

*HE WOULD BE A PEER.*

.....  
AN ENGLISH STORY.

.....  
*IN TWO VOLUMES.*

VOL I.

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1798

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PART I.  
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RICHARD O’Berthon had just completed his eighteenth year. He was but nine years of age when he began his studies, first in the city, and next at the University of Oxford, with a design of being a graduate in time. His natural abilities, aided by the best instructions of his teachers, might possibly have rendered him some day the luminary of the Church of England, had he not been providentially destined for another career. He was a true composition of candour, equality, and flexibility of temper; of mildness and honesty; which precious advantages were depicted in his countenance. Although but of the middle size, he was remarkably well-shaped, and all his motions easy; his features, rather too regular, perhaps, for a man, were still improved by the most beautiful complexion, fine teeth, and head of hair. He appeared to be possessed of great sensibility, without any display, however, of those violent passions which are so liable to storm or lead the heart astray. He received annually a moderate sum, which was sent him very punctually, and was sufficient for the expence of his maintenance and studies, the only objects of his present ambition. In short, according to appearance, the dawn of a peaceable life seemed to shine over him; when, one day, a nobleman’s chaplain in the neighbourhood of Oxford entered his room, rather abruptly, with tears in his eyes. Ah! my poor Richard, said he; how I pity you! you are ruined! Mrs. Hallen is dead!

This Mrs. Hallen was the widow of a brewer, of Southam in Warwickshire; she had no children; and although in very indifferent circumstances, had hitherto provided for Richard’s education at Oxford. The chaplain was a common friend of both parties.

At these words, “Mrs. Hallen is dead!” (the consequences of which O’Berthon was not yet sensible of) all the obligations which he laid under to that good woman presented themselves to his mind; his soul was moved, his heart contracted, and his eyes were bathed with tears.

Weep, weep, my good friend, said the honest chaplain, whilst embracing him: those proofs of your tender feelings please me much; weep on; those tears awaken not suspicion: they are sweet in comparison with those which you must shed over your own self.—

What have I more to regret, replied Richard, since I have lost her who was a mother to me? —

So she was, child, returned the chaplain, and no one will replace her; you are left to the mercy of the age, of this hardened age, when charity is extinct, and from whence the symptoms of humanity have even disappeared. You must leave Oxford, my friend.—What! give up my studies? cried Richard. —Who would enable you to go on with the, quoth the chaplain. Only read this letter from the greedy, unfeeling executrix of Mrs. Hallen.

*To Mr. Borton, Chaplain at Woodstock House.*

SIR,

I have found many of your letters amongst the papers of my late sister, Mrs. Hallen, and have particularly noticed the last which you took the trouble of writing to her, demanding money for a young student at Oxford. The whole of the inheritance would not be sufficient for the support of such a being. My sister has hurt herself and family to a great extent, by using such overgrown generosity. I wonder, Sir, that a man of your character, would be her agent: it became you to represent to her.... [*Here there were three or four lines erased.*].... However, by discontinuing a correspondance of the kind you will oblige

Your humble servant,

## A. FLUST.

Oh! heavens! cried Richard, lifting up his eyes, with what a calamitous disgrace am I besieged? It is even reflected upon my benefactress. —

Hold, friend, interrupted the chaplain. The moment is at hand to try your virtue: forget, or overlook this lady's barbarity, and summon your best spirits. I am ignorant of the motives from which Mrs. Hallen, who has never communicated the business to me, had caused you to be brought up to a profession which you was not intended for by nature; neither has she, previous to her decease, settled any thing to support you in it; she never made it known whether you was related to her, or who you really were. Now then you are deprived of all manner of foreign assistance; yet, being possessed, as you are, of virtuous sentiments, poverty and want are the only enemies which threaten you, and you must think of keeping them away....—And what shall I do, Sir, replied Richard, whom shall I apply to? You are my only acquaintance; I have hitherto sought for retirement and solitude, in order to be better prepared for the situation in life which I had fixed upon. I have rejected through respect for their superiority, the familiarity of the first noblemen, my fellow-students, which had been offered to me: nay, I have even shunned the company of such as were thought my equals, for fear of provoking jealousy; I am totally destitute of friends .....—But, supposing you should have friends, among that class, my dear Richard, continued the chaplain, of what service could they be to you? They would neglect and soon forsake you, which would make you still more wretched. Besides, they are mere youths, and cannot dispose of their fortunes; and, admitting they were inclined to assist you, do you believe that their guardians or parents would permit them to make such a noble use of their superfluity? You are pretty well read in books, my friend, but know nothing of men. In former ages, England has produced a race, apparently less civilized than the present, but they were more good-natured, frank, and beneficent. Our countrymen at this present period bear a more refined and polished outside, but are devoted to luxury, debauchery, and avarice, the offspring of either; they have renounced humanity: they have even given up that generous, enlightened sentiment which attached them to liberty, the only fanaticism of which they retain; and blindly run to meet servitude and bondage, that they may procure the means of supporting their extravagance. Ah! my dear Richard! would you humble yourself so far as to implore the assistance of a Peer, or of a Baronet? Should your distinguished qualifications momentarily awaken the liberality of any one of them, you must forget yourself without reserve, and comply to a perpetual display of degrading complaisance, in order to maintain yourself in favour. Such as are placed between the higher and lower classes, are devoured with the ambition of getting a similar title, and in expectation of success, copy their vices and corruption: the nation is disgraced and ruined. Shew yourself better than the nation, and do not trust in it....—But what will become of me? repeated O'Berthon, with an air of increasing anxiety and sadness.

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I have already weighed within myself, resumed the chaplain, the various situations which I might propose you to enter. You might be introduced to some wealthy family as a preceptor; but although you be nearly a man in years, you look so very young, that they would place no confidence in you. I could advise you to try to get a commission in the army; but it requires great interest, and you being so delicate, and brought up in a college, unaccustomed to hard labour, could not possibly bear the fatigues which a private soldier is exposed to. You are possessed of sentiments, and honour, which perhaps might soon forsake you, from the bad example of some of your comrades: besides, a man is not fit for a soldier unless he be five feet and a half high, stout, and endowed with particular patience; every other qualification is useless, and may become even dangerous. You are now too old to go to sea: Those who wish to follow that profession must be inured to certain necessary habits from

their earliest years. A merchant never considers but profit in all his operations, and, especially, never loses sight of economy: you would be looked upon by any one of them as a troublesome burden, and of course would not be received on board. You might learn some mechanical profession, but then you must pay to be bound an apprentice. Oh! my dear child! it gives me great pain indeed to recommend the only measure you can adopt, in order to procure, in the most plentiful of all countries, that sustenance which the earth supplies with liberality in the rudest climates, to those men who are equal strangers to society or labour, and whom we call savages: you must go to service.....—I wear a livery? cried Richard, in a transport of grief.....—Yes, my friend, a livery!..... —

The chaplain's harangue was intended merely as a gradual introduction to this last hint, which stunned the unprepared youth. Notwithstanding he entertained no pride, yet he was master of a noble mind, nor could he view himself in that abject situation, to which he must be reduced, without shedding fresh torrents of tears.

Do not fret in this manner, would Mr. Borton say. The situation I propose is humble, I confess; but you cannot have your own choice: virtue may ennoble every thing. Your mind not being servile, you will attach yourself to the performance of your duty; will make yourself useful to your masters, and gain their affection. Instead of living an idle life, like other servants, you will improve in private those seeds of learning which you have received from your studies: who knows but one day hereafter you may find yourself as comfortable as my friend Mr. Pighman? He served Sir Charles Hertford, our Envoy at Constantinople: the contagion which is so common in that metropolis, and another accident, deprived the Minister of both his Secretaries. Sir Charles happened to have some secret and important intelligence to dispatch: he knew that Pighman could write a good hand; that he was a discreet, honest fellow; well, Sir, he employed him, and had reason to be content. All that I have to say more, dear O'Berthon, is, that my friend has retired into Norfolk, with a snug hundred a year, and the esteem of all who know him. Keep up your spirits; I am well satisfied more courage is wanted to stoop than to rise, especially when our inclinations are opposed; but if you do but preserve a spark of that fortitude which will urge your determination, and adhere to it, you will soon discover that a man may embrace an humble station without being degraded.

Richard was highly hurt at the insinuation; but he was persuaded to think his compliance unavoidable: for want of experience, he was incapable of contriving a more suitable resource; however, being forced to fix upon a determination, he followed the usual course of mild, confident spirits, and forfeiting his own vanity and reason, uniformly agreed to follow the directions of his friend.

Now he must take leave of the University, and the few acquaintances he had in Oxford. The chaplain assisted him in the discharge of these indispensable ceremonies: they pretended the death of a mother, and some particular business to attend, as the occasion of his departure, which was no farther delayed than on the evening. Richard having disposed of such articles as were become of no use to him, mounted behind his friend, who brought him to Woodstock House. Here the ecclesiastic began to develope his plan, and elucidated the measures which he had already adopted to bring it to a speedy execution. —Five-and-twenty guineas, my friend, said he, is all you are worth: so trifling a sum will not go far, consequently you must look after a place without loss of time. I have no farther occasion to urge the necessity of your leaving the vicinity of Oxford. I have a relation who is rector of a small village called Buttorf, in Devonshire, within a few miles of Exeter: his living is rather inconsiderable, but, however, he is not without having some good friends in that County. I have written to him already on the subject, and related that part of your history which is best calculated to interest him in your behalf; he has answered my letter, and has some hopes of procuring a situation for you: so take my horse and go to him.

Richard arrived at Buttorf; the pastor received him with kindness, but that sort of kindness which must hurt the feelings of its object.—My lad, said the priest, I will do my utmost to serve you. Places are very scarce; we must be unlucky though, indeed, if, within a month or two, some impertinent servant does not deserve being dismissed from a good family in this neighbourhood: when you are recommended by me, I don't doubt but you will be admitted; and then, according to your behaviour, you will shift for yourself.

Richard little expected that he should be exposed to encounter any difficulty or delay in the pursuit of so mean a commission. He seriously enquired of the pastor whether there were any Englishmen among the domestics belonging to those families which he had mentioned? to which the pastor replied, that servants of any other country were not easily hired; which answer augmented his surprise. He wondered how, amongst a free nation, so many individuals could be found ready to offer their services. From the interior of his college, he had looked upon his countrymen as Spartans or Romans, and perhaps thought that they were attended only by foreigners or Capadocian slaves.

He now concluded, that the general prosperity of a country does not always influence that of all its inhabitants, and that there must be many people in England as miserable as himself; nothing but absolute necessity being capable of prevailing upon a man to disgrace, by the choice of his situation, the most glorious title in the world, namely, that of a subject of Great-Britain.

Behold Richard, having taken his quarters at a sorry public-house at Buttorf: though he lived very poorly, yet his expence was running up very high in proportion to his circumstances, until such time as he should feel the effects of his protector's recommendation. He spent three long months in this sorrowful condition; and by degrees emptying his purse. Several places had been vacant, but others had been before hand with him. He had been introduced to other families, where they had found him too delicate and unequal to his business. At length the pastor sent for him one morning: my friend, said he, I have got a place for you at last. Get behind my coach; I shall take you to Clostern, to Sir George Nettling's, Baronet; you shall be attached to my lady, and could not fall into better hands: the carriage was ready, they departed.

Sir George Nettling, one of the richest baronets in England, forty five years of age, was a man without either vices or virtues. As he willingly opened his purse, one could perceive that he would have been generous if he had not been too rich; but flatterers and cheats had surrounded him during his youth, and, from the experience he had been taught in their company, he was made conscious that men were not deserving of being obliged from a principle of humanity; in consequence of which reflection, he rather let his money take its course, than shared it with the necessitous. His own parts were too shallow, and he felt too much want of other people's company to be a misanthropist, so that he sought society without being sociable himself. When in company with his neighbours, he sat at table with them, but would not drink; and to give himself an air, he would hunt till he was over-tired, although he did not like hunting. Whenever he assisted at the races, he was always foremost in proposing to bet large sums of money, and appointed somebody to bet against him. When at London, in the day time, he would repair to a coffee-room, and cheer very soberly; and at night, visited those assemblies where deep gaming was in practice, and seemed to stake very high, though ever certain of losing nothing. If he attended the play-houses, he would go to the pit to gain popularity; and at Vauxhall or Ranelagh, would accost a *grisette*, to assume the libertine. Sometimes he would appear at Court, assuming the man of quality; would address Lords and Dukes, and court their familiarity by all possible means, in hopes at last of being mistaken for one himself; but his promotion was as yet too fresh, and no one could have forgotten the date. In the capacity of a member of the House of Commons, he always sided with the Minister. Such was Sir George in public. At home, he was of an easy commerce, and

kind to every body, notwithstanding he was very irascible. Possessed of the spirit of property, whatever belonged to him acquired a double value in his opinion. Supposing he had paid thirty guineas for a horse, and kept it a week in his stables, he then prized it at sixty. The case was exactly the same with regard to his demesnes, family, and servants. Lady Nettling, his consort, was the only property of his whose worth was not enhanced from such prejudice: he often mentioned her with disinterested coolness, the same as he lived with her; and, had he been considered merely on this point of view, he, who seemed to be a man destitute of character, would have been known instantly for an English husband, nay, mistaken for one of the first Peers of the realm.

Lady Nettling, who was younger by some few years than her husband, had improved much from his example, and was become every bit as refined a character as the Baronet himself.

She had formerly taken a trip to Paris, where she had found every thing tedious, extravagant, and horrid: and yet, upon her return, she had tired London and all the echoes throughout Devonshire, with a recital of the delightful things which she had seen in France... When young, she sported a tolerable good face, and still retained a pretension to beauty, though without any real foundation: she also prided herself upon being a wit, and was desirous of attracting the attention of the world by any means whatever; in which she succeeded, by the particular method of exhibiting in London all the ridiculous demeanour of a country-woman, and of displaying, when in the country, all the levity, extravagance, and vice of the metropolis. She then assumed the housewife in London, unceasingly spoke of the sweets of the country, and boasted the delights of rural occupations and amusements; and, when retired to her estate and mansion-house, the adventures at Court, town anecdotes, new pieces, people of fashion, and novels, were the perpetual topics of her conversation. She declared all the country 'Squires to be mere ideots and brutes, and welcomed the Ladies with civil affectation, intermingled with studied inattention, which was very disobliging to them:—after all, one might live with Lady Nettling the same as with the Baronet.

Miss Dorothy Nettling, the only child they ever had, and whom they proposed to marry to one of the first Lords in the kingdom, was a young Lady of exquisite beauty, sweet temper, and, above all, very sensible. Her education was highly neglected, because the character of her parents did not allow them to attend to it with uninterrupted accuracy and intelligence: they were both destitute of capacity, and, in some degree, of parental tenderness. The chief qualification of Miss Dorothy, in the eyes of her father, was her being his daughter: Lady Nettling thought her too beautiful to be exposed in London, and acknowledged that the country was not a proper place to improve her manner; she consequently confined her to her own apartment, regardless of the young person's seeing company, to acquire talents and instruction. My lady Nettling, either through whim or vanity, had invited an Italian musician to her house, and the daughter had privately improved much by the lessons of the virtuoso; she also had learned to speak pretty good French, from one of her mother's women, who had lived long in the family, and was a native of France.

Such were the people whom Richard was destined to serve. Clostern, their residence, was only at six miles distance from Buttorf: our travellers did not make a long journey of it. The rector introduces a servant to Sir George and his Lady: they enquire whence he came from, and survey him with formal attention: but circumstances of the kind are too trivial, and are not worth being related; only that such an ordinary transaction acquired somewhat of novelty from Richard's confusion and embarrassed countenance. The present and the future equally alarmed him. He was at a loss to answer his master's or mistress's questions; but the rector, who had received the chaplain's instructions, would do it in his stead; whilst he, in the posture of a prisoner at the bar, trembled lest he would be rejected, and was afraid at the same time of being admitted. Graces, though ever so discountenanced, still are graces. His blushes

gave additional animation to his features. Notwithstanding his pending arms, downcast eyes, and inclined body, he still appeared well made, and bore a noble look; there was nothing awkward in his person, and his silence itself denoted his understanding.

My Lady ordered Foible, so was her French woman called, to make him try the livery coat, which was new, and looked like an elegant full dress the moment he had it on. The Lady, well pleased with the experiment, then bade the chamber-maid to take him down to the kitchen; which commands the latter obeyed with an appearance of joyful satisfaction.—Come, Richard, said she; your name is Richard, isn't it? My Lady likes you very much, and it is not every one that can please her; go on, go on, you begin very well. Come, eat a bit of cheese; 'tis fine Chester; have a draught of this excellent table beer, we always drink it as good here....He cannot eat! his eyes are bathed with tears!.....What now, Richard, you weep! is it through joy, my dear friend? you are sensible of your good fortune, I find; well, I wish you joy....why don't you eat?...do but only look at me....what beautiful eyes you have got! surely, since the day when my Lady and I left Paris, I have not seen a more agreeable man....but eat then.—

Richard yielded to the repeated intreaties of the chamber-maid.... Ah! now I am satisfied with you, continued Foible. Come, drink..... You appear like yourself a little more now. We must be friends, you and I Richard; I believe I have done something towards deserving it already. Madam never fixes upon a determination without taking my advice; it will depend upon you alone to ingratiate yourself more and more with her. I will tell you how you are to manage matters. You will want my assistance, Richard: in order to maintain yourself in such a house like this, you must acquire experience, and behave yourself well: here are numbers of servants, all of them silly, impudent brutes, a set of ideots.... You shall be my Lady's fourth lackey: only look at her other women with those discerning eyes of your's, and I am sure you will not be able to bear them: with regard to your fellow footmen, some allowances are to be made, but don't go and get drunk with them, I forbid you.... Come, have another sip, and then we will go and get my Lady's toilet ready..... You don't speak to me! tell me.... Are you satisfied?—

Yes, Miss, I am, replied Richard, in a doleful tone.....— You shall be still more contented by-and-by, or, at least, I hope so; we have our work to do now: this evening I will, in a few words, let you into the characters of our masters, and of the whole family Pay attention to me; and, if you should happen not to behave as you ought, it will not lie at Foible's door.

Richard was fallen into very good hands. Mademoiselle Foible had a susceptible heart, which a rising flame had just taken possession of; and, far from endeavouring to oppose it, she willingly submitted to its power.

Two or three days elapsed without any interesting circumstance taking place. Mademoiselle Foible, observing that sadness and reserve which Richard could not shake off, suspected he had some secret cause of grief which he would not impart, and upbraided him occasionally for his want of confidence. Richard, after having discharged the duties of his office with scrupulous regularity and exactness, generally went up into his room, not that he would openly shun the company of his new acquaintance, only he did not seek for her. Foible would try what her gentle complaints might produce.—What are you always doing alone in your room? would she say; solitude becomes such as ought to hide their faces; but look at yourself in my glass, Richard, and confess that retirement is not your lot upon those terms.—

I do not wish to hide myself, answered he, but am continually reading some book or other, as I do not like to sit idle...—Ah! if you could understand French, said the *soubrette*...—I understand it a little, said Richard. —What a charming fellow he is, continued Foible; he can talk French.... I will become your French mistress, and make you a complete master of the language. *Primo*, I must teach you a French song. Mademoiselle Foible

immediately sang the first verse of a favourite ballad; and Richard, yielding to the temptation of exhibiting his skill, went on with the second; his pronunciation was defective, but his voice sweet and melodious; besides, his manner of singing shewed that he had some knowledge of music. Foible was near being distracted. —Oh! we must often sing together, said she; I will teach you as many songs as you please. Miss Dorothy might have become perfect, had she continued taking lessons from me; she was in a fair way: but an Italian adventurer, who was introduced to her a twelvemonth ago, has totally turned her brains. Ever since he left her, she has continually been mewing a set of lamentations which he taught her. That kind of chest that stands in yon corner of the hall, is another piece of lumber belonging to that fellow; it is a spinet....—A harpsichord you mean, cried Richard; have you got the key?—It is open, answered Foible; but it is quite out of order: so long as she could make it speak, Miss would never cease trying notes and accords upon it for her Italian airs. I being her French teacher, this retarded her progress; and, as I love her sincerely, I determined to silence the accomplice of her negligence. *A-propos*, Richard, I judge that Miss Dorothy does not dislike you: I have perceived that her eyes were often fixed upon you with a look of kindness, and even of complaisance. At these words, Richard cast down his eyes, and blushed.—May I presume to ask you, said he to Foible, whether Sir George and my Lady are also satisfied with me? — Foible answered: my Lady likes every thing that I do: it is my province to direct her inclinations, as well as to make her caps. As to the Baronet, if you were not worth the tenth part of what you are, it would be enough that you have continued in the family for one week only, he would not change you now for all the *heyducks* of the Imperial Court.—

Whilst Foible was discoursing, Richard had examined the instrument, and was trying the keys, in a style that proved he was no novice....—What! can you play on the harpsichord too?—A little; and, if I was permitted to use this, I would endeavor to repair it.—You may take it up into your room, said the damsel: I know all the pastoral pieces of Couperin by rote; you must learn them; I'll teach you.

During the time Richard had been at college, he used to study music, as a recreation after his more serious applications. He was endowed with uncommon intelligence, and good organs, so that he had made extraordinary progress. As soon as he was become possessor of the harpsichord, he went to Exeter, from whence he brought every thing he wanted to put the instrument in repair: and Mademoiselle Foible was very happy to come and hear him, through the key-hole; for he was ever careful to lock himself in, under a pretence of not being disturbed in his studies.

The good damsel, however, was not discouraged by Richard's coldness. She thought within herself, that the heart which she proposed to make a conquest of was as yet mute; that the youth's manner of being educated had kept him remote from all kinds of connections of gallantry; besides, he shewed her some little friendship and confidence; and, if he behaved coolly to her, he seemed to be made of ice for all the rest of nature. Many a system of expectations had been built upon more frivolous appearances: moreover, Lady Nettling was of a liberal disposition; the maid had made the best of her situation; she could command some little cash; a marriage might perhaps take place, and then she might set up a milliner's shop in London: well now, if the ideal prospect of a settlement of the kind being shared with the handsomest of all husbands, was seducing for the woman who had formed it, no doubt but a young man, whom fortune had reduced so low as to wear a livery, should be equally happy to adopt it.

Although Foible was thirty-five years of age, she had retained a good complexion, she was well made, had a sprightly countenance, and her manners, which were naturally easy, appeared still more so, when compared with those of her English companions. The more she thought of herself, the more she was convinced of being a dangerous object; and yet, neither her charms nor merit had any effect over the heart of Richard.



Although an unfortunate circumstance had brought him to his present situation, the natural elevation of his soul had not received any abatement from the change. He certainly aspired to improve it; a serious engagement with a chambermaid would bind him to it for ever; and a connection of another nature he was averse to, from principles and education.

Perhaps a more noble passion, less suitable to his station, and which must overpower him for ever, had already taken possession of his heart. He saw Miss Dorothy every day when he waited at table, and could not but do justice to the genuine, and alluring graces which gave animation to the young lady's actions. When he happened to meet her looks, they seemed as if they flashed lightning: he then would cast his eyes down, and felt a secret trouble for which his inexperience prevented him from accounting. Had he been but more enlightened, as he was naturally honest, he would have detested his rising flame, and have had recourse to flight, in order to secure himself against danger; but it befell him not to be made sensible of it until the equilibrium was lost, and his reason entirely overpowered.

The first symptoms of his malady began, however, to act strongly on his disposition. The pleasure of seeing Miss Nettling daily, caused him to overlook the humiliation of his office, and rendered dear to him those moments of leisure which he might devote to solitude. When retired in his room, all his reveries and occupations were unwillingly directed to her. So far he had felt inclined only to execute the most lively tunes, and preferred movement and harmony to expression; but now he began to relish tender, pathetic airs, and Mademoiselle Foible had the mortification to see him, through the key-hole, in raptures, whilst executing those Italian pieces which she abominated. For this once she lost all patience; by dint of importunity and of kicking up a rout, she forced Richard to open his chamber door. —Why, but you grow mad, my dear! said she; I do not wonder if you are so thoughtful, and sad; you will soon die in a consumption. Cursed be all the Italians! They have banished cheerfulness from Europe, and I declare that within these twenty years, they have contributed to the progress of the spleen throughout England, more than the reading of the news-papers, the fogs, the smoke of coals, the Drury-Lane spectres, the poisoning drinking of tea, punch, and spirits. Play Scotch tunes or jigs, since on my account you hate the French tunes. But, if you persist in thrumming over those ridiculous lamentations, I will break your door open, dash the harpsichord to pieces, and I warrant that you shall not be capable of mending it a second time.—

The apparition and reproaches of Foible roused Richard from a kind of enthusiastic slumber. Whilst he was singing, the image of Dorothy had offered itself to his mind; he thought she was present, and was indebted to the idea for the tender, pathetic notes, which were so shocking to the ears of Mademoiselle Foible. When he recovered himself, he was rather embarrassed; however, he desired her to sit down, and in order to disarm her wrath, played some *brunettas*, which she had taught him, and in some degree succeeded in restoring her tranquillity.

During this scene, in the attic story, the jealousy of one of Foible's rivals was preparing for Richard the most glorious and dangerous adventures. Molly, Miss Dorothy's chambermaid, had taken a fancy to Richard, and, as she could not abide the French woman, endeavoured to ridicule all her actions. Madam, said she to her young mistress, the Italian master's harpsichord has been carried to the garret: Mamsel Foible has metamorphosed Richard into a musician; and they spend all their time in making concerts.—

That cannot be, Molly, replied Miss Dorothy; Foible does not understand music; how could she teach it?— You are right, Miss, resumed the wench, Foible is a dull creature, but she makes the poor inoffensive lad believe that she knows a something, and poor Richard loses all his time in her company.—

Have you heard him, Molly? continued Miss Dorothy. —To be sure I have, Miss, he makes a deal of noise, for it is no better than noise, for what I know. —The young man has a

decent look, and seems to have received an education far superior to his circumstances, said the young lady; he may know many things which it is not in Foible's power to teach him. But at what time does he play on the harpsichord? —In the morning, in the evening, in short, when he has done his work; for I must do him justice: he is very punctual to his duty, and often does more than he ought; the only fault that can be found with him, is his listening so to Foible's insinuations: I am afraid that intriguing French hussey will carry him great lengths, for she is perpetually worrying him; he is much altered already....—

That's enough, Molly, said Miss Dorothy; in case you should hear Richard perform on the instrument to-morrow, and if he be alone, come and let me know; I should be glad to hear him myself. It will be of some use to me if Signor Pamfili's harpsichord can give me the tone. —

The next morning, about ten o'clock, Molly came down to inform her mistress that everything was very quiet in the house; Sir George was gone a hunting, Foible was dressing My Lady, and Richard was performing. Dorothy went up stairs immediately, and clapped her ear to the key-hole. She verily expected he might know much more than a common servant, but she was far from suspecting that he could be both a good singer and an harmonist. It so happened that he was at that time executing an Italian air that had been composed in England, and was very much in vogue. Miss would have been glad to know it, but since the departure of Signor Pamfili, there was nobody to teach it her. She had some mind to let Richard know that she was by, and bid him open the door; but, thinking that such a step would be unbecoming to her sex and dignity, she went down stairs again in great emotion, and disposed to reflect on the talents of the young English musician, perhaps more than she ought for the sake of her repose. That same day, at dinner time, she often turned her eyes towards him. She certainly must have noticed his face before; but she had not made it the object of her meditations. She had been struck at the beauty of his features, and his elegant countenance in general; but his figure, and the perfect assemblage of his whole person had escaped her: she paid more attention to it, and heaved a deep sigh, which proceeded from a sentiment of compassion, and a reflection totally natural. How could such advantages have been made the lot of a man destined to suffer all his life-time in servitude! —

Dorothy's sentiments were energetically expressed in her looks. Richard met them, was penetrated, and experienced an inconceivable disorder. The occupations of the day brought some diversion; but at supper the scene was renewed, and Richard, without being able to eat a morsel, retired to his room; his heart was so affected that he could hardly breathe. He went to bed, kept continually moving without closing his eyes; so that when he got up in the morning, he was much more fatigued than when he laid himself down.

Dorothy was almost equally agitated, from thinking of the air which she had heard. Her taste for music was increased by her parents neglecting to allow her the means of becoming perfect in it; however, how could she manage to have Richard and the harpsichord come down to her? To give the charge of such a negotiation to Foible, appeared to her beneath her dignity; were she to apply to My Lady her mother, she might meet with contradiction. She imagined she might succeed more easily by the means of Sir George. Her father would often invite her to sing; in his opinion, she had the best voice in England, and, as he pretended to pass for a man of fashion, he willingly whistled some parts of a favourite air, in case he could learn them. It so happened that he began humming the air which Dorothy was so fond of. Ah! said he to his daughter, if you knew this! it is a delightful thing; Mrs. Bell, our neighbour, thinks that she can sing it; but how shocking ....—Why, but I might easily learn it, Papa, said Dorothy; for I have been told that Richard, my Lady's valet, performs it in perfection....—He! replied the father: why I should not wonder at all if he did! Calender, one of my grooms, in less than half-a-year, became the first player of the French horn in Europe: he is engaged at the Opera House for next winter. So then you say, girl, that

Richard can sing: has any body heard him? —Yes, Sir, Molly, my own chambermaid...— Oh! oh! cried the Baronet, Molly is a *connoisseur* indeed! —Why, but, Sir, continued Dorothy, he accompanies himself upon the harpsichord too: he has perfectly well repaired Signor Pamfili's...—So, so! he is an instrument maker also! Well, indeed he is a clever fellow. —

The Baronet was impatient to hear this virtuoso of a fresh date. Richard was forced to leave his work immediately; the harpsichord was brought down stairs in a great hurry, placed in a little parlour by the garden terrace; and, by command of Sir George, the concert began without any farther delay.

Richard had never played in the presence of any body but of an eminent artist who was attached to the University of Oxford, and from whom he had taken lessons. The young man, who was naturally of a timid disposition, knew enough not to place great confidence in his skill; the curiosity, eagerness, and impatience of the Baronet, threw him into disorder. He was seated; the music book stood open before his eyes, he had his fingers upon the keys, and yet, perhaps, he could not have played a single note, if Dorothy had not said to him with an angelic voice: Come, sing now, Richard. —He directly obeyed those orders which acted to powerfully over him.

At first, he was very much embarrassed; but, by degrees, his embarrassment was subdued. His execution gave great satisfaction and pleasure to Dorothy, and the Baronet could not refrain from letting forth such loud shouts as reached my Lady's apartment.

She wished to know the occasion of them; a servant was dispatched to enquire, and returned speedily with the intelligence. Mademoiselle Foible, finding that her idol had made his way at last, felt both joy and anxiety, as my lady observed very coolly, that Sir George would ever conceive the most extravagant ideas. He soon entered the apartment himself, and declared it was wonderful. —You shall hear him, my Lady, added he, and you will be astonished, nay, delighted. My Lady sneered, and it was agreed upon, that there should be a second representation in the evening.

But why should I ponder over those trifling circumstances? Richard sang; Miss Dorothy sang afterwards, and Richard accompanied her. Lady Nettling, Sir George, and every body in the house, accustomed themselves to see the rich heiress become the pupil of the virtuoso in a livery. The master was not perfect, but was possessed of natural taste, assiduity, and patience, to an excess; the pupil also was very attentive, she improved amazingly, and every thing seemed to go on for the best.

Mademoiselle Foible alone was not content. Miss Dorothy had never time to take her French lesson when she wished to give it her; and, to complete her sorrow, she could never see Richard but at table, unless she met him sometimes occasionally in the galleries, or in my Lady's apartment. He generally sat studying in that parlour where the harpsichord was placed, and she would sometimes come and lean on his back: but he paid very little attention to her: besides, some servant or other would now and then go by, catch her in that posture, and, from the raillery, she was forced to quit her post.

As she was sincerely in love, her situation became insupportable. According to her calculation, Richard must not be insensible; so then she imagined at once, without any foundation though, that he disregarded her partiality only because he had felt the power of Miss Dorothy's charms, and, by watching them attentively, she was soon convinced that she had guessed right.

One day she was standing unperceived behind a curtain, whilst Richard was giving his lesson. Every word they spoke related merely to their present transaction; but there was a something so sweet and tender in their mode of speaking, that it seemed as if they were making love, all the while they were only mentioning stops, quavers, and flats: besides, so much complaisance and concern; their fiery looks, their short breathing, their trembling, and

expressions of emotion, were sufficient proofs for a person of Foible's understanding. She left her ambuscade, shewed herself, and approached them. The mutual blushes of the young musicians redoubled; they were a little disordered at first, but soon composed themselves, and continued the lesson with as much tranquillity as they had done before, unmindful whether they were observed or not.

The lesson ended. Mademoiselle Foible, who had contrived to stand in Richard's way, seized him by the skirt of his coat, as he endeavoured to make his escape: she then dragged him by the arm, saying: you shall not run away from me; I must speak to you.

Have you lost your senses, Richard? What! are you so presuming as to lift up your eyes to our young mistress? You are in love with her, and she also loves you! If Sir George or my Lady had the least suspicion of such a thing, you would be used like a convict, or, at best, sent to Botany Bay for your life.

Richard's surprise may easily be conceived: he was criminal without knowing of it. The accusation stunned him to such a degree, that he could not immediately answer. —That I should be so base, Mademoiselle Foible, said he, as to betray such a worthy master!...Presume to be in love with his daughter!...She be in love with me!...You must be mad yourself to harbour such thoughts. —

The least I can say, returned Foible, is, that you are a simpleton: you don't know what you are about; you know not what awaits you. Give up your pupil, lest my partiality to you, and zeal for my master, should induce me to take such measures for which we might both repent. Have done playing the fool with me; I will eradicate those ideas from your head. All this mischief proceeds from your own fault. —Mischief, Mademoiselle, interrupted Richard, I know of no mischief; I have not done any; you joke surely. I take pleasure in giving lessons to Miss Dorothy, and she is very kind in attending to them: Sir George and my Lady approve of it.....—But I do not, cried Foible. Shall I tell you so over again? I won't have Miss Dorothy's brains turned for a footman; I won't have this footman go to Carolina..... but there's somebody looking at us.... We must part now ... leave your door open at night, and I will say more to you then. —

When Richard was left alone, he found himself in a strange condition. He went and locked himself up in his room. He wished to avoid that light which Foible had just offered to his eyes, but it penetrated his heart. He examined himself. All the time which had elapsed previous to his seeing Dorothy, appeared to him like a chaos, from which he had sprung; and he thought that, if he should leave her, he must be plunged afresh into the same chaos. Without ever losing sight of the respect he owed her, he had relished the pleasure of seeing, hearing, and spending several hours in thinking of her. Oh! heavens! thought he, has Foible been speaking the truth to me? Am I so unfortunate, so guilty, as to love?... My misfortunes are complete: I was first reduced by adversity to the lowest of all situation; now my heart is filled up with a passion injurious to my benefactors; I am condemned to suffer the most killing privations, or destined to crime: death is my only resource, and to death I will recur .... But, Foible says that Miss Dorothy loves me: no, it is impossible. From her elevated station and opulence, surrounded with dignities that come to meet her; she may indeed have cast down a kind look upon a wretched object, who did not appear totally undeserving of such a favour; but love me! ... love me! .... me! .... to believe it would be madness itself!

Such were the reflections in which poor Richard was absorbed, when Foible interrupted them by scratching at his door: at first he pretended not to hear her, and next pleaded his being ill, and would not let her in. She went away in a rage: but was he in a condition to receive such a visit?

He was violently agitated during the whole night. The next morning, when he came down to do his work, he was as much altered as if he had been labouring under a long fit of illness. At the usual hour of the lesson he retreated to his room; so that Lady Nettling, who

had happened to get up at an early hour that day, found her daughter alone at the harpsichord. —Where is your master? asked she. —Miss Dorothy answered: He certainly must have something else to do, for he is very punctual. My Lady ordered him to be called down; and Molly delivered the message with great pleasure, in consequence of her having perceived that those lessons Foible was much displeased with.

Richard obeyed the commands of my Lady, who had already retired to her apartment. He tried to give the lesson, but shook in every limb. —What ails you, Richard? said Dorothy, in a tone capable of moving the most insensible: you have met with no accident, I hope?... Are you indisposed?... —No, Miss, answered Richard, who could not recover himself. —Perhaps, added Dorothy, they have done something that vexes you; I should be sorry if they had, for I am much interested in your behalf....—No, Miss, replied Richard again, I have more kindness shewn to me than I deserve; but I have spent a very bad night....—Perhaps your bed is not good; I will mention it to my Lady, and she will give orders accordingly...—I am well in every respect, Miss. —No, Richard, you are too modest; I am sensible of your deserts: Sir George and my Lady likewise have made a distinction. —

Poor Richard felt much embarrassed, and thought he might be relieved by beginning the lesson. —Miss, said he, would you like to sing? —With all my heart, returned she: let us begin with that air of Signor Annibal, which you brought me yesterday; I fancy I have learned it pretty well, and I like it much.

The master preluded with an unsteady hand, and Miss began. The words they sang were nearly these:

Se comprendete i miei sguardi  
Vi dicono che vi amo.

If you but comprehend my looks,  
That I do love you they will tell.

Richard's part of the duet was expressive violent disorder. Both parts were performed with so much verity, that the scene was near ending tragically. Miss used uncommon expression in her singing. Richard recollected on a sudden the late discourse of Foible, and thought he could read the truth of it in those beautiful eyes that kept constantly fixed upon him; in a plenitude of involuntary joy, remorse, anxiety and grief; unable to resist the shock of so many opposite passions, he felt a giddiness in his head, his heart failed him, and as he was preparing to draw back his chair and to fly away, dropt down senseless at Dorothy's feet. The young person was alarmed, moved, and much embarrassed: she called for help; two servants came in, carried away the patient, and, a moment after, the report of the adventure reached Foible's ear.

She was then engaged in dressing my Lady's hair. One may judge of her inquietude; she used her utmost dispatch, and Lady Nettling lost many a hair by it; at length, well or bad, the business was soon over, and the chambermaid flew to the patient's bed-side. —What has been the matter with you, Richard? said she. —Nothing at all, Mademoiselle, answered he, with an air of confusion and bad humour. You hurt me much yesterday ... I eat no supper ... I could not sleep a wink ... and I fainted away this morning. —

Is that all, my dear friend? do you not conceal something from me? You dissemble and you are wrong. Is there any one whom you can rely upon and trust so much as me? Ungrateful man! I adore you, and cannot imagine a blessing superior to that of spending my whole life with you, said Foible.

Pray let me alone, Mademoiselle; you teaze me to death. I have a friendship for you, and am thankful for that which you show me. I should deceive you if I was to say more. I pity you for having made it your happiness to live with me ... We do not suit one another. —

You little monster, replied Foible, in the bitterness of sentiment; I can see the reason of your disdainful denial. You might have coloured it over, if you had been disposed, by telling me that I am a native of a country you Englishmen hate, and even pretend to despise: but you think me undeserving of being deluded by the least deception; my person is odious, and you wish to have me know it: you think I am unworthy of your bounty, and your vanity would be hurt, if I could be mistaken in my judgement. Well, I must repeat it over again; you unprincipled man, abuse the asylum which is granted you with unbounded generosity: you have carried audaciousness and impudence so far as to love Miss Dorothy, and to make yourself beloved by her. —

May heaven punish you, Mademoiselle, for having dared to utter such a blasphemy against a person who is the object of my profound respect, and ought likewise to be that of your regard. Get out of my room, and never speak a word again to me of all your imaginary abomination, or I will make you repent for it if you do. —

There was not a meeker being in the world than Richard: this was the first time in his life that he ever had been roused into anger; but his soul, being shaken by one violent passion, was open to all the rest, and might carry matters to an extreme. The lovely Richard was turned fierce and savage. Foible, being frightened, ran away, after having shut the door; she became a prey to the raging passions of jealousy and rancour.

Richard's choler had revived his strength. He got up and began a course of meditations. He reflected, that, in case he should go and hide himself, he might give rise to conjectures injurious to Miss Dorothy, and corroborate Foible's daring suspicions. He now acknowledged his love for Dorothy. Perhaps she returned his sentiments. The danger which threatened them both stared him in the face. He must then fix upon a determination, leave Devonshire for ever; but it was necessary he should invent some pretext, in order to silence suspicion. The post was to come in the next day: he would feign having received a letter, which forced him to depart. This plan was true to his principles; but he was destined to occasion two different scenes in Clostern House, which were also intended for him as the source of the most extraordinary adventures. He left his room, and, having eaten a little bit, resumed his former occupations, with an air of activity capable of restoring easiness to all such as might interest themselves in his welfare. His zeal seemed to redouble that day. When the company returned from hunting, he went out to meet Sir George, and hold his stirrup to help him to dismount: but, as he was leading his hunter into the stables, an unskilful, awkward servant discharged accidentally one of the guns from a distance, and hit poor Richard: behold him wounded. In less than a minute, his face, neck, shirt, and coat, were all over blood. At the report of the gun, every body was alarmed in the house: they all turned their eyes towards that side from which the gun was discharged: the ladies looked out of the window; when Miss Dorothy, after having cried out on a sudden, Oh! Lord! Richard has been killed! fainted away, and fell into an arm-chair, which fortunately chanced to stand behind her. Some of the family hastened to her assistance, others to that of Richard. A small bullet had just clipt one of his ears, and, though the wound was but slight, yet it bled prodigiously. They applied arquebusade water: Miss Dorothy, hearing there was no greater mischief done, soon recovered; and tranquillity was conspicuous in the countenances of a numerous party, who were then assembled at the house. It would be of no utility to describe all the individuals of which it was composed; it will suffice, for the better intelligence of our history, to make our readers acquainted with the two principal characters. The one was Mrs. Brown, a respectable dowager from Sussex, and sister to Sir George: the other Lord Scarerow, eldest son to the Duke of \*\*\*; who were both arrived on the preceding evening about some business which

requires being detailed. Mrs. Brown was a woman of no great understanding, but of a very good temper, and the best character: she had no children, and intended to bequeath her whole estate to her niece Dorothy.

Lord Scarerow, aged six-and-twenty, had travelled over the Continent, and lived very free; so that his countenance, although noble and imposing, appeared to have been much impaired by fatigue and debauchery. He was easy and reserved in his manners, with a deal of assurance about him: he could command that great art of eluding questions, and ending a dispute with a joke: though he was not possessed of solid instruction, he had a superficial idea of many things; was a perfect master of that current jargon which facilitates a man's speaking in a pleasing manner, without subjecting him to be correct in his expressions: add to all this, exact, yet sometimes haughty, and very often cold, politeness, and you will have a complete idea of the noble Lord. The Lord of the Manor overloaded him with civilities, all his actions were directed to please him: it was only to amuse his Lordship that the hunting party had taken place. A little concert had also been planned for his evening diversion. Sir George, unwilling to lose the merit of his premeditated gallantry, accosted him thus: My Lord, the gun that has just been fired, deranges an agreeable surprise which I expected to procure your Lordship. That footman, who has received a wound, performs most divinely on the harpsichord; I wished to regale you with some airs sung by Miss Dorothy Nettling, but her second cannot appear in the field. —

The Lord replied to Sir George with an inclination of the head; and, turning to Lady Nettling, Pray, my Lady, said he, can you comprehend the Baronet's meaning? A concert, he said, in which his daughter was to be accompanied by a footman! I wonder that you, who have a knowledge of the fashionable world, do not apprize him that we cannot admit of such parties. When one happens to be the family alone, why, then, one may render some of the servants indispensable members; but ...—My Lady replied, shrugging up her shoulders, what shall I say to you, my Lord? You are no stranger to Sir George's humour; and they shifted the conversation.

Foible had been much alarmed at Richard's accident, and had run to his apartment; but he preferred Molly's attendance, and had even turned the French woman away in a contemptuous manner. In short, as his wound was dressed, he repaired to his room after having vexed Mademoiselle with all the rigour his imagination could suggest.

He did not come down on the next day; but, reflected all the time on his approaching departure. Molly had informed him of her young mistress having fainted away, from which piece of intelligence, he was made conscious that he must leave the place. Foible came to load him with reproaches, one half of which he heard in his room, but managed matters so as to hear the other half through the key-hole. Now, Molly was sent by Miss Dorothy to enquire how the wounded patient was; she found the French woman standing outside of the door, laughed at and made game of her: the latter's fury consequently increased to the highest pitch, and she determined to be revenged.

On the following day, Richard, with a piece of court-plaister about his ear, resumed his functions in my Lady's apartment. Molly, said Dorothy, I am going down to my harpsichord, if Richard be disengaged, tell him to come and join me. Richard could not disobey the command. He discovered Dorothy, whose eyes were bathed with tears: he approached in a dejected air, unable to disclose his lips. Richard, said she, endeavouring to compose herself, I shall take no more of your lessons, I am going to leave Clostern Castle, my parents will marry me to Lord Scarerow: every article is agreed upon and the ceremony is to be performed a few days hence. Farewell, Richard ... My new situation will be more supportable if it enables me to be of any service to you ... I was a well-wisher of yours ... I will serve you if I can ... Do not forget me ...

Miss Dorothy then burst out crying; she perceived that Richard, likewise, was shedding abundance of tears. Do not weep, said she .... you will break my heart .... farewell ... —Richard, in a transport, kneeled down to kiss her hand, which she had stretched forth to him. On a sudden Sir George, in a rage, holding a naked sword in his hand, entered the apartment, and was going to rush upon the youth, when he stumbled against a chair, and fell down; he immediately got up again, with a design of renewing his attack. Richard, notwithstanding his agitated mind, from natural instinct rather than in consequence of a reasoned movement, escaped his aggressor, by jumping out of a window that opened on the terrace.

Sir George, foaming at the mouth, and roaring like a mad bull, ranged the whole house, calling out to his own servants, as also to those of his visitors, To arms! run! seize him! stop him! let him be delivered up to the justice! the miscreant! the ravisher!

The people ran from all parts, and perceived Miss Dorothy lying senseless on the floor. The Baronet was asked whom he had so much cause to complain of? whom they were to seize? —Richard, returned he, the infamous Richard. He is in the garden. —Sir George instantly rushed out of the apartment himself, at the head of those who had gathered round, and followed him in the pursuit.

Foible and Molly had carried Miss Dorothy to her bed. Lady Nettling was engaged before her toilet, in polite conversation with Lord Scarerow. They overheard the bustle, and went to learn what had been the occasion of it. My Lady's servants hesitated to tell her: but the Lord's valet soon let him into the whole secret. One may judge of the effect which an adventure of the kind produced upon a man who was going to marry merely with a view to ameliorate his circumstances. He pulled out his watch, looked up to the weather, ordered his carriage to be got ready, and made a profound inclination to my Lady, enquiring whether she had any commands for London?

What! are you going, my Lord? said Lady Nettling, surprised at his sudden resolution....—Yes, my Lady, an important affair has just started; I have not time to take leave of the Baronet, and must beg you will apologize for me. —So saying, he turned upon his heel, to accelerate the preparations of his departure.

In the mean time, my Lady had heard the whole story, embellished with such circumstances as were surmised from Sir George's rage, Richard's flight, and Miss Dorothy's condition. The Lady was not altogether addicted to reflect seriously; but an event of this nature might ruin the character of her only child beyond redemption, expose herself to the sarcasms of a mischievous public, and, what was worse than all the rest, deprive her of the honour, which she had so much courted, of being mother to a Dutchess. She wanted to have the particulars from her daughter herself, and then to overload her with reproaches; but the young Lady was not in a condition, either to gratify her curiosity, or to hear her invectives. She was not yet recovered from her swoon, the effect of her fright. Mrs. Brown, her good-natured aunt, was holding her fast in her arms, and endeavouring to restore her to her senses.

The Baronet, notwithstanding he had ranged the garden, the park, and the adjacent groves, could not succeed in discovering his game. He then was reduced to the necessity of bidding his servants to take horse, and to search the country. His imprudent security had caused him to overlook the private long sittings of his daughter with a young man; and his rash confidence had prevented his having a watchful eye over them.

However, Lord Scarerow would have married Miss Dorothy, who, on her side, would have struggled to stifle an inclination equally averse to pride and reason, and at last would have succeeded in expunging Richard from her affections; had not Foible's jealous fury brought in a new order of things. Whilst Molly was gone to call Richard down, the French woman had made her way to the Baronet, related what she thought she knew, even what she might have guessed at, and conducted him to the spot. Sir George had arrived exactly at the



moment when Richard was taking leave of Dorothy and kissing her hand. Both their faces were inflamed, tears were trickling down their cheeks; the Baronet thought he saw more than in reality he did see, more than he had been told of, and entered a ridiculous rage, from which originated the most imprudent behaviour.

Foible was revenged; but her apprehensions and remorse made her pay dear for the sad satisfaction. She was not a bad hearted woman; her young mistress was ruined! She loved Richard with all her heart; and, in case he should be apprehended, he also must be undone. His youth, inexperience, and defenceless condition, delivered him up to the persecutions of a man in power; besides, the laws would tide against him.

Such were the passions which occupied the breasts of the inhabitants of Clostern House, whilst Richard was taking to his heels, through thick and thin. From the garden he had got into the park, hopped over a rivulet eight feet wide, which from its windings, retarded his progress; and at last jumped over the fences. He then got into a large field of hops, which again checked him in his flight, but covered him in such a manner as to make him safe. After having walked about three miles at random, as there was neither road nor path; he lost sight of the house, and proceeded, with a design of reaching a farther distance from Clostern.

From his bodily construction, he could walk with facility, but his strength was not proportionate; he was forced to stop every now and then to take breath. At seven o'clock he had not travelled about twelve miles, though he had left Clostern at eleven, and was overpowered by fatigue and hunger, when he arrived at the door of a small farm-house, retired at some distance from the road. The good people of the house kindly offered him some refreshment: he could eat but little, and begged they would suffer him to go to bed. His request being granted, he was instantly seized with a fever. He but a single guinea in his pocket; besides linen and clothes, the remainder of his cash, which amounted to ten pounds, he had left behind him at Clostern House. This guinea he gave to his landlady, to procure such medicines as he wanted. The woman, whose name was Francy, was a widow, advanced in years, and mother to several children, all of them grown enough to assist her in managing the farm. Francy went to fetch the several articles which the patient's situation required. He would have wanted also assistance of another nature. His mind and soul were still more agitated than his body. He was uneasy about Dorothy and himself: he knew that he was pursued, and that shame and chastisement awaited him. He had offended his masters: the rector of Buttorf, and the chaplain of Woodstock-House, the whole creation were become his enemies. How could he escape? the only coat he had left was the livery of his persecutor: all his property now lay at a place from which he thought it impossible to bring it back. The idea of Dorothy, whom he adored, and had made wretched, from whom he was separated for life, still added to the disorder of his imagination.

The fever lasted three days without intermission. Francy and her children, especially Dolly, one of her daughters, aged eighteen, bestowed the most charitable attendance upon him. On the fourth day, however, the blood cooled, Richard enjoyed a little sleep, and, after an abundant perspiration, the fever entirely vanished.

The patient, notwithstanding he was very weak, wished to get up, and sit with his hosts in a large room, which served them for a drawing-room, kitchen, and warehouse. There he was leaning over the table, with his head supported in his hands, and involved in gloomy meditation, when a loud gossiping and bursts of laughter interrupted him.

One of those women, who go by the name of gipsies, was holding Dolly's hand, telling her fortune, and presaging an approaching marriage, good circumstances, a large family of handsome children, a long life, health, satisfaction, and happiness of every kind. The young person was beside herself, highly delighted with such flattering hopes; and the sorceress, in order to complete her joy, added still more agreeable circumstances to her predictions. Dolly entered the room to acquaint her mother with her good fortune; and the

gipsy followed her, invited, in all appearance, by the hopes of getting a slice of bread and butter and a cup of milk, as a recompence for her skill and complaisance. She was taller than the generality of women; of a swarthy complexion; her eyes were equally beautiful and keen; her Roman face commanded respect at first sight. Richard noticed her, and interrupted his meditations to gaze upon her: she also fixed her looks upon him for a while without speaking a word, but with an air of particular concern: at length she approached and accosted him thus—Oh! oh! handsome young man, what is your business here? —

At these words, Richard, who thought above all things of secreting himself, fancied that he was detected, and blushed. —Do you know who I am, good woman? asked he, with an air of anxiety. —

Perhaps I do, returned she: it is my profession to know people, and often better than they do themselves; however, you need not be afraid, I never betray any one; amiable youths, on the contrary, command at all times my tenderest affections. —

Richard pulled her by the sleeve, and drew her at distance. —Speak, good woman, do you really know who I am? —

I should not be a sorceress if I did not....—If you are no better than a sorceress, said Richard, your abilities will cause me no uneasiness, neither shall I have any thing to ask you. —

What an unbelieving little man you are, continued the gipsy? so then you hold my art in great contempt? I suppose this is the consequence of your being educated at Oxford.

At Oxford! resumed Richard hastily; what do you say about Oxford? Has the Rector of Buttorf told you ...

I have no occasion for any body telling me, replied the sorceress. Be not so incredulous, but more complaisant, and we will soon know more than the Chaplain of Woodstock, the Rector of Buttorf, and all the clergy of England could teach you. Let us get out of this apartment, come along with me under yon chestnut-tree. Richard followed her, and they sat down. Come, said she, give me your hand. —

What can you read there? replied Richard in a bad humour, suspecting the Rector of Buttorf had betrayed his secrets.

Many things, returned the gipsy, this hand, those eyes, and that forehead of yours are an excellent, and very instructive book. —

Richard shrugged his shoulders. It is not unlikely, said he, that somebody has given you that account of me which you boast of; but I am so prejudiced against your art, that I can expect nothing reasonable from it. —

What do I see here? exclaimed the gipsy, a philosopher of eighteen in a livery! It would be enough to surprise me, were I not accustomed to prodigies. Look at me full in the face, and mind what I am going to tell you. I prognosticate, that in a moment hence, you will trust a greater confidence in me than I have occasion for, and will ask me more than my skill, however extensive, will permit me to inform you of. Tell me your name and age ...—

I will not tell you a single word, Madam; you pass yourself for a prophetess; begin then with those slight circumstances which are the objects of your present curiosity: this indeed is not a hard trial I demand from you. —

How obstinate! cried the modern Pythonissa. You would tire anyone but myself; however, there are books in our possession, which, if we read well into, will disclose secrets of a much greater importance. She then pulled out of her pocket, a little book about the size of an almanac, ran it over, muttered a few words, and, assuming an emphatic tone, read aloud: "*Richard O'Berthon, born in London, last Easter Sunday eighteen years.*" She stopped, shut the book, and took Richard by the hand: Well, friend, said she, you see that we are possessed of means to procure such intelligence as you are unwilling to communicate. —

A cold sweat had seized Richard from head to foot. He heard a name which he had carefully kept secret ever since he had left college, and several circumstances were recalled to his mind which he had formerly been told of, at Southam, by Mrs. Hallen, his benefactress, and that were almost erased from his memory. His principles underwent a strange alteration. At first, he gave no credit to sorcerers or witchcraft, and now he felt disposed to repose too much confidence in them.

The gipsy sat looking at him earnestly, and guessed at his thought. Come, young man, said she, you are rather astonished, but must not be frightened. You can have nothing to apprehend from me. Your first appearance has given me amazing pleasure; I feel the most particular concern for your welfare; yield yourself up entirely to me, and I promise to procure you happiness beyond your expectations. —

I! returned Richard, whilst fixing his terrified looks upon her, to yield myself up to you, Madam! Alas! when I look at you I feel but too well inclined indeed to obey you; the very first moment I saw you, my heart was moved by a strange, unaccountable sentiment; but your profession, which is so deservingly defamed, inspired me with reluctance; even now that you force me to acknowledge the reality of your art, you fill me with terror! and, would wish me ...

My dear child, resumed the gipsy, casting a tender look upon him, and in a tone of expressive mildness, lay aside all manner of mistrust and fear. Can it be possible for me to deceive you, who are young, in distress, and forsaken by the whole world as it were? What could be my views? But, now, if I only use my art to discover your wants and frailties, to assist and protect you: if my advice is never contrary to the maxims of the most scrupulous, rigid morality; if it leads you into the road to virtue and happiness, how can you forbear following it, and attaching yourself to me?

Richard gazed upon the gipsy with astonishment: he fixed her; which she suffered without offering to turn her eyes from him, or cast them down as from timidity; a certain air of truth and noble dignity pierced through her features, accompanied her actions, and seemed to triumph over the oddity of her tattered cloaths.

Observing that Richard continued silent, she would not interrupt him, till she discovered in his countenance that he had fixed upon a determination. You have no time to lose, said she; if my art informs me right, your mind is now convulsed by passions, the activity of which you must temper. You are anxious about your safety, and existence; and your anxiety even extends upon another object...—

Oh! whoever you may be, exclaimed Richard, either a mortal, an angel, or a propitious demon who are come to relieve me in this solitude, since nothing can escape your penetration pray tell me who I really am, whither I must go, and, how I can possibly remove from so dangerous a spot? How shall I be able to avoid myself? I hate, I detest, I abhor myself. —

The gipsy reproved him. Calm this excess, said she, which originates from irrational, and even unfounded despair. Also check your curiosity. You are now come to be the man I told you before you soon would! Just now you did not wish to ask any thing from me; and at present you require being told every thing, even such circumstances which it would be dangerous for you to receive an untimely intelligence of. You are not what you appear to be; I am not permitted to say more at present. Unfortunate being! degraded by the fault of the authors of your birth; deserve by your resignation, docility and patience, to resume your natural condition, and till such time as you do, be ignorant of yourself. Suffer me to be your guide; but I demand passive obedience. Sir George, tired with his vain pursuit, has given it up: means have been used to screen you from detection. All his people are returned home, and a disguise will facilitate your getting away from this place without endangering yourself. You must not be surprised at whatever shape I may be pleased to assume; none will be

natural to me, but all intended and properly contrived to promote your tranquillity, safety, and happiness; for you are become the object of my most tender affection. —

Nothing could equal the surprise and agitation of poor Richard's mind; the prodigious skill of the gipsy, which he was conscious of; her noble countenance, persuasive discourse, and flattering promises, might have given rise to his doubts, without conveying total conviction: but he must yield to the impulse of a more powerful sentiment. Hesitating between fear and respect, he felt inclined to love her, and kissed her hand, which he bedewed with tears.

I have conquered, Richard, said she; henceforth you shall be mine. Come, my son, suffer me from this day to call you by that sweet name; I shall use it with great satisfaction.

Alas! said Richard, it had never sounded to my ear. —I know it, my beloved; you have been deprived of infinite delight, and I will make you amends; but you must unbosom yourself to me, with all the confidence that is due to her whom you shall call your mother.... Have you forgotten Miss Dorothy? —

Oh dear! Madam, you break my heart!...No, I will never forget her person, her kindness so ill repaid; the affectionate love of her parents, which perhaps I have deprived her of, will make me wretched for ever. Alas! Madam, my heart was blameless, at least I thought it so. I might have been enlightened, but refused to open my eyes; so that if I have been guilty of the blackest ingratitude, it was unknown to myself, and has nearly cost me my life. —You have acted very imprudently, my dear child; but Sir George and my Lady much more so than yourself—

I have suffered for it indeed. I have offended Miss Dorothy...I cannot see her; not can I live from her: I shall die before it is long. —

You must not indulge these gloomy ideas, my dear son. Your love is immoderate: no doubt but it is a great misfortune for you to have conceived such a violent passion for a person whose condition seems so far above your's; but ... fortune will have its vicissitudes.

Kind heaven! cried Richard, pour your most efficacious bounty over the amiable Dorothy: suffer not that she may ever be so reduced that I might aspire to her hand without exposing her to a blush. —

That is a noble sentiment you have expressed, my son, it speaks you worthy of a better destiny. I do not wish you to entertain too sanguine hopes; but conduct yourself with prudence and circumstances may take such a change, that Miss Dorothy, some day or other, may accept of your hand, without being degraded either in your eyes or her own.

She marry me! she marry me! cried Richard in a transport nearly convulsive. Would you have me harbour hopes of the kind, Madam? —

The gipsy replied: I disapprove either your transports or foolish expectations; only reflect, that human prudence, coupled with the support of heaven, may operate favourable changes, if you do but contribute to them by your reserve and wisdom. I must assume an universal command over all your actions; and, first of all, require you will leave off your present dress, which would endanger you much in any other place than this kind of a desert. Let us return to the house, and I will give you a proper one for your necessary disguise. —

Richard then, at her request, conducted the gipsy into the closet where he had slept; here she ordered him to stop, and wait for her. A quarter of an hour after she returned with a bundle of plain but very neat woman's clothes, which she had bought from mother Francy, and helped Richard to put them on. As soon as he was dressed, she bade him sit down. — Hark'ee, I am going to use an innocent stratagem, the utility of which you will acknowledge; now, be very particular not to counteract or belie me, either by word or action.

Mrs Francy and family are fully persuaded by this time you are the daughter of Thomas Cawson, Esq. from Kent: your name is Arabella. Your friends wanted you to marry a gentleman old enough to be your grandfather, and you have fled in order to prevent the match. Some people have been commissioned to search after you all over England. Now, your father has granted you his pardon, and his arms are open to receive you; after having hunted you for three long months, he discovered you were in a castle about this neighbourhood, and he himself is at no greater distance than ten miles. I am going to inform him of your present residence; and, in all probability, he will come and fetch you the day after to-morrow: be ready to meet him. Farewell, Miss Arabella Cawson, you shall see me again in a short time. —

The gipsy had but just left the room when Dolly and her mother came in. —Ah! ah! Miss, said they, we always suspected the truth. Your frame is so delicate, your voice so sweet and gentle, and this livery fitted you so ill: it was no difficult matter to find out that it had never been made for you. It will end well, however, after all. ‘Squire Cawson, your father, will be here the day after to-morrow. Make yourself easy. You have not eaten a morsel these three days: that’s very unreasonable of you. —

This harangue puzzled Richard: he was not accustomed to lie, blushed easily, and, by remaining silent, acted his part in the highest perfection. From the difference of their sexes, Dolly and her mother had always shown great reserve; now, that they were free from fear, they began to load him with caresses, which rather made him feel awkwardly situated; however, that, and the following day were spent without his betraying himself.

On the morning which had been appointed for the departure of the false Arabella, the dawn had but just appeared, when two men on horseback arrived at the gate: one of them led another horse, neatly trimmed. The people of the house were up already, and Miss Arabella was prepared for any adventure whatever.

The two horsemen dismounted: one of them accosted Dolly, enquiring whether Miss Arabella Cawson was not in the house? The false Arabella instantly made her appearance. The apparent chief of the two gentlemen, with his face muffled up in the collar of his great coat, advanced precipitately, and embraced her with great tenderness. The other brought her horse, and helped her up. The father then was engaged in speaking to the farmer’s family, and returning them thanks. All these ceremonies were soon over, and, in a moment, the company rode off.

Behold Richard, in his disguise, travelling between two guides, who were strangers to him, and undoubtedly sent by the gipsy. But of what nature was that succouring being whose assistance was thus offered him? His former studies had discredited, in his mind, chiromancy, magic, and all the pretended arts of the kind. Every sorcerer or fortune-teller he considered as a cheat; and yet, through what mediation were all the prodigies that surprised him operated? Would his religion allow him to accept of those services, the source whereof was unknown to him, and consequently, must be suspected? On the other hand, he was promised to be conducted through the paths of honour and virtue: could a being, corrupted by its profession and bent to do evil, use such language, and take a similar engagement? Whilst weighing in his mind these contending ideas, replete of the writings of Plato and Apuleia, the demon of Socrates occurred to his mind: the next moment his credulity is carried still farther; he thinks of fairies and genii. He questions the truth of every thing, and yet finds every thing to be probable; in the mean time, he is determined to examine scrupulously the advice which will be given him, also the actions that may be recommended, in order to find out the principles by which they are dictated.

After having journeyed on pretty smartly, they arrived at Honiton, and alighted at the gate of an inn. One of the party ran foremost into the house, whilst the other stopped to help Miss to dismount. She was shown into a parlour, and left there by herself. A young man, who

was sitting outside of the door, seemed plunged in the agonies of despair, and was crying aloud. Richard silently sat down; his attention was so deeply engrossed with his own adventure that he could not think of another person's. A minute after, one of the maids desired him to follow her. Miss, said she, your father is waiting for you in his apartment, and I will show you the way. —Richard followed her. The maid withdrew after having pointed out the door. Richard entered the room, where he discovered a gentleman, rather slim, though tall, and well made: his port was noble, his countenance attracting, his manners easy and becoming, and he appeared to be about thirty, or five-and-thirty. This gentleman advanced to meet him with an air of familiarity and freedom, and embraced him. —Well, my dear Miss, said he, I hope you are not fatigued after your ride. —

Richard felt rather embarrassed at the salute of the unknown gentleman, received his compliments with great coolness, and surveyed him from head to foot, unable to recollect having ever seen him any where. The other smiled at his disorder. —What! don't you recollect my features? they must not be absolutely foreign to you, however. Two days ago you was a young lad, your name was Richard, and I was your mother; this morning you was the daughter to Thomas Cawson Esq. and I was your father; but, I am no longer a clumsy gentleman farmer, I am Captain Sentry, will soon be on the half-pay, and you are my daughter. Come, added he in a lively tone, long live Miss Rebecca Sentry, and manifest to me that her sentiments make her deserving of being the daughter of a man who has well served his country, and whose name, Government, as a recompense is disposed to class upon the list of its pensioners. —

Alas! resumed Richard, you are whatever you choose to be, but, pray, inform me what is to be my lot? I will continue a girl, since you will have it so, but I flatter myself it will only be apparently. —

The Captain laughed at his pretended daughter's apprehension. —The part of a young handsome lady, said he, is not to be rejected; but I do not wish to force your inclinations in that respect. The good of your affairs demands this disguise for a while: be careful not to forget your part, and though you be mistaken for, and exposed to find yourself in company with persons of the sex you seem to be of, be aware of the frolics of your own; if you were to forget yourself so far, I am of a revengeful humour, and would not answer for what I might do. —

This last menace, which was pronounced in a stern, severe tone, caused Richard to make serious reflections, and made him consider his disguise as more inconvenient than he was aware of. —I hope, said he to the Captain, that you will soon relieve me from this bondage. —

Quite the reverse, replied the latter, you shall have time to contract the habit; I am not even certain you shall continue English; it would agree neither with your interest, nor my private views. You must be Welch. —

I Welch! that cannot be. I never was in the country ... I do not understand one word of their gibberish...—

Every thing in this world exists by appearances only, replied the Captain. I, for instance, who am now speaking to you, am not myself; but you shall know me by-and-by. You shall be neither Miss Rebecca Sentry, nor a Welch girl as you appear: however, we have no occasion to make constant use of the marvellous. We are going to Wales; you shall live in a good house, and when you are as learned as I wish you to be, then I will introduce you on that stage where I intend you shall succeed. —

Richard, whose head was filled up with so many enigmatic discourses, was silent; his looks were expressive of surprise and embarrassment. —The poor child is absorbed, said the Captain; well then, I must speak to him of Miss Dorothy. —

Miss Dorothy! interrupted Richard, can I hear from her?.. —You stick very close to her heart. —She must be very miserable then?.. —She has received some consolation. She was exposed to unceasing reproaches; but, Mrs. Brown, her aunt, a kind, compassionate woman, has protected her. —She must leave my house, the worthless creature, said Sir George. —She then shall be welcome to mine, argued the aunt. —I will disinherit her, added the Baronet. —She shall have the whole of my property, continued the lady. —She is an infamous hussey, said Lady Nettling, I am determined never to see the creature again. —But I can never see her enough to please me, would the aunt answer. —I will turn her out of my doors, quoth the Baronet. —And I would take her to my estate instantly, said Mrs. Brown, if she was in a situation to bear the fatigues of a journey without additional danger. —

So then she is ill? asked Richard, alarmed. —

She is better, said the Captain. She shall go with her aunt. Her father and mother have given up plaguing her. They are both gone to a seat of theirs in Derbyshire, and I must be widely mistaken, or Miss Dorothy is most anxious now about the uncertainty of the fate of her poor Richard. —

Could the dear creature love me! be uneasy about me!.. Ah! you flatter me, Sir ... But, pray tell me? .. —I have said as much as I could say, my dear Becky, replied the Captain, walking away in a thoughtless mood, and seemingly willing to observe something that happened to pass in the yard. The Captain's fellow-traveller was engaged in close conversation with that disconsolate young man whom Richard had seen at the parlour door when he entered the inn. This former person, who appeared to be the Captain's servant, broke up his conversation, and came up stairs to acquaint the Captain and his daughter that their dinner was ready.

Tom, said the Captain to him, what is the occasion of the young man's extraordinary sorrow? —

Tom replied: he is son to a neighbouring farmer. Whilst his father was absent he took a horse out of the farm to go to see Collumpton races. On his way home, he was met by a highwayman in a by-road, at a mile's distance from hence; the fellow forced him to change coats, and made off with his horse; so that this terrified youth durst not return to his father's house. —

Tom, said the Captain, that highwayman did not know the value of the coat he parted with. Bid the young man search the right pocket; there he will find a purse full of gold; the sight of which shall console his father for the loss of a sorry jade. —

Tom hurried down stairs; and the Captain and Richard, who looked out of the window, soon witnessed the excessive joy of the peasant at the sight of the treasure that had just been pointed out to him. There seemed to be about twenty guineas. Whilst they were viewing this scene their dinner was brought up, and after their repast they proceeded on their journey. —

To describe Richard's situation of mind, his ideas, surprise, reflections and suspense, would become tedious for want of variety. The little troop, after a brisk ride, arrived in the evening at Bridgewater. Richard, who was but just recovered from the fatigues of his fever, and four days' strict diet, declared he wanted to rest himself, and it was agreed upon to sojourn the day following. That same evening, Tom, the pretended servant of the Captain, was dispatched to a certain unknown place, under pretence of delivering a message which his master kept a secret to himself.

The inn at which the Captain and his daughter had alighted, happened to be full of French prisoners of war. There was an ensign, two midshipmen, a surgeon, and two masters. These foreigners, being deceived by Richard's disguise, and smitten by his charming figure, cried out, loud enough to be overheard: This is a very handsome young lady. —The Captain and Miss Becky did not seem to pay the least attention to an indirect compliment which was

paid in a foreign language, and, perhaps over-seasoned with some maritime interjections. Richard went to bed, and slept till a late hour the next morning. The Captain went out very early.

It was about eleven o'clock when Richard, who had but just got up, and endeavoured, through the means of one of the maids assistance, to give a smartish look to his dress, heard a great bustle in the house. The French officers were returning home, and swearing apace. The mob followed, and pelted them with stones. The former shut the gates after them, which a Constable immediately besieged, rapping repeatedly, and summoning them to open the door. The landlord wanted to obey, the Frenchmen would not suffer him, in such a manner that both within and without they made a dreadful noise.

Richard, who by nature was of a curious disposition, left his room to enquire of the prisoners what had occasioned the dispute. He spoke French to them, who being happy at finding an English lady that could understand them, replied: We have been insulted by some of these people, and, as they struck us without any provocation, we have returned their blows, and overpowered them. It is astonishing that we have been served in such a manner, being under the safeguard of the government: it appears they intend to renew the attack, but we are determined to be buried under the ruins of the house, rather than to bear their ill treatment. — So saying, they drew their swords, and held counsel whether they should not make a *sortie* against the rabble.

Richard, who was unacquainted with the first cause of the contest, was likewise ignorant of the rights of nations, and did not know for or against which party he was to decide. He could observe the people within to be very angry and resolute; and upon looking out of the window, he noticed a man of a decent appearance who was quite in a rage, and endeavouring to provoke that of the populace. I will be revenged, cried he; I will go to the Justice of Peace to the Admiralty, to the House of Commons, to the King himself. Break the house open, or even pull it down. —

They were all in confusion, and both parties exposed to some danger, when Captain Sentry appeared on a sudden, and accosted, with great civility, the gentleman who was haranguing the mob, and the Constable.

Mr. Orchard, said he, and you Constable, consider that those people whom you offer violence to, and pretend to detain here, are prisoners of war, and, consequently must be paid some regard to. If they have given you offence, if they have done you any injury, and that you have damages to claim, be easy: I know them, and will bail them for ten thousand pounds. If it is necessary they should go before a magistrate, I engage they will come along with me. Desire all these people to clear the place. As soon as I get into the house, the gates shall be open for you, and when you have investigated the business, I am sure you will feel very happy for having followed my advice. —

The Constable turned to Mr. Orchard, and said to him: Ten thousand pounds, Sir, in case the Court should grant great damages, will amply pay the costs, and for many a broken jaw. This gentleman (pointing to the Captain) has spoken like a man of honour, and seems to be acquainted with the laws of the country; it is my opinion as an officer, that you make yourself easy, and let him manage the business. —

Mr. Orchard was obliged to yield to the advice of the Constable, who ordered the mob to disperse. Captain Sentry advanced to the gate, and was immediately let in. He then addressed the French officers in their own language with great ease and facility: Gentlemen, said he, a man of honour, one of the richest farmers in this county, thinks that you have given him offence; I am conscious of your innocence, and can make it obvious; but I must convince him, and enable the officer to state his declaration. They are both well disposed to hear your defence, and, for the sake of your tranquillity you must apprize them of what they wish to know. —



The French officers agreed to the proposition. The gates were opened, Mr. Orchard and the Constable admitted, and, as soon as they had taken their seats, Captain Sentry thus entered upon the subject.

What do you complain of, Mr. Orchard? As these gentlemen do not understand our language, I will take upon myself the charge of answering in their stead. —

These Frenchmen, said the honest farmer, met one of my daughters on her way home from church: three of them have insulted her as she was crossing the field. Some young men belonging to the village, came to the spot, and offered to rescue my daughter, when these fellows beat them most shockingly, and, during the scuffle, one of the aggressors has been seen running away with my child ... This I heard when I went out of church myself. —

Compose yourself, Mr. Orchard, said the Captain, your daughter has not been insulted, neither is she run away with. Those three gentlemen had a nosegay in their hand, each of them, and happening to be in her passage, were so polite as to offer it to your daughter, which she declined. They did not comprehend her language; neither did she understand theirs. During their unconnected conversation, five of your fellow-parishioners advanced and attacked the gentlemen, who had given them a hearty welcome. Your daughter was very much frightened, and ready to faint, but one of our countrymen offered his arm to her, and has seen her home: she is now at your house. The original cause of the dispute, I mean the three nosegays, are still upon the field of battle. —

Do you warrant me this as a fact, Sir? said the farmer to the Captain. —I do, Sir, replied the latter, and I engage what I have spoken to be true. —If that be the case, let those who have been trimmed sue for damages wherever they please, and desire these foreigners to excuse me for having listened too hastily to the persuasions of some giddy fellows; and then, I request you will have the goodness to accompany me and the Constable before the Magistrate, that the affair may be settled at once. —

During the whole negotiation the officers kept their eyes fixed upon the Captain and the farmer: they did not comprehend the conversation, but they could perceive Mr. Orchard to be appeased, by degrees, and the Constable to look much disappointed and dissatisfied. The Captain drew near the French officers: Gentlemen, said he, make yourselves easy, the dispute is over. Mr. Orchard acknowledges his error, and begs you will pardon the share he has had in the insult, of which you have a right to complain. The officers made an inclination of the head to Mr. Orchard, which he returned, and then went away with the Captain and Constable. Richard, the only witness, who, from the knowledge of both languages, had not lost a word of the whole transaction, continued with the foreigners. The eldest advanced and said: Amiable Miss, we only understand one half of what has passed here, but according to appearance, we lie under great obligations to your father. Now confess it, he speaks French too correctly, and shews too great inclination to serve us, not to be a Frenchman himself. —

He has fulfilled the duty of a true Englishman, replied Richard, and undoubtedly is one. —This answer did not well agree with his candour. The more he saw the Captain, the less he was able to define him. About an hour after, Sentry returned to the inn; Come, Rebecca, said he, take your bonnet and gloves; we are going to dine at good Mr. Orchard's, who has invited us.

Richard was in some measure discountenanced at the Captain's grave look, and the texture of his proposition. Why, surely, Sir, said he, how could you think of bringing me into company? I am such a figure! what part will you have me act amongst strangers? —

That of a young person who does not know the world, of a raw girl who is embarrassed at everything: in short, that of my daughter. I know that you are well inclined to discharge the duty of a child to me, but you are not as yet perfect. I am satisfied with your behaviour of yesterday on the road, and this morning at the inn: but you must try your abilities on a larger stage, where you may be observed closer, and for a certain length of time.

Richard, who had taken a resolution of suffering himself to be ruled, to a certain degree, obeyed, without offering any farther representations to the Captain, and they both repaired to the place of invitation.

Under an appearance of great simplicity, Mr. Orchard's house displayed ease and even abundance: candour and beneficence animated the features of every one in his family. Mrs. Orchard and three daughters, in the bloom of youth and beauty, came to meet Richard, and saluted him with friendly embraces: two tall, stout, and well built young men, made their bow, not with the same grace, but with modest assurance. They sat down to table: one may easily imagine what a country dinner they could have at a rich farmer's house: more neatness than show or elegance: more plenty than taste or choice; good hearted people, who were very attentive to their guests, without affectation; naturally frank without being open, and cheerful though not gay; savoury dishes without seasoning; old hock from the time of King John, and puddings of six different sorts. They wished to divine what the Captain and Richard would like best, and were unceasingly helping them. The false Miss was continually addressed by the daughters, who looked upon her as a companion; whilst the young men, who found her much to their liking, darted amorous glances at her. The repast being ended, Mr. Orchard and his two sons sat to drink their wine with the Captain: Mrs. Orchard and daughters conducted Richard into another apartment, where they had prepared some sillabub.

When the ladies thought they were amongst themselves, Mrs. Orchard's daughters, who till then had acted with great reserve, became a little more free with Richard, bestowed the liveliest caresses upon him, with which he must be most pleased. The situation of the false Miss was truly very awkward: Richard was not of an ungrateful disposition, and he must return every caress that was offered him, were it only through common civility. He was afraid of indulging himself a little, for fear he should carry matters too far. The objects were attracting: he must soon either rebuke, or run away from them. Fortunately, the Captain and Mr. Orchard entered the room. The eldest son brought in a fiddle, and the younger a tabour: they proposed a dance; when Captain Sentry and Mrs. Orchard opened the ball. The Captain danced a hornpipe with all the grace of a courtier, and the brisk liveliness of a youth. The young Misses, in their turn, exhibited their genuine graces. The entertainment was going on perfectly well, when the eldest son came to invite Richard, who pleaded for his excuse not knowing how. —Never mind, Becky, said the Captain; you have never danced but the company will show you great indulgence. It is becoming, my dear, you should amuse yourself, and know how to contribute to the recreation of others. At first, we dance with a bad grace, we do not know what we are about; but practice and exercise make us perfect. Go twice around the room, listen to time, and then begin. Richard could not dispense with obeying, and looked awkward enough indeed. Had he been any where else, people would have laughed at him; but the present company were thankful for his complaisance, which was repaid with the ladies' embraces, and, above all, those of the Captain, who pressed him to his heart with expressions of the greatest tenderness. After tea, the visitors took their leave, both parties exchanging a promise never to forget one another.

On their way back to the inn, my dear Becky, said the Captain, I must do justice to your complaisance in obeying me: it has secured you my best affections. I should have desired you to sing, only that you would have acquitted yourself too well; and, if I had caused you to display your superior talent before our hosts, who have not even an idea of the thing, it would have been hurting their feelings; for which reason I preferred your dancing; as your very incapacity evinced how much you were inclined to please them.

Richard hearing that the Captain always called him either Miss, or Rebecca, said to him in a gentle tone: you have decked me in woman's cothes, Sir; but do you forget that I am not one? those young ladies at Mr. Orchard's ....—

I understand you, replied the Captain; they sometimes embarrassed you, hey? but trials of this nature are necessary preparations to greater ones. Leave off those dissatisfied and gloomy looks; never call me Sir, or Madam, again, I beg of you: I shall be either your father or mother occasionally, and can assure you that, whether I be either, heaven could not have given you a more affectionate one. —The Captain apprehending that this reproof might have hurt Richard, embraced him with marks of such peculiar tenderness, that he was moved to the soul, and returned the embrace. A man dressed in regimentals came up to the Captain. —May I be permitted to enquire, how is my brave commander? —Ha! ha! is it you, sergeant? —Yes, your honour, your humble servant, Harry Baggot. —I thought you were at Bath, Baggot: I had granted you leave to go and drink the waters. —True, your honour, I was going there, but happened to meet with one of my former comrades, who keeps a tavern now: he invited me to taste his ale and cyder: I find myself better; and, if I continue so, I'll leave the waters to run into the sea. —Why but, Baggot, your discharge has been sent to you in Bath. Henceforth you will be your own master. Your accounts are settled; your money is ready for you at my agent's office, and it will be paid upon your receipt. It amounts to a good round sum, Baggot, and will enable you to begin business in any part of England, which will please you best. —

May heaven reward you a thousand times! cried Baggot in a fit of enthusiasm, after all the good news he had heard. I am told this young lady is your daughter; may you both be loaded with blessings. Ah! Miss, forgive me for making so free; but your father is the bravest and most worthy officer in the whole army. —

These proofs of your good heart and friendship to me, my dear Baggot, give me real pleasure: then turning to Richard, daughter, said he, I have no money about me; give the sergeant something to drink our healths.

Richard looked at the Captain with surprise; why, but father, said he, how can I give him some money? I have none. —You must have some though, my dear, retorted the Captain: remember the story of the young man whom we met yesterday, and search your pockets. —

Richard did search, and besides a number of small trinkets, which he did not suspect himself to be in possession of, found a tolerable large purse full of gold, pulled out a guinea, and gave it to the sergeant, who thanked her, and took his leave. Richard holding the purse in his hand, turned to the Captain, what am I to do with this money, Sir? —Do good, my dear: I advise you to seize every opportunity, never to let one escape, they are too precious indeed.

—  
So, then, you appoint me your almoner, said Richard: the commission does me honour, and I will discharge the duty of my new office. —

The next morning the Captain and his pupil set off at a very early hour. The day passed without any particular adventure. At night they stopped in a little village, where a sorry public-house offered them but very indifferent accommodation. There was only one room vacant in the house, and one single bed in it. After a slight repast, Richard, who was young, but not inured to fatigue, fell asleep immediately, and did not stir an inch till the next morning at nine o'clock. The bright sun darting upon his bed awoke him: he opened his eyes; but, as he did not find Captain Sentry by the side of him, removed the curtain a little, to look after him over the room. The Captain was not there.

A woman in a light deshabelle and a dressing gown over it, was sitting at her toilet, with her back turned towards her bed.

Richard, surprised at the apparition, advanced gently to the foot of the bed, to examine the new lodger, that had been admitted into his little apartment. He discerned a middle aged woman, who had a noble appearance; her complexion was fresh and smooth, but not shining; she had a beautiful head of black hair, which she was dressing with particular

attention: she happened to cast her eyes towards the bed, and discovered Richard peeping through the curtains. She immediately rose, and came running by the bedside. Well, said she, with a lively caressing air, and a sweet voice, how has my little Miss spent the night? —

Richard, with his eyes wide open, considered the woman who was addressing him, surveyed her very attentively for some time, and compared what he had seen with what offered then to his view. He fancied he recollected some features of the gipsy, and some of the Captain, but much embellished: he imagined the present object to be taller; the countenance was quite different: indeed, the motions, countenance and looks, were not at all the same. —

Oh heavens! cried he, Madam, is it you? — Here you come again with your Madam, replied the lady in the *deshabille*. What an obstinate little thing you are! I am your mother to-day, and be mindful not to forget it. Get up; come and help me: you must acquire dexterity, that you may help yourself in future. —

Richard got out of bed, put on his petticoats, and, as he assisted his mother, showed more inclination to serve her than dexterity. The lady, without breaking the rules of decency, suffered him to see enough to be convinced that she was perfect in the sex, which she was pleased to assume that day. As soon as she was dressed, she bade him go and get their horses ready: he obeyed. The publican and his wife were much surprised at the metamorphosis that had taken place in their house; but they had no right to call the lady to an account; besides, they had received a liberal payment, and saw the ladies depart without offering to speak another word besides wishing them a good journey.

Richard had not leisure to grow weary on the road. Though his heart had not been filled up with violent passion, the actions and metamorphosis of his guide, their connection, which it was so difficult to account for, and the welfare which he was permitted to expect, would have supplied him with sufficient matter to reflect upon.

It was proper to conduct him through by-roads: the place at which he put up to dine that day, bore a more shabby appearance, and offered still more scanty accommodation, than the public-house where they alighted the preceding night.

Richard was sitting alone in a tolerable large room, where all the goods were in very bad order; the lady, under some pretence, having left him. Three ill-looking fellows, who were at table in an adjacent closet, discovered young Becky, rose from their seats, and came up to her: one of them said she was very pretty; another stroked her chin; the third offered to give her a kiss. Richard defended himself, cried out, and gave the man a box on the ear. Notwithstanding her efforts, the three fellows were assailing her, when the lady returned.

They had each of them a sword; the lady unsheathed the first that she could lay hold of, and began falling upon the ravishers of her daughter. One of them put himself in a posture to attack the lady, but she smacked the sword out of her adversary's hand in a trice.

This act of vigour suspended the attacks that were directed against Richard. The lady, brandishing her sword, appeared like Medea in her fury; her eyes sparkled; she pronounced in a loud and hoarse voice a few words, the meaning of which was unknown to Richard; but the sound of them only was enough to frighten one: the three men looked terrified at hearing the lady, and hastened out of the room, mounted their horses that were tied hard by about the fences, and rode off full gallop.

The lady herself left the room for a moment, whispered something in the landlord's ear, and returned as composed as if nothing extraordinary had happened. Richard never asked her to account for what she had done, neither was it her custom to give any account: they dined and departed soon after, without any farther *eclaircissement*.

It is not to be imagined, however, that our two travellers always continued silent during their march; their conversation, on the contrary, was constantly animated and interesting, when the roads would permit them to ride abreast.

The different productions of nature were almost all unknown to Richard. His companion complaisantly explained to him the mode of cultivating and improving them, also their various uses. She was very particular in making him acquainted with the different parts they crossed over; and, if history had rendered them famous, briefly related those actions from which their celebrity originated: Richard listened attentively, and imagined he was reading one of the most instructive books he had ever fixed his eyes upon.

They had been travelling for two days through very bad roads, when the lady said to her companion: here, my dear Rebecca, we enter the country of Wales, and will soon arrive at our journey's end. I will introduce you to a lady, an acquaintance of your good friend Captain Sentry: you know that you are his daughter; let me inform you that I am his sister The good Welsh lady at whose house you are going to find an asylum, has two very amiable daughters who shall be your companions. At first they will not comprehend your discourse, neither will theirs be more intelligible to you; from this proceeds a great advantage, of which you will acknowledge the utility: it will prevent a number of questions, that would puzzle you if you had not time to reflect and prepare your answers. When the ladies will be able to understand you, they will ask a variety of questions relative to their friend the Captain, you, and myself. I'll tell you now what you may answer them. You have lost your mother at a very early period; and know little of your father who, either yielding to his peculiar taste for travelling, or to discharge his duty in the army, had committed your education to the care of a farmer in the vicinity of Bridgewater, named William Orchard. You know little more of me, though I am his sister. Your answers must be laconic: avoid all manner of confidence; your future happiness depends upon your discretion. Captain Sentry has taken care to apprise the lady of our arrival, of course we may expect to meet with a hearty welcome. I must leave you tomorrow; this separation, by dear Becky, will be painful to me; but, I shall have a watchful eye over you; my attention, however will prove insufficient and unsuccessful if you yourself do not regulate your conduct properly. You may grow weary of the retreat in which you are going to be buried; but, so much the better, my dear child, it is proper you should learn how to bear that affection of the soul in your youth. Man is subjected to it in the highest stations of life; and for want of knowing how to support it, is ever miserable, and at great pains to become wise. —

One indispensable occupation you shall always have at hand, namely, that of learning the language, in order to be understood, and to comprehend others. You will find yourself happy one day for having applied to such a study; and as you will have many leisure hours, you may fill up your time, and find a recreation in making lace. Mrs. Bullock's daughters are very good hands at it, and will teach you with pleasure. In the mean time, you will acquire dexterity, and accustom yourself to the easy countenance becoming a young person of the sex. —

But, Madam, interrupted Richard with great dissatisfaction, you are always speaking to me of my sex, as if I were a girl, pray tell me, must I then continue to retain the appearance of one. —

Believe me, daughter, replied the lady with an angry air, that time, perhaps, may come when you will be very sorry no longer to be one. —But, Madam, returned Richard....—But, Rebecca, resumed the lady, I won't be called Madam; have you forgot that I am your aunt, and do you believe that by your indocility, impatience, asperity, or bad humour you will make yourself more worthy of regaining that sex which I have only deprived you of the appearance of? You are mine, and what I chuse to have you be; the chief aim of your actions must be to obey my commands, and never speak but to please me. —

Richard cast his eyes upon his aunt, and discovered severity in her looks. As he was disposed to respect and obey her through inclination, habit, and instinct, he was alarmed at having said something that she disapproved of. Whilst the lady, apprehending her rebuke had

been too severe, clasped him in her arms, and kissed him heartily; he returned her caresses, and good intelligence was restored.

They arrived at Mrs. Bullock's. The looks of the family, their dress, the language they spoke, their manners, every thing appeared new to Richard. They welcomed the lady with evident marks of respect, and Becky as the daughter of their best friend. They gave her a very convenient room, exerted their utmost efforts to make themselves agreeable, and the aunt, when she departed left her fully satisfied that the whole family were all equally inclined to shew her the greatest kindness. The very next day, Richard found himself alone in the midst of a little Welch colony; he himself had the appearance of a Welch girl: for one of the Miss Bullocks being of the same size, had dressed him in her cloaths, which he was no longer permitted to leave off.

It is so natural to wish to hear what people say, and to have them understand us, that, it is no wonder if Richard studied very hard to learn the Welch language. His progress, although ever so rapid, was not altogether surprising; his mind and memory having been cultivated from his infancy. At the expiration of a fortnight, he knew enough to ask for all he wanted: at the end of another fortnight, he knew the names of all such objects as are within the circle of our common ideas; and, in a short time after, was able to converse upon general topics. His application to study, and his learning to make lace, took up part of his time; his meditations and solitary walks in the neighbourhood filled up the rest of the day. The nights seemed much longer to him: they were spent in thinking of Dorothy, and reconciling the hopes that were suggested of seeing and possessing her one day, with the extraordinary measures which his guide had adopted. When he came to weigh all the actions which he had witnessed, though some of them appeared extravagant, and confused his ideas, take them all together, as far as he could be a judge, they were all dictated by honour, prudence, and wisdom. The result of those contending reflections was his ardent wish to see him again. Mrs. Bullock and her daughters still gave new vigour to that sentiment, by repeatedly speaking of Captain Sentry, and manifesting their anxiety at not hearing from him. Richard thought he could procure some intelligence from the ladies, and asked them whether their acquaintance with the Captain, his father, was of an ancient date. It is now above ten years, my dear Miss said Mrs. Bullock, since a common friend of his introduced him into my family; and, since that time, he has ever considered himself as one of us; Wales he has looked upon as his own country, and has spent all his time with us, when at liberty to do so. —

But, said Richard, did you know that he was married? —I heard of it accidentally five years ago, replied Mrs. Bullock. A certain widow lady of this neighbourhood, genteel in her person, of a suitable age, and good circumstances, had taken a great liking to him, and he seemed to pay great regard to her. I was commissioned to negotiate a match. That I offered was very advantageous, and I wondered at your father's being so averse to it. I pressed him very earnestly, and it was then, that, after having exacted a promise that I would not betray his secret, he made an avowal of his being engaged, and having a child; but, I did not know precisely, whether it was a son or a daughter. —

You knew his sister too, I suppose, Madam, resumed Richard. —No, I did not. Never did any man speak less of himself or relations than the Captain. Neither is this reserve to be considered as the characteristic of his countrymen; we natives of Wales are not more open, but it is in his disposition to lose sight of himself when in the company of others. —Do you discover a striking likeness between my aunt and the Captain? added Richard. —A remarkable one indeed; her complexion is something clearer, her countenance more open, but if she was to put on her brother's fair wig a little downward over her nose, she would be the very picture of him. —

Richard put an end to his questions, for fear the good lady should retaliate upon him, and embarrass him much; besides, all that she said did not make him wiser. His natural

conclusions were these: The extraordinary being who has taken the charge of being my guide, has assumed the appearance of a well known and honoured man, that I might be admitted into this family; but what am I doing here? what end will this stratagem answer? —

Six weeks had thus elapsed, when Captain Sentry's unexpected return gave agreeable surprise to Richard and his friends. Richard, in truth, did not go to meet him, doubtful whether he saw the identical or false Captain. His doubts, however, were soon removed; a look of acquaintance, and a caressing glance soon restored him to ease again. The Captain, encircled by the whole family, accounted for his long silence, which had been occasioned by intricate business, that he at length had been so happy as to settle to his best satisfaction. He had been delivering his accounts relative to the several important commissions he had been intrusted with. So far, he had been a wanderer over the three kingdoms; but, at last, had determined to purchase an estate in Sussex, where henceforth he could enjoy himself, and, consequently was come to fetch his beloved Becky. Mrs. Bullock chid him in a friendly manner for having fixed upon a spot so far distant from her habitation; but, he alledged very good reasons, adding, he was much interested in so doing, and prepared the ladies to see him depart on the next day. The whole conversation was carried on in the Welch dialect, and the Captain was highly pleased in observing Richard's attention and understanding.

The day following they parted with marks of reciprocal affection. Richard, who followed behind the Captain, could not help admiring the grace with which he managed his horse, and his truly warlike appearance.

What are you thinking of, daughter? said the Captain in Welch. —Have you forgot your English, Captain? returned Richard. —

No, replied the Captain; but you will act wisely if you do. Besides, I may be Captain Sentry without any other denomination, for those who know me; but, ought not you and I, my child, to make use of more affectionate names? —

I must beg your pardon, said Richard, for our relationship assumes so many changes, that, when I speak to you I can hardly recollect whether I am addressing my mother, father, or aunt. —

Well then, answered the Captain, I consent, henceforth, to release you from forgetfulness or mistakes of the kind. You shall see me under my present shape until you yourself assume a new being; I then will appear before your eyes under my real, natural form. May you by your exemplary conduct, give occasion to favourable transformations. —

Our travellers reached the county of Sussex, without any adventure occurring worthy of being recited. They alighted at C\*\*\*, a large village, at the gate of a stately castle, facing which the Captain had rented a small house, of no great appearance, plainly furnished, but very neat. The whole of his retinue was composed of a short stout maid servant. Captain Sentry immediately sent away the two horses, and the little family took possession of their new residence.

The next morning, when Richard awoke, he found by his bed side, a complete, elegant new Welch dress, which he was examining when the Captain entered his room. My dear Rebecca, said he, it is requisite you should assume here the true Welch lass: your present gibberish is rather too often larded with Anglicisms, and might betray you; but the decoration with which you are going to be arrayed, will make the illusion complete. I'll help you to put on these stays and boddice, and show you how to draw this hood about your eyes and temples. Your features will still retain their lively vivacity, and your shape will continue as elegant as ever; I warrant you will be very pretty, my dear Rebecca. Now, that you shall have no fatigues to plead as an excuse, you must contract the habit of rising early. I have appointed you my steward and agent; the maid is now waiting for your commands before she goes to market; mind you speak Welch to her; if a single phrase of English should escape you, I will carry you to Wales again, and you shall not see me for six months. Your Welch language not

being very correct, the maid will nearly guess at what you say; in either case, I will act as your interpreter. —

Richard who was quite a novice in his employ, proved but a very indifferent housewife in the beginning; but, as he had been accustomed for two months to condescend to any thing, he soon contrived to become a good manager; he spent his time in attending domestic occupations, and at his cushion, in making lace.

The Captain used to go out, and come home at regular hours. Whenever he returned he would go up to Richard, and gaze upon him with affectionate eagerness, which always appeared new: and, as often as he left him his regret was no less conspicuous. His attentions were carried to an extreme. He was of an even temper, but could not brook contradiction. If his pupil offered some interesting question, he answered with the utmost patience and complaisance to all such as did not stretch beyond the limits that were prescribed to the youth's curiosity; he willingly spoke of Miss Dorothy to give some consoling news, and always with a view of encouraging the sweet hopes of meeting her again. When the young man's questions were relative to the Constitution of the Country, or the manners and customs of the different States of Europe, he would answer him in the most clear and satisfactory manner. The ideas were precise, the definitions brief, and the differences well characterised; but sometimes the pupil, either through curiosity, or to embarrass his preceptor, endeavoured to interrogate him about the abstruse sciences, and the secrets of nature: when the Captain retorted with a grave countenance, Don't you pretend to tempt me, Rebecca; though I were instructed in all those truths, which knowledge is above the essence of a limited being, I would conceal from you even those you must be acquainted with. Study, force out, if possible the secrets of nature; you have no other means of being learned, and of improving your judgment. A wise man you cannot be; and, perhaps you would expose yourself to danger if you knew too much. After a similar tract of morality the Captain used to renounce his gravity, and to resume a familiar and jocular style.

One day, he came home long before dinner, after his morning ramble. Becky, said he, we must double our provisions today; one of our friends is to come and dine with us, and you will assist me, I hope, in entertaining him well. He is Rector of our parish, and a very respectable, honest man: he will be at a loss to comprehend your Welch, but I will be your interpreter; as he speaks as good English as either you or I, you shall hear every syllable he may speak. Perhaps, you will be very much surprised with the Rector, Becky, but you must have a great command over yourself: let your attitude and every motion be conformable to your situation. I shall judge from your conduct how far I may in future rely upon your prudence: let me recommend to you, above all things, not to show me too much coolness. You are a native of, and just come from Wales: the children there respect their parents, and love them still more. — After this short instruction, Rebecca, who was prepared for some new scene, went to order every thing to be got ready.

The clergyman arrived at dinner time. He was called Mr. Jackman, a good-looking man, bordering on fifty; of rather shallow abilities, but notwithstanding that, he had the appearance of a man of honour, and a worthy priest. Owing to his good appetite he did not speak much during the repast, and only now and then would steal a glance at Rebecca, who cast down her eyes that were already half muffled up in her Welch hood; the priest, however, admired them, and complimented the Captain. He then asked the young lady if it was from partiality to her own country, that she did not dress according to the English fashion? to which Becky replied, that she consulted her father's taste and inclination in preference to her own. This answer she had delivered in Welch, but it was so interspersed with English, that the clergyman could make it out, or nearly so.



Rebecca has been telling you a story, my dear pastor, said the Captain; she shall leave her own country dress only when she speaks good English. — Becky did not offer to reply and they shifted their conversation.

You have been very much in the right, Captain, said Mr. Jackman, to come and settle in this village. It is in a pleasant situation, the air is wholesome, the land fruitful, and the inhabitants are good-natured people: you could not fix upon a better spot throughout England, to enjoy your half pay. The lady of the manor, Mrs. Brown, widow to a gentleman of high rank, is a notable woman in every respect. I will introduce you to her. She and I have already held some conversation about you: she has desired me to apologize to you, for her not having returned your visit; she has been indisposed of late. Besides, she lives in great retirement, and sees very few people except her niece, Miss Dorothy Nettling, whom the consequences of a very whimsical adventure have forced to come to her house for a refuge.... You must have heard of it, Captain that affair has made a great noise.

No, replied the Captain, I know very little of the adventures of the county....—

Oh! returned Mr. Jackman, I must give it you then; a droll story it is; I had it from Mrs. Brown herself, who was an eye-witness to it.

Lady Nettling had a footman, as beauteous as an angel, and who sang in the highest perfection. Miss Dorothy and this servant used to make little concerts together daily; they seemed to agree very well, and to be upon very good terms together. But one day Sir George discovered the valet, who was offering violence to his daughter. He drew his sword, made a most confounded riot, and ordered all his servants on horseback to go in pursuit of the ravisher, who said he had effected his escape. A Lord, who was come on purpose from London to marry Miss Dorothy, went away in a pet. The young person had lost her character: well now, would you believe it, Sir? this footman, this gallant, this ravisher was .... (he then pointed to Becky) was as dangerous as this young Miss: he was a girl .... —

A girl! interrupted the Captain; has that been proved? Didn't you say that he had made his escape?

They have a thousand proofs, continued the pastor; a hundred thousand proofs as clear as the day. Mrs. Brown herself has seen them; she has had them in her hands: every one of the family, the domestics, the neighbouring villagers are all convinced of it. She was the daughter of Tom Cawson, Esq., a rich proprietor of Kent: he came to claim her, and carried her home with him .... It was a maid, I tell you; and a maid she is still, unless she has married since. So that Miss Dorothy has retrieved her character, and every body has blamed the Baronet for his violence and indiscretion. —

I never heard of a more comical story said the Captain. — One must burst one's sides with laughing .... Miss Rebecca does not laugh though! Perhaps she has not well comprehended me? — Not entirely, I suppose, said the Captain, but I will explain it to her, and I am sure she will laugh at it in her turn. — As this conversation ended, the Rector finished a bottle of excellent wine, rose from the table, and went away.

Richard sat stupefied, with his mouth gaping. What! said he in English, the moment he was left along with the Captain, is Dorothy at C\*\*\*! She believes that I am a girl! she has received proofs as clear as the day! .... It is you, Sir, who have played that trick upon me, you have dispatched some phantom ....—

Gently, gently, Becky, replied the Captain; now you have taken to invectives, and forget both your Welch and my name. I have hitherto been wiser than you; wherefore would you call my talents in question? Your mistress is at C\*\*\*; you are but a stone's throw distant from her; you breathe the same air, and yet you complain! Her good name was endangered, and her character might have been ruined; she was at variance with her friends, and exposed for the sake of you to the bitterest chagrin: well, on a sudden, with a stroke of my wand I have changed the whole scene; I have turned the laugh on her side, and disgraced with

ridicule those who were better deserving of it than she. I have even avenged her on Lord Scarerow, who is deeply mortified for having forsaken her so slightly.

She thinks I am a girl, added Richard. — I only deceive those, replied the Captain, whom I have an interest in deceiving: admitting she entertained such an opinion of you, it would not be altogether void of reason, your impatience and asperity might soon invite me to justify it. Be persuaded that it is as easy a matter for me to make you my daughter, as it is for me to be your father. The punishment would be severe, and I hope that you will not urge me so far. I wish to meet with more docility, to be content with you, and to make you happy. Cease being uneasy whilst I keep watch for you. Lay hold of your cushion, and finish that piece of lace. I am going out, and expect on my return not to find the least sign or vestige of ill humour. The Captain then left him: Richard resumed his task, without properly knowing what he was about; what he was either to hope for, or to apprehend.

THE END OF VOL. I.

*HE WOULD BE A PEER*

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AN ENGLISH STORY

.....

*IN TWO VOLUMES*

VOL II

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## HE WOULD BE A PEER.

### PART II.

THE Parson had been highly pleased at the Captain's house: the gentleman's manners, his dinner, his wine, and especially Miss Rebecca's beautiful eyes, had gained his affections. So many attractions attached him to the little family: he dropped in very frequently, and, with a view of becoming useful and interesting to them, if possible, he offered to teach English to the young Welch lady. The Captain very seriously apprized his pupil of the Pastor's good intentions: the former begged to be excused, as he had no occasion for the clergyman's lessons, and knew the language better than his intended preceptor.—Never mind, take some lessons of him for all that, said the Captain. In the world we live in, if we will avoid disobliging any body, we are liable every day to suffer ourselves to be taught things that we know well, by such people as are ignorant of them.

--Richard not daring to persist any longer in his denial, became the Parson's pupil in spite of himself. The lessons were tiresome, and lasted long, the student being under an obligation to feign great ignorance. The master, however, was easily imposed upon. If Richard inadvertently pronounced a word more correctly than belonged to a beginner, the preceptor construed that mistake of his pupil, in acting his part, as rapid improvement, and ascribed, at least, one half of the pretended success to his own capacity. He redoubled his zeal to multiply the lessons, and would have become insupportable, had he not often spoke of the lady and her niece. For some days together the intelligence he brought was but very immaterial, but one morning he came bearer of such news as had nearly broke Richard's heart.

Sir Archibald Hotwell, a wealthy Baronet, and a peculiar friend of Mrs. Brown, was just returned from his travels. He was of a rich family, and amiable in his person; he was in love with Miss Dorothy; the aunt openly supported his addresses; and the two families in concert, were very eager in pressing the conclusion of an alliance equally eligible for both parties.

Richard, whom such a recital had totally disconcerted, would have betrayed himself by an exclamation, if the Captain, who was watching his motions, had not encouraged him with a look. The Parson retreating, the two others entered on an explanation.

Now my expectations are all at an end, said Richard. I am come hither in this ridiculous masquerade dress to be a witness of her marriage! ... Ah! who am I, after all, to contend for the heart of an amiable and rich young lady, with a rival who is possessed of all the advantages which nature and fortune can bestow?—

You are a very uneasy, fidgeting, mistrustful little Welch creature, replied the Captain, and ever yielding to the first impression that starts. Is a marriage concluded, pray, because it is thought of? If that be the case, I must call you Mrs. Jackman, for, my friend, the Rector, has made me his proposals: he offers to give his person up to you, with a hundred pounds a year of his own fortune, besides two hundred which his living is worth, and the whole wardrobe, jewels and effects of the late Mrs. Jackman, his honourable consort. Mrs. Brown, Miss Dorothy, and every body hereabout, wish the union should take place; I would almost wish so myself: but, pray, do you think yourself married for all that?—

Mr. Jackman marry me!...me!...and you encourage such an idea! — I neither encourage nor ruin his expectations; I am a kind father, and will not force your inclinations ...— But, said Richard, are you in earnest when you propose my marrying the clergyman? — What I propose is, that you would not credit matters too inconsiderately; and, that you use civilly those persons whose intentions do you honour. Mr. Jackman is to preach to-morrow,

and has invited us to go and hear his sermon; we can do no less than attend, he deserves that mark of our regard.—

Previous to his going to church, Mr. Jackman called upon Becky and her father, in order, to procure them the best seats. They stop at the door of a Chapel, walk in, Richard is seated . . . . . unknown to him, he was in the castle. He lifts up his eyes: Miss Dorothy in a gallery facing him, is the first object he perceives! She shone in all the radiance of beauty; behind her was seated, and conversing with her, a young gentleman, whose external appearance was by no means inferior.

How disconcerted was the false Welch girl at this unforeseen spectacle! How many passions at once were stirred up in her mind! Love, jealousy, the fear of being detected. . . . The Captain, with his wonted accuracy, squeezed her hand, whispered something in her ear, exhorting her not to be disheartened. The prayers began, the ladies were reading their books, and Richard had time to compose himself before he became the object of their attention; notwithstanding, he could not escape Sir Archibald's ogling. This gentleman seized the opportunity before the sermon began, to stoop to the ladies, and point out the Welch girl; they all turned their eyes towards her.

That which was an object of mere curiosity to Mrs. Brown and the rest, instantly became a matter of surprise and emotion to Dorothy. She was struck with the resemblance. Thinking that nobody noticed her, she did not lift up her eyes from Richard; far from suspecting it might be he, she could not relinquish the astonishment which so perfect a likeness occasioned within her: and Mr. Jackman had finished his homily, but she had not paid the least attention to what he said. Richard, thus ogled by Sir Archibald, so attentively observed by Dorothy, and long gazed upon by Molly, had ever kept his eyes downwards. The Captain looked as cool and disinterested as if he had known nothing, seen nothing, nor been in the least concerned about what passed. He was preparing to return home, when Mr. Jackman, followed by a footman from the castle, joined him, to invite him to come and dine with the ladies. The Captain accepted, dragging back Richard, who arrived in Miss Dorothy's presence, before he had time to reflect upon the embarrassment of such an interview. Mrs. Brown gave him, as also the Captain, a kind and civil reception. The Welch dress was minutely examined, its neatness, and the manner in which it was made up, were highly extolled; the young lady's face was likewise much praised. Miss Dorothy alone said nothing; but stared with avidity, surprised at finding so much and so little difference. The Welch hood that covered the eyes and temples, altered the physiognomy, and, in some measure, the features. The shape, the habits of the body were totally disfigured; the whole together represented, in reality, a raw, young, timid Welch girl, daughter to a half pay officer, sought in marriage by Mr. Jackman, but yet it bore a strange likeness of Richard.

The dinner was brought on table. Richard, who was seated facing Sir Archibald and Dorothy, could not life up his eyes without meeting theirs, which were fixed upon him. The Baronet would often address Dorothy, and gave a very gallant turn to all his expressions, whilst she answered in a sweet polite manner, but, seemingly, was otherwise engaged. Every word of their conversation was a stab to Richard's heart: in his opinion, Mrs. Brown already considered that gentleman as her nephew, and the niece treated him like a lover. His chagrin and jealousy were raised to the highest pitch; very fortunately, the habitual character of his face was not known enough to make his disorder be noticed; besides, the attention of the company was entirely engrossed by the Captain, who, seizing the opportunity of a question which Sir Archibald had asked him, was relating a most extraordinary adventure that had happened in his presence. His narration was equally fluent, precise, agreeable, and interesting; they listened to it with particular attention, so that Dorothy alone keeping her eyes upon Richard, he had time to recover and compose himself.

The repast ended, it grew late, and, consequently, the company must think of parting. Mrs. Brown expressed her satisfaction in having been made acquainted with the Captain and his daughter: she then, and Miss Dorothy, embraced Rebecca, who instantly left the apartment.

Dorothy was sorry at the young Welch girl's departure: the emotions she experienced were confused; there was something more than a rising inclination that spoke to her in favour of the stranger; besides, the picture of a cherished lover is never to be parted from without regret. As for Richard, he was beside himself. The impression of the salute which he had received from Dorothy penetrated his heart; it shot darts of fire upon his lips: his reason had forsaken him; he was distracted: Mr. Jackman and the Captain supported him under each arm, and were almost forced to carry him. The good parson congratulated his friend on the prodigious effect of his visit at the castle: his merit had won him universal approbation; and Sir Archibald himself loudly declared that he would make all possible advances to gain his friendship, if he could but succeed.

After such overtures, it is not to be wondered at if the two families soon became intimate. Sir Archibald courted the Captain; Mrs. Brown and Dorothy very punctually visited his supposed daughter; in short, Becky was in their company every day: however, when she returned home, she was always in a bad humour.

Why indeed, daughter, would the Captain say, I can't comprehend your conduct: you enjoy the sight, conversation, and familiarity of the person whom you love, and yet you do not appear satisfied! —Richard replied:

I only loved her with all my heart, and now you make me love her to distraction. All that I see charms me, transports me, afflicts me; that I should be made happy I foresee is impossible....—

Impossible! interrupted the Captain.—Yes, Sir, returned Richard; how could I not believe it so? If you are disposed to spare me the most dreadful torments! well, remove Sir Archibald.—You don't like him as a rival; well, then, you shall have him for your lover.—

For a lover! I! cried Richard, this is another piece of ridiculous business!...—Ridiculous or not, you must have patience, or else you might expose me to renounce mine.—After this dispute, the Captain went out, and left Becky by herself, a circumstance that had not taken place for some time. He was very assiduous at home, and kept her constant company.

He had not been gone a quarter of an hour, when Sir Archibald came in. Surprised at meeting neither the Captain nor Mr. Jackman, he accosted Becky with an air of enthusiasm.—What a novelty, my angel, your eternal guardians have left you! it is quite a miracle.—Becky replied, that the Captain, who loved her dearly, never quitted her but with regret.—No, no, no, my sweet angel, there is no excess in his affections. He being a widower, not far advanced in years, you are become burdensome to him, and, in order to ease himself, he premeditates to make you the agent and nurse to a superannuated village Rector; and he harasses you for fear some friend might open your eyes, and apprize you of the fatal consequences of so absurd a match. —Richard fixed attentively the handsome Baronet, and was waiting with curiosity for the sequel of a discourse that had begun in such a style. Sir Archibald perceiving that he was listened to, continued: Long, said he, did I earnestly wish for an opportunity of conversing with you in private! I could not see you without emotion, my dear Becky: from the very first day you must have discerned it in my looks; we have continually been observed; I was forced to constrain myself; no, never shall any man love more ardently, more sincerely than I do love you.

Whilst delivering this cavalier declaration, the Baronet had seized one of Richard's hands, and kissed it. Richard disengaged it, saying: you mistake me, Sir Archibald, you think you are by Miss Dorothy.—

No, I am not mistaken, charming Becky. Dorothy has merit; our friends wish to form an union, and neither do I oppose their measures; but what a difference between the esteem I feel for her, and the violent passion which attracts me towards you! I adore you, my dearest Becky: I cannot live without possessing you: I would sacrifice my fortune and life: Ah! do but let me rescue you from that disproportionate marriage, that frugal, scanty life, this miserable little village: London awaits you; go thither and share my fortune; come and make us both happy.—

Sir Archibald, in the transport of his passion, had fallen at Richard's knees, pressed them, and tried to steal some slight favour; but was repressed by a nervous arm: they heard a noise, and the Baronet resumed a more decent posture. Mr Jackman entered the room; the Captain followed him close, and found the Welch lady tolerably flushed, sitting between her two pretenders. She waited till they were gone before she vented her discontent; but, when alone with the Captain, she said: You had promised me so, Sir, and indeed you have not delayed long in keeping your word; Sir Archibald is as bad as Mr. Jackman. I do not ascribe those burlesque passions I create to my charms, your's, I believe, have a greater share in the business. All this may be useful to your purpose, and profitable to myself; I will believe it so, but these people show you the greatest friendship. Now, the sentiments which they express and manifest on all occasions, have hitherto regulated my civility and regard to them. The tedious Mr. Jackman tires me to death; and I do not like Sir Archibald; yet, when I happen to view him as your victim, I must pity him. How am I to conduct myself with them? Do you foresee the end of my embarrassment and their folly?

Why truly you are scolding me, Rebecca, said the Captain with a jocose air. I thought you owed me a little more friendship and confidence, and that you would make yourself easy about what happened to you, whether I was concerned in it or not; but your passions render you almost unmanageable: you would wear out my patience, but it keeps pace with my affection for you, and, consequently, has no bounds: will you refuse to conduct yourself a little longer after my advice? Doubt whatever you may see; suspend your judgement of me and others, and suffer me to pursue my scheme without opposition.—

But, said Richard, how must I behave with those strange wooers whom you have brought upon me?

Shew them neither partiality nor aversion, replied the Captain; they will carry on their point, but will not go far.—

Once more Richard was resigned. He saw Sir Archibald every day, either at the Castle or at the Captain's; however, as they were never without some other company, the Baronet could only steal a glance at him, or squeeze his hand; which was no great matter: but one evening he found the following billet under his cushion.

*To the lovely Miss Rebecca.*

“Your ill fortune and mine are complete. I have overheard Mrs. Brown, the Captain, and Mr. Jackman, speak about your marriage, which is to be concluded within a week. Oh! my angel, will you suffer yourself to be sacrificed to that old priest? Wherefore would you submissively obey a person who has not the least regard for you, and thus make yourself miserable for ever? Take advice from your lover, my dear Becky, and listen to the insinuations of your own heart. Steal away from your persecutors, baffle their mercenary, vulgar, economical views; dispose of my person and fortune. Your discretion convinces me that I must have made some impression upon you. Oh! what a delicious life! what a series of pleasures await us. There will be a carriage ready at your door in the evening, whenever you will be pleased to wish for it. It will carry you to London. A snug and comfortable little apartment, and agreeable company, will be ready to receive you, and render your solitude less wearisome during the

few days that I must stop here, on account of particular business, and to keep our connection secret. How much shall I suffer, my dear Becky, during that short interval which will retard our happiness! with what raptures I will join you! Perhaps it is to your bounty alone that I am indebted for your not having communicated my passion to the Captain. Do not throw me into despair, my dearest Becky; let a look of your's, and a few lines, inform me that you accept of the affections, and approve of the projects, of the enamoured

ARCHIBALD HOTWELL."

Pray, Sir, said Richard to the Captain, be so kind as to read this letter, and tell me whether I must marry Jackman, or elope with Sir Archibald?—

Both parties are rather violent, replied the Captain; and I think that we may adopt another that will be more advantageous to you: whilst thus speaking, he coolly pocketed Sir Archibald's letter: a moment after, he pulled it out again, and tore it. I have received, added he, some letters from Cornwall, which force me to some little arrangements, in which you shall be concerned. I am going out; but, upon my return, I will acquaint you with the issue of my undertaking.—

Richard was left alone to reflect on the letter, Sir Archibald's projects, and the cool, unconcerned appearance of the Captain at all those events.

A moment after reasoning with himself: he forces, thought he, by supernatural means, a young man to be in love with me: how could he not excuse the disorders of a passion which he himself has kindled?... He has received letters from Cornwall, which require arrangements in which I am to be concerned!... What have I to do with Cornwall? ... The farther I proceed, the less I can guess at the motives of that man ....What do I say? that man! don't I know that he is a woman when he pleases? Know I who or what he is? He keeps me under this strange disguise, exacts ridiculous measures from me, exposes all who surround me to act as foolishly, and yet I forget myself; I am happy to continue with him! Whenever I feel a temptation to dispute upon a subject, I feel myself forced to yield; I am subdued by the ascendancy which he has assumed over me; I do not so much as distinguish the nature of the violence which I undergo; it is not painful to me, it seems to derive its power from my heart; resistance is impossible, obedience is easy: it is attended with no remorse; my mind is as quiet as if I had merely fulfilled my duty .... Indeed, I cannot make it out .... I am bewitched the same as Jackman, Sir Archibald, and all the rest whom chance brings near the ....

The Captain's return put an end to the soliloquy. —My dear Becky, said he, some business requires my absence for a few days. Rather than to leave you alone in this house at the discretion of a servant, I have mentioned my journey to Mr. Jackman, who has contrived matters so as to make them more agreeable: during my absence you shall reside at the Castle, and keep company with Miss Dorothy.—

To Miss Dorothy! Replied Richard hastily; and see Sir Archibald continually there?—

I must have him be discarded then, said the Captain in a pensive mood: well, Becky, added he a moment after, you force me to do strange things.... you shall see Sir Archibald no more; drop into oblivion your share in his adventure, do not even mention his name. After this piece of complaisance, I hope I may demand that you continue to be ruled by my advice. You are near the moment of a very nice trial: will you be able, from morning till night, to bear the sight, and perhaps hear the secrets, of the person whom you love, without betraying your own? However, your whole happiness depends on that essential point. If you are detected, Dorothy will be exposed, my honour will be called in question, your person endangered, and the only prospect you will have left will be an obscure retreat in Wales. But if, forgetful of your not being a girl, you were capable of abusing the confidence which your disguise will occasion, you know that I am possessed of some power; my revenge would



follow close the mere intention, and infallibly prevent the injury, by the most humiliating metamorphosis.—

The Captain had not time to extend his instructions farther. Mr. Jackman came from the ladies to fetch Becky.

Now the Captain is gone. Sir Archibald has left the Castle; and the little Welch lass is become Miss Dorothy's companion, spends the whole day with her, and sleeps in a closet next to her bed chamber, where Molly slept: she is caressed, served with particular attention; her most trifling wishes are anticipated. Her situation was pretty happy; but, from the very next day of the Captain's departure, she was exposed to great danger. The ladies take it into their heads to dress her in the English style: she must look charmingly; they stick to their resolution; the clothes are all ready; in vain did Richard oppose it; they accuse him of obstinacy, without any reasonable motive: Molly was already laying hold of the Welch hood.... The young man, seeing the moment of his being detected so near, did not know what to do, and lost the use of his senses: now the danger redoubles: they are preparing to unlace his stays; to strip him half naked; when Mr. Jackman luckily came in, and sees his dear little Becky lying senseless on the floor. He is told the occasion of her accident: the good clergyman runs up to her, lifts her up in his arms, and scolds every body about her. At the hollow voice of his protector, Richard recovered his senses, and received a glass of water from his hands. The English dress vanished away, and the ladies relinquished their project.

Miss Dorothy said to her aunt: how can Mr. Jackman, a man of his years, think of uniting his destiny to that of such a little savage creature? she really is one: she is pretty, but she has not a grain of common sense.—

She is as like Miss Cawson as two eggs, said Molly, but it is only in the face.— And this discourse of Molly would have made Dorothy blush, but nobody noticed it.

Richard on his side very well perceived the bad effect his want of complaisance produced; but he willingly delivered up to criticism his Welch character, provided he could secure himself against such another attempt as that from which Mr. Jackman had just rescued him.

Miss Dorothy pardoned his prejudice, his slight errors, and always shewed him the same kindness, spent the whole forenoon in his company, repeated those airs which he had taught her at Clostern, cast her eyes upon him at the most tender passages, and if Richard pretended not to look at her, she shrugged her shoulders.

A moment after she would take a book. It was her custom to read French aloud every morning, in order to improve her pronunciation. Whilst reading she looked at the Welch girl, and continuing to speak French, in the same tone of voice as she had been reading out of her book: Poor Richard, said she, here are your features; but where is your heart? .... I hear no more of the worthy clergyman whom you had directed to come and bring intelligence from you at Clostern. Amiable Miss Cawson, though ever Richard for me, what satisfaction did it give me to be informed of your innocent artifice, and generous regard for my reputation! What a relief to my heart when I was told that your birth was not inferior to my own, and that I could follow my inclinations without degrading myself! Fortune, said he, is the only obstacle, but, perhaps ... Oh! Where is that generous man? .... He promised he would call again. Were he but acquainted with my tenderness, impatience, anxiety, and alarms... Ah! Richard, my dear Richard! A thatched roof in your company I would prefer to the riches, honours and dignities which are offered me. No, I will never love but you alone... I take my oath of it before the idol that resembles you; I will love you to the last moment I live.—

Miss Dorothy stopped a moment, and then continued with the same vivacity in the French language: This stupid Welch girl looks at me with the very eyes of Richard. She will make me distracted.—A flood of tears succeeded this little fit of passion.

Only imagine what passed within Richard's mind. How many surprising, flattering, and moving expressions he had overheard! Who could that worthy clergyman be who pretended to have been sent to Clostern by Richard, and who was initiated into such mysteries as were unknown to Richard himself? Alas! his beloved mistress, who thought of him alone, and preferred him to the whole world, was thus tormented and uneasy about him! What supernatural efforts did he exert not to betray himself by falling on his knees before the adorable and adored object! He suffered excruciating pain from not being permitted to reveal the feelings of his grateful, sensible, and passionate heart; however, he continued master of himself till he perceived Dorothy's tears to flow. He then could no longer keep the command over himself; he threw the cushion aside, and rose with his arms extended, and fire in his looks ... He was going to speak out ... At the very moment the Captain's threats occurred to his mind, and made a deep impression upon him. He recollects that he must lose Dorothy for ever. The odious petticoats seem to be rooted upon him. He falls back into his chair. What ails you, lovely Miss? said he, half Welch and half English, in a faltering voice. What event has given cause for your tears to flow?—

It is nothing, Becky, replied Dorothy, rather confused, and too much preoccupied to have noticed the disorder of her companion. I have been reading a French novel, which has affected me to a degree. I dare to say that it would have the same effect upon you, if you could but understand it.—This said, Dorothy left him and closeted herself, most probably unwilling to have any one to witness her weeping: and to upbraid herself for having shewn so great an emotion in the presence of a stranger, who, notwithstanding her inexperience, might partly have read her motives.

On the other hand, Richard, who had recovered himself, relished the happiness of loving and of being loved so tenderly. The tears which he occasioned to drop, he would willingly have shed his blood to withhold; but his apprehension that he should murder their endearing hopes, forced him to keep his secret to himself. In the mean time, he dreaded other trials of a still more pressing nature; he at once feared and wished for a repetition of that scene which had filled him with all the intoxication of joy, though at the same time it almost broke his heart. But very luckily he escaped being exposed again. The young lady was mindful to subdue her emotions, and the Captain returned from Cornwall. He enquired how his daughter had behaved, and received a very satisfactory answer: thanked the ladies for the kindness they had shewn to Becky, whom he carried back home.

Our affairs have taken a favourable turn, Rebecca, said he, Jackman will come and see us by-and-by; we shall leave the care of our house to him, and set out for Cornwall, whither some important business summons us.—

So then I shall see Miss Dorothy no more! exclaimed Richard...—The Captain replied: To-morrow you shall resume your man's cloaths; and do you think you could have the assurance to go to the castle in that attire?—

What! I shall resume men's cloaths to-morrow! said Richard..—You will be sorry for it, indeed, Becky: had not I foretold as much? Do justice to my skill; repose somewhat more confidence in me.—That I never refused you, dear father, replied Richard with affection; and after the benefits which I have received from you, I must yield myself up to you without reserve ....—We shall see, interrupted the Captain. You think you can rely upon yourself; but I know you well: your sentiments will waver again.—

Richard imagined that he should not have provoked such suspicions. He willingly attended his father to the castle, to take leave of the ladies and of Mr. Jackman. As the Captain kept his house at C\*\*\*, and announced a short journey for a few weeks only, the hopes of meeting again soon rendered the idea of a separation supportable to all parties.

The next morning before daybreak, the Captain awoke Richard and presented him with the cloaths which he had mentioned the day before; they were made very plain. A

comfortable and neat chaise, with a pair of post horses drew near the door, and away they drove.

Richard could perceive no alteration in his situation except that the Captain constantly addressed him by the name of Richard, and called him his son, till they reached Cornwall. The moment they entered that county, their conversation took a most serious and extraordinary turn.

The Captain thus spoke unto the youth: I have not hitherto been permitted, my dear son, to think of securing your fortune, or a situation in life for you. It is high time, however, to reflect maturely upon that which you are inclined to fix upon. You are a man: as such, society has a claim upon your services; you must now become a useful member of the community. Consult your inclinations and abilities; I will not pretend to contradict either; so take your choice, Richard. You are welcome to devote yourself to any one of those employments which you are acquainted with; I require only that you will fix upon a determination, and then follow your career as a man of honour . . . . You don't answer me, Richard? Do you question either my affection, or the extent of my power? . . . Try to give me sufficient credit, my dear son, and take a resolution at once.—

Richard, who was still mistrustful, in spite of himself, recollected that he must not suffer his real thoughts to be read. I am almost unacquainted with my own self, said he, I hardly know the different situations in life by their names; how is it possible for me to weigh their inconveniences or duties with my wants or abilities?—

The Captain offered to assist him. He mentioned successively all the different stations, but the less they were becoming Dorothy's future husband, the more averse was Richard to them. The youth naturally made every thing relate to that idea, though, at the same time, he considered the whole conversation as a mere joke. How could a young person, immensely rich, and exquisitely amiable, become the wife of a merchant, a country 'Squire, a Parson, a Justice of Peace, or a subaltern officer? All those situations were equally ineligible. . . . But my dear son, said the Captain, you must fix upon one, however; you must be a something. I have proposed the most ordinary stations, and would have been glad if you had adopted one of them; our happiness does not depend on our elevation. Would your ambition incite you to wish for something higher? Would you wish to be a member of the House of Lords? a Peer of Great Britain.—

This untimely jest is a reflection on my humble situation, replied Richard; my views ought not to aim so high.—Forbear your modesty, resumed the Captain; when I told you that you might chuse, I did not pretend to limit your choice. Be candid; will you be a Peer, Richard?—

Just as you please, answered the young man, impatient, and willing to put an end to this piece of raillery. Yes, I will be a Lord, I will be a Peer; but where is my Peerage?—

Your Peerage, continued the Captain; let us stop a moment. . . . We can discover several from the top of this mountain. . . . Take your choice . . . Yon' castle seems to bear the most elegant, stately appearance; would you like it?—Yes, replied Richard abruptly, and desirous of a conclusion . . . -Well then, added the Captain, I salute you, My Lord Earl of Westfield: please to bestow your benefits upon Captain Sentry, who, in future, will consider as a great honour the title of tutor to your Lordship. . . . Postillion, drive straight on to Westfield-House.—

The postillion obeyed; they seemed to fly. Richard thought that his guide, his former father, mother, aunt, and new tutor, &c. was mad, or that he himself was dreaming.

They entered the yard of the castle. Several footmen, in rich liveries, came respectfully to assist them to get out of the carriage, and presented their arms to the Captain, who declined civilly, saying: Help My Lord. The servants then laid hold of Richard, and almost carried him from the chaise to the stairs of the hall. His tutor then conducted him by

the hand through a row of most superb apartments, amidst a numerous retinue, who all bowed to him on his passage. They entered a closet, where there was a gentleman seated, and dressed in plain clothes; he rose to come and meet them. The Captain whispered something to him, and he instantly went out of the closet, and shut the door after him.

Richard, with his eyes wide open, stood staring around him, seemingly stupefied. He heard a sudden noise; the door flew open, and presented to his view a gentleman about fifty years of age, of a venerable aspect, with the star of the Order of the Garter richly embroidered upon his coat. He accosted the Captain with an affectionate look, examined Richard for a while, and then embraced him with an air of satisfaction. Brave Sentry, said he, I am happy, and will give you occasion to be so yourself. Our company are all here; conduct the young gentleman to his apartment, he must want to refresh himself. I should like him to dress, as I wish he might appear to the best advantage. I hope he will not be offended at my being so free with him. I'll leave him with you, till we meet again at dinner.—

Richard followed his governor without speaking a word. He was shown into a very rich apartment, where two valets-de-chambre pulled off his coat, helped him to a morning gown of fine satin, over which they laid a powdering gown, and dressed his hair. A scarlet coat with an elegant embroidery was then offered him, and, indeed, he made a very elegant figure.

Whilst he was dressing, the Captain, with great composure, was reading a book which had happened to be in the closet. The valets-de-chambre disappeared: Richard, in his magnificent habit, stood motionless before a pier glass, unable to know or almost to see himself.

How do you find yourself, My Lord, said the Captain? Is it possible that the happy change that has taken place should not promote your satisfaction?—

I'm sure I am asleep, said Richard; this is only a dream; you besiege me with vain illusions. What must I think of you?—

No, My Lord, there is neither dream nor illusion in the case, and your governor is very easy with respect to the manner in which you will consider him before this day be over; in the mean time, let me advise you to renounce that embarrassed air which partly eclipses your natural advantages. You are going to appear amongst people of fashion: exert your best efforts; assume a little assurance, though you retain becoming modesty; and, until such time as you exhibit more essential proofs of your perfections, let your easy demeanour manifest that you are not undeserving of the rank which you have chosen.—

The Captain's discourse was interrupted by a servant who came to inform Richard that dinner was upon table, and that he was waited for. The Captain, with uncommon hilarity, took him by the hand, and conducted him into the dining room. The same Lord to whom Richard had been introduced was there already, came forward to meet his new guest with the most caressing air, and made him sit down by his side. Two noblemen more, of about thirty years of age, decorated with stars, and Captain Sentry, formed the whole of the party.

During the repast they discoursed upon indifferent topics; but when the table was cleared, and the servants had withdrawn, the gentleman who sat close to Richard took him by the hand, and addressing the two who sat facing him, said: My Lords, I had made a proposition to you to take the name and coat of arms of my house, which you declined; you thought in all probability, that either I or my ancestors had not rendered them illustrious enough to make them deserving of your acceptance. I was earnest in my wish; but you thought a similar act of complaisance would have been a disgrace to you, I consequently will not urge you any farther. This young man, however, will be more presuming. He consents, when I am no more, to prevent this ancient castle from falling into ruins, and to take upon himself the charge of perpetuating in Great Britain the humble race of the Earls of Westfield.—

The gentlemen to whom this harangue was directed, seemed rather confused at hearing it. They gazed with astonishment upon Richard, to whom his blushes gave a new lustre.

You return no answer, added the Peer: you ought to know me though. You think of yourselves, and pay no regard to any other object. Can you deem it extraordinary then, if I myself act from the same principle?—

Well, but, my Lord, replied one of the young noblemen, I never heard of any one disposing of the fortune of his children through mere whim and caprice; neither is such a name as your's, and which is nearly related to us, to be given up to an adventurer.—

Whether he be an adventurer or not, resumed the Peer, I like him, I adopt him, and make myself easy that I shall find people who will approve of my choice. However, I have another proposition to offer. I would not wish to commit an act of injustice, or to injure my relations. You know what my pocket-book is worth, and I am sure you value it much: well, I will bequeath it to this young man, if you have any objection to the design which I have imparted.—

At this proposition, the young Lords cried out, in concert: your Lordship is master of your own actions: we think him to be judicious enough to know how to support his dignity ... we will never oppose...—

Not oppose, my Lords, continued the senior...this is not serving me; yet you are the only persons who can do me service in this business: I want interest at court, though I am not inclined to become acquainted with any one there. We must step into my closet, there I will produce such papers and instructions as are necessary to shew you how to act. This is not all: I intend to have my Earl of Westfield marry into a rich family; accordingly, he must live in such a style as to disgrace neither you nor me; and, if you be willing, it may easily be come at without hurting ourselves.—

The two gentlemen answered, that they were entirely devoted to his Lordship.— Your complaisance pleases me, continued the latter. Now let me tell you, that in Devonshire there lives a certain Baronet, of a recent date indeed, and is, besides, a man of very little merit; but who is possessed of an immense fortune: he has an only child, a daughter, that is highly spoken of, and she is the person I have fixed upon: but it would not be becoming in me to enter upon terms with a man of that sort; neither are you under a necessity of making any; he is a creature of your good friend Lord Halifax, who will deliver him up to you at discretion: but I want six thousand a year in landed property. These are the outlines of my project; let's go into my closet, and there you will hear the particular details. Captain Sentry, added he, I leave you with your pupil; take care of him. The Lords went into the closet; and the Captain conducted Richard into the park.

They both walked in silence till they arrived at a thicket, where numbers of trees were planted without order or symmetry. This was a solitude that had been contrived as a variation in a park which contained every beauty that could please the eye. The only seat to be found was the trunk of a tree, apparently felled by the winds. Richard sat himself down, with his hat over his eyes, and his arms crossed over his breast, like a man absorbed in thought.

Your Lordship looks sad and dejected, said the Captain.—Do not call me Lord, answered Richard: I neither can, nor wish to be one. I should here deprive another of his title, and do not wish to owe my elevation to a mean act. I am here flattered; you want to make me intoxicated with the sweetest hopes that can touch my heart; you do every thing to tempt me, but I shall never act contrary to the principles which I have imbibed. You have continually yourself been recommending to me virtue; but you do not remove my suspicions. An unaccountable inward sentiment attracts me, which I consider as my most dangerous enemy. In short, Magician, Fairy, Spright, Angel, Demon, or whoever you may be, let me know at once. You have ever read in the bottom of my heart, so you are acquainted with all my

secrets. You have found me to be of a meek, flexible, yielding disposition; but yet you can never have discovered in me any motion of pusillanimity or fear that I may be ashamed of. Relinquish this appearance, which is undoubtedly foreign to you; let me see you in your real form; do not think of frightening me: if not, the unfortunate Richard will believe that you make sport of him; he will leave you, and contrive the most desperate measures to part from you for ever.—

No, my son, my dear son, was he answered with the tenderest embraces; we shall not part. You will know me, you will love me, you shall be my consolation, the pride and joy of my heart. No, I am neither a Fairy, a Magician, a Spright, an Angel, nor a Demon: I am a being of your own species, or rather something inferior. I am a woman, a weak woman; in fine, you are in the arms of Rebecca Westfield, sister to the Lord of the Manor, widow to Sir Patrick O’Berthon, and mother to the poor Richard who receives my embrace.—

You a woman! you my mother! cried O’Berthon in raptures.....Where am I? What have I done? I have long opposed those affectionate sentiments which attracted me; I endeavoured to shut my heart against you; I have mistaken you; I have even had the misfortune to offend you; suffer me to fall on my knees....

You have never wronged me but when your mother has been an accomplice...—But, replied O’Berthon, what a series of wonderful events! How! by what means could you operate them? Every thing in nature seems to obey you.

Alas! my dear son, continued his mother, your imagination alone has obeyed me. I discovered that I had struck you with astonishment the first time I saw you, in the disguise of a gipsy, which mere chance had procured. You were exposed to danger, and I wished to rescue you. It became me to remove the uncertainty of our situations; I stood in need of your obeisance and entire confidence; I wished to know and to try you. The idea of a prodigy having seized you, I determined to gratify it, in order to gain an unlimited command over you; and have succeeded, owing to some happy circumstances, a little dexterity, and your simplicity: however, I have attained my ends, and that is the most wonderful part of the business; but, as all manner of disguise henceforth will be of no service to either of us, it is time you should learn to know us both.

THE  
HISTORY  
OF  
MISS REBECCA WESTFIELD.

YOU will learn, in due time, the history of our house: it is of ancient nobility, but such an advantage being foreign to us, it is undeserving of our regard; for, were we possessed of personal merit, pride would stain its lustre.

I am the daughter of Edward, Earl of Westfield, and of Lady Sarah Tranquil. Heaven had blessed their union with a family of six children: you know the eldest of them, George, the present Earl of Westfield. Lady Heatmore, whom you shall see presently, was the second: William, the present Bishop of L\*\*\*, came next; then a brother, who died in his infancy; then Edward, who was killed at war, and of whom I retain an affectionate remembrance: lastly, I was the youngest of all.

My father was proprietor of the estate which is since become the portion of the eldest male heir. As my mother’s portion was to be shared amongst the rest, we were reduced to a very inconsiderable fortune. My father lived at Court, where he held an eminent post: but his

lady, who was become infirm, retired to this castle. My eldest brother was sent to the University of Louvain for his education. After he had finished his studies, he visited the different Courts of Germany, and did not return to England till he was five-and-twenty; when I saw him for the first time.

He did not continue long in his paternal estate, however. My father, who designed to attach him to the Court, insisted upon his living in London; so that I have hardly ever seen him since. The present Bishop of L\*\*\* was sent to Oxford at an early age. Lord Heatmore paid his addresses to my eldest sister and married her.

I was younger than she by thirteen years. When his Lordship saw me, he was very near changing his mind; but the manoeuvres of my sister brought him back to her. I was as yet too young to form any designs, and had done nothing to attract him; so that I did not regret his returning to his former engagement; however, my sister looked upon me as a rival, and never since has she forgiven me.

My youngest brother had died at Westminster, where he had been sent to school. Edward was a Lieutenant in the Guards, and except when he was at liberty to come and visit us, I always continued here with my mother, who was confined to her bed by her infirmities; and indeed I bore such solitude with no small share of impatience.

My only occupation, as I had learned the language, was the reading of French novels; which augmented my aversion to a sedentary life, inspired me with a curiosity of learning such things as were worth knowing; awoke within me the semina of a passion fatal to my repose; in short, I imbibed false notions of mankind, the world, and nature in general.

A fancy of my brother Edward's occasioned me to take an inclination for a still more dangerous amusement. I was much about his size, and there was a prevailing likeness in our features. One day he took it into his head to have me try on one of his uniforms: you see me now in man's clothes; but then, adorned with all the radiance and bloom of youth, I must have appeared much better in Edward's eyes under such a disguise: in order to render it complete, however, it was determined that I should have one made to my measure, and the plan was carried into execution.

In this new attire, I visited several neighbours, who did not know me at first; they mistook me for my youngest brother, whose death they were ignorant of. I was encouraged with this success, and, continuing under the same disguise, my countenance by degrees grew easy, and naturally bold; in short, that of a man. I learned to manage a horse with dexterity, and, with the assistance of one of my brother's valets, a Frenchman, who had formerly been a fencing master's assistant in Paris, became an expert fencer. I devoted the forenoon to those exercises, and hardly resumed the attire of my own sex to make my appearance in my mother's apartment. Amongst other propensities of the kind, I must not omit my being fond of hunting; so that all my time was spent in those exercises so unbecoming a person of my sex.

Edward's departure for London put a stop to my riding; when I felt a still greater inclination to resume my exercises, and waited for his return with impatience, that I might indulge myself afresh: he did not delay long; but having obtained leave of absence for three months, brought one of his brother officers home with him, Sir Patrick O'Berthon, an Irish cadet, son to one of the most ancient, though the poorest, Peers in the kingdom. He was about thirty; of a noble and engaging countenance; of an agreeable humour, and especially insinuating manners. Edward, who loved him much, always admitted him as one of our party.

Sir Patrick studied to please me, and easily succeeded: I was not upon my guard. He made his declaration pretty freely, and I received it rather cavalierly: my uniform inspired me with boldness, and authorised that which he had displayed. I had but one single means of opposing his attack, the consideration of our circumstances, which was sufficient to prevent an union. I knew how far my father and eldest brother were prejudiced against Irishmen; but

this last motive common civility would not have permitted me to alledge, though it had not been contradicted within my heart. Sir Patrick, pleading his most sincere passion, could not be checked by so weak a defence; but redoubled his solicitations, and continued being very assiduous whether in the presence or absence of my brother; till at length, perceiving that he could not succeed according to his wishes, he had recourse to a measure, rather unworthy of a gentleman, to oblige me to come forward and request he would grant me his hand.

In the mean time, my brother Edward, having been promoted a Colonel, was killed at the head of his regiment. This loss my father deeply lamented: his grief, in addition to his advanced years, soon brought him to the grave; and a short time after, my mother, who had been lingering for fifteen years, also reached the end of her painful career. Lady Heatmore, and my brother, then Doctor of the University of Oxford, came to pay their last duty to her, and close her eyes; whilst the new Earl of Westfield was gone to take his seat in Parliament.

My relations were soon apprized of my conduct, which had hitherto been overlooked. The death of Edward had deprived me of my only friend and protector. Some old servants, either through zeal, or at least thinking it was so, informed her Ladyship of all such particulars of my connection with Sir Patrick, as our imprudence could have enabled them to discover.

By this time I was of age; our family concerns had been settled, and I had received five thousand pounds at the Bank, the whole amount of my fortune. I had heard that Lord Westfield had been requested to return speedily, and that his Lady was expected within a few days. This latter was very intimate with my sister, and very much of the same disposition. Apprehensive of seeing the whole of my family form a coalition against me, I determined to go privately to London, in search of Sir Patrick; as I was mistress of my own actions, and in possession of my fortune, nothing could prevent my assuming the title of wife to him.

A trusty servant had horses ready for me, and I departed, dressed in man's clothes: I might easily have been taken for one by other people; but, during a pretty long journey, the indisposition attending my pregnancy (for I was already gone four months), constantly made me feel that I was not one.

Sir Patrick lived in Piccadilly: I called upon him in the morning of my arrival. He was surprised indeed; his views and mine did not agree; and this I was made conscious of a moment after I had been with him. His reception was cool; he looked embarrassed and constrained. Thinking that he knew little of my affairs, I entered into a detail of my situation and circumstances: at which he appeared still more cold and thoughtful. I became more pressing, and appealed to his honour; when he grew ironical, and even insulted me. The result of his observations was, that my soldier-like appearance, and common exercises, were incompatible with the serious union into which I wished to enter. I fell on my knees, and begged he would pity the child which I was soon to be mother of; but he outrageously rejected me. I had fortitude enough to withhold my resentment, and retired in deep consternation apparently, though internally enraged, and fully determined to force him to do me justice.

I hired ready-furnished lodgings in the neighbourhood of Sir Patrick's; and ordered my servant to follow him, and watch all his actions; who brought me intelligence, that the Lieutenant being attached to the widow of a rich jeweller, whom he was in hopes of marrying, had lost sight of all his former acquaintances, and spent all his time in her company. At night he retired alone, without using any precaution. I armed myself with resolution; and laid in ambuscade at the corner of the street. I descried him at a distance, as he entered St. James's Square, advanced, and met him half way, when he knew me by the light of the moon. — Traitor, cried I, you must give me full satisfaction. — He answered me with an invective, and endeavoured to run away. I then drew my sword, and forced him to do the same: he wanted to call for help, and fought retreating: I pushed hard at him, he only



parried: I wounded him, at which he was enraged, charged me in his turn, endeavouring to disarm me; but he rushed upon my sword, and received a mortal wound. He found it to be so the very moment he fell. Ah! Rebecca, said he, you have killed me!- These words restored me to my affection. Dear Patrick! cried I...Oh! miserable wretch!...what have I done? —You have avenged yourself, Rebecca, and I forgive you; but pray do not forsake me.—

I ran to the corner of the square, where I found a couple of chairmen; I conducted them to Sir Patrick's lodgings, and whilst his valet was helping him to bed, and endeavouring to stop the blood that rushed out from the wound, flew to procure chirurgical assistance. I soon after returned with an able surgeon, who put on the first dressing. I would not withdraw. Rebecca, said Sir Patrick, go and rest yourself, you may come again to-morrow, when you are dressed as it becomes you. May Heaven grant me time enough to make amends for the injury you have to complain of.—

I went to him very early the next morning, and found in his apartment a parson, two lawyers, two of his friends: in short, every thing was ready for the ceremony of our marriage; his landlord and a relation of his wife were my witnesses; we were united previous to the bandages being taken off; and every precaution used to secure the solidity of my marriage.

Your father was mortally wounded; I had struck the blow; he was dear to me....Let me tell you briefly, that I lost him eight days after we had been married. I paid to his memory all the honour he had a proper claim to, left Piccadilly, and took a small apartment in the vicinity of St. Paul's, where I intended to reside till such time as I should be delivered. I had dispatched my trusty servant into the neighbourhood of Westfield-House, to learn what might be the intentions of the family after my elopement. They were all united against me, and adopted none but violent measures. My brother, the Doctor, now Bishop of L\*\*\*, espoused Lady Heatmore's animosity; Lady Francy, the wife of Lord Westfield, supported it; and all three joined in promoting the furious resentment of my eldest brother.

I had a very great regard for the latter; but dreaded his prejudices, haughtiness, and irascibility. I was sensible of the necessity of keeping at a distance from my family; of concealing myself from my sister, who hated me from the sad situation I was reduced to; and that I must look out for an asylum where I might live a peaceable, comfortable life; notwithstanding the fortune I could command was but inconsiderable.

This was not to be obtained in London. The whole of my little fortune, together with what I had collected from Sir Patrick's, amounted only to six thousand six hundred pounds, which were lodged in the funds; the interest was not sufficient to afford me the means of supporting myself decently in a large town where every article is so extravagant. I had my choice either to retire into some remote country, or to go to France. I hesitated for some time, but at last my inclinations and habits prevailed. I thought that if I was to remain in England, I must subject myself to the usual occupations of a person of my sex; or, by displaying singularity, forfeit the regard of those people I should live with. It occurred next that if I went to France in a disguise I should lose sight of those people whom I wished to avoid; be free from all restraint, almost double my income, and enjoy the most unbounded liberty. This last prospect allured me, and I gave it the preference.

Soon after this I was safely delivered, and brought you into the world, my dear Richard. Mr. Sterlock, a merchant in the city, was the only friend whom I had not given up, and who was acquainted with my adventures. He stood godfather to you; two of Patrick's friends were present at your christening, which they took care to have duly and authentically registered.

I first sent you out to nurse at Greenwich, from whence I intended you should be carried to Southam, as in fact you were, there to receive a preparatory education, under the charge of good Mrs. Hallen. Although I was very particular in concealing who you really were, yet your name was never kept a secret: it is well known in England, and still more so in

Ireland; but there were so many branches of the family of the O'Berthons, that it was no easy matter to find out which you belonged to.

These precautions, which Mr. Sterlock had suggested, did not leave room ever to doubt the identity of your person. My family, as also that of your father, were at that time provided with heirs, which would not allow you to have any pretensions to a better fortune; but I wished to manage future resources for you; and, in order to protect you against such intrigues as might be planned to rob you of them, resolved to have both your situation and mine kept secret.

After having thus provided for you, I recommended you to Mr. Sterlock, lodged all my property in his hands, made him acquainted with my designs, the place of my future retreat, and embarked for France, dressed in men's cloaths.

For a while I roved about the different maritime towns with which the sea-coast is surrounded, without being able to fix upon any particular spot: at last, I was pleased with the situation of Marseilles, and settled there. The language and manners of the country were become familiar to me. It was then, my dear Richard, from what I could daily observe of that lively, caressing nation, insensible of their slavery, whilst I was totally free amongst them, and for ever attached to my native opinions, that I put the question to myself whether France was a place of general reception, entirely destined for the amusement of the foreigners who resorted thither, and where the people, who suffer from a constraint which they disguise, are compelled by secret impulse to laugh and dance all the year round for the diversion of their visitors.

I was fond of recreation; it was even become necessary to me. As I did not hold my natural place, I wanted to forget myself in some measure. Frightened at the French levity, I durst not form any connection: it would have been unbecoming for me to look out for a friend amongst the other sex, and the company of women seemed to me insipid. Accordingly, I indulged all those inclinations I have already mentioned. I kept dogs and horses; but I soon perceived that those expensive diversions would soon swallow up my little income, and had recourse to the arts, books, the company of learned men, and the theatres. It was this new circle of amusements that made me desirous of visiting Paris. The inhabitants of the metropolis appeared to me to live in greater dissipation, and not to be so cheerful as those of Marseilles: however, I met there with every thing that could possibly gratify my inclinations and curiosity. In the morning, I frequented riding and fencing schools; in the afternoon I attended lectures on the abstruse sciences, and the theatres in the evening; so that, when I returned home at night, I was in general very tired, and a profound sleep, which was the necessary consequence of my fatigue, contributed to steep my senses in forgetfulness. I assumed the name of Sentry, which I have retained to this present day.

I had several opportunities of meeting with many of my young countrymen at those academies which I frequented; but I never let them know that I was a native of England, in order that I might study their temper more at ease: they all took me for a gentleman of Provence, as I had retained something of the accent of that country. When in company together, we appeared cool, haughty, and disdainful. They treated me as a Frenchman, and I considered them as youths which might have been made men of, if their manners had been softened, and their prejudices, inimical to humanity, rectified: such as they were, I found them insupportable. They did not suspect I could understand their language, and I could hear them ridicule one of the scholars with so little reserve, and so much acrimony, that I took a fancy to be friends with him. Every rational being, in my opinion, would have esteemed as good qualities those very defects with which they upbraided him. He was equally modest, mild, civil: through gratitude it was that he piqued himself upon being a friend to the French, who had either given him a kind reception, or done him some piece of service. He maintained, that a nation who insults nobody is not to be insulted, and especially at home:

besides, he did not think he had sufficient reasons to deny them his esteem. His comrades having tried in vain to correct his errors, gave him up entirely to me. He was a Welchman, and was called Estevan. When the rest were gone, I accosted him; he was highly surprized at hearing me speak so good English. I then confessed to him that I was his countryman, and even that I sympathized with him in his opinion: in short, my dear son, after this overture, we became friends, were inseparable, and will be so long as we live. I never met with a more mild, true, and sensible soul than Estevan. I might relate a thousand things to his advantage; but you will see him yourself, and will be a judge of his merits. You are already obligated to him for some slight indirect services, and, when you meet him again, will not find him an entire stranger.

I had never known but love, and had no reason to congratulate myself on that account. My heart was instantly opened to friendship with all the vivacity it was susceptible of. Estevan, who was not very rich, had spent more than he could afford to improve his education; he, consequently, was preparing to come over, and I determined to accompany him.

We went to London, where I saw Mr. Sterlock, and heard of you. He praised your docility and application: we conferred together respecting the profession you were the most proper for. The situation of my family was not altered; of course, my circumstances were not improved: you appeared of a weakly constitution, so we decided that you should be sent to Oxford as a youth intended for the church.

A short time after, Estevan went to Wales, whither I followed him. His patrimony was but small, and yet one part of it he devoted to support his aged and respectable mother: we were far from being rich, but a true friend is a good substitute for many deficiencies. I spent six months very agreeably with him, was daily employed in destroying the foxes which infested his little territories, and returned to France, with an intention of visiting Wales every year.

For two years, however, I could not fulfil my promise. When I returned, Estevan happened to be in great embarrassment. He was deeply in love with the eldest daughter of Mrs. Bullock; you know her. The young lady was then only fourteen, and my poor friend durst not speak of his passion either to Miss Anna, or to her mother, or to any one. Their circumstances, indeed, bore a rather unfavourable aspect. Mrs. Bullock had just lost her husband; the whole of her property had been given as a security to a kind of a Jew, for one hundred and fifty pounds that were due to him. The man insisted upon being paid; the family of the Bullocks were very unhappy, on the verge of ruin; my friend Estevan could by no means assist them. How could he think of marrying into a family so situated? Even admitting that Mrs. Bullock's property had not been engaged, to think of such a match was quite unreasonable. I invited my friend to postpone an avowal of his sentiments till better times: as I determined to spend a whole twelvemonth with him, I sacrificed the greater part of my income for the relief of the unfortunate and estimable family. I wished that Estevan would have taken that piece of service on his own account; but he informed Mrs. Bullock of my being her benefactor; and from that circumstance originated our intimacy.

The year I intended to stay being now elapsed, I returned to Paris. Europe was in full peace, and, according to appearances, was long to continue so. I accidentally became acquainted with a mousquetaire, who was sprung from one of the best families in Lancashire. He was named Fitz-Martin. He soon noticed my partiality to France, and told me that he wondered how at the age of four-and-twenty, which I appeared to be, I did not try to get into the army; a military life, added he, being the most eligible for a gentleman: that he who was born at St. Germain, and had only fifteen hundred livres (about sixty pounds) per annum, lived a very agreeable life, and was in hopes of getting preferment.

Tired with my former mode of living, I had a fancy to be a mousquetaire myself; and Fitz-Martin presented me to the commanding officer of the corps.

He liked my appearance, and I was admitted; so that I had a fresh opportunity of gratifying my inclination for horsemanship; but now it was become my duty. I often went to Versailles; my passion for hunting was revived, and the King seldom started a stag but I was present, which attracted his Majesty's notice.

One day as I arrived pretty late, the King, who was accustomed to see me, said, loud enough for me to overhear it: Ha! here comes my little mousquetaire. —Highly flattered with this mark of distinction, I endeavoured to become still more deserving of observation; I accordingly augmented my little stud to such a degree, that Mr. Sterlock warned me that my capital was impaired. At this piece of news I determined upon another retreat with my friends in Wales, and left Versailles, after having procured leave of absence.

During the time I was at Estevan's, war was declared with Spain. Our politicians pretended that France would soon side with the Spaniards; so that notwithstanding my attachment to the French King, yet I could not serve against my own country, and was forced to resign my commission.

Sir Thomas Collvill was then raising an independant company which was destined to attend Admiral Anson's expedition in the East Indies. I had known him in France; he offered me a lieutenancy, and I accepted it, as I foresaw it might be the means of improving my circumstances.

I recommended you to Mr. Sterlock, and embarked on board the Rear Admiral with a detachment of one hundred and fifty men. I will not enter into the particulars of my voyage, and the expedition, which are entirely foreign to you, except the profit I reaped from them.

After four years absence, and the most wonderful adventures, out of so numerous and formidable an armament, a handful of men only returned to England in a decayed vessel, which, however, was overloaded with riches, and it was my good fortune to be one of the survivors. We were indebted for our preservation to the inexhaustible genius of our commander, and to fortune, who brought us safe into harbour by means of a thick fog, so that we escaped the French fleet. Sir Thomas being dead, it was my right to have the command of the corps, which from five hundred men, was now reduced to six-and-thirty.

I arrived at London, and flew to see Mr. Sherlock: but the good man, at the age of seventy-seven. had fallen into a state of infancy; my property, however, was safe. I claimed some papers, but his inventory was not yet completed, and I could not hear a single word about my dear Richard.

I was forced to continue in London to settle my accompts, and wait for the payment of the prize money that was due to our crew. I wrote three different letters to Mrs. Hallen, at Southam, but received no answer; I was too anxious not to solicit leave of absence, but the Commissioners of the Admiralty, to whom I had rendered myself serviceable, would not grant it me. At last, I had recourse to my good friend Estevan, and requested he would come and join me, as I wanted him sadly. He sent me word that he could not leave his mother, who was dying. My situation was truly cruel, for if I had neglected my duty, I might be exposed to lose that wealth which I had obtained through so many dangers and fatigues; and on the other hand, was under great apprehensions lest I had lost you.

Amidst the alarms that besieged me, the hopes of seeing you in a situation adequate to your birth, induced me to go in quest of the chief our family. I heard that Lord Westfield was in London, and that he occupied ready-furnished lodgings in Southampton-Street. There being an apartment vacant in the same house, I hired it, without any apprehension of my brother knowing me again if I should pass by him, as I knew him to be rather absent, and, moreover, as my uniform would shelter me from suspicion. I wished that some accidental event might bring us together, and to promote his curiosity. I loved and esteemed him, but I

dreaded him still more; and thought, that in case I should not chuse a proper time, but accost him when out of humour, I might endanger all my expectations, without any probability of a reconciliation ever taking place.

It was not long since his eldest son was dead, whose loss he still lamented. This piece of intelligence his servant communicated to mine. His daughters had been married for three years: one to Lord Mellford, and the other to Lord Etherge, two Scotch Peers. My dear brother thus separated from his family, who, besides, neglected him much, was as badly off as if he had none.

I was also informed of his common practices. Except when he attended in the House of Peers, he generally associated with stock-brokers, and gambled in the stocks; then he would resort to Covent-Garden Theatre, and when the play was over, go and muse for a moment in a neighbouring coffee-house, and march home before it was late.

Whenever I was disengaged I followed him every where, using all necessary precautions not to awaken his suspicions.

I think it necessary, my dear Richard, you should have an idea of your uncle's character. He is one of the most worthy but whimsical men that ever existed in this country. Your grandfather, who was desirous of seeing him settled at Court, retained him there as long as he lived; but, as soon as he had taken his seat in the House of Peers, and was become his own master, he renounced every ambitious thought, retired to his estate, where he made it his study to understand husbandry and oeconomy well, and especially to be a kind landlord to his tenants. To such as are needy, in whatever distress they may be, he is charitable even to profusion. However, when he returns to town, he fits out merchantmen, takes a share in the establishment of manufactories, goes regularly to 'Change, and assumes the man of business. Although he is inaccessible to cabal or party spirit, his intentions being righteously directed, he neither tamely supports the Ministry, nor does he oppose them, unless he imagines they encroach upon the rights and interest of the nation. The opinion he entertains of the lower house will not permit him to transact any business; and thus, from the inflexibility of his temper, he is not that useful member which his abilities had qualified him for. He has many prejudices more, I might even say oddities, but from what I am going to relate, you will find them out yourself. However, may Heaven please to grant that you be possessed of a similar integrity, and beneficent mind.

I had followed him, as I told you, for about a fortnight, without any thing particular having happened to either, when, as I was sitting one evening in a coffee-room under the Piazza, three ill-looking men, who sat conversing in a low voice at no great distance from me, happened to mention his name. I intended to have gone to the play myself, but could not get in, the house was so full; so then I was involved in thought with my head leaning on my arm, and people might imagine that I was asleep. The name of Westfield attracted my notice, and I listened attentively, without changing my posture.

He dined at the King's Arms, said they, with Mr. so-and-so, employed no less than three different brokers to-day upon 'Change. Bradshaw has told me that he sold out for him to the amount of one hundred thousand pounds. If it be so, we shall make a good job of it, said another. I could not hear the rest of their conversation, because they had left their box, and retired to a more convenient place.

When the play was over, Lord Westfield, who was dressed very plain, according to his custom, entered the coffee-room, and called for a glass of warm lemonade. The three rascals had disappeared. At eleven o'clock, his Lordship, who had not any one servant to attend him, ordered the waiter to call a chair. I saw him get in, and followed at a distance. At the moment he got into Southampton-Street, I heard a noise, drew my sword, and ran up to him; the chair had been stopped by the ruffians, and one of them seeing me, came to meet me sword in hand; at my first thrust I levelled him to the ground, and hastened to attack the other

two, but they had made their escape, the moment they heard the cries of their wounded companion. The chairmen, who, perhaps, had a hand in the business had also run away; I made up to his Lordship, who was crying out murder, helped him out of the chair, took him under the arm, and walked home with him.

I had still retained my naked and bloody sword in my hand, and desired my landlord to inform the watchmen of what had just happened. Lord Westfield had not recovered from his fright, and was silent. Two of his servants came to light him up stairs, he leaned on their arms, and proceeded to his apartment, whither I followed him. He sat down, and looking at me steadfastly, said: Is it you, Captain, my good neighbour? you have been doing me an essential piece of service. Those villains aimed at my pocket-book, which is worth no less than one hundred thousand pounds, and had it not been for your kind assistance, they were gone.—I replied that I felt very happy for having been at hand to rescue him.—You have done for us both, added he; the pocket-book is now to be divided, you are welcome, and need not be afraid of disobliging me by accepting any part of it.—

I did not even think of looking at the pocket-book, so happy I was of being near a brother whose friendship I would have purchased at the price of the last drop of my blood. I reflected on the danger that had threatened him. The embarrassment of my present situation, the remorse for my past conduct, the wish of discovering myself and of falling on my knees before him, suing for his generosity, forgiveness, and bounty towards me and my dear child, were so many sentiments that affected me at once. The Earl, who was surprised at my confused countenance, at last addressed me thus: What is the matter, Captain? Do you question my gratitude and generosity? can you not believe me capable of making you a present of thirty, forty, fifty thousand pounds? —No, My Lord, replied I, to your liberality I am no stranger: my zeal, and a particular affection, the motive of which is unknown to you, have induced me to render you that service which you set such a value upon. I aspire to a more flattering recompense, to your friendship ...—

My friendship! answered My Lord; who are you, pray? you come from the East Indies .... have we ever met before now? ...Indeed, I think your features are not entirely unknown to me. ...Are you an Englishman?—

I did not know what to answer, but trembled in every limb, whilst he was staring at me: I thought I observed something wild and fierce in his countenance.

Answer me, then, continued he.—No, My Lord, said I confused, I am ....a Frenchman...—

I suspected as much, returned he, from your accent and your gait .....My friendship to a Frenchman! an enemy of my country! Come, I will forgive you for being whatever you please, provided you accept of my pocket-book.—

No, My Lord, returned I, I have too much pride to sell my service at such a price.—

You will not receive money, you Frenchman! resumed he with some warmth; what do you wish for then? From what motive have you left your country? How came you to serve in our army? Tell me, have you got into some bad scrape or other? If you have, I will solicit for you, recommend you to the Ministers, to your King himself; I would rescue you from hell itself.—No, My Lord, answered I; I serve England from affection, and feel no inclination to return to France; however, I am under no apprehension, from my conduct, of the severity of the laws, and beg you will use your credit to another purpose.—So you wish to serve us, added his Lordship, and have behaved like a man of courage; besides you don't care for money, of course you will not betray us. I will recommend you to the Lords of the Admiralty.—

I will repeat it, My Lord; it has been my good fortune to do you service, I have asked you for the only reward that can be acceptable, the only one I wish for ....

What! you Frenchman insist upon being my friend!...But I won't love you...I love no one mortal soul, not even my children...no...no...no..Before you leave this room, I will have you tell me what you wish from me.—

It cannot be done to-day, My Lord...—When then? — In a month, replied I.—If you postpone it till that time, you must come to my seat in the country, whither I am preparing to return. Now I will break this shilling, and give you one half, so that whether you come yourself or send any body, let this piece of silver be presented to me.—

I left his Lordship, and retired to my apartment. The next morning he quitted the house at an early hour, and moved to the neighbourhood of St. James's Park.

In the mean time, I was very uneasy about you, when Estevan came to join me. He had lost his mother, and was in mourning. My letters having informed him that I wanted his assistance, he was come to make an offer of his services. I could have settled my whole business in the course of four or five days, and might have been at liberty to go to Southam, but my impatience would not allow me to wait, and I dispatched my friend. His instructions were to go and speak with Mrs. Hallen, and to bring me particular intelligence of the young man who had been committed to her care, and about whom I was earnestly anxious. Estevan departed. I laboured with the utmost assiduity, and all possible expedition to procure the audit of my accounts. The merchandise that we had brought home was sold; my share came to forty-three thousand pounds, besides eighteen hundred that were due to me for my pay. Those sums I received, and lodged them with the rest of my funds in the hands of Messrs. Sterlock and Co. I also took care to have proper justice done to the men under my command.

I had nearly done, when Estevan returned...I discovered great embarrassment in his looks. What news about the young man? said I—He informed me of the death of Mrs. Hallen, your having left Oxford, your journey to Devonshire, and your entering into the service of Sir George Nettling, which particulars he had heard from the Chaplain of Woodstock-House, and the Rector of Buttorf. You may easily judge of my feelings, my dear Richard, when I was told of the hard situation you had been reduced to, owing to my absence, the death of Mrs. Hallen, and the accident that had befallen my old friend, Mr. Sterlock. As I was now entirely disengaged, I contrived to go down into Devonshire. Estevan and I both arrived at Clostern, and alighted at an inn exactly facing the Castle, in order to procure some intelligence concerning you. The people were all in motion, and I, at first, could not suppose that you were so much concerned. The innkeeper had formerly been nurse to My Lady Nettling. Several strangers were coming in and out, whom I heard to pronounce the name of Richard. They seemed to speak with uncommon animation; I drew near, and enquired what had happened to that Richard. He has seduced and ravished the daughter of our Lord; he has fled, and they are in pursuit of him; Sir George, and all his servants are riding after him. I took Estevan aside, we mounted our horses, rode along the park, and then separated. I supposed that you might easily be known from your age and dress. I directed Estevan, in case he should meet you, to take you with him to Billy-Barnes, at a small farm house, where we had slept the preceding night.

We agreed that whether I was successful or not in my search, I should meet my friend there at midnight, as Mrs. Bitterton, the farmer's widow, had had the goodness to promise she would sit up for us. My anxiety is not to be described; I incessantly fell in with some of Sir George's emissaries: I had a mind to go and attack them, kill the horses and disarm the men. Had they arrested you, I would have rescued you, should it have cost me my life. I spent the whole day in rambling around the Castle, in order to watch whether they did not bring you back through some of the avenues; till the hour of my assignation was come. I repaired to Billy-Barnes, where I found Estevan, who was waiting for me. He could read my disappointment at not meeting with you in my looks.

Be easy, my dear friend, said he to me; the young man is not here, but I have some knowledge of the way he is gone, and have contrived matters so as to prevent Sir George's emissaries from finding him out. Yesterday, at about two o'clock in the afternoon, and at four miles distance from Clostern, I saw a shepherd tending his flock, described your young man, and asked whether he had seen him pass by; the shepherd instantly pointed out to me the road he had left, as also that which he had just followed. I would have gone that same way myself, but I perceived two men very well mounted advancing towards us. I suspected they might be some of Sir George's people, or, perhaps, the Baronet himself.

I gave a guinea to the shepherd, with a promise of three more, if, in case those people made any enquiry, he would answer that the person they were in quest of, was galloping away at full speed on a light coloured mare, on a distant road which I pointed out to him. I then dismounted, tied my horse to a tree, and pretended to fasten the saddle.

The two men came up to the shepherd, who returned such answers to their enquiries as I had dictated; and they immediately set off full gallop, following that road to which they were directed. I had a great mind to go in pursuit of you, but I thought that, after having paid the three guineas to the shepherd, I must not leave the spot, and lose sight of him; there were other people in search of you, and the fellow, in hopes of getting a larger reward, might give them the truest account; but as it was growing late, and as I apprehended that I should miss my way in the dark, I determined to come and join you here, pretty well satisfied with the intelligence I had to impart.—I returned my best thanks to Estevan. The next morning we parted again; he returned to Clostern, where I begged he would wait till he heard from me, and contrive to be made acquainted with whatever passed in the Castle; whether you had been brought back; and, in case you had, to go instantly and claim you as belonging to one of the first families in the kingdom; to have you carried before the Justice, and, if required, to bail you for twenty thousand pounds, and even offer to be kept under arrest till such time as he had given proper security for the sum.

Now, it happened that the farm house at Billy-Barnes was all in confusion. The farmer had been arrested that very morning for debt; and I, being very tired, was forced, for want of better accommodation, to go and lay myself down on a bundle of straw in the barn. There I found myself in company with half a dozen gipsies, who had been wandering over that part of the country for several days. As I could not sleep, I was reflecting on the means of finding you out, without exposing you to danger. I fancied that, as you did not know me, I might inspire you with fear if I retained my usual appearance, and cause you to conceal yourself from me, as you would do from every other person of my description. The next thought which occurred to me was, that of disguising myself in the dress of a gipsy, by which means I could gain admittance into every house about the country, and be enabled to carry on farther my enquiries. You know how far my plans have been successful. The very second day, as I was telling a good woman's fortune, she told me mine, by informing me that I could meet you at Mrs. Francy's. It rested with me to go and fetch you out of that house secretly, and to silence the reports which your adventure with Miss Dorothy had given occasion to, the true particulars of which I was still ignorant of.

When I joined you at the farm house, my plan was already prepared in my mind. I had procured women's cloaths for you, composed a story which I related to the family, and you assisted me in making them credit its veracity. I announced the speedy arrival of Thomas Cawson, Esq. your father, and returned to Billy-Barnes; there I quitted my gipsy's garb, and went to join my friend Estevan, at Clostern.

I had many things to do. I wanted to know Miss Dorothy's person; and, likewise, what had passed between you two. She was reported to be one of the richest heiresses in the kingdom, and her character was universally praised. In case she loved you, and that I



approved of her person, my design was to obtain her hand for you: but the difficult part of the business was to come near her, and I was at a loss how to go to work on the occasion.

Sir George and Lady Nettling had left Clostern; your mistress had continued there, under the care of Mrs. Brown, a religious, charitable, and simple woman. I only wanted a pretext to be introduced; now listen to that which I imagined.

I requested Estevan to procure me a clergyman's habit, which he did. I went to Billy-Barnes to disguise myself, then I returned to Clostern, and was introduced as a neighbouring clergyman, who had some important business to communicate to Mrs. Brown. Madam, said I, assuming a grave countenance, poor farmer Bitterton, of Billy-Barnes, has been arrested by Sir George's steward, for seventy-three pounds ten shillings: one of my parishioners, being touched with the farmer's hard case, or perhaps acting from secret remorse, has given me the money to discharge the debt; but, Madam, whatever be his motive, he would wish Mr. Bitterton and Sir George's steward not to know of the transaction. If you will but consent, Madam, to pass for the poor farmer's benefactress, all the intentions of my parishioner would be fulfilled. Neither Mr. Bitterton, nor any other person could wonder at your liberality, and Sir George's steward could not boast his severity in pursuing his master's debtors, as the only means of procuring money from them.

My character, my deportment, my offers, and my harangue had all the effect I expected. Mrs. Brown willingly granted my request; she only regretted she had not heard of the circumstance before, she herself would have liberated the farmer; lastly, as she had no body to dine with her, she expressed a desire of my keeping her company. The good lady was very much dejected, and longed for an opportunity of recounting her chagrin. My character, the nature of the business that had brought me, were well calculated to promote her confidence: as I myself wanted to gain it, we soon attained our end. She began relating the history of her niece, whilst I listened with great attention. I endeavoured to quiet her on the consequences of such an adventure, saying: That since she assured me of her niece being innocent, most undoubtedly her innocence must be vindicated after all. I added, that a gentleman of Kent, a friend of mine, was in a still worse predicament. He had but one only child, a daughter who was possessed of uncommon beauty, mildness, wit, and talents, and had disappeared from his house; in vain, for the last six month past, had he been in search of her. She heard my narration; that was all I wanted.

A servant then entered the apartment to inform the lady that Miss Dorothy refused to drink her beef tea. Poor child! said the kind aunt; I cannot persuade her to take any thing.—

Would you permit me, Madam, interrupted I, to have a private conversation with her?—Ah! Sir, returned Mrs. Brown very eagerly, I should lie under great obligation to you, indeed, if you could prevail upon her to take more care of herself ...— I will go, Madam.— The lady rose, the servant, with the bason of beef tea, walked foremost, and we entered the young lady's apartment.

Mrs. Brown introduced me as one of her friends; invited her to pay attention to my salutary advice, and withdrew. I took the bason from the hands of the servant, placed it on the table, and drew near the bed.

The young lady received me with great gravity. I began my conversation by commonplace morality, which she seemed to listen to with the utmost unconcern. I next introduced the subject of her affliction; I mentioned the name of Richard, and thought I perceived some emotion; I went on, and spoke of him as one much interested in his behalf. Poor Richard! Said I.—Do you know him, Sir? Asked Dorothy, in a tone most proper to give me encouragement.—Yes, Miss, answered I, I know him better than he does himself.—Do you know where he is? is he safe? He must be in want of every thing, for his cloaths are all here...—No, Miss, he wants for nothing, and henceforth you will be the chief object of his anxiety: he cannot forgive himself for having been the innocent cause...— Ah! very

innocent, indeed, Sir; Alas! I had shown him some kindness; and as the poor young man was taking his leave of me, he kissed my hand. If you should see him, Sir, tell him that I pardon him from my heart; and that I wish I were so situated as to be of any service to him. I have only a few guineas in this purse, and beg you will be so kind as to obtain his acceptance from me .....—No, Miss, I shall not be the bearer of your present, which he has no occasion for; but you may rest assured that your generosity, and tender compassion will touch him to a high degree. Thank Heaven he is above want...— Ah! Sir, this intelligence gives me great satisfaction; but how came he to go into service? He does not appear to be born ...—No, Miss, and I could say much more to you about him, only that I imagine the interest you show him proceeds from mere commiseration.— Most assuredly, Sir, a young man of his description being reduced to wear a livery is much to be pitied.—I believe I read into your sentiments, Miss, and accordingly, far from pitying him, think he is the happiest of all mankind since you have noticed him in the low condition to which he had temporarily been reduced. Do not blush, most lovely Miss; he is a man of quality, and can even command a tolerable good fortune, although it be not nearly equal to yours. He loved you, and has devoted to your person all the sentiments which you are deserving of, and of which a man of honour is susceptible. His family concerns not being as yet settled to his satisfaction, he has not thought proper to make you his declaration; but has authorized me to come and present his best respects to you, to beg your pardon for all the trouble he has brought upon you, and also to apprise you that he intended an innocent artifice in order to vindicate your character, and to have the bad reports which had circulated contradicted: my message did not extend any farther, but I have found means to gain admittance...—I would have proceeded in informing Dorothy; but Mrs. Brown entered the room. She was come to see whether her niece had drunk her beef tea, which I presented to her, as soon as I heard her aunt coming, and she swallowed it all at one draught, although it was cold. Mrs. Brown was delighted at finding that her niece had listened to reason; she even imagined that she looked better in health. This happy change she ascribed to my exhortations, so that she would no longer suffer me to leave the Castle, till I had promised to return; however, I did not keep my word.

I mounted my horse, returned to Billy-Barnes, where I joined Estevan, with whom I concerted the means of carrying you away from Mrs. Francy's. We arrived; and whilst Estevan was assisting you to dismount, I took the woman aside, and remitted to her the livery, and a letter for a French woman of the name of Foible. During his stay at the inn at Clostern, Estevan had been told of your adventure with the chambermaid. They highly celebrated your rigours, whilst the poor creature was dying, said they, through grief for your departure, and the lampooning of all her fellow-servants and the neighbourhood. I will tell you the contents of my letter.

*Thomas Cawson, Esq. to Mademoiselle Foible.*

“Miss,

I return you thanks for the kindness that you have shown my daughter, during the time her folly has retained her in the capacity of a servant to your master. She was very happy to have met in the family with a person of your obliging disposition, and begs of me to express the sense of her gratitude. I return the coat, which, I find has been the occasion of many idle and scandalous reports. Those rumours, however, must be at an end, now that it is known how ill-founded they were. I would have written to Sir George and his Lady to request they will pardon my daughter, but have heard they had left Clostern. I beg you will offer our best respects to them both, likewise to Miss Dorothy. As my daughter returns to her duty, and will have no farther occasion for the little baggage she has left behind her, I desire you will have the goodness to deliver the whole to the bearer of this my letter. Among the cloaths, there are

ten guineas wrapped up in a piece of paper, which my daughter and I shall be happy if you will accept of.”

The farmer ordered her children to carry the letter; I have them a couple of guineas for their trouble, and they set off, well satisfied with their message.

They arrived at Clostern, delivered the coat and letter, and as you may easily suppose, underwent a long examination. The relation of the adventure which they had witnessed was the best answer that they could return, neither did they vary in the report. Mrs. Brown recollected the history which had been recounted to her on the preceding day by a clergyman. Foible found the ten guineas, and the means of refuting the raillery of her fellow-servants. The history was repeated, embellished, and augmented; four-and-twenty hours after you were thought to be a girl within twenty miles round. Sir George and Lady Nettling adopted the same idea; Dorothy alone, whom I had let into our secret plan, was the only person who did not credit the report.

In the mean while, you and I were proceeding into Wales, where I had determined you should live concealed for a certain length of time. In your opinion I was either a sorceress or a sprite, and every one about use imagined that you were my daughter. It then occurred to my mind not to disabuse you, but to have you continue under your disguise, by which means I could have a general command over you, without making myself known; besides, it was very important we should not be detected: for in case of Lord Westfield’s refusing to acknowledge and protect you as his nephew, your situation in life could not be made agreeable. I was positive that Lady Heatmore, the Bishop of L\*\*\*, My Lord’s daughters, and sons-in-law would oppose my pursuits, should they get intelligence of them before I had contrived farther measures of succeeding in them; accordingly, I carried you to Mrs. Bullock, with a full determination to disguise you in such a manner that we might, if necessary, go even to London, and there be secure from detection from the very witness of my marriage and your christening. With a view the better to deceive you respecting myself, I seized every opportunity that offered to increase your surprise. I saw a young man in great affliction, and enquired into the cause of his grief; being told that a highwayman had made off with his horse, I, in concert with Estevan, who appeared in the character of my servant, dropt a purse with a few guineas in the lad’s pocket, and, when I thought proper, the purse came forth. At Bridgewater I had gone out pretty early in the morning to procure a woman’s dress, which I wanted for the following day, and happened to be present at the dispute about Miss Orchard, between the French prisoners and some of our countrymen. The young girl was frightened almost out of her senses, I took her under my arm and carried her home; when I returned to the inn, I found means to pacify all parties, by using the power of truth and reason over such as were disposed to listen to them. There again, mere chance brought the serjeant of my company, and owing to a little stratagem which I had prepared before I went out, you found the purse which I myself had slipt into your pocket.

All that had passed since our departure from Mrs. Francy’s must have persuaded you that I was a man; and the next morning, when you awoke, you found me to be a woman. My design was not merely to surprise you. We were going to Mrs. Bullock’s; I wished to be at liberty there, and avoid such questions as I was unwilling to answer; in short, to be mistress of going away when I chose. I should have been under a restraint had I preserved the name of Captain Sentry; by assuming that of his sister, I became entirely free. You remember our meeting with the three ruffians at an inn where we stopped to have a bit of dinner, and who, thinking that you were a girl, offered to insult you. I entered the room, and recollected Ralph, an Irishman, one of the three villains whom I had formerly heard at the coffee-room in Covent-Garden planning how to rob Lord Westfield. I attacked and disarmed him; Ralph, said I to him in his own language, be gone; a proper description of you has been sent to the Justice of Peace here, and you shall be arrested if you stop another minute. The villains took

the alarm, which gave me great satisfaction, for we might have fallen in with them that very day, when they would not have acted as gallants, and it would not have been so easy a matter for me to get rid of them.

When we arrived at Mrs. Bullock's, I expected a letter from Estevan, whom I had requested to return to Clostern; and found it there. He informed me of the effect which my note to Foible had produced; besides, he brought other intelligence, more interesting, indeed, but which, at the same time, was more perplexing.

Previous to Lord Scarerow's paying his addresses to Miss Dorothy, a young Baronet, from Sussex, had made an offer of his hand, and was patronised by her aunt. This good lady was delighted at his Lordship's retreating, and had written to the friends of the Baronet, who was then in France, to summon him home immediately, and she expected the marriage would be concluded at her house, at C\*\*\*, whither she was preparing to return.

I then sent word to Estevan to go instantly to C\*\*\*, and hire an apartment for me there. My plan was fixed upon, and I determined not to surrender the place to Sir Archibald Hotwell, but to dispute the ground by inches. However, I was not permitted to act personally on the occasion. My accounts not being settled at the Admiralty, I was forced to return to London, and so left you to study the Welch language at Mrs. Bullock's. Upon my arrival in town, I had many difficulties to encounter, articles to elucidate, and the delays of office to put up with; however, after having danced attendance for a whole month, I concluded the business, obtained my discharge, and got upon the half pay list.

I could have wished to return to you immediately; but, on the other hand, it would have made me happy to be the bearer of the intelligence of our reconciliation with Lord Westfield, likewise to show myself under my natural form. The time which he had fixed for my meeting him at his estate was passed; I accordingly resolved to go to London, and arrived at My Lord's door, without having had leisure to contrive the means of making myself known to him, which was no easy matter, and required being managed with great nicety. I asked after My Lord, and was answered that he was engaged. I desired one of the servants to inform his Lordship that a stranger, a Frenchman, would be glad to speak to him, agreeable to his own appointment. The fellow laughed at me, saying, that My Lord wanted neither a hairdresser, a dancing master, nor a scullion; so that I might go and offer my services elsewhere.

I went back to my lodgings, and then, reflecting on the broken shilling which My Lord had given me, I put it under a cover, informing him at the same time, of my arrival, and prevailed upon my landlord to deliver the message himself.

The charm operated at once. Half a quarter of an hour after a valet-de-chambre came to invite me to the castle, and introduced me to my brother.

He was alone. You have delayed long, said he; I apprehended you would not be as good as your word. Then added, perceiving my agitation, Sit down, you seem to be tired. Speak; I am in your debt: you have done me service, and are come, I hope, to afford me an opportunity of acquitting myself.

I am, My Lord, answered I, falling on my knees before him; you see me now petitioning for the repose, honour, and prosperity of all that is dear to me. The whole is at your disposal.—

Rise, interrupted he, rise. I thought you were a man, but you weep...—I am not a man, My Lord...—You are not a man! are you evil spirit then?...—What! replied I, almost suffocated with my abundant tears, does not my sad features recal some ideas? When my heart is ready to burst, is there not a something stirring within yours, pleading my cause?...—

What are you saying of your features, of your heart? If you be a woman, what connection can I have with a woman?...—That of consanguinity, My Lord, exclaimed I...the unfortunate Rebec...—It was impossible for me to proceed.—Rebecca! said my brother; my

sister Rebecca!...—He could not utter a syllable more, but dropt down in his chair. I held him close in my arms, and bathed him with tears whilst he surveyed me with astonishment, his mouth wide gaping, and apparently having lost all motion.

He rose on a sudden, and pushed me back; Retire, said he, I will not suffer you to make me weep too....My sister Rebecca! But what was become of you? Whence come you, you extravagant girl?—

I perceived my brother to be moved. Listen to me, My Lord, said I, resuming my kneeling posture; promise to grant me your pardon, as also to sue for that of Lady Mellfont, Lady Etherge, our brother, in short, of all our family.

Rise, rise, repeated he on a sudden, with a kind of ill-humour: cease humbling yourself for the sake of all those people you have mentioned. If you have acted foolishly; we have all done as much, neither can I be excepted, The Bishop of L\*\*\* is a crazy enthusiast; Lady Heatmore a hypocondriac; my sons-in-law are downright blockheads; and my daughters well deserving of being sent to Bedlam. Make yourself easy, my dear Rebecca, with regard to them all. I don't know much of you, yet I declare that I regard you more than the rest of the family collectively. You went by the name of Sentry: you are that noble Captain who is so well spoken of; you have well served your King and country; you have saved my pocket-book, and, perhaps, my life: if you are not an honest girl, at least, you are a brave and gallant man.—

How soothing were those kind overtures! I began to recount my adventures; he listened to me with attention, and visible concern. I mentioned your birth. How! Said he, you have had a son? is he still living? what character has he?—These two last questions I considered as a good omen, and continued my narrative with great confidence. When I concluded, Rebecca, said My Lord, your history has given me pleasure; it is both entertaining and interesting. Well, zooks! My Lords, my fine sons-in-law, I have not as yet lost all my friends; I have still preserved objects of natural and rational affection! Let me unbosom myself to you, Rebecca. Since the death of my son, I have had every reason to complain of my daughters, and of their husbands. They already consider my fortune as being their own, and use me no better than if I were their tenant. They do not even behave with the least decorum towards me. They pay no attention to Lady Heatmore since she has lost her children; and treat our brother the Bishop, with the same disrespect. He wanted to remonstrate, but they called him a pedant. Oh! he is very angry. I will do something for your son, my Rebecca; return to him, settle your little affairs, and do not shew your face here till I have made my own arrangements. So saying, he embraced me, seemed to turn me off, and still retained me.

Harkee; can you assure me that your son has not a drop left of that cursed Irish blood in his veins?...—To this I returned such an answer as was well calculated to satisfy him...—Trust me, continued he, your son shall not even retain the name; but don't you tell him beforehand; he does not know who he is; let his ignorance of himself be prolonged; he is young, and might feel an inclination to speak out; whereas, our affairs require the strictest secrecy. We have to deal with people at Court, whose intrigues might check our undertakings. Farewell, my Rebecca; let me hear from you. I will let you know when it is time for you to return.

I went to fetch you from Mrs. Bullock's, and we set off for Sussex. We arrived at C\*\*\*: there I wanted an acquaintance in Mrs. Brown's family, I found means of making myself known to Mr. Jackman, and soon after we were introduced into the castle. Sir Archibald was paying his addresses to Miss Dorothy, but without gaining her affection: the two families were constantly urging your mistress to give her consent, and her lover being an amiable young man, I had my apprehensions, lest at length she should yield to their intreaties. Now, by introducing you under your Welch habit, I brought you to live familiarly with her,

and to find an opportunity of discovering yourself and passion, in case the circumstances should require. In this latter case, I designed to have revealed your birth, the decent fortune which you were entitled to, and I doubted not but you would have prevailed upon her to decline the Baronet's more brilliant offers. But he saved us the trouble of disputing the heart of his mistress. He ruined himself through levity and libertinism. I had perceived from the first day that we visited the castle that he looked at you with great affectation. He praised me with exaggeration before my face; he fawned before me; in a word, his behaviour to me was in opposition to sincerity, to the character of an Englishman.

I had enquired into his character, and from what I had heard, could not misconstrue his real motives; of course, was very careful to keep you constant company, thinking that constraint would only heighten the transient inclination with which he honoured you. He seized the very first opportunity, when I left you alone, to declare his sentiments and to write to you. I pretended to tear his letter a moment after you had given it me; you believed that I really had; but there you were mistaken.

As I was under an obligation of returning to Westfield, I communicated to Mr. Jackman my uneasiness about leaving you to the charge of a servant...—I will take care of her, said the good man....—She is very young, replied I...—Well then, if I were to propose to Mrs. Brown to take her...—That, observed I, would be exposing her to greater peril, and giving her up to her enemy.—I then delivered Sir Archibald's letter to the Parson.

The worthy ecclesiastic, who, moreover, was not over-well used in the epistle, shuddered at the villainous intent of its author. He instantly repaired to the castle, and produced the letter to Mrs. Brown. The consequence was, that this lady dismissed the Baronet an hour after, without even imparting her motives to Miss Dorothy; through an apprehension that she might bear you malice for the disappointment. From the time I returned to C\*\*\*, till that at which we came hither, nothing has happened that requires an explanation; only that within six miles from Westfield I thought proper, in preference to any other subject, to have our conversation turn on the choice of a situation. Intentionally did I contradict and tease you. I forced you, in some measure, to tell me you would be a Peer, were it only to try me. When you had determined your choice, far from being discomposed, I bade you very coolly fix upon any one of the estates that were then within our view. The castle and park, wherein we are now seated, was the most conspicuous, and I offered it you, with a consciousness that you would prefer it to five or six private houses, which, indeed, appeared pretty tolerable, but were far inferior. Your choice was very natural. Now, the recital of my adventure with your uncle will enable you to account for what has passed since. Pardon me, my dear son, for having taken advantage of your credulity. Confess, that in some respect I have not been altogether culpable. Let me tell you, that if it is a defect in those whose principles must be corroborated from a regular course of studies, age and experience, it is no error in a youth who has left college at eighteen; he may either doubt or be credulous, provided he does not carry matters too inconsiderately, and to an extreme, without his being reprehensible. Uncertainty is the best standard of sound judgment and natural sagacity, that a youth can afford, who has not attained a proper age for reading into the bottom of things.

All that I have to say to you at present is to make you acquainted with our expectations. Lady Heatmore and the Bishop of L\*\*\* are extremely reconciled to me, and acknowledge you as their nephew; the Bishop will leave you the whole of his fortune, and her Ladyship has promised to make you a present of a considerable estate in Somersetshire, that is worth three thousand a year, but upon her own terms; namely, that I lend her twenty thousand pounds, which she is in want of to settle her own affairs: for this sum I require no interest as it will return to you upon her decease. Of your uncle, you are to inherit his title and the family estate, where we now have the happiness of being together: it is worth four thousand a year. Besides, he will make you a handsome present in consequence of your

marriage; and as I myself intend never to part from you, I shall only retain what I think will be necessary for my sustenance. The consequence is, my dear son, that you are no contemptible match for the family of the Nettlings. Whilst Lord Mellfont and Lord Etherge will solicit your promotion at Court, and use their interest with Lord Halifax to obtain Dorothy from Sir George, Lady Heatmore, who is acquainted with Lady Nettling, will no doubt succeed in obtaining her consent; and I will set off for C\*\*\*, in order to be your advocate with Mrs. Brown and her niece. I shall leave you with your uncle, my dear son; from what you have heard of him you must now be well acquainted with his temper and disposition. Strive to be more and more deserving of his friendship and esteem; behave in such a manner as to oblige him in every thing; you are bound to it for your own interest, and still more so from gratitude.

Richard had been listening to his mother with great avidity. It was already night before he had taken notice of the declining day. Those marks of kindness which he received from all sides, and the sentiments which they created would not permit him to speak; he pressed Lady O'Berthon's hand; his faculties were so absorbed that he was incapable of manifesting his emotion otherwise. In proportion as he was made better acquainted with himself, his mental powers seemed to acquire fresh vigour and elevation; his fortune, however, did not surprise him; he thought of it with modest disinterestedness; he really was deserving of it by his moderation in prosperity, and the use to which he intended to apply it. They returned into the apartment, where they found Lord Westfield alone, who overloaded them with his best caresses; Richard had prepossessed him much in his favour, and he already looked upon him as his son.

The next day Lady O'Berthon set off for Sussex, but still retained her uniform. Richard during his stay at Westfield witnessed many instances of My Lord's singularity and bad humour, but those little storms did not last long; and though he had not felt a rising attachment and respect for his uncle, his temper had been curbed to such a degree, and almost cast in the mould of obsequiousness by the numberless trials which the false Captain had subjected him to, that all those trifling contradictions did not ruffle his temper, or even give him the least uneasiness. He found the means of showing continual deference to My Lord, without exposing his own character, as he knew how to be yielding without flattery. Lord Westfield himself wondered at him. He had no idea but of two prevailing characters: the one rough like his own, the other, made up of sycophantic complaisance, which latter he deemed mean and disgraceful to an Englishman; he thought he discovered in his nephew a combination of gentleness and noble assurance, and could not help wishing that all his countrymen were made upon the same model. Such ought every Englishman to be, would he say; but we will not admit of a medium, we will ever be carried into extremes. His nephew insensibly cured him of his misanthropy, which had hitherto obscured his other good qualities, as also deprived him of that happiness which he might have derived from his large fortune.

Richard received a letter from his mother exactly ten days after her departure.—  
“My dearest son, said she, Mrs. Brown, reposing unlimited confidence in my character, and who is not totally unacquainted with the name of Westfield, has granted her consent from the very overtures of my proposals. The question was to prevail on her niece to accept of a husband: this she thought was the most difficult article of my negotiation. I accordingly asked leave to speak to Miss Dorothy in private, which was also granted. Although I proposed her marrying a Peer of the realm, I know not whether she would have listened to me to the end, had not that Peer been called Richard; there is a something peculiar in that name which, I know not how, attracted her attention. I proceeded in my parley, and in order to prepare surprise, without any ill consequence attending; I recalled her, being indisposed at Clostern, at a time when a clergyman visited there. She began to survey me attentively, her

ideas were soon brought into a recollection. What! was it you, Captain Sentry, whom my aunt introduced to me under that disguise?—It was, amiable Miss, returned I; I then came to speak to you in Richard's favour, and am now come to solicit the gift of your hand to that same Richard.—I did not meet with a refusal, my dear boy. She then enquired after Becky. Becky! answered I, in a mysterious tone, for God's sake, Miss, do not betray our secret; Becky was...she was the sister of your friend, Miss Cawson; she was Miss Cawson herself; she was .....why, but I have been Thomas Cawson myself for a while...—Dorothy was ready to cry out; she wanted to say a thousand things, but I ran away laughing into Mrs. Brown's apartment, to whom I communicated the success of my embassy. I produced the letters of Lord Westfield, and of the Bishop of L\*\*\*, which we answered in concert. I requested the aunt to solicit Sir George and Lady Nettling's agreement, and she has done every thing I could wish for.

“Mr. Jackman, having heard of my arrival, entered the apartment, and advanced to embrace me. Where is Becky, the dear sweet Becky? Asked he.—Becky, my good friend, answered I, I am sorry to inform you that she is no longer under my tuition. Lord Westfield, our ally and protector, has taken her to his charge; she is going to be richly married...—Lord Westfield, interrupted he...—The very same, continued I. He is no stranger to your kindness to us, for which he is thankful, as he ought; he has even been at some pains to procure you a good living, and here is the portrait of your mistress.—The poor man listened to me with his mouth wide gaping; he cast his eyes upon a paper which I presented to him, purporting his being nominated Dean of P\*\*\*, by the Bishop of L\*\*\*. I next informed him how much the living was worth. Ah! my dear son, what a pleasing object is a living of seven hundred a year! The joy which our friend expressed gave me pleasure and mortification at the same time. I called him Dean Jackman, and he appeared in raptures. I begged he would give up his Rectorship at C\*\*\* to Mr. Boston, the Chaplain of Woodstock, and obtained Mrs. Brown's consent for the purpose. The news must have reached Woodstock by this time. After having provided for your friends, I thought I ought to do something for mine; am going to take a trip to Wales, and join Estevan and Ann Bullock in the bonds of wedlock. From thence we proposed going to see you married. Adieu, my dear Richard: continue deserving of your uncle's affection and the protection of Heaven. You are in full possession of your mother's tenderness; receive her best blessing.”

Richard carried this letter to his uncle, who had also received several parcels from his sons-in-law, Lady Heatmore, and the Bishop. The business respecting the inheritance of the title was to be settled in the house, in the ensuing week. Lady Heatmore paid a visit to Lady Nettling, who found herself highly honoured at the heir of the house of Westfield contracting an alliance in her family. Sir George, delighted at Lord Halifax's proposal, instead of six thousand a year in landed property, generously offered to give his daughter eight thousand, to which Mrs. Brown added two thousand more, with the reversion of her whole estate.

The Earl of Westfield was more pleased at this happy prospect than Richard himself, who only thought of the happiness of possessing his beloved Dorothy, and could not imagine that an increase of riches might be an addition to his felicity. The two families were hastening the conclusion of the marriage. The day of the ceremony was appointed, and was to be performed by the Bishop of L\*\*\*, in the chapel of the castle, which Lady Heatmore made a present of to Richard. When the happy day arrived, all the brilliant assembly who were to be present took the road to Somersetshire. Mrs. Brown being indisposed could not attend her niece, but Sir George went to fetch her. Lady Heatmore and Lady Nettling were in the same carriage. The Bishop, the Earl of Westfield, Lord Mellfont, Lord Etherge with their Ladies, Lady O'Berthon, in a becoming dress, and Estevan conducted the bridegroom. At the moment they met, Sir George and Lady Nettling were struck with the noble deportment of



their son-in-law, and thought they recollected having seen him somewhere, but the brilliant equipage he was in, and his actual situation removed every idea either of Richard, the footman, or of Miss Cawson. The lovers alone knew each other. They appeared rather embarrassed at their first approach; which was very natural, supposing they had never seen one another before but their present perplexity proceeded from their being prevented, by such a number of persons, who kept their eyes fixed upon them, from manifesting their mutual joy. Sir George exclaimed: This is the finest couple in England; and the rest of the company joined in the applause. They proceeded to the chapel, where the two lovers were united.

Foible and Molly were present at the ceremony. The former could not forbear saying: the bridegroom looks very much like Miss Cawson.—He resembles still more the Welch girl whom I mentioned to you, retorted Molly. Which way I turn myself now, I can only meet with his large, fine blue eyes, those beautiful black eye-lashes of such a length.....they are enough to make one distracted.—

Richard and Dorothy were happy, and are still so. Lady O’Berthon and Lord Westfield have an equal share in their affection; their children are the most promising youths, and do good to all those who surround them. Lady O’Berthon, who has absolutely renounced her military dress, acts the part of a wise tutor to them. Estevan has left Wales, and is settled in Somersetshire. He has forgiven Captain Sentry for having concealed from him the adventures of Miss Rebecca Westfield, and their mutual friendship acquires new strength every day.

THE END.