MICROCOG"
THE
MICROCOsm.

BY THE AUTHOR

OF

VICISSITUDES IN GENTEEL LIFE.

"As those who have intemperately revelled in the sunshine of "prosperity taste subsequent adversity in all its bitterness, so the "modest sufferer enjoys the most exalted happiness when the "early storms of life are succeeded by a bright horizon."

"It is from incidents in common Life that we must take both "warning and example. The Great and Terrible are more cal- "culated to create wonder than to convey instruction."

IN FIVE VOLUMES.

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Soon after Mr. Herbert's return to Philadelphia, a passage was taken for himself and family in a commodious vessel named the Levant. After a voyage of six weeks, they were safely landed upon English ground, and immediately proceeded to an elegant house, which the Bishop of Chichester had previously provided for their reception, in Pall Mall.

The emotions Harriet experienced at finding herself in London after an absence of three years, can best be imagined by...
those who are well versed in the feelings of love and friendship. Only a short day's journey from people whose affection she had prized far beyond the value which, independent of that affection, she had ever set upon her own existence, yet not daring to see them, nor to inform them of her being in the Kingdom! It even seemed necessary to take every possible precaution to prevent their knowledge of her return: the name of Mansfield was therefore continued, and as she was acknowledged to be Mr. Cumberland's adopted niece, no one doubted of her being, in some degree, really related to him.

Almost perfectly secluded, though in the midst of a gay Metropolis, did our favorite live for a considerable period, with an aching heart. In her solitary hours, the images of Seymour and Lucy perpetually haunted her imagination, and she read every newspaper with a trembling avidity, under the expectation of meeting with something relative to Beverly; for she knew by her own age, which
which was just now twenty-one, that Mr. Seymour was not yet master of Martin's Priory, he being but six months her senior. Her wishes to know if Mr. Spencer was still living, created a considerable part of her anxiety; she having for that venerable man, more than a filial reverence, for she considered him as the greatest and best of the human species—as something of an Angel in the garb of mortality.

It was long before Harriet met with any thing relative to the vicinity in which concentrated all her ideas; but at last she read the following paragraph in the general evening post.

"Yesterday was married at Beverly, Sir Robert Ethlington of St. Olyth, to Miss Symonds, author of a late celebrated novel. The bride’s nuptial father was the venerable Mr. Spencer; a man so revered by all who have any knowledge of him, that his presence would be considered as an honor to a royal entertainment."
No young lawyer called to the Bar—no young clergyman inducted to a consolidated crown benefice; nor puerile lieutenant advanced to the rank of post captain, was ever more fascinated by the appearance of his newly acquired consequence in print than was Miss Montague by the perusal of the paragraph above given. Again and again she read it, with earnestness; then seemed to rest her eye upon every single word; then laid it down and pondered. Her generous heart rejoiced in the good fortune of Miss Symonds, for whom she had a sincere regard, but she rejoiced more to find that Mr. Spencer was still alive, and well enough to be present at such a ceremony. Yet of what avail was this to her! She, probably should never see him again!!! This was such a stab to the pleasure she had just imbibed, that it quite overpowered her, and she burst into a passion of tears, in which she continued till her spirits were entirely exhausted. In this situation she was found by Mrs. Herbert, who exerted all
all the soothing powers of friendship to calm the agitated breast of the lovely mourner, without knowing that any recent incident had disturbed her tranquillity.

Soon after this period, a letter arrived from Mr. Frank Herbert, announcing the death of Mr. Cumberland, with a duplicate of his will; which constituted Mr. Herbert his sole executor; gave all the business of the firm into his hands, and disposed of some legacies amongst his friends and dependants; one of which was to his new assistant, Mr. Frank, and another, evincing his generous regard for suffering merit, to his adopted niece, Miss Harriet Mansfield, of no less a sum that ten thousand pounds, for which she was to receive immediate security, and payment at the end of six months. The large residue of his fortune he gave to Mr. Herbert, by which means that gentleman was at once fixed in a state of affluence.

The pleasure Mrs. Herbert derived from the bequest of Mr. Cumberland to her dear
Mifs Montague, can only be conceived by spirits of the most exalted order. Far from looking upon it as a diminution of her husband's benefit from that gentleman's will, it appeared to her as an added advantage. Her friend, would now be independent without any oppression to either her generosity or delicacy, which could not have been the case had Mr. Herbert's power to have rendered her so been ever so great. Mrs. Herbert indeed was fully convinced that her friend would not have received such a sum from him, because she would have looked upon it as encroaching on the rights of his children. Mrs. Herbert now also felt that her beloved companion could no longer entertain any scruple of remaining with her on account of being expensive, and the contemplated with delight their future happy hours. Mr. Herbert's sentiments were perfectly congenial with those of his wife. But generosity, in this case frustrated it's own plans: for no sooner was Harriet made acquainted with the gift of
of Mr. Cumberland to herself than she resolutely declined acceptance: nor could the united entreaty of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert, though tears accompanied the persuasions of the latter, prevail with her to recede from her determination.

That their circumstances were rendered convenient, was to her, she averred, matter of complete joy, and her gratitude to the good testator would never cease: but would she—introduced to his knowledge, only by their humane protection, accept of that, which but for their clemency had been their own! "No, indeed!" And she hoped that they would not think so despicably of her as to believe any argument or circumstance could induce her to alter her resolve. It was in vain that they urged Mr. Cumberland's having an entire right to dispose of every shilling of his property, and that it was to her merits—to the affection he had imbibed for her, more than to her circumstances, that she owed the remembrance:—still she insisted that had they not intro-

B 4 duced
duced her to him, the whole, as Mr. Herbert was residuary legatee, would have been their own. Unable to silence their remonstrances in any other way, she assumed a look of firmness and declared, that if they persisted in enforcing her acceptance of Mr. Cumberland's very kind, but unreasonable donation, she would withdraw herself from their knowledge and endeavor to establish herself in some profitable occupation, hoping that she never should deem herself above any reputable employ suitable to the humility of her circumstances.

Mr. Herbert now suddenly relinquished persuasion and told her she should be obeyed, upon condition that she would promise to continue with them, and receive the annual stipend which she had not refused from Mr. Cumberland during his life. With this proposal, after a moment's hesitation, she complied; and, her mind being deeply impressed with the almost unexampled kindness of her friends, retired to her own apartment, leaving Mr. and Mrs.
Mrs. Herbert in high admiration of her noble and disinterested conduct. Mr. Herbert said, that when he perceived how determined she was in her refusal, he immediately resolved upon a plan of his own, which was to put out the money upon good security in her name, and to keep an exact account of every shilling for her future benefit. Mrs. Herbert rejoiced at this intended proceeding, and the subject subsided to the satisfaction of every party. But Harriet, soon afterwards, accidentally heard some few words pass between the gentleman and lady that gave her suspicion of the measures they had taken. As a farther contest, however, would have been painful to them all, she declined noticing it at that period, knowing that she could at any time counteract what they might have settled in her favor.

Miss Montague now began seriously to reflect on the real state of her finances. She remembered having been told that her mother had left in the hands of her grand-
mother eight hundred pounds, which she believed had been transferred to Mr. Rus
tsel's management, and she was half deter-
mind to give authority to have it demand-
ed. But then she recollected that it was in the power of the people at the Lodge to make what charge they pleased for her board and education, little as the latter had been an object with them of attention or expense. She could not endure the idea of a contest. She could not also con-
sent to have it known that she was in Eng-
land. She was easy in her present circum-
stances, and now under no apprehension of being inconveniently expensive to her pro-
tectors; and she could claim her fortune at any future necessitous period. These were her soliloquizing reasonings, and upon them she founded her resolutions.

And now there are some of our readers who will say Miss Montague acted a very unwise and romantic part. "That the girl " was a fool! an idiot! to despise the pos-
session of such a fortune! of a fortune

" which
which would at once have set her above everybody! That such idle sentiments as honor, and gratitude, and generosity, ought to give way to the more material consideration of self-interest, which is surely the interest most necessary to pursue, through this state of existence!"

We are not, we confess, capable of arguing with such subtle reasoners as these. Without their perceptions, we are ignorant of the value of the goods which they most prize, and are even absurd enough to suppose that there are many commodities of much higher regard. We will leave them therefore to condemn our Harriet, while we advert on other circumstances.
CHAPTER XCII.

Rose Valley.

IT was not till the day after the business of our last chapter was settled that Mrs. Herbert had the satisfaction of seeing the brother whom she had so much reason to love and respect. At the time of their landing, he was in Westmorland, where he was detained by business of consequence, and whence returned through Warwickshire to make some necessary arrangements upon the considerable estate of which he had lately taken possession. These arrangements were so singular that we will stop to take some little notice of them before we introduce the gentleman into Pall Mall.

Upon Frederic's first arrival at the mansion-house on the estate called Rose Valley, left by the last owner in a decayed condition, he summoned a meeting of the tenants, and heard from
from them great complaints of oppression; most of them saying they were so highly rented that it was with difficulty that they could make their payments. He listened attentively to the account of their grievances; promised to take the circumstances into consideration, and dismissed them with expectations of his future kindness.

The next day this young landlord made inquiries amongst the neighbourhood of those people who were not interested in the business, and from their report he found that most of the complaints had a foundation in truth. He procured, therefore, two land-valuers to make an estimate of all the farms upon the estate, to be ready for him on his return from Westmorland. At this time he settled every thing to the entire satisfaction of himself, his tenants, and all his dependants, but in a manner highly displeasing to his greater neighbours, who not being disposed to imitate, thought themselves injured by his example.

Frederic,
Frederic, in the first place, divided his farms into smaller lots, and ordered some of the houses which latterly had been occupied by laborers, to be re-fitted for larger families, while for the laborers he directed that comfortable little cottages should be erected. Finding some of the farms really over-rented, he reduced their rates, and dispossessed, as soon as possible, those tenants who had hired them by auction over the heads of their predecessors; recalling the late occupiers to their former habitations. As no part of the estate had, for many years, been under lease, it followed of consequence, that the land in general, was in very bad condition, as it cannot be supposed that a tenant dependent on the caprice of human nature, can, with prudence, enrich that ground from which another may gather the benefit of what he has expended. Frederic, therefore, as well from policy as principle, gave such leases on his farms as invested the farmer with a sufficient interest in the soil, which
which he tilled, to encourage him to improve it, and, by the same act; to consult his landlord's benefit and his own.

Frederic's next endeavor was to secure to the tenant the tithes of his own farm, as he knew that when these were gathered in kind, it operated as a discouragement to improvement. The accomplishment of this part of his plan, gave him but little trouble. The avarice of the rector, from which he had apprehended obstruction, facilitating the attainment of his wishes. The divine who was pretty far advanced in years, with a mind still wedded to this lower world, looked up to Frederic, the patron of the benefice, as to the future patron of his son who was intended for the church; and he consoled himself for the sacrifice which he now thought it prudent to make, by the consideration of its eventually redounding to the interests of his family. Frederic, therefore, soon saw an agreement made between the parson and his parishioners for a moderate composition during a limited term.
term of years, and thus completed his plans for the future benefit of both himself and his tenants. Leaving Rose Valley and followed by the blessings of his dependents, he now hastened to London, in consequence of the letter which he had received two days before by a circuitous channel, informing him of the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert.

The meeting between the brother and sister was such a one as our affectionately disposed friends will readily conceive: nor was that between the two gentlemen much less tender, as they had ever been united by the bonds of the most perfect congeniality. The day of meeting was spent by the trio in the most complete satisfaction; the alteration of their circumstances causing each to rejoice for the sake of the other two. Harriet as usual employed herself in a room called the nursery, where she constantly attended the children; instructing them in what their young minds were capable of imbibing; not, however, encumber
ing their heads with a profusion of ideas; a method too frequently pursued by those who undertake the tuition of young people. Almeria, the eldest, was now turned of five years of age. Her abilities were strong; her imagination lively; and she listened to her lovely instructor with an attention seldom observable in one so young. Mrs. Herbert was constantly with Miss Montague in the nursery, except when obliged to attend her visitors in the drawing-room, where it was but seldom that she could prevail with her friend to appear. Miss Montague’s mind was insensible to mere amusement; and, she dreaded an accidental encounter with any of her former acquaintance.

Frederic’s lodgings were not far from Mr. Herbert’s house, where he was frequently a visitor, and which he entered without ceremony. For the first two or three days, he found his brother and sister in the drawing-room, to which the children had been brought for their uncle to see: but
but of Miss Montague he had only heard, and that by the name of Mansfield. For so true had Mr. and Mrs. Herbert been to the confidence of their friend, that neither Frederic, nor the Bishop of Chichester himself looked upon her in any other light than that of a relation to Mr. Cumberland, by whom she had been left ten thousand pounds. This last circumstance, which Mrs. Herbert industriously propagated, gave Harriet more consequence with the generality of their acquaintance than all the merits which she so eminently possessed. Lord Chichester, indeed, and Lady Herbert, had seen, admired and loved her for the sense and sweetness which marked her first appearance: but the daughter whom Lady Herbert had by her former husband, beheld her with different sentiments; and no wonder, for never were two human beings more opposite to each other than Miss Harriet Montague and Miss Bridget Herbert. This lady, now somewhat upwards of thirty, had long been determined to be married to somebody;
and having failed in several attempts she formed a plan of going, in a dashing style, to Weymouth, during the bathing season. It was, in her own opinion, her dernier resort. She went. She succeeded at first, but eventually failed. Her lover, a man of fashion, who had run through a competent fortune, was attracted by the éclat of her appearance, though disgusted by her manners. Being pressed, however, for ready money, he made his offer, and the lady not thinking it politic to be cruel, it was immediately accepted. A short period would probably have rendered the repentance of both parties vain: but Miss Bridget thinking herself secure ceased to be properly cautious. Observed by her lover, without the disguise, which she usually assumed, she so far excited his abhorrence as to induce him to take an abrupt leave of Weymouth, of his bride elect, and to withdraw himself for ever from her enquiries.

We will not follow Miss Herbert in her vexation,
vexation, but return to the period of her seeing Miss Montague. To this amiable object she imbibed an insuperable dislike; and instantly resolving to tarnish the brilliancy of her reputation, behaved to her with the most studied civility; a civility, Harriet was sedulous to return, though she could not mix her mind with that of Miss Herbert.

Soon after Frederic's arrival in town, he went one morning to the house of his brother, as with more affection than fashion he always termed Mr. Herbert, and finding the visiting room empty, he desired a servant to precede him to the nursery; where he found Mrs. Herbert, Harriet, and Miss Biddy, that being the appellation which by her own desire was given to Miss Herbert by her intimates.

After proper introductions, the gentleman took a seat with the ladies and a lively, entertaining conversation ensued; for Miss Biddy was perfect mistress of fashionable small-talk, and passed with people of flight discernment
difcernment for a very clever woman. Mrs. Herbert was all gaiety, and Harriet seemed happy in the apparent happiness of the surrounding friends. In a short time Mr. Herbert appeared, and the pleasantries of the hour increased. They chatted till near the time for dining, when Miss Biddy, who had an engagement she could not disappoint, took her leave and Harriet politely attended her down stairs. As the two ladies walked across the room, the eyes of Frederic followed them till the door closed, and after a few moments silence, during which time he sat as if in profound thought, he turned to his sister and said—"Surely Miss Mansfield is one of the most beautiful creatures upon Earth!"

"Her beauty is her least perfection," replied Mrs. Herbert. "Indeed it is, re-joined her husband. "Her mind is far superior to her appearance."

"Then she certainly can be nothing less than an Angel," said Frederic.

"She is an Angel, if ever there was one."

"in the form of a woman," replied Mrs. Herbert with a smile.

Anecdotes of Miss Montague's sense and goodness were now related, and Frederic, who seemed convinced that his sister had brought home a treasure that was inestimable, said—"My friend Lord Andover, of whom I talked to you yesterday, defies the power of beauty; but were he to see Miss Mansfield, I think that he would confess its influence and own that no region under Heaven could produce a lovelier woman."

"Is your friend a handsome man?" asked Mrs. Herbert.

"You shall soon judge," replied her brother, "for I had this morning a letter from him to congratulate me on your return; and likewise to inform me that he intended to be in town as soon as his business in the country will permit."

"Where is he now?" asked Mr. Herbert.

"At
"At an estate near Chester."—replied Frederic.

Just then Miss Montague returned; and she appeared in the eyes of her friends still more charming than when she left the room; a circumstance which our readers will probably attribute to the review which had been taken of her merits. But this was not altogether the case; for though such a review could not but have an effect of that nature, with people who admire the soul of beauty; yet the charms of Miss Montague had actually been heightened by an increase of animation, derived from a cause, which it will be necessary for us to explain. Extraordinary, then, as the assertion may appear, the effect in question, was occasioned by the malevolence of Miss Bridget. This lady, whose discernment in such cases was particularly quick, had clearly perceived that Frederic beheld our Harriet with high admiration; and as he was a handsome, sensible, accomplished young man, with a good estate, Miss
Miss Herbert could not suppose it possible, that he could be looked upon with indifference by any woman to whom he directed his attention. From this consideration she determined to suppress by all the means in her power the attachment at its very birth, and thus not only to gratify her love of mischief, but to provide also for the security of her own interests. For she now began to think that the gentleman would be a suitable husband for herself. Some years back, she had condescended to think of him; but his fortune was then small, and she fancied that she had better prospects. She had not since seen much of him; and his altered circumstances gave him such additional charms, that she was now resolved on monopolizing his affection. She began her manoeuvres then by saying, with a gay air to Harriet, as she attended her down stairs—"Do you not my dear Miss Mansfield, think this Frederic the handsomest young fellow in existence?"

Henry Seymour now darted into Harriet's
riet's idea, and she hesitated. At length—
"Yes—Yes," stammered she out, "he is
"very handsome," and sighed. Miss Her-
bert fixed her eyes upon Harriet's face,
with a ferocity which marked her features,
and said—"So, so, young lady! you are
"caught I find; but let me caution you.
"The gentleman is soon to be married to
"a very deserving and beautiful woman,
"who is one of the greatest friends I have
"upon Earth. I am in the confidence of
"both."

"I caught!" replied Harriet with a blush
of resentment. "You are mistaken ma-
"dam. But is he indeed going to be
"married? I am glad of it."

To the latter part of Miss Montague's
speech Miss Herbert gave a smile of incre-
dulity, and in answer to the former said—
"Yes; very soon. But observe what I
"fay, or you will ruin us all. His sister
"does not yet know one syllable of the
"business; so except you wish to make
"her wretched, say nothing about it. He,
Vol. IV. C himself,
himself, will tell her of it in due time, but not quite yet; for as the lady is not very rich, she may perhaps form some unavailing objections to it. So mind now. You must promise me to be silent, till you have leave to speak. I tell you of the affair that you may guard your heart."

"My heart is not in danger at this period, I will assure you," returned Harriet with a faint smile: "nevertheless I own your kind intention, and make the promise you require."

Miss Biddy fluttered away and Harriet revolved in her mind what she had heard. She had not seen enough of the lady to doubt the truth of her assertions; and indeed she herself was so perfectly free from guile, that she was not apt to suspect it in another. The account which she had heard she believed, and she was rather apprehensive that her friend might be rendered uneasy by the circumstance. Thinking however the apprehension groundless, as
Mifs Herbert seemed to intimate no other possible objection than that of the want of fortune, an objection which Harriet was convinced that his sister would deem a trivial one, she was much pleased with intelligence of a nature to supply her with no inconsiderable relief. Mrs. Herbert had more than once dropped something about her brother's future wife, which might be construed into a wish that she were to be the person. This had given her some vexation as her heart told her that such a wish could never be realized; and when she saw Frederic, and found that he was exactly calculated to excite her most friendly regard, she was still more concerned, and induced by her apprehensions to throw something like reserve into her manner and expressions. Mifs Biddy's communication had now removed this perplexity; she found herself suddenly disencumbered of a weight, and she entered the room with more gaiety than had for a long time en-
lightened her countenance: Mr. and Mrs. Herbert were delighted with her liveliness; Frederic seemed fascinated, and the day was spent, without interruption, in the height of cheerfulness.
FREDERIC visited at Mr. Herbert's almost every day, and the cordiality between him and Miss Montague was evident to all observers. Mr. and Mrs. Herbert, who did indeed wish that an inseparable union between them might take place, perceived the sympathy with much satisfaction; but they agreed not to take the least notice of it to either of the parties. To Miss Biddy, it was a poisoned arrow; and her brain was perpetually upon the rack to give a mortal flab to the growing prepossession. This increased so rapidly, that Frederic's manner to Miss Montague was nearly the same as that of a brother to a sister: and Harriet did not make much difference between her treatment of him
and of Mr. Herbert. Almost every morning Frederic spent an hour or two in the nursery with the ladies: sometimes in reading to them while they sat at work; and sometimes in hearing Miss Montague play on a fine-toned harpsichord, which she accompanied with the most melodious voice in the world. Sometimes he watched the great facility with which she used the pencil, in the production of the most beautiful landscapes, and sometimes observed with admiration, her method of instructing her infant pupils, who hung round her with the fondest attachment. Nothing yet however appeared on either side indicative of a more than fraternal affection; but Mrs. Herbert yielded to the hope that time would give increasing interest to their mutual regard.

Frederic was now summoned into the country, where he stayed near a fortnight, during which period Mr. and Mrs. Herbert, and Miss Montague, were induced by an account of some very extraordinary wild beasts,
beasts, lately brought over, to go to Exeter Change. Here they were accosted by Mrs. Hubbard and Miss Eldred; two ladies introduced to Mrs. Herbert by a gentleman who had formerly been very intimate with Mr. Herbert in Jamaica: the first was a widow with a handsome jointure; the other a young lady with an independent fortune; and both were descended from families of respectability.

The manners of these ladies were too much divested of that delicate timidity which will always be particularly pleasing in the younger part of the female sex, but which, as we are sorry to be obliged to confess, is going rapidly out of fashion—bold and much speaking; loud laughter and effrontery, being now deemed the distinguishing characters of our women of the ton. Mrs. Hubbard excelled in these distinctions to such a degree, that those whom she termed countrified people began to question her reputation, together with that of her constant companion, Miss Eldred;
dred; but whether justly or not, we will not undertake to decide.

Mrs. Herbert received the ladies with the respect due to their introducer, (an elderly baronet, uncle to Mrs. Hubbard,) and gave them an invitation to her house. Miss Eldred paid particular attention to Miss Montague, who returned her civilities with the politeness inseparable from her nature. Soon after this, the two ladies made their visit in Pall Mall, where they behaved with perfect propriety; and Mrs. Herbert in a few days paid her debt of etiquette: but Harriet, who as much as possible kept her resolution of not mixing with any society out of the family, did not accompany her. The next morning Mrs. Hubbard's uncle called at the house and requested the favor of Mr. Herbert and the ladies to make a party to a new play, written by a lady with whom they were all acquainted, and who had been left a widow with five children, in distressed circumstances. The play was so well received by the managers,
managers, and had such an abundance of merit, that there was but little fear of its not being approved by the audience. To make its success however still more certain, her friends had engaged a great number of genteel people to appear at its first representation. Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Herbert could refuse a call of this nature; nor could Miss Montague, averse as she was to appear in public, be obdurate to such a solicitation.

According to the plan agreed upon, the ladies took an early cup of tea in Pall Mall, and Mr. Herbert was leading Mrs. Hubbard to the coach, when his foot slipped, and he fell from the flight of stairs at the door, into the street. The alarm this incident occasioned was considerable. Mr. Herbert was instantly assisted to rise, but his ankle was so violently strained that it was with difficulty he was conducted into the house. Finding his inability to escort the ladies to the Theatre, he proposed the expedient of sending to a gentlemen, with whom
whom he was intimate, to supply his place. But Mrs. Hubbard said that such a measure would be quite unnecessary, as her uncle, though prevented by unexpected business from coming to Pall Mall, would assuredly wait for them at his own house, where they had promised to call. Mrs. Herbert now made excuses for breaking her engagement, for nothing could prevail with her to desert her husband in his painful situation: and it was with difficulty that Miss Montague was persuaded to leave her friends; nothing but the particular request of Mrs. Herbert could induce her to accompany the ladies to an entertainment for which she had not at that time the least inclination.

As it was the wish of the friends of the author to collect as many favorers as possible, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert gave their tickets to their visitors to dispose of to whom they judged proper. Calling at a milliner's, they asked if Miss Craven and Miss Kersey were at home, and, being answered in the affirmative, they requested of the
the mistress that the young ladies might be permitted to follow them to the theatre. With many smiles and courtesies, the kind matron acceded to the proposal, and the missis were directed to the ready taken seats. Mrs. Hubbard then ordered the coach to the house of her uncle, who, she was informed by a servant, was obliged to go into the City, and apprehended that he should not be able to disengage himself soon enough to fulfil his appointment. Harriet was now alarmed, as she did not like the idea of going to the play without any gentlemen, and earnestly proposed the relinquishment of the design: but her companions, laughing at her cowardice, desired the coachman to drive on quick.

Our ladies, after many difficulties, arrived at their seats, and presently after were accosted by the two young milliners, who had dressed themselves as smartly as possible. Harriet shone in the most simple garb imaginable; and though at her own request, she was seated on the second bench,
The soon attracted attention from the opposite side of the house. Miss Bridget Herbert was amongst the number of those who observed her, and was heartily provoked by the eulogies which were lavished on her beauty. Noticing the color which adorned the cheeks of the beautiful Harriet and which no art could succeed in imitating, Miss Biddy said to a gentleman who sat near her—"Did you ever see such a horrid red as that girl has painted herself with?"

"Is that paint madam?" asked her companion. "If it be, I could almost determine never to marry except the lady will promise to wear such upon her face, for never before did I see any thing so lovely. Do you know who she is?"

"No indeed! but one may judge by her company that her heart is not rounded with ice."

"Say you so madam! I thank you" [bowing and rising from his seat]. "I will explore the region in which she reigns."

"Perhaps
"Perhaps she can thaw the frost in my breast; and indeed I already begin to be sensible of some warmth."

With the above speech the gentleman (who was young, handsome, and apparently of consequence) left the box, and almost instantly appeared by the side of Miss Montague, to the great chagrin of Miss Biddy, who had been highly pleased with the prior conversation of the gallant; and her hatred to the fair Harriet was augmented by this new instance of her attractive power.

As soon as Miss Montague saw at her elbow the gentleman whom, an instant before, she had beheld in conversation with Miss Herbert, she concluded that he had been sent to her by that lady with some message, and was thus induced to receive him with a smiling and attentive countenance. Encouraged by this appearance, he instantly seated himself near her and began a familiar conversation: but on finding that her first supposition of his having been sent by Miss Herbert was an erroneous one,
one, the soon looked serious and replied with some reserve. This, the gentleman, who was a gay man of the town, considered as an artifice to engage him still farther, and judging by the levity of her companions that his freedom would not offend, introduced himself to the whole party, who all of them, Harriet excepted, were pleased with his company.

Just as the after-piece began, another gentleman entered the box and going up to the first said—"Curse me Bob, if I suffer you to enjoy such bliss uninterrupted. "The finest girl in the house, poz!"

"Too fine a one for you," replied the other; "so prithee keep your due distance."

With an inundation of horrid oaths, the gentleman who last entered, asserted his claim to partake of the smiles of the ladies, and seizing the resisting hand of Miss Montague while he gazed in her face, swore she was a Divinity. The other, who began to suspect he had mistaken the character of
of the lovely girl, assumed a serious aspect and told the intruder that the lady was under his protection, and was not to be insulted with impunity. This produced a violent altercation, which so much alarmed Miss Montague, that she earnestly entreated Mrs. Hubbard and Miss Eldred to leave the house before the piece was finished, as, having no gentleman with them, she dreaded the confusion which would ensue at the end of the entertainment. After a little ridicule upon her apprehensions, they complied with her wishes, and the ladies, attended by the milliners and the two gentlemen, who would not be refused the honor of seeing them to their carriage, left the box. All this was observed by Miss Herbert and a Mrs. Pickery (a lady of her own cast, whom she had drawn to her side) with a censorious delight of which such kind of ladies only are susceptible. The next morning Miss Herbert arose to execute a plan, the projection of which had prevented her from enjoying any sleep on the night of her return
return from the theatre, for the destruction of the rising fame of our Harriet:—an exploit by which Miss Herbert hoped not only to gratify her malevolence, but also to brighten her reputation, now tarnished by more than one doubtful piece of conduct.

And now, assuring our anxious readers that Miss Montague reached, in safety, the hospitable mansion of Mr. Herbert, whom she found, as the phrase is, in a fair way of doing well, though still unable to walk without assistance, we will allow ourselves an opportunity of taking that repose which some ill-natured, and envious critic will perhaps say that the perusal of our writings often procures for our loyal subjects. But ask thyself O man! whoever thou art, if thou hast ability to write a better book than this which we now offer for thy amusement. Ask thyself seriously, and do not let the question pass lightly from thee: If thy consciousness then answer thee truly in the affirmative, use properly thy superior wisdom: judge with tenderness, and be charitable
charitable to those who will reverence thy superiority and who cannot be the objects of thy envy. But if to the above question thy heart whispereth thee—No—be modest; be candid, and leave criticism to the wiser, or to the more pedantic and malicious; for it doth not properly appertain to thy department.
THE MICROEOSM.

CHAP. XCIV.

The Confederacy formed.

As soon as Miss Biddy was dressed, she ordered a chair and proceeded to the house of Mrs. Vickery, who was entitled to the inestimable privilege of adding to her name the epithet of honorable; an advantage so great, that none but those who possess it can justly estimate its value. During the period of breakfasting, these two very virtuous ladies settled the preliminaries of the scheme for destroying the reputation of Miss Montague; for Mrs. Vickery, who entered immediately into the views of her friend, declared that no woman of character ought to be seen in her company. Accordingly they made separate visits through the day, and repeated the story which had been concerted between them—that Mrs. Herbert had brought over from Jamaica a young
young woman of loose principles; that in company with Mrs. Hubbard and Miss Eldred, people whom they should think it a crime to be seen with; two apprentices of a famous milliner, and several young gentlemen of notorious character, this girl had supped at a celebrated house of entertainment under the piazzas: that Mr. and Mrs. Herbert would not be convinced of the young woman's frailty, though they began to be displeased with her conduct, as they had from the speciousness of her manner (being themselves very good kind of people) and from her usefulness in the family, imbibed a strong partiality for her: that however they did not think it right to introduce her into company; and that it was supposed that they would take the first opportunity of settling her in some other situation, for having brought her into England, they deemed it incumbent upon them to make some provision for her. The fabricated tale was finished with an intimation that Mr. and Mrs. Herbert were careful to prevent
prevent their ideas and intentions respecting her, from being known even to their nearest friends.

To such of our readers as have been taught to judge charitably of all mankind, and whose consequently blameless principles induce them to disbelieve the accounts which they have heard of the turpitude of individuals in the Great World, the characters of Miss Herbert and Mrs. Vickery will appear to be unnatural. The simple and the uninitiated will think that there cannot be found people who will wilfully and premeditatedly fit down to contrive the ruin of an innocent and amiable young woman, against whom they have no cause of complaint but that of her being young and beautiful. But my dear friends! your philanthropy, however much it may merit approbation, betrays you, as I am sorry to observe, into wrong conclusions. There are in this world, and in this kingdom, the characters which we have drawn. There are people who hate such of their fellow-creatures.
creatures as are celebrated for those qualities or talents in which they themselves excel. Beauties detest beauties. Rich men, those who are richer. An Earl looks with envy at a Duke: and men of sense are pleased at finding a weakness in a brother of superior reputation. Nay, even merit grudges merit its renown: the man who deserves the highest applause for benevolence, contracts his smile when he hears another celebrated for universal philanthropy: and the wit when he hears of a rising genius, attempts to crush him in the morning of his excellence! What a fordid avidity for fame! What an impoverishing avarice! "No brother near the throne"—has always been considered as Turkish policy, and we wish that we could say with truth that it is confined to the expanse of Ottoman barbarity: but alas! the principle pervades even these enlightened regions, and nothing is deemed a more unpardonable presumption than to endeavor to imitate and approach what we are allowed only,
only, at an humble distance, to admire. Look at the contrast, and behold a man arrived at the summit of fame! See him endeavoring to draw after him those who have been attracted by his brilliancy: encouraging them with smiles to proceed in his own adventurous tract! Does it not add affection to admiration! And do we not look with increased reverence upon the still more highly exalted hero!

This last portrait does not bear any resemblance to Miss Herbert. She was not jealous of an inferior. "To what then "tends the exposition?"—will a critic ask. Why my good sir, supposing you to be one of those elevated geniuses to whom, in the depth of our humility, we raise a quivering eye, we hope that the picture above given of a great man, made still more great, by lenity and candor to a timid follower, will have some effect upon—will soften the dignity of your consciousness, and will dispose you to pass a favorable judgment, or at least a kind sentence, upon these our labors. What
What advantage would a Fenelon! a John-
fon! a Fielding! a Moore! or even you
great sir! derive from a condemnation of
our puny efforts! your works are all secure
beyond the crook of envy, and it would be
in vain, were we to attempt to reach your
summit. But as to that plump licenciate,
with a pompous powdered wig, who now
listens for your opinion, that upon it he
may form his own—let him forbear either
to blame or to praise what he cannot un-
derstand.

"I never read such trifling things!"
"Give me books of greater consequence!"
"Telemachus; Raffelas, and such child-
ish stories are only fit for boys and girls!
"Indeed even when I was a lad, I did not
"delight in such puerile entertainment.
"My passion for readingcentered in
"homilies, and such kind of solid compo-
"sitions!"

Gentlemen of the above cast are so im-
penetrable that it is scarcely possible to
make any impression, either on the firm-
ness of their heads, or on the equally stone-like lumps which, with stoical steadiness, move to and fro in their breasts. Even the pleasure which the sight of beauty creates, and which affects the minds of others, never sinks beyond their vision. At a good dinner, indeed—at streams of vinous juice—at a hoard of precious metal, their ocular orbs, like those of the solemn grimalkin watching in the dark for her prey, are suddenly enlarged, and admit a kind of voluptuous delight to the moving vehicles above mentioned. But we ask pardon of our readers for having so long digressed on characters so truly insignificant.

The scheme of Miss Biddy and Mrs. Vickery was accelerated in its execution beyond their most sanguine expectations; for the story was circulated and exaggerated with uncommon avidity by those to whom it was at first communicated: Miss Fawcett; Miss Hannah Drawling; Mr. Jefamy Burlington; Mrs. Greenby and Mrs. Snowden, being the judiciously chosen emissaries
emissaries of our two ladies, for the propagation of their concerted malevolence.

Miss Biddy in a day or two thought proper to make a visit in Pall Mall, where to her unexpected gratification she found Frederic, who was just returned from the country: and to her still greater pleasure, received information that he was accompanied to town by his friend Lord Andover, mentioned by Frederic in our 87th chapter as a desier of beauty. This young noblemen, who she had once met at Mrs. Snowden's, she was impatient to see again, as he appeared to her to be one of the most handsome and every way accomplished man in the kingdom. Had she indeed thought otherwise, she would have been singular in her opinion; so certain it was that for perfections of both person and mind he stood unequalled amongst the nobility. When he was first presented at St. James's, his Majesty asked where it was possible that he could till that period have been buried—so much was he stricken by the elegance of
his figure and manners. From that time he was, of course, a character of the highest celebrity.

The vanity of Miss Herbert did not rise so high as the conquest of Lord Andover; but as she well knew that Frederic and he were scarcely ever asunder, she determined to make him the vehicle of lessening Miss Montague in the opinion of his friend; by which means he himself, if he should see her, would view her with a bad prejudice, and that would prevent the admiration which he was conscious that so lovely a figure must otherwise excite. Miss Herbert's emissaries were instructed to convey their intelligence in an indirect manner to this young nobleman; and this it was no difficult matter to accomplish, as he was known to several families with whom most of them were acquainted, and had joined in parties of amusement where they had all met: so propitious were circumstances to the wishes of Miss Biddy Herbert.
CHAP. XCV.

The Confederates detected.

LORD ANDOVER, had been only a short time in Town, before he received, from the honorable Mrs. Vickery, who officiously called upon a family, which she knew that he was visiting, a full account of the particulars intended for his ear. But candid and generous in his disposition, he gave scarcely any attention to the tale; and so provoked the lady by his indifference, that she added many circumstances, still more flagrant, to awaken his curiosity and conciliate his belief. But her endeavours were in vain; for besides the nobleness of his nature, he was fortified against them by his high opinion of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert, whom with his friend Frederic, he had now several times visited; and who, he was convinced, would not re-
tain in their family, especially in the character of an instructor to their children, any person whose reputation was in the least degree impeachable. This he intimated to Mrs. Vickery, and for a time silenced her loquacity. Determined however to assert the rights of her cause by a reinforcement of her allies, she finished her visit, or as an ingenious writer has properly termed these short complimentary interviews—her vis, and, without calling a council, proceeded to Mrs. Snowden's, where fortunately for her purpose, she met Mr. Jeffamy Burlington and Miss Faucett. From the incredulity of Lord Andover, the cause was now become her own. He had doubted her assertions, and she was determined to enforce his belief. With this view she urged the gentleman and ladies just mentioned to be sedulous in contriving to meet Lord Andover, as it was, she said, of the utmost consequence that he should immediately be made acquainted with the true circumstances respecting the young woman lately
I lately brought over, by Mr. and Mrs. Herbert, from Jamaica. The allies promised their aid, and performed their promise. Lord Andover was soon assailed at different times by different parties; and was at last so assured, with a variety of circumstantial aggravations, of the imputed frailty of the guiltless Harriet, that he began to waver in his faith. Thinking it therefore proper not to conceal the circumstances from Frederic, he made the communication with all possible tenderness to the character of the young lady. But from his friend he received such satisfactory replies as convinced him of the falsity of the report, and determined him to assist Frederic in his declared resolution of fathoming the utmost depth of the calumny.

"I wish," said the young lord, "your sister would give me an opportunity of seeing this lady of whom you speak so highly. What is the reason of her being thus secluded?"

"It is far from my sister's wishes," replied
plied Frederic, "that she should confine herself. She steadily refuses to be in-
troduced into company, and notwithstanding the liveliness of her temper for-
row frequently steals upon her counte-
nance, and seems to discover the pain of some disappointment, which time has not
been able to remove; but both my bro-
ther and sister are so fond of her and so
delicate in what respects her, that I am
unwilling to pain them by asking any
questions upon the interesting subject."

"Poor Miss Mansfield! I am in love
with her from description," returned
Lord Andover.

"Were you to see her, you would be
in love with her from something more
than description," said Frederic with a
smile.

"Then it is well she secludes herself," said his lordship.

"Why so?" asked his friend.

"Because," returned the other "it
would"—at which instant the door was
was opened by a servant who announced the arrival of company; consequently interrupted the conversation.

After this, the two friends set about a serious investigation of the business in question, and they soon traced its origin to Miss Herbert; for her four coadjutors, when closely examined and interrogated, were obliged to give up her name, or to suffer the obloquy of the slander to rest upon themselves. Satisfied with the effect of their research and nearly convinced of Miss Biddy's being the sole author of the libel, Lord Andover and Frederic now resolved to confront her with her own falsehood in such a manner as completely to revenge the cause of the injured subject of her atrocious designs. For this purpose Lord Andover sent a card with his compliments to Miss Herbert and a request for permission to wait upon her at any time when she should be disengaged.

Delighted with the circumstance, she appointed the following morning for the reception
reception of the young nobleman; employing the intermediate time in preparing her-
self for his visit, wondering at the unex-
pected favor, and premeditating the con-
versation.

When Lord Andover had secured the lady's being at home, he engaged several
of his informers to accompany him on his
visit. Proceeding to Miss Herbert's at the
hour appointed, they were ushered into her
drawing room, where she stood aghast at
seeing such a levy alight from their carriages.
His lordship preceded the procession, and
after the first ceremonial bows and curtesies
were over, and the company was seated, he
immediately entered upon the subject of
his visit, by telling her that he was come
to request her assistance in vindicating the
innocence of a much injured young lady,
who from all that he could gather of her
character, merited the esteem of the uni-
verse. He then mentioned the name of
Miss Mansfield, and proceeded by saying,
that he was so greatly concerned at having
suffered
suffered himself to believe, and to report to a friend of the lady's, the least circumstance to her disadvantage, that he thought it incumbent upon him to make all possible reparation, by tracing and crushing the foundation of the groundless calumny: that he, therefore, upon receiving from every individual of the present company an acknowledged recollection of having had the intelligence from her, waited upon her, to unite with them, in entreaty her giving up her author; that the malevolent fabrication might be traced and confounded in its origin.

At this address from a man whose manners were polite, and pleasing Miss Biddy sat for a moment fixed and motionless as a statue. But her face was in the most violent agitation; and every feature expressed a different passion, while perfect silence pervaded the apartment, and Lord Andover sat with his eyes fastened on her, in expectation of her reply.

The countenance of Miss Biddy as we have
have formerly said betrayed something too much of a strong and fierce character. Her complexion was dark and her cheeks were flushed with a high red. She had, however, been reckoned a handsome brunette, and would have had considerable pretensions to such a distinction had not so much of her mind appeared in her face. At this trying juncture she looked like one of the furies; while shame giving place to rage, with that native insolence which she considered as spirit and dignity, and with fire flashing from her eyes, she exclaimed, "How dare you lord Andover treat me in "this disrespectful manner!"

"Disrespectful madam!" repeated his lordship. "I came to request your assistance; and I should not doubt of your "readiness to give it, when your compliance would offer you an opportunity of "throwing from yourself a weight of obloquy which I should be sorry to see resting upon the name of Herbert."

"My lord this usage is not to be borne. "Obloquy!"
"Obloquy!—throw from myself!—What do you mean! How dare you intimate— "How dare you even suspect!" exclaimed the enraged Lady, bursting into a storm of tears, while her friends sat still, not knowing how to act. Lord Andover was pained by the scene, and laudable as was his motive for taking upon himself the management of the business, he half repented of the part which he had undertaken. Recollecting, however, that it was highly requisite to vindicate innocence so unjustly accused, and that it was more proper for him to appear in the affair than for his friend, who was so nearly connected with the family, he became reconciled to his office. Rising from his seat, therefore, and approaching Miss Herbert, he said in a low voice, "It is exceedingly disagreeable to me, ma- "dam, to be brought forward by the de- "mand of honour in this business. My "task is now ended. Or have you, Miss "Herbert any thing to say before I take "my leave?"

I have
"I have this to say sir," replied he in a rage, "that you have behaved very unlike a gentleman: that you are an officious intermeddler: that the character of such an insignificant girl is beneath the notice of a man who presumes to mix with nobility, and that I will not be base enough (looking at the rest of the company with indignation) to give up anybody to such insolent interrogation."

Accused by the turn of her eye, Mr. Burlington advanced to the indignant Miss Biddy, and with a bow that would have rivalled the corégé of a first-rate master of the dancing science, said—"I hope my dear lady, you do not include me in your displeasure. When I first consented to diffuse—"

"Consented! sir! Diffused! What can your insolence be leading to! Would you insinuate that I—Monstrous! Intolerable! Do you know who I am sir! Too high to be pulled down by any of you, or to keep your company!" With these
these words she left the room; and shutting herself up in her chamber, she was for a considerable time nearly choked with the violence of contending passions. Her pride—her plans—her revenge, all brought to the ground, while the impotence of her fury could injure only herself.

As to the company whom she had so abruptly quitted—her departure left them all in the most awkward situation imaginable. Gazing upon each other, they knew not who should speak first, or what to say. Lord Andover alone was collected, and he was so irritated by the rising conviction of there being a settled plan to defame the young lady whose cause he had undertaken, that his resentment kept him for some time silent. At length, addressing the company in general, "I am concerned, he said, at having cause to suspect that there has been a formed scheme to destroy a blameless character. What the motive could be, I know not: but Mr. Burlington's address to Miss Herbert puts it beyond dispute
'dispute that something of this kind has been projected. However, I have the satisfaction of being satisfied, that the merit of the lady in question is too high to be reached by the malicious attempts of those, who could enter into such a confederacy.'

The conspirators were abashed, and again stared upon each other; while a lady who had really been innocently drawn in to repeat the story, if such a repetition and innocence are not contradictory terms, easily exculpated herself from the general accusation. On this Lord Andover offered his hand to lead her to one of the carriages, and then retiring with a low bow, and without speaking a syllable, from the rest of the company, he left them in a situation the most awkward imaginable. They knew not whether to go or to stay; to be silent or to speak. But at length, they broke into mutual reproaches, and departing in conscious disgrace, were for a considerable period ashamed to be seen in public. As to Miss
Mills Biddy—her sensations were too acute to be supported, and for some time she was in an absolute frenzy. Disappointed! Exposed! Disgraced! What a stroke to a woman of her imaginary consequence! But a day before she thought herself authorised to set fashions, and to prescribe laws for the regulation of female conduct! Now she must hide herself from society:—for after this detection, nothing could be more shocking to her imagination than the idea of appearing in public, induced as she was by her fancied importance to believe that the affair would be a subject of universal conversation, even amongst the highest degrees of nobility. In this belief, indeed, she was not altogether wrong: the story really did circulate in the higher ranks, and it was decorated with all those additions which progressive tales never fail to acquire. Sometimes this mortified ci-devanttoast determined to fly into the country; and sometimes, even to quit the kingdom; but vexation worked an effect which prevented the
the prosecution of any of these plans of conscious degradation. A violent fever ensued; and after a confinement to her bed for several days, she appeared so emaciated, and with such a yellow complexion, that it was apprehended that she would never regain her former state of health. By slow degrees, however, she recovered, and though greatly mortified, was not amended by her affliction; for she still continued to persecute youth, beauty, and innocence.
ABOUT the period at which we finished our last chapter, an incident occurred, which occasioned our Harriet to confine herself more closely than ever. Standing one morning at a front window, she saw a carriage stop at the door, and soon afterwards, a gentleman issue forth and enter the house. In this gentleman Miss Montague immediately recognised Mr. Percival, and her alarm was extreme. Concluding herself to be the subject of his pursuit, she hastened with trembling steps to the apartment of Mrs. Herbert, and there sinking into a chair, she burst into tears, and was for some minutes unable to answer the enquiries of her anxious and alarmed friend. When Mrs. Herbert understood that Mr. Percival was in the house, her
her concern was nearly as great as Harriet's; and the two ladies sat in almost breathless expectation of some information from below stairs. In about half an hour Mr. Herbert entered the room with his usual gaiety and unconcern: but perceiving that his lady looked at him with eyes of enquiry and solicitude, he hastily asked what was the matter.

"The matter, Mr. Herbert! Why Mr. Percival—"

"Mr. Percival! Yes. What of him? Bless me!" continued he, "surely not Mr. Percival of Beverly!"

"Certainly;" replied Mrs. Herbert, "and we are very impatient to know what brought him hither."

"The gentleman who has been below stairs, and who told me that his name was Percival, was recommended to me by Sir William Redgrave. His business was to request my settling a little affair relative to the bankruptcy of Whitmore, with whom he had considerable con-

"cerns,"
This was Mr. Herbert's elucidation of an incident which had occasioned such alarm to Miss Montague and to her friend.

Thus it frequently happens to the children of mortality. Circumstances that terrify us and threaten destruction to our peace often prove of trivial, and not unfrequently of beneficial consequence; while prospects from which we promise ourselves pleasure and felicity often disappoint our expectations—and terminate in gloom.

When Harriet was relieved from her apprehensions she was soon restored to tranquillity: but the knowledge of Mr. Percival's being in town determined her to keep herself a close prisoner. Previous to this occurrence, she had sometimes indulged herself in a ride, with Mrs. Herbert and the children, to Hampstead, where, in a fine morning, they used to walk an hour or two upon the heath. In the last of these rambles they were accosted by a gentleman who, as it afterward appeared, had been observing
observing them from a window near which they had often turned. His manner and address was polite and pleasing. A dark cloud appearing, he foretold a shower, and invited them to take shelter in the house from whence he had issued; but making light of his prediction, they walked on till the event verified his judgment and determined them to accept of his offer. When they entered the house they crossed a saloon and were ushered into an elegant apartment; where the stranger, by introducing them to his aunt, Lady Albertina Montrose, immediately informed them that their new acquaintance was the Marquis of Hillington. The lady, who was pretty far advanced in years, lived entirely at Hampstead for the benefit of her health. In this retirement she was frequently visited by her nephew, of whom she was very fond, and as she was extremely desirous to see him married, it was not without pleasure that she observed his attention to a lady whom she had several times seen upon the heath
in the same company, with attendants that denoted her to be a person of fashion, and whose beauty was sufficient to captivate every beholder.

The shower was now violent, and as lady Albertina was desirous to detain her company, she ordered a collation, and entered into a lively conversation. This lady was very fond of music, and though she was not a performer, had purchased a grand forte piano, "for the amusement," as she said, "of those who condescended to visit "an old woman in retirement." Lady Albertina was one of those happy people who, whether married or single are both "useful and ornamental" to their generation, and whom, though they live spinsters to an advanced age, we seldom hear branded with the title of Old Maid.

Lady Albertina asked Mrs. Herbert if she played on any instrument. Mrs. Herbert replied in the negative, but added that Miss Mansfield was a performer.

Harriet did not thank her friend for this intelligence,
intelligence, which subjected her to a request not to be refused, that she would oblige the company by touching the instrument. She sat down to it therefore and played in a manner which surpassed expectation, and made conquest complete. The Marquis was fond of harmony, and he gave up his heart without reserve to that assemblage of charms which Miss Montague unofficiously displayed.

When the rain ceased, the carriage was ordered to the door, and our friends took their leave of lady Albertina and her captivated nephew; the former entreating that they would repeat a visit which had afforded her such peculiar pleasure.

After their departure the good lady asked the Marquis if he did not think Miss Mansfield rather a pretty woman.

"Rather a pretty woman madam!" exclaimed he. "You must surely jest. Had you asked if I did not think her the most beautiful creature in the Universe, I should have supposed that you were serious,"
"ous, and have given you an answer in
the affirmative; for surely nothing before
"did I ever behold so lovely."

"So, so, nephew!" returned lady Albertina with a smile of complacency, "you
"are caught at last! Well I must own I
"never saw a more charming creature;
"and I think her mind is equal to her
"appearance."

"I am sure it is," replied he with warmth.
"She cannot deceive."

Lady Albertina permitted the conversation to drop. The Marquis continued silent for some minutes, and at length, abruptly wishing his aunt a good morning, returned to town. His first inquiries were, respecting Mr. Herbert, whom he soon understood to be a son of the bishop of Chichester's. To the bishop, then, of whom he had some knowledge, he applied, and received such an account of the lady who had charmed him, that he determined to address Mr. Herbert on the subject. Fortunately for his purpose that gentleman arrived
arrived at his father's just as the Marquis was about to depart. The good prelate was so much pleased with the prospect of this alliance for a young lady, whom he greatly admired, that he facilitated the business between the young nobleman and his son. In the result, Mr. Herbert was empowered to make known to Miss Montague, under the name of Miss Mansfield, the intention of the Marquis of Hillington to solicit her favor.

A sentiment of something bordering upon revenge, gives us pleasure when we observe that the foregoing circumstance soon reached the knowledge of Miss Biddy Herbert, and gave her an almost mortal stab. "It was intolerable! It was shocking in the extremest degree! To think that a little trumpery girl whom nobody knew—a girl she detested! abominated! whom she had determined to humble, but who had occasioned her disgrace, should rise to the rank of a Marchioness!! She could not
“not support it! The idea was death to “her! What could the family mean by “promoting such a preposterous alliance!”

This was the language of the impotent rage of Miss Biddy in her state of mortification.
CHAP. XCVII.

A Love-letter, and the Reply.

PLEASED with his embassy, Mr. Herbert hastened to Pall Mall to communicate the tidings to his lady, who, as he well knew, would receive sincere satisfaction from the intelligence. For, though it was amongst her first wishes that Harriet should be her sister, yet such was the known disinterestedness of her affection, that he was convinced she would rejoice at her friend's higher prospects and be delighted with this offer from a man, who, like the Marquis, united with rank and wealth the possession of many great and amiable qualities.

Mr. Herbert was not mistaken: his lady was greatly gratified by the proposal, but she was more doubtful than he had been, of its acceptance. On the first intimation of
of such a doubt Mr. Herbert expressed some surprise, as the probability of Harriet's refusal of this young nobleman had not occurred to his imagination. He knew of her attachment to Mr. Seymour; but as he likewise knew, or believed that he knew, of that gentleman's marriage with Miss Spencer, he indulged the hope that his fair friend would yield to the various suggestions of reason on this occasion, and would accept of a situation which would at once fix her above the reach of her treacherous relations. But his hope was fallacious: Harriet did not hesitate one moment. With a due sense of her obligation to the Marquis for his partiality, she declined the proposal; requesting Mr. Herbert to soften the abruptness of her refusal, by presenting to him at the same time the proper acknowledgments of her gratitude.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Herbert strenuously urged her acceptance of her noble lover's generous proposals (for he had offered her a carte blanche), but their instances were
in vain. The arguments indeed with which she opposed them were so just and powerful, that they silenced, if they could not satisfy, her friends.

"What equitable motive," she asked, "can induce me to accept the hand of the Marquis? Not the consideration of his title; for mere sound cannot relieve a sighing heart. Not his fortune; for in what want am I of that, while you afford me your kind protection? Not even his merit; for the consideration of his deserving more affection than I could give him, would render me wretched."

"And why my dear Harriet," asked Mr. Herbert, "cannot so soft a mind as your's afford him some portion of that affection which you seem so well convinced that he merits?"

"Ah! Mr. Herbert!"

"And ah! Miss Montague! Ought you not to endeavor to release yourself from those fetters which so injuriously confine even your wishes."

"Perhaps
"Perhaps I ought sir. But till that endeavor proves effectual, would it be just to deceive the Marquis by accepting that for which he would expect such an affection as on this occasion it is right that I should acknowledge I never can afford him."

Much more was offered by Miss Montague in defence of her determination; and what she said evinced so much candor, and so much truth as well as elevation of sentiment, united with such a fund of affecting recollection of former scenes, that her friends were compelled to acquiesce in the rectitude of her decision: and Mr. Herbert, though not without reluctance, undertook to convey the unwelcome intelligence to the Marquis: Softened as the refusal was by the expressions which accompanied it of Harriet's esteem and gratitude, it affected the lover with the most poignant sensations. He requested Mr. Herbert to procure him an interview with his fair enslaver; or (upon that gentleman's intimidating
intimating that, fixed as Miss Montague appeared to be, an interview could be productive only of pain to both parties) at least to deliver into her hands a letter. To this last proposal Mr. Herbert agreed, and the Marquis sitting down wrote as follows.

"It has ever been a favorite argument with me that happiness is not confined to circumstances, but that every man carries about with him the means of attaining it. But alas! the notion was vague and fallacious! I give it up. I disclaim it. Felicity is no longer mine! Felicity, I am now convinced, dies without hope. Yesterday I thought myself the happiest of sublunary beings, for, pardon me madam, I did not suffer myself to doubt your favor which I was so determined to merit, as I was informed you were totally disengaged. I suffer for my presumption, for to-day I am the most wretched of the human race. I never was an enemy to matrimony, but till Hampstead Heath opened a prospect to
"to it, it never appeared inviting to my "wishes.

"Mr. Herbert confirms your not being "under any engagement, and yet he tells "me that you acknowledge to be fettered "in affection, though he intimates your "having no view of a union with the "happy—the envied man of your heart.

"What, after such an information can I "say! Why this—your honor, your rec-
titude, is my security. Give me what "you can give me of your affection at pre-
"sent, and I will depend upon the reward, "of the truth and ardeny of mine, in a "future first place in your heart.

"And now madam I must solicit an "interview: I must solicit what I cannot "be denied. I therefore will rest upon "your authorising Mr. Herbert to fix the "hour in which I may throw myself at "your feet, and re-affirm how sincerely "and devotedly I am your's,

"With high admiration "and fervent affection, ""Hillington."
The perusal of this letter gave our Harriet real distress. It was a considerable time before she was sufficiently collected to attempt any reply. Unlike the generality of her sex, she found no pleasure in her power of tormenting a man of merit. She did not wish to sport with the happiness of a fellow-creature: she did not wish to raise her own consequence on the ruins of another's felicity.

The following was her candid answer to the Marquis:

"Sir,

"The generosify of your sentiments demands the utmost explicitness. The letter I have just now received from you, does honour to its signature. Could I accept your proposal, my happiness might probably be secure through the remaining term of my existence; but that acceptance would at once render me, not only undeserving of your attention, but a proper object of your contempt, be-
cause it is incompatible with common honesty. Perhaps I ought to blush at the acknowledgment which your truly generous method of proceeding urges me to make; yet your candor shall not meet with duplicity. My heart is not my own; nor do I think I shall ever again have the power of directing its bias. I tremble to confess this truth, even to myself, as I would, if possible, hide it from my own belief: but that examination of myself, which justice to you demanded, has placed it more clearly before me than ever.

And now, my lord, I must request you to forget that you have ever seen me. Press not the interview, which could not answer any good end, and which would inevitably occasion me such pain as I shrink from in idea.

May you be soon, and long happy with a woman who will have a due sense of your merit, and power to make a
more suitable return to the delicacy of your affection than,

Sir, your obliged

Humble Servant,

H. M.

After Miss Montague had finished the above, and given it to Mr. Herbert for the Marquis, she began still more seriously to consider the tendency of the continued attachment which she had professed. Attachment to whom! To a married man—to the husband of her once, nay her still dearest friend! “O! Heaven.”—she exclaimed, with a sigh which seemed to rend her heart, “what—what do I mean! !” After this passionate soliloquy she threw herself upon a sofa, where resting her elbow on its arm, and hiding her face with her hand, she sat upwards of an hour reflecting upon the state of her sentiments. For the first time in her life, she considered her continued affection for Henry Seymour
Seymour as reprehensible; as almost criminal, and she started with horror at the idea. "And was it then necessary that "she should endeavour to absolutely forget him!" "That was impossible."

"But it certainly was a duty to remember "him with indifference," "Equally as "impossible as the first." "Yet what "could be the end of cherishing her for- "mer sentiments!" "Could she with "to retain his affection!" She blushed at the insincerity of her negative to the silent question; and the necessity of expelling him from her heart (for she was now convinced that he held there an improper place) appeared too strong to be evaded. This was one of the severest moments she had ever experienced.

To tear Seymour from her bosom, was to deprive herself of every thing but bare existence. The melancholy pleasure with which she used to ruminate on past events, without a suspicion of its criminality, must be given up; and then what was there in life of sufficient consequence to form an object
object for her thought. Too certainly, in her opinion, nothing, for though she had a fervent affection for Mr. and Mrs. Herbert, and really loved their amiable children, yet they were happy in each other, and would be so whether she was or was not in being. In this dark hour no gleam of comfort appeared!—no opening in the cloud with which she was enveloped. All was impenetrable gloom; for though she did not forget there was a World to come; yet even the prospect of futurity seemed shut against her view, nor could she pierce through the obscurity with all her efforts, which, perhaps, were at this time but feeble, as (to use a language peculiar to our own domains) she was, at this period, enwebbed by terrene affection.

Our readers will not suppose that we mean to commend this disposition of Miss Montague. No; it was doubtless reprehensible; but it was surely venial. Not for worlds would she, in the slightest degree, have injured the now supposed sole possessor of her still too dear Henry's heart; not
not on any consideration have diminished
the fervency of his affection for her happy
friend: yet she could not with perfect
truth say that she wished to be totally for-
gotten by him: she could not so loosen the
tie, which from infancy had bound her, as
to prevent involuntary, and perhaps too
much indulged retrospection from impeding
the soaring of her wishes to the abode
and company of angels. But, in time, the
breathings of her soul were heard: her yet
imperfect prayers attended to, and her mind
opened to the rays of consolation. The
Kind Parent of all created beings sees the
struggles of His weak children, and pities
that impotence of Spirit, which their errors
or their crimes have occasioned. He sees
—pities and assists: raises them from the
dust; points out their path, and accelerates
their flight to Heaven. Oh! how unimi-
tative of his beneficence are the fellow-
creatures of the fallen!! Though liable, and
even prone to the same guilty follies, they
press, and crush to destruction the unfor-
tunate
tunate brother, who has fled into the snares from which they have been defended or delivered: and they impede his rise with as much industry as if their own welfare would be injured by his restoration.

Infatiate avarice! Is there not Mercy sufficient for us all! Must one lose, because another receives! No; "He who giveth liberally and upbraideth not," fits at the fountain of inexhaustible Kindness. Look up then all ye timid minds—yet trembling offenders! Raise the quivering eye of newborn hope—of infant confidence in Him who will not behold with unkindness your aspiring wishes.

The mind that is sincere, though faint, shall be strengthened.

CHAP.
CHAP. XCVIII.

The second Apology for Christianity; or the Gentlemen unmasked.

MISS MONTAGUE has been cheered by the all-powerful influence of divine consolation.

We would not advert to any other circumstance without reminding our anxious friends of this particular, as it is impossible that they can be indifferent to the distresses of such a woman. We therefore repeat, that though the cause of her grief remained, its violence seemed to give way to a hope of she knew not what. Against her reason—against probability, a persuasion prevailed of something like future felicity. "Yet from whence can it arise!" exclaimed the afflicted fair in a whisper to herself, "when every source of felicity is totally "locked up." Then starting at her own..."
infidelity—"But how ungrateful am I! " Have I not been delivered from a de-
struction seemingly inevitable! I have.
" Then how criminal is doubt!" At this
she arose and retired to a closet dedicated
to her use, where her consolation increased
and her mind grew tranquil. She trusted
and submitted.

We have before asked whether the beau-
ty; the good sense; the great qualifica-
tions; the softness; the amiableness of
Miss Harriet Montague will excuse her to
the beaux and belles—to the dignified and
undignified characters of the present cen-
tury, for being pious? We fear it will not;
and that the confession of her sentiments
will sink her into contempt with most of
the laity, and with even some of the clergy
of the age. But we cannot help it, as we
must relate the truth. Besides it ought to
be considered that no character is perfect.
This little flaw, therefore, this really old-
fashioned disposition will be excused, and
particularly when it is recollected that she
was,
was, notwithstanding, extremely lively; that odd as it may appear to many people, her piety far from abating seemed positively to increase the gladness and consequent gaiety of her heart. Whenever the sense of the unpropitious circumstances of her life was a little diminished, she was the spirit of every party in which she joined; the wit with the sweetness; the wisdom with the modesty that adorned her mind rendering her the delight and admiration of every one who was so happy as to be introduced into her company. Were her friends afflicted? —She soothed their sorrows. Were they diffident? —She gave them consequence. Were they gay? She entered into their amusements. But yet, the most genuine Piety influenced all her thoughts, and actions. And —dire disgrace—She was a Christian!!!

While Miss Montague was employed as above related, Mr. Herbert was reading to his lady the letter for the Marquis of Hillington, which she had given to him with a request
request that her friends would pass their judgment on it before it was conveyed to his lordship. At this juncture Frederic opened the door of the apartment: but, seeing them in earnest conversation, he expressed his fear of interrupting them, and was about to retire, when Mrs. Herbert, filled with renewed admiration of her Harriet called him back, and looked at Mr. Herbert, for leave to shew him Miss Montague's reply to the Marquis.

"Is it quite right?" asked he smiling.

"How can it be wrong?" returned she.

"If there be a doubt" said Frederic;

"whatever be your intention give it up."

"Your sister must be indulged I see," said Mr. Herbert, pleasantly; "and I do not Frederic question your discretion."

As the Marquis of Hillington had not made any secret of his attachment and proposal to Miss Montague, Frederic was acquainted with all the circumstances leading to the letter which Mr. Herbert now put into his hands. Having read it with rapturous applause, he said that
it was exactly consistent with the idea he had formed of the lady upon his first knowledge of her. "But," added he, "I am extremely concerned to find my suspicions of her not being happy, thus strongly confirmed. Is the name of the man honored by her favorable opinion a secret?"

"At present, yes," answered his sister. "On that head delicacy commands us to be silent."

"I have done," said Frederic; "yet anxiously wish to know if there is any probability of her being happy in her wishes."

"None! None," replied the lady shaking her head.

"I am sorry for it," said Frederic. "Charming woman! How is it possible a man can be insensible to such exalted merit!"

"I wish my dear brother that you were the object of her partiality?" said Mrs. Herbert.

"Why
"Why so?" asked he.

"Because," she replied, "I should be happy in having such a sister."

"Why more so than in having such a friend?" he asked.—At this instant Mr. Herbert returned from his study, where he had been sealing Miss Montague's letter for the Marquis; and immediately after, a rap at the door and the announcement of company prevented the reply which Mrs. Herbert was going to make to her brother's question.

For several days after this, nothing sufficiently material to be here related occurred to any of our friends. Mr. Herbert delivered the letter to the Marquis, who perused the contents with great concern. Being convinced, however, that there was no probability of any change in the sentiments of Miss Montague, he at length acquiesced in her decision, and dropped any further prosecution of his suit. But he continued his acquaintance with the family of Mr. Herbert, and he was much pleased at
at having been introduced to people of such real respectability. At the Bishop of Chichester's he several times met Frederic and Lord Andover, whose friendship he was greatly desirous to obtain and easily succeeded in his wishes. They soon visited upon a familiar footing, and to them he confessed the pain, which he had felt at Harriet's refusal of his proposals; frequently saying that though he thought her the most beautiful creature in the universe, it was her mind that had so completed her conquest of his affections. The curiosity of Lord Andover to see this celebrated lady was now more strongly excited, and he required Frederic to find some means of introducing him into her presence. But this; at the present instant, it was more than ever difficult to effect, as, since the Marquis' visits at Mr. Herbert's, her wish to avoid an interview with him, and her apprehension of Mr. Percival's second appearance, determined her to confine herself almost solely to the nursery, unless when the earnest
earnest entreaties of Mrs. Herbert, who feared that her sedentary life would be prejudicial to her health, prevailed with her to make an excursion with the children to some one of the surrounding villages, under pretence of its being necessary for them sometimes to breathe a purer air than that of Pall Mall.

Frederic and Lord Andover were one morning at Mr. Herbert's, when Harriet, thinking it too early an hour for the appearance of company, was going down into the room where morning visitors were usually received, and had just reached the door, when she heard the sound of several voices. Without stopping to listen, she hastened back to her own apartment, where, being in a contemplative humour, she sat down as she too often did, to ruminate on past events.

"Where," sighed she to herself, "is now my dearest Lucy! Occupied, perhaps in the duties of a mother! And where is the happy object of her affection?"
tionate attention, my once loved Sey-mour! Once loved!"—repeated she and sighed more deeply.—Then rising from her seat, she exclaimed—"Well! it is over; " and probably I shall never see either of " them again."

How little of probability do mortals know! How often do they think events at hand which never happen! and how frequently does the next hour present incidents which they had despaired of ever seeing produced! Strange that after years of experience, we should still trust our own judgment—still doubt the gracious superintendence of Providence.

It was far from the belief of Miss Montague at the crisis above mentioned, she was only a few yards from her Henry—that she was then walking over the room in which he was sitting—that if she had entered at the door which she was on the point of opening, she would have found him in conversation with Mr. and Mrs. Herbert!
Has the penetration of our readers already pierced the veil, and seen their favorite Henry Seymour in Lord Andover? Or has the sobriety of their imagination been satisfied with knowing only what we have thought proper to reveal, without breaking into our sacred recesses and making their own discoveries?

“O dear!” cries Miss Kitty, “I have seen that long ago. I have read too many novels to be so easily blinded.”

As we doubt not but there are many Miss Kittys in the kingdom, we must suppose that Mr. Clifford has been as visible in Mrs. Herbert’s brother Frederic, as Mr. Seymour in Lord Andover. We will proceed, therefore, to the relation of facts; reverting to a few circumstances relative to our friends at Beverley.

When we last took our leave of that beautiful village, the Cambridge students were just arrived—the Percivals at the Lodge; Henry Seymour, Mr. Clifford, Mr. Barker at the Aviary: the Percivals anticipating
anticipating their grand entry into the en-
vied habitation, but apprehensive of Ste-
phen's declining health; the other party
enjoying with due moderation, the present,
without repining at the approaching period,
which they could not however contemplate
with perfect indifference, when the good
Mr. Spencer must resign to the lawful heir,
the lordship of the vicinity. Nor did they
on its actual arrival utter one improper or
harsh sentiment, though their feelings were
put to a severe trial, as the insolent exul-
tation of the Lodge-family had long been
unbounded and even indecent.

In the early part of this work the reader
was informed of Henry Seymour's being
descended from a noble family, but as at
that time there was no probability of his
inheriting the ancestral dignity, we did
not think the incident of sufficient impor-
tance to merit a particular illustration; but
as he is now become the point in which
these family honors centre, we will give

Vol. IV. F some
some account of the progressive causes which led to his titulary aggrandizement.

When our Henry first made his appearance on the stage where he acts so material a part, the elder branch of the family, Viscount Lismore, lived upon a large estate at Baltimore in our sister Kingdom, at which time he had three sons and five daughters. To this nobleman on the contingency of his dying without children, Mr. Seymour was indubitable heir: on that of his leaving only daughters, the greatest part of the estate, with the title, was still to be Mr. Seymour's: but the Viscount long enjoyed the prospect of his descendants riding in carriages with coronets, and shining in the lift of the house of peers! In process of time however, he found himself without a son; his eldest losing his life in a duel fought about a celebrated courtesan; the second dying of a consumption, and the youngest being drowned in his passage from Liverpool to Dublin. That this must be deemed a misfortune to the family, cannot be
be denied: yet to the daughters, on a pecuniary account, it was an advantage: as the great fortune of their mother, the heiress of three rich uncles, which had been settled upon the eldest son, was now to be divided equally between the young ladies. By the same events these ladies became also entitled to the unentailed estates; of which, had any one of their brothers lived, they would not have had even a share, it being the father's ruling principle to increase, to the utmost of his power, the honors of his house: and thus, the daughters, from the prospect of small fortunes, became the richest co-heiresses in the country.

For some peculiar service rendered by Lord Lisinore to the favorite minister, whose influence with the king was unbounded, he was created an English peer by the title of Earl of Andover. Just after this accession of honor, happened the death of his eldest son, which affected him immoderately. On the loss of his other two boys, he fell into a deep melancholy and died about half a
year before the period at which we recog-
nised our old favorite in the new nobleman, 
whom we left in Mr. Herbert's visiting 
parlour.

Matters between Miss Spencer and Mr. 
Clifford were adjusted soon after that gen-
tleman's return from Cambridge: but he 
was not then possessed of an estate suffi-
cient to enter into conjugal life, and the death 
of his relation, before-mentioned, was so 
early the time of Mr. Stephen's arrival at 
age, that Lucy determined not to change 
her situation till after the venerable pos-
seffor of the Aviary was settled in his new 
habitation.

It may be asked why Clifford kept his 
engagement a secret, as it was evident he 
did, from a sifter to whom he was so much attached.

At first he concealed it from a point of 
affection; for he well knew that both she 
and Mr. Herbert would strenuously insist 
upon contributing to his establishment in 
domestic life, though by doing it they might 
inconveniently
inconveniently straiten their own circumstances; and afterwards on their arrival in England, it was his wish that they should see his Lucy (as the Spencers intended to pass a few weeks in town in the spring) through a perfectly indifferent medium, being convinced that she was exactly calculated to charm both Mr. and Mrs. Herbert. When he saw, what he could not avoid seeing, that they pleased themselves with an idea of calling the lovely Harriet their sister, he was still more sedulous to conceal his engagement with Miss Spencer, lest viewing her as an obstacle to their wishes, they might be prevented from conceiving for her that partiality, which otherwise, he was convinced that she could not fail to obtain from them even in the first interview.

Soon after the death of his uncle, Mr. Seymour (whom, henceforward, we shall generally distinguish by the appellation of Lord Andover), being obliged to attend some business in London, relative to his new
new affairs, took commodious lodgings near to Mr. Spencer's town-house, which was in Grosvenor Square. Walking rather late one night from a part of the City, he perceived, in a narrow and unfrequented alley, several men apparently engaged in a struggle, but could not hear any noise. On stopping to listen, he found that one of them had a handkerchief tied over his mouth, and that the others were evidently endeavoring to do him some injury. Fired at this sight, and heedless of consequences, he darted amongst them, and assisted the struggling gentleman so successfully, that he freed his mouth from the handkerchief, and began to expostulate with the others upon so outrageous an attack.

"Villain!" says one of them, who appeared to be a gentleman, "you merit more than we can inflict, and though accident has now rescued you from our meditated vengeance, you shall not long live to sport with the miseries which you have occasioned."
Upon this Lord Andover interfered, and asked if there was no method of settling the animosity which appeared to subsist between the parties, without such violence as he had just then witnessed.

"You are a gentleman sir," said he who had spoken before, "and your interposition has been worthy of one. Yet it is a pity that you should have exerted your bravery in defence of this monster, who but for your appearance had soon finished his accursed existence."

Saying this they hastened to a chariot which was waiting at the corner of the alley, and one of them mounting the box drove off the other two with expedition.

Lord Andover was now left with the person whom he had delivered from the hands of the assailants. His face, from a cut which in the contest had been given him across the right eye, was almost covered with blood, and he seemed scarcely able to support himself; his lordship therefore desired
desired to know to what place of safety he should conduct him.

"To the London Tavern, if you please," in an almost fainting voice, replied the stranger, who leaning on the arm of his deliverer, walked silently along, till arriving at the door of the hotel, the wounded man turned round and said—"Sir I thank you. "I owe you much; more I fear than I can "ever pay." He was then retiring, when his lordship flopped him, saying, "I do "not ask who it is whom I have been so "fortunate as to assist, lest I should appear "to be actuated by improper curiosity, "but if I can be of any farther service in "averting the effects of a meditated injury, "that card will tell you where your com- "mands will reach me."—Upon which, delivering him to the care of a waiter, he proceeded to his lodgings, somewhat surprised at the singularity of the adventure.

It may perhaps appear strange to the reader that three men should desist from an evidently outrageous purpose upon the intervention
intervention of Lord Andover; but it must be considered that these violators of the laws were not plunderers to whom all individuals were alike; that their fury was directed solely against the one then in their hands, and that finding it impracticable to execute their purpose, without the hazard of its being made a public affair, they avowedly postponed their intention and disappeared.

The fact was that the wounded gentleman had seduced, and basely deserted a sister of the other three, who were merchants of the first respectability in the City. He had then been hovering about the house, so disguised that his person could hardly be known, waiting the appearance of a confidant who was to conduct him to the lady's apartment; when the brothers, getting information of his purpose, rushed out upon him. Being however at a little distance from them, he ran and would have escaped by turning into the before-mentioned alley, had not his foot slipped and occasioned
occasioned his falling. The two eldest now seized him, while the third followed, as had been concerted, with the chariot, and was assisting the others when Lord Andover appeared. Their design was to insist upon his immediately marrying the lady, or to carry him to a place of secrecy and terminate his existence.

Soon after this adventure our young nobleman was obliged to go over to Ireland, from whence he returned just before we introduced him into these pages by his title. Clifford and he were now almost inseparable. Sometimes they resided in town, and sometimes at Spencer Aviary, where they always found a most affectionate reception, and which indeed Lord Andover still considered as his home; his minority, under his father's will, yet wanting some months of completion.

Very little was the intercourse which now subsisted between the Spencers and the Percivals: however they kept up the form of relationship by ceremonious visits; but not
not even Mr. Spencer's piety and philanthropy could prevent his showing some resentment at the proceedings of the other family. It was indeed his piety and philanthropy that were offended, as their conduct could not but be displeasing both to GOD and mankind.

Part of a conversation which passed between Lucy Spencer and Clifford, at the last visit of that gentleman to the Aviary, shall close the chapter. A morning's ramble through some of the enchanting scenes with which the place abounded, led to the subjects.

Clifford. What can be more delightful than that view across the terrace, through yonder beautiful glade, which seems to lead to groves at an immeasurable distance!

Lucy. It surely is the loveliest spot in nature! Would my dear great grandfather could go to Heaven from this situation! The idea of his being obliged to leave it, and for such people too! is sometimes too painful
painful to me to endure with decent patience.

**Clifford.** It is a subject that I can scarce bear to think upon; for surely if there be a human being in the Universe who merits the love and reverence of every creature, it is that admirable man! None but those interested in the extremest degree, can contemplate the change with complacency.

**Lucy.** Certainly not; and I am really so angry with Mr. R. Percival, that violent as are the invectives of my uncle Russel, I take a malicious pleasure in hearing them; especially as I know that he so dearly loves my grandfather Spencer.

**Clifford.** Your aunt Martha, let me tell you, provokes me as much as anybody. What can she mean by giving such an undue preference to the family of the Percivals, over her own.

**Lucy.** It is illnatured to say so, but I know of no other reason than because they are more like herself.

**Clifford.** Never sisters were more unlike than
than she is to your mother and Miss Abington!

Lucy. There cannot, I think, be a greater diffimilitude than between Mr. R. Percival and my aunt George Abington, who has oftener been supposed to be my father's sister than his cousin.

Clifford. I do not wonder at it, for they bear even a personal resemblance to each other. Apropos—my sister has had her picture taken by Gainsborough, and when I saw it I was amazed at the likeness between that and my own.

Lucy. I am quite impatient, Mr. Clifford, to see Mrs. Herbert.

Clifford. Not more so my dear Lucy than I am that she should see you. How I anticipate the pleasure of introducing her and my brother to this family of worthies! And my sister's friend, Miss Mansfield too—With her I know you will be particularly pleased.

Lucy. Ah Clifford! I ficken at the idea of such a friend as you describe her to be.

Your
Your picture of her revives my beloved Harriet Montague in striking colors. Such a figure; such a face, and such accomplishments were her's! Dearest—first friend of my heart! Oh my Harriet!

Clifford. Do not be angry my Lucy when I say that I wish I could, in some measure, obliterate her image both from your and Andover's remembrance.

Lucy. Had you ever seen her, you would have known that wish must be in vain.

Clifford. I will not however despair of Miss Mansfield's fixing at least the attention of Lord Andover, and then I shall hope that she may, in time, steal upon his affection, as her mind is exactly calculated to charm him. I cannot endure that he should thus waste his days in fruitless regret.

Lucy. Well, I declare, sincerelygrieved as I am for him, I can hardly wish he should ever form another attachment. Unjust as it doubtless would be, I really think I should dislike his next choice, however meritorious the
the lady might be. But has he never seen Miss Mansfield?

*Clifford.* Never: for she is so retired and his curiosity, in that point, is so orderly, that I have not yet been able to effect a meeting between them. Perhaps in time my sister and my sister's sister may wish to promote an union between two such accomplished people.

*Lucy blushing*] I will not affect to misunderstand you, but that time—

*Clifford interrupting*] Is not, I trust, far distant: and though I feel a horror at the idea of Stephen Percival's taking possession of this earthly paradise during the life of Mr. Spencer, yet as there is no probability against the event, I cannot help wishing for its arrival. If my Lucy is displeased at this confession, she must remove the cause of the wish by consenting to fix my happiness before that period.

The conversation now took a tender turn; but as the particulars are not any way essential to our story, and as we are in haste to
to return to London, we will only say that Mr. Clifford pressed Lucy to consent to be his before the removal of Mr. Spencer from the Aviary: but she so ingenuously confessed that her sole motive for refusing was an unwillingness to darken the early days of their union by forming it just before such an approaching cloud, that he could not but acquiesce in her feelings, and be silent.
A Conversation; and a Prelude to an extraordinary Event.

The conversation at Mr. Herbert's, between that gentleman, his lady, Mr. Clifford and Lord Andover, was particularly lively, at the time of our last leaving that party. Love, courtship, marriage and beauty were the themes. Mrs. Herbert said that she was very anxious to see her brother fixed in conjugal life, and wished that he would permit her to direct his choice. Lord Andover, who was in the secret of his friend's concealing his attachment from his sister, said that he thought Frederic might safely be trusted in that particular, as he would answer for his pleasing everybody in his selection of a wife, and offered to describe the kind of women who
who he was sure would be presented to her as a sister.

"If beauty, good sense, sweetness and every thing amiable in woman can fix his approbation, he cannot I think be long wavering," said Mrs. Herbert; "but I am afraid he is insensible to female allurements."

"No fear of that madam," returned the young earl. " Depend upon it you will soon see him in fetters. I will bet a hundred guineas he will be a Benedict in less than another twelvemonth. But you were mentioning an assemblage of charms just now. Did you mean our British females in general, or some particular fair more especially gifted?"

"I mean a friend of mine, who is superior to any thing I ever saw in woman," replied the lady.

"Miss Mansfield, I presume," said Lord Andover.

Mrs. Herbert bowed.
"But why madam," asked his lordship, "do you keep her so close? Are you afraid that she would be too destructive if she should be generally known?"

"I think, indeed, her conquests would be numerous," said Mrs. Herbert.

"You may safely, however, permit me to see her, for I have an idea that I should not be in danger," replied Lord Andover.

"Are you invulnerable sir?" asked Mr. Herbert.

"I have not always been so," answered the earl, with a stifled sigh; "but I think my danger is over."

The name of the Marquis of Hillington was now introduced; for his suit to Harriet and its consequence, were known by his own confession, to all his friends. Miss Mansfield's reply to his letter had been repeated by that nobleman to Lord Andover, when Clifford was of the party; and Frederic in his present remarks on it observed, that the lady's circumstances exactly corresponded
responded with his friend Andover's, and that the etiquette of a first prepossession could not be insisted upon by either.

"Etiquette! Clifford!" repeated his lordship. "How can you speak so lightly " on such a subject.

"Pardon me, my dear Andover," returned his friend. "I do not think lightly " upon it; but as we have advanced thus " far, I cannot forbear to express my ar- " dent wishes that your heart were free to " make another choice."

"Do not, Frederic expect that wish " will ever be accomplished," said his lord- " ship. "But upon my word, madam," turning to Mrs. Herbert, "I feel greatly " interested for your lovely friend, and " much wish to see her. Cannot I be fa- " vored with an interview?"

"Miss Mansfield, I doubt will not con- " sent to be made a show of," replied Mrs. Herbert, "She has no desire to excite " admiration."

"But when she knows I am a disap- " pointed
"pointed man—that I never wish to find
anything in woman but a friend, perhaps
she will not object to my request," said
the gentleman.

"She is so determined a recluse sir," said
Mrs. Herbert, "that I despair of prevail-
ing with her to be officious in gaining
even a friend. If ever you see her, it
must be by accident."

"Lord Andover seems so convinced in
being now invulnerable," joined in Mr.
Herbert, "that I could wish Frederic and
he would overtake you in your next
ramble with the children."

"Well suggested," said Clifford. "When
will you go sifter?"

"I cannot precisely say," answered she.
"Miss Mansfield has at this time so bad a
cold, that I am apprehensive, that the
air would increase her disorder. But I
have no objection to Mr. Herbert's
proposal."

After the departure of the gentlemen,
Mrs. Herbert repeated to Harriet as much
of
of the conversation as she could without paining her sensibility respecting her attachment; and spoke in high terms of Lord Andover. It was evident, as Mrs. Herbert remarked, that he was far from being happy, though the liveliness of his temper must always render him a most agreeable companion. She thought him, she said, the most elegant figure she had ever beheld, and indeed the most accomplished man.

Matters went on thus a considerable time. For several days, Miss Montague's cold continued to be troublesome, and when it was in some degree removed, a series of bad weather prevented the ladies from enjoying their accustomed airings. The Marquis of Hillington persevered in his visits to Mr. Herbert's, where he often formed a party with Clifford and Lord Andover. These visits, joined with Harriet's present dejection of spirits, rendered it difficult for Mrs. Herbert to persuade her friend to spend any time out of the apartments.
ments appropriated to the children, whose innocent prattle, fondness, and rapid improvement in all that she endeavored to teach them, interested Harriet more than the conversation of any other company. Her Seymour and she were often within a few minutes of meeting, and still oftener within a few yards distance of each other. So cautious was she of being seen by either the Marquis, or by Mr. Percival, whom she thought business might again lead to Mr. Herbert's, that upon a rap at the door, if by chance she was below stairs, she would instantly retire through a passage which led to a back staircase: and she has several times left the room just as Lord Andover entered it. This some of the Mrs. Quaintlys of the age will pronounce to be an evident indication of the opposition of Providence to the union of our accomplished lovers.

An accident now happened to Lord Andover which for more than a fortnight prevented his appearance in Pall Mall. Going one morning to ride with Clifford to Barnet,
Barnet, his horse took fright just as he was going to mount him, and suddenly turning round, struck his master's leg with one of his hind feet and wounded it very deeply from the calf to the ankle. Clifford immediately alighted and assisted his friend into the house, sent for a surgeon, who, without making the worst of the case, told him that he ought to be very well satisfied if he found himself able to walk at the end of a fortnight. During the young gentleman's confinement, Mr. Clifford was his almost constant attendant, dividing his time between his lodgings and Pall Mall, where, being unaccompanied, he again enjoyed the privilege of Mrs. Herbert's brother, and without ceremony, went immediately to the apartments of the nursery. Here he had free conversations with Miss Montague, who so continually improved upon him that his affection for her was nothing short of that which he entertained for his sister; Miss Spencer alone, holding a superior place in his heart. When he was with Lord
Lord Andover, his discourse turned frequently upon her excellencies, and in time he so far succeeded in heightening the curiosity of his friend to see this female wonder, as he termed her, that they agreed, as soon as his lordship should be able to walk, to meet the ladies in one of their excursions. But now fortune promised to facilitate a meeting between this inimitable pair, in a still more advantageous manner than that projected by the gentlemen.

Several children in Mr. Herbert's neighbourhood were, at this time, afflicted with the measles, which so much alarmed both him and his lady, that they determined to remove their family to Windsor, and accordingly took lodgings in that place. However, their removal did not answer the purposed design. They hoped by hastening from London, to secure their little ones from the contagious disorder, but they carried the infection with them, and in less than two days the measles were apparent. Owing to the freshness of the air, their recovery...
covery was speedy, and they might with safety have returned, but as the situation was pleasant and healthy, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert determined to stay there a week or fortnight longer. Twice during their residence at Windsor, Mr. Clifford had been their visitor; and it was fixed that he and Lord Andover, now recovered from his hurt, should spend a day or two with them before their return to town.

And now my dear female friends are you prepared for this great event? Do you anticipate the meeting between two of the most faithful hearts on the habitable globe—hearts, which though they despaired of ever meeting, beat but for each other? Do you in idea behold their astonishment, which for a time rendered them speechless, and amazed their surrounding friends? Do you contemplate the joy which after a painful eclairsissement took possession of their souls, and rendered them the most blest of humankind?

Alas! the prospect is illusive—the idea chimerical!
chimerical! for on the day before that fixed upon for the Windsor excursion, Lord Andover received a letter which severed him hundreds of miles from his lovely and beloved Harriet; which sent him at once from this happy Island, to brave the inclemency of Neptune's Empire!!
CHAP. C.

A last Farewell to Miss Harriet Montague! to the Consequence of whose Death we must now attend.

As the letter which is soon to reach the hands of our favorite young nobleman, is of too much consequence to be inserted at the latter end of a chapter, we shall make it the beginning of a new one, and we now summon the attention of our friends to its contents.

"To Lord Andover.

Pelham Street, No. 36.

"Sir,

"The assistance you once night afforded to a wounded man, whom you afterwards conducted to the London tavern, is too recent a circumstance to have escaped your memory, though perhaps the
the length of time which has elapsed since the event, has given you to believe that you should never hear any thing more of the person for whom you exercised your humanity, nor indeed would you, but for a coincidence of circumstances which irresistibly impels me to address you.

I am now confined to my chamber, and am told by my physicians and surgeons, that there is not much probability of my ever leaving it. How this intelligence affects me, I will not say. My heart is naturally sanguine, and I encourage its flattery when it tells me these doctors are mistaken. It ill becomes a soldier to yield to either quackery or priest-craft.

After you had saved me from the ruffians which had pre-determined my expiration from this land of existence, I again braved my fate, by going disguised as before (which disguise alone prevented your recognition of a man whom
"whom it is not likely you ever can forget) within their precincts, at a time when I was treacherously informed that they were absent from the metropolis. The consequence was, that I was wounded in several parts of my body, though I had taken a friend with me to prevent danger. A mortal stab, as these impotent medical wretches, though of the first fame in the kingdom, inform me, was given me in the thigh; so high up, that the amputation they want to persuade me to submit to, would not, I well know be of avail to save my life, could I be such a dastard as to accept it upon such terms. What! live without a leg! Live to be pointed at for a cripple! No; I would sooner die, and go—I know not where.

"But this is not to my purpose.

"My name—the name of Millemont!—must, I well know, be hateful to your senses. On that account, I shall only sign the initials, that you may read with—"
"out discomposure what precedes its introduction.

"I told you I was your debtor. A debtor indeed! for I have robbed you of more than the world can balance—of a woman whose worth is beyond estimate!

"You supposed—Oh how fallaciously! —that her flight with me was a voluntary one. Instead of that, she was torn, violently torn from every thing her soul held valuable. The strongest compulsion was used to carry her from Beverly— from England. At first, I supposed Mrs. Mitchel to be the only abettor of my design, but at the instant of my taking her away, I was convinced of what was afterwards corroborated by more substantial evidence, that the family in general of the Percivals assisted my wishes. Several of them were absolutely active in the business, and decoyed her to take the evening walk which put her into the power of myself and servants. The letters you received from her during her confinement..."
"confinement by old Mrs. Percival's edict
in her chamber, as answers to yours
which never reached her hands, were all
obtained by force or stratagem. This
Mrs. Mitchel boasted of to me to enhance
the value of her assistance. Her dancing
with me at Mr. Wharton's ball, by posi-
tive command of the before-mentioned
old vile woman, was the prelude to her
subsequent distress—distress which I now
think upon with hatred, malice, and re-
venge to the greatly more atrocious au-
thors than myself. For what did I do,
but what was consistent with a character
which I never attempted to disguise!
Whereas they violated every law that
ought to bind human nature, and I feel
no hesitation in saying, that the Percivals
are the most hellish conspirators which
ever disgraced society. Farther proof of
this, you shall have when I see you, for I
am in haste to get to the more material
part of my relation.
Knowing the lady as you know her,
it must be needless for me to say how much I doated upon her, and how greatly I wished for some part of that affection which was so immoveably yours! To break, if possible, her attachment to you, I bribed the proprietor of a newspaper to insert your marriage with Miss Spencer; this I must observe drove her almost to madness, as the paragraph intimated your belief of her guilt, in a voluntary flight, and this opinion, I dare say, wherever she may be, she retains.

"You see, Lord Andover, my perfect candour, I wish you to have every thing before you. I wish to give every possible incitement to discover the lovely woman; both because the injury she has sustained lies nearer to my heart than any affair in which I ever was concerned, and because of the vengeance which with pleasure I contemplate will, in consequence, be levelled at the wretches at Beverly Lodge.

"After a short continuance in London, I carried
"I carried the captive beauty, then, by force of medicine in a deep sleep, on board a vessel which immediately failed for the West Indies; and we were safely conveyed to my estate near Jamaica. During our residence in that place, I made use of every effort to induce the charming mourner to comply with my proposals of love and marriage, but she rejected them all with firmness upon the same motive that she would have refused the greatest emperor under Heaven—her inviolable affection for you, though at that time she supposed you to be lost to her for ever. I will say I never before beheld such an invincible attachment. Soft measures being unavailing, I proceeded to harsh ones; but neither threats nor promises procured me any advantage, and after an abode at Citron Grove (the name of my estate in the before-mentioned island) she eluded the watchfulness of myself and her attendants, and with a person as spotless as her mind, dis-
appeared at once; since which period, I
have never been able, with the most
diligent inquiries of myself and connex-
ions, to discover the least traces of her
existence: yet that she still lives, I am
firmly persuaded, as the death of so fine
a creature could not have happened
without some public intimation of it, and
this it was not possible that I should have
missed, as I examined every thing the
press produced in the vicinity, till I left
the Island.

After you had rendered me the service,
with the mention of which I began this
letter, I determined upon giving you the
above intelligence, but from time to time
I postponed my design. Since that pe-
riod, I have, as I before-mentioned been
severely wounded, and during my con-
finement, have been nursed by an honest
sailor, who saved me from going over-
board on my return to England, for
which reason I feel myself attached to
him, and happy in his attendance. This
fellow was married, before his last voyage to the West, to young woman at Chelsea; and from him, or by his means, I have indubitable proofs—proofs which the laws of England must admit, and which consequently must confirm her right—that the loveliest woman in the creation, whose affection is yours, and whom you have so long known by the name of Harriet Montague, is no other than the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Spencer of the Shrubbery, and the incontestible heiress of Spencer Aviary, with all its domains.

It gives me most sincere satisfaction to be the author of this discovery, as I trust that it will be deemed some retribution. The moment the circumstance came to my knowledge, all objections to enter upon the subject vanished in an instant, and I immediately set about writing, because I can much more easily do that, than talk, though I can only do the first at intervals; but talking
"talking, if for only five minutes at a
"time, brings on the hated fainting fits
"which have troubled me for the last ten
"days.

"The name of your Harriet, is Le-
"titia. She was, while at nurse with
"the mother of my sailor's wife, exchang-
ed for the dead child of Mrs. Montague,
"who was daughter to old Mrs. Percival.
"The rest you shall be told verbally, for I
"find myself growing weaker.

"I need not require your presence as
"soon as possible, nor your forbearance of
"reproaches: for well I know your na-
ture.

"Bring with you a friend or two as wit-
nesses, and a magistrate to administer an
"oath.

"I am Sir, more than I can express,
"Your ardent well-wisher,
"G. R. M."

No tongue, no pen, nor scarcely any
imagination, can portray the effect which
the above letter had upon Lord Andover. He read it, and laid it down. He needed not to read it any more, for every line, every word was written upon his heart in indelible characters. The distress of our heroine and her tenderness for him, alternately impressed his soul. His uncertainty of her residence, of even her existence, tortured his mind more than any mortal invention could possibly have tortured his body. For some length of time he scarce gave one thought to the circumstance of her being Mr. Spencer's daughter; but when he turned to that idea, his mind, which was quick, strong, and capacious, saw at once into the train of incidents that had marked her life. He had heard of the death of the little Letitia, and had, with this Letitia herself, and her sister Lucy, often lamented it. He had heard it mentioned by the Percivals in sarcastic terms, and as a proof that the estate was destined for their family. The obvious hatred of the pretended grandmother—the disregard of
of the supposed uncle and aunt, with the consequent conduct of the cousins, now appeared to be perfectly accounted for. Several recollections convinced him that Stephen was acquainted with the atrocious proceedings of his parents; and induced him also to suppose that Mrs. Mitchel, Robert, and Barbara had been let into the secret; but in this he was mistaken. Stephen alone, whose more immediate interest, as it was justly believed, would keep him faithful, had been admitted into the sanctuary; and not even in him would they have confided had it not been for the purpose of obliging him to sign some writings, necessary to secure to his mother during her life her darling object of the Aviary, and a certain part of the surrounding estate. These writings, as it was agreed, were to be resigned on the morning after Stephen's coming of age, and previous to his intended entry into the great mansion: but with this engagement, at times, he was almost determined not to comply, as he truly conjectured
jectured that his mother would not dare, under any circumstances of provocation, to discover the villainy which had been transacted respecting the legal heiress.

Fired with indignation—stimulated by the love of justice, actuated by the most sincere and ardent affection which ever glowed in the breast of man, and which compassion for the unmerited sufferings of the object of his almost adoration, and the dread of never more beholding her, had now increased to a degree nearly beyond endurance, Lord Andover sat fixed in his chair. At length starting from a reverie, in which he had almost unconsciously formed his plans, he darted into action; being determined to pursue, with unceasing activity, every method human reason could suggest of recovering his beloved Letitia Spencer, now no more Harriet Montague.
CHAP. CI.

The Letter communicated.

ORD Andover hastily summoning a servant, ordered a coach, into which he instantly entered and desired the driver to convey him as fast as possible to Mr. Clifford's lodgings: here he was informed that his friend was gone with the bishop of Chichester to the house of the lord chancellor, to whom, as the reader has been told, the prelate was related. This was a circumstance favorable to the plan which his lordship had formed, and he followed the gentlemen to the great lawyer's, where he was no stranger.

Scarce had the usual salutations passed before the impatient Henry advanced to his friend and said, "Read that letter to these gentlemen while I retire, and summon me as soon as you have ended." In saying
saying which, he bowed; left the apartment, and went into the saloon, which he traversed with hasty steps.

Mr. Clifford was alarmed by the appearance of Lord Andover's unusual discomposure; for so expressive was his countenance, that it almost portrayed the agitation of his mind, which no words could have described. When he was departed, Clifford read the letter, but so great was even his emotion, that he could proceed but with difficulty. His friend—his Lucy—the Spencers—the lovely sufferer—divided his soul by turns. At length he explained some parts of the letter to the gentlemen and then went to seek Seymour, as he was still often termed by his intimates.

When the friends met, they could neither of them utter a syllable for some moments, but catching at each other's hand, both of them heaved a profound sigh, and expressed their sentiments by their eyes.

In a few minutes they returned to the library, where they found the chancellor and
and the bishop busy in arranging the proper method of procedure; and the first part of their plan was to call upon a neighbouring magistrate and with him to go directly to the lodgings of Captain Millemont. This was accordingly pursued, and upon their arrival, they were ushered into the apartment of the sick man, whom Lord Andover instantly approached, and taking him by the hand, said in a low but fervent voice, "GOD forgive you sir, as I do; and bless you."

By some of our readers, Lord Andover's lenity may be deemed extreme; but it must be remembered, that as he did not know so much of Millemont's baseness to Letitia as we have unfolded: his chief anger rested on the Percivals. To Millemont he owed the present great discovery, for which, whatever might be the motive of its being made, all those whom he most loved in the world, were highly indebted. Besides, the circumstance of his being a sick—nay probably a dying man—would have rendered a contrary
a contrary conduct unchristian and inhuman.

Millemont was deeply affected by the warmth of the noble Henry's expression. Seizing his hand he clasped it between his own, and while tears started into his eyes he said, in a faint but ardent tone, "An-

dovery, this is too much. I do not de-

serve it from you!"

The rest of the company now advancing, the business of the visit was immediately opened: when Millemont, too weak to talk much, referred to his letter, and insisted upon being permitted to take an oath to his belief of every syllable of its communication, lest his death should happen before any adjustment could take place. His oath then, to satisfy him, was taken, though it was not deemed material, and then the sailor being introduced, his deposition also upon oath was noted down to the following effect.

That about three years back, he married Hannah, the daughter of a woman called Mary
Mary Watkins, who, he had been told by his wife, had once lived at Hilton, near the Village of Beverly; that after his marriage he learned from several conversations, that there was some mystery relating to a nurse-child who was formerly under the care of his mother-in-law, about which the frequently seemed to be very uneasy, and that in the course of time, his inquiries by degrees and in pieces procured the following information:—That the lady of Mr. Edward Spencer, at Beverly Shrubbery, had a daughter, named Letitia, who was sent to her house to be nursed for some illness, which required a change of air; that the child mended very fast and was at length quite recovered, when some ladies from a place called the Lodge, went and tampered with the nurse, and by fine words and money prevailed on her to give the child something to make it ill, and then to lead to the parents to tell them that it had relapsed; that on this being done, the child was one night taken away and a dead one
of about the same age, carried down in a coach drawn by six smoking horses from London and put in the place of her nursling: that afterwards the man who was then her husband, and whose real name (as the sailor's wife had told him) was Taylor, went for Mr. and Mrs. Spencer under the pretence of bringing them, if possible, to see their child before it died; that the living child was carried to Hampstead, but afterwards removed to Chelsea, to nurse Ellenson, who it had been since reported at Beverly was dead, but who was, by means of Mr. Percival's persuasion and a large gift of money, married to Sam Watkins, alias Taylor, who had necessarily been made acquainted with the exchange of the children.

Webster, which was the name of the sailor, then said that he understood that the family at the Lodge were for a great while very kind and liberal to Watkins and his wife, but that of late, upon some application from these for money, the Percivals had
had changed their conduct and treated their poor instruments with great severity, threatening to expose their former behaviour, which, as it was now affirmed, could hurt nobody but themselves, as [Mary Watkins] was the only person who had betrayed her trust, and as the husband could not be an evidence on behalf of his wife, nor the on behalf of her husband: that the young woman whom they had known by the name of Harriet Montague was dead and buried, and that therefore nothing now stood in the way of the next heir, who had always the most just, if not the most legal title to the estate. This language, according to Webster, had so effectually frightened the persons to whom it was addressed, that they did not dare to execute any purposes of revenge, however well inclined they might be to entertain them.

Captain Millemont here interrupted the proceeding by explaining the reason of this alteration in the conduct of the Percivals; they were now, he said, in their own opinions,
nions, quite secure of success in all their meditated measures, as he had himself, to elude any farther inquiry, informed Mrs. Lumley of the death of Miss Montague, soon after his marriage with her in Jamaica. This tale he knew to have been transmitted to Mrs. Mitchel and hence arose the triumph of the Percivals.

Without any comments on Millemont's false assertions, we will proceed with the narrative of Webster. He said that his mother-in-law was *mortal*ly grieved when she heard of the young lady's death, and was fearful of some foul play on the occasion: that she wished most earnestly to have seen her before she died; and that though it was long since she had been admitted to her presence, she should have known the child whom she had nursed amongst ten thousand. All this, Webster said had been told to him by his wife, who on the evening before, had given him a box of letters, sent at different times either to her
her mother or father-in-law from some of Mr. Percival's family.

These letters were now produced, and though they appeared to have been written with caution, they corroborated in the strongest manner, the sailor's deposition. With the key now given, every thing in them dawn at once disclosed. In an early one of old Mrs. Percival's to the woman, the reasons for her design of taking the child to Beverly Lodge, were given at large. She said in the first place that the expense would be less, and the apprehension of discovery less likewise; as the very bravery of the determination would of itself be sufficient to prevent suspicion, for how unlikely that the child should be maintained and educated in a situation immediately exposed to the eyes of its own parents. In the next place the old lady affirmed that she never could be easy if the child were to be at all removed from her own particular observation; and thirdly she observed that she was more apprehensive of Peggy Mofely, her daughter's
daughter's old servant, than of anybody else; as this woman would not believe that her mistress's daughter was living, and might possibly visit Chelsea for the purpose of examining the child, and might thus, notwithstanding the opposition of the nurse, make a discovery of the exchange. These were Mrs. Percival's ostensibly reasons for removing the poor little orphan, as it was generally called, from Chelsea to Beverly, and they had all of them their due influence in the forming of a resolution, which appeared to be less hazardous on reflection than it did to the first view. But the strongest inducement with this subtle dame for the removal of the infant from Mrs. Watkins, as she was called, remained still to be told. That woman, whose stifled conscience was not absolutely dead, had vowed never to part with her little charge, unless it were to the immediate hands of Mrs. Percival herself; and this lady was so apprehensive that the singular beauty and sweetness of the child would gain upon the nurse,
nurse, and in time lead her to disclose the circumstances of her birth, that she justly thought that any removal would be preferable, with respect to the safety of her plan, to the continuance of the infant at Chelsea. Trusting therefore to the change, effected by the intervention of years in the girl's appearance, which indeed was such that a recognition of her was scarcely possible, Mrs. Percival formed the singular design of carrying her at once to the Lodge. And the event justified her conduct: for the secret which would probably have been developed much sooner in any other situation, was not at last betrayed in consequence of the child's residence at Beverly.

Another letter appeared in this collection, which informed Mrs. Watkins of the success of their measures, and assured her of the child's welfare; adding, what all the letters suggested, and what indeed was the first plea used to induce the woman's concurrence with their designs, that justice would now take place, as it was a mistake
only of the lawyer who made Mr. Charl-
ton's will, which gave Letitia a title before
Stephen; it having been the testator's intent
that the first son, and not a daughter, should
inherit the estate.

One letter was written upon the young
lady's apparent elopement with Captain
Millemont; one, upon her supposed mar-
riage with him, and a very triumphant one,
of which Webster had before given some
account, upon the intelligence of her death.
This last, lately written, shewed that they
now braved the opinion of the whole world;
as they declared in it that it was not of
much consequence to themselves whether
the transaction was, or was not, any longer
a secret, since nothing could bring the
dead to life, or affect Stephen's possessio
of what was now his lawful, as well as his
just inheritance; but that the disclosure of
the fraud would be the certain ruin of Mrs.
Watkins and her husband.

This letter was one of the most artful
that ever was penned: it was begun by the
erder,
elder, and finished by the younger Mrs. Percival. Its object was to free their family from that kind of subjection which they had been held in by the poor people of Chelsea; and for this purpose the writers employed arguments calculated to enforce the silence of their accomplices by connecting it with an idea of their own safety.

The promises which they had given of large rewards to the man and his wife upon Stephen's entrance into Spencer Aviary, were in this letter treated lightly; and in their room threatnings were substituted: a tone, in short, of severity prevailed generally through the composition. This had enraged, at the same time that it had inspired the Watkins's with terror; and their great distress and agitation on this occasion, gave Webster more light into the affair than he had ever had before: for as he was not a constant resident in their house, though his wife was, they did not confide in him with that perfect unreserve which,
which, as a constant inmate, he might probably have obtained.

The sentiments which a hasty perusal of these letters, and several others on the same subjects, excited in the minds of the auditors, may easily be supposed. Every noble passion was roused; every virtue in arms, to redress the grievances of the injured and to punish the guilty.

After the general resentment had so far subsided as to admit of a discussion respecting the proper method of proceeding, the great Lord Chancellor of the time, whose fervency in the cause of justice has been celebrated by an abler pen, proposed an immediate visit to Chelsea. This was unanimously agreed to, and the Chancellor, the Bishop, the Magistrate and Mr. Clifford, went in one coach, while in another followed Lord Andover, the Sailor and the Justice's clerk, a very shrewd young man, and a remarkable swift writer of short-hand.

When the carriages stopped at Watkins' door, the people within were in the greatest consternation,
conflagration, expecting the officers of justice to carry them to Newgate; and upon Webster's appearance, the nurse cried out, "A laws! James! what han ye doon? "Han ye betrayed us!"

"By mes, only for your own good, "mother," returned James; "so donna "be afeared. No harm shall come to you, "an you will but tell truth."

The formidable party now entered the house of Sam Watkins, who, with his wife was soon prevailed upon, by hope and by fear, to give a succinct account of the whole black transaction upon oath, which was taken down by the clerk, in due form. This account exactly tallied with that before given by Webster, with the addition of several particulars which set the affair in so clear a light, that to hear, and to be convinced, were the same thing. Mr. Percival, his wife and mother, were equally involved in the diabolical business; though the plan was first suggested by the dowager
upon receiving a letter from her dying daughter. If the reader will give himself the trouble to re-peruse the short dialogue that passed between her and her son, in the 18th chapter of our first volume, they will see the instant in which the idea had its origin. The objection which the gentleman expressed to his mother's attendance upon his father, was soon removed, when, upon Miss Martha Abington's retiring for the night, the old lady made known the project, which in less than the space of a minute was formed and completely arranged in her Machiavelian brain; he hesitated however and spoke his doubts—doubts calculated to urge the deed, while such a smile as Milton gave to his hero, evinced his approbation.—His precious partner!—his true help-mate—quick as electric fire caught the idea, and it was with reluctance she retired to her pillow, after having sat till almost day-light, arranging the intended proceedings.

"—Nor
"— Nor aught of rest she knew: her busy thought
Refused the aid of sleep, her mind to calm;
And doubts, and hopes, and fears prevailed by turns
To agonize her soul."

Early in the morning the dowager set out
for the avowed purpose of giving her blessing
to the departing Mrs. Montague. Her son attended her, and his lady went with
them as far as Hilton to assist in disposing
nurse Ellenson, with the pliancy of whose
principles they were acquainted, to favor
their plan. By means of the golden argu-
ments generally used upon such occasions,
they soon succeeded: Samuel Taylor, alias
Watkins, who had been employed by Mr.
Percival in business relative to his Lincoln-
shire estate, was convened, and by the ma-
naging gentleman formally sworn to act
with secrecy, and in concert with the nurse
in all she should direct. The business be-
ing thus settled, the old lady pursued her
journey to London, where she soon had the
satisfaction of seeing her daughter die, and
in a short time after, the little orphan also.
On this, being preceded by two special messengers, one to the Lodge, the other to Hilton, she instantly set off with the corpse of her grandchild for the house of Mrs. Ellenfon, where she arrived about eleven at night, and exchanging the dead for the living infant, returned with all possible expedition. The business was afterwards conducted as has been related in the sixteenth chapter of the first volume of this—our history.

In process of time, Mr. Percival judged it expedient that Taylor should marry Mrs. Ellenfon, as the secret would thereby rest in one family. For this purpose he gave them an additional sum of money; fixed them in an unfrequented part of Chelsea, and recommended it to them to take the name of Watkins.

After this full disclosure of the iniquitous transaction, the husband produced some papers which he said that he had always considered as of consequence. When they were opened, their importance was acknowledged by
by the gentlemen present, for they alone would have established the point in question before any judicature in the three kingdoms. They were indeed the contents of a pocket book which old Mrs. Percival had dropped as she was stepping into the carriage with the living infant just exchanged for the dead body of the real Harriet Montague. The book was picked up by Taylor the moment the old Lady was driven off; and though many inquiries were very soon made about it, he never would acknowledge his finding of it, as a certain little piece of paper of ten pounds value, the use of which he perfectly understood, was discovered by him in one of its pockets. The loss of this book occasioned the good gentlewoman many anxious hours, as there were several letters in it from her son and daughter-in-law, which she had received during her attendance upon her dying child. But she endeavoured to persuade herself that she had dropped it on getting into the carriage in London, and that it had either
either been trodden to pieces; or on account of the bill, had been burnt with the other papers by the finder. One of the letters, written by Mrs. R. Percival, and signed with her name at full length, was expressive of every vice attributable to human nature. It was in reply to the intelligence of Mrs. Montague's decease, and the probably approaching end of the poor orphan. The writer hinted that it would be uncharitable to endeavor to prolong the life of a little wretch who was born in a state of beggary, and that *to let it take its chance,* was care of it sufficient. The rest of the packet was little less opprobrious to its authors, and strongly corroborated the verbal accounts which we have given.

The nurse was now asked whether she should know her young charge if she were to see her again.

She said, yes, amidst ten thousand, though it was a considerable time since she had had that happiness, as old Mrs. Percival, from whom the young lady was never suffered to
to be absent, had not been much in London for some years, till the winter before last, when she had told her all about Miss's running away with a soldier, and had much grieved her with the tidings. The nurse added that Mr. Stephen was at that time with his grandmother, and was certainly acquainted with the exchange of the children, as he took great pains to convince her that he had always been the *rightful* heir to the estate.

The Chancellor now proposed the removal of Watkins's family to private lodgings in London, and after receiving assurances of safety and protection, they complied with the proposal; resuming their real name of Taylor still farther to elude any search which might hereafter be made for them by the Percivals. The gentlemen now returned to Captain Millemont; acquainted him with what had been done, and requested him to copy a letter dictated by the Chancellor to Mr. Percival, retracting the former intimations which had been given.
given respecting the lovely Letitia; and attesting, with the sacred word of a dying man, a full belief of her existence; unfutile purity, and perfect innocence.

With this Millemont instantly complied, and the letter was consigned to the hands of Lord Andover, to be sent, when occasion should require, to the people at the Lodge.

The next step was to order Taylor to write a letter to Mr. Percival, which the clerk of the justice, accompanied by Webster, was to deliver to that gentleman, and take from him his answer. The letter was as follows:

"Sir and Ladies,

"I am, at this time, in much want of the sum of fourteen pounds, and as Mr. Stephen Percival is about to be put into possession of the great Aviary estate by means of my wife's helping you to change the lawful heiress, Miss Letitia Spencer, for the dead body of Miss Harriet Mont-"
"tague, and thereby cheating, as it were, "the family of their lawful right, I hope "you will be so kind as not to refuse me "as now, when I am in sore want of the "money, and which I hereby do say shall "be the last I shall ask you for, as seeing "that Miss Letitia is now, as you sent us "word, dead in good earnest, and as Mr. "Stephen will soon be possessed of all the "place, after which to be sure I cannot "require any more, because the matter "will be all over. My wife's son in law, "who married our Hannah, will take this "to you, but you need not say any thing "to him about the matter, as we don't "want to tell every body every thing, as "seeing how that mightn't be quite so well, "because we might get ourselves into a "mess, as we are poor people, so be pleased "to write me word if Miss Letitia be dead "indeed, and if afterwards I may not as "well be Sam Taylor again, as I don't "like to go by another name no longer. "I am
"I am however for the present, sir and ladies,
"Your dutiful Servant,
"Sam. Watkins."

This letter was copied and duly witnessed, after which the clerk and Webster went express to the Lodge, leaving their horses about a mile short of their journey's end, to prevent a suspicion of the importance of their errand. When the letter was put into the hands of Mr. Percival, he coloured; frowned, and appeared confused; he then went with it to his mother's apartment where he found her, and his wife in earnest conversation on the expected great change in their family affairs. On communicating what he had received, the ladies were considerably discomposèd, but agreed that the request must be complied with, and even exceeded, by some unasked presents to the wife. No fear, however, was to be visible; on the contrary, the reply was to be haughty,
haughty, and the people taught to know that the Percivals did not now stand in need of their assistance: the gentleman therefore wrote the following:

"Samuel,

"The contents of your letter, at this juncture are rather extraordinary; nevertheless, on the account of past services I grant your request; the more readily as I can bring your own hand-writing to witness your declaring this shall be the last time of your troubling me on the same account. I therefore enclose you a bill for twenty pounds, desiring you to present your wife with the surplus, as a joint gift from the two Mrs. Percivals.

"The young woman about whom you so very particularly inquire, is most assuredly dead and buried; and therefore it is, that we inform you we shall not any more want the assistance of either nurse or yourself.

"With
With respect to your name—why will not that which you at present bear serve you as well as the other? You have not my consent to change it: so take care what you do in that matter. Let me see that you are willing to oblige me now as well as formerly, and you shall, on occasion, find that I am

Still your friend,

Richard Percival."

This letter, attested by the clerk and Webster, to have been received immediately from the hand of the gentleman, whose signature it bears, was deposited in the hands of the Chancellor, to be produced with the other important papers, in case the delinquents should have sufficient hardieffe to stand a trial. This however it could scarcely be supposed that they would do, after having been previously confronted by the various uncontrovertible proofs which were now collected.
As soon as these necessary steps had been taken, Lord Andover and Clifford again visited Captain Millemont and received from him farther particulars respecting his seizure of Letitia. Having secured a passage in a ship which was soon to sail from the Lizard Point for Jamaica, they then prepared to set off post for Spencer Aviary, the Earl having with difficulty been prevailed upon to delay the journey till the return of the messengers from the Lodge, left the report of any emotion in the family of the Spencers might alarm the conscious Percivals. Just after the last departure of the two friends from Beverly to London, Millemont's fabricated tale of the lovely Letitia's marriage and death, had been industriously spread through the neighbourhood by Mrs. Mitchel; and had been deeply deplored by her friends at the Aviary and in the village. Lucy was inconsolable, as she had, always cherished a hope that the same of her favorite would one day be cleared, and that she herself would be restored to her affection.

When
When the account reached Mr. Ruffel, he professed his disbelief of both circumstances; deemed the whole to be some vile artifice, in which he suspected the Percivals to be concerned, that they might inherit the pittance of which Mrs. Montague had died possessed.

Mr. Barker said that he had but an indifferent opinion of the principles of the family at the Lodge, yet he did not think that it was the trifling fortune to which she had a right, but the desire of preventing an union between the young lady and Lord Andover, which had biased their conduct.

"Then you do think," said Mr. Ruffel, "that they were accessory to the misfortunes into which Miss Montague was plunged?"

"My thoughts on the subject are so bewildered," replied Mr. Barker, "that I scarce know what answer to return. Something was wrong amongst them, but..."
"but I know not upon whom to rest my suspicion."

Much more conversation passed upon the occasion, and Mr. Ruffel declared that as this last account had entirely invalidated that which he received from the gentleman at Jamaica to whom he had formerly applied, he would have the whole business investigated, and every particular elucidated, before he would release one shilling of the property over which he had any authority. But old Mrs. Percival was too politic to call him to any account: on the contrary she declared that the money should rest in Mr. Ruffel's hands till they were more perfectly acquainted with the circumstances of her grand-daughter's destiny.

With the abovementioned report, neither Lord Andover nor Clifford had been made acquainted by the Spencers, as it was judged proper to defer the communication till the arrival which was soon expected, of the young
young men at the Aviary; and as it was not to be questioned but that Lord Andover would be deeply affected by the intelligence: his fixed good opinion of Miss Montague seeming to keep his hopes alive in defiance of evidence and reason.
CHAP. CII.

The Discovery made known to the Spencers.

OUR cousin Fielding left us particular orders never to attempt a full description of such scenes as can only be portrayed by the imagination of a reader of quick and tender sensibility. We will therefore give only a sketch of the effect which the communication of the preceding development produced on the inhabitants of the Aviary.

The young Earl and his equally anxious friend arrived at the last stage of their journey about three o'clock in the morning: when thinking that it would be improper to reach Mr. Spencer's before the family were risen from their beds, the gentlemen agreed to take that rest of which they both stood greatly in need; the agitation of their spirits since the first perusal of Millemont's letter
letter of intelligence, having prevented them from enjoying an uninterrupted and refreshing sleep from the period of that memorable event.

When our two friends reached the park of Mr. Spencer, they saw several parties strolling about in different places; one of which they descried to be the three sisters; Lucy, Matilda, and Caroline. The young men now alighted, and walking after the ladies overtook them just as they had reached one of the little temples with which the place abounded. The usual surprise at an unexpected meeting having subsided, and the usual questions and answers being finished, Clifford observed that his Lucy looked melancholy, and smiling, said that he suspected the welcome of himself and Lord Andover, at Spencer Aviary.

"Indeed your suspicion is unjust," replied she, with a blush; "but I must acknowledge my spirits are rather low."

"From any particular cause?"—with anxiety interrogated Clifford.

"Why
"Why—n—no"—she answered with a degree of insincerity and sighed.

"Why that sigh then, my dear Lucy?"—taking her hand, asked he with concern.

Lucy burst into tears.

The gentlemen were alarmed, and observing that some pearly drops had moistened the cheeks of the gentle Matilda, earnestly entreated to know the cause of the apparent emotion.

Caroline was the only one who could answer. Her feelings were acute, and she was extremely concerned, but her spirits were strong. Speaking therefore with quickness, she said, "As, soon or late, the cause of my sister's sorrow must be told, it cannot answer any good end to defer the communication. The once dearest friend of her heart—her beloved Miss Montague—"

"Miss Montague! What of Miss Montague! What of her!"—echoed from the two gentlemen.

"Her troubles are ended!" said Lucy with
with a momentary heroisin; and then, relapsing into native tenderness, she wept afresh.

Apprehensive lest the intelligence should be real, Lord Andover sat aghast without daring to ask one question, till Clifford demanded the author of her intelligence; expressing at the same time his hope that it was false.

"O! no;" replied she. "It is—it is too true. The information came from Mrs. Mitchel, and to her from that abhorred Millemont!"

"Thank Heaven!" exclaimed the earl; at once relieved from his fears; "thank heaven that you have no other source of information."

"No other source of information Seymour!"—replied Lucy with almost an angry quickness. "But yes; I have other."

"That your Miss Montague was married to Captain Millemont"—explained Mr. Clifford; "but my dearest Lucy both these
"these circumstances are, I trust, equally false."

"False!" echoed Lucy, while Matilda and Caroline sat in silent wonder. "To what does all this lead?"

"To the expression of a hope," replied his Lordship, "that you will one day again see the friend whom you so deservedly hold dear, with a fame as unspotted as her mind."

We now summon to our aid the imagination of our gentle reader, which must assist in depicting the happiness which Lucy experienced when she was told that the friend of her heart, whom she had lamented not only as dead but as dishonoured (for her union with Millemont was dishonour) was probably still alive, and certainly possessed of spotless innocence. This gave her a joy which was almost inconceivable: but when she was assured that her dear, innocent and living friend was her Sister,—the often and long lamented child of her parents and grandfather—the true heiress to the
the Aviary, whose existence would avert the impending and dreaded alteration in the situation of all those who were most dear to her; her transport reached the utmost height of human bearing. No doubt was permitted to exist amongst this happy party of the life of their Letitia, or of the certainty of her being found in consequence of the inquiry which would be immediately instituted on the interesting occasion. They reasonably conjectured that while from the search of Millemont she would only hide herself more deeply, to that made in the name of the Spencers she would soon doubtless surrender herself with gladness.

Thus they reasoned, and thus they believed; being too happy to see the gloomy side of the prospect.

The joy of Matilda showed itself in tears; that of Caroline in action: for while Lucy was almost fainting in the arms of her Frederic, Caroline observing Mr. Ruffel, Mr. Barker, and Mr. George Abington at a distance, sprang from her seat; ran to them,
them, and conducted them to the temple with—"Come along, come along, my dear friends! come along!" With surprise they followed her steps, and with surprise beheld the scene before them.

As soon as the gentlemen last arrived were seated, Lord Andover took from his pocket-book the letter of Captain Millemont, and putting it into the hands of Mr. Barker, requested him to read it aloud.

It is unnecessary to say that the gentlemen were all greatly affected by the communication. As to Mr. Russell—his passion was almost uncontrollable; he seemed in a perfect frenzy; swore he would go himself to the West Indies in pursuit of the lovely exile, and appeared as if he wanted to set off that instant.

It was now agreed that Mr. Barker should go to the venerable Mr. Spencer and acquaint him, by himself, with the business of the moment, left the agitation of his grand-children, united with the interest of the discovery, should be too much for him to support. Taking therefore the letter
ter with him Mr. Barker went to the study of the good man, and after some preparatory conversation acquainted him with the disclosure which had been made. But however guardedly the subject was introduced, or how fortified for ever by religious philosophy Mr. Spencer might be, the intelligence nearly overcame his spirits. The happiness which would probably result from this event to one branch of his descendants, with the punishment and shame, which awaited the atrocious guilt of the other, so divided and convulsed his mind that the conflict was severe and almost too strong for him. In the end, however, the gladness was predominant; for as he knew that his grand-daughter Eleanor had before been guilty of acts of turpitude, he hoped that the disappointment, and the disgrace she must now necessarily incur (unsupported by the adulation with which a set of people aptly called time-servers, had of late poisoned her mind and stifled the voice of her conscience) would bring her to a due sense
sense of her guilt and lead her to that sincere repentance, which will wash to perfect whiteness, fins of the darkest dye. After the tribute of some sighs for the approaching and merited fate of the Percivals, and a fervent prayer that upon the ruins of their temporal, their eternal happiness might be fixed, he yielded to the sunshine which seemed to be diffusing around his habitation, and at this crisis a servant appeared with a request from Lord Andover, for permission to attend him. The request was instantly granted, and Mr. Spencer gave to "the dear son of his wishes" a fervent benediction. After this, he expressed a wish to be left by himself; desiring that some excuse might be made for his non-appearance at dinner, and that he might be sent to after every one had been made acquainted with the important intelligence, as he thought that he had hardly sufficient strength to be present at the more general discovery.

Mr. Ruffel was now returned from Mr. Abington's,
Abington's, where he had communicated the particulars of Millemont's letter; and had desired his brother, sister, and Miss Abington (Miss Martha being as usual on a visit to the Lodge) to repair to the Aviary, that their presence might sustain at the trying moment the spirits of his niece Sophia. Mr. George Abington had likewise pursued the same conduct with his lady, so that only the father and mother of our heroine were ignorant of her being their daughter.

Mrs. G. Abington felt the sorrow of a sister for the deplorable errors of Mrs. R. Percival; but with the same ideas which had suggested consolation to her grandfather, she, likewise, gave way to joy.

As soon as dinner was ended and the servants withdrawn an almost universal silence ensued. One looked upon another as if he would say "who is to begin?" Mr. Edward Spencer perceiving the unusual strangeness of the company, asked what was the matter; upon which Mr. G. Abington replied, "Nothing
Nothing my dear brother but what will, "I trust, crown our general felicity." At this the ever lively Caroline arose from her seat, and going to Mrs. Spencer clasped her arms round her neck and said "Oh! my dear, dear mother! how happy shall we all be."

Mrs. Spencer was surprized at this action of her daughter's, and earnestly enquired the cause of her exclamation.

"Prepare yourself my dear child," said Mr. Abington "for a surpise—a surpise which will I hope, as George says, preceede more felicity than, happy as you have been, you have ever yet experienced. And now without farther preface, will you brother undertake to read the letter?"

"Yes," said Mr. Russell, "if my ne Phelps will change seats with me;" and thus placed Mrs. Spencer between her husband and mother.

Mr. Russell now began to read what

Millemont
Millemont had written to Lord Andover, and proceeded, though not uninterrupted by expressions of joy at the probability of the supposed Miss Montague's existence, and the certainty of her perfect innocence and great merit, till he arrived at the part which mentioned the Captain's leaving the island of Jamaica. Stopping there, he said, "Now Sophia arm yourself with fortitude."

"Why what is coming?" asked she.

"What can all this lead to?" exclaimed her husband.

"Shall I proceed?"

"Yes; for we are all wonder and impatience."

Mr. Russel continued, and when he came to the following paragraph, read slow and with energy.

—"And from him I have indubitable proofs—proofs which the laws of England must admit and which consequently must confirm her right—that the loveliest woman in
in the creation, whose affection is yours, and
whom you have so long known by the name
Harriet Montague, is no other than"—
Mr. Ruffel again stopped, and said "I
am afraid to go on, for, Sophy, you al-
ready look pale."
"For heaven's sake! proceed," said the,
"and stop no more."
He then continued—"is no other than
the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Spen-
cer of the Shrubbery and the incontestible
heir of Spencer Aviary, and all its do-
 mains."
"It is impossible!"—they both ex-
claimed in the same instant, almost breath-
less with emotion.
"It is a fact, my dear children," said
Mr. Ruffel; while every eye round the
table was filled with tears; "The babe
whom you buried as your own, was the
real Harriet Montague; whose little
dead body was exchanged in the night by
the Percivals, for that of your still living
beautiful Letitia."

Upon
Upon this, Mrs. Spencer, whose countenance, at the moment not even Hogarth could have portrayed, gave a faint scream and throwing her arms around her husband, sank, as if lifeless, upon his breast; while he, though scarcely able to support her, pressed her to his heart, with speechless energy.

For several moments not a syllable was uttered in the room, but the language of hearts, which spoke in sighs and sobbings, was distinctly heard from every bosom.

At length Mrs. Spencer opened her eyes, and attempted to look at the surrounding friends, when seeing them all affected, she again faintly screamed; again clasped her husband in her arms, and was then relieved by a sudden burst of tears.

"For Heaven's sake! my dearest love! and for my sake," said Mr. E. Spencer, "endeavor—endeavor—" but he could not finish the sentence; and not having the relief of tears which gave ease to the lady, was so oppressed that his breast heaved with
with a sigh which seemed to rend his heart. Perceiving how much they were affected, Mr. G. Abington and Lord Andover arose and leading them to a sofa, insisted on their drinking a large glass of Madeira, from which they were immediately sensible of benefit. Their friends now surrounded them, and mutual congratulations were given and received; but they did not venture upon any particular conversation. At length Mrs. Spencer expressed an earnest desire to see her dear grandfather, as she emphatically termed him, for the excellent man was so sincerely beloved and revered by all his family, that no happiness seemed to them to be complete if he did not partake of it: but being told that he had been too much affected by the first communication to be present when the disclosure was made to her and his grandson, and that he had desired to be left by himself, she said that it was easy to imagine how his time had been employed; and my best readers will conjecture with this
this amiable woman, that he had been engaged, during the important interval in question, in addresses to the Throne of Heaven.

Mr. and Mrs. Spencer now declared themselves sufficiently collected to hear whatever more it was necessary that they should be told, respecting the interesting subject. On this Mr. Clifford and Lord Andover went through all the foregoing important particulars; the repetition of which, however, agitated them even more than they expected.

After this, Mr. and Mrs. Spencer, and Mrs. G. Abington, went to the apartment of their grandfather, who received them with a tranquil countenance; his mind having been restored to its usual equanimity. But his expressions and congratulations evinced the fervency of his joy: and his observations on the great and eventful discovery; his pointing to the obvious finger of a constant superintending Providence,
dence, so expanded the hearts of his hearers that nothing but silence could express their sensations.

"But oh! my sister! my faulty sister!"—at length Mrs. G. Abington exclaimed, "What can be done with my sister!"

"Let us hope my dear Matilda," said Mr. Spencer, "that this very event may terminate in her final good, and contribute to her eternal interest. The Universal Father cares for all His children. He studies the best happiness of every one. Not a single creature is excluded from the great scheme of His Providence. Be not then over-grieved at the infamy and punishment which must necessarily overtake her. You are sister by nature, but not by sentiment. In your earliest years, your characters were distinguishably different."

Much more conversation passed upon the great business of the day, but, as three fourths of our readers are heartily tired with the pious and the tender, we will relieve
lieve them by adjourning to the tea-table, over which future proceedings were settled by universal agreement, this was the scheme.

Mr. Edward Spencer, Mr. Ruffel, Mr. Barker and Lord Andover were to set out in a day or two for London, accompanied by Mr. G. Abington and Mr. Clifford, and the latter was to proceed to Windsor to request for Lord Andover from Mr. Herbert, a letter of introduction to his brother in Jamaica. They were afterwards to proceed without any further delay to Falmouth, as the ship was to leave the coast of Cornwall in the latter end of the ensuing week. During the absence of the four first mentioned gentlemen, Mr. Clifford and Mr. G. Abington assisted by Mr. Herbert, who, it was not to be doubted, would readily undertake the task, were to go from one seaport to another to make inquiry of all the West-India merchants, and of others, who during the period of the last two or three years had been to that quarter of the globe;
globe; and likewise to give instructions to those who were going thither, with the promise of five thousand pounds to any one who should discover the lovely object of their search. All this was to be conducted with the greatest privacy of which the case admitted, that the Percivals might not be too soon apprized of the event.

Clifford pressed to accompany his friend, but was so earnestly entreated by him to continue in England to explore the coasts, that he consented to stay behind.

And now some of our querulous readers may perchance pronounce that it is very unlikely for these gentlemen to go to such a distance to seek a person who was near at hand; as it was strange that they should not by some means or other know that she was in the kingdom.

Without asking by what means—without paying any attention to such cavillers—How often in cases of equal importance do we look widely round for events hidden.
hidden from our eyes by only the tardiness of a few hours! How often despair of receiving blessings which are ready prepared for us, and which, perhaps, we ourselves are the means of keeping at a farther distance by an immoderate anxiety, to possess them!

"I never shall be in such a happy situation," says the despairing Phelon, who is next day fixed in one much superior, by an event of which twenty-four hours before he had no idea.

Our departed friends, acting, perhaps, as our guardian angels, smile upon each other, with heavenly benevolence, when they see the patience and resignation of a suffering fellow-creature succeeded by gratitude for an unexpected turn of circumstances; and are, doubtless, pleased to be the immediate ministers of his happiness.

Turn, therefore, you who are oppressed with grief, an eye of hope; of trust; of rest; on Him who marks all the circumstances.
stances of your life; who does not permit one event to befall you that may not conduce to your future good: nor withhold what you term a blessing, which would not be finally injurious.
The party of friends at Spencer Aviary did not separate till a late hour. Every disagreeable idea was banished; every hope encouraged: they suffered themselves to look forward to the period when Letitia Spencer, as Countess of Andover, was to preside in that happy mansion. Not with presumption, did they press into futurity; not with ideas of triumphing over even the Percivals, but with the humble hope; the trust; the confidence, which we have just now recommended to the afflicted; and they retired to rest with the purest tranquillity.

Particulars respecting the intended voyage being soon arranged, we will separate the four gentlemen from their friends, and without giving our readers the pain of witnessing a solemn adieu, we will convey them
them to London. Here they received information from the owners of the vessel, in which their passage had been secured, that she would be ready for sailing several days sooner than it was expected, and that they had been under much concern at not knowing where to send to the gentlemen who where to fail in her to Jamaica. This put them all in motion: carriages were immediately ordered, and Clifford accompanied them to the Land's-end; leaving Mr. G. Abington to transact business in London.

The critics may suppose that the premature failing of the vessel from England, was a circumstance too trifling to be mentioned: but let us remind these sublime genii that small causes are often productive of greater effects; that circumstances, sometimes, too minute for observation, frequently swell into events the most important of a man's life.

"Pay a due attention to trifles," says a certain Christian philosopher, "and set a strict guard over them; for at a small breach
"breach in the walls of a city, a whole
army pours in its numerous body. Great
matters demand not such a constant
watch, as they will secure an attention
to themselves by their own pressing im-
portunity."

We need not be told that the above ob-
servation is not directly in point with our
subject, as it is a truth of which we ourselves
are perfectly convinced. But as there was
something in our story that brought the
good counsel to our recollection, we chose
to insert it, and presume to suppose that
some one or other may be benefited by its
appearance.

The premature failing of the ship was the
immediate cause of our gentlemen's leav-
ing the English coast, for had it not gone
till the time first fixed, Lord Andover, or
at least Mr. Clifford, would have visited
Windsor previous to their journey to the
Land's-end, and then the occasion of their
intended voyage would of course have been
mentioned; and consequently have been
prevented
prevented by the discovery of its object. But as present circumstances rendered the execution of that design inconvenient, Clifford sent an express to inquire of Mr. Herbert if he had anything to transmit to Jamaica, and to desire a letter of introduction to his brother for Lord Andover. Clifford did not request letters for the other gentlemen, as they were strangers to Mr. Herbert, and as that for the Earl would answer the full purpose of the party. Mr. Clifford added that his friends waited the messenger's return for setting off; that he himself should accompany them down into Cornwall, and upon his return, visit Windsor, to consult with Mr. Herbert on the occasion of this voyage of the gentlemen, the story being too bulky and indeed too complex to be made the subject of a letter.

How frequently do we say—"had it not been for such an accident, such an event had not happened!" And—had such a person gone sooner on such an errand,
"such and such consequences would have " ensued!"

But let us lift our minds a little higher than the present scene. We have before affirmed ourselves to be anti-fatalists; or in other words that we believe the children of men are endued with such a portion of free-will, as enables them to accept the good, and to refuse the evil which is placed before them; or to choose the evil and refuse the good. We think, however, that there is a path prepared for us to walk in, which will assuredly lead us, if we turn not away from it, to happiness; and that even if we do deviate from this right road and stray into the paths of vice, we may be again brought, though perhaps by a circuitous track, into that walk which unerring Wisdom and unceasing Mercy have provided for our footsteps. There are some events which, when their accelerating or preventing causes are known, we think might easily have been avoided or pro-
duced; but, which as circumstances happened at the time, could not possibly have been either hastened or retarded.

Thus it may be said, "Had Lord Andover or Mr. Clifford seen Mr. Herbert and communicated the business of the moment—or had the latter mentioned the names of the gentlemen who were to have accompanied his friend, an éclaircissement must have taken place."

But let it be considered that a journey to Windsor would at such a pressing moment have been extremely inconvenient, and according to all which was before them to determine their judgment, perfectly unnecessary: for as Mr. Herbert was in a constant habit of correspondence with his brother, it was not likely, engaged in business of consequence as the gentlemen expected to be during their stay in Jamaica, that they could render him any material service; nor was it essential that they should even take a letter from him, as the Bishop had written to his son Francis a circumstantial ac-

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count of the affair: and as to mentioning the names to Mr. Herbert of Mr. Ruffel, Mr. Barker, and Mr. Edward Spencer,—where could be the utility of that? Secret as Clifford had been respecting his connections at Beverly, he could not suppose his brother to be acquainted with these names, and his own recommendation to Frank, independent of the Bishop’s, would have been perfectly sufficient for the securing of that gentleman’s most friendly and zealous offices. The express which was sent to Windsor was in some measure a compliment; or at most an attention demanded by friendship from Clifford to his brother. As no one person therefore concerned in the transaction, could be justly charged with any improper conduct, it may, in this, and in many similar cases, be fairly inferred that such an event was or was not to happen, without infringing upon the right of that free-will with which we believe the sons of mortality to be endowed. The exercise of patience; forgiveness, and various
various other virtues: the subjugation of vice, with many reasons at present unknown to us, may render several occurrences necessary, which it would be right in us to prevent, could we see those incidents which, though surrounding us, and just on the point of happening, are hidden from our view. These, then, may be called the works of fate; or, as we rather wish to express ourselves—the designs of Providence.

To some of our readers we feel an inclination to apologize for the foregoing reflections: but they are intended to answer the cavils of a set of trivial critics of the eighteenth century, who having no capacity to decide for themselves, glean opinions from the light pamphlets of the times; and frequently approve on one day what on the day before they had unfortunately condemned. Taking leave, however (for we cannot stop to pay them much attention) of this fluttering yet noxious race of animals,
mals, we will waft ourselves and our friends to the western coast of the kingdom, and with that flight finish the one hundred and third chapter, of these our more than Herculean labors.
CHAP. CVI.

Mr. Clifford proceeds to Windsor.

After a stay at Falmouth of a day and a half, Mr. Clifford took leave of his four friends, whom he left under sail for Jamaica; and after lingering on the shore till the topmast of their vessel vanished from his view, heaved a sigh of friendship, and returning to the inn, ordered a chaise for Truro. Impatient to exert his powers for the happiness of many who were dear to him, Clifford stopped not till he reached Basingstoke, at which place he indulged a few hours of sleep, intending immediately after this necessary refreshment, to hasten to Windsor. But his design was in some measure prevented by the circumstance of all the carriages of the place being engaged in consequence of the wedding of a rich heiress in the neighbourhood. He
was obliged therefore to wait so long for the
return of one of the chaises, that he did not
arrive at Mr. Herbert's till that gentleman,
his lady, and our heroine were sitting at their
evening tea. The weather was fine, and
their apartment, which was on the second
floor, and overlooked some beautiful gar-
dens, extremely pleasant. Mrs. Herbert
and Letitia sat on a sofa near a window; Mr. Herbert on the other side of the tea-
table. The loveliness of the scene had
been the subject of their conversation, and
Letitia with a tear upon her cheek, said
the opposite view brought to her mind one
in which she had always taken peculiar
pleasure at Spencer Aviary.

"I wish," said Mrs. Herbert, "that
every scene at Beverly could be obliterate-
rated from your remembrance. Will
you never, my dear Harriet, look for-
ward without a previous retrospect?"

"Never can I forget the friends of my
earlier days," returned our heroine.
"Never cease to regret the necessity of a
separation
"separation from those who were—who "are dearer to me than anything else in "existence. Accuse me not, my kind "protectors of ingratitude when, I confess "that no subsequent affection can eradi-"cate that which took root in my infancy, "and increased with my increasing years."

Mr. and Mr. Herbert used every effort to raise the depressed spirits of their lovely friend, and so well succeeded that they were conversing with tolerable cheerfulfulness when a servant announced Mr. Clifford, whose appearance gave pleasure to each individual of the party.

After the usual enquiries; usual replies, and the general observations to which pleasant weather and rural prospects commonly give rise—Mrs. Herbert began—"And so "Frederic your friend Lord Andover is "going to Jamaica!"

*Clifford.* He is. I saw the vessel under sail before I left the shore.

*Mr. Herbert.* What occasions his voyage?

*Clifford.*
Clifford. A business in which you must assist. Love.

Mrs. Herbert. And that is a business in which I am sure Mr. Herbert will be diligent; as I doubt not but the end of his design is matrimony.

Clifford. Certainly; and I pray to Heaven it may be successful.

Mr. Herbert. You speak feelingly brother. I presume the incidents of this story are affecting.

Clifford. More so than I can possibly express. On the event of his pursuit depends the felicity of many of the best beings in this scene of existence.

Mrs. Herbert. You interest us, Frederic. For goodness sake begin your story. Remember you promised us some information.

Clifford. And you shall have it: but I must premise that at present it must be kept a most profound secret.

Letitia rising. Mrs. Herbert I will go with
with my little friends on their promised evening walk. By the time I shall come back—

Mrs. Herbert. My dear Harriet! have you no curiosity about love stories? For my part I am all impatience.

Letitia blushing. When important secrets—

Clifford. My dear Miss Mansfield! I hope you include yourself in the number of those who are to be trusted. And give me leave to say that did you know Lord Andover, you could not be so indifferent to his fate.

Letitia. Indeed Mr. Clifford, I am not indifferent to the happiness of others, and if my flattering is not improper, I, likewise, will confess some degree of impatience to hear a story which seems to be extraordinary.

Clifford bowing.] Some years back Lord Andover formed a tender attachment to a young lady who, by the accounts of all that ever knew her, was one of the most beautiful, most accomplished, and best of human beings. 
beings. Their affection was mutual; and indeed they were deserving of each other: for it must be acknowledged that Lord Andover has not many equals.

Mrs. Herbert. Really I think so. For elegance of person, and manners, he stands unrivalled amongst all our young noblemen.

Clifford. His mind surpasses his manners, and the beauty of his Miss Spencer is said to be greatly exceeded by her intellectual endowments.

[Letitia with a sigh.] Spencer! sir. Is the lady's name Spencer?

Clifford. It is madam: Letitia Spencer. She is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Spencer of the Shrubbery at Beverly.

Letitia. Letitia! Letitia Spencer! Lucy, sure you mean!

Clifford. And do you then, Miss Mansfield, know Miss Lucy Spencer?

Letitia. I have heard sir—I have heard—but pray go on!

Clifford. Letitia is sister to Miss Lucy; but
but they are still more united by affection than by nature. The attachment of Lord Andover, then Mr. Seymour, for this most lovely—

*Letitia:* Seymour! Lord Andover! Mr. Seymour! Letitia—Lucy Spencer! Heavens! What—what—But I ask pardon. Pray! pray! pray proceed!

*Clifford.* Allow me, my dear madam, to express my astonishment at your exclamations and evident discomposure. What can this portend? May I Miss Mansfield—

*Mrs. Herbert, in a tremulous voice.*] Go on! go on, brother! You kill one with anxiety. Why do you ask so many questions!

*Mr. Herbert.* Humour your sister Frederic and proceed. She is in a fit of impatience.

*Clifford.* And I of surprise. But I obey. The attachment of Lord Andover for this Miss Spencer, who is heiress to a most magnificent estate called Spencer Aviary, commenced at a very early age, and will, I doubt.
doubt not, continue throughout his existence. But I must go still farther back. When Letitia was about three years old, or I believe not quite so much, she was sent into the country for fresh air, in consequence of her slow recovery from the hooping-cough. A family named Percival, who were next heirs to the Aviary estate, corrupted the nurse who had the care of the child, and by her means exchanged it for a dead one, who, to the inexpressible concern of the Spencers, was buried as their own, while the living Letitia was conveyed away, and, by a deep stroke of policy, carried down some few years after into the same country, and educated under the name of the dead child, which was Harriet Montague.

The consternation that now prevailed in this little party was, we are inclined to believe, greater than the greatest orator or ablest writer could describe. The auditors were, for several moments, literally struck dumb, and Clifford, who saw their amaze-
ment, was so surprised by the astonished countenances of his friends, that he was under the same silent influence. Mr. Herbert, at length impressed the air with his voice, by repeating in a tone between question and exclamation *Harriet Montague?*!—at the same instant that his lady, as if recovering from a stupor, said, "Good Heavens! is it possible!"—receiving into her arms, at the same moment, the fainting Letitia, who, overcome by the violence of various emotions, sank senseless upon the bosom of her friend.

Clifford was now the person most amazed. Indeed he was so bewildered by rising ideas, that he stood motionless, till Mr. Herbert, said—"My dear brother, *that* is Miss Montague."

"That *Miss Montague*!"—repeated Clifford starting backward with surprise; "it is impossible! Miss Mansfield *Harriet Montague*! It surely cannot be!—Is she not the niece of Mr. Cumber-land?!

*His*
"His adopted niece, was all I ever told you," replied Mr. Herbert; who seeing Letitia continue lifeless, seated himself by her and supported her till the strength of her emotions brought her back to consciousness, and she broke into a torrent of tears.

It was scarcely possible for a greater variety of contending passions to tear the breast of a human being, than what now tortured that of the lovely Letitia Spencer. Her title to the Aviary, never gleamed upon her imagination. Love and friendship divided her whole soul. Lucy—her friend!—her sister!—Lucy, as Clifford's language evinced, not married!! consequently Seymour free—and Seymour faithful!!! These were such causes of joy—of transport, as subdued her strength. But Seymour was gone to Jamaica! Yes; but he was gone in pursuit of her! Yet, still he was gone! And what a length of time it must be before he could return!

Thus blest as she was, even Letitia half repined
repined that she was not blest still more. Too frequently is this the case in life: but the piety and confidence of our heroine did not remain long unexercised. She lifted up her heart, and trusted in Him in whom she had *often* trusted, and never in vain. After a short period, she requested a few minutes absence, and retiring to her own apartment, soon found some degree of composure. And now her father, her mother, her venerable great-grandfather, with all her other relations and Beverly friends, had their turns in her affectionate remembrance, and added fervency to the thanks which she offered at the Throne of Mercy; and so irradiated, by her employment, was her countenance, that when she returned, she appeared something more than human.

During her absence Mr. Clifford was informed of the circumstances of her escape from Citron Grove, as well as with all subsequent events, and as soon as she entered he ardently congratulated her; himself; and their mutual friends on the happy discovery,
covery, in terms expressive of the highest admiration and esteem. Nothing could be more animated—more interesting than the ensuing conversation; every individual seeming to be the person principally benefited. Clifford said that he wondered at his own stupidity in ever supposing there could be two such women in the world as Miss Mansfield and Miss Montague; that he ought to have known his sister's friend to have been Seymour's Harriet, from her answering so exactly the description which he had received of both her person; mind, and manners.

The circumstances of the discovery were now adverted to, and Mr. Clifford, in whose hands one copy of the proceedings was placed, gave a transcript of Millemont's letter to Mr. Herbert, and then retired, from motives of delicacy, during the reading of it. The contents of the letter were very affecting to Miss Spencer; and no parts more so than those which evinced her tenderness for Lord Andover. During the time
time that Mr. Herbert was reading, she hid her face in the bosom of her friend, while tears and blushes covered her lovely cheeks. We will leave the reader to imagine the sensations which she experienced on the full discovery of the baseness of the Percivals; on the explanation of the fabricated account of Lucy's marriage with Seymour, and on all the other material parts of Millemont's confession.

When Clifford returned and some further elucidation had taken place respecting what had been done by the Chancellor, Bishop, &c. on the business in point, he expressed his design of setting off for Beverly immediately; but as the evening was pretty far advanced, and he had, of late, been much fatigued, he was prevailed upon to sleep at Windsor, and to set off early in the morning. At the same time also Mr. Herbert determined upon returning to London, for the purpose of receiving the Spencers, who doubtless, upon the first intelligence of Letitia's being in England, would
THE MICROCOISM.

would hasten to see her, as it would not be proper for her, at that crisis, to appear in the country.

Several agreeable scenes were now anticipated by Mr. and Mrs. Herbert, Letitia and Mr. Clifford: the only idea which clouded the prospect, being the absence of Mr. E. Spencer; Mr. Russel; Mr. Barker, and the young Earl; and this, they had hope, a few weeks would remove.

"I find Mr. Clifford, you are perfectly acquainted with all the families at Beverley," observed Miss Spencer.

"I am madam; and that acquaintance has long constituted the greatest part of my happiness."

"Pray Frederic what was the reason that we never were informed of your having such valuable connexions?" asked Mrs. Herbert.

"My dear Rosella I expected your question and am prepared for it. Thus I answer it. When I was first introduced into the admirable family of the Spencers,
"Spencers, by the means of my intimacy with my friend Seymour, my finances were in too confined a state to allow me to inform you or my brother of my attachment in it; as I was assured that you would both generously insist upon incommoding yourselves to facilitate my wishes; and after the death of our uncle, your return was so continually expected, that I resolved to delay the communication till I could make it personally."

"Very well brother: this pleases me, as it evinces that you have a particular, as well as a general attachment to that neighbourhood," said Mrs. Herbert. "I have sister," replied Clifford with a glow upon his face; "and I must request you to endeavour to prevail with your lovely friend to give me her Lucy."

"My Lucy, Mr. Clifford! And is that really the case?"

"It is indeed; and if you refuse your interest to my sister's entreaty, I will apply..."
"ply to Seymour," returned he with a
smile.

"You need not, you need not," said
Letitia blushing, "seek any other advoca-
tic than Mrs. Herbert. But I will
spare even her the trouble of entreaty,
for I am so delighted with the idea, that
I think the present moment gives me al-
most as much satisfaction as any of the
past."

"Most ardently do I thank you," said
he taking her hand; "for you have made
me the most gratifying, as well as the
highest compliment, I can possibly re-
cieve."

"From my heart I congratulate you," said Mr. Herbert, "on your approaching
alliance with such a family. But let me
ask why you never mentioned this mat-
ter since our return, as you say you in-
tended to do?"

"For this reason. Very soon after I saw
you, I heard of Miss Mansfield, and heard
of her in such terms as convinced me [I

can
can now speak freely] that you Rosella wished to unite in her the epithets of friend and sister; and when I saw her I apprehended that under such a prepossession you would not see my Lucy to advantage. As the family therefore of the Spencers intended to be in town the latter end of this month, my design was to have you introduced to her as to a casual acquaintance, that her excellent qualities and amiable manners might produce their usual effect, by appearing through an unprejudiced medium— was Clifford's reply to Mr. Herbert's enquiry.

In this kind of conversation was the evening passed, and early in the morning the party left Windsor; Mr. Clifford for Spencer Aviary; Mr. and Mrs. Herbert with Miss Spencer and the little ones for London.
Mr. Herbert, waited upon his father as soon as he arrived in town, to acquaint him with their happiness in the discovery of Letitia. The prelate partook of his joy, and proceeded with him to the Chancellor's, who requested that Mr. Herbert would assist in having every circumstance which had occurred within his knowledge put into proper form and duly attested, lest Miss Spencer, who he understood had been for some months of age, should die before she was put into actual possession of her estates; which she could not be in the absence of her father; so very particular had the bequest of old Mr. Charlton been worded.

Mr. G. Abington, to whom a messenger had been dispatched, was the first of the family
family that recognised his lovely niece, who presented to her uncle the brother and sister of Mr. Clifford, and very sincere were the circulating congratulations.

At the Aviary, the knowledge of Letitia's existence and safety occasioned a tumult of joy, though a sigh heaved the bosom of Mrs. Spencer for the absence of her husband; but her grandfather, always present to rectitude upon the most arduous occasions, soon reconciled her to this circumstance, by leading her view to his return.

It was now settled that the family should set off for London in the morning, and that during their absence, Mr. and Mrs. Abington, with Emily and Patty, should reside at the Shrubbery; left the Percivals, catching some intimations of what had occurred, should enter upon any extraordinary measures.

When Mr. E. Spencer, Mr. Ruffel, Mr. Barker, and Lord Andover left Beverly, an idea prevailed that they were going upon a visit
visit to his Lordship's estate in Ireland, and this idea was not contradicted; and now the gossips in the neighbourhood raised a report that business relative to the marriage of Lucy and Mr. Clifford occasioned this journey of the family. Even Patty Abington was suffered to remain in this error, as it was not deemed safe to trust her with the true cause of the expedition, it being justly apprehended that she would divulge it to Mrs. R. Percival.

As Mr. Spencer could not travel very expeditiously, it was agreed to make two days of the journey to London; but the good man whose study it was to promote the felicity of others, observing the impatience of Lucy; proposed that she, with Mr. Clifford, should complete it in one, because as he kindly observed, too many affecting interviews at one period might be too much for the spirits of the dear girl whom they were all so eager to embrace.

Lucy saw her grandfather's design and blushed as she thanked him for the proposal;
poital; which her mother permitting her to accept, she set off in a chaise and four at an early hour, and in the evening pressed with unspeakable rapture, her Letitia—her sister—her friend to her heart.

There are in this world many of both sexes, who talk a great deal about friendship, without having one requisite in their composition to experience it. Two ladies who are in the habit of visiting each other—who love plays and assemblies—are fond of fashion and scandal, and often play a pool or a rubber at the same table, deem themselves bosom friends, and tell each other their little secrets of amative gallantry. But will this commerce stand the trial of calamity? Will either vindicate the other when her reputation is unjustly attacked? Will she enjoy the praises given to her absent companion with greater satisfaction than if they were bestowed upon herself? Is she more pleased to spend an hour with her, alone,
alone, than to pass the time in a crowd of dissipation? If she can give a hearty affirmation to these questions, she may congratulate herself upon meritng the highest of all human distinctions—that of a real friend.

To gentlemen, we have on this occasion, but little to say, as their friendships are usually founded on an equal love of a bottle or a bowl; a fondness for a race, a chace or a gun. But let an election for a member of parliament be in view—or only let one be a more celebrated marksman than the other, and the friendship not simply disappears, but gives place to virulent and irreconcilable enmity.

Friendship is a vital spark—an emanation from Divinity; and can preside in its genuine purity only in those breasts that are free from guile. We do not by that assertion confine it to sinless persons, for then no mortal could be supposed to taste of its sweets. The guile we here mean is that cool,
cool, deliberate, principle of which few, if any, of our readers are conscious; as those people who are truly said to be guileful, are generally too intent upon some plan to injure a neighbour or a relation, to lose any time in the perusal of books so foreign as some must be to their purpose. There are hearts in the world that know what friendship is; there are hearts in the world that do not. To the first, a description of what Letitia and Lucy Spencer felt at the moment of their meeting, would be unnecessary; to the last, it would altogether be useless.

We therefore close the scene.

The introduction of the Herbergs to Miss Lucy Spencer was a pleasant incident to all concerned; and Frederic had the satisfaction of seeing his sister as well pleased with his choice, as if her wishes of a sister had been gratified in Miss Montague.
Lucy continued with her sister in Pall Mall till the next day, when Mr. and Mrs. Herbert and Mr. Clifford accompanied them to Grosvenor-square, to the house of Mr. Spencer; or rather, of Letitia; for it was a part of the estate entailed by Mr. Charlton. Till the last fifteen years it had been under lease, but when the term was expired, Mr. Spencer furnished it for the use of his family. Mr. G. Abington had, of course, made it his residence since his arrival in London, and he now received the company from Pall Mall with an elegance suited to the happy occasion.

About six in the evening, the arrival of the rest of the family from Spencer Aviary created fresh emotions. Mr. Spencer when he saw his lovely descendant, of whom, as has been said, he had always been particularly fond, was melted to the softness of infancy. He wept over her as she kneeled before him, with a tenderness which for some time he in vain endeavoured to suppress.
But at length collecting himself, he gave her his blessing in such pious and exalted terms as affected all the company. Letitia, who had always loved him with a kind of adoration, had flown to him, upon his first approach, with open arms; she then dropped upon her knees at his feet, and begged his benediction.

On the tenderness of the mother with her long lost daughter folded to her bosom, we purposely omit to enlarge. It was oppressive joy which showed itself in the likeness of grief.

"My Letitia!"

"My Mother!"—was all that passed of language upon the occasion.

Matilda and Caroline were very differently affected at this first interview with their sister. One cried and laughed by turns; the other cried only, and that in perfect silence. Mrs. George Abington embraced her lovely niece with almost the affection of a mother.
The acknowledgments of the family to Mr. and Mrs. Herbert, were unbounded. Lucy had a double attachment to the sister of her Clifford; and indeed the whole party seemed united by the closest ties of amity.

Mr. George Abington sent Letitia's duty to her grandfather, grandmother, and aunt Emily, it not being deemed safe for her to make her own offering, on account of Miss Martha, who might have taken umbrage, and imbibed suspicion from the passing of many letters to the contents of which she was not made privy.

Mr. Herbert, Mr. Clifford, and the Bishop of Chichester all wrote by different conveyances to Mr. Frank Herbert in Jamaica, that the voyagers might have the earliest intelligence possible of the subject of their anxiety. Mrs. Spencer, therefore, and Letitia encouraged themselves with hope—the one expressed, the other silent—that a short time would unite them to the dearest
dearest objects of their affection; for surrounded by kindred and kindness, as she was, the lovely maid, with a conscious blush, found in the absence of Seymour an occasion of continual regret; but she tried to deceive herself into a belief that the greatest part of her anxiety was caused by a wish to see her father; nor were Mr. Rusiel and Mr. Barker forgotten in the account, when she summed up the causes of her solicitude.

The Bishop of Chichester and the Chancellor visited Mr. Spencer on the day after his arrival in Grosvenor-square; and the necessity of Letitia's immediately making a will for the disposal of the estate being discussed and clearly explained, she was desired to give her instructions for the drawing up of the deeds in the proper form. To this request she replied that she gave everything to the disposal of her great-grandfather, whose right she regarded as far superior to her own. The venerable man was
was deeply affected by this instance of her love and duty: but he earnestly endeavored to persuade her to make a more ample use of her powers. To his instances on this subject her only answer was, that whatever papers he should direct to be laid before her, she would sign with perfect submission, but that nothing could justly be called her will, which did not invest him with the entire command of the property. Everyone admired this declaration, and the lawyers proceeded so expeditiously to business, that in two days all the deeds were ready for the signatures, and Mr. Spencer executed a new will in consequence of the power vested in him by his great-granddaughter.

After all matters of form were finished, his lordship the Chancellor proposed that Taylor and his wife should be summoned into the presence of Miss Spencer. This was accordingly done, and the moment the woman saw her she burst into a passion of tears
tears and said, "That, that is my dear young lady! O! I should know her amongst ten thousand!"

Millemont's letter addressed to the Percivals, with the information of our heroine's existence and unfulfilled purity, and retracting his former fabricated account, was now put into the post-office, and its arrival at the Lodge caused the greatest perturbation in the family. Old Mrs. Percival, accompanied by her son, set off post for Chelsea, to re-secure Taylor and his wife to their interest by some new invented offers of provision for themselves and their family. When the mother and the son alighted at the door of the cottage and found it empty, they were exceedingly alarmed, and their alarm increased upon observing the state of the little garden near it, which evinced that the place had for some time been vacant, as several depredations had been committed upon a spot which used to be kept in remarkable order. The gentleman and the lady
Lady now enquired at another cottage at some little distance, but could not receive the least information of the people whom they wanted, and after two or three unsuccessful visits, were obliged to submit to their disappointment. In the mean time their house at Beverly was a scene of new commotion, for the Mr. Montague whom we once before introduced to the acquaintance of our readers as the brother of the gentleman who married Mr. Percival's sister, now made a very unwelcome visit to the Lodge, in company with a woman who had been nurse to the little Harriet, at the time that the Captain and his lady left their infant an orphan. This woman who had been discharged by Mrs. Percival upon the death of her daughter, going into the house soon after, for some trifle which she had neglected to take with her, saw the infant just then dead, but having no further business in the family, knew nothing of any circumstance relative to its funeral. Some
Some time after this, she saw the Mr. Montague whom we now a second time ushered upon our theatre, and told him all the occurrences relative to the family of her late master. On this information he visited old Mrs. Percival, as was shown in its due place, to demand the property of his deceased brother: but the old lady so effectually silenced him at that time, by convincing him that when the servant saw the child she was only in a fit, and that she was then living and well at Hampstead, that being of a careless disposition as to pecuniary matters, and not knowing where to find the young woman, whom he had only met by accident, he made himself quite contented, and returned to his ship, in which he soon after sailed to the East Indies; and to this distant place he afterwards made several voyages during the space between the period last mentioned and that at which our history is now arrived. On his return to England, about a week before he visited Be-

L 6 verly,
verly, he went to a public house in Wapping, where he was asked by the landlady if his name were not Montague, and answering in the affirmative, she told him that she was the person who lived in his brother's family at the time of his and his lady's decease. This brought on an elucidation respecting the child, which upon her positive assertion that she saw it absolutely dead, produced their journey to the Lodge.

When Mrs. R. Percival heard Mr. Montague's errand, she was so agitated by fear and anger that she could not help discovering to the cunning Mrs. Mitchel more than the family wished to communicate: but on the appearance of Mr. Stephen she affected some indifference and gave the gentleman a direction to her husband and mother in town, who, she told him, would give him entire satisfaction respecting the business which had occasioned his journey into the country. She said that she was under
under a necessity of going a short distance from home; but that her son would accommodate him with whatever might be agreeable to him during his stay at Beverly. He said that he should only beg a birth for himself and his companion that night, as he meant to steer his course back again as soon as it was light. His request was civilly complied with, and Mrs. R. Percival, ordering her carriage, set off post for the metropolis, that her husband and his mother might have information of Mr. Montague's claim previous to his appearance in Hatton Garden, that being the town-residence of the Percivals.

When she reached London, her embassy caused fresh disturbance to the parties concerned, who, however, soon agreed that at this important crisis, the best method would be to affect a contempt for the paltry sum, and, to prove their disinterestedness, offer to give up the whole of the late Captain Montague's effects; for they feared that a public trial, which the claimant seemed determined to hazard,
hazard, might produce disagreeable consequences. Accordingly, when the honest tar arrived, Mr. Percival assumed the utmost sang froid, and showing him the account offered to refund the whole, saying that his niece, if she was still living, should find a friend in her mother's family, though disowned and oppressed by that of her father.

Mr. Montague was highly offended by this inuendo, and said, that either his niece was, or was not, in being: that if she was in the land of the living, she should not only have her own, but his fortune into the bargain: and that if she were dead, he should expect the interest, as well as the principal of what his brother left.

Mr. Percival replied, that he was so determined that his niece, of whom he was as fond as of his own children, should not owe obligation to any one but himself, that he would go so far as to add two hundred pounds to the original eight, by way of interest, and that if Mr. Montague did not
not like those terms he might seek his remedy.

The unconcern which Mr. Percival assumed as he uttered these words, had the desired effect. The artless tar believing Mr. Percival's indifference to be real, and thinking that a worse offer might be made, closed with the proposal; received bills for the thousand pounds, and gave a general release for all his brother's property.

With the conclusion of this business, the Percivals were very well satisfied; and on a pecuniary account they had good reason to be so; for the little fortune of which Captain Montague died possessed, was doubtless the just property of his brother, and they certainly ought to have been accountable for full eighteen years interest. But the business produced consequences, of which they were not aware: for some inadvertent expressions which dropped from Mrs. R. Percival, added to her apparent fright
fright and expedition to town, infused strange suspicions into the mind of Mrs. Mitchel; and this cunning woman soon obtained by her artifices from Mr. Stephen, who was induced to suppose her in the secret of the transaction, all the information which she wished to obtain. A disagreeable report also prevailed throughout the neighbourhood; for the inquiries which Mr. Montague made at the inn, before he went to the Lodge, had raised in the minds of the people such a jumble of ideas, as gave birth to a suspicion of crimes little short of murder.

When old Mrs. and Mr. Percival undertook their journey to London, Mr. Abington communicated the circumstances to his son, that Letitia might keep at home; and no accident produce an unseasonable and unpleasant rencontre. He gave an account likewise of Mr. Montague's appearance at Beverly, which had excited so many conjectures in the vicinity, that Mr. Abington
ton thought it incumbent upon him to get all the intelligence which he could procure upon the subject; and the fruits of his inquiry were sufficient to inform him of Mr. Montague's errand into the country, and of the place of his residence in town.

The receipt of Mr. Abington's first letter occasioned the removal of the Spencer party to the Bishop's palace in Sussex, at which place they had been solicited by the Prelate and Lady Herbert to spend a few days. Miss Bridget was at this time gone with a party to Stratford in Buckinghamshire, or it is probable that she would have added to the company and lessened their enjoyment.

The second letter to Mr. George Abington from his father, was laid before the Chancellor, who advised an immediate application to Mr. Montague and the Wapping Landlady, as likely to furnish farther proofs, both presumptive and positive, in fu-
vor of the cause, should the Percivals determine to hazard a trial.

After several days spent with the Bishop and his lady, in the most pleasant manner, our social company returned to London, having received intelligence that the party from the Lodge had left it. Mr. Abington added, that the whole family appeared extremely elated; that great preparations were declaredly going forward for the entrance into Spencer Aviary, and that Miss Bullion, in particular, had employed half the workwomen in the neighbourhood in making new clothes to add to the abundant stock which she had ordered from London.

Upon their return from Chichester palace the Herberts slaid all night in Grosvenor Square, but Clifford retired to his lodgings, where he was much surprised to find several letters, as he had ordered them to be sent to Mr. Spencer's, and forwarded with those conveyed from thence to the Bishop's. Sitting down to peruse their contents,
tents; he was not only surprised, but on account of the delay, greatly concerned to find the following from Lord Andover.

"Milford Haven.

"Clifford, my dear Clifford! I am to my inexpressible regret, again landed upon the British shore, but my whole soul is in the West Indies, and the impatience with which I am torn, sets at defiance every suggestion of philosophy. I hope indeed that the accident which occasions my writing at this period upon English ground, will not be the cause of a much longer delay, as the carpenters assure us that our vessel, which has been greatly damaged, will be perfectly refitted by the end of this week. At one period we were in such imminent danger of going to the bottom that I am convinced it is the highest criminality in me to regret the safety of our present situation. This I am
"I am told fifty times in a day by Mr. Russel; Mr. Spencer, and Mr. Barker, "and conscious as I am of its truth, it "makes me feel angry with some of the "dearest friends I have in the world. But "they are not in love: you, Frederic, are; "and therefore can be convinced that there "is a wide difference between even the "tenderest anxiety of a father, or the kind- "est solicitude of friends, and the ardent "sensibility of what only merits the appel- "lation of affection; that being a com- "pound of every noble passion and princi- "ple in the breast of man. It is impossible "that he who truly loves can be a villain. "I think what our great bard said of him "who has not music in his soul, is equally "applicable to the being who has no "affection. "My Harriet! My Letitia!!—for that "name is still dearer than the first; har- "monious to my senses as that ever was! "Perhaps the pain which has of late ac-"panied
"accompanied that sound, gives the other, which brings her to my heart in all her native loveliness of perfect innocence, the pre-eminence.

"Oh! my Letitia!—my Letitia Spencer!—what would I not give to know the region thou dost now inhabit! For that thou dost exist, I must believe, or not exist myself!

"But Clifford, you will say I rave, and will suppose my intellectual powers are impaired. Yet let me recall the sentence, and ask your excuse for its injustice: you will only say I love: but to love in my present situation, is nearly the same as to be mad.

"It was my intention to have sent this letter with the post now passing the window at which I write; but to-morrow will do as well as to-day, for it is not possible for you to reach this place before the promised time of our re-failing, were you disposed to do so; scarcely possible is it for..."
for a letter to arrive. Write however half a dozen lines and direct to me on board the Eagle West Indiaman. If it do not come in time, I will leave orders for its re-conveyance to you.

The accident—I had almost forgotten to explain it—which occasioned our return, was the vessel's springing a leak after we had left the land about two days. At first, the carpenter thought he could easily heal the breach, but it proved beyond his cure: and it was deemed absolutely necessary to steer back, when a sudden storm arose and drove us ther.

I think it may be best not to mention this circumstance at the Aviary, lest it should give undue concern to the anxious friends of my Letitia—my Letitia Spencer!

By my life Clifford I know no joy equal to that of having occasion to mention her name either in conversation or
"in writing; in which latter species of pleasure I continually indulge, as my pen is constantly employed in something relative to her whenever I take it in my hand; and this, as from my original bias, you will suppose, is not seldom. Rhyme, prose, and blank verse rule me by turns. Once [it was a wretched hour!] I wrote her epitaph! But let me fly from the remembered horror, and say that it was succeeded by an epithalamium; such a one as I fancied that you would produce upon the joyful—thrice joyful occasion. Do Clifford, exert your poetical talents, and begin to compose something on the subject. I will return you the compliment with more than brotherly cordiality. When I am not writing of my Letitia, I am talking of her with these our friends, who indulge me—or rather themselves—in making her a continual theme. Some excellence or some beauty, or some grace is constantly recollected by first one
"then another of us, till her next-to-Di-
"vine image is placed in such vivid—liv-
"ing colors that I snatch myself from com-
pany to enjoy, in retirement, my contem-
plations; anticipate our meeting and in
"idea, see rising joy break over her lovely
"countenance; then take up my pen and
"write as the muse, if any one attends
"on me, gives direction.

"Oh Clifford! Clifford!—But if I ne-
ever again should behold her!!!

"Oh Clifford! Clifford!—is all I can
"write at this time.

"Andover."
The perusal of this letter threw Frederic
into almost a frenzy. Had he not left
London!—Had the letters been forwarded
according to his direction!—In short, had
that happened which did not happen, he
would have seen his friend before he was
again
again launched upon that wide domain "which bears no traces of a traveller's foot." He determined however to hasten to the Western shore, though he could hardly flatter himself with the possibility of reaching it in due time, and unmindful of his friend's intimation respecting secrecy, wrote a note inclosing Lord Andover's letter to Mr. G. Abington, and mentioning his determination instantly to set off for Milford Haven. This packet he left with a servant to convey to Grosvenor Square early in the morning, and then mounting his horse, for the conveyance of a carriage was too tardy, flew across the island; sending before him, that he might not wait one moment, to order a relay of horses. When he arrived at the place of his destination, he inquired, almost breathless, if the Eagle West India-man was in port, and was nearly petrified by the information that she had failed the evening before. He spoke not; stirred not from the spot, till another sailor contradicted...
ed the account by one still more vexatious—that she was destined to fail the last evening, but had waited for the morning's tide, and had left the offing only a few hours before. Conscious as he was that he had not wasted a second of time, yet was his reason, at that crisis, too powerful to repress additional concern at his not having been able to reach the place *a few hours sooner!* and for the first time in his life, Clifford repined *at things as they are.*

"Why were not horses swifter!" Why "could there not be for man a more expeditious mode of conveyance, from one "place to another!" "Every beast of the "forest—every bird of the air—how much "superior were they in this respect to man?" "This was the substance of Clifford's mental conversation. But with how much more justice might he have said—"Vile in-"grate man! Thou, for whose happiness "even angels watch, and Providence pro-
"vides! Thou, for whose use, myriads of creatures
"creatures swarm, on earth; in seas; in air!—for whose reception, Heaven opens wide, and whose salvation is the Will of GOD—shalt thou repine; thou to rebel, thou to refuse the offered blessings of a Father's Love, which due submission, and humble hope will surely bring to thee in time!"

END OF THE FOURTH VOLUME.

T. Gillet, Printer, Salisbury Square.