A SUMMER AT BRIGHTON.

A Modern Novel,

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOLUME I.

London:
Printed by D. N. SHURY, Berwick Street, Soho,
FOR J. F. HUGHES, WIGMORE STREET,
CAVENDISH SQUARE.

1807.
BRADY'S
NATIONAL LAW JOURNAL

NO. 2

New York, March 10, 1836.

Published by.

BRADY & CO.
SUMMER AT BRIGHTON.

CHAP. I.

A STORM AND A GUEST.

"WHY, Remnant! Serjeant Remnant! Mercy on me! the man is fast asleep, and all this knocking don't wake him! Ah preserve us, Heaven! there's a peal of thunder loud enough to wake the dead! Oh! what has it roused you at last? Open the outer gate;
gate; some one has knocked there for a long time, and it thunders, lightens, and pours a torrent; God help 'em! who ever they be.”

“Softly, dame Judith, softly, I was just taking a nap in my wicker chair, but I'll open the gate in a minute. Who knocks at the Priory?”

“Selby of Woodbine Cottage.”

“Mr. Selby! bless your heart!” said old Remnant, as he unbarred the gate of Beacon Priory, adding, “Come in, come in, good Sir; Judith, go and tell the ladies, while I take care of the horse; sit down by the fire, Sir;
Sir; my young ladies are just gone into the supper room . . . . ”

Judith returned with a kind invitation from the ladies, with which Mr. Selby readily complied. He was received with true old English hospitality, and sat down to partake their repast, certain of a sincere welcome from the amiable inmates of the Priory.

“ If your clothes are wet, Mr. Selby, you can be immediately supplied with suitable apparel.”

“ I thank you, kind Miss Woodland; but the friendly avenue of evergreens preserved me from the impetuosity
of the rain. The misty darkness of the evening, before the storm commenced, so perfectly bewildered me, that I should have been now unsheltered on the Downs, if the welcome light from the illuminated turret had not guided me to this happy asylum. Surely your ancestor Sir Bertram Woodland, of pious and hospitable memory, must have entailed blessings on his descendants with his estates and honours."

"To my father, Sir Osborne, the estates descended improved, the honors unsullied; his tenants looked up to him as to a father; his gates were ever opened to receive with cordiality the weary traveller and distressed mariner;
riner; he added reverberators to the lamps in the turret, that they might throw their friendly beams to a far greater distance to point out the convenient bay and safe landing place, and the various avenues which lead from the woods and the Downs to the hospitable gates of Beacon Priory. May the Beacon never invite to walls impenetrable to the unfortunate! but alas! I fear......"

Mrs. Howard paused, a sigh heaved her bosom, tears started from her expressive eyes, and her voice faltered as she said:

"I fear those blessings, which have
adorned this house from its first establishment, Religion and Hospitality, expired with my father!"

"I sincerely hope that they survive with your brother, who soon, wearied with dissipation, will fly for happiness to his paternal home, and grace it in the noble manner which his forefathers have done."

"I wish you may be a true prophet; but I assure you that my brother's very thoughtless, not to say unkind conduct to us, added to the absence of my amiable Howard, whose life is exposed to continual danger, oppresses my spirits so much, that poor Sybella finds me at times.
times a very dull companion; and too frequently she has the vexation to see her unhappy sister grow the more melancholy, the more she exerts her charming vivacity to enliven me."

"And certainly it is very vexatious to see you shut your eyes to all the bright prospects which I place before them. Why constantly anticipate evils that may never come to pass? Now I see Colonel Howard returning safe and victorious, adored by the people and honoured by the King, and never encourage gloomy ideas: and why will you, my beloved Amelia, reflect with such painful anxiety on our being left dependant on the caprice of my brother, while
while I disdain to consider myself a 
*dependant* on him? have not the daugh-
ters of Sir Osborne Woodland an indub-
bitable right to inhabit the paternal 
home in which they were born, and to 
claim a maintenance from the luxuriant 
produce of their native fields? Yes, my 
sister, we have a *natural right* to all that 
we at present enjoy in the good old 
Priory; a home which we revere, and 
the newly-created Lord Orient despises 
too much to take from us.”

Mrs. Howard shook her head doubt-
fully, and Mr. Selby was going to ap-
plaud Miss Woodland for her spirit, 
when Judith opened the room door 
and called Mr. Selby, apparently in a 
voice
voice of terror, and, in an almost incoherent manner informed them that a wood-house had caught fire from the lightning. Mr. Selby flew to the spot, and beheld the thatch blazing partially and rather faintly as the rain still continued to fall heavily; the smoke however which issued from the interior of the building was alarming, as stacks of hay and straw, a barn, a cow-house, and stables, were situated very near it; and as the wind was high and blew toward the Priory, no part of the extensive premises could be considered as out of danger until the flames were totally extinguished.

Sybella immediately rung the alarum bell.
bell, which she knew would not only awaken their own domestics, but also bring the villagers to their assistance. Mrs. Howard, by the calmness of her own deportment, greatly tranquillized the terrified servants, and rendered them useful assistants to Mr. Selby, who with uncommon presence of mind and active example happily succeeded in stopping the progress of the flames before they arrived at a destructive height, as even but a small quantity of the wood was consumed.

When all appeared safe around them, the ladies entreated Mr. Selby to drink something hot, and go into a warmed bed; but he, fearing that a spark
spark might have been conveyed to some other part of the buildings, thought it more adviseable to be upon the watch, than to give way to self indulgence; he would therefore consent only to take a glass of brandy and change his dress; the ladies, also resolving to sit up, ordered tea and coffee, and during that refreshment, Mrs. Howard requested Miss Woodland to make Mr. Selby acquainted with their story, as an apology for their doubts concerning the heir of Sir Osborne Woodland, lest he should deem them unsisterly; Sybella readily complied with her sister's request, pleased to have an opportunity of interesting Mr. Selby.
CHAP. II.

A CONCISE HISTORY.

"The elements conspire to strengthen our friendship. When my horse, alarmed at a hard storm, ran away with me, you, Mr. Selby, intercepted his flight and preserved me from destruction. You entertained us in your rural abode during the storm, and when it passed away conducted us to the Priory: thus commenced our friendship; many hours of interesting, and to us, improving conversation have increased
increased it, and this night the elements have again conspired to give you new claims upon our gratitude, which we can evince only by confiding in you as we would in an affectionate brother. My father very early in life married the only child of the Lord Viscount Orient, a title conferred on him by his sovereign for some signal services performed in the East-Indies; consequently my father received a considerable fortune with the heiress of Lord Orient.

"The excessive gaiety and carelessness of Lady Woodland gave my father great uneasiness; but she did not exist long to try his patience, as she
she lived only two months after the birth of her first child, my brother, who inherits more of his mother's disposition, unfortunately, than he does of my father's.

"Sir Osborne, two years after the death of his first lady, chose Amelia Moreland, the beautiful and accomplished daughter of a clergyman, for his second wife, who was rich only in personal and mental adornments; with her he was happy. She brought him Amelia and myself, and happily lived to form our minds after her own principles. Young Osborne resided chiefly with his maternal grandfather, who was greatly displeased at Sir Osborne's
Osborne's second marriage; and it is supposed greatly contributed to inspire my brother with contempt for my amiable mother and her poor girls, notwithstanding all that my father did to establish a sincer affection between us. Osborne was seldom at home; he received what education he had under the eyes of Lord Orient, and that Nobleman chose his travelling tutor, and sent him to see the world at an age when other boys are employed in academic studies.

"Although my father by no means approved of Lord Orient's indulgence to Osborne, yet he chose not to interfere, lest the old Viscount should
be offended; therefore, my unfortunate brother was suffered to glean the follies, not to say vices, of various countries, and import them to his own, where he exhibited the most ridiculous fashions in his dress and the most disagreeable affectation in his manners. When he forgets himself and for a moment ceases to be affected, his features are very fine, his form elegant, and his gait firm and noble; but to disguise all those natural beauties appears to be his sole study; for example, once we took him for his groom, another time we thought he had been overturned in a pond and had borrowed an ill-made jacket of a hack postillion. One day as my father was returning with us from a visit of a few
a few days, we overtook a party of excise officers, who were dragging along a man in a large wrapping coat, slouched hat, and a coloured silk-handkerchief. My father stopped the carriage and asked what the man had done. 'Please your honour,' said one of the officers, 'we caught this smuggler as he was making his escape from the coast in your worship's boat, which we have taken care of, while we brought him before your worship's honour to be examined.' The smuggler said in a droll voice, 'Yes, pray examine the stealer of your boat, and you'll perceive that I am an old offender against your worship's honour.' The fellow threw back his hat, and to our infinite surprise discovered...
discovered the handsome face of my brother. Osborne laughed heartily at the good joke, as he called it, and handsomely rewarded the men for their vigilance; but when my father asked him why he was so disguised, he replied, "I whirled down in my tandem, and this is all the go." He then wanted to drive us home, and was much displeased because my father feared to trust him. Lord Orient lived in the gay world, and admired Osborne for being what he called a spirited, dashing fellow. My father lived in retirement, unaquainted with modern fashions, and was shocked at what he called the follies of his son.
"Lord Orient died, and my brother, in right of his mother, inherited the title and an immense fortune, and of course grew more conspicuously ridiculous. Colonel Howard, whose regiment was quartered near the Priory, became a great favourite of my father's, and the mutual attachment which soon took place between that truly amiable man and my sister, gave sincere pleasure to Sir Osborne, who precipitated their marriage that he might not die, to use his own expression, before he enjoyed the blessing of having a rational being for his son, who would regard him with filial affection, and to whose care he could confide his daughters.

"Alas!"
"Alas! my dear father did not long enjoy the society of that amiable son! he expired suddenly; and almost immediately after his death, the Colonel was obliged to quit England with his regiment. What we suffered, particularly my poor Amelia, by this double loss, you can easily conceive.

"Mr. Rightly, my father's faithful old steward, was very much surprised at not being able to find a will, although he knew my father had made one soon after the death of my mother; yet after various researches, no will could be found: thus were we left solely to the generosity of my thoughtless brother, who being on a tour when
my father died, did not arrive at the Priory until after the departure of our beloved Howard. The gay Lord Orient met us with more sensibility than we expected, and told us that we were welcome to reside in Beacon Priory during the absence of Colonel Howard, if we could bury ourselves in such a gloomy place, and presented us with five hundred pounds each as a fraternal gift. During the few days he remained in Sussex, he behaved to us with more kindness than usual, and had several long and sedate conferences with Rightly concerning the condition of the estate, with which he seemed perfectly satisfied. When he took his leave, he promised to return soon and fix a permanent
manent settlement on his dear sisters, as he then called us; but he married an heiress, who had been like himself spoiled by indulgence, and has past the winter in scenes of the most extravagant dissipation, without bestowing a thought on his sisters at Beacon Priory, who are indebted to the public prints for even their information of his marriage; therefore, we were spared the pain of festive rejoicing and a premature change of mourning weeds for the gaiety of bridal adornments; and not only the daughters, but the tenants and domestics of the revered Sir Osborne Woodland, have felt a sacred pleasure in not being compelled to abbreviate the solemn tokens of respect
pect to his memory, in order to celebrate the nuptials of Lord Orient. May his forgetfulness of Beacon Priory long continue! for I assure you, Mr. Selby, we dread to have our tranquillity interrupted by the gay votaries of fashion."

Miss Woodland ceased, and Mr. Selby thanked her sincerely for the interesting confidence she had placed in him. During the recital, tears gushed frequently from the soft blue eyes of Mrs. Howard, who felt her want of fortune far more than Sybella; she had married Colonel Howard with great expectations from the affection and wealth of Sir Osborne; he had promised to give them ten thousand pounds on the
the day Mrs. Howard came of age, and to bequeath them another ten thousand at his death. Sir Osborne unfortunately died, when his daughter Amelia wanted only ten days of one-and-twenty, and no memorandum could be found to prove his paternal intention. Colonel Howard was the only brother of the Earl of Belgrove, and of course was not rich: and his Amelia too well knew that he must find a wife without a fortune a great incumbrance, notwithstanding all the tender soothing expressions which flowed from his fond heart to convince her to the contrary. She doubted not the sincerity of his love; but she grieved that, as a married man, his rank in life required a do-
a domestic establishment, which his small fortune, with the addition of his pay, would scarcely be sufficient to support; therefore she found it impossible not to regret the deprivation of the fortune she had been taught to expect, a fortune suitable to the noble birth of her beloved Henry.

Mr. Selby consoled the amiable sisters by his firm belief that a will would be found in some concealed drawer, or under some false bottom, if the desks and cabinets were strictly examined. Miss Woodland said she feared her brother had taken the keys with him, but she would ask Mr. Rightly, who would willingly assist their search, if
it were in his power, as he was greatly interested for them, and she would mention it to him that morning; and most ardently did she pray that their search might be successful.

The sun arose in splendor after the storm, and Mr. Selby said he would ride home and go to bed for an hour or two; he advised the ladies also to take some rest, which, as they had no fear of the flames re-kindling, they promised to do, and gave him an earnest invitation to dine with them the next day.
CHAP. III.

UNWELCOME INTELLIGENCE.

The domestic establishment at Beacon Priory continued just as it had been during the life of Sir Osborne. Lord Orient retained all the servants, consisting of six men and an equal number of females. The house-keeper, the butler, a gardener, and a coachman had lived with the good Baronet previous to his first marriage, and were greatly attached to the Priory and their young ladies, in whose
whose service they hoped to end their days.

Mr. Rightly had a pretty house upon the estate, built for him by Sir Osborne. The head gardener had also a neat vine-covered cottage near the garden, and his assistants had rural abodes, which, adorned by mantling verdure, improved the prospect: never did the possessor of a large estate consider the comfort of the numerous and industrious labourers, who cultivated the land and tended the flocks and herds, more than Sir Osborne Woodland; he established them in small but convenient cottages with a little garden to each; he visited these humble dwellings, and encouraged
couraged neatness and industry; he brought up his daughters to do the same; and when his son was with him, he endeavoured to make him sensible, that justice and gratitude called upon the rich to bestow every comfort of life on all who toiled to preserve and augment the value of their estates. But the mind of his son was an ungrateful soil, in which the seeds that he strove to plant would never take root. The minds of his daughters had been prepared, by an excellent and well-educated mother, from their earliest infancy, to receive the instructions of their father. Lady Woodland lived to see her daughters in every respect as amiable and as accomplished as herself: when she died, Amelia
Amelia was in her eighteenth, and Sybella had nearly completed her sixteenth year. Miss Woodland in her narrative to Mr. Selby carefully avoided mentioning the death of her mother, and very slightly touched upon Sir Osborne's, lest her sister should dwell too long on those afflicting events, and increase the oppression on her spirits. Lady Woodland was gradually stolen, as it were almost imperceptibly, from her family by a treacherous decline; Sir Osborne was snatched instantaneously away by an apoplexy; and the tender sensible Howard could alone have succeeded in tranquillizing the terror-struck Amelia and Sybella; and before honor called him from them, he had the happiness
happiness of seeing their spirits in some degree restored. At his departure, Mrs. Howard's grief took a new turn, and Sybella was forced to exert her spirits to cheer her sister.

Their introduction to Mr. Selby at such a forlorn and melancholy period seemed peculiarly fortunate, as his conversation beguiled them of many dull hours, and his advice, added to that of Mr. Rightly, had been in several cases very serviceable to them; his visits were therefore always anticipated with pleasure, as affording them both comfort and amusement in their retired situation. By his proficiency in music, they would
would have thought he had devoted all his time to that science, if he had not seemed equally perfect in the fine art of painting: he was not only an excellent classical scholar, but had made himself master of the French, Italian, and German languages. After receiving a finished education in England, he had travelled, not to contaminate his mind with the frivolities and vices of foreign countries, but to enrich it with every thing which good sense told him would adorn a man and a Briton; and he returned an honor to his own country, and also to those in which he had resided, by wisely importing only their treasures. His person and manners were
were graceful, and his face was a true specimen of manly beauty, "soul illuminated."

Such was the owner of Woodbine Cottage, and who was momentarily expected to arrive at Beacon Priory to share the meal to which he had been invited. Sybella, turning over the leaves of a music book, said—

"What an advantage we find, Amelia, in singing with Mr. Selby! his voice in so fine, and his taste so excellent! we have a general instructor as well as an agreeable friend in him."

"We have certainly; yet I own, Sybella,
bella, that I sometimes wish we had never seen him."

"What, Sister! did he not save my life?"

"But if he should render that life unhappy, my dear Sybella?"

"Why that apprehension while he is endeavouring to make us happy? is it not ungrateful?"

"We shall see. You cannot be insensible of the impenetrable veil of mystery which at present envelopes him; with talents by which he might acquire a fortune in any country, he buries himself
himself in a cottage, and apparently lives upon a small pittance with only one male and one female servant, two rustics whom he picked up in Sussex when he purchased the cottage. Is this mode of living consistent with the education which has been bestowed on Selby, and the truly elegant accomplishments and manners which adorn him?"

"I believe examples might be quoted of young men of small fortunes, who have had opportunities of improving their natural abilities."

"Yes, with the determination of making a shining figure in the world, not to hide themselves in a cottage: but
but here comes the subject of our argument; I hear a knock at the gate, perhaps he may give us his history; I led to that by the communication of ours: surely we deserve a mutual confidence.'"

The servant entered, not to announce Mr. Selby, but to present Mrs. Howard with a letter. Sybella exclaimed—

"Some accident has happened to Mr. Selby, or he is ill!"

"Neither, I hope; this letter is from Lord Orient; it is written to us both, though addressed to me—here read it, Sybella."
Miss Woodland read as follows:

"Dear Sisters,

I have at length prevailed on Lady Orient to visit the old Priory, as Orient Hall is undergoing considerable alterations, for it was not large enough for our present establishment. Do all in your power to make your dreary habitation look gay, lest Orinda should fly from it with disgust: it is a most cursed dull place to be sure, and I fear will appear so to my wife and the persons of haut ton, which we shall take with us to enliven the dismal walls. Yet I have persuaded Orinda that we may be rather more commodiously situated within them than in a lodging-house at Brighton."
ton. Sybby, deck yourself handsomely to captivate some dashing fellows, who will accompany us; set yourself off to the best advantage; for you will have a powerful rival in Emily, as most fashionable men prefer paying their devoirs to the married ladies, unless the single have good fortunes, which is not thy case, Sybby; I wish it were; for, as Lady Orient says, a portionless sister is a plaguy dead weight on a noble family. Yet as you are young and pretty, you may easily make a noise in the fashionable circles, and by marrying some rich old dotard be off my hands in a twinkling; so play your cards skilfully, sister Syb, and win a Duke. We shall be with you immediately after the birthday,
day; so I have given ample time for the preparations I require. Adieu, my pretty sisters, until I bring you a welcome crowd of admirers. Have you not a kind, considerate brother? Orinda says I am too partial, and that you must be mere rustics; prove the contrary, and oblige

Orient."

"May 5th."

Sybella’s spirits were so totally overcome by this unfeeling letter that she would have fainted, if a flood of tears had not afforded her relief. Mrs. Howard, equally affected, threw the letter on the ground, and taking her sister’s hand,
hand, attempted to speak, but the words faltered on her tongue.

In this their mute distress Mr. Selby entered, and immediately conjectured by their grief, that they had received some fatal intelligence from Colonel Howard: Amelia guessing his apprehension by his expressive looks, pointed to the letter, which he took up and read with attention, then said, taking a hand of each,

"Let not the light expressions of one, unworthy two such sisters, wound your minds; yet be assured that when Lord Orient worded his letter, he had not the least idea of hurting your feelings,
ings, but wished to excite you, Miss Woodland, to appear in the fashionable world, that you may obtain some exalted personage; he cares not whether old or young, worthy or unworthy, so that a coronet may adorn your brows; too many brothers, too many parents are guilty of the same indelicacy; it is the language of the houses he frequents, where daughters are to be disposed of, and it is no wonder if he imbibes the same worldly sentiments and expresses them in the same terms; recollect that your brother has been brought up with principles and ideas diametrically opposite to yours; he has constantly lived among those who, with a very few exceptions, consider nothing but titles and riches in
in their matrimonial connections; and when you re-peruse his letter, it will not shock you as it did at first."

"You are very kind to make these, no doubt, judicious excuses for its indecency, but it was not that alone which affected me; our tranquillity will be disturbed, our agreeable hours interrupted, and all our happiness destroyed."

"Sybella! If you with your excellent spirits thus anticipate misery, what must your poor Amelia do?"

"Oh! you are married! married to the man of your heart, and will be at peace while I shall be worried, tormented
mented by Lord Orient and his dashing fellows; and, perhaps, he may bring his frightful old Dukes to the Priory.”

It was impossible for Mrs. Howard and Mr. Selby to forbear laughing at Sybella and her old Dukes.

“And pray, my dear sister, how many rival old Dukes do you expect to see kneeling at your feet?”

“You are as unfeeling as my brother, Amelia; you laugh at my distress, when my mirth can scarcely ever extort even a faint smile: and Mr. Selby too, he must join in the laugh against me, but I will punish you, Sir, for that rudeness.”

“How?”
"How?"

"I will tell you after dinner; the last bell is ringing."
When the servants had retired, Mr. Selby reminded Miss Woodland of her threat, and conjured her to inform him what dreadful punishment she meant to inflict on him for laughing.

She replied, "Sir Bertram, my ancestor, who founded this my paternal home, from whence I have never strayed, was a renowned Knight in the glorious
rious days of chivalry, when distressed damsels had a right to claim the protection of Knights Errant; you have been a wanderer through various countries, in search of adventurers, perhaps; therefore, have a right to the term of Errant, and I will choose you for my Knight, that is, if no other fair damsel has a prior claim to you; dare you wear my colours, and come forth my champion when any danger threatens me?""

"And is this the punishment with which you menaced me? this is an honour of which I have great reason to be vain; and no lady has a better right to claim my prowess than the matchless sisters
sisters of Beacon Priory, whom I vow to defend, whenever they are in danger, from wild beasts, dashing fellows, or old Dukes.

"And in the absence of my own true Knight I gratefully accept you for my champion, provided you fight under my sister's banner only, as mine is already bestowed," replied Amelia in the same strain of raillery.

Sybella, rather more seriously, exclaimed, "Oh, I detest fighting; all I require of my Knight, is, that he will case himself in the complete armour of my great great grand-father, stalk about at midnight, shaking his sword in a terrific
a terrific manner, and frighten the guests from the Priory."

"It is a scare-crow you would make of me, Miss Woodland, not a Knight! does my fault deserve such a degradation? would you serve your Knight so, Mrs. Howard?"

"I believe I might be tempted, were he here at that disagreeable period, if I thought the scheme would be effectual, and force Orient and his fashionables to leave us in quiet possession of the haunted Priory."

"Both you and Miss Woodland seem to have a far greater dread of Lord Orient
Orient and his guests than they would have at seeing the spectre; superstition is not the error of the present day, although a few ignorant rustics may still feel its influence. But seriously, my dear ladies, I think this proposed visit will make an agreeable variety, which cannot fail of affording you amusement, even in the preparations for it. You will have new scenes and new characters presented to your view; you will discriminate with judgment; your ideas will be enlarged, your minds improved, not corrupted by the follies which you observe; and your conversation with each other will be embellished with a thousand new and instructive remarks; for
your good sense, strengthened by the excellent education you have received, will enable you to extract wisdom out of folly, good out of evil."

"I am sure your good opinion ought to inspire us with ardent endeavours, at least, to act up to it. If my dear Howard, or you, Mr. Selby, could be here to check the encouragement, which I fear the freedom of my brother's expressions will give his friends, we should feel assured and happy."

"Have no apprehensions; a modest and uniform deportment will easily repulse impertinence; but let me entreat you not to evince any dislike to the party, either in the whole or individually;
ally; join in their festivities with spirit, behave with the polite suavity of manners that distinguishes high birth, and do not by gravity give any of them; cause to suppose that you dislike them, for then they will combine to quiz the rustics, and that will expose you to more insolence than can you bear, perhaps, with patience."

"Your advice is dangerous, Mr. Selby; for if we cheerfully enter into fashionable frivolities, may we not find it difficult to regain the paths of good sense and rationality, if we become intoxicated with flattery and pleasure?"

"Which would certainly be the case,
Miss Woodland, were you ignorant, uneducated rustics, or girls of fashion, left to the care of hirelings, who knew not how to cultivate your minds, their own uncultivated; then indeed you would dash down the stream of pleasure with thoughtless gaiety, and be at last, what many are, its victims; you may be safely trusted with such advice."

"You will be of our party, I hope?"

"What, the humble cottager? no, no, I shall not be invited. . . ."

"You will, as our friend, the preserver of my life. . . ."

"Kind
"Kind Sybella; will you permit me, ladies, to advise and assist you in the necessary preparations?"

"Oh! with pleasure, you will oblige us infinitely, for we have only the old domestics to consult, and they cannot know any thing of modern adornments. But now we will banish this unpleasant subject, and pursue our favorite rational and elegant amusements, which, thank Heaven, we may enjoy without interruption for one month at least.—Amelia has finished her landscape from nature, with which you will be delighted; and I am perfect in the duet, come and sing it with me."
Mr. Selby obeyed the summons; and as the subject was love, their souls seemed to accord, as well as their voices, in perfect harmony; and Amelia mentally wished, as she listened to them with delight, that Selby would be more explicit, both in regard to himself and his intentions; for hitherto she had observed with uneasiness, that he hastily turned every conversation which might lead to a discovery of his origin, or his love; and she had sisterly, as well as selfish reasons for ardently wishing that Colonel Howard could return to them immediately, as she doubted the propriety of admitting Selby so frequently, and on such a familiar, such a fraternal footing, while they were totally unacquainted
quainted with his family or connections; yet, in their present lonely situation, to throw from them a friend to whom they were under the most serious obligations; a friend, apparently, so perfectly amiable, would, she thought, be ungrateful in the extreme, and she trusted that he would never give her cause to repent the confidence she placed in him. She wondered not at Sybella's attachment to the preserver of her life, yet always reminded her of his mysterious silence, and cautioned her not to fix her affections on a stranger, who never, except in his songs, had declared himself her lover.
Poor Sybella sensibly felt that she was wrong to encourage her love for Selby, when she frequently imagined, that he, unfortunately, was captivated by the beautiful Amelia, whose melancholy, in the partial eyes of Sybella, seemed to render her irresistible; this idea, founded, as she thought, on many unequivocal circumstances, made her consider it to be an absolute duty to turn the affections of Selby from Amelia to herself, and sometimes was flattered with the hopes of having succeeded.

Had Mrs. Howard's suspicions corresponded with Sybella's, she would, without hesitating for a moment, have declined the visits of Mr. Selby; but he never
never gave her the slightest cause for such a supposition; and Sybella knowing her delicacy, and dreading to lose his society, cautiously concealed her own idea from Amelia.

Their evening passed away so very agreeably in music and singing, that it was very late before Mr. Selby departed from the Priory; and as the ladies were going to their chamber, for since the Colonel's absence they had slept together, old Remnant met them, and said:

"Ah! my dear ladies, Mr. Selby staid up all night in the Priory to take care of us all, and to do us all good; and now he is gone away at this late time.
time of night, all alone, when it is so
dark and dreary, that he can't see an
inch before his eyes, just as if there
was not a spare bed in the house; poor
gentleman, I hope he'll come to no
mishap."

"It appeared dark to you, my good
Remnant, as you let him out, because
you could not see beyond the evergreen
avenue, which the brightest sun-beams
can scarcely penetrate; but do you not
know that the beacon will light him to
his own door?"

"Lord bless it! so it will; I quite
forgot that, as I did not see it through
the high spreading yews, firs, and ce-
dars;
dars; and no wonder, considering that I have never gone beyond them after dark, since my good Colonel got me appointed to the honorable post of guard to the Priory.—I am an old soldier, ladies, and you shall always find me faithful to my post, while I can fight to maintain it; and though the wound which I got in the knee will not let me march with a regiment, I could defend the entrance of a fort still with the best of them.”

“Brave man,” said Amelia.

“And a kind hospitable man, I am sure he is by his anxiety for Selby,” said Sybella.
"Do you know, when I received this wound that your brave spouse, madam, was wounded in the sword arm? I will tell you how it happened, for it is to his honor. It was in the battle of——, which though very desperate, turned out at last, as thank God, our battles generally do, glorious for Old England: it was in the very heat of our attack that my noble young Captain beheld a French officer aiming at the life of our valiant General, whom he rushed forward to defend, and received the enemy's sword in his right arm; his sword fell from his brave hand; I saw it fall, recovered it, he took it in his left hand, and gave the French officer a mortal stab, which brought
brought him to the ground; I cried, "huzza!" and he had strength enough left to give me this fatal wound above my knee, as a check to my triumph. It was just; I ought not to have exulted over a vanquished foe; I deserved my fate: we must kill in the defence of our country, but it is inhuman to express joy at the death of a fellow-creature, yet I could not help rejoicing at the moment Captain Howard avenged himself; bless him, he supported me, and with great difficulty we got out of the confusion and danger of the field. He carefully seated me on the ground, and sat down by me, saying, "My poor Remnant, this is the fate of war; and as British soldiers we must bear
bear it with fortitude; the hand that wounded us can wound no more; bind up my arm, and I will send you assistance.” So I bound up his brave arm, and made a sling of his neckcloth, and then he shook hands with me, and said, ‘Never fear, brave Serjeant, we shall do execution still.’ He sent a safe conveyance for me, and I was carried to his own tent; yes, ladies, to my Captain’s own tent! and he told the surgeon that I was his preserver, and I was so happy: and when the surgeon pronounced me incapable of active service, my compassionate Captain told me not to grieve, for that he would take care of me, and make me comfortable, and he was true to his word. Thank God, his arm
arm was soon restored to its former strength, and he brought me home with him; and he was promoted to the rank of a colonel, for preserving his General, and for killing an officer of great fame and consequence in the French army. So then, ladies, we came here, and you know the rest."

"I wish, my brave Remnant, that instead of being here, you were in your full strength and with your Colonel, then he would have a friend to watch over his safety!"

"Lady, Colonel Howard is a brave commander, and is kind to the brave fellows whom he commands; therefore
before he is surrounded with friends, who are impelled by gratitude to preserve him, even at the hazard of their lives."

"I hope they will; I could stay till day light to hear you talk of my Howard, but we keep others up who are not so interested in this discourse as you and I are; so good night, esteemed preserver of my dear Howard; we will talk about him again at a more seasonable hour, and pray for his return."

Notwithstanding the lateness of the hour when the sisters retired to rest, it was long before either could sleep.

Mrs.
Mrs. Howard's thoughts dwelt on the horrors of a field of battle, and Miss Woodland's on Mr. Selby, nor did their dreams afford them other subjects.
A SUPERSTITIOUS REPORT.

In the morning Mrs. Howard informed the domestics of the intended visit of Lord and Lady Orient.

"Well," said dame Judith, "then we shall have bridal doings in the Priory at last! well, well, it is but right that my young Lord should come to Sussex, and shew his bride to his family and his tenants."

"Oh!"
"Oh! the gracious! may be we shall have a dance on the green! I wish Will Trueman was here!" exclaimed a lively girl, who waited on the ladies, and was in love with Colonel Howard's man.

"Aye, aye, but before the dance we must hoist the flag on the turret, and fire a salute with the great guns," said the veteran soldier.

"And the bells will be rung."

"Yes, Judith, 'and the mass shall be sung, and the feast, the feast merrily,' shall it not?"

"Oh! Miss Sybella, do'nt talk of the mass
mass for goodness sake! lest they should take you at your word, and all start up out of their graves under the Priory, and sing mass at midnight, as they used to do in the old chapel; for indeed I have heard...."

"The ghosts of the monks singing in the chapel, have you, dame?"

"No, young lady, no, I don't say that, though I have been told for a certainty, that on the eve of some very particular day, I never could learn what day, they do come out of their graves and sing and pray in the chapel, so do not make light of such serious things, my dear young lady."

"Ah!"
“Ah! dame Judith,” said the Serjeant, “we will let the poor old English monks sing and pray here as long as they please, they will do us no injury, but by Heaven and St. George! we will not suffer the French to land upon the British coast to come here and sing their Te Deums and their masses in Beacon Priory Chapel.”

“Bravely said! St. George and Old England for ever! huzza! Amelia, do you not think that Dame Judith’s legend of the Priory would afford Mr. L—— a fine subject for a romance, or a tale of wonder?”

“A hint or a name perhaps, but not a subject;
a subject; *that* must be the work of his own genius, which would presently create a romance to any given title: suppose you send him this: 'The Spectre monks, or Terrific Orgies;' it may produce three or four volumes, perhaps, for our entertainment next winter."

"A truly terrific title, upon my word; it wants only a romance written up to it, and I feel inclined to try the fertility of my own imagination upon the occasion; what do you think of that, sister?"

"That before you commence your literary career in the gloomy regions of horror, we must prohibit the visits of Mr.
Mr. Selby, that your fertile imagination, my dear Sybella, may not be led astray from the sublime romance of the 'Spectre Monks,' by the mysterious visitor, to anticipate a marvellous pleasant love story, for without such a prohibition, that will certainly be the case."

"Amelia, you are my elder sister, and you are married!; act in regard to Mr. Selby as you think prudent; if you think he is an unworthy, or a dangerous visitor, dismiss him at once—brood without interruption over the dangers to which Colonel Howard is exposed, and leave me to wander in silence and solitude over the dismal Priory."

"Sybella!"
"Sybella! I thought we were conversing playfully, and you take my words seriously. I have given pain to the bosom of my sister, without the least design of doing so."

"This is not the first time that you have hinted at the impropriety of admitting the visits of Mr. Selby, because he is unknown to us; and yet, Amelia, is he not known to be superior to the generality of men in every mental treasure?"

"I confess it, and wonder not that you should love him; yet still I fear that his reserve proceeds from some cause inimical to that love, and dread the consequence"
sequence; I fear, dare I own it, Sybella? I fear he is married, and, like Kotzebue's Stranger, parted from his wife, but not divorced; and in such a case, Sybella...."

"Were his wife the aggressor, Amelia, he would have a double claim to our esteem and attention; but it cannot be; what woman could forsake such a man as Selby?"

"Only one whose mind was too depraved to be sensible of his perfections; and such there are, and some cause there must be for his reserve; yet as gratitude admitted him to the Priory, we cannot with propriety alter our behaviour,
while he chooses to be no more than a kind disinterested friend; were he to declare himself your lover, we should then be authorised to act differently."

"Here he comes! and we are not equipped for riding, although we promised to be ready early; I am glad to see him safe, for Remnant infected me with his apprehensions last night, and made me anticipate a thousand evils, like you, Amelia."

"Then do not blame me again for doing so, now you feel how natural it is for those who love."

They went hastily up to their dressing
sing rooms, and bid the servant tell Mr. Selby they should be ready to attend him in a few minutes, and then desire the groom to get their horses ready.

Selby seated himself at the piano-forte, and sung the airs which Sybella had sung the evening before. She heard him and was flattered by his choosing those airs, without reflecting that they came first to hand, and that he had recommended them to her as extremely beautiful.

After a very delightful ride along the coast, during which Mr. Selby conversed in his usual easy and elegant manner with both the sisters, he left them.
them at Mr. Rightly's, promising to pass the next day with them; and as they wished to consult with the good old steward concerning their brother, they parted with Mr. Selby the more readily than they would otherwise have done. As they found the old gentleman surrounded with account books and papers, they told him if he would dine with them, they would not interrupt him then, as he was busy; he accepted their invitation, and they walked home through an extensive orchard, then in full blossom.

After being informed of Lord Orient's wish concerning the Priory, Mr. Rightly told the ladies that they might indulge their
their taste in the embellishments, as he had plenty of cash in his possession to defray the expense, and he was sure, from the knowledge he had of his Lord's disposition, that they need not be apprehensive of exceeding his wishes; he also promised to go to Chichester on the morrow to procure the necessary artificers, that no time might be lost.

The old gentleman took a survey of the Priory, and was pleased to find that it required no capital alterations or repairs; the principal would be the laying two beautiful rooms into one, which, as the windows were exactly opposite, and both down to the floor, opening into latticed balconies, would have a
good effect, as one commanded a fine view of the sea, and the other an extensive prospect of cultivated land; this was an improvement which the sisters had long wished for, as the rooms were separated by a clumsy oak wainscot.

The next day passed in arranging their designs, in doing which Mr. Selby was of great service to them. The evening being very fine, they preferred a walk to music, and wandered along the shore and in the gardens until it was nearly dark. Miss Woodland told Mr. Selby that they must have no music after supper, as poor Remnant would again be apprehensive of his meeting with some mischance in returning so late to Woodbine
Woodbine Cottage, and related the Serjeant's reproof to them for their inhumanity and ingratitude for suffering him to go home.

"And," she continued, "we must take care not to offend our trusty guard, who, I verily believe has more courage than all the other men in the Priory could muster among them."

"That you have such a guard renders me very happy; as I leave you confident in his protection; for he is not only brave, but has a knowledge of the world, which will not suffer him to be imposed upon."
When they arrived at the Priory, Mr. Selby shook hands with the Serjeant, and thanked him for the kind fears he evinced on his account, and assured him that the Beacon rendered the way perfectly safe at all hours of the night.
THE WICKER BASKET.

THE ladies were standing at the gate, and Remnant was gone a few paces from it to hold the horse for Mr. Selby, who had just wished them good night, when the Serjeant, returning, exclaimed:

"Hey day! who has left a basket here, without the gate; it is full of clean clothes—"

Hark!"
"Hark!" said Sybella, "I hear a faint bleat! and see, it moves! oh! it is a pet lamb! open the basket."

Remnant opened the bundle which was in the basket, and cried out—

"Oh! Heaven! a pet lamb! why it is a fine pet baby! with a letter in its little hand!"

"Sweet baby!" said Mrs. Howard, untying a ribbon which fastened the letter to the child's wrist, this will tell us who you are—ah! 'To the sisters of Lord Orient.' It is oddly addressed. "Ho-
'Honoured ladies, look with tender pity on your own,—Ah—' on your own nephew; I am Lord Orient's son.' Good Heaven!'

"My brother's child!" said Sybella, kissing it tenderly.—"Amelia, read on."

"'Look at me: I have his dimpled chin, his dark blue eyes, with long eye lashes, and his formed mouth exactly—dear aunts, don't throw me from you!—take care of me—and when you can give me to my father.......! tell him that my poor mother, Jessy Truelove, put me into your protection.... blessed him.... and died....!' Oh! my God! 

E 6 ...... I fear
.... I fear. Oh! I fear the poor unhappy creature has....”

A knocking at the gate interrupted her—she started—Remnant called to know who was there; Mr. Selby answered, and he opened the gate—Mr. Selby rushed in with a woman in his arms, apparently dead, he laid her on the ground; and too much exhausted to speak a word, sunk down by her side. Mrs. Howard caught the child from the terrified Sybella, who flew to him, and cried,—

“Oh! he is dead!—he is dead!—Selby; my dear Selby!”

He heard her, he pressed her hand—but
but was unable to speak.—Amelia folded the child close to her bosom, and gazed around her in silent horror: the old soldier, who, by the wet habiliments of Mr. Selby and his burthen, guessed nearly the truth, immediately limped away as fast as he could to the housekeeper's room—told the circumstance, as far as he thought necessary—and asked for some brandy, as the first remedy. Dame Judith said,

"Poor Mr. Selby, dear good gentleman, I hope he'll recover:—Molly, prepare a bed for him in one of the best chambers; and you, Betty, prepare another for the young woman; and you Sally, bring the baby into my room, warm
warm it comfortably by the fire, and I will make it some nice pap, when we have taken care of Mr. Selby and the poor woman;—aye, and of my poor dear ladies too, for I warrant me they are in a shocking fright.”

Away bustled Dame Judith, with Sally, into the hall where Miss Woodland was supporting Mr. Selby's head, while the Serjeant gently endeavoured to make him swallow a little brandy. Mrs. Howard, who had laid the child in the basket, was rubbing the hand and temples of the young woman, who gave some faint signs of life. Mr. Selby soon recovered his speech, but the considerate Judith would not permit him
him to exert himself that night, but let the men immediately assist him to a chamber, where a change of linen, and every necessary for his comfort was prepared: Sybella earnestly seconded the Dame's request, and he retired accordingly.

As Sally was taking the child out of the basket, it cried—the young woman, who was recovering, started, and faintly exclaimed, "Oh! my child, my child!" Amelia whispered, for all doubt was removed; "be calm, my poor Jessy, your child is safe, you shall see him tomorrow."

"To morrow!—Merciful God!—is there
there a morrow for the wretched Jessy?"

"There is; tranquillize your mind, and have no fears for yourself, or your son."

She was conveyed to bed, Dame gave her a composing cordial, and left one of the maids to sit up with her. The attentive creature then went to see if Mr. Selby had been taken proper care of, and strongly recommended him to take a glass of the cordial, assuring him, that it was composed solely of the juice of innocent field flowers, and would make him quite well by morning: of course he could not refuse such a specific.—
She went from him to the ladies, and said—

"Mr. Selby, thank God, is pure comfortable, and desired me to tell you so, ladies, and he took a glass of cordial, and drank it to both your healths; and hoped you would drink his, in the same composing beverage, so you can’t refuse, I am sure;—I have left Molly to sit up with poor Jessy Truelove. Aye, this is generally the case when Lords run away with cottage girls."

"You know of the affair then, Judith? and did you know that she had lain in?" asked Mrs. Howard.

"I did
"I did not know that she was in the family way even, nor what was become of her, for Dame and master Truelove, after the first bustle, have been quite silent about Jessy, and no one chose to ask them any questions concerning her; but I suppose they will make rout enough now: bless the dear babe; I shall take him to myself tonight, that he may not disturb his poor mother: if she dies, poor soul! he has a just right to be nursed at the Priory, has he not, ladies? for he has the very face of his grandfather, Sir Osborne; and no wonder, for your brother, Lord Orient, is the image of your father."

"And that makes me love him, Judith,"
dith, at times, with all his faults; Oh! why is he not like his father as much in mind as he is in person and in face?"

"And who knows, but when he has sowed all his wild oats, he may become a good man, aye, as good as his father. What am I doing, keeping you up, who have need of rest; and neglecting my nurseling? poor dear boy, I dare say he is hungry; I wish we had a wet nurse in the Priory, for may be he will not take to the victuals, poor fellow; and then what shall we do?"

"Carry him to one of the cottagers, several have young babies, so we shall soon provide him with one."

"Aye,
"Aye, Miss Sybella, but she will have one of her own to take care of, and may not do justice to our babe, so I will bring him up by hand, if possible."

"Dear good Judith, how I love you for your kindness to my pretty little nephew, who may live among us till my brother comes, at any rate, if he will eat; so leave the cordial, send Jane and feed your nurseling, whom you shall bring to see us in the morning. My spirits are quite exhausted."

Amelia returned similar thanks to Judith, for her attention in every respect; and the good Dame left them perfectly satisfied with herself and her ladies.
ladies. Before they could comment on the past incidents, Jane entered, and said:

"Oh! ladies, what do you think? seeing Mr. Selby return on foot, Serjeant Remnant did not think of his horse till just now, when he thought that he would look out for it, and if he did not see it, send John, the groom, to seek for it far and near: So he opened the gate, and what should he see but the poor beast standing close, as if he had knocked, and was sure of being let in; so the Serjeant had him unsaddled, and put up comfortably in the stable; and said, poor Zephyrus, for I believe, that
that was the name he called him, knew where to get a good lodging."

"I am rejoiced to hear that Zephyrus is safe, for I know his master values him," said Sybella, and then told Jane to take charge of the wicker basket and put it into their wardrobe.
Mr. Selby found himself, as he expected, perfectly well the next morning, and was impatient for the arrival of one of the men from Woodbine Cottage, who he requested to fetch him a complete change of dress, as those he wore on the preceding day were not fit for him to put on; and a young man formed like Selby, who was guided by taste, and not by the fools in fashion, did
did not choose to appear in a borrowed garb; he therefore arose not till the man arrived with his wardrobe, he then dressed himself and joined the ladies, who were enjoying the salubrious sea breezes before breakfast; they were rejoiced to see him look in perfect health, and requested him to tell them the particulars of his finding Jessy, but previously informed him of the manner in which they found the child, and gave him the letter to read. He was greatly affected by the plain pathetic petition it contained, and said;

"Poor Jessy! she had certainly hid herself behind the trees to watch the fate of her infant, and when she saw him
him taken into the Priory, was hastening to terminate her existence, when luckily I heard a rustling among the shrubs, and turning round, beheld a female figure dart from them and run toward the sea; I turned my horse and strove to intercept her flight, but she eluded me by taking a different path, and before I could overtake her, I heard her plunge into the waves! I threw myself off my horse, and, without disencumbering myself of my coat and waistcoat, sprang in to save her; and after what I thought a long search, found her fixed in the sands, and dragged her out with great difficulty. She had totally lost her senses, yet by a faint pulsation, I knew immediate assist-
ance might restore her: my horse was at some distance, and I, dreading to lose time, caught her up in my arms, but the weight of my own wet clothes, and hers, to which a quantity of sand adhered, made me think that I should never reach the Priory; yet thank Heaven! I did, and deposited my burthen in safety before I was quite exhausted. As I did not lose my senses, I shall ever remember with gratitude the kind attention, which has recompensed me most amply for the fatigue I sustained."

A blush of pleasure glowed on the cheeks of Sybella, which was deepened by confusion at recollecting the tenderness of her expressions when she feared he
he was dead. Amelia observing her distress delicately turned the conversation to parental severity, to which she imputed the intended suicide of Jessy, but said there was no decisive judgement to be formed until they knew the particulars of the unhappy girl's story, which she was anxious to hear.

At their return to the Priory, Judith informed them that poor Jessy had passed the night in wild starts of delirium, but had lain for nearly three hours in a torpid state, which was very alarming, and advised her ladies to send for Dr. Barton. Mrs. Howard ordered one of the men to fetch him immediately, but Mr. Selby said:

"I shall
"I shall be ready as soon as John will, and if I go, my informing Dr. Barton of the particulars may save time."

"You are very considerate; he is a most worthy character, my father valued him highly, therefore reserve to him is needless; shew him this letter by which he will know the state of his patient's mind; indeed, what is known to all the servants will soon be spread abroad. I recollect hearing a report once of a farmer's daughter having eloped with my brother, but both Sybella and I treated it as nothing more than village scandal, and we thought of it no more."
Mr. Selby, ever ready to do good, loitered not over his breakfast, and fortunately found the good Doctor at home. He heard the pathetic recital, and read the letter with those humane feelings for which he was universally beloved; and set out immediately with his young friend, for that was the title he most commonly gave Mr. Selby, whom he had frequently met at the Priory, where they soon arrived, to the great comfort of the ladies, who had been to see Jessy, and were greatly shocked at the melancholy state in which they found her.

Dr. Barton said that he could give no hopes of her recovery, and he feared that even if her health was to be re-

 stored,
stored, her senses would be impaired during her life; he desired to see the child, and taking it in his arms, he said:

"I never saw a finer or a more beautiful baby in my life. Poor injured boy! thou art most probably thy father's first-born son; Nature has adorned thee with the beauty of the Woodland family, but thy inconsiderate father has excluded thee from the hereditary honours of that family."

"I wish he could inherit my father's estates! Orient is sufficiently affluent without them."

"Your
"Your brother, Miss Woodland, if he should have no other heir, may legitimate this, so we know not but the title and fortune of Lord Orient may devolve on this poor foundling, in a course of years; bless him, he looks the picture of health, peace, and plenty."

"Aye, and well he may, Doctor," said Judith, "for he ate a good supper, slept all night, and when I awoke, there he lay with his fine eyes wide open, playing with his little fingers and cooing like a young pigeon, and ate his breakfast with the appetite of a farmer; but though the young man brought his wardrobe in his basket, he expressed a great dislike to being washed and dressed;"
sed; he fought and scolded very lustily
I assure you, Sir."

"You have described a child in perfect health, my good Judith; he will do very well under your care at present. I will try what effect the sight of her child may have upon poor Jessy; perhaps it may give some favourable turn to the state of torpidity in which she now lies."

"But if she should be seized with a fit of wild delirium, and do the dear baby a mischief, Doctor?"

"I can easily guard against that, dame Judith; yet, as Jessy has parents, the
the ladies will not, I am sure, refuse them the consolation of seeing her before she dies, for her death is, I think, inevitable; the agitation of her spirits when she forsook her child; her flight to the sea, and her plunge into it so soon after the birth of that child, who is scarcely three weeks old, caused a revolution in her milk, which has terminated in a brain fever of the most dangerous sort; it is perfectly harmless, except to herself; and her parents cannot come too soon, for although I do not approve of their conduct in regard to Jessy and Lord Orient, which I will explain at another opportunity, yet surely they have a right to see their dying child.”
"Certainly they have, and shall be admitted; but they shall not have the infant which she has committed to our care: have we not a right to keep my brother's child?"

"Leave that to me, Mrs. Howard; I know the people, and advise you to express no wish to have their grandson, on whom they will then set a high value although it is their wish to get rid of him: I will be more explicit another time concerning those people; now humanity impels us to bring them to their daughter; I have no patients who require my immediate attendance, therefore will go directly to the Trueloves, and
and make them acquainted with the melancholy situation of poor Jessy."

Judith grew every minute more and more apprehensive that Jessy could not exist until her parents arrived, as the wildness of her eyes was changed to the fixed and dull insensibility of death, and internal convulsions agitated her frame. Judith watched over her with maternal tenderness, and before her parents or the Doctor arrived, her soul was released.

The ladies were extremely affected by the death of Jessy; they alternately caressed and wept over her innocent child, and fondly assured him, as if he could understand
understand them, that he never should miss a mother's care while they existed. They now dreaded the appearance of farmer Truelove and his wife, as much as they before wished to see them arrive, and were glad as the hours passed, and still they heard not any thing of the unhappy parents.

Late in the evening Doctor Barton came; he was not in the least surprised at hearing that Jessy was dead, as he knew that torpitude announced the near approach of death. To the inquiries concerning her parents, he answered:

"I found the Cottage shut up and the farm yard deserted. I went to the nearest
nearest neighbour, who told me that Farmer Truelove and his dame had set sail for America, above five weeks ago, after having disposed of all his stock to great advantage, and that he said they were going to relations, among whom they intended to settle for life. I then asked the man if he knew where Jessy was; he shook his head and said:

"Ah! poor Jessy! her parents have never done right by her; she was handsome forsooth, and they flattered her vanity, told her she might make her fortune and brought her up, as she was their only daughter, as a fine lady, and they encouraged my young Lord to visit her at the Cottage, and gave it out that
that he would marry her; but one night Jessy ran away to my Lord, and then they made a great fuss about it, and Master Truelove followed her to Brighton, where he staid a day or two, and when he came back, he told all the neighbours that Jessy was privately married to his Lordship, who did not choose, for family reasons, to make his marriage public for some time. Nobody believed the farmer's report, and when my Lord's marriage with a grand lady was made public, he looked rather foolish and was jeered by many. Indeed it is the general opinion that shame drove them from the kingdom. As we had heard nothing about Jessy, we concluded that though our young Lord had not married her,
her, he had provided for her; but, oh! Doctor, as I was coming home latish one night, I believe a fortnight after the farmer set out, I saw a woman sitting at the door of his deserted cottage, and asked her what she sat there for; she replied that she was waiting till farmer Truelove came home; I said you may sit there long enough, for they are gone to America, and never mean to come back again; upon that the woman gave a terrible groan and fell, for she had got up to speak to me, fell her whole length upon the ground, and when I lifted her up, the moon shone full upon her, and I beheld poor Jessy in a state which required care and comfort, not the vexation and disappointment with which I had so suddenly crushed her to the
the earth. I brought her home as carefully as I could, and my wife, who you see, Doctor, had a fellow feeling for one in Jessy's situation, said and did all in her power to comfort the poor broken-hearted girl, and prepared a bed for her in the room with my eldest daughters, who had been her companions till my Lord turned her brains, and then we thought best to keep them away from her, lest they should get nonsense into their heads too; but Doctor, not all the lessons and sermons in the world would have done my girls so much good as Jessy's bitter lamentations that one night, for neither she nor they slept. In the morning she told us that she would go to her god-mother, old dame Jenkins, who
who she was sure would be kind to her; and that was the best place she could go to, for the old woman has been midwife, aye and nurse too, for almost fifty years in our village; so I drove Jessy up to dame's in my chaise cart, and a doleful meeting it was. When dame could speak, she said, 'Fear thee not, my child, I will not upbraid thee; chiding would come too late now; have a good heart, I will do the best I can for thee, so sit thee down and dry thine eyes.' I blessed the good old dame heartily for her kindness, and when I came home, my wife told me Jessy had got a bundle of nice baby linen, she had made out of her own clothes, and that was very thoughtful for a girl not above seventeen.'

"Here
"Here Farmer Giles paused, and his simple narrative had given many proofs of an excellent heart; you have had it, ladies, in his own words, for I could not put it in more expressive language."

"Oh! had my brother's heart been as excellent, Jessy would have been now perhaps, the innocent and cheerful companion of the village maids, and not lying here on the bed of death, blighted by sorrow in her early bloom! And did you go to poor dame Jenkins's, Doctor?"

"I have not done with Farmer Giles yet, Mrs. Howard; Giles continued.

"I went up to dame's some time after,
after, and I found Jessy sitting up with a brave boy in her lap, and it being Sunday she begged earnestly that we would take him to church and have him baptized and properly registered in the parish book, for she wished to perform that duty by him before she died, for, poor thing, she was very low; and when we had got another neighbour to stand godfather with me, Jessy gave me a paper, and conjured me to observe strictly the last request she should ever trouble me with. This paper requested that the child might be christened Osborne Woodland, and registered by those two names, as the son of Osborne Woodland, Lord Viscount Orient, and Jessy Truelove. This request cost me some
but hope her spirits may return with some consideration.

Doctor. At last I thought every one has a right to give their child what Christian name they please, and as for the rest, why truth is truth, and ought to be in a church, if it please, and as I saw every thing is no where else, so I have not seen her since, ed very sad. I have kissed the new Christian, but still look out again. When we came back, she wrote in the book, it cannot be put Lord; so as it was all well and once might have feared to give offence to my perform his duty, or else perhaps he had sent down a strange gentleman to have gone up to London for a while and was gone up to London for a while and done as she had desired; the old curate is no where else, so I have every thing trust, and ought to be in a church, if it please, and as for the rest, why truth is their child what Christian name they thought every one has a right to give

her health;
"I am rejoiced to see you look so pleased, my dear ladies, poor Jessy no doubt feared you would be offended at her presumption, and have discarded her infant if she had signed his name to the letter."

"I am delighted that he bears, by right of the church, the family name, I shall love to call him Osborne."

"And so shall I, Sybella, dear little creature! he seems more our nephew now than he did before, and I am sure the likeness he bears to the family entitles him to the name."

"I then gave honest Giles the particulars
ticulars of what has happened since, imputing Jessy's rash act to insanity: he wept for her distress; he blessed you for your kindness to the little innocent, and prayed earnestly that Lord Orient may prove a father to the dear baby: he then grieved for poor old Jenkins, who he said must be breaking her heart if she missed the mother and child, and knew not what was become of them. I told him I would ride round that way and call on her before I proceeded to the Priory, and promised to see him to-morrow. I found poor Jenkins ill in bed; she raised herself up at my entrance, and you shall again hear the language of simple Nature.

"'Oh!"
"Oh! Doctor, I have lost my two poor children! I know not where they be; I have searched for them up and down as far as my feeble limbs could carry me, and can learn no tidings of them. When with great difficulty I crawled home, to my bed, I laid me down in despair. Oh! Jessy, Jessy! hast thou gone and destroyed thyself and thy infant because our young Lord would not answer your letters?"

"Here is a letter on the chimney piece.

"Ah! Doctor; it is a letter for my Lord."

"No,
"No, dame, it is addressed to you, perhaps, from Jessy?"

"I cannot find my spectacles; read it to me, good Doctor.'

This is the letter.

"My dear kind mother, Heaven alone can reward you for your goodness to me and my little Osborne; you have expended all your small hoard of money to procure necessaries for me—what will you do? alas! I have ruined you! in the table drawer you will find the guinea that good farmer Giles, notwithstanding his numerous family, gave my Osborne the day he was christened; that ill be a present supply for you, my be-

loved
loved mother, and do not be uneasy for your children: before you receive this, my son will be taken care of, and I shall be at rest. May Heaven ever bless you, prays your poor afflicted Jessy.'

"Without giving dame Jenkins time to comment on this letter, I told her Jessy had brought her child to the Priory, where from the fatigue, she was dangerously ill.

"'And will the good ladies take care of the child?"

"'They will, they love him.'"

"'God be praised! and do you attend
my poor god-daughter, worthy Doctor?

"I do, but have little hopes of her recovery."

"Well, God's will be done! she was very wretched; may Heaven take her to a better world!"

"I hired assistance for the infirm Jenkins, and said I would see her often. She begged her love to Jessy, and I left her tranquillized; but she will soon follow her god-daughter. You see, ladies, that I have not lost time."

"You have not indeed; poor Jessy is,
is, I hope, far happier than she could be here; and we have no reason to be sorry that the absence of her parents leaves us the uninterrupted care of the child. Sybella and I will ride over to Giles’s Farm, and converse with the owner of it. I am sure that man must nobly fulfil the ‘charities of father, son, and husband,’ and be an honour to the country.’

The Doctor and Mr. Selby went away together, after the ladies had requested them to pass as much of the next day at the Priory as possible, that they might consult with them concerning the funeral of Jessy. Before they retired to their chamber, they gave Judith the particulars.
lars of the Doctor's discourse: the good dame felt sincere sorrow for Jessy's sufferings, but that she had got a little Osborne Woodland to nurse gave her as sincere delight.
CHAP. VIII.

AN HUMBLE FUNERAL.

Mrs. Howard and Sybella wished to give Jessy a handsome funeral. Mr. Selby was silent; the Doctor, with the freedom of a father, told them it would be wrong.—Sybella said:

"Poor sufferer! it is the last we can do for her."

"And will a fine funeral make her happier? will her soul enjoy more bliss because
because you load her bier with feathers and strew flowers over her grave? believe me, ladies, that such a proceeding would destroy even the impression which her sorrows made on the virtuous daughters of farmer Giles. Error has marked the life of Jessy, and suicide precipitated her into the grave; you know the law in cases of self murder; if we can evade it, we gratify our humanity: insanity is the common excuse for such a deed, nor is it a forced one, for it must be a certain species of insanity, which impels a human being to act entirely against the dictates of religion, and also against the natural impulse of self-preservation. In the present case, were it strictly investigated, I must
I must declare that her death was absolutely caused by the attempt to drown herself."

"But did not a despairing, melancholy madness urge her to that rash attempt?"

"But her letters—were they to be produced, what madness is perceivable in them?"

"Despair is strongly expressed in both: and is not that synonymous, Doctor?"

"Well, my fair pleaders, the rigor of the law shall be evaded;—but no foppery,
foppery, no parade ought to attend the ill-fated Jessy to the grave; solemnly and silently should her funeral pass along, and strike the young beholders with an awe not readily forgotten.—I see by his looks that Mr. Selby thinks as I do; will you leave the burial to our management, ladies?"

"With all my heart, for I find we shall agree perfectly in regard to the solemnity.—I detest the indecent appearance of the common funerals; they look as gay as a village fair; black is prohibited, red is the prevailing colour; even the corpse is denied a bit of decent black to cover it; I can never be reconciled to gay and tawdry adornments around
around the dead, neither in low nor high life; and a grand funeral, like a poor cottager's, is, in my opinion everything but solemn."

"As Jessy died a mother, her coffin should be all black.—It is very remarkable that my brother's victim should die in his house; I wonder what effect it would have on his mind if he were to meet the funeral coming out of the Priory, and be told whose it was?"

"I think it might be a happy thing for the child, Amelia; such a circumstance would certainly make an impression on his heart for a time, and render it susceptible of paternal affection for his motherless infant."
"Lord Orient is of such a strange, perverse disposition, that I should not wonder, Sybella, if he were to blame us exceedingly for taking either the child or the mother into the Priory; I expect that we shall have much to contend with in regard to our little Osborne."

"Anticipating evil, as usual, my dear sister: now I rely partly on a certain odd kind of good nature, for which I have sometimes loved him, and partly on the indolence of his disposition; for his giving the child a kiss, and then leaving it entirely to our care, I require no more of him."

"What,
“What, Sybella! no provision for our little charge in future?”

“In future? oh, sister! you know that if I can find satisfaction in the present, I never search into futurity.”

“If you did, I hope you would find nothing unpleasing in the prospect of your future life.”

“I hope not too, Mr. Selby, yet indeed I dread to look, lest I should behold the frightful chasms of disappointment, and all which constitutes my present happiness sinking into them.”

“Poor little Osborne and all,” said Mrs.
Mrs. Howard, who perceived the tears in Sybella's eyes, and who did not wish Mr. Selby to dwell on her speech. "But now, gentlemen, let the present exigencies to follow my sister's doctrine solely occupy our thoughts. Mr. Sable, at Chichester, will conduct the funeral according to our wishes; Mr. Selby, perhaps, will take a ride and give him the necessary directions."

"I have business of my own that calls me to Chichester, and Mr. Selby will prefer walking round the plantations with you to riding with me; therefore I will visit Mr. Sable and give your directions; so, good morning. I shall, most probably, dine at Chichester, and
and not see you before to-morrow; I leave you with a trusty guardian.”

Music, vocal and instrumental, was not suffered to disturb the silence of the Priory, while the remains of Jessy reposed within its walls. Mr. Selby, however, contrived to dissipate the gloom by promoting reading, walking, drawing, and the most interesting conversation.

On the evening of the next day, the clay-cold form of the once beautiful Jessy was deposited in a coffin, covered with black, with only nails sufficient to confine the cloth, and one plate, containing her name and age. The unusual plainness
plainness of the coffin gave it a solemn appearance, which exactly corresponded with the wishes of Mrs. Howard, and she appointed the morning of the second day after for the interment.

At the intercession of Doctor Barton, the ladies permitted the daughters of Farmer Giles and several other girls, who had also been the companions of Jessy, to behold her in the altered state of death.

On the appointed morning, the corpse, covered with an entirely black paul, was carried on a bier by four men in black. Judith followed in deep mourning, carrying the infant wrapped in
in a mantle of black muslin. Farmer Giles and the other god-father to the child walked on each side of Judith; and four worthy cottagers, who had known the unfortunate Jessy from her infancy, attended also as mourners, all in long cloaks and hat-bands; they were fathers; every one had a daughter or daughters nearly the same age of the pale victim whom they followed; and when among the crowd of villagers, who came forth to meet the sad procession, they perceived their own blooming and innocent girls, each parent mentally exclaimed—

"Oh! may you be warned by the fate of this poor, blighted flower!"

While
While the corpse rested in the church, many a young girl looked toward the seat where Jessy used to sit and excite the envy of their youthful hearts by shining in dress and beauty the unrivalled belle of the village. Her seat was not vacant; no! the black-robed child of her shame was held up conspicuous to their view by Judith; they shuddered, they turned away just as the bearers were lifting up the coffin of Jessy to carry her to the grave; they recollected her lovely form, as they had so many times seen her walking down that very aisle; the contrast was too much for their tender hearts. With tears and sobs they accompanied the corse of Jessy to its last narrow abode.

They
They wept on her coffin as they crowded around it to read the inscription. They waited to see the grave closed; but, before it was quite filled up, they were surprised to see the gardeners of Beacon Priory plant in the loose earth a weeping willow and a cypress, which entirely overshadowed the grave of Jessy.
A SURPRISE.

A Week had passed, during which the ladies, with the assistance of Mr. Selby, had made a great progress in their adornments for the Priory, and had again devoted a part of their evenings to music; when just as Miss Woodland and Selby finished a difficult Italian duet, accompanied by Mrs. Howard on the piano, the door opened suddenly, and Lord Orient entered, exclaiming—

"Bravo!"
"Bravo! bravissimo! encore! upon my soul I never heard that duet so well executed; how astonishingly you are improved, girls!"

"We have an excellent master in this gentleman, brother, and should be dunces if we did not improve," replied Sybella.

Lord Orient immediately addressed a compliment in Italian to Mr. Selby, supposing him to be a professor from that country, and the hired instructor of his sisters. Selby smiling at his mistake, answered in the same language, that the Italian professors were highly obliged to him for his elegant compliment, but that he had the honor of
of being an Englishman. His Lordship said in English—

"The purity with which you speak Italian seems to contradict your words, but I imagine you have passed great part of your life in Italy to render yourself so perfect in your profession."

"I resided in Italy, and in various parts of Europe, and studied merely as an amateur, my Lord; as I possess neither the abilities nor the perseverance which a master requires."

"Pardon me, Sir; Sybella led me into the mistake. Amelia, who have I the honor of addressing?"

"Mr."
“Mr. Selby, of Woodbine Cottage, to whom we are under great obligations, brother: he saved Sybella’s life at the hazard of his own, and the other night preserved the Priory from being consumed by lightning.”

“Upon my soul, Syb and I are infinitely indebted to you, Mr. Selby; I am sorry that my sister and my house should have proved such troublesome neighbours to you.”

“Instead of being sorry, you ought to be glad that your sisters and your house have got such a protector in the absence of you and Howard.”

“I ought
"I ought indeed, Sir, to be extremely glad that my sister Syb, who is eternally running into mischief, has such a protector; but tell me, for I know her tricks of old, was she cantering over the downs on a wild bull, or seated on the Beacon weather-cock, driving a whirligig, or mounting on the great eagle, all which feats I have seen her perform, upon my honor: from one of these dangerous situations have you preserved her?"

"No, brother, from a horse who took fright at a hail storm, and was just at the brink of a steep dell, when Mr. Selby caught him. I was quite a child when I got upon the eagle, and actually had
had taken out my scissars to cut the string which held him, when you, sagacious Osborne, came in and told me that he would forget I was on his back and bruise me against the wires of the aviary the moment he was at liberty to soar, so off I jumped terribly disappointed of a fine ride round the aviary."

"But now for the weather-cock. Mr. Selby, as I was coming home from a walk, I beheld a large white bird perched on the weather-cock, which was veering round and round though the day was calm. Away flew I up to the turret and out on the leads, when instead of a bird, I saw Syb.; her frock flying on the breeze, riding round the compass,
pass, seated behind the broad end of the vane by which she held; and when I asked her why she sat there, she answered coolly 'to survey the world, brother,' although the prospect was just as good from the leads round the turret."

"Where you stood pale and trembling, when I leaped down behind you; brought up by your grand-father in eastern indolence, you would not bestride my aerial steed for the world. The bull was not a voluntary affair. We had walked rather late one evening, and wanted to shorten the way by crossing a field, I mounted the five barred gate first, and instead of gaining the ground,
ground, came down on the back of a black bull which was lying against the gate; up rose the beast with me upon his back, and set off; I resolutely kept my station, throwing myself forward and holding fast by his neck. He made his way immediately to the cow house, and stood tranquilly at the door; I then ventured to throw myself off, and got home safe through the farm yard. And now, good people, you have had the marvellous adventures of Sybella Woodland. Pray, my Lord, is Lady Orient in Sussex?"

"No, no, she is in bed; so I took a ride to surprise you. Orinda is a gay woman, and will not keep still when..."
the wise ones say she ought to keep still, but away she dashes to assemblies, balls, and masquerades, and rackets all my heirs to the devil; and you know, Sir, the only thing a man marries for, is to have an heir to his title and estate, and Lady Orient has destroyed two sons already; it is devilish provoking!"

"You must try what domesticating yourself with Lady Orient will do; when she sees you, my Lord, give up the pleasures of the town, she will be more reconciled to retirement perhaps."

"I have tried that, Sir; I took her to Orient Hall, but there she grew low spirited, persuaded me to return to town,
town, and because I expostulated with her, went into violent hysterics, and compelled me to carry her to town, where my second son was sacrificed to Lady Revel's masquerade. She has consented to come to Beacon Priory, and stay here during the Brighton season, with a gay party to enliven the dismal place, and desired me to give orders for every thing necessary for public breakfasts, elegant dinner parties, balls al fresco, and rural masquerades. Therefore, girls, we shall be all alive here, and our concerts will be unexpectedly delicious to Orinda, who is reckoned to have great taste. Mr. Selby, I hope, will never be absent from his pupils on these occasions, and to whom I now give
give a general invitation to all our public and private parties."

"My Lord, you do me honor."

"Why do you ring the bell?"

"To order my horse."

"By Heaven, I thought so! Upon my soul, Selby, you shall not leave me to the mercy of my sisters and to drink my bottle by myself; you shall have a bed here if you fear riding home late."

"The beacon lights me; I will stay with pleasure an hour longer."

"You
"You oblige me extremely; for although these girls may appear angels to you, I always find Amelia a proser, and I hate prosing; and Sybella a vixen, and I hate a scratched face; but they were born so. Emily began with, 'oh, fye brother, that's rude!' or 'that's wicked!' and when I gave Syb the first fraternal kiss, as she lay on her nurse's knee, she put up her diminutive hand and gave me a long scratch on the nose."

"You deserved it, I am sure; for you were born to be a sad wicked fellow; I am afraid you will corrupt Mr. Selby, who has hitherto been a sedate well bred man."
"Good grandmamma Shirly, as I live, describing Sir Charles Grandison! Faith, Selby, if I had not seen you, I should have expected to meet in Syb's sedate well-bred man, the knight of the reproving countenance, the model of formality, and the very essence of every thing which is old fashioned and quizical."

"So every man who is ungraceful, ignorant, immoral, and irreligious, is now looked up to and admired as the very model of fashion, and a perfect contrast to Richardson's Sir Charles Grandison; therefore, as you have given me such a just idea of modern men and manners, my noble fashionable brother, among
among our improvements and preparations for your elegant guests, shall be a transparancy with the word Pandæmonium fixed over the door of the dinner saloon."

"With all my heart, Syb; you will be a Diablesse of the first order; as to our grave proosing sister, the Honorable Mrs. Howard, and our friend the sedate well-bred Mr. Selby, they will not equal you and I, Syb, in demoniac perfections; therefore I will be Satan himself, and you my sister the Princess Belialla, to grace your Pandæmonium, my witty Diablesse."

"Most noble prince of the Devils,
you are at your old tricks, clawing the most perfect of created beings into your infernal regions."

Supper being announced interrupted the conversation, which was however soon renewed between Lord Orient and Mr. Selby, on various fashionable topics, and the Peer was rather surprised to find the Cottager surpass him in knowledge of the great world; in politics he seemed an able senator; on public amusements, a constant frequenter of them; and when the discourse touched upon courtly affairs, he conversed as if a palace was his abode and his companions princes.

Lord Orient was mortified as much as his
his careless disposition would let him be, and secretly rejoiced that his sisters were the only auditors. In the mind of Mrs. Howard the mystery strengthened; and Sybella was delighted with every advantage which Mr. Selby obtained over Lord Orient.

It was very late before Mr. Selby arose to ring once more for his horse, when Lord Orient asked him, if to the rest of his fashionable knowledge he added that of the games most in vogue; Selby answered,

"Certainly, my Lord; a scientific knowledge of games is as necessary for a man who lives in the world, as a scientific
tific knowledge of boxing is to a boy at Westminster College, or each is overpowered by his adversary; I have therefore endeavoured to render myself a match for the knowing ones, male and female, to avoid being pigeoned."

"Upon my soul you are a wise one, Selby, every way! but I suppose you have confined your talents for play to cards and dice?"

"No, my Lord; I am ready to attack you on the bowling green, or the cricket ground, in the billiard room, or the tennis court; at draughts or chess."

"Who the devil would have thought of
of finding a fellow like you, up to every thing, vegetating in a Cottage, or moping with only two girls in an old Priory; you are a droll one, my fine fellow! curse me if I know what to make of you!"

Mr. Selby, smiling at Lord Orient's speech, gave him his hand, and wished him a good night, having made his parting bow to Mrs. Howard and Miss Woodland. When he was gone, the latter said,

"Well, brother, what do you think of Mr. Selby?"

"I have formed many conjectures of him,
him, Syb, among which, were the following: that he had been travelling tutor to some young man of family; that he had impaired his estate, perhaps, by youthful follies, and was now living in a Cottage to nurse it; that he is actually a man of fortune who has killed his adversary in a duel and is concealing himself from a prosecution, under a feigned name; and during the latter part of his discourse, faith I began to think he was a sharper whose tricks have been discovered, or a superior kind of highwayman evading the Bow-street officers in a snug retirement."

"Good Heaven, brother! how could you form such ideas as the two last? Mr. Selby
Selby a sharper, or a highwayman! you are joking, Lord Orient?"

"I am not Syb; therefore take care of yourself; neither Colonel Howard nor I should thank you for giving us a brother who deserved either of those titles; do you be upon your guard against the lover, and the man shall be welcome to the Priory, where he is too great an acquisition to be banished from it without positive proofs that he is unworthy our friendship."

"From the whole tenor of his conversation, brother, we have every reason to suppose that Mr. Selby is a man of honor, and independent if not affluent; but
but yet he certainly is so far above his present situation that I cannot help thinking, like you, that he has some secret cause for living in retirement, although I could venture to assert not a dishonorable one, and as he has made no profession of love to Sybella, who owes her life to him, I reconciled it even with the strictest prudence to receive him on the most friendly terms at the Priory, and I hope, Lord Orient, you do not think me to blame?"

"No, certainly, he was entitled to that civility, and it would have been prudish to have declined his visits after he had performed such a signal service to our saucy little Syb, for, bad as she is,
is, you, Emily, would be cursedly dull without her, while Howard is away."

It was so very late when Mr. Selby left them, that Mrs. Howard would not enter upon the subject of little Osborne, and she had given orders for him to be kept out of the sight and hearing of her brother and his servants, and not mentioned to any of them until she had spoken to Lord Orient, and those orders were strictly obeyed.
CHAP. X.

THE FATHER AND SON.

In the morning when the sisters came down into the breakfast room and inquired for Lord Orient, they were informed that he went out early to take a walk, but he soon returned, and throwing himself along a sofa, said—

"Do you know me, girls? am I really your brother, or a frightful monster?"

"I see
"I see no alteration; you are not a bit more frightful than usual, brother."

"Thanks, Syb, I am glad to hear that, although I am confoundedly puzzled still;—are all the villagers gone mad?"

"I hope not! but why these questions, my Lord? I believe it is you who are non compos this morning."

"Hear my adventures, and judge. In taking my walk, I passed through the church-yard, and beheld some girls down upon their knees by a grave; as I went nearer, I saw that they were planting rue, worm-wood, rosemary, snow-drops, primroses, and lilies of the valley,
valley, and I heard one of them say, "They will grow finely, now we plant them at the new moon." I asked, "On whose grave, pretty maids, are you planting such bitter herbs and pallid flowers?" Not having observed me before, they rather started at my question and turned round to look at me, then immediately screaming in chorus, ran away as if they had beheld a spectre. Not being accustomed to frighten girls when they look at me, I stood motionless at the grave, which is singular, it being perfectly shaded by a weeping willow and a cypress.

"As I sauntered on, thinking of the terrified girls, I beheld a very old woman sitting
sitting at a cottage door, and curiosity impelled me to ask her, being within view of the spot, who was buried under the willow; she fixed her bleared eyes on me, then groaning horribly, put her withered hands before them, and fell back in her easy chair, as if in a fit. I saw another old witch hobbling from the back of the cottage to her assistance, so I made off, determined to ask no more questions concerning the willow grave. I met several of my tenants, honest fellows, who used to look cheerful and happy at being noticed by their lord; but to-day they appeared as solemn as if they came out of the cave of Trophonius. What the devil ails all the people? and you! zounds! have you both
both caught the infection? even lively Syb!—come, girls, if there be any dismal ditty attached to the grave beneath the willow, let me have it at once, and grow melancholy mad along with you."

Mrs. Howard then told him all that had passed at the Priory, without naming Jessy, or noticing the letter with the child.

Lord Orient listened with silent attention, but apparently felt some uneasiness, and when she paused, he said seriously—

"Amelia, was the unhappy girl a native
native of our village, tell me honestly, and her name?"

"Brother! have you any suspicion? have you——"

"Answer my question directly, Syb; Emily will prose for an hour first."

"Oh! brother, brother! we know, but fear to tell you."

"The poor, infatuated Jessy True-love? is it not so?"

"Yes, Lord Orient, the poor despairing Jessy," replied the weeping Sybella.
bella. Lord Orient hid his face with the sofa cushion, and remained silent for some time; then starting up, he exclaimed:

"Sisters, I have not been so culpable in this affair as you imagine; but did you not say there was a child? did that die too?"

"Oh! no, he is alive and well, my brother," said Sybella, smiling through her tears.

"And where have you sent him?"

"He is here with us; we love him, and"
and Judith nurses him so tenderly; shall I fetch him, brother?"

"No, no,—yes—fetch him, Syb, I will see him, I have no doubt of his being mine."

Sybella returned with the child instantly, and laid him down by Lord Orient, who gazed on him for some time, then fondly pressed the little hands in his; the infant smiled at his father, and laid fast hold of a finger. With the first feelings of paternal affection glowing in his bosom, Lord Orient exclaimed:

"By heaven he knows me! look how he
he smiles, and holds me fast! see the
dimples chin—is he not very like me,
Syb?"

"No child was ever more like a
father; you do love him, brother."

"You have lived, my stout fellow,
to laugh at your own dad—but I can-
not thank your poor mother for taking
care of you, my son—she is gone—poor
Jessy! My first born son, you shall be
my heir—I will be divorced, and have
you legitimated, my fine one, the very
next time Lady Orient loses a child by
her dissipation. I was a fool to marry
her."

"Lord
"Lord Orient," said Mrs. Howard gravely, "for heaven’s sake do not let this child set you against your wife! be, as you ought to be, a kind father to him, but also an affectionate husband to Lady Orient; or I shall ever regret our folly in letting you see this child."

"Do not worry me, Emily, but tell me now all the particulars concerning Jessy, and then you shall have my part of the story. Look at my fine one, how comfortably he is sleeping on his father’s arm."

"Judith shall put him in his cradle."

"Judith!"
"Judith! why she, I have heard, nursed me."

"She says that she did, and rejoices in having your son to nurse."

"Good soul, I will reward her handsomely, let her come in and take him."

Judith entered with a fine curtsey, and when she beheld the child asleep on Lord Orient's arm, she said,

"Well, Heaven bless you both! I am glad to see you together, though to be sure, my Lord, you have. . . ."

"Hush,
“Hush, Judith, hush; my son will hear you, and if you speak ill of his father may prove undutiful. I know I have been a bad boy, but do not tell him so, lest he should hate me, or follow my example.”

“Ah! my Lord, I would give all my little savings that he was own son to my Lady Orient, for a queen need not be ashamed of him, and he is worthy to be heir to a kingdom.”

“You say right, my good dame Judith, and I would give one half of my possessions to make him heir to the other.”
When Judith took up the child, he cried, and actually stretched out his little hands to Lord Orient, who said:

"There now, he is the wise child who knows his own father; I said he knew me the minute he saw me, and his crying now you take him away proves it: come, my distressed one, come to me again, and we will go to sleep together, and forget all our troubles."

"Well, Heaven bless us! see, ladies, only see, if he is not as quiet as a lamb now he is got back to my Lord."

"Aye,
Aye, aye, I shall prove the best nurse of you all, so go away and leave us to ourselves."

Judith quitted the room, and the sisters seating themselves by the sofa, Sybella, at the request of Mrs. Howard, related all that they had heard from Doctor Barton concerning Jessy and her parents. During the recital he was much affected; his heart, naturally good-natured, felt severely for the sufferings of Jessy, and when Sybella gave him the letter which had been fastened to the child's wrist, he read it with extreme agitation, and exclaimed:

"Oh God! this is too much!"
After a pause, his eyes fixed on the infant, he continued: "Yes, my boy, you are Lord Orient's son, he feels you are; you are pressed to his bosom, you lay claim to his heart, and never, never, shall you be cast from it, never, by Heaven!"

Mr. Selby, whom his Lordship had engaged to ride with him, was announced and entered immediately.

"I am glad you are come, Selby, to rouse me out of the dismals, and to learn of me to be a good father. Osborne Woodland; but I forget, you had the honor of knowing the gentleman before I had, therefore I need not introduce
introduce you to each other. Here, young man, go and ask your friend Selby how he does. Oh! the devil; how awkwardly you take him! he is afraid you will let him fall. Well, go to Aunt Syb, she will hold thee fast, my pretty one. Give him to Judith, and before I go out, as Mr. Selby knows the sequel of my intrigue with Jessy, I will now, before him, give you a sketch of the commencement, and then be silent on the subject for ever.

"Farmer Truelove and his wife being in affluent circumstances, and having but one child, who was certainly a very lovely creature, they ridiculously encouraged her in the idea of marrying far above
above her station, and did every thing in their power to entrap the young Lord of the manor; and the girl, whom they had rendered ambitious, vain, and artful, most indefatigably assisted their endeavours, by exhibiting herself in muslin dresses, so thin and scanty, that every motion discovered the perfect symmetry of her form. Her finely rounded arms were, when in the house, naked from the shoulder; her bosom too, was displayed in the extreme of fashionable nakedness, and her beautiful hair, slightly twisted, fastened up with pearls, apparently in some elegant device. With Jessy, thus lovely, thus atti—no, thus unattired, have I been left for hours by the ignorant parents, while
while they have gossiped with their neighbours. Selby, is it wonderful that Jessy, who with the form, possessed also the warmth of a Venus, and a gay fellow of four-and-twenty, should forget every thing but each other, and the present moment? her parents only were to blame. Pleasure called me to Brighton—Jessy followed me, and as far as I could let her with propriety, she shared my pleasures. Her father soon joined us; reviled his daughter, reproached me, accepted a good round sum, and went away contented. I took Jessy to London; but not forgetting her first ambitious scheme, she worried me eternally to marry her. I shunned the farmer's daughter who tormented me;
and frequented the girl markets; you know what I mean, Selby—how my sisters stare: the wife markets then, if you like the term better."

"I do not know what you mean by either, Lord Orient, therefore, if you can explain the term to us, do."

"Selby do you, while I rest my lungs; I have talked till I am hoarse."

- The term is given by the young men of the present day to the assemblies of all ladies who have marriageable daughters to dispose of, and who, if they are not apprehensive of being rivalled by their blooming girls, set them off
off to the best advantage on those public nights, to attract the notice of the rich and titled bachelors, old or young, while the watchful, anxious matrons seem to ask with their looks 'who bids most?' But mothers differ extremely in their conduct to their children in this momentous business. Lady Bloomly pushed her little romps into company to look for husbands, when they should have been dressing their dolls, or learning to spell; and Lady Lureall kept her daughters in frocks at the family mansion, under the care of a prim old governess and a grandmother bigoted to the formalities of her youthful days, until the poor things were near thirty, while Lady Lureall spoke of them as mere
mere children, who were best in their nursery; at last they were produced."

"Oh zounds! I saw them at an assembly when first they came out, and shall never forget them. Lady Lureall dashed into the room in all the glowing charms of artificial beauty, followed, not by the three graces, but by three precise old maids, to whose pallid cheeks she had not spared a grain of rouge, nor suffered the slightest touch of pearl powder to whiten their parchment bosoms; no, no, she monopolized all the lilies and roses, and, fearless of rivals, introduced, by the ridiculous appellation of her blossoms, her faded primroses,
dressed like children of twelve years of age; and to quiz Lureall's ancient blossoms was the fun of the night. She saw London was no market for them, so packed her blossoms into the country again, where, perhaps they may bring forth fruit, as the elder is happily married to Sir Dilberry Evergreen; the second to the Rev. Dr. Poppyfield; and the youngest, or her fortune, captivated a physician who had just purchased his diploma in Scotland, whose name I think is Blight; and the gay widow, free from all incumbrances, keeps up her fashionable parties and her flirtation with young fellows."

"And now we have heard enough of
of fashionable mammas, pray, brother, go back to yourself in the girl market, and proceed in your narrative."

"Well, Syb, among the beauties offered to sale, was Lady Orinda Benmore. Her mother, the Duchess of Castlenorth, did me the honor to fix upon me for a son-in-law; I was of all her parties; at her balls I was the partner of Lady Orinda, who certainly dances with the aerial graces of a sylph; she sings and plays charmingly; no one can be more fascinating in their manners and conversation than Orinda, when she pleases: I was fascinated; and added to these charms, were beauty, high birth and fortune. I made proposals; they
they were accepted, and my marriage followed soon after, with more than the usual bustle and splendor which attends noble weddings; yet I did not forget Jessy; I offered her a handsome sum, and desired her to return to the protection of her parents, if such parents can be called protectors; but she disdained all pecuniary assistance, upbraided me in the most imperious stile for marrying, and told me, as I had given my title to another woman, she would accept of no inferior gifts, as her father was rich enough to maintain her without my aid. I bid her reflect on my offer, and took my leave. Some time after that interview with Jessy, I had a queer kind of letter from her fa-
ther,
ther, to inform me, that, ashamed of remaining in Sussex now I had abandoned his daughter, he was going to sell off his stock and settle in America, to which quarter of the world he requested me to send his daughter, handsomely fitted out, as soon as her health would permit her to undertake the voyage; but that he wished their departure to be kept a secret from her, until that period. He then said, that he certainly expected me to take care of my own child, as, when freed from such an incumbrance, he had no doubt of his daughter’s making her fortune, by her extraordinary beauty, in the opulent city of Philadelphia, where he had some rich relations, to whom he should introduce her
her as a young widow. I gave the farmer great credit for his scheme, and promised faithfully to do precisely what he desired. Determined not to be obliged to me, the proud girl quitted the lodgings in which I had placed her, without leaving her address; nor did I ever hear from her. Not being able to learn any tidings of the poor girl, I sometimes thought that perhaps the premature birth of my child had enabled her to go with her parents to America. I came to Sussex in hopes of finding out the truth, and—you all know the rest; I cannot talk any more—come, Selby, let us take a ride.”

“Perhaps,
"Perhaps, my Lord, the ladies will accompany us."

"Do, girls, come with us; get on your habits in a minute."

The ladies complied with their brother's request, and were ready before the horses were brought to the gate.
Mr. Selby, who had requested to be their guide, led them insensibly by a winding pleasant road to Woodbine Cottage. It was delightfully situated in the middle of a garden, adorned with not only every native bloom the season afforded, but also with a profusion of exotics in pots, blooming in the fullest perfection they can attain in our climate.

The
The Cottage was completely covered with the mantling shrub whose name it bore; and the flower-decked apartments made it appear the fragrant abode of Flora.

Strawberries in wicker baskets lined with leaves, cream in an ivory bowl with scollop shells, and spoons of the same, bread, brown and white cakes, and flasks of the rarest foreign wines, were set before the guests, who found the same contradiction in the repast which they did in their host, who entertained them in his Cottage with the highly polished breeding of a palace; and they returned to Beacon Priory still more puzzled in regard to the real character
racter of Mr. Selby than they were before.

After dinner, the father desired to see his young Osborne, who was brought in by Judith. Lord Orient made her drink a glass of Madeira to the health of her nursery, and then told her to leave him with his aunts, as he seemed in perfect good humour; but taking the child, after she had left the room, in his own arms, he said—

"I must soon leave thee, my boy; what the devil shall I do with thee? Thou must turn out of the Priory, my fine one, when Lady Orient comes, or she will play the virago, and then throw herself
herself about in hysterics; what can we do, my baby? go to Selby, and pray him to father thee, my poor boy! Upon my soul! something must be thought of, or she will make a devil of an uproar about this boy! direct me; assist me to contrive a means of taking care of my son, and of keeping the peace at the same time."

"I wish Lady Orient was not coming to the Priory."

"So do I, Syb; but I cannot retract my entreaties; come she must. Selby, will you do nothing to assist me in this embarrassment?"

"I will
"I will do any thing but nurse him for you; if he could talk and run about, I would take him home with me this evening, and father him, until he was of age, for you."

"Talk and run about, you young devil, this minute, that I may pack you off with Selby."

"If Judith could be spared from the Priory, my Lord, there is a good cottage to be let very near mine."

"The very thing! we will furnish it neatly, and pack her off before Orinda comes; nor do I think she will be displeased to leave the Priory, as my wife talks
talks of bringing the town house-keeper and several of the female servants down with her, and Judith would not like to play second to any London domestic; what do you think, girls?"

"That she will like the change; for she rather dreads the arrival of the fine Londoners, particularly if you say that you wish her to have the care of the child, and will give her a comfortable pension for life."

"Take the cottage for me, Selby, immediately, and I will settle with Judith; yes, my fine one, you shall have a house and an establishment of your own, and no one shall interrupt or vex my young Squire"
'Squire Woodland, on his domains. I have a snug little estate, which was left to me by an aunt of my mother's; there is a neat mansion upon it, which is let at present; this estate shall be fixed without delay upon my boy. Rightly shall manage the business for me, improve the lands as much as possible, and nurse the rents, which amount to about five hundred a-year for Osborne, who by that means will have a fortune when he comes of age not unworthy of his name. Now am I not a good father, Syb?" "You promise to be so, brother, and I hope will prove one, not only to this child,
child, but also to those whom you may have hereafter."

"Oh! I intend to be an excellent daddy to them all, legitimate and illegitimate, if they be such brave boys as fine one, whom I will settle in the world as fast as I can; so now let us talk to Judith, and then I will consult with Rightly and I think Doctor Barton, who is a sensible man and will interest himself for my son. I intend to make Howard, the good Doctor, and you, Mr. Selby, trustees, if you will be so kind, for my infant."

Mr. Selby bowed. When Judith came in for the child, Lord Orient told her
her that he was puzzled to know what they must do with his son when Lady Orient came down, as it would grieve him to put his fine boy to a strange nurse. Judith said:

"Heaven forbid that the dear child should go from me! Ah! my good Lord, if I might be so bold as to speak my humble wishes?"

"Speak without ear, Judith."

"Well then, my Lord, I wish to retire from service before my Lady and all the fine quality from London come down; for there are new-fangled dishes, and new-fangled ways of setting out a table,
a table, mayhap, and if I should not do things up to the tip of the mode and get anger from a new lady, when I always had the happiness, you know, my Lord, of pleasing my good master, your Lordship's father, and both the Lady Woodlands and my dear young ladies your sisters, why it would go a little against the grain of my disposition to be found fault with, though I might truly deserve it, for my ignorance of the manner in which the royal dinners and suppers are set out at the Pavilion. For, Lord help me! if I were to go to Brighton, I neither know the housekeeper nor the cooks belonging to his Royal Highness the Prince, God bless him! so I could not get
get a peep if it were ever so; therefore, my Lord, with your Lordship's and these ladies' leave, I will take a cottage and live upon the little fortune that all your kind presents have enabled me to save, and so have nothing to do but to nurse my little young master, if your Lordship thinks me worthy of the trust."

"Nobody is so worthy, my good Judith; I shall be happy to have my son under your care. There is an empty cottage on the adjoining estate which I will purchase for you, if you like the situation."

"Oh I know it, my Lord, it is sweetly pleasant,
pleasant, and has a pretty garden and a little farm yard, with every convenience about it for keeping pigs, poultry, aye, and even for a cow!"

"And a small field with a pond in it; you may keep a few sheep, ducks, and geese too, my good dame," said Mr. Selby. "And there is a clear rivulet which flows just before the cot, the same that meanders through my garden next to my own abode; it is the most desirable spot for some miles round, and is in complete repair."

"Bravo! it shall be yours, Judith; you shall have your farm yard and field well stored from the Priory live stock,
stock, and you shall choose furniture from the Priory for your cot.”

“Oh my Lord! may I take the fine cradle along with me? many a time have I rocked your Lordship and these ladies in it, and now I rock your son in it. May it be his own, my Lord?”

“Emily, do you long for the family cradle?”

“No, brother, my poor little Osborne is heartily welcome to it.”

“Well then, at any rate my fine one may inherit his dad’s cradle, and if Orinda ever gives me a live child I will buy
buy a fine fashionable swinging affair for it."

"Aye, so you may, my Lord, but I would not give the handsome cradle I have known so long for a gold one."

"Well, Judith, after you have chosen neat furniture and good breeders, I mean to allow you during the time my boy will be under your care, one hundred a year, and for the remainder of your life an annuity of fifty pounds, which with the produce of your estate will keep you comfortably."

"Comfortably! elegantly, my Lord! I require no such riches from you; bless the
the dear baby! what will he cost to maintain him! do not you give me a cottage and furniture, and live stock, and is not all that enough.......

"No, Judith, you must have two domestics at least, to enable you to pay the necessary attention to my boy, who can afford to pay you for all your kindness to him; so that point is settled between Osborne and I; for he scorns to be a mean fellow, he tells me, and thinks his nurse deserves a handsome income, as he means to eat hearty, and put on clean linen every day, and his will shall be the law, at present, Judith; so no more words."

"Well,
"Well, to be sure, if he says it must be, we ought not to contradict him; indeed, my liberal Lord, it only rests with poor Judith to shew her gratitude to the lovely child and to his noble father, for the blessings they bestow on her;—never did I think of being made so comfortable in my old age.

Judith took the child, and as she pressed him to her bosom, shed tears of gratitude on his innocent face; then made a lowly, thankful curtsey to Lord Orient, and left the room unable to utter another syllable. His Lordship said:

"What a good-hearted soul she is! I am
I am glad she will take my boy.—Now I will call on Rightly, and take a ride over to Doctor Barton, and get him to clear my character a little among my worthy tenants; for damn it! I cannot bear to be thought a cruel wretch, who could leave a fine girl to the charity of poor cottagers—and my child too!—the idea shocks me. I must have this business cleared up, and no person can do it better than the Doctor, when he knows the particulars, as he is universally esteemed for his probity. Jessy has taken a sure mode of avenging herself, by making me appear one of those monsters who spare no expense to seduce an innocent girl, and then inhumanly leave her to infamy, or to extreme distress.—I scorn
I scorn to act so villainous a part by any woman, and will have the vile aspersion done away, if it be possible. . . . I shall be home to supper; you will excuse me, Selby."

When Lord Orient was gone, Mrs. Howard said:—

"I am pleased to see my brother so tenacious of his character; I feared he was too much a man of pleasure to care what the world said of him; yet, perhaps, in town, he would not be so anxious—here vice is more conspicuous, more abhorred: he has brought himself off much better than I expected.—Jessy and her parents were certainly
tainly far more in fault than Lord Orient."

"Infinitely more; I cannot think my brother culpable; the parents were ambitious fools; and the girl, vain and forward, laid snares for Orient, and was caught in them herself—but she is gone; poor thing! her pride and vanity were soon mortified, she must have suffered much—I wonder she returned to the village!"

"I think," said Mr. Selby, "that pride, and something like revenge, impelled her to refuse pecuniary aid from my Lord, and to return, that her infant might be born in the village, and baptized
baptized and registered, as he was, in the name, and as the son of your brother; and then to place him in the Priory, under your protection—in the execution of this scheme, she thought of having the assistance of her parents, not knowing they had left the kingdom; yet still her high spirits supported her to execute it herself, and urged her to seek in death, a refuge from the taunts or pity of the world. Had she found her parents, or known of their intended plan concerning her future prospects, she would no doubt have been diverted from the dreadful idea of suicide; but her haughty conduct to my Lord totally excluded her from the knowledge of their intentions, and plunged her into an
an untimely grave; whereas if she had really loved, and acted more generously by the father of her child, she might have enjoyed many years of happiness, as an affectionate daughter, wife, and mother, in a distant land, where her shame would have been unknown, and she, corrected by her disappointment, have become an admired and a respected woman."

"Her death may be fortunate for Lady Orient, as, perhaps, fond as he is of his child, he might have loved the mother of that lovely boy better than her Ladyship, and not have consented to let Jessy leave England; and even she, with all her haughtiness, had she beheld.
beheld my brother caressing her child, would surely have loved them both too well to have abandoned them for ever."

"All this would most probably have been, Sybella, had Jessy seen my brother after the birth of her child, and I think it is very happy for his wife that they did not meet—Jessy herself might have caused great uneasiness; but the poor child, I hope, will not cause the least altercation between Lord and Lady Orient: if she is a sensible woman, and regards her own happiness, he certainly will not; no, she will love him, and join with my brother in protecting the poor motherless infant. I am a wife, I love my husband, and if I knew there—"
was such a little image of my Howard left as Osborne is, oh! I would never let it want a mother! and I should love him the better for being a kind father to the innocent babe. As to my brother, since I have seen him in the new character of a father, I absolutely revere him, and think Sir Osborne Woodland, were he alive, would highly applaud the conduct of Lord Orient, in regard to this child."

"Oh! my liberal-minded father, he would indeed. Sister, shall we order the sociable, and drive to Judith's cottage that is to be? and Mr. Selby can make the necessary inquiries about it; I shall be glad to have it fixed."

"I like
"I like the proposal extremely; what say you, Mr. Selby?"

"That no time ought to be lost in the business; and if we can see the inside you will know what furniture will suit it. I shall be pleased to have such a pretty little neighbour, and shall frequently pay my respects to him."

Just as they were setting out, Lord Orient, not having found Doctor Barton at home, returned, and took a seat with them in the sociable.
CHAP. XII.

AN ARRANGEMENT, A LETTER, AND A DEPARTURE.

After taking a complete survey of the cottage and the grounds belonging to it, and finding the whole in good order for immediate possession, Lord Orient ordered the carriage round to the agent's, and agreed with him for the purchase, very well satisfied with his bargain.

When they returned home he told Judith
Judith that he had secured her house and lands, which now wanted only to be furnished, in which business, he said, her ladies would assist her. She thanked him repeatedly for his goodness to her, and promised that she would prove her gratitude to the utmost of her power, by her care and attention to his child.—

"Yet," continued the worthy woman, "what can I do more for him than I would if you, my Lord, and these good ladies were to have forsaken him; he never should have wanted while I had a halfpenny."

"I solemnly believe you, Judith, and therefore think you truly deserving of all
all I can do to render you comfortable for your life.—Now, girls, let us have some music; I am improved since I was here last; I can play the violoncello, or the tenor, and take a part in catches and glees; am I not a clever fellow, Syb?"

"Yes, brother, if you do not put every one else out when you play or sing, as you used to do."

"Oh! I am an Orpheus; he played to re-gain a wife, I to obtain one—he strove to charm the Devil, I to please an Angel; therefore be prepared for wonders, Syb."

"I am,
"I am, to hear you keep time, brother, do not disappoint me."

Lord Orient performed on the instruments he named, and sung with great taste, and was allowed to be a valuable addition to their concert.

Several days passed away very cheerfully, the sisters were never better pleased with their brother, and Mr. Selby found him a pleasant companion; and they were very glad that the business which he wished to settle with Doctor Barton and Mr. Rightly detained him in Sussex. On the fifth day, however, a letter arrived from Lady Orient; the servant brought it in
when the party were together; his Lordship read it, and then throwing it from him, exclaimed;

"Zounds! this letter makes me feel that I am married: hark, Selby, while I rattle my chains in your ears!"

"Lady Orient writes to you in confidence, brother, it is not fair to expose her letter."

"My delicate sister, you are thinking of your own fond epistles to Howard, breathing tender, pure affection in every line; such I confess ought to be held sacred; but Orinda's letters might be published without the smallest danger of
of her acquiring the unfashionable stupid character of a fond wife, which she thinks detestable, and prides herself in convincing the world that she is the reverse; yet I believe she likes me; that is, I do not think she likes any man better at present; you shall hear her letter; you, girls, will think it a curious one from a married woman to her husband; Selby knows the gay world!"

"Upon my honor, you are a provoking wretch, Lord Orient, to stay so long at Brighton, enjoying yourself in elegant society, brilliant conversation, and enchanting amusements, while I am confined to my bed, taking horrible draughts, conversing with old Doctors on
on disagreeable subjects, or with a few insipid females, who call in a friendly way, and hope to amuse me by talking of the delicious parties which I cannot attend; I think I see the creatures simper with delight at beholding so potent a rival as myself unable to appear in public; it is absolutely shocking; and let the consequence be what it may, I am resolved to send out cards, and receive a select party in my dressing room next week, and have actually bespoke a superb undress for the occasion; and when I see company you may remain with the royal parties at the Pavilion as long as you please. You cannot make me believe that you are immuring yourself all this time in the odious
odious old Priory with your rustic sisters, I could as soon suppose you were turned hermit; no, no, my Lord, pleasure alone keeps you away so tormentingly, at a time when I cannot with propriety admit any other man to amuse me with a sober game of backgammon, chess, or picquet: you ought to have staid at home to have diverted my dismal hours, and not be pursuing your own amusements when I am incapable of pursuing mine; yet I do not care, for positively I think being shut up tête-à-tête with one's husband, is frequently more stupid than being alone; yet it was certainly your place to have studied my inclinations, and to have devoted your whole time, my Lord, in varying
varying the amusements of the tormented, miserable, and displeased

Orinda Orient."

P. S. "I may sit in my dressing room to-morrow, and of course can admit Belton, Vandash, and other favorites; so dulness is at an end. Is the Priory improvable?"

"There is Orinda for you at full length; how do you like her?"

"I think she keeps up the pleasantry of her letter excellently, from the beginning to the end."

"Pleasantry, Syb, do you think she means to joke?"

L 2 "Certainly
"Certainly I do, she cannot be serious, nor can you possibly suppose that she is."

"Indeed I know that she seriously has written as her heart dictated, without having the smallest idea of joking with me; and if I published this letter, she would be proud of the sentiments it contains."

"Good God! is that possible, brother?"

"It is a fact, Emily; you will know Lady Orient soon, and will learn the manners of a modern wife."

"I may
"I may see them, but Heaven forbid that I should learn them."

"Syb will become as gay a coquette when she mixes with the great world as any married or single beauty, who aims at universal admiration, and will be as haughty, indifferent, and fantastical, as—as Lady Orient."

"I am already, brother, so fantastical as to own myself perfectly indifferent to your dashing fellows; and even your old Dukes may meet with a very haughty reception from the unknown rustic Sybella Woodland."

"Indeed, Lord Orient, Sybella took
a peculiar dislike to old Dukes from the moment you mentioned them in your letter."

"Zounds, Syb, I am sorry to hear that! as I mean to entice the noble Duke of Downdale to spend a few weeks with us; and if you can but fix his fleeting heart, faith you may wear the myrtle and triumph over a long succession of beauties, who, as they have started up to perfection, have all aspired to his ducal coronet. Mothers, who had aspired in vain, flattered themselves that their lovely daughters would be more successful; and they failing, formed the same hopes for their fair offspring; but still his fleeting heart mocked their young
young endeavours, and roved from flower to flower in Nature's garden, rifling not tasting the sweets, and despoiling not cherishing the beauties."

"And so you wish me to perform the noble exploit of catching this poor exhausted butterfly, and transfixing him for ever, as an example for all despoilers—no brother, I shall leave him, shrivelling up his worn-out wings, to expire in peace, for he will do no credit to my taste if I transfix him."

"You talk like a novice, Syb, you will grow wiser in time. I shall find my fair flower surrounded by butterflies at my return, I imagine. I shall quit the
the Priory to-morrow noon, pay my court at the Pavilion, and be in town the next evening. Dear girls, make the Priory look gay; I will contrive that we shall arrive in the evening, and will give you notice, that it may be well lighted. I am afraid Orinda will object to the military look of your porter; I believe I should have quizzed him myself if I had not respected him on Howard's account."

"If to quiz, be to affront, it is very well; respect to either Howard or yourself prevented you; for I seriously think Serjeant Remnant has too much spirit not to resent an affront, even from you, brother. Men of sense will always respect
respect an old soldier; and if fools insult him, I hope the robust veteran will spin them like te-to-tums; there will be no fear of their brains running round."

"Well said, Syb, I admire your spirit in behalf of your guard, and if I find he cannot live quietly here, I will put him into good quarters elsewhere; so do not be uneasy about him."

"I trust, Lord Orient, that you will have sufficient power in Beacon Priory to preserve his quiet from being disturbed; for I assure you the faithful man will not be happy to go hence while my sister resides here."
"Well, well; Una shall keep her Lion, since that is the case; and I shall caution the men not to be too gallant, lest he should demolish them."

The sisters could not help feeling much regret that it was the last comfortable evening which they should pass with their brother for a long time perhaps: the more they heard of Lady Orient, the more they dreaded her arrival at the Priory, which had never been the fashionable resort of insignificant and dissipated characters, and that they feared it was destined to be, while she resided there. Lord Orient had been so well entertained by his sisters' conversation and Mr. Selby's, that he also
also felt something like regret at the idea of leaving them. A rational domestic party was quite a novelty to him, and he had sense enough to enjoy it. Lady Orient hated home without company; during the short period that he was her lover, she appeared all perfection; he was handsome, extremely fashionable, rich, titled, and he adored her; what could she desire more? he was the choice of her family; he had no one to control him. She married; indulged her excessive love for dissipation, and exerted all her power to create admiration in the men and envy in the women. Lord Orient loved her too well to reconcile himself to the seeing her eternally surrounded by admirers, but
he soon found that the more dislike he evinced at her conduct, the more delight she took in publicly slighting him, and encouraging them; he endeavoured to check that spirit of contradiction, and, by appearing perfectly indifferent to her and gallant to other ladies, he contrived to keep her coquetry within some bounds; yet still he was uneasy, and watched her conduct without appearing to do so; he ventured to leave her while she was confined, but was resolved to return immediately, now she talked of seeing company, and particularly mentioned the two whom he imagined to be his most potent rivals, Lord Belton and Sir John Vandash, who had been, before his marriage, and were then
then his most intimate friends; nor did he condemn them for their attention to a beautiful woman, who encouraged them, although that woman was his wife. He thought gallantry obliged every man to meet with apparent rapture the most trifling advances of a lady; and that all he could do was to prevent them from going too far, even in appearances, by his presence; for although he had not the least doubt of Lady Orient's virtue in reality, he dreaded the effects of her indiscretion.

In the morning he desired that his boy might be brought in to take leave of him. He kissed the little creature very tenderly, and told Judith he should frequently
quently take a morning walk to her pretty cottage, and eat a comfortable breakfast with her, while he looked at his fine one. He then said that if his sisters and Mr. Selby would ride a few miles with him, his servants should go forward with the carriage, to which proposal they consented with pleasure.

As they passed several farms, and through the village, Mrs. Howard and Sybella observed that the inhabitants came running out to pay their respects to Lord Orient, in their usual joyous manner, and concluded that the good Doctor Barton had reinstated him in the opinion of those honest, worthy people.
After taking an affectionate leave of Lord Orient, the party, on their return, called on Doctor Barton, who they found was highly pleased with the behaviour of his Lordship; he said:

"I sincerely congratulate you, my dear ladies, on the amendment of your brother, who seems in a great degree to have shaken off the follies of his youth; he has entirely justified his conduct in regard to Jessy; for he was certainly the seduced, not the seducer; nor did he, as was supposed, forsake her illiberally; she, from the first to the last, was her own enemy. Lord Orient gave me her father's address, and has requested me to write the account of her death, as I think.
think least wounding to parental feelings. He gave me a very handsome present for the worthy Farmer Giles, whom his Lordship has since thanked in person for standing godfather to his child. He has also settled a comfortable sufficiency for life on poor Dame Jenkins, which is to be paid through my hands; and to his son he has proved himself an affectionate and liberal father. Will he not also prove himself an affectionate and liberal brother?"

"I hope he will; but we did not mention a word concerning ourselves this time, as we think a will may yet be found; and at any rate I wish to keep my brother in good humour until my dear
dear Howard returns to be our protector. Situated as we are at present, Lord Orient’s house is our only honorable asylum, and we mean carefully to avoid a subject which he might think selfish, particularly as he has not deprived us of any indulgence that we enjoyed while my father lived. What difference Lady Orient’s presence at the Priory may make in regard to us, we are yet to learn.”

“If it should cause a disagreeable one, make my house your home while Colonel Howard is absent. Mrs. Barton, confined as she is to the house by the gout, will rejoice in being blessed with such charming companions.”

“Your
"Your kind invitation is very flattering, Doctor, and should anything occur to deprive us of a brother's protection, we shall be happy to place ourselves under yours and Mrs. Barton's, as I know Colonel Howard would commend us for taking such a prudent step."

As they were riding home, Mr. Selby strongly urged them not to delay the search for their father's will; they informed him that Lord Orient had given them the keys, on their declaring that if he would permit them to arrange the papers in a small compass, and place the trinkets and painting materials in their father's cabinets, they would willingly
occupy his apartments and resign their own to Lady Orient and himself; an arrangement which would give them full scope for their search.
Beacon Priory was completely arranged for the reception of Lady Orient and her gay train; and Fairy Farm, for that was the name given by Sybella to the rural abode purchased for Judith and her nurseling, was as completely furnished for its humble inhabitants; Molly of the Priory, whom Judith had instructed from a girl in the business of a dairy and farm yard, earnestly requested
quested to go with her good Dame, for so she always called Judith; and a stout young lad, who had been born and brought up in the Priory, requested also to go with Judith; who, as his mother died when he was very young, he had always regarded with filial affection. Thus did Judith reap the fruits of her own kindness and good management. The gardeners and the farmers promised to assist their old fellow servant in the management of her garden, field, and farm; and Serjeant Remnant told her that he would shoot the sparrows for her; but she said:

"No, Serjeant, the poor things shall be welcome to a share of my fruit in
in the summer and to my crumbs in the winter; I will not have them shot indeed, Serjeant Remnant; but I thank you for the offer; and if the kites and hawks trouble me, you shall shoot them and welcome, for they are cruel enemies to the poultry."

One day as they were making some addition to the adornments of the Priory, Serjeant Remnant entered with the Gazette, exclaiming:

"Great news, ladies! glorious news for Old England! the Postman says we have taken the town of —— from the French; the British flag was flying on the fort when the news came away; Huzza!"
Huzza! Huzza! I must hoist the flag on the turret and draw out the cannons. I hope my brave Colonel is in this glorious action."

While Remnant was speaking, Mrs. Howard was tearing open the envelope with trembling hands, and unfolding the paper with anxious expectation. Agitated between hope and dread she perused the despatch, while Sybella and the Serjeant, who had not left the apartment, eagerly watched her expressive looks; they saw them animated with joyful triumph and their hearts glowed with pleasure—she started, grew pale, the paper fell from her powerless hand, and faintly exclaiming, "Oh! Howard! 
Howard! Howard!” she would have fallen from her chair, if Sybella, seeing her looks alter, had not flown to support her. The Serjeant clasping his hands in an agony, and with the big tears rolling down his furrowed cheeks, hurried away as fast as he was able for some water, and presently returned with Judith and Jane, whom he had called to the assistance of their ladies.

A knocking at the gate called Remnant away just as he had taken up the Gazette to learn the cause of Mrs. Howard’s alarm, yet dreading to find that it proceeded from a confirmation of the Colonel’s
Colonel's death, and in this afflicting state of suspense, he opened the gate to Mr. Selby, who was so extremely shocked at the reasonable apprehensions of the Serjeant, that he was obliged to remain some time in the hall before he could acquire sufficient fortitude to see the afflicted sisters. At length resolved to know the worst, he entered the room, and Sybella, who with the woman, was still occupied in restoring her sister, welcomed him in tearful silence, and pointed to the Gazette as the fatal cause of the distress he witnessed. He took it up and quitted the room to peruse it in solitude.

Sybella beheld her sister recovering
with the painful expectation of seeing her relapse when recollection returned. Mrs. Howard raising her mournful eyes to Sybella, observed her anguish, and she wept, silently wept on the bosom of Sybella. Mr. Selby re-entered with the Gazette; he was followed by the honest Serjeant, and Sybella's heart fluttered with a joyful emotion at seeing no trace of evil tidings on the face of either. Mr. Selby said—

"This hasty despatch contains nothing which ought to occasion any serious alarm."

"My Howard was not seen upon the ramparts—is not that enough? he must be
be wounded, dead perhaps, or he would have been seen there."

"There is no reason to suppose either from so slight a circumstance; the letter says; 'My Lords, I have the honor and happiness of informing your Lordships, that the Hon. Colonel Howard has taken possession of the Town of ———. From my station in the Bay, we beheld him ascend the Fort and enter it sword in hand, followed by his brave men; we heard the shouts of triumph, saw the French colours struck, and the British flag flying in their place. We had not long the pleasure of seeing Colonel Howard on the rampart among the soldiers who paraded there;
but we trust that no accident prevented that truly brave officer from appearing. As the wind is fair and a packet ready to sail, I send off this intelligence, so glorious to England, without waiting for the particulars, which shall be forwarded with all despatch the moment they are ascertained, &c. &c. I have spoken to Serjeant Remnant concerning this affair, he has satisfied me, and I hope, he will you; he understands the business of war better than I do; permit him to speak for himself."

"Lady, when a brave officer enters a town, he has much more to think of than merely to exhibit himself as the victor upon the ramparts; that is an insignificant
insignificant ceremony originating in vanity; there is more consequential business to perform. The British flag tells who is in possession of the town, and that is enough. A true hero never considers himself at such a glorious period; but the honor of his country, and to that, what is the safety or life of an individual, however high he may rank either in the army or navy? I will engage my life, that when the despatch came away, my noble Colonel was setting preliminaries with the town’s people, which will prove honorable to Great Britain and to humanity, and that was more essential than parading the ramparts to shew he was safe.”

"You
"You give me some comfort, my worthy Remnant; I will endeavour to support myself until the arrival of the next despatches. Hark! the guns are firing, the bells are ringing, and must we join in this tumultuous joy, and fire guns, and hoist the flag of triumph, while a doubt remains concerning the fate of Howard?"

"Yes, Lady, even were he dead; he is dear to me, pardon my presumption, as if he were my son. I can feel as a father, for I have lost two sons in battle, both fought like heroes; they slew the enemy, and strewed their way to glory with the expiring foes of Britain. I marked their prowess, with the exultation
tion of a father. Victory was proclaimed, and I found my heroic boys covered with wounds, lying dead upon the field of battle. I wept, Lady, yes, I could not help weeping as a father, and as a father I weep now; but, as a British soldier, I rejoiced that their brave hands had helped to gain the victory; they had freely shed every drop of their youthful blood in the defence of Great Britain; and should I, who had been her faithful soldier before they were born, cease to rejoice in her success because they had died gloriously? no, Lady, I could not be so selfish. I had my brave boys buried with military honors, and felt happy that they deserved them. I wit-
nressed the public rejoicings for that single victory."

"And did not these rejoicings seem to insult and wound your afflicted heart?"

"Oh! no! they appeared to me, Lady, as public honors paid to the memory of those brave heroes who died in obtaining that glorious victory; my sons among the rest; and my heart exulted while the tears flowed down my cheeks.

"Go, brave man, hoist the flag on the turret; fire the cannons, and at night illuminate the Priory; I will try to
to endure it; I will try to banish my cruel apprehensions, and rejoice for my country; I will think that if—if my Howard is....”

She could not proceed, sobs choked her utterance: with one hand held over her eyes, and the other upon her heart, she hurried out of the room as if ashamed of not being a heroine. Sybella followed her immediately, and Remnant said to Mr. Selby.

“Poor Lady! I do not blame her grief; my Colonel is a man of ten thousand; God forbid she should lose him! I have great hopes that he is safe; the next despatch from that quarter will bring
bring us good news of our brave Colonel: I think I scarcely loved my sons better. Ah! Mr. Selby, my poor wife luckily died before her two fine sons, or their death would have been a dreadful stroke to her—both at one time; and no other children left to comfort us; she could not have borne their loss so well as I did.—But what should I have done if they had been cowards and deserted—then, then, Mr. Selby, my heart would have broke; I could not have existed under such a disgrace."

"I believe you sincerely, Serjeant Remnant; a brave man could not have a severer trial."

Mrs.
Mrs. Howard re-entered with Sybella, and said:

"Excuse my weakness, Mr. Selby; I ought not to have been a soldier's wife; I am too apt to give way to apprehensions, and the sudden check which my joy at reading that my Howard was victorious, received from the doubtful conclusion of the Admiral's letter, concerning him, chilled my heart; I will however hope for the best, and endeavour to tranquillize my mind until the next despatches arrive."

"May they bring such tidings of Colonel Howard as will remove all your fears."

"I am
"I am certain of your kind wishes and support, Mr. Selby, and also of yours, brave and respectable Serjeant; I will converse with you frequently, and acquire fortitude; for if I cannot, like Sybella, enliven the Priory, I would not willingly add to its gloom while Lady Orient is here, therefore shall strive to be as cheerful as my disposition and the absence of Howard will permit me to be. The more I consider the Admiral's letter, the speed with which it was sent off, and the good reasons Serjeant Remnant gives for the Colonel's not appearing, the more I feel tranquillized. And now, Mr. Selby, if it is not disagreeable to you, I shall prefer an airing in the sociable,
sociable, to my horse, as I still feel rather languid."

"I will go and order it, madam, and I hope ladies, and you, Sir, will pardon me for staying in your presence so long, but I thought an old campaigner, like myself, might be able to say something to comfort my honored lady in regard to Colonel Howard. I hope you have not considered me as too presuming."

"No indeed, my worthy veteran, you have greatly assisted in restoring my tranquillity, and I am much obliged to you for your kind attention."

During
During their drive, Mr. Selby said every thing which he thought most like-ly to enliven his fair companions, and had the pleasure of seeing that he was not unsuccessful; even Mrs. Howard had recovered her bloom and that serene Madona stile of beauty, for which she was remarkable, and Sybella all her captivating vivacity; wit and mirth played on the beams of her brilliant eyes, and in the varying dimples, which, when she smiled, adorned her beautiful face; a face exactly such as fancy pourtrays for the comic muse; nor were the agile graces of her light and elegant form inferior to the sportive charms of gay Tha-lia, particularly when in a tambourine dance, composed on purpose for her by Mr.
Mr. Selby, 'with light fantastic toe,' she seemed to move like a zephyr over the grass, for as she thought the tambourine sounded better in the air than in a room, she always chose the bowling green for that dance; and as yet, no other eyes had beheld her enchanting performance of it but her sister's and Mr. Selby's, she would not exhibit before Lord Orient, thinking she might afford him an agreeable surprise, by dancing it in character, perhaps, at their rural masquerade.

As both Mr. Selby and Miss Woodland exerted all the charms of lively conversation to amuse Amelia, they returned to the Priory far more cheerful than when
when they set out; but were greatly surprised to see Lord Orient coming down the avenue to meet them with the Gazette in his hand.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.