless of the accusation of plagiarism, of which I am totally unconscious, and which is often unjustly attributed to many writers whose imagery and idiom are similar to that of some author, to whose writings they were utter strangers, I will transcribe some passages from the work above-mentioned, although the sense of some part of it is exactly what I have attempted to express: perhaps the better choice of words will more clearly elucidate that sense; at least it will evince that my opinions are not singular, and will give some authority, as the author of that publication was no mean genius, to my sentiments.

"To convey instruction in a pleasant manner, and mix entertainment with it, is certainly a commendable undertaking, perhaps
perhaps more likely to be attended with success than graver precepts.

Can one help wondering therefore at the contempt with which some people affect to talk of this sort of composition? They seem to think it degrades the dignity of their understandings to be found with a novel in their hands, and take great pains to let you know that they never read them. They are people of too great importance, it seems, to mis spend their time in so idle a manner, and much too wise to be amused.

Now though many reasons may be given for this ridiculous and affected disdain, I believe a very principal one, is the pride and pedantry of learned men, who are willing to monopolize reading to themselves, and therefore fastidiously decry all books that are on a level with common understandings, as empty, trifling and impertinent.

Thus the grave metaphysician for example, after working nights and days perhaps for several years, sends forth at last
last a profound treatise, where A and B seem to contain some very deep mysterious meaning; grows indignant to think that every little paltry scribbler, who paints only the characters of the age, the manners of the times, and the working of the passions, should presume to equal him in glory.

The politician too, who shakes his head in coffee-houses, and produces now and then, from his fund of observations, a grave, sober, political pamphlet on the good of the nation; looks down with contempt on all such idle compositions, as lives and romances, which contain no strokes of satire at the ministry, no un-mannerly reflections upon Hanover, nor anything concerning the balance of power on the Continent. These gentlemen and their readers join all to a man to depreciate works of humor: or if ever they vouchsafe to speak in their praise, their commendation never rises higher than, "Yes, 'tis well enough for such a sort of thing," after which the grave observator
"observer retires to his newspaper, and there, according to the general estimation, employs his time to the best advantage.

"But beside these, there is another set, who never read any modern books at all. They, wise men, are so deep in the learned languages, that they can pay no regard to what has been published within these last thousand years. The world is grown old; men's geniuses are degenerated; the writers of this age are too contemptible for their notice, and they have no hopes of any better to succeed them. Yet these gentlemen of profound erudition will contentedly read any trash that is disguised in a learned language, and the worst ribaldry of Aristophanes shall be critiqued and commented upon by men, who turn up their noses at Gulliver, or Joseph Andrews.

"But if this contempt for books of amusement be carried a little too far, as I suspect it is, even among men of science and learning, what shall be said to some..."
of the greatest triflers of the times, who affect to talk the same language? These surely have no right to express any disdain of what is at least equal to their understandings. Scholars and men of learning have a reason to give; their application to severe studies may have destroyed their relish for works of a lighter cast, and consequently it cannot be expected they should approve what they do not understand. But for beaux, rakes, petit-maitres and fine ladies, whose lives are spent in doing the things which novels record, I do not see why they should be indulged in affecting a contempt for them. People, whose most earnest business it is to dress and play at cards, are not so importantly employed, but that they may find leisure now and then to read a novel. Yet these are as forward as any to despise them; and I once heard a very fine lady condemning some highly finished conversations in one of Mr. Fielding's works for this curious reason—"because," said she, "it is
"is such sort of stuff as passed every day "between me and my own maid."

Speaking farther respecting the writings of the gentleman last mentioned, he adds—
"They are, I think, worthy the attention "of the greatest and wisest men, and if "anybody is ashamed of reading them, or "can read them without entertainment or "instruction, I heartily pity their under- "standings. The late editor of Mr. Pope's 
works, in a very ingenious note, wherein "he traces the progress of romance-writing, "justly observes, that this species of com- "position is now brought to perfection by "Mr. De Marivaux in France, and Mr. "Fielding in England."

Will what I have written above, be deemed a sufficient reply to the letter with which you favored me upon the subject of composition? If it will not, I must leave it unanswerèd, only acknowledging that I have in considerable forwardness several pieces of the species of writing you wish me to attempt—some moral; some dramatic, and some more peculiarly religious, but
but as I only write at intervals of time, I cannot fix any probable period for their completion.

It was suggested to me, upon the appearance of my former publication, that I was obliged to the pen of a friend for many of its parts; but this, whether criticism "severe, or mild," awaits me, I think it equitable to contradict; and to affirm that neither in this, nor in any other production, did I ever consciously introduce a line which owed its origin to another, except what I acknowledged by quotation.

"Faded ideas float in the fancy like half-forgotten dreams; and imagination, in its fullest enjoyments, becomes suspicious of its offspring, and doubts whether it has created or adopted."

That I have frequently experienced this perplexity, I am forward to declare, as no piece of criticism would more sensibly affect me than that of being accused with endeavoring to pass off as my own the original sentiments of another; for which reason I have marked with inverted commas many
many passages in the ensuing pages, which I believe had never any other author, because their familiarity raised an apprehension that it was possible I had met with them at some former period; and indeed I have frequently found my own ideas, and almost my own expressions, in writers I had never previously perused, which, though it created some surprize at the moment, is not, duly considered, a circumstance to be wondered at, as it is not improbable that two people unacquainted with each other should think and speak upon the same subject with similitude.

It was not till I had written a great part of the work with which I intend this letter shall appear, that I ever read one line in any of the writings of the author of Cecilia, Evelina, &c. yet I found many passages in them which might induce little critics to pronounce my having filched from these publications; but little critics are most heartily to be despised, as a word, or even a letter misplaced, appears to them a fault of magnitude. Real genius—a phrase very little
little understood—admires what they condemn; being experimentally convinced that a lively imagination cannot always be confined within the bounds of what dull people call strict propriety.

It is a misfortune to me, perhaps a greater to my readers, that I never am able to transcribe what I have written. My first copy has always been my last. Could I write over again the following volumes, I should probably make great alterations in them; but the task would be extreme: indeed not practicable. The work must be sent into the world, if sent at all, "with all its faults upon its head." When I began, it was not my intention to carry it to more than half the length to which it has almost unavoidably been extended. The story is copious, and I could not comprise it without either crowding the incidents, or relating, uninterruptedly, the simple matters of fact which lead to the final event. The first part of the work may be deemed uninteresting, but it is a necessary hinge for the rest to turn upon; and
and without a full elucidation of the primary cause, the effect would appear improbable and extravagant.

I have been under no little perplexity respecting a title to the following pages, having fixed upon several which I was subsequently informed were monopolized.

The World as it is, &c.

A Picture of Life—were discarded upon this account; and after I determined upon the microcosm, I was told of its having been applied to a periodical paper lately published; but by the advice of a friend, who observed that a periodical paper was so distinguishable from a novel, that the same title, without any apprehension of mistake, might be applied to both, I still determined upon its adoption.

When I answered your first letter of enquiry, it was as I informed you, my intention to publish by private subscription, but being desirous of sending the volumes to the press sooner than it was possible I could more completely effect my purpose, I determined to avail myself of the favor of a select
a select number of friends, and offer them to the world immediately; and from the punctuality of my printer, I hope they will soon be under your inspection.

The grateful respect I entertain for those who kindly assist in promoting my design, impels me to make a public acknowledgment of their favor, by which I think myself greatly honored; I will therefore transmit to you their names, as I received them, without any alphabetical arrangement, or honorary distinction.


In the opinion of the above, to many of whom I am united by the ties of consanguineous or spontaneous affection—to all by those of gratitude—I particularly wish to stand justified, and trust their strictures will be lenient. To the friends, in general, of virtue, I next wish to recommend my endeavors; and then, if the public at large will accept my labors, and by the precepts inculcated, and the examples given in the ensuing pages, any individuals shall be led into the paths of rectitude, my design will be completely effected, and my most sanguine wishes gratified.

I am, Sir,

Your obliged Friend,

And obedient Servant,

The AUTHOR.
## CONTENTS

**VOL. I.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>CHAP. I.</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>The Character of a great and good Man in a dozen Lines</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>CHAP. II.</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>The Story moves, yet does not begin</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>CHAP. III.</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Spencer Aviary</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>CHAP. IV.</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>A ramble through Gardens, Groves, and Pleasure Grounds</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>CHAP. V.</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>A mere Trifle</td>
<td>33</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>CHAP. VI.</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>An Introduction to some new Acquaintance</td>
<td>37</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Vol. I. * A CHAP.
CONTENTS.

CHAP. VII.
Symptoms of Affection too refined for common Use .......................... 48

CHAP. VIII.
Mr. Spencer's Arrangements at the Aviary, which those who object to Arrangements are not bound to peruse 52

CHAP. IX.
A Picture of Modish Affection .......................... 67

CHAP. X.
Which paves the way to other Matters 77

CHAP. XI.
Of small Consequence .................................. 82

CHAP. XII.
The Story continues dull .......................... 85

CHAP. XIII.
The Introduction of a Stranger .......................... 91

CHAP. XIV.
To young Widows .................................. 100

CHAP. XV.
Neither Sentimental nor otherwise .... 109

CHAP.
## CONTENTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>CHAP.</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>XVI.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To young Parents</td>
<td>116</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XVII.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To the numerous Families of the Quaintlys</td>
<td>126</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XVIII.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Journey to London and an Episode</td>
<td>133</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XIX.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Which sums up Particulars.</td>
<td>146</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XX.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Guardian</td>
<td>154</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XXI.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Inn</td>
<td>167</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XXII.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Symptoms of Learning</td>
<td>176</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XXIII.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Captives</td>
<td>179</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XXIV.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Captives continued</td>
<td>183</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XXV.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Captives finished</td>
<td>190</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
CONTENTS.

CHAP. XXVI.  
For which we cannot find a Title .... 191

CHAP. XXVII.  
The Tutor and Tutorses ............. 196

CHAP. XXVIII.  
A Tribute to filial Affection ........ 201

CHAP. XXIX.  
Childhood ................................ 202

CHAP. XXX.  
A Dialogue between Mrs. Percival and 
Mrs. Mitchel .......................... 209

CHAP. XXXI.  
Youth. Self-detection; and a Treat for 
the tender Passions ................. 219
THE

MICROCOSM.

CHAP. I.

The Character of a great and good Man in a dozen Lines.

Upon the eastern coast of this kingdom, and within a day's journey from London, stood the seat of a gentleman of ancient family, whose name was Spencer. His person was fine and attractive, and a few words comprised his character. Good sense and a good disposition, marked the man. Good breeding, and what is greatly beyond it, true politeness, shewed the gentleman. But above all—genuine piety distinguished the Christian.
Early in life, Mr. Spencer married the sole daughter and heiress of Mr. Charlton: a man who had acquired an immense fortune (report said upwards of half a million) in the capacity of a Turkey merchant, and who, being ambitious of an alliance with gentility, objected not to the smallness of Mr. Spencer's fortune, but admitted him cheerfully as a son-in-law. On his union with Letitia Charlton, who possessed and returned his entire affection, Mr. Spencer relinquished his intention of entering into public life.

In a few years Mr. Charlton, to his great joy, found himself grandfather to several lovely boys and girls; but none of them arrived to maturity, except one son and a daughter, who, in process of time were married—the first to a Miss Hatley, the other to her brother, Sir Everard.

Young Mrs. Spencer and the Baronet's Lady were, for a short period, very good friends, and met once in a week at either the Shrubbery, which was the name of Mr. Spencer's
Spencer's habitation, or at the more magnificent abode of Mr. Charlton, called the Aviary; but signs of animosity soon began to disturb the harmony of these nearly related families. Lady Hatley thought herself of too much increased consequence to give place, as in these family meetings it seemed expected that she should, to the wife of her brother, with whom she remonstrated, in very warm terms, on this unreasonable requisition of Mr. Charlton, as it was he, who with great solemnity, settled the precedence of the party. But as the harmony, so the animosity amongst these relations was short, for in two years after these marriages, an epidemic fever, which raged in all the neighbouring towns and villages, made such havoc amongst Mr. Charlton's progeny, that Mr. Spencer, at the early age of forty-seven, found himself the only protector of a grandson and two grand-daughters; the first left to his care by his son, the two last by the lady of the Baronet. Edward was the name of the little Spencer; Matilda
Matilda and Eleanor of the Misses Hatley. Mr. Charlton, indeed, was still living, but he was too infirm to care Mr. Spencer of any part of the care which devolved upon him on this deprivation of his lady and children.

And this is the period at which our history—to ornament our work with the language of Mr. Fielding—chooses to commence.

And now reader let us stop in our career—or rather before we set out—to tell thee our determination.

We do not intend to write in direct imitation of any late or living authors; nevertheless we shall take the liberty of using the style—adopting the sense—and even transcribing the language of any of them which please us, whenever we find ourselves disposed so to do; and that, perhaps, without always stopping—as we shall, probably, be sometimes in great haste—to mark as quotations what we borrow. However as we do not mean to be guilty of deliberate plagiarism;
or with to pass off as our own, even the ideas of another, we warn our perusers to expect to find what, perhaps, they may have met with in the works of some writer of greater consequence; desiring them to allow us what merit we deserve for the selection, without crying out, as we know some certain pretty little critics—by punsters not unaptly termed crickets—do, when they meet with such expressions as—Shady groves—purling streams—verdant meads, &c. that they are quotations, and ought to have been acknowledged as such. We would have these lispers—these infant chirpers to understand, that we have an idea of being elevated above the reach of their squeaking tones; that we mean to write just as we please; leaving it to their option whether or not to spend any portion of their time in skimming the surface of our pages; that being what they generally do to works of still greater importance.

With regard to the judicious—though we do not mean to make ourselves accountable
able to any one—we should be unwilling to draw upon ourselves their severity for want of a little proper explanation, for which reason we inform them that we have in our lives perused many thousands of pages; and that we have so insensibly imbibed, from early years, the images of their authors, especially of those which most pleased us, that, to borrow the sense of one of our favourites, we cannot always separate our own native ideas from those which have been so imbibed.

We next declare that as we are creating a world of our own, we shall constitute what laws we please: and as those who come under our jurisdiction, will come voluntarily, and may at any time shake off their allegiance, we do not expect they will pretend to intermeddle—nor to censure, (except under this great proviso, that they can likewise amend) any thing which they may encounter within these our realms.

We are not, let it be observed, friends to unlimited monarchy: as, notwithstanding we
we consider ourselves the head of the government, we intend to be afflicted, and even ruled, by Common Sense—Probability—Good humour, &c. &c. if we can prevail with these exalted personages to attend our levee: but as our intended counsellors may possibly be sometimes absent on other business, we hope—nay command—that a little cessation of their ministry may be overlooked.

Having thus cleared ourselves from intentional despotism, we shall next exculpate ourselves from all designs of forming a Commonwealth; disallowing—as before disallowed—of every fancied-consequential upstart's presuming to censure, or even to applaud the work upon which we are entered; as their approbation, given in the phrase of its being "Mighty pretty," we hold a greater libel than an open confession of its not suiting their understanding.

And now to give an instance of our authority, we enact a law that it shall not be
told every person can read who knows the
found of the words before him, because it
may happen there shall be some who can
even trace all languages to their origin, yet
be quite invulnerable to the sense which an
author of any refinement wishes to con-
vey. Sentiment, it seems, is not now in
fashion. The effect of Mr. Sheridan's
School for Scandal has been to explode sen-
timent, though it was evidently the inten-
tion of that elegant writer to reprobate only
the assumption of it, as a veil to hide a vil-
lainous mind. The surface-skimmers of
the present day, are happy in their mistake
of his meaning, as they can thus take oc-
casion to decry those sentiments in others
for which, not having any in themselves,
they have no relish. They know not how
to distinguish buffoonery from wit, or dull-
ness from wisdom; but pleased with an in-
congruous heap of phrases, which raise a
laugh, and perhaps a blush, exclaim with
Squire Tony Lumkin, they "loves fun."
Fun, therefore, is the commodity in high
fale:
false: but we warn all those, who for the fun in fashion barter their understandings, not to fully these our pages; at their peril we warn them; because if they expect to find any thing in them in their own way; we have the vanity to presume that they will be greatly disappointed.

Another declaration, not to be receded from—is this, that we shall use our own language; coining what words or phrases we judge proper, without considering ourselves amenable to any dictionary student whatever; whether miss or matter.

A third, and at present the last proclamation from our throne, is, that we shall assume, at pleasure, in imitation of other Sovereigns, the singular or the plural language; and shall likewise show ourselves as either King or Queen, as suits the occasional dignity or delicacy of our sense and sentiments; using, as we shall deem meet, I or we, when we speak; madam—sir—or some word expressive of the union, if it should happen that we are disposed to re-
relate our having been addressed. And we decree that this dissertation shall, to all intents and purposes, serve as a preface, though we suppose, notwithstanding all we have been enforcing, we shall immediately be taxed with a base and premeditated imitation of our great ancestor Laurence Sterne: but we declare upon the word of Royalty, that the idea never arose in our mind till we were far advanced towards a conclusion.

And now, that we may give a little rest to ourselves, and to our well-beloved and devoted subjects, we here make our first section, that ends in the second. But though we may now lay no reliance upon the idea, we are determined to continue with the subjects we have engaged in, though with some degree of anxiety.

CHAP. II.

Story, the moves; yet does not begin.

The education of his grandchildren, as now Mr. Spencer's great concern. He wished to make them good, as well
well as ornamental, members of society; being tinctured with such obsolete opinions as to think that a gallant air in his boy, and a fashionable one in his girls, would not entirely compensate for the absence either of morality or religion: a trait in this excellent man's character which (if the truth that we are determined to observe, would permit) we should be glad to pass over, as we well know it will be apt to render him ridiculous.

"A fine preceptor for girls of distinction!" cries the lovely Florinda.

"A queer Put to form a lad of spirit!" exclaims with the added ornament of an oath, her favoured swain. "What a Go-

thic appearance must creatures so tutored, "cut in fashionable life!"

But notwithstanding many of these far-calls, and a great deal of contrary advice, Mr. Spencer persisted in his resolution, of not permitting his grandchildren to go to any public seminary. He provided tutors for
for every branch of education, and had the
happiness of seeing all the objects of his
paternal wishes answer his expectation, in
the proficiency they made under their re-
spective instructors.
To lead our readers through the puerile
joys and distresses of these our young peo-
ple, would be tedious and unnecessary:
suffice if the little Edward Spencer was
esteemed one of the bravest and best hu-
moured lads in the country, and Matilda
Hatley one of the prettiest, sprightliest, and
most agreeable amongst the girls. Eleanor
was of a disposition different from both her
sister and her cousin; for as these were
open, artless, and generous; she was secret,
cunning, and selfish; but her person was
attractive, and veiled from common ob-
servers the errors in her mind. Her eyes
were black and piercing, her features regu-
lar, and the bloom of health animated her
cheeks.
Matilda Hatley was of a fair complexion.
Her fine blue eyes were expressive of the sweetest sensibility; and the most obliging intention was visible in her actions.

When Edward, to whom no higher praise could be given than that of his bearing a strong resemblance to his grandfather, was just turned twelve, Matilda about two months younger, and Eleanor near eleven, Mr. Charlton left these lower regions after an illness of a few weeks, during which period he made a will, in some parts tinctured with symptoms of a second childhood; but it was too rational to be invalidated. Mr. Charlton constituted Mr. Spencer sole executor, and gave him all his possessions till the young people should respectively arrive at age, when they were to be paid ten thousand pounds each; and if they married with Mr. Spencer's consent, given in writing, according to a prescribed form, the first born child of the three, whether son or daughter, living to the age of twenty-one, should be put in possession of the noble estate called the Aviary, upon which
which Mr. Charlton made it a condition that Mr. Spencer should reside till the event above mentioned, should it take place during the remaining term of his existence, that the mansion and grounds might be kept in perfect order; and for this purpose he bequeathed a very handsome annual sum to be expended at Mr. Spencer's discretion. It must be allowed that this magnificent as well as beautiful habitation, upon which it is proper to observe, the little selfish Eleanor had long since cast a wishing eye, well merited this consideration, as imagination cannot form any thing to exceed it in elegance.

Mr. Charlton, with great ingenuity, had a singular relish for improvements, and not thinking his own taste equal to his designs, procured some of the first artists of the age to embellish the Aviary, and spared no expence through a series of years to render it the admiration of all who beheld it.—That he succeeded in the accomplishment of his favorite scheme will be evinced in the
the ensuing chapter, in which we propose to give some description of his house and gardens. To the possession of these he annexed a contiguous estate of twelve thousand pounds per annum; and he left the residue of his property (in case of failure of descendants) to be disposed of according to the judgment of Mr. Spencer, for whom he had always a great affection, and whose family name he so much preferred to his own, that he directed it by a clause in his will to be assumed by the possessor of the estate, (which likewise was to be entitled Spencer Aviary) for four succeeding generations, on the contingency of its descending to the female branches of the family.

Many whimsical particulars in Mr. Charlton's will might be diverting to such as can sport with the infirmities of old age; but we have too great a veneration for those who arrive at that period, to ridicule their foibles; though possibly some of our fashionable perusers might think they would produce good fun.

CHAP.
CHAP. III.

Spencer Aviary.

The mansion so much and justly the pride of Mr. Charlton's latter days, was composed of a very fine kind of stone, from a newly found quarry upon his own estate, which was so beautifully veined that it had more the appearance of marble than of any other material. Of the form of the building we find it difficult to give any adequate idea, as though its structure, when examined, was found to be perfectly consistent, it appeared, at a first view to be a beautiful irregular piece of architecture; indeed, with the chapel, pavilions, temples, grottoes, alcoves, and numerous offices detached from the house, a traveller passing the park-pale, would have imagined it to be a little town, rather than a habitation for one family; even the very stable-yards were encompassed by walls that wore the
the appearance of handsome dwelling-houses, but not in that unvaried straight-line-form which generally distinguishes the offices belonging to the country seats of English gentlemen. The yards to the other offices and out-buildings were enclosed in the same manner; forming crescents, squares, half-squares, and rondanades; several parts of the fabric were finished with domes; two or three with spires; and the walls either parapetted or turretted. In one of the apparent temples was a very harmonious set of ten bells, moved by clockwork, and which, though they rang a peal periodically, could occasionally be put in motion with very little trouble; but what particularly engaged the attention of the curious, was a detached building of considerable magnitude in the form of an ancient castle, the walls of which were entirely covered with the beautiful pink-and-silver cone cockel-shells that adorn the Suffolk shore near Baudsey Ferry. It is impossible to imagine any thing more elegant than
this edifice, the rooms of which were formed for various amusements: one wing was magnificently finished for dancing, and a neat little theatre filled the other; while the centre was adapted to the more common purposes of life.

The mansion house of Spencer Aviary was superb to an extreme degree. Every room was furnished in the highest style of magnificence, and nothing could exceed the convenience of the apartments, which were so numerous that though there was an agreeable connection through the whole, two or three distinct families might have lived in the house without incommoding each other. In short, if ever any structure merited the appellation of a palace, on account of its spaciousness, beauty, or grandeur; that of Spencer Aviary had a just title to the distinction.
CHAP. IV.

A Ramble through Gardens, Groves, and Pleasure-grounds.

In our last, we treated of the edifice, or, more properly, of the various edifices which composed the residence of Mr. Charlton, and to which, as has been intimated, the young mind of Eleanor Hatry had already directed her wishes, though she did not then know the conditions annexed to the possession of the Aviary estate.

It would give us great pleasure, because we are sure it would please our friends, could we convey an adequate idea of the enchanting grounds by which the stately structure we have been describing was surrounded; but we confess ourselves unequal to the task, as the beauty of the place far surpassed all that the most roused imagination can portray.

Our celebrated near relation and dear friend,
friend, Sir Charles Morell, made a visit to Mr. Charlton, with whom he was acquainted at the Turkish Court, just before he published his incomparable Tales of the Genii, and he then told his friend, being charmed with the beauties of his habitation, that he would describe the gardens of the Queen of Pleasure from the ideas impressed by those of Spencer Aviary. As many of our readers may be unacquainted with the above-mentioned admirable production, we will give the description in Sir Charles's own language; leaving it to their judgment to substract what the inimitable writer added as the supposed effect of that enchantment upon which his tales were founded; and to make proper allowance for the different customs of the distant nation in which the scenes of his fiction lay; enjoining them, however, to keep the simple beauty of the place undiminished, in their eye, if they wish to retain a perfect idea of the gardens and pleasure-grounds of Mr. Charlton.

"Abudah awakening at the cheerful
Sound of innumerable birds which fat around him, and grove for mastery in their sweet wild notes, found himself lying in a lovely pavilion strewn with fresh lilies and roses, and filled with the most ravishing perfumes; the downy sofa on which he reclined was of the finest silk, wrought with curious devices, and executed with such life and spirit, that flowers seemed in the mimic work to spring forth from under him.

The rising sun, which appeared over the blue distant hills, and warmed the awakening day; the choristers of the groves, whose melody was softened by the gentle motion of the air; the unspeakable elegance of the pavilion, which seemed formed by the powers of harmony; and the delicious fragrance of the air, transported the merchant with the most pleasing sensations; he could not for some time believe his existence, but supposed he was still under the delightful vision, which the night before had taken poss-
session of him. He turned his eyes on all sides to meet with new delights; which, though sumptuous and costly, owed more lustre to their delicacy and disposition, than to the expensive materials out of which they were formed.

But if such were the ravishing delights within, Abudah thought them much heightened when, upon being convinced he was awake, he stepped forward out of the pavilion, and beheld every enchanting object that art and nature could unite.

The pavilion itself stood upon a rising mount in the midst of a most beautiful green, and was partly shaded by some upright palms and a scattered grove of oranges and citrons, which on all sides, by beautiful breaks, gave a view of the neighbouring paradise.

The centre of the pavilion opened to the lawn, which was beset with elegant tufts of the most delightful verdure.

Blushing and transparent fruits fed
ied from between the foliage, and every
colored, every scented flower, in agree-
able variety, intermingled with the grass,
and represented the garden work of lux-
uriant nature. Here roses, with wood-
bine entwined, appeared in beautiful
confusion; there the luscious grape adorn-
ed the barren branches of the stately elm;
while beneath shayed the rich flocks, or
birds of various feather; some in numbers
upon the ground, and some paired in
trees, which added a new variety to the
scene.

At the bottom of the lawn ran a clear
and transparent stream, which gently
washed the margin of the green, and
seemed to feed it as it passed.

On the other side, a grove of myrtles,
intermixed with roses and flowering
shrubs, led into shady mazes, in the midst
of which appeared the tops of other glit-
tering elegant pavilions, some of which
stood just on the brink of the river;
others had wide avenues leading through
the
the groves; and others were almost hidden from the light by intervening woods.

Abudah directing his steps towards the stream, found there an elegant barge, manned by ten beautiful youths, whose garments were of azure trimmed with gold. They beckoned the happy merchant, and received him with the utmost affability into their bark; then all at once plying their resplendent oars, they made the crystal flood sparkle with their ready strokes.

The boat rode lightly on the buxom stream, and as it passed through the meanders of the current, every moment presented a new and striking prospect of beauties. Hanging rocks of different hues; woods of spices and perfumes, breathing sweetness over the cool stream; fruits reflected in double lustre in the clear waves; shrubs dropping their roses on them as they passed; flocks and herds standing gazing at their own images in the deep; others drinking the transparent waters, and some, more satisfied, frisking on
"on the lawns, or chasing each other in " sport among the trees.
" At length the stream, growing wider, " opened into a spacious lake, which was " half surrounded by a rising hill, on which " might be seen, intermixed with groves, " various gay pavilions; palaces; theatres; " rotundoes: obelisks; temples; pillars; " towers, and other curious marks of ele- " gance and luxury; various pleasure boats " were sailing on the surface of the lake; " some with gaudy banners fanning the " winds; others with pleasing structures " for shade and retirement: in one boat " gay music; in another banquets; in a " third deserts of the finest fruit; viands, " cooling liquors, and gay company in " all, who looked more blooming than the " sons of the genii, or the daughters of the " fairies. At the extremities of the swel- " ling hill, ran glittering cascades, and " over the pendent sides dropped down the " most luxurious vines, whose modest leaves " attempted in vain to hide their luscious Vol. I. C " and
and transparent fruit from the eye of the
"curious observer. At the extremity of
"the lake, which, by its pure waters, ex-
"posed the yellow, golden sand on which
"it wantoned, two streams ran toward the
"right and left of the hill, and loft them-
"elves amidst the groves, pasturage, lawns,
"hillocks, and romantic scenes of the
"adjacent country, where lofty gilded
"spires, swelling domes, and other curious
"labors, were partly concealed and partly
"discovered by the blue expanse of sky,
"which at last seemed blended with the
"country, and luminated the prospect of
"the groves."

We previously enjoined our readers to
make due allowance for the aids of enchant-
ment, and for the advantages and customs
of the eastern world: depending, therefore,
upon their obedience to that injunction, we
pronounce their being here furnished with
an exact description of the paradisiacal gar-
dens of Spencer-Aviary: but it still remains
with us to give an account of a very ex-
traordinary
traordinary repository for the feathered kingdom, of which Mr. Charlton, in his latter days, was so immoderately fond, that he was at an immense expense in making it complete. The name of this place, as the reader already conjectures, gave to the estate its title of The Aviary.

When Mr. Charlton purchased Beverly, there was on one side of the park a grove, composed of trees of almost every description, that covered between four and five acres of ground, in the midst of which stood a temple filled with cages for small singing birds. Pleased with the harmony of their wild notes, he instantly conceived a design of making an Aviary of the whole grove, and completed it, in a very few years, to his perfect satisfaction. The shape of this leafy habitation was nearly square; planted on every side with lofty trees that wore perpetual verdure; these were kept in such exact order as gave an idea of perfect symmetry within, instead of which, the eye upon entering was delighted with the most enchant-
chanting irregularity. The grove was robbed of many of its trees to make way for spacious walks; grass-plots; pieces of water, and various little temples; some open, and some surrounded with glass. In the centre, was a large rotundo, with sloping banks, set round with lofty ever-greens and flowering shrubs. The whole of this grove, now called the Aviary, was enclosed by net-work, part of which was made of strong silk and part of iron-wire; painted green. The height of the net at the top, was about twelve feet from the ground; but the trees growing through, bursting the silken squares as they enlarged, and rising several yards above, prevented its being much observed; for, even between the trees, slender fibres of vines, woodbine and ivy were so conducted upon it, that without inspection, it was not apt to catch the eye. In this enclosure were the feathered races of every description, that could be procured from every quarter of the globe, all which, as nearly as possible, were accommodated
accommodated in their own native manner. Birds of prey had situations separated from the harmless little songsters, which had full freedom to hop or fly about at pleasure; throughout the rest of the grove, and were rendered so extremely familiar by constant intercourse, that they would feed from the hand of their visitors without the least appearance of alarm. The walks and benches in this beautiful Aviary were kept in the most perfect cleanliness by a number of children who were delighted with their employ, and whose labors were directed by some old people, who could no otherwise spend their time either usefully or comfortably. Several little buildings, in romantic shapes, were fitted up with Franklin stoves, in different parts, which in the severity of winter warmed the place, without incommoding its inhabitants. The grove that composed the Aviary was formerly the boundary of the park, but Mr. Charlton added a considerable quantity of land to the district within the pale on that side,
and made a kind of pleasure-ground to en-
circle it. Not far from this spot was a
crescent that contained fifteen habitations,
in the front of which were neat little gar-
dens, encompassed with white pales. These
were residences for as many elderly or in-
firm people, whose weekly stipend was re-
gulated by the price of provisions. At a
small distance from this building, was anoth-
er, which stood upon a square, having a
large court in the middle. This was de-
tined for the instruction of children, where
thirty of each sex, whose parents were un-
able to provide for them, were boarded and
taught everything proper for such chil-
dren to learn, and afterwards were appren-
ticed, or fitted out for service, as their
strength or abilities directed: two masters
and two mistresses of the most exemplary
characters were selected for the superintend-
ence of this seminary. In Mr. Charlton's
time, the objects of both these benevolent
institutions were habited it an uniform;
but this, Mr. Spencer judged it best to
discontinue,
discontinue, as he wished to avoid the appearance which he thought that it conveyed of ostentation, and they were provided with neat dresses of various colors. The Crescent, and the Square, were the simple names of these habitations of charity.

The whole of Mr. Charlton's park was a fine dry spot, though it was diversified with some beautiful pieces of water, and this part, which had the additional advantage of being rising ground, was defended on the north-east side by a large plantation of oaks of ancient growth, through which were several spacious avenues.

Our readers who have taste for rural elegance, will easily conceive the surpassing beauties of Mr. Charlton's habitation. Sometimes they will fancy themselves walking through his gardens and various pieces of ground, destined for delight: at other times, sitting in a sultry summer's day in the midst of his Aviary, listening to the harmony of the little feathered choristers that hop before them on the verdant turf;
or viewing through the opening glades (the entrance to which were green wire gates, at that distance, almost imperceptible) the distant country. Then they will imagine themselves removed to his stately apartments, admiring the finest pieces of painting that ever the pencil of an artist produced, and which covered the walls of almost every room in the house. Besides purchasing at almost any price, some of the best works of the ancients, Mr. Charlton had full length pieces of all his descendants taken by the most celebrated modern masters. Amongst these, Mr. Spencer, drawn by Gainsborough, struck with attention the eye of every observer, as the sweetness of his countenance, united to the fineness of his figure, gave a picture inexpressibly interesting; especially to those who knew that his mind corresponded with his appearance.

CHAP.
CHAPTER V.

A mere Trifle.

THOSE who have travelled through our two last chapters, will, perhaps, allow the beauties of Spencer-Aviary to be some little excuse for the ardent with which Eleanor Hatley encouraged for its possession, while Matilda and Edward Spencer thought of no pleasure beyond that of residing there with their grandfather, for whom they had as strong an affection as their young hearts were capable of experiencing. The good man endeavoured to dispose of his parental love in as equal a manner as possible amongst his grandchildren, yet in spite of his care to avoid partiality, Edward and Matilda, by whom he was ever received with an artless, glad-some smile, had each a larger share than Eleanor, who always seemed as if she was afraid of...
his inquiring eye: but he never permitted any preference to appear. Whatever money he gave to the two first, they were sure to dispose of early; often amongst their less rich companions; but Eleanor carefully deposited her's in her little cabinet, till she had an opportunity of going to a milliner's to buy some finery for her person; for though she was covetous, she was very proud; which qualities, strange as the incongruous union may appear to those unread in the book of the world, are often known, in this our day, to reside in the same bosom.

Eleanor Hatley had a strong desire to be deemed "a fashionable-looking girl"—a term she had heard used by some neighbouring ladies, as descriptive of all that a young woman ought to be: and she had a right to the distinction, for no girl of her age ever put on her cloaths with a better air; every thing upon her looked genteel, and as if made for her; yet, whenever the sisters appeared together, though Eleanor might
might first catch the eye of admiration, it always rested upon Matilda.

The disposition which Mr. Charlton made of his estate, gave considerable concern to Mr. Spencer. He wished that there had been an equal division of the property; but if any difference must have been made, he thought that Edward Spencer had, in every respect, the preferable claim. His Father was the eldest child, and the only son left by Mr. Charlton’s daughter. He was likewise the eldest grandchild and only grandson of the family. No wonder then that Mr. Charlton’s will gave Mr. Spencer some uneasiness: but as it was not to be revoked, he determined to use the power which it gave him, by with-holding his formal consent to the marriage of either of the Misses Hatley till that of Edward Spencer should be first celebrated. Not that this good man had the presumption to think of ruling the event. No: he only thought it right, as the matter in this point was vested in him, to direct in this single instance,
instance, and leave the consequence to superior disposal. And surely he did not judge amiss: we, doubtless ought to use the means which appear to be put into our hands to produce a desired good effect, and then to rest resigned; depending upon this truth—that though we may, at first, or even in the end, find our expectations disappointed, still our happiness will be the certain effect of a firm and pious trust in the supreme and philanthropic Disposer of all events.

"O monstrous! the writer of all this stuff must be some antiquated old Parson. "I hate parsons' writings and wont never read no more of this."

Just as you please about that, Miss: for though I consider your disapprobation as the highest honour which I can receive, I am rather sorry you should deprive yourself of the improvement for which you seem to have so much occasion. But since you have interrupted my discourse, I will interrupt my narrative by finishing the chapter.

CHAP.
CHAP. VI.

An Introduction to some new Acquaintance.

After the death of Mr. Charlton, Mr. Spencer removed to the Aviary, leaving his old habitation, which was a pretty rural spot, and not more than half a mile from the park-pale of his new one, to the care of a couple of servants who had long lived in his family, and had for some years been married. He wished to have the shrubbery kept in order, that Edward, if he chose it, might make it his home upon his marriage; an event which he could not help wishing might take place at an early period; and on the prospect of which he sent him abroad much sooner than he otherwise would have thought of doing, under the care of a young Clergyman, whose manners were polished; whose erudition was profound, and whose knowledge was universal.
In the neighbourhood of Spencer-Aviary, lived a Mr. and Mrs. Abington—a couple who had experienced a series of misfortunes through the ill treatment of their relations; but who, happy in themselves, had retired to a small genteel house, in the village contiguous to Spencer-Aviary, to enjoy the remnant of their once splendid fortune in rural felicity, with their son and three daughters. In this retirement they were just fixed before the death of Mr. Charlton, who, intimately acquainted with the father of Mr. Abington, had invited him into the vicinity with an intention of being a friend to him; an intention which the benevolent Mr. Spencer more than fulfilled. For this conduct Mr. Spencer soon found himself amply rewarded by the acquisition of a most valuable acquaintance; Mr. Abington being the exact character to suit this good man’s disposition.

The children of this couple had for some time been dispersed amongst their friends in London. George, who was the eldest, had
had been placed at Eton by a merchant, whose death occasioned the young man's return to his parents. Sophia, the second, and Emily, the third, were at a boarding-school at Chelsea, the governess of which, being the widow of a clergyman, who had enjoyed a considerable benefice from Mr. Abington's father, and being influenced by the obsolete principle of gratitude, earnestly entreated to be permitted the pleasure of educating the two eldest grand-daughters of her husband's benefactor. Miss Martha, the youngest, was, in this instance, out of the question, having been taken by Mrs. Dormer, a widow lady, who spent her time and her fortune at the different watering-places in this kingdom, till she submitted for the second time to the authority of a husband. On this event she dismissed her young companion; and Miss Martha went down to Beverly, (Mr. Charlton's village) before the rest of the children returned from school. George was the next who was introduced at the Aviary, where he was very
very cordially received, and in a short time, Edward Spencer and he found themselves so happy in each other's society, that a strict friendship took place between them. This determined Mr. Spencer to make George the companion of his grandson in his travels, to the great satisfaction of Mr. and Mrs. Abington, and to the mutual advantage and happiness of the boys, who set out with their tutor and two servants, to make first the tour of England, and after that, of foreign countries. Through this, however, it does not suit our convenience to attend them, as we find ourselves engaged in other and more necessary affairs.

It is to be observed that previous to the arrangements of which we have been giving an account (for we are not to be circumscribed in our fancy, though it should lead us to relate events a little out of their rotation) Mr. Spencer and his grandchildren lived some time at Spencer Aviary; where the improvements of the young people went on rapidly, and the affection between
tween Edward and Matilda daily increased, while Eleanor still kept herself more at a distance. Taught from the consciousness of her own cunning, she imbibed a jealousy that her sister and cousin were contriving something to her disadvantage; but what, she was unable to conjecture. Mr. Spencer thought it time enough to acquaint them with the particulars of Mr. Charlton's will, when they should more nearly have attained to what are called years of discretion. At what period of life, however, these years of discretion commence, we never yet could find ascertained. With some persons they may possibly be advancing on the puerile side of twenty, while in others they may not appear till they have seen their great grandchildren. For instance—if a young lady of seventeen marries a gentleman verging upon fourscore, with a view to secure to herself the jointure of a foreign princess, it will, by all the prudent part of the world, be allowed that she is arrived at years of discretion, when, at
at the same time it may be supposed, that the grand-climacterical youth has more years to wait than it is probable death will afford him, before he can reach the period in question. As a second instance—an elderly widow gentlewoman, with a handsome dower, will sometimes accept a young flashy Captain, with no fortune but his cockade. Here it may be presumed the lady has *out-lived* her discretionary term, and that the gentleman will not reach his, till after the death of his cara sposa, when, if the quondam dowager has blessed him more years than he expected, he, as a proof of being at last discreet, holds out the golden lure, which his late dear left in his possession, to just such a blooming beauty as would have engaged his wishes when he first approached the hymeneal altar.

Before we dismiss this subject, let us do that justice to some few unequally-aged couples, which we are convinced they deserve, by declaring it our belief that conjugal
gal affection and a purely disinterested passion may sometimes unite the young and the old: but as we doubt that this is frequently the case, we hold ourselves justified in treating the subject with an air of levity; though we should be hurt were we thus to pain any of those who, by the singularity of their choice, have drawn upon themselves the unmerited censure of having bartered their affections, and consequently their happiness for pecuniary interest.

We have said that Mr. Spencer did not think it necessary to declare to his grandchildren the tenor of Mr. Charlton's will, and when the digressing spirit seized our pen, were going to observe, that had Eleanor known the particulars, she would immediately have fancied that Edward and Matilda had already entertained a design of uniting themselves by a future marriage; for as her little heart was capable of forming such kind of plans, she naturally suspected that cunning in others of which she was so early a mistress.
We will now suppose the time to be arrived when Edward Spencer and his friend set out upon their travels; about which period two misses of the name of Starlin, who bore some relation to Mr. Charlton, came down to Beverly. These ladies had twice visited Mr. Spencer during his residence at the Shrubbery, of which "Sweet! pretty! dear! neat place!"—these ladies, not yet perhaps arrived at years of discretion, would neither of them have had any objection to be mistress; an opinion which gathered some strength from their often "protesting" that it was "ten thousands of pities so sweet; a man—so charming a man—and so hand-"some a man too," as Mr. Spencer, should deny himself the happiness "of an agreeable "second lady!"

These were the sentiments of both sisters, but the language only of the youngest; the other being a gentlewoman of too much form and consequence to give her opinion so familiarly.

Miss Starlin, whose name was Penelope,
was so nearly arrived at the period, which, whether in the married or single (when it has its due accompaniments) we truly venerate, that we should not particularly mention the circumstance, did not she lead us to observe it, by the affectation of a character ill suited to her time of life. The pretty, delicate, timid airs, which she always assumed, would convey, if represented to our readers, an idea of her not having counted twenty-five, when, in fact, she had long ago doubled that number. Miss Starlin had a fair complexion and light hair, which preserved in her an appearance of youth till a late period; but that appearance at length fled, and almost all the letters of threescore were now legible upon her forehead.

Miss Peggy Starlin, about a year younger than her sister, had been a pretty, and was still a very lively brunette. She was continually flitting and jumping about to shew her agility; for as Miss Starlin chose the softness of eighteen, Miss Peggy thought it
it incumbent upon her to assume the un-
thinking liveliness of a still more youthful age. Nothing could be more unbecom-
ing than the conduct of these ladies; and instead of being respected on account of
the years which they had reached, they were by those very years rendered the more
despicable.

Do not mistake us, gentle reader, by sup-
posing that we are so deficient in right
sentiment as to be capable of satirizing the
infirmities of nature: the weakest head,
when united with a valuable heart, has our
pity and regard, whilst a heart of guile,
though connected with a head informed by
the brightest intellect, possesses our abhor-
rence and contempt.

After the departure of the Misses Starlin
from the Aviary, Mr. Spencer received a
letter from a lady in London, intimating
an intention of making him a visit, as she
had a great desire to see the daughters of
her deceased cousin, Sir Everard Hatley.
For him, indeed, she had always professed
much
much regard; though for his sister, the mother of E. Spencer, her affections had been annihilated, in consequence of a considerable legacy having been left by a common relation to that lady, in preference to herself.

To her letter Mr. Spencer sent a polite answer; thanking her for her design, and requesting to be favoured with her company as soon as she could make it convenient to herself. In a few days, therefore, she appeared in the country, and was received by Mr. Spencer with that politeness and hospitality which always distinguished his character.

Mrs. Hutchinson—the name of our new visitant at the Aviary—made a stay there of several weeks; declared herself much pleased with her young cousins, and proposed taking them with her on her return to London, to spend some time in Berkley-square, where she lived quite in style; being a woman possessed of a large fortune, and who prided herself on her descent.

As
As Mr. Spencer could not object to the proposal, the young ladies were made acquainted with the leave which they had to attend Mrs. Hutchinson, and the eyes of Eleanor, now near fifteen, sparkled with joy, while those of Matilda were moistened with tears. Upon an enquiry into the cause of her sorrow, she expressed with fobs her unwillingness to go from her grandfather, and resisting many arguments to induce her to alter her wishes, she was left behind by Mrs. Hutchinson, who set off in the course of a few days with the delighted Eleanor as her only companion.

CHAP. VII.

Symptoms of Affection too refined for common Use.

For the period of nearly two years, nothing material occurred to any branch of the Spencer family worth our relating
The exemplary philanthropist, who occupied the Aviary, employed all his time in an endeavour to benefit his fellow creatures; dispensing the superabundant blessings which the great Father of all had committed to his stewardship, in the manner which he thought would most conduce to the temporal and spiritual good of all within his vortex. Mr. Abington was his friend and assistant; and Mrs. Abington had her allotted share in the distribution; while her daughters, now all arrived at Beverly, were constantly called to attend the lessons which Matilda continued to receive from her several instructors. Sophia, the eldest sister, was Matilda's favorite; and indeed most deservedly so: for both her person and mind were formed to win the hearts of all with whom she was acquainted. She was about six months younger than Miss Hatley.

Eleanor's residence in London was lengthened greatly beyond the given term. Week after week; month after month, passed away,
away, till an entire twelvemonth had elapsed before she thought of fixing any time for her return. Mr. Spencer, at length, peremptorily insisted upon her leaving London; she having frequently put him off with first one excuse, then another, for her longer continuance with Mrs. Hutchinson, but now, she found herself necessitated to obey his mandate, and promised to be at Spencer-Aviary, at the end of a month.

Matilda Hatley, and Sophia Abington constantly corresponded with their travelling relations. The letters on both sides were entertaining and instructing: with those of Sophia, Edward Spencer was so charmed, that he ardently wished for the time of their return, that he might see the fair who had captivated his understanding; while George Abington, pleased even before he left Beverly, with Miss Hatley's engaging form, found himself very much like being in love with the sister of his friend.

This kind of affection may seem very strange
strange to some of our readers; while others may, happily, be of such a texture as to feel its refinement. To these, nothing more need be said; and to the former, all that we can say will be given in vain; as the something wrong in either their heads or their breasts, which occasions their wonder, will likewise render them insensible to explanation.

That these young people were all greatly prepossessed in each other's favor, and, at least, prepared for being what is called in love, is a matter of fact, which gave the good grandfather, who observed the progress of the bias in the fair ones minds, much satisfaction; but he would not mention it to Mr. Abington, lest any thing should arise to disappoint what could not but afford much pleasure, in idea, to both him and his Lady.

The arrangements Mr. Spencer made at the Aviary were very benevolent ones, and as we shall not, till the return of our young people
people, have much business upon our hands, we will offer them to the reader's inspection.

CHAP. VIII.

Mr. Spencer's Arrangements of the Aviary, which those who object to Arrangements are not bound to peruse.

Our present date is five years after the death of Mr. Charlton; at which period Mr. Spencer saw the Aviary estate in the situation in which he wished it should be before his death.

Mr. Charlton, as has been intimated, was a man of great ingenuity, but somewhat whimsical, and who limited all his ideas of improvement within the circuit of his park. The surrounding village, in a beautiful situation, was when he left it nearly depopulated, in consequence of most of the houses being too much out of repair for
for the residence of people in genteel life: Mr. Abington's, indeed, which Mr. Charlton had purposely fitted up for him, was almost the only one in tolerable condition. The cause of the desertion of this pretty place originated with Lord Brumpley (of whom Mr. Charlton purchased it), who was so haughty, so despotic, and so oppressive, that nobody of any respectability would live near him, nor any one, who could get land elsewhere, farm under him. His terms were so severe that no persons of small, or moderate property could rise to his demands; and his whole estate soon fell into the hands of a few men who were rich enough to live independently of their farms. Even to these he refused the permanency of a lease, as he wished to keep them in submission; and on the smallest offence, particularly if it related to hares, pheasants, partridges, &c. to expel them from their occupations. If at any time they met him in any of his walks, they were obliged to turn out of his path, as he would scarce permit
permit them to look at—much less to speak to him, and even the old and reverend clergyman of the parish, who had been his tutor, was not exempted from a feeling of his insolent and offensive superiority.

We will now observe to our readers, who we suppose are of the graver sort, as the masters and missles that hunt for fun and story, skip every passage which might possibly afford some degree of instruction to their little tinsel minds, that "were it not frequent, 'twou'd be wonderful," how men whose understandings have received any benefit from the use of letters, can be so incorrigibly stupid as to persist in thinking any incidental advantages capable of giving one creature a right to treat another as if he were of a different order of beings. Do not mistake us, good Christian reader—we are not contending for such a levelling principle, as amongst some few mal-contents has appeared in a strong and destructive form. No: we wish to have that due subordination continued, which
which the Great Creator of the Universe has ordained to subsist in it, for the well-doing of the whole; and consequently for the good of individuals. But we would have the great and mighty ones to remember, that they are of no more consequence in the eye of God than the most indigent of mortals. We want likewise to convince them there is a great difference between a condescending and a familiar behaviour. Allowing, as we have allowed, the necessity of a proper subordination, we think affability from the high to the low, the most likely means to preserve it in the world; because it then receives its security from the consent of the people, who are always more ready to pay homage when it is not apparently exacted, than when arrogantly demanded. To carry our hints still farther, the great inequality there is between the extremes of the subjects of this kingdom would not be so likely to raise commotions (as it is now to be dreaded that it some day will) if those in the highest ranks
ranks would lay aside a little of that idle ostentation of superiority which they are so ready to exhibit, not only towards people whose situation is far removed from their own, but even to those with whom they must necessarily often mix, and whose degree is not more than a step or two beneath their own fancied elevation. What can more show the folly of mankind, or what more justly the ridicule with which it is treated by every man of real understanding, than such conduct as this? "The "doffed hat," and bending body to a superior who receives the obeisance with a stiff-neck, and (if his haughtiness be in high style) with averted looks, is generally accompanied with a hearty contempt; shewed, probably in a sarcastic smile, as soon as he is past, and with a consciousness of real superiority.

Mr. Charlton was too much intent upon other particulars to pay much attention to the situation of his tenants, which was an early object of Mr. Spencer's solicitude. He
He soon made a proper distribution of the land, upon which he built a great number of houses, all the old ones being in such a ruinous state that there was no living in them with that degree of comfort which his benevolent heart wished every individual around him to enjoy. Even the cottages which he erected for the laborers, were replete with all the conveniences suitable for people in that department.

The farms were, now, none of them more than two hundred pounds a year, and many so low as thirty; it being Mr. Spencer's pleasure to enable persons with small beginnings to increase their property, that he might remove them when opportunity served, to larger occupations. When they first became tenants upon the estate, he tried them with short leases, and promised to recommend it to his successor, if he should not survive the terms, to allow them long ones, if they proved worthy. He likewise permitted them to sport upon their own ground, so long as they observed moderation.
tion; in which point, and indeed in all others, they obeyed him; for he was so greatly and universally beloved throughout the country, that his word was a general law; and people were happy in the change of the possessor of the Aviary; though Mr. Charlton was, in some respects, a tolerably good landlord.

As soon as Mr. Spencer had finished his arrangements respecting the farms, his next care was to refit the buildings in the village, and to draw together a decent set of inhabitants. This design was facilitated by the beauty of the spot, for soon after they were repaired, the houses were applied for by people of almost all descriptions; several professional gentlemen, tradesmen, and common mechanics, choosing the situation, on account of its being at once agreeable and lucrative: this latter property it derived from the vicinity of many gentlemen's seats, and from Mr. Spencer's practice of advancing to young artificers divers sums of money, to enable them to begin business in a decent
decent manner. In short, he rested not till Beverly was genteelly, usefully, and numerously inhabited. All the families in a decent situation visited him as if in an equal situation; not as if his presence in their houses conferred a favor: but he was careful to prevent his returns being expensive to them. The second sort, who would have been pained had they been obliged to have mixed with the others, were hospitably entertained by his housekeeper and butler; while the poorest had frequent access to his kitchen: indeed, none who applied, except their characters were notoriously bad, were refused relief, and even the worst sort, were charitably treated, because they were admonished. Mr. Spencer (unlike Squire Ostentation and Lady Popularity) not only forbade the receipt of vails, but took particular care that the order was observed as well as given; for the least breach of his commands, in that particular, was never excused. His motive for severity in this article, for the observance of which,
which his servants were amply recom-
pensed, was the humane consideration that
several of his friends would find it incon-
venient to pay his domestics. Mr. Spencer's
table was always furnished for whatever
company might make their appearance at
the Aviary, whether expected or not. He
might be said to keep open-house; every
one being hospitably received, and enter-
tained according to his wishes. But of
all the actions which rendered this great
philanthropist the blessing of the age, his
contant endeavour to seek and relieve the
silent sufferers, in delicate situations, stood
foremost: his munificence on such occa-
sions being so exercised, that the obliged
was almost led to think himself the obli-
ger, and none within his vortex were long
in want of what he could bestow: it was
indeed the business of his life to endeavor
to increase the happiness of others; for
which reason he took great pains to bring
the rector and his parishioners to a lasting
compromise respecting tithes, which he
effected,
effected, to the pleasure and profit of both parties.

We will finish the account of this exemplary man, which, perhaps, most of our readers begin to think too long, with the reasons he gave to an arrogant Squire of the name of Wilbert, who remonstrated with him on the detriment his benevolent system was to his surrounding neighbours; particularly objecting to the size of farms; his treatment of his tenants, relative to their leases, licence to sport, &c. It was at a county meeting upon particular business, when Mr. Wilbert attacked Mr. Spencer respecting his conduct.

But before we give the substance of the good gentleman’s reply, we will inform our readers that Mr. Wilbert was of that species of men which in make, mind, and manners, very much resemble the animal frequently celebrated in Æsop’s Fables under the appellation of a bear; indeed, so great was the affinity, that we believe the chief difference between them consisted in the
the one having, and the other having not, the power of speech. In the dialect in which his brother bruin would have delivered his sentiments, had the advantage of articulation been on his side, did Mr. Wilbert attack Mr. Spencer's arrangements at the Aviary, in the presence of a number of gentlemen. Mr. Spencer, with that animation, politeness, and decision, which ever distinguished him—spoke as follows.

"With regard to the division of my land, Mr. Wilbert, it has ever been my idea that it is injurious to society for any one man to have an enormous occupation, while there are so many honest, industrious creatures, who would be able to maintain a family, in a comfortable way, had they an opportunity of cultivating a few acres; for the want of which, they must go to daily labour, and be miserable dependants on the farmer, whose equals they originally were. Thus called upon to justify my proceedings, it is necessary for me to declare,
declare, that I think it the indispensible duty of every one who has any quantity of landed property, to dispose of it in such a manner as will most conduce to the benefit of those who have not; for which reason, I always allot a small piece to every cottage, that the labourer may be enabled to keep a cow for the use of his family. No individual is sent into this world to live merely for himself; and still less exempt than the rest of his species from performing the duties of society, is the man who is made one of the stewards of the riches of the earth.

We will not interrupt ourselves with recounting the objections of Mr. Wilbert to these sentiments; as all he endeavoured to say, amounted to nothing more than a few native growlings, but finish, without observation, the sum of Mr. Spencer's defence:

"It cannot be imagined," continued he, "that, at my time of life, a wish to gain popularity can have any share in my motive for making the alterations at Beverley."
"verly, to which you, Mr. Wilbert, so
strangely object. Self-interest, may more
properly be attributed to me than oftens-
tation, as I hold it next to an impossibi-
ility that any man will, or can, so well
cultivate a large tract of land as a
moderate quantity. With respect to
leaves, which you so highly disapprove—
self-interest, or, which is the same
thing, the interest of my grand-children,
is here, particularly, kept in view; for
what person of any prudence would be
at the expense of cultivating land, upon
the probability of another's reaping the
benefit. If it be answered that no land-
lord of honor would turn a tenant out
of his farm without just cause—then why
not give him security for a term of years!
Why leave him dependent on their own
caprice—on the caprice of human na-
ture! Why—let me seriously ask—not
set the honest-man's heart at rest! To a
bachelor, I never grant a lease, because
I do not, for many reasons, wish to have
one
one tenant upon the estate unmarried.

You next object to the permission I give

to the inhabitants of the village, as well

as to those who farm under me, to

sport, under certain conditions, upon the

estate.

One reason is, that I am convinced I

have, upon this account, more game than

I should have otherwise. Every one is

solicitous to preserve it; and from the

number of farm-houses and cottages

that are upon the estate, poachers have

small chance of escaping detection. If I

wanted any farther excuse on this head,

I need but advance the farmer's having

at least an equal right with his landlord,

to the creatures fed by his labour and

at his expense.

You disapprove, likewise, of my ad-
mitting my tenants—(some of them;

for many of the lowest class petition to

be excused from going up)—to my own

table.

Without availing myself of the argu-
ments with which Christianity would furnish me, let me ask if they are my servants because they pay me an equivalent for my land! Common unprejudiced reason tells me that they are not! Somebody must occupy my farms; or what must I do with them? They would lie upon my hands, and be useless: is not the obligation, therefore, mutual between the owner and the cultivator?

Mr. Spencer then advanced several sentiments respecting due, subordination, and the most likely means to preserve it, and evinced the propriety as well as the obligation of treating every man, be his station ever so humble, with the respect which he merits, from reason; from morality, and from the still superior arguments which are suggested by religion.
A Picture of modish Affection.

Gentlemen and Ladies of all descriptions!

As ye have been heartily tired with the long prosing—preaching—sentimental stuff (for that is the fashionable dialect), with which most of the preceding chapters have been crammed: we will now endeavour to treat you with lighter diet; confessing we were willing to offer you a little wholesome food, before we produced our flummery and whipt syllabubs. Whether ye have tasted—or if ye have, whether ye have had any relish for the solids we have set before you, we cannot tell. Perhaps ye have fasted, hitherto, in expectation of the coming desert. But let us warn you, O ye lovers of frothy viands, that ye do not vitiate your palates by feeding upon sweetmeats, as to destroy your powers of digesting.
ing those substantials which only can afford real nourishment. However, as we acknowledge that a variety, properly intermixed, may be very salutary, we will here offer you some trifles.

When Eleanor Hatley first returned from Berkley-square to Spencer-Aviary, the great alteration in her appearance struck every eye with astonishment. She was quite the fine lady—or, to speak in modern language, "a very fashionable looking woman;" a recommendation which is supposed, as we have said, to include all that is desirable in the fair sex. Miss Eleanor was certainly very much improved in her person; and having studied under some of the best masters in London, had attained to a considerable proficiency in dancing, drawing, musick, &c. and yet, to an accurate observer she was far from being amiable; a cautious cunning, and a certain something of countenance, forbidding the social heart to contract an intimate acquaintance with her. Miss Martha Abington, who greatly resembled
resembled her in mind and manners, thought her all perfection; and they very soon entered into what they called a friendship.

During Eleanor Hatley's residence with Mrs. Hutchinson, she had learned all the particulars of the will of her great-grandfather; and it induced her, as the reader from his present knowledge of her disposition will naturally conclude, to think of entering into some measures which might give her's, if not her, possession of Spencer-Aviary. Consistently with her wishes, she was, while in Berkley-square, addressed by a number of young smarts, who attended the little suppers given by the lady of the house. On all these she looked for some time with equal indifference; till one above the rest at length attracted her attention, while she particularly engaged his, from the information which he had sought and gained of her family circumstances.

The name of this gentleman was Percival.
val. His figure was tall and striking; his countenance keen; his age twenty-three; his temper like that of Eleanor Hatley.

Mr. Percival was the only son of a widow who was left by her husband, over whom she had always maintained an absolute sway, with two children and a tolerable estate, entirely in her own power. Her daughter, a beautiful and amiable young woman, had, without her consent, married an officer of the name of Montague; and since that occurrence had never been admitted into her presence. The son continued with his mother, and by her was tutored to advance his fortune with some credulous and rich fair. He had, however, failed in every preceding attempt, when, casting his eyes on Miss Hatley, who was young, and by her appearance a girl of fortune, he determined to be early in laying siege to her affection, which he supposed, unlearned as she seemed in the ways of life, might be secured without much difficulty. In this, however, he was considerably mistaken; for
for Eleanor Hatley, expecting something much superior to what Mr. Percival could offer, paid but little attention to his affidavits. When, upon more minute enquiry, he learned the particulars of Mr. Charlton’s will, he was almost discouraged from any farther pursuit; concluding that, on that account, it would be difficult to gain her. But, educated in cunning, as Mr. Percival was, he was here again mistaken. The very circumstance which he imagined to be destructive to his wishes, accelerated their accomplishment: for no sooner was the young lady made acquainted by Mrs. Hutchinson with the arrangement established by her great-grandfather, and with Mr. Spencer’s wish to have her cousin Edward first married, a circumstance with which Mrs. Hutchinson was much displeased, than she determined to look about her, and to secure, if possible, the coveted inheritance.

At the time of which we are speaking, she was not more than sixteen years of age, yet
yet even then did this designing girl lay first one plan, then another, and then another, to draw her grandfather's consent to her marriage with some one of her admirers, (and she hardly cared which,) that flattered her vanity, before the return of her cousin. Yet she imagined it would be a difficult point to compass, as Mr. Spencer had declared that he did not consider it as unjust to with-hold the formal sanction to the marriage of his grand-daughters, which Mr. Charlton's will required, as he should not, by any exertion of his power as their guardian, prevent them from uniting themselves to gentlemen whom he approved; and as he thought that the very handsome fortunes which they had and would have, were sufficient for girls of even the first rank in England. This was very unnecessarily represented by Mrs. Hutchinson in heightened colors to Miss Eleanor, who immediately set all her little wits at work to form schemes for the accomplishment of her wishes.

In
In one of her reveries on this subject, Mr. Percival made his appearance. He per-
ceived that she looked thoughtful, and with much apparent tenderness enquiring the occasion, with some management, after some finesse on his part and her's, he dis-
covered it. An éclaircissement took place, and affairs were soon in such forwardness that they united heartily in the same cause. Eleanor Hatley saw in Mr. Percival the very Machiavel she wanted. Mr. Percival found in Eleanor all that he wished—a woman possessed of fortune, and ready to bestow it upon him.

A family compact now took place. Mr. Percival, before a visitor, now became an intimate in the family of Mrs. Hutchinson, who was easily brought to enter into the views of the young people; and before Eleanor left London, every thing was set-
tled respecting their future proceedings. Accordingly, soon after her return into the country, Mr. Percival wrote a letter to Mr. Spencer, which was accompanied by one
from Mrs. Hutchinson; the first, a proposal respecting the young lady, and the other dictated by Mrs. Hutchinson, who directed a good understanding to bad purposes, as high a recommendation of the proposer, as language could convey.

From the character given of Mr. Percival, and the prepossession in his favour which Miss Eleanor thought fit to acknowledge, Mr. Spencer could not form any reasonable objection to the alliance: for though his grand-daughter's fortune might demand a gentleman with a larger estate, Mr. Spencer's sentiments, which Eleanor very well knew, would not permit him, on that account, to disapprove of her choice. Mr. Percival was a gentleman—a gentleman of good character—Miss Eleanor had given him her heart—and there was, between them, a sufficiency to support a family in gentility. This, to a man of Mr. Spencer's principles, was all that could be required. He answered both the letters with that explicitness which was inseparable
rable from his every action, saying, that the character of the gentleman was such as could not be objected to, but that he could not give his consent to his grand-daughter's so soon entering into matrimonial engagements. This answer produced Mr. Percival's appearance at Spencer-Aviary, where he was received with politeness by its benevolent possessor; with native good humour by Matilda, and with caution and affected modesty by the object of attraction.

Mr. Percival could suit his behaviour to almost every company, and he studiously attempted to be pleasing to the grandfather of his Eleanor, yet he failed in his design. Mr. Spencer saw—or instinctively perceived—an inexpressible something which prevented him from looking on Mr. Percival with pleasure as the future husband for Eleanor Hatley. Something like a persuasion, (for we know no apter phrase to express our meaning) seemed to prohibit every idea of congeniality between those opposite characters.
And here, gentle reader, we will stop to ask thee if thou art a stranger to the persuasion of which we have given an intimation? If thou art, no words can convey to thee any sense of it. If thou art not, thou knowest what we mean, without our saying any more upon the subject. But in either case, accept a hint which may be serviceable: never, without examination, rely too implicitly upon this feeling, lest, in thy haste, thou shouldst yield to a false impulse; but never inattentively discard it, lest it should be found that thou hast rejected the truth.

And now, of whatsoever complexion thou art, thou wilt be ready to ask of what religion we are professors.

Of the Christian, good Sir, and desire not—indeed we think we cannot attain—any greater distinction.
Mr. Spencer could not mix his mind with that of Mr. Percival.

It was the sense of the last phrase that related to our story. What followed, we suspect, written by some sylph who gently stole our pen as we fell asleep at the word congeniality! for, ladies, we would have you understand that we have our surrounding genii, to whom we apply upon every emergency; and that these genii have their sylphs, who have strict orders to attend us very diligently. As it will therefore sometimes happen that we grow supine, and may perhaps drop or leave our pen, it will probably be taken up, to prevent the story from dropping likewise, by one or other of these aerials—etherials—or whatever epithet they may deserve; who, though of various orders, are all wise and good. For this reason we warn our readers,
and particularly our fair ones, to be careful how they find fault with what may be beyond the reach of their capacity; lest they should happen to censure the work of one of these immaterial beings, (for whose performances it must be remembered, we are not accountable); because though our young ladies may not comprehend the force of the reasoning, nor the foundation of the principle, they may depend upon it, that what is produced by these our superintendents, cannot be erroneous.

Many little misses—nay, indeed some masters, and those pretty nearly approaching to the height of six feet—make it a rule to exclaim—"Non-sense"—"Stuff!"—"Ridiculous!" &c. whenever they meet with what they cannot understand. By which means, we beg leave to observe, that every line in the work of an author, of more than ordinary cleverness, runs the hazard of being saluted with these supercilious expressions, from the class of readers we have now in our mind's eye—a phrase, my pretty dears! which we acknowledge to
to have borrowed from a play written by one William Shakespear, who, as having been a man of neither fashion nor fortune, can consequentially possess but little estimation in your opinions.

But to return from our second, to our first digression, and to finish both—All we allow to the little gentry whose minds are not sufficiently capacious to admit the truth of our reasonings, is a phrase which we have heard from several pretty lips, the tense of which, for it has been put into a variety of forms, is this. "It may be true; but I shall not believe it."

And now to advert to the lovers.

"The good man could not mix his mind with the mind of Mr. Percival."

No; for they were of very different textures. The one was of pure spirit; the other a droisy substance, with oil floating upon its surface; a very fashionable composition for present fashionable dispositions.

Mr. Percival could not easily be persuaded to relinquish his pursuit. The sight of Spencer-Aviary had rivetted his affections.
tions to that and Eleanor; who now, in compliance with the opinion of her lover, thought it right to make an open avowal of her attachment. Mr. Spencer, therefore, judged it proper to be perfectly unreserved, in respect to his intentions relative to the marriage of his grandchildren. He declared his determination of not giving the formal approbation, requisite to entitle a child to the Aviary estate, till he saw Edward Spencer a husband. To this they opposed every argument art could suggest; but to no purpose: the utmost they could obtain was an assurance that the celebration of their nuptials (after the previous execution of proper settlements) should not, by him, be prevented; with a promise, if it should be their choice to postpone their intention, of giving the required sanction after the marriage of his grandson; for the excellent man had no idea so presumptuous as that of ruling the event. All his meaning was, not to give consent to any proposal which might, probably, entirely cut off from this only male heir
heir of the family, every possibility of seeing his descendants in possession of the paternal estate.

As Mr. Spencer spoke with deliberate firmness, Mr. Percival and Eleanor Hatley thought it prudent to appear satisfied with his determination, and Mr. Percival returned to London; obtaining leave to correspond with the young lady, and sometimes to visit at the Aviary. On these occasions he took abundant care to remove any prejudice that Mr. Spencer might have entertained against him, on account of his solicitude to secure, with Miss Eleanor, a probable right, for one of his children, to the estate, which was the great object to both the lovers, as they erroneously were termed. Mr. Percival's art was not entirely unsuccessful; for though it could not remove Mr. Spencer's prepossession in his disfavor, it prevented such an increase of it as could not have failed taking place with a man who had such a share of penetration, had not Mr. Percival with the utmost cau-

E 5 tion
tion concealed the objectionable parts of his character.

Affairs now went on without any particular variation, till the return of Edward Spencer, with his friend, from foreign countries, an event which gave great joy to every individual concerned. Mr. Spencer saw in his grandson all that he wished to see. He was, indeed, a fine young man in his person; had an excellent understanding, which had been properly cultivated, and a disposition that gained him universal approbation.

George Abington was as much respected as his companion, and had similar advantages of person; though not quite such regularity of features; but Matilda Hatley thought he wanted no improvement.

CHAP. XI.

Of small Consequence.

We will pass over a variety of little preliminary incidents till the arrival of the period in which the partiality of Edward
Edward Spencer for Sophia Abington, and that of George Abington for Matilda Hatley produced an acknowledged affection, which met with the approbation of both families. Accordingly on the day which completed the twenty-first year of Edward's life, was he united to his Sophia, amidst the congratulations of his surrounding friends; after which they retired to the Shrubbery; Mr. Spencer having kept that mansion in order for his grandson's reception.

Previous to the celebration of the wedding, Mr. Percival, had for some time, been a visitor at the Aviary, and had received a promise from Mr. Spencer that he would give the required sanction to his marriage with Eleanor on the day that was to unite Mr. George Abington with Matilda; which was to be fixed at no very distant period.

After the visits occasioned by this first wedding were over, and the happy couple settled in their new habitation, which though
not so magnificent as the Aviary, was convenient and elegant, Mrs. Hutchinson, accompanied by Mr. Percival, made another visit to Mr. Spencer and his grand-daughters, and at her return, obtained the promise of seeing the young ladies before their entrance into the conjugal state. Miss Eleanor agreed to the proposal with alacrity; but Matilda gave rather a reluctant consent to their entreaties. Just before this party left the Aviary, the death of a Mr. Appleby occasioned the sale of an estate near the village of Beverley. The house in which he had resided was large and ancient; but it was in a pleasant situation. For this estate, Mr. Percival agreed, and, in a short time, by the assistance of his mother, completed the purchase. This spot was particularly convenient to Mr. Percival's views, as it was contiguous to that which devolved to the Misses Hatley, upon the death of their father, which it was agreed should be divided between them by two celebrated surveyors, upon their respective
spective marriages. It was likewise settled that Mrs. Percival should reside with her son and intended daughter-in-law (retaining the house in London for an occasional abode), and that George Abington and Matilda should live at the Aviary with the venerable ancestor, during his residence in that envied habitation. To this proposal, Eleanor immediately acceded: her reason—though not her professed one—was her dislike to continue under the penetrating eye of her benevolent parent; whose disposition, as she was conscientiously convinced, was very opposite to her own, with which that of Mrs. Percival was greatly more congenial.

---

CHAP. XII.

*The Story continues dull.*

The young ladies have now been some time in London: Eleanor immersed in its gaieties; and Matilda fighting for the
the tranquil pleasures of Spencer-Aviary, from which she never before was so long absent; while Mr. Spencer was expecting their return with some impatience, though enjoying the prospect which the indisposition of the amiable wife of his grandson opened to his wishes. Mrs. Spencer was, indeed, in what is called the family way, to the great satisfaction of the parties immediately interested. Even Eleanor Hatley, whose wedding day was fixed, received the intelligence with a smile, which we beg leave to assure our readers was sincere. This young lady, with the advice of her worldly-wife mother-in-law elect, had furnished herself with so many reasonable motives for being perfectly satisfied with this event, that she did not even with it otherwise.

Matilda, who during her residence in London, had frequently been visited by Mr. George Abington, a young man deserving of more attention than we have been able to afford him, now returned to Spencer-Aviary;
Aviary; but Eleanor complied with the entreaties of her London friends to continue in town till within two or three days before that appointed for the double nuptials. In the mean time Mr. Percival had completed every thing for their reception at the Lodge, which was the name of his newly purchased estate; it being determined that the London party should go directly thither, and after the ceremony, retire to it again.

This proceeding was not, in the least, agreeable to Mr. Spencer, whose truly beneficent soul wished to see cordiality reign unboundedly throughout the universe, and most particularly amongst the individuals of his own family: but Eleanor, once fixed in her plan, was not to be diverted from its execution.

The day was now arrived which was to convey the Londoners to Beverly, and the coach driven to the door. Eleanor Hatley, all evident delight, was going down to Mrs. Hutchinson, to tell her that she only waited
the return of her maid, who was gone for some ribbands which the milliner had omitted to put up with the rest of the bridal finery, when her foot slipped from one of the stairs, and she fell into the hall. She was immediately heard by the servants, who ran to see what occasioned the noise, when they found her lying without any signs of life. The whole family were now about her; Mr. and Mrs. Percival, who had just before arrived at Mrs. Hutchinson's, were very much alarmed. They immediately sent for a surgeon, and before he could reach the house, for a physician. Upon carrying her into the parlour, she somewhat revived, but was totally unable to stand. When the gentlemen of the faculty arrived and examined into the nature of the injury she had received, they found that she had dislocated, in a very bad manner, her right knee. Instead of being conveyed into the coach, she was carried to her chamber and put to bed, from whence, both the medical gentlemen gave it as their opinion
nion that she would not be well enough to be removed under a month. Upon hearing this, she was like a mad woman, and the violence of her passions actually occasioned a delirium. A messenger was immediately dispatched to Mr. Spencer, who, with Matilda, instantly set off for London, where they found Eleanor in a very dangerous situation. The prognostics of the doctors were more than verified: she was not able to leave her bed for five weeks, but at the end of that period, mended very fast, and began to be extremely urgent to go down to Beverly, that the matrimonial schemes might be resumed; for Matilda would not, on any account, think of entering into the conjugal state during her sister's confinement.

The period fixed for the two marriages once more arrived. On the preceding evening Eleanor and her friends reached the Lodge, from whence, as it was reckoned dangerous for her to walk, though but a few yards, she was carried in a sedan to
the village church, where she was met by her sister and a large party from the Aviary, Shrubbery, and Mr. Abington's; but she could not be prevailed upon to return with them, assigning, as a new cause of objection, her inability to join in their festivities.

On the Sunday following the nuptial ceremony, Mr. and Mrs. George Abington, in conformity to the fashion of the times in which they lived, appeared at church, and after that, received and returned the visits of the surrounding gentry; but Eleanor (whom for the sake of distinction we shall hereafter term Mrs. Richard, or Mrs. R. Percival; except when we shall choose to say old Mrs. and young Mrs.; for that we shall do at pleasure), only received and returned cards of compliments; postponing her ceremonial till her perfect recovery.

We now see the family at Spencer-Aviary—that at the Shrubbery—and that of Mr. Abington, in perfect harmony with each other and with all the neighbourhood; every
every one admiring and taking examples from their conduct; while the Percivals confined themselves within their own narrow circle, and consequently were neither beloved nor respected. Miss Martha Abington, indeed, was their constant visitor; she having formed a close alliance with Mrs. Richard Percival, by whom she was united by a similar discordancy of disposition. Miss Emily, now called Miss Abington, was the delight of the other party: her temper resembling that of her sister Spencer.

---

CHAP. XIII.

The Introduction of a Stranger.

The benevolent parent of these families now saw two of his grand-children as happy as he could wish them to be; Eleanor was not, perhaps, unhappy; but her mode of conduct when it pressed upon his
his mind, was an abatement of his tranquillity. He thought she was excessively wrong; he did not approve of the people with whom she had connected herself; but he wisely endeavoured to shut the disagreeable part from his view.

Mrs. Spencer was now advised, by her physicians, to forbear too much exercise; and it was thought proper for her to return, for the last time before her confinement, the visits she owed in the vicinity. The last she made was to the Lodge; in which she was accompanied by her grandfather and the Abingtons.

Towards the approach of night, Mrs. R. Percival was taken extremely ill; Mr. Edward Spencer was the first who observed the change in her countenance, and sprang across the room to support her in his arms, as she was near falling from the easy chair in which she leaned, not yet being so recovered as to be able to sit upright. She was now carried up stairs, and put to bed, where she requested being left to herself, at
at least with only one servant. About an hour after, receiving for answer to their enquiries that she was better, but not able to see company, the Spencers and Abingtons took their leave and returned, as was before agreed upon, to the Aviary, where it was determined Mrs. Spencer should continue during her confinement. When they met in the morning, Mrs. R. Percival engrossed their first conversation, and by universal desire a servant was dispatched with enquiries about her health; the answer to which threw them into the greatest consternation; for it was, that "She was as well as could be expected, and that the child was very well, likewise."

The whole of the artful schemes which had been carried on amongst the Percivals, now flashed upon Mr. Spencer's imagination. Eleanor's lengthened stay in London—her going from thence to the Lodge, instead of to the Aviary—the affected continuance of lameness; always thought to be beyond the occasion—her refusal to receive company,
company, or to be seen by any one out of her easy chair—and the air of effrontery with which, as it was now recollected, the whole of their conduct had been distinguished, convinced every one that the criminal proceeding had resulted from a deliberate determination to disappoint, if it were possible, Mr. Spencer's just wish of fixing the family of his grandson in the paternal estate. This conviction was so justified by the reply of Mrs. Percival, in the presence of her son, to the enquiries which were made, that Charity herself refused to waste a sigh on the guilty and fallen fair one.

Frustrated as Mr. Spencer's views were by this event, his concern for the infamous conduct of his grand-daughter, was what most heavily upon his mind. Every principle in his heart revolted against the proceedings of the Percivals; who, with the utmost audacity triumphed in their success.

Soon after the return of the servant from the Lodge, Mr. Clarkfom, the accoucheur of the village, called at the Aviary to en-

quire
quire about Mrs. Spencer's health. This gentleman, who was very prudent and skilful, had been summoned to Mrs. R. Percival about an hour after the departure of the Aviary party from the Lodge, and had delivered the lady of a son. He therefore confirmed to Mr. Spencer the substance of the servant's message.

The news now became public. Every body inveighed against the vile conduct of the Percival's, except Miss Martha Abington; and every body else determined upon not visiting them. However, as on her recovery, Mrs. R. Percival went to church in form, and sent cards of invitation to those from whom she had received cards upon her marriage, many, who where previously determined to avoid any intercourse with her, were induced by her measures, to call upon her; and she appeared so openly to defy the world's opinion, that whenever she had company, the little Spencer-Hatley Percival was carried down to be admired. Patty Abington, who, young
as she was, had already treasured up many certain signs and tokens which would give an insight into the future events of a child's life, saw, from a ring about his ankle; a spot on his neck; a red mark upon his arm, &c., that Master Percival would live to be the greatest man in the country; and, by a mole-spot near his ear, predicted his being, one day, a prime minister.

To all this, Mrs. R. Percival gave strong credence, and was every day seeking for fresh information respecting her son's destiny, which her friend ceased not to affirm would be marked with fortunate circumstances.

Some time after the birth of Master Percival, Mrs. Spencer presented the family with a lovely girl, who was named Letitia. The beautiful features of this infant struck every beholder with admiration, and every one lamented the treachery which had deprived her of her birth-right, as Spencer-Aviary might with justice be termed.

About six months after the above-mentioned little lady made her appearance upon this
this variable theatre, Master Percival was attacked by the measles; a disorder at that time prevalent amongst the children of the neighbourhood. All the physicians in the country were summoned, and the utmost attention was afforded him by every female in the family; but notwithstanding all their care, and in spite of Miss Patty's predictions at his birth, this presumptive heir to Spencer Aviary died on the seventh day of his illness. Mrs. Richard Percival was now in a state of distraction; and no wonder. All her plans disappointed—at variance with her family—her reputation blasted—and to no purpose! She was at this time, again enceinte, and the violent perturbation of her spirits nearly occasioned her death; but the strength of her constitution was triumphant, and she was, in due time, delivered of another son, who was christened Stephen, the name of Mr. Percival's father. Patty Abington was now called upon to read this child's destiny, which, she said, would certainly be what...
she had pronounced for the other, the marks upon which she had for some weeks observed to fade, and therefore expected its death, though she would not shock her friend with her apprehensions.

Mrs. R. Percival's health was now pretty well established, but her spirits seemed to be sunk beyond restoration; and, at times, her intellects were thought to be affected, so greatly had the disappointment preyed upon her mind. At length she sent a supplicating letter to Spencer-Aviary—acknowledging and lamenting her crime—owning the justice of the dispensation which had deprived her of her child, and imploring a return of favor from her grandfather and cousins; and in a little time, a general reconciliation was the consequence.

Soon after this, Mrs. Abington received a letter from the only brother who ever shewed her any affection. His name was Rufiel. He had resided for many years in the island of Madeira, where he had acquired a handsome fortune. From him
Mrs. Abington had frequently received considerable sums of money. In the early part of his life he married a lady who died in a few years after their union, and as he had not any family, intended to make the children of his sister Abington heirs to his property. On this account he sent to request that his nephew would immediately come over to him, as he had been some time ill, and was apprehensive that he should not recover.

This letter was an interruption to the happiness of the social families, but as the requisition could not be refused, he set off with all possible expedition for Madeira; leaving his lady under an affliction, which all her friends exerted their endeavors to alleviate.
CHAPTER XIV.

To young Widows.

PEACE and frugality seemed now to be established at Beverly. Everyone appeared happy except the gentle, the tender, the amiable Mrs. G. Abington, whose anxiety for a beloved husband debarred her from sharing the apparent felicity around her; but the excellency of her understanding, disposition, and principles, prevented her from disturbing her friends with the terrors which she could not remove from her spirits. She sighed in secret, and in company endeavoured to be cheerful.

We, just now, used the phrase "apparent felicity;" Mrs. Richard Percival at that moment crossing our ideas. This lady was indeed incapable of experiencing felicity in reality, while the daughter of her cousin was the presumptive heiress to Spencer Aviary. However, she determined to differ
fembled her chagrin, nursing the idea that kind chance, as she termed it, might, possibly, put an end to the existence of the little Letitia, as it had done to that of her first born son; and this possibility, by familiarity rendered probable, became so continually the subject of her contemplation, that she was never happy but when musing upon the event in perspective. Happily, for the relief of her mind, her husband and his mother indulged her in conversing upon her favorite topic, being no less desirous than herself to see one of their descendants in possession of the Aviary.

Continual was now the expectation of the Abingtons to hear from Madeira, yet day after day, week after week rolled on without that expectation being fulfilled. All that were concerned began to be alarmed; and Mrs. G. Abington felt more than her share of the common uneasiness. Every rap at the door—every horseman the saw, threw her into tremors; and every day,
near an hour before the usual time of the arrival of the post-boy did she fit in a bow-window with her eye fixed upon the road which led to the house, to watch his coming; springing to the door when she saw him, yet then not daring to ask him for letters. In this situation she continued for some time, till at length Mr. Abington wrote to Mr. Ruffel for intelligence, and at the end of three months received the following reply.

Madeira, Nov. 9th.

"Your letter, my dear brother, has given me concern beyond expressing. How shall I answer it! What words use to tell you that George has never yet reached this island! I give you the dreadful information too abruptly, but you are satisfied by Christian philosophy, and as you have prudence in no ordinary degree, you will, I am certain, be properly deliberate in communicating the intelligence to the amiable woman whom our dear boy
boy married; to his mother, and to his
sisters. I fear—I greatly fear poor George
is entirely lost to us. By degrees I wish
to tell you what I doubt is a certainty,
yet cannot prevent the ardor of my aff-
liction from showing, at once, the fatal
truth. Let me say that it is indeed all
over with him. As soon as I received
your enquiring letter, which told me he
had failed from Bristol in the Enterprise,
Captain Williams, I lost all hope. The
certainty of his death succeeded in an in-
stant, as intelligence of the fate of that
ship had been received at our port some
weeks before yours reached my hands.
The Enterprise had failed from England
in company with the Dolphin, the Har-
mony and the Leopard, and had fallen in
with the Tiber and Baltic. They kept
near each other for several days, after
which they encountered one of the most
dreadful storms I ever heard described;
and were driven westward for twenty-
eight hours. When the second morning
appeared,
appeared, the Harmony and Tiber were
within sight of each other, and both took
up some wreck known to belong to the
Baltic; and a boat, which was ascertained-
ed by the name on it to have been that
of the Enterprise. Of all these ships the
Dolphin was the first that was heard of.
She touched at this island to refit, being
bound, with the Harmony and Leopard,
to the East Indies: these two last men-
tioned came separately within a few days
after, and the next morning the Tiber
arrived, but the Baltic and Enterprise are,
doubtless, gone to the bottom.

The affliction I feel upon this dispen-
sation of Providence is greatly beyond
expressing, and almost beyond even your
imagination. George was to me as a
son. He was coming at my request, and
to my assistance! By my means, his pa-
rents have been deprived of their chief
hope; and I have been the occasion of
my own loss.

These recollections aggravate my grief;

though
"though rightly considered, they ought not to occasion any difference in our sentiments upon the event. If we do a right thing from right motives, whatever may be the result, we are justified: to judge by the effect is the wisdom of a fool.

"I present these considerations to my mind's view continually, yet cannot, at times, forbear to recriminate upon myself. But to the All-wise Disposer of events I endeavour to resign, knowing that his goodness, as well as his power and wisdom, is exerted in his dispensations for his children; considerations which will, I hope, have that force with you and yours I am conscious they ought to have with me.

"Soon after I wrote my last, my disorder took a favourable turn; and, contrary to all expectation, I am now entirely recovered. My affairs are likewise in so favourable a train, that I mean to quit Madeira and sail for England in the first ship in which I can have tolerable accom-
accommodations, and hope to end my days with you and my sister. I will not now say what an abatement I find in the joy this intention has afforded me in contemplation.

"You will present my affectionate remembrance to my sister, Sophia, Emily and Patty; and will believe me to be, with the most faithful fraternal sympathy,

"Yours,

"George Russel."

My tender-hearted readers will require no information respecting the effects this letter produced upon the interested inhabitants of Beverly. The married fair, whose heart beats high with conjugal affection—whose delicate sensibility is ever awake to the welfare of the beloved of her heart—whose intelligent eye receives additional lustre from the refined ardency which glows in her breast, when she first catches sight of him after an absence longer than she expected—can feel for and will deeply sympathize
sympathize with the poor Matilda, when instead of receiving the assurance which her fond hope led her to expect, of the safety and approaching return of her dear George, she was told that in this world she would never see him more. Not that Mr. Abington communicated the fatal tidings in such explicit terms. He only began to prepare her to receive them, when her fears, equally strong and in continual balance with her hope, told her every thing at once. She saw the whole in vivid colors through the intended concealment, and sank, e'er he could enter upon the dreadful particulars, into the arms of the distress'd mother of her lost husband.

Every consolation that could possibly be given under such circumstances, Mrs. G. Abington found in the tender soothings of her surrounding friends; but nothing could remove, or indeed alleviate, the poignancy of her distress. Yet she did not murmur or repine: she was too good a Christian to be rebellious. Her grief was of the tender kind,
kind, and she prayed and strove for resignation: but for several years her thoughts were so perpetually, so entirely devoted to the memory of him whom she had lost, that she seemed almost as if in continual expectation of seeing him; and would scarcely believe that her deprivation was real. Never could the faithfulness of her affection be prevailed upon to listen to any of the numerous admirers who visited, on her account, at Spencer-Aviary. The progress of time made no abatement in her constancy; nor could she, at the expiration of the usual period, be persuaded to lay aside her mourning habit. Yet her grief was chiefly solitary: for when in company with her friends, she endeavoured to put on the resemblance of cheerfulness, that she might not darken their enjoyments. Thus lived Mr. George Abington—admired—beloved; and a pattern of conjugal fidelity.

The sorrow of the family for the heavy loss they had sustained, was still lively when Mr. Russel arrived from Madeira, and it was
was not till long after, that their "grief" was so mellowed by time as to subside into a pleasing remembrance." Mr. and Mrs. Abington, for their only son; the sisters, for their brother; Mr. Edward Spencer, for the friend of his heart, and the benevolent grandfather, for the worthy and amiable husband of his Matilda, felt very poignantly this loss to their society; and we find ourselves disposed to sympathize with each individual.

CHAP. XV.

Neither sentimental, nor otherwise.

AFTER the event last mentioned, nothing material occurred at Beverly for a considerable period, except the increase of the families of Mr. Edward Spencer and Mr. Percival. Lititia, the eldest child of the first, was at the time to which we
we choose to advance, between two and three years of age, and one of the loveliest little girls ever beheld; with a disposition uncommonly sweet, and an understanding already distinguishable.

The next in seniority, and younger only by a few months than Letitia, was Mr. Percival's son Stephen. Within a year after him, Mrs. Percival had two children at one birth, a boy and a girl; the first called Robert; the other Barbara, in honor of the notable dowager, her grandmother. Mr. Spencer's second child was a daughter, of the name of Lucy, whose birth was succeeded by that of a still-brother.

Diminished only by the still-remembered loss of Mr. George Abington, happiness seemed to reside in the hearts of our favorite families at Beverly. Mr. Ruffel enlivened every party in which he mixed; as there was a vein of humor in his disposition which seemed always new and pleasing. By his means the Abingtons were in a state of affluence. Except Miss Polly, every body
body regarded him with esteem and affection; but that young lady had so small a share of tenderness in her composition, that the attachment between her and Mr. R. Percival engrossed all that she possessed. Like this her nominal friend, she was proud and covetous. She was likewise conceited and envious in a high degree. The universal approbation given to her sisters and sister-in-law, was a continual bane to her happiness. She could not endure their being celebrated for qualities which she thought, and which the Percivals assuaged her, shone much more conspicuously in herself. She had a good face; was sufficiently genteel, with an understanding above mediocrity, and cultivated by education: for Mrs. Dormer had taken care to have her instructed in the fashionable branches of female learning. She, likewise, had the happy art of putting on her cloaths in a modish style, and had acquired that dignified appellation of "a very fashionable-looking young woman." The fancied knowledge
knowledge she had obtained of future events from signs, marks, &c. she gained from an old female servant of Mrs. Dormer's, who had early imbibed those ideas; and who had predicted that Miss Martha would be raised by marriage to high rank. This the old fortune-teller had assured her would be her destiny, unless the gentleman whose star met her's at her birth, should die before he saw her. A fate so consonant to the young lady's wishes, obtained her implicit belief, and whenever she heard of the death of a young nobleman she sighed, on the apprehension of its being that of her comfort-elect. However inconsistent this foible may seem to be with a good understanding, it was really found combined with one in Patty Abington; who, though empowered by nature to be a pleasing companion and a useful friend, prostituted her talents to the most opposite purposes.

Mrs. Percival, by whom it is to be understood, we always mean the elder, saw
Miss Patty's failings and made her advantages of them; for more cunning—more true subtility than this Dowager possessed, never inhabited the breast of a female. She wished to keep Miss Patty in the interest of her family, therefore represented the injustice which the said her relations did her by not considering her as the first of her name.

"A young lady of your talents Miss "Martha," would this artful dame exclaim, "ought to be looked up to upon "all occasions."

"So I think, and always did think," said Mrs. R. Percival, with seeming carelessness in her manner. "Patty Abington is an "honor to the name she bears."

"Nobody doubts that," rejoined Mr. Percival. "You are taking very unneces-"fary pains, ladies, to point out what every "body sees. But when you, my dear Miss "Martha, are married into the rank you "certainly were formed to adorn, you will "find every body will do you justice."
Miss Martha had sufficient understanding to receive this adulation in a decent manner, attributing their praises to their kindness; nevertheless, she was conscientiously satisfied that what they said was true.

About this time almost all the children in the neighbourhood of Beverly were attacked with that frequently fatal disorder called the chin-cough; or, as we think more properly, the whooping-cough. The little Spencers and Percivals suffered with the rest. Letitia was the worst, and it continued upon her so long, that the physicians apprehended its leading her into a consumption. Change of air was strongly advised, and the anxious friends immediately endeavoured to find an eligible situation, within a proper distance, to which their little darling might with safety be removed. After some enquiry, a woman who had formerly lived at the Aviary in the capacity of a chamber-maid; was married from thence, and left a widow with a daughter then six years of age, was deemed a proper
a proper person to be entrusted with the care of the little sick Letitia; she being reckoned very clean and healthy, kind to the several nurse-children with whom she had been entrusted, and fixed in an airy spot, called Hilton, about three miles from Beverly. The only objection was the size of her habitation, which was so small that she could not lodge an attendant for the child; but the advantages were so peculiar, respecting situation, &c. that it was determined Letitia should be carried to her house immediately. This was accordingly done, Mrs. Ellenson being very glad to take the charge of her, as there was no doubt of the trouble being handsomely recompensed. The child had not been at Hilton more than three days before her health appeared evidently to improve, and as the air seemed so well to agree with her, the doctors advised her being continued there till she should be perfectly restored. Twice in each day was the little Letitia visited by two medical gentlemen of the first
first repute in the neighbourhood; and it seldom happened that she was not seen both morning and evening by one or other of the anxious friends from the Aviary, the Shrubbery or Mr. Abington's, so interested were they all in the life of this beautiful little girl. Mr. Ruffel was her constant visitor; and even the Percivals assumed a semblance of concern; which few people believed to be sincere. When the child relapsed, Mrs. R. Percival's hopes were all awakened: when it mended, they fell; and according to the answers she received to her constant morning enquiries were her spirits good or bad for the day.

CHAPTER XVI.

To young Parents.

SHORT, hitherto, has been the period of tranquillity enjoyed by the descendants of our good Mr. Spencer.
Wilt thou, O reader! from that consideration presume to pronounce that they were not the favorites of Heaven! If thy complexion leads thee to form such a dangerous conclusion, we advise thee to endeavour to root from thy heart the pernicious principle which actuates thy judgment. Remember that the Great Parent of the Universe is not less merciful, than powerful; not less good and kind, than wise. The lenity which would benefit one, would eventually injure another of the children; to all of whom this care is equally extended. At proper seasons, we have each of us our share of the good things of this world. Even what we call happiness is more equally dispersed than a cursory view may induce us to suppose. If my young readers of whatever age, are not acquainted with this truth, they have much knowledge to acquire. Thinkest thou, whose circumstances are but straitly proportioned to thy station, that the rich and great are at the summit of sublunary felicity! Learn, if thou art so ignorant,
norant, to know better. Teach thy heart to believe that these outwardly ornamented ones have perplexities from which thou art exempt. And dost thou, who art exalted in thy situation, look down—not with pity but with pride—upon those who are below thy ideal exaltation; fancying they are not worthy to enjoy the blessings of the earth! If thou dost—let me advise thee to accelerate thy freedom from this more dangerous mistake. Open thy mind to the knowledge of their being in possession of gifts, favors, joys, to which thou, perhaps, wilt ever remain a stranger.

The little Letitia Spencer was several weeks under the care of Mrs. Ellenfon; during which time the strength of her constitution seemed to vanquish her disorder; but one morning, when Mrs. Spencer was at Mr. Abington's, she received an alarming message from the nurse, importing that the child had been ill all night, and begging to see some of the family immediately. Alarmed at the intelligence, Mrs. Spencer requested
requested her mother and sisters to go with her to Hilton; accordingly, the coach being then in waiting, they all set off, and when they arrived at Mrs. Ellenson's found the child asleep, the doctors having just before, given it something composing. The nurse seemed in great distress; said, that Miss Spencer had been ill almost continually, since eleven the evening before, and that at eight in the morning she was seized with convulsions; upon which the nurse had thought it necessary to send, first to Doctor Wiltred and Mr. Clarkston, and then to Mrs. Spencer, as it appeared to her that the child was in the greatest danger imaginable. The medical gentlemen gave it as their opinion that her danger was not so impending; comforting Mrs. Spencer with telling her that if the child could be kept in a gentle sleep, they hoped she should soon be well again. The doctors then departed, leaving the anxious mother and her friends at Hilton, at which place they continued till late in the evening, and then
then set off for the Aviary, where they found Mr. Spencer, Mr. Abington, Mr. Rus
tfel, and Mrs. G. Abington, in anxious expec
tation of some account subsequent to what they had received from Mr. Edward
Spencer, who about the middle of the day went to make enquiries. Mrs. R. Percival
had likewise been at Hilton, which was nearer to the Lodge than to either the
Aviary or Shrubbery, and had put on a face of such concern when she was told of
the child's danger; with how much sin-
cerity the reader may be left to conjecture.
There were some people who, upon ob-
serving the signs of sorrow which the rather
officiously displayed, did not scruple to in-
timate that it was "a thousand pities" little
Miss was nursed so near to "Mr. Perce-
val's," and maliciously intimated that Mrs.
Ellenson had lately been very much care-
ed at the Lodge, though they expresed
their hope that nurse knew better than to
give the child "any stuff to make it bad."
Indeed, to acknowledge the truth, we our-
elves
felves are somewhat apprehensive that this artful, envious family was capable of forming designs of a fable hue, though we are unwilling to condemn, in an affair of such consequence, without a sufficient evidence of guilt.

Upon the declaration of the medical gentlemen that they did not apprehend any danger of a relapse, and with a promise from Mrs. Ellenson to procure a man to sit up in her house throughout the night; that in case of any unfavorable alteration he might be dispatched for assistance, the anxious party returned to the Aviary; and retiring earlier than usual, with the hope of getting some rest after the fatigue of mind they had experienced, most of the family were asleep when a violent ringing at the gate occasioned an universal alarm. Mr. Edward Spencer ran to a window, when he was conjured by a man from below to hasten to Hilton, as Mrs. Ellenson feared Miss Letitia would die before any body could get near her. The man, whose name was Vol. I.  G Taylor,
Taylor, said he had set out the moment the alteration in the child took place, upon a horse which was kept in readiness, but that just before he reached Mr. Clark'som's he was thrown with violence into a ditch, the creature having been frightened while going full speed, by something lying in a hedge; that when he got up he was obliged to hasten on foot to the doctor, as the horse had galloped off, and that afterwards he had run every step of the way to the Aviary; he concluded with begging some of the family would go to Hilton with all possible expedition, as he was terribly afraid it would else be too late to see Miss alive.

All this the man had full time to say to Mr. E. Spencer, who seemed to wish to prolong his stay at the window, dreading to communicate the intelligence to his lady, whose presence, as he justly concluded, could not possibly benefit the child, and who probably would suffer injury by the journey. But it was impossible to keep from her the knowledge of the truth, and
as impossible, when she was acquainted with it, to dissuade her from going. The whole family was now informed of the occasion of the alarm; the coach ordered, and Mr. E. Spencer, Mrs. Spencer, and the two Mrs. Abingtons driven off for Hilton. The night was exceeding dark and they could not go very fast; but had they been two hours sooner Mrs. Spencer would have received the same dreadful information—that of the death of her darling child. The first object which struck her sight when she rushed into the house, was the lifeless infant upon the lap of the nurse, who vowed she never would remove it from that situation, till some of the family arrived. Neither of the doctors had been in time to be of service. The child was dead before they reached the house; indeed before the messenger was gone a hundred yards from the door. When our readers are told that this poor babe had died in convulsions, and that it had bled from its mouth and nose, of which strong marks were visible upon its
its little face, the most heroic heart will not wonder that Mrs. Spencer, when she beheld the shocking spectacle, should fall senseless into the arms of her surrounding friends. It was long before they could recover her; and when they succeeded, they only awakened her to the most poignant grief.

"My dear Sophia," said Mr. E. Spencer, with his own heart labouring with its feelings, "moderate, if possible, the violence of your affliction, lest you endanger a life still more precious than that which is lost. Think upon little Lucy; and think upon me. Letitia, dear as she was to us, was not our only happiness."

He could say no more; for at that moment the recollection of her infant beauty, and the thousand future charms which the parent's eye had anticipated, rushed so forcibly on his mind, that he reproached himself for endeavouring to make his Sophia think lightly of the loss.

But we will not any longer detain our readers at Hilton. The mourners, at length depart-
departed, leaving orders with the nurse to prepare such things for the funeral as were immediately necessary, and to be ready to attend the child's removal on the next morning. At the appointed time Mrs. Ellenfon, her daughter, and the infant-corpse were conveyed in a mourning coach, attended by a suitable number of servants, to Spencer-Aviary; from whence the little body was carried to the village church and deposited in a vault made by Mr. Charlton for the reception of him and his descendants. In this repository was likewise laid the deceased child of Mr. Percival: for though, at that time, the inhabitants of the Lodge did not stand very high in Mr. Spencer's estimation, he would not refuse Mrs. R. Percival's request of admitting the innocent offender into the vault intended for its ancestors. Not in the church, but in the church-yard, was this repository sunk; for Mr. Spencer, at whose suggestion it was built, did not deem it right
to make a sepulchre of a place destined for offering public worship to the Great Supreme.

---

CHAP. XVII.

To the numerous Families of the Quaintlys.

THE funeral over, the Spencers and Abingtons once more began to glide into a melancholy tranquillity. The afflicting remembrance of Letitia was at length, in some measure, sunk in the feeling of other cares; not only for Lucy, but, as Mrs. Spencer again discovered symptoms of pregnancy, for the yet unknown. What retained, for a considerable period, the memory of the lost child, was the inheritance of the Aviary estate. But to the will of Heaven they endeavored to resign themselves; being too sincere Christians to murmur at any evident dispensation of Providence. Mrs. R. Percival's criminality, respecting
specting the first born, had failed of its object, and the had only exposed herself by her conduct. With the Spencers there was no guilt; and though no object upon earth could have equalled in their estimation the restoration of the child, the piety of the mourners effected their submission.

There were not wanting some, who, influenced immediately by events, without waiting for that explanation which is frequently given by the final result, presumed to justify Mrs. R. Percival’s conduct previous to her marriage; pronouncing Mr. E. Spencer’s loss to be a demonstration that it was GOD’s will the estate should pass to her family, as she had now two sons, strong healthy boys, and a daughter; all older than the little Lucy. The evident probability, indeed, that after the lapse of a few years, the Percivals would preside at the Aviary, drew many dutiful hearts to bow before their shrine, as, from the same censorable flexibility, they had previously done homage to the inhabitants of the Shrubbery.
An elderly dowager, whose policy led her to worship the rising sun—to exalt the high and oppress the oppressed—met Mr. Ruffel one afternoon at a neighbouring gentleman's, and began a conversation upon the death of Mr. E. Spencer's daughter, an event which, as she said, betokened the design of Providence to give the estate to Mrs. R. Percival's family.

Mr. Ruffel had much urbanity, but he had likewise a warmth in his temper which, when mixed with a native vein of humor, was sometimes caustic and bitter, in an encounter with vicious folly.

"And so, Mr. Ruffel," says Mrs. Quaintly, "Mrs. Spencer has lost her little girl! Ah! "Well!—I always thought, but I did not "like to say any thing, yet I always "thought—"

She paused: Mr. Ruffel looked as if expecting the rest of the sentence; but he only gave her head a motion that was between a nod and a bow, as if she had said: "excuse me Sir, I shall not say any more."
But he would not excuse her. He asked what she meant, and what she had further to say upon the subject.

"Why then Sir," said she, "I mean that I think Mrs. R. Percival is the lady designed by Providence for the estate of her ancestors, and that Mr. Spencer's endeavor to secure it to his grandion was, doubtless, very presumptuous."

"Mr. Spencer, Madam", returned Mr. Russell with some show of asperity, "is a stranger to presumption. His heart is the residence of every great and good sentiment. Had you and I, Mrs. Quaintly, half his worth between us, we need not be afraid of the machinations of Satan;" a phrase often made use of by this lady.

Mrs. Quaintly's character was such as justified Mr. Russell's abrupt treatment of her. She had several times, in his presence, dared to insinuate that such and such people were favored by Heaven, and that such and such were under its frown; from an opinion which she had pre-
presumptuously formed from the appearances of their worldly fortunes. Once Mr. Ruffel had opposed a judgment thus founded by saying—"Instead of supposing "that the Almighty places in the most "prosperous situations those whom he best "loves, we may sometimes be led, from "observation, to conclude the direct con- "trary. Look," continued he, "at Mrs. "Reeves! Can you any where point out "to me a better woman! ? and yet through "all her late life she has been in adverse "circumstances, while you, Mrs. Quaintly, "are happy in a competency. How will "you reconcile this to your system?"
"How Sir!—Why Sir!—Pray Sir!"— was all Mrs. Quaintly could return.
"O! I know very well," said Mr. Ruffel, seeming to understand her exclamatory monosyllables, "that you go constantly to "public worship; that when you are there "you keep awake and make very loud "responses; that you sing psalms in a "high note, and fix your eyes upon the "preacher.
"preacher. I likewise know that you are "very severe upon all deviations from your "own regular conduct, and greatly more "value the resemblance of piety than that "which lies hid in the heart."

The conversation was then interrupted; but Mrs. Quaintly, from a recollection and feeling of Mr. Russell's severity, was led to revive the occasion of it by mentioning the loss of the Spencers in Letitia: and thus provoked Mr. Russell to make the observation ending with the word Satan.

At the conclusion of his speech, Mrs. Quaintly boiled over with rage.

"I do not know, Sir, what you mean "Sir! But I would have you to understand "that I think myself as good as any Mr. "Spencer whatever; and that I have no "more reason to be afraid of Satan, than "he has."

"You have not so much reason, in my "opinion, Madam, to fear his resentment," coolly replied Mr. Russell, "as, I dare en-"gage for it, you never did half so much

G 6 "to
"to disoblige him. Pray Sir," continued he, turning suddenly to a gentleman who sat next him, "do you hold your intention of going next week to London?"

"I do Sir," answered the gentleman, whose name was Kelby, "and hope I shall not be disappointed in my expectations of your accompanying me."

"I mean to be there about the tenth," returned Mr. Ruffel: "let us agree to go together."

The gentlemen settled the particulars of their intended excursion, and then Mr. Ruffel took his leave of the company; leaving Mrs. Quaintly ready to burst with vexation.
CHAP. XVIII.

A Journey to London, and an Episode.

According to the time and plan proposed, Mr. Russel and Mr. Kelby set out upon their journey to London; in which, not being otherwise particularly engaged, we will accompany them. A stage-coach being the vehicle chosen by both the gentlemen: they took their places in one that carried six passengers, four of whom were seated when they went in. Their option of situations being consequently small, Mr. Kelby filled the vacancy between two gentlemen upon the back seat; and on the opposite one Mr. Russel was wedged in between two women of remarkable corpulence. For some miles there was an universal silence, till, at length, in consequence of some particularly rough road, a general complaint arose of the inconvenience of common
common stages; a fact of which nobody all the time was so sensible as Mr. Ruffel, suspended and absolutely pinioned as he was between the ladies.

"Mercy!" cries the fat one upon his right hand, "we shall, for certain, be all "jammed to pieces before we get to Lau-
" nun. I was a monstrous fule not to take "mama's advice of travelling in post and "chaises, as mama would have had me "done. To folks that are used to stages "it does not matter; but to me 'tis a "mortal punishment to be thus f quozen. "Set fudder Sir," said she, bouncing her-
self into the middle of the seat, to the great annoyance of poor Mr. Ruffel and the fat lady on his left hand, "I am sure you "might gi one a little more rume together "if ye woude."

"I do not know what you mean Ma-
"dam," said the other lady, "by being "fquozen, as you call it, but I expect "every instant that the little basket of eggs "which I have got in the corner here be-" hind
hind me, to carry as a present to my "cousin in town, will be smashed all to "bits, and then we shall be finely bedaubed. "As to a post-chaise—perhaps you cou'd not "afford to pay for one; but I am certain "this is the last time I will ever be pegged "into such a rumbulating vehicle as this."

Violent was now the contention between these two great personages; each assuring the other that she was as able to pay for a post-chaise as herself. The voice of the first was loud and hoarse; that of the other shrill and squeaking, and the exertion of them both filled the carriage with such horrid dissonance as almost distracted the auditors. At length Mr. Russel begged they would finish the dispute; protesting that he was sensibly convinced they were both endowed with immense property; and he concluded with a request that the basket of eggs, which the left-hand lady had mentioned, might, for general safety, be placed behind him, as there was in that triangular vacancy a safe repository. Nei-
ther of the ladies understood the extent of the gentleman's inuendo; yet construing it into some affront, they both, like true English women, joined to defend themselves against the enemy; and thus contrived to render Mr. Ruffel's situation so extremely disagreeable to him, that he determined to take a post-chaise from the next stage. Finding however the two gentlemen had no farther to travel, he altered his intention, and taking the backward seat with Mr. Kelby, continued his journey in the same vehicle without farther annoyance. The business that carried him to London being finished in two days, he visited Mrs. Percival, who had been in town for some time. The occasion of this lady's journey to the capital may perhaps be sufficiently interesting to our readers to justify us for pausing in our chief narrative to explain it.

It has been mentioned then, that Mrs. Percival had a daughter who had married, without her consent, a gentleman of the name.
name of Montague: from this daughter the received a supplicating letter, mentioning that she was under the most severe affliction; having just lost her husband, after an illness of only a few days; and her little Harriet, the only surviving child of five, being then very dangerously sick: that in consequence of these afflictions she was herself greatly disordered both in body and mind, and that she earnestly implored her mother to come to London, that she might give her pardon and blessing to a penitent and dying child, whose inability alone to travel prevented her from throwing herself on her knees before her parent.

This letter produced not the least effect upon either the mother or the brother, to whom a part of it was addressed; and they agreed not to notice it. They were indeed generally influenced by the same turn of thought; and though Mr. Percival, since his marriage had made him independent of his mother, was of course less mindful of her edicts, their dispositions were so similar
similar that they usually formed the same opinion of persons and things; especially on occasions where their interest was concerned.

In a short time after, Mrs. Montague ventured another letter, in which some part of the first was repeated, with a confirmation of her declining state. This letter added that it had, for several months, been believed she was in a consumption; that her attendance upon Mr. Montague in his illness, together with her grief upon the event, had so rapidly increased her disorder, that her dissolution must soon be expected; that it was with the greatest difficulty she sat up to finish her letter, and that the life of her child likewise was thought to be in danger.

Mrs. Percival received this affecting letter in the presence of her son; her daughter-in-law, and Miss Martha Abington. Having with the greatest indifference read it aloud, she seemed, when she had finished it, to be struck with a sudden thought, and sat
fat in a musing attitude. After a silence of some minutes, she said—"Richard I think I shall go to London."

"Not with my consent, madam," replied he.

"I think I shall go," said she, "however."

"What, to reward an undutiful daughter!"—tauntingly asked Mr. Percival:—"you could not do more at a request of mine."

"When you know my motives Sir," said his mother with some acrimony, "perhaps I shall have your permission; for you seldom refuse to listen to your own interest."

Much altercation passed on this subject in the presence of Miss Polly, which led that young lady to conclude that Mrs. Percival looked forward to the death of both her daughter and grand-daughter as to events which might put the other branch of her family into the possession of wealth that
that perhaps, in strict justice, ought to go to another quarter.

This was indeed Mrs. Percival's view, which, after Miss Patty was retired to her chamber, she set in such glowing colors before her son, that he not only approved of her going, but resolved to accompany her, to the entire satisfaction of his lady, with whom self-interest was ever the material point in view. After staying two or three days to settle some business in the neighbourhood, Mrs. Percival, attended by her son, set off for the metropolis, and after sending to acquaint Mrs. Montague with her arrival, made her a visit; but Mr. Percival could not be prevailed upon to favor his sister with his presence.

The prediction of the unfortunate young widow, respecting her dissolution, was speedily verified. She died soon after she had received her mother's verbal forgiveness; and had recommended to her protection the infant Harriet, who seemed at that
that time not likely long to survive her expiring parent. For this child, however, Mrs. Montague requested with the greatest fervency that Mrs. Percival would give her a good education, though half of Mr. Montague's property should be expended for the purpose.

Mrs. Percival gave the promise which her daughter required so earnestly with her departing breath, and Mrs. Montague closed her eyes for ever.

After the funeral, Mr. Percival assisted his mother in the pecuniary business which his sister had left unsettled, and then returned into the country, just before the period of Mr. Ruffel's visit to the dowager. This gentleman finding the lady in a state of evident discomposure, after the civilities and enquiries were dispatched, requested to be informed of the cause of her uneasiness. In reply to this question, she informed him that about half an hour before his arrival she had been rudely attacked by a sea-officer of the name of Montague; and the proceeded
proceeded to give him the particulars in the following words:

"You are not, Mr. Russell, unacquainted with the history of my poor Harriet. You know she married much against my approbation to a gentleman who died a few months back; that subsequent to that event, my daughter (before in an ill state of health) grew rapidly worse, and in a short time, left to my care her only child, who was then thought to be affected with the same disorder which carried off her poor mother, but who recovered upon being removed into fresh air, and seems now growing strong and hearty. You are, as I said, acquainted with these circumstances, as my son, who has frequently journeyed backwards and forwards since my late abode in London, told me he saw you just before his last coming up."

"He did, Madam," said Mr. Russell, "and informed us of the particulars you have mentioned."

"Well
"Well then Sir," continued Mr. Percival, "whether you know what I am now going to mention, or not, I will proceed with saying that Mr. Montague, my daughter's husband died intestate, but that Harriet, as soon as I arrived in London, and engaged to take care of her child, sent for an eminent lawyer to take in writing her last wishes, which were that I should be her sole executrix, and have absolute power over her daughter and all her effects; urging me to give the child a good education, though the chief of her property should be expended on that account. Acting under the power of this will, which was duly executed, and reducing all her effects, her clothes excepted, into money; I found the whole produce to be no more than eight hundred pounds. As this, however, added to what it will be in my power to give her, will be sufficient to support her as a gentlewoman, I have determined to comply with my daughter's entreaty
entreaty of having her properly educated, and intend to carry her down to Beverly to be instructed there by the preceptors whom my son must provide for his own children. Till she is of an age indeed to be benefited by their instructions, I have thought it would best to continue her with the woman, under whose care she now is at Hampstead, in a situation which is remarkably healthy; and where many children of considerable quality are brought up. This is certainly rather an expensive plan, but I shall not hesitate to defray the charges out of my own pocket, as I do not wish to increase my son's family unnecessarily; and if the child be now carried down, there must be a servant on purpose to attend her."

Mrs. Percival stopped to receive Mr. Russell's approbation and then continued—"Thus, Sir, had I placed everything in a proper train, when, just after my son's departure for Grantham, to inspect the condition of my estate near that place, "I was
"I was insulted by the Mr. Montague I mentioned; who having heard of the death of his brother, and of his brother's wife, and not knowing that they had left any child, came to demand their effects. "It was not till I had sent to the dowager, who made the will, and had given him a direction for his little niece, whom he is now gone to see, that I could satisfy him."

Mrs. Percival ended her narrative with requesting Mr. Ruffell to accept the office of a trustee for the little Harriet Montague, as the lawyer had desired her to nominate one, out of her own family, with whom, in case of her death, the effects would be secure till the child should arrive at age. Mr. Ruffell immediately complied, for he had a heart fraught with urbanity; and likewise took into his hands the little patrimony; for which he gave the most ample security.

Mrs. Percival could not but look upon Vol. I.
this as a high obligation, and made her acknowledgment accordingly.

After this transaction, Mr. Rufel soon returned to Beverly. In a few weeks, Mrs. Percival followed; and the related families seemed to live in greater harmony than heretofore.

---

CHAP. XIX.

Which sums up Particulars.

As we have lately accomplished so much business, we will here stand still and take a view of the situation into which we have brought our heroes and heroines; beginning with Mr. Spencer.

That good—that great man, though now somewhat advanced in years, having passed his first climacteric, was the life of every party with which he associated—the idol of
of the poor—the veneration of all ages and
degrees of both sexes.

Mrs. G. Abington—as she resided at the
Aviary with her grandfather—must next be
mentioned. "The charming widow" was
the appellation which generally distinguis-
ed her. More than three years were now
passed since she lost the beloved of her
heart, yet was her affection as lively as
ever, and her grief nearly as poignant.
Both outwardly and inwardly did she con-
tinue to mourn, and though not yet twenty-
five, steadily determined never again to lis-
ten to any of the overtures of marriage;
which were almost constantly made to Mr.
Spencer on her account. Indeed this ami-
able woman was universally admired and
beloved; and every body was solicitous to
soothe her sorrows.

At the Shrubbery, Mr. Edward Spencer
and his lady lived an enviable life of conju-
gal happiness; still, however, at times la-
menting their lost Letitia; but little Lucy,
and after her a daughter, for whom Mrs.
H 2 G. Abing-
G. Abington stood sponsor, and who was named Matilda; with another, in process of time, called Caroline, drew their attention from the one they had lost. Mrs. Spencer never but once was enceinte with a son, and that was still-born.

Mr. and Mrs. Abington with Mr. Ruffel lived in great harmony; Miss Abington and Miss Martha, completing the family. The first had been engaged to the son of a neighbouring gentleman who died not long before the time appointed for their nuptials. This event was a great affliction to her; and with a constancy resembling that of her sister-in-law, she seemed deaf to all new solicitations. This young lady with a most excellent understanding, united a disposition so charming, that it rendered her the delight of her friends. She passed much of her time at Spencer Aviary, where she was often accompanied by her uncle Ruffel, of whom she seemed to be the favourite niece; that gentleman not being very fond of Miss Martha, and observing that Mrs. Spencer had
had ample happiness in a most excellent husband.

Miss Martha continued to be just as we have described her. Her lovers were few; yet she had two or three good offers of marriage, to which her friends wished her to attend. But though it was thought that she did not dislike any of these suitors, she refused them all, because they were not of the quality she was told and believed the man ought to be to whom she should condescend to be a wife. Possessed with this idea of her own consequence—vain of her supposed native charms and accomplishments—Miss Martha looked with contempt on those who were, in every respect, her equals, and with whom, would her temper have permitted, she might have lived a life of happiness.

A similarity of disposition united the Percivals in all the grand concerns of life; but with respect to its more trifling incidents they were continually jarring: and as "small things, more than great," contribute or destroy
destroy domestic happiness, their house was frequently a scene of discord. Mrs. Percival, the elder, was artful, or rather cunning, to an extreme degree, and this induced her to suspect in others the existence of that quality of which she was conscious in herself. The duplicity which her own long experience had found prevalent, she concluded to be universal. Self-interest biased all her actions, and if that object could be attained she was indifferent as to the means.

Her son, with kindred qualities, possessed a disposition not so pliable as that of his mother. He loved power, as well as riches, and was haughty to all around him.

His lady partook of the principles of both the mother and the son; while her character asserted some peculiarities of its own. She loved adulation, and was in all respects very proud. The tempers, in short, and behaviour of the three induced many to fear, but not one to love or respect them: unless the attachment, professed by Patty
Patty Abington were to be honoured with the name of either affection or esteem. The probability, indeed, of their future consequence engaged the attentions of many; but some would not scruple to assert, in allusion to the strange relapse of little Letitia Spencer, that this reversionary consequence was dearly earned.

The eldest child of the Percivals has been known to the reader by the appellation of Stephen; the second and third by the names of Robert and Barbara. They had afterwards another son whom they called George, and a second daughter named Deborah, in honor of Mrs. Hutchinson, who frequently visited at the Lodge, and was sponsor to this youngest child.

We do not recollect any one who has acted a material part in this history, whose situation we have not here recapitulated, unless it be that of Nurse Ellenson: and to her, as we are unwilling to be thought capable of neglecting any individual, merely from the circumstance of rank; and are de-
rious of exhibiting another amiable trait in the character of the good Spencers, we will now direct our attention. Fearing probably the suspicion of having been careless of her infant charge during its illness, which we will do her the justice to say was by no means the case, this poor woman still wore the semblance of deep affliction for its loss. The concern under which she persisted to appear, so greatly affected Mrs. Spencer, that, willing to quiet apprehensions and expecting to find in her a good and faithful attendant, she offered to take her to the Shrubbery; an offer which she accepted with tears of joy and thankfulness streaming down her cheeks. But when she was preparing to take possession of her new place, she went to Mrs. Spencer with a letter, that moment received, as she said, from an old aunt in Yorkshire, who had not spoken to her, nor taken any notice of her since she married. The purport of this letter was to inform her of her aunt's being very ill, and to desire that she would come to
to her, to reside with her as long as she lived; and on the event of her death, to inherit what she was worth; a property which Mrs. Ellenson represented as considerable. To such a plan, no objection could be made: the poor woman, therefore, disposed of her household effects, and receiving from Mrs. Spencer a very handsome present, took her place, with her daughter, in the next stage coach, and left the neighbourhood of Beverly.

And now, chronological reader, thou wilt observe that we are advanced some years farther in our story than when we began this chapter; and that in the course of some of our last pages, several grandchildren have been born to Mr. Spencer. As thy imagination therefore, may perhaps be somewhat fatigued by the speed of our journey, and the number of its incidents, we will give thee an opportunity to repose.
A REPUTATION for economy is a magnet to the thoughts of dying parents, careful for what is called the welfare of their children; though we must confess that we ourselves should be more strongly attracted by the renown of generosity, and consequently should not choose such a man as Mr. Percival to be the guardian of our son and heir. But the father, whom we are going to mention, entertained in this respect sentiments very different from ours.

Mr. Seymour was a gentleman descended from a noble family, who lived upon a fortune of about five thousand pounds a year, in the northern part of Leicestershire. The name of a very pretty seat in the middle of the estate, was Martin's Priory. A part of the farm which Mrs. Percival possessed on the borders of Lincolnshire was intermixed with some lands belonging to Mr. Seymour,
Seymour, of which an exchange was made to the benefit of both parties; and this contributed to increase the acquaintance between the families. From this transaction Mr. Seymour, an honest, plain man, in a bad state of health, imbibed such an opinion of Mr. Percival's management, that he accepted his offer of future service, by constituting him his executor, and sole guardian for his son, who was a year older than Mr. Percival's eldest. The will gave the executor unlimited power over the estate till the little Henry should arrive at the age of twenty-two. Two hundred pounds a year were allowed for the child's board and education till he should arrive at the age of ten, after that time, five hundred were to be annually allotted for the same purpose, it being Mr. Seymour's desire that his son should be as well educated as possible without going out of England; a measure to which he expressed a strong objection. If the orphan should die before his arrival at the stipulated pe-
period, the whole property was to revert to the elder branch of the family, then resident in Ireland; Mr. Seymour's lady leaving him no other child than this, during whose minority Mr. Percival was to receive one hundred a year for his care and trouble.

Mr. Seymour was called from his terrestrial inheritance when Henry was between seven or eight years of age: of which event, Mr. Percival being immediately apprized, went down to the Priory and saw every thing, relating to the funeral, decently performed; settled the affairs which called for present attention, and returned to Beverly with his young ward.

Henry Seymour, the youth whom we now beg leave to present to our readers, is well deserving of our highest notice. His person, his abilities, and the qualities of his mind were such as we are apprehensive we shall not be able to do justice to, without giving room for the imputation of undue partiality. Let our fair friends suppose what their favorite swains were at his age—
let the fond mother keep in her eye the image and rare endowments of her darling son.—In short—let imagination create one of the finest figures, it can portray, animated by an intellect of the first order and sparkle, and Henry Seymour will shine in some degree displayed.

Our great Richardson—a distant relation to one part of our family, though his genius was inherited by another branch of his own—drew, as a perfect character, his favorite Grandison; and indeed we do homage to our kinsman's admirable picture, and wish to make our advantage of it by saying, that Henry Seymour and young Grandison were very much alike in many respects. We cannot, perhaps, boast of his being quite so good a youth; truth obliging us to confess that in some particulars, he bore an affinity to the Tom Jones of our cousin Fielding; though he never was so depraved either in taste or inclination as that celebrated hero. Full of fire and sweetness was his temper, and though he was, some-
times, what rigid people would call "an " unlucky child," or "a wild boy," he had a considerable share of refinement in his sentiments. You might, at the same instant, observe in his air and manner, spirit and greatness—a quickness of resentment with a softness of disposition.

Which of my young female readers does not instantly look forward and form an idea of what Henry Seymour will be when arrived at the age of one or two and twenty!

"I, Sir, do not think any thing about it"—cries Miss Pruderilla. "Nor I, I am sure"—exclaims Miss Anthropy; while the smiling Honestia wonders at their insensibility, and confesses she should be greatly pleased with the addresses of such a lover.

Of the two first mentioned young ladies, I must beg as a particular favor—that they never will open one page more of our works, as no where in them will they find one sentiment in the least congenial with their particular dispositions. Those whom we write to please, have urbanity, benevolence,
ience, and affection in their souls; and will not hesitate to acknowledge the sympathy which they are capable of experiencing.

Mr. Percival, upon his return to Beverly, turned his thoughts towards constituting a seminary in his own house, prudently determining that the stipend allowed for the education of the little Seymour should defray, in a great measure, the expences attending that of his own children. To facilitate this economical scheme, he furnished a hitherto unoccupied wing of his house, and engaged various teachers to instruct the young ones in every useful and ornamental science. A footman was, likewise, retained in the name of Master Seymour, whose business it was to wait upon the children in general. To save appearances, he wore the Seymour livery.

As we intend to devote this chapter to the infantine part of our acquaintance, we will give a short hint of the persons and dispositions of some of this class with whom we mean to be upon an intimate footing in
the course of time, and we will begin with the eldest son of Mr. Percival. This boy, then, bore so strong a resemblance to Master Blifil, that had his existence been previous to the period in which our worthy kinsman labored, it would have been suspected that he had drawn the portrait in question from our Stephen Percival; who, however, in regard to figure, had considerably the advantage of young Blifil: there was indeed something of a lurking in his countenance that deformed a face by some people thought handsome. We, indeed, never were of the number of those who entertained that opinion, as we have always been partial to expressive beauty—to beauty that exists independently of feature—shape—complexion; that is chiefly formed by that animating—fascinating quality—sweetness of disposition; which, when united with a good understanding and rectitude of principle, enlivens the skin; gives brilliancy to the eyes; regularity to the features; grace to the form, and, in short, constitutes that irresistible
irresistible something for which not one of our predecessors has yet found a name; and for which, as we do not presume even to an equality with our deceased celebrated friends, we will not pretend to invent an appellation.

The children of Mr. Percival, George only excepted, were very much alike each other in most respects, and seemed to partake of the qualities of both their parents. Yet there was this difference between them—the two eldest were subtle and flow; the girls pert and peevish; but they were alike proud; selfish, and conceited, a similarity which is not to be wondered at, when it be considered that the example and precepts given by their father, mother and grandmother, tended to cultivate these unamiable qualities. George, however, as has been intimated, differed greatly from the rest, for he was as honest, and as free-hearted a lad as any in the country. In person, he was somewhat like the others, who were all reckoned handsome; though their complexions, like
like their father's, were rather bad. In this respect, George had the advantage, if the apparent difference were not in fact occasioned by the vivacity and sweetness of his countenance.

The little Misses Spencer did not, in any particular, resemble the young ones we have been describing, either in make, mind, or manners; for they were three very lovely and agreeable children, the amiableness of their native qualities being improved by the instruction which they received from their parents and other friends. Mr. Ruscel made them frequently his companions, and might almost be deemed their tutor; as he took particular delight in giving them lessons.

The seminary at the Lodge being properly established, Mrs. Percival thought it would add to the prudent plan to carry the little Harriet Montague to Beverly, that she might be educated at a trifling expense; for, excepting the stipend of a governess for the young ladies, Henry Seymour defrayed the sum total. This managing
naging dame found another plausible pretext for the removal of her young charge: the woman with whom she had placed her, grew too fond of her, and as she was a most winning little creature, Mrs. Percival was apprehensive she might gain upon the affection of those about her, that they would not only spoil her by indulgence, but infil into her young mind ideas too high for the fortune to which it was wished to confine her expectations. The little Harriet had been removed from Hampstead and put under the care of her old nurse, Mrs. Watkins, who lived at Chelsea. This woman had imbied such an affection for the child as made her very unwilling to part with her, and to the great displeasure of Mrs. Percival, she took leave of her with streaming eyes.

From what we last said, our sagacious reader will conclude that the above-mentioned Dowager had not much regard for the poor little orphan-girl under her protection. In truth she had not. She hated both
both its father and its mother; and she hated the child itself. A wish to enlarge the property of her son, was her motive for troubling herself about it; for which reason she wished for its death; as its inheritance on that event would legally revert to his family; and so great was her aversion to this innocent little creature, that the idea of taking her from those who had long known her, and indeed from all the friends she had in the world, was a great inducement with Mrs. Percival for removing her to Beverly.

This child, now about seven years of age, was one of the loveliest that ever appeared in our village. She drew the attention of every beholder from the family of Mrs. R. Percival; and thus induced that lady to imbibe a dislike to her soon after her arrival at the Lodge. In truth, the poor little girl did not seem to be much regarded by any of the principals of the family, though out of it, and amongst the servants, she obtained universal favor; and no wonder;
der; for both in person and mind she seemed born to create affection. Her face was beautiful beyond description; her disposition uncommonly sprightly and sweet; her understanding, with the proper reference to her age, was astonishing; and her heart, with all her native wildness, so tender, that if she heard the relation of any affecting circumstance, her face would instantly be covered with tears, and it would be some time before she could recover her usual liveliness.

Such was the little Harriet Montague, who, at an early age, was deprived of parental tenderneefs, and left to the care of relations whose hearts were turned against her; and from whom, the more she merited fondnefs, the more she obtained hatred. But for Mr. Rusfe, whose partiality for her was soon distinguished, and who, in some measure, considered himself as her guardian, her education would not have been much attended to: but he interested himself very particularly in her improve-

ments,
ments, a circumstance which made Mrs. Percival repent of having ever brought her to Beverly. She could not, however, with any decency, remove her, unless it were in compliance with Mr. Ruffel's often expressed wishes (for he observed how negligently she was treated) of having her educated at the Shrubbery. To this proposed scheme Mrs. Percival would not accede, nor would she permit her ward's going to this house, when, upon any plausible pretence, she could prevent it. Indeed she never would suffer her charge to be absent from her for more than a few hours together; which led some people to believe that she was very fond of the child; while others, who were more shrewd, considered her behaviour as a cloke for the indulgence of a secret dislike.

Having now set in distinct view our rising generation, we will leave them to pursue their puerile studies, while we advert to other business.
CHAP. XXI.

The Inn.

Upon a supposition that our readers are sufficiently refreshed to proceed on their journey, we will convey them to the Crown in Beverly; a large and respectable inn, kept by a widow of the name of Clinton.

About the period at which our last chapter closed, a chaise arrived at the above-mentioned Crown-inn at a late hour in the evening with two gentlemen, who upon alighting, ordered supper and beds, and requested Mrs. Clinton, with whose appearance they seemed pleased, to oblige them with her company at table.

During the time of supper the gentlemen made many enquiries respecting the different families in the neighbourhood of Beverly, and asked such particulars about the
the Abingtons as led Mrs. Clinton to conclude one of them to be a gentleman who had been much talked of for being in love with Miss Abington, whom he met with at Ipswich, on a visit to an old school-fellow. The gentleman was said to be of high descent and possessed of a large estate; and as he likewise bore an exceedingly good character, it is not to be wondered at that Miss Abington's friends strongly urged her acceptance of him; but she, still constant to her first attachment, could not be prevailed upon to listen to his solicitations. The affair was, therefore, laid aside.

The gentlemen at the Crown enquired about various other persons in and near Beverly; but this appeared to be only an artifice to prevent Mrs. Clinton's guessing their errand; and she was the more confirmed in this conjecture, as she overheard them talk of writing to Mr. Abington in the morning, and as one of them asked, in a manner which showed that he did not want
want the information, if that gentleman had a large family. Mrs. Clinton replied, that he had only four children living.

"Have any of them been married, Madam?"

"His eldest daughter, Sir, is Mrs. Spencer, and his son, who was lost at sea, married the oldest Miss Hatley."

"The daughters will then, I suppose, be large fortunes; for Mr. Abington is a rich man, I presume."

"He has now, I believe, a very handsome income," answered Mrs. Clinton; "but formerly, I have heard, his circumstances were rather adverse."

"Then you have not long known the family, Madam"—continued the second gentleman.

"I have lived in Beverly, Sir," replied she, "only three years."

"Is it not rather extraordinary," asked the first, "that so amiable a young woman as Emily Abington should determine to live single?"
As this question, from its importing that they knew more of the family than they professed to do, seemed to confirm Mrs. Clinton's conjecture, she replied with a smile—"I do not know what to say as to its being extraordinary, but I am often sorry for it, because I think she would make an exemplary mistress of a family."

"Pray," asked the other gentleman, partly turning the subject, "what is become of the Miss Hatley who married the son? Does she continue a widow?"

"Or is she married again?"

"She is not married Sir," replied Mrs. Clinton, "nor will she ever again; I dare aver, be a wife."

"I am sorry for that," said the gentleman, who spoke last; "as by what I have heard of her character, she would make as exemplary a mistress of a family as her sister-in-law."

"Mrs. George Abington," said Mrs. Clinton, "is one of the most amiable women in the universe. She is mistress of a family—"
"a family—of the family at the Aviary; and shines in that, as in every other capacity; but she is too much attached to the memory of the husband she has lost, ever to think of another."

"Such a constant widow is a singular character in this age, Mrs. Clinton," said the same gentleman; "but pray is there not a sister of her's who lives at a seat called the Lodge?"

"There is Sir. Her name is Percival."

"Is she any thing like the young widow?"

"In person there is a slight similitude, but they are reckoned different in their dispositions"—was all Mrs. Clinton's answer.

The Spencers, Mr. Russel, and several others in the vicinity were now talked of till the travellers retired to repose. Having experienced some previous fatigue, our gentlemen slept considerably longer than they intended, and perceiving when they awoke, that the morning was pretty far advanced, they
they arose in anxious haste, and were going down stairs into the hall just as a coach stopped at the front door, which was opposite. The coach was Mr. Spencer's, and in it was that gentlemen, with Mrs. Spencer, Mrs. Abington, and Mrs. G. Abington; Mr. E. Spencer, and a gentleman of the name of Lenox, attending on horseback.

Upon seeing Mrs. Clinton, Mrs. G. Abington, who sat next the door, asked if the mail had not left a parcel directed to the Aviary. Mrs. Clinton replied in the affirmative, and was ordering a servant to fetch it from the bar, when Mrs. G. Abington's eyes were caught by one of the gentlemen who had then reached the bottom step, and stood fixed.

"Heavens and earth!" exclaimed the "amiable woman, forcing open the door of the coach and springing from it into the hall, "it is he—it is he himself"—dropping upon the pavement ere her husband—for indeed it was no other—was quick enough
enough to catch her in his arms. He kneeled down and raised her from the ground; pressling to his bosom, with unspeakable ardency, the then lifeless image of his beloved wife—so lately thought his inconsolable widow. She had fainted as she fell, and continued insensible some minutes.

It would be folly to attempt a description of the scene which ensued. The coach was instantly deserted: the hall filled. Everybody was convinced of the reality of the apparition, and that it was indeed Mr. George Abington, upon whom every eye gazed with transported amazement.

The mother, the sister, the friend—nay, even our venerable Mr. Spencer himself, who strove to attain some degree of composure, found reason too weak to stem the torrent of the unbounded joy with which they were overwhelmed.

The travelling companion of Mr. G. Abington, whose name was Lewis, assisted Mrs. Clinton and Mr. Lenox to convey the agitated
agitated party into an adjoining room; but it was a long time before any of them could be brought to moderate their transports.

When Mrs. G. Abington first recovered from her swoon, she opened her eyes; fixed them upon the face of her husband; threw her arms around him, and giving a violent scream, again returned to insensibility. This she repeated so often that it was judged necessary to separate them and to send for Doctor Wilfred, who ordered her some medicine and desired she might be kept as quiet as possible.

Were we to describe the revivals and relapses of this tenderly affected and truly amiable woman, we should tire the patience of almost all our readers. It was several hours before she could see, and speak to her husband with any composure. Her joy was, indeed, inexpressible; nor can it be imagined but by those whose bosoms beat with the fondest—purest affection, and who have been under the apprehension, nay, have felt
felt the pang of losing the object of their attachment. These, and these only, can possibly form an idea of the extravagant joy Mrs. G. Abington endured at seeing the man whose loss she had so long mourned, with undiminished affection, restored at once to life and her. Surely no sublunary bliss could exceed what she, on this occasion, experienced!

As soon as the lady was removed to another room, and the remaining friends had reduced their transports to some degree of reason, Mr. Lewis, accompanied by Mr. Lenox, went to impart the important intelligence to Mr. Abington, Mr. Ruffel, and the two single sisters. Amazement and joy again contended for mastery when the story was related, and it was some time before they seemed to give full belief to the truth of the intelligence. At length they seated themselves in the coach with Mr. Lenox and Mr. Lewis, and arriving at the Crown, had the happiness of folding to their hearts their long-lost relation and friend.
It was hard to say which of the seniors showed the highest tokens of joy. They seemed to be all equally delighted; and now, Mrs. G. Abington being sufficiently recovered to be conveyed, our joyful company were removed to Spencer-Aviary, where we will leave them in the midst of as much happiness as this terrestrial state ever afforded.

---

CHAP. XXII.

Symptoms of Learning.

That our readers may not be left to form an idea of our taking upon us to relate as facts, things impossible, it will be necessary to give some account of the seeming mystery which brings to view a person who (to show, in imitation of other great authors, the depth of our learning) we will say was long since supposed to be a subject
subject of Neptune and Amphitrite; condemned to their regions by Abeona, who, as our poetical readers well know, is the queen (we like not the word goddess) of voyagers.

In the twelfth chapter of these our profound lucubrations—for it may be supposed we are often necessitated to commit depredations on the rights of Nox, Somnus and Morpheus (personages brought in to give farther proofs of our profound erudition); being obliged to obey the dictates of our great Lady Clio, whenever she chooses to convey her instruction—in this chapter, we say, it may be observed that the death of Mr. George Abington was never affirmed; the belief of it resting only upon conjecture; which however, was founded upon the strongest presumptive proofs: yet strong as they were, the conjecture was fallacious. One of the boats of the Enterprise (the ship in which that gentleman had failed from England) was, as has been related, discovered and taken up by the Tiber. The probability
probability that this was the boat in which some of the ship-wrecked mariners had endeavoured to save themselves, was confirmed as a certainty, by the relation Mr. George Abington and Mr. Lewis gave of their adventures.

The storm they had encountered was terrible beyond description. The crew and passengers were eager to quit the ship for the boats, which they did with all possible dispatch, and the one in which Mr. George Abington and Mr. Lewis escaped from the sinking vessel, was in about four hours after discovered; pursued, and taken by an Algerine corsair. The pirates fastened the boat to their ship, but not so securely as to prevent its breaking away in the night; and its being afterwards found by the Tiber, occasioned the conclusion of the loss of the ship and crew: it is indeed probable that the rest of the unhappy creatures became a prey to the ocean, as they never afterwards were heard of.

CHAP.
CHAPTER XXIII.

The Captives.

Mr. G. Abington and Mr. Lewis (the son of a gentleman in London, going upon a voyage of pleasure to Lisbon) with eleven of the sailors who were taken by the corsair, were carried to Algiers and exposed to sale. Mr. George Abington and Mr. Lewis were bought by the same master, who proved to be an acquaintance of the father of Mr. Lewis, and being a very remarkable person, was by that gentleman soon recognised. This circumstance, which the young captives thought would produce their enlargement, was the sole cause of their long detention. The renegade—for such he was—who had purchased these gentlemen, was the son of an dignified clergyman in London, whose name was Whittington. Early in life he shewed
thewed a strong penchant for visiting foreign countries, and being one of many sons, his father, though unwillingly, was prevailed upon to consent to his making a voyage to Algiers, with a view of increasing a small sum left him by a distant relation. The voyage of this gentleman was prosperous, beyond expectation, and during his residence in Africa, he had a rich lucrative employment offered to him by a rich renegade, on the trifling condition of renouncing the profession of the Christian faith. To this, as Plutus was the only deity he truly worshipped, he readily subscribed; and assumed the turban without hesitation: but as he was not so hardened as to wish his father to know of his apostacy, he changed his name from Whittington to Lorimer, and causing a letter to be written to his family with a fabricated account of his illness and death: he corroborated the story, by remitting through the means of his friend, the renegade, before mentioned, a part of the property which he had.
had carried with him to Algiers. When he found himself therefore remembered by Mr. Lewis, he sent both the young captives into the country, where he had some land with a small house upon it; to which he often retired. In this place they were kept by the overseer, in constant employ, and in strict confinement, with an injunction that they should not be permitted to send away any letter or message; so afraid was the ci-devant Mr. Whittington that his father should receive intelligence of the sacrifice which he had made to avarice. However, some months before the return of Mr. G. Abington and Mr. Lewis, Mr. Whittington-Lorimer was seized with melancholy; which so rapidly increased, that he was soon rendered incapable of following his usual occupation at Algiers, and entirely resided at his country house. Conscience had laid hold upon him! CONSCIENCE—that sovereign exiled from almost every nation under Heaven, had fixed her
her iron fangs into the inmost recesses of his heart. The glories he had acquired faded in his eye: those he had renounced, mocked his bankruptcy of faith by appearing in their brightest, native colors. Poor deluded Whittington!—thy case so similar to that of many who wear a grinning mask, excites at once our pity and contempt! Hear, O ye inhabitants of this favored isle!—Hear and believe that this worst of all plagues—an accusing conscience—may cross the Mediterranean! Hear! believe! and beware, O thou renowned MALIGNOSUS! of the approach of this pestilence! If it seize thy heart—thy callous and hitherto impenetrable heart—great and terrible will be thy affliction! Thy thousands, annually laid by for the worst of purposes, will canker thy soul! Thy coronet will prove a coronet of thorns; and thy years will be stunned with imaginary cries of the oppressed; whose clamours, if thou turnest not thine-
thine eyes inward—and alterest not thy doings, will reach the vaulted roof of Heaven, and be registered in the book of unchangeable decrees.

CHAP. XXIV.

The Captives continued.

We were so deeply affected by the horrible idea of the punishment which, either in this world or in the coming one, the gentleman whom we mentioned at the latter end of the last chapter, might possibly experience, that unable to proceed with the subject which last employed our pen, we laid it aside till we should find ourselves in a better disposition to continue the progress of our story.

—— Mr. Whittington-Lorimer was seized by the fangs of conscience. That is the thread which must pierce our relation
tion of the facts. The conflict in his mind between his old and his new ideas, greatly shattered his constitution. In hopes to bargain for peace of mind, he determined to starve his body; without one thought of altering his way of life.

Miserable! mistaken man! Will the Great Giver of Peace be bribed to make happy the wretch who refuses to accept his offered favors!? Will he come into a compromise, and receive the worthless sacrifice in payment for the indulgence the sinner requests of living unmolested in his favorite vices!? No: the price of inward peace will not be lowered. Obedience—or repentance with reformation, is the demand: it cannot be obtained on any other conditions. Nor indeed can any other of greater lenity be proposed; as the performance of these, when once entered upon, is not only easy, but extremely pleasant.

To relieve our frowning readers—we will pass over the first months of our conscience-stricken, and at length truly penitent. Mr. Whittington—
Whittington-Lorimer, and proceed to the time of his confining himself to his country house.

During his residence at this place, he often encountered with his two captives, who though they were kept employed and confined, had never been treated with rigour; their work being chiefly to attend a small botanical garden contiguous to the house. In this, Mr. Whittington walked several hours every day, and, at times, would enter into some conversation with our two friends, who perceiving his melancholy, ventured to take some little notice of it in their discourse, and, at length, to offer him some advice; and this, willing to catch at every gleam of comfort, he listened to with attention.

In this manner did the captives in no long space of time render themselves of so much consequence to their master, that he first made them his companions and then his confidants; committing to their secrecy the cause of his melancholy. Mr. Lewis and
and Mr. G. Abington had not profited so little by the severity of their fate, as to be strangers to the consoling arguments of Christianity; and from these, as they were offered to him, Mr. Whittington received so much mental relief, that he kept the proposers of them with him as much as possible. But though his mind was healing, his body seemed to be in a swift decay. In a short period he was obliged to confine himself to his chamber; and soon after, to his bed. During the last stage of his illness, he seemed to be quite an altered and a happy man; and desirous of settling his temporal affairs, he made his will; dividing his property, which was immense, into four equal parts—one to his father, who, as he had been informed, was still living; one to his connections in Algiers, and the two other shares to Mr. G. Abington and Mr. Lewis, as some compensation for the years of slavery he had inflicted upon them; making it his request that they would continue with him till he died; and that as

soon
soon as possible after that event, which he seemed convinced was near, they would see his father and family, and unfold by degrees, the circumstances of his recent death; his shameful renunciation of the Christian faith, and his subsequent repentance and return. This they promised to do, and this performed; taking passage in the first ship that failed after his decease, from Algiers to London; where being landed in safety, they soon found the Whittingtons, who (though now divided into several families) all resided in the metropolis. After due preparation, the story of the defunct was, with all possible tenderness, unfolded, which gave such grief to all, especially to the father, that the account of the affluent circumstances in which he died was disregarded. A rare instance, O reader, of the force of principle!

Our gentlemen now told the afflicted parent that previous to their departure from Africa, they had put affairs into such a train, that nothing more would be necessary than.
than to draw bills upon a very respectable English merchant then at Algiers, as soon as they should receive an account of the disposal of the effects which they had left unfold. The good man made acknowledgments to them for the part they had acted, and said, that had the son given them the whole of his property, he would still have died their debtor: and more for the service which they had been the means of rendering him, respecting his future existence, than on account of the slavery to which for so many years he had subjected them.

"A queer way of reckoning," says the man of the world. "I have not been used " to such arithmetic."

Most likely not, reverend Sir. Pounds, shillings and pence, are better suited to the grossness of thy substance; and since thou thyself settest so little value upon that part of thee which, greatly against thy interest, thou wilt find to be immortal, thou canst not be offended that we put thee down as a poor and worthless soul, however rich thou.
thou mayest boast thyself to be in possessing large quantities of the entrails of the earth. And so reverend Doctor—your Worship—or your Honor: your Lordship or your Grace—or your any thing you please—we take our leave of all your worthless distinctions, with an intention to meditate on the amazing difference between thee and that truly rich man who now trembles at the sound of thy august footstep and bows down at thy presence, because he hath not—

But he will spare the mortifying demonstration, and permit thee to enjoy in as much quiet as thy great enemy, conscience, will give the leave to do, this thy day—thy only day—of boasted superiority over thy at present oppressed fellow-immortals.
CHAP. XXV.

The Captives finished.

AFTER our quondam captives had performed their promise to the dying Mr. Whittington-Lorimer, they proceeded, after first sending a preparatory note, to the house of Mr. Lewis's father, where their presence occasioned a tumult of joy; and they then posted down to Beverly, with the intention of employing the same prudent intervention of a previous note: but their design in this respect was frustrated by the unexpected arrival of the Spencer carriage, which was going to convey the family to a town about a dozen miles distant from the Aviary, in compliance with an engagement, which they had made to spend a long day with some particular friends: to these, as soon as any one was sufficiently composed to consider the propriety of such a measure, they sent a messenger with excuses.
CHAP. XXVI.

For which we cannot find a Title.

EXCEPT we should unexpectedly be decoyed from our intended path, we will now confine ourselves to the families with whom we are intimate at Beverly: that is to say, to the Aviary with Mr. Spencer, Mr. George Abington and his now happy Matilda:—to the Shrubbery with Mr. and Mrs. Edward Spencer, their Lucy, Matilda and Caroline:—to Mr. Abington's with that gentleman, his lady, Miss Abington, Miss Martha and Mr. Russell:—and to the Lodge with Mr. and Mrs. Percival, their five children, Stephen, Robert, Barbara, George and Deborah, Mrs. Percival the elder; Henry Seymour, and the charming little orphan, Harriet Montague.

Beloved
Beloved Readers!

You have here a second recapitulation of the families with whom we wish you to be particularly acquainted, and will probably be affronted by our supposing it necessary so soon to refresh your memories; but as we have travelled over vast tracts of the globe since we were last at Beverly, it ought not to be construed into an offence to your retentive faculties, that, to make circumstances perfectly easy to your recollection, we give ourselves the trouble of taking a distinct review of our friends in that neighbourhood. We will indulge you in a little grumbling, as we know it is a disorder to which you are prone, provided you forbear unloyal expressions; but if any proof shall be brought against you of abusive language, we shall immediately expel you from the honor of being our subjects.

Given from our high court of judicature, and written with our own hand.

* * * *

The
The families of Beverly were now in apparent friendship with each other; and on three sides it was perfectly sincere, but the Percivals consulted only their own interest in the union: they wished to conciliate the esteem of Mr. Spencer, who had it largely in his power to give what they deemed substantial proofs of his favor. The chief object that excited the envy of Mrs. R. Percival was Mrs. Spencer, to whose children she had a particular aversion, veiled with a show of fondness, which, so strong was the general dislike to this woman, few people believed to be real. The suspicion raised by the unexpected loss of Mr. E. Spencer's little girl, never perfectly subsided. Mrs. R. Percival's great kindness (which we have been rather unwilling to mention) to the child's nurse—her remark of the "poor woman's" deep sorrow upon the event—with her often officiously-expressed belief of the "good creature's" honesty—so preserving alive the whispered appreheension,
prehension, that it rather gathered strength than otherwise, by the progress of time; but the family was rich; high in rank, and looked up to as the future sovereign of the village. It was therefore reverenced, and its finicles courted by the perspective eye of self-interest.

The inordinate fondness of Mrs. R. Percival for our celebrated Spencer-Aviary, could not be gratified by the view of its being possessed by one of her children. No: the wished—it was a wish formed in early life—to be herself the mistress of that magnificent habitation; and to achieve this object, she had sacrificed, and was willing still farther to offer up, if occasion required, the consciousness of perfect rectitude. Her son Stephen—the heir apparent to Spencer-Aviary—the educated with ideas of the necessity of a perfect submission to the will of his parents, and infused a belief that it was in her power to withhold from him the estate; a power which she vowed she certainly
tainly would exert, if, upon his arrival at a proper age, he should refuse to sign such articles as she might prescribe.

Whether Mrs. R. Percival had actually the secret art of making this young man, as he grew up, believe, and submit to her power; or whether, by promising implicit obedience, he had an eye to the jointured estate, which, from a hope of their eldest child's inheriting the Aviary, the Percivals had reserved in their own disposal; or whether he considered that the signature of a minor could not be binding in a Court of Justice, we do not take upon us to affirm; but certain it is that Stephen Percival, whose characteristic vice was avarice, very solemnly engaged by every method that could be devised, to submit to the edict of his parents; or, in other words, to yield to them, when he should become entitled to it, the possession of the Aviary; even declaring that he should be content with the view of being master of the Lodge during the term of their existence:—and in

K 2 this
this determination he continued firm, notwithstanding there were not wanting those who assured him that his power would be absolute. But as we have advanced considerably too forward in point of time, we will, in imitation of many a gallant officer, pursue a retrograde direction.

CHAP. XXVII.

The Tutor and Tutoress.

A Young gentleman of the name of Barker, who is henceforward to direct the studies of the juvenile party, at Beverly Lodge, shall open this chapter. This gentleman was educated for the church, and had taken deacon's orders. He was the son of a clergyman who had not one quality to recommend him to the rich and powerful; being only a sensible; learned, and good man; circumstances which were scarce
Mr. Barker the elder, passed the whole term of his life, upon a curacy of sixty pounds per annum, and having at an early age, lost a wife of whom he was extremely fond, the education of this their only child was his sole care, and thus young Barker was matured in the great and good principles of his father. He was recommended to Mr. Percival by a gentleman who lived near the estate of Mr. Seymour; and much honor did he reflect upon his recommender by the exertion of his too singular abilities.

Mrs. Mitchel, the governess, was a human being of a cast quite different from Mr. Barker. In her youth, she had figured in what is called Life; and perfectly knew the fit and the unfit, respecting dress and fashionable decorum. No one entered a room with a better grace, or was more skilled in polite discourse. Mrs. Mitchel was
was the widow of a gentleman who had a small place at Court; but living beyond his income, was obliged to go abroad, and after a short absence, died at Vienna. The lady now saw herself alone in the world, and endeavoured to make the most of her attractions: but her pride, if not her principle, forbid her listening to any \textit{temporary} overtures, and no lasting ones, of sufficient consequence, were offered to her acceptance. She therefore closed with the proposal of Mrs. Percival, with whom she had long been intimate, of superintending the seminary at the Lodge, for which office she was extremely well calculated in the opinion of the fashionable ladies of the present age! Had we, indeed, been consulted, we should have preferred Miss Jermyn, who procured a recommendation to the Percivals from the clergyman of the Parish. This young lady was daughter to a gentleman who practised physic in a village near London. Her wish of being able to assist her mother and three sisters, who, at her father's death, found themselves
themselves in inconvenient circumstances, induced her to seek a situation of pecuniary advantage. She had been educated by a great aunt, who put it out of her own power to perform her promise of providing for her niece, by giving way to her inclination of doing a greater act of charity in suddenly marrying a spruce young footman; for whom she had previously given a bond to the Parish officers, to prevent his being thrown into jail on account of two separate crimes very opposite to that of murder; the smart-money for which, some former levies of the same kind had rendered the poor fellow unable to discharge. But the good old lady had not denied herself the pleasure of being of service to her niece, by the above-related exertion of pure Philanthropy before she had rendered her perfectly qualified for the large fortune of which she brought her up in expectation, by giving her what, without the usual inversion of language, might be called a finished education. Miss Jermyn, with a genteel person and
and a pretty face, had a good understanding; a pleasing disposition, and politeness of manners. She was an adept in French and Italian; a proficient in music and drawing, and had, likewise, a competent knowledge of geography.

It has been insinuated by your misanthropists, who grudged Miss Jermyn's aunt the exercise of her benevolent principles, that it was very cruel in the ancient gentlewoman to afford her niece such an education, and then deprive her of the suitable fortune she was continually bidding her expect: and indeed my dear ladies, whatever may be your motive for condemning the good woman's conduct, we perfectly agree in your opinion: but we advise you not to be too severe, lest that severity should direct a scrutinizing eye to examine your conduct, which, however precise you may look upon the occasion, will not, perhaps be able to endure a minute investigation.

Miss Jermyn's fine qualities were not of sufficient consequence to procure her admission
mission into Beverly Lodge; but they gained her a situation a hundred times more desirable. She was received at the Shrubbery. The little Misses Spencer were consigned to her tuition, and the excellent and revered parent of the family, took her under his protection.

CHAP. XXVIII.

A Tribute to filial Affection.

WHENEVER we mention Mr. Spencer, we are immediately sensible of such an elevation of sentiment as makes it inconsistent to talk of such earthly beings as the Percivals. Indeed we hardly know of any one whose given character, after his, would not form an anti-climax. A Suffolk gentleman of the name of Kilderbee, with whom we once had the honor of being intimately acquainted, but...
who is now translated (for he scarcely seemed to die) to a brighter—to his native region, bore the strongest similitude to him of any one that ever existed.

And now, reader, we cannot proceed any farther. Short as this chapter is, we must put an end to it, for the particular recollection of this gentleman, whose image is almost constantly in our idea, brings such a variety of affecting incidents to our view, that we must drop the pen.

CHAP. XXIX.

Childhood.

Music, drawing and dancing were taught the young ones at the Lodge and the Shrubbery, by three gentlemen who attended occasionally upon the two families; under whose tuition the children, in general, made the expected progress; but the little Harriet Montague shone conspicuous, to the mortification of the whole family of the Percivals, in every branch of knowledge.
At an early age she could speak both French and Italian with precision. Music was her native science; her soul was harmony itself. In drawing, she excelled all the rest, and in dancing, fixed the attention of every one present. Her reading was just and melodious, and she soon wrote a fine, swift hand. As she grew up, she delighted in the study of geography, and, indeed, in every study which could render a young woman amiable and accomplished. Yet it did not appear that she labored at anything; for such facility had she by nature, that she often caught what it was not intended she should ever learn. Mr. Raffel saw the wish of the Percivals to keep her backward; for which reason he frequently visited the Lodge during the hours devoted to the teaching of the children, that he might, as much as possible, prevent a neglect of Miss Montague; and, this gentleman was known to have so much interest with Mr. Spencer, that the Percivals did not choose to hazard a disobedience to his injunctions respecting his favorite. Not that Mr. Raffel was is impo.
impolitic as to declare his partiality to the little Harriet: he knew mankind too well to do that; for such a declaration would doubtless have been an injury to her, rather than a benefit.

Mrs. Mitchel soon entered into the views of the family, to render the Misses Percival as accomplished as possible, and to leave Miss Montague to nature, left, being too much polished, she should prevent the preference of the daughters of the house, by eclipsing their charms.

Mrs. Mitchel, therefore, was so kind as to withhold from Harriet her particular instructions; and thus to save this young lady from the contagion of those pernicious principles which she freely imparted to her other pupils. These, in process of time, became distinguished for their good-breeding, while Harriet shone with that true politeness which, in a good heart, originates from a desire of pleasing; and which, when restrained and directed by a good understanding, is greatly preferable to a punctilious observance of the rules of cold and formal
formal civility, and will ever render its possessors not only amiable, but valuable companions. Yet, let it be remembered, that our Harriet was not deficient even in fashionable manners; only it did not appear that she studied to excel in them. She had from nature a great share of diffidence and timidity, which her abundant vivacity prevented from being apparent to a disagreeable excess, and which, of consequence, effectually excluded every degree, both of conceit and forwardness. Indeed, before she was checked by consideration, she was one of the wildest little creatures that ever lived, yet at the same time one of the tenderest. At sight of Mr. Russel, whom both she and the Percivals, in imitation of the little Spencers, always called uncle, she would jump and clap her hands, as if she knew not how to contain her transport. The good gentleman's partiality for her, which this fondness of her conduct necessarily increased, and which he could not always sufficiently disguise, sometimes caused a little
a little jealousy among the children; Mr. Russel, who frequently carried them cakes and sweetmeats, being held by them all in great estimation.

"Pray Miss," said Miss Percival, one day to Harriet, "what business have you to call "Mr. Russel uncle! I am sure he is not "any uncle of yours."

"As much as he is yours Miss," returned Miss Montague; "and my guardian, "into the bargain."—For so Mr. Russel would sometimes order her to call him, to the dislike of Mrs. Percival; who repented that she had ever troubled him about the child's affairs.

"I am sure, cousin Harriet," said Miss Deborah, "Mr. Russel cannot be your un- "cle, for your papa was nothing but a "soldier."

"Do not abuse my papa, Miss Debba," returned Harriet, the glow of resentment covering her little face; "he was as good "as your papa; and nurse Watkins has "often and often told me he was a fine "gentle-
"gentleman; and my mama was your "papa's sister, Miss; and she was a lady."
"And you shall be a lady too," joined in Henry Seymour, who always sided with
the pretty Harriet, "for all your crosiness, "Miss Debba; or yours either, Miss Bab;" speaking with a haughty air to Miss Percival.
"A pretty lady!" said Master Percival; "for I heard my mama tell Mrs. Quaintly "that she would have only eight hundred "pounds; and perhaps, if all her papa's debts "were paid, not that; for mama said so "yesterday."
"But she shall have more than that, "brother Stephen," said little George; "for I will give her some of my money "when I am a man."
"And pray who will give it to you?" asked the sullen Robert. "Perhaps papa will "not let you have any, because you are the "youngest; for Stephen and I are both "before you."
"Well, I shall not quarrel with you, "cousin
“cousin Bobby,” said Harriet, jumping about the room, her anger being subsided; “for it is not worth while. Mr. Ruffel loves me, and my cousin Spencers love me; and if you do not, I cannot help it you know; but I shall love you for all that.”

A summons into the teaching-room prevented any farther altercation, and a visit, in the evening, from the family at the Scrubbery made them all friends again.

“Pray,” said Lucy Spencer to her mother, as they sat at tea—“pray, mama let me stay all night with my cousin Montague; or else let her go home with us.”

“She cannot go without your other cousins my dear,” returned the mother; “but we will ask Mrs. Richard Percival to give them all leave to return with us, as tomorrow will be a play-day.”

“I wish we could have Harriet,” said Caroline; “and I wish for George, and Master Seymour; but, mama, I do not like my other cousins.”

“No
"No more do I," added Matilda, "they are so proud and so cross."

All this was whispered to Mrs. Spencer by her little girls as they sat beside her upon a sofa, for which she reproved them, and her sharpness so affected the gentle Lucy, that she dropt a tear and promised to love all her cousins, if she might love Harriet best; to which Mrs. Spencer forbore making any reply, as she could not but approve her daughter's partiality.

CHAPTER XXX.

A Dialogue between Mrs. Percival and Mrs. Mitchel.

My dear, criticising, chronological, snarling, snarling readers, will now begin to calculate the age of the young ones whose conversation made a part of our last chapter, and upon a cursory review, will give themselves the consequence of having found an absurdity in the puerile dialogue, by
by imagining that there must be too much difference between the years of the oldest and the youngest to allow its consistency.

The period at which we now write is a very pleasant one, and we find ourselves in such perfect good humor with all around us, that we will condescend to prove our not having made any mistake in this particular, by arguments perfectly level to the capacities of the persons in question.

Henry Seymour, now arrived at the age of twelve (for we advance in our history with what speed we think proper, without asking leave of the tardy imagination of any gentleman or lady whatsoever) was one year older than Stephen Percival, who had only by three years the start of his youngest sister, Miss Deborah.

"How! how! how is that!" cries one and all. "The eldest of five children no more than three years older than the "youngest! it cannot be! it is not possible!"

Notwithstanding the impossibility, my good
good friends, it really was the case, as Mrs. R. Percival told those who told them that told us—a proof-positive for assertions still more impossible than this, and which I dare say you have often advanced in that court of judicature—a tea table circle, when instigated by envy to assist in the condemnation of some female culprit, whose criminality consisted in her being young, beautiful, lively, and agreeable; and of course a monopolizer of general admiration.

Mrs. R. Percival's speed in producing her first child has been reprobated by at least three fourths of our friends, but her subsequent celerity will, it is to be supposed, pass without any censure. When it be recollected that she once had two at one birth [Robert and Barbara], a circumstance which we declared in due form and time, our sagacious critics will allow that a less period than we have given, would have been sufficient for the birth of the five.

We do not, madam, wish to be thought very nice calculators, therefore will leave it to your
your more profound wisdom to satisfy the cavillers, while we proceed with asserting that Stephen Percival was only eleven, when Deborah, his youngest sister completed her eighth year. The little Spencers were nearly of the age of their cousins; Caroline, the youngest of both families, being born when Miss Debby was six months old; after which Mrs. R. Percival was two or three times enceinte, but from various accidents as frequently miscarried. Harriet Montague was some months younger than Master Seymour.

And now, readers, if you have any other objections to raise, we request you to be expeditious in producing them, lest our condescending humor, which begins to evaporate, should go off entirely. We are already fatigued with the concession we have made to your querulous dispositions, and we cannot, much longer, have patience with your futile observations. In one word—have you any thing more to object?

"No, no, no," methinks I hear you all say
fay in one voice; "we only wish to have "you proceed with your story, which we "must say has been very slow in its pro-
"gress."

In that opinion we agree with you, and will endeavour to hasten our moments; but must first give you a little piece of conver-
sation which about this time passed between old Mrs. Percival and Mrs. Mitchel, and as we suppose you have sufficient taste to be
fond of the drama, we will to indulge you, as well as to spare ourselves the trouble of
frequently repeating "says one and says the "other," give you the short dialogue as it
passed, after previously desiring you to ima-
gine the ladies seated in an arbor while
the children were playing on a grass-plot
before them. When the ladies had given
some attention to the manœuvres of the
young ones, they thus began:

Mrs. Percival. Upon my word, Master
Seymour grows a very handsome lad.

Mrs. Mitchel. He does indeed, madam,
and has quite the appearance of a youth of fashion.

Mrs. Percival. Very much so, I think; but he seems to want ambition.

Mrs. Mitchel. Mr. Barker too forcibly, in my opinion, inculcates humility; which, I affronted him last night, by saying, is a mean unfashionable virtue.

Mrs. Percival [observing the children]. I can hardly help thinking, Mrs. Mitchel, that you endeavor to give the manners of Harriet Montague a higher polish than will suit her future situation.

Mrs. Mitchel. Indeed, madam, I never take any pains with her. What she possesses, she has from nature, or catches by accident: I mean as to accomplishments; for Mr. Barker takes particular care to instruct her in knowledge. As to French and Italian, she speaks those languages nearly as well as she does English. Drawing, she cannot be kept from; and music, in which you know Mr. Russell insists upon her being instructed, the
the actually seems to *inherit*. It likewise appears as if she had been taught to dance from infancy.

*Mrs. Percival.* Why, all that is true; and I cannot but say I am sorry for it; as her fortune will inevitably be trifling; for I shall not rob my son's family to give it to the child of a man to whom I had always a dislike. If it was not for that impertinent Mr. Ruffél, who has such a great sway with old Spencer, I would remove her from Beverly.

*Mrs. Mitchel.* You surely, madam, have a right to do as you please with your granddaughter.

*Mrs. Percival.* True: but were I to send her away, decency would oblige me to give some account of her, and then I know Mr. Ruffél would soon get her to either Spencer-Aviary, or the Shrubbery.

*Mrs. Mitchel.* Well then, let him maintain her: and let him, likewise, give her a suitable fortune.
Mrs. Percival. No: such a proceeding would alter the plan upon which I have resolved. A rooted dislike to her parents occurs with every recollection of them; renders their offspring disgusting to me, and presents her as inimical to the interest of my son's children. Let what will be the consequence, I will, if possible, prevent her entrance into either of the before-mentioned families; which is the reason (lest it should increase their fondness), why I so steadily refuse her visiting there without me; telling Mr. Ruffel (for I was obliged to take a little liberty) that I had promised my daughter to keep her perpetually under my own eye, after she should be old enough to imbibe instruction; that my promise bound me, or I should be happy in Harriet accepting their invitations.

Mrs. Mitchel [smiling]. The liberty you mention, my dear madam, must sometimes be taken with people who think so oddly as the Spencers, and most of the Abingtons do.
do. Miss Martha excepted, I protest I do not think there is one amongst them with rational ideas.

Mrs. Percival. Indeed there is not: their sentiments of charity, generosity, and disinterestedness, are quite romantic. They seem to live not for themselves, but for other people. But observe that child—Master Seymour I mean; how gallantly the little rogue carries himself! His attention seems fixed upon Barbara. It would give great satisfaction to us all if she could fix him for life.

Mrs. Mitchel. To effect which, I assure you madam, I have exerted my utmost efforts ever since I perceived what your wishes were; and told him, the other day, in plain terms, that I thought Miss Percival would make him an elegant little wife.

Mrs. Percival. Excuse me, Mrs. Mitchel, that I say you did not then proceed with your usual adroitness. If you wish young people to form an attachment, prohibit their intimacy. Nine times in ten, this method will
It is however very early with our couple. A year or two hence, and we will try to manage them.

Mrs. Mitchel. With deference, madam, to your superior experience, I think in such juvenile days, the best mode is to encourage the ideas I have endeavored to instil; and then, as these sentiments begin to be lively, before too much familiarity with them has brought on an indifference, to forbid, all at once, with much gravity, as if it was already a matter of consequence, any farther particular acquaintance.

Mrs. Percival [after a short consideration]. Mrs. Mitchel, I submit to your opinion: you certainly have projected the best method of proceeding. Pursue your plan; I hope it will be successful. If it be—depend upon what I say—you shall not go without a distinguished reward; for I will acknowledge to you that this is a matter upon which we have all set our hearts.

A considerable deal more, to the same purpose passed between these artful women, who
who perfectly understood each others meaning. Mrs. Mitchel was as subtile as most of her sex; and as to Mrs. Percival—she was a perfect female-Machiavel.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Youth. Self-detection; and a Treat for the tender Passions.

It is six years since the date of our last chapter. Henry Seymour is consequently eighteen, and Miss Caroline Spencer between thirteen and fourteen years of age. The ages of the intermediate ones, the reader will easily calculate. But beware, O ye susceptible sons of Britannia! how you take into your mind's eye the image of Harriet Montague! She was—we cannot say what she was. Take her altogether, she was charming in the extreme. She was beautiful. She was bewitching. We once heard a lovely, lively young woman compared to the sweet wild tones produced by
an Æolian harp. Such was our Harriet. But she was more. In her serene moments (and surely never gaiety, softness and serenity so sweetly modulated each other before), her appearance, manners and conversation harmonized the soul like the finest and most perfect music that ever was composed.

Richardson has given us his Pamela; his Clarissa Harlowe; Miss Byron, and Clementina, as models of beauty and accomplishment. Fielding has favored us with a Sophia Western; and other writers with other descriptions, but there is not one amongst them that depicts our Harriet Montague; for she did not bear any resemblance to Pamela: nor was she so grave as circumstances made Clarissa. Not so prim as the fashion of the times rendered Miss Byron; nor so flately as the pride of Italy, Clementina. Neither was she like Sophia Western. In short, she was such an assemblage of charms as perhaps never before met in the form of a female. To mention the fine
fine and easy proportion of her frame—the
loveliness of her complexion—the roses in
her cheeks—the peculiar beauty of her hair
—her lips—her teeth, or even her eyes, ex-
celling as they were, would be injustice to
every unnoticed elegance and grace; as
every feature, and every part of her frame
merited equal distinction. But fascinating
as was her exterior, it was her mind that
perfected her power over all hearts but those
of the Percivals. The quickness, the fine-
ness, the depth of her understanding; so
duly tempered by the diffidence, timidity
and sweetness of her disposition, which was
softness itself, though lively beyond idea,
rendered her, not only a truly pleasing, but
an enchanting companion. Every fashion
became her: everything sat well upon her, and
her appearance at once evinced sentiments of gentleness and consequence.
Could such a youth, as we have described
Henry Seymour to be, live insensible to
such an assemblage of beauties? No: he
saw—he admired—he loved her perfections.
L 3  The
The rising charms of Miss Montague grew in his heart; increased with his sentiments of existence; and his affection was fixed long before he was conscious of any particular attachment. Often would he compare Harriet with Miss and Miss Debby Percival; turning his eye upon first one, then another of the young ladies: resting it with an almost involuntary caution, when he saw himself observed, upon the latter or her sister; which led the elders to think their plan would eventually prove successful.

Could Harriet, it will now be asked, be insensible to the partiality of Henry Seymour? She was. She saw not that he regarded her with any distinguishable attention. Henry Seymour—to whose superiority every generous youth submitted with pleasure—whom every woman beheld with approbation—long experienced the most tender and ardent affection, while its lovely object continued unconscious of the effect of her attractions. She knew, indeed, that she was
was in possession of his friendly regard; and was sensible of the continual proofs which every day afforded her of his esteem; but love, however strange it may seem to some of my readers, had not taken off the veil, which he wore, of fraternal affection, and Harriet was not conscious of there being any other sentiment between them than that which cemented the hearts of brothers and sisters.

We wish here to stop the progress of our tale, by again presenting to our friends the image of the youth who so early yielded to the tender passion; but we cannot find language to give an adequate idea of the elegance of his figure; much less are we capable of doing justice to his mental merits. It has been said that not one of the heroines of our Richardson or Fielding would answer the description which justice demanded us to give of Miss Montague. With equal truth it may be affirmed that Henry Seymour could not be drawn from their heroes. Of the person of Pamela,
Mr. B. we never could form any distinct idea. Sir Charles Grandison and Tom Jones stand more confest, and, in appearance, they perhaps would, in some respects, portray our favorite: but his mind, though he had many of the qualities of both, was upon the whole, different from either. The figure of Mr. Seymour was tall and commanding; yet the greatest condescension and gentleness appeared in his manner. The most lively sensibility, with traits, perhaps rather too conspicuous, of impetuosity presided in his countenance and actions. Like his Harriet, he had a great deal of vivacity; yet, like her, was entirely void of any inclination to be willy—a modish accomplishment uncongenial with the sweetness of their dispositions: but it has been observed in both that when provoked to it by the tart folly of their companions, the weapon of wit was not beyond their reach; though very seldom used.

And here let me request of the smart retorting Misles of the present age, that they would
would endeavor to restrain, rather than encourage, the faculty of repartee. Good sense is not to be displayed by a quaintness of expression; a well adapted phrase, or a glibly-given opinion. No; this habit of conversation—this knack of talking, may be acquired by an early commerce with the world; by a native unfeminine assurance, or by an immoderate quantity of simple self-conceit. Good sense consists in idea, however imperfectly expressed; and is to be discerned in an evident justness of thinking, rather than by much talking. Be you, therefore, my dear young lady, more desirous of speaking with more rectitude than fluency. Endeavor to appear less bold and forward than diffident and withdrawing. Men listen to the soft still speaker, when she is not affectedly so, at the same time that they would be emulous to subdue and silence a noisy one. If at any time you are drawn into an argument, let it be seen that you are not more desirous of convincing than of being convinced, and let a com-

plaisant.
plaisant attention to your opponent be constantly visible, divested of an apparent eagerness to reply. In short, let your conversation be that of a sensible and an amiable young woman, rather than of a learned gentleman; which latter similitude will assuredly procure you the contempt of both sexes.

To return to the attractive person of our Mr. Seymour—the color of his hair was a fine hazel brown; that of his eyebrows considerably darker. His eyes, like Miss Montague's, were soft and sparkling: for their color we can hardly find a comparison; that of bright coffee seems to be nearer than any other. His nose was a beautifully shaped aquiline. The bloom of health played upon his cheeks, and with all his gentleness, intrepidity was conspicuous in his actions.

We have said that Harriet was insensible to the affectionate partiality of Henry Seymour; and that she regarded him as a friend and brother: but the time approached when
when she was to be made sensible that her attachment to this amiable youth was composed of sentiments more warm and lively than those of bare esteem.

Sitting one morning in an arbor, with a pencil in her hand, taking a view of a distant prospect, Mrs. Percival and Mrs. Mitchel entered into a Chinese alcove which joined the arbor at its back, and fearful of being discovered at that employ, in which she was always discouraged, she slided to one corner, where she thought she should remain unseen, without the least idea of being privy to their conversation. The ladies sat down upon one of the benches; and now Harriet trembled for the consequence of her folly in not immediately quitting the arbor at their approach to the alcove; but she hoped that they would not stay long, and apprehensive of an angry lecture for not being better engaged, she ventured to sit still. At length Mrs. Percival, who at her entrance was reading a letter, said to Mrs. Mitchel

L 6 —"there
"The arrangements can easily be made after our young men are gone to college."

"And is Henry Seymour," asked Harriet of herself, "going to college?" "Why yes, to be sure"—was her mental reply: and she sighed at the certainty which her reason gave her of the circumstance. "I shall then see him but seldom:" and she sighed again involuntarily, motioning (forgetful of her situation) to leave the arbor, for her feet seemed uneasy. But she recollected herself, and sat still. At that juncture Mrs. R. Percival entered the alcove and told the two ladies that a letter was just arrived from Mr. Bullion, who very readily accepted the proposals respecting his daughter, and that he wished the nuptials to take place between her and Mr. Stephen Percival on the day the young gentleman should become possessed of Spencer-Aviary.

This piece of intelligence, new as it was, did not affect, though it surprised Miss Mon-
Montague. The idea of Mr. Seymour's leaving Beverly was predominant.

"It would be a clever thing" said Mrs. Percival, "if the same day which unites "Stephen and Miss Bullion, should join "Barbara and Henry Seymour."

Harriet was as if thunderstruck.

"I see no reason why it should not be," replied Mrs. Mitchel, "for his partiality "for her is very discernable."

"I think it is," added Mrs. R. Percival, "I often catch him gazing at her with at-"tention."

A summons from the house now relieved Miss Montague, by occasioning the ladies to quit the alcove. For a few moments she paused; then burst into tears.

"Mr. Seymour to marry Miss Percival!" exclaimed she in her mind. "Well, and "why should that disturb me!" "I wish "them both happy"—continued she to herself, while a second shower of tears co-vered her lovely face. "He will then be "my cousin, and now, though I sometimes "call
call him brother, he is not, in reality, any relation. But Miss Percival is so cross—however if he loves her—"

At that moment Henry Seymour appeared at a distance. For the first time in her life she saw him with displeasure, and left he should enter the walk which led to the arbor, hastily quitted it and went into the house a round-about way.

The remaining part of the morning was spent by Harriet with new sensations. She often asked herself the cause of her disquiet, but could not give any satisfactory reply.

At dinner, her eyes appeared red and swelled, which, in silence, was particularly noticed by Mr. Seymour. He knew how negligently she was treated by the Percivals, and concluded that their unkindness had been the cause of her uneasiness. Towards the evening of this day Miss Montague walked to a little grove, which was at a short distance from the house, and seated herself upon a bench within its enclosures. She sat some time musing and wondering why
why she was not so happy as usual, and when she had almost persuaded herself that nothing was the matter, her cousin Barbara, as Mr. Seymour, glided across her imagination. "Good Heavens, how happy she will "be!" exclaimed the now partly conscious Harriet, in a whisper to herself. "Well, and "shall I not be glad to see her happy! She "is not, indeed, very kind to me now, but "perhaps when she is married she will ask "me to visit her."

There would have been her expressions had her thoughts been put into language.

Just then, she again saw the principal object of her contemplation. Mr. Seymour had been exceedingly distressed all day on account of the unusual solemnity of Harriet's countenance, and being determined to enquire into the cause, he watched for an opportunity of speaking to her alone, and at length saw her leave the house and direct her steps to the grove before-mentioned.

And now, however improper the period may be deemed by some of our impatient readers,
readers, we shall leave Mr. Seymour in his approach to the fair, whose heart was unusually fluttered by his appearance, while we give an account of the regulations that had been made in the family at the Lodge since the young people were no longer to be considered as children. Miss Debby, indeed was scarce fourteen, but she was such a pert, womanly girl, both in her person, manner and conversation, that an observer would have judged her to have been as old as Miss Montague, whom Miss Percival appeared to exceed in age, having the countenance and behavior of a young woman of twenty. It was probably owing to the encouragement these two Misses had to bring themselves forward, that they attained this show of womanhood; as upon all occasions—"Do not you think so Bar-"bary?" And—"what is your opinion "Debby?"—were the questions put to these young ladies by their injudicious friends, who received their answers with approbation; while every reply made to the address
address of a stranger, by the charming Harriet, was treated with such contempt, that had she not had more than a common share of vivacity; it must have damped her spirit; but the rose superior to every insult, and smiled away, though sometimes with a sigh, every instance of unkindness. Mr. Barker, Mr. Russel and Henry Seymour were her constant friends; and indeed every creature who knew her but the Percivals, and Mrs. Mitchel; who cordially closed with the views of the family.

The regulations of the house, which we had almost forgot having entered upon, were, that the female part of the family should now inhabit the suit of rooms formerly fitted up for the common reception of the children and teachers, and that the gentlemen should pursue their studies or amusements at the other end of the building; meeting the ladies only at the hours of eating.

This was an arrangement of Mrs. Percival's,
val's, who objected to a frequent intercourse of the young people, as being detrimental to the plan of the securing to Miss Percival the affection of Henry Seymour; and rightly judging that too constant a familiarity would be apt to destroy the ardeney of the attachment, which Mrs. Mitchel had persuaded her that she had observed between the destined couple.

The mode pursued had certainly the prelaged effect of keeping in continual liveliness the predilection of the juvenile Henry; but Miss Montague, and not Miss Percival, was the chosen object of the lovely youth; a circumstance which never entered into the heads of any of the managing family. Whether the young couple were instinctively cautious of permitting their almost insensible bias to be discovered; or whether the passion on both sides was so pure and, for a time, so gentle, that it did not affect either the words or the actions of its victims, we cannot determine; but certain
it is that none but Mr. Barker, who saw
the dawning tenderness with pleasure, had
the least idea of their mutual partiality.

The family of the Percivals lived as the
phrase is *quite in style*, and entered into every
gaiety which the country afforded. Con-
tinually visiting or visited, they had not
much time for reflection. Mrs. Mitchel,
though regular teaching was now laid aside,
remained at the Lodge in the character of
an instructing friend, and Mr. Barker, who
occasionally continued his lectures, said to
go with the young gentlemen to college.
Miss Montague, sometimes at her own re-
quest, that she might uninterruptedly pur-
sue her favorite studies, and sometimes on
account of the fulness of the carriages, was
often left at home, when the ladies visited
in the vicinity, except when they went to
the Abingtons or Spencers, where Mr. Rus-
field always insisted upon seeing her with
her cousins. This good friend frequently
made her presents of money; both that she
might gratify the charitable disposition of
her
her heart, and appear as genteel as the rest of the family.

On the evening to which we were arrived when we began with the arrangement at Beverly-Lodge, all the ladies, Harriet excepted, were gone to visit at Havington-Hall, where many matters of vast importance were talked over, which, if related, would greatly entertain some of our friends; but we must now hasten to the recess where we left our favorite, who at the instant of our deserting her, observed the approach of Mr. Seymour, and doubted not but he would proceed to the place of her retirement, it being a spot frequently visited by all the young people.

As the intelligence she had gained in the morning was of such consequence in her opinion as entirely to engross her ideas, it was a natural supposition that it must be a prevailing circumstance in the contemplation of others; at least of those who were so much concerned in it, as was the object now in view, and fearful lest he should sus-

pect
pect its being the cause of her seriousness, the determined to endeavor to appear as cheerful as possible, and to keep her fitting as she would have done, had she not been acquainted with the intended event.

As he approached nearer to the grove, her heart throbbed in an unusual manner, and she was alarmed at her own agitation. When he entered, she looked confused. She blushed: she trembled; and her meditated show of indifference, vanished in a moment. He saw her perplexity, and fealing himself beside her, took one of her hands, and asked with anxious tenderness, the occasion of her discomposure.

"Nothing," said she in a faultering accent; "nothing of consequence." "You cannot," returned he, "be thus affected without some cause. What have I done that I may not be trusted with your grievances?"

"You know," said Miss Montague, with the first evasion she had ever practised, "that I am sometimes a little sensible of the " unkind
"unkind treatment I meet with from my relations. But," continued he, wishing to turn the subject, "you are, I understand, soon going to college." Then immediately recollecting the inference for which the observation gave room—"Not that that—not that I—"

She could not say more, for venturing to look up, she saw Seymour's eyes fixed upon her face with expressive transport, while he seemed to wait in anxious expectation of farther confirmation of the now presaged cause of her concern. But finding she could not proceed, and too generous to encrease his own happiness by paining a delicacy which he knew to be real, he replied, "I have long contemplated, with regret, the necessity of my absence from Beverly; with more regret than I can express: for what shall I do" [tenderly pressing one of her hands in his] "when I cannot see my Harriet every day!"

The strongest fit of a tertian ague could not more forcibly have affected the frame of
of the lovely girl, than did this sentence. She trembled excessively, and her cheek was suffused with the brightest crimson. For a few moments she could not speak, during which time Mr. Seymour, likewise, seemed almost incapable of articulation. At length, however, she recollected herself, and said with an averted eye:—“You surely mean, when you cannot every day see Miss Percival.”

“Miss Percival!” echoed he, with real surprise. “What comparison can Miss Percival bear in my idea with Miss Montague!”

“Do not flatter,” said she, half angry. “Do not dissemble. You need not surely disguise your sentiments to one whom you have so often called your sister.”

“My sister!” replied the ardent youth. “My more than sister—more than friend. No existing creature is so dear to me as my Harriet.”

This was the first time anything expressive of more than fraternal affection had passed
passed between our amiable couple, and it was not entirely unpremeditated. Henry fought, indeed, to find his Harriet, that he might inquire the cause of grief which he perceived in her countenance, but he had not, at that time any farther intention. He had long been conscious of her being vested with a power over his happiness, and wished to make her sensible of the ardency of his sentiments, and to find that her gentle heart beat in unison with his own; yet he feared to change his style of addressing her, lest he should deprive himself of the felicity he had always found in her unrestrained conversation whenever, by accident, he could engage her alone. The effort Miss Montague made to turn his idea from a subject which (because it was uppermost with her) she apprehended was a leading idea with him, by mentioning his going to college, was the incident that involuntarily led Mr. Seymour to speak in the language of his heart. And in the language of his heart he did speak; for nothing
nothing but the words of truth fell from his lips.

The subject was now advanced—the path was opened; and so exquisitely sweet was the entrance, that the young travellers had no power to resist the incitement which drew them on to proceed.

Reader! Art thou of a phlegmatic habit! Canst thou not of thyself conceive the soft, the bewitching happiness of the scene before thee?—where two pure hearts—unhackneyed in deceit—unskilled in the arts of delusion, are unfolding to each other the gentlest, yet most ardent passion that ever warmed the human breast! If thou art insensible to this kind gift of nature, what can we say to animate the dreary wilderness of which thy frozen mind is an epitome! ! ! We commiserate thy wretchedness, and will do what we can to warm thee into life—to thaw that ice-lump called a heart which occupies thy bosom. We will lead thee into the midst of an Arcadian grove, where, if thou wilt open the eye of imagination,
imagination, thou mayest see one of the most beautiful maids in the Creation, seated under a spreading oak, delicately, yet candidly, acknowledging what it was not in her power to deny—that Beverly, when Seymour was gone, would no longer confine her ideas. Thou mayest see one of the finest figures; one of the handsomest of British youths, rapturously bending over the face of his Harriet, whom he ventured to support with an encircling arm, listening with the supremest of earthly delights, to the hesitating accents which, though they did not expressly confirm, led him to hope that her heart was all his own.

Avert not thine eye from our picture, O Genius of Purity! There is not even in our imagination, one trait uncongenial with thy essence. The fabled Diana herself might have gazed with approbation—with pleasure, upon our lovely couple: nay even Angels would witness such a scene with smiles of applause.

The sentiment O reader! which actuated our
our favorites, was not that passion, mis-called love, which often leads our giddy youth to Gretna Green. Not the affection which binds together, in wretched existence, two people of high birth, or great riches, because they are so born or so endowed. Not the predilection which influences the wishes of mists to be "my lady," or the mistress of a fine house and equipage. The attachment of our Henry and his Harriet was founded in purity; in virtue; on an habitual conviction of the goodness and amiableness of each other's disposition; on the conscious congeniality of their souls. This was the principle—this the ground upon which the fervency of their youthful minds raised that superstructure which truly deserved the name of genuine affection. They loved before they knew it; and without knowing why; so insensibly did their union of hearts increase with their years. Surely they were now amongst the happiest of their kind! They were to each other, all the Universe; and could they thenceforth
thenceforth have lived in continual retirement; would probably never have wished for a state of more felicity. Hence the argument for the utility—the salutariness of worldly disappointments and perplexities. Our frames are mortal and must decay; therefore the Great, the Benevolent Author of our being casts shadows over our present prospects, that we may lift our eyes above the clouds that frequently surround us, in search of those radiant blessings which the taste we here have of felicity, leads us earnestly to desire. Troubles are sent from the tenderest mercy, and if rightly received and made use of, will secure to us the highest happiness our imaginations can portray.

Ye cautious mothers!—anxious for your daughter's safety—shut not these our pages from their eye lest our picture should lead their minds from prudence and reserve: rather encourage them to cultivate the sentiment, built upon the principle, which conquered the young heart of Miss Montague.
gue. This purity of affection for a deserving object will secure them against the contagion of vice and folly—against fashion and coquetry—against a sordid joyless matrimony, and miserable old-age: and against the very error into which you may be apprehensive that our tale should draw them—a passionate inclination for a designing libertine.

That no existing creature was so dear to him as his Harriet—was Henry's last assertion.

Miss Montague blushed, but she looked grave, and involuntarily made a motion with her head which seemed to imply a doubt. He understood her apprehension, and with surprise and anxiety asked whence it could arise. Her reply led to other questions, which, in the end, unravelled the cause of her morning's concern. Mr. Seymour was charmed by the effect of the groundless suggestion: he now openly avowed the ardour of his sentiments, while she listened with silent pleasure; her eyes however,
however, and her blushes performing the office of her tongue, and evincing that her heart understood his language.

Near two hours were passed in this indescribable happiness, when Miss Montague heard a distinct sound of carriages.

"The family is returning," said she.

"Mr. Seymour you must now leave me."

"With more reluctance," replied the youth, "than I ever left you before, however unwilling I always was to quit your company. The endearing moments I have this evening passed, will ever be a remembered period in my life; and I hope the time will come when my Harriet will dare to acknowledge that it is not entirely forgotten by her."

A sweet confusion played upon her face, while he taking her hand, which he pressed with fervor to his lips, said—"Forgive me my beloved Miss Montague that I cannot, as I wish to do, restrain my raptures. My heart is filled with happiness and it will overflow. I only leave you because you
"you desire that I should. I shall see you soon at supper."

"O no!" said she, "I cannot go into the supper room this evening."

"Why not?" asked he with concern.

"I do not know," replied the lovely maid; "but indeed I cannot go into company to night."

"Do then as you please," said he. "I shall wish to see you; but your happiness has long constituted mine."

The nearer approach of the carriages hastened their separation, and after again pressing the lovely hand of his Harriet to his lips, Mr. Seymour quitted the grove, leaving her absorbed in reflecting on the past hour, which appeared the most important in her life. Every incident was impressed upon her remembrance, yet she seemed as if gleaning the air that she might collect and treasure up every syllable in which he had expressed his sentiments. Indeed, both the lovers when divided recognized every moment of the interview, and in
in idea lived over again the exquisitely happy period, till the supper-bell summoned Mr. Seymour to join the family, and Miss Montague sending an excuse for not appearing, retired to rest; a circumstance at which we suppose some of our readers may be rejoiced, as with it we intend to finish this chapter.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME,