NOTICE

BOOKS ARE LOANED FOR A PERIOD OF THREE WEEKS. A FINE OF 3 CENTS A DAY WILL BE CHARGED FOR ALL BOOKS KEPT OUT OVER THREE WEEKS.

MAINE STATE LIBRARY
AMELIA;

OR,

The Influence of Virtue:

an Old Man's Story.

BY A LADY OF MASSACHUSETTS.

Know then this truth, enough for Man to know,
Virtue alone is happiness below.

POPE.

PRINTED AT THE ORACLE PRESS, BY WILLIAM TREADWELL & CO.
The Influence of Virtue

On the Human Spirit

In the First Book of

On the Influence of Virtue

The human spirit is profoundly affected by moral virtue. Virtue is not just a means to an end, but an end itself. It is the true foundation of a happy and fulfilling life.

มีผลต่อวิถีชีวิตของมนุษย์

การกระทำดีมีผลที่จะทำให้จิตวิญญาณมนุษย์ได้รับผลประโยชน์อย่างมาก กระทำดีไม่เพียงเป็นเครื่องมือเพื่อเป้าหมายใดๆ แต่ยังเป็นเป้าหมายด้วย คือเป้าหมายที่แท้จริงของการชีวิตที่มีความสุขและมีความสำเร็จอย่างแท้จริง.
And now, when busy crowds retire
To take their evening rest;
The hermit trim'd his little fire,
And cheer'd his penive guest:
And spread his hospitable store,
And gaily press'd and smil'd;
And skill'd in legendary lore,
The ling'ring hours beguil'd.

MR. HARLEY had passed that time of life when men become travellers from inclination—(for he had counted more than three-score years) his fortune acquired by industry, and sweetened by benevolence, was ample and independent: but he had neither wife, nor child, to tie him to his native island. His curiosity, heightened by reverence, and admiration; and a desire to visit a nation, that had broken the chain of slavery, and emancipated itself from dependence on Great Britain; equally averse to tyranny and anarchy, that knew how to be free and yet respectable; the first that boldly bid defiance to a Sister Republic, and opposed her schemes of extortion and rapacity. A wish to see, and converse with a Washington and an Adams, those venerable protectors of the rights of mankind, the saviours of America, had become so strong, that he bid adieu to those friends he most valued in England; and, in the summer of ninety eight, embarked for America. He had before been a traveller; had trodden the plains of Indostan, and visited the Pyramids of Egypt: but neither the opulence of the East, nor the indolence of the Egyptians had made him either rapacious or inactive.
After a pleasing voyage, he arrived at Philadelphia; visited the Sage of Vernon, and conversed with the chief patriot and protector of Massachusetts, and, feeling his nerves almost re-strung with the vigor of youth, and breathing forth the true spirit of philanthropy, determined to visit the Northern States: and, after a speedy journey, arrived at Boston the following autumn: but the gay scenes of the metropolis soon tired him; and he sought, in a more humble and retired state, that calmness and content which are rarely found in elevated situations.

It was the beginning of January, that he went to spend a few days at the house of a country friend, whose

"Painted hearth, and nicely painted floor,
The white Wash'd wall, and clock behind the door,"

were more agreeable to him than the marble chimney and Persian carpet. This habitation might with propriety, be called "A refuge for the neighboring poor, and strangers led astray;" for not a day elapsed when the prompt and expansive benevolence of the owners had not lightened the burden of misery, softened the woes, and soothed the cares to which mortality is incident.

The fourth day of his residence within these humble walls was stormy; and just at the close of twilight, while the fire burnt with uncommon brightness, and the clean swept hearth looked more than usually cheerful, when contrasted with the snow that was driven against the windows, the hospitable table was spread with a frugal repast, and every thing had the sweet and smiling appearance of comfort, and contentment, the conversation turned upon the influence of virtue. Mr. Harley heard the remarks and opinions of his surrounding friends; and rising from the table told them,
if an old man's story would not be tedious, he would spend the evening in reciting to them a tale which had come within his own observation; and which would more fully illustrate his sentiments, than any opinions he could advance. His audience drew their chairs in a circle, and assuring him they should listen with delight, he began as follows:

It is now near thirty years since an old woman by the name of Benloe, who supported herself by spinning and lived in a small village in England, received a little girl of about two years old to her cottage, whose name was Amelia.

Though the curiosity of her neighbors was excited, and a thousand impertinent questions asked, Dame Benloe was true to her trust; and refused to gratify the one, or answer the other. Various were the conjectures formed. Some said it was a child of her brother's who had not been heard of since he was a boy; and some more prudent than to imagine that a poor old woman had from motives of benevolence taken a poor child, supposed it was the natural child of some rich man who had placed it under the care of the old woman, and would pay her richly for her trouble. But they soon found that the straights and difficulties of their neighbor was not lessened, that she still spun and knit for her daily bread, that the little Amelia so far from lessening the burthen, increased it. Every one said she was a pretty little creature, every body caressed her: but almost every body blamed the poor old Benloe for letting her continue with her; and there were not wanting people who said, she had taken her, that people should be more charitable. But let her motives be ever so selfish, she certainly was no gainer; for the hearts to all around seemed closed against her petitions.

Within
Within a few months the officers of the Parish took cognizance of the affair; and after a long debate, it was determined that Amelia should be warned out of the Parish, lest she become chargeable. But the little girl did not go alone—her old friend carried her to the limits of the Parish; and as the law had been put in execution, brought home her young charge, who was not the least affected with her disgrace. For seven years these worthy guardians of the town's interest continued their care. Every three months the little girl was followed by these excellent men to the confines of a neighboring town, attended by her faithful protectress, who brought her back to her cottage in triumph.

Thus these good officers spent more time and money in warning a helpless innocent from the town, than would have placed her in a reputable situation, and instructed her to earn her living. In the meantime she became useful; learned to knit, and go on errands, was always good humored and active, and increased in beauty every day; was obedient to dame Benloe; rejoiced in all her joys, and shared all her sorrows.

At her first coming, it was observed, that she spoke a language different from all around her—no one could understand it—the parson declared it was neither Greek nor Latin—the schoolmaster that it was a mixture of both; but the commonalty, that it was an outlandish jargon. But she soon forgot it, and learnt the common dialect of the village, which she spoke with peculiar sweetness, for her voice was so sweet and harmonious, that it would have disarmed the tyger's rage. Thus passed seven years; and Amelia was nine years old, when a great affliction rendered her wretched. Dame Benloe was seized with a slow fever—the physicians declared she would fall a prey to it. The poor
poor little girl was distressed; but she became the constant nurse of her friend; and though she never spoke of Amelia, yet it was evident she was unhappy on her account; for she would fix her sunken eyes on the face of her little protegé, with such an expression of sorrow and apprehension, that evidently betrayed the emotions of her heart. She had been sick near a fortnight, when one of her neighbors, by accident mentioned, that Lady Stanly had the day before arrived at Stanly Lodge, and intended to spend the summer there. Stanly Lodge was within half a mile of the cottage, and the sick woman begged her neighbor would go to her Ladyship, and request she would have the goodness to visit her. Lady Stanly immediately complied; and within one hour after the summons was at the old woman’s door.

She had heard of her sickness, and brought with her some wine and other comfortable things that she supposed were necessary, and after setting a few minutes by her bed, requested Mrs. Benloe to inform her if she could be of any service; made some kind enquiries respecting her doctor, and offered any assistance in her power.

"Go to the garden, Amelia," said the sick woman, "I wish to be alone with her Ladyship, and you want air." The little girl obeyed, and as soon as the cottage door was closed, she begged Lady Stanly to take Amelia to save her from ruin, to protect her in distress, and soothe her sorrows.

Lady Stanly was amazed at the request, hesitated, enquired who she was, if she had no friends, and what her name was besides Amelia. I will answer all your questions, Madam, replied Mrs. Benloe; I will tell you who she is, and you will experience her goodness,
if you protect her: but you must promise, solemnly promise, not to make known the secret; for I am near death, and cannot die in peace unless she is provided for. She then proceeded to reveal to Lady Stanly occurrences that wrought strongly in favor of Amelia; and informed her every thing that she knew respecting her, which she had carefully concealed for seven years.

Lady Stanly, in return, promised that Amelia should never want a friend or home while she lived: that the very day after her interment she should be received as her own relation: and as they thought it adviseable not to call her, for the present, by her own name, Lady Stanly chose that of Savil for her; and without calling to Amelia, her Ladyship took her leave, and returned to Stanly Lodge.

Lady Stanly was my relation, not so near but I could see her faults: She was really a good woman, of superior sense, rather haughty to her inferiors, proud of her family, kind and charitable to the poor; though not what is usually called generous; had a higher sense of gratitude than any person I ever knew; never forgot a favor she had received: and always rewarded amply every one who did her the least service. Fond of the company of a few select friends; but averse to a large and indiscriminate acquaintance. She had but one child, (a son) who had just entered his fifteenth year, who inherited his father’s title, and was sole heir to the accumulated fortune of both his parents. He was really an amiable lad, and deserved the strong affection that his mother bestowed on him. Lady Stanley loved the honor of her son; wished to see him great and good; but did not feel that melting affection, so soft and tender, as an only parent, and that parent a mother,
mother, usually bestows. She laughed at those mothers who spoiled their children by fondness, and often said her son had never been humored in his life. She had, besides, a girl of fortune in her family.

Harriot Melford was an orphan, a distant relation of the late Sir William Stanly; she was placed in her infant years under the tuition of his Lady, as those who were more nearly allied to her, were not in Great Britain. She was three years older than Amelia, and had become quite a companion of Lady Stanly's, who usually spent her winters in London, and her summers at the Lodge.

Such was the woman who was to preside over the conduct of Amelia; and such the persons with whom she was to associate.

Within a week after Lady Stanly's visit, Dame Benloe died; and Amelia was, with reluctance, torn from her lifeless friend, and conveyed to Stanly Lodge, where she was received with kindness. Miss Harriot was desired to consider her as her sister, young Sir William to treat her as a respected relation, and the servants to attend to all her commands. Lady Stanly wished to see her happy, and a variety of amusements were planned to divert that grief that had evidently taken deep hold of her young and affectionate heart: but it was not amusements that could divert it. Amelia felt a void in her bosom that was only to be filled up by friendship and tenderness like poor old Benloe's. She soon attached herself to Lady Stanly, would always stand by her chair or draw her own seat towards her, and seemed never so easy as when working in the same room with her. One day, the carriage was ordered—and she was desired to put on her gloves, as it was ready. "Are you going too, Madam?" said she,
The INFLUENCE of VIRTUE.

She, looking affectionately in the face of her protectress—"No," replied her Ladyship, "I have a cold, and do not choose to venture out." "Will you be so kind as to permit me to stay with you then," said Amelia, "I will not talk and interrupt you, and will work all the time?" "Certainly," replied Lady Stanly, "if you choose it: but the air will refresh and the ride amuse you." "But I had rather stay with you," answered Amelia. Lady Stanly looked at her, and saw that tears were ready to burst from her eyes, and that her voice trembled; and from that concluded, that time was necessary to calm her sorrows; and that it was best to let her alone to the affectionate workings of her own mind, and the dictates of nature. It was not long, before she resumed her native cheerfulness, became once more sportive and easy; and discovered such a fund of good humor and kindness, as attached all the family to her.

The summer was spent at the Lodge; and the last of autumn, Lady Stanly went to London. It was there I first saw Amelia, who was ten years old, and I could not help drawing the difference between her and Harriot, who had, from the moment of her birth, been considered a beauty. Indeed there was a brilliancy in her fine black eyes, and her very florid color charmed one at first sight; her features were regular, her brows arched, and she had a great luxuriance of fine dark hair; she was lively even to pertness: at the age of thirteen, she had the appearance of a complete voluptuary, all her limbs were finely turned, and she could look gay or languishing at pleasure. But Amelia was formed of very different materials, she was tall and beautifully shaped, she moved with grace and elegance, but it was of the retiring kind, and not haughtily dignified;
dignified; her features were all small, her complexion fair and soft, her eyes were blue and mild, and, as Shakespeare expresseth it, *Were as the blue sky breaking through a cloud of purest white.* Her eye brows were rather uneven, and gave a cast of darkness to her face; and in her cheeks the rose and lily seemed to strive for a pre-eminency; but when confused, or agitated, her gentle bosom throbbed with any emotion, the rose with a bright carnation prevailed, and I have often exclaimed with some poet—

---

*The pure and eloquent blood Spake in her cheek, and so distinctly wrought, That one had almost said her body thought.*

But she was not a beauty, it was her fine and open countenance, beaming forth with intelligence, and sweetness, that threw a charm over every feature, and diffused ineffable loveliness over all her person: her affection was conspicuous to the most cursory observer, for it shone in her eyes, mantled on her cheeks, and trembled upon her lips.

But Lady Stanly was not sensible of the treasure she possessed, and did not value her as she ought: she was indeed kind to her, but it was a stiff kindness, the result of duty rather than love. But I saw Amelia had those qualities, that would eventually draw forth tenderer sensations.

As soon as the family arrived in London, the young Ladies were attended by instructors of all kinds; and the improvements of Amelia, were so rapid, as to astonish her preceptors. She soon became complete mistress of all she undertook, and Harriot, who had for four years been under the tuition of all who professed to teach the elegant and accomplished Arts, was mortified to find herself overtaken by Amelia in three months.
"You are unwearied in your application Miss Sav- il," said one of her preceptors, "are you limited to any particular period?" "No sir," was the reply. "Why then so diligent?" "I would wish, I do wish," said Amelia with blushing hesitation, "to deserve Lady Stanly's love and kindness." "And you do deserve it," exclaimed the master, "more than any one I ever met with." "Oh, then I shall be happy indeed!" cried Amelia.

At the same time she had her domestic tasks appointed her, and performed many little offices about the house (that some would have thought more proper for the servants) for Lady Stanly meant to make Amelia a complete housewife; she was so herself, and though the only daughter of a nobleman conspicuous for his rank and fortune, she had been taught by a careful and excellent mother to know how to do every thing, as well as how to have every thing done. The fashions of the times are greatly altered, and young Ladies are now the most careless creatures in creation; and I am sure it may said, "They toil not, neither do they spin, and yet Solomon in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of them." Were it possible that idle-ness and dissipation could be confined to those persons whose fortunes can support that kind of life, the mischief would be circumscribed and less material. But we all know that the little imitate the great, and the poor the rich, and by these means, want and misery are brought upon thousands, who by proper conduct might be happy and respectable. But I wander from my story.

Amelia fulfilled every duty that was required of her, with such exactness as gave pleasure to all around her. "I have one favor to ask of you Madam," said she, lifting
lifting up her mild and glistening eyes to the face of her benefactress, "Mrs. Stoodly, grows old, and I heard her say to day, she should not be able to hold out much longer. When she is unfit for care, if I am old enough, do let me supply her place and be your housekeeper." "House-keeper, Amelia!" said Lady Stanly, "you are very humble; would you condescend to be my house-keeper?" "Yes, indeed," cried Amelia, "if I were fit for it. Harriot says I have nothing; and your Ladyship is very kind to me, and at very great expence for my education, and if I was a good faithful house-keeper, and suited you, I should be able to pay a part of your goodness. "You are a grateful, good, good girl, replied Lady Stanly, and I do not doubt will one day have a house of your own. When you are grown up, you shall be my friend and companion, and I hope, have a fortune equal to Harriot." "Where should I get it?" enquired Amelia very innocently. "Why I could give you one if I chose it." "Oh, no, no! that would not be just to Sir William. I have heard you say that, you must be careful not to spend too much money, because it would be unjust to him; and I know you would not be unjust for the world." "But," replied Lady Stanly, "I have a good estate of my own, which I have a right to dispose of as I think proper; and I have no thoughts of giving it all to my son; and could, without injustice to him render you independent." "Well, well," said Amelia, "I do not want it, Sir William would not love me if you gave me all your money, and I shall be very happy without it, if you are still kind to me." "You are a noble little creature," returned her Ladyship, "and I will be always kind to you, and give you every thing you wish for; do you wish for any thing now
now Amelia, tell me, and you shall have it?" "I do," said Amelia with a faltering voice. "What is it then, tell me? "I used to kiss my good friend Benloe, but since she died I have never embraced any one, and I wish my Lady, you would let me kiss you." "Indeed I will," said Lady Stanly, with an emotion that was new to her, and she took the weeping, smiling, girl in her arms, and embraced her with pleasure. She even pressed her to her bosom, and while receiving and returning her innocent cares, felt her cheek bedewed with a tear. "Oh!" cried Amelia, "how happy you have made me, this is more than all the rest. If you will permit me to kiss you every morning, I will learn every thing, and do every thing, to deserve your goodness." "And every evening too," said Lady Stanly, "my pleasure will at least equal yours." From that time, not an evening expired, nor a morn- ing arose in which the affectionate little creature did not profit by the liberty she had obtained: her disposition indeed was so tender, that it required similar tenderness to nurse and cherish it. And this return of affection, called forth all its energies, and increased and strengthened all its amiable propensities.

An accident happened at the beginning of the next summer, which though trifling in itself, yet, as it serves to elucidate the character of this sweet child, I trust I shall be excused for relating it: Lady Stanly had purchased a pair of elegant jars, they were seated with flowers in the windows of the drawing room—it was the business of Amelia constantly to look into all the apartments after the housemaid had cleaned them, to rectify any neglect, and though she often discovered a cobweb upon the ceiling or dust upon the furniture, she never complained of want of care.
care, or niceness in the girl; in removing the former from a stable she threw down one of these jars and broke it: she stood for a moment amazed at what she had done, and then ran to Harriot's chamber. "Oh, I am undone!" she cried, as she entered, "I have broken one of the new jars, what shall I do? and what will Lady Stanly say?" "Say? does she know it?" returned Harriot. "No, but she will in a few moments." "Was any body in the room?" interrogated Harriot. "Not any one," replied Amelia, "but what can that avail?" "Why," answered Harriot "tell Lady Stanly, that Molly did the mischief." "Good heavens!" cried the astonished Amelia,—"What can you mean? Can you think I would let poor Molly suffer for my carelessness?" "Well then, say that somebody threw a bat or a ball in at the window when you were not there," returned Harriot. "No," said Amelia, "I would sooner die, than commit such a meanness. I will go to Lady Stanly and confess what I have done; perhaps, she will forgive me. It was but last night she kissed me, and now I have forfeited her kindness. Yes, Harriot, I will go this moment and confess my fault." "Stop," cried Harriot, "stop and reflect a moment; you know not what you do: you have no friend but Lady Stanly; I know her so well, as to be sure she will turn you out of doors, and never see you again, if she knows you have done this great mischief; take my advice then, and conceal this accident from her; no one will be blamed, you will not be suspected, and will say, if any one enquires, you have been in the room with me all the morning, and all will be as well as ever." "I will tell you what Harriot," said Amelia, with rising indignation, "I had rather Lady Stanly would turn me
me into the street friendless and innocent, than keep me in her house and care for me for my guilt. I love Lady Stanly better than all the world together. I am unhappy that I have done anything to deserve her anger; I am sorry she should lose that beautiful jar by my carelessness: but still I will not deny my fault, nor tell a lie to conceal it.” At this moment a servant entered the chamber and desired Harriot to attend Lady Stanly in her dressing room. She obeyed, and the moment she entered, mentioned Amelia’s carelessness, and aggravated it by saying it was her intention to deny it. Little indeed did Harriot think Lady Stanly had been in an adjoining apartment, and heard every word that had passed between them. She was grieved at Harriot’s art and dissimulation, and sent for Amelia, who entered pale and trembling. “I have been expecting a visit from you all the morning, Amelia, you are not used to be sent for;” said Lady Stanly, “is anything the matter that I have not seen you before this time?” “Yes, indeed, Madam; a sad accident has happened; I have committed a great fault, and have not had courage to own it. I have broken one of the new jars which you value so highly.” Here she burst into tears. “Come here my dear child,” said Lady Stanly; and she took the trembling girl with tenderness by the hand, saying, “I am sorry for the loss of the jar, but glory in the rectitude of your noble mind: I am proud of you, I love and honor you for the frankness of your nature: and as a proof that I value you as I ought, I present you with the remaining jar to set upon your table: and shall never regret the loss of the one broke, as it has been the means of bringing forward that virtue, which I did not know you possessed; continue, my dear, to preserve
preferve this love of truth, and you will deserve a thousand blessings.” “Oh, Madam!” cried Amelia, “your goodness will kill me, instead of sending me out of the house and forbidding me your presence. You have called me your dear child, and rewarded me for my carelessness by a kind and affectionate embrace.” I will always forgive you and even reward a fault when thus acknowledged,” said Lady Stanly: “If you had denied it, I should have despised and punished you; but such noble conduct deserves my love, and calls for my warmest esteem.”

Thus ended this affair, and Amelia continued respected and beloved by her benefactress and all who knew her.

The most intimate acquaintance of Lady Stanly’s was Lady Barrymore, nor did a difference in religious opinions interrupt the harmony of friendship that had for many years been established. Lord Barrymore’s seat in the country, was very near the Lodge, and his house in St. James the next to Sir William’s; they usually quitted London at the same time in the summer, and constantly returned to it together; but some affairs which related to the fortunes of the family, had obliged Lord Barrymore to go abroad at the time Lady Stanly had taken Amelia; they at this time returned to London, but it was only to settle some domestic concerns; as they determined their son should be educated abroad, and felt too tenderly attached to this amiable youth, to let him be so long absent from them. They were indeed bigoted catholics, and had taken great care that young Barrymore should early imbibe a love and veneration for that showy religion: it was indeed to prevent his being tainted with protestant doctrines that they did not send him
him to any of the seminaries of learning with which great Britain abounds. There were but few they regretted to leave in London, and no one they felt such pain at parting with, as Lady Stanly; she visited them as soon as she arrived, and carried the young people of her family with her. Lady Barrymore's heart was formed of the softest materials; it was tender, and fervently affectionate; so much so, that her affections frequently ran counter to her judgment. She was open and unreserved; and the generosity of her soul, was the genuine effects of its unbounded liberality, that exercised itself towards every object that claimed her pity. She did not wait as Lady Stanly did, for the slow operations of justice; but performed acts of kindness, without consulting any thing but her present feelings. It is true, by these means she often relieved the unworthy; but she had never to reflect upon herself for turning the unfortunate, penniless, unrelieved from her door. Her friends often rebuked this overflowing of benevolence; she heard their prudent wonders, and smiled at their astonishment; but the next moment would fall again into what they deemed an error and strive to correct. She loved her husband who almost idolized her, and their son was the object of their mutual attachment; indeed, he deserved it; for never was a more dutiful amiable youth, or one who possessed qualities more calculated to call forth the affection and admiration of every one who knew him; he was the pride, the joy of his parents. Young Barrymore at sixteen, gave specimens of a disposition, manly, noble, and exalted.

As soon as Lady Barrymore saw Amelia, she loved her, every movement of her face, every turn of her countenance charmed her; and with her usual energy,
gy, she made a variety of enquiries concerning her of Lady Stanly, who informed her by what means she became the protectress of Amelia; and added so many little anecdotes of the native goodness of her heart, that Lady Barrymore looked upon her as a treasure, for the possession of which, she would have freely given a great part of her fortune.

"As you have Harriot for a companion my dear friend," said she, "why cannot you give up your right in this charming little creature to me?" "And what would you do with her?" was the reply. "Educate her as my child in my own religion, and when she was of age, give her to my son for a wife. I should prefer such a heart as her's to the largest fortune in Europe." "Excuse me," said Lady Stanly, "I cannot part with her; I promised her old friend never to let her leave me, unless the person who can prove her birth, returns to claim her; and I should forfeit my word, and act contrary to my duty if I did not myself take care of her education. Besides, I really love her, her disposition is much better than Harriot's, and I should grieve to lose her even to you my friend."

Lady Barrymore could not but acquiesce in this refusal though she regretted it. The short time they resided in London they spent together; and their friendship was more closely cemented than ever. As the young gentlemen had been educated at one academy, and were intimate from their birth, they expressed so much pain at the idea of a separation, that Lord Barrymore proposed to Lady Stanly that her son should accompany them, and that they should pursue their studies together, and visit foreign courts and foreign countries in company.

It was impossible for any proposal to be more agreeable to Lady Stanly; the high esteem and veneration the
she had entertained for Lord Barrymore, joined to her friendship for his Lady, convinced her that her son would be fortunate in a protector; and young Sir William was quite charmed with the prospect of living under the eye and guardianship of this worthy man, and the continued society of his earliest friend.

Every thing was made ready in a few weeks, and a tutor of real merit engaged to accompany Sir William. And as Lady Stanly was too proud to rest easy under pecuniary obligations, the allowance of her son was noble and almost princely.

I do not pretend to describe the parting of the family; even Lady Stanly, unused to weeping, found all her fortitude unable to support her. When her son took leave, she shut herself up in her closet, and gave full scope to her tears; which, indeed, she could not suppress. Amelia was too sensible of Lady Barrymore's affection not to return it with interest; and her little heart became agonized with grief when she embraced her for the last time. "It will be so lonely Sir William when you are gone," said she, looking in his face, "that I wish I could sleep till you return again." "Rather, my dear Amelia," he replied, "improve your mind, attend to your masters, and be a sweet kind companion to my mother." She promised to attend to his directions, and strove to suppress her own feelings, lest her tears should afflict Lady Stanly. As to Harriot, she loved herself too well to be distressed upon the account of another.

Within a month after the departure of young Stanley, the family went to the Lodge and continued with little or no variety for three years. In that time, Amelia was grown tall, her mind was much improved, her manners simple, and pleasing; and the native goodness
goodness of her heart every moment more conspicuous. Harriot and she thought so little alike, that they could hardly be considered as companions: and though Amelia was friendly to all, and endeavored to think well of Harriot, yet she could not be blinded to her levity, her selfishness, or vanity. She was now seventeen, and Amelia just fourteen, and though the eye or heart of the latter had never glanced at a lover, they were both objects of adulation to all who visited at the Lodge. Harriot sighed for London; Amelia loved the Country; and Lady Stanly was more than ever pleased with it; loth to contradict Harriot, who possessed a large fortune, Lady Stanly consented to her visiting the metropolis; but Amelia tarried at the Lodge, and became every day more and more endearing to her protectress. Gay, and happy, as the birds that fluttered and sung around her, she looked forward with anticipation, and delight, and back with satisfaction. These are sensations, that often expand the bosoms of youth unacquainted with the stings of disappointments, or the shafts of matured sorrow.

Lady Stanly frequently received letters from her son, and Lady Barrymore, they were not only affectionate and expressive of his filial duty, but highly satisfactory, and sufficient proofs of the young man’s improvement, the goodness of his heart, and the brilliancy of his talents. The term of his tarrying abroad was affixed at seven years, and his fond mother looked forward to the expiration of that period, as the fulfilment of all her wishes. He was frequently the subject of conversation between herself and Amelia; it was a theme upon which they delighted to dwell, particularly in the absence of Harriot, whose visit at London ended with the winter. She returned to the Lodge full of
of her conquests, and entirely satisfied with the power of her charms, which certainly shone forth with uncommon brilliancy, and usually eclipsed every female present. In the modest, and humble Amelia, she thought she had no reason to fear a rival, but in the Country when visited by her London admirers, she was astonished to find some so tasteless as to prefer Amelia. Enraged that any one could desert her banners, and rebel against her superior attraction, she tried every art of coquetry to recall them. In this attempt she sometimes succeeded; but no discomposure upon the brow of Amelia, no caprice, or indifference, bespoke chagrin or disappointment.

It was now midsummer, when an event happened to carry them to London for a short time. Lady Stanly's woman was too much indisposed to fulfil all the duties of her station; one of which was to set by her Ladyship and read till she was asleep, and then place the light in the chimney before she retired. Amelia pleaded hard to supply her place, but was refused, and retired to the apartment that was occupied by herself and Harriot at the usual hour.

Lady Stanly had been so long used to this mental and literary pleasure, that she could not deny herself the indulgence of a book, and placing the candle upon a small table by her bed, read for some time when she ought to have been asleep; at length, overcome by her drowsiness, she laid it aside, and neglected to remove the light. She was soon composed; when a spark from the candle caught the window-curtain which was very near, and it was in a few minutes communicated to the rest of the furniture, and in a very short time the room was in flames.

Amelia whose chamber was not very distant, was awaked by the smoke; she roused Harriot, and spring-
ing out of bed, rushed into Lady Stanly’s chamber.—
It was impossible to describe or conceive her horror—
er benefactress was still asleep, and the hangings of
the bed were on fire! Armed with a momentary
strength, and shocked beyond the power of reflection,
she burst through the flames, and dragging Lady Stan-
ly from her bed with difficulty, got her into a little
dressing room that adjoined the chamber, but the
flames followed with restless fury, and clouds of smoke
almost suffocated her! She rested for a moment, and
rang the bell with violence, and opened a door that led
up a stair-case that opened in the maid’s chamber. Still
Lady Stanly was senseless; and Amelia exerting all
her strength, clasping her in her arms bore her up
the stairs. She arrived with difficulty at the top, and
letting her rest upon the floor, shut the door, and
awoke the servants, who were so much affrighted, that
they almost lost the power of saving themselves. In
the midst of this confusion, she heard the roar of the
flames ascending the stairs, and found they had caught
the door. She paused a moment, it was a pause of an-
guish! for though Lady Stanly moved, she had not re-
covered the power of recollection, and her present mo-
tion served rather to retard than facilitate her escape.
The maid servants had got out of an opposite door,
and gone down another way. She meditated a pass-
age the same way, but it was equally impossible to car-
ry Lady Stanly or to leave her. A thousand distress-
ing sensations rose at once in her mind. She went to
the door, and returned, and again exerting herself,
found she could bear her friend into the passageway, and to
the top of a stair-case which led to the second story;
but to her horror, she found that too enveloped in
flames; which were ascending with a dreadful rapidi-

ty, and all possibility of an escape, seemed for a mo­
ment to be lost: the shocking thought that she must
fall a sacrifice with her beloved benefactress to the de­
vouring element, agitated and agonized her bosom.—
When she recollected that the next apartment, had a
small flight of stairs, that led to the top of the house;
and as the building was of brick on the outside, she
thought if she could gain the terrace, it was still possi­
ble to save both. Once more then she clasped Lady
Stanly in her arms, and without reflecting upon the
danger of the exertion, like a second Allatanta pressed
forward with a rapidity, which nothing but impending
destruction could prompt; which astonished herself,
and left the flames far behind her.

In a moment she found herself upon the terrace, and
beheld the servants and some tenants that resided near
the Lodge, around the house; she saw Harriot was
with them, for a full moon added to the light that illu­
minated every window in the second story, rendered
evry object discoverable. She called as loud as possible,
and the people below directed by her voice, saw her
and their Lady who now recovered breath, and sensa­
tion, by being brought into the fresh air; and in one
moment a ladder was raised to a pantry, that was not
so high as the remainder of the house, another fixed
from that to the terrace; and as every one was in­
spired with an activity fit for the occasion, two strong
men mounted the ladders, one conducted Lady Stanly,
while Amelia descended with the other.

The moment they were upon the ground, Amelia,
gave way to the most frantic emotions of joy, and grat­
itute, she forgot the house was in flames, that she was
herself almost entirely without cloaths, having on only
her night dress: she only remembered that she had been
the
the instrument of saving Lady Stanly, and probably of some others. She threw her arms around her friend, she embraced her with transport; she cried, laughed, and thanked heaven, in one breath: but her joy was checked by a sudden fear, that some one had perished; the sick waiting woman struck her as being in danger; but upon enquiry, she found that every one was safe, and the persons around, now exerted themselves to quell the flames, and save a part of the furniture: in this they succeeded with less difficulty than was expected; for though the chambers were almost totally destroyed, the lower stories were but little damaged, and almost every article in them saved.

When Lady Stanly was informed by what astonishing perseverance, and exertion, Amelia had saved her from the flames, she forgot her loss, she forgot every thing but the magnanimity, and gratitude, which could inspire and bring forward such powers: and when she viewed her delicate hands, and slender form, she wondered that the one, had not relaxed from its hold, and the other, sunk beneath a burthen, apparently too great for her to bear. She expressed her gratitude, and admiration, by her tears; and Amelia's strong emotions, could be expressed only in the same way. Before day they retired to the gardener's house, and Lady Stanly consulted her family what step was to be taken. The house indeed was untenantable, and she concluded to go to London on the following day, till it could be repaired and new furnished.

The very moment she arrived in town, she presented Amelia with a sum that was sufficient to secure her independency: it was in vain that this amiable girl refused this token of gratitude; it was forced upon her, and placed in the funds in her name: but Lady Stan-
ily meditated a higher proof of gratitude, and esteem, than she could at present bestow.

The very day after their arrival, I went to see them. Alas, my heart had been torn with sorrows, and lacerated with affliction! I had in three years, buried three lovely daughters, they fell victims to a slow and fatal disorder, and my esteemed and beloved wife, had followed them to the tomb. She too, suffered all the pangs of a lingering disorder, but at length, as the Poet has expressed it,

"The pale consumption gave the dreadful blow,
The event was fatal, tho' the effect was slow."

Unable to bear a country that constantly reminded me of my loss, and by freshening my sorrow, renewed my affliction, I concluded to leave the place. I had been bred to commerce, and for many years followed business with avidity: though I had for some time given it up, I determined once more to embark largely in trade, to go to the Indies, and strive by attention to business and change of scene to divert a melancholy that rather increased than abated.

The ship in which I was to sail, was almost ready for sea when Lady Stanly and her family came to London. I had settled all my affairs, and determined to pass the remainder of my time with them.—When I imparted my plan to her Ladyship, she approved my designs, and again repeated to me the circumstances of Amelia's birth, and requested me, if possible, to discover the person who placed her with Mrs. Benloe, and to assure him of protection and support if he would return. I promised obedience to her wishes. She enlarged upon the merits of Amelia. "I am determined," said she, "that this lovely amiable creature shall be my daughter."

"But
"But my dear Madam," I replied, "perhaps she may fix her affection upon an object you do not think so amiable and accomplished as your son. So capricious is the female heart, that she may not view as you do."

"It is more likely," cried the Lady, "that she will be pleased with him than not; however, she has no caprice about her, and I am sure will never bestow her affections upon one undeserving of her esteem. I think in this age of modern refinement and virtue, she will not be in the way of meeting a man possessing those qualities, which are given to gain at once love and veneration."

"But is it not possible Sir William may form other connections? for instance, Miss Melford is a beauty; and certainly no belle about St. James, made more noise among the beaux, than Harriot; it brought to mind the Miss Cummings, who was some years since so famous; retired as I lived, the havoc her fair face made, reached me, and I was absolutely complimented several times, because I had the honor of being distantly related to her; your son may take a fancy to this blooming creature, and destroy all your plans."

"If I thought returned she," "that my son could for a moment prefer Harriot to Amelia, I should most cordially despise him from my heart; but I do not mean he shall ever see her, she will I hope be sent for to reside at Brussels with her aunt, who has lately become a widow, and when my son returns, by a constant acquaintance with Amelia, residing in the same house with her, he must admire, and love her. She is certainly a charming girl, and will rise every moment in the estimation of those who know her; for she has every requisite to form the wise mother, and the friend, as well as the most accomplished woman."

I agreed with her Ladyship, and only disputed to prevent compulsion, for I never saw one more lovely, or
or so much so as Amelia, and when I left London, I felt a severer pang at parting with her, than with all the rest of the city. She had soothed my sorrow, calmed my distresses, and mitigated my woes. I was delighted with her innocence, her goodness, and her sweetness: her manners were so fascinating, her voice so sweet, and her sentiments so noble, so refined, and so perfectly proper, that it was impossible not to love as I did. I had lost what was most dear to me. I had no relation that needed my property, no particular friend to claim it. I made a will much in her favor; and to gratify her benevolence, without rendering it necessary for her to apply to Lady Stanly, gave her a draught upon my banker for an annual sum, that her liberality might not be checked, nor her bounties restrained. I will not pretend to describe the manner in which she received it, but it is engraven on my heart, and can never be forgotten.

After my departure, Lady Stanly introduced Amelia to public companies, and she was followed by a burst of applause, and a crowd of admirers wherever she went: but she soon retired from scenes of dissipation, and though pleased to partake of all those amusements suited to her age and situation, she never wished to make them the business of her life; they did to amuse and divert for an evening, or day, but her attention to her benefactress, her love of books, the cultivation of her taste, and kindness to the poor, were the employments in which she delighted; not so with Harrot, she ran with amazing rapidity from one scene to another, unrestrained by the admonition of her aunt, or the example of her friend, and thought that day lost which was not devoted to tumult, folly, or fashion.

One day Lady Stanly returned from a walk which
The Influence of Virtue.

The file had been taking with a friend who was visiting her; she went up to her dressing room which adjoined the young Lady's apartment, and over-heard the following conversation.

"And why do you not marry Mr. Herbert," said Amelia, "you admire him so much, and he loves you so well, and is so worthy a man?" "Marry him!" replied Harriot, "Marry Mr. Herbert! Do you think I am a fool?" "Where would be the folly?" enquired Amelia, "he is young, rich and handsome; Lady Stanly thinks him the best man in London; he is dying for you, and you like him better than any of your lovers, where would be the folly?" "And if he were as rich as Cæsars, and possessed all the merit and goodness in the world, and I loved him in the bargain, I would not marry him, nor any other man without a title." "Is it possible," cried Amelia, "that a mere found can have such an influence with you? Excuse me Harriot, if I say, your mind must be weak indeed, and forgive me for saying, though you have had many fine and gay men in your train, no titled one has appeared to offer you his hand." "Well, Amelia, and who said there had? I believe I have had my full share of attention, and have not so poor an opinion of myself yet, as to suppose I shall not see a convert at my feet: but I will tell you, Amelia, who I intend to have; either young Barrymore, or cousin William, in either case, I shall be my Lady. I think I had rather take Barrymore, as the Lord will not live long, and I could manage his mother with less trouble than I could my aunt; but Stanly is the most wealthy, however, it will depend on circumstances; but from my soul I should rejoice to have them both dying for me." "I confess," replied Amelia, "you have discovered a good
good taste, for I never saw two such fine young men as Sir William, and Mr. Barrymore; though I was a child when they left us, I recollect them perfectly, and I am sure their equals never visited here or at the Lodge since they left us; but you do not shew so much good temper as I supposed you possessed of, or why should you wish them both to love you? And besides, Harriot, I should think you would wish to make your mother in law happy, instead of thinking of managing her.” “I vow Amelia” returned Harriot,—“you are almost a fool, you would then have me let an old mother in law manage me? but I know better things, and have no such thoughts, and would break the heart of either Lady Barrymore, or Lady Stanly, in less than a twelvemonth, if they offered to thwart my will. You look surprised, but I wish with all my heart, that both Barrymore and Stanly were in love with me, I would marry one and flirt with the other, till all the old folks left a clear world for me.” “Indeed Harriot,” said Amelia gravely, “you carry your jests too far, and I cannot bear to hear such worthy people spoken so slightingly of, though I know you are not in earnest.” “Why,” cried Harriot, “if both these young fellows were in love with you, what would you do? Come now, I long to hear a prude of fifteen.” “In love with me, Harriot! I am sure no such thing can ever happen, and I will not say any thing about it.” “But suppose it should happen, come now, do tell me what your little wise head would dictate upon such an occasion.” “Why,” replied Amelia, “I would dismiss the one I did not like without hurting his feelings, and as I liked the other, do all I could to render him happy, and to please his mother, and love her as well as he did.” “And seriously, this would be
be the conduct you would adopt? become a wife, spend one half the time in the country, and give up your conquests? I should rather hang myself and done with it; no Amelia, you may marry some country Parson, and grow stupid as soon as you please, but till time has driven the roses from my cheeks, and rendered my limbs stiff and clumsy, I will enjoy all the diversions I can; and the most pleasing, is plagueing the fellows. I mean to marry, because I shall be at my own disposal, and mistress of my own fortune, for my wise father thought proper to circumscribe my expenses till then." "Well, well, Harriot," replied Amelia, "we shall not agree, I am sure, and we had better drop the subject, I will go to the dining room, and see that every thing is in order, and then dress, for we have company to dine." "Company to dine!"—echoed Harriot, "what, old aunt Margaret, and the stupid Doctor Pelmer? Well, you may enjoy them, they will not have the honor of my company however."

Amelia now left her, and Harriot attended to her woman, who had just brought her a new cap; little did she think that every sentence she had uttered was overheard by Lady Stanly, who now determined not to risque her son's ever meeting this dangerous girl. She wrote to Harriot's aunt, and expressed a wish, that her niece might for a while leave England, as her own health did not permit her to pay that attention to her, which she wished, and which was necessary. In a very short time, she received an answer with letters to Harriot, requesting her to spend the remainder of her minority with her in France, describing the pleasures of the city in which she dwelt, in so fascinating a manner, that Harriot felt happy, and rejoiced at a prospect
pect of changing country. She left London late in the autumn, and Lady Stanly continued there till the ensuing summer, blest with frequent letters from her son, and his friends, and happy in the society of Amelia.

The country was adorned with a thousand beauties, the Lodge had received a thorough repair, it appeared more pleasant than ever. The amusements of a country life had always been agreeable to Amelia, but they were now peculiarly so; she had the power to relieve the afflicted, and soothe the sorrows of the unfortunate, these afforded a pleasure that never tired, a gratification that never palled, and every day yielded fresh instances of her judgment, and bounteous liberality. I shall only mention one, because it is too remarkable to be passed over, and will serve as a proof of the danger of indulging improper or forbidden attachments, at the expence of honor, probity, and discretion.

Lady Stanly one day rode out with a Lady, who was with her at the Lodge, and Amelia was assisting the house-keeper in preparing jellies, when an old and respectable tenant, was introduced to the room in which they were engaged. She appeared melancholy, and Mrs. Stoodly enquired the cause. "I am grieved" she replied, for poor Morcan and his wife. Lord Barrymore's steward yesterday seized his cattle for rent, and turned him out of doors, and he, with his wife, and child, are now in the cottage upon the waste, without any thing to comfort or support them." "I know you will excuse me Mrs. Stoodly," said Amelia, turning with a countenance of sorrow to the housekeeper, "for somebody ought to go and comfort these poor folks." "Yes, my good child," replied Mrs. Stoodly "and Samuel shall go with you, for I know my
my Lady would approve of our sending them relief.' She then furnished some cake, a bottle of wine, which the footman taking, Amelia followed with an heart filled with sympathy, and concern. She soon arrived at the miserable habitation of this miserable pair; and if the short and simple account of the woman affected her, the sight of their distress must have agonized her bosom to the highest degree. The unfortunate Morcan lay stretched out upon something like a bed, with his face concealed, and his wife was seated at his feet with an infant at her bosom, who was vainly endeavoring to draw support from a source that want and affliction had conspired to exhaust. Her eyes were fixed with an expression of anguish upon her child, and she did not even lift them up when Amelia entered! So great was the horror of the gentle girl at this scene, that several minutes had elapsed before she could speak, or offer them the assistance she had brought them! It was with difficulty that she prevailed upon the man to take a little wine, but maternal tenderness pleaded so forcibly with his wife, that she needed no persuasion; she drank, and with recruited strength pressed the little one to her bosom. With delicacy, Amelia insisted upon relieving their present wants, and assured them of future assistance. She sent Samuel across the meadows to a respectable farmer to secure them lodings, till something could be done, and enquired if they would renew their lease, and enter once more upon the farm from which they had been driven. Morcan thanked her for her goodness, and the interest she seemed to take in his establishment; but assured her, he knew it was impossible for him to gain a living from husbandry, as he had not been used to labor, but been educated in a way entirely different; and indeed, such as wholly
wholly unfitted him for providing for himself. She then assured him, that he should no more be driven to such extremities as he had suffered, and the servant returning, informed him he had procured lodgings at the farmer’s. Anxious to have them change their habitation for a better, her persuasions prevailed, and she took the baby in her arms, while Samuel assisted Morcan in removing the few articles which they possessed, and Mrs. Morcan followed in silence to her new abode. Here Amelia saw them established in a decent room, and after recommending them to their land-lady, supplied them with money for their present want, and left them.

Upon her return to the Lodge, she gave Lady Stanly such an account of these unfortunate people, as raised her curiosity, and excited her humanity; and the next morning, she sent her carriage to request they would come to the Lodge. The servant returned with an answer that Mr. Morcan would follow immediately, and that his wife was quite indisposed. In a short time the wretched man entered, but so altered was his appearance, that Amelia could hardly recognize him. He was dressed in a suit of black, which though thread bare, was decent, and had once been elegant. His walk and manners were much above the common grade, and though his face was wan, and dejected, yet there were traits in his countenance expressive of a noble mind. He bowed with a kind of dignified respect, and Lady Stanly was surprised to find a man who had rented a farm upon Lord Barrymore’s estate for a support, was perfectly a gentleman in his appearance, with the dignity and polish of a finished courtier. He began to thank her for the honor she had done himself, and wife, in sending for them, and expressed
expressed a grateful sense of her condescension, and Amelia's goodness, which he said had the day before, saved himself and family from death, whatever might be their future fate. "I am indeed unused to returning thanks, or acknowledging obligations," he added, "for I have not been in the habit of receiving favors. I hope my present awkward expressions, will not be construed, ingratitude." Lady Stanly told him, if he knew Amelia, he would not pain her with one word of acknowledgment. "But," said she, "I can easily believe you have not been long in your present situation, pardon my curiosity if I enquire by what means you have been reduced to a state so greatly inferior to your appearance?" "If, Madam, you can indulge me, while I give a recital of my sorrows, you will find they have arisen from my own follies, from the indulgence of a criminal, and imprudent attachment, which, would undoubtedly have cost me some pains to subdue, but infinitely less than the gratification of them have done. I am a native of France, and my family is little less than noble. I was at an early period of my life for the church, and before I was twenty, took the vows, and entered holy orders; I was voluntary in my professions and sincere in my my design, nor once dreamt that I could break those vows, which I made with an intention to fulfill. I was not one of those severe orders to which poverty is enjoined, but permitted to partake of every innocent enjoyment. I was cared for by the first people in the kingdom, made frequent visits at Court, and stood foremost on the list of Ecclesiastical preferment, nor had I one wish to swerve from the rules I had imposed upon myself, or to be in a situation more agreeable and easy.

"It happened in the absence of the Confessor of a Convent, I was chosen to supply his place, and was called
called to attend a Nun who had made a profession but a few days before, and was now seized with a violent illness. When I entered her chamber, I was surprised at her uncommon beauty which even sickness had not diminished. She had then, alas! nothing to confess but the deviations of an innocent heart, I granted her absolution, and wretch as I now am had not an idea that I should be the means of her transgression. I left her, but she still haunted my imagination, followed me to my retirement, and obtruded upon my devotions; she even broke in upon my slumbers, and my dreams presented her to me more lovely than my waking moments.

"To see one so young and beautiful oppressed with dejection and sickness I thought she must be under concern, but I endeavored in vain to impose upon myself, the illusion vanished, and a thousand wishes contrary to my duty arose to convince me of my guilt. I now see, that I ought not to have repeated my visits to this dangerous object, but I then thought differently. The next day I saw her, she was better; and so violent was my passion, that it was impossible but what she should discover it, and discovering partake of it. I will not tire your patience by leading you through the variety of grades that led me on to ruin. I soon informed the unhappy girl of the situation of my heart, and received from her a distracted declaration of an equal attachment. She was the youngest daughter of the Marquis of Granthan, and had taken the veil upon the death of a favorite sister, much against the consent of her parents, who knew her to be formed to adorn the world, and wished her to continue in it. She now too late repented, and by discovering that sensation, laid the INFLUENCE of VIRTUE.
laid in a fund of sorrow and affliction. For one year we combated with our affection; but at length surmounting every obstacle, she escaped from her Convent, and we came immediately to London. The very day we arrived, we were married, and for a few weeks enjoyed happiness unmingled with regret or remorse.— I wrote to my father, and Henrietta did the same to her's, we confessed our fault, pleaded our passion for excuse, and begged their forgiveness, and the means of living in England, or that they would procure a dispensation of our vows at Rome, which I knew would be easily done in consideration of our rank; I did not entertain a doubt but these requests would be complied with, and as I had brought with me a small sum of money, I spent the interval of receiving answers, at public places with my wife, gratifying at once my vanity, and love. But at the end of a few weeks, when my friends were quite exhausted, letters from our friends bid us despair of assistance, or support; set our crime in a just light, and ended with bidding us an everlasting farewell. Misery now awaited us, and has been our companion from that time. We sold the few ornaments we had for a present supply, and knowing that Lord Barrymore was a Catholic, we applied for a farm on his Estate, still wishing to enjoy that religion, whose principal injunction we had broken, and whose laws we had infringed. We came down here as poor Catholics, and immediately a small farm was leased us upon reasonable terms, and we determined to try what constant frugality and industry would do, but, Madam, I had never labored, and my wife was a novice at house keeping; she grew sickly, her conscience told her serious truths, and she startled at the retrospection
retrospection which memory presented her with. For seven years we have endured every evil which poverty could inflict; three children have been taken from us by a just God, perhaps in mercy to us, and them. A few days since our lease expired, and the steward tired of our excuses, seized our cattle, and furniture, and turned us from the estate; and but for this young Lady, by this time, we should have been free from earthly troubles, and before the tribunal of an offended Deity.”

Here the unfortunate Morcan ended his story, and Lady Stanly assured him, his faults did not wear so very black and aggravated an appearance to her, as he appeared to view them in; she promised to interest herself in his behalf, and to write to Lord Barrymore respecting him, and invited him with his wife and child to reside at the Lodge, till she could receive an answer to her letter. These kind offers were accepted with gratitude, and the following day, Amelia went in the coach for Madam Morcan; handsome apartments were assigned her, and a female servant was procured to attend her little one, for she was too much an invalid to attend it herself.

The benevolent exertions of Lady Stanly, and the kind affectionate attentions of Amelia, were soothing to the lacerated bosom of this unfortunate woman; but, alas! the murmurings of an affrighted imagination were undermining her constitution, and every moment presenting the crime she had been guilty of to her view in the most dreadful shape, and notwithstanding every effort was made to soothe, and amuse her, she grew more melancholy, and more indisposed every day. One day, Lady Stanly found her in tears, and in the most friendly manner begged to know if any new affliction had happened to occasion them. “No, Madam,”
Madam," she returned, "your goodness seems to ward off the shafts of calamity, and can do every thing but heal a wounded spirit. My guilt is constantly before my eyes, and forbids repose." "You think too deeply of an error," replied Lady Stanly," "if it can be called so, and I am astonished to find you thus afflict yourself, you had an excuse that many women more guilty want, and almost every one has felt the power of love, you will be pardoned by every one."

"But I can never pardon myself, she returned, "and you Madam look upon my fault through the medium of kindness, not justice. Say, could you forgive a woman who had married a man contrary to the advice and consent of her friends; if she swerved from the duty she owes that husband, proved faithless to him, and was guilty of adultery, could you forgive her? No! your purity would shrink from the thought, and your own just sense of rectitude would condemn her; you would wonder if she could be happy, you would not blame her if she spent her days in sorrow, and her nights in tears. But my fault has been still greater, I was not dragged to the altar, I was not forced by unkind parents, want of fortune, or superflition, to take the veil; my kind and affectionate friends opposed it, they used every argument to prevent my becoming a devotee, but I was deaf to entreaties, and my tender mother followed me to the convent bathed in tears, and left me with agony and affliction. But notwithstanding my incitements to duty, I am worse than an adulteress, for him to whom I had sworn fealty, was not an earthly husband, he was my Saviour, my God, and my Judge, he had indulged me in various blessings, he had favored me beyond my deserts; I was a favorite in the Convent, beloved by the Abbess, and
Lady Stanly was grieved to find the evil was so inrooted, and Amelia's mind received an impression from the unfortunate woman that was never to be erased.—

In a very few weeks, letters were received from Lord Barrymore, informing them, that the mother of Mrs. Morcan was dead, an event that was hastened by the frailty of her favorite child, but in her last illness, she had prevailed with the Marquis to forgive her, and a dispensation of their vows had been sometime since obtained, that they might with safety return to France, and take possession of the estates which were their own. This intelligence was attended by a letter from Morcan's father, containing expressions of pity, and forgiveness, and inviting them to return. But this news was too late to retard, or prevent the catastrophe of this unhappy young woman; she was far gone in a decline, and they did not inform her of the death of her mother. By the advice of her physician, she endeavored to get to Bath, but failed in the attempt, and died in the arms of Amelia, about seven miles from the Lodge; while her husband, almost in a state of distraction,
traction, was withheld by violence from the room; the remains of this victim of an unfortunate passion, were interred in Lady Stanly's tomb; and Morean recovered sufficient calmness to return to France, where, he immediately entered the order of Carthenfian friars, and in a few years, fell a prey, to remorse, and affliction. The little girl was confined to the care of her mother's sister, and now inherits the joint fortunes of her wretched parents.

The melancholy of these scenes needed some relief from livlier society than the Lodge afforded, and Lady Stanly was preparing to leave it for London, when she was charmed to hear, that Lord Barrymore, and his family, had arrived at their seat. This was an unexpected pleasure, and with Amelia she immediately went to welcome them to the neighborhood. The imaginations of the lovers of pleasure, may conceive of a form, and face, more attractive than Amelia's, when she entered Lady Barrymore's breakfast parlour; but I confess, mine cannot. Soft, gentle, and unobtrusive, she moved; all dignity, and sweetness. Her fair face was flushed with an additional glow; and pleasure, tempered by pensive sympathy, sparkled in her eyes. Lady Barrymore embraced her with a transport that proved she was not forgotten, and young Barrymore, just twenty-three, experienced an emotion that no beauty in France or Italy had ever occasioned. It would be folly to attempt a description of this young gentleman, his person was elegant, manly, and graceful, and his face handsome in itself, was adorned with features that expressed the noblest and best of sentiments. The various virtues of his heart were indeed legibly engraved on his countenance and was a counterpart of a mind filled with hon-
or and every other exalted sensation. With these ac-
accomplishments, it is not surprising that he admired
Amelia, and was admired by her. Every hour that
he spent with her proved the innate worth of this
amiable girl. Her candor, goodness, and gentleness,
won upon him every moment, and the entertainment
she received from his society, told her that she had nev­
er met with any one so pleasing before.

Lady Stanly saw with some degree of pain, the ef­
forts of a young and growing attachment, and though
she was too just to wish to prevent the happiness of ei­
ther; she feared her heart might be entangled beyond
the power of retracting, and she still continued to en­
courage her favorite hope, that her son might become
the husband of Amelia. He had still eighteen months
to tarry on the Continent, and she could not but regret
that she had not made the first impression of a tender
nature upon the mind of her ward. She knew that
the rank and fortune of young Barrymore would en­
title him to any connection in the nation; and she did
not conceive his parents would consent to his marrying
an obscure girl, with a fortune small in comparison to
his own. She learnt from Lady Barrymore that her
son had been making proposals to a young Lady in
France, who was beautiful, amiable, and rich; who
loved him to excess, and to whom he was in some mea-
ure attached, but that the will of an arbitrary guar­
dian interfered, and the young lady was sent into the
country on purpose to dissolve the connexion. This
event had hastened them to England, and as Lady
Stanly had expressed herself fully on her son’s merit,
and the fanguine expectations which she entertained of
him; Lady Stanly thought it a duty to guard Amelia’s
heart from the first attacks of an insidious passion.—
With this view, she began one day to blame the folly and weakness of those young Ladies who suppose that every little attention beyond what was dictated by common politeness, and civility, proofs of attachment, and that every man who paid them, a lover. "I have my dear," said she, "been a good deal acquainted with gentlemen. I had several brothers, and no sisters; my husband was rather a gallant man, and I recollect several Ladies who supposed themselves courted by my brothers, when they had no intention but passing a few evenings agreeably, or to render themselves pleasing; and some who suffered in mind and reputation by attending to the suggestions of their own hearts, and trusting their fancy, to deceive them who aided these coquettish young men; for trust me my dear, there are male as well as female coquets; and men who will descend to arts which we should never think of." "I should be grieved to have my dear Amelia trifled with by any one, I would only wish you then to be upon your ground, your conduct is strictly consistent with my ideas of propriety, and I have no fear it will ever deviate from those rules which will always be attended to by every woman of real delicacy; but your happiness may be sacrificed before you are sensible of your danger; you are so frank, so honest, yourself, that you can form no conception of the evil of others; you will believe all that you hear, because you always speak the truth; but it is no uncommon thing, to hear a young man, who has been attentive to a young lady for fix or eight months, who had by his whole conduct proved himself devoted to her, and had really won her affections, when a new or prettier face was presented, become tired of the old one, and wishing to get off as well as possible, declare he never courted her. While his
his conduct has clearly evinced his Courtship, and with a man of honor, ought to be considered as an engagement, it had done more than any words could do, and perhaps by his ridiculous behaviour, rendered an innocent girl unhappy for life. This crime is next to seduction, it is indeed seducing the heart, and the man who can continue in it after he is twenty deserves a punishment adequate to his crime. I would have you shun the false delicacy of a prude, it bespeaks an impure mind, and every man of sentiment will despise it. The frivolity and vanity of a coquett, is almost as disgusting. There is certainly no need to encourage the addresses of every dangler, the female who is really gratified with the praises and flattery of a coxcomb, it stands upon the very verge of iniquity, and is but a few degrees removed from vice and folly. If she has sensibility, she is in imminent danger. If she has none, her heart is hard, and unfeeling, and she delights in the misery of others. There is certainly a medium; be but unsuspicious. "Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind;" and I have never met with a suspicious female, that I did not suspect a woman who supposes every man that approaches her, harbors designs either upon her purse or person. Such an one must have a low understanding, a mercenary disposition, or sensual inclinations. Your sincerity will not interfere with your prudence, and you will be respected for both; you may cultivate the friendship, and esteem of many, but the love of only one; the former admits of plurality, and is the least selfish, and a sensible, virtuous woman will think herself honored by the esteem and good will of every good man, and it would in no way interfere with an attachment of the tenderest nature, which she should form with another; but a woman of delicacy can love but
but one, and a man of feeling will not admit of a rivalry. But my dear, my lecture grows tiresome, and I am straying from the subject, which was only to caution you never to suppose a man loves you, till he has given the most unequivocal proofs of attachment."

Amelia thanked her kind monitress for cautions that she feared came too late; and assured her that her conduct should be dictated by her advice, and that she believed every attachment this side marriage, might be controlled by reason; but she often reflected upon this conversation and endeavored to be upon her guard respecting Barrymore, whose behavior was so fascinating, so truly praiseworthy, and his attention so flattering, and so pointed, that she needed a double portion of prudence; and in spite of all her caution, she found he was the subject of her thoughts, her fears, and her wishes; she had heard of love, she was of age to form a tender connexion. She was susceptible to the charms of virtue, and she could not see the manly, elegant, and blooming form of Barrymore, without admiring him, too used to scrutinize her own heart to let any of its sensations escape her, she did not doubt but what she felt, was that very fascinating passion, but she thought it wrong to indulge it, it was authorized by those who had a right to direct, and she determined to conquer every feeling that was not perfectly consistent with reason; "there can be no virtue," said she, "where there is no sacrifice, and no one was ever considered a Hero, till he became a Conqueror. I will conquer an attachment I have no right to indulge, and my own approbation shall be my reward." But, notwithstanding her resolve, she did alter her conduct. When Barrymore was absent, she was low-spirited, when he was announced, she arose involuntary to receive him; she heard
heard his praises with pleasure, and listened to him with delight.

Lady Stanly had been for several days much indisposed, and confined to her chamber. One charming morning, she was gratified to see Lady Barrymore enter her apartment. "This is the first day since your confinement, my dear friend," said her Ladyship, "that I have been well enough to leave my own room, but the weather was so fine, that I could not deny myself the pleasure of passing the forenoon with you, I came with my son in his new Phaeton, and feel so much refreshed by the airing, that I insist upon Miss Sev- el's favoring him with her company to ride while I sit with you." Amelia felt her face glow at the proposal, and would have objected to leaving Lady Stanly, but her excuse was not admitted, as her friend insisted upon her compliance, expressing her fears, that want of air had already injured her health.

Barrymore was delighted when he heard her descend the stairs, and led her to the carriage with apparent pleasure; for a few moments they remained in silence, but Amelia prudently interrupted it, by remarking the beauty of the day, and again a silence ensued, while they passed by some laborers who were jovial and apparently happy.

"I have often," said Amelia, "thought with gratitude upon my being situated in a Country where the poor are not oppressed, and where there is no danger of being shocked by scenes of cruelty or horror in my excursions: for my spirits are so exhilarated with the appearance of cheerfulness, in those I meet, that I am sure I could not exist, where man inflicts misery on man, and where personal punishments are frequent."
"I wish from my soul," replied Barrymore, "that your sentiments were more frequently to be met with, you will always retain them; they are natives of your own bosom, and you have cultivated them with care; and self love, and dissipation, will never drive them from you: but there are women, who laugh at the afflictions of others, and see without the least sensibility, the woes to which mortality are incident." "I never," said Amelia, "have found those with whom I have been conversant but what have uniformly thought with me." "I am loth to be severe," cried her companion, "but I fear some have only pretended to think with you, because they saw how pleasing your sentiments were." "I am in no danger of being so vain as to believe you, for I am sure, nine out of ten with whom I converse, have ten times as much sensibility as I have." "What leads you to form such an opinion?" enquired Barrymore, "Because they express more, and I am sometimes ashamed of my want of feeling, when I see my friends in tears and I unmoved." And what calls forth these marks of sensibility?" asked Barrymore. "Why any little tale of sorrow, a trifling indisposition, a song well sung, or a tune upon the pianoforte, sometimes badly performed; indeed, I always feel in some measure affected, but not so much so as to weep, or to be in extacies." "Nor do they my Amelia, they affect, but do not feel? Your unadulterated heart, and discerning mind, decides according to the dictates of nature, and of taste; you would fly to relieve distress with as much avidity, as they would to partake of a scene of pleasure. I admire the truly feeling heart, but hate the affectation of it. Nothing, perhaps, is more abused than sensibility. Persons who feel quick for themselves, who are the most sensible of any slight or misfortune they meet with; imagine they are
are the very soul of feeling, the excess of sensibility; but it is only those can claim it, who—here he was interrupted by Amelia's exclaiming, "Oh Mr. Barrymore, what wretch is that?" Barrymore thus checked, flopped his horses, and beheld by the way side, a man in great agony, while a boy was endeavoring to draw him out of the road. He jumped instantly from the carriage, and Amelia followed him; upon making enquiries, the man said he was a tailor, and got his living and that of his son, by his needle, and in going to work in a farmer's family within a mile of the place they were in, he had stumbled and broken his leg. Barrymore examined the afflicted limb, and found the fracture really bad, while the boy cried and lamented his condition. Amelia presented her handkerchief to bind the broken leg, and endeavored by soothing to comfort him.

There was no house within a mile, and that was a tavern, it would not do to leave the unfortunate sufferer alone, and the boy when pressed to go there for assistance, absolutely refused to leave his father. There was but one alternative; Amelia must either go on foot to the house, or tarry with the man, while Barrymore went in the carriage. The latter plan was adopted as the most expeditious method of getting him relief, and Amelia seating herself upon the ground, took the fractured leg in her lap, and in hopes of assuaging its anguish, poured volatiles (which were by accident in her pocket) upon it. Barrymore was out of sight in a moment, and the boy continued his lamentations in so moving a manner, that Amelia wept to keep him company. Some money however, seemed to console him, and she learned after several enquiries that his mother had died a few months since, and that
their little furniture had been seized to pay the physician; that his father was always a little lame, and had been taught the tailor’s business to prevent his being a burden upon the parish, and now worked about from house to house for little more than his bread: “And now” said the boy, “what can we do; father must be supported by the town at last, and I shall be sent away from him.” “No,” said Amelia, “that shall not be, you shall tarry with your father while he is sick, and when he gets well, be taught some way of providing for both yourself, and him, and you shall be taken care of.” She then presented the poor man with her purse, and promised that he should have every comfort that his situation required. His gratitude got the better of his pain, and the saw with pleasure, that his mind was relieved by her assurance.

In a very short time, Brrymore returned with a surgeon, and four men, the former proposed setting the broken leg upon the spot, and as his reasons were approved of it was put in execution, and Amelia’s work and needle were found very useful; she furnished a bandage, and with great expedition she sewed them together; the fracture was soon reduced, a litter formed, and the patient placed upon it. Amelia proposed following him to the inn, to ascertain if everything was comfortable about him; and upon Barrymore’s remarking that the surgeon was infirm, asked if he had not better ride with them: it was impossible for him to express his admiration; he simply pronounced her name, but it was in an accent that went to the heart of Amelia, and occasioned a sensation truly delightful. This son of Galen was corpulent, he was dirty, and clumsy by nature, but he was skilful, humane, and always ready to assist the poor. The last quality was more than an over balance to
They proceeded slowly, for the anguish of the poor fellow would not permit his bearers to use expedition; and when they arrived, found a good bed, and a comfortable apartment, prepared for his reception. Barrymore forced a fee upon the Doctor, who promised to attend his patient till his recovery, he then gave strict charge concerning him, and promising to call the next day, once more handed Amelia into the carriage, and drove directly home, as they knew their friends would be anxious concerning their long stay. They both expressed the pleasure they felt, from having the power to relieve this unfortunate man: and Barrymore declared he would never in future go even a short distance, without a servant; "had I taken Harry with me," said he, "you would not have been subjected to the disagreeable scenes you have witnessed. Were you any other than Miss Sevil I should think apologies necessary."—"For what?" said Amelia, "I do not think there is a woman in the world, who would not be affronted at any thing like an apology, I am sure I cannot enough admire your conduct." "If you could know Amelia," he replied, in a most impassioned tone, "how infinitely your praises would repay any sacrifice I could make, you would conceive of my pleasure at the approbation you express: why, I had rather, ten thousand times meet your smiles, than the united plaudits of the whole world." "Why" cried Amelia, "why will you try to render me so vain?" and before he could answer, they were at home.
As they had been long expected, both the ladies expressed their joy at their return, and heard with sympathetic approbation, the cause of their detention.

“But my good friends it is bed time,” said Mr. Harley, looking at his watch, “tomorrow I will resume my story, and leave you for the present, to the enjoyment of that repose which health and virtue always invite.” For the future, I shall not notice the very frequent pauses that domestic calls, and the visits of friends or acts of benevolence occasioned, following the dictates of inclination, render my chapters long or short, as best suits the convenience of the moment.

---

**CHAP. II.**

Hail Piety! triumphant goodness hail!
Hail, Oh prevailing, ever Oh prevail!
At thy entreaties justice leaves to frown,
And wrath appeasing lays its thunder down.

PARNELL.

BARRYMORE called every day, but as Lady Stanly continued indisposed, he did not see Amelia. She however, rode every morning very early to see the tailor, and her affability, and attention, did a great deal towards his recovery. She found that Barrymore had promised to take the boy into his service, and to provide for the father as soon as he recovered.

The day that Lady Stanly was entirely well, she passed at Lord Barrymore’s; and after dinner, an excursion in the garden was proposed; the young gentleman soon drew Amelia from the company, and after
after conversing half an hour upon indifferent subjects, begged her attention for a few moments, upon a topic which he owned he did not know how to introduce; the seriousness with which he addressed her, and his evident confusion, would to a mind more vain than Amelia's, have already betrayed him, and such were her emotions, that it almost amounted to a certainty, that her conjectures were right. A deep crimson overspread her face, and a trembling almost forbid her limbs to support her. She could not reply, and he proceeded.

"It certainly would not surprize Miss Sevel, were I to tell her, that I feel an attachment more tender than friendship. Would it offend her, if I called it love? If I dared to ask, if, if,"—he hesitated—"If what sir?" she replied in great confusion. "If you will permit me to tell you how sincerely I esteem and love you, and how gladly I would dedicate my whole life to the delightful employment of making you happy." "Surely sir," said Amelia, "you are unkind thus to jest." "To jest Miss Sevel!" "Yes sir, to jest." "And what can have happened, to give you such an opinion of me as to suppose I could jest with you?" "The disparity of our situations sir." "Of our situations Amelia?" "Yes sir, of our situations. I am a dependent upon the bounty of Lady Stanly; destitute of fortune, and unacknowledged by friends." "And of what importance is that? I know you are the best and loveliest of women. Why then should you suppose me so basely mercenary, as to imagine, fortune could raise you in my estimation. No Amelia, I glory, that I can give you a proof of disinterested affection, by laying my fortune at your feet." "Stop sir, said Amelia, "nor attempt to raise my vanity at the expense of my peace. I do wrong in listening to this
this conversation; I am sure it is unauthorized by your parents; and whatever opinion you have been pleased to form of me, as it can never meet with their approbation, it never must with mine." "Why thus deceive, Amelia? What reason can you have to suppose my parents insensible to your numerous virtues, and accomplishments? I know they esteem, and value you; I believe they would glory in you for a daughter; they know me susceptible of tender impressions, and never would for three months have forwarded a continual intercourse, if one objection could have arisen in their minds to an attachment that has been too obvious to escape their notice." "Ah, Mr. Barrymore!" said Amelia, "why do you flatter yourself, and me? I am sure you mistake—Lady Barrymore is so good, and so kind, that she loves me from pity, but would despise me, were I capable of drawing you from the duty you owe yourself, your rank, and connexions. I know you are expected to attach yourself to some one, who has birth, fortune, or something to recommend her."

"And you Amelia, have every quality to recommend you, that my parents can value; and you are deceived, if you suppose they appreciate the casual gifts you mention, above those inestimable qualities you possess. But I fear you do not name the real obstacle to my wishes; I am unfortunate, I am disagreeable to you, you cannot love me." She did not answer, and he continued, "Speak Amelia; answer me; I will not distress you but a few moments longer, if my conjecture is right, though it will render me wretched, yet I will revere your frankness, and never in future afflict you with my misery." Still Amelia hesitated, her eye glanced his face, and she saw it expressed an animated impatience; and his emotions were too strong to be concealed." "Yes sir," said she at length,
I will be frank, though perhaps at the expence of prudence, and endeavor by my future conduct, to atone for what would I am sure, be deemed a folly. Were our situations similar, and you thought of me as you now appear to, I should not hesitate to acknowledge, that I preferred you to any one else. For your virtues would authorize the preference, but Providence has affixed a barrier between us, and you can never persuade your parents to think as you do. I shall never be tempted to become an unwelcome member of any family, and this is the last time I can ever attend to you upon this subject, unless Lord and Lady Barrymore, do in the most pointed manner express their approbation of your conduct; and as I am sure they never will, permit me to say that I shall always feel sensibly the honor you have done me, and shall continue to esteem you as one of the worthiest of men." "One word, my dearest Amelia, you must suffer me to call you mine. I here swear to you, that I will never more approach you, till I receive the sanction of all, who have a right to direct or control either of us. I shall soon prove that you are under a mistake, and that I am grateful for your kind opinion, for the honor you do me, and for that frankness which I adore: my whole life shall be devoted to prove my sense of your goodness." He pressed the hand he held, to his lips, and led her to the house, where fortunately for Amelia, they found company, which prevented her confusion from being observed except by Lady Stanly, who was too well acquainted with the human heart, not to read what had passed in the bosom of Amelia.

As soon as they got home, she went immediately to Lady Stanly's chamber, and with some hesitation told her all that had passed. This proof of confidence could
could not but be grateful to her friend, but at the same time, she felt sensibly grieved that it must put an end to the hopes she had conceived for her son. Lady Stanly was too just to deny Amelia the praises which were due to Barrymore, and assured her that his parents would approve his choice, which did honor to his taste, and would crown him with happiness. She bid her good night at an earlier hour than usual, and Amelia retired to her own apartment, to indulge the sweetest hopes of an innocent and affectionate heart. The moment she was alone, she returned to the scene that had passed; again beheld the tender and impassioned looks of her lover, again heard the music of his voice, and found how delightful it is to be beloved. So agreeable were her contemplations, that sleep was banished from her pillow, and it was in vain she invoked the drowsy God to calm the perturbation of her senses, and seal in a short oblivion her hopes and fears. Very early the following morning, Barrymore's footman brought a billet to Lady Stanly, requesting leave for Lord and Lady Barrymore to attend her with their son on business of importance to themselves and her ward. With another from the young gentleman to Amelia, it was as follows. "You were under a mistake, amiable, and best beloved of women; you did injustice to my parents, they revere your worth, they love your virtues, and they long to embrace you as a daughter, and to intrust to you the happiness of their son.—Oh! permit us to come this afternoon. I will not come alone, I will come sanctioned by their presence, and consent. Will not Amelia deign to receive me as a friend, a lover, and an husband? Excuse me, charming Amelia, for thus anticipating those delightful titles."

Lady
Lady Stanly wrote, that she was at any time happy and ready to receive her friends, especially those she so much esteemed; and that the happiness of Amelia would always be as dear to her as her own, and excused her from writing an answer to Barrymore's billet: she moreover saw, that by her agitation, the task would be difficult.

The day ushered in by so agreeable an event, appeared the most charming one of her life to Amelia, the flowers had borrowed a more delightful tint, the fields were clothed in more delightful verdure, the sun shone with brighter lustre, and the birds had learned a more enchanting melody. When she moved, she seemed to tread on air, and her cheek glowed with a softer suffusion of grace and beauty; and her eyes sparkled with mild and lucent lustre; her voice trembled, but its tones were sweeter and more musical than ever. She could not however but observe, that Lady Stanly did not share in her pleasing emotions, and remarking her unusual gravity, she asked, if she had offended her. "Not in the least my love," she replied, "you never offended me, and were never dearer to me than at present, but life is incident to so many disappointments, that I would not have you anticipate too much pleasure; and besides, I cannot but give way to regret, at the idea of parting with you." The ready tear that gathered in Amelia's eye, forbid an answer, she could only embrace her kind benefactress, who, understood her heart, and knew all its movements.

They had but just left the dining room for the drawing room, when Lord Barrymore's chariot drove to the door. When Amelia saw from the window young Barrymore with respectful tenderness hand his mother from the carriage, and attend his parents up the walk, the
she could not help exulting in her lover. They entered the room. Lady Stanly received them at the door, and the young gentleman led Lady Barrymore to Amelia, who arose as they approached. "Why thus flutter my love?" said that excellent woman as she embraced her, "set down, and make no ceremony with your friends."

"Your Ladyship is so good," exclaimed Amelia—"and you are so handsome," cried Lord Barrymore, "that we find it dangerous to be in your neighborhood, and come to petition you to take up your residence with us, for we cannot keep our son at home, unless you will come and render it agreeable."

"My parents are indeed all kindness," replied Barrymore, "and if their united intercession should prove successful, my conduct shall prove my gratitude; and to you Amelia, I shall be indebted for every thing but life:" and turning to Lady Stanly, he said, "I hope Madam, I have your consent to address Miss Sewil, for she has denied me every encouragement till I am favored with your approbation."

"I could not Mr. Barrymore," she replied, "wish or expect to see Amelia form a more eligible connexion, you are the son of my best loved and most respected friends; she is the daughter of my adoption, her fortune shall not be contemptible, and I shall ever regard you as my children; for her merit is unquestioned, and you will find her possessed of every virtue."

Amelia could not hear unmoved the praises of her noble friend, she burst into tears, and embraced with emotion Lady Stanly. "With respect to fortune," cried Barrymore, "we wish for nothing; the estate that must devolve upon my son, is sufficient if he is good; if he was bad, it is too much. I know of nothing that can render the remainder of my life so happy,
happy, as to see him united to Miss Sevil: Lady Barrymore agrees with me in thinking her possessed of every virtue and every accomplishment that can render a family happy or respectable. We have long admired her: she does honor to Lady Stanly, and we shall be doubly blest in seeing our families more strongly united than ever. There is one point, and one only, upon which we do not think alike, and that is indeed of consequence; it is religion, and it is unnecessary to expatiate upon its great, and sacred duties; we are sorry Miss Sevil has been educated in the protestant religion, and we hope to restore her to the bosom of the true church. We wish her to renounce the errors of heresy, and be united to us by faith, as well as by affection; for notwithstanding our esteem, we can never consent that our son should marry one who is not a Catholic by profession. Say my love, for I wish to call you child, can you abjure protestanism?"

During the last part of this speech, Amelia had turned as pale as ashes, and she could hardly command her voice to say, in a tone of disappointed anguish, "I can never be your daughter!" "God forbid!" cried Barrymore: "my dearest Amelia, how can you continue to distress and make us wretched? Retract what you have said; or at least consider." "Consider," said Amelia, rising, "of what shall I consider? Shall I give up my religion for a husband, and sell my God for a settlement? Oh, no; my soul shrinks at the thought! I will not hesitate a moment, but reject the proposal, though sure and certain misery attends the rejection." "Do not leave me Amelia, do not drive me to distraction: if you leave me in this inflexible state of mind, I am undone! Oh! wait but a moment, wait and hear me, you do not give up your religion for
for a husband, nor sell your God for a settlement. You leave a false for a true religion, you give up a mode of worship that is offensive to the Deity, for the only one that is acceptable to his purity. Have you not said that the form was nothing if the heart was pure, and that we all worship the same being? If you think so, why then not accept the mode of those who love you best, who would die to make you happy? "Perhaps I have said so, but I did not reflect." "Reflect then now my love," interrupted Lady Barrymore, "and you will find upon reflection, that we only wish you to do what is right to ensure your eternal as well as present welfare: you have not yet made any public profession of religion, and you can without difficulty be received into the bosom of the holy church, for you will have nothing to retract."

"No," said Amelia, while her whole frame trembled with agitation, "it is indeed true, that I have made no public profession of religion, but my conscience tells me what is right, and slender as is the twig by which I hold, I cannot quit it."

"Your mind," cried Lord Barrymore, "has been poisoned by sophistry, and the books you have read have been calculated to mislead and ruin you."—"I never," she replied, "have read one page upon the subject of religion, but the Bible, that indeed I have with pleasure perused." "But," interrupted his Lordship, "you have had no one to explain it to you."—"Nor did I wish for any one to do that, it is so simple, and so plain, that the lowest mind can comprehend its dictates, and fulfil the duties it inculcates, as well and as easily, as the most philosophical and enlightened. No my Lord, weak and uninformed as my mind is, the truths of that sacred volume are impressed upon it, and will, I flatter myself, be of sufficient efficacy to support me.
me through a trial that I never expected to encounter."

"Why, why are you so obstinate, so prejudiced, against a religion that you are not acquainted with? Do not thus pursue our misery and your own, by rejecting the truths which await your acceptance: give yourself time to reflect on the dreadful consequences of rejecting a mode of worship, which in one month you will become enamoured with; it charms—and thank us for the pain we now give you."  "No, my Lord, I can never thank you for the misery you now inflict, and though I have read nothing upon this very interesting subject, yet the history of my country has shewn me a Mary and a Bonner; and I cannot believe that a religion can be acceptable to a God of mercy, which has needed fire and sword to support it."  "Do not mistake, my Amelia," cried Barrymore, "it was the native disposition of those bloody wretches, this cruel Queen, and vile Bishop, not Religion, that induced the sacrifices they made. Do not, because they have disgraced society, sacrifice a man that adores you; who would make any sacrifice for you. I have sworn before God, and my superiors, to marry none but a Catholic, and but for this solemn engagement, I would not ask you to become one. Oh, that I were released from it, that I were free to convince you how much I value your peace! how readily would I give up even the wish to have you change a faith, that would never influence your pure mind to do wrong; but you do not love me, you do not esteem me, or you would not thus reject me so lightly."

"Hear me," said Amelia, "and do not render me more wretched than I am at present, by tempting me to err beyond the power of repentance. Hear me, while for the first and last time, I declare that you are dear to me, and that I should prefer a connexion with you,
you, to any other man upon earth; not because of your titles or wealth; I acknowledge the worth of both, but they are little in comparison to that greatness of mind, and merit I know you possess. If I exceed the bounds of female decorum in this acknowledgement, tell me; but if you could look into my heart, and see how wretched I am, I am sure I should be forgiven. But since I must reject you, I cannot barter eternal for present happiness. Felicity purchased at so dear a rate, would cease to be so." She attempted to leave the room, but Barrymore threw himself upon his knees before her, and, clasping his arms around her, swore he could not part with her; while his mother with uplifted hands, entreated her not to leave them, till she had retracted what she had said, and leave them some hopes.

Lady Stanly had been till then, a silent, though astonished spectator, and auditor, of a scene quite unexpected. She now arose and went to Amelia; for a moment she could not command her voice, and the trembling girl threw her arms around her neck, hid her face in her maternal bosom, and burst into tears. "My love, my child," said the affectionate woman, "my noble girl, how I glory in you, how I value you! I will assist you to bear your misfortune, I will share it with you." Amelia still more softened at these marks of tenderness, sobbed aloud. "Nay," cried Lady Stanly, "you distress her too much, her frame is too gentle to bear it, she will sink beneath it." Even Lord Barrymore was in tears, and his son in the attitude of despair. "I will go with you to your chamber my love," added Lady Stanly. "She must not go, she shall not go," they all repeated, "she must reflect, before she wholly rejects us."

"I have," said Lady Stanly, "till within a moment, preserved a silence that was painful, but the scene has now
now become too trying, and I must interfere. I will compromise between you; suffer Amelia to retire, and to-morrow, let Mr. Merton, your Lordship's Confessor attend her: I will answer for it she will hear him explain the mysteries of your religion: he is sensible, eloquent, and persuasive. If after hearing and conversing with him, she continues to think as she now does, I shall insist upon her being permitted to follow the dictates of her conscience. If on the other hand, she changes her opinion, and becomes a convert to the Catholic Religion, I will not by one argument, or even a single word oppose it.

This proposal was so candid, that it seemed to calm the universal tumult, and all approved of it. Amelia, without speaking, went to her chamber, and in one moment heard the carriage of Lord Barrymore drive over the pavement: the sound was like the hand of death upon her heart, and she sunk almost senseless upon her chair.

Thus ended in cruel disappointment, the day whose smiling morn, had arisen with hopes the fairest: thus were all the prospects of Amelia blasted; nor could the sympathizing friendship of Lady Stanley entirely soothe the afflicted heart of her noble, lovely ward. She did not immediately follow her to her chamber; she knew by reflection, that solitude was the most likely to establish her tranquillity. She was herself surprised at Amelia's fortitude, and piety, and she doubted not they would be sufficient to support her. For this reason, and because she would leave her entirely to the unbiassed dictates of an unbiassed mind, she determined not to mention what had passed, not even to commend her conduct, that at once charmed, and reanimated her with respect to her son.

When Amelia was sent for to tea, she begged to be excused; at breakfast, and dinner, her anticipations had
had been so pleasing, and her enjoyments so unexpected and agreeable, that she could not eat. Lady Stanly, who had witnessed her agitation, was alarmed; she went up to her, and with the most earnest solicitude, entreated her to take some refreshment. "Do, my dear madam, excuse my weakness for to night, and I will endeavor to conquer it; to-morrow I hope I shall not be so foolish." "But you must take some refreshment, or your health will suffer," cried Lady Stanly, "if it is only one cup of tea, I will bring it to you myself." "You are too good, and too considerate; I hate myself for giving you all this trouble."—"And I love you better than ever, my dear, and if you do not wish to trouble me, comply with my request, I will bring up the tea myself, and none of the servants shall attend you." She saw that Amelia did not wish to expose herself to the observation of any one, while her face bore such evident marks of sorrow. Amelia saw her kind intention, and after thanking her for all her goodness, drank one cup of tea, which refreshed her.

Lady Stanly spent the hours between that, and bedtime, in Amelia's chamber, but said not one word upon the subject that was nearest her heart: when it was time for her to undress, that good woman assisted her, and having infused an opiate into a glass of wine, prevailed upon her to take it; too wretched to be delicate in her taste, she did not perceive the tincture, but soon experienced its beneficial effects. A gentle slumber stole over her senses, and the transactions of the day were all forgotten.

When Lady Stanly saw her asleep, she was still loth to leave her, and having ordered her night cloaths to be brought to Amelia's chamber, she laid herself easily by her side, and continued to watch her slumbers with the same affectionate tenderness, that an only parent would an only and beloved child.

CHAP.
IT was morning before Amelia awoke, and when she did, she was surprized to find her kind friend, and beloved benefactress, her bedfellow. At first, her senses were confused, and it was with difficulty she recollected the transactions of the preceding day, and while they distressed and pained her memory, this new testimony of Lady Stanly’s affection, came likewise to soothe, and heal the wound they had made. When she viewed the face of her friend, which had become pale by frequent indispositions; while she reflected that she had exposed her slender health by a change of apartments, and submitted to partake of her narrow bed, rather than leave her alone; then Amelia was unhappy; she became overwhelmed with tenderness, and resolved to conquer or conceal every feeling, that could disturb the repose of such a friend. She arose, and having dressed herself, sat down by the side of the bed, watching her revered countenance till she awoke, and looked with a mixture of pleasure and pity upon Amelia, who appeared composed and calm, and even endeavored to accompany her salutation of the morning with a smile: She assisted Lady Stanly to rise and dress, and though she could not directly mention her last kindness, yet she gave a thousand proofs of her gratitude in her attentions. They descended together to the breakfast table, and scarcely was their morning repast ended, and the tea equipage removed, when Mr. Merton entered.
Amelia could hardly command her voice to pay him the compliments of the rising day; with difficulty, however, she held a momentary conversation, when Lady Stanly proposed that they should walk into the library.

Mr. Merton had been bred at the Jesuit’s College at Leyden, his mind was capable of receiving instruction, for nature had been bountiful to him: he was subtle, sly, and penetrating; few possessed his powers of persuasion, and his pulpit oratory was admired by all. He was a bigoted Catholic, and though he veiled his natural severity under the garb of religion, if the power had been his, he would have established the reign of superstitious tyranny. It was at his instigation that Lord Barrymore had prevailed on his son, in the presence of the Pope, when last at Rome, to take the oath which Barrymore had mentioned to Amelia, which now bound him by a tie as irksome to be borne, as it was impossible to unloose, never to marry except with a Catholic. It was indeed for the interest of the Pope’s dignity that this vow was made, as Lord Barrymore’s estates were extensive, and his connexions powerful, and it could not but be pleasing to have them established in the Catholic line; and it was to this man, that Amelia’s conversion was consigned, as they could entertain no doubt of the effect of his arguments, his sophistry, and his eloquence.

As soon as they were seated, he presented Amelia with a letter. “I took it,” said he, “to oblige Mr. Barrymore, for my Lord has forbid all intercourse till this affair is happily decided, and without his Lordship’s knowledge I engaged to deliver it to you.” “I will never be the means, Sir,” replied Amelia, “of Mr. Barrymore’s disobeying his father: you will therefore be so kind as to return it to him;” “and now Sir,” she continued, “I am ready to attend to anything you wish to say in support of what you think is right, but I ....with
wish you Sir to remember, that I would not have given you this trouble, were it not to gratify your family, and to fulfil Lady Stanly's engagement."

Mr. Merton assured her, that he had undertaken that office with pleasure, and that he should indeed have cause of triumph, if he could convince a lady of her merit and understanding. Amelia begged him not to spend any time in compliments, that could not effect any good purpose, and which must trespass upon his better and more useful employments. It would be impossible for me to give you the arguments which he made use of, or even a sketch of the conversation which lasted through the day, at the end of which, Mr. Merton retired chagrined and fretted, that a girl had been able to resist his persuasions, and foil him at his own weapons. At leaving her, he begged permission to wait on her the next morning to renew a conference of such importance. This request was granted a second and third day, but upon the evening of the last day, Amelia with respect thanked him for the pains he had taken and the trouble he had been at, but begged he would not devote any more time to effect what she was sure would never take place; and said she would write lady Barrymore the next day. When he gave this account at home, he added that he had never met with so dangerous a woman, and advised his Lordship if he valued his son's eternal welfare, to leave England directly, especially if in the promised letter she still persisted in an error.

When lady Stanly was informed that Merton had taken leave, she told Amelia her reason for not having asked her any questions respecting this momentous affair, but now begged to know her determination.

"Can you doubt it, madam?" she replied, "I was determined the moment I was informed of Lord Barrymore's
rymore's resolution: and for an instant have not hesitated. It was impossible for any one to think that after I had withstood the united persuasion of persons I so highly valued, that any arguments of this refined bigot could have any effect."

"It is impossible for me" cried Lady Stanly, "to express how much I admire you. I have known you from your infancy, and thought I had known the extent of your powers; but I own myself amazed at them, and surprised by your fortitude, but I am fearful you will be unhappy, for I have long thought you loved Lord Barrymore." Amelia hesitated for a moment, and then replied, "I acknowledge I did Madam, I suppose I still do; but I have heard that passion does not long exist unnourished by hope. I have now given up the idea, and will endeavour to erase the impression from my mind. But you will I know excuse me from converting at present. In a few days I hope to acquire more fortitude. I have a letter to write, which is no small task, and which I shall request you to peruse; from that moment, you shall hear no more of this disagreeable affair."

The next day she wrote to Lady Barrymore, who had waited with impatience for the letter, and who was afflicted in a great degree to find from the calm unprejudiced style in which she delivered her resolution, that they had nothing to hope from her renouncing her religion, but that she was really more firmly attached to those tenets in which she had been educated. She acknowledged that Mr. Merton had confused and puzzled her mind by his explanation of the rights, and ceremonies of the Catholics, that she might be dazzled by its pomp, and amazed at its magnificence; but never convinced of its truth; that her mind was so simple, that
that she could not but prefer a religion that was so like-
wife; that she hated any thing like pomp, and placed
her whole confidence in a Being who would reconcile
her to a disappointment which she owned was severe."
"Were I," said she, "to abjure the plain and simple
duties I have learned to think essential to happiness, and
endeavor to cultivate those of another sect, I am sure I
should offend Him who has been my Father and my Pre-
derver. I do not suppose he would punish with eternal
misery this offence, for he is a Being full of mercy; he
has sent his Son to save a guilty world, and for his sake
I should be forgiven. But how, madam, could I sup-
port life, with an idea constantly before me, that I had
in the most solemn transaction of my life, offended him
by a perjury that I could myself never forgive?" She
ended this letter with assurances of esteem, expressions
of gratitude, and prayers for all the Barrymore family.

It was in vain that Lady Barrymore attempted to
conceal from her son, this last testimony of Amelia's
inflexibility: the moment he knew she had received it,
he insisted upon seeing it, and finding that nothing was
to be hoped from a change of sentiment, gave loose to
the most violent transports of grief, and declared he
would go to Rome and get a dispensation of his vow,
or renounce a religion, which was a bar to his felicity,
for that Amelia should be his.

From some words in a letter respecting the solemnity
of vows, Lady Barrymore did not think Amelia would
marry her son upon any conditions; and she so much
admired her virtues, that she would willingly have re-
ceived her for a daughter without any conditions: be-
fides, she saw that the happiness of her son depended
upon this connexion, she then determined to visit A-
melia, and if she found her willing to join her fate with
his,
his, to run the risque of her Lord’s displeasure, of her Confessor’s anger, and by her own, and her son’s united interest, get a dispensation of a rash oath, which she was now convinced would militate against, rather than serve the Catholic interest.

With this view, and accompanied by her son, she went the next day to Lady Stanly’s, and sent in a request to see Amelia, who was trembling in the room, endeavouring to assume a composure necessary for the interview. But the moment she entered, the altered looks of Barrymore, who was pale, unshaven, and in a great dishabille, dispelled every thing like resolution from her heart, and left her unarmed by every thing but softness, and melting tenderness. It was some time before any of the party could speak, and when Lady Barrymore mentioned the cause of her visit, and the resolution they had taken in consequence of her son’s unhappiness, it was then that Amelia felt the full force of his affection, and her own. She paused for a moment; she attempted to speak, and at length assumed the power to say, that the vow he had taken was made to Heaven, and could not be absolved by man: and that a connexion was impossible. She then mentioned the fate of Moreau, and declared, that would be a warning to her, never to unite herself with one, who was bound by a solemn oath to the contrary. She then hastily left the room, while Barrymore struggling with a variety of agonizing sensations, threw himself into the carriage by the side of his mother, and was drove home: while Amelia gave way to a flood of tenderness, which proved the greatness of the sacrifice she had made, and the misery it inflicted.

It would be in vain to endeavor to give one idea of the confusion of Lord Barrymore’s family. Orders were
were given to quit England, perhaps forever. All was hurry and bustle: but it was not the hurry of pleasure, or the bustle of satisfaction. Every face wore the village of grief, and every brow was shaded with care. Never were the superiors of any family more deservedly beloved, than Lord and Lady Barrymore. Never was a young man more adored than their son: and there was not a servant of the household, but partook of their affliction. Among them, was little Jack the tailor’s son: this boy loved his young master from gratitude: from the same motive he loved Amelia, and had become a member of the family. The very day when flushed with hope, he had made his proposals to her, he had met them coming from the garden, and the kind enquiries that Amelia made for his father, filled his little heart with pleasure. The very next day it was rumored among the servants that she was soon to become their Lady. He had partaken of the general joy, for Amelia was indeed beloved by all around her.

He soon perceived a change in the looks of his fellow-servants, and upon asking, was informed of what he did not believe, for he thought it impossible that any young lady could refuse Mr. Barrymore; and he had seen such repeated instances of Amelia’s goodness. He was sure her heart was tender; and his master was so good, and so handsome, the heart must indeed be hard, that could deny him anything. Mr. Barrymore in all his personal troubles, had never neglected the interest of the poor and distressed: He had settled the tailor in a comfortable situation; and proposed to take his son with him to the continent.

With this view he visited him, and had his ready consent; and prayers, and wishes, for a safe journey.
"But," said the tailor, "may it please your honor, we heard the other day, that your honor was to be married to the good young lady, who was with your honor when you found me with a broken leg! which ant quite well, notwithstanding your honor's goodness and care of it. May I ask your honor if she is going with you."

"I wish she was Watson," he replied, "but she is determined not to marry me, and I go away wretched and unhappy, never to return." "God forbid! I am afraid you did not persuade her enough. I am sure she loved you; for when you were gone for the doctor, she kept saying, what a good young man, what a noble soul; I am sure he must be adored! and I am certain she meant your honor, for there was nobody else who deserved all this; and besides all that, whenever she came to see me, she used to talk so much about your honor—Oh! I know she sets every thing by you." Barrymore was so affected, that he put his purse into Watson's hand, and left him.

Amelia did not hear without emotion, the day that was appointed for the departure of Lord Barrymore's family: but she aimed at cheerfulness, which she could not attain. She appeared, however, calm; and the afternoon preceding that in which they were to set out, she set in a little dressing room, indulging painful reflections, for Lady Stanly had called to bid adieu to her friends. Busied with her needle, she strove to occupy her mind, but it was in vain, when she was informed that a person wished to see her below; and upon going down, found Watson, and his son; the father was still very lame, and the boy had a face full of trouble. She was beginning to express her satisfaction at seeing Watson able to leave his bed, and the boy so decently clothed; when to her surprize, they both kneeled before her.
"We are come," said the tailor, "to beg you madam to save that blessed young gentleman." "Yes," cried the boy, "do pray now save master." "He is so good," cried Watson, "why do you not have him? you were made for one another, for you are just alike." "Oh, you must have him, dear, good Miss Sevil, do have him, or he will not live long; the Pope says he may have you, and what signifies sending him away? If he goes without you, he will never see Old England again, and his blood will be all upon your head." It was sometime before Amelia could fully comprehend the meaning of these confused and repeated entreaties: She had vainly hoped this affair was concealed from all except the parties concerned; and had no idea that Lady Barrymore was let into all the secrets of her mistress; which she told in confidence to the steward, who related it to the butler, and the dairy maid, and with little additions of their own, they related it in the kitchen, and it was soon no secret at all, only that in passing through so many hands, it underwent so many alterations, that persons who told it first, would not know it for the same when they heard it again.

Nor had it once occurred to the mind of Amelia, that any one would suppose her of sufficient consequence, to occasion any altercation in Lord Barrymore's family; but it now rushed upon her mind with the various aggravations, that a lively imagination could form: added to this testimony of Barrymore's goodness, it brought forward such a host of tender and afflictive feelings, that unable to control them, or command herself, she flew to her chamber, leaving father and son in the humble attitudes they had assumed, as she found it impossible to raise them, being as incapable of giving as receiving comfort.
Lady Stanly did not see Mr. Barrymore, but she took an affectionate leave of his parents, and returned to the Lodge, where she found Amelia oppressed with an additional weight of sorrow, and as the matter was now determined, she gave way to her own, while she entered into all her feelings, and sitting down with her, began a conversation in which Amelia opened her whole soul, and in return, received assurances of the most tender affection, and lasting esteem, with commendations so flattering and so consoling, that she found herself easier than she had been for many days. She now resolved to appear cheerful. In rejecting her lover, she had fulfilled her duty to Heaven; by being cheerful and resigned, she should fulfil it to her fellow creatures, for her unhappiness affected Lady Stanly, and threw a gloom over all the dependents and domestics of the family.

CHAP.
THREE INFLUENCE on VIRTUE.

CHAP. IV.

"To catch the moments as they rapid fly, 
To fend them mark'd and gilded to the sky, 
Fraught with the incenfe diligence extracts, 
Which still improves, and not one hour protralts; 
This is the hyblean art, whose honied sweets, 
From circling angels glad acceptance meets."

CONSTANTIA.

In a short time after the removal of Lord Barrymore's family, Amelia resumed her usual employment to divert a melancholy which she could not entirely conquer; every moment was occupied, and she found that her exertions had the effect she wished; she became calm, and at times cheerful, and was gratified to find this cheerfulness was diffused over the whole family.

The remainder of the summer and autumn was spent at the Lodge, but at the commencement of winter, Lady Stanly went with Amelia to London, where the new scenes in which she was unavoidably engaged, by diverting her mind, restored her tranquillity; and though the effort was at first painful, she found that at last she could talk of Barrymore with the same calmness which she did of others.

It is impossible for any thing to be a secret, I had intended that my will in favor of Amelia should not be known, but it got air, and when she again appeared in London, some had declared her my heir, and what was more, added such hordes of wealth to my possessions, as I myself had no idea of. It is true I was very prosperous in all my undertakings, and blest in all my concerns; nor did I conceive it as the least of my good fortune,
fortune, that I had found out the person who had entrusted Amelia to Mrs. Benloe. He was when I discovered him, oppressed with sickness and poverty, which had kept him in India, but he was not an old man; his constitution was naturally good, and strong, and his life was of consequence to me, for I meant to make him the instrument of punishing an avaricious villain. I did without any exertion of virtue all I could to rescue him from the grave. I supplied all his wants, had him carefully attended to, and when he got well, took him into my service, which I rendered as easy as possible. His fidelity more than overpaid me. I had soon the satisfaction to see him in good health, and received his ready promise to return to England with me.

The accounts of my successes were exaggerated, and Amelia considered heir to immense possessions. This was undoubtedly the cause of much vexation to her, for every fop, and every fortune hunter in high life thought her an object worth pursuit. Their addresses were not of long duration, for with peculiar facility she dismissed or discouraged them.

Lady Stanly continued to receive such accounts of Sir William, as gave her peculiar pleasure. He was much improved in mind and person; and was really anxious to return to his native country; but by the advice of his tutor, and foreign friends, he meant to reside abroad twelve months from the next spring. He had received an appointment of some importance at Hamburgh, and it was judged of consequence to his future character and fortune, for him to accept it. His mother was so much pleased and gratified with his merit and talents, that he became the constant theme of her conversation with Amelia, who listened to, and joined Lady Stanly with real satisfaction, and they both looked
looked forward to the period of his return with the most pleasing anticipations, and expected more satisfaction from his society at the Lodge, than it had for a long time afforded them; and it was concluded not to visit it the ensuing summer, nor indeed to leave London except for a few weeks, which it was intended to spend at Bath.

The winter and spring were passed agreeably, and when summer arrived, Lady Stanly accompanied by Amelia, went to Bath, and tarried there six weeks. They visited some friends that resided in the country, and returned to London by the middle of September, improved both in health and spirits. But a few months intervened before Sir William would return. He was, however, to suffer some vexations before he reached his native country, and it would have saved him much domestic sorrow, and many painful reflections, had he now returned to England. But the best laid plans of mortals are very frequently frustrated, and the very means that are used to enforce success, often destroy it, and baffle all the schemes of man, who frequently arrogates to himself the power that belongs to a being of immutability, and supposes he can command, as well as desire success.

I will now leave my favorite, and give you some account of Barrymore, who accompanied his parents to Rome and Italy, and every artifice that affection could conceive, was used to restore his tranquility, but it was in vain that they shifted countries, and varied scenes, he carried about with him the barbed shaft, and had not the resolution to extract it. The sacrifice that he had made to the religion of his family, had entailed such miseries upon him, that he became averse to its duties, and neglected its ceremonies; and but for the pain he
faw it would inflict upon his parents, who were unremitting in their tenderness, he would have quitted it entirely. They were more than ever anxious to see him married, but it was fruitless to introduce him to the finest women in Italy: They had no charms for him; they were not like Amelia. It remained for the most artful of her sex to supplant in some measure the most amiable. More than a year had been spent abroad, when Lord Barrymore concluded to visit Paris with his family.

Three days after her arrival, Lady Barrymore was surprised to receive a visit from Miss Melford, who came blooming in real and artificial beauty, to try the influence of her charms on the heart of her countryman. She had continued at Brussels with her aunt, till within a few weeks. She was entirely tired of the life the rigidity of her aunt obliged her to lead, and rejoiced when that Lady's affairs brought her to Paris. Here she was charmed, for she was surrounded by a number of gay young men, who were as dissipated, and as fond of pleasure as herself. She found that Paris was the meridian for her fun to move in, and dreaded the hour of quitting it, for the dull monotony of Brussels. But fortunately as she thought it, a short time before that period, she heard that Lord Barrymore had arrived, and the following morning took advantage of her former acquaintance to visit him.

It was impossible not to admire her beauty; and as she had early known Lady Barrymore, she assumed that air and manner that she knew was most calculated to please. Young Barrymore viewed her as he would a beautiful piece of furniture, and with as little emotion. He paid her the attention which as his country-woman she deserved, and thought no more of her. But his mother
mother was extremely charmed, and begged she would
frequently visit her.

Harriot was determined to profit by this invitation,
and soon made herself so necessary to Lady Barrymore,
that when her aunt proposed to leave Paris, she entreat-
ed that lady to permit her niece to remain that winter
with her. The request was gladly complied with, for
Harriot had rendered herself disagreeable to this good
woman, by her haughtiness, her coquetry, and dissipa-
tion. Lady Barrymore was pleased to find that Har-
riot attended her to mass, and to confession, and delight-
ed when Mr. Mariot informed her that the young lady
was a convert to the catholic religion, to which she had
given a decided preference from her first arrival in
France; and the whole family thought it impossible
but she should soon erase the image of Amelia from the
heart of Barrymore. She so nicely veiled her real de-
signs from the most penetrating eye, that the principal
fear of Lord and Lady Barrymore was, that she would
either marry some one of her numerous admirers, or
retire to a convent and devote her life to celibacy.

Her coquetry had no effect upon the young gentle-
man; he was indeed more cheerful than he had been,
and sometimes diverted his attention from a subject
which had till then occupied his thoughts. But though
attentive and polite, there was nothing of the lover in
his conduct, and he left Harriot with all her charms,
to reflect upon the milder virtues of Amelia.

It was with vexation that high spirited girl saw her-
selh slighted; and when almost despairing of success, she
had recourse to a new artifice that had been suggested
by her scheming mind. She began by degrees to
lose her spirits; was melancholy, and apparently un-
happy. She no longer fought the haunts of pleasure
and
and dissipation; but studiously affected solitude and retirement. She was often in tears; seldom smiled; eat but little; and would not answer a word to the kind enquiries of Lady Barrymore. One day, however, when in conversation with Mr. Merton, she mentioned her fixed intention of retiring to a convent, and in confession, acknowledged the cause of this resolution, to be a passion for Mr. Barrymore; a hopeless passion she was sure it was, and lamented her weakness with a flood of tears, and reflection pathetic and pious. Mr. Merton would have been much gratified for her to have assumed the veil upon any other account, as it would have done honor to religion: but it was now his interest to oppose it, and he accordingly (forgetting his vow of secrecy, and making a merit of the breach) told Lady Barrymore in confidence, who immediately told her son, and conjured him, as he valued his happiness, or the felicity of his parents, to marry Harriot.

There is in the mind of man, a kind of vanity, which takes pleasure in being beloved. Had Harriot told him her passion, he would have despised her. But she had nobly struggled with it: her health was affected; and her life would probably fall a sacrifice to it: and nothing but conscience could have drawn forth a confession to Merton; for such was the account his mother had given him, and it was not in the nature of man to resist the united charms of Harriot, or to discredit so fascinating a tale. He hesitated, and required time for reflection. That night however, he found that Harriot employed his thoughts; and his meditations were altogether upon her. He reflected too upon the wishes of his parents, and though he knew that in uniting himself to any other woman than Amelia, he must make a sacrifice; yet he determined to make it.
It was not long before he found Harriot alone, and after expressing his grief at her altered looks, and want of spirits, he gave her an account of his attachment to Amelia, and its consequent disappointment; and then told her that he feared the offer of such an heart as his, so wounded as it had been, would be a poor offering to her beauty and virtue, and not worth her acceptance: but if she would do him the honor to unite her fate with his, he would devote his life and fortune to making her happy.

Never was surprise better feigned than Harriot's. But she did not attempt to conceal the joy which this avowal gave her, and with a modesty that was quite bewitching, confessed a very tender partiality for him, and with some hesitation accepted his proposal, acknowledging at the same time the merit of Amelia, and assuring him that she should never value him the less for having been susceptible to the charms of so lovely a woman, whom she would endeavor to imitate, that she might entirely possess his affections, and with the hope of making him happy.

The parents of Barrymore, with Mr. Merton, were all overjoyed at the pleasing prospects which now presented. Preparations were made for a speedy marriage; writings drawn, and settlements made: but it was necessary before the conclusion, to send to England, as the trustees of Miss Melford's fortune resided in that country: but before returns could be received, a very melancholy event took place, that forbid the celebration of the nuptials, at least for the present: this was the sudden death of Lord Barrymore, an event that plunged the whole family into the deepest affliction.

Sir William was at Hamburgh when he heard of the death of his respected and worthy friend, and really afflicted.
afflicted himself, he set out immediately for Paris, to
offer some attentions to the family in this recent distress,
and arrived there a few days after the interment. Lady Barrymore and her son, who now assumed the title
of his father, were quite affected with this proof of
Sir William's esteem, and received him with a cordial-
ity that seemed to alleviate their own sufferings. He
was surprized to find Harriot a part of their family,
and even at their first interview, his heart acknowledg-
ed her the loveliest woman he had ever seen. He was
soon informed of the connexion that was expected, and
thought his friend the happiest of men. Vanity and
self love suggested to Harriot the impression she had
made, and she determined not to lose a conquest: She
therefore engaged in a coquetry, the most delicate and
refined; determined to secure the one for a gallant, and
the other for a husband.

Lord Barrymore was not so violently in love as to be
suspicious; but his mother penetrated into Sir William's
sentiments. She thought too she saw they were not
unpleasing to Harriot. To remedy an evil before it
happened, she proposed a speedy and private marriage.
As every part of the business prior to the ceremony was
accomplished, Harriot made no objection, and Lord
Barrymore readily acquiesced; and they were united
by that sacred tie, which rendered her the wife of one
of the most pleasing and worthy of men: and what
was still more agreeable, Lady Barrymore acquired a
title she had long sighed for. Sir William with extreme
reluctance, assisted at the wedding, and the next day set
out on his return for Hamburgh.
"Shall man be left abandon'd in the dust,
When fate relenting let the flower survive?
Shall nature's voice to man alone unjust,
Bid him, though doom'd to perish, hope to live?
Is it for this, fair nature oft must strive,
With disappointment, penury, and pain?
No, Heaven's reviving spring shall yet revive,
And man's majestic beauty bloom again."

Beattie.

In this time, Lady Stanly and Amelia had enjoyed a number of calm and rational satisfactions, as well as more fashionable pleasures, when the account of Lord Barrymore's death reached them. They both sincerely lamented it, and shed tears at once of sympathy, and regret. This was soon followed by the account of Harriot's marriage; an event that did not give them much pleasure, as they much feared she was not calculated to render those with whom she was connected, happy. Amelia was not however in the least agitated, and Lady Stanly observed with pleasure, that her spirits were neither elated or depressed by it.

Lady Stanly had never been blest with firm health, and from the first of March was confined to her chamber, but did not think herself dangerous, till the middle of April, when her symptoms became alarming. Her cough increased, and it was accompanied by a very painful and dangerous complaint. She had for several days raised blood from her stomach, before she let Amelia know it, as she was sure it would alarm her affectionate bosom. But the physician to her repeated and serious enquiries, owned he thought she could live but a few weeks.
I shall not even mention Amelia's distress, because you can all feel it. By the direction of her friend she wrote an account of her danger to Sir William, and requested his immediate return; and Lady Stanly felt impatient for his arrival, fearful she should never see him again. She employed herself in making a will, and settling her worldly affairs; and then submitted to pain and weakness, the nurse and the doctor, those constant attendants of a sick chamber.

Amelia never left her. She gave her all her medicines, and did every thing in her power to alleviate the pains of her sickness. It was near the middle of May, when she was called down stairs, and there to her great satisfaction, found Sir William. Amelia was pale with fatigue and watching, and was indeed the very reverse of the image of the blooming Harriot who was impressed upon his mind. Her tears told him more forcibly than words, that he had nothing to hope; and she returned to Lady Stanly's chamber to inform her of her son's arrival.

He was immediately admitted, and when he beheld his beloved and respected mother, so different from what he had left her—pale, sunk, and wan; so weak that it was with difficulty she spake even to him; his whole soul was dissolved in tenderness, and he gave way to emotions that he could not suppress. When he became more composed, Lady Stanly took a cordial that in some measure relieved her, and for some time she supported a conversation with her son. She then requested him to leave her to Amelia, and to seek rest himself, which fatigue had rendered indeed necessary.

In the morning, he was gratified to hear she had passed a better night than usual, and soon after breakfast, she desired all her attendants to withdraw, and was left alone...
alone with her son. She acquainted him with the contents of her will, and the situation of her affairs, with the cares she had gladly supported for his sake, and with some sacrifices she had made to his interest and his welfare. She acknowledged his dutiful conduct, and affectionate respect, and expressed her anxiety for his happiness; to secure which, she advised him to marry Amelia, who, she assured him possessed every virtue. "I do not" said she, "recommend to you a needy orphan, who has only beauty and virtue to depend on, for she is heiress to Mr. Harley, and will possess an estate equal to any woman in England, in her own right; and her birth is equal to any; nor do I mention her as the wealthy heiress, without her thousand good qualities, who has been sought after by your superiors. She will ensure the happiness of all she is connected with; and it will comfort and support my dying moments to know you have secured her to yourself." Sir William hesitated—"Perhaps my dear madam," he replied, "Miss Sevil has formed some other engagements; perhaps she cannot love me." "I have never" said Lady Stanly, "exchanged one word with her upon the subject, nor once expressed a wish of this kind. All I ask of you is, to make her an offer of your hand, if she rejects it, your promise is void." "I do promise madam," said he, "what you now require, and whether it is accepted or not, will do all in my power to return the attention she has paid you."

Lady Stanly thanked her son for this confession, and Amelia and the nurse were called in. After sleeping a little while, she desired the nurse to withdraw, and addressing herself to Amelia began to enquire into her sentiments respecting Sir William. "I do indeed admire him, madam; his respect and affection for you so far
from being lessened by absence, is increased, and his manners as well as person are truly engaging." "Tell me Amelia, could you bring your heart to love my son?" "Your son madam," cried Amelia, fearful for a moment, that her intellects were deranged by illness. "Yes my dear, Sir William, could you love him well enough to pass the remainder of your life with him?" "I respect and honor your son madam, as one of the best and most accomplished of men; but I do not imagine he can even think of me, and I could not allow myself to form an attachment, unless I was sure it was reciprocal." "My son thinks of you Amelia, as the best and the loveliest of women: he will offer you his hand, and if you value my peace, I beg you will promise to receive it. You have hitherto done every thing to render me happy; you have saved my life. It lies with you to crown its few remaining moments with satisfaction and felicity, or anxiety and distress. Say Amelia, will you marry my son?" "I will," said Amelia, firmly, "if he wishes it." "It is enough my child, I shall die in peace." She sunk back upon the pillow quite overpowered with what she had been saying; while Amelia, after presenting a medicine that revived and composed her to a transient slumber, seated herself by the bed side to reflect upon the strange request that had been urged upon her.

The more she thought of it, the less she was surprised; for tho' she was not vain, she had been too often told of her charms not to suppose there was something attractive in them; and she imagined that Lady Stanly's partial praises might have drawn the secret from Stanly's bosom. She recollected Barrymore, she knew he had loved her, and why was Stanly less likely to admire her. She admired his character, she was pleased with...
with his person, and had a virtuous woman ought to feel more, unsolicited? it was enough to build upon; he loved her, and that would create an affection in her bosom. Upon the whole, she argued herself almost into an attachment for him.

When Lady Stanly awoke, it was near night, and it was not in her power to converse. Both Sir William and Amelia sat with her all night. She was extremely ill, and the Physician who was called, before morning declared she could not live through another day. When informed of this opinion, she called them both to her. "You have my dear children," said she, "always been dutiful and affectionate to me, I know of nothing that would make me more happy than your union. Say then do you wish to give me comfort?" "Can you doubt it madam," replied Sir William, "and own me for a son?" At that moment he would have attempted impossibilities, and sealed his own misery to have secured her ease. Amelia could not speak, but she embraced the almost lifeless hand of her really dying friend.

"I know, "said Lady Stanly," you would wish to comfort me if you could, believe me you can; I know that you were formed for each other. I have known you both from infancy. I have loved and cherished you. I have conversed with you both. Oh! Let my last moments be blest in seeing you united. Let me conjure you to plight your vows in the presence of Heaven and its minister, speak my son and say upon what you determine?"

"To do every thing that you desire," said Sir William, "and if you, Miss Sevil, will give me your hand, I will to the extent of my ability, study to deserve you." Amelia gave him her hand while her eyes were alm
most blinded by her tears. Lady Stanly embraced them both, and begged that a licence might be procured. "At this solemn moment," said Amelia. "Yes my love, it is a solemn ceremony, and the awful solemnity of a death will heighten it," returned Lady Stanly. No reply being made by either of the parties, Mr. Norton, an old and respectable clergyman who resided in the family, observed, that he could easily procure a licence; adding that he had joined Lady Stanly and the late Sir William in marriage more than forty years ago, and that it would gratify him to perform the ceremony for their son. She looked up with a faint's smile, and only said, "do Mr. Norton, you will oblige me." He immediately left the room and Lady Stanly asked for some wine. Amelia presented her a cup out of which she had lately drank. "Give me a glass," she said, "and let it be full, it is the last I shall ever drink and it shall be to your united happiness." Amelia tried to subdue her feelings, and presented a glass of Madeira, which was thought good for her, Sir William lifted up her head, while Amelia held it to her lips. "My love to you my children, my dying love to you." Sir William trembled with emotion, and Amelia sobbed aloud. "I am sorry," she said, with recruited strength, "I am very sorry you have no more fortitude; but you have too much tenderness, perhaps you think I have not enough." "Oh madam, Oh my mother," was all either of them could say. "I have aimed at fortitude she added, I found it was necessary, such melting tenderness unfits one for this life. I am going where no struggles are necessary, where no fortitude will be required." She held the hand of Sir William, and taking one of Amelia's, "this dear child my son, will tell you on what my hopes are founded: fears I have
have none, I have wished to live a little longer, but I am sure it is wisely ordered, and I die satisfied. The nurse told her she would be quite exhausted, and begged her to rest a little. "You are right," she replied, "I must husband my strength for a little time, and will not talk. Tell me when Mr. Norton comes." She now closed her eyes, and it would not have surprised any one if she had never more opened them, nor breathed again. But she sunk into a slumber, which lasted till the good man arrived; he had been absent more than an hour, and held up the licence which he had found no difficulty in procuring.

Lady Stanly looked up as she heard the door open, and he came immediately to the side of the bed, and said, "call up the servants good nurse, they love Amelia, and I would have them the same time they lose an old mistress, witness with how much pleasure I leave them a new one." The nurse obeyed her directions: she saw them all enter with looks of sadness, and swollen eyes; and when the cook came last into the chamber, said, "I have sent for you my friends to see my son married, and to see me die; do not let your affliction for my death prevent your fulfilling your duty to him and his lady. I am ready my children. Do Mr. Norton be short in your exercise, for I am going very fast: my eyes are dim, let the shutters be opened." They did so: "It is too dark," she remarked, "but do proceed." They now perceived that her sight failed her, and their afflictions were augmented.

Mr. Norton performed the solemn and sacred ceremony, that united Amelia to Sir William; as soon as he ended, she reached out her hands; Sir William took one, and Amelia the other. "Embrace me my dear children; may Heaven always love and bless you, and
may you love each—" other she would have said, but
the words died upon her lips: her eyes were fixed in
death; her hands loosed from their hold; and her bo-
from heaved its last sigh; she was gone forever! Sir
William gazed for a moment upon her; the cold drops
still stood upon her forehead, and her countenance af-
fumed a smile of serenity. He reflected that she had
been the guardian of his youth; the friend of his riper
years; the only parent of his infancy; upon the sacri-
fices she had made for him, from her steady and uni-
form affection, his emotions became too powerful to sup-
port. He gave way to his feeling, and groaned aloud.
Amelia still kneeled at her side; still held the cold
hand in her's; pressed it to her lips, and fixed her eyes
upon a face, that had ever shone with smiles upon her.
It was now fixed by the icy hand of death, it would
smile upon her no more, her thousand acts of kindness
rushed upon her mind, that they could never be repeat-
ed, struck upon her heart, and she was so overpowered
by her various sensations, that she fainted.

Sir William roused from the stupor of his woes, as-
stifted to bear Amelia to her chamber. He there left
her to the care of her attendants, and returned to his
own chamber to indulge his sorrows. Amelia had not
been undressed for five days, and the physician ordered
her to be put to bed. She soon recovered the power of
recollection; she looked around her, it was an awful
blank. The voice of her friend no longer enquired for
her health, nor cheered the moments of indisposition.
She drank the portion the doctor had prepared for her,
and tried to compose the woes she could not console.
She recollected, for memory was busy to torment her, that
the last time she was sick and afflicted, that her respect-
ed friend had left her own bed, deserted her own cham-
ber,
her, to soothe her woes, and watch her slumber. Barrymore too came in the train of reflection: the chord that then drew her to him was broken; the charm was dissolved, and a chain strong as adamant and sacred as the law of the Most High, had made her the wife of another. She thuddered to reflect upon what was past, and she trembled to look forward.

It was fortunate that the composing draught had begun to operate, for reason could not long have held its seat with its various attendants. Lady Stanly's maid, herself a prey to sorrow, sat by Amelia: she watched the face of her new mistress till she saw her agonies abate, and she became at length so calm, as to sink into a profound slumber.

Sir William sent several times that evening to enquire for her; in the morning he was informed she was better, and then getting up. This kind solicitude was a solace to Amelia, and she made frequent enquiries for his health, and when she said she could eat no breakfast, the servant went out, and in a few minutes returned with a request from Sir William, that she would oblige him, take her morning repast. She drank a bowl of coffee, and felt refreshed. It was noon when she received the following note:—“Anxious to pay every respect to the remains of the best of mothers, Sir William informs Lady Stanly, that it is his intention to accompany her precious relics to Stanly Lodge. He will set out this evening with those friends whose regard to the deceased induce them to give that last tribute. He wishes to know if Lady Stanly is well enough to perform that melancholy duty: he fears her health is not sufficiently firm, and if his fears are just, thinks she had better tarry in London.”

To this, Amelia returned the following answer:—“As there is no one in the world so much indebted to the
the excellent parent of Sir William Stanly as Amelia, she should think herself doubly wretched not to be able to pay the last respects in her power to her beloved and honoured benefactress; and if it is agreeable to Sir William, will most certainly go to the Lodge, as her health is quite firm enough for the journey, but in this and all other respects, she will be dictated by one who has a right to her obedience.”

The servant who carried this note, returned with a verbal message, that they should set out at ten o’clock that night, as he meant to attend the horse, and that he hoped she would go in the chariot with him. He likewise requested she would dine below with him and Mr. Norton. It was with such extreme reluctance that she thought of going down, that she could hardly resolve not to beg to be excused; but she thought it best to go, and when dinner was upon the table, Sir William came to her chamber for her; she simply gave him her hand, for she found it impossible to utter a syllable; he too was silent from the same cause; but when they entered the dining room, and he led her to the seat formerly occupied by his mother, a deep and heavy sigh burst from her, and told how sensibly she was affected. She sat down, and Mr. Norton put something upon her plate; she raised her eyes and saw herself reflected in a large mirror, that was opposite to her; how many times had she seen Lady Stanly perform the honors of the table in that spot; but those limbs were now stiffened by death, that form lifeless, and the heart had forgotten to beat! It was too much! the knife and fork dropped from her hand, she arose without speaking, and left the room. Sir William arose to attend her, but she made a motion to go alone, and he returned too much affected to eat.
Mr. Norton came up in a few minutes to beg in Sir William's name, that she would at least taste of what he sent up. She tried, but could not swallow, "I will by and by, you may leave it Simon," and turning to Mr. Norton, "forgive me my good sir, excuse me for a few days." He left her. She had been several hours endeavoring to obtain sufficient fortitude to visit the chamber where Lady Stanly was laid; and she now determined to fulfil what she deemed a duty, and because she thought her mind would be easier and less oppressed after she had seen her.

She went silently into the apartment, and shut the door after her; the coffin was placed upon a low table, and ready to be fixed in the herse. She approached it with trembling, and lifting up the lid, beheld for the last time, the friend whose bounty had protected and supported her, and whose kindness had cheered her in every misfortune. "And is this all?" said she, gazing upon her face, "here indeed is the form, but where is the spirit that enlivened and animated it? Those eyes, alas, are closed for ever, and those lips will never more speak comfort to me! Oh! my friend, my dear, my kindest friend, I have lost you, and where shall I find another?" Her heart was full almost to bursting, she stooped to press her lips to the cold and lifeless ones of her benefactress. A flood of tears came to her relief, and she sat down in a chair that was by, and gave a free scope to her unutterable anguish. The door opened and Sir William entered; he was surprised to find her there, and went up to the object of their mutual sorrow; he looked at her for a moment, then shut down the lid, and traversed the apartment with quick and hurried steps; after two or three turns, he went up to Amelia, "come" said he, "let us leave this chamber of death."
death,” and as he put his arm kindly around her waist it was soothing, it was consoling. “Take care of yourself and try to be more composed, you will endanger your health by this excess of grief, do endeavor to take some refreshment.” And they entered her chamber. “You are very kind,” said Amelia, “I will indeed obey you, and added, she would have some tea. He immediately ordered it to be brought up, and said he would drink tea with her. They were both refreshed by this repast, and he left her requesting that she would be ready at the hour appointed.

The evening was dark and gloomy, and she saw from her casement the torches around the hearse with several carriages that were to accompany it. She looked out till the coffin was placed and the hearse moved; when Sir William came up for her, as he led her downstairs the gloomy darkness of the night, with a variety of circumstances added to the melancholy scene, and she entered the chariot without speaking a word.

The procession moved slowly, but the hearse wheels rattled upon the pavement, returned a hollow sound, which struck upon the heart of Amelia like the icy hand of death; the tenants and domestics all came out to meet them, and the grief which they expressed, added to what she already felt. As they came within sight of the house, every tree and even window recalled to her mind some scene that had passed never to be returned; how much pleasure she had anticipated at this period, and now she who was the occasion of these anticipations, who was to have been the companion and partaker of them all, had become insensible to pain or pleasure, to enter the last sad receptacle of death. Neither she, or Sir William, had spoken, except to enquire for the health of each other, they had not left the carriage, and she was really linking with fatigue.
When arrived at the lodge, Sir William lifted her from the chariot, as her limbs had become so numb by sitting so long, that she could not stand without assistance. He carried her to her chamber, and begged she would suffer herself to be undressed and put to bed as soon as she had taken some refreshment. He then wished her a good repose, and left her. His wishes were gratified, for she slept soundly, and awoke refreshed.

As soon as she was up, Sir William visited her, and after the usual salutations of the morning, he told her that those friends who had accompanied them from London, claimed a share of their attention. "We must not be so selfish, Amelia," said he, "as to devote too much to the indulgence of a useless sorrow, we must remember that society at large, our friends, and the poor, in particular, have claims that perhaps our own feelings will not allow; but Amelia, that dear woman for whom we mourn, would dictate a conduct more rational than what we pursue, if you can enough compose your mind to appear below, I know you will gratify our friends."

She acknowledged the justness of his remarks, and assured him she would not neglect them, and would be down to breakfast.

She found some of Lady Stanly's best friends assembled in the little breakfast parlour, and notwithstanding her feelings were acute when she entered, she determined to conquer them, and went through the ceremonies not only then, but of the day, with a degree of composure that surprised herself. In the afternoon the funeral of Lady Stanly was performed, and her remains were placed by the side of the late Sir William, attended by a large concourse of friends, and dependents, domestics, and acquaintance, with every mark of unseigned respect and sorrow.
The following day, Sir William paid off the legacies, and executed every part of the will that respected the servants: and those sorrowing poor that she had seen fit to mention, he assured of his continued protection; their friends too left them to return to London, and Sir William and his bride were left by themselves.

CHAP. VI.

"Love calls for love, not all the pride of beauty,
Those eyes which tell us what the sun is made of,
The rosy cheek, and lips of soft carnation,
All these are nothing, saving that they are
The proofs and pledges of an inward passion,
And the rich plunder of a taken heart."

Young.

Two days after they were left by their friends, Sir William sent the following letter to Amelia.

It was directed

To LADY STANLY.

"Notwithstanding the deep and severe affliction I have been plunged into by the loss of my beloved and respected parent, as a man of sensibility, I feel that my conduct needs an apology, when I reflect, that I have been united for more than a week to a woman, young, lovely, and amiable, and have not yet claimed the privilege of an husband: were I indeed a man of the world, or a man of pleasure, my conduct at present would be more consistent with reason; and at this time, not render an excuse necessary; but as an honest man, I hold it an indispensable duty, to lay aside every thing like deceit, and begin the union that has connected us, by confessing what I really am.

I shall
I shall ever regret that I did not return to England the last autumn; I should then have brought home affections disengaged, and sought with avidity a connection which would then have proved a blessing to us both, but now I am sorry to say, I am apprehensive it will prove the reverse, for I am not so blind to your personal charms and accomplishments, as to suppose a person unattached could view you with indifference, and yet fated as I am, I can never experience any other sensations for you, than would warm the bosom of an affectionate brother to a lovely sister.

Last winter I saw at Lord Barrymore's, Harriot Melford; to see and to love her was the same thing; for surely no one ever beheld her without indifference. She was upon the very verge of marriage with my friend, but honour forbid my interposing. They were united but my attachment was not lessened, and at this moment, is as tender and impetuous as ever.

You will ask me, how I could act so cruelly by you as not to give you this information before the ceremony was performed that united us. The situation of my mother, prevented, and the request she made us both, was at a time so solemn, and urged with a tenderness so affecting, that I could have performed any thing to have gratified her dying moments, though it had plunged me in inevitable distress. Yet I do believe, had the object of my affections been free from all engagements, and waited my return to reward my love, I should not have acted as I did. I have done you an injury Amelia, and as far as is in my power I will make you reparation; your virtues demand esteem, no less than your beauties do affection; I grieve that I have only esteem and respect to offer; my affections alas are not in my power.
I am not a wretched voluptuary, the slave to sense, and votary of pleasure; I shall never approach your apartment unless my heart feels the full force of your beauty, as my reason acknowledges that of your merit. This life must, I am sure be painful to you, and were you to lead it, as I know it cannot be a secret, subject you to numerous mortifications. There is but one alternative, and that will depend entirely upon yourself. As our marriage has never been consummated, it can easily be disanulled, and a simple petition for a divorce, will be attended to the moment it is made, and granted without any ceremony that can affect your delicacy. If this plan should be agreeable to you, in addition to the fortune left you by my mother, I will present you with one third of my estate, and continue to act the part of a friend and brother, as long as you remain single. I confess I think this an eligible plan, and more for your happiness than any I can lay down.

But if you do not choose to pursue it, and it is more agreeable to you to continue bound by the tie that unites us, I beg you will do me the honor to wear the title of Lady Stanly, as you shall be treated with the same respect by myself, friends, and domestics, as if inclination instead of duty had forged the chain that cemented our union. You will make choice of your particular apartments, preside over my family, direct my servants, and make what alterations you please in the house, furniture, or liveries. The same settlements that were made for my mother, I have caused my attorney to copy with but little alteration, and send it signed to you, the use of your own private fortune depends entirely upon yourself; let me know your resolution as soon as possible, and remember that in all changes I shall ever be your real and sincere friend.

"William Stanly."
It would be difficult to conceive Amelia's extreme astonishment at the perusal of this letter; she read it over and over again, and asked herself if she was indeed the wife of the writer. She was really mortified, and what woman would not be in her situation? The men had talked to her in raptures, and swore that no one could behold her with indifference, or be insensible to her beauty, yet here was one to whom she had given her hand, unprompted by affection, refusing to consider her as his wife; but her mortification was the lightest pang she experienced from a conduct so unprecedented, she had always loved and admired Sir William's character; his person was handsome, his manners engaging, his talents not only found, but pleasing: she had for eight days considered him as her husband, it was her duty to love him, and her heart was not one of those, which acts by the rules of contrariety: She had found that duty and inclination were united, and in the midst of her grief for Lady Stanly's death, it had been a consolation to her, that he was her husband, that she could with confidence repose upon his affection, and felt a kind of security in being his wife; that security was now no more, that consolation was at an end, he had disowned the name of husband, and would not bestow upon her that of wife. Affronted pride, a sense of injured honor, the feelings of the woman, and the affections of the wife, all united to oppress her so sensibly, that she almost sunk under them. She had no friend to advise her, no kind benefactress to console or direct her; there was not in the world one person, to whom she could confide the strange story of her woes; her heart, her reason, and her virtue, must be her dictators, her friends, and her monitors: her heart was almost broken with recent sorrows, her reason bewildered by her situation.
situation, but her virtue was unimpaired, and that taught her how to act, and how to decide.

For the remainder of the day she continued to reflect upon this strange letter, and the consequences of answering it as she ought. Sir William had rode out, and she did not leave her chamber for the day, but when he sent up in the evening for her to come down to supper, she begged to be excused, and pleaded indisposition. She dismissed her attendant early, and when every eye but her own was closed in the house, she wrote an answer, which I now have by me, and which was as follows:

"I shall not attempt to describe the extreme uneasiness and surprise I experienced this morning upon the receipt of your letter, to say I was unhappy at being the cause, I flatter myself innocently so. Can you think I would give pain to the only son of my beloved benefactress? Oh! Sir William, I mean not to reproach you, but why did you not by one word or action intimate the state of your heart while Mr. Norton was gone for the licence? that had been sufficient, and not for ten thousand worlds, or what was infinitely dearer, Lady Stanly's tranquillity, would I have ventured to receive your plighted faith, while your heart was another's. But I have been deceived, I have been led on by a fatality, fatal I fear to the peace of both. I supposed by what your respectable mother said to me the evening preceding her death, that you had conversed with her upon the subject, expressed an attachment for me, and a wish for a union; for till that night, which was after you had spent several hours with her, she had never hinted a wish of the kind to me. It surely was not strange, that attached to Lady Stanly as I was from gratitude, as well as habit, and principle, and revering your character, I felt no repugnance to a connexion, except
except what arose from the melancholy scenes that surrounded us. On the reverse, I felt a kind of security to myself, and a pleasure in reflecting, that I should have it in my power, by tenderness and every act of duty, to repay a part of the obligation I owed the mother to the son: and though deprived of the pleasing hope of ever making my tenderness acceptable, my duty still remains not only to you, and the memory of the best of women, but to myself.

"Were the object of your attachment single, and attainable, I should not hesitate to pursue the plan you have laid down, but the lady is married by her own consent to a man who loves her, and who is as fair a candidate for life as herself. And as the connexion was wished for on her part as well as his, which you will find by a letter from Lady Barrymore, written previous to her Lord's death, and addressed to your mother, was certainly the case, and as she is not at liberty to indulge or return your attachment, you would not be the nearer the accomplishment of your wishes, were you free from every engagement, I think I am not doing you an injury by declining your proposal.

"There has always been something so degrading in the idea of a divorced wife, that forgive me, if I say, I would prefer death or almost any other wretchedness to it: and I conceive marriage as of too sacred a nature to be trifled with. Were the union which is formed dissolved by any human power, I should never contract another, nor can I, unless your happiness really depends upon it, ever apply to any court for a separation from the son of a woman who has been unremittingly kind to me. It would indeed be an ill return, an ungrateful requital for favors so often and so kindly conferred, to hold him up as an object of public conversation.
But, Sir, if you should ever meet with a truly amiable woman, who is not engaged, and who is willing to connect her fate with your's, I will be the first to request the dissolution of a tie that would then set uneasily upon you. And should this event ever take place, as it is probable it will, I shall not accept the wealth you proffer. The fortune left me by Lady Stanly, I am far from considering as my own; at least, I have no right to alienate so large a part of her property from her family. The interest I shall receive while I reside with you, and apply it to such uses as I am sure would meet with her approbation. The goodness of Mr. Harley has in some measure rendered me independent; I have a draught upon his banker for four hundred pounds annually, and within three years have received presents to the amount of six thousand pounds from him; so that I should not be reduced to necessity, were I this day single; and I think even necessity would not induce me to do an unjust thing.

"I now come to the second proposal. Yes Sir, I will continue to live with you as a sister, and a friend: I will superintend the concerns of your family, and your domestic cares: and as I have been taught by your mother, whose economy was esteemed by all who knew her, I hope and believe I do not promise too much in saying, you shall have no cause to complain. I will if you please still occupy the apartment assigned me by Lady Stanly, and as it joins her closet, I should be glad if that could be added to it. With regard to the houses, furniture, equipage, and servants, I could not wish a change. If it is your will to make any, I will as far as possible accelerate that wish: but the servants are all worthy people, and deserve your continued indulgence; they would, I am sure, be unhappy to leave..."
leave a service in which they have been so fortunate as to give and receive satisfaction. To avoid the appearance of singularity. I shall assume the title you wish, but in taking it I assume to myself no power of controlling your actions or those of your family, or even dictating to myself what would not be perfectly agreeable to you. I have only one thing to add, and indeed that is only to repeat what I have already said, that if it will at any time after due consideration, increase your happiness to have the connexion that has united us dissolved, I will take any steps that you please to dictate, and am sure they will be as little as possible grating to my feelings, or injurious to my character, but the proposal will never come from me, it must be from yourself, or I shall live and die your wife.

With respect to there being any peculiarity in our living as we do, as long as it is not offensive to that being in whose presence we plighted our vows at a time too solemn and sad ever to be forgotten. I shall give myself no uneasiness at the remarks or observations of the world: and though it is a subject I shall never introduce, I shall take no pains to conceal what certainly concerns no one but ourselves. I would if possible, escape censure, I would wish to deserve praise, but I had rather be censured for a good action, than praised for a bad one, and while my heart and my conscience acquit me I shall not be anxious to clear up to the world any part of my conduct that appears an enigma.

I hope to obtain enough fortitude to appear at breakfast to-morrow, and unless you have something of consequence to your peace to mention, I wish you would kindly forbear a subject that cannot give either of us pleasure. Forgive me for thus trespassing, I had forgotten till this moment your generous settlement, I return it with
my best thanks, and as I have more than I wish for, I
cannot accept it, excepting in this, I hope to prove by
my conduct that I am your dutiful AMELIA.

Mary Woolstonecraft would have condemned this con­
duct of Lady Stanly as wanting spirit, and not assert­
ing the rights of her sex. A woman of spirit would
have spurned such a mode of behavior. A modern
fine Lady would have died with mortification at find­
ing her charms so slighted; but she would have had re­
venge before her death, and dispoiled her negligent
slighting husband of his fortune, his character, and his
peace. But Amelia was not a disciple or pupil of
Mary Woolstonecraft; she was not a woman of fashion,
nor a woman of spirit. She was an old fashioned wife,
and she meant to obey her husband: she meant to do
her duty in the strictest sense of the word. To perform
it cheerfully would perhaps be painful, but in the end,
it would most assuredly be best: and such is the influ­
ence that a consciousness of doing well has upon the
human heart, that after directing and sealing this letter
she went to bed, and a soft and sweet repose shut from
her memory every painful retrospection, every dis­tref­
fing anticipation, and she arose in the morning refresh­
ed, and less dispirited, than she had been since the death
of her maternal friend.

She sent her letter to Sir William as soon as he was
stirring, and when breakfast was ready, she went down
with as composed a look as she could possibly assume;
She found him below, his countenance bore the marks
of complacency, and he greeted her with "good morn­
ing," and appeared cheerful and happy. They con­
verted while at breakfast upon indifferent topics, and as
soon as the repast was ended Lady Stanly left the room
and
and repaired to the house-keeper's apartment to give directions and regulate the affairs of the family. She settled with all the female servants, paid them the wages that were due, (who had all received legacies from their late Lady) began a new account with them, and bestowed the praises they so justly merited.

They had been distressed at the loss of their excellent mistress, and now expressed their joy that Sir William had secured them one so beloved, so honored, and so respected.

Lady Stanly now laid down plans for the regulation of her own conduct that would she knew, occupy the greatest part of her time. She worked, read, superintended her family, supplied the wants of the poor, visited the sick, the surrounding gentry, and her less polished neighbors, received them at home, and found every hour so fully employed, that she had no time for regret.

She did not however feel happy, for the more she saw of Sir William, the more she esteemed and admired him. He was liberal and munificent; yet prudent, just in all his dealings, an excellent master, a firm friend, cautious to blame the failings of others, yet acknowledging with frankness his own; he was temperate, yet social, and though no votary of pleasure, loved to enjoy society upon an enlarged scale. He had a manly firmness that rendered him inflexible to vice, and yet he compassionated the vices even of his enemies. The respect he paid to the memory of his mother, still more endeared him to all who knew him, and rendered him charming in the eyes of his wife, who found that every day her wish to be beloved was stronger than it had been the preceding one. This wish was kept alive by hope, and though sometimes she almost despaired of a-wakening
wakening an attachment, she never gave it up entirely. When most desponding, she was most attached; and reflected, that blest with the love of her husband, she should be happy even in a cottage.

In the mean time, her bounty to her fellow creatures her numerous train of almost adoring servants, her splendid equipage, and the loveliness of her person, rendered her an object of envy where ever she was known; but they did not look into her heart, they saw not that she would have given up all these advantages and thought the purchase cheap, to have gained the love of her husband. He treated her with the endearing familiarity of a brother, and with the utmost respect, refered the tenants and servants to her will upon all occasions, and took a pleasure in applauding her management and economy.

For some time the servants who were about the persons of Sir William and Lady Stanly, confined their various conjectures to themselves at their keeping separate apartments; but they at last imparted them to one another, and in a short time it was no secret at all. Some of his friends mentioned it to him; he avoided the subject: one lady spake of it to Amelia, who discovered a spirit which suppressed all future curiosity.

Though a few months could not obliterate Lady Stanly from the memory of persons who loved her so well as Sir William and Amelia did, yet they restored calmness and cheerfulness to their hearts and countenances, they enjoyed themselves as usual, and at the commencement of winter went up to London.
AFTER a very agreeable journey, during which Sir William was polite and attentive, they arrived at their own house, which had been newly furnished, and ornamented in a most fashionable style; and here they received the congratulations of their numerous friends upon their nuptials. This introduced large companies. Entertainments were given and received; and as Sir William had spent so many years abroad, he had in that time become acquainted with many foreigners of distinction: all who visited London were now invited to his house, and treated with every mark of politeness and hospitality. This occasioned a more dissipated life than Amelia had ever been used to, but still she found time to devote to her favorite amusements; and by regulating her entertainments at home, they were always the most elegant, with the least profusion; the most superb, with the least expense of any she met with abroad.

And though Sir William was obliged to devote a great deal of time to the pursuits of pleasure, he continued his care of his estate, his attention to the friends of his mother, his bounty to the poor, without intermission. His attention to Amelia was nearly the same, it rather increased than lessened, and every thing wore the face of tranquillity.

The manner in which Sir William and Amelia lived, had reached the metropolis before them, with various exaggerations: It was said that they had quarrelled.
relied, that he was much attached to foreign customs, and that they had agreed to lead a separate life of pleasure: and though their whole conduct when in company, served to contradict these accounts, many believed them, and there were not wanting those amongst the dissolute and dissipated, who expected to profit by the dissensions that they supposed reigned when they were alone.

But in this respect they were under a mistake. If Sir William and Amelia were so fortunate as to spend an evening by themselves, an unreserved confidence ensued, and they chatted over all the events that happened when in public, with the same ease and freedom, that persons of the same family, who lived in the utmost harmony were used to do. They laughed at the follies, and pitied the frailties which they were daily witness to, and did not part, till a late hour summoned them to repose. Indeed, he had become so fond of her society, that he would have shuddered at the idea of parting from her, and though he seemed to think the tie that bound them a restraint which he could not break if he wished it; yet so perverse is the human heart, that had Amelia been freed from him, he would have courted and sought her affection, in preference to any woman in England.

The sweetness of her manners gained daily upon him, and he felt hourly that it would be almost impossible to live without her. Her conduct to the gentlemen was at the same time so unreserved, and yet so perfectly modest, that it could not be altered for the better. With peculiar facility she avoided every trifling or vicious character, and only conversed with men of sense and merit. Upon indifferent subjects avoided every appearance of confidence; and it is not to be doubted, that
that every cause of regret would have been removed from the mind of both in a very short time, if an event had not happened that renewed his attachment to Lady Barrymore, and weakened the power of those charms that were by degrees stealing his heart from every object.

As they sat one morning (the last of March) at breakfast, a newspaper that Sir William had taken up, announced the arrival of Lord Barrymore and family at their house in St. James square the preceding evening. As he read this he changed color, and Lady Stanly very innocently asked what was the cause; he evaded the question, sipped his coffee, and still held the paper in his hand: after setting down his cup, he read aloud several articles of intelligence, and then with a hem or two read that: "Aye," said he, "are they arrived? they are quite in our neighbourhood, we ought to call upon them; will you call Lady Stanly?" "If you please," was her reply, but she could hardly pronounce it; "yet I should suppose Lady Barrymore too much fatigued at present to see company." "Well then, I will call upon his Lordship, and when you think proper will attend you there."

I shall now go a little back, to give some account of Lady Barrymore, whom I have not mentioned since her marriage. Almost directly after this event, she began to throw aside the mask she had worn so long, and which had set uneasily upon her for some time. At first, the mother of her husband attributed her increased gaiety to the happiness of her situation, and a naturally cheerful heart. She thought it too soon, however, to indulge in mirth after the death of Lord Barrymore, but she was extremely partial to Harriot, and shut her eyes upon the follies that she feared to discover.
cover; but they could not be long concealed, for she became gay and dissipate beyond control. Her husband was neglected, and his excellent mother treated with that contempt and insolence she could not support; and this truly good woman sunk beneath the unexpected load of misery which affected her in the tenderest part, as it ruined the happiness of a son so deservedly dear to her. She had been anxious for this ill-fated marriage, which she fondly hoped would secure the felicity which she now saw shipwrecked forever. She pined beneath this load of sorrow for a few months, and then followed her beloved husband to the house appointed for all living.

As soon as it was possible to leave France after this severe stroke, Lord Barrymore set out for London, glad to quit a place which had been the scene of misery, regret and repentance. As he considered Merton a principal agent in his destruction, he was left at Paris, and this ill-fated pair arrived in London; she in high hopes of conquest yet to come, and he low spirited in the extreme.

One of the first joys he had known since the death of his mother, was to hear his friend announced within two hours after he heard of his arrival. "Why this is kind Stanly," said he, and embraced him, "I am glad to see you." "And I," replied Stanly, "am rejoiced my dear Barrymore, to see you in England. But why this fable habit, Lady Barrymore I hope is"—"well," returned his Lordship, "but my mother Sir William, my excellent mother"—he could not finish the sentence, and Sir William not only thought of the parent of his friend, but his own was present to view, and he shed a tear to the memory of both. Before a free and unrestrained conversation could take place, the door was opened, and
Lady Barrymore without one badge of mourning, blooming in every charm of heightened beauty, and attired in an elegant and becoming undress, entered in high spirits, and expressed her pleasure at being in London. In less than five minutes she asked a variety of questions; the last of which was for Lady Stanly. This was a question that Lord Barrymore had not dared to ask, he had hardly dared to think of Amelia as Lady Stanly, and when his wife made the enquiry, it was with difficulty he respired. Sir William answered her enquiries, and assured her Amelia would call upon her, as soon as she was free from the fatigues of her journey; and after begging that ceremony might be laid aside between their families, took leave, and returned to Amelia, not a little satisfied, that his emotion had been less violent than he expected; and really hoping that his infatuation was at an end. In this hope he was deceived; he had been shocked to hear of the death of Lady Barrymore, and the unfeeling behaviour of Harriot had rather weakened than strengthened the force of her charms.

Upon his return, the account he gave Amelia of his visit, and the increase as she thought of kindness in his voice and manner, gave her real pleasure, but still she paid the tribute of more than one tear, to the memory of one so respected and esteemed.

The next day Sir William attended her to Lord Barrymore's, and she was not sensible of an emotion inconsistent with her duty, when introduced as the wife of his friend; but this was not the case with his Lordship, he supposed Stanly the happiest of men, for he thought it impossible not to be equally captivated with her beauty and virtue, and sighed to think what a cruel contrast there was between her and Lady Barrymore; he viewed...
ed her as he would a descending angel. If he found the fair and interesting Lady Stanly so amiable; Stanly on his part, was infatuated with the improved beauty of Harriot, who at this interview assumed a carriage quite irresistible.

After spending an hour with their new neighbors, they returned home, Amelia to praise the charms of Lady Barrymore, and her husband to reflect upon nothing else.

In a very short time, Lady Stanly found herself and Sir William engaged every day with Lord and Lady Barrymore. Balls and entertainments followed each other in such quick succession, that no time was left for reflection, and but little for sleep. Lady Barrymore only lived in a crowd. As the summer approached, they went to Bath, and Amelia saw with heart felt regret, her husband sinking every day into a labyrinth of error, from which her prudence could not extricate him. Still his conduct, except his susceptibility of Harriot's charms, was by no means reprehensible: but this artful woman, affronted that Amelia should support an unfulfilled reputation, and a blameless heart, determined upon revenge. She saw that she loved Stanly, and entertained hopes of being beloved by him; and she resolved to prevent a reconciliation. With this view, she threw out lures, that required more prudence than Stanly possessed to resist. Lady Stanly always behaved with a distant respect to Lady Barrymore, but she avoided an intimacy, for she felt as though she should become a partaker of the guilt, if any conduct of her's could be thought to encourage it.

While at Bath, they were inmates of the same house, but she still preserved the same kind of behaviour, and kept Lady Barrymore at such distance, that even her boldness.
boldness had not the courage to exceed. Here she
formed an acquaintance with a Mrs. Selbeth, and her
husband's sister, that gave her much pleasure. Mrs.
Selbeth was an amiable and excellent wife, of a very
bad husband, who had been persuaded by the advice of
the sister, to refuse her marriage settlement, but the
young lady had prudently preserved her fortune from
the rapacious grasp of her brother. Mr. Selbeth, after
spending his property, which was princely, had procur-
ed an establishment in the East Indies, while the two
ladies resided together, either in London, or the coun-
try.

Lady Stanly had seen these ladies several times, and
admired them; and when she found they were residents
in the same family at Bath, an acquaintance and inti-
macy ensued, which will only end with life: but not a
word has been dropped to the disadvantage of Mr. Sel-
beth, and a question stimulated by curiosity has never
been intruded upon Amelia; such has been the pru-
dence of both parties. These ladies spent the greatest
part of their time together, and one subject excepted, the
most unlimited confidence reigned.

It was impossible for the most indifferent observer not
to see and remark the conduct of Lady Barrymore,
who always found means to draw Stanly's attention
from his wife, and was constantly planning some ex-
penlive party, where dissipation and pleasure assumed
the seat of reason, and drove modesty and virtue af-
frighted from their haunt. Lord Barrymore had been
low spirited and unhappy from his first arrival, and had
tried every gentle method to prevent impending infamy:
he now saw, if he remained under the same roof, it was
inevitable; and as he did not choose to be the pander
of his wife's guilt, he changed his lodgings.

From
From that moment, Stanly was seldom at home, and though some of his friends remonstrated with him upon his conduct, he was under the influence of an infatuation that rendered him at the same time wretched, and criminal. Lord Barrymore for some time winked at what he wished not to observe, but once watched the steps of the lovers, and with three of his most respectable friends, entered his lady's chamber, and found such convincing proofs of guilt, as left him no room to doubt; he left the apartment without awaking them, and with his friends set out for London.

Sir William the day following, was engaged with some gentlemen upon a party, in which the ladies did not partake; he did not return to Bath till next morning, when he went directly to Lady Stanly; he was at breakfast with her, when he received a billet from Lady Barrymore, dated at new lodgings, and written in evident confusion, to request he would immediately come to her. He complied, and found Lord Barrymore had sent the morning after her detection, to command her to leave her lodgings immediately, and informing her that he should have no further commerce with her, as he had discovered the guilty commerce she had been engaged in. The people of the house had refused to lodge her for one night, he had taken all his servants with him, and she was left with but little money, as her extravagance was so unbounded, as to keep her constantly frightened. Thus situated, she sent for Stanly as soon as he had returned, to consult what was best to be done.

It is hardly possible to conceive the agitation into which this intelligence threw Stanly: he had trifled with his character, forfeited his honour, and lost his own esteem. He was not enough the modern man of pleasure.
ure, to look upon the privileges he had lost with apathy; he scorned his own conduct, and hated himself for being drawn into a labyrinth of guilt and shame, from which he knew not how to extricate himself: nor was Lady Barrymore indifferent to public dishonor; and as Sir William's name had not been mentioned in her Lord's letter, they both hoped that his suspicions did not amount to a certainty; and as she had often proved her unbounded power over the hearts of men, it was resolved by the advice of Sir William, that she should follow her husband to London, and seek a reconciliation with him if possible.

A post chaise was immediately procured, and Sir William saw her and her woman drive off, while he returned to Lady Stanly. As she had been every moment in expectation of her husband, she had declined walking to the pump room with her friends, who, in their morning excursion, had heard of the circumstance of Lord Barrymore's leaving Bath, with many additions. They had resolved however, not to mention this intelligence to her, and as soon as they had enquired for her health, they both retired to dress. Lady Stanly's curiosity had been exceedingly excited respecting the billet which her husband had received at breakfast, as his countenance had betrayed his uneasiness: but she had early learned to suppress this dangerous quality, and she did not even ask the writer's name; but when Sir William returned, he was so much altered by his anxiety, and chagrin, that Amelia with surprize, and tenderness, asked him what was the matter. He complained of an head ache, and fatigue, from his last night's excursion, and added, that he hoped, or rather wished, he might never be obliged to go on any party without her. "It is a kind wish," said Lady Stanly,
“and I heartily concur in it.” “When the ladies are excluded,” returned Sir William, “men become almost brutes; and I hate their society unmixed with your sex.” She was at work, and her face expressed so much innocence, as her eyes were fixed upon her needle, while a faint blush just tinged her cheek, which was shaded by the nice lace of her cap, that Sir William looked upon her with a sensation, which might have passed for love. And but for his own guilt, he would that moment have taken her in his arms, and pressed her to a bosom, which longed to beat only for her. She lifted her mild eyes to his face again, and when he saw his fixed intently upon her, the blush became carnation, a deeper glow was suffused over every charming feature; and he saw by every muscle of her lovely face, the workings of her pure and unfulfilled mind. His cheek was flushed, his forehead pale, and he was evidently indisposed. She could not behold it without emotion. “Do Sir William permit me to bathe your temples, and pray smell of my volatiles. I am sure,” she added, “it will relieve you.” He replied no, but she was still urging him, when a servant delivered him a letter, that he knew was from Barrymore: It was instantly suggested to him, that it contained a challenge. Fearful of betraying his increased emotions, he left Amelia, and went to his chamber. And there he read not a challenge from the man he had so deeply injured, but a short letter, in which he said he did not think Lady Barrymore of consequence sufficient for him to risk his own or friend’s life. So far from it, he rather felt obliged to Sir William, for putting it in his power to get rid of a woman who had been a constant source of uneasiness, pain and disgrace to him, from the moment he had married her,
till the present day; and added, that having obtained sufficient proofs of her guilt, he should that day apply for a divorce, but had no thoughts of prosecuting a man for damages, who had done him an essential service: that for Lady Stanly's sake, he should proceed with very particular delicacy, and that he advised Sir William to drop his connexion with a woman who would certainly involve him not only in disgrace, but ruin; and ended, with hoping this affair might not interrupt that friendship, which had been conducive of nothing but satisfaction, from their infancy, till the infamous Harriot had ensnared the one to love, and the other to marry her.

This letter, so different from what Sir William expected, was a dagger to his heart, and added to his anxiety respecting Lady Barrymore. His sense of guilt, his regard for Lady Stanly, raised such a variety of contending passions, that unable to withstand them, he sunk upon his bed incapable of moving. He had presence of mind sufficient to secure the letter, when finding his head dizzy, and his limbs weak, he rung for his servant, who came immediately.

The fellow frightened at the situation in which he found his master, went directly to Lady Stanly, who alarmed at the account he gave, instantly ran to his chamber, and with all the anxiety of tenderness and affection, enquired into his complaints. A physician was called in, who opened a vein, as he seemed almost without perception. He was undressed and put to bed, a cordial of a compounding nature was administered: but all the care of his surrounding friends, could not avert a fever. He grew delirious; Amelia never left him; and when he fell into a doze, she sat by the side of his bed, declaring it her intention to pass the night with him.
Sir William's fever increased during the night; he talked in quite an incoherent manner, of Lord Barrymore, and his wife, and Amelia. The doctor assured the latter, he was not in real danger; that the disorder though violent, would not be durable; and if he got through the day, every appearance of danger would leave him. His predictions were verified; for at the close of the evening, he sunk into a profound sleep, and did not awake till after two in the morning, and then in the perfect exercise of his reason. He was surprised to find Lady Stanly gazing upon him, and asked the cause of her being there. To find him free from fever and delirium, was so great, so pure a transport, to the heart of Amelia, that she could not conceal her joy. She burst into tears, and thanked that Being, who has the power to bestow life, and health, or take them away at pleasure. She pressed his hand, now covered with a profuse perspiration, which she held to her lips, and Sir William called her his dear Amelia, his kind guardian angel. Oh, what a reward was this! For fatigue, anxiety, and want of sleep, she felt richly overpaid, and thanked heaven for the bounty.

Sir William's recovery was almost as rapid, as his illness had been sudden; for in three days he walked about the chamber, and had no complaint except weakness. A thousand times during his short confinement, he was tempted to tell Amelia every thought of his heart; to confess his guilt, acknowledge his folly, and ask
her assistance to break off his connection with her rival; it being his determination to devote himself entirely to a wife, so lovely and so amiable: but a tenderness for Lady Barrymore still hung round his heart, and he felt that he could not give her up, at least, till she had in some measure rose superior to her misfortune; for by this soft name he still called her guilt, and such was the power of her charms, and the sacrifices he thought she had made him, that had he been free to have formed an engagement, he would have taken infamy to his bosom and married her.

Actuated by these sentiments, which he was so infatuated as to think the dictates of reason and justice, he restrained his feelings towards Amelia, and checked the tenderness which he found rising in his bosom for her; but he expressed his gratitude in terms so friendly, and so affectionate, that Amelia blessed the illness which had given rise to them.

In less than a fortnight, they returned to London; Mrs. and Miss Selbeth accompanied them. The journey being in the first of September, was delightful, and they arrived in health and spirits. The first thing Sir William did, after his return, was to visit Lady Barrymore. He found her full as beautiful, full as bewitching as ever: but her spirits were low, she felt the effects of recent disgrace, she had in vain tried every art to procure a reconciliation with her husband, but his heart was steeled against her; he had never loved her, he now detested her, and he gave up the writings of her fortune into her hands, with as much composure, as he would have transacted the most trifling business. With the same indifference he informed her, he should the next week obtain the divorce for which he had applied, and having permitted her servants to take her cloaths and ornaments, desired her never to call upon him again.
She told Sir William not a single acquaintance she had in London had visited or noticed her, and lamented her situation as truly distressing. Melted at this tale of woe, which she artfully described as being brought on her by her attachment to him, he vowed never to forswear her, and promised every thing in his power, to soothe and comfort her.

It was immediately after this visit, that Lady Stanly learned from a newspaper, that Lord Barrymore was divorced from his wife. The same paper told her for what; and upon a retrospect, she found this must have been the cause of Sir William's illness; an illness which she had always attributed to his excessive agitation, though till now, she had been a stranger to the events which must have agitated him. It is not to be imagined that this knowledge added to her happiness; indeed, it banished for a while her tranquility, and rendered her in a degree wretched. She could not help being gratified to find that even in a paper usually filled with scandal, she was so much respected, that not one affrontive expression had been inserted respecting her; but she reflected with pain upon Sir William's falling off from virtue, that the son of her noble, excellent friend, who had been educated in such strict and just notions of honor, and virtue, whose infancy and early youth had promised so much; who had bid fair to be one of the worthiest and best of men, was so lost to a sense of shame, so infatuated by passion, should become a slave to vice; that he had seduced the wife of his best friend, and lived with his kinswoman in a continued course of guilt, was a reflection that she shuddered to indulge. Conscious, however, that expostulation would avail her nothing, and conceiving that by indulging herself in it, she might lose her husband's good will and esteem, as she had lost his affection,
affection, she continued to treat Sir William with the same unabated kindness and attention, which had hitherto invariably marked her character; and aimed at a cheerfulness, which she could not at all times command. The rectitude of her own heart was her support; and a consciousness of doing right, while it soothed her woe, restored to her heart, a calmness which her rival could never know.

It was now that Lady Barrymore found the value of reputation by its loss. It is thus that we are often taught to estimate blessings that we cast unheeded by, and when they are gone, irretrievably gone, we lament the want of them; and yet indulge the guilt, or folly, that dispossessed us of the treasure. It was now suggested to her, that if she could obtain a divorce between Stanly and his wife, she might become Lady Stanly, and be reinstated in all the privileges and immunities of the virtuous. With this view, she became every day more seducing, lived retired at Richmond, affected contrition, which was a stranger to her heart, and an affection she was incapable of feeling; and by these means so wholly engrossed the unhappy Stanly, that he was seldom at home, and became almost wholly estranged from Amelia, who lamented in secret a misfortune that she could not complain of.

His conduct was so open, that every body knew it, and indulged their different feelings of pity and satire indiscriminately upon all the parties; and one day when Mrs. Selbeth and her sister had called to make a social visit at Sir William's, this lady first dropped a hint that his irregularities had reached her. "I should not my dear friend," said she, "hurt you by mentioning any thing that you did not know, that was not publicly known; and I am now about to assume a character..."
after which is by no means agreeable, that of an adviser; but you are treated in a manner so unworthy your merit, that I am absolutely forced to advise you to obtain a divorce." "A divorce madam," said Amelia, "surely we have had enough of divorces, and I am sure you could not advise to a conduct so truly shocking!" "Indeed but I do" returned the Lady, "and if I were in your case, I should not hesitate. No one thinks more seriously of the duties of a wife than I do, no one can have a more decided aversion to separation, nor more high and exalted ideas of the dignity and delicacy of a female character: but situated as you are, I think it your duty and interest, to apply for a separation." She hesitated, and Lady Stanly assuming a calmness that she was far from feeling, replied:

"If Sir William, my dear madam, was attached to a woman that would eventually render him happy, I am sure I should follow your advice, wretched and contemptible as I must in future remain: but I know that unfortunate woman too well, to put it in her power to ruin him."

"To ruin him Lady Stanly," interrupted Mrs. Selbeth, "why has she not done that already?"

"Not entirely," cried Amelia, "My dear Mrs. Selbeth, the reign of passion is of short duration; if I did not stand in the way, I am sure Sir William would marry her two or three years hence. He will thank me, however, for not giving way to resentment, and think himself happy in having escaped a lasting connection with her."

"And do you suppose my amiable friend, that with all your sensibility, you can live two or three years, and yet receive such pointed neglect? No my dear, you will sink under your misfortunes long before that time!"

"Perhaps
"Perhaps I shall," sighed Amelia, "from the sorrows I experience, but I have no apprehensions upon the subject, you must excuse me, I cannot converse on it at present." And indeed she was forced to leave her friends, to hide her tears that were ready to burst forth.
THE INFLUENCE OF VIRTUE.

CHAP. VIII.

"Ah! what ills are mine to hear,
Life's fair morn with clouds o'ercasting,
Doom'd the victim of despair,
Youth's gay bloom pale sorrow blasting.
Oh! thou dear bond of treasur'd love,
Tho' these fond arms should ne'er possess thee,
Still this fond heart shall faithful prove,
And its last sighs shall breathe to bless thee."

Miss Brooke.

From the time of their return from Bath, no intercourse had subsisted between the families of Lord Barrymore and Stanly, but Amelia had twice met his Lordship when visiting, and seen him several times in public. She was gratified that his melancholy seemed to have worn off, and saw with pleasure, that the loss of his wife had restored his health and spirits, and it was with no small surprize, that she received the following letter from him near four months after his divorce.

TO LADY STANLY.

ST. JAMES SQUARE.

"As it would be both improper and inconsistent with the respect I owe you, to request an interview at present, I hope Lady Stanly, you will excuse the trouble I now give you, and the boldness of this address. Peruse seriously, and reflect candidly upon the contents of this letter.

"I shall not pretend to describe the ardency of passion with which I have loved you, or the poignancy of my anguish when obliged to tear myself from you; and when the intercession of my parents, and my own hopeless attachment, induced me to form a connection with that
that truly infamous woman, who was once my wife, I endeavored in vain to forget one so amiable, and so lost to me; had I upon my return to my native country, found you united to a man of worth, who was sensible of your merit and who wished to render you happy, or been myself blest with a woman only commonly discreet, I should by this time have felt for you that friendship, which every man of feeling may with propriety indulge for the wife of a friend, whose virtues, and whose accomplishments, are so superior to the rest of her sex; but when I found Sir William wholly unmindful of the treasure he possessed, and became myself so wretched, is it to be wondered at, if I suffered my imagination to revert to former times, when anticipation flattered me with years of bliss, and hope presented the cup overflowing with transport to my lips, which has since been cruelly dashed to the ground? Is it to be wondered at, if I once more caught hold of the slender twig that the baseness of some hearts has thrown in my way, and that the mildness of your virtues has encouraged me to support myself with? It lays with you Lady Stanly whether I shall realize these fond hopes, or be forever miserable.

"The way is open, if you will only consent; the divorce I have obtained puts it in your power to free yourself from a connection, that must be irksome. Forgive me, if I say, every one knows the terms upon which you live with Sir William; they know too, that he has added insult to insensibility, and while every tongue is lavish in your praise, every heart is ready to avenge your insult, and condemn his blindness and folly; not a friend you have, but would join in this advice though no one can feel so interested as myself. My only chance of felicity, depends upon your adopting or refusing..."
refusing it. There will be no need of your appearing in the matter, your delicacy will not receive the slightest shock, and I will engage that the transaction shall not be mentioned in public. Lord William Stewart a relation of Sir William Stanly, a nobleman whose name is the owner's eulogy, a cotemporary and friend of the late Lady Stanly, joins me in this advice. He will undertake the business for you, while you retire to his seat in Lincolnshire with his wife, and before you return, suffer me to hope you will assume a title and a character, more calculated to render you happy, than those in which you have shone with such superior lustre, that it has even gilded your wretchedness with peculiar glory, and rendered a state of sorrow, and of trial, enviable to the great, the fortunate, and the happy.

Perhaps, but for the hope I have dared to intimate, a false sense of honor might have influenced me to call Sir William to the field, to wash out with his blood or my own, the first stain which has been infixed upon the name of Barrymore; but I know that your pure and innocent mind, would revolt with horror from the idea, and that you could form no connection with a murderer.

"Oh, Lady Stanly, do not deny the request I now make you! reflect that it is made by a man, who always loved your person, and revered your virtues. Do not cloud the fair prospect that now opens upon my view. No vow remains unperformed, no superstitious priest or bigoted friar forbids the wished for joy with clouded aspect, nor affectionate parent throws with apprehensive anxiety an obstacle in the way, and heaven has removed every bar to an union, that I am sure will be productive of felicity. Does my vanity flatter me, when I say, that our taste, our inclinations, are the same?
same? We both love domestic pleasures, we are equally fond of rural delights, and our hearts are formed alike to sympathize with, and relieve the woes of our fellow creatures. Oh, my Amelia, suffer me for this once to call you so! suffer me to indulge the transporting hope, that you will one day be mine! one day crown with delight every blessing I enjoy, to enhance all my pleasures and heighten all my joys; that in thy society, I may forget all former woes, and commence an era of delight; let our real happiness commence with the vernal season, and I will celebrate the spring every rising anniversary: we will teach the poor to sing for joy, and not an aching heart shall be found within the reach of your benevolence! Oh, Lady Stanly, I have laid out such schemes of felicity, such plans for enjoyment, that disappointment will destroy me! the realizing of them, depends upon you, do not let my sanguine hope, my ardent wishes be frustrated. Let your sympathy, your prudence, and your honor, dictate, and I shall, I must be happy.

“BARRYMORE.”

The sentiments of Lady Stanly will be better expressed in her own words, than in any I could use. I shall make no comments upon Lord Barrymore’s letter, but give you her answer, which notwithstanding her agitation, she wrote the following morning.

ST. JAMES.

LORD BARRYMORE.

“Had the letter which I yesterday received been written by any man but your Lordship, I should have considered it an insult upon my situation and misfortunes: but I have long known your heart, long known your noble disposition, and been no stranger to the affection
section with which you have honored me. I know you
to be good, and generous, and incapable of insulting or
giving me pain, and if I overstep the bounds of pru-
dence in speaking my sentiments, I am sure the truly
benevolent will forgive what the rigid and austere will
condemn.

"I hope I am not acting wrong to confess that my
heart suffered as much at that time as it was capable of
bearing; when disappointed in my fondest hopes I was
forced to give up your Lordship, and all the happines-
a youthful imagination had anticipated; and it was
some time before the unbounded kindness of Lady Stan-
ly, and the reflection arising from the cause of that dis-
appointment, could in any measure reconcile me to it.

"But my Lord, that period has elapsed, I have since
been calm and even happy. That I have grieved at
your misfortunes, however, I hope you will do me the
justice to believe; and it has added to my sorrow upon
a late occasion, that the man with whom I am connect-
ed, has in any way been instrumental to those misfor-
tunes. I thank your Lordship from the bottom of my
heart, I thank you that you have not followed the ex-
ample of those, who think murder and suicide can be
excused, or honor restored, by loss of life; and I shall
always sincerely pray, that you may meet with so much
felicity, as to make you forget the misfortunes that at-
tended the early part of your life; which has not yet
arrived to its zenith; and though the morn has been
clouded, may the noon be delightful, and the evening
calm and serene.

"If I am so unfortunate as to disappoint any of those
hopes you have formed, attribute it not to me, but to
my destiny which will not let me augment or share
your joys. I hope my conduct has not been such, as
to raise hopes which either my conscience or reason would disapprove. If it has, I am indeed blameable, and your Lordship cannot more sincerely condemn me, than I do myself; for I can never be your Lordship's. The moment that united me to Sir William Stanly sealed my fate; it was registered on high, and cannot be disannulled. I cannot follow your advice, my duty and gratitude equally forbid me; and strange as the conduct of Sir William appears in the eyes of the world he is much more to be pitied than blamed.

"Sir William never loved me my Lord; he loved Lady Barrymore before she became your wife, and he married me in compliance with the will of his dying mother. I mention this circumstance to exculpate him in some measure. Could I have known this, worlds would not have bribed me to have given him my hand, and had Sir William applied for a divorce, I should not have opposed it. Within a fortnight of our marriage, he sent me a letter I now inclose for your perusal, with the answer which I beg you will return. I send his to prove that he is not so bad a man as the world think him. No my Lord, he is in every respect but one, a worthy man. He has never said one unkind or disrespectful word to me in his life. He is humane, benevolent, and friendly; one of the best of masters, and till lately, one of the firmest friends. His talents are shining; his mind improved; and I know not of a more agreeable companion. He too, has a taste for domestic pleasures; for the joys that are found at home, for rural scenes, and for refined society: and in addition to these qualities, he is the son of my best, my most respected friend, the guardian of my youth, my protector, my benefactress. She united us, that we might lessen each other's cares and increase every joy that
that Providence might bestow! And shall I desert him? Leave such a man to ruin, and infamy? Let this son of so excellent a parent sink in disgrace, and not prevent it? I alone have the power, and will exert it to the utmost of my ability. I know my Lord, that such is the infatuation which binds him to Lady Barrymore, that were he disunited from me, he would marry her, and give her an opportunity to effect his entire destruction. But while I live, I will if possible prevent it; he is too good to be lost for want of a friend to assist him to break the fetters that vice has forged for his inthralment. He is now under the dominion of a blind passion, that hurries him on to follies he has no power to shun! but this cannot last forever! he will awake from the delirium, and seeing the hideousness of vice, will see too the charms of virtue. It is then, that flying from the one, he will clasp the other to his bosom.

"I, my Lord, will be the friend to watch him during this lethargy of reason; I will help if possible to restore it to him. I could not leave him, and hope for happiness; the voice of my beloved, honored friend, would call upon me from the grave, and her shadow haunt my remaining hours! Believe me, my Lord, my sympathy has become affection, and I really love the man, I so much pity. This may appear strange to your Lordship, but it is really true; and while you pity my want of spirit, as I know it is termed by my sex in general, remember it is supported by a lively hope, that the time will come when he will feel for me that tenderness, which he now bestows upon another. I will be patient till that time arrives, and when it arrives, I will hail each returning anniversary of so joyful an event with gratitude to him who has the hearts of all mankind in his keeping, and them at his pleasure.

"And
"And now my Lord, I have with sincerity and truth answered your letter, and though my situation and duty forbids my acceptance of your affection, I am sure you will still honor me with your friendship. As a friend then, permit me to advise you to seek some amiable and charming woman; unite yourself to her in bonds that cannot be dissolved, and all your anticipations will become realities. And believe me, that there is but one event that could give me so much pleasure, and that I shall not taste real felicity myself, till I know you are happy.

"I am obliged to Lord Stewart for his intended kindness, but I beg his Lordship will not interfere in this affair; it is a matter of too much delicacy for a person less interested than myself; and should all my efforts fail, I shall not be quite miserable; for life is short in comparison to eternity, where you, and I, and Sir William, and thousands yet unborn, shall enjoy perfect happiness, and joys of which we have no idea. Adieu my Lord; that every blessing may attend you, is the fervent wish and sincere prayer of

"AMELIA STANLY."

Perhaps had Amelia followed the impulse of inclination uninfluenced by duty, and unbiassed by principle, she would have sent a very different answer to the letter of her noble friend; but she had early learnt, that life is a state of trial; that she must live for others, as well as herself; and that a strict adherence to duty, would require frequent sacrifices: She had before made a great one respecting Lord Barrymore, and the consciousness of acting rightly, excited a heroism that supported her then, as well as at the present period.

She endeavored to amuse her mind by constant employment. And a thousand acts of benevolence bore witness..."
witness every day, that her own affliction did not so entirely occupy her, as to render her unmindful of the calls of the poor and distressed. And it is certain, that while thus employed, a calmness was diffused around her heart, and dilated in her bosom, which gave an air of serenity almost divine, to her sweet countenance.

But this was not the case with Sir William; a life of guilt was new to him, and though he had not the power to extricate himself from it, yet remorse preyed upon his mind, and extended its influence to his countenance, which was gloomy, sad, and contracted; with his cheerfulness, he lost his good humour, and became fretful and petulant. He still continued to see a good deal of company, but when attending upon them, he was seldom at home.

His wretched mistress, though profuse of the wealth of others, was a niggard of her own. Lord Barrymore restored her fortune, after separation. She had placed it with an eminent banker, and it was every hour accumulating. Thus she hoarded up her own property, while that of Sir William's she lavished in a manner the most profuse, and least beneficial to her fellow creatures.

Lord Barrymore was severely shocked and disappointed at Amelia's rejection of his proposals; for some time he was sad, and dejected, went but little abroad; saw no company at home, and become almost a recluse; and while his mind turned towards his earlier, happier days, while he recollected the various proofs he had witnessed of Amelia's virtues; he could not but imagine there must be something more in the religion of Lady Stanly's heart, than his own, which could thus support its votaries as it had her, through disappointment, neglect and insults. The more he thought upon the subject, the more he admired her; but his admiration now began to grow into veneration, too pure for love, too warm
warm for friendship; and he strove to join his wishes with her's, that her husband might yet be sensible of her worth, and return her affection with all that glow of fond attachment, and all the genuine love and friendship, which her exalted merit, and her unblemished beauties, deserved.

He read with attention the sacred volume so much neglected, and while he attended to its pure and sublime truths, he became sensible of the duties therein inculcated. He left off mass and confession, and within two months abjured the errors of the Romish religion, to embrace one more simple, and less incumbered with superstition and bigotry.

A transaction of such importance was for some days the subject of conversation, and it was soon communicated to Lady Stanly, who was indeed gratified that he was no longer the slave of error, and reflected that the very means his parents had used to preserve the estate and title of their family to the Catholic Church, had in all probability been the principal cause of alienating them so soon from it. Had she married Lord Barrymore, a sense of duty would have operated to prevent any religious argument. The performance of her duties were so simple, that they would never have been noticed, and never interfered with those of another, while his connection with a professed Catholic, had involved him in trouble and accumulated disgrace, which he had found his religion was neither a shield nor defence sufficient to ward off, or reconcile him to, and he left it as unavailing and deceptive.
CHAP. IX.

"He retired unseen,
To brood in secret o'er his gather'd spleen,
And methodize revenge."

DRYDEN.

"What nothing earthly gives or can destroy,
The soul's calm sunshine, and the heartfelt joy,
Is virtue's prize."

POPE.

Things continued much in this train, till the end of the following June, when Amelia expressed a wish to return to Stanly Lodge, to pass the remainder of the summer, as she had not been there for two years, and she still looked back with regret upon the happy hours and calm enjoyments, which had attended her upon that delightful spot; with regret, because they had passed, and fear that they would never return. But Sir William objected, though he still engaged to spend the autumn there, and Amelia acquiesced without any hesitation, though tired of London, its follies and the afflictions they had occasioned her.

Amongst the foreigners that were introduced at Sir William's, was one, of so remarkable a character, as not to be passed over in silence. This was the Baron Volpoon, a Frenchman, but destitute of the politeness and good humour which are usually the characteristics of the French. He was gloomy, sedate, and morose; a smile seldom illumined his haggard countenance, and his eyes which partook of all colours but blue, and black, were sunk beneath his bushy brows; his figure was tall and awkward; he stooped in his shoulders; his gait slow, but uneven; he talked little, but was decided and positive in his assertions; he delighted in slander, and imputed every good action to a bad motive.

This
This man was wealthy and noble; but neither wealth, nor titles, appeared to please him, or could render him satisfied with himself or others; and though he was cared for and flattered, yet he was despised, and feared wherever he went. Such is the power of riches. Upon his first visit at Sir William's he paid great attention to Amelia, and appeared inquisitive respecting her.

After he left them, she remarked to Sir William, that she had never seen so disgusting a man before. "He looks," said she, "as if he could be guilty of any crime, even of the greatest enormity." "He does indeed," replied Stanly, "and if his heart is the counterpart of his face, he has one as dark as——-It is fit for murder, stratagems and treason."

"There is, however, no occasion," cried Amelia, "to give the caution "that no such man be trusted," for no one could place any trust or confidence in him." "I fancy" said Stanly, "that you have heard that Barrymore once addressed a young lady in France; this is the man who was his Lordship's rival. Her guardian thought proper to give her to the Baron, who married her, a sweet amiable creature as lives. He has left her in the country at an old seat he has there, fit only for bats and rooks to dwell in; while he is abroad in pursuit of health, and its attendant cheerfulness." Amelia expressed her pity and her hope, that the term of the Lady's misery was near a close, as she imagined the Baron could continue but a short time: but Sir William discouraged this hope, as he had known him for a long time, and had never seen him appear better, and he did not doubt, but twenty years hence would still behold him as well as at present.

The next visit he made at Sir William's, he eyed Lady Stanly with the most scrutinizing curiosity, at length
length he addressed her with, "I think you said the wo-
man who took care of you during your infancy was nam-
ed Benloe." "It was," replied Amelia, "but I do not
remember telling you so." "No" cried the Baron,
"that is very surprising! and the fellow who brought
you to her, is in India." Amelia thought these en-
quiries impertinent, and moved to another part of the
room; but Sir William replied that he was, and ex-
pected in London in October, with a Mr. Harley, who
was determined to unriddle the mystery that involved
Lady Stanly's birth. No more was said upon the sub-
ject, Volpoon shut up his eyes, threw himself back in
his chair, and continued in profound meditation till he
left them, which he did in a short time.

The next day he was seized with illness, which con-
fined him to his lodgings till July; he was then weak
and low, and was removed to Bath, for the benefit of
the waters. His name was seldom mentioned, though
his impertinence often recurred to the mind of Amelia,
and she felt a strange curiosity respecting him, which
was uncommon to a person, who had from infancy till
the present moment, been endeavouring to suppress so
dangerous a propensity.

Within a few weeks, while Lady Stanly was trying
to divert her cares by music, and to drive away by the
"music of sweet sounds" the gloom that she felt gath-
ering around her, when her footman informed her that
a woman wished to speak with her in the dressing room.
Amelia who had often relieved the distressed, supposed
the present summons was from some unfortunate person,
who ashamed to make her sorrows known to the servants,
obtained admission above stairs; she therefore hastened to
attend her, and after dismissing her woman, desired the
stranger who was a decent looking, middle aged wo-
man, to sit down and begged to know her commands. She hesitated for a moment, and then said, "I am commissioned Madam to deliver you this bundle, and this billet, it does not require an answer, and I am in great haste." As she concluded she laid a large bundle in Lady Stanly's lap, and hurried out of the room, while Amelia was so surprised at this strange conduct, she was unable to detain her. The bundle was heavy for its size; she opened the billet with some impatience, and found to her astonishment only these words:

"As Lady Barrymore feels assured that Lady Stanly will never be a mother, and as she thinks Sir William's estate ought to support his children, and entertaining an exalted idea of Lady Stanly's benevolence, she now sends her babe just two weeks old, to be nursed by her old friend; and begs she will stand sponsor to the child and see it properly attended and educated."

When Lady Stanly read this insulting scroll, she thought it could not be real, but her hands trembled as she laid it down, and it was some time before her agitation would permit her to open the parcel that still lay upon her lap, and was nicely pinned up. At length she succeeded, and turning open the napkin at the head, beheld a beautiful infant, who awaking at that moment, opened its little eyes, and fixed them in her face. Forgetting who was the mother, forgetting every insult she had received, Amelia pressed it to her bosom.

"Dear little innocent," said she, "I will protect you, I will be the mother to you, that your good grandmother was to me; I never knew that want, for I had two, and neither of them bound by the ties of blood, or consanguinity to me. The lesson shall not be lost, for I will copy my affectionate Benloe, while this infant is weak and helpless, and when it attains strength and reason, I will if possible imitate Lady Stanly."
The cries of the little thing, now told her, that she could not supply all its wants, and obliged her to make a confidcnt of her woman, who was altonished beyond description, when she saw the child, and found to whom it belonged. She had lived too long with Lady Stanley to be surprized at her resolution in its favor; her own heart was worthy and benevolent, and while she reverenced the goodness of her Lady, she felt that she could copy her conduct in the same trying situation.

Within a few hours, a nurse was procured, and a large upper chamber conveniently fitted for a nursery, as Amelia determined the little fellow should not be turned out of his father's house, though deserted by his unnatural mother: and within two days she felt much the happier for having her little charge with her. To make and prepare its clothes, was an agreeable employment; to watch it when sleeping, to see it dressed, and undressed, washed and rubbed, to behold its limbs increase in size, and strength, and view it while drawing its pure nourishment from a fine, fresh, healthy nurse, gave her real pleasure; and she endeavoured to forget every painful event that attended its birth, in the contemplation of its innocence, and the approbation of her own heart.

She found too, in the nurse, a new object to call forth the exercise of her benevolence; this young woman was deserted by an unworthy husband, and had been obliged as her circumstances were very poor, to put out her own offspring, to obtain a support by that sustenance, which the provident hand of nature had bestowed for the nourishment of her child. When Amelia heard these circumstances, she ceased to wonder, that dejection had clouded a native cheerfulness of disposition, which even amidst this gloom, was sometimes discernible.
ble. She heard her sigh every day for her child, and when the woman who had the care of it brought it to see her, was pleased to observe the natural avidity with which the mother put the infant to her bosom, and beheld the tear fall upon the face of the babe, as she declared she had quite milk enough for two.

"And should not you like Mrs. Simpson to have him with you?" asked Lady Stanly. "Oh yes Madam, I should indeed be very happy!" "Well then," rejoined the benevolent Amelia, "he shall tarry here, and Mary shall assist you to attend him; but I expect he will not interfere with your care of little Charles," for that was the name she had given Lady Barrymore's son. From that moment the child of Mrs. Simpson, was an inmate of Stanly house.

It is necessary to account for Lady Barrymore's conduct in thus sending her child to Amelia; her pregnancy had prevented Sir William's going to the Lodge, and when she presented him with a son, his infatuation increased, and he longed to have it in his power, to make this boy his heir; this he mentioned so often, that his wretched mistress, was more than ever anxious to become his wife; and supposing it impossible for any woman to forgive such flagrant proofs of infidelity, she determined to add insult to injury, and sent the infant with the billet already recited, in full expectation, that it would be returned, and that unable to bear silently this ill treatment, she would immediately apply for a divorce, and by that proceeding, remove the only obstacle to her own views. In thus judging of Lady Stanly, she consulted her own feelings, and her own propensities, and concluded, that thus situated, she should proceed in this manner; but the mind of Amelia was so totally different, that the
one could not judge of the other. Lady Barrymore was surprized after several days, to hear nothing of the child, and the more so, when she sent a servant to enquire for him, and received no answer.

Similar messages were sent several times, till at length Amelia wearied with the frequent repetition of them, wrote her rival, that if any thing happened to the infant, she would certainly let her be informed; but if her servant so frequently was at their house, Sir William would certainly enquire the cause, and perhaps object to her keeping the little one, who should want nothing while under her care.

Lady Barrymore was at once astonished at this conduct, so calm, so dispassionate, and so different from what she had expected; and became as anxious to conceal the place of her child’s abode from Sir William as Amelia; for she much feared, that if such a proof of merit and forbearance, reached him, it must increase his admiration and esteem, to a degree, that might in time alienate his affections from herself, and place them upon a wife so deserving of his undivided attachment.

Her maternal feelings were never strong, and as returning health opened the door to dissipation and pleasure, she seized them with avidity, and became quite easy respecting the unfortunate being she had introduced to a world of sin and shame.

This was not the case with Sir William, whose paternal affections were tender, who felt all the father towards his son. He made frequent enquiries for the boy, and expressed his wishes to see it. For some time Lady Barrymore put him off upon various pretences, amused him with feigned accounts, and evaded his enquiries with an art all her own, till at length, really anxious to see the boy he demanded in a peremptory manner.
manner where she had concealed him, and declared it his intention to visit his son. She replied pettishly that she had provided for the brat, and should not give herself the trouble to visit it herself, nor tell him where she had bestowed it.

This conduct, and this assertion, so entirely the reverse of the tender mother, so different from what he knew Amelia’s would be in the same situation, that while he reflected upon both with some agitation, it operated like conscience upon his mind, and helped to open his eyes upon the merits of the one, and the vices of the other. His own conduct, and his own motives, would not bear investigating, and while this was the case, he could not chide Lady Barrymore, who though more reprehensible, was a companion of his guilt. While Lady Stanly was so pure, so exalted, so irreproachable, so gentle, and so mild, that whenever he visited his home, he formed so striking a contrast with his insolent and capricious mistress, that his heart sickened at the view, and he sought in dissipation forgetfulness of almost every object that interested him. His powers were for a while suspended; he lost the pleasure he had experienced in doing good; he no longer sought out objects for his munificence; he no longer delighted to cheer the broken heart, or comfort the afflicted; he had no pleasure in social conversation, for he could not communicate the reflections that he made upon his own situation, and he feared to hear the observations which he knew every lover of virtue must make upon him. Thus lost to every thing praise-worthy or estimable, he became still more an object of Amelia’s sympathy, who saw with heart felt regret, the inroads that vice had made upon a mind, naturally good; upon talents truly excellent, and upon principles
The INFLUENCE of VIRTUE.

ples which she had hoped were too well established not to have resisted the power of evil.

For herself, she was really made the happier by her attention to the child of her husband, whose innocence was engaging, whose helplessness attractive: and while her person was exercised, her mind was amused by him. She went up stairs many times a day to see him; his chamber was remote from the other part of the house, the more effectually to conceal him from Sir William, which was indeed not difficult as the servants so sincerely respected their Lady, that there was no danger of their disobeying her commands. Thus, while Sir William and Harriot felt the stings of guilt, the pangs of remorse, the pain of anticipation, and the still greater pain of retrospection; Amelia enjoyed the sweets of virtue, the joys of an approving conscience, calmness in her own mind, and peace in her own family. Let us mark the difference, and we shall not ask who was most to be envied, or most pitied, the neglected, the forsaken Amelia, or the triumphant and victorious Harriot.
When rolling seasons cease to change,
Inconstancy forgets to range,
When lavish May forgets to bloom,
Nor gardens yield a sweet perfume,
When nature from her sphere shall start,
I'll tear thee Anne from my heart.

Smollet.

When Sir William first visited London after his marriage with Amelia, she had made it at once a pleasure, and business, to seek out proper objects of her bounty, and establish them in some way, that might render their situations more easy than a state of dependence could be made; and none of them claimed a higher station in her esteem than a Mrs. Jones, a widow who with two daughters, were in very indigent circumstances. She had been a milliner, and by a variety of misfortunes, was reduced from a state of ease, to a situation the most distressing. When Amelia heard of her from her attendant, she sought her out, settled her in a shop, procured her customers, and in every respect was so kind and beneficial to her, that she soon forgot her sorrows; and as she was not only active and enterprising, but sensible, well bred, and industrious, Lady Stanley often called for the sake of the pleasure she was sure to receive, from the agreeable conversation of herself and daughters.

One day about a month after her cares had received the addition of Sir William's child, she was surprized to find Sally Jones in tears, and neither the mother or her eldest daughter in the shop; while she was with tenderness and delicacy enquiring the cause, Lady Barmore
rymore entered; as she saw Amelia, before she was herself perceived, and had heard the expressions she had used to the little girl, Lady Stanly found it impossible to retreat, and though the meeting was both agitating and unwished for, conscious virtue, and female pride, assisted her to conceal her emotions, and return Lady Barrymore’s courtesy with civility; who though not entirely unabashed, advanced and enquired for her health with seeming good will. She then remarked the fineness of the day, and said she had been tempted to come out by the charming weather, in opposition to Sir William’s entreaties who had expressed a thousand fears upon her account. “But Madam” said she, “it does not always do to mind these men, whose tenderness would quite spoil a woman, if too much attended to.”

This was almost too much for poor Amelia! She had no trouble from the overflowing tenderness of her husband, while her rival in this complaining manner, boasted of it. She however suppressed her feelings enough to give her some trifling answer, while Lady Barrymore determined to try to the utmost of her power, to rouse that spirit which she supposed every woman possessed; and said in rather a low voice, “I hoped the little fellow was well. I have” she added, “no anxiety upon my mind respecting him, and as I find your Ladyship so good a nurse, if my family receives any further additions I shall most certainly send them to you.”

“Sir William’s children, madam,” replied Amelia, with a dignity that at once disconcerted and surprised Lady Barrymore, “will always find a friend and protector in his wife, and an asylum in his house; but though I would to the utmost of my abilities avert the evils which infancy and innocence are exposed to, I shall beg leave to decline the honour of taking any one, who does
does not claim him as a parent: and I have a strong presentiment, the little fellow now under my protection, is the only one who will ever have the same mother and father which it is the destiny of the poor boy to be acknowledged by." "And what reason has your Ladyship to suppose so," cried Lady Barrymore, with a kind of suppressed tartness, "we are both very young?" "I did not mean to insinuate a doubt, but you madam will have a large family," returned Lady Stanly, "But I am under a great mistake, if your connexion with Sir William, does not draw to a conclusion: and this opinion is founded upon my knowledge of his good sense, and native merit, which though obscured for a while, will assuredly resume its original splendor, and rise superior to the charms or arts of vice, however adorned. But as this is a subject upon which we cannot think perfectly alike, we will drop it. I wish your Ladyship a good morning," and with a courtesy, she went into a little parlour that was behind the shop, leaving Lady Barrymore enraged and confused to a degree, that she had seldom known; who went immediately home, to vent her anger upon her attendants, and prudently resolved not to inform Sir William of an interview which redounded to the honor of Lady Stanly, and had covered her with confusion.

Amelia was by no means calm; she trembled as she opened the door, and felt disposed to disburthen her heart in tears; but her attention was instantly diverted from herself to an object that claimed at once her pity and care. Mrs. Jones and her daughter, were endeavouring to administer consolation to a lovely young creature, who appeared almost distracted with grief, which even the entrance of Lady Stanly, did not interrupt or divert, so greatly was she afflicted; and it was with
with difficulty that Mrs. Jones convinced her that a stranger was in the room. She appeared even deaf to the soothing voice of Amelia, and wholly absorbed in unutterable sorrow. At length she was persuaded to go up stairs.

It was then Lady Stanly learned that this young woman was the daughter of a clergyman in Derbyshire, who had died two years ago, and left his widow and child in great indigence; they had come up to London in pursuit of some employment, but want of knowledge of a town life, or of the world, unfit them for every thing in the city. Chagrined and disappointed, the mother grew sick, and was soon in a confirmed consumption. “Four years since,” continued Mrs. Jones, "I went to Derby to visit a sister I had there, and became acquainted with this family, and was much pleased with them; but my sister removed to a different part of the kingdom soon after, and I have heard nothing of the Bradleys till the day before yesterday, when I was sent for, and found the mother within a few hours of eternity, in miserable lodgings, and without even one necessary of life to comfort or soothe her dying moments. I exerted myself to cheer her with assurances that I would do all in my power to befriend and protect her daughter. I tarried with her till she died, and now her inhuman landlord has trumped up an account, and will not permit her remains to be deposited in the earth, till some one has satisfied a demand, unjust I am sure, and beyond my abilities to answer, as it is for thirty pounds.”

"Poor unfeeling wretch?" cried Amelia, "brutal as he is, I pity him more than the innocent sufferer of his injustice. Here Mrs. Jones, take this bank bill, it is for fifty pounds, satisfy the rapacious man, and leave him
to the upbairdings of his own conscience; see that the poor woman is interred, and procure what you think is necessary for the young lady. I am now in haste, but will call in a few days and see the unfortunate girl. I know you will be kind to her, good bye." She left them, while the sense of her own sorrows, were lost in the power and will of mitigating those of another, and lessening the evils to which human nature is subjected.

Within a week she fulfilled her promise of calling again, and was pleased to find Miss Bradley a truly lovely woman; her mourning was adapted to set off her complexion; her eyes sparkled with intelligence, and her dark brown hair fell in luxuriance about her neck. Misfortune had washed the roses from her cheeks; but when told that was Lady Stanly, a glow of gratitude tinged them with vermillion. Lady Stanly after a few questions requested her to go home and reside with her. "I have a few friends Miss Bradley," said she "that will I am sure love you: change of scene will divert your mind, and I shall be very happy in your society. You shall not say you thank me, till experience has convinced you, whether the plan will or not conduce to your enjoyment."

Lady Stanly had previous to this step, consulted Sir William, and received his entire approbation of her conduct. She now felt a satisfaction in finding Miss Bradley not only grateful, but pleased with her proposal. She was not treated as a dependent, but as a friend and equal, whose company conferred a favor, and considered as obliging rather than obliged. Lady Stanly introduced her to those she most esteemed. Mrs. Selbeth and her sister became quite fond of her, for she was sensible, intelligent, and well informed; but the sadness that hovered around her heart, was not to be removed.
removed at present, though her benevolent friend sought amusements to divert her.

With this hope they went one evening to the theatre with the two ladies I have just mentioned, attended by a Mr. Franklin, a young gentleman who was endeavouring to persuade Miss Selbeth to break through a resolution she had formed of remaining single, and his attention was favored by the young lady, who had for some time been partial to him.

Four handsome faces in one box, particularly as Miss Bradley's was a new one, could not but attract attention and several beaux were around them, before the play was half performed, when Lady Stanly saw Miss Bradley grow very pale; she whispered to her, and upon her entreaties to retire, Mr. Franklin conducted them both to an hackney coach. As he was placing Miss Bradley, a young man, a stranger, seized Lady Stanly's hand and begged to know if that young lady was not Anna Bradley. Lady Stanly replied in the affirmative, and the stranger asked where she resided. "At Sir William Stanly's in St. James," cried Amelia. "Permit me Madam," returned he, "to call on you to-morrow, and be so good as not to mention my intention."

Though surprized at this request, Lady Stanly gave him the permission he requested and was immediately drove home, while Franklin returned to his party in the play house. As soon as they were set down in St. James, Amelia pressed Miss Bradley to tell what had occasioned her sudden indisposition. After some hesitation she acknowledged it was the appearance of a young gentleman who had lived in the vicinity of the parsonage; that his name was Stevens, and that he was the only son of a country gentleman, who was thought opulent. Upon being still questioned, she acknowledged
acknowledged that Edward Stevens had taught her heart to distinguish between friendship and love; that his sister was addressed by a man of an independent fortune, though as old again as herself, who had offered his only child to Edward, whose friends allured by so splendid a proposal, had forbidden him to visit at the parsonage, or to cultivate the acquaintance of Mrs. Bradley or her daughter. "It was this," said she, "that prevailed upon my poor mother to come up to town, as she would not permit me to accept Mr. Stevens' proposal of a private marriage, and I could not be happy in his neighborhood. I have never seen him since, and suppose by this time he is united to Miss Haswell."

Lady Stanly did not agree with her friend in this opinion, though she evaded speaking her mind, or mentioning the application of the young man whom she now supposed to be Mr. Stevens; fearful of raising hopes that would never be realized.

Early the following morning she was called down to a stranger, and upon entering the parlour, found a very agreeable looking, and genteel young man, whom she immediately recognized to be the person that had addressed her the preceding evening. "Perhaps Madam," said he, "I have taken too great a liberty in making the request I did last night; but I hope your Ladyship will not attribute it wholly to impertinence."

"I am quite willing," replied Lady Stanly, "to overlook the impertinence, if there was any, upon condition that you gratify my curiosity respecting your motive."

"I saw in the box with you Madam, a young lady that I have for more than a year been in pursuit of. I have supposed, I have feared, that she had purposely concealed herself from me; I saw her agitation, and thought
thought it best not to press myself upon her notice. I had enquired who you were, Madam, and I thought I could rely upon you not to betray me. Forgive me, Madam, forgive an unhappy young man, and inform me if she is still deserving your Ladyship's attention, and how long she has been under your protection.

Lady Stanly satisfied him in this respect, and enquired if he still continued to feel for Miss Bradley the affection he had once professed. "Indeed, I do Madam," he replied, "and misfortunes have removed those obstacles from the minds of my parents that interfered with my happiness. The old gentleman that my sister was sacrificed to, proved a tyrant to her, and a churl to her family. His daughter has chosen herself a husband, and my poor sister has been dead for six months. I am now an only child, I love Miss Bradley, and my parents will embrace her with affection and transport as a daughter; if she is still virtuous and deserving esteem; and to find her with Lady Stanly has removed a mountain's weight from a bosom, that only is filled with her image." "And what were the fears you had entertained respecting her," enquired Lady Stanly. "I knew her virtuous and amiable," replied Stevens, "but a few weeks since, I heard she had ceased to be so, and was a mistress to a man of fashion. Though I had never doubted the rectitude of her mind and innocence of her heart, I feared that poverty and accumulated distress had induced an act of shame, and a life of dishonor."

"Well," cried Lady Stanly, willing to try if his sentiments were really honorable and his affections unshaken, "if it should turn out that Miss Bradley had secured to herself independence by a temporary deviation from the rigid rules of virtue, would it alter your affection,
affection, or prevent your connecting yourself with her?”

“Indeed it would Madam,” he replied, with hasty emotion, “yet I must always love her, and for her sake I never will marry another; but were she mistress of the globe, and without virtue, I would not marry her; nor would my parents receive dishonor and infamy to a family, that is unacquainted with dishonor.” “But” cried Lady Stanly “the matter may be concealed from your friends, and you may yet be respectable and happy.” He arose, and was leaving the room; “unhappy girl!” he said, “what have you done? You were virtuous, and I respected you, you have become vicious, and though I still love you, I can only pity, I cannot respect you, I cannot be connected with you!”

“Stop my worthy friend,” cried Lady Stanly, catching him by his sleeve, “and forgive me that I have in this trial of your honor, given pain to so noble a heart. Miss Bradley has never strayed from the paths of virtue, never exceeded the strictest decorum. She is worthy your esteem, and respect, as well as affection.” “Oh, Madam, you overpower me with transport, where is my lovely Anna, do not keep me one moment from her and happiness!”

“Miss Bradley was sent for, and a scene succeeded that fully repaid Amelia for all her attention. Sir William presented her with five hundred pounds, and Lady Stanly gave her the same sum; and that day week, Stevens carried his lovely bride in triumph to the country.

I have only given this tale of Miss Bradley, as a proof of the manner in which Amelia spent her time, and as a testimony that she was not wholly wretched; for virtue finds pleasures in the bosom of sufferings, and extracts satisfaction from the midst of affliction, that can never be conceived by the vicious.
"For the attentive mind
By this harmonious action on her powers,
Becomes herself harmonious; wont so long
In outward things to meditate the charms
Of sacred order, soon she seeks at home
To find a kindred order; to exert within herself.
This fair inspir'd delight, her temper'd power
Refine at length, and every passion wears
A chaster, milder, more attractive mein."

SEPTEMBER however arrived, and was nearly exhausted, and Amelia sighed with regret, when she found they were not to leave London till the Spring. She missed the pleasures of the country, and had lost the society of Miss Bradley, who had diverted her mind from her sorrows, which were now indeed felt with an impatience which she strove to conquer rather than conceal, conscious that her peace depended upon her resignation; she strove hourly to obtain it, and though her exertions were not always crowned with success, she determined that her unavailing regrets should not interfere with the pleasures of her friends or family, and often assumed a cheerfulness that was a stranger to her bosom. Mrs. and Miss Selbeth passed much of their time with her, and one source of her satisfaction was increased by the company of Sir William, who was more frequently at home than of late he had been, and she could not but hope reason and esteem were combating with passion for a victory. He had indeed observed with pain, and self reproach, the difference, the striking difference, between his wife and mistress. He seldom found Lady Barrymore good humoured; Lady Stan-
ly was always so. The one was the slave of whim and caprice; the other was governed by reason, discretion, and a sound understanding; the one was extravagantly profuse, yet niggardly and contracted; the other was munificent, and liberal, yet an excellent economist; the one was dissipated without cheerfulness; the other fond of rational and domestic pleasures, and always as gay as circumstances would admit. So great was the contrast originally, and it became every hour more observable; for since the ill-fated Harriot found she could not provoke Amelia to a separation; she took no pains to conceal her ill humour or extravagance, and was exceedingly mortified, that Amelia had been more cheerful since little Stanly was committed to her care.

"I will pass the day with you, my dear Harriot," said Sir William, after he had paid a large sum for which she had called upon him, "and hope to see the boy; indeed, I am quite impatient to see how the little fellow grows, pray send for him."

"You have chosen a wrong time, then Sir William, for I am under twenty engagements which cannot be dispensed with, and as for the boy," she replied, "I have told you a number of times he is well, and taken good care of, and what you should wish to see him for, I cannot for my life conjecture."

"I wish as every father does, to be a witness to the care that is taken of my child" cried Stanly, very gravely, "and why you should object. I cannot conceive, however as you are engaged, I will return home at present, but remember Harriot I am determined to know how you have disposed of the boy, and will positively see him to-morrow." He now left her, and walked immediately to his own house, the footman who usually answered at the door was absent, and it was opened.
opened by a new one. "Where is your Lady Thomas?" he asked, as he entered, supposing she was from home. "In the nursery," returned the fellow. "nursery," said Sir William; he mused; a sudden thought came across his mind, "where is the nursery, shew me to your Lady." The man very innocently obeyed, and led Sir William up three pair of stairs across several apartments, and opened a door at the end of a long gallery, who entered in almost breathless expectation, and beheld Amelia careffing his boy, while the nurse was cherishing her own babe. He stopped in silent astonishment! unable to go forward, or to return. The noise he had made in entering caused Lady Stanly to look up (who was likewise silent from a fear that she had offended him) with a mingled sensation of dread, hope, and love.

Sir William at length exclaimed, "Good Heaven Amelia, what are you doing; tell me, I pray tell me, whose children are these?"

"That," said Amelia, while a violent palpitation of her heart almost stopped her utterance, "that is Mrs. Simpson's; "and whose," said Sir William, "is this which you Amelia are thus careffing?" "It is, it is," she replied "your own!" she stopped, and after a moment's hesitation, added, "nay Sir William, do not be offended, I did not seek him with an impertinent curiosity, I did not follow your steps, or dive into your secrets; it was sent by its mother, and I have taken care of it."

"Good God!" cried Sir William, "is it possible, can it be?" "Do not be offended with her neither," replied Amelia, "she knew I was fond of children; she knew I had leisure; and she was sure I should attend to the little nurfling with care. I have en-
deavored to justify the opinion she has formed of me, for it has never been neglected.” “It is not possible! interrupted Stanly, “I do but dream, this is not reality, no one could be capable of such conduct!” “Consider Sir William she is fond of pleasures that have no allurements for me, and if you knew how much happier I have been for the care of the little creature, you would I know excuse this lapse of tenderness, though not loss of maternal affection in her, and not blame her.” “I blame her not,” said Sir William, “I think not of her, it is of you my amiable, angelic wife that I speak, it is you who have acted the glorious part, that I cannot believe it possible to be true! but Heaven is my witness, that from this blessed moment, you my Amelia shall be my hope, my blessing, my wife, my mistress! never will I know a joy of which you do not partake, nor a blessing in which you do not participate.”

He endeavoured to clasp her to his bosom; he held out her arms to receive his embrace, but the transport was too great, the felicity too perfect, and she sunk unconscious of the happiness that attended her! Sir William knelt before her, and Mrs. Simpson, and Mary, by proper applications, soon restored her fleeting spirits. “Look up my love,” cried Sir William, “open your eyes, and bless a husband, that lives only for you a penitent, a contrite husband, who from this moment dedicates his life to you! Yes Amelia, from this moment you are my wife, bound to me by ties of gratitude, esteem, veneration, and love! No insolent rival, no proud mistress, shall ever more prevent your happiness, nor stand in the way of my felicity! It is your virtues triumph, but can you my dear Amelia forgive me, blind, blind, infatuated wretch, that I have so long been?”

The moment that a shower of the sweetest tears, that Amelia had ever shed, would permit her to speak, she exclaimed
exclaimed, "Dear Sir William, my own Sir William, my beloved friend and husband; son of the best of women, cease to upbraid yourself, nor for an instant think that I can ever reflect upon you! This one happy moment, more than over-balances every anxious, uneasy thought!" During this interview, Mrs. Simpson had taken the child, and was carrying it from her, while Sir William with fond affection, pressed her to his bosom, clasped her to his breast, and kissed her balmy lips! her humid eyes still streaming with joy and sensibility! her lovely blooming face, her snowy neck, and ivory hands, all, all, became the idol of his worship. "No Mrs. Simpson, no," cried Amelia, modestly disengaging herself from his dear embrace, "bring the sweet boy to me, it is to him I am indebted for all this goodness, for all these unlooked for blessings, and I fear my life will be too short to repay the mighty boon. Take him Sir William, let him be early used to all the blessings of a father's love; and as for me, if ever I neglect him, may Heaven deprive me of your affection. Receive him then, as a pledge of my friendship, of my respect and esteem, and if you will permit it, of my love."

It would be vain to attempt describing a scene so delightful, and so interesting. Sir William attended her to her dressing room: she there gave him the note she had received with the child, and made him acquainted with all her proceedings, while her husband viewed her as a descending angel, who was to lead his wayward steps once more to the forsaken paths of virtue, and of honor.

"From this day, this happy day," he cried, "my Amelia, we will know but one apartment, one purse, and one heart; for the happiness of each, shall be the object and pursuit of the other."
"How impossible," she returned, "is it for me to describe the pure transport that animates my bosom, who would value years of pain for one day of joy like this." "This" cried Stanly, "is our wedding day, and its anniversary we will celebrate in the way that is most pleasing to you; we will make the poor, the rich, and the unfortunate, happy." "But what" said Amelia, "will become of Lady Barrymore? in the midst of my joys I cannot help thinking of her." "Do not let her cross your mind my love, I have long begun to see her in her true light, long viewed her as she really is; this is not entirely the work of momentary repentance, it is not the effusion of passion, it is a work that your virtues have long begun in my heart; reason, and every praiseworthy sensation, have long been your friends: this day has concluded the contest, and I am wholly yours."

"Here they were summoned to dinner, and it was certainly the sweetest meal they had ever made; tenderness and affection reigned; but the feelings of Amelia's throbbing heart, prevented her eating but little of the delicacies that Stanly with fervent love had put upon her plate; unrestrained freedom, and all the confidence of new born amity, opened the heart of both, and tenderness and esteem possessed every thought.

They concluded to leave London the ensuing morning, and to take the little nurfing with them, which had been the cause of their present happiness. "But my love," said Sir William, "I shall always look upon him as the child of shame." "And I," cried Amelia, "as the instrument of my felicity; he will always be the second dear object of my affection, for you would not at this time have called me by the tender appellation of wife, but for him."
Oh, my Amelia! how little, how insignificant does every woman I ever knew, look, when contrasted to yourself.

Sir William now recollected an engagement he was under for the evening, "some time since," said he, "I was appointed joint guardian with Colonel Clapool to the children of his deceased brother; he has wished to finish their business for some time, but my infatuation to that woman, has engrossed all my time, and I am now obliged to attend or forfeit my honour. I shall be back by ten, and though loth to leave my dear wife, I must bid you good bye till then, farewell my love; but remember, that one apartment must serve for both in future. Once more he pressed her to his bosom, and tore himself from her with heart felt regret. She looked after him as he passed the window, with delight that she had never known before; she then retired to her dressing room, at once to change her dress; and to thank the giver of every good, who had bestowed the affections of her husband upon her.

Mary who had from respect never mentioned her master's infidelity, could not now restrain her joy, and with an apology for the freedom, she and Mrs. Simpson congratulated her upon the happy change that had taken place. She thanked them both for the good wishes they so kindly expressed, and presented each with a handsome testimony of her regard. She then gave Mary a bill to be divided between the servants, and desired that they might keep the next day as a jubilee, and drink the health of Sir William, and herself, after they were gone into the country.

While she was dressing Mary was every moment wishing that old Lady Stanly had lived to see this day; "but it will make her happier Madam," said the kind creature,
creature, "even in heaven, to know that your Ladyship is so happy." Descending to the drawing room, she found Mrs. and Miss Selbeth, who told her they were come to take tea with her, and carry her to the theatre, and added, "you will go with us I am sure."

"Excuse me my friends, I cannot leave home this evening." "Why, what is the reason, it is an excellent piece that is to be performed, and I am certain you will be pleased?" "I do not doubt it, but I must tarry at home this evening." Mrs. Selbeth viewed her with scrutinizing eyes, and said, "what ails you my sweet friend, you look peculiarly agitated, you have been in tears, but I am mistaken if they are not tears of pleasure? "They are my excellent friend, and I am at this moment perfectly happy; if it should continue, I shall be blest indeed." "Thank Heaven," cried both the ladies at the same time, "Stanly has at length become sensible of his blindness and folly." "He is," returned Amelia, "every thing I wish him, and I am fully repaid for all my former sorrows, and to-morrow we leave London for the Lodge."

As both these amiable women were sincerely Amelia's friends, they had often lamented her undeserved misfortunes, and almost execrated Sir William for his neglect of his charming wife. They now rejoiced with her on this happy event, and joined their fervent wishes, that her prospects might be always unclouded. They engaged to spend Christmas with her, and embracing her affectionately, bid her good night, and wished her an agreeable journey.
C H A P. XII.

Then are the shafts of disappointment barb’d,
When of her well form’d hopes the soul is robb’d,

**CON3TANTIA.**

BEFORE the Ladies were down stairs, a gentleman entered, and with haste and agitation inquired for Lady Stanly; “Sir William,” said he, “has been wounded in a duel, and now lays perhaps in the agonies of death at a Coffee House! he has sent me to bring his Lady to him.” Lady Stanly had stood at the top of the stairs and heard this horrid message; a kind of despair seized her, she sunk pale and almost senseless upon the carpet! her friends who had returned, assisted to raise her. “Come Madam,” said the messenger, “Sir William will think me tardy, he refused to have his wounds dressed till he saw you.” “Lead me to him,” she replied, then assuming strength she accepted Mrs. Selbeth’s arm. “We will go with you my dear,” cried Mrs. Selbeth and they both descended the stairs with her. Amelia with some difficulty got into a carriage which was in waiting, but as her friend offered to step in after her, the man shut the door, and bid the coachman drive on.

Mrs. Selbeth who was confounded at this conduct, hesitated a moment what to do, but the hack in which she was going to the play being in waiting, she got in with her sister, and ordering it to St. James Coffee House, followed in an instant her unfortunate friend. As soon as the carriage stopped, they ran into the house and enquired for Lady Stanly. “No Lady is here
here Madam," was the reply. "Where is the gentleman who has been wounded? lead us to him." "There has been no person wounded here this evening Madam," was the answer; she then enquired for Sir William Stanly; the waiter opened a door, and they were surprised to see Sir William in perfect health, with a countenance that denoted the highest satisfaction.

In hurried accents they told him the occurrences of the last half hour, and saw him run out of the house almost in a state of distraction, and then returned home agitated with suspense of a very painful nature.

Sir William went directly to his own house, and interrogated every servant, respecting the absence of his wife, without obtaining any satisfaction: he then sent to every coffee house in town, to know if any one had been wounded; but found no duel had been fought: not a single trace remained of the way she had taken; in despair he traversed every room, every deserted apartment in his house; no Amelia was there to greet him with a smile, or soothe the intolerable anguish of his heart with her softness. As soon as the day appeared, the thought struck his mind that Barrymore was in some shape accessory to Lady Stanly's absence; he took his sword and bidding his servant follow him, went directly to his Lordship's house.

He found Lord Barrymore at breakfast, and entered without being announced. Barrymore surprized at this unseasonable visit, asked rather coolly, what had procured him that honor. "I am come," said Stanly boiling with rage, to demand the blessing you have robbed me of." "I do not understand you," returned Barrymore, "you Sir William, have long been in quiet possession of the woman who was once my wife, and I have no wish to deprive you of her." "I think
not of her," replied Stanly, "it is my Amelia, my amiable, charming Amelia; it is Lady Stanly that you have safely taken from me! restore her this moment, or defend yourself!" "I shall not fight in my own house," cried Barrymore, "nor indeed ever fight with a mad man; I know not Sir, what you mean by this conduct, nor what madness possesses you: first tell me coolly of what I am accused, and if after a few hours reflection you wish to have recourse to our swords for satisfaction, reluctant as I must always feel to use mine, I shall not be backward to engage you." The calm yet spirited behavior of Barrymore, induced Stanly to reason a moment with himself, and then candidly to inform his Lordship of the events of the preceding day, and the suspicions he had formed, that Amelia was decoyed from his house by him. "It is I then," cried my Lord, "who have occasion to resent your conduct, which at any other time I should consider as insulting beyond forbearance; but when I reflect upon the virtues & beauties of the woman you have lost; I wonder not that loss of reason should follow such a misfortune; that Sir William is a sufficient excuse, and though I am wounded that you should at any time suspect my honor, or my rectitude, I can convince you, that your suspicions are unfounded, and will use all my exertions, to find and restore Lady Stanly to a husband, who I am rejoiced to find, has become sensible of her uncommon merit. Put up your sword, you may perhaps find an enemy that deserves its utmost vengeance, but against a friend let it never be unsheathed."

Blind as Stanly had been, he saw that Barrymore was innocent, and more anxious for his safety than his own. "I am convinced," said he at length, "that I have injured you, and am ashamed that I ever suspected you;
you; but my Lord, it was but yester-day that I became fully sensible what an angel I possessed! it was then that her amazing virtues tore the bandage from my eyes, that a vicious woman, and my own follies, had placed upon them. Her beauties helped to dissolve the charm, and conviction flashed upon my bewildered senses: I left her all love, and tenderness, and was impatient to return, but gracious heavens! where now shall I find her, I am at a loss to conjecture, for I do not know of an enemy that could execute such a scheme of diabolical mischief!"

While Barrymore listened to Stanly, and beheld the almost distracted state to which affliction had reduced him, he forgot every thing like animosity; forgot that he was a rival, and felt all his former friendship return; viewed him only as a friend, and a friend suffering from the machinations of some enemy, a misfortune of the most afflictive kind. He suggested whether it was not possible that Lady Barrymore had become acquainted with the reconciliation between him and Lady Stanly, and from motives of malice and revenge, had employed some agent to decoy Amelia from her home. To the arts of that woman, they were neither of them strangers, and they knew that her fortune would enable her to execute almost any plan which her inventive genius might form. Filled with these suspicions, they went immediately to her house.

Though surprized to receive a visit from her husband, more so that Sir William accompanied him, Lady Barrymore's behaviour immediately convinced them, that she had no knowledge of Amelia; it was however evident, that she was by no means displeased at the absence of Lady Stanly, and equally vexed and chagrined at the affectionate and respectful manner with which...
which Sir William spoke of her, and lamented her loss as the greatest evil that could befall him; and before they left her, Sir William in the presence of Barrymore, renounced a connection so disgraceful and ruinous; advised her to make an entire reformation in her present mode of living, and declared he should never see her more. They then took leave of this ill-fated woman, who was mortified, and disappointed, that her fascinating charms, could no longer retain either the husband, or the lover, and unable to account for a desertion which she had never thought of, nor considered any means to avert.

From Lady Barrymore's, Stanly was prevailed upon to accompany his Lordship home, and there his admiration, love and esteem for Amelia, was increased to a degree of enthusiasm by the perusal of the letters which had passed between her and Lord Barrymore. For a moment he forgot the man, and giving way to boyish sensations, wet the letter with his tears, and swore in the most solemn manner, never to admit another attachment.

The two friends now as firmly united as ever, ranged over the whole city in pursuit of a woman almost equally dear to them both. They published advertisements in every paper, fixed them in every coffee house, inn, and corner of the streets, offering immense rewards to any one, who would give the least intelligence of Lady Stanly. In consequence of these proceedings, they were amused and divided by different accounts, and at the end of a week, gave over the pursuit as fruitless and vain. Nor would they then have ceased, but Sir William worn out with fatigue and want of rest, was seized with a fever similar to that which afflicted him at Bath: he had not as then, an affectionate and lovely wife
wife to soothe his complaints, and like a pitying angel to watch over his slumbers: but the heart of Barrymore was open to every tender, and friendly sensation: he now pitied the man he had before condemned, whose misfortunes had obliterated his errors, and he considered him as his first, and earliest friend, the husband of a lovely and amiable woman. Upon her account, he could not forsake him, upon his own he wished to serve him, and never left him till his disorder had obtained a favorable crisis, and he was upon the recovery. A good constitution got the better of disease, and the search for Amelia was renewed, though as vain and fruitless as ever.

While Stanly was confined to his apartment, Lady Barrymore sought a reconciliation, and used all her arts to reinstate herself in his heart, but his conduct declared his resolution unmoved. She at length gave over her attempts, and turned her hopes to new conquests; nor was she long unsolicited; an Italian nobleman saw and did homage to her beauty, and she was prevailed upon to accompany him to Italy.
IN the mean time, Amelia was driven from her own house with a velocity, that the distress of her mind prevented her perceiving, and it was some time before she observed that she must have gone further than any coffee house. When her fears were arrested by this observation, she asked the man where he was driving her, and where Sir William was; and when she repeated her question with regard to Sir William, he paused a moment, and then said, she might make herself entirely easy, for he supposed her husband was well, as he had left him in perfect health a few minutes before he had called upon her. “And what could be your motive,” cried Amelia, “to deceive me with this dreadful tale of his danger? where are you carrying me?” “Why Madam,” he very coolly replied, “I wished to get you into my power.” “Your power!” she exclaimed, endeavouring to pull the check string, “what evil have I done you, that you thus distress me? return, I beseech of you, return me to my home, and all shall be forgiven.” “I do not intend to distress you, I intend you no evil; I do not wish for your forgiveness, for I do not wish to offend you.” “But you will let the driver convey me home, and I shall forever bless you.” “There you must excuse me, I have taken some pains to perform this exploit, and now when the business is half done, I should be an idiot if I stopped or went back.” “Gracious Heavens!” said she, “what
“what will become of me? tell me, what are your designs? do I know you, have I ever seen you?” for it was quite dark, and he had pulled up the blinds. “You do not know me,” he replied, “and till this night I have never seen you. I design to carry you to France.” “To France?” cried Amelia, and the thought struck her, that he was some distracted person, and though the idea made her tremble, it was more pleasing than any that had occurred, “to France?” “Yes fair Lady, to France. For myself, I have no designs upon you, I act in compliance with the directions of another; I do not know what my employer means to do with you, I shall obey him, and when I have safely landed you, return for my reward.” “Oh Heavens?” said Amelia, “if it is money that you expect as a reward, whatever is the sum you are to receive, return me to my family, and I will treble it; or if fear of punishment prevent your carrying me to Sir William, I will give you a draught upon my own banker for any sum you please to name, and I will tarry at any house in London till you have received it.” “I am sorry Madam, to have you give yourself any unnecessary trouble; but your proposals are vain, and your offers thrown away.”

She made use of a variety of arguments, too numerous to be repeated, but found him alike deaf to the suggestions of interest or sensibility. The little comfort she derived from his assurances of her husband’s safety helped her to sustain the load of conjectures, anxieties, and affliction, that crowded upon her mind, and almost overpowered her reason: she looked back to the earliest period of her life; she had offended no one, she had no knowledge of an enemy, for who could be one to an object so unoffending, who had loved all mankind, who had so often wiped the tear from the cheek of misfortune.
misfortune, andoothed the bed of anguish. Alas! Amelia knew but little of the world, she thought not that envy was the constant attendant of merit; she thought not that to possess every good and amiable quality, was to be set up as a beacon for the shafts of vice and folly.

She could not but wonder, that a man who appeared from several things he had said to her, to possess good abilities, and been favored with a good education, and whose person from the glimpse she had of it, wore the appearance of a gentleman, should have undertaken an office at once mean, and cruel. Alas! poor Lady Stanley into what hands are you fallen! you little suspected that this man, from a state of affluence and ease, by his own vice and folly, was reduced to misery and distress; and by a frequent repetition of crimes, betrayed into the power of a wretch more wicked, more unprincipled than himself.

De Everet in his youth, possessed talents and qualities which rightly applied, would have led him to virtue and honor; but a pliability of disposition exposed him to danger; and his first associates being vile and wicked, he became so likewise, and with his innocence he lost his fortune. This loss occasioned difficulties he little thought of. Unable to live in a state of poverty, and equally unqualified for any employment, he flew from it as the word of evils, and embraced a fiend to avoid a covered blessing. He became a pander to the vices of others, and formed so extensive an acquaintance with vice, that he forgot there was a virtue, and even doubted its reality: hardened in guilt, he cursed his easy folly which had made him the dupe of others, and wished for wealth again, that he might render it subservient to his own iniquities.

[Added]
Added to the pangs which Lady Stanly suffered at being thus dragged from her friends, and family was a sensation that now became too agonizing to be supported; it was jealousy. For when her mind reverted back to London, Lady Barrymore was presented, and fancy dressed her in a thousand graces; she had time, she had opportunity, and would she neglect them, and not attempt to regain Sir William's heart? Her beauty would render her successful, and the few happy moments that Amelia had enjoyed the affection of her husband, had taught her the value of the blessing a thousand times more sensibly, than every hour of pain and sorrow she had encountered. He had pressed her to his bosom, he had imprinted the kisses of genuine tenderness upon her glowing lips, and the dear, the supreme joy of being beloved was her's: she must now give up this vast, this mighty blessing forever, and perhaps a worthless rival might profit by her misfortune; tears followed this sad reflection; they were the tears of anguish, of sorrow, and distress; but they were the tears of innocence, for neither guilt or contrition had corroded her bosom.

They did not stop for refreshment, but only to change horses, and as the carriage was entirely close, she had no opportunity of imploring assistance from passengers. When hunger obliged her conductor to alight for the purpose of appealing it, she found he had refreshments in the carriage, and they only got out in the midst of a forest, which appeared unprinted by the foot of man, and its gloom redoubled her terror; soon indeed she was obliged to resume her seat, and was shut out from the cheerful light of the sun, and immured in darkness. This dreadful journey was prosecuted with amazing velocity.
How often did she vainly wish, that something might happen to retard their progress, that a wheel might drop from the carriage, or an horse become disabled: but no such friendly accident interposed, and she reached the sea without any interruption. A small fishing vessel was ready, and without a moment's tarry she was hurried on board, a brisk gale filled their sails, and they were soon at a great distance from land. One attempt she made for liberty was unsuccessful; the men who navigated the vessel were Spaniards, and were unacquainted except with their own language, she addressed them in French, Italian, and English, but was not understood.

She soon grew sick, and for a little while, personal and present sufferings, overcame anticipated and mental evils; but as she became a little better, though shivering with the cold, she felt, that it is only when the mind is at ease, "the body is delicate," for every fear of danger was lost in the shocking certainty, that she was now crossing the ocean with a ruffian, and leaving every enjoyment, every blessing in life behind her, while a train of horrid conjectures, rendered her bosom a perfect chaos, the seat of a thousand contending ills, and horrid forebodings.

After a short passage, they arrived at a very unfrequented part of France, and found a chaise and two horses in waiting. Without stopping to rest, he refreshed her, cold and fatigued as she was, and once more seated her in the carriage, which was open, and the weather severe for the season, and for the first time, her companion spake to her in a compassionate tone, and she thought looked at her with a countenance touched by pity. He sent a servant along, while he went at a more moderate pace to purchase a coarse great coat and hat, both
both of which she immediately put on, for till then, she
had been without cloak or scarf, or any outward covering,
and her dress, which was a fine India muslin, was but a
poor defence against the inclemency of the weather.

It was just at the dawn of a very clear autumnal
morn, that Amelia landed in France, and the whole of
that day, and the following night, they continued to
travel with a speed that surprised her; stopping only
for a moment at a time, to change horses, and to take
the slightest refreshment. The next day the travelling
became so bad, that their progress was much more
moderate, but just as the sun was setting, they ascend-
ed a hill, upon which was an old fashioned mansion,
that seemed tumbling into ruins, and yet wore an air
of magnificence and grandeur.

The chaise drove directly into a court, and her com­
panion lifted her out, for her limbs were benumbed
with long setting, and her feet refused to do their office,
He knocked loudly at the door, and the knocker echoed
through the hall, and groaned through every desert­
ed apartment. At length the door was opened, and
he bid the female attendant assist the lady to the best
chamber. Amelia's heart died within her bosom, and
with slow and reluctant steps she followed the woman
without opposition, which she saw would be in vain;
and fatigue had so overcome her spirits, that she obeyed
without resistance the direction she received. When
with difficulty she had ascended a large flight of uncar­
peted stairs which led to a chamber that had a more
decent appearance than either hall or staircase: it was
furnished with faded yellow satin, and the tapestry tho’
ol old, was untorn.

"Here Madam" said De Everet, "is your place of
abode, and till I can hear from my employer, whatever
you
you wish for, liberty excepted, is at your service. You must be fatigued, and I will see that you have every comfort. To-morrow I shall visit you, till then good night.” “Good night,” said Amelia with a deep sigh and a dejected tone.

In a few moments a man brought up an armful of dry wood, and kindled a fire, while a young woman presented her with a bowl of coffee and toast. She partook of both, which refreshed and strengthened her. Then she requested that her bed might be warmed, one of the women assisted to undress her, while the other followed her directions, and both seemed surprised at the richness of her watch, bracelet and ear rings. It ought to be remembered, that Amelia had adorned her lovely person with care, to render herself still more agreeable to Sir William; she had no night cloaths, but that was a small inconvenience compared with what she had lately suffered; her handkerchief supplied the place of a night cap, and necessity taught her to convert some part of her apparel to different uses from what they were originally designed.

She now found how great a luxury a good warm bed was when harassed with fatigue and shivering with cold. Before she was lain down, De Everet sent her up a cup of warm wine; her mind was unsuspicious, and her imagination was not filled with love powders, sleeping portions, or poison; she drank it without hesitation, and found it so composing, that in a short time every evil was forgotten, and she sunk into a tranquil repose.
CHAP. XIV.

"Alas! no more my fluttering heart
"Re-echoes to the voice of joy,
But wrapp'd in clouds of dumb despair,
Remains a prey to thorny care."

When she awoke it was past midnight, the room was dark, not a ray of light penetrated the apartment, and her mind with agony recalled the transactions of the last week; for it was exactly that time, which had elapsed since she found herself beloved by Sir William, and almost at that moment, she was torn from his arms, perhaps forever. It was in vain that she attempted to sleep till morning; the drowsy god was deaf to all her prayers, and every soft and balmy blessing eluded her grasp.

"Sleep on his dewy pinions flies from woe,
"And lights on lids unstill'd with a tear."

Poor Amelia verified the assertion of the poetic moralist, and indulged the most painful sensations, till morning broke into her chamber, and its rays, in despite of sorrow, cheered her heart, and bade her look forward with hope. It was still early when the women she had seen the preceding evening, entered her chamber and kindled a fire, and then prepared her breakfast, which was removed untouched, as she found it impossible to eat. Within a short time De Everet made his appearance.

For the first time perhaps for a number of years, he made an apology to Lady Stanly that he had brought her so unpleasant a journey, when she was so unprepared. He expressed his fears for her health, and hoped she was satisfied with the usage she had met with. "Why," said
said Lady Stanly, "do you apologize for what was an involuntary act? No one could compel you to delude an innocent woman from the bosom of her family; it is impossible for me to be well when my spirits are struggling with distress, and my heart broken with anguish. I have, it is true, been treated with civility here, and have nothing to complain of from the people I have met with: if you are sorry for my sufferings, put an end to them, and return me to my husband."

He replied that it was impossible, that he did not act for himself, but by the direction of a person whom he was obliged to obey, and who would be with them in a few days, or if he did not come would write his further orders. "And who," cried Amelia, "is this arrogant man, who has assumed a right to control my actions, and prescribe rules for my conduct?" "He is a man, madam," replied De Everet, "that I dare not offend." "Tell me his name," demanded Amelia, "and I may perhaps conjecture by what right he assumes the authority he now exercises over me." "That I am forbid to do," he replied. "Well then," she said with a sigh, "if you cannot oblige me in anything else, I beg you will leave me alone." He bowed and left her.

It was in vain that Amelia sought for a clue which might unravel this web of mystery with which her fate had surrounded her. All the live long day was spent in conjecture equally uncertain, equally futile, when at the close of it, wearied out with cares and anxiety, she sent to request a book of De Everet; for,

"The mind of solitude impatient grown,
"Loves any sorrows rather than its own."

The servant directly returned with a volume of Shakespeare, and such a power has that son of nature over the fancy that she almost forgot her own woes in the contemplation
temptation of those heroes, delineated by that first of poets. She sat up late, and when the servant came to take care of her fire, it was with reluctance she laid aside those pages, which had cheated misery of half its load; but loth to keep any one waiting, she prepared for bed. Recurring to her own helpless state, while undressing she endeavored to converse with the girl that attended, whose countenance, as she thought, was more prepossessing than the other; but she found her extremely ignorant, and incapable of understanding what she wished to communicate.

Scarcely was the door of her chamber locked for the night, when she heard soft music in an adjoining apartment: the strains were low, and sweet, such as angels tune, and seraphs hear. She listened, enraptured at the sound, and hardly dared to breathe, lest she should disturb the performer. A short symphony was played upon the instrument, which was then joined by a voice of superior melody, and though the fingers that touched the strings seemed to tremble, and the song was plaintive, she had never heard music of such divine harmony: but after a short time, the notes died away in silence, and not a sound interrupted the gloomy and almost death-like solitude.

The lamp which was placed upon the hearth was extinguished by the draught of air from the chimney, and the whole apartment was in darkness. Lifting her head from the pillow, she endeavored to penetrate the gloom of the chamber, and catch if possible a ray of light to cheer her for a moment; the search was vain, and almost overcome with a painful sensation, she wished in vain for sleep; when turning herself a little, she saw upon the head curtain a spot of light, which was for a moment bright, and then equally dark with the other parts;
parts; but directly changing, it again become bright.
This appearance varied for some time, and then continued light. Amelia put her hand to the spot, it was concealed, but upon removing her hand, she again saw it: she found however that the surface of the partition behind the curtain was not even and smooth as the other part of the chamber; she arose, and finding her scissors in her pocket book, cut a small aperture just where the light appeared, and in one moment the fears which had begun to operate upon her mind (for no mind is above or below superstition) were dissipated; for she found this appearance was occasioned by a key hole in a door, which her bed had concealed: to this she applied her eyes, and saw plainly a lamp fixed directly opposite. She received much satisfaction from thus having dissolved a charm, that had for a moment involved her powers in confusion and distress.

A thousand conjectures were instantly formed respecting the inhabitant of the adjoining apartment, and she now concluded that the music and the light had proceeded from the same place. She was sure it was not De Everet, for the voice was a female's finely toned, and exquisitely modulated; and that the person possessed of such powers, must have an elegant taste, and been blest with an education that had taught her to cultivate her natural endowments; but that she should reside in this lonesome and desolate place, in this old mansion, that appeared deserted by mirth, hospitality, or good humour, so gloomy, so remote, was an enigma, that required powers superior to her's to solve. These conjectures, by dividing her concerns and uneasiness, helped to lessen them, and after indulging them for some time, she ceased to reflect or anticipate, as sleep for a while shut out the past, the present, and the future.
The first idea that saluted her waking moments, was the person in the next chamber, she watched the window with impatience for the approach of the dawn, and as soon as it was light enough to assist her search, she arose, dressed herself, and found to her great satisfaction, that the bed stood upon castors, and that it required but little strength to remove it; which done, a small door the bolt of which was next to her, appeared behind it, which was likewise fastened by one hasp; fearful of being discovered, she lifted the hasp with care, and convinced she could at any time gain admittance, she pushed up the bed to its place, and sat down with a book in her hand, which had now lost its power to amuse; so greatly did curiosity and a hope of escape interest her: she had waited some time before the woman came up to make her fire.

Breakfast was brought immediately, and scarcely removed, when De Everet made his appearance; he made the same enquiries that he had the day before, and she thought looked melancholy and depressed; and so natural was it for Amelia to feel concerned for the sorrows or indisposition of any one, and so natural to express that concern, that she could not now avoid it. She asked if he was not well, and told him he did not look so; a glow of satisfaction mantled upon the face of De Everet, and his eyes were, animated with pleasure.

In truth, he had began to find his charge too lovely for his quiet, and he who thought he could look unmoved upon every female in the universe, could not reside two days under the same roof with Amelia, and not experience sensations which had never been excited before. It was not till their journey was performed, that he began to give entrance to a passion which could not but be pure if excited by Amelia; and this man who was not restrained
restrained by any principle of honor or integrity was not a libertine. He then found that all his reflections were upon her; he heard the music of her plaintive voice, he saw the tears fall from her mild eyes, and sleep did not shut the charming vision from his view; it presented her adorned with new beauties, and charms still more brilliant, and entreaty to be returned to her family, and calling upon his pity to rescue and relieve her.

Already he could have encountered dangers and difficulties for her sake; and to have rendered her happy, would have suffered any evil; but he did not know yet to what extremities his passion would compel him, nor how dangerous it is to admit such a guest. I do not think love an involuntary passion; it may, I am sure it may be expelled, and reason will rise superior to its influence, if timely exerted. I have known proofs of this frequently; but man is by nature a coward, and daftard-like, he does not choose to combat with passion; when he does love is conquered, and reason triumphant.

Amelia fearful of expressing any impatience at De Everet's stay, least he should suspect the cause, continued to converse with him for some time, and requested a key that she might lock her door within, and not be subject to intrusion without any intimation, as it was a circumstance that was painful to her. He was delighted to have the power to oblige her consistent with his duty, he left her for a moment, and returned with a key, which he begged she would not intrust to any one but herself. This she promised, and after staying as long as decency would admit, he left her.

As soon as he was gone, Amelia arose with impatience, and having locked the door, she again removed the bed, and with little exertion pushed back the bolt, lifted the latch, and with trembling hands knocked easily at the door.
door. She perceived some one was within; “Who is there?” said a soft and hurried voice. “An unhappy neighbour,” replied Amelia, “will you admit her to visit you?” “If unhappy,” returned the person within, “but why would you seek the society of the wretched? yet if I can alleviate your woes, I am ready to see you.”

Amelia opened the door, and beheld with a mixture of pleasure and astonishment, a woman, beautiful and elegant, standing in an attitude of surprise, within a few paces of the door. “Forgive me,” said Amelia, “if I intrude, and let my misery plead my excuse.” “And forgive me fair vision,” said the stranger, “if I doubt whether you are a reality, or the offspring of a bewildered imagination. If a reality, how great a blessing must your society prove to me; if an imaginary being, oh stay, and let me still gaze upon you!” “Alas,” replied Amelia, “I am indeed a sad proof of the existence of misfortune, and though innocent of any great offence, the victim of vice, and slave of an arbitrary power! I found myself in the neighbourhood of some sweet daughter of music, and have used all the means within my reach to enjoy her society.” “Could you know, amiable stranger,” cried the lady, “with what pleasure I receive, with what joy I hear the voice of any one, you would think no excuse necessary: but pardon my curiosity, and tell me, how became you an inhabitant of this dreary mansion?”

Amelia accepted a seat which the lady offered her, and in a very concise manner related by what means she came there. The lady thanked her for her narrative, and to return her confidence, replied, “I have been two years a prisoner in this gloomy chamber; in that time I have seen but one face, nor heard the sound of any voice but my own.” “And who” cried Amelia, “has had
had the power and cruelty to confine you?" "The tyrant is my husband," she replied, "and is called the Baron Volpoon." "Gracious heaven!" exclaimed Amelia, "is the Baron your husband?" for at that instant she recollected what Sir William had told her of the Baron's becoming the husband of the lady that Barrymore had addressed. "Is the Baron your husband, and what power has he here?" "He is" returned the lady, "possessor of this estate; but his crimes and vices to haunt his troubled conscience, that he seldom visits this place. But the hour is now arrived at which time I receive my appointed meals; retire I pray you, for if our intercourse is discovered, I shall lose the pleasure of your society entirely; but when I am alone, I will give a signal by which I can, if you will consent, enjoy once more the satisfaction of an interview with one amiable and capable of sympathy. Shall you see your attendant again to-day?" "Several times," replied Amelia. "And I shall see mine in the beginning of the evening, and as we may be subject to interruptions, we will defer our hoped for pleasure till night: permit me then to pass a few hours with you." Amelia then retired, and shutting up the door, concealed the communication by pushing up the bed. She then walked to the fire, and began to reflect upon the strangeness of her destiny.

She was then in the power of Volpoon, the very man at whose sight she had shuddered; whom she had thought fit for "murders, stratagems and treasons," and she shrunk at the idea. "Good heaven!" said she mentally, "for what unaccountable fate am I reserved? why am I betrayed into the hands of a wretch whose countenance filled me with horror, and whose questions came with chilling terror to my heart?" she reflected upon
upon his inquisitiveness respecting her, with doubt, curiosity, and anxiety, but her busy conjectures helped not to develope the mystery, for they only misled her.

She received her usual meals, eat but little, said but a few words, and desired her attendant to bring up a fresh supply of wood; told her she would lock the door, and desired not to be disturbed till late in the morning, as she had slept but little the night before. She was immediately obeyed, and as the house was early silent, she concluded the inhabitants were wrapped in sleep; when removing the bed, she again entered the lady’s chamber, who met her with impatience at the door, took her hand with affection, and led her to a seat. “I have been longing to see you my lovely neighbour,” said she, “and counting the moments with impatience, and surely time never went so slow as it has for this hour passed.”

Amelia now seated by a good fire, ventured to look around the chamber: it was large, the windows high from the floor, and grated with iron bars; it was hung with tapestry, and the bed was of blue velvet, which bore marks of great antiquity. Her harpsichord, with a book case, occupied one side of the room, and a large wardrobe the other. The lady was dressed in black; and Amelia thought she had never seen a more lovely, or interesting woman. Her hair was concealed by a large cap, which came close to her face, and was fastened upon her head by a ribbon of the same sable color as her dress. After conversing a short time upon the events that had made them acquainted, Amelia expressed a wish to know the circumstances which had confined the unfortunate Baronefs, who immediately gratified her curiosity by the following detail:

CHAP.
CHAP. XV.

Thus the gay victim with fresh garlands crown'd,
Pleas'd with the warlike site's enlivening sound,
Through gazing multitudes in state proceeds,
And drest in fatal pomp magnificently bleeds,

"My misfortunes commenced with my being,
as my father died the day that I first saw the light, and
my truly affectionate mother followed him twelve years
after. Thus before I was thirteen, I found myself sole
heirress to an immense estate, under the guardianship of
a man, void of honor, probity, or virtue. Exclusive of
the wealth of my parents, of which I was to be put in
possession when I attained my twentieth year, if then un-
married, I was presumptive heirress to my uncle's father,
who was obliged by the will of his father, to bestow his
property upon the children of his nephew, if he died
without children of his own, a circumstance highly prob-
able, as he was a bachelor, and advanced in years. I
mention thus minutely these circumstances, because they
are the cause of my misfortunes.

"My dear parents had been so imposed upon, that
they thought Monsieur Cleland a man of probity, and
placed in him an implicit confidence: and till I had
been several months under his protection, I knew but
little of his true character. My education had been
early attended to; and my masters still continued their
aid; nor was one branch of polite and elegant instruc-
tion neglected: but I thought my guardian seemed to
grudge me my own money, for he always grumbled
when he paid the several bills that were presented him,
though not an hundredth part of my income, and I
found
found it very difficult to obtain money to assist those persons whom my mother had taught me to consider as objects of my benevolence. I was limited at first to very small supplies, and within three years not permitted to have the use of any: my spirits were high, and I could but ill brook a restraint so unjust.

"I applied to my good old uncle, who was affectionately attached to me, and a liberal worthy man; he supplied my purse in a most bountiful manner, and advised me to patience till my minority was expired. By his advice, I rejected the proposals of several persons who solicited my hand, and were quite agreeable to my guardian. Wealth has a charm that will attract attention, and respect; and my fortune gained me many admirers. I became gay, volatile and thoughtless; I neglected my mind, and spent more time in adorning and improving my person, than ought to be sacrificed by any rational woman. Vanity shut up those avenues of my heart that led to charity and kindness, and I grew indifferent except to adulation. How long this dangerous lapse of every virtuous or praiseworthy pursuit would have lasted I know not, if I had not been awakened from this dangerous delirium of folly, by an acquaintance with a young gentleman, whose merit aroused the dormant qualities which had been laid asleep by flattery.

"It is now seven years since I became known to a Mr. Barrymore, son of an English nobleman, who had accompanied his parents to France. I was so fortunate as to please Lady Barrymore, and was often with her, and had frequent opportunities to observe virtues which before I had only heard of; and dreamed not of their being ever realized: but this young gentleman was at that time a man of the highest merit, and of the most accomplished
accomplished and elegant manners of any one I had ever seen. He talked to me without flattery; treated me as a rational being; endeavored to open my mind to the influence of truth, and lead me to the sacred shrine by the paths of reason.

"He paid the most dutiful attention to his parents; the most punctual observance to his word; respectful to all that deserved it; kind to all: he was beloved, esteemed, and admired; was the envy and emulation of every class. My eyes were opened to his merits, and my own little worth; I endeavored to deserve his friendship, and succeeded. In two months I made a greater proficiency in all my studies, than I had done in two years before; and the advice of this young man did more towards improving and polishing my mind, than all the masters I had ever had, and all the books I had ever read.

"When I look back upon this period of my life, I condemn myself, and regret that it was so much in the power of an attachment to influence my conduct, as the growing affection to which I could not be blinded had. My acquaintance rallied me, my guardians advised me, my uncle cautioned me; but he was too closely connected with my heart: so interwoven was he with my existence, that for one moment I could not detach my mind from him, nor drive him one instant from my thoughts: he engaged all my waking contemplations, and fancy attired him in my dreams, in a thousand graces.

"I am persuaded he saw my infatuation, and pitied it, for he was one of those uncommon characters, that do not despise the foolish heart they have gained, nor esteem a woman the less for being sensible of their own merit. On the other hand, Mr. Barrymore saw my attachment,
attachment, and returned it; and when he said "Hen­rietta I love you," I thought my throbbing heart would have burst its prison. A declaration on his part, was followed by preparations on mine, for the most im­portant transaction of my life. My guardian gave his consent, though Mr. Barrymore often said he was a vil­lain: "he wished me to buy you of him Henrietta," said he, "as though wealth could purchase a heart like yours: but the wretch wanted to compromise, and get a third of your fortune for his approbation, but I spurn­ed the villain from me." How often in the course of one short month, did I examine my heart, and ask how I had deserved the blessings poured in upon me, and the good fortune that attended me. My lover carried me to visit my good uncle, but I found him in a situa­tion most distressing; he had by a paralytic shock lost the use of his left side, and of his speech; the sight was dis­tressing, and I hastened from a scene so afflictive.

"The day following, Lord Barrymore went to view a villa that he had thought to purchase; his son attend­ed him; they were to be absent three days, and I count­ed the hours with impatience till they should return. Early the second morning my guardian called on me in a carriage: "I have promised your lover," said he, "to bring you into the country to-day, to view the pur­chase he is making, will you comply with his wishes and accompany me?" My heart leaped for joy at the pro­posal, and I was soon on my way to the villa. While we were seated in the chariot, Mr. Cleland informed me that the Baron Volpoon loved me, and had proposed himself as a lover, and if his advice was taken, I should not hesitate to prefer him to Mr. Barrymore, who he declared to be an expensive, gay young man, who would in a short time dissipate my fortune, and that
that I should repent my indiscretion in marrying him. You will not suppose that I set calmly and heard the man of my heart thus abused; no, I resented the calumny, and my base guardian was silent!

"In a very reserved way we continued our journey till the sun had long passed its zenith, and was fast descending behind the western hills, when I beheld this mansion, which had for years been consecrated to gloom and remorse. There said my companion is the place of your residence, how does it suit you? Alas! I looked through optics that were dazzled by a strong attachment, and thought that even here I could be happy with Barrymore. I replied that the local situation could not materially influence my felicity, and that I meant to be contented where it would best suit the convenience of my connections. I however remarked, that it was distant from Paris, and wore a gloomy aspect.

"In a few moments we entered the court yard, and I was astonished to see the Baron Volpoon come out to meet us. As he opened the door of the carriage, my heart misgave me, and I refused to take his hand; but what could the resistance of a feeble female avail, when opposed to the strength of my vile guardian, and that wretch. I was taken from the carriage and carried into the house, and in spite of tears, remonstrances, entreaties, and faintings, I was forced to become the wife of the man my soul abhorred, and my fate bound me for life to one whose society, even for an hour, would have been irksome to me. I shall not attempt to describe the dreadful ceremony; for a while reason was lost in the sad, the cruel reflection, and several days elapsed that I have no recollection of: but it soon resumed its seat, and taught me how truly wretched I was.

"Abused, betrayed, unfortunate; united to the one I hated, and forced from the man I loved; the idea of
his virtues rushed upon my mind, bid me exert myself, and since I could not live for him, at least render myself worthy of him. With this view I hushed my sorrows, ceased to complain, and applied myself with as much diligence as possible, to the duties thus imposed upon me. I asked no question, for curiosity was dead within me; made no request, for the tyrant could not reverse the sentence that had entailed misery upon me. I continued here, and the first ray of satisfaction that my benighted mind received, was when he left me. The servants had from my first arrival, behaved with respect and attention, and I thought I could read emotions of pity in all their faces; and when their master left me, that respect became so pointed and so consolatory, that it was a balm to my wounded heart.

"I had now leisure to reflect, and when I cast a retrospective glance, I found that my heart had been absorbed too much by one dear object, that still held its place within the fondest, softest folds of my heart. I resolved, if possible, to drive him from it, and studied for employment as a guard against so dangerous an intruder. Four months I continued in the constant pursuit of duty, rendering the services of my domestics easy. The few people who were in this dreary neighborhood, were poor and miserable, and the power to lighten in any measure the heavy load with which they were burdened, mitigated my own calamities. I had always wondered that the chamber I am now in, was constantly locked, and whenever I mentioned it, an air of mystery seemed to set upon every face, and I received no satisfactory answer.

"But one morning in passing the door, I saw a large key lay upon the carpet; and it was now that my curiosity betrayed me to an act, which was perhaps wrong, though
though I cannot, such were the consequences, repent of it. I opened the door, and beheld with horror and astonishment a woman, whose whole appearance bespoke misery in the extreme: her astonishment, if possible, exceeded mine; and after a few moments recollection, she begged me to preserve the key as the means of visiting her again, and for the present to leave her, lest we should be discovered. And you madam, can conceive with what impatience I waited till I heard the key enquired for, and saw one of the servants set off for a little village in pursuit of a smith to get a new one. This was the woman that lost it.

"I then visited the chamber, and heard from the lips of this once beautiful woman, a tale so full of horror, that I know not how to repeat it. She had been the wife of the Baron's brother, and with her husband resided here. A child, an infant, was at nurse at a village a few miles from hence, as the air of this solitary abode was unhealthy for children. Here she had enjoyed more happiness than Paris could bestow, as she loved her husband passionately, and he was the best of men, and they rendered all around them happy. The Baron often visited them, and upon one of these visits her husband died suddenly, and her distress was augmented by an account of her child's death. These repeated woes suspended her faculties, and she was seized with transient distraction; but when at last her recollection was restored, she found herself in this apartment, attended by a strange servant, who brought her every day a scanty supply of food, and refused to answer any question she had put to her." "She ended her narrative with a description of wretchedness which filled my heart with sympathy, and my eyes with tears, and I determined to effect her escape if possible.

"I knew
"I knew that at the distance of nine miles from here was a convent, and Madam Volpoon informed me, that the superior was a relation of her's. My mind was so agitated by the cruelty of the Baron, that I found it would be impossible for me to live with him, and I determined to become the companion of her flight; and having furnished her with some of my clothes, I prevailed upon one of the servants to assist our escape that very night. We were successful; and before day we were received at the convent, with those sensations, which you may suppose were occasioned by escaping from a tyrant we hated, and feared; who was a cruel brother, and a brutal husband.

"Though Madam Volpoon could not become a nun, yet she assumed the habit, and put herself under the protection of the abbess, who commenced a suit against the Baron for his sister's fortune, which he was obliged to restore. I had hardly enjoyed the satisfaction of seeing this amiable and highly injured woman, restored to life, to liberty, and tranquility by my means, when my husband reclaimed me of the superior; and as I was a married woman, she could not detain me. I was delivered up to my tyrant, who conducted me in full silence to the very apartment in which his sister had been confined. As he led me in, he said, "Here madam is the place destined for your abode, you have been foolish enough to liberate a mad woman, and by that means lightened my fortune: you shall take her place and reside here till your old uncle dies, as soon as that event puts your property into my power, I will take care that you are no further trouble to any one. Till then, you will be attended by a domestic, who will keep a strict watch upon your motions, and supply you with every real necessary. One thing more I will tell you, and that
is, that your infamous lover Barrymore, has met his fate, and fallen by my hand, which is now stained with his blood, this is the last time I shall converse with a faithless and unconstant woman."

"Can your spotless purity, Lady Stanly, forgive me, can your unblemished virtue pardon me, when I confess that I was so weak as to faint at this intelligence? Yes, I fainted! and upon my recovery, I vainly wished for death, and shed tears of bitter regret to the memory of the most exalted, most virtuous of men! Since then, life has been a burden, and not a morning or night has appeared, in which I have not prayed for permission to lay it down. Lately I have been more resigned, and my misery has been more calm than it used to be. My sensations at meeting you were pleasing, they were new to my heart, which has long been unacquainted with satisfaction, and I hardly knew how to welcome you as I ought."

After Lady Stanly had thanked this unfortunate and lovely woman for thus gratifying her curiosity, she undeceived her by degrees with respect to Lord Barrymore's death. After enjoying her surprize, and satisfying her doubts, she proceeded: "It is not a fortnight since I have seen him, he was then well, and if you can derive any satisfaction from this assurance, I shall count my sorrows lessened in having lessened yours."

"These tears, dear Lady Stanly, the first tears of joy which I have known for more than four years, will witness how rejoiced my heart is to know this best of men is living, that my tyrant has not stained his hands with his blood, and that the world still boasts of such an ornament. For you can never conceive, nor can I describe the horror of my heart, when I reflected that I was united to a murderer, and that the most perfect of men had
had fallen a sacrifice to the revenge and malice of the worst. I shall now sleep in peace, and consider my imprisonment and sorrows as trifles less than nothing; I shall rise in the morning refreshed; the day will not be lengthy, nor the night tedious; my heart is still active to joy, and I am still capable of transport.

Lady Stanly embraced her with affection, and left her with satisfaction to enjoy that repose, which she was herself incapable of receiving.
"When my short glass its latest sand shall run,
And death approach to fright the lookers on,
Softly may I sigh out my soul in air,
Stand thou my pitying guardian angel there!
Guide and conduct her through the milky-way,
To the bright regions of eternal day:
Then shall I joy to leave this clay behind,
And peace in better, happier mansions find.

The narrative of the unfortunate Baronesse had effectually banished sleep from the eyes of Amelia. Her heart was filled with woe, and her mind disturbed by conjectures. She counted the moments till Aurora with her rosy fingers ushered in the morning, and threw a gleam of light around her chamber. Alas, her heart was darkened, and no cheering sunshine darted athwart her sad and gloomy prospects.

That she was in the power of the Baron Volpoon was certain, that he was a base unprincipled man, was an equal certainty, but what end did her confinement answer, or how could it conduce to the good or interest of Volpoon, was a question, which she repeatedly asked herself, and that still remained undecided. With anguish she looked forward to the moment that would determine her fate by unravelling the mystery in which it was involved.

She arose unrefreshed, and unhappy, and after taking a slight refreshment, received a visit from De Everet; and though her mind was much employed upon her own concerns, she could not but observe a decided change which seemed to have taken place in him; he was gloomy, unconversible and agitated: he tarried more
more than an hour, and then left her; himself the sport of passion and sorrows; the wretched Amelia the victim of treachery and wickedness. The day passed as usual, and at night she visited the Baroness, and found her affections stronger than in the preceding interview. Two days more of confinement, and nights of friendly consolation were spent, and they looked forward to an unlimited period, in which each other were to participate and lessen the woes they could not foresee or remove. On the third while they were conversing, the door was thrown open, and the servant or rather goaler of the Baroness entered and with astonishment beheld Lady Stanly. They were both silent, unable to address each other, or the domestic, who after a moment's hesitation told them, that duty to her master demanded their immediate separation; that she was sorry, but she must assure them she should prevent their future meetings. It was in vain that they both used every argument to prevent so rigid an observance of her duty; and Lady Stanly was forced to retire after embracing the unfortunate Baroness, and urging her to preserve her fortitude, to be resigned, and indulge hope and pleasing expectation, and by no means indulge the fiend despair.

The Baroness on her part was afflicted by this new proof of despotism and tyranny: she had but a few days tasted the sweets of friendship, and found them a balm for her various sorrows; and she could not now renounce them without anguish unutterable. She followed her friend to the door of her chamber, once more closed her in a fond embrace, and saw it fastened beyond the possibility of her strength to open it.

Scarcely had Amelia recovered any degree of calmness, before she heard De Everet at her door, desiring
to be admitted. She begged to be excused from seeing
him that night, assured him she would receive him in
the morning, but that at present she needed repose. He
left her immediately, and she threw herself upon the
bed of anguish, and once more took a retrospect of her
misfortunes, her eyes swollen with weeping, her face
pale and faded, her limbs trembling with weakness. In
the morning she met De Everet, and thought, vainly
thought, she could not be more wretched than at present;
he absolutely started at her altered looks, and his own
countenance declared he did not enjoy any great share
of composure.

After regretting the necessity which he said had rendered
it necessary to abridge the liberty which her ingenuity aff-
sisted by accident had procured, he begged she would in-
form him by what means she had incurred the hatred or
displeasure of the Baron. "It would be impossible for
me" she replied, "to form a conjecture upon the subject:
I never saw the Baron except at Sir William’s table; I
then treated him with the civility that I thought due to a
stranger of distinction, and a guest of my husband’s and
was far from imagining those visits were to be the occa-
sion of so much wretchedness to me."

De Everet muttered villain, and turning to her, said,
"I have received a letter from the Baron, which con-
tains some very extraordinary directions, and in my
opinion very cruel." "If they respect me," cried Lady
Stanly, "why may I not be acquainted with them."
"Because," cried De Everet, "because I cannot for
my soul, shock your innocence and virtue." "And
how is it possible," cried Amelia, "that you who are so
tender of my feelings now, could ever so cruelly sport
with my happiness, as to tear me from all that is dear
in life, and render even life itself a burden? Why did
you
you become the tool of an unprincipled man? If you have any sense of honor or humanity yourself, why do you not spurn the wretch that employs you, and establish yourself in some respectable way.

"Ah, madam!" replied De Everet, "you can never know the net, the inexplicable net, in which I am involved. I am not my own master, my vices and my weakness have betrayed me; I have gone on blindfold to my own destruction; it is you that have taken the bandage from my eyes; you have shewn me the heinousness of vice, and your virtues have taught me the beauties of virtue.

"If that is the case," said Amelia, "give me a proof of it; restore me to my husband: If you want support, he will give it you; if you need a protector, he will be one to you. He is affluent, and he will not suffer the restorer of his wife to want a friend, or that wealth which he will with pleasure bestow."

"It is impossible Lady Stanly, absolutely impossible," he interrupted, "I could as soon make a world as to carry you to England. Even this house is filled with spies, for the Baron is jealous of my fidelity, and every avenue by which we could escape is watched. Should I disobey his commands, my life must pay the forfeit, for I have long known his revengeful disposition, and am sure he would not stop short of that."

"Well then," cried Lady Stanly, "what are his commands, let me know what is required of you." "Here," said De Everet, holding out a paper with a trembling hand, while he averted his face that she might not read his emotions, "Here is the Baron's letter;" and as he delivered it to her, he walked to the window.

Amelia opened it with trembling impatience, and read with astonishment and horror, an order, not for her removal
moval, which she expected, nor release, but it was an order for her death, her immediate death, for which he promised to give a sufficient reason upon his arrival, and a sufficient reward for the performance. Her hand trembled as she read the fatal mandate, her eyes for a moment became dim, she could scarce credit the evidence of her senses; she thought she must be deceived; she again perused it, and saw in legible characters an order for her death, signed by the Baron's hand, and with his name. It was for death! what had she done to merit death? how had she deserved it? and by what right could he inflict it? Her conscience told her that she had never committed a deed that could merit so severe a punishment: but at the same time it told her, that innocence was no security; that she was in the power of an oppressor, who had every thing upon his side but innocence, and though that was no shield against his attacks, yet it was against the stings of remorse and discontent, it was unacquainted with the pangs of a guilty conscience; it taught her to think with calmness and composure of death, to forgive and pity her oppressor. With her eyes fixed upon the fatal paper, she continued for some time silent; a tear stole gently down her cheek, a cheek that alternately glowed like crimson, and was pale as the faded snow drop.

De Everet unable to fix his eyes upon any object, turned them sometimes upon her, and then upon the window, and as he read the various workings of her heart in her intelligent countenance; beheld that tear as it slowly descended her cheek, and unable to withstand his own sensations, turned towards her, and threw himself upon his knees. "There is" said he "but one alternative, forgive me Lady Stanly! oh, forgive me! if I propose what in any other situation would be deemed..."
"Rise," said Amelia with dignity, "rise, and leave this unbecoming posture, and say what you have to propose." "No," returned De Everet, "I cannot, shall not rise, till I have made the only proposal in my power. You have read the commands of the Baron, you see by the tenor of his letter, by his threats, that my life is in his power: but for your sake I will risk my life; and if you will give me leave protect you, I will to the last moments of my life, and effectuate if possible our escape. Will you be the companion of my flight? Forgive me Lady Stanly, forgive me, when I say I love you."

While he spoke, Amelia looked at him with confusion and anger, her face assumed the glow of indignation, her eyes sparkled with resentment, and she arose from her chair with a motion at once dignified and humbled. "No Sir," she exclaimed, "if I cannot live with honor, I prefer death, and you may execute the commands of your employer when you please, your infamous proposal has inflicted anguish more severe than those commands." She looked at him, and his face expressed so much real distress, that she was in some measure disarmed of her anger, and she continued, "You ought to remember sir, the respect that is due to one so unfortunate as to be wholly in your power. To protect distressed innocence, and not to insult it, would be the business and delight of a good mind. I pity you sir, from my soul I pity you, and I feel that in comparison to you or to your master, I am an object of envy, rather than commiseration."

"Oh, my God!" said De Everet, "why am I reserved for this." "Stop," interrupted Lady Stanly, "stop, and call not upon that name, least thy impious lips are closed forever. He permits evils for purposes infinitely..."
infinitely just, but which from infinite wisdom, are hid from mortal view. We have no right to arraign his power, or his mercy, because his decrees are inscrutable to us. I never shall fall by the hands of an assassin, but by his permission, and if my life can be of any service here, he can in one instant, turn even the flinty heart of your master from a purpose which must be abhorrent to the eye of purity. Leave me sir, leave me for the present,"

"Not" said De Everett, "till you have forgiven me."

"Well then," she replied with mildness, "I wish to be alone, I pity you, and will if possible forgive you."

"Have you madam a wish that I can grant?" said De Everett. Amelia hesitated; at length she said "I would wish to relieve Sir William's mind from the state of suspense I know he must be in, and I will write a line that shall endanger no one. Will you engage to deliver it after I am no more?" He promised he would: "And when" she enquired, while her voice faultered, "when will you execute the orders you have received." "You see by the letter that the Baron will be here to-morrow; till twelve at night you have to prepare." "I want no preparation," she replied: "He who gave me life, and has hitherto preserved me, will not now forsake me. He will prepare me, I can do nothing for myself." De Everett bowed and left her.

It was some time before Lady Stanly could assume composure to use the materials for writing which De Everett had brought her up. She walked about her chamber, looked out of her window, and settling down by the fire, shut her eyes as if to look more clearly into herself. The investigation gave her pleasure: she found nothing to turn from with fear or remorse: her prospects had long been clouded, but she looked beyond the horizon
horizon to which the sun of her days was approaching, and saw a glimpse of unclouded day. Still life was a blessing that she did not think of leaving without reluctance; that she could not willingly relinquish: she was weary, and wished to lay down her burden, but it was her miseries, not her life that she was tired of. She endeavored to recollect those martyrs who had died for their religion, but she did not die for her's; she had no motive to encourage her, for her life was to be sacrificed by the cruelty of a villain; she was to fall by the hand of an assassin, and she could not possibly penetrate into any purpose that her death could answer.

To die alone, unpitied, unmourned, at the silent hour of midnight, in this gloomy chamber, was in itself a shocking idea. She had no incitements to heroism, no inducements to fortitude; and when she endeavored to obtain calmness, it was not to be applauded by a multitude of spectators, nor admired by the world; it was to gain the approbation of her own heart; it was to do that which was well-pleasing in the sight of him, whose eyes can penetrate the darkest obscurity, and whose presence can illuminate the thickest gloom. Falling on her knees, she prayed fervently for resignation, and arose calm and tranquil.

She sat down and wrote to Sir William. Fearful that her letter would not be delivered if she was not guarded in her expressions, she only informed him, that her life had fallen a sacrifice to some unknown enemy: she begged him not to seek revenge, even if he found her murderer, but to forgive him. She lamented her separation from him, assured him of her continued affection, recommended his son to his care, and continued kindness, requested him to recompense the fidelity of his servants, to be kind to the poor in general, and to those
of Virtue. 199

those in particular who had been supported by her bounty; and concluded by wishing him every happiness, and a prayer that they might meet in a better world, "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

After directing her letter, which she did not seal, she found herself more composed; her dinner had been brought up, and removed untasted; she had not broke her fast for the day, and now felt faint from want of rest and refreshment. She recollected that the trial she had to go through required strength, personal strength, to support her fortitude; and she feared her mind would want corporeal as well as mental support. Perhaps too at this moment, she who through her whole life had never betrayed any vanity, was in some measure influenced by it, for she dressed her hair with more care than she had done since she left her home, and put on all the little ornaments that had adorned her person; but she did not know that De Everet was in the adjoining antechamber, and from a partition which had a partition in it, beheld all her movements; she did not know that at that moment his heart declared her the loveliest object he had ever beheld, and that his reason acquiesced with his heart.

It grew near night, the sun was sunk beneath the western hills, and the moon arose in the east: she gazed upon it for some time, and beheld the shades of every object, after lengthening to an immeasurable extent, fade entirely away. A few clouds were driven towards the south; the wind whistled amongst the tops of the trees, and as it passed this mansion of despair, howled in the adjoining forest. She listened to its passing sighs, and at length beheld the stars twinkle amongst the light clouds.

"To-morrow"
"To-morrow" said she mentally, "I shall, I trust, be above those faint luminaries, beyond the possibility of pain, sorrow or regret; freed from the cares and business of this vain world. How little reason have I to regret the loss of life, and yet how unwilling am I to quit it. I have heard of people who were willing to meet the grisly tyrant in all his horrors, and give up life without a sigh. I should deceive myself were I to pretend this is the case with me, and yet I hope I shall appear composed: I have nothing to fear from death, and nothing to hope from life. The one opens a clear unclouded prospect; the other confinement, solitude, fear, and distress; the one presents me freed from pain, sin, and guilt; the other incident to sickness and sorrow, a slave to the vices of others, liable to err, and subjected to every frailty of human nature. The advantages are on the side of death, and yet I am so weak, and so wicked, that I had rather endure life with all its evils a little longer than meet death. Alas, how very frail I am, and how little did I know of myself! This one dreary hour, this sad and solemn moment, renders me more acquainted with my weakness, than my whole life has done before."

She was interrupted by a servant, who brought her up wine, chocolate, and bread, and a note from De Everett, requesting it as a proof of her forgiveness, that she would take some refreshment. Indeed she found it necessary, and she wrote upon the back of his note:—

"I should indeed be more unfit than I really am to appear before the most high, if I could not from my heart forgive every injury that I ever received; nor could I expect forgiveness for my own sins and iniquities, if I harbored any thing like revenge against those who are destined to be my executioners. I can sincerely pity and pray for them."
them. I accept the refreshment you have sent, not as a testimony of forgiveness and amity, for I hope my word is sufficient, but because I find it necessary to support my sinking frame and drooping spirits."

She gave this billet to the servant, who viewed her with a kind of scrutiny, that even at that time was painful; and after he had left her, drank a few spoonfuls of chocolate, and ate a bit of bread. She then sat down, opened a book, and tried to be enough composed to read with attention. The attempt was vain, for though her eye was fixed on the page, her mind reverted back upon herself, and when she reflected upon her situation, that in a few hours her blood would stain the floor and be lavished upon her clothes, she shuddered with horror, and it curdled in her veins. She had not slept for two nights, and surprising as it may appear, grew drowsy.

She arose from her seat, and after drinking a glass of wine, in which she silently wished the health of her husband, she wrapped herself in the bed clothes, and after recommending her sleeping moments to the protection of Him who had been her support, and feeling that the forgave all the world, a soft though transient repose soon closed her senses.
CHAP. XVII.

"A sight of horror to the cruel wretch
Who all day long in sordid pleasure roll'd,
Himself a useless load, has squander'd all
Upon a scoundrel train, what might have cheer'd
A drooping family of modest worth.

But to the gen'rous still improving mind,
That gives the hopeless heart to sing for joy,
Diffusing kind beneficence around,
To him the long review of order'd life,
Is inward rapture."  

Thompson.

SHE was awakened by the striking of a large clock that stood in the apartment below her. It was midnight, and she saw De Everet stand by the side of her bed; his purpose she could not doubt, and the first glance she gave him, she read assassin in every feature of his face: it scowled in his dark eyes, it lurked upon his cheek, and his lips seemed ready to pronounce the dreadful sentence. Her heart died within her bosom, her pulse fluttered in every artery, and for a moment life seemed suspended. She sighed deeply! her mild blue eyes were raised to his face, and she extended her hand as if to defend her bosom from the dagger that she saw suspended at his side. She shuddered! tears rushed to her eyes, and the crimson forsook her cheeks! "Ah!" said she "and must I die? well then be it so, it must be right, for it is permitted." She raised herself upon the bed, while De Everet seemed labouring with some hidden purpose: he looked at her, it was the look of pity. "Rise," said he: she attempted to obey him: "Alas, I am weak, and my trembling limbs refuse to follow the impulse of my heart!" replied she, "and why not here, I would
I would fain die decently?" "Come", cried De Everet, 
"arife, and exert a little fortitude, I will affift you," and he offered her his hand. She could not accept it, her's shrunk from the touch of her murderer, and she again sunk upon the bed.

"By heaven," cried De Everet, "I mean you no e-vil, arife, put confidence in me; I am a convert to your virtue, and I will defend you with my life: but you must get up, and leave if possible this place: A few hours are all that are left, and this opportunity once lost, can never be regained." Lady Stanly at first supposed she was in a dream; his voice sounded like the music of the spheres, and pity and soft benevolence glowed upon his features. She could scarce trust her hopes that she was not deceived. She panted for breath, and respired with difficulty. She rubbed her eyes with her hand, and waited till he had a second time conjured her to rise, before it was possible to obey him.

He wrapped the great coat around her that she had worn upon her journey, and tying a handkerchief about her head, she followed him in silence through the dark passages of the mansion. When arrived at the great door, he opened it with care, and leading her down the steps, the fresh air that brushed upon her face convinced her that she was really awake. Upon turning an angle in the court yard, the snow and hail beat directly upon her, but she minded them not, and only breathed a prayer to be delivered from the house and its inhabitants; she was contented to combat the contending elements; and thought not of wind nor cold.

As soon as they reached the gate which was broken down, she saw a horse standing by the wall, and her conductor enquired if she could ride on horseback; she replied in the affirmative, and as her mind was newly animated
animated by hope, her nerves were newly strung, and
her whole frame braced by gratitude and expectation.
Without difficulty she sprang up behind her preserver,
and putting her arm around him, rode in apparent sa-
fty. He went as fast as a very fleet steed could go, in
travelling uncommonly bad, which was rendered still
worse by a fall of snow, which in that country is unfre-
quently. She asked no questions till they entered a dark
forest, which in some measure shielded them from the
storm, and obliged him to slacken his pace: it was then
that she enquired what course he meant to pursue.

"There is" said he, "beyond this forest, a convent
which will be an asylum for you; if we can reach that,
you will be safe. For my own part, I shall leave France
with all the expedition in my power, for I am certain the
Baron will pursue me with all the ardor of disappoint-
ed revenge, and I am not sure that any country will be a
refuge or security against his vengeance."

"But you are not," said Amelia, "I fear, prepared
for a long journey or voyage, and as you have to pre-
serve my life, exposed your own to danger, you must
suffer me to supply the means. My purse, together
with my watch, rings and bracelets, will be a sum suffi-
cient to defray your expences till you reach a place of
safety, and if I can find where my deliverer lives, he
shall never want while I have the power to supply him."

"No," said De Everet, "I cannot accept your offer-
ed presents, I have enough to carry me to Spain, and
when there arrived, I will bury myself in a convent, and
atone by penitence and contrition for the sins I have
been guilty of." "I am grieved," replied Amelia,
that you have been guilty of any crimes of so enor-
mous a nature, as to require such severe contrition.
When your reflections become too painful, think upon
the
the virtue which has made you boldly risque your own
life, to preserve that of an innocent woman." "It will"
cried De Everet, "be the only consolation that I shall
carry with me, that I have had the power to save the
best, the loveliest of her sex, it will cheer my solitary
hours by day, and suggest agreeable dreams by night."
"It surprises me," said Amelia, "that a soul so capa-
ble of reflecting, so capable of a noble exertion, should
ever have been the slave to vice, or subjected to remorse.
It must have been by some uncommon means, some
great and extraordinary temptation."
"No," replied De Everet, "my mind was naturally
as much inclined to good as evil, but the curse of early
independence has been my ruin: it dazzled and bewildered
my imagination; I was misled by flattering and vicious
associates; pilfered by more needy, more knowing com-
panions, and I became poor and wretched. I have
squandered, not enjoyed my wealth; I have dissipat-
it upon the wicked and the gay, not upon the poor and
unfortunate; and I have no praiseworthy action, no
benevolent deed to reflect upon. If I had comforted
one widow, or supported one orphan, I should never
have fallen into the miseries that have attended me;
the reflection would have been my shield against vice,
and I must have triumphed in the midst of poverty.
"But fate threw me in the way of the Baron Volpoon,
and I became, gracious heaven! the tool of his iniqui-
ty: and though avarice is his ruling passion, though
to obtain wealth he has sacrificed his peace here, and
happiness hereafter, yet he rewarded my services in such
a manner, that he became as useful to me as I was to
him. It is (for I can now reflect) the easy gradations
from virtue to vice, the different degrees of wickedness
that become dangerous: for who in a state of inno-
cence
ence could look at great crimes without shuddering, or who with one gigantic stride could leap from the peaceful security of virtue, to the deep abyss of guilt? No one, we approach by degrees, and by short steps exceed the limits, overlap the bounds, and become irreparably guilty without thinking of guilt.

"This was the case with me, the Baron had engaged to give up one third of the fortune of the lady he married, to her guardian, if he would bring about his marriage with her, for the lady was averse to the Baron, and loved another. By fraud and force, the nuptials were performed; but he could not with satisfaction give up his claims to so large a property. I was dragged into this quarrel: we fought, and taking advantage of my adversary when his back was turned, I stabbed him. The moment I saw him fall, I would have given my life to have saved him. The Baron, with one of his domestics, were witnesses of this transaction, and far from calming the tumults of my mind, they gave it its proper name, and called it murder! murder was vociferated in my ears, and I was threatened to be given up to justice. I could not bear the thoughts to be made a public spectacle, and receive a punishment due to my crimes; and then I felt the full value of that virtue, of that innocence, which I had lost.

"I was now more than ever the slave of the Baron. I did whatever he wished, or arbitrarily commanded, and was every moment in fear, lest he should call upon me to perform some crime more horrid if possible, than what I had been guilty of. At last, he demanded that I should bring you to France. I call heaven to witness, that I had no idea of his intention! I knew the Baron with all his other vices, hated women, and shunned as much as possible their society. I wondered at
at his demands, but supposed that some face more lovely than common, had awakened an attachment that he had been a stranger to till then. I undertook the task, and laid the plan that ensnared you.

"How I succeeded you already know, but you can never know, how very wretched the success has made me, nor how sincerely I repented of it. I will not offend your purity Lady Stanly by the mention of passions that your beauty, goodness, and distress excited: they exist no longer, but esteem, veneration and respect preside in their room. When I received the fatal mandate, my soul recoiled with horror from the performance. It was brought by that servant who last attended you; he is a villain, and a ruffian, but his lord did not wholly confide in him, he was left to conjecture, and sent as a spy upon my actions. Forgive me madam, if I tried to perform what I endeavored to think a duty. I could not succeed, and even yesterday determined to save you if possible, but it was necessary to wear the appearance of hardened villainy to deceive one more determined and wicked than myself.

"I have thus far succeeded in your deliverance, and in one hour we shall reach the convent, where you may reside with safety, till you can write your husband, who will undoubtedly fly to regain you. For me, I will try to escape, but this dreadful sentence is written against me (it founds in my ears every moment of my life) that "He who sheds blood, by man shall his blood be shed." And I am persuaded, that vengeance will one day overtake me for the death of Cleland who fell by my hand."

Lady Stanly was grieved and shocked at this recital, she found in it much to blame and much to pity. Is it strange that one so recently obliged should forget the former and indulge only the last sensation? The storm encreased
increased to a great degree, and the trees that had fallen now lay across the path they had taken, and impeded the progress of the horse; and it was almost impossible for him to proceed; he went slowly, and endeavoring to get over an amazing trunk which was exactly in the way, the poor creature plunged, fell down, and in attempting to rise, was so disabled, that he could not go another step. In the struggle Lady Stanly was dismounted, and De Everet got off immediately, and placing her beneath the thick branches of a large tree, returned to give what assistance he could to the animal, but found him absolutely disabled from proceeding; he disengaged him from the saddle and bridle, and taking the arm of Lady Stanly, he proceeded slowly to explore the way out of the wood.

De Everet was now sorry that he had preferred coming across the forest rather than the common road, for when the day broke and the clouds were driven by the wind, he found they were still three miles from the convent, whose elevated situation discovered itself at that distance. Amelia was weary, but not discouraged, she measured the way with her eye, and proceeded, though slowly, as the snow and hail that had fallen, rendered the walking extremely difficult.

The sun was now arisen, and shed its kindly rays and mild influence on all around. Every object glittered in its beams, and the limbs of the trees loaded with an immense quantity of icicles which shaking in the wind, struck one against the other, and fell with a rattling that was not unpleasing. Amelia exerted herself to walk as fast as possible, but still her feet slipped back, and she made but little progress. When they had emerged entirely from the covert of the wood, the passing was still worse; for as no trees had impeded the
the fall of the snow, it lay still deeper before her. They however continued to go on till they came nearly opposite the convent, which was a little back from the highway, and now looked forward to the moment, when they should arrive at a place of safety, and enjoy the blessings of an hospitable reception. With hearts elated by expectation, they pressed on with renewed alacrity; but alas! how often is the hour of joy allied to that of pain, and how frequently does cruel disappointment dash the promised blessing from the lip, after it has touched the cup, and tasted in anticipation of its sweets.

Thus it was with Amelia, for just as she had gained an ascent that led directly to the monastery, she beheld an equipage attended by two servants on horseback, approaching the opposite way. She cast her eyes upon De Everet and saw him turn pale, while his countenance betrayed a variety of emotions. Conceal your face if possible," he cried, "and walk close to the wall." But his cautions and all her exertions were vain, for as soon as the carriage came opposite to them, it stopped, and with a face inflamed with fury, the Baron alighted. "Stop villain," was the word that his hoarse voice pronounced while his hand arrested the progress of Amelia. "And who has made me one?" returned De Everet, drawing his sword, and approaching the Baron, "If I am a villain it is by your directions, and I will if possible deserve a less opprobrious name by defending this innocent and unfortunate woman." "Stop," cried the Baron, "stop De Everet, you know not what you are about, if you are disposed we are still friends, and what has passed shall be forgotten." "I hold no parley with a scoundrel," cried De Everet, "but this, suffer Lady Stanly to proceed to the convent, and do

The INFLUENCE of VIRTUE. 209

with
with me as you please; if not, come on sir, I am ready
to defend her and myself."

As the Baron refused this condition, he drew his
sword, but when Lady Stanly saw this preparation for
murder she fainted, and when she came to herself,
found she was in a carriage which was driven with as
much speed as the travelling would admit. Neither
the Baron nor De Everet were in sight, and the route
which she was taking, shewed the convent far behind
them. A servant in livery was with her, and with a
faint voice and trembling accent, she begged to know
what had become of De Everet, and where she was
going. But to neither of these questions could she ob-
tain a reply; the man preserved a fullen silence, till
she found herself once more within those hated walls
which she had so lately left she hoped forever.

Her cloaths were wet, her limbs benumbed with cold,
and her whole frame experienced the severest pain. She
was taken from the carriage, and once more carried to
that dreary chamber in which she had passed so many
hours of misery and moments of anguish. The servant
assisted to pull off her outer garment, and in a state
of torpid despair, she sat down by the fire which still
continued to burn upon the hearth. She saw the door
closed upon her without emotion; for indeed her sen-
es were in a state of such benumbed despondence, that
she was but little conscious of what passed around her.
She continued in this situation for some time, the fire
was renewed, and by degrees the heat so influenced her
frame, that she became conscious of her wretched ex-
istence. She walked to the window and examined eve-
ry object as though they could inform her what she
wished to know. She recollected that the last thing she
was sensible of observing, was the naked swords of the
Baron
Baron and De Everet; she doubted not but the latter had fallen a sacrifice to the fury of the former, or why should she be in this habitation, why not at liberty, or else as her deliverer intended at the convent?

She walked with hasty and distracted steps across the apartment, and again retraced those steps, when she heard some one ascending the stair case, and the servant of whom De Everet had spoken, entered and approached her with a frowning aspect, upon which death was impressed; but when within a few steps of her, he stopped short and viewed her countenance with doubt.

“What would you have,” she enquired, “and what is your errand?” He made no reply, but turned and went slowly down stairs. She sat for some time busied in conjecture, and when she attempted to rise it was vain, terror had so seized her, that motion was denied, and she sat still expecting her fate.

A death-like silence reigned around, it was at length interrupted by a slow and heavy step that once more approached her chamber, and once more the same man appeared; he held in his hand a large glass that contained a dark liquor; “here” said he, “you must need refreshment, I have brought you something that will do you good.” She held out her hand to receive it, and cast her eyes upon the face of him that presented it, but she absolutely started as she saw his dark visage, and beheld a countenance upon which every crime was recorded. “No” said she putting back the glass, “I do not want it.” “But you had better, it will do you good,” he replied, and as he lifted up his eyes to look upon her, his cruel orbs fell beneath those of afflicted innocence. Still Amelia with her hand put back the glass, till the man declared she should drink it. “It is poison,” she said with firmness, “and I will not take
take it.” “Will not,” replied the man, “will not, then a dagger will do the job at once, and he drew from his belt the fatal weapon, upon which Amelia looked with a kind of placid despair, as that, which would soon put a period to her sufferings, her sorrows, her hopes, and fears.

CHAP. XVIII.

Of all the vices sure that curse mankind,
And pour their baneful influence on the mind,
The love of gold causes more varied evil,
And turns its votary, Man, to worse than devil:
It bids him wade through every other vice,
To satisfy his ruling avarice.

It is now my good friends, time to give you some reason for the unrelenting cruelty with which Lady Stanly was pursued by the Baron Volpoon, who had not any ostenfible cause for his malice against her, whose life had been one continued series of virtuous and praiseworthy actions: And in order to satisfy your curiosity, I must carry the memory of an old man back for a number of years, even as far as the grand-father of the present Baron Volpoon.

Vile and wicked as the Baron was, his ancestor was a very worthy and excellent character, and inherited from his father an estate free and unincumbered, which gave him the envied power of rendering the poor comfortable, and his friends cheerful. He had married an amiable woman, whose heart was benevolent as his own, and would at any time have denied herself a luxury, or even a convenience, to have obliged a friend, or supplied
ed the real want of any fellow creature. Of several children who were lent them by that being who gives and takes away at pleasure, but one attained the age of maturity, this was a son, who at an early age bid fair to be all that his fond parents could wish. But how often is a favorite child spared at the intercessions of a father or mother, to teach them how very little they know what is best, and as punishment for not trusting in him who is

"Good when he gives, supremely good,
"Nor less when he denies."

This young gentleman became the dupe of one of his mother's waiting women, and before he was nineteen, contracted a marriage with her, which for a time blasted all the hopes of his parents, and entailed misery upon himself.

The ceremony of marriage was by the Baron and his lady considered as too sacred to be trifled with, and they did not take the advantage of that law, which in France has sent many an undutiful child to the Bastile, and many a daughter-in-law to a convent. On the reverse, they received the young couple with forgiveness and affection into their own family, and treated the new made lady with all the deference and respect they would have paid to a duchess who had connected with their son. Had she been possessed of one quality deserving esteem, gratitude would have taught her to conduct in such a manner, as to gain the good will of the family, whose alliance would have done honor to any woman. But she was little minded, mean, contracted, avaricious, and her temper rendered her feared and hated by all that knew her.

She did not however live long to afflict her friends, but died when she became a mother. Happy would it have
have been if her offspring had died with her, but he lived to inherit all his mother's ill qualities, without one spark of his father's virtues.

It is not to be supposed that the death of this evil-minded woman, was a subject of lamentation to any of her family, her husband soon recovered his spirits from a loss that he could not help considering as a very great interposition of Providence in his favor, and he became cautious of any future connection. He was fond of his little son, but not blind to the proofs he gave even in infancy, of an artful, avaricious, and malicious disposition. The boy was five years old, when accident brought his father acquainted with a young English lady, an orphan, with a genteel fortune, and a great deal of beauty and merit. She had with a sister visited Montpelier in France, for the health of the latter. An acquaintance with this amiable woman created an attachment, it was successful, for it was mutual, a connection ensued, and happiness was the consequence.

The old Baron lived to see a second grandson, who was the sweet, the smiling representative of his charming mother, who became strongly attached to the family of her husband, as she had no relation or connection living but a niece, a charming girl of near seventeen, who went over to reside with her in France.

This young creature was received with rapture by the Baron's family, who lived in elegant retirement, and who thought her society a very great addition to their happiness. The beauty of her person, affability of her manners, and sweetness of her disposition, with a brilliant capacity, and refined understanding, rendered her an object of love and esteem by the family. But she soon became the source of disquiet and contention: the son of the first wife was near twenty-five, plain in his
person, disgusting in his manners, haughty, ill-natured and over-bearing; while the youngest, the Chevalier, was handsome, open-hearted, frank, sensible and good-humored: but the fair Rosalind was the idol of both these different characters.

The grandmother of the young gentlemen was still living, and saw with regret the havoc this young beauty had made in the hearts of her grandsons. "Think not of Lewis my love, he will render you unhappy," said the good lady, "for he is like his mother; but Maximilian is good and amiable, he too is like his mother, and will be a blessing to his wife and connections."

The advice of this excellent woman did no violence to the inclinations of Rosalind, for she was partial to Maximilian, and detested Lewis. In consideration of his passion however, the nuptials were deferred till the young lady had attained her twentieth year, they were then united, and soon after that event, both the grandmother and parents of the Baron died; which title, with a large estate devolved upon the eldest son, while the youngest was by far the most wealthy, as he possessed in addition to his share of the family estate, the fortunes of his wife and mother.

But his riches, and his wife were sources of envy and dissatisfaction to the Baron, who for some time absented himself from his brother, and resided at Paris or at Dauphiny. This estrangement was lamented, yet it continued for some time, in which period Madam Volpooon was several times a mother, but her children did not survive their infancy. At length she was blest with a daughter, who by the advice of physicians, was nursed in a village within a few miles of the paternal mansion, at which they resided. She saw her parents every day, and was lovely and healthy, and became the idol of her fond mother, nor less of her affectionate father.
When she was near three years old, the Baron was reconciled to his brother, and visited him, and spent a month in the country, apparently happy, but the felicity of the family was soon interrupted, and indeed annihilated by the sudden death of the Chevalier. It was now that avarice which had always reigned in the Baron’s bosom, suggested a scheme to him, which would at once gratify his vengeance, and his covetousness. His brother was no more, his sister too much afflicted to attend to what passed, and if the smiling pledge of their love could but be taken off, the greatest part of their riches would of course fall to him. Vile as he then was, to kill the child was too heinous a sin to commit himself; he therefore bribed a servant to steal the child from the nurse, and expose it to certain danger and certain death. The fellow accepted the bribe, and carried her to England: you need not be told this child was Amelia, whom he left with his sister, and fearful of pursuit, embarked in a few days for the Indies. I received the heads of this account from Lady Stanly, who had it from dame Benloe: the particulars I learned some time after.

The Baron supposed his orders complied with, and that his innocent niece had fallen beneath the hands of an assassin. By many it was supposed his brother was by him, or his emissaries poisoned; but this could never be ascertained. The only bar to his ambition for riches, was his sister in law, who was seized with distraction at these dreadful events, which followed each other in quick succession. He removed all the servants who had been formerly about her, and placed with her a wretch, who was directed to use her hardly, and hasten her end by unkindness. Without relations to interest themselves for her, remote from the particular friends of
of her husband, the world believed for years that she was distracted, and in a state too dreadful to be seen, and at last forgot her. Her treatment became every day more harsh and cruel, and it is probable she would at length have fallen a sacrifice to the machinations of the Baron, but accident discovered her imprisonment to the Baroness who released her as you have heard, and at the present time it was not known how long she had lived to enjoy her freedom.

The Baron had always entertained a fear that his niece was living, and had by dint of enquiries found that the servant he had entrusted her to had gone to Batavia, and when introduced to Sir William Stanly's lady, she was so strong, so exact a likeness of her mother, that doubts and fears arose in his mind; he asked the questions already related, and received such answers as left no room for conjectures, and he immediately determined upon her destruction.

His sickness for some time retarded the execution of his diabolical designs; and when he had entrusted his plan in part to De Everet, fearful of his fortitude, he would have followed himself immediately to France, but was attacked by the gout, which confined him a week, and then obliged him to travel very deliberately. How he succeeded in preventing the humane and penitent designs of De Everet from taking effect, you have just been told.

Four or five days after Lady Stanly had been carried from London, I arrived in England accompanied by the man who had committed her to the care of Dame Benloe: I went directly to Sir William's, and was surprised and afflicted at the melancholy and confusion which reigned in the faces of all the family. Lord Barrymore was there: I had known his Lordship formerly.
merly and esteemed him. Poor Stanly with every mark of sorrow and distraction, told me every event that had taken place in his family since I left England; he praised his wife as an angel, and condemned himself for a villain unworthy of her, and cursed Lady Barrymore as the ultimate cause of all his misery.

I heard his tale with astonishment and regret, and informed him of the discovery of the birth and misfortunes of Amelia; of her family, and connections, and ended with a declaration that I believed she was by some means betrayed into the hands of her cruel, unnatural uncle.

The moment Volpoon was mentioned, Lord Barrymore and Stanly had formed the same opinion, and were determined to set off for France that very day with several servants, and Coverly who knew the shortest rout to the Baron's dwelling, proposed himself as our guide. I will not pretend but when I commenced this journey, my mind was filled with the most dreadful forebodings. The character of Volpoon was so brutal, so vile, that I shuddered to think what would be the fate of Amelia. At the same time I had some satisfaction in the expectation of confronting and bringing a villain to justice, in taxing him with his guilt, and pulling down that punishment which his crimes deserved. Perhaps these sensations favored of revenge, but they were involuntary, and I could not wholly restrain them: justice sternly required the sacrifice, and mercy bid me not withhold it.

Before we left London we were informed the Baron had been on his way to his own country, but one day we hoped to overtake him, and with renewed vigor set forward: but alas! when we arrived at Dover, the wind was against us, and the next day was attended by a violent
a violent storm, and notwithstanding our impatience, we were detained four days. It would be vain to attempt describing the state of our minds at this detention.

At length we landed, and pursued our journey thro' weather such as is seldom known in that country: we went directly to Paris; the power of the King was suspended, but we found no difficulty in procuring some of the national guards to attend us, with a warrant from the constitutional assembly for apprehending Volpoon. Here we were not detained, and proceeded towards the seat of the monster.

It was late before we could leave Paris, and our guards were by no means in a hurry: and as they did not feel the interest of an husband or a friend, and were conferring a favor, we were obliged to comply with their wishes, and restrain our impatience. When within fifteen miles of our journey's end, we were forced to stop for refreshment, as they declared they would go no further till next morning. Had we proceeded that night, as we were anxious to, our arrival would have prevented a dreadful event. With impatience we waited till the first approach of day, when we were ready to proceed, but new accidents retarded our progress. We had proceeded six of the fifteen miles, when in rising a hill we beheld two men engaged with swords, while a third was holding a horse, and was looking on with great composure.

Sir William and Lord Barrymore were before me, and rode directly up to them, and just as they were near enough to distinguishing the features of the antagonists, one of them fell to the ground covered with his own blood, and the other in pressing forward, staggered a little beyond him, and was extended by his side. They stopped.
stopped in astonishment, for they were the Baron and De Everet: even their fears for Lady Stanly were lost in the feelings of humanity, and they instantly dis-mounted, raised the wounded men, applied every comfort that their situation required; De Everet raised his eyes, alas, they were fixed in death! which approached by slow yet certain gradations. But the Baron who was struggling with its last dreadful pangs, as life was issuing from several large wounds, and every hideous feature seemed convulsed with pain, and distorted by despair, he turned his ghastly eyes upon Sir William as if blasted by the sight! "Your wife," said he, "is my niece, I acknowledge her as my heir." "And where is she?" asked Sir William; "and where is she?" reiterated his companion. "She is----" he could say no more, the sentence remained unfinished, the words died upon his lips, and his guilty soul with an hideous groan took its leave of his deformed and polluted body.

"May heaven forgive the wretched man!" they all exclaimed, and turned to De Everet who had sunk in a swoon: but as his pulse still vibrated though slowly in his arteries, they assisted to bear him to the convent. He was received with kindness by the superior, laid upon a bed and his wounds examined and declared mortal, but a cordial which was forced down his throat revived him, and looking round, his recollection returned, and he enquired if the Baron was really dead. When answered in the affirmative, "This" said he, "is just, the laws of retribution required it, the Baron was the occasion of my sending a guilty wretch, "with all his imperfections on his head," "from time to eternity. And now the Baron himself who spared not the life of his brother, and would have spilt the blood of an innocent, lovely woman, has fallen a sacrifice by my hand, and
and my life is lost, joyfully lost, in her service. But fly continued he, while a new sensation seemed to invigor! rate him, fly and save Lady Stanly; she is in the hands of a villain more hardened than myself, oh, hasten and save her!

There was no need to repeat his intercessions; we left him with the nurse, and with palpitating hearts pressed forward, nor lost a moment upon the way, nor spoke a word, excepting now and then an ejaculation, that we might not arrive too late.

---

CHAP. XIX.

The love of life in every bosom reigns,
Triumphs o'er sorrow, sickness, toil and pains;
Supports the soul amidst the devious strife,
And struggles still with every woe in life:
'Twas God infixed the sacred passion there,
To guard the heart against the fiend despair.

AND where is the wretch who will not struggle for life? the most timid insect will turn upon the foot that presses it. A love of life is imparted in the human heart; the infant in the cradle, and the sage of fourscore, are impressed with it. It is this active principle which the Almighty has bestowed alike upon all, that preserves so many of his creatures through distress, pain, and poverty. How many millions complain of its load, and wish to lay it down! but if the hardened ruffian, or midnight assassin, attempts to ease himself
self of the burden, the latent spark is enkindled, its flame bursts forth with ardor.

So it was with Lady Stanly, like the trembling hare, or affrighted dove, she shrank from the offered poison, and when again urged to drink it, she took the glass with a trembling hand, and impelled with an involuntary love of life, her strength was renewed, and she suddenly dashed it to the floor. Anger and disappointment were inscribed on the ghastly visage of the man, and enraged, he again drew out his dagger, and once more aimed it at the spotless bosom of Amelia. She spread her hands as if for defence, and in an attitude of intercession, implored his mercy and begged him to spare her life. "At least for this time," said she "spare me, and do not incur the guilt of shedding innocent blood, for indeed I am innocent! Think what will be your sensations, when in the hour of death, you ask of heaven forgiveness of your sins, and in that sad and solemn moment, remember, that you refused the boon I now ask of you! Have you a sister," she continued, for she thought his features were softening into the expressions of pity, "or a mother, or a wife? conceive them in my situation. I have been used to ease, affluence, and elegance; to the society of friends that loved me, and domestics that served me from affection: you behold me, wet, cold, desolate, and forsaken, and will you murder me? Oh, no, you cannot do it, you cannot be so hardened! You will preserve my life; and who knows but I may have the power to save you? trust me at least, and if I cannot repay the debt, he who made us both, will reward you, for a good action never went unrewarded: try for once, and abstain from evil, do not embue your hands in blood; disappointment and sorrow will soon bring
bring on disease, and death will come in a natural and easy way, and let me conjure you to save yourself from the pangs of remorse!"

While she thus addressed him, his hand was uplifted and his countenance betrayed a variety of emotions; his face now glowed with anger, then was pale with fear, and discovered at one moment, pity, and compassion, and in the next, irresolution, and distress. "No," he said, "I swear I cannot do it! Here take it," and he reached the handle of the dagger to her, "keep it, for I will not trust myself with it, and yet I think I could not stain it with your blood, if the Baron would give me all his estate." Amelia received the fatal weapon and she looked upon the fallen miscreant. "I thank you," she replied, "accept this as a small reward, till I can offer you one more adequate to the favor." She reached him her purse, but he held back his hand, and replied, "No, keep your money, it is the first good deed I ever performed, and I will not be paid for it."

"Take it friend," said Amelia, "at least to oblige me take it, and if I am ever restored to my friends, I will prevent the necessity of your ever doing a wrong one."

At that instant a confused noise was heard below stairs, and a number of voices broke the profound silence that had for some time reigned. "It is my Lord," cried the man, "what will you do?" "Oh my God," said Amelia, falling upon her knees, "preserve me from that wicked man!" The noise increased as it approached the door. Her companion turned pale! Amelia trembling, raised her eyes to Heaven! She seemed hardly to respire. The door was burst open, and she beheld her husband! He sprang towards her, and she sunk into his arms! "My love! my Amelia!" "My husband!" were the only words they uttered.
uttered for some moments. But Sir William clasped her in his arms, pressed her to his bosom, and kissed a thousand times her faded cheeks! In his joy at having found her alive, he for a while forgot the attitude and situation in which she was found; but one retrospective glance, shewed Amelia kneeling, a naked dagger in her hand, her eyes raised to heaven, and a vile looking man by her side! "And why in this company my love, why in this humble attitude, and why armed with this dreadful weapon?" "It was that villain," cried Barrymore, who with his friend had followed Sir William; and he attempted to seize the trembling culprit. Amelia saw his motion, and suspected his design. "Stop," she said, while she disengaged herself from the affectionate embrace of her husband, "Oh, stop, my lord, and injure not my preserver; he spared my life, and I am bound to save him from every evil that I can avert!" "Did he save you my love? Oh, I will worship him; my whole life shall testify my gratitude; and the preserver of my Amelia may claim every thing I can bestow, and every kind office I can perform!" "All I ask, all I wish," replied the man, "is to be rescued from the vengeance of the Baron, for I deserve nothing of this lady." "The Baron," said Sir William, "you have no cause to fear, for heaven wearied of his crimes, has taken him from a world which he filled with misery." Amelia with clasped hands expressed her surprize and forgiveness, and enquired for De Everet. "He is," said Barrymore, "by this time in the presence of that being who reads the hearts of all men!" "Then" replied Amelia, "he is forgiven, for he was a penitent. Forgive me one tear my love, one tear of commiseration for his fate, for he lost his life in my defence, and gratitude claims it as well as pity!"
Sir William again embraced her: he found that her cloaths were wet, and that notwithstanding her emotions, she shivered with cold, and trembled with weakness. He asked the cause, and when informed that for almost the whole night she had been exposed to the inclemency of the weather, when he saw her soft hair hanging in disorder about her face, and reflected upon what she must have suffered, he forgot her safety, and though he pressed her in his arms, and held her to his affectionate bosom, and felt her balmy breath play upon his cheek; he could not believe its reality, and groaned with anguish at the recollection. Amelia penetrated the most secret recesses of his heart, and endeavored to calm his affliction by assuring him, every evil was forgotten, and that she was quite well and rapturously happy.

In the mean time, I had found a good fire that had been kindled in a warm parlor for the Baron; but his limbs were now stiffened by death, and no cheering fire could warm them: he could partake no more the refreshments that his servants had prepared, nor enjoy the cheering blaze on cleanly hearth. Alas, unfortunate man! he had never enjoyed one social comfort, or one solid pleasure: guilt corroded all his joys, and impressed discontent and despair upon his gloomy countenance; he had never known a dear domestic joy, nor one smiling comfort. He had not wiped the tear from the widow's cheek, or raised the drooping heart of the fatherless; he had never given comfort to the friendless, or cheered the afflicted. He was a stranger to the god-like pleasure of doing good: he received no satisfaction from reflection; avarice had prompted guilt that he feared to remember; and to accumulate riches, he had waded through sighs, tears, and blood: this one passion had absorbed every other; and to the gratification
The influence of virtue.

fication of it, he had sacrificed his conscience, peace, and happiness, and left not one soul behind him, that regretted his death, or would have recalled him by a wish. The fire that had been kindled for his reception, the repast that had been provided for his refreshment, was now to receive with heartier welcome, his injured, persecuted niece, and to cheer the spirits of her friends.

I went up myself to inform them of the preparations that were made, and to invite them to a more convenient apartment. It was then that Amelia recognized me; it was then that her soft voice was addressed to me, and that I heard her call me her good Mr. Harley. When I embraced this divine creature, and felt her soft lips return my salute, I enjoyed a pleasure so sincere, a transport so pure, that only Sir William's could exceed mine: and the satisfaction she felt at seeing her husband, was, she assured me, much increased at finding him accompanied by Lord Barrymore and myself.

When she received Lord Barrymore's salutation, a sweet smile overspread her lovely face, and she said, "I have good news for you, my Lord, I have met a lovely prisoner since my own confinement, to whom I must introduce you." She turned to the man she had called her deliverer, he disappeared and returned in a moment with a key which he gave her. "Come my good friends," she added, "come with me, I am ashamed that I can taste so much felicity till I have released the most interesting woman I have ever seen, from a shameful and cruel confinement." We followed through an anti-chamber, the servant opened a door, and we all entered another apartment. Amelia went in first, and I saw her clasped in the arms of the Baroness, who next to Lady Stanly, was the fairest and most beautiful of women.
I will not pretend to describe this meeting, nor repeat what was said, the Baronesse was too sensible to pretend sorrow for the death of Volpoon, and too humane to triumph in the death of an enemy. Her joy at seeing Lord Barrymore, was tempered by modesty and engaging diffidence; she could not conceal it, but after a few moments devoted to surpize and new born pleasure, she observed that Lady Stanly's cloaths needed changing.

Sir William, with Barrymore, and myself, withdrew to the parlor, and left the ladies to arrange their garments at their leisure, and congratulate each other upon the change which a few hours had created in their situation and prospects. In less than half an hour they joined us, lovely, amiable women, how much we all admired them. The rapture of their own hearts was too pure, too exalted to be expressed. Amelia had found life, liberty, friends and fortune, and what was superior to all, and still dearer to her heart, an husband, beloved, esteemed, tender and affectionate. The Baronesse was released from the tyranny, oppression, and confinement, of an unfeeling, brutal husband, whom she hated and feared; and saw an adored lover, freed from every engagement and connection, with an heart alive to virtue, and open to the impression of her charms. Hope reanimated every feature of her face, it brightened her humid eyes, and taught her heart sensations to which it had long been a stranger.

After a refreshment which every one found necessary, Stanly informed his wife of the affinity which he bore to the Baron, and acquainted her with her real name, her family, and connections; and it certainly deducted from her pleasure to recollect what a wretch her uncle had been. Sir William touched but lightly upon the death of
of her father, and did not even hint that the Baron had been suspected of murder. "But my mother, my poor mother," said Amelia, with a deep drawn sigh, "it was my mother that you my friend released from confinement!" "Do not my dearest," cried Sir William, interrupting her, "fully this day of joy by one regret. These things have long since passed, and if the souls of our departed friends can look down from the abodes of bliss, it will increase the felicity of your parents and mine, to behold us enjoying those blessings they wished us." With his arm affectionately round her waist, he pressed her to his glowing bosom, and kissed off the tear, which trembled like the pearly dewdrop upon the rose of her lovely cheek. "I should indeed be undeserving of your affection, and ungrateful to heaven," she replied, "if I did not to the extent of my power obey you."

The Baroness requested Stanley to permit a servant to attend her: Sir William replied, "Is it possible madam you can ask where you may command? you are certainly mistress here, and as mistress will direct all around you." She left us with an expression of countenance which proved her happiness, and her sense of Stanley's worth; but returned in a few minutes.

I saw that the feelings of all present, were wound up to a pitch too high for poor frail human nature to bear, and endeavored to bring them down to that mediocrity which suits the mind of man, and succeeded. After spending an evening, to me one of the most pleasant of my life, the Baroness, with Sir William and Amelia withdrew: but Barrymore and myself continued to converse till midnight.

It was then that his lordship told me all that had happened between Amelia and himself; he enlarged upon
upon her virtues, and declared that he had never met with one woman who possessed so many. "It was she" said he "that first taught me to love, and she too taught me the true value of religion, by setting me an example of what it would enable us to bear; she learned me to conquer an attachment when it would have been criminal to indulge it, and I now view her as I do a being of a superior nature, formed to be admired and adored by every rational creature. Had I married that lovely woman, her nature is so gentle, that she would never have opposed my sentiments, and till now I should have continued in an error; but heaven saw fit to frustrate the design of my parents by the very means that they supposed would secure their success, and I am now so sensible of the interposing care of Providence, that I bless the hand that denied me the first wish of my heart. I know she will teach me to love the Baronefs; I saw through her designs the very moment that I beheld her embrace that sufferer, and I am sure she will succeed."

I advised his Lordship to follow the impulse of his heart, for I was sure his inclinations were in favor of the Baronefs; indeed she deserved all his affection, and esteem, for she was very lovely. He answered that she had always been a charming creature, and next to Lady Stanly, calculated to inspire a more lasting attachment than any one he had ever known. "But" said he "she is much more interesting than I ever knew her; "youth and prosperity had made her vain, she had not known the adverse strokes of fortune:" but misfortune has checked her vanity, ameliorated a too great redundancy of spirits, and rendered her indeed bewitching.
CHAP. XX.

The lover, the friend, and the husband, have sacred charms: the brother, and sister, may feel and enjoy a thousand sweet and tender amities: but the purest sensations that animate the human heart, with all their train of unspeakable blessings, are reserved for the bosom of a mother.

The next morning while we were consulting the best plan of proceeding with respect to the funeral of Volpoon and De Everet, and of our return to England; I observed a carriage approach the passage that led to the house; as it drew near, I saw the countenance of the Baroness change, and a contrariety of emotions were painted upon her expressive countenance; as it advanced, one wing of the building concealed it from our view, and I could not see the persons alight who were in it, but my eyes were rivetted upon her; and I did not look towards the door till it opened, when I saw an elegant woman in the habit of a nun. She was very pale, and with a hurried step entered the room, and approached Lady Stanly, who rose at her approach with an air of respect. The stranger for a moment looked intently in Amelia’s face, and to our surprize, cast her arms about her neck exclaiming, “my child! my child! my blessed, lovely child!” The voice of nature spoke loudly in the breast of Lady Stanly, and she sunk upon the bosom of the stranger, while her beating heart impeded her words, and every muscle of her face acknowledged her for a parent. “You,” at length she exclaimed “you are my mother, my whole soul owns the tender claim; but how----” “Oh,” said the lady, “ask no questions; I have found you my child, my daugh-
ter, the living image of my noble husband! I thought
you dead my Amelia! I thought you were in infancy
laid by the side of your father, and till this morning
dreamt not I had a child. How are all these won-
ders? explain them, least excess of joy in this per-
turbation, become too much, and my reason again de-
serts its seat.”

“Till yesterday,” cried Lady Stanly, “till yesterday,
your Amelia knew not that she ever claimed a parent,
and amidst a tide of joy, too great to be lasting, wept
that her mother was no more, that she did not live to
see her child, and share her happiness for she thought
sorrow had before this, deprived her of a mother.”

“Sorrow my love,” returned the lady, “can tame
the high and lofty spirit, can check the ebullions of
vanity, distract the head, and break the heart; but the
frame so weak and so frail, will still survive them, sur-
vive the wreck of all the noble faculties, and though
reluctant, bear about the wretched ruins eighteen years.”

Sir William saw that she was affected, and wished to
divert her mind if possible. “Do not dearest madam,”
said he, “do not I pray of you, take one retrospective
glance of misery, think of the present, or look forward
with smiling anticipation; we have much to tell you,
and much to hear, but the present hours must be de-
voted to joy and not fullied by tears.”

“Oh, my mother,” cried Amelia, “how sweetly
sounds that dear name! I can never be tired of repeat-
ing it: let me tell you all my causes of satisfaction:
this best of men is my husband, his mother was for
years mine; I can now repay the obligation, for my
honored parent shall be his.” Sir William embraced
this unfortunate woman, whose face was marked by the
hand of misery, but when she looked around her, when she
saw
saw a child whose infancy had blest her, whose innocent
smiles had early won her affection, the softened image
of a tenderly beloved husband, whom she had long la-
mented as dead, restored to life, lovely, amiable, and
accomplished as her fondest wishes could have made
her; united to a man whose person and demeanor were
prepossessing, affectionately acknowledging her own
happiness, possessed of her father's fortune, and in his
house, calling her by the endearing name of mother,
her transports exceeded every past sorrow, and her
tears of joy declared more than words could have ex-
pressed.

The Baroness then told us that for two years she had
not heard whether Madam Volpoon was living or not,
but she had so many fears that she had before this paid
the last and lightest debt of nature, that she did not ex-
press a hope to Lady Stanly respecting her, lest her
hopes by being raised might be subjected to severe dis-
appointment. She had sent a servant to the abbess of
the convent the preceding day with a line giving an
account of Amelia's being alive, and the daughter of
Madam Volpoon. No answer was returned that eve-
ning, as it was late when the servant arrived; but early
in the morning she informed her pensioner of the hap-
iness that awaited her, and she had immediately set
out to visit a child thus raised from death.

Amelia thanked the Baroness for her kind consider-
ation, who told her she was destined by heaven to
oblige and make her happy; "she restored me," said she,
"to life and liberty; I am indebted to her for the very
air I breathe, and now she restores me to happiness, for
she presents my daughter!"

The three ladies passed the day in a retired chamber
together, as we all wished to save them the pain of
witnessing
witnessing the funeral, the solemnity of which would have affected them. The Baron and De Everet were removed that day, and in the evening both interred in the tomb of the Volpoon family; and those who had fallen by each other's hand, the murderer and the murdered now slept together: all animosity had ceased, every injury was forgotten; the avenged and the avenger rested in the same bed, whose spirits ere this had appeared before the great tribunal, and received that sentence from whence there is no appeal! Let us pause for a moment, and reflect upon the retribution of Providence, which is here so obvious, that we must be stupid not to notice it. The Baron was the means of Cleland's death, but De Everet was the agent that put a period to the existence of that vile, unfaithful guardian, who contending for his ill earned and ill gotten wealth, fell by the hand he had never injured; remorse, not penitence followed; and the punishment of all was by the hand of each other: No innocent, no honest hand was raised, but Providence made use of the very engines which had been set at work by villainy to punish those crimes of which each had been the cause.

Nor must we involve De Everet in all the guilt that attended the Baron; he was as he himself expressed it, led on by gradations imperceptible, and entangled in a net from whence he could not extricate himself: he fell a sacrifice to that false spirit which has been the ruin of millions; and to that want of economy, and love of dissipation which blasts so many fair prospects, and lays so many promising fabrics in ruin. We will pity De Everet, and we will forgive him; but from the Baron, the feeling mind must turn with horror and disgust.

As soon as these duties were performed, preparations were made for quitting France forever. Sir William dreaded
dreaded the evils that soon after involved that country; and with the consent of Madam Volpoon and the perfect acquiescence of Amelia, disposed of their estate, withdrew their money from the bankers, and settled all their affairs. He then fought out the farmers, tenants, vassals and old servants of the Volpoon family, and at the request of Madam, rewarded them according to the wishes of that lady, rather than according to their deserts. Coverly, who had saved the life of Lady Stanly, was put in possession of a handsome independence, and the fellow who had been softened by her virtues, and awed from his attempt upon her life by her wisdom, was presented with a sum that set him above want, and I have pleasure in knowing that he behaves well, and is a useful member of society.

It now only remained to enquire out the uncle of the Baronefs, and it seemed as if his life was preserved only to save that of his niece, for he died the very day that heaven released her from confinement. Stanly, assisted by Barrymore settled all her affairs, and restored to her that fortune, which had been so unjustly wrested from her by her guardian and husband; and a handsome sum as a compliment from the Baron's estate. As she had few relations, and few friends in France, she did not experience that strong local attachment which bind some persons to the climate which gave them birth; but was more strongly attached to her English friends by the ties of gratitude, affection, and a sense of obligation conferred and received. She without reluctance consented to accompany us to England: It is highly probable that her attachment to Lord Barrymore was not lessened by a more intimate acquaintance with him, and perhaps her sentiments of his Lordship had some power in her determination of quitting
ting France. Her cheerfulness had returned, but not her levities, and with her good humor her vanity never interfered, for she had lost it, and was now lovely without blemish, and charming without a fault.

More than a month was expended in these preparations, but at last we bid adieu to a land which was at that time a scene of confusion, and a theatre of horrors; for it was at the period when Brissot and Marat, with Robespierre were overturning one constitution and erecting another upon its ruins. Madam Volpsoon previous to our departure, spent a few days at the convent, which was one of the last that was suppressed; she presented the residue of her fortune to the benevolent Abbess and sisterhood who had afforded her an asylum from the cruelty of the Baron.

It was impossible for either of us to help remarking the striking difference between this and our former journey: fears, doubts and distress had then been our attendants: long stages, bad roads, poor entertainment, our refreshments while our minds were harassed by anger, and a thirst of vengeance. The end of our journey was now accomplished, we were returning triumphant and happy, our anger and every corroding or bad passion had subsided, and tranquil gratitude, love and friendship, forgiveness of our enemies, and good will to all the world, held dominion in our hearts. Lady Stanly, her mother, and the Baronefs, were accommodated with every convenience. We travelled at an easy rate, and found every comfort or luxury that we wished for, our spirits were light and jocund, and our society charming.

Our passage across the channel was equally prosperous, and Madam Volpsoon delighted to find herself once more upon her native island, with an heart tranquil, delighted
delighted, and happy. Lady Stanly saw the carriage
she was in approach her house, and she felt the amazing
contrast between her leaving it, and her return. She
was then following the dictates of duty and of inclination;
she was then as she supposed going to visit a wounded
and perhaps dying husband; her heart wrung with
anguish, her reason almost extinguished, and in imagi-
nation as friendless and forlorn. She now saw that
beloved husband in the full enjoyment of health, bound
to her by the tenderest of all ties, love and esteem; a mo-
ther whose virtues rendered her an object of veneration,
as her sorrows had of sympathy; endeared as much by
worth as by nature, returning to bless with her continu-
al presence, and to enjoy every comfort that the most
duteous attention could bestow. She was surrounded
by friends she esteemed, and whose happiness she had
been instrumental in procuring. "How great, how
numerous are the mercies that indulgent heaven has
bestowed!" she exclaimed as she descended from the
carriage, and followed Sir William, who led Madam
Volpoon into the house; he embraced both mother and
daughter, and told the former, that he should consider
her both as mistress and proprietor, and that Amelia
and he would always be obedient to her wishes.

As soon as the family were informed of the arrival
of their master and lady, their joy broke through the
usual bounds, and without the ceremony of leave, entered
the room, and expressed their satisfaction in the most
unequivocal terms. Mrs. Simpson, and Mary, with
little Stanly in her arms, flew to Lady Stanly, and while
their emotions forbade the utterance of a word, put the
smiling boy into her arms. She caressed him with a
fond embrace, called him her little darling, and carried
him herself to her mother, to receive the blessing of a
grand-parent.
grand-parent, and to be kissed by every person in the room; and told me that she hoped to see Sir William’s son favored with my friendship. Stanly was moved by behavior so charming, but told her he was not surprized, as she did not know how to conduct in any other manner. She enquired for the health of every member of the family, had Mrs. Simpson’s child brought down for her to see, and insisted that her mother and the baroness should go with her to visit every apartment in the house; “I shall not feel quite at home,” she cried, “till I have been in every room.”
Thus virtue triumphs, thus shall vice decay,
The fond deceitful vision of a day,
Nor leave its votary "a wreck behind,"
To calm the tumults of a troubled mind:
But virtue still we find superior rise,
Above the little meanness of disguise,
Supports its votaries still through every strife,
And triumphs through each varied change of life.

While the Baronet was above stairs with
the other ladies and the children, Lord Barrymore in­
formed us that he had prevailed upon her to unite her
fate with his, and that he had in the course of their jour­
ney received so much pleasure from her society, that he
was loth to lose it for a moment. She had consented
to wear the ceremonies that were usual, and had prom­
ised to give him her hand as soon as they arrived in
London; and if it was agreeable to Stanly, he wished
the solemnity to be performed at his house, that he might
upon entering his own, present his servants with a mis­
tress.

Delighted at a proposal which promised so much fel­
icity to friends, he so sincerely esteemed, Stanly sent
directly for a licence, and Amelia dispatched a servant
to request Mrs. Selbeth and her sister's company. The
ladies obeyed the summons, and flew to welcome their
charming friend, delighted at her return, and charmed
at her happiness. Our happiness was much increased
by the company of these lovely women, and Mr. Frank­
ly, who was soon to be united to Miss Selbeth, as he had
surmounted all her objections to marriage by establis­
ning himself very firmly in her bosom.
In the evening, the charming Baronef did me the honor to request I would act as a father, and give her to Lord Barrymore, who received her with transport and gratitude, as a blessing that heaven had preserved for him. The ceremony was performed by Mr. Norton, who had resided at Sir William's while he was absent, and was not the least happy at events that secured the peace of the children of his best friends.

I am fully persuaded that there was not in the world a happier company than we were that evening, nor was this felicity confined to this evening, or the following day, it will last with their lives, for it is founded upon virtue and esteem, which are the fruits of a long acquaintance with merit, it has stood the test equally of adversity and prosperity.

The remainder of the winter was spent in London, and divided between amusements, friends, and rational employments, while the minds of all were cultivated and improved by those literary pursuits which Sir William and Lady Stanly delighted to encourage. But when the vernal season returned, I accompanied my best friends down to Stanly Lodge; Lord and Lady Barrymore left London at the same time, and the neighborhood of the families increased the happiness of both. With what sensations did Amelia return to her much loved, long regretted habitation, her neighbours and domestics! with what transport did she put her mother in possession of the apartment once occupied by Lady Stanly. When seated in her chair, reading in her books, or dressing at her toilet, she almost fancied her excellent friend restored to life, to witness her joys. How often have I exclaimed upon the power of maternal affection, for never did I behold the cheek of a young beauty glow with more heightened charms, or her eye sparkle with more animated brilliancy, than I have seen madam Volpooon's
Volpeon’s when gazing with intent affection upon her daughter: a new spring of youth seemed to renovate her whole frame, to re-string her nerves, and teach the purple current to flow more briskly in her veins.

Judge what were her sensations, when she saw a prospect of her daughter’s becoming a mother; and her delight, when she beheld the sweet pledge of attachment. “Here,” said Sir William, when he laid the little nursling in her lap, “here, it is Amelia’s—” He could not finish the sentence, for a gush of parental affection prevented. He had before been a father, but a sense of guilt and shame had checked his transports, and though he loved little Charles, with a strong affection, he felt as though he had injured the little fellow by introducing him to the world under cruel disadvantages. Amelia was now a mother, and his enjoyments were pure and unsullied.

Lord Barrymore was likewise presented with a lovely boy: his excellent wife had long possessed his undivided affections, and this pleasing event, more strongly cemented them.

Years of pure domestic satisfaction have passed off like days, and Amelia looks back with wonder, that in so short a time she has enjoyed so much. She is the lovely mother of four sweet smiling little ones, to whom she performs every duty, with alacrity and pleasure. I have entered an apartment, where Sir William has been a delighted spectator, and partaker of scenes interesting and transporting; while Amelia has been giving nourishment from the purest source of health and life, to her infant, two rosy cherubs hanging at her knee, and Charles seated upon the arm of her chair, just dressed in boy’s clothes, and proud of this distinction, first stealing a kiss from his angel mother, caressing the babe, and in turn playing with his kitten, which was always admitted
ted to these parties, which diverted his sister, seated upon
the lap of Madam Volpoon, who enjoyed while the
increased their pleasures. The innocence of the children,
the beauty and virtue of the mother, the manly affection of the
father, and the dignity and tenderness of the
grandmama, have all conspired to fill my bosom with
such sensations, that I have been forced to leave them
to conceal or give way to my emotions.

They have regularly spent every winter in London,
unwilling to be too profuse of the blessings they most
determine that their domestic happiness
shall not interfere with their social or public duties.
The summers are passed at the Lodge, where their
sphere of beneficence is extended to all; not a poor
person within many miles but is fed at their table, and
clothed by their bounty. The industrious are supplied
with the means of employment, the afflicted are com-
forted, and the sick succored and nourished with every
thing that can restore health, or render sickness bearable.

Lady Stanly had often enquired for the quondum
Lady Barrymore, and till last winter received no intel-
ligence that could be relied upon. She was then in-
formed by her friends Mrs. Selbeth and Mrs. Frankly,
that she was in London, sinking under want and disease.
Her care to preserve her wealth had been vain; the
banker in whose hands she had placed her fortune, had
failed, and she was now enduring the complicated evils
of sickness and poverty. The heart of Amelia was
touched with sorrow, when she received this account.
She enquired out the place of her residence, and sent
her a sum of money by a person, upon whom she could
rely, she was found distressed indeed: her extravagance
had squandered away thousands, and misfortunes and
imprudence had reduced her to absolute beggary: vice
had pillaged her once fair face of every charm, and dis-
ease
eafe had rendered her an object loathfome. The person
which she had spent years in adorning, was now wrap­
ped in dirty and scanty coverings, deserted of all her
lovers, without a friend to administer to her necessities,
or a domestic to attend her. When informed that a
person unknown had sent her a supply of money, she
mused for some moments as if in deep thought, “there
is” said she “but one in the world that could do this,
I am sure it must be Lady Stanly.” The woman own­
ed she was right; “ask her” added this unfortunate
creature, “to complete her bounty, and visit me, it will
comfort the last moments of a wretch, who has robbed
her of many happy hours.”

When Amelia was informed of her request, she im­
mEDIATELY complied: but when introduced to the mean
lodgings, and miserable apartment of the once gay, rich,
and lovely Harriot Melford: the once respected and
adored Lady Barrymore; she absolutely started! alas,
not a single trace of either beauty, riches or gaiety, re­
mained; not a relic of even faded grandeur was to be
discovered! hollow eyes; sunken cheeks; and a com­
pexion, entirely the sad reverse of the once blooming
and clear face, that charmed every beholder! her fea­
tures too were changed. She had but one attendant,
and that too the fruit of Amelia’s bounty; on a tat­
tered bed, and destitute of one real comfort, she was
wasting the last hours of a life, that could not be reviewed
without horror! a life of vice, that had brought on
premature old age; and destroyed those charms upon
which she had gazed with such delight, and which had
been the source of her ruin!

She appeared surprised to see Lady Stanly blooming
in more heightened beauty than she had ever known
her, and could not but draw a comparison mortifying
to herself. Lady Stanly could not unmoved behold
such