

YAMBOO.

A TALE.

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YAMBOO;  
OR,  
*THE NORTH AMERICAN SLAVE.*

A TALE.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF  
THE BRAVO OF BOHEMIA.

Fleecy locks and black complexion  
Cannot forfeit Nature's claim;  
Skins may differ, but affection  
Dwells in black and white the same.

COWPER.

VOL. I.

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**DEDICATION.**

TO

**MAJOR-GENERAL HUNTER,**

*President of his Majesty's Hon. Privy Council,  
and Commander in Chief of the Province  
of New Brunswick.*

SIR,

As, at the present period, no one can be more interested in the welfare of this little Colony than yourself, whose zeal for your country's good, independent of the honourable situation you fill, has led you daily to the establishment of whatever could promote the interest of the province, or tend to the comforts of its inhabitants; to you I would dedicate the amusement of my leisure hours, during a short residence in it.

But in acknowledging that, were the trivial production for which I claim your patronage to be weighed in the scale of merit, I have too much reason to fear it would be found wanting, I may be accused of vanity in thus intruding it upon a generous public, who, continually regaled with works of genuine taste, can have little relish for that which falls even below mediocrity; nor will my presumption be less questioned, for attaching your name to a work of acknowledged inferiority: but as neither vanity nor presumption are the leading motives by which I am actuated, I will trust that, as a tribute of respect, you, Sir, at least, will not reject my humble offering; while the lenity already experienced from a liberal public, induces me to be so far sanguine of their indulgence, that if, on a perusal of the following sheets, there should be found little to approve, they will forbear, *where* they are privileged to condemn, to do *so* harshly.

Should you, Sir, as a military character, derive one hour's amusement from the incidents of a tale so simple—as a father, feel interested in the fate of its hero—or, as a Christian, deign to approve the sentiments it contains, I shall be more encouraged to stem the tide of censure, which an Author, conscious of her own demerits, is perhaps justified in expecting. I have the honour to be,

SIR,

With the greatest respect,  
Your most obedient humble Servant,

**THE AUTHOR.**

Frederictown, New Brunswick,  
British North America,

Feb. 5, 1811.

## YAMBOO.

### CHAP. I.

“POOR Mary!” said the little Emmeline, as she stooped to pluck a weed from a new-made grave on the remote shores of New Brunswick, in North America—and “Poor Mary!” was repeated with still more energy by Mrs. Beresford, as she stood silently contemplating the same grave, in which were interred the remains of a faithful servant, who had accompanied her from England. The busy day was succeeded by that tranquil period which gives rest to the hardy sons of Labour—patient industry had completed its daily task, and, retired within its rude-built hut, rested in supine ease.

The setting sun, still more glorious in its decline, hovered over the summit of the forest pines, and tardily withdrew its soul-inspiring beams at the approach of sober Eve, who softly shaded, as she advanced, the surrounding beauties of Nature. Celestial agents of your Maker’s will! each equally important to the children of earth—each alike emblematical of life’s closing scene. Cheerful as the welcome herald of the coming day, we enter on its morning hour, and, buoyant on the wings of Hope, run the transient course allotted—a short, but certain span—at most, a few fleeting years, and we find our sun also setting, the shades of evening closing fast upon the existence which we must resign! To this succeeds a long and fearful night, more durable than that which wraps the sleeping world; it is the night of death, the dark, and too often dreaded grave, which for a time conceals us from the eye of sorrowing friends, shields us from the calumny of harsh, un pitying enemies, veils us from the cruel shaft of satire, and, in short, consigns to oblivion our virtues and our vices.

But the night, so essential to the repose of weary nature, is transient; returning morn furls the sombre shade, and forth from the purple east the heavenly messenger hails the new-born day, nothing diminished in that glory which can end but with eternity! And just so, a day will dawn on the silent mansions of the dead, when the grave can no longer promise a refuge to the sinner; its boasted victory over the trusting Christian will have ceased, since each—awful thought!—each must enter upon that hour which precedes not a short-lived day, but an eternal, an endless age!

It was these reflections which occupied the mind of Mrs. Beresford, as she emphatically pronounced “Poor Mary!”

Not a breeze whispered among the trees which shaded Mary’s grave, not a voice broke upon the stillly silence, save that of the children speaking to each other, as they employed themselves in taking out the thistles which grew upon it; while their mother, abstracted from the busy world, and retired within herself, dwelt upon the merits and sufferings of her once affectionate and grateful servant, who had endured a long and painful illness with Christian fortitude; during which she gave birth to a lovely babe, who was never permitted to reward one pang of its suffering mother, by those infantine smiles so dear to a fond parent.

Such was Mary—but three short weeks consigned her cherub to that grave she had prophetically pointed out for herself, and returned to the bosom of its God the little being, spotless as he gave it. Nor did the mother long survive. As she had sustained her heavy affliction without a murmur, so in her last moments was she resigned and patient, expressing but one earthly wish, and it was accomplished—her dying head was

supported, and her eyes closed, by the hand of that mistress whom, living, she had served with fidelity, and blessed with her expiring breath; and over the spot which, at the age of twenty-two, inclosed the fragile form of Mary and her child, that mistress now bent, totally unconscious of the heavy dews which had already collected on the high grass, till, roused from her reverie by the sound of footsteps, she took a hand of each of the children, and returned towards the little town of which she was then an inhabitant.

But, on quitting the burial-ground, their attention was arrested by the audible sobs of a boy, stretched on the damp earth. His tattered clothes too plainly bespoke him the child of poverty; the situation left little room to doubt of his being friendless: each were claims upon the humanity of Mrs. Beresford, and never was her charity more laudably exercised. Her inquiries were answered by a short and simple story, which awakened an interest in his hearers, not easily eradicated from hearts susceptible as theirs.

He was one of those unfortunate beings, brought into the world only to be stigmatized with the opprobrious epithet which at once reveals the indiscretion of the parents, to bear the keen rebuffs of a misjudging world, to suffer through life, perhaps to die unpitied and unknown. He knew no father; and the wretched mother to whom he owed his being, careless of a mother's rights, willingly resigned to an unfeeling master the helpless offspring, for whom she was too idle to work, too proud to beg.

But this was not all: Nature had fixed on him an indelible mark; she had given him a heart, that, if known, might have ranked him with the fairest of her sons; but, alas! that heart was enshrined in an ebon casket, and shewed not, in the dark lineaments of his fine features, the workings of a generous and noble mind: chill penury had damped the genial current of his soul, and tyranny had nearly suppressed the ardour of that spirit, which now refused to justify his conduct at the expence of truth. The master, to whom he had been sold when an infant, treated as a vile slave the fellow-creature who, save in colour, was his superior—and, regardless of the consequences, he had fled from him. To kindred affection nature had closed every avenue—he had no relative, since even the mother who had abandoned him was now dead—and to the houseless child of misery, who will open the door? Again, he was black, and who believes a negro's story?

All this, from fatal experience, Yamboo knew—yet all were light, compared to the past evils, which in succession passed through his vivid mind, till hunger pressed hard on his exhausted frame.

He had reached this solitary spot, to pass the hopeless night, when the full sobs, which betrayed his enfeebled mind, caught the attention of Mrs. Beresford. “Are you very hungry?” said her eldest daughter. “Do, mamma,” she continued, “let him return with us, that we may give him food.”

“’Tis two days, Missy, since Yamboo eat,” he replied, “and then poor Indian boil rice for him.”

“And why,” asked Emmeline, “did you not remain with the good Indian?”

“Him no stay on this side the water, Missy, but travel long, long way off, where Yamboo must not go with him.”

“You shall go with me,” said Mrs. Beresford, after a moment's pause; “at least we will take care of you for the night.”

Unused to the voice of kindness, save from those of his own colour, the grateful creature could only weep his thanks, as he followed his benefactress to her hospitable roof.

It was not the novelty of a grateful pensioner beneath their roof, which actuated the children in the thousand inquiries they were so anxious to make; for many were the wanderers whom the bounty of their good mother had relieved; but Yamboo's language was altogether new to them; and having seen him enjoy a comfortable meal, they would have wearied him with questions, only to hear him, had not Mrs. Beresford suppressed their ill-timed curiosity, by dismissing them for the night, with a gentle reproof on the impropriety of their conduct; and having done so, her next consideration was, what plan she should pursue for the future advantage of poor Yamboo. It was easy, from her ample board, to recruit his exhausted strength, and equally so to provide him, in an adjoining out-house, such a bed as he had never reposed his weary limbs upon; and to clothe him in a plain homely garb, suited to his present situation, was a matter as easily accomplished in her liberal mind: not so the task of emancipating him from the hard master he was destined to serve; yet to give him up to that master, after what she had heard, was repugnant to her generous feelings; to thrust him out again to penury and famine, an idea not to be tolerated.

Colonel Beresford was absent on public duty; she was therefore deprived of his excellent advice; but his unexpected return on the following day removed every difficulty. Mrs. Beresford reigned in the heart of her husband; her influence in his affection was unbounded; for years of mutual happiness had taught him the full value of such a partner: they had married early in life, when the gay world offered for their enjoyment her delusive scenes, fraught with transient pleasures, pleasing to the senses, but dangerous to its votaries. The colonel, then young in rank, but gay as the halcyon tide of youth could render him, entered with avidity on the busy scene, and embarked with the thoughtless many, who glide down the stream of life, unconscious of a coming storm. Not so his Emily: a correct sense of her duty as a wife suppressed even a gentle reproof, and the conduct she could not approve, she forbore to condemn. Thus far she acted up to her moral character, and thus far her conscience acquitted her, as having done right: but her views were not confined to mortal life; she had been early taught to rest her hopes on that other and better world; and to inspire him for whom she lived with those hopes, was the spring of every action; increasing affection laid him more open to her efforts; the serenity of her pure mind led him to examine more minutely the cause from which it sprung: from silently admiring the virtues he despaired of imitating, he questioned the foundation of them, listened attentively to the truths which came mended from her tongue, wondered that he had so long idly disregarded them, and at last embraced, on the surest grounds, that faith which, like a true mirror, shewed him the vain folly of past pursuits, and the endless rewards of a well-spent life.

For this he was indebted to the wife of his bosom, the mother of his children; and thus it was that, convinced of the rectitude of her heart, he could oppose no plan which she pointed out, or reject a proposition made by her.

Even such an advocate was now to plead the cause of Yamboo, strengthened by the entreaties of "Dear papa, do let Yamboo live with us!" alternately from each of the children. Merely to prove their zeal in the humane cause, the colonel appeared irresolute, asserting, that provided Yamboo's master was inclined to part with him, which he much doubted, he might demand a larger sum for his ransom than it would be convenient for himself to pay.

"But we will help you!" replied each of them in the same breath.

"To what extent?" said the colonel, smiling at their eagerness.

"Oh! I have several pieces of money which I brought from dear England," replied the younger.

"And I have still more than Emmeline," added the elder.

"But, by expending all your little stock on this one object, however worthy your bounty, remember, my children," returned their delighted father, "you deprive yourselves of the power to assist another, perhaps equally deserving, whom chance may ere to-morrow throw in your way."

This for a moment made them thoughtful; but Yamboo was the present subject, and they endeavoured to persuade themselves it would be easy to recruit their little purses before they were again called upon; and with an assurance of being very saving in future for that purpose, again they entreated papa to purchase Yamboo.

"I must first see this black favourite," he replied, "before I can decide what is to be done."

But Yamboo's countenance, when summoned, could not fail to strengthen the warm interest excited by such powerful pleaders in the colonel's breast.—In his manner there was a marked humility, but it arose from respect to those in whose presence he stood, not the result of mean cowardice, while the large expressive eyes he fixed upon Colonel Beresford, seemed to ask, if from him also he was to expect kindness; but the half-raised hope was crushed by the tone in which, for many reasons, the colonel chose to address him.

"You have ran away from your master, I find, my lad?" was the first salutation.

Yamboo modestly bowed down his head.

"I hope," he added, "you have been correct in your story to this lady," pointing to Mrs. Beresford; "for I shall certainly make it my first business to investigate the truth."

The soul which scorned a falsehood flashed in his eyes, and conveyed perhaps too much severity to the tone of his voice when he answered—"Yamboo never tell a lie!"

"I am glad of it," replied the colonel; "but perhaps your master was obliged to be severe with you, at least you should have borne much before you left him in the manner you did."

"Me served him faithful, masser—me often try to love him—but Yamboo's scars will shew how much he suffer; this but one," pointing to a wound recently healed in his forehead. "Strip him, and then masser see how hard him used."

"But had you no friend to take your part—no pitying fellow-creature to rescue you from such cruelty?" said Colonel Beresford, while his own heart glowed with the divine emanation.

"Yamboo never know one friend!" he replied; "no one love black man, no one pity him!"

"But suppose," said the colonel, interrupting him, "I should be enabled to purchase you of this hard master, what would you say?"

"Say!" he returned with energy, "Yamboo have no say; but here," laying his hand on his heart, "here him *feel* what he never forget!"

"But if I fail," added his new friend, fearful of encouraging hopes which might not be realised, "how will you act? Perhaps your master will demand you at my hands; in which case, I must give you up."

“Then Yamboo have only to bless good white people, and die!” he replied, mournfully crossing his hands on his breast, while the big tear rolled down his dusky cheeks.

Mrs. Beresford, unable longer to conceal her emotion, arose to quit the room; and Yamboo was for the present dismissed, with an assurance that every effort should be made to get him released; and, at all events, justice done him, if obliged to remain in his former service.

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## CHAP. II.

ON the following morning, Colonel Beresford dispatched his own servant with a letter, in which he explained the circumstance that had placed Yamboo under his immediate protection; requested to know if Mr. Reid had lost a servant answering the description given of him; and, without dwelling upon the motives of his desertion, finally concluded by asking if he was disposed to part with the boy? in which case, the bearer of his letter had full authority to treat with him upon the terms of Yamboo's release. But though the common cause of humanity made him thus circumspect in his communication, from the probability, that, should Yamboo return, his having dared to complain might add much to the severity of his treatment with such a master, he felt justified in endeavouring to obtain every information that might satisfy him as to the boy's rectitude, and prove how far he was worthy his future care; and, for this purpose, his messenger had orders to make every possible inquiry, as to the real character of both Reid and his negro.

But the former had no longer a character to sustain, or the latter a harsh unfeeling master to demand (which he would have done) from Colonel Beresford the hapless victim, whose tears of agony and bleeding stripes would alone have appeased his eager vengeance. The Being who knows no distinction of colour, and to whose throne alike ascend the voice of Nature from Africa's burning soil as Zembla's ice-bound shore—that Being, who breathed into every breast the love of freedom, and disdains the compact of blood made by man for his fellow-creature, had dissolved the base covenant—Yamboo was no longer a slave. The man who had lorded it over a few wretched creatures, too weak to oppose his tyranny, was in turn subdued, not by man, but the last and common enemy, death. A few hours illness had consigned him to the narrow space of earth, from whence there is no appeal—short warning to him whose accounts with his Creator are unclosed, when he must leave that world in which alone he could hope to make his peace. Lengthened years had but served to increase the catalogue of his vices; and while every neighbour he had left could testify proofs of his known inhumanity, not one could be found whose memory had on record a single instance of his having performed a good or worthy action; the sigh of regret consequently followed not his remains; nor could the tear of affection bedew the grave which contained a being hateful to all who knew him!

If he had relations, they were unknown in the province, where he had resided many years, and were unacknowledged by himself, as the property he possessed, which, though not considerable, far exceeded his unworthy deserts, he had, while living, bequeathed to a man who neither required nor felt gratified by the donation, and who, possessing principles diametrically opposite to his own, had of all other least reason to expect it; on the contrary, he had never concealed the contempt in which he held him, and never failed openly to reprobate his conduct, whenever palpable acts of violence or injustice gave him an opportunity of doing so. Yet in the last closing scene, when the vicious are too commonly forsaken (by the good, because unknown to them,) by their former companions in vice, when they can no longer join in the commission of sin, the worthy Leslie alone was heard to administer consolation, and soothe, by kindness and attention, the convulsive pangs of expiring nature, rendered more poignant by an accusing conscience—he only dared to speak of a God, in whose presence the half-repentant trembling sinner was shortly to appear, without a hope of pardon! for he had never solicited it, and now but faintly inquired if it was possible mercy could extend to him?

Anxious to explain the boundless attribute, and unveil the mysteries of redeeming love, Leslie was eloquent; but his zeal in the pious cause, fervent as it was, came too late; pain pressed hard on the earthly frame, and ere the unbeliever had formed his lips to prayer, the disembodied soul had taken its unknown flight.

Happy to learn Yamboo had found such an excellent friend, the good Leslie readily acceded to the colonel's proposal of taking him into his service, and cheerfully resigned every claim to him, save the warm interest which he averred he must ever feel in the welfare of the faithful creature, whom he was convinced a succession of unmerited hardships had alone driven from his former allegiance; and having, with the warmth of sincerity, enumerated every good quality of which he knew him possessed, and strongly recommended him to the favour of his new master, by a letter, of which Colonel Beresford's servant was the willing bearer, the latter returned to communicate a degree of pleasure to every part of the family, since Yamboo had already found a passport to the favour of every individual beneath the colonel's roof.

Mrs. Beresford's arose from the heartfelt satisfaction of having rescued a fellow-creature from distress, and contributed so much to his future comfort as she had done, in securing him the warm interest of such a master: the colonel, on the other hand, happy to have so easily accomplished his Emily's wish of emancipating Yamboo, and delighted in gratifying at the same time his deserving children, could only now attend to their unfeigned joy, and the extravagant gestures of their grateful favourite: nor were the servants less sincere in their congratulations on his release from slavery.

He danced, sung, kneeled to Mrs. Beresford, wept, laughed—in short, committed every absurdity of which excessive and ungoverned joy is capable, even in stronger minds than Yamboo's; but a moment served to alter the scene, for he at once became thoughtful, trembled, and in the next instant threw himself at the colonel's feet, where, though it was evident he strove to speak, his feelings proved too powerful for utterance. Astonished at a change so sudden, Colonel Beresford, in the kindest accents, demanded the cause.

"Him say," replied the afflicted creature, bursting into tears as he pointed to one of the servants, "that Yamboo no longer a slave! then what him be, if masser no obliged to keep him? Perhaps get angry, bid him go away, and young misses never beg so hard again for Yamboo; lady, all, all get tired of black boy. Oh, masser!" he continued, "Yamboo no live, if he no slave; make him slave—he serve you, work for you, die for you, only say him your Yamboo, your own slave!"

"Why, my good boy," said the colonel, "all this you can do without being a slave. I promised to take you into my service, to provide for you, and I shall certainly keep my word. You are now my servant, and while you are deserving of my favour and protection, that is, while you are honest, faithful, and diligent, you shall continue to serve me; but you are free, as every other servant I have, to leave me whenever you can do better for yourself."

"Oh! that it be," he returned, after listening with profound attention while his master was speaking: "You no pay money for Yamboo, and when him do wrong, you bid him go leave you; and Mr. Leslie say Yamboo still my slave, and him never see his good colonel again!" Again the tears rolled down his cheeks; nor was it till Mrs. Beresford undertook to satisfy all his doubts, by explaining the business more fully, that he could be persuaded Mr. Leslie might not demand him whenever he thought proper; and though he allowed

him to be a kind, good master, who had often fed him when very hungry, still his only wish was to stay with his new friends; and liberty had no charms, since it was to render him independent of the colonel's power. But when he more perfectly understood that his dismissal from the family to which, from the purest motives of gratitude, he was already so strongly attached, depended upon his own conduct, and found his fellow-servants were so perfectly happy, that most of them had lived many years in their service, and still hoped to live many more, the smile of cheerfulness again played over his dark features; for he believed nothing could ever induce him to offend those, whom he was far more inclined to worship as superior beings; and whole days, weeks, and months, rolled over the delighted, happy negro. His benefactors had no reason to regret the incident which had apparently added a valuable domestic to the number they already possessed.

One of those long and severe winters to which the inhabitants of New Brunswick are habituated, had succeeded the autumn which marked the pleasing change in Yamboo's fate, and was in turn giving way to a milder season; Nature, as if weary of the chill embrace, impatiently broke from its stern form, and prepared to lead forth her embryo blossoms, so long concealed beneath dazzling snows, to scent the morning zephyr, and revel in its playful sunbeams; while the forest pines, shaking from their lofty heads the flaky vesture, resumed its many shades of native green, and gave to the delighted eye a surety of approaching summer; for so sudden are the transitions of cold and heat, that spring, sweet emblem of life's morning hour, which in other countries advancing with sober pace, leaves so much for pleasing anticipation, is never seen to smile upon its rock-bound shore—since no sooner has the hoary monarch closed his frigid reign, than vegetation, fruits, and flowers, steal imperceptibly upon the sight, and leave the wondering mind to gaze with astonishment on the fertile scene.

The period so desirable was now fast approaching; the ice, which for six tedious months had transformed one of the most beautiful rivers known in America to a glacier substance, on whose hardened surface men and horses travelled with equal facility, divested of its power to suppress the lucid stream, snow, in mountain piles, glided over the no longer captive waves, to hide, in the vast ocean, its vanquished strength, and open to the expecting inhabitants the welcome communication with the sister kingdom.

Expectation lightened every countenance on the arrival of an English mail, since there were but few among them whom private or public concerns did not in some measure interest, as all were liege subjects of the same king, either loyalists who, at the conclusion of the American war, had retired to the province, or those employed in government service, whose residence in it, like Colonel Beresford's, depended upon fortuitous circumstances. But, as few parts of the world are so little indebted to the historian's pen as New Brunswick has hitherto been, whether from its remote situation, or that the country is yet too young to afford sufficient subject for travellers who delight in the marvellous, we presume not to say, there may be some who peruse this simple tale, to whom a few sketches may not be unacceptable; nor will it trespass in a great degree on those more interested for the fate of Yamboo, as the conclusion of one chapter will find him no less a favourite in the Beresford family, than where we now leave him.

### CHAP. III.

THE province of New Brunswick, as before remarked, is yet much too young to afford any remarkable occurrence for the embellishment of its history. It contains no ruins which, though mouldering into dust, might serve to satisfy the curious traveller, that they were once dedicated to religious purposes; since even a few years ago, comparatively speaking, no form of worship was known in this little spot, save that practised by the untaught Indian, who raised no altar, erected no shrine, for that adoration he, nevertheless, felt for a God whom he daily worshipped in the bright and glorious sun, which through every season of the year continues to gild the atmosphere of his native woods—no remains of Gothic piles, raised in former ages—no ancient edifice, over which centuries have passed, and still partially spared, as ruinous mementoes of its fallen greatness. Still there is much to excite admiration in a contemplative mind; for, to such minds, the works of nature have a decided preeminence over those of art: the delighted eye, wandering among the former, traces beauties from the lowly shrub to the towering oak, and all are subjects for wonder—for admiration. But the sentiments they inspire rest not here; the mind is instinctively led to trace also the hand which formed them thus, and, in so doing, to adore the great Author of the universe.

The latter cannot fail to excite our astonishment. We view the remains of stupendous buildings, raised by the united efforts of strength and ingenuity, and imagination is carried back to the period in which they were inhabited by those long since forgotten, save where their virtues or their vices are recorded; and for a while these reflections amuse. If the remains of an amphitheatre, once dedicated to the barbarous diversions of past ages, we rejoice that such savage customs no longer exist to render them needful. If edifices erected to more noble purposes, we are left to regret that they, like the founders, must decay.

To the province of New Brunswick, art has hitherto contributed but little, nature every thing. The city of St. John, its metropolis, in which Colonel Beresford's family landed on their first arrival in the country, is situated on a small peninsula, formed by the harbour and cove; it is built on the declivity of a hill, or it might be said rock, as it is almost wholly divested of the verdure which forms the chief beauty of a hill; there are five streets, two of which run parallel with the harbour, the other three perpendicular to it. The houses, amounting to about five hundred, are in general small, irregular, and ill-formed, for the greater part painted a bad yellow or dark red, which gives the whole an appearance (from the harbour) heavy and unpleasing. It is supposed to contain near two thousand inhabitants, of which number it may be calculated there are three hundred blacks. Nothing can be more unpleasant than the constant fogs to which they are subject, continuing for days together with little or no intermission, but which, as they arise from the sea, have no injurious effects upon their constitutions; on the contrary, they are subject to very few disorders, rheumatism excepted. Declines, when they take place, are much more rapid than in England; but, on the whole, few places can be more healthy. The people are truly hospitable, particularly attentive to strangers, and naturally fond of social parties.

They are very partial to dress, and usually blend the French and English fashions together; the former of which they import from New York, with the inhabitants of which

they are so nearly connected, as to leave scarce a family in St. John who has not one or more relatives resident in its city.

The church, their only public building, is a neat superstructure of wood, painted white, and raised upon a stone foundation, near the centre of the town; but they have omitted two external decorations, which would add much to its appearance—there are no trees to shade the hallowed spot, or spire to raise its “taper point to heaven;” but the interior is prettily finished, and contains an excellent organ—by which, however, the congregation profit little, as the almost constant want of an organist obliges them to exert their vocal powers, unassisted by its melody.

The peninsula is defended by several small batteries, placed around it, for the purpose of repelling the attack of an enemy from the harbour; these are, in their construction, too simple for any comments, but are kept in tolerable repair, Fort Horn excepted, if that can be termed a fort, on whose site there is no longer a vestige of its former works, save a ruinous building, occupied as barracks, and capable of containing about two hundred men, but which have no other claims to notice than the height on which it is situated, being upwards of two hundred feet from the low water-mark, giving it a command of the harbour, that must have rendered it a most desirable position for its original purpose. There is a signal-post upon the same eminence, which communicates with a second, erected on Partridge Island, situated at the entrance of the harbour, from whence a sentinel hails every vessel entering it, and this they are constantly doing from different parts.

The harbour, though small, is an exceeding good one, and when (as it sometimes is) full of shipping, has a pretty appearance: but nothing can be more bold and romantic than its rugged coast, where, as if placed by nature as its safeguard, huge mountains of rock meet the eye in every direction, while from their shelving sides and lofty summits, towering above each other, the spruce and pine tree flourish in wild disorder.

Mrs. Beresford was delighted with the rude scenery, and in their frequent rambles through it, often seated herself on the projecting point of a cliff, from whence she could look down upon the calm waves that washed its white base; while the children’s chief amusement consisted in gathering wild strawberries and raspberries—the former of which, during the season, spring up in every part of the ground, and bushes, bending with the latter, present their luxuriant fruit on every side.

At the close of day, their favourite walk was on that part of the pebbled beach which afforded them a full view of the Falls, or Rapids: here they beheld an immense sheet of water, bounded on each side by its native rocks, one of which, in its centre, split in various directions, extending to either side of the land, in which, far above the surface of the water, there are two apertures, through one of which only a row-boat can pass, and no vessel larger than a sloop through the other, nor then but at high water, when the surface of the stream is perfectly calm; but, as the tide turns, the scene is totally changed—the so late passive waves gradually collect, and at last appear to boil with incredible fury, during which time the whole river is covered with a white foam, and the noise occasioned by the violence of the surge may be heard at a considerable distance. During these periods, nothing dare approach the spot, as inevitable destruction must be the consequence, from the various experiments which have been made, by setting boats adrift filled with empty casks; but these, long before they reach the dreadful spot, have been caught by the current, whirled round and round with irresistible force, and carried down the fearful

vortex; after which the shattered wrecks have floated, to proclaim the resistance they must have encountered beneath the agitated waters: but, notwithstanding the precaution usually taken, accidents sometimes occur from boats not saving the tide.

Near this phenomenon of nature they frequently loitered, listening to the soft murmurs of the silver stream, and watching the busy fisherman, as he prepared to close his evening's task, by hauling the full fraught net, rich with the scaly prize, which was to reward him for his day's toil; and this it seldom failed to do, as, though the river every where abounds with the finest salmon, they are usually found in greatest plenty near the Rapids—the common price is half a dollar each, and many of them weigh from fourteen to sixteen pounds: there are also other kinds of fish, of an inferior quality, and some lobsters, but these are by no means plentiful, and are never caught at any distance from the city, though the river continues its fertile course till it reaches the grand Falls in Canada, and to which it is navigable with canoes; but the passage-boats from St. John never go higher than Frederictown, the seat of government situated upon its beautiful banks, owing to the number of small Rapids between that town and the grand Falls.

Than this river nothing can be more picturesque—cultivated lands, good farms, and verdant hedges, while they give a happy assurance of a promising colony, cannot fail to please the sight; and these form the whole scenery on either side, but leave the mind to regret that it is still but a beautiful border, as the background presents a continued line of impenetrable woods, whose darkened shades, awfully grand, serve but to soften the pleasing landscape which flourishes below, while their majestic heads, vieing with each other in stately pride, are lost in clouds that skim above them. The town of Frederictown, more resembling a beautiful English village, is built upon a fine level, and contains about one hundred and twenty houses, which are almost invariably painted white, and, for the greater part, have green Venetian shutters to every window, as the sun is intensely hot during the summer months; and this precaution not only gives a refreshing coolness to the room, but adds much to the external appearance of their houses, which are altogether in the cottage style.

The streets are mostly covered with a fine green sod; and the church, which stands nearly in the centre of the town—a very neat building—is, like the houses, white, and, like them, stands on a level green; but its appearance, as well as that at St. John, might be much improved by the addition of a few trees round it; at present, it is not even allowed a railing or fence of any description, as the burial-ground is some distance from the town: neither have they been more liberal in its interior decoration, as nothing can be more neat and simple—two plain black monuments, melancholy records of the loss the inhabitants sustained in the death of a favourite rector and his son, a very worthy young man, who were both drowned crossing the river to their own house in a canoe, with the king's arms placed over the president's seat, are the only ornaments it boasts.

The court-house, or province-hall, is a very handsome elevation, and, from the water, has a pretty effect; but the barracks are still more worthy the notice of strangers—they form a range of buildings, sufficiently large to contain a complete regiment of men and officers, having a very neat parade in front of them, inclosed by a railing, like the barracks, painted white, as is also the government-house, which, with the grounds attached to it, form a picture of elegant neatness.

Of the inhabitants, who have before been named, it remains only to say, they are not less attentive to strangers, or hospitable in their manner, than their neighbours in the city,

and, like them, fond of company and dress, but adopt only the English fashions, to which they are uncommonly partial. Notwithstanding they are situated so far from the great world, as almost to exclude a knowledge of what is passing in it, they are equally gay; a continued round of visiting is kept up throughout the year, and many of the most valuable hours in the day passed in morning calls; but the greatest œconomy is observed in every family, which probably arises from their having in general very large ones, among whom the most perfect unanimity prevails. They are uncommonly fond of dancing, an amusement they do not confine to winter; nor are they less fond of cards, but do not (at least the ladies) play high.

Of the Indians, who originally inhabited alone the province, a very inadequate number remain, and these have degenerated into a weak, inactive race of beings, seldom exerting themselves farther than to provide just what will suffice nature, possessing no longer the warlike spirit which characterized their ancestors. They are all Catholics, and stand much in awe of their priest. Some of them talk very good English, but there are others who have no idea of the language. In general, they are too much addicted to the abominable practice of drinking rum, otherwise they certainly could avoid the extremes of poverty which mark their appearance, as they carry on a great traffic with the owners of stores, in furs and skins of various kinds. During the winter months they reside altogether in the woods, and in the summer bring their moveable habitations to the skirts of them, along the borders of the river—these are made of bark, built in a conical form, with long poles; and in these dwellings, with no other furniture than an iron pot to cook their victuals, a few rude implements to carry on their basket-work, which they can bring to great perfection, a fowling-piece to destroy the winged tenants of the forest, and a blanket which covers them at night, and usually wraps them in the day, they pass the greater part of their time.

The most industrious are very successful in hunting and fishing. The latter is only useful to them during the salmon season, but the former is a constant revenue, as the bear skin, beaver, and martin, independent of various other kinds, fetch them good prices; but they have few among them who work the bark like the Canadian Indians. Each family is provided with one or more canoes, made by the females, whom they call squaws; for no one can marry till she has made this essential article, as, from their residing always on the banks opposite to the town, they have no other mode of conveyance across the river during the summer; but in the winter, whole families travel about on a sledge, drawn over the ice by horses.

Towards the latter end of June, they journey in large parties to an island at some distance, for the purpose of manufacturing maple sugar, which is a curious process. After sunset, they bore a hole in the maple tree, and fix a tin tube into the bark, through which a glutinous kind of substance issues, and which they allow to flow the whole night, but stop it, by carefully filling up the aperture, in the morning, opening it again in the evening; and this they continue doing until they have extracted as much as the tree will afford, without injury to its future growth; and of this they make a sugar, very hard in substance, but of a pleasant flavour. It is considered as an effectual remedy for colds, coughs, and hoarseness. But there are families, independent of the Indians, who, having maple trees on their own lands, make it for common use, and prefer it in tea or coffee to any other kind.

Of the maple tree, there are two sorts growing in the province, viz. the rock and bird's eye; the latter, when good, is uncommonly handsome, far surpassing the satin wood; but it rarely happens more than one tree out of six will prove of any value.

The black birch is also a native of New Brunswick, and flourishes in great perfection; but the hemlock is the monarch of their woods, growing to the height of fifty feet, and from that to a hundred. Spruce and firs must also be the natural production of the soil, for nothing can be more beautiful than their growth. In short, neither pen nor pencil can delineate the rich and variegated tints of autumn in this woody region: nor has Nature been less bountiful in her supply of fruits. The finest melons are raised with the least trouble imaginable. Strawberries and raspberries are the produce both of their fields and gardens; in the latter of which, many other kinds are to be found, but more particularly currants, which in size and quantity are superior to those in England.

In the vegetable world they are still more favoured, having an abundance of every sort that can be named, and of excellent quality, especially potatoes.

Indian corn is brought to great perfection; they have also a grain called buckwheat, of which the inhabitants are very fond; and their oats in general are good.

Of birds there are various kinds, but none which sing beside their robin, in size resembling the English thrush; but its notes, though very sweet, are greatly inferior to the melody of that warbler. The only sort worthy observation for their plumage, are the humming-birds, which vary both in size and colour, though all are beautiful.

In their climate there is seldom a medium. During the summer months, the glass is not unfrequently at 90, often up to 100; but this excess of heat seldom lasts more than two or three days together: and nothing can be more beautiful than the fall of the year; neither can that season be called short, since the winter does not commence before December; in November the weather is in general so fine, as to produce what is called the Indian summer; this lasts near three weeks, and is extremely pleasant: but the inhabitants can hardly be said to feel the real enjoyment of summer, as the constant dread they express of the severe winter, which they know must follow, mars every pleasure they ought to derive from the transient season; and were it not for the beautiful sun which constantly enlivens the atmosphere, and by its inspiring beams compensates for a thousand privations, they might indeed justly dread the long period which, by encompassing them with walls of snow and ice, excludes them from the whole world.

During these inclement seasons, and nothing can be more severe, even milk is carried to table in cakes, bound impenetrable as their rocks; in short, as in Canada, scarce any thing of a solid nature will yield to less than the saw or hatchet; and of liquids, few are to be seen in their fluid state, hot water excepted. Still the inhabitants have many pleasures, many comforts; their houses are provided with stoves suited to their climate, which diffuse a regular and pleasant warmth through them; they have abundance of fuel, and that attainable even by the indigent tenant of the mud-raised hut, who is also, from the moderate price of provisions in general, enabled to avoid the dreadful extremes of hunger and cold, so piercing to the houseless child of penury, even in milder climates.

They are seldom confined by weather, when inclination prompts them to leave home, as every family is provided with a cabriole, or sleigh, like their Canadian neighbours; and, like them, dressed in furs, they travel equally on the land or river, frequently making excursions for pleasure on the latter even as far as St. John's a distance of ninety miles; and their winter machines, or rather the horses, are decorated with many bells; the



different sounds of each add cheerfulness to the novelty, for such this singular mode of conveyance, with its amazing velocity, cannot fail to appear to those strangers who have only travelled southern climes.

#### CHAP. IV.

IN this secluded little spot (Frederictown), Colonel Beresford's family had passed three fleeting years; but knowing the many and various changes to which a military life is destined, he expressed, nay felt, no surprise, when the letter which contained his order to return was, among many others from England, delivered to him.

Blest in the society of parents so devoted to their happiness, the children knew no difference of place: with Mrs. Beresford it was far otherwise; she knew the ardent disposition of her husband led him to prefer a station where he was liable to actual service, and knew that on which he then was had, on his promotion to a colonelcy, been given to him but as a preparatory step to such a one: to her, their present residence was no otherwise endeared, than as it promised the society of her husband during their stay in it; nor was it without regret she saw the period of felicity thus long enjoyed about to fade from her view. Already her active imagination had passed the vast Atlantic, already beheld herself and little girls settled on the beloved shores of England; but he for whom alone even England could charm her, he was no longer their loved companion.

War still raged—still demanded husbands, fathers, brothers, sons; and already she saw the dreadful mandate which exposed him to its horrific scenes; thither in imagination also she followed him, and, as a wife, gloried in his dauntless bravery, shared—proudly shared the triumphs of his victory; but, as a mother, she looked on her lovely girls, and trembled. Yet from these beloved pledges every maternal anxiety was carefully concealed. To strengthen their minds for the trials which more or less might await them in their journey through life, was with her an essential point; and well knowing how much more is effected by practice than theory, she never allowed her own fortitude to give way in their presence; and was still more circumspect in betraying the least symptom of that weakness which, as being natural to the sex, is considered warrantable, before her husband. The smile which ever greeted his approach continued to animate her countenance through every hour passed in his society; and whatever her own apprehension that those hours of enjoyment, so highly and justly prized by herself, might be circumscribed in future by their removal from Frederictown, no external shade of anxiety betrayed to his tenderly inquiring eye the internal struggles of her resolute mind, as she made the necessary preparations for their departure.

“And where England, Miss Emmeline?” asked Yamboo with eagerness, the moment he heard his good colonel, as he always called him, was about to quit New Brunswick. But no sooner understood that it was a long way off, and that he must cross the great waters in a ship many times larger than any boat he had ever seen, than his joy a second time became excessive. “And you like England, missy?” he added.

“Surely, Yamboo,” she replied; “’tis my native land; I have many valuable friends there, whom I shall hope to see on my arrival.”

"Then Yamboo very, very glad he return; now him sure he never leave his colonel, because him no send poor blacky in ship all the way back to Brunswick, and all him servants say he never go there himself again."

"But you will be sick at sea, Yamboo," said Emmeline; "for almost every body is who have never been in a ship."

"And will you be sick too?" inquired the faithful creature, looking at her with emotion.

"Yes, very sick," she replied.

"Then Yamboo forget him sick to nurse Miss Emmeline!" he said; "and he bid Lion dance, kneel down, play many tricks, to make her laugh!"

This was a Newfoundland dog, in whose tuition Yamboo had taken great pains; and so great was Lion's proficiency, that few of his species could achieve greater feats of agility, or more punctually fulfil the commands of those who ordered him to fetch or carry whatever article they might put down for that purpose.

Emmeline smiled her thanks for his promised attention, and left him to accompany her mother in making their round of farewell visits; for as an immediate opportunity offered for their returning to England in a vessel then fitting out at St. John's, the colonel lost no time in securing passages for himself and family, who shortly afterwards embarked once more upon that world of waters, whose then propitious waves had before wafted them to the hospitable shores they were now quitting for ever.

The children, as Emmeline prophesied, felt the usual inconvenience of being on ship-board; but a very few days restored them to perfect health, and enabled them to accompany their good father on deck, where great part of their time was spent, to the no small joy of Yamboo, who was spared the punishment of a sea-sickness, and who devoted every moment of his time to the amusement of his young ladies, to which Lion contributed no inconsiderable share.

Mrs. Beresford remained a close prisoner in her cabin, as not even her persevering resolution could surmount the difficulty to which every succeeding voyage, and that the whole of it, saw her subject.

Notwithstanding the favourable weather, which promised an auspicious and speedy passage, their little bark glided over the trackless ocean as if in full security of reaching its destined port, and, as she spread her white bosom to the propitious gale, nothing could be more beautiful; to Yamboo the ship was a new world; and, while he delighted every sailor on board by his odd remarks and facetious humour, he was in turn no less pleased himself with their rough jokes, and great agility in the performance of their nautical duties.

The beauty of a cloudless moon, whose beams, in wanton dalliance, sported upon each mountain wave, as they dashed against the vessel's side, had detained Colonel Beresford on deck one evening, in the third week of their voyage, long after the children had retired to their beds; feeling disposed to enjoy his own reflections unmolested, and which the scene he then contemplated favoured, he dismissed his servants for the night, and continued to pace the quarter-deck, almost unconscious of his own motion. The night-watch was set, and only those of the ship's crew who composed it remained on deck, all of whom, save the man at the helm, were lolling, in listless ease, over the bows, or reclining in different parts of the fore-castle, when the helm-man called his attention to the moon's halo aspect, no less sudden than unexpected, and which he averred foreboded

an approaching storm. The colonel's unquestionable bravery had ever seen him dauntless in the field of battle, and, as a soldier, fear was a stranger to his soul; but the danger which threatened his wife and children, and which he had no power to ward, roused all the feelings of a father, as he gazed wistfully on the fatal omen, which increased with incredible rapidity. The seamen, too well versed to mistake the warning, lost no time in collecting their slumbering messmates, who in the next moment assembled upon the deck, but to confirm the dreadful prognostic, from which there was no appeal; while Colonel Beresford hastened below, to prepare his little family, who slept unconscious of the threatened danger. He had lingered above till hope no longer left him a pretext for doing so—when not a dissenting voice dared to whisper it might pass over; and he now remained by his beloved Emily, equally unwilling to disturb the sweet sleep which wrapped the peaceful mind in security. His dear girls also slept, and from their guileless slumbers it was his task to awaken them, only to witness a scene of horror, to which even the present confusion on deck was but a mournful prelude. The vessel's course lay due east, and directly to that point the wind, hitherto so favourable for their voyage, had veered, increasing to a height which verified their worst fears. The boatswain's commands for all hands aloft to reef maintop-sails was unavailing; for in one instant every sail then set was torn in pieces; and the dreadful crash caused by the canvas thus shivered, mingled with the awful roaring of the agitated waters, could not fail to murder sleep.

Mrs. Beresford started from her pillow in breathless astonishment; at that instant pressing her trembling hand in his, the colonel said—"Emily, I know your resolution, but we must prepare the children."

"Is there then no hope?" she replied, conceiving at once the cause of all she heard.

"Yes, much, my love," he tenderly answered, concealing his own emotions; "but it will need all their strength of mind to combat such terrors."

Matilda's scream at that moment caught their ears; and before the anxious father could cross the cabin, he found himself encircled not only by his children, but their faithful servants, who, believing all was over, in frantic eagerness sought their master and mistress, determined at least to die with them, and who now vainly called upon the former for that protection he needed no less than themselves.

Yamboo's voice had been clearly distinguished among the group, when they first entered—not like the rest, in fruitless lamentation, but entreating by turns his good lady, his kind Misses Emmeline and Matilda, not to be afraid; but each were too much absorbed by their own terrors, too much distressed, to hear the voice of consolation, even from lips more eloquent than those of the untaught Yamboo. Nor were they sensible that he no longer remained with the wretched party, who had all seated themselves on the cabin floor, in fearful expectation of the fate which awaited them.

The shock Mrs. Beresford received on first opening her eyes had for some minutes annihilated the powers of recollection; but she was no sooner sensible of her husband's presence, and clasped her agitated children to her maternal arms, than her fortitude returned. Despair would have taught her that all was lost, but that her pious soul cherished a fairer guest, who had not illumined her breast through life to forsake her at that moment, when only its divine power could support the Christian; and she became sufficiently collected to join Colonel Beresford in persuading their fellow-sufferers, that

the time they were spending in excessive grief might be more essentially devoted to prayer.

He was anxious to reascend the deck for information, which he even ventured to hope might also afford them comfort; but their affecting entreaties that he would not forsake them at such a moment, obliged him to relinquish the design, and the painful suspense still continued; for every one above was much too deeply engaged to remember the distressed family, till the carpenter entered the cabin, accompanied by two of the sailors, for the purpose of putting on the dead-lights; this was productive of fresh alarm, for it bespoke increasing danger; nor did they lose a word of the mournful intelligence, given in answer to the colonel's inquiry as to the weather.

"It can hardly be worse, your honour," said one of the men; "and if it lasts much longer as it is, the vessel can never outlive the storm; for every thing has been thrown overboard to lighten her, and the rigging is almost all destroyed."

The candle, which one of them held, threw its dim rays around him; and the colonel now, for the first time, observing the absence of Yamboo, anxiously inquired for him of the seamen; one of them answered, they had left him very busy above; that the captain had in vain persuaded him to go below, from a fear of his being hurt, if not washed overboard in the confusion; but he persisted in saying, "he stay to help work."

"And indeed," added another of the men, "it seems as if he thought your honour's safety depended on him alone, for he is here, there, and every where in an instant."

The colonel faintly smiled at this account; and the sailors having completed their work, returned to the deck, leaving the solitary inhabitants of the cabin to listen in silent anguish to the howling winds, whose fury evidently increased, while the heavy seas they every moment shipped threatened little short of instant destruction.

Yamboo was, as had been reported, actively employed, for the emergency of the moment allowed no one on deck to remain an idle spectator of the perilous storm. During the only short interval in which the captain of the vessel had time to notice any thing not more immediately connected with the duties of his ship, he had observed Yamboo standing sorrowfully near the binnacle, and knowing how great a favourite he was of the family whom he served, as well as from an impulse of humanity, entreated him to go below, adding, "You will only be in our way, my good boy; and we must have nothing useless on deck."

"Make Yamboo useful then, captain," he replied with eagerness; "he do any thing him bid, work very hard, so him not see the young ladies cry."

At that moment hands were ordered to the pump, as it was discovered she had sprung a leak, and Yamboo no longer wanted employment.

On this scene of increasing horrors morning at length dawned, but it only served to make their hopeless situation more visible, when the wind again on a sudden shifted, and the helm-man assured the captain the vessel would certainly lay to her right course in a few minutes; nor was he disappointed—her motion became less violent; and this alteration, though the gale still continued strong, left them much to hope.

Yamboo had been relieved at the pumps, and, anxious to catch even the sound of information, for which alone he lingered near the captain, was standing upon the companion steps, when his eager ears caught the joyful exclamation, and the next moment saw him with breathless haste at Mrs. Beresford's feet—"Live! live! lady," he

cried, clasping his hands with energy; "Miss Emmeline, my colonel, all, all live! the ship goes right, the wind sink, and then they stop the leak!"

The last dreadful word sunk deep in the colonel's mind, for till then he knew not the extent of their danger. Great as were his apprehensions for their safety, Mrs. Beresford faintly articulated, "Then we have no longer any thing to hope;" and the children, regardless of Yamboo's offered consolation, again wept in agony.

Astonished that he had failed to impart the comfort he expected to give, he was attempting fresh assurances of the storm's abating, when a violent surge forced its way over the quarter-deck, and rushed with such violence into the cabin, as nearly to wash them out of it. Yamboo, more than ever dismayed by this unexpected check to his new-formed hopes, stood speechless; while the colonel, unable longer to endure the tortures of suspense as to the real state of the ship, once more entreated his afflicted companions to allow him only a moment to ascertain, if possible, the general opinion of their present situation, promising to return the instant he had done so.

Their harassed spirits and exhausted frames had by this time rendered them indifferent almost to life itself, and they no longer resisted his wish of leaving them to seek the captain, whose presence among his men contributed much to their exertion; and ordering Yamboo to remain with his family, he ascended the deck, which presented a scene equally distressing with that he had left, though of a different nature—the shattered canvas hung in fragments upon the destroyed rigging, which was become altogether useless, and not a vestige remained upon the deck which the fatal waves had power to sweep from it; the quarter boarding had already been carried away, and the creaking masts almost promised to become the next victims of the storm's relentless fury: still the captain averred he was not without hope, since the wind, though still raging, was in their favour; but the heavy clouds which gathered over their affrighted heads foretold the torrents of rain, which now poured upon the weary mariners, who became no less the sport of hope and fear, than they had for many hours been that of the tempest. They succeeded in stopping the leak, which, upon examination, proved trivial; the vessel also lay her due course, neither of which at one time they had dared to expect: but the pleasing hope which began to warm their chill bosoms was in one instant crushed, by the altered aspect of the storm; the rain continued to descend, accompanied by loud peals of thunder, which appalled every sense; sheets of lightning crested the angry billows, as they wafted its blue flames in every direction around the distressed ship.

Again the disconsolate father returned to his family, hopeless as he left them; and again the disappointed Yamboo, unable to endure their lamentations, sought the deck, from whence, in the next moment, issued a shriek of horror, that no sooner reached the hapless Beresfords, than every idea of their wretchedness or danger was lost in total insensibility. The colonel and his valet alone retained the faculty of speech or thought; and the former believing, from the dreadful crash which accompanied the shriek, that the vessel must have struck upon a rock, almost rejoiced that his ill-fated companions were no longer sensible of the misery which had now reached its climax; and, while his vacant eyes rested upon them in paternal anguish, his parched lips implored the mercy of his God!

## CHAP. V.

NEARLY two hours had elapsed, when Mrs. Beresford opened her eyes, to behold the glory of that sun on which it was believed she had closed them for ever; faint recollections of a fearful dream floated on her yet disordered imagination; and scarcely daring to hear the answer, she inquired, in faltering terms, for Colonel Beresford? He was kneeling by her, and raising her cold hand to his lips, pronounced her name. "My children," she next still more faintly articulated; the lovely Emmeline smiled upon her; while the delighted Matilda in turn presented herself, and pressed her lips to the pale ones of her mother, who made an effort to rise; but a giddiness seized her head, and she fell back upon her pillow; when a voice, of which she had no recollection, declared her recovery even now depended wholly upon her being kept very quiet, and prohibited every one speaking till she had taken some rest; at the same time assuring the colonel, the giddiness of which she complained proceeded entirely from loss of blood, and would be no otherwise attended with danger than as she might be disturbed.

Unconscious what it all meant, yet hearing her recovery depended upon rest, she endeavoured to compose herself, and at the same time collect her scattered thoughts, which, with returning reason, brought a perfect recollection of the dreadful storm; the fatal words, all is over! accompanied by the fearful scream, still vibrated on her ears; and it occurred to her, that having caught her children to her breast, the vessel had certainly gone down: yet now she had pressed her husband's hand, had seen her children, all were in perfect safety, and she alone appeared to have suffered any thing. She would then have inquired the cause of that blood which she observed on the bedclothes, but a profound silence reigned in the cabin, where she discovered she still was, notwithstanding the change of scene. All was dark when she had closed her eyes to misery, now a beautiful morning illumined it, whose light was even too powerful for her weakened sight.

Emmeline stole softly to the door, to inform Yamboo, who stood centinel at it, that her dear mamma had spoken, and entreated him to keep every body from the cabin, as the least noise would now distress her. Tears of gratitude dimmed his eyes, and not daring to trust the sound of his own voice, lest it might disturb his benefactress, he made a thousand dumb signs, to shew how joyfully he should obey her orders.

A gentle slumber, the result of that fatigue she had endured, and the medicine administered, in a very short time enabled Mrs. Beresford to learn from her happy husband, as he fondly hung over her pillow, the elucidation of what even yet appeared to her a magic scene. The dreadful shriek, which had annihilated every faculty, was occasioned by the mainmast going overboard. A flash of lightning, which only shewed them more plainly the gaping waves, ready to swallow the already half-destroyed vessel, had struck its centre in the same moment, hurling it into the raging ocean, and with it a seaman, whom no efforts of his wretched messmates had power to save. From that instant, despair seized the whole crew, who became so panic-struck, that an almost instant change of weather, and which they had so long looked for, and anxiously implored, was now lost upon them; nor was it till Yamboo remarked the alteration, that they became sensible of it, and once more turned their thoughts to the course they were steering. The wind gradually died away in murmurs, the awful thunder no longer rolled over their defenceless heads, and the dreadful lightning gave place to the enlivening rays of the morning sun; while the faithless waves, having spent their fury, glided smoothly

on. Losing with the danger their sense of it, the crew, animated to fresh exertion, employed every thought for the means of their further preservation, by adopting the most effective measures to render the shattered bark capable of completing her voyage; while the captain hastened below to visit his passengers, trusting the extreme danger, which had obliged him to remain with his men, would acquit him of intentional neglect in the liberal mind of Colonel Beresford: but though conscious they must have suffered every thing which terror could inflict during such a night as they had passed, he was by no means prepared for the scene which awaited his entrance; he had taken a sailor with him to remove the dead-lights; but the doing so presented a mournful spectacle—stretched on the floor, without any symptom of life, lay Mrs. Beresford, with her head rested on the colonel's arm, as he sat in mute despair. On either side, the servants holding in their arms the children, just recovering from the swoon, which promised to be more fatal to the mother; while Yamboo wrung his hands in unutterable agony.

The captain, who had some skill in surgery, and was provided with excellent medicine, turned all his attention to Mrs. Beresford's recovery, after assuring the yet affrighted children, and their anxious father, they had no longer any thing to apprehend from the late storm; adding, that it was most probable a very few days would bring them into the British Channel. Restoratives of various kinds were for some time unsuccessfully applied, and, on raising her for the purpose of conveying her to the bed, a quantity of blood was discovered to have issued from a wound received on the back of her head; this was examined, and proved to have been effected by the corner of a trunk clamped with iron, against which her head had struck when she first fainted; but although the moving her caused it to flow afresh, the captain ventured to promise, rest and proper applications would restore her in a short time, as her lengthened insensibility was the result of extreme fatigue, both of body and mind, aided by the loss of blood, which had been considerable.

Somewhat cheered by these assurances, and no longer oppressed by the late dreadful presages of impending fate, they were anxiously anticipating the promised restoration, when she first opened her languid eyes, and faintly pronounced the colonel's name.

Upon examining the ship's log-book, they were found to be long. 22° 4', lat. 48° 52', which, by the captain's reckoning, might, with tolerable winds, enable them to run down their course in five days. The next step was to erect a jury-mast, in lieu of that which they had lost, and by partially repairing the shattered rigging, carry all possible sail. This done, hope became once more buoyant.

Mrs. Beresford daily recovered, hourly regained strength; and the children were again permitted to taste the refreshing sea-breeze on deck, and gladden the heart of Yamboo by their usual notice of poor Lion, who had, though nobody could tell how, escaped the storm, when a sailor at the mast-head vociferated land; with the swiftness of an arrow, Yamboo flew to communicate the joyful intelligence to his lady; and nothing but lively expectation was seen in every countenance, on which but so lately only horror was depicted. Every eye was strained to catch the first glimpse of the desired blessing; and when it teemed on their eager sight, language could ill supply words expressive of their feelings; for only those who have seen their own, their native land recede from the aching view, till even imagination could be no longer deceived, whom a perilous storm, with its accompanying horrors, has left hopeless of a return to that land, can feel, much less express their feelings, upon beholding, even at a distance, the spot sacred to remembrance, so long, so fondly desired. Favouring winds still befriended them, and two

days from that period saw their shattered vessel safe in the welcome port, and the weary passengers provided with comfortable lodgings at Weymouth, in which they remained till they had sufficiently recovered their fatigue to proceed to London; thither Colonel Beresford hastened to report his arrival at the war-office.

Yamboo's astonishment at every thing he encountered on the journey, could only be surpassed by the wonders which awaited him in the great metropolis; his bewildered imagination, unable to account for half he saw, obliged him every moment to apply to some one near him for the information he was so desirous of obtaining; and the questions he asked, together with the singular constructions he put upon sedan chairs, stage-coaches, &c. afforded no small diversion to those around him, particularly his young ladies, who were seldom so much amused as when Yamboo had a new history to give them of something which had struck his wondering mind.

But Mrs. Beresford, who still felt all the lassitude of her late indisposition, rejoiced when the colonel, having obtained six months leave of absence, engaged a very comfortable residence for them a few miles from town, to which they shortly after removed, to enjoy that uninterrupted felicity, known only to the happy few, whose every wish centered in their own little circle, who seek not, in a round of fashionable acquaintance, those resources they find in each other. Such were the Beresfords: the colonel had always devoted every moment he could spare from professional duties to the tuition of his lovely girls—a task the partial mother divided with him; but this pleasing employment, though constituting one of their chief pleasures, because they conceived it an essential part of their duty also, did not render them unmindful of what they owed to society, or regardless of its pleasures; hence their house was ever open to the friendly guest, whom they considered a desirable acquisition to their cheerful fire-side, in whatever part of the world destiny placed them: nor were there wanting in their new residence many families ambitious of their acquaintance, or unworthy the attention paid by them in return for civilities received.

But how rapid is the progress of time, when we anticipate the period which must effect a change of scene! Mrs. Beresford saw with reluctance the approach of that, which would too probably destine her to a separation from her husband. The first battalion of the regiment to which he then belonged had been some time in the East Indies, and thither, it was rumoured as almost certain, the second would be sent to join them; in which case, neither herself nor little girls could accompany him.

But from these reflections her mind was for a time diverted, by the sudden, and, as it was believed, fatal indisposition of Yamboo. He had accompanied one of his fellow-servants, for the purpose of seeing him bathe; but having himself an aversion to the amusement, he beguiled the time with dispatching his favourite Lion (at all times his constant attendant) on various errands for stones and sticks, which he continued to throw at a distance for that purpose, when the voice of his companion calling for help startled him; his eager eyes followed the sound, but the uplifted hands alone marked the fatal spot, when the water closed over them, though only a few paces from the shore. Self-preservation ever appeared with Yamboo of the least consequence, nor did he attempt to look around him for that assistance he believed his own arm able to afford, while, regardless of the result, he plunged into the water, just as the unfortunate lad rose to its surface, and having, in his agony, grasped his throat, again sunk with him, when both must decidedly have found that grave from which the waves had once spared them, but



for the vigilance of Lion, who having playfully followed his master, now, as if sensible of his danger, caught his clothes, nor relinquished his faithful hold him till he had dragged them to the shore, where, senseless and clasped in each others' arms, they lay till his incessant barking attracted the notice of some porters in a neighbouring warehouse. Yamboo was quickly recovered; but to the persevering assiduity of the humane strangers was Edward indebted for a life which long appeared doubtful.

Both were at length conveyed to Colonel Beresford's house, where Yamboo's attention to his yet feeble friend, and delight at seeing him so far recovered, rendered him altogether unmindful of the hours he had remained in his wet clothes, till the colonel, having learned the accident from a gentleman's servant, with whose master himself and family had that day dined, hastened home, to learn the particulars of an account which, with many aggravations of danger, had been related to him (happily unheard by Mrs. Beresford), where he had the satisfaction of finding Edward and Yamboo in high spirits; but having accidentally lain his hand on the latter's shoulder, he perceived his clothes were unchanged; and severely reproving each of his servants for their inattention to a matter so important, ordered him instantly into a warm bed; but the kind intention was frustrated.

Mrs. Beresford was informed, on her return, that cold shiverings had seized his frame, into which every method tried to infuse a degree of warmth had failed. In a few hours a fever, no less violent, and which the medical men anticipated, shewed its first symptoms, baffling every effort to subdue its fatal power; nor was it till the awful moment in which the surgeon averred his recovery admitted not a hope, that one individual beneath the colonel's roof could ascertain the faithful Yamboo's claim upon their affection; though all had loved and respected his many virtues in the hour of health, now every countenance portrayed, by its marked dejection, how well they loved him; and many were the fervent prayers breathed for his restoration. As the fever, though it evidently threatened a fatal issue to its victim, was not of a malignant nature, Mrs. Beresford would not be deterred from watching every turn of its progress. In his delirium, she only reigned in his disordered mind, and his phrenzied imagination sought her in every object. In his more lucid intervals, his patient resignation charmed her excellent heart, and in turns she administered with even a mother's kindness all those comforts his drooping frame required, nor omitted those which might sustain his apparently fast receding spirit, and fit it for his God.

During those periods, he would fix his expressive eyes, rendered more bright by the consuming fever, upon her pitying countenance, as if from her benign features alone he derived an alleviation of his sufferings. Once he said, with a heavy sigh—"Lady, Yamboo die! but he have not live long enough."

"I should be happy," she replied, "very happy, Yamboo, to see you recover, nor do I yet despair of doing so; but, if it must not be, we dare not repine, for there is an appointed time for us all, and to that we must submit."

"Yamboo not mean that he returned, him only grieve to die before him good colonel, before you lady know how much him love you both; had him live good many years, till him old, very old man, then you know him heart, and tell much people Yamboo live so many years, love us, serve us, all that time; now him old, and no able to work, we keep, love him—Ah, how happy! Then Yamboo bless you all, and die; now him must die, and soon every body forget poor black boy."

“Never, my good little fellow,” said his kind mistress; “it is only bad people whom we wish to forget, and your gratitude will be long remembered, even should we lose you: but talking will fatigue you too much, and it is my request, therefore, that you remain perfectly quiet till my return, which I will do very shortly.”

Even her wishes were commands, and his parched tongue essayed not to utter another word, till reason was again lost in a wild delirium, which for many hours rendered him unconscious of her soothing presence, till at the expiration of a period, in which the surgeon asserted his fate must be finally determined by the state in which he awoke, for a sleep more resembling that of death than nature’s sweet restorative, had absorbed every faculty.

He raised his eyes to her face as she sat anxiously watching the promised crisis—heavy perspirations hung on his full brows, and chased each other from his face; for a moment she gazed upon him, and believing them the awful insignia of approaching dissolution, ventured to try how far he was sensible, by tremulously pronouncing his name; he smiled faintly, and entreated drink: elated by new hopes, she administered the desired nourishment, and a short time sufficed to prove there was a change, and that of a favourable nature; this was followed by others equally essential to his recovery; and a few days left no other trace of his severe indisposition than extreme weakness, the result of that struggle nature had sustained in so violent an attack.

Happy to have seen the completion of her warmest wishes in the restoration of this her deserving favourite, she next meditated a still more important task, that of impressing upon his hitherto untaught mind the sacred truths which illumined her own. From an infant, he had witnessed every enormity of which drunkenness is capable, in the wretch he called master—had been accustomed to hear only blasphemy issue from lips that knew not how to pray; of religion, therefore, he could have no idea; neither could he love or fear a God, of whom he had never heard, or whose name, when it did escape the unhallowed lips that dared profane it, was but the accompaniment of an oath, made more horrible by the union. Yet the heart thus cast off by every natural tie, bereft of every incitement to virtue, reared, educated but in vice, was incapable of performing a base or unworthy action, detested a falsehood, uttered no expression offensive to the chastest ear, was grateful, feeling, and humane; with such a talent, could he fail to become a profitable servant to his heavenly Master?

Various circumstances had hitherto prevented the commencement of Mrs. Beresford’s projected work. Their stay in Frederictown after he became one of her family, had not allowed her a sufficient knowledge of his character, though she saw it from the first in a favourable point of view; their subsequent voyage allowed no opportunity; and their short residence in England had not yet enabled her to pursue the laudable intention, when his almost miraculous recovery left a fair opening for it. She was still his chief nurse—still administered his medicine, because the surgeon had said much yet depended on their being punctually given—and still spent much of her time in the chamber he was not yet allowed to leave.

“Well, Yamboo,” she said one morning, while sitting by him, “now you have a chance of fulfilling your wish of living longer with us, than a few days since you had reason to expect, and are doubtless very grateful for the blessing of returning health.”

“Yes, lady,” he replied, “Yamboo not able to say how grateful.”

“You see,” she returned, “how much God can do for us.”

"God!" he exclaimed with apparent surprise; "he no nurse Yamboo; only him mistress and the good doctor save him life."

From this it appeared plain, that all his short intervals of reason, during his indisposition, had allowed her to say, or him to listen to, the potent delirium had erased, and, without reverting to what had then passed, she said kindly—"But the doctor's advice, or my care, Yamboo, could not have given you health, if that God of whom I speak had not thought fit to spare your life; we prayed for you, and he answered our prayer."

"Prayer!" he repeated, putting his hand to his forehead, "how people pray? fall on their knees, and put hands so?" clasping his eagerly in each other.

"Yes," she replied.

"Oh then, Yamboo know," he returned interrupting her, "when the great waters rise at sea, and blue fire cut down the mast, all the sailors fall down, hide their faces, and say, 'God! great God, save us!' and the storm soon go. That same God save Yamboo?"

"The same."

"Why they not call their God sooner, lady?" he inquired. "Yamboo not know such a God, or him pray too when him so ill."

"But you can now bless him for his great goodness, and promise to serve him evermore," said Mrs. Beresford.

"Yes," he returned, almost unconscious of what he said; for a new idea had forcibly struck his mind, but, unable to comprehend it, he at last said—"If God save ships at sea, give Yamboo life, then him do every thing good?"

"He can only do what is good," was her answer; "he is in himself all goodness."

"Why then wicked men say his name so often?" he inquired eagerly. "The colonel not call God, Miss Emmeline, Matilda, no one in this house talk about God, and Mr. Reid always say him name when drunk, when him swear, when him beat Yamboo most, and sailors no swear but God's name; perhaps there two gods then: which him lady pray to, him Yamboo serve always."

"Listen then, my good boy," she said, with a benevolent smile, "while I explain the nature of that Supreme Being whom I serve, and tell you how wicked men profane his holy name when they swear; if you had done so, you could never have remained with the colonel, for no blasphemer is suffered to reside under his roof: but you have a good heart, and I will tell you how to be happy."

As if determined to understand all he was about to hear, his eager eyes were fixed in grateful attention upon Mrs. Beresford; nor did he interrupt her by one question, while in terms suited to his hitherto uninformed mind, she explained the leading traits of those gospel truths, so necessary to the salvation promised the believer, be his colour what it may. Aware of their importance to herself, she carefully cherished, but never made them subjects of conversation, nor gave the world an opportunity of censuring what they would have termed her fastidious notions; her religious opinions were never obtruded upon slight acquaintance, and it was only her more particular friends who, beside her family, could form any judgment of her principles, save from her moral conduct. Yamboo was now one of that family, and she considered herself in part responsible for his future happiness or misery.

With such valuable qualifications as he possessed, to render him worthy the character, he wanted only an explanation of the duties incumbent on the Christian, to become a

zealous candidate for the eternal prize; and no sooner heard, than his flexible mind willingly received all that his limited capacity allowed him to comprehend; the veil of ignorance, which had hitherto obscured it, was cautiously withdrawn by his benevolent friend, who, with returning health, saw the promised harvest of her pious wishes, in his anxious researches after those truths, of which she had fully taught him the inestimable value: but, in so doing, she taught him also carefully to avoid those violent extremes, which too often, in illiterate minds, amount to absurdities, by the external professions they deem laudable convictions of their conversion to Christianity; hence Yamboo was the humble trusting believer, silently adoring that Power, whose gracious works he now delighted to trace in all around him, and to whom in secret the grateful effervescence of his pious heart was daily offered for the happiness of his benefactors.

But even theirs was not always to be uninterrupted; few indeed had been the thorns mingled with those roses which had hitherto strewed their path through life—and fewer still the shades which had ever threatened even a temporary suspension of the bright sun, that rose and set alike upon their felicity.

By anticipating the too probable event of the colonel's joining his regiment, Mrs. Beresford wished to believe herself prepared for it; but the reality, by proving it otherwise, demanded an exertion of fortitude worthy even herself. The orders were at length received, which destined him, as was expected, to embark with the second battalion for the East Indies, and that with all possible dispatch.

In Colonel Beresford's breast, as a husband, he knew no tie so strong as that which bound him to his Emily; as a soldier, there existed even a yet more sacred one—it was his country, and that now called him from her. In the character of the former, he pressed her with fervour to his throbbing heart, strained his children still closer to the fond recess, in which the claims of each were treasured, and turned from them to conceal the paternal look, raised to Heaven in silent anguish for their preservation; but, in that of the latter, every emotion subsided, and he eagerly sought, in the field of glory, that fame which might render him still more worthy such inestimable blessings.

## CHAP. VI.

YAMBOO, with visible dejection, witnessed every preparation for the intended departure, unconscious that he was himself to accompany his colonel, a point already settled on the part of Mrs. Beresford, though his master still reluctantly consented to the arrangement, from the very same motive which impelled her to urge it, namely, the tried and known fidelity which rendered him so valuable an attendant. "It is therefore, my Henry," she said, resting her arm on her husband's, "that he must accompany you; for, in a strange country, exposed alike to danger and fatigue, you will find him a treasure, as on his assiduity I dare rely."

"And that very dependence upon his honest worth," returned the colonel, "makes me desirous that he should still remain with you; for the less indulgence a soldier allows himself, my Emily, the better; and Yamboo's anticipation of my wishes will perhaps only render me unmindful that hardships, and the privation of many comforts, are better suited to the tented field and the hazards of a dangerous campaign."

But Mrs. Beresford believed her only satisfaction, during this painful separation, must be derived from a knowledge of the unwearied attention which would be paid by this attached creature, and determined her not to give up a point so essential to the comfort of a beloved husband; and the generous contest was not decided on the third day previous to that on which they were to embark, when Yamboo having entered the room at the usual hour with the colonel's slippers, the latter said—"Two evenings more, my good fellow, and Edward must perform an office in which you have hitherto been so punctual."

Without one foundation for the hope, a latent one had still lingered in Yamboo's breast, and from being desired, was cherished, that he should yet be suffered to attend his master. To Mrs. Beresford and his dear young ladies he owed every thing; and he believed, that in following his colonel through every danger, he should best evince his gratitude to them; but this was a final stroke, which at once crushed the mighty deeds he had already in imagination achieved in defence of his master. The slippers fell from his trembling hands, and raising his full-fraught eyes to the colonel's face, he said—"No, no, masser, Yamboo not stay behind!"

"Why surely," replied Colonel Beresford, affecting a tone of surprise, "you would not leave your good ladies and this country, with which you are so much delighted, to follow me into an enemy's, where you may be exposed to every dreadful scene, while here you are happy and safe from every danger?"

"Then him ladies no want Yamboo," he replied eagerly; "all good people in England they love take care of them. Must Yamboo stay where him nothing to do, and him colonel go fight, perhaps sick, and him slave far off? No, no; say, lady, you not want Yamboo, that him no good; then him masser bid him go to India, and he bless your goodness."

This affecting appeal to Mrs. Beresford was not to be rejected, and instantly decided the business. "You see," she said, smiling to the colonel, "how much your purpose of having him with us must be defeated, as his candid avowal proves his person only would remain in England, while his heart will evidently follow your fortune." Turning to Yamboo, she continued—"It has always been my wish you should go, from a conviction that you would never forsake your master in the hour of danger; not that I would do so great an injustice to Edward's worth, as to suppose him less faithful, less interested for the colonel than yourself, or flatter you into a vain opinion of your own merits: you have a grateful heart, and on that gratitude my confidence is founded: the colonel, to oblige me, permits you to accompany him, and I am convinced feels gratified by the faithful motive which induces you to do so; and, in so good a cause, I also can pardon your wish of leaving me and your young ladies."

"Yes," said the colonel, "I am somewhat surprised that he can thus consent to leave you all, when, by remaining with you during my absence, he could render you so many services. How is this, Yamboo? Recollect Mrs. Beresford was your first friend, and ought to be your first consideration."

"Yes, masser, that it is make Yamboo go," he replied with energy; "him lady love nothing so well as him colonel, and now him going far off, Yamboo must go take care of him, bring him safe back. Edward very good lad, but him not owe him life to my colonel."

"But he does to you," returned the colonel, "and I believe only that circumstance would induce him to make the exchange you are so desirous to obtain, since one must remain with my family: I shall, however, propose it to-morrow, for, as an elder servant, it

is an indulgence due to him. For myself, I cannot make a choice between two attendants, of whose integrity I am so well satisfied; and I dare say he will feel equally rejoiced to remain with his mistress, in which case, you are at liberty to accompany me.”

Yamboo, more elated than ever, having made his grateful bow, hastened to find Edward, whom, with redoubled eagerness, he pressed to make an exchange so requisite to his happiness, and which his high sense of duty induced him to imagine was essential, since the enthusiastic love he bore the family whom he served, led him to believe that he was in part responsible for the safety of a life so dear to them as was the colonel's, and that in no way could he cancel his debt of lasting gratitude to Mrs. Beresford, or her sweet children, so effectually as by following him through every danger, that happily he might be an instrument of deliverance in some way or other.

Edward, equally attached, though with feelings less tremblingly alive to gratitude than Yamboo, only from not having the same cause, believed that he should no less prove his fidelity by remaining with his ladies; and no sooner heard the anxious request of his preserver, than he acceded to the entreaty, happy in the opportunity of acknowledging, by so doing, how much he owed him.

On the following day, the arrangement, so satisfactory to each party, was adjusted; and the succeeding one witnessed a separation best described by passing it over in silence, so far did it exceed all that language could express.

Yamboo's late experience of a sea-voyage had not tinctured his mind with any melancholy presage that his present one might be equally unfavourable; his understanding, strengthened by the precepts of his excellent mistress, felt armed against impending dangers; for he believed that, now knowing there was a God to whom he could pray, he should no longer tremble, though the great waters washed over him, and the blue fire, as he termed the lightning, cut down every mast; neither of which then threatened to be the case; for nothing could be more desirable than the weather, nothing more propitious than the gales which continued to waft the little fleet to the shores of India, whither it was to convey a chosen band, no less adequate to the performance of brave deeds, or aught less worthy the arms they bore, than those warriors from whose graves, hallowed by their country's tears, still issues the phoenix flame, which every British soldier imbibes, and which only can expire with England's self.

Neptune, as if conscious of the valued freight, gave it in charge to his favourite Nereides, whom the watery monarch summoned from their coral groves, to view the dauntless troops of mighty George, as each lofty bark rode proudly triumphant over his subjected waves.

Three months completed their voyage, without any particular occurrence, and saw every man landed in perfect safety on the coast of Malabar. Never, during the war in India, had such a reinforcement been more welcome, as, in addition to the king and company's troops sent direct from England, they were accompanied by several hundred men, fitted for actual service, whom they had brought from St. Helena, and who being not only well disciplined, but inured to a climate beneath the tropics, entered with avidity on the important service which then animated every soldier with more than martial fire; but it could not defend those who had sustained all the fatigue, hardship, and many privations, incident to a dangerous campaign, from sickness, and the effects of a climate to which they were not accustomed, and this had already much enfeebled the British army; but the arrival of so many of their brave countrymen, with the seasonable supply of

money they had brought, for obtaining those comforts of which they stood so much in need, could not fail to invigorate them. Past hardships were no longer remembered, and the promised hope of future success enlivened every countenance; for Tippoo's total defeat, though there still remained much for them to do, appeared little less than certain, as his prospects daily became more gloomy; most of his strongest posts were even then in possession of the allied army, who still continued to wrest from him, by unexampled valour, tracts of land which his extensive power was not able to defend. He had already severely experienced what deeds troops so well disciplined could achieve; and with deep regret witnessed reinforcements, which his too prophetic fears whispered could scarcely fail to complete the downfall of his eastern magnificence. Still determined never to yield, he continued proudly to maintain the contest: few were his triumphs, in competition with the chain of victories that still followed his powerful enemies, to whom repeated success was now but a signal for new attempts, each more hazardous than the last, and its completion more replete with glory to men and officers.

Colonel Beresford's battalion, animated by the prevalent spirit of the times, was presented to the commander in chief, with an assurance that his lordship would find them, to a man, not only eager for, but competent to every duty on which their service might be required, however arduous; and subsequent events confirmed the truth of this assertion, as the important siege of Severndroog bore ample testimony to their courage, which no difficulties could subdue: unappalled by the incredible labour demanded for conveying their artillery over rocky summits, and through almost impenetrable woods, still they continued to perform it with cheerfulness and alacrity, though often obliged to drag their battering guns across rocks of various heights, or, what required no less Herculean strength, through extensive forests of bamboo, which nature has rendered more invulnerable to the woodman's axe than any other tree, and equally indifferent to the dreadful atmosphere, from whose noxious vapours the stupendous fortress of Severndroog has been termed the Rock of Death. They convinced Tippoo, that "soldiers, whose business 'tis to die," know not the fear of death, under whatever name its terrors are couched. Possessed of this fort, which had hitherto been deemed impregnable, they followed up their conquests with unremitting perseverance, till Outredroog, a less formidable, though little less important post, in the vicinity of the former, yielded to their victorious arms, and justly entitled them to the public acknowledgments of Lord Cornwallis, who was never known to withhold his generous approbation of a brave action performed by the troops under his command, from the meritorious officer to the no less deserving soldier.

Colonel Beresford had passed the early period of his military career in the East Indies; to him, therefore, neither the people or manners presented any novelty, to attract his attention from the more important duties of his profession; but the ludicrous remarks of Yamboo could not fail to afford him a fund of amusement.

For many days after they reached the camp, astonishment and surprise deprived him of every faculty, save that of sight. The canvas houses, as he continued to call the tents, the innumerable multitude of people and soldiers, collected, as he believed they must be, from every part of the world, with their various uniforms, dress, and colour, the no less prodigious number of horses, bullocks, and, above all, creatures of whose species he could form no idea (the elephants), bewildered his imagination, and he could only gaze on them in speechless amazement; but, as they became more familiar to his sight, he was,

as usual, solicitous to obtain that information which his ardent mind ever panted to acquire, when it encountered any object beyond his limited capacity; and all that he had hitherto met with was comparatively insignificant, in competition with the living wonders which each succeeding day presented.

The Mahratta chiefs surpassed all the idea he had ever pictured to himself of worldly grandeur; and their magnificent equipages and stately attendants delighted him no less than their slow movements and dignified gestures diverted him. Perfectly understanding that this immense army was collected solely for the purpose of defeating one man, who was king of the beautiful country he so much admired, his desire to see the sultan became extreme; for scarcely could he persuade himself, from the various reports he heard of him, that Tippoo was, like himself, mortal: but he never even expressed a wish to do so, after he had seen some English prisoners, whom the British troops had rescued from captivity, after a dreadful confinement, in heavy irons, of ten years. And on being one day told, it was probable he might very shortly see the sultan in person with his army, he replied sullenly, "Yamboo no want to see a tyrant; him not like bad kings."

"And are not all kings tyrants?" said a soldier, who was standing by, merely to hear his answer.

"Me only know one king," he replied, "and him all people love, and call father; you not know England, else you know my colonel's king."

"But I do know and venerate him, my honest fellow," returned the soldier, clapping Yamboo on the shoulder; "what is more, I will fight for him while this hand can wield a musket, or such an officer as your colonel is left to lead me on to battle; and, having finished Tippoo's business in this country, who knows but you and I may meet in good Old England, to drink the health of our gracious sovereign, George the Third, God bless him! but you must see this copper-coloured gentleman first, though he is not so good a king as our own."

"Then Yamboo hope it will be in chains, like him poor prisoners," he said, "else him no want to see him at all;" a circumstance which would have been equally desirable to all parties; but the fate of war had not yet determined that event; and Yamboo had yet many painful hours of solicitude to endure for his colonel's safety, which every fresh movement of the army he believed endangered.

They were already in possession of Tippoo's strongest forts, and the next step meditated was the march towards Seringapatam, with a view to attack his fortified camp; and no sooner were the arrangements for this grand design completed, than the eager troops manifested their impatience to commence a march they were unanimous in believing must terminate on the spot destined to witness the sultan's final overthrow, and at once conclude the war in India.

Aware that his enemies would follow up their victorious pursuits even to the gates of his capital (all that was now left him to defend), the sultan had turned his whole attention to its preservation. His army, consisting of more than five thousand cavalry, and near fifty thousand infantry, still inspired him with hopes of success; to these were added the heavy cannon which filled his redoubts in front of his line, the still greater number he possessed in the island, together with his field train, which his great military knowledge and warlike experience had taught him to place in the most advantageous situation. But neither these formidable preparations to receive them, or his own appearance with his army, which proved he meant to defend the capital in person, could intimidate the brave



fellows, who anticipated, in its surrender, the reward of their past labours; and who now encamped before the island of Seringapatam (the most beautiful and flourishing city possessed by any native prince), with spirits elated by past victories, and impatient for the expected siege.

Yamboo's heart alone was sad; he knew Colonel Beresford's intrepidity, and had gathered sufficient information, from the preparations made, to know that, in an attempt so replete with danger, many valuable lives must be lost; and he heard, with heartfelt regret, the general orders communicated to the troops, which explained the division of the army, the position pointed out for each, with the order of their march, which took place at half past eight in the evening, under the influence of a full-orbed moon, whose cheerful beams smiled on the martial hosts, promising her friendly aid towards their success, as they passed onward in silent hope, and fearless of approaching danger, till they entered Tippoo's lines, nearly as soon as their eventful approach was made known to him.

Again the valour of brave officers and disciplined men was proved; prompt to their given orders, and alike determined, each maintained his post with vigour. And now the battle became general, the conflict dreadful; high on the pinions of each passing breeze floated the circling clouds of sulphured smoke, and loudly echoed through the vast expanse of air reiterated peals of heavy cannon, mingling with the no less fatal discharge of musketry; while the towering rockets, darting in every direction their blue flames, too plainly shewed the sultan the resolute approaches of an enemy, who had closed upon him in every quarter. Morning, however unwilling to disclose the carnage night had veiled, at length dawned upon the victor and the vanquished. The allied armies, after performing prodigies, and obtaining every important object, retired to their appointed posts, to ascertain their own loss, and prepare for a renewal of the former attack; for still the battle was not ended, and it yet remained for several officers to distinguish themselves, in a manner which it were injustice to pass over in silence.

The Sultan Redoubt, which the British army had some time since wrested from its feeble defenders, and then occupied as quarters, for their sick and wounded, became at once of sufficient importance to Tippoo to be regained at any rate, so far as it was essential towards protracting the siege; and for this purpose every preparation to recover it was made on his part—a circumstance which much annoyed the commander in chief, who, aware of the impracticability of throwing in any succours for its relief (owing to the continued fire kept up from the fort), could only anxiously survey from his own station on the Pagoda Hill, the powerful resistance made by the small party, who were alone to share the honours of a well-earned victory, or perish in the attempt. And long and doubtful was the contest; for resolute as the enemy advanced to the assault, weak and ill-supported as were their opponents, still they were driven back with considerable loss; while the death of two brave English officers, who fell in this unequal conflict, served to animate with more than mortal strength the remaining few, who, disregarding the wounds which had been the cause of their removal to the redoubt, now exerted themselves in assisting the small number of effective men left for its defence. One gallant officer, even though wounded a second time, not only continued firm to his own post, but ably assisted his brave companions in danger; and never was a moment more replete with danger and distress, harassed on every side by the assailants, and obliged to trample upon the mangled bodies of their slaughtered comrades; while the sick and wounded vainly implored the comfort of cold water to support their dying frames, which it was not in

their power to procure for them. Every passing hour appeared to teem with added horrors, when a third attack was commenced by fresh troops, who advanced from the rocks; but no sooner beheld a few of their leaders fall, than they retreated, to the great relief of the gallant party whom (almost exhausted with fatigue and the want of refreshment,) they left in quiet possession of the redoubt.

A thorough knowledge of the British army had long since convinced the commander in chief what it could effect; but he now saw an almost unexampled test of bravery, which justly entitled every individual engaged in it to his marked attention and warmest congratulations.

During the painful period which held the fate of so many deserving men in doubtful equipoise, his lordship's mind was too deeply engaged to admit any other subject; neither would he quit the station, which commanded a view of the whole transaction, till the favourable result enabled him to make immediate provision for their relief, by sending those comforts of which they stood so much in need; but this was no sooner accomplished, than his memory recurred with added solicitude to an event which had been productive of general regret on the preceding morning, and which was no less than the loss of the worthy Colonel Beresford, who, during the attack of the lines, had been seen in the centre division, exerting himself with the true spirit which had always signalized him in actual service, but who, on their return to the camp, was no longer to be found. Anxious hope, or doubtful fear, was deeply impressed upon every countenance, which eagerly sought among the returning troops, as weary and fatigued they passed onward, for those in whose welfare they were most interested.

Yamboo sought only his colonel, but his aching eyes were vainly stretched to find the benefactor, of whom the hydra war had robbed him, and equally vain his inquiries, which no one could satisfy; still he urged them, till anguish made him mute; an encreasing terror rivetted him, a silent monument of despair, to that spot near which he had beheld all those assembled who had returned from the fatal field capable of doing so—had heard every name called over in the list of wounded awfully distinct—the mournful one of those killed—and, to him, that no less dreadful, which proclaimed the number missing; for among the latter was his master.

He smote his breast in speechless anguish, and once more turned his dejected steps to his colonel's tent, unconscious of the movement; but it brought no alleviation to his distracted mind; the chair in which he had sat, the 'scrutoire at which he had so often seen him write, were but mementoes of his painful absence, and he threw himself on the former in a state of agony bordering on desperation; no one broke in upon his sorrow, and the stillness which prevailed around, by leaving him uninterrupted, allowed his grief that full scope so necessary to the relief of the overcharged heart; and having for some hours enjoyed the full luxury of woe, his exhausted feelings subsided into one of those melancholy calms which leaves the mourner time for recollection. In this interval, Hope, that fairy promiser of our early joys, the fond deceiver of maturer years, the still deluding last solace of the wretched, dawned upon his benighted mind—"Yes, yes," he exclaimed, starting from his seat in wild ecstasy, "dearest lady, kind good Miss Emmeline, Yamboo must, will find him; where no one able to see him colonel, Yamboo find out, know him friend."

Self-deceived into a temporary tranquillity, he clasped his hands, silently but with fervour implored a blessing upon the step he meditated; and elate with his visionary

scheme, flew, regardless of every passing object, to the field of battle, still crimsoned with human blood, in which, mantled with many horrors, Death triumphantly held his sombre court, through whose awful avenues Yamboo glided a lone and living spectre; for even plunder, satiated with its dreadful harvest, and half appalled by the approach of night (whose hours of darkness teem with nameless terrors), had retired from their sanguinary task. He was unconscious of the time, till the receding light of day left him to regret having so long delayed the firm purpose of his anxious soul, since the shade it threw upon the scene before him only served to accumulate its horrors, without assisting the search he felt disposed to believe must infallibly end in the discovery of his beloved colonel, whom to have obtained, even in death, would have been a mitigation of his misery: but though in every mangled form he surveyed with mournful attention, and over which his pitying eye dropped the commiserating tear, he still found not him whom he sought, he yet cherished the ideal conviction, that morning would present to his eager sight the still fondly desired, though dreaded object; and, firm to his purpose, hesitated not to pass the night in a place which conveyed no terrors to his dauntless mind, but which to have left he would have deemed a sacrilege, while he believed it hallowed by the corpse of his adored master; and having reluctantly desisted from his hitherto fruitless task, he seated himself on the ground, to wait the return of that day which would enable him to resume his melancholy search.

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## CHAP. VII.

HIS aching eyes, refusing the repose his sick soul rejected, continued fixed with a vacant gaze upon a pallid corpse stretched before him; but such sights were within the last few hours become too familiar; and having already satisfied himself it was not his lost benefactor, his mind, abstracted from the gloomy scene, ran over the past events of his life, to that period when he had once before sought the solemn abode of death, to pass a wretched night, which he now contrasted with the present: he was then a friendless outcast, unknown and unpitied, smarting beneath the stripes inflicted by unmerited cruelty, fainting under the accumulated pangs of hunger and thirst, which no friendly hand offered to assuage; for then he knew not the benevolent being who had afterwards dried his infant tears, and dreaded the return of morning, which, by discovering his forlorn situation, might induce some one to convey him again to the master he so much dreaded: but all this was comparative happiness; his gratitude had then never been called forth, but to bless the kindness of any charitable neighbour, who had given him a piece of bread, when the brute he served refused sufficient for the pressing wants of nature; he therefore knew not the extent of that generous sentiment, which nevertheless filled every recess of his heart with its divine emanations, and had since taught him the extatic bliss of living for others. The moment which rescued him from misery, gave him new life, new being. His attachment to his preservers was undefinable to his naturally intelligent mind, and left him, as he emphatically asserted, “no say;” for it came not within that commonplace kind which admits description. The colonel had clothed, fed, and protected him; to his children’s intercession he was indebted for that protection, and they had ever treated him with kindness and affection: but Mrs. Beresford, what had she not done for him, and what would Yamboo not do to ward even the shade of sorrow from his benefactress? Vain wish! he was now far from her, in the dreadful seat of war, without protection, desolate, and alone; for every one was too much engaged, in the present confusion and dangerous state of affairs, to think of him, who was destined to pass unsheltered a sleepless night, replete with horror, for the sole purpose of seeking him for whom only that revered mistress existed, among the slaughtered troops collected round him.

Imagination sickened at the retrospect, and a convulsive sigh burst from his oppressed heart as he exclaimed—“My masser, Yamboo but find you, he too lay him down, and die!”

The awful silence which pervaded the scene of death, and his own cause of sorrow, had hitherto rendered him unconscious of fear, for other evils were swallowed up in that which absorbed every faculty, and admitted not an augmentation; but the sound of his own voice had scarcely died away upon his astonished ear, when it caught a second, which, though faint as that of a fleeting spirit, stiffened every limb; his eyes, darting from their sockets, rolled wildly round him, while drops of perspiration chased each other off his face, as he attempted to raise his trembling frame from the ground, on which it was prostrate; but again the chilling whisper thrilled through every sense—“Water, in pity, water!” was the hollow sentence it repeated, as he darted from the place, unable longer to endure the agony of his own feelings; and he now first perceived a resplendent moon threw its mantle of light upon the carnage, which in every direction appalled his view; her mild influence seemed to awaken the powers of recollection, his eyes were raised to greet

her friendly beams, and at that moment, to his vivid imagination, the God whom he served stood confest in this his divine agent.

Ashamed of his own weakness, he no longer hesitated to return, and satisfy himself from whence the sound so appalling had issued; but when he reached the spot he had left with so much precipitation, all was silent: he ventured to look more earnestly upon the corpse which lay so near the place where he had taken his mournful seat, but it was ghastly—a large wound gaped upon the forehead, from which the clotted stream disfigured every feature, while the blood-stained clothes bespoke many more not less fatal; it was an officer by the dress; but, had a symptom of life remained, he would doubtless have been removed with the wounded to the redoubt. Yamboo therefore moved slowly on to the next object which attracted his attention; this was two poor fellows, who had evidently fallen side by side; but their mutilated state, and distance from the mysterious spot, clearly convinced him they had not made the heart-rending request, which still vibrated on his ear, and urged the wish of discovering the unfortunate author, as he almost mechanically pursued his first melancholy search after Colonel Beresford. This led him yet farther from the probability of doing so, but could not extinguish the desire; and having wandered about till his tortured sight recoiled from such accumulated horror, he returned once more to his deserted seat, with a fixed determination of remaining there, till the morning, by assisting his researches, should accomplish the design, or no longer leave him a shade of hope to rest upon; beyond that period he dared not look, for all was a blank. His weary steps had again brought him to the extended form, which, like a painful magnet, continued to attract him, he knew not why; for he still adhered to his first opinion, that lips clenched, as those evidently were, in death, could never have uttered the words he had certainly heard; and a second time he stood before it, lost in thought, with crossed arms, and eyes rivetted on the pallid features, when either those eyes, yet dim with tears, had, like his ears, deceived him, or he really perceived a motion in the lips he believed closed for ever. Kneeling down, he laid his hand gently upon them, but the warm breath which ascended to it nearly froze the current which flowed at his beating heart: convinced that life yet remained, he forgot at the moment it inhabited not the breast of his lost colonel, as he looked frantically around him for that help which might still preserve it; but no human footsteps, save his own, lingered near the fatal spot: the next impulse was to return to the camp for succour; but it was not possible this new-found object of his anxious care could exist till he procured it; and irresolute how to proceed, he continued chafing the cold hand stretched by its side, till, as if sensible of the motion, the quivering lips again separated, but articulation was denied; this, however, gave him fresh hopes, as he endeavoured to persuade himself that, if sensible help was so near, the wounded man would feel a comfort that might enable him to sustain his short absence to procure it; and laying his head close to that of the sufferer, he said in a low voice—"You keep still, and no try to move; Yamboo go bring soldiers and doctor;" and without waiting a moment longer than to mark well the place, he flew, as he imagined, to the road which had conducted his anxious steps to the field of battle; he had yet to learn

"How quick is the glance of the mind,  
Compar'd to the speed of its flight!"

for a circuitous path, which in his haste he had mistaken for the right one, considerably procrastinated the promised relief; to increase his difficulties, many of the soldiers, whom chance threw in his way, believing him deranged, by his agitated manner, refused the assistance he so eagerly entreated, and passed on: mortified and distressed, he pursued his way to the lines, and in terms expressive of his generous and humane feelings, explained his errand to the first officer whom he met, and who instantly ordered a surgeon, with suitable attendants, to accompany him, though he also doubted, from his hurried accents and visible distress, which he justly attributed to the recent loss of his excellent master, if he was perfectly correct in his story of the wounded officer: but such intelligence was not to be rejected; and Yamboo set out with an escort, conducted, rather than conducting them, by a nearer road, till he shewed them the object of their search, whom the whole party at once pronounced past all their efforts to save, till the surgeon's application of his glass to the cold lips told the vital spark was not extinct, though he did not hesitate to pronounce it had lingered too long on the verge of eternity to be recovered. Restoratives were, nevertheless, applied, and a short period proved their efficacy; the eyelids were slowly raised, but the eyes appeared dim and heavy; deep-drawn sighs shortly after issued from the almost lifeless breast, and the parched tongue again faintly articulated—"Water!"

"Ah! that's what Yamboo first hear," said the delighted creature, no longer sensible of his own misery; "that make Yamboo first think him live; now him hear it once more, him glad, happy, very happy;" but the pronunciation of the word happy destroyed the ideal sensation; his lost benefactor crossed his agitated mind, and wringing his hands, he exclaimed—"My colonel! who know but him want such help, and Yamboo stay here while him masser die!"

Forcibly struck by his deep tones of anguish, one of the officers (whom a compassionate interest in the account had added to the party) said—"Stay, my good lad, a few minutes longer, and we will accompany you in looking over this horrid place, before the soldiers arrive to inter the brave fellows who have fallen on it. You have, I fear, little room to hope, though indeed to you alone we owe the discovery of Captain Longford, whose name, like Colonel Beresford's, was returned among the missing; and, in return for your humanity, every thing that can satisfy you as to the fate of your master, which it is in my power to effect, shall be done."

"Thank, thank you," returned the agitated boy; "me ever bless you; did every body know my colonel, him good lady, him kind children, they no leave him in this place; Yamboo only once find him, he ask no more."

During this affecting address to the officer, who well knew Colonel Beresford's worth, and belonged to his regiment, the rest of the party had been actively and successfully employed in the recovery of Captain Longford, who, greatly revived by what the surgeon had administered, was removed to the litter provided for him, with less difficulty than they had at first apprehended; but, as the utmost precaution was still requisite, it was agreed to delay proceeding with him till the first fatigue was somewhat recovered; and, that no time might be lost, Lieutenant Edgar, as he had promised, attended by two of his men, and Yamboo, commenced their hopeless search, knowing that they could easily overtake the party, whose movement must of necessity be very slow. But the only advantage derived from their humane task, was that of prevailing upon Yamboo to quit with them the mournful scene, in which, but for their kind persuasion, he

would most probably have remained till his exhausted frame could no longer have assisted him to do so.

Weary with disappointment, his sick heart needed the commiserating language in which Mr. Edgar urged him to believe there was even yet a probability that Colonel Beresford might still exist, and that the humane and good act he had then performed for Captain Longford, might be rewarded by the future restoration of his beloved colonel: "At all events," continued his new friend, "my worthy fellow, you shall not want a kind master till we return to England, if you will remain with me; and should we live to see it again, I will have you conveyed in safety to Colonel Beresford's family."

The name of that family touched a tender chord; a sense of their sorrow added every thing to his own; and believing from the torture of his feelings at that moment (while his trembling limbs, faint for want of food, aided the conviction), that he should never survive to bear the dreadful story to them, he shook his head mournfully, and said in faltering accents—"Yamboo much thank you, pray for you when him die, and that him soon do, for him sick, very sick."

This Mr. Edgar readily believed, for his heavy eyes and languid state fully corroborated the assertion; but he felt uncommonly interested in his welfare, and judging his apparent weakness arose wholly from distress of mind, determined not only to protect, but sooth him, if that were possible, into a forgetfulness of the cause.

They had by this time overtaken the party, when he procured some drops for Yamboo, which partially recruited his failing strength, and enabled him to listen with pleasure to the surgeon's account of Captain Longford, which was every way favourable; "and to you, my good boy," he added, "he certainly owes his life; nor can you but feel a satisfaction from knowing you have preserved both a fellow-creature and a valuable officer."

"Now," continued Mr. Edgar, with a hope of diverting his attention, "you must nurse him; for I think such an arrangement will be of service to both, from the proofs you have already given of a kind heart, in the service you have rendered him."

Yamboo smiled, but he had no longer power to reply; his head became giddy, the faintness increased, and, though he still continued to walk on, he was no longer sensible of surrounding objects. Happily his excellent heart had raised him friends in the hour he most needed protection; for, from the moment which had deprived him of his first and valuable benefactor, his disordered mind, filled with one great cause of sorrow, heeded no other object, nor had in one instance reverted to his own fate; he knew only that he had lost his first, his dearest friend, and to him the future was chaos.

Many hours had elapsed before returning recollection brought, with the painful retrospect of past events, a grateful sense of present kindness, from those whom his still aching eyes, in the first moments of awakened sensibility, rested upon; they were strangers, but appeared deeply interested for him. There was yet an apathy in the frame, which left him unconscious whether or not he required nourishment, and he was still less inclined to speak; but as he looked around him, all was neat, clean, and cheerful; two soldiers stood near his bed, and a woman, who, leaning over him, in the mild accents of pity, inquired how he found himself: a deep-drawn sigh was at first his only answer; but, on her repeating the question, he replied—"Yamboo much better, thank you." Scarcely satisfied that he was quite sensible, she begged him to take some drink, which she had provided for him; and his ready acquiescence having convinced her she was understood,

one of the soldiers was dispatched for Lieutenant Edgar, as he had desired. The beverage Yamboo swallowed, by moistening his parched throat, afforded him more relief than his kind nurse had ventured to expect: the stupor gradually subsided, and, though feeble, he complained of no pain, save that which still rankled at his heart.

The pleasure Mr. Edgar expressed on finding him even thus recovered, drew tears of gratitude from the invalid, and a thousand times he blest him for his goodness to the poor, lost Yamboo.

"But you do not ask after Captain Longford," said his friend; "and I am sure you must be happy to hear he is doing well."

"Very, very glad," he answered.

"He is," continued Mr. Edgar, "very anxious to see his preserver; but it will be some time before he is enabled to express how much he owes to your goodness; yet I am convinced he will spare no expence to provide for your comfort, in return for his life."

"Oh, Yamboo not give him life," he replied, "God only give life; Yamboo do little, very little."

Astonished to hear such a sentence from lips so untaught, as from Yamboo's complexion and situation he judged his must be, and well aware that should Captain Longford recover, he, so far from ascribing the gift to that Power to whom Yamboo had given the praise, would rest his gratitude on the casual event which had made him his preserver, so little did he profess for religion, that for a moment he continued looking upon him in silence. At length, seating himself by his side, he said—"Then you believe, Yamboo, that there is an over-ruling Providence, a God who orders all things; how know you that God?"

"Oh, Yamboo know him in all things," he replied, while more than usual animation pervaded his features; "he see him every where. But Yamboo say how him first found this God him bound to love;" and he ran over the little history of Mrs. Beresford's attention to his religious principles, with a perspicuity that at once shewed Mr. Edgar the real worth of the being he also had been an instrument in saving, as the distracted state in which he at first found him certainly exposed him to many dangers. They had no sooner reached the hill fort, then occupied as an hospital, to which they were conveying Captain Longford, than Mr. Edgar gave Yamboo in charge to his own servant, with orders to conduct him to the quarters of a serjeant, who had been indebted to him for many favours, requesting his wife, on whose humanity he could depend, to pay every attention his weak state demanded. These orders had been punctually fulfilled; she had lain him on a clean bed, in a quiet room, where his friend soon called upon him, attended by a surgeon: but he still remained insensible, nor had shewn a symptom of returning reason till the period before described, on which she had dispatched a messenger for the lieutenant, at whose request he took some wine and other refreshments; for it was evident, want of food and natural rest, added to excessive grief, had reduced him to that state of extreme weakness. Proper care, and an excellent constitution, gradually restored him to health; but the spirits which had formerly distinguished him, the easy, happy air, that marked all his actions, were his no longer; a fixed dejection reigned in every feature; and though his passive, mild temper still created esteem, it was all that remained of the once cheerful, happy Yamboo.

When Captain Longford, also daily recovering, entreated permission of the surgeons who attended him to see his preserver, and the childish impatience he expressed to do so



obliged them to comply, well knowing his irritable disposition, ill brooking contradiction, would render their refusal more dangerous to his health than the indulgence could possibly do, though his being kept undisturbed was, in his state, of essential consequence to his recovery—Yamboo was therefore introduced to him; and though his emaciated form, supported as he was in bed, and swathed in bandages, merely told he lived, when Yamboo contrasted the dreadful state in which he had first seen him with the many comforts which now surrounded him, he felt a pleasing satisfaction diffuse through his lacerated heart, and fervently thanked his God for having made him the humble instrument of his preservation. As he drew near the bed, Captain Longford raised one hand, which he extended towards him (the other had been shattered so much, as to render amputation necessary, and the operation had taken place); Yamboo modestly took the offered hand, and returned its warm pressure by respectfully raising it to his lips; but in so doing, a kind of tremor seized his whole frame, and made him believe he was going to relapse into that weakness from which he had so recently recovered; but Captain Longford spoke, and his voice rivetted his whole attention; he called him kind, good boy, his generous preserver; for this Yamboo was prepared; but there was something in the voice which still increased the tremor, when the surgeon, fearful of the consequences to his patient, forbid his talking, as the exertion might be attended with fatal consequences; and, on a promise of his being allowed to see the lad again on the following day, he was dismissed. On regaining the air, he was no longer sensible of the faintness which had assailed him; but he still remembered the voice, with its effect, which he endeavoured to account for, by reverting to the awful impression it had made upon him on the dreadful night he first heard it.

At an early hour next morning he was again summoned; for the captain hourly mended, and had insisted upon a second interview, which appeared to strengthen the wish of a better acquaintance on both sides. Again Captain Longford spoke, and again Yamboo listened with an avidity for which he could not account; an irresistible attachment had already awakened a lively interest in the sufferer's welfare, and he believed, if allowed to attend wholly upon him during his confinement, it would at least amuse his own sorrow, if not be beneficial to the captain, as his attentions would be actuated by an ardent wish for his recovery. Perhaps it was that he derived comfort from looking upon the kind stranger, who, like the good Samaritan, had rescued him from the otherwise too certain death; but so earnest were Captain Longford's entreaties that Mr. Edgar should resign Yamboo solely to his care, that the latter, reluctant as he was to part with him, knew not how to evade them. It was natural Captain Longford should wish to retain him near his person, and he knew had it in his power nobly to reward the generous act; but he also knew there were many reasons why Yamboo's residence with himself during the campaign might, in many respects, tend more to his comfort; but the request was made and complied with.

Yamboo, as he expected, found his new office better suited to the tenor of his spirits than more active employment would have been, as the stillly silence of a sick room allowed him ample scope for the deep reflection which wholly occupied every moment not more immediately devoted to the various wants of his master; these were many, and to any other person would have been deemed irksome; for the natural impatience of Captain Longford's disposition, unsubdued by the sufferings of his body, could ill brook the tedious confinement, to which he in part contributed, by his restless desire to do more

than his strength was equal to; he had wearied every one but Yamboo, to whom they all felt grateful for the relief his personal attendance gave them, and by which even the surgeons were benefited; for, if any restriction was requisite, any new mode to be adopted in their treatment of him, which it was too probable he would have rejected, such was the ascendancy his favourite had already acquired over him, that he no longer hesitated, when told by him it was requisite, and would contribute to his more rapid recovery—still his pensive mind found ample leisure to sigh over the uncertain destiny of his beloved colonel, even to weep for the more certain distress into which he well knew the loss they had sustained would plunge Mrs. Beresford and her lovely daughters; for days and weeks had succeeded each other, without throwing the least light upon the colonel's fate; and conscious that his presence would but add to the grief he had no means of alleviating, he became altogether indifferent as to the probable period that might effect his ever meeting with them; but to think of them, to pray for their health and preservation, was a daily duty, which he performed with the religious exactness of an anchorite; nor was Captain Longford excluded in these orisons.

"Is it," he would sometimes mentally exclaim, "that Yamboo must love every body who speak kind to him, or why him love Captain Longford so much? him no like him good colonel, for he swear, scold, almost frighten every one; yet Yamboo feel he must love him, pray for him."

His thoughtful mind next reverted to the chain of melancholy events which had thrown him upon the protection of Captain Longford, and, in so doing, dwelt upon the kind Mr. Edgar, who was still more entitled to his gratitude, for he had nursed him in sickness, and promised never to forsake him in a strange country; he had experienced incontestible proofs of his goodness and humanity, knew that he was much beloved in his regiment, which was that of Colonel Beresford, and every object connected with that name had a charm for him; but the attachment he felt towards Mr. Edgar was not of that description which bound him by an indefinable sensation to the captain, and which every day appeared to strengthen; his towards the grateful creature to whom he owed every thing needed no definition; it was his preserver, under whatever form he might appear before him, that he sought; and neither the darkened room, the close-drawn curtains, or his own weak sight, were of consequence in the interview, since it was the heart, and not the eyes, which was to recognise the being to whom he was indebted for life: from Mr. Edgar he had learned who and what he was, and his recital, given with all the pathos of a truly feeling, generous mind, added much to the interest he already avowed in his fate; and he even rejoiced that his forlorn situation would make his future protection of more consequence; for he had determined to prove, by unlimited acts of generosity, his deep sense of the eternal obligation he owed to him, and for this purpose had claimed the privilege of providing for him, as generosity was a leading trait in Captain Longford's character, we do not say benevolence, for he was much too thoughtless to enter into all the delightful sensations of that god-like virtue.

## CHAP. VIII.

FALSE indulgence in the early period of his life, had rendered him totally unfit to enter the busy world at the age of sixteen (in a dashing uniform, with sixty guineas in his pocket, a handsome gold watch, and unlimited authority to draw upon a liberal father for fresh supplies), without a kind Mentor to warn him of its many dangers. But so it was; he joined a regiment some thousand miles from his native land, and with the inconsiderate sentiments of a schoolboy first emancipated from the rigid rules of his academy, plunged at once into every extreme of licentious pleasure and prodigal extravagance. Many were the incentives to vice—more the abettors of it; for his money secured him friends of that description who flutter round the thoughtless victim while a guinea remains to provide a new pleasure, or his footsteps yet linger upon the precipice of that vortex into which he must eventually sink—but who, having seen him do so, are no longer present to soothe one pang of that soul-piercing remorse, embittered by their desertion.

Finding it impossible to stem the torrent of those bills which incessantly poured in upon him, and by their tenor proved the unbounded dissipation of a son who was become deaf to every remonstrance, the father of Captain Longford at length, though reluctantly, refused to accept them: but it was too late to reclaim him; the propensities of a once noble mind were, from habitual vice, become vitiated; a temper, naturally excellent, still interested many respectable characters in his welfare; while his manners, perfectly those of a gentleman, procured him admission into all companies; but the liquidation of his numerous debts depended wholly upon his success at cards, or in betting; and having still honour enough left to wish them cancelled, it was a resource to which he flew with avidity, though it too often served only to plunge him yet deeper in difficulties, from which he saw little chance of escape, till his father's interest procured him an exchange, which removed him altogether from the companions and scene of his numerous follies.

Increasing years affected a partial reformation; rank had given him more consequence, and he determined to act up to the character he had now to support. His disposition, though quick, made him an idol among his own men; and as he was still young, his brother officers ventured to believe that many of his indiscretions arose more from error of judgment than a bad heart; but he had no solid principle, was impatient of restraint, and, though he would listen to advice, wanted resolution to abide by it; while he commanded a guinea, his purse was open to every claim upon it; and he felt perhaps more pain when the want of it obliged him to refuse the loan, than he would have experienced pleasure from spending it himself.

Such were the general outlines of Captain Longford's character when he embarked for the East Indies, where, as an active officer, he proved, however many his failings, that true bravery at least shone conspicuous among his virtues, and as such his loss would have been sincerely regretted; and many were the friendly congratulations that greeted his partial recovery, which was deemed little less than miraculous; for, dreadful as were his wounds, the climate he had to contend with was no less dangerous; still he continued to mend, though slowly; and the surgeons unanimously agreeing in a belief that his native air would do much more for him than they could, he solicited and obtained leave to return to England, as soon as his weak state admitted of his doing so.

Anxiously he anticipated the period which might see him enabled to encounter the fatigue of a long voyage, on which he was one evening contemplating, while his eyes

rested on the face of Yamboo, who, totally unconscious of his gaze, sat also apparently lost in thought, which Captain Longford interrupted, by asking him if he, like himself, was reflecting upon the pleasure of returning to England?

Raising his pensive eyes, he replied—"Yamboo have no pleasure now but in serving masser, and all places same where him do so."

Pleased with an answer so truly gratifying to his own feelings, Captain Longford continued—"But surely, my kind boy, you must derive pleasure from seeing Colonel Beresford's family, who evidently occupy all your thoughts?"

"Oh no," he returned mournfully, "Mrs. Beresford once say Yamboo never forsake him masser, for that he must go with him; now him go back to her, and say him colonel no where to be found, and Yamboo live to tell it; no, no, better him stay here always, than hear him ladies ask what Yamboo no give, him friend, him benefactor."

"Then you refuse to accompany me home—me whom you have saved from death, nursed with such care," said Captain Longford, "and mean to desert me when I shall stand most in need of your attentive kindness? who will dress my unclosed wounds, give my medicine, and prepare my various comforts?"

"Yamboo," replied the affectionate creature, interrupting him, "Yamboo never leave him masser till him no longer useful; then him come back, and die here!"

"Then you can never respect me as you did Colonel Beresford, I find," said his master, "since you purpose leaving me as soon as my health is restored; for useful you must always be; and I had hoped never to have lost sight of you again, lest I should for a moment forget the preserver of my life. Colonel Beresford could never love you more than I do; and I am desirous of knowing what could have attached you so strongly to him, that even in death you cannot resign his claims upon your gratitude."

"Oh do not say him dead," he exclaimed; "Yamboo bear all but that; when he say what him good colonel do to save him poor black boy, masser no wonder how much he love him." He then related his short and simple story, in the plain language of truth, without an embellishment, save that of generous gratitude, from the early period in which he first became sensible that, as a slave, there was no redress for the cruelty that stamped his infant years, till that when, daring to force the fetters forged by unfeeling parents, he was thrown friendless and destitute upon the Beresford family, on whose boundless goodness he was expatiating, with the ardour that marked his character, when, having accidentally looked at his master, he beheld a change in his countenance, which at once surprised and terrified him; his eyes were fixed, yet appeared unconscious of any object, his lips quivered, and large drops of perspiration stood upon his pale face, while the emaciated form, supported as it was in bed, trembled; believing that it proceeded from his having sat up too long, Yamboo carefully removed his pillows; and a few minutes saw him sufficiently recovered to satisfy him that the faintness which had seized him so suddenly was in part removed, and that, feeling disposed to sleep, he should continue his little narrative on the following day. This he did, while Captain Longford listened attentively to every word; and so deeply was he become interested in the fate of his protegee, that when Yamboo, with enthusiastic warmth, described Mrs. Beresford's unremitting care of him during his dangerous illness, he involuntarily exclaimed—"May Heaven reward her goodness to my poor boy!"

Yamboo, startled by the unexpected exclamation, looked at him, when the captain, recovering himself, said—"Can I, Yamboo, be sufficiently grateful to those who

preserved a life which has since saved mine? neither can I any longer feel surprise at your uncommon attachment to your first benefactors."

"But that not all him debt," he continued; "Mrs. Beresford do more, much more for Yamboo; him good colonel make him free, clothe, feed him; dear Miss Emmeline, Miss Matilda, always love, treat him kindly; but him lady," and, animated by a remembrance of the divine precepts she had taught him, he raised his fine eyes to heaven as he repeated—"she alone make him to know God."

There were few who, at that period of his life, knew him less than the man who at that moment contemplated the interesting features of the boy, from whose lips had issued a sentence that gave rise to so many and various emotions in his own breast. Captain Longford certainly was not an atheist; for, had he been questioned in his most irregular and thoughtless moments as to the existence of a God, he would have answered, assuredly there is one—a conviction that must at once have condemned the being who, thus daring to acknowledge, refused to serve him. In the season of health, "when the high blood runs frolic through the veins," in the hours of licentious pleasure, the dispensations of Providence were altogether unheeded; but when chained to the bed of pain, and left to his own solitary reflections, without one resource in his mind to compensate for the trifles which in health provided ample amusement for each vacant hour, his thoughts, thrown back as it were upon himself, naturally reverted to his late preservation, and the still more wonderful means by which it had been effected; to this was added circumstances that awakened sensations new to himself, and he fancied an over-ruling Providence manifest in the event; worn down by pain, weakened by confinement, his heart was more susceptible of any impression, and partially caught the fervour which lighted up the expressive eyes of Yamboo as he spoke; nor did he attempt to interrupt him, till having closed his artless history at the period of his still-lamented loss, he remained silent.

Passing over subsequent events, Captain Longford said—"Tell me, Yamboo, what are the singular benefits you have derived from these religious instructions of your pious mistress, who is probably an enthusiast herself, and thinks to secure her own road to heaven by the number of converts she makes; is not this the case?"

A gleam of anger clouded the usual serenity of his brow, as he replied—"Me not quite know what that mean; if it every thing good, then it like Mrs. Beresford, for she only good; but my captain not know her, and Yamboo forgive him."

Diverted by the warmth with which he defended his benefactress, Captain Longford continued—"But you will not persuade me that you are happier for the knowledge you have gained of a Supreme Being: when you knew him not, you had no one to fear; now, if you are guilty of a fault, you must feel all the terror of having offended God; and you have faults, I suppose, like other people."

"Oh yes, many, very many," he returned; "but for him not to do wrong Yamboo always pray daily; then him strive never to offend any one; him captain, whom him but now know, and love, he no offend; how much then him not do to please God, who him love so much better; and this make him always happy while he do right: indeed," he added with a heavy sigh, "no one so happy as Yamboo till he lost him colonel; but sometimes even now he think himself not always sorrow; something tell him he will come back again."

"And that something you no doubt think is God?" said his master.

“Who else,” he replied eagerly, “know when the heart sick, and who but him dry Yamboo’s tears?”

“Singular boy!” exclaimed Captain Longford; but at that moment he felt a change little less singular in his own sentiments. Here was no bigotry, no priestly eloquence, but Nature’s simple dictates; yet how powerfully did they speak conviction to his mind, and how deeply interesting did every sentence make the speaker!

A painful recollection of many unworthy actions in his past life rapidly shot through his imagination, and each would have sufficed to make him blush, as he surveyed the boy who had thus unconsciously awakened the remembrance of them; but one, far more flagrant than the rest, extorted a heart-felt sigh, as he vainly tried to pass it over, in common with the lighter follies of his youthful days; but it admitted no palliation, for in the commission he had violated the laws of honour, and the act was in itself stamped with injustice, marked by cruelty; it had sometimes occurred to his memory, but now sunk deep in his heart; and, believing restitution was yet in his power, he determined to make every effort for that purpose, till he had washed out the deep stain of galling remorse.

The second which his accusing spirit presented in this hour of contrition, was a series of ingratitude to an indulgent father, who was no longer (he too late regretted) an inhabitant of this world; and the rapture of his now meditated amendment of conduct was damped by a recollection, that he who had so often with paternal solicitude desired it, was no longer sensible of the change.

Still there were two beings dear to him, and to whose happiness it was essential; this was a sister, tenderly attached to him, and his own son, whom he had left in her protection, and who kindly supplied the place of that mother, whom even the thoughtless father deemed unworthy the trust—she ranked among that wretched class of women who, stamped with infamy, are hurled from the place they once held in society, and thrown upon a wide world, with few to pity, less to reclaim their wandering footsteps, where all are ready to crush, but none to raise the bruised reed, and where even humanity must be suppressed, lest censure should mock the deed, and whisper to tenacious virtue what pity dared to do for a frail, a fallen victim. Erroneous delicacy! could that virtue be contaminated by the warm glow of sympathy, which taught it to administer, perhaps to save, one votary of vice from its dreadful effects? Say rather, would it not reflect a brighter lustre in his eyes, who, knowing the heart best, can tell why the distinction is permitted? Robbed of innocence, peace, and virtue, by a specious villain, the sorrowing penitent would have gladly regained the paths of rectitude; but it was a vain attempt; suspicion had closed every avenue; those who might have saved were deaf to her entreaties; and thus cruelly rejected, when her heart fondly leaned to virtue’s side, she had no alternative but vice; then courted and caressed, the victim lost at once every sense of moral duty; and knowing that to man, faithless man, she owed the misery which enveloped her, lived but to revenge upon the whole sex the injury she had sustained from one.

Among those who in turn became her dupes, was Captain Longford. A little boy, to whom she publicly gave his name, and claimed a provision for, was early taught to call him father; as both the world and its mother gave him the credit of being so, he generously resolved to support the character, by maintaining it during his stay in the country where the little stranger first hailed the light; and on his return to England it accompanied him, and was consigned to the care of this favourite sister, who, much too

partial, drew a veil over the indiscretions of a brother, whom she vainly attempted to reclaim, but could never cease to love.

This sister would fondly welcome his return to her; still more, that to rectitude; the boy, whom habit, rather than nature, had taught him to love, would benefit by the change; and the dormant spark of virtue, which lingered in his own breast, whispered a thousand nameless blessings which might result from the laudable resolutions he was then forming in imagination. The train of deep reflection into which he had insensibly fallen, continued to occupy his mind, long after Yamboo had retired to the little pallet prepared for him in his master's room, and on whom he gazed, as he silently ejaculated—"Poor Yamboo! thou shalt henceforth be my Mentor; I who owe thee life, will still owe thee more; thy excellent principles shall in future restrain every wayward passion, and lead this erring heart back to rectitude; neither shall shame prevent my acknowledging to the world how much, how deeply I have injured . . . . ."

He paused, and the unfinished sentence died upon his lips; for whatever the purport, a sudden recollection suppressed its utterance; honour suggested the resolution he was about to form, but a far less noble sentiment restrained the impulse—what will the world think? That direful question, from which thousands recoil abashed, darted into his mind, and staggered the half-formed resolution; still it was not wholly rejected, till pride, all-subduing pride, having suggested other means by which this new sense of justice might be appeased, elated with its conquest over returning virtue, left him pleased with the alternative, but surprised at his own temerity, in having for one moment meditated a step so absurd, and, he would have persuaded himself, so unnecessary to his future arrangements.

Ardent in every pursuit, whatever its tenor, he lost not with returning day the zeal with which his night's reflections had inspired him; and successive conversations with Yamboo still confirmed his resolutions, by convincing him that the good man alone is happy, be his station what it may.

Of all his past enjoyments, vain desultory pleasures, nothing remained, by soul-piercing remorse, of a once elegant form and fine features; the former presented but a mutilated remnant, while the latter, pale and gashed with many a scar, left little trace of the once handsome Longford: but the revolution in his mind rendered him far more careless of the exterior change than he would otherwise have been. If Yamboo, accustomed to see him frequently, petulant, and always impatient, found it impossible to resist an attachment, which daily strengthened upon his side, how much was it increased, when he found him, mild and passive in his manners to others, still more kind and affectionate to himself, while he submitted without a murmur to the slow progress in the healing of his wounds, which yet threatened to procrastinate for many weeks his desired return to England: but the period at length arrived which saw him, accompanied by the warm wishes of every brother officer for a safe and speedy voyage, sail for his native land.

## CHAP. IX.

TO Yamboo it was a renewal of all his grief. Many were the anxious looks he cast upon the receding shores of India, many the fond wishes which lingered upon the spot fatal to his happiness; yet such were the contradictory emotions of his soul, that, while he sickened to remain where he was, where only it was probable he could ever recover his lost colonel, an irresistible impulse urged him to follow the fate of Captain Longford; and had he even been allowed a choice, fondly as he still treasured the memory of the former, he would have found it impossible to forsake the latter: perhaps it was, that time, the only soother of the most poignant sorrow, had so far meliorated his, that he rather sighed for, than dreaded an interview with his beloved ladies, and he endeavoured to prepare his mind for that purpose. Useless precaution! it was a painful pleasure denied to him—a mournful gratification not permitted to Mrs. Beresford or her sorrowing children; for it would have found a melancholy alleviation of their trial in the presence of the faithful creature, whose unfeigned grief for the best of masters would have been considered a grateful tribute to his revered memory.

But Captain Longford had other views: daily more sensible of increasing affection in his own breast, he witnessed with real pleasure every proof of a mutual return in that of Yamboo, whom he found it impossible to part from, and whom he determined in his own mind never to resign, even to his first and valued benefactors. Theirs were the only claims that could be made upon him, and these he ventured to affirm were futile, when put in competition with his own. At all events, there was too little probability of Colonel Beresford's existence to warrant a fear of his demanding him; and Yamboo's ignorance of England rendered it an easy task to deceive him respecting Mrs. Beresford's residence; for he still dreaded his inclination might prompt a wish of returning to her, when he found himself in the same country, notwithstanding the daily instances he received of growing partiality for himself, which he endeavoured, by repeated and unremitting instances of kindness and generosity, to cement. And when a short and pleasant passage saw him once more in England, sufficiently recovered to proceed without delay to his sister's residence, Yamboo was introduced both to her and his son, with the enthusiastic warmth which was still a leading feature in his disposition, with all the gratitude due to the preserver of his life, he might have added of his soul, for to him was he indebted for the change of principles which this discerning sister was not long in finding out, and having done so, hailed with rapture.

Yamboo could but become a favourite, since, with all his errors, Captain Longford was tenderly beloved in his family, and every one strove to evince their gratitude to his preserver, him only excepted in whose breast it might have been supposed Nature would have implanted the strongest sense of such an obligation—his son; but so far differed the characters of father and child, that while the latter had imbibed every false erroneous principle which proved the former's bane, not one of those relative virtues, which shewed the contrast, and was known to have inhabited Captain Longford's breast, even when most the slave of intemperate folly, had descended to this his offspring. His features were regularly handsome, but this served only rather to increase his excessive vanity, even as a boy, while it rendered those of Yamboo, though equal in point of beauty, a subject of ridicule, because the complexion differed from his own.



He daily heard him extolled for virtues to which he had himself no pretensions, and this made him envious; he saw him most deservedly a decided favourite, and from that moment hated him; but so carefully concealed his unjust sentiments, that no one suspected the deceit.

When Captain Longford had placed his son under the care of his sister, to whom his slightest wishes were a law, and had provided an excellent school for him, he left England, perfectly satisfied that he had performed a father's duty; but he returned to it, with a deep conviction that much more is required of a parent, and he determined carefully to guard Henry's morals from the fatal errors which had perverted his own. He had already reached that age when the character is so far formed as to leave an accurate and interested observer little difficulty in ascertaining what it promises to be; and he anxiously watched, as that character unfolded itself, for the embryo virtues that might need a guardian's care, to shield them from the early blight which had destroyed his; little penetration was requisite to discover that he had excellent abilities; nor was there wanting perseverance to improve them, since the closest examination proved the encomiums passed upon him by his different tutors were only such as his merit justly demanded; but a consciousness of that merit which all were so willing to allow him, tinctured it with a shade of vanity, that gave him, at that early age, a superiority in his own opinion over every cotemporary at the academy; they told him he was clever, and he believed it. His disposition was gay, volatile, and often thoughtless, but unmarked by any of those generous effusions of soul which are so often discernible in the schoolboy; and in the silent survey Captain Longford made, he found much to flatter a father's pride, but little to promote his happiness; yet, as he was still a youth, he ventured to believe the admonitions of a parent, so much interested in his welfare, might in time correct many of those errors which, like baneful weeds, deform the fairest pasture; and, for this purpose, assiduously marked their progress, previous to his final determination as to his future plans, or the profession he might choose for him, as, though he still remained at school, it was so immediately in his father's neighbourhood, as to allow great part of his time to be spent with him, during which Henry paid the strictest attention to his smallest wishes;

but, absent from him, they were no longer remembered.

Not so with the faithful Yamboo; he watched the still slow returning health of his master with tender concern, for he had derived far less benefit than had been expected from his native air; and each day, if possible, redoubled the obliging assiduity of his affectionate attendant.

Miss Longford, estimating his real value, sought to repay her brother's debt of gratitude by every attention on her part to his comfort. Her real goodness of heart, and near affinity to his captain, were strong claims upon Yamboo's affection, who often blest the mercy which, in depriving him of his first benefactors, had given others now little less dear to him, and with whom he hoped to pass the residue of his life, since he was led to believe the former for ever lost to him.

At his earnest entreaty, Captain Longford, soon after their arrival in Wales, had written to a friend in London, inclosing Mrs. Beresford's address, which Yamboo had carefully treasured in memory, and requesting him to call upon that lady, to acquaint her with his safety and present residence; adding, that as soon as his (Captain Longford's) health admitted of it, he should be in London, accompanied by Yamboo, whom he would himself conduct to her, but could on no account part with him till then. A short period

sufficed to terminate poor Yamboo's suspense, and crush at once the last fond hope that lingered in a heart devoted to his colonel's family. Mrs. Beresford had remained but three weeks after her husband's departure in the house she occupied at that time, and then set out with her daughters for the North, to visit some family connexion; but in what part of Scotland they resided, he was not able to learn, as she had left no direction; but she had no intention of returning to town, as the house was inhabited by other tenants; so said the gentleman, in this eagerly expected letter—at least so said Captain Longford, who, satisfied himself with the intelligence he had obtained, was certainly no less anxious to communicate it in such a way to Yamboo, that, having nothing to hope for, time might weaken the remembrance of his former attachment, while it bound him more firmly to himself: he knew not the strength of that mind he ventured to judge, or the fidelity which, interwoven with his existence, could only with existence bury a remembrance of the Beresford family; of them he continued still to think; never were they omitted in his grateful orisons; and never had this attached creature ceased to supplicate his colonel's restoration, even when the soft smile of peaceful serenity had returned to animate his features, and persuade Captain Longford he had gained the desired point, and that absence had robbed memory of the sacred griefs so long and vainly cherished.

The letter, which so effectually closed all future knowledge of this beloved family, was at first a keen affliction, and too late he blamed his own rashness in leaving Mrs. Beresford; but a recollection of subsequent events, the life he had been a means of preserving, and which was become so dear to him, checked the regret, while it urged him to believe, that his having done so must have been the will of a higher Power, whose wisdom was, he knew, unerring.

In Captain Longford's family he was treated with kindness and respect; for hardly could he be called a servant, where all were so anxious to promote his happiness; and, to prove how sensible he was of their kindness, it was requisite to be cheerful and contented, since it was all the return in his limited power to make. A fear of destroying that cheerfulness deterred Captain Longford from ever naming the subject of his loss; and as no other part of the family knew that which he lamented, he never spoke of them himself; hence arose the belief that they were no longer remembered by him, or, if remembered, not with that anxiety to rejoin them which he had so often evinced; and in this state of tranquillity, without one incident worthy of remark, had passed nearly two years of Yamboo's life.

Captain Longford, no longer desirous of mixing in the busy world, and finding his health totally unequal to the fatigues of a military life, had been permitted to retire upon half-pay, which (with the remains of what, but for his former extravagance, might have been deemed a princely fortune) enabled him still to secure not only the comforts, but many of the elegancies of life, which he now enjoyed with his sister, who having, at a very early age, lost a favoured lover, and the only one for whom she ever allowed herself to feel an attachment, voluntarily devoted herself to a state of celibacy; time had soothed the poignancy of her youthful sorrow for his death; and having no living object so dear to her as this brother, she was desirous only of contributing to his comfort by unwearied attention to his most trivial wishes. Three domestics, beside Yamboo, whose duty was confined to a close attendance upon his master, formed their household, in which the greatest harmony prevailed, when Henry, having finished his education, left the academy, and returned to his father's house, fraught with all that self-sufficiency which, having

marked the progress of his studies, now served to increase his own consequence, and render him more impatient of those parental admonitions, which he averred might be requisite for a schoolboy, but ill suited the ardour of a spirited young man, eager to make his entrance in that world of which he had heard so much; for hitherto his own knowledge of it was confined to the beautiful village in which he had resided from the period of his arrival in England, when he had just attained his seventh year; but its romantic beauties were now lost upon his mind, which panted for gayer scenes; its quiet seclusion became irksome, and the restraint imposed by a residence under his father's roof altogether hateful; still he had too much art openly to express the impatience he felt to leave a parent, whose ill health alone induced him to procrastinate the separation, which must remove him beyond the reach of his own observation; and already he saw with regret how much he would need a Mentor to conduct him through the dangerous labyrinth, where every rose-strewn path teems with hidden thorns, fatal to the touch.

But the feelings which, from interested policy, were suppressed in his father's sight, knew no restraint in that of Yamboo; to him his fancied injuries were all revealed, with a thousand ungenerous invectives against the folly of Captain Longford, in thus detaining him in Wales, when his ardent imagination was already travelling over the whole globe, with no other object in view than unrestrained pleasure.

Yamboo, whose every wish now centered in the little circle of Alvington Manor (Captain Longford's paternal estate), and who had known only sorrow in the great world Henry was so anxious to enter, could only wonder that he should be so eager to fly from happiness, and his kind indulgent father—"See my captain, masser Henry," he said one morning, when their conversation had as usual turned upon the old topic, "see your good father; he travel all over the world, visit great many places, fight for him king, but that not make him happy; he lose him arm, him health, and yet him quite young man. Poor Yamboo too, he travel much, but he come back not happy as him went; yet here him find happiness; why you not more happy?"

"Idiot!" replied Henry, with a contemptuous look, "to suppose happiness was designed for such creatures as you; but, since your great wisdom has found it at Alvington, be satisfied to enjoy it, sir, without presuming to dictate my conduct, by passing your opinion; though, in fact, the fool whose ridiculous partiality has raised you above yourself is more blameable than your presumption."

Never since his emancipation from slavery had the voice of insult been familiar to the ear of Yamboo; but its harsh discordant sounds now sunk deep in his generous heart; all that related to himself he could have borne from Henry, only because he was the son of Captain Longford, and, undeserved as it was, he would have forgiven it; but every noble sentiment in his soul revolted at the baseness of that son, who, without any provocation, could abuse such a father; for this he despised him, and, as the champion of his beloved master, felt justified in resenting it—"Yamboo may be idiot," he returned, while his eyes, no longer expressive of the soft conciliating manners which endeared him to every one, darted an angry glance at Longford; "he may be fool; call him what you please; but never name him captain, for—" and his voice faltered as he added, "Yamboo may forget you him son."

"And what then, sir?" returned Henry sarcastically; "do you intend to preach or fight for him? in either case, be assured, I shall know how to reward the impertinence of such a black bastard!"

“Ungenerous wretch!” exclaimed Captain Longford, who at that moment entered the room, “what unprovoked outrage have you committed against this unoffending creature, who I dare pronounce, without knowing more than the last words you uttered, could never merit them?”

Vexed at the interruption, but pleased to discover his father had not heard the whole of their conversation, he stood a moment irresolute what defence to make, when Captain Longford, turning to Yamboo, desired an explanation of the business; but of all that had passed Yamboo remembered only the last two words; they were indelibly impressed, and he replied mournfully, shaking his head—“Masser Henry say right; him black, but Yamboo no ask him God why he be so; him bastard too, but for that, others, not him, to blame; and Yamboo never curse him father, who him not know, nor him poor mother, though she make him a slave.”

“And what, sir,” said Captain Longford, speaking to Henry with rising indignation, “what are you, who have thus dared to violate the laws of gratitude and humanity? You too are a bastard; and, if it is possible to sink your proud spirit still lower, know that nature has given him a heart so far superior to yours, that even your boasted beauty is a poor recompence for the noble endowments of his mind, black as may be his face: true, he is a bastard, but his mother was perhaps far less vile than yours—more abandoned she could not be. His father,” he exclaimed, while increasing emotion choked his utterance, “his father was as devoid of humanity as you are, or his ill-fated child had never been subject to such treatment. At least, rash boy, yours were the last lips which should have branded him with shame, who are yourself its offspring; he, the saviour of your father’s life, I am bound to protect him, and, while I live, he never can be fatherless. Henceforth then learn to respect his many virtues; and, since few of them are inherent to your own breast, believe there will be merit in striving to imitate them. If your narrow-minded observations have hitherto been confined to his dark complexion, look into his heart, and you will blush to find how fair a tablet it presents; for there, indelibly engraved, are sentiments that make him what you are not. But, as you value my future esteem, never let the unjust treatment he has this morning experienced be repeated; for again I assert, that I hold his claims upon my protection in no common light.”

Henry at once saw the folly of this open violence, and staggered by the determined anger of his father, which could but be prejudicial to his interest, had lost no time in resolving how to act; for in deceit he was much too great an adept to be long at a loss: when, therefore, Captain Longford had ceased speaking, he advanced, with a countenance expressive of that contrition which was to mark his language, and extending his hand to Yamboo, said, with every external appearance of sincerity—“That I have deeply injured you, is the least acknowledgment I can make for the fault I have committed; in my own defence, I have only to plead the warmth of a too irritable disposition; but, if an assurance that my future conduct shall make ample atonement for my present error can induce you to forgive it, let this friendly pressure,” taking the passive hand of Yamboo, “seal our amity.”

The veil thus artfully adopted was too impenetrable for the generous, unsuspecting soul of Yamboo; and though his proud heart swelled as he remembered the harsh unfeeling attack upon his birth and colour, the apparent humiliation of the offender at once subdued him; and clasping the hand thus tendered, he replied—“Yamboo never

forgive but him forget too, and now he do both with all him heart. When masser Henry know him better, then he believe black man know how to respect him word."

"Generous boy," said Captain Longford, "you can never rate higher in my estimation than you have long done; and you, Henry, have taken the only method which could reconcile me to bury the past in oblivion; henceforth we will each strive to do so; and on your word I rely for the respect due to him from you, while I safely pledge mine in return, that he will repay it with interest;" when taking Yamboo with him, he left Henry to execrate the unguarded folly which had betrayed sentiments he wished to have concealed from the knowledge of his father, and basely to meditate the dark revenge which could alone appease his proud resentful spirit.

The artless, unoffending victim, whom he would willingly have annihilated, and whom it was not possible for him to forgive, was, he knew, too well protected for open violation; to injure him in Captain Longford's opinion was equally impossible; and as the discovery of the contempt in which he held him would in future make his father more observant of his conduct towards him, he determined, great as was the task he imposed on his own feelings, to conceal, by a series of kind offices, that hatred which had been planted by jealousy, and was now cherished by revenge; and, happily for his own views, succeeded.

Convinced that Henry's altered conduct resulted from a conviction of his error, and a wish to atone for it, Captain Longford praised him for repeated acts of generosity, extolled the liberality of his conduct, and continually gave him credit for virtues to which his soul was a stranger.

Yamboo, by nature kind, affectionate, and generous, could never sufficiently express his gratitude for repeated proofs of attachment on the part of Henry. In his own breast he had long cherished it, but it had hitherto been always coolly received, and too often unkindly repulsed. He was now become so decided a favourite, that, whenever Captain Longford could dispense with his attendance, Henry had always some occasion for it; and so much of their time was passed together, that Yamboo looked forward with unfeigned regret to the period which was shortly to deprive him of a friend, whose society was become so valuable, and from whose evident partiality he had derived consequence.

Captain Longford's minute investigation of his son's character had ended in a firm belief, that to give him a commission, and send him out into the world, as he had himself entered it, was at once to hurl him into destruction; he had formerly indulged the wish of getting him into his own regiment, that he might have an opportunity of guiding his conduct, till reason enabled him to shun the follies most incident to unguarded youth; but, rendered incapable of military duty himself, he determined his future plans for Henry should be guided entirely by his abilities and propensities; the former qualified him for any profession, while the latter proved the army should be the last fixed on; and he no longer hesitated in his choice: but unwilling to assign his real motive for the proposed alteration, and believing deception in the present case laudable, he told Henry that, having been disappointed in his expectation of procuring the commission he wished to have obtained for him, it was amply compensated by a letter which he had received, in answer to one written by himself, from an old friend of his late father, who had for many years been eminently distinguished at the bar, and still continued an ornament to his profession, proving by his every action that there are not wanting, in the present age, both honourable and honest lawyers; that anxious to place him with a character so deservedly

esteemed, and convinced his own talents would place him high in the estimation of such a man, he hoped the choice he had ventured to make would meet with his entire approbation, as that alone was wanting, Mr. De Lasaux having assured him he should be happy to prove, by every attention in his power, to Mr. Henry Longford, the high respect he entertained for Captain Longford, and still cherished for the memory of his father.

The frequent mention of Mr. De Lasaux, with whom he knew Captain Longford corresponded, left Henry no stranger to a character of which so much had been said; but this weighed light in the scale of other matters, far more important to him, and he would have been quite as well pleased had he been less meritorious; but he lived in London, that dear delightful scene of dissipation, which he had so long impatiently desired to visit, and of which he had heard so much from a favourite cotemporary at the academy, whose father resided there, and who had himself been sent into Wales, to satisfy, as he said, the caprice of an old uncle, from whom he expected a handsome fortune, which was hereafter to be squandered with prodigal extravagance in the great metropolis; this friend had returned to London, would initiate him into all that was worthy the notice of such dashing, high-spirited young men, and they should together enjoy the reality of those bewitching pleasures which, as schoolboys, they had so often vainly anticipated.

The long-cherished hope of sporting a scarlet coat faded before the views he already had in perspective, and which rushing at once upon his delighted imagination, gave rise to feelings he could ill suppress; but it was requisite, in his politic mind, to make a merit of his acquiescence to the proposal thus unexpectedly made by his father, whom he assured, that however disappointed he might feel, in a point on the attainment of which he had perhaps allowed himself to be too sanguine, from a wish of endeavouring, by his own conduct, to prove to his king and country that the martial fire which distinguished Captain Longford had descended to a son, emulous to fill with honour the vacancy the fate of war, and not inclination, had made by his removal, still he embraced with pleasure the no less honourable profession he had chosen for him, having no will of his own, while a parent, so capable of judging for him, was spared to his filial wishes.

Pleased with his affectionate obedience, when he was in some degree prepared to combat the disappointment he expected Henry to express by every soothing argument in favour of the law, he embraced him with transport, at the same time assuring him, that having so far acceded to his wishes, he should find that a father's indulgence could keep pace with the merits of a dutiful son: and mutually pleased with each other, they parted—Captain Longford to congratulate himself in private on the success of his wishes, Henry to enjoy no less the promised completion of his; and, in the fulness of his heart, to impart to the unsuspecting Yamboo the conversation he had just had with his father.

The visible satisfaction with which he repeated it, evinced the pleasure he derived from the arrangement; and Yamboo's congratulations were offered with open sincerity: but, as the period of Henry's removal drew near, he was often thoughtful, and when asked the cause, replied—"Yamboo only thinking how much him look for masser Henry when him far away; but he no think of Yamboo."

"Indeed, my good friend," said Henry, with a smile, "that might have stood the test even of suspicion; you wrong me; I have long since learned to appreciate your worth, and have to regret my father's ill health obliges me to suppress the only wish his generous indulgence will leave unaccomplished at the hour of parting: to say how I should estimate your faithful services, if permitted to accompany me, is fruitless, since to make such a

request would be ungrateful, when I am aware that, was your master even in health, it would be a painful sacrifice on his part; but, though far from you, I shall ever bear in mind the debt I owe you, nor rest till I have in some way proved in what light I hold the preserver of my father's life."

"Oh, masser Henry," exclaimed the attached creature, "Yamboo no want rewards; him richly paid already; every kind word, every kind look make him debtor, not him young masser; and when him captain quite well, perhaps him bid Yamboo go stay with you some time."

Even the momentary anticipation of such a prospect lighted up Henry's countenance with the eager satisfaction it produced, for to such an event he looked with no common feelings; but the improbability that he should succeed in the attainment of this preparatory step to the design which was then engendering in his own mind, banished the smile, while he said—"Yamboo, I shall not be so happy; yet I am satisfied to know, that if an opportunity offered, you would not hesitate to come to me; and, in such a place as I understand London is, I might often derive comfort from the counsel of your good heart, and you would perhaps restrain me from the commission of many follies, into which my more heedless disposition may plunge me."

Had Henry made this appeal, and in the same language, to any one possessing a mind brilliant as his own, it could hardly have failed to please and gratify that vanity inherent to the human heart, ever called forth by a decided preference. The child of nature, to whom it was addressed, was only vulnerable to affection; artless and unsuspecting, he believed that Henry really wished to have him still about him; and the manner in which he expressed his wish awakened the sensibility much too keen for the situation destiny had marked out for him; and he promised, fatally promised, to solicit his captain for permission to accompany his young master, and remain with him till he became in some degree acquainted with the family he was going to join, when he would hasten back into Wales, satisfied with having performed a duty he owed both to father and son.

Captain Longford, delighted by every additional proof of Yamboo's attachment to himself and family, and no less so with the prudence of Henry, so manifest in the wish he expressed, together with his own inability, from continued ill health, to take the journey, felt pleased with the arrangement, till a sudden thought awakened the monitor, which seldom slumbers in that breast where deception has been practised—a visit to London might renew Yamboo's desire of tracing Mrs. Beresford, and some chance might conduct him to her late residence: for a moment he paused; and at length, feeling still irresolute, promised to weigh the matter well in his own mind, and either give his consent on the following morning, or such reasons as would justify his refusal of the proposed plan.

Yamboo, satisfied his captain could not err, however he decided the point, slept in peace, and waited the result of morning, without one of the many pangs which harassed Henry with a sleepless night, and still agitated him through hope and fear, as he anxiously waited to learn his father's determination at the breakfast-table.

Captain Longford's pillow-reflections were propitious to his son's wishes; they had lulled every fear to sleep by the improbability of Yamboo's seeking Colonel Beresford's lodgings, when he knew the family had left them for Scotland. In the next place, Mr. De Lasaux's residence was remote from that part of town to which, during his short stay in it, he was accustomed, and this would deter him from the attempt: therefore, having thus satisfied himself, and anxious that Henry should not travel alone, he told him he had

determined to gratify his wish of having Yamboo with him for a short time, great as would be his own inconvenience during that period; but that having reconciled himself to his new habitation, and procured a servant, he must restore to him the faithful creature, whose absence, added to his own, would leave a painful void.

END OF VOL. I.

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YAMBOO.

A TALE.

Lane, Darling, & Co. Leadenhall-Street.

YAMBOO;

OR,

*THE NORTH AMERICAN SLAVE.*

A TALE.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

THE BRAVO OF BOHEMIA.

Fleecy locks and black complexion  
Cannot forfeit Nature's claim;  
Skins may differ, but affection  
Dwells in black and white the same.

COWPER.

VOL. II.

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1812.

## YAMBOO.

### CHAP. I.

HENRY had no words to express his gratitude, for such he termed the savage joy which glowed in his breast on this double triumph; and Yamboo, satisfied that he had succeeded in his wish of obliging Henry, received Captain Longford's commands to prepare for the journey with pleasure.

Miss Longford alone regretted her brother's acquiescence, or, as she termed it, false indulgence to Henry's whims; for his many foibles had long since considerably diminished the regard she once bore him, and which she felt justified in transferring to the more worthy and deserving Yamboo; but he had done it with the best motive; therefore, having once given her opinion upon the subject, it was named no more, and she endeavoured, by every generous effort of kind attention, to compensate as much as possible the temporary loss her brother had sustained in the absence of his faithful attendant.

But a very few hours sufficed to convince him, that the sacrifice he had made to Henry's comforts was far greater than he had believed it possible, and his wants appeared to accumulate in proportion to the distance that conveyed Yamboo from him; for he had long since learned to anticipate his most trivial wishes, knew best how to administer his medicines, and prepare the little refreshments, by which alone his emaciated form and fluctuating health were supported; and scarcely could a remembrance of the short period he was to be absent stifle the regret he too late felt for having allowed him to go at all: while Henry, without one drawback on his visionary happiness, turned every thought to the pleasures which awaited him in the gay metropolis.

Captain Longford's parting benediction was accompanied by a sum of money bordering on extravagance, with full permission to draw upon him whenever he needed a fresh supply, or thought proper to do so, and several letters of introduction to friends of his own in London, independent of that which consigned him to the future care and protection of Mr. De Lasaux: the former faded with the last view of his father's mansion; the second, he resolved, should prove his own dashing spirit; and the latter, as they might be a means of enlarging his acquaintance, were preserved with care. The length of his journey allowed him sufficient time to arrange some of his plans; and the first step to be observed was the kind of character he meant to support with Mr. De Lasaux, whom he felt it would be his interest to impress with the most favourable opinion of his new inmate. To Henry Longford this was no difficult task—deception was his *forte*; and having already succeeded in the practice beyond even his own sanguine expectation, he did not despair of duping others as easily as he had done his father. The pleasing smile which played over his handsome features appeared much too easy not to be genuine; that smile had often been his passport to the favour of new acquaintance, and, in his first interview with Mr. De Lasaux's family, pleaded much in his behalf. Mrs. De Lasaux believed he would be a valuable acquisition to their little society; her two daughters, who were then at home during the school vacation, fancied he resembled a beloved brother, who had been more than two years abroad, and were on this account disposed to regard

him with more than common esteem; while Mr. De Lasaux, though equally pleased with his external appearance, hoped a longer and better acquaintance would prove his internal qualifications no less promising.

Henry, in the mean time, had formed his opinion of the whole family; the former he thought a genteel well-bred woman, and as such would be entitled to more attention than he should otherwise have paid her merely as the wife of Mr. De Lasaux, whom he had hoped to have found what he termed a plain, good kind of man; but he saw at one view the polished gentleman, and reluctantly felt, that much as he had ever prided himself on the ease of his own manners, which had always prevented his feeling the awkward kind of embarrassment he had so often observed in others more modest of their own merits than himself, there was a superiority in those of Mr. De Lasaux he was obliged to acknowledge, and before which his own consequence appeared diminished: but of this he alone was sensible; it was the awful difference between dark deception and conscious integrity; the first guarded every avenue to his heart, was the main-spring of all its movements; the second, with its train of relative virtues, glowed in that of Mr. De Lasaux, and gave to his fine dark eyes a penetrating look, that seemed to search beyond exterior views for the hidden beauty or deformity of the human mind; and Henry shrunk from the deep glance, which shewed him the necessity of still greater caution on his part.

Captain Longford, trusting wholly to repeated proofs of his son's affection for Yamboo for a continuance of it, and his suitable introduction to Mr. De Lasaux's family, had not named him in his own letter to that gentleman; and Henry having merely spoken of him as a faithful servant of his father, who was to remain with him till he could provide himself with one, Yamboo was of course consigned to the care of the other domestics, and there left without further notice, till the suavity of his manners, as usual, obtained him friends, though of the humble kind.

Henry, in the interim, had found out the residence of his early favourite, Charles Stukely, and the meeting was productive of mutual pleasure; each had much to communicate, and not less to hear; but as it was instantly agreed that as much of their time as possible should be spent together, it was requisite to introduce Charles as a friend and schoolfellow of his own to Mr. De Lasaux, who had no personal acquaintance with Stukely's father, or indeed any farther knowledge, than that he was said to live retired upon a small independence; but, on Henry's account, he was received with politeness, and a general invitation given to him, of which he availed himself.

Thus far every thing favoured the wishes of the young men, who at first cautiously embarked on the stream of folly, through which Charles was to pilot the impatient Henry. Already he had announced his arrival to a few chosen spirits, who were prepared to greet the Welsh stranger, and share the pleasures which he was to purchase; but they soon found, that profusely liberal as he was with money, they had no novice to deal with, and that the abilities which placed him above their power to pillage, rendered him every way worthy of being initiated into their society as one of the fraternity, of which Charles had long been a distinguished member; but, previous to this event, it was requisite he should follow the bent of his own inclination, which in every respect favoured their wishes.

Pleasure, unrestrained pleasure, was the first wish of his heart: but there was still another idol, whom pride and interest compelled him to worship—it was reputation.

A very short period sufficed to convince his new associates, there were few among them with whom he would not in time keep pace; while Mr. De Lasaux, on the other hand, pleased with talents which he did not hesitate to pronounce astonishing at his years, ventured to affirm such abilities, with far less perseverance than is in general requisite, could not fail to make him an able lawyer. Misled by his brilliant capacity, he had not yet so minutely examined other parts of his character: it was natural he should be charmed with London, for its busy scenes were suited to a lively disposition like his, and, so far as he believed consistent with prudence, allowed him to partake in all its varied amusements. He was not quite satisfied that Charles Stukely was altogether the companion he would himself have chosen for Henry Longford, yet, as his manners were perfectly characteristic of the gentleman, and as Captain Longford had allowed the acquaintance in Wales, he had no possible plea for disapproving it; added to which, the issue of many important suits, then depending, engrossed so much of his own time, that he had as yet found no leisure to make such inquiries relative to that young man's connexions, as it was his intention to do at a more convenient season. He had written to Captain Longford, expressing, as far as the short period enabled him to judge, the high opinion he had formed of his son's abilities, which authorized him to say, were such as promised to do honour to the profession he had chosen for him.

This letter, accompanied by one from Henry, expressive of his entire approbation of Mr. De Lasaux's family, and the happiness he enjoyed in it, with an assurance of his own and Yamboo's perfect health, was truly welcome to Captain Longford, and the more so as Henry, previous to the conclusion of his, added, that Charles Stukely, his old school friend, having partly engaged a servant, well known to his own family, for him, he felt happy in being able to restore that faithful creature to him, even sooner than his indulgent goodness had required; but well knowing how much he must need his attendance, and believing that anxious as Yamboo was to contribute to every one's comfort so dear to him, that he was nevertheless anxious to get back, he could not suffer his own convenience to be put in competition with the happiness of either; and that he would write again in a few days, to name that on which Yamboo would leave London for Wales.

With this arrangement for his departure, Yamboo was also acquainted, and his drooping heart revived as he heard the welcome information. Henry, it was true, treated him with kindness, but it was not the affectionate kindness, or marked attention, he had been accustomed to receive from him when in Wales; for he seldom saw him save when he was dressing, and then he was always in haste. The servants were particularly kind, but they had little leisure; and though in a fashionable part of London, where all was gaiety and bustle, Yamboo found himself a lone, solitary being, and impatiently sighed for the moment which was to restore him to his beloved captain, who it was his only satisfaction to believe would be no less happy to see him; hardly therefore could he restrain the joy he felt, when told by his young master he had engaged a servant, and that he should set out on the following week for his father's.

Henry saw the satisfaction this intelligence afforded him, and but that policy suppressed his resentment, had probably in some degree removed the mask which had hitherto so well concealed the traitor; but he merely said—"I am not surprised you should wish to leave London, Yamboo, for unfortunately I am so circumstanced here, as to be unable to pay you that attention I wished to have done, and I fear your time has not passed so pleasantly as I wished it should have done; but you cannot feel any apparent

neglect on my part more than I do; and I rejoice that in returning to my father, you will in his indulgent kindness soon forget the short period you have sacrificed to my convenience.”

Yamboo could not dissemble he had keenly felt the difference, and only said—“Yamboo know him captain must want him much, therefore he glad to hear masser Henry do without him.” Nor was this a vague conjecture; for the morning which saw the promised letter laid upon his breakfast-table, was the only really happy hour which Captain Longford had known since the departure of his servant. Elated by the idea of his being already on his journey, his every complaint, real or imaginary, was forgotten; he knew the day, even the hour, on which the stage Henry had named would arrive at the post-house in the neighbouring inn, which was situated three miles from his own residence; and to this day all his attention was turned, with even childish impatience.

The welcome period at length presented itself, hardly less desired by Miss Longford and Yamboo’s fellow-servants than it had been by his master, at whose request one of them set out to meet him at the inn, and accompany him to the happy home, and warm welcome, which awaited his return.

Captain Longford had seated himself at the window of his library, which commanded a view of the avenue leading from the main road, through his small but beautiful park, and through which Yamboo must pass to the house. The period was suited to meditation, and he insensibly fell into a long train of reflection, which led him back not only to the wonderful event which had brought him acquainted with the faithful creature who at that moment engrossed all his attention, but to many subsequent ones. He had always promised Yamboo to protect him while he lived, but his ruined health made that protection too precarious; he had therefore, during this painful absence, made his will, in the which the most liberal provision was secured to him, and with which he meant to acquaint him on his return. There was a pleasure in anticipating the gratitude he would express, and already he saw the affectionate tear, which ever glistened in his expressive eyes when the feelings of his heart were too big for utterance; his own was softened by the idea, and he mentally exclaimed—“Generous boy, knowing, as I have long done, your inestimable worth, your tried fidelily, and needing, as I do, a friend, why can I not impart to thee the corrosive secret that wrings this erring heart, and at once stifle the pang of remorse, which grows keener by concealment!”

Again he sunk into a deep reverie, in which honour and justice were combated by pride and worldly prudence; nor was the contest decided in his irresolute mind, when Joseph approached the window, slowly, dejected, and alone.

## CHAP. II.

STARTING from his seat, Captain Longford threw up the sash, and eagerly exclaimed—“Where is my——where is Yamboo?”

“Indeed, sir,” replied his servant, in a tone of disappointment, “I cannot inform you: the coachman says a place was booked for him by a young gentleman, and that he said his servant would sleep at the house from whence the coach sets out, to be in readiness, but that he never came; and, though they were nearly an hour later than usual before they started, owing to some repairs being done to the coach, there was no tidings of him when they left the inn.”

“Strange! incomprehensible!” said his agitated master; “what is to be done?”

This was a question no one could answer. Miss Longford looked her surprise; and the expectation which had sat so light in every bosom gradually diminished, under the more potent influence of severe disappointment.

Seeing the too visible uneasiness in his master’s countenance, which betrayed the anxiety passing in his mind, and knowing how much even the slightest irritation injured his health, Joseph at length ventured to say—“ ’Tis most likely your honour will have a letter by to-morrow’s post.”

Uncertain as this might be, it was something for hope to rest upon; and desirous of any refuge from the terrors which already assailed him for Yamboo’s safety, he eagerly caught at it—“Yes, he must have been ill,” replied Captain Longford, “and Henry will write; but why not by the coachman, when he must have known how firmly I should expect him on this day? but to-morrow, I trust, the fearful mystery will be explained.” That to-morrow, succeeded by several others, passed on, but brought not the expected relief. For some days he endured all the horror of suspense; for having no longer a reason to assign for the strange detention, imagination sickened at his own dark surmises; and having dispatched a letter to Henry, fraught with the most keen reproaches for his ungenerous silence, he resigned himself entirely to the gloomy predilection which had possessed his mind, that Yamboo was lost to him for ever, an idea that added bitterness to the wound which had so long (as he said) rankled by concealment, and would now descend with him to the silent grave, aggravated by the folly of procrastination, which had hitherto prevented his unburthening his heart to the only being he felt capable of soothing him into a forgetfulness of the guilty error he had committed—the only being calculated to speak peace to that aching heart, which too late, more than ever, panted to lay open its inmost recesses to his pitying eye. He had yet to learn how hardly destiny was dealing with *him* whom it was his duty to have sheltered and rescued from every ill.

Yamboo had seen the letter deposited in the post-office, which conveyed the welcome intelligence of his return to his captain, had most joyfully packed up his little portmanteau, and with no less pleasure took leave of his London friends, previous to his setting out for the inn, where, as the coachman had said, he was to sleep. Henry had promised to accompany him, and a hackney-coach was called to convey them, in which they had proceeded through several streets, when his master recollected an appointment he had with Charles Stukely, who was to wait his arrival at an hotel they were to pass on their way to Piccadilly; having reached this house, Henry alighted to inquire for his friend, when the coachman, closing the door after him, remounted his box, and, to the

utter astonishment of Yamboo, drove off with a velocity which rendered all his commands for him to stop unavailing; the fellow either did not hear him, or obstinately persisted in disregarding his orders. Almost as great a stranger as though he had never been in London, and from the hour of the evening, which produced no light but that issuing from the numerous lamps and shop windows, he was perfectly ignorant of the route he was pursuing; but naturally concluding Mr. Longford had told the coachman, on their first setting out, at what inn they were to stop, his chief concern was the surprise his master would feel on finding the coach gone. These reflections were at last interrupted by its stopping, as he judged, in Piccadilly; and, upon the door being opened for him to alight, he said rather hastily, without looking out—"Why you not stop for my masser?"

"Because I had no orders to do so," replied the man in a surly tone of voice; at the same time taking up his portmanteau, and making towards the house before which his coach stood.

Hurt at the uncouth answer, Yamboo followed him in silence to a small room, into which a waiter led the way, and which he had no sooner entered than both his attendants retired, without allowing him one moment to speak to either. One solitary candle threw its dim light around the apartment, which appeared to him large and gloomy; the stale vapours of tobacco almost suffocated him; and a chilling sensation insensibly crept round his heart, as he stood silently surveying the shabby furniture, scattered in confusion over it. Something whispered him there must be a mistake, and that this certainly could not be the inn at which his young master had booked his place for the coach; and, for the first time, perceiving the bell, he rung it eagerly, and no less impatiently demanded of the man who obeyed his summons, and was the same he had seen before, if he was in any part of Piccadilly?

"Lord bless you!" he replied, as if astonished at his ignorance, "you are far enough from Piccadilly; why this is Tower Hill; though, for the matter of that, you may find as good accommodation at the Gun Tavern as at some of the houses in Piccadilly."

"But me no want accommodation," said Yamboo, vexed at the coachman's stupidity in mistaking the place; "my masser expect me at the inn, and the coach set off in the morning before me get there, unless me go directly; for masser never think where to find me, but he stay at the White Bear till me go to him."

"Oh yes," said the fellow, smiling at the artless harangue, "I'll get you a coach, and a companion to see you safe to your master."

"Thank you," replied the unsuspecting creature, as he seated himself to wait its arrival. His own anxiety of mind had hitherto rendered him unconscious of the tumult which now appeared to reign in the house, and to which he continued listening with astonishment, when a gentleman in uniform, accompanied by three sailors, entered the apartment. The former, looking at him very attentively, said—"Are you the lad who was to have set out for Wales to-morrow morning?"

"Yes, sir," he replied, rising as he spoke; "but the coachman not wait when my masser stop for a gentleman, and now him make mistake, and bring me to the wrong house."

"And that being the case," returned the navy officer, to whom he was speaking, "you must now make up your mind to go with me, instead of your master; your journey into Wales will only be put off for a little while; and, in the mean time, you must go into my ship instead of a coach."



To the astonished Yamboo every word was unintelligible; but, before he could ask an explanation, one of the sailors, clapping him on the shoulder, said—"Come, my lad, we have no time to lose; 'tis getting late, and you look too good-natured to give us any trouble."

"What you mean?" he at length faltered, half frightened at the strange appearance and address of these people; "what you mean? Yamboo not stir but to find him masser."

"As to that," replied one of the sailors, "you may spare yourself the trouble; masters are not so easily found in London; beside, our captain will make you a much better one than him you have lost; therefore you may as well go quietly, for go you must."

Terror of he knew not what now roused every faculty, as he eagerly demanded where he was to go?

"Only into a ship instead of a coach," said the young officer who had first spoken to him.

"And for what me go into a ship?" he again asked.

"To serve his majesty, my honest fellow, and fight for Old England."

Still unable to comprehend the full extent of that misery which awaited him, but too well convinced he was in danger of being rudely torn from every friend, he resolutely persisted in declaring he would not stir from that house till day-light, when he should take a coach and return to Mr. De Lasaux's house, where he was sure to find his master, who would severely punish the man that had brought him into so much trouble.

"All that palaver may do for some people," said a seaman, who had not spoken before, "but we stand no nonsense. Come, captain," he continued, turning to the officer, "say the word, and let us be off; it wont do to stand shilly-shally here all night, when we must go at last."

"I have already told you, my lad," said the young gentleman, again addressing Yamboo, "that you must go with me. I have no time to answer your questions why or wherefore it is so; for your own sake, I hope you will come peaceably; but, if you do not, these men, as well as myself; must do our duty."

Too late convinced he had nothing to hope for, anger, terror, and resentment, at once actuated him; in vain he told them his master would demand him at their hands; they only laughed at his threats. From their mercy he had nothing to expect: for their callous hearts, deadened by their savage employment to every feeling of humanity, disregarded his pathetic appeal to that kindness they knew not; and he now resisted their attempts to seize him, with a strength almost supernatural; but it could not long avail him; overpowered by the number, and levelled to the ground by a degrading blow from one of the fellows, his agonized heart sunk beneath it; and, as the warm blood flowed from the wound he had received, he fervently prayed it might foretell the death for which only he wished, and which could alone release him from his savage oppressors, who, maddened by the unexpected resistance they had met with, inhumanly enjoyed his sufferings as they dragged him forth from the house. Revived by the fresh air, which blew keen upon his defenceless and wounded head, he threw his aching eyes around him, for that succour of which he stood in need; but he was hurried on, with a haste that ill suited the weak state to which his own exertions and ill treatment had reduced him.

Arrived at the water-side, he was rather thrown than led into a boat, which instantly put off from the shore, and in a short time conveyed him on board a tender, into

the hold of which, already crowded with beings as miserable and destitute of relief as himself, was the lost Yamboo thrust, without one hope to sooth the piercing despair which had already entered his soul.

Two days passed on, a mournful blank in his calendar of life, and hardly could he be said to exist. Injured in health, sick at heart, he had no inclination to take the wretched food offered to himself and companions in misery; nor was there any one to urge his acceptance of it. Dejected and sullen, he scarcely raised his eyes from the ground, and if by chance he did so, they encountered only some pale visage, on which the characters of despair were as legibly written as he felt them engraved on his own sad heart; if his ear caught a sound, it was that of lamentation, mingled with horrid execrations on the authors of their misery, or blasphemous denunciations of vengeance from the wretched captives: but Yamboo's grief was not of this nature; he was only sensible of the cruelty which had so unexpectedly separated him from his fondly-remembered captain, and saw no possibility of making his situation known to those whose power alone could release him.

His passion had subsided into that calm which inspired but one wish; it was to lay down the life he felt a painful burden, and to resign into his Maker's hands the broken spirit, whose only refuge was its God—that God whom Mrs. Beresford had first taught him to know, and whom from that period he had served, worshipped, and adored, with undiminished ardour.

There were moments when a faint hope pervaded his gloomy mind, that Mr. Longford, having missed him on his arrival at the inn, would certainly endeavour to find the coachman, and having done so, might trace him to the house where he had left, and from thence to his dreadful dungeon, which might easily be done, if he remembered the number of the coach; but all depended upon this requisite precaution, which had too assuredly been omitted, as on the third morning of his dreary imprisonment, the miserable captive was removed from the vessel into a much smaller one, which he learned from his fellow-prisoners, who were better skilled than himself in the nature of their confinement, was to convey the impressed men on board the receiving-ship at the Nore, from which they should be again drafted on board different ships, to serve during the war, or the king's pleasure.

Among this wretched number Yamboo was enrolled, and to this fate consigned, without one effort to rescue him; still his unsuspecting heart, deeply as it was lacerated, dreamed not of treachery; and while he lamented his now cruel destiny, often heaved a sigh, for the sorrow into which it would plunge his captain, and the severe anguish he believed his young master would feel, from having been, though innocently, the cause of all his sufferings, by leaving him as he had done.

On their arrival at the Nore, they were, as he had been informed, conveyed on board the Sandwich; but as several ships were then detained at Portsmouth, waiting for their complement of men, this fresh supply was sent off to join them. Alike indifferent to all that passed, Yamboo had been harassed from one vessel to the other, till he reached that in which he was told he might prepare himself for a long voyage, as it was reported she was going upon a foreign station, and might be absent from England three years—intelligence which served to strengthen the fatal resolution he had made, to take no steps for the preservation of his miserable life, which he rather wished to shorten than prolong: he had hardly tasted food since he left London, and he still obstinately adhered to refusing it.

In his many conversations with the amiable Mrs. Beresford, on the duty and privileges of a Christian, it had never occurred to her, that it was requisite he should be told they gave him no power over his own life; that it must be retained till required of him by his Creator, and that he was not to lay it down at will, and heedlessly, uncalled and unprepared, rush into the presence of his Maker; for never had her generous heart surmised the child of her bounty would be placed in a situation so distressing, that only the dark and silent grave could promise a refuge from the unmerited storm; but this storm had now overtaken him, and remembering only the mercy which he knew to be the first great attribute of Omnipotence, he saw no violation of duty in the rash idea he had formed, of removing the only barrier between him and that state which would at once effectually screen him from the power of his enemies, and place him with his God; the means only was to be determined, for the fatal resolution had been taken: had he been told the nature of the crime he thought of, that it not only militated against his duty as a Christian, but his hopes of salvation, his heart, recoiling from the perpetration of the deed, would have patiently lingered out the remnant of a wretched existence, and stemmed the torrent of increasing misery; but unconscious of the dreadful error into which despair had plunged him, he waited but for the opportunity, which too soon presented itself for the completion of his silently cherished project. Scarcely heeding the harsh mandates which urged him to pass on, he mechanically followed the steps of his no less distressed companions, as they slowly ascended the side of that vessel which was shortly to convey them from every relative tie of duty and affection. Tottering under the weakness of debilitated nature, and totally unmindful of the observation he attracted, Yambo, on reaching the deck, insensibly clung to a part of the rigging, for that support which his own exhausted strength refused to supply; but he required no advocate to plead his cause, or procure for him that pity he so much needed; it is the natural produce of an Englishman's heart, and springs spontaneously in every class, equally prolific, from the heart which beats beneath the embroidered vest, to that of the rude unpolished sailor, who passes a perilous life on the uncertain deep. Many of the latter pressed around the patient sufferer, and as they marked the deep characters of silent woe stamped upon every feature, which even his colour could not conceal, they generously bid him take comfort, and in a voice of kindness offered him refreshment. Their commiseration was a soothing balm, for which in his heart he gratefully thanked them; but no entreaties could prevail upon him to swallow more than a little cold water, and which his parched throat required. Believing his sorrow arose solely from the repugnance he felt to serve on board a man of war, they hoped a few days would see him more reconciled; and during that time they endeavoured to amuse and sooth him by repeated acts of kindness and attention; but it was a vain effort; and, as obstinacy is too often attributed to people of colour, they began to suspect he was less worthy their care than they had at first believed, from the impression his interesting countenance had made upon their rough nature when he first joined them; and he was, in consequence of these surmises, again left to his own painful reflections, which still presented the only alternative allowed him, and he determined no longer to delay embracing it.

He recollected, but for the exertion which had been used, how soon his fellow-servant Edward would have lost his life, and the same method promised the speediest termination of his own; the darkness of night would favour his wishes, and he resolved to loiter on deck, till he might unperceived plunge into the fatal waves.

An officer who was quitting the ship on leave of absence for a few days, just as Yamboo entered it, was no less struck by his appearance than many of the sailors had been, and his fixed dejection had occurred frequently to his mind during the visit he was making to some friend near Portsmouth, and on his return to the vessel, he made particular inquiry concerning him. Yamboo, intent on the idea which absorbed every other thought, was as usual pacing the deck with crossed arms, and anxiously waiting the tardy approach of night, which appeared more than ever tedious, when he was summoned to the quarter-deck; dreading nothing so much as an interruption, he reluctantly obeyed, by following the messenger, when the officer, in the mild accents of humanity, questioned him as to his former situation, and by what means he had been pressed into the service, and who and what were his friends and connexions?

Without knowing the purport of these inquiries, Yamboo told his plain, unvarnished story, from the period of his leaving Wales to that which had seen him conveyed on board his present ship; and in his simple narrative of facts, so pathetically described the situation of Captain Longford, in being deprived of a servant whom habit and affection had rendered so essential to him, as also the severe remorse his young master would feel from having so unfortunately, though innocently, deprived his father of a servant whom he valued so much, and had so reluctantly parted from, that it heightened the warm interest his auditor had already taken in his welfare into a determination of relating the whole business to the captain of the ship. There was something in the manner of Yamboo being consigned, as it were, into the hands of a press-gang that appeared mysterious; nor could he in his own mind, though he knew not why, altogether acquit this young man, of whom Yamboo spoke so feelingly, of some knowledge of the transaction; he, however, inquired his address, as well as that of Captain Longford, which Yamboo readily gave him: "And now, my good lad," said the officer, "having heard your story, the truth of which I cannot for a moment doubt, you must hear my determination: I am given to understand you have hitherto refused all sustenance, and have abandoned yourself to a hapless kind of grief, which account your present appearance corroborates; be assured I will instantly make your case known to those who alone have the power to see justice done you; nor do I hesitate to pronounce you will be permitted to return to Captain Longford; but, in the mean time, it is my express commands that you take whatever nourishment I provide for you; and more, that, relying on my wish to serve you all in my power, you will no longer give way to grief; otherwise I revoke my promise, and will no longer interest myself in your fate, or even write to acquaint your master with your present situation."

It was not possible to resist such unexpected goodness; and Yamboo having gratefully expressed his feelings, joyfully promised to do whatever he was desired; and soothed by the promised hopes of once more seeing his beloved captain, he became as eager to cherish life as he had lately been intent on destroying it. Health had, during his confinement, been of the least consequence—least wished for, and corrosive sorrow had rendered him insensible of its rapid decline; but returning spirits brought not renovated strength; and the appetite, which he had so long baffled, now refused to relish even the dainties of which he might have partaken.

His kind friend had so far succeeded in interesting the captain for him, that the latter, having seen him on visiting his ship, took him on shore to his own lodgings, where

he designed he should remain till he received an answer from the admiralty board respecting him, having already laid the business before their lordships.

The surgeons believed fresh air and gentle exercise would prove more beneficial than medicine towards his recovery, and for this purpose much of his time was spent in walking, by the express orders of his captain, who having written to acquaint Mr. Henry Longford with his situation, advising him, at the same time, to make personal application at the admiralty relative to Yamboo, was no less surprised than himself that his letter was still unanswered; nearly a fortnight had elapsed, and to his eagerly expecting mind it was a wearisome age.

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### CHAP. III.

RUMINATING on the strange silence, his pensive steps had one evening carried him so near the ruins of South Sea Castle, that his attention was aroused by a loud laugh, and the sound of several female voices on the battlements. Carelessly looking up, he observed a party of ladies, who were leaning over, and conversing gaily with some one on the parade ground below, but whom the distance he was from them prevented his seeing. No otherwise interested in the circumstance than as it had interrupted his own less pleasant thoughts, he quitted the beach, on which he had been walking, and took the road towards home; on gaining which, he observed a servant waiting near the castle with saddled horses, which he supposed belonged to the little cheerful party he had just left; but scarcely had he proceeded half a mile, when the velocity with which he heard some one following him occasioned his looking round, when he perceived a lady riding with a speed that convinced him her horse must have taken fright. At that moment the animal made a sudden stand, and in the next reared up, when Yamboo, seeing the danger, which her screams augmented, darted forward, and caught the bridle, which its rider's weak hands had no longer power to retain: this timely check checked the creature, who patiently allowed him to take his fair burden, now totally insensible, from the saddle. At the instant, the whole party came up to them, fearful of following with equal speed, lest it should increase her danger. Their agony was insupportable, but having seen her almost miraculous deliverance, they ventured to advance. One gentleman, who had outstripped the rest, snatched her from Yamboo's arms, eagerly exclaiming—"Emmeline, my child, speak to your distracted father!" She had only fainted, and almost as instantly opened her eyes, which she fixed upon her preserver, whom till that moment no one had noticed; he stood as if transfixed with terror to the spot; his hands were clasped, his whole frame shook, while his quivering lips refused to articulate a sound, though they appeared to make the attempt. Seeing his situation, one of the gentlemen said—"Surely, Colonel Beresford, the poor fellow must be hurt."

Hitherto intent on the recovery of his child, Colonel Beresford, for it was himself, had been allowed no time even to observe, much less to reward her deliverer, and his feelings now reproached him for the neglect, as he looked up to him; but the potent spell which had bound every faculty was broken, the name so loved, so revered, by confirming his doubts, restored him strength and speech; and throwing himself at the colonel's feet, and frantically embracing his knees, he exclaimed—"Oh, my colonel! not know him lost, him wretched Yamboo?"

"Heavens!" exclaimed colonel Beresford, scarcely less agitated, "is it possible! Emmeline, my love, look upon your lost favourite. Not know you, my poor boy!" he continued; "only the danger of my child, only such a dreadful moment, could have concealed you from the friend who has so long and anxiously sought you," at the same time raising him from the ground; while Emmeline impatiently caught his hand, as she said—"Yamboo, I bless the accident which has led to such a discovery; but I will not now thank you for my life; come with us, that my dearest mother may herself reward you, for she alone can do it. Why have you so long forsaken us, and that too in the same country?"

Looking mournfully in her face, he burst into tears; when the colonel, having partially explained the singular interview to the rest of the party, entreated Yamboo to accompany them home, as he could on no account think of again losing sight of him; but what was his consternation, anger, and surprise, when he was made acquainted with the manner in which he had been brought to Portsmouth, and that he was then only at large on the honour of his captain! but he had no sooner mentioned his name, than the colonel said—"Thus far, then, my poor fellow, the difficulty of your returning with us is obviated; I am personally known to your captain, and must instantly explain my claims to him; at all events, you will go with me, and I shall be responsible to him for your safety."

Yamboo, engrossed by the various sensations that agitated him, had no longer a will but his colonel's, by whose side he continued to walk, while his eager eyes gazed alternately on him and his lovely daughter, almost doubting if what he saw was indeed reality; while they, in turn, no less astonished at the unexpected recovery of their long-lost favourite, and that at such a moment, continued anxiously surveying the altered appearance of their faithful Yamboo, whom they had no sooner conducted to the gentleman's house where they were then visiting, than Colonel Beresford, impatient to regain his long-sought and deeply-regretted servant, left him in charge of Emmeline, while he waited upon his captain.

Satisfied of his colonel's safety, Yamboo's first eager inquiry, on reaching the house, had been for Mrs. Beresford; but he was disappointed on hearing she was then at Chichester with her youngest daughter; that the colonel and Miss Beresford had been only two days in Portsmouth, and intended leaving it on the following one; "but now that you are to accompany us, my good Yamboo," said the delighted Emmeline, "I shall think that to-morrow an age, so impatient am I to assure my beloved mother of your safety: but you have not yet inquired by what means dear papa was restored to us."

"Oh, Miss Emmeline," he replied, "Yamboo have so much to ask, he not know what him must say first."

"And I too," said she, interrupting him, "am desirous of knowing where you have been, and what doing, since we lost you."

"Yamboo know only sorrow since then," he answered, "and now him very wretched; but he have seen him colonel, and he will die happy."

"But you are not going to die now, my good boy," she returned, with the sweet affability which had made her his favourite when a child; "we shall take you away from the people who have made you so wretched, and you will again be as happy with us as before that dreadful voyage to the East Indies."

At that moment Colonel Beresford rejoined them, and with a countenance expressive of his benign feelings, said—"Again, my good and worthy Yamboo, I am enabled to promise you freedom; you are at liberty to return with me to your benefactors, and in the bosom of my grateful family, you shall forget your unmerited hardships; for I have learned from your excellent captain what you have suffered, and my heart is yet pained by the recital: but we will cease to remember the past, or only remember it to make our future happiness more valuable: an order from the admiralty for your discharge this day reached Captain Tomlinson, who only waited your return to apprise you of the welcome intelligence; judge then how joyfully I undertook to communicate it. He has also received a letter from a Mr. Longford relative to you; but eager as I am to learn farther particulars respecting that name, I shall suppress it till we arrive at my own house.

I have, in the mean time, given my address for that gentleman with your captain; and if he is really as anxious to see you as his letter expresses, he will think a ride of seven miles a small addition to his trouble for attainment of that satisfaction."

"Oh, he will soon be here," said the delighted creature; "masser Henry once know where him poor Yamboo be, and he make much haste to find him."

"Perhaps so," replied Colonel Beresford coolly, and not quite so satisfied in that point as the generous Yamboo; "at all events, I shall have an opportunity of personally asserting my claims to become your future protector, and his, or his father's, must be powerful indeed, if they can supersede mine; for I would not willingly believe that even this long separation, my poor boy, has weakened the strong attachment you once evinced for my family, who with myself have never ceased to regret your loss, and which, together with the situation I found you in, has contributed to strengthen the regard we have ever felt for you. But why this sorrowing countenance?" he continued, observing Yamboo's pensive eyes fixed on the ground, as if lost in thought; "have you still any doubts of your freedom being secure, or have you a cause for grief beyond that with which I am already acquainted, and which exists no longer?"

Yamboo's heart was heavily oppressed; he had much to communicate, but knew not where to begin: he saw before him the kind benefactor, for whose fate he had so long sorrowed, for whose restoration he had so often prayed; yet, now that it was effected, there were powerful drawbacks upon his expected joy: that kind benefactor was still his friend; his family, in which alone he had ever enjoyed perfect happiness, were again anxious to receive him; Mrs. Beresford, the excellent Mrs. Beresford, would welcome his return, and beneath their roof he might forget every past sorrow; but there was a barrier to that return, which he wanted resolution to explain. In the first moment of extatic joy, on beholding his long-lost colonel in safety, he forgot the world contained one being of equal value to him; but Captain Longford, and all the train of powerful obligations which bound him to that no less deserving friend, now passed through his imagination, and almost taxed him with ingratitude, for hesitating to make known those claims which must of necessity divide his future attentions; both he could not serve. Ill, helpless, and relying upon him for the very few comforts he could enjoy, was it possible to forsake his captain? and to tell Colonel Beresford he must resign the offered protection, was a task from which his grateful heart recoiled with horror; and it was these reflections which occupied his mind when the colonel's address obliged him to speak—"Yamboo have much to make him sad," he said mournfully; "but to-morrow him colonel hear him whole story, see him heart; then he no longer wonder Yamboo no smile."

Vague and unsatisfactory as was this answer, Colonel Beresford suppressed the anxiety he felt to know more till he reached home; and having named an early hour for their setting off on the following morning, Yamboo was dismissed for the night, to enjoy undisturbed his own reflections, and comment on the various occurrences of the evening, among which his own release from a disgraceful confinement was least thought of: again he reverted to the second separation from his colonel; but he endeavoured to persuade himself, that having once more seen Mrs. Beresford and her daughter, and witnessed their returning happiness, he could tear himself from them, because then he alone would be the sufferer, as he was no otherwise necessary to their comfort than as their generous hearts felt a gratification in contributing to the happiness of a being they had rescued from oppression, and reared by their bounty; while, on the other hand, Captain Longford had



taught him to believe his presence was even requisite to his existence, and he knew how much he depended upon his attentions to him: but less interested in the fate of Captain Longford, as a stranger to them, would they not deem this preference vile ingratitude? how should he clear himself from the foul charge? how explain the tumultuous feelings of that heart so devoted to each? yet so strangely situated, it was a painful conflict, which his pillow had not enabled him to decide, when the rosy morn called him from its embrace, and for a while suspended the painful reflection by the more pleasing one, which promised an interview with his benefactress; and he met the colonel and Miss Beresford with a placid smile, which heightened the satisfaction they already felt in returning home, with such a pleasing and unhoped-for addition to their little party.

The colonel, during the night, had, like Yamboo, ruminated on the incidents of the evening with no common feelings. That he should have recovered his lost favourite, at a moment so replete with danger to his child, seemed a second interposition of that Providence which, in imminent danger, had so graciously restored him to his sorrowing family. With part of the promised story he was already acquainted, as far as it related to the singular preservation of Captain Longford's life, and Yamboo's return with him to England—circumstances which were communicated to satisfy his eager and anxious inquiries: his own emancipation from a dreadful confinement enabled him to set them on foot for the recovery of his faithful servant; for, during that confinement, neither bribes or entreaties could procure the only consolation he dared to expect, and which might in some degree have mitigated the hopeless misery to which he was consigned by a tyrant, whose heart was ever callous to the suffering captive.

During the eventful night when the allied armies first attacked the sultan's lines, Colonel Beresford fought with distinguished bravery, till a severe wound, which at the moment he believed a fatal one, unhorsed him. Such was the general confusion of that critical moment, that a party of the enemy, who were retreating, seeing his situation, and actually mistaking him for an officer of Lally's brigade, who, from wearing a similar uniform, had effected their escape in a singular manner through the lines, raised him from the ground, and conveyed him into Tippoo's fortified camp; but the mistake was no sooner discovered, and his rank made known, than the sultan gave orders that the strictest attention should be paid to his recovery, till his future pleasure respecting him should be made known; and these orders were so punctually fulfilled, that, though he had been previously conveyed into close confinement, his wounds were skilfully healed; and returning health again enabled him not only to feel more keenly the horrors of his own situation, which promised an almost certain, though protracted death, but also the despair of his amiable family, and the painful remembrance of his faithful Yamboo, whose unfeigned sorrow he could well surmise. He heard that a treaty of peace had been signed, and that Tippoo was again left in quiet possession of his immense territories; but this intelligence was conveyed but with a view of heightening his despair, by a conviction that he had now no hope of release; and it was the only information allowed to reach the interior of the miserable dungeon, to which, on his perfect recovery, he had been removed, and where, tortured with chains, whose iron bondage pierced his soul, he lingered out revolving years, uncertain of to-morrow's fate; till the restless ambition of the tyrant again brought on his own devoted head that scourge, which was to avenge the sufferings of those whom he had sacrificed, with unprecedented cruelty, to his unjust and lawless measures; again, by violating the treaties he was bound to observe, he braved the

power which he secretly dreaded; and again saw collected round his magnificent, great, and wealthy capital, an army, from whose mercy he in turn had nothing to hope: all that his own arm, nerved by desperation, and aided by innumerable troops, could achieve, was done; but all was ineffectual; the fiat was gone forth, which doomed to certain death a monarch, whose talents, rightly applied, might have rendered him a brilliant star in the Eastern hemisphere, where he only shone a dreadful meteor of terror and distrust: in one instant plunged from the high pinnacle of abused power, and his proud honours levelled with the dust, he was destined, if sensible of his wretched fate, at the awful moment of closing existence, to breathe the last sigh of convulsive nature in a vile ditch, surrounded by the murdered corpses of his meanest vassals, between whom and himself there was no longer a distinction.

His death gave freedom to many a weary prisoner, whom even hope had forsaken, and among that number Colonel Beresford; his dungeon-doors were thrown open by the British soldiers, who, on their first entering Seringapatam, generously sought in every prison the victims, which a long knowledge of Tippoo's character induced them to believe were dragging on a wretched existence in them; but with such secrecy had the fate of Colonel Beresford been kept, that nothing could be more unexpected than his appearance among the wretched captives, who hailed their deliverer with shouts of gratitude; and scarcely had he received the unfeigned congratulations of the British officers upon his release, than he eagerly sought among them some one who might be enabled, distant as was the period, to give him some clue to the destiny of poor Yamboo. The story of Captain Longford's wonderful escape from death, and the means by which it was effected, were still remembered, though the regiment to which he belonged had left India; and the story was now communicated, as also his having returned to England, accompanied by his preserver. Thither Colonel Beresford soon followed, and without any impediment reached a small villa he possessed in Sussex, to which, and not into Scotland, as was represented to Yamboo, Mrs. Beresford had retired a short time after their departure for India, and where she still cherished, in silent anguish, the memory of a beloved and lost husband, unconscious of the happiness which awaited her, for of his return she had no longer a hope, when a friend, who had accompanied him from London for that purpose, announced not only his perfect safety, but his impatience to embrace the objects of his fondest affection, who, in that welcome, unhopd-for embrace, forgot all but gratitude for the mercy which had so long protected, and again restored him to them. Their eager inquiries relative to his mysterious and long concealment from them, included Yamboo; and their disappointment could only be exceeded by his own, when the colonel assured them, that, having traced him to England, he had expected to find him beneath their roof; naturally concluding that he would have returned to his family for that protection, of which his own uncertain fate had deprived him; but it was evident he had not attempted to do so, as in that case he would have made inquiries for Mrs. Beresford, at the house in which they had resided previous to his leaving England, and where her address in Sussex was well known; of course it was easy to trace her. Many and various were the conjectures as to his destiny, and unsuccessful every inquiry, the short period of Colonel Beresford's return had allowed them to make, when Providence enabled him to repay that debit of gratitude which his generous heart so delighted in acknowledging, by preserving the life of a daughter so dear to his first and kindest benefactor, who feeling in

turn his debtor, nobly resolved to reward the deed, by marked attention to his future comfort, unconscious that a second separation was to frustrate his generous design.

There was an evident embarrassment in Yamboo's manner; but, far from suspecting the real cause, he attributed it wholly to the mingled sensations of joy and surprise, which their unexpected meeting might well have occasioned in a stronger mind; and the manner in which he had been pressed into the navy, as related by Captain Tomlinson, having sown the seed of suspicion in his own breast relative to Mr. Longford's knowledge of the business, he conjectured that he should find from Yamboo's little account, that he had experienced treatment previous to this transaction which had stung his feeling soul, and given him cause for sorrow. No sooner, therefore, was the affecting interview between Mrs. Beresford, Matilda, and the faithful creature over, than the colonel kindly entreated him to terminate their painful suspense to know what had befallen him, by a minute detail of the leading events since the moment of his own supposed death, on the night so fatal to the happiness of both; "but as mine is perhaps the shortest story," he continued, "and you have expressed no less anxiety to hear it, I will first tell you by what means I escaped death, and was, as you see, restored in health and safety to my family." He then explained, in as few words as possible, all that related to himself: and Yamboo, in turn, became his own narrator, while his deeply-interested auditors lost not a word of his simple and affecting story; for his sufferings the tear of sympathy fell unrestrained; and as, in artless language, he proved the strength of his unabated attachment to them, they rejoiced that, having again found him, they could, by contributing to his future happiness, share the remembrance of every past trial; but, as he continued to expatiate upon the unbounded generosity of Captain Longford, and repeated instances of his affection, with that he acknowledged for him in return, they were prepared to consider him as a powerful rival, who would perhaps wean him from them, when the attention of each was more strongly called forth to the singular incident of his being separated from Mr. Longford; and Colonel Beresford interrupted him, to ask several questions relative to that gentleman, the answers to which served more fully to convince him that he could see much farther into the whole transaction than the unsuspecting Yamboo had done; but these conjectures were confined to his own breast, for he had already determined not to bias his future conduct with respect to Captain Longford, who, he could plainly perceive, would not fail to assert his claims to the future protection of a servant so essential to his comfort and convenience; they were interested motives, but he had too much honour to prove them such to his prejudice. When, therefore, Yamboo had ceased speaking, he merely said—"Then to this new-found friend we must resign you, my poor boy; perhaps I ought to congratulate you upon having gained such a protector, but I must own I shall reluctantly resign that title to a stranger; however, it is to your future advantage we make the sacrifice, and that alone can reconcile us to your loss: remember, Yamboo, you are no slave; and now you will derive a comfort from what was once your greatest affliction."

"Oh, no," he replied with eagerness; "Yamboo but slave, then him know what to do, for him duty leave no choice; now him own heart deceive him; it say," looking anxiously at Mrs. Beresford and her daughters as he spoke, "it say Yamboo must stay here, here only him happy; in a moment it travel far off, see Captain Longford, sick, lame, unhappy; no one do for him what Yamboo do, and then him think Yamboo not live for himself, and he must go to him poor captain: when Yamboo have one masser, him

know but to be happy; now him two, love both, and him miserable. Say," he continued with encreasing agitation, "say, my colonel, what him must do, and Yamboo not trust him own heart."

"Such a heart as you possess," replied Colonel Beresford, overcome by the excess of his own feelings, "can never, Yamboo, lead you into error; follow its dictates; and be assured, though I should again lose you, in me you have still a friend, whom you can never lose; at all events, the prospect of a future separation must not mar our present happiness: I shall write to Captain Longford myself, and, till I hear from him in return, you will remain with us; probably his answer will save us both the trouble of deciding how we ought to act on the present occasion."

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#### CHAP. IV.

THIS arrangement, and the having unburdened his full heart, gave a happy relief to the feelings of Yamboo, who, once more reinstated in his good colonel's family (his return to which had been warmly greeted by his old friend Edward), was sometimes tempted to believe every incident, not immediately connected with them, must have been an illusion of the mind, till the arrival of Henry Longford interrupted his tranquillity, by awakening every anxiety for his captain, whom he represented as seriously ill, "which alone, sir," he said, addressing Colonel Beresford, "prevents his personally expressing those acknowledgments he feels due to the protector of his faithful servant, of which, however, I am the bearer; 'tis true, they were consigned to Captain Tomlinson, as, from his friendly letter, my father was prepared to find Yamboo in his charge; but his joy at having him again restored, which is already inexpressible, cannot fail to be augmented, when he shall have learned at whose hands I received him; for he has too often regretted the mysterious fate of the gallant Colonel Beresford, not to rejoice in his return to England; and will more seriously regret the confinement which, by preventing him from accompanying me to Portsmouth, has deprived him of an interview with an officer so long and generally regretted; for I fear, however anxious to do justice to his feelings on the occasion, I shall but ill express his sentiments, or my own thanks, for this recent instance of your goodness to our poor Yamboo."

Neither the elegant deportment of Mr. Longford, the well-turned compliment, or the easy confidence with which it was delivered, tended to remove a certain charge with which the liberal mind of Colonel Beresford had taxed him; and, though he determined still to suppress an opinion in which he had never yet wavered, there was an expression in the eye, which he fixed upon Henry as he spoke, that created a sensation on his part which the accompanying speech had scarcely power to do away.

"On the score of obligation, my dear sir," said Colonel Beresford, "it is I who am a deeply-interested debtor to Captain Longford, for his long and kind protection of my valued servant; a series of his goodness, as related by that faithful creature, demands my warmest acknowledgments, and leave me to regret that the period of our better acquaintance must be procrastinated, and the more so, as ill health is the cause. On the mysterious incidents which have combined to terminate my hitherto fruitless search after Yamboo, I forbear to make any comment, since they have been a means of restoring him to me; save that his unmerited sufferings have determined me to trace, if possible, the man who conveyed him to that house, or, rather, I should have said, den, where, from his subsequent treatment, it should appear as if he had been expected."

"That is an expedient," said Henry, with his usual self-command, "to which we have already vainly resorted; and, in that point, my own negligence is my constant accuser; for having omitted to take the number of the coach, the villain who drove it has hitherto escaped with impunity: on my first discovering he had left the door of the house at which I stopped to inquire for my friend, with whom I remained but a few minutes, I instantly procured another coach, conjecturing that having mistaken my orders, which were for him to wait, he had proceeded to Piccadilly, and would reach the inn before I could possibly do so; judge then my consternation, to find, upon my arrival, that no such person had been seen: still I waited an elucidation of the mystery, till my impatience

becoming insupportable, and endeavouring to persuade myself that I should find him at Mr. De Lasaux's, I returned to that gentleman, who had, however, no account to give me. The following day, succeeded by another, passed in all the horrors of suspense, still leaving me irresolute how to act, dreading the effect it would have upon my father, in his impaired state of health, and yet hoping, by whatever singular occurrence he was still detained, that Yamboo would eventually either return to me, or find some means of communicating the place of his residence, I deferred, from day to day, confirming those fears, to which I knew his non-appearance at Alvington Manor would give rise: but farther concealment was not possible; and no sooner had my letter reached Wales, than Captain Longford set out for London, a journey to which his present indisposition proves him to have been every way inadequate, as I was summoned to attend him at an inn within twenty miles of London, from which place he found himself incapable of proceeding, and in that period Captain Tomlinson's letter arrived: it was several days before we reached town, during which time my servant had neglected to name the circumstance to Mr. De Lasaux, and coolly delivered the letter to me on my return, unconscious of the welcome intelligence it conveyed, and which had an almost instantaneous effect upon my father's health and spirits; the latter deceiving him into a belief that his strength was sufficiently recruited to allow of our commencing, without delay, a second journey, since it was to be rewarded by the recovery of the desired object: but the attempt served only to render him more sensible of the weakness which altogether prevented his doing so; and relying on my promise that I would not return without Yamboo, I was allowed to proceed alone: Captain Tomlinson obligingly gave me every information in his power, accompanied by your address; but the evening was too far advanced for me to set out for your hospitable mansion; and my impatience to see Yamboo in safety, and relieve my father's anxiety, will, I trust, plead an apology for my early intrusion this morning."

Thus far Henry had been accurate in his account of the events which had succeeded Yamboo's departure, save that his servant had received particular orders to keep any letter which might arrive during his absence till his return; and scarcely could he suppress his rage, when the man, unconscious that they were to be delivered in secret, hastily produced the only one in his possession in the presence of Captain Longford, who, eagerly anticipating information, anxiously watched the expression of Henry's countenance as he perused the contents; but the latter had too much command of his feelings to betray what passed in his own mind; and he congratulated his father upon Yamboo's safety with well-dissembled joy, only because he had no alternative, no means of concealing intelligence, which, unexpected as it was, stung him to the soul: he had thought it probable Yamboo would contrive some means of conveying a letter to him, and had therefore given his directions accordingly; but the channel through which that letter had reached him was not to be treated with impunity, even had it been given him in private; and no sooner had Captain Longford glanced it over, than he exclaimed with friendly warmth—"Shall I not set out immediately, my dear sir, for Portsmouth, to relieve the anxiety of our poor Yamboo?"

"Certainly," he replied; "but I shall be sufficiently well to accompany you at a very early hour in the morning."

This decision threatened at once to frustrate most effectually every future plan Henry had in contemplation, and, with an affected kindness, he ventured to remonstrate

against such a step, in the present state of his health, in which he was most powerfully supported by Mr. De Lasaux, who, while he expostulated with Captain Longford on the impropriety of such a journey, secretly wondered at the uncommon interest he so evidently felt in the welfare of a servant.

Henry, on his first arrival in London, had slightly touched upon the chance which had enabled Yamboo to rescue his father in the moment of extreme danger; but he had never revealed the real worth of that excellent creature; and although many of his good qualities spoke for themselves, during his short stay in Mr. De Lasaux's family, still he was treated only as a well-disposed good young man; but, in Captain Longford's manner, there was a restless impatience and agitation, for which he could in no way account; nor did the united efforts of himself and Henry avail to dissuade him from the journey, till the effects of a bad night's rest obliged him on the following morning to resign to his son the entire charge of his favourite, which he did with the following emphatic words—"Henry, I decline proceeding to Portsmouth, because I feel that my life may be the forfeit of my perseverance, and for Yamboo's sake I am anxious to preserve it: go then, my son, and, as the peace of a father is dear to you, return not without him, or delay that return one moment beyond the period in which the journey may be completed."

Wholly unable to comprehend the meaning of his father's words, but determined they should in nowise interfere with his own plans, he replied, that he trusted his speed would prove the zeal with which he entered on the cause: but it was not possible to leave London without acquainting Charles Stukely of all that had passed; and, as much was to be arranged, his able counsellor agreed to accompany him part of the journey, and, having done so, to wait his arrival at the house where they were to part, for his return.

Many were the illiberal invectives bestowed on Captain Longford's (as they deemed it) unnatural partiality for Yamboo, and many the curses poured on the devoted head of the innocent victim, whom Henry resolved should no longer continue such a powerful rival to his interests; and with this determination he waited upon Captain Tomlinson, who, to his utter astonishment, related the singular event which had restored Yamboo to Colonel Beresford.

Fate could not have raised a being more dreaded, since the very name of such a powerful protector threatened to annihilate all his hopes, as he might even refuse to resign him to his care, or allow him to return at all to his father, who would, nevertheless, he well knew, hold himself bound to provide for him, in the future arrangement of that fortune which Henry had secretly vowed he should never share; and again he passed a sleepless night, for the vicious cannot rest: Nature, when she wraps the busy world in darkness, withholds from the guilty mind that solace enjoyed only by the healthy, the virtuous, and the happy; Longford was neither; restless anxiety and licentious pleasure already threatened to sap the first; the second he had never been; and, with the destruction of a fellow-creature in contemplation, it was not possible he could be the latter: and, on the following morning, he set out for Colonel Beresford's, still trusting to chance for his future success, to his well-feigned expression of past uneasiness for Yamboo's fate, and joy at finding him not only safe, but with his excellent colonel: that faithful creature listened with ecstatic pleasure, while his affectionate heart throbbed with the fervent gratitude which he felt due to him, for the trouble he had taken, even in coming that far to rescue him.

Colonel Beresford also heard the account with marked attention, for he was deeply interested in the recital; but, as he always spoke the dictates of an upright mind, he was not long preparing a suitable answer to the demand which Mr. Longford had indirectly made of Yamboo—"I have," he said, when Henry had ceased speaking, "no claim upon this worthy creature, farther than that which his affection may give me. I rescued him as a fellow-creature, not a slave, and promised him my protection, while he had a wish to retain it: a singular coincidence of events has given him another master, not less disposed to serve him; a grateful interest, doubtless, binds Captain Longford to the preserver of his life; as the child whom I snatched from misery, perhaps destruction, I also feel more than common interest in his fate—feel that I am responsible for his safety, his comfort; and yet one of us must resign him. Captain Longford does not know that he has found his first, his early protector; it is therefore requisite we should meet; and, as he is an invalid, I will have the honour of waiting upon him."

Staggered by a proposal altogether unexpected, Henry replied, he should communicate his intention with much pleasure; and felt justified in saying, his father would anticipate the honour of his visit with no less satisfaction.

"Pardon me, sir," returned Colonel Beresford, interrupting him, "if I trespass still farther, by stating my intention of accompanying you to town, as the sooner this matter is adjusted, the better; for I still consider Yamboo my servant; and as he alone must decide the business, by choosing his future master, it must be done in the presence of both."

Henry had no alternative; and having, with forced politeness, acknowledged the justice of his proposal, and urged the necessity of their early departure, again named the promise exacted by his father. Colonel Beresford was equally anxious to set out; and Yamboo, agitated by the wearied emotions in his own breast, could only clasp the extended hands of Mrs. Beresford and her daughters in silence, as he threw himself into the carriage, which was to convey him once more to his still fondly remembered captain.

On alighting at the inn where Stukely waited by appointment, the well-feigned surprise of his friend at meeting him there, showed at once some derangement in their plan; and having accounted for his appearance, by asserting that his eager desire to know how far Longford had succeeded in emancipating Yamboo had induced him to take the ride, he was introduced by the former, not to Captain Tomlinson, as he was from his own suggestion prepared to expect, but to Colonel Beresford; it was the last name he wished to have heard, for it threatened, in his opinion, to place Yamboo far beyond the power of his illiberal friend, in whose views he was an interested abettor; for money was an essential article to their party, and Captain Longford's impaired health promised an early and glorious harvest, in which he might be no inconsiderable gleaner: equally mortified, therefore, he returned with the trio to town; where Yamboo's affectionate reception at one moment convinced Colonel Beresford he must prepare to meet a powerful rival in Captain Longford, who, on again seeing the ardently-desired object of his search in safety, for an instant forgot that the purport of Colonel Beresford's visit might be to assert his prior claims; these he knew, and was prepared to combat: but no sooner was the mutual introduction over, and Captain Longford's surprise at the unexpected and equally unwished-for interview somewhat subsided, than a new conflict arose in his own breast: the almost certain loss of Yamboo had, by proving how dear he was to him, at once decided a long-contested point; and he hastened to London, determined to recover him, if money or interest could do it; and having done so, to remain no longer the self-devoted



victim of that secrecy to which a mistaken policy had so long doomed him: but that Colonel Beresford, whose exemplary character would make his own base injustice more glaring, should witness his humiliation, was a stab from which his already wounded pride recoiled, nay, refused to submit to: ever the slave of that passion which ruled the moment, and, in the present instance, allowed no time for deliberation, he proudly resolved to acknowledge the colonel's claims more powerful than his own, and in consequence to yield up Yamboo, although this act would erase every just and laudable one which had stamped the last years of his life with honour and comfort; for to Yamboo was he indebted for both: when, therefore, Colonel Beresford said—"I have waited on you, Captain Longford, to restore in part the faithful creature, in whose fate we have each too deep an interest to decide impartially, I fear, which of us must resign the satisfaction of providing for him in future," he replied, with an eagerness that shewed the internal struggle—"I acknowledge your claims, sir, and submit to them."

"But that must not be," returned Colonel Beresford with more calmness, "for our claims are mutual: he has, through divine Providence, been an instrument of your preservation; as such, is doubtless entitled to your gratitude, and you have proved it in the most honourable manner. *I* found him a wretched, destitute orphan, shamefully deserted, cruelly persecuted, without one creature in the wide world interested for his fate, one relative to rescue him from oppression, one friend to dry the bitter tear of anguish; these were powerful claims upon a father's feelings: beneath my roof he forgot every sorrow; for I broke his bonds, and cherished as a fellow-creature the being doomed to unpitied slavery; and his gratitude knew no bounds; while his uncommon attachment to my family places him above the common level of a servant; and I consider him as an adopted child, whom I cannot resign, without a full conviction that my doing so will be equally essential to his own happiness as his interest, because I hold myself responsible for both. Say then, Captain Longford, shall he not be the arbiter of his own destiny? Let him choose with which he will remain, and I pledge my word to rest perfectly satisfied by the decision."

"Be it so," Captain Longford returned with energy, while he looked anxiously at Yamboo for his determination; but it was not so easily made.

## CHAP. V.

CLASPING his hands in agony, he exclaimed—"Why not Yamboo die long since? can him leave him colonel, because he find another friend? Never. Can he say to him captain, Yamboo wish to leave you? No. He have but one heart; there him colonel, him captain, both live: Yamboo no choose; if no one say who him stay with, him own heart never tell."

"In that," said Colonel Beresford, "a new plan must be adopted. You, sir," turning to Captain Longford, "have generously allowed my claims to precede your own; am I at liberty to act accordingly, or do you still hesitate to decide, since longer to tax Yamboo's feelings were both cruel and unjust; I have already stated my pretensions, and added my determination only to part with him for his own advantage: pardon me if I go still farther; should he, in the event of this doubtful arrangement, remain with you, I shall not lose sight of his safety: on your honour and attachment to him I can rely; but I am not yet reconciled to the mysterious transaction which has been the means of leaving him a choice; and, since gratitude will not allow him to shew a preference, we must decide for him: let us, therefore, no longer argue who ought to have that preference, *but who shall.*"

So wholly absorbed in his own reflections had Captain Longford remained for some minutes, that he either had not heard, or did not rightly comprehend the pointed remark, of which Henry lost not a word; but, unable longer to endure his own feelings, he exclaimed, with an eagerness of manner bordering on insanity—"Hear, Colonel Beresford, for the struggle is now over, hear me, and be yourself my judge. To that boy," he added sternly, "I owe my life; he will tell you how far I rewarded him for the deed; I soothed his just sorrow for your loss, brought him to England, provided for him, cherished, loved him; all this his grateful heart has told you, will tell the world, and they, like you, will say I acted nobly; but I will tell you how much more I did for him; I threw a helpless, deserted being, nameless and unknown, upon that world whence your humanity rescued him; I it was who consigned him to the unmerited cruelty of a man far less savage than the father who gave him life; to me he is indebted for the scars which tell the miseries of his infant years; I alone condemned him to chill penury and helpless wretchedness. Oh! I know all; I have heard his sad story, wept over his past agonies, would have clasped him to my penitent heart, and told him who he was; but the world triumphed over gratitude and nature's claims; and still I cherished the consuming secret, nor dared to own I—I was his father! Say, Colonel Beresford, for now you proudly feel the difference, what are my claims to yours? you gave to pity what I refused to nature; you cherished as a father the little wretch, whom I, his father, abandoned; you he venerates; me, yes, me he will henceforth curse!"

That prediction at once aroused the torpid faculties of the astonished Yamboo, whose whole frame, palsied by what he heard, scarcely allowed him power to throw himself at the feet of Captain Longford, who, exhausted by the exertion, to which he was unequal, had ceased speaking—"Never, never," said the grateful creature; "when Yamboo hungered, cold, and wretched, he no curse him father; now, if he find him father indeed, him heart too full to say what him feel for him; it always call him colonel father,

for Yamboo owe him every thing; and still it say he no leave him captain; yet him not know why he love him so much till now." A sudden recollection prevented his saying more; for his eyes at that moment encountered those of Henry Longford, and the scornful glance at one moment chased the delightful vision, which was beginning to dawn upon his affectionate heart, and told him they never could be brothers; that perhaps even his captain, having owned the humiliating truth, would banish him where the secret was not known; in which case, the unacknowledged Yamboo, as the servant of either master so beloved, was a happier being than he now felt himself.

The sudden pause he made left an opportunity for Colonel Beresford to reply to that part of Captain Longford's speech addressed to himself; and so totally unexpected, so singular, and to him altogether so distressing, was the confession he had heard, that surprise still kept him silent; when Mr. De Lasaux, who had been no less an astonished witness of what passed, observed the increasing agitation of his friend, and fearing the result, calmly said—"Having fully, Captain Longford, proved by this candid confession of a past error that you intended nobly and generously to atone for it, it is not requisite to adjust in one day what remains to be done; and as I trust Colonel Beresford will so far honour me as to become my guest during his residence in town, I propose that we defer what is further to be said upon the subject for the present."

"De Lasaux," he returned, "you know me not: I have been through life the slave of my own passions; governed by the impulse of the moment, I performed the deed by which I was actuated, whether meritorious or dishonourable; alas! too often, in my early days, 'twas the latter. Had I died on that memorable night when the fate of war numbered me with the slain, what an account should I have rendered up of unrepented sins! but I was rescued from destruction, nay perdition, for why should I hesitate to own it, and by whom? the child who owed me life, but whom I refused to own, had never seen! who, with its distressed and wretched mother, I basely neglected, only because they differed from me in complexion; but her injured offspring was destined to revenge their mutual wrongs, by innocently planting in the breast of his unpitied father the keen barbed arrow of remorse. At my own request, he told his artless story. How, Colonel Beresford, shall I avow it, that, when that story left me no longer an excuse to doubt, strange as it may appear, that he was my child, this proud rebellious heart refused to acknowledge what it dared not to disown; and I determined, by heaping innumerable favours upon his grateful heart, to compensate for past injustice, and at the same time attaching him to myself; for I soon found him essential to my happiness, and dreaded a separation. Still I was wretched; the rankling secret preyed upon my health; yet I obstinately adhered to keeping it, believing the ample provision I had made for Yamboo by my will, in which I acknowledged him as my natural son, would be considered ample amends; but he had no sooner left me, to accompany Henry Longford on the fatal journey which has so nearly destroyed me, than I found his influence on my affection unbounded—found that it was no longer possible to conceal the tie that bound me to him, and impatiently I counted the close of every day that protracted his return: the rest you know, save the resolution I had formed, in the moment of parental anguish for his loss, faded before the humiliating eclaireissement, when I found you were to be a witness of it; again I wavered, again pride and nature contested the point; but my child has conquered, and his repentant father, now fearless of the world's unfeeling sarcasms, dreads only the reproofing glance of just men;

and of that number you, Colonel Beresford, and my friend De Lasaux, can but judge me with severity, for both are fathers."

"And therefore more inclined, my dear sir," returned the colonel, "to extend that lenity due from one fellow-creature to another, conscious that if happily we have escaped the errors into which you have fallen, we are ourselves, as men, equally fallible: for my own part," he added, willing to relieve as much as possible the agitated feelings of Captain Longford, "I have been so wholly absorbed in tracing the wonder-working hand of Providence throughout the whole business, that I have hitherto neglected to congratulate the kind and worthy being, who, I proudly assert, richly merits the distinction you are about to give him; nor will he be found less deserving the friendship which his affinity to you will entitle him to expect from Mr. Longford, who is also, I understand, your son."

This appeal to the feelings of Henry was made by Colonel Beresford, from his having marked the varying expressions of that young man's countenance, as he continued a silent but interested spectator of what passed.

"For myself," he continued, "since it is not permitted that he should need my further protection, I most sincerely rejoice in his having found those whom nature will render so much more worthy the task. Thus then, Captain Longford," he said, taking the hand of Yamboo, "I resign to you every claim upon the child of my adoption, save that affection due to his known worth, his spotless integrity; he is calculated to fulfil every filial duty, and can but prove a blessing to your declining years: you may, therefore, safely brave the sarcastic remarks of the inconsiderate few, who, with faces more fair, want the heart of purity that beats in his breast."

Encouraged by the conciliating manners of Colonel Beresford, and the no less expressive look of kindness that, beaming in the eyes of Mr. De Lasaux, bespoke the philanthropy which taught him rather to soothe the self-reproving mind than add to its condemnation, Captain Longford exclaimed—"Generous men, you only could reconcile me to myself: rescued from the dreadful bondage of an oppressive secret, and encouraged by your unexpected, undeserved lenity, to solicit pardon from my offended God, I will henceforth endeavour to prove the penitent, erring mortal, who, in the spring of life, dared to trample upon his sacred laws, and to violate those of nature, may yet, in the vale of years, become an exemplary father. For you, Yamboo," he said, raising him from the ground, where astonishment still chained him prostrate at his father's feet, "promise that the discovery of what I am to you, and the disclosure of my past cruel neglect, shall not rob me of the grateful affection I have hitherto experienced; say only that you will not, in turn, desert the parent, whose very existence now depends upon the child he once condemned to slavery, and my happiness is complete."

Yamboo tremblingly pronounced, "Never!" it was the only word which burst the confines of his full heart, where a thousand sensations struggled for utterance; he would have added, my father; but an awful reverence of that name, a sentiment amounting to adoration for the author of his being, thus wonderfully revealed, left him no faculty but sight, and he continued gazing upon him in silence, when Captain Longford, looking round him, said—"Henry, I will now speak with you:" but Henry was no longer present. The scene, so highly interesting to those who witnessed it, was to him insupportable, and he had left the room in agony, bitterly inveighing against his own folly, for having

suffered it to take place, and secretly denouncing future vengeance upon the usurper of his rights, for so he basely termed the artless Yamboo.

No one had noticed his departure but Colonel Beresford, who, deeply as he was interested in the eventful fate of his favourite, had marked with no less attention the evident emotion in Mr. Longford's mind; and the inference he drew from these observations were by no means favourable to the latter: that, believing himself the heir of Captain Longford, he should dread a rival, was natural; it was, perhaps, an aggravation of his cruel disappointment, that one should present himself so unexpectedly, and still more humiliating, that it should be found in the character of a negro; but knowing so well the worth of that character, the affection which he himself felt for him, and which rejoiced to see his elevation, he believed some motive more powerful than disappointed pride had caused the agitation so ill concealed.

Captain Longford had long since dreaded the effects of such an explanation on the disposition of his son, and felt most keenly for a disappointment, which he had meant to render less acute by first preparing him for it; but subsequent events had rendered this design abortive, and left him to regret that the explanation, so requisite to all parties, should, from concomitant circumstances, have been so abrupt; but, totally divested of the suspicions which lingered in Colonel Beresford's mind, he entreated Yamboo to seek his brother, that he might at once fully satisfy every doubt, and effectually prevent the seeds of jealousy from engendering, by an assurance of his ample power, and firm intention, of providing liberally for them both.

Yamboo obeyed, and mechanically sought the room which Henry had been accustomed to inhabit in Mr. De Lasaux's house, and, had he been there, would doubtless have remembered he was the herald of his father's wishes; but he found himself in the apartment alone; it offered a relief to his overcharged feelings, and he instantly followed the first and ruling principle of his mind—gratitude; fervently clasping his hands, and with no less fervour bowing himself to the ground, he silently ejaculated those prayers which, though nature's purest dictates, expressed his grateful sense of the mercies he had received, and gave the praise where only it was due—to the God whom he served, who alike heard and answered his petition; for who that ever bowed the knee in prayer but felt its benign influence pervade the heart, or arose from the sacred office unsupported, unrefreshed? Yamboo was both: he had entreated strength of mind not only to bear the wonderful change in his destiny, but still more to act worthily in it, and already felt that the arm which had supported him under every trial would not forsake him then; for though new sensations crept round his heart, and fondly whispered the once lone, deserted negro, without one natural claim in the world's wide expanse, had now a father and brother, it whispered also, that the presence of him who had given both was not less essential to his happiness, than when his untaught lips first acknowledged him, first hailed the divine precepts which he had inculcated from Mrs. Beresford; and rising from the ground with a countenance animated by a conviction of having performed his duty, he was leaving the room, when Henry, with a mind far differently occupied, entered it. Rudely demanding his business there, with his natural diffidence he replied—"Yamboo came to tell masser Henry him father wish to see him."

"Fawning hypocrite," he returned, "say rather thy father; I have no longer one, since thy pretended meekness has robbed me of him; but, as it can never put us upon an equality, learn, sir, to remember, when you enter an apartment which belongs to me, to

remember also you have hitherto been accustomed to knock for entrance; and tell Captain Longford I have at present engagements, which will prevent my attending his summons.”

Yamboo left the room; but, firm in conscious integrity, he felt at that moment the situation of Henry was far more humiliating than his own; and from this conviction suppressed the reply due to such unmerited treatment, and which his heart, proud only under indignity at the moment it was offered, would have dictated. It was not requisite to remind him of the existing barrier to their equality; nature had made it too palpable; but their complexions, opposite as was the extremes, bore no comparison to the difference of their principles; of that external difference Yamboo was too keenly sensible; but the equity which governed his truly noble mind had never surmised that a hidden deformity could exist in so perfect a model of his Maker’s power, as he had ever conceived Henry Longford to be; but the veil which his own liberality of soul, more than Henry’s caution, had hitherto rendered so impenetrable, was partially withdrawn, and threatened to reveal an implacable enemy, where he expected to have found a friend, a brother; and his disappointed heart sighed, as he mentally exclaimed—“No one see Yamboo’s heart, but every one him face. Ah, why it black? but for that, even Mr. Longford call him brother!”

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## CHAP. VI.

AT that moment Mr. De Lasaux meeting him, said, taking his hand, which he pressed with friendly warmth, "My good boy, Captain Longford is waiting for you in his own room."

Yamboo, thanking him for the information, passed on to attend his father's summons; but the reverie into which he had so insensibly fallen rendered him unmindful that he had himself been the bearer of a message, which he was by no means prepared to answer, or at least in such a way as he felt authorized to do, since it could not fail to displease, if not to pain him for whom it was intended: therefore, on entering the apartment, he merely said—"Mr. Longford would be there as soon as the business which then detained him would allow of his doing so."

Captain Longford was alone; for Colonel Beresford, with a promise of seeing him again, had taken his leave; and Mr. De Lasaux believing that his spirits, after such a trial, must require rest, had prevailed on him to retire for a few hours to his room, where he promised to send Yamboo to him, and where he then enjoyed the full luxury of openly avowing that affection which had for so many years struggled with his pride, but which now made him as proudly acknowledge Yamboo for his son; and again he expressed a wish for Henry's presence, that he might witness the fraternal embrace, which was alone necessary to his present happiness. "The affection which he has of late shown for you," he added, "proves how powerfully the ties of nature plead, and will doubtless soften the disappointment of resigning to an elder brother privileges he has so long enjoyed: his fortune would have been a handsome one; neither will he have reason to complain of that portion which will still, as a younger brother, fall to his share."

Yamboo waited only till his father had ceased speaking, and, in the grateful effervescence of his generous heart, declined every pretension to that fortune Henry had always been taught to expect unrivalled—"Yamboo not want money," he said; "he find a father," and his voice again faltered as he pronounced the name with awful respect: "Gracious Heaven! such a father! then what him want more? he have all, every thing he ask in him father: when Yamboo poor and destitute, he know not to want money; now him rich in friends, money less use; but masser Henry no do without it, Yamboo can."

"Not so, my poor boy," said his father, "for alas! Yamboo, you have yet to learn that our merits in this world are too frequently estimated by our wealth: you will need few friends while I am spared to you; but that period may be short; at best, it is an uncertain one; to your fortune you must be indebted for those who will supply my place; and though I acknowledge Henry's ambitious views, and different pursuits, will need much more than will suffice to procure you every comfort, every rational pleasure, consistent with your present ideas of happiness, still you are his elder brother; and the cruel injustice you have so long sustained demands ample atonement; nothing short of full restitution of your natural rights can satisfy, nor shall I feel at rest until all is settled; for that reason, I am anxious to see Henry, who has yet to learn your superior claims; for both nature and justice demand I should acknowledge you as my heir, by revealing the period of your birth."

"Oh, never, never!" exclaimed the impatient Yamboo, interrupting him; "if no one know it, masser Henry never will; him always think him oldest; he must think so still;

then him keep all him fortune, and the world no ask how it is. If Yamboo must buy him friends," he added, with a sigh, "very little money will do."

"And this," said Captain Longford, striking his clenched hands against his forehead, "this is the creature whom I abandoned to every species of hardship and misery—this the treasure I thrust from me, unconscious of its worth! and why? because, when blushing for his colour, I never examined my own heart, else had I known how much blacker its shade. Yamboo, you have unmanned me; I could have borne the test of your affection, but this unprecedented proof of your generosity, this liberality of soul, is too much; I can only say, may Henry Longford learn to justly appreciate its worth! and He, who alone can guide the erring heart, teach me how I ought to act. A few hours rest, and the silent reflections of my pillow, I feel requisite, and I will try their efficacy, unless your brother should wish for admittance; in which case, let me see you together."

Yamboo promised to obey his commands, but could scarcely suppress the sigh, which reminded him how little reason he had to expect such an interview; yet the delightful recollection that it was a parent, a kind, indulgent father, whom then he was assisting, and with whom he was allowed to converse, soon banished every less pleasing subject from his mind, to leave room for those more connected with his present happiness; and as Colonel Beresford had hitherto through life been too closely allied with that happiness to allow of his being excluded at so important a period, he anxiously inquired when they were to see him again?

"At least once more," replied Captain Longford, "before he quits London, which he intends doing in a few days; and I mean that our departure shall follow his very closely, for I am impatient to regain my peaceful retirement, and no less so to satisfy the painful anxiety of my sister, which hitherto no letter has relieved, since I have been incapable of taking my pen for that purpose; to-morrow, however, I will write; at present, my weary eyelids require rest."

Yamboo entreated him to take it; and feeling no place of so much consequence to him as that which held his newly-found father, calmly seated himself to watch his slumbers, and ruminate more largely upon the wonderful changes in his destiny—"Heavenly God!" he silently ejaculated, "have Yamboo found a father, a brother?" the monosyllable, "no," involuntarily rose to his lips, and told him Henry Longford would never own his claim, while it painfully revived a remembrance of his late unkind, unmerited treatment; but having attributed it solely to the effects of a disappointment, which he determined to soften by every means in his power, he endeavoured to hope that Henry, convinced of his disinterestedness, would in time allow that sweet communion of souls, which he already felt must be the result of fraternal love.

Not so did Henry argue. The sole possessor of that fortune he expected one day to derive from Captain Longford, he would have wanted no tie of nature or affection to augment his happiness—it was centered solely in wealth, because that alone could enable him to gratify every wish, and he lived but for himself. Of his mother he had long since lost every recollection; policy and interest only attached him to his father; and any relation he might have given him, unless rich and independent of himself, would have been objects of his jealousy—Yamboo was more; the sentiment he felt for him amounted to detestation, and the resolution he formed, not to cherish as a brother, but to persecute, nay, even to destroy the barrier which nature opposed to avarice. Stukely, the confidential Stukely, was again sought, and again entrusted with the accumulated trials which his



wayward destiny had to encounter; and on his sage counsel he depended for that advice which his distempered mind so greatly needed.

Charles urged the necessity of patience, because deliberation would be no less requisite than caution in their future proceedings; but patience was a virtue Henry had seldom studied, and it ill accorded with the present state of his feelings.

"I have already, sir, had too much," he said, with an asperity of manner, which his friend in turn resented.

"Do you come then, sir, to consult me as a friend, or to employ me as a tool? in the first capacity, I believe you have seldom found me wanting, but the latter you shall never make me; however, as there are doubtless many who may be proud even of that honour, I shall leave you, till having found the latter, you may in your cooler moments need the former."

On saying which he left the room, before Henry's astonishment allowed him power to reply; not aware of the harshness which had provoked it, he believed the whole world was conspiring against his peace, for never had Stukely shewn such determined spirit; and, for the first time, he felt, that he had placed himself too much in his power openly to defy his resentment; and, irresolute how to act, he returned to Mr. De Lasaux's, just at the moment Yamboo met him at the door of his apartment, an interview that served but to aggravate the keenness of his feelings, and gave rise to the bitter sarcasms which passed his lips. For some minutes he continued to pace the room, during which he formed several resolutions, but they were far from satisfactory; and finding that Stukely was essential to his plans, inasmuch as that without his assistance he could determine nothing, he again set out for his friend's residence, regardless of his father's wishes to see him. The short interval had been of service to them both; it showed Longford the consequence of a friend, whom he could not do without, and whom it would be rashness to offend; while Charles, on the other hand, saw the folly of discarding a friendship, which, though likely to be more limited than he wished, still promised too much to be dispensed with.

In this disposition they met, and a few minutes sufficed to settle the past difference, which was soon forgotten in the arrangement of new plans, and totally obliterated in the dissipation with which they afterwards closed the night, in the society of beings despicable as themselves.

Captain Longford's sleep was long, and brought with it that refreshment his sickly frame required. The faithful Yamboo, his now affectionate son, was still near his pillow, intently reading, and at first perceived not that his father was awake, till a half-suppressed sigh called his attention. Captain Longford was at that moment contrasting the character of his two children; but not meaning to explain the motive, smiled as Yamboo drew near him, and assured him he was already sufficiently recruited to anticipate spending a very pleasant evening with his friend De Lasaux's amiable family—a proposal no less pleasing to that worthy man than Yamboo, who eagerly assisted him to rise, and having attended him to the sitting-room, received the friendly congratulations of Mrs. De Lasaux and her daughters, who, partially acquainted with the discovery that had taken place, and already prepossessed in his favour, begged him to be seated, in accents of kindness that Yamboo's heart most gratefully acknowledged.

"But where is Mr. Longford," said Mr. De Lasaux, looking round him; "our family party is not yet complete."

“Nor will it, I fear,” said Captain Longford, “if it depends upon his presence; for I have some hours since signified my wish of seeing him, but he disregards it. Henry is trifling with his own interests, and deceives himself; however, unless he comes very shortly, it will be his turn so sue for the interview he has dared to refuse a father. This conduct must not mar our evening’s pleasure, which must be devoted to friendship. To-morrow Colonel Beresford will call on us, when I have a farther discovery to make, of the magnanimity of soul evinced by that long - deserted being,” pointing to Yamboo: “would that Henry Longford knew his worth, for then he could have no plea for spurning from his heart such a brother; at present, he little merits such disinterested goodness; but to-morrow every thing must be settled relative to the future distribution of my fortune, that Henry may have no cause for his ungenerous conduct, or Yamboo any chance of becoming in any respect dependant upon the caprice of a man who would make an ill use of his power, was he allowed to exert it.”

“But some allowance must be made for the disappointment of a spirited young man,” replied Mr. De Lasaux; “though I should despise his mercenary disposition, if it could induce him to treat you with disrespect, or this new-found brother with severity, merely because his claims threatened to be a drawback upon his fortune, by depriving him of a few hundreds.”

“That privation will in a great measure depend upon himself,” said Captain Longford: “I have sufficient for both; but Henry has yet to learn which of them will be my heir; yet this, with many other things of equal importance, must be explained to-morrow: but we are insensibly falling upon business topics, in which the ladies can bear no part.”

Mrs. De Lasaux, smiling, assured him their want of gallantry had been amply compensated by that of his son, who, it was easy to observe, in the handsome compliment he had just paid her daughter, was no way deficient in that modern accomplishment.

Louisa, who excelled in drawing, was finishing a landscape, which Mrs. De Lasaux, to promote conversation, and amuse her young guest, had entreated her to shew him; and, struck with admiration of her performance, he expressed his approbation in terms which at once surprised Mrs. De Lasaux, and shewed a superiority of judgment far beyond what she had given him credit for.

Captain Longford, pleased by her friendly encomiums, replied, that Yamboo’s hitherto secluded situation had left him no opportunity of proving how far he could become sensible of such perfection as he now witnessed; but that, thus encouraged by the attention of his fair friends, he could not fail to become a zealous candidate for their future favour, and was happy to find him not altogether deficient in the requisite passport to it (gallantry), which, when tempered with good sense, gave the easy polish that at once shewed the gentleman.

“And he certainly cannot have a more able tutor,” said Mr. De Lasaux, interrupting him; “for to the polished manners and known gallantry of Captain Longford, the ladies can all testify.”

This well-timed raillery gave a relief to the embarrassment of Yamboo, by turning the laugh against the captain, who jocosely replied—“That remark, friend De Lasaux, is somewhat severe; for you will scarcely persuade these blooming daughters of yours to believe that this mutilated form and meagre visage could ever have any pretensions even to ape gallantry; but they must not put it to the test, lest, while contemplating their

faultless forms, I should be tempted to forget the transformation of my own, by making love to them in earnest; and as I could even now ill brook finding myself a discarded lover of either, which would inevitably be the result of my presumption, I shall, on surer grounds, claim from them both what I think neither will refuse me, that esteem which they may feel due to an old and sincere friend of their father's."

The ladies bowed; and Mr. De Lasaux, with a friendly pressure of his hand, assured him, it was a sentiment they had been early taught, and the present interview could not fail to confirm it.

The rest of the evening passed no less pleasantly; and having truly enjoyed "the feast of reason and the flow of souls," they retired for the night, mutually pleased with each other: but the novelty of Yamboo's little history, which had been in part related to them by their father, excited a degree of interest with the young folks, and made him the topic of their conversation, long after they had retired to their rooms; but, if the singularity of his fate awakened their curiosity to learn more of it, their astonishment at his easy graceful manners exceeded it; while a remembrance of his fine features, of which each had taken a minute survey, left them to regret, with compassionate concern, the sombre hue of his complexion, "and which is doubtless," said Louisa, "the cause of Mr. Longford's repugnance to owning him as a brother; but surely, when his many good qualities are better known to him, he will forget that difference of complexion; for Henry must be too good to be biassed by external appearances."

"You forget," said her sister, "that they have already lived many years together; of course Henry can be no stranger to what is so conspicuous, even on our short acquaintance with him: true, he considered him as a servant, but even that humble distance could not have totally obscured the superiority of manners so visible in his whole deportment, and which in a domestic must have been even more palpable. I am afraid Mr. Longford's objections are of a mercenary nature; in which case, the worthy Yamboo's claims on his affections will be rejected, upon the plea of his becoming a rival in the large fortune he has been anticipating. Perhaps I wrong him, but I have my doubts if pride will not oppose his ever acknowledging as a brother the man who has once served him in the capacity of a servant."

"You must not, however, be too severe, my dear Mary," returned Louisa, "for, in justice to Henry Longford, I would believe that, whatever the motive of his present conduct, he has still an excellent heart, and is much too like our Horatio to act ungenerously; indeed, I think you wrong him."

"Ah! ah! my dear Louisa," replied her lively sister, "I should hardly have had the temerity to speak so boldly, if I had known you were so warm a champion in the cause: but is your little ladyship quite sure that you defend him thus bravely merely because he is like Horatio? is there no other ground for your good opinion? That blush is amazingly becoming in candle-light, if its reflection could have tinged your cheek."

"Saucy girl!" she replied with vivacity, "I should have been charitable enough to have taken it as a voucher of your contrition, for having suffered your zeal for one object to make you unjust to another; and, secondly, for thus attacking me, because I vindicated those who, from being absent, had no power to defend themselves."

"Oh! if you are going to moralize, I have no chance," said Mary; "but I certainly wish Mr. Longford could know what a fair advocate he has."

“And as that information must implicate you, I am perfectly safe,” returned Louisa, anxious to change the conversation; “therefore a truce to the subject.”

Henry Longford’s address was much too prepossessing to be daily witnessed with perfect indifference; and, with no other motive than that she appeared to him the finest girl of the two, he had paid her most attention; while, from a conviction that it was alone because he resembled her only brother, she had received those attentions with pleasure. If the human heart is at all times deceptive at the age of fifteen, how easily may we become its dupe! Louisa, with all the native candour of that age, blushed when the indirect appeal to her real sentiments for the first time led her to question them; but they were of too pure a nature to crimson her lovely features with a reproving shade, still less to strew over them the sickly hue of regret for having erred; the conscious rectitude of her peaceful bosom told her, that in vindicating Henry Longford, she had acted impartially; and she trusted that his own conduct would prove she had only done him justice.

On the following morning he joined them at the breakfast-table; but his presence there, so far from realizing her wishes, appeared to throw a damp upon the whole party. Captain Longford was visibly agitated, Yamboo embarrassed, and her father altogether silent; she could plainly see some recent cause of vexation depicted in his countenance, but of what nature she was not able to judge.

After the usual compliments of the morning paid to the ladies on their entering the room, Henry placed his chair near Louisa’s, and attempted to converse with her; but it was ill supported on either side; the prevailing gloom gave a constraint to her manners, while he was evidently absent.

At the conclusion of their unsocial meal, Mr. Longford inquired at what hour of the day he might claim Mr. De Lasaux’s attention to business?

“You have only to name that most convenient to yourself, my dear sir,” replied Mr. De Lasaux, “and I will attend your commands.”

“Be it then three from this,” he said.

“About that time we may expect Colonel Beresford: in the mean while, I would see you sir,” turning to Henry, “in my own room, if I may be allowed to expect that favour.”

“I shall attend you, sir,” he replied, with cool indifference, “provided that gentleman’s presence can be dispensed with for so short a time,” looking contemptuously at Yamboo.

“I have nothing to communicate, or to hear, which renders it requisite for that gentleman to retire,” returned Captain Longford, with some asperity; “but, as you doubtless have reasons for making the request, you have little to fear from his intrusion,” rising from the table.

Without appearing to understand what passed, Mrs. De Lasaux said—“As you are the only disengaged person, Mr. Longford, you must join my party; we are going to inspect a collection of shells, which has been sent for Louisa to copy, and which will help to amuse us, till there is a necessity for our meeting the gentlemen on business.”

“My name, madam, is Mr. Longford,” said Henry, as she ceased speaking; “am I to understand the invitation as designed for me?”

“I stand corrected, sir,” was her reply, vexed at the pointed remark, which she perfectly understood; “’tis true, that in addressing your brother, I considered him the greatest stranger, and incautiously used the term which, in our longer acquaintance with

you, has been dropped for that of Henry; however, I shall be more correct in future: but it is nevertheless you, sir," at the same time extending her hand to Yamboo, "whose attendance I mean to claim on the present occasion."

Captain Longford bit his lip, in silent vexation, as he quitted the room; and Henry, without deigning to conceal the malicious smile that bespoke his mean triumph, immediately followed him.

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## CHAP. VII.

"THE period is now arrived, Henry," said the former, reaching his room, and closing the door, "when it would as ill become you to continue thus openly to insult your brother, as it would me longer to conceal, either from the world or yourself, what it is requisite both should know."

"And what more have either to learn, sir?" asked Henry, with arrogance; "have you not already told the former that he is your child; and me what I have too long felt, that he is to rival me as well in affection as fortune? the world will give you little credit for thus openly avowing a low intrigue, unless, like me, they believe you to have been imposed upon by a designing favourite; in which case, they may pity your want of resolution, in being thus easily deceived."

"At least, ungrateful boy," said Captain Longford, "the world shall do me the justice to believe I can discern merit from hypocrisy, the truly good from the nefariously vicious; and that having drawn the line, I also know how to proportion the rewards. Further than you are instigated by mercenary motives, you dared not disbelieve that Yamboo is my child; but, if you really do so, learn, what is no less equally true, that he is, both by nature, honour, and justice, my heir: say then, do you longer question my word, or will you drive me to an extremity I would avoid, since your more generous, noble-minded brother has given you an alternative?"

Maddened with rage at the discovery of an event which as yet had never occurred to him, namely, their ages, which giving Yamboo still greater advantages, rendered himself a more deadly foe, in faltering accents he demanded what alternative? and Captain Longford, still anxious to catch at the probability of reconciling him, carefully related his recent conversation with Yamboo, and the disinterested affection which had voluntarily resigned every thing in his favour.

For a moment he paused: to possess his idol, wealth—to be even the reputed heir, since he must be such, or none, was a powerful stimulus to his accepting the offer: but the terms; he must own allegiance to this minion of his father, become a dependant on his liberality for a fortune, to his honour for a title which he was to bestow, and which would for ever harass him with a galling secret, that must keep him in subjection to a man he loathed, and whose death alone could release him; to that period he durst not look: therefore, without farther hesitation, assured Captain Longford, that, as he could never be indebted for favours to those he should ever despise, he rejected alike the offer and the claims which might either now or hereafter be made upon him, by a man who had so deeply injured him, and whose alliance he could but consider as a disgrace. "To you, sir," he added, "I still feel the respect due to a father, from whose liberality I have derived every thing; but as you have found it requisite to banish me from your affection, I ask only from your fortunes that humble portion which you may think requisite to support a younger brother, in the profession you have yourself chosen for him."

Irritated by such unprovoked insolence, Captain Longford replied, that if it was however proportioned to his deserts, it would perhaps fall infinitely short of his present desires, humble as he wished to make them appear; but that, having finally determined in his own mind how he meant to act in the distribution of a property over which he had an uncontroled command, a few hours would see it adjusted; after which, he must answer

to himself for any alteration that might take place, as on his own conduct it would alone depend.

Coolly bowing, he asked if he had any further commands with him, as he had already exceeded an appointment of some importance to himself?

"If you mean that as an idle compliment," said Captain Longford, "you are certainly at liberty to leave me; otherwise, it was my wish that you should have been present when Colonel Beresford arrived."

"It is probable I may return before that period," he replied; "but as my absence can in no way retard the business on which you meet, I have reason to believe that gentleman will not regret it."

"But you may," returned his father; "for I am certainly in no instance obliged to make even the smallest provision for the ingrate who can thus unfeelingly insult a parent, and openly oppose his wish of doing justice."

Without deigning to reply, Henry left the room, and shortly after the house, which he did not again enter, till a few hours preceding that in which his father proposed to set out for Wales.

Colonel Beresford had been punctual to the time he named; and in the presence of Mr. De Lasaux, heard a further elucidation of Yamboo's affinity to Captain Longford, who stated the period he had spent in New Brunswick, and many of the follies which marked his residence there; as also, that more just to the claims of Henry, he had brought him from the same place to England with him, while the injured Yamboo, unthought of, unprovided for, was left to want; but ample atonement was now made; and the colonel witnessed, with satisfaction, the arrangement of a property which insured to his deserving favourite a fortune worthy the possessor, at the death of his respected father; nor was the ample provision made for Henry, as his second son, less liberal; for a few minutes' reflection had determined Captain Longford to act thus, that at least, if by so doing he could not make Henry the friend of Yamboo, he might have no plea for becoming the avowed enemy, which his present unrestrained violence of temper threatened to make him.

Colonel Beresford having taken a respectful leave of the whole party, and an affectionate one of Yamboo, left London, highly gratified by the singular change in his destiny; and Mr. De Lasaux, persuaded that time and reflection was alone requisite to make Henry Longford more reasonable, promised not only to acquaint him with his father's future wishes, but the liberal allowance he had made for his present wants; and having no further inducement to remain in town, Captain Longford prepared for his immediate departure; when Henry, with whom Mr. De Lasaux had had a previous interview, entreated a conference; it was joyfully acceded to on the part of his father, who heard, with astonishment surpassing his own belief, the so late haughty spirit of his son entreating that forgiveness for which he owned himself unworthy; and still farther, his wish of being reconciled to Yamboo, whom he no longer hesitated to call brother: delighted with this early and unexpected change in his sentiments, which was alone requisite to his present happiness, and which he ascribed wholly to the influence of Mr. De Lasaux, Captain Longford looked no further for an elucidation, and as readily pardoned the offender, whom he led, with an approving smile, to Yamboo, who, in extending his friendly hand, opened also his affectionate heart, to admit the welcome stranger. Mrs. De Lasaux and her daughters also witnessed the desired reconciliation,

which wanted nothing but reality; for, of all present, there was but one who pierced the veil of deception, so artfully adopted; it was Him from whom no secrets are hid, and who but a few hours before had witnessed the solemn compact made by Henry with an associating vice, for the completion of a deep-laid plan of villainy, to which this reconciliation and feigned repentance was a master-key: elate with this new design, he had returned; and as what Mr. De Lasaux had to impart helped still farther to gild the bitter pill it was requisite he should swallow, its efficacy had a visible effect upon his spirits, for nothing could be more pleasant, more attentive, than Henry Longford; and, delighted with her fancied triumph, Louisa ventured, in a whisper, to ask Mary if she was not justified in her opinion?

The hour for their departure was named, which Henry wished to have postponed; but Captain Longford thought it most advisable to part in the present disposition of things; and was some miles on his road to Alvington, when Henry returned to give Stukely and his old companions an account of his success; and nothing now remained but to commence upon the well-projected scheme, to facilitate which the handsome deposit left for Henry in Mr. De Lasaux's hands was thought an admirable stroke of fortune in their favour; but dreading nothing so much as the impatience of Longford, who, stimulated more by revenge than even his thirst of money, and who had already, by his open violence, made them tremble for the total loss of that property of which they had each promised themselves a share, the first object was to reconcile him to the period which must of necessity pass before any new steps could, or at least ought to be taken; "for shall we not have the gentleman under our eye at Alvington secure enough?" said Stukely.

"And it will be but fair," said a no less eager dependant upon Longford's bounty, "to let him flutter a short time in his new plumage before he is finally plucked, since he will have a harder task to slip through my hands than his last proved."

"That may be as it turns out," said a third gentleman, who having been a principal performer in the circumstance alluded to, felt the severity of this remark. "However," he continued, "perhaps to-night's success will prove there are few more valuable members than myself in the club, as I will have all the honour of plucking the pidgeon we expect, or the shame of being myself defeated."

"Of that," returned Stukely, eager to encourage him, "there is but little chance, for he is said to be a thorough novice in the game, and we all know your play; therefore we will drink to his gold, and your success. Gentlemen, fill your bumpers."

Such was the honourable society of which Longford was a distinguished member, such the commencement of his career in that dissipation, which could but render him a dangerous inmate in a family altogether so amiable as Mr. De Lasaux's, who, unconscious of his insidious guest, treated him with paternal kindness, and only regretted they had less of his company than they wished; this he sometimes ventured to hint; but as Henry was only absent at those hours over which he had no controul, he was not desirous of appearing inquisitive: but when a relaxation from business, at the close of some important suits, left him more leisure to scan the conduct of Henry, he was less satisfied with it, and even more alarmed at the late hours he constantly kept, than at the frequent permissions he obtained, on various excuses, to be absent for days together with different parties; the object of these parties, and of whom composed, was his first inquiry; the former he found to be such as the fashionable youths of the present age are allowed to



enjoy unrestrained; the latter, a class of young men who, with a genteel appearance, contrive, beneath the garb and manners of a gentleman, to conceal those vices which make them pests of society, and the more dangerous, because hidden: as only the first part of their character, therefore, was visible, the danger of these associates was not known; and Henry still continued to pursue the bent of his vicious disposition, till the nightly revels and midnight orgies at length gave to his heavy eyes and altered looks an incontestible proof that his health demanded a cessation from them; and it was on this authority that Mr. De Lasaux ventured, not only to remonstrate, but threatened no longer to conceal from Captain Longford in what manner he was injuring his constitution, and to which his own false indulgence, in a great degree, contributed, by the boundless liberality with which he supplied his purse.

Henry, who was really ill, and found that his strength needed recruiting, promised to abide by advice which was indeed given with the warmth of sincerity, and for a short time confined himself to the house; but it was more from the want of power to leave it, than inclination to do so.

During his temporary confinement, Charles Stukely was a daily visitor, and occasionally others of the party, who having in some degree a character to support, dared to face the light of day, though it often obliged them to affect blindness in passing others of the fraternity, who were only their dearest friends when more welcomed darkness veiled the mutual villany: but his evenings were wholly devoted to Mrs. De Lasaux and her daughters; to them he read, accompanied their music, and was in turn as tenderly nursed by them; for a violent cold, which appeared to have settled on his lungs, for some weeks threatened a decline; but a naturally strong constitution, and the earnest desire to live, which made him studiously attentive to the recovery of his health, soon effected the desired change, which, however, brought with it no change of sentiment; the wish of returning to the gaming-table was only rendered more keen by the short privation; and the society of virtuous females had but given a keener zest to his enjoyment of that composed of the most abandoned, to which he again resorted with avidity, even more culpable than before he quitted it, since in that short period he had intentionally destroyed the peace which innocently rested on him for a return it was not in his nature to make, as though it would have been uniting the serpent to the dove: to that union, however remote, the artless Louisa was taught to look; in the softest accents he had dared to say he loved, and a thousand tender offices confirmed the declaration; for in those offices he was an adept; and though, with all the native delicacy of that early age, she hesitated in making the same avowal, the soft blush which tinged her lovely cheeks told him she did so—it was the extent of his wishes, and he left her to sigh over a remembrance of those evenings when he alone constituted all her pleasure, or, what was even yet worse, to drink still deeper of the fatal draught, when an occasional evening spent at home gave her added proofs of tenderness, which were, nevertheless, as cautiously concealed from the rest of her family, who were merely sensible that, if Mr. Longford had a favourite, it was Louisa; but now and then, a lively attack from Mary, on her slyness in thus monopolizing Henry's attention—"But as it is only because he resembles Horatio, you know, Louisa," she would add, "it does not prevent my setting my cap for conquest, which I most certainly shall in due time."

## CHAP. VIII.

HITHERTO Mr. De Lasaux had not written to Captain Longford, on the subject of Henry's inattention to that advice which he now began to fear was of no avail; yet, fearful of giving him uneasiness, he still hesitated to do so; therefore nothing had transpired at Alvington to interrupt the peaceful retirement of its inhabitants.

Yamboo, received with pleasure, both by Miss Longford and the old domestics, was as readily acknowledged and treated as the newly-recovered son of their good captain, whom they revered too much, and were besides in themselves too ignorant, old, and honest, to make any comments on the difference of complexion. Peter once said—"God bless him! if his mother was as comely as he is, 'tis no such great wonder master should take a liking to her."

Captain Longford's bad state of health, and distance from any of his neighbours upon equality with himself, had rendered him quite a recluse; therefore he had little to fear from the impertinent remarks, or officious inquiries of his fashionable acquaintance, who were indeed few in number, and but rarely visited him, a circumstance which left him more leisure for the improvement of Yamboo's mind, and which he now set about, with his usual eagerness to accomplish whatever he undertook. He had for some years proportioned his instruction to the sphere in which he moved, and had already taught him what was most useful; but he now determined to add the polish, which was alone wanting to complete his early labour; and never was pupil more docile, more desirous for improvement, or tutor more interested in his success.

Peace of mind had brought renovated health, and Captain Longford could either walk or ride round his demesne, with less fatigue than he had done since his return to England, a circumstance that gave much pleasure to the humble neighbours by whom he was surrounded, and who had often shared his bounty, through his constant almoner, Yamboo, who was not less beloved than his captain, when considered only as his domestic; for often had the evening fire, in the lowly hamlet, given a more grateful heat from the effects of his liberality, and often the lisping tongue been taught by the humble cottager to pray for Mr. Yamboo, who had given the loaf from which they had made their wholesome supper. It was now in his power to do still more, and he neglected no opportunity of doing so.

The silver locks of age were put aside, that the dim eyes might better discern him when he entered the rude-built hut, and talked with its long-remembered tenants; industry would stop the wheel to answer a thousand kind inquiries after the little family; and the youthful peasants, as they climbed the mountains to collect their brousing flocks, ran, if happily he appeared in sight, with their infant offering of early flowers. Beyond these mountains his thoughts would sometimes stray, with sentiments new to himself; nor did he dare to question their import; and would check the truant thought, that told him nothing was wanting to his happiness but the residence of Colonel Beresford's family in that neighbourhood, or persuade himself that he wished it only on his father's account, to whom the society of such a friend as the colonel would, he thought, be invaluable: but Captain Longford had become so habituated to the want of society, beyond that which composed his own fireside, as to be insensible of the privation; and, after enjoying his evening walk, accompanied by his sister or Yamboo, and occasionally both, would take

his early supper, and retire to his pillow, perfectly satisfied with the happiness he enjoyed. In one of these rambles, they had stopped at a low hedge, which surrounded one of the little plots appropriated to the use of a garden; its peculiar neatness attracted Captain Longford, who, with some surprise, inquired of his companion how long Darwin had become so attentive to his ground, which never used to be distinguished for its master's care?

Yamboo replied, he believed it still owed him little, as the alteration was occasioned by an inmate, whom he had lately taken in, and who, it should seem, was somewhat fonder of work than himself, as the appearance of both cottage and garden indicated, for both had undergone a visible change.

While they were talking, Darwin's new lodger entered the latter from the house, and was proceeding to work, when, observing the strangers, he bowed respectfully.

Captain Longford, who till then had not heard of this his neighbour, returned the bow, and began a conversation, by remarking his little crop looked well.

The man replied—"Tolerable, your honour; but it is early days, for I found it in a bad plight, and have but little time to attend to it; nor can I persuade master Darwin to take any share in the labour."

"That I can readily believe," replied Captain Longford, "for he is much too slothful; 'tis true, he is an old man; but a little exercise would, nevertheless, be good for his health. I suppose you did not find his hut much better, for I understand you reside with him?"

"Much alike," returned the man; "but my wife took upon herself the management of that, and has contrived to make it habitable; at any rate, it must do till we can better ourselves; and we feel thankful to master Darwin for taking us in at all."

"You are a family man, then," said the captain; "do you mean to remain in our neighbourhood?"

"As long as I can procure work, your honour," was the reply; "for where a labouring man can get employment, must be his home; and at present I have been fortunate enough to find it at farmer Thornton's; 'tis true, I have a good way to go, and am sometimes late home, which prevents my attending so much as I could wish to this piece of ground; but I am strong, and not afraid of work."

"Darwin at least has been fortunate in getting such an inmate," returned Captain Longford; "and I hope, for his sake as well as your own, that you will be equally so in getting employment, honest man; good-night to you."

The man returned the salute, and began to weed.

"A sturdy-looking labourer that," said Captain Longford, as they left the spot; "how long has he been among us?"

"A few weeks only, sir," Yamboo replied; "as, from what he understood, they had returned with Darwin from \*\*\*\*\*, when he last visited his son and daughter; as having one evening remarked, among a group of the village children, a face he did not know, he was told, upon inquiry, that the little stranger had come home with master Darwin, and lived with his father and mother at the cottage; and a beautiful boy he is," added Yamboo.

The following morning, as Miss Longford was sitting at the window which faced the nearest road to the village, she observed to Yamboo, who, with Captain Longford, was reading in a distant part of the room, that she believed the child he had admired so

much was coming to the house, as his companion, Winifred Williams, had already made her best curtesy, and was trying to make him sensible that he was to be no less polite.

Yamboo confirmed her supposition, by asserting it was really him; and she immediately gave orders for their being admitted. Winifred, shortly after, entered the room, leading in the rosy stranger, who engrossed so much of her attention as to have rendered her altogether unmindful of her own errand, till Captain Longford having asked his name, which he boldly answered was William Forrester, with several other trifling questions, his sister inquired of Winifred what had brought them so early to the manor?

“’Twas to tell her good ladyship that neighbour Darwin was very sick,” she said; “that his mother had made him posset, but he was not able to take it, and only begged she would send to madam at the manor, as the sight of her ladyship would do him more good, for he had a favour to beg of her; that she should have been there before, but William would come with her, God bless his little heart! and he could not run so fast as she did.”

Miss Longford promised to be at the cottage immediately; and having hastily prepared some light nourishment for the invalid, dispatched Winifred and her young companion, who, delighted with the notice of the two gentlemen, with whom he would have willingly staid, very reluctantly obeyed her summons to depart. He was at first somewhat shy of Yamboo, but the gentle accents in which he spoke banished every apprehension; and though he still continued to fix his eyes upon him, the artless inquiry of—“Shall I come and see you again, if I go away now?” proved his doing so was more from an impulse of childish surprise at his colour, than fear. An invitation to do so, with a slice of cake, made him no less alert than Winifred, who, having shared the bounty, tripped after him with a light heart.

Miss Longford shortly followed them, and, upon inquiry, found Darwin had complained of a bad cold when going to bed the overnight; but that, getting much worse in the course of it, he was obliged to awaken his lodger, whose wife, a very decent young woman, and who was giving the desired information, arose to attend him. Early in the morning, they had sent for his favourite neighbour, dame Williams; but he refused any nourishment, and begged Winifred might go to Alvington, to acquaint madam, who, he knew, would not refuse to come and see her old pensioner, for such he had long been, as, although Miss Longford was far from encouraging indolence at any age, she made every allowance for the infirmities natural to his, and had too much humanity to allow of his wanting the very few comforts that sufficed, but which he had neither the power or means to procure for himself, and which his son, though a very industrious mechanic, who lived in the adjacent town, could ill spare, from the very large family who depended wholly upon his labour.

Her appearance at the cottage revived the old man, who, blessing her for the trouble she had taken, said, that, as he felt he should never get over it, he wished first to tell her how grateful he was for all her kindnesses to a poor old man, who had nothing to give her in return but his prayers; secondly, he begged, as she had long paid the rent of his cottage, she would promise him to prevail on the landlord to let Forrester have it when he was dead; for, as they were strangers, he might turn them out, though for certain he could never get a better tenant; “for see, madam,” said the feeble creature, “how mainly neat it looks since they came to live with me; and they have, besides, been very kind indeed.”

Miss Longford was sensible of the difference on looking around her; for her visits to the old man had of late been less frequent, merely on account of that want of cleanliness which she now witnessed, and as highly commended.

Mrs. Forrester, however, said, though it was a little more decent than she found it, 'twas still very far from deserving the kind compliments her ladyship paid; but observed, she hoped master Darwin would recover, for his own sake as well as theirs, as they should be badly off, if obliged to turn out, which they feared would be the case if he died.

Miss Longford, much pleased with the stranger's respectful manner and appearance, promised not only her own interest, but that of Captain Longford, with the landlord; which promise fully satisfied the old man, who again addressing her, said, he had but one thing more to ask of her ladyship—if she would entreat Mr. Longford to spend half an hour with him, he should die in peace, as it was he alone that made goodman Watkins's deathbed happy, by talking to him, as nobody else could do; "and I am much more in need of such comfort than he was," added Darwin, "for I have never been so good a man; but his honour will tell me what I ought to do to find God. I have not gone to church so often as I ought to have done, and used to stay away because my clothes were not so good as I formerly used to wear; now, if I was well, I would go, even in rags," in saying which, he wept bitterly.

Miss Longford, pleased to see this conviction of his penitent state, assured him Mr. Longford would be happy to give him every comfort; but, as he required a little strength to enable him to converse with him, he must promise her to take some nourishment, which she left Mrs. Forrester to prepare, while she returned to urge the necessity of Yamboo's immediate presence, as the old man's dissolution was apparently not very remote: he was certainly very seriously ill, and against such an attack, the age of ninety-five could make but feeble resistance.

Yamboo was literally the good Samaritan, to whom the virtuous part of their humble community flew for succour in the hour of sickness; he was their friend and counsellor in health, their anchor of hope in the closing scene of their obscure existence; but in proportion as the truly good man sought his favour, courted his slightest notice, so eagerly did the less worthy shrink from his observing eye; and among that number, though habitual indolence was his greatest foible, Darwin had ever dreaded his just reproof—"Why you not go to church?" Yamboo would say to him, when he was himself a domestic of Captain Longford.

"Because," replied Darwin, "my coat is not so good as my neighbour's, and I am too poor, old, and miserable, to get such as I used to wear."

"But my face not like other people's," returned Yamboo, "yet me not ashamed to go in church. God only want the heart; he not look at your coat, or Yamboo's face."

Since wealth had privileged him to speak more freely, he had not spared Darwin; but he soon found it was want of inclination, and not the coat, which had so often caused his absence: his ill health, feeble state, and the length of the road, were pleas not to be obviated; and though, in the natural goodness of his heart, which allowed every thing for the failings of his fellow-creatures, Yamboo always returned Darwin's humble obeisance with a kind inquiry after his health, and sometimes dropped a shilling in his doft hat, he was far less noticed than the deserving many, who were more observant of their moral and religious duties; and this conviction lead him to fear Mr. Longford would withhold from him that comfort which he had seen many of his neighbours derive from his pious

exhortations. He knew not that this faithful steward in his Master's cause, following his divine precepts, never failed to seek those who, being sick, needed the physician more than those who were whole, till seated by his bedside, regardless of the poverty with which it was surrounded, he laboured to convince him how far the penitent sinner could triumph in the expiring saint; and Darwin lived to feel the conviction, to see death robbed of its fearful sting, the yawning grave less certain of its boasted victory, in the which Yamboo saw him laid with decency, and where, among the unlettered monuments of rude cut stone, that told the simple annals of the poor, Darwin's was seen, graced only by the plain inscription that bespoke his name, and the years he had numbered in his earthly pilgrimage.

The Forresters were allowed to remain, as he had requested, tenants of the cottage; though no more was known of them than that provisions having materially increased in price, and work becoming scarce in his own place, which was stated to be near Bristol, he had left it in hopes of getting employment in Wales, where he was given to understand he could live much more moderately, and had set out for \*\*\*\*\*, to which town he was directed with his family, consisting of his wife, a brother, who had, since the death of his parents, lived with him, and his own little boy, William; that, having failed in his inquiry for work at this place, and wishing rather to live in the country, where he might get employment as a husbandman, they were continuing their journey for this purpose, and on the road overtook Mr. Darwin, who entered into conversation with him, and hearing their intention, kindly offered to take them in, till they could provide a better habitation for themselves; telling them, at the same time, his was a sorry one, but in that neighbourhood he knew of no other; that however, he believed, if willing to work, he would, for the matter of that, find plenty: this was the chief object, and they accompanied him home to his solitary hovel, which indeed wanted every comfort to render it a desirable abode; and Mrs. Forrester had ventured to entreat her husband, in a whisper, not to remain in so miserable a place, as they were by no means so distressed as to compel them to do so; but she was silenced by an assurance, that it was of all others the neighbourhood he most wished to reside in; and having reasons for it, which it was not necessary she should know, or at least that he thought proper to conceal, he added, by way of encouragement, "A little of your good management, Mary, with the help of clean water and whitewash, will make it quite another thing." Having no alternative, she set to work; and, as her husband had predicted, Darwin's wretched hut soon vied with its neighbours in neatness.

During Yamboo's charitable visits, and which continued while its original possessor lived, little William had grown much into favour with him, constantly attaching himself to his side, when permitted to escape from his mother, who, fearful of his intruding, restrained him as much as possible; but he was sure to meet him some distance from the cottage, always accompanied him part of his road back, and never failed to be an interesting companion to his new friend, who delighted in the society of children, particularly at his age; the mother of whom, in these frequent calls, he had seen much, appeared a respectful, kind creature; nor could he help observing that she was uncommonly pretty, and had a form no less perfect than her face; Edwin, the brother, he had also occasionally seen at work in the little garden; but of Forrester he knew little, having only once met him on his return from labour, near the gate of Alvington park, from which spot he appeared to be taking a minute survey of the house and grounds; but

on Yamboo's approach, he bowed and walked on; he had, however, expressed himself grateful for permission granted him to rent the cottage, and was spoken of in the neighbourhood as an industrious man; but there was a reservedness in his manners, which ill accorded with the plain simplicity of his Welsh neighbours; and as he expressed no wish of associating with them, they were in turn equally careless of his acquaintance: neither was his wife or brother better known among them; the former, busied in her domestic concerns, seldom left her cottage, and the latter mixed very little with the young men of the village: but William, who shared in all the pastimes of the younger peasants, lost nothing of the interest his first appearance among them had created; in all their juvenile assemblies, his guileless laugh was sure to be heard; he had learned to climb with them the mountain's height, fearless of danger, and would bound over the craggy steep, agile as the bearded tenants that browsed upon their shelving sides; in all their youthful sports, he was a distinguished leader of the infant train; in short, William Forrester was the standard round which they rallied, and his laughing face among them the sure signal for that glee which ever marked their harmless meetings and rustic feasts; for Mr. Longford's frequent bounty, in the form of a large cake, or basket of fruit, of which William was in general the bearer, so far from creating a jealousy of the preference given him, only made it more acceptable at the hands of their mutual favourite; while the liberal donor, neither less happy, or less innocent, than these children of nature, glided sweetly down the stream of life, much too grateful for the blessings he was permitted to enjoy to anticipate a future evil.

## CHAP. IX.

A LETTER from Mr. De Lasaux to Captain Longford, in which he regretted the necessity there was for saying Henry's conduct had of late given him some uneasiness, was the first drawback upon the felicity of the inhabitants of Alvington.

"I have," said that gentleman, "fearful of alarming the too keen sensibility of your feelings as a father, perhaps concealed, longer than I ought in justice to have done so, a change which has nevertheless been visible almost from the time of your leaving London; but I flattered myself I knew Henry's heart, and still hoped every thing from that advice which I gave him with disinterested sincerity; nor should I even now despair of success, but that he has other counsellors, those whom he falsely terms friends, who continue to counteract that I daily give him, and who will, I fear, in time subvert those principles which can alone carry him through life with honour and integrity. He is certainly much less attentive to business than formerly; but so great are his abilities, that his perseverance, when he does attend to it, would leave me less reason to complain of this, than his frequent absence, and incessant bad hours, by which his health has already suffered. In vain I have remonstrated, in vain assured him it was incompatible with the duty I owed his father, who had consigned him to my care, longer to conceal from him my opinion of his conduct, or my apprehensions that his friends were not such as you would approve."

'I had his word,' he replied, 'that they were gentlemen and men of honour; and in what instance had he ever given me reason to doubt his veracity?'

‘True,’ I returned; but ventured, as delicately as possible, to hint, that there were gentlemen, whose thirst of inordinate pleasure, to say nothing of the fatal one of playing, might make them dangerous friends to a young man so inexperienced in the world as himself.

‘While his expences were regulated by his father’s munificence,’ he said, ‘it remained with him to restrict them, when he was dissatisfied; but that, hitherto, he had been much too indulgent to express any disapprobation or reproving for extravagance.’

“This at once,” added Mr. De Lasaux, “chained my tongue, but not my pen; and thus far I have acquitted myself, by revealing the necessity there is for your giving him that advice you may yourself think expedient, for which he will be prepared, as I have named my determination of writing to you upon the subject; and a father’s counsel, of course, will have more weight.”

This Captain Longford almost doubted, from a thorough knowledge of his son’s disposition; but the evil appeared of less magnitude to him than Mr. De Lasaux had supposed it; he saw no great error in a young man sporting his money freely, provided it was spent in the society of gentlemen, which, from Henry’s answer to Mr. De Lasaux, and the latter’s letter, he had reason to suppose was the case: he had himself, through life, known too little of its value, even now rightly to appreciate it; and as Henry’s demands had always been strengthened by Yamboo’s entreaties that he would not refuse him, the former had never asked in vain; and, while this was the case, he continued frequently to favour them with inquiries after their health, together with added assurances of his being perfectly happy, and daily more pleased with London. Still, in justice to Mr. De Lasaux’s anxiety for his welfare, which he knew arose from the purest motives of friendship to himself, he determined, in his next letter, gently to remonstrate against his keeping late hours, to the certain prejudice of his health; but to carefully avoid any reflections, either upon his inattention to business, or encreasing expences, conscious that Henry’s temper, ill brooking contradiction, would instantly charge his brother with having meanly instigated him to curtail his income, a step to which he would consider his letter a prelude: but, whatever Henry’s sentiments might be upon the subject, he did not choose to answer it for some weeks, during which, an accident happened at Forrester’s cottage, which gave incontestible proofs, not only of Yamboo’s intrepid firmness, but his humanity also: he had a favourite walk, in a small road contiguous to the park, and to which he usually, when alone, took his book, because, though communicating with the village, he was still, from its retired situation, seldom interrupted, unless occasionally by the children, when in search of a kid that had by chance wandered from their shaggy flock; and this appeared one evening to have been the case, when he was seated on his accustomed bank, as the sound of their voices, sometimes near, and then retreating, led him to suppose some of the little intruders would shortly discover his retreat; and in this expectation he continued reading, till a confused scream, mingled with the sound of an approaching team of horses, whose bells were furiously ringing, made him dart from the spot with an arrow’s speed to the centre of the road, in which several children were flying in wild disorder, and among them his favourite William, who ran towards him for protection, at the moment their cause of terror appeared in view: the horses, who had evidently taken fright, approached without a driver, and scarcely allowed him time to collect the affrighted group, who rallied round him for safety on an adjoining bank, when they passed the spot; and finding it impossible to attempt stopping them, he watched, in



fearful anxiety, an angle of the road, which he trusted would check their speed, and was not disappointed; for either finding they were not pursued, or exhausted by their exertion, the horses made a halt, and then proceeded on their usual pace towards the village; while the children, relieved from their own apprehensions, began to express their fears for Edwin's safety, who, they all agreed, was sitting on the shafts of the waggon when they first saw it from the hill, and before the horses took fright, "which must have been after they got into the road," said the eldest boy, "for they were coming very quiet till we heard their bells louder, and Ned Gwyn saw them turn the corner full gallop, when we all ran as hard as our legs could carry us; but poor Edwin, where can he be, sir?"

Their artless account had awakened more fears for Edwin's safety than Yamboo dared to express; therefore, taking William by the hand, and bidding the boys, who still trembled with terror, accompany him, they set out in quest of the thoughtless lad, who had risked, if not actually lost his life, in sitting upon the shafts. The turning Ned Gwyn had pointed out, shewed them, at no great distance, the object of their search stretched on the ground, and whom the children, renewing their cries, pronounced dead; but Yamboo, on approaching him, found there was still life; and having, with the assistance of the strongest boy, raised him up, and, with some difficulty, laid him upon the narrow pathway, he shortly after began to revive; but a deathlike paleness still spread over his face, and a large cut on his cheek gave him a terrific appearance to the children, one of whom was instantly dispatched to the village for assistance, and a second to farmer Thornton's, who owned the team, and where Yamboo supposed it most likely Forrester was to be found; but his first messenger presently returned with several people, who, alarmed by seeing the team unattended, had left the village, to satisfy themselves of the driver's fate, whom they supposed either to have been Forrester or his brother; and humanely forbore expressing their fears to his wife, whom the intelligence had not yet reached.

The poor boy was now able to speak; but either through fright, or the injury he had sustained, it was in a disordered strain; and Yamboo's first care was to settle some plan for conveying him to the cottage; this was easily done, by forming a litter of boughs, on which they carefully laid him; while Mr. Longford hastened, first, to prepare Mrs. Forrester for the melancholy procession, and afterwards to procure a surgeon to examine his bruises; the wound on his cheek was found to have been occasioned by a stone, on which he had been thrown with some violence; but his right arm, on which, at the same time, he had fallen, was broken in two places; and he still continued insensible, when Forrester entered the cottage, and found Yamboo, like a ministering angel, assisting the surgeon in the performance of his duty; but the latter was too much engrossed to observe his entrance; and, having seen every thing done that was required, retired with the surgeon, after saying to Mrs. Forrester he would shortly return, but begged she would carefully observe the injunctions she had received, to keep the patient very quiet; for which purpose, he said, William should go with him to the manor. She gratefully acknowledged her sense of his goodness; and then related to her husband the active part he had taken, not only on Edwin's account, but in the preservation of their child, whose escape, as related by the children, together with their own, was, she thought, little less than miraculous.

Forrester heard her with visible agitation; a gloomy thoughtfulness pervaded his brow, as he sullenly exclaimed—"How unlucky!"

This vague and singular answer excited her surprise; but the situation of Edwin left her no time to construe it; and Forrester having, as she thought, too harshly reproved his brother's folly for running such a risk of his life, again left the cottage; to which Yamboo, as he had promised, returned in the evening, accompanied by a servant, who had brought whatever Miss Longford believed could contribute to the comfort or convenience of the invalid. He was still, though very low, quite sensible; and Yamboo, having satisfied himself that all was going on well, and repeated his injunctions that he should be kept undisturbed, took his leave for the night; but succeeding days saw no diminution of either his visits or kindness, from which Edwin had reaped every advantage, when a second accident, more fatal in its tendency, again proved to Forrester's family the value of their benefactor.

Mr. Longford, who had been calling upon a gentleman in the adjoining town, was, by the latter's entreaties, prevailed on to stay much later than, on leaving home, he had intended to have done; but having only a few miles to ride, and the evening proving uncommonly warm, his horse was permitted to choose his own pace, while its rider, ever sensible to the divine works of creation, contemplated at leisure those beauties which a fine night, in the midst of summer, presented to his admiring eye; all around him was serenely still; the trees, as if tenacious of disturbing their feathered tenants, scarcely moved their leafy foliage; in the scattered hamlets, as he passed them, all was hushed to peace, since even the shepherd's dog, fearless of approaching danger in this retired spot, slept securely at his master's door.

Yamboo was delighted, and his eyes wandered from earth to heaven, as if in search of the pure Spirit whose hand had formed the scene, when it caught, at no small distance, a black column of spiral smoke, ascending high in the already heated atmosphere; for a moment he gazed attentively, to ascertain its probable direction; but the blaze which instantly followed left him no time to deliberate; and spurring his horse, he stopped not till the blazing thatch presented Forrester's hut to his aching sight; no one saw its too certain destruction but himself, for all within and around it was profoundly silent, when dismounting from his horse, with his usual presence of mind, he tapped gently at the door, lest the too sudden alarm might prove fatal to Edwin; but every moment's delay teemed with danger; and as no one answered, he repeated his blows with greater violence, at the same time calling upon the name of Forrester, who, unconscious of his danger, somewhat rudely demanded the cause of so much haste, as he approached to open the door; but the wide-spreading flames, which threatened to envelop the whole cottage, needed no explanation; and, while Yamboo rushed in to arouse his sleeping family, the former stood transfixed with terror, totally incapable of giving that assistance the helpless inhabitants demanded: happily, the glare of increasing light penetrating the windows of an adjacent hut, gave the alarm, and the awful cry of "Fire!" soon rang through the so late peaceful village, while every one ran to tender their services; but not before Yamboo had alone, and unassisted, conveyed Edwin from the smoking building, followed by Mrs. Forrester, frantically clasping the still sleeping William to her bosom, and who had but that morning returned home from the manor: every attempt made by their willing neighbours to rescue the devoted cottage was unavailing; nor did there remain a doubt of its having taken fire by lightning, of which, in the early part of the evening, there had been a great deal, as the thatch, independent of a long drought, was so dry with age, as to render the general supposition more than probable; but that the fire had commenced

at the roof, Yamboo was convinced, from his first observation of it; and the slender rafter having given way, the whole soon fell in with one dreadful crash, while Forrester, in mute dismay, looked upon the blazing ruins, from which the humane and generous Longford could scarcely move him, when, having promised them a present asylum at Alvington, he urged him to assist his neighbours in seating Edwin on his horse, while he should himself conduct Mrs. Forrester and William hither.

Forrester's gratitude, if he really possessed any, was neither expressed in his reply or action; the former being merely a movement of his lips, the latter too sullen and careless to pass unobserved by the surprised rustics; but, as Yamboo never estimated a praiseworthy deed by the return he was to receive, Forrester's uncouth manners were not regarded; for his charity arose from that pure fount, which, conscious only of performing its duty, looks for no reward; and in feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, and comforting the sick, he was alone insensible of the merit to which so many objects of his bounty raised the altar, whose grateful incense rose to heaven: he was now providing for the houseless wanderer, and gratitude for possessing the means to do so, was the only sensation which actuated his liberal mind, during their short walk to the manor, whose hospitable doors were as readily open to receive, as were its owners to sooth the terrors which neither Mrs. Forrester, Edwin, or William, had as yet surmounted. But this was not the extent of their bounty: at the extremity of the park, embosomed in trees, there was still, though in a ruinous state, a small building, which had once been fitted up in the style of an hermitage, and in which Captain Longford's father devoted much of his time to books and retirement, for both were his passion; but as Miss Longford, during her deeply-rooted sorrow for the death of her lover, had made it almost a constant residence, it was thought a dangerous nursery for grief, and, in consequence, stripped of all its furniture, and for some time totally shut up; of late years, it had occasionally been used as a tool-house; and now the quick imagination of Yamboo offered as a no contemptible residence for the Forresters, undertaking himself to have it rendered hospitable.

Captain Longford approved the plan, and a few days saw them in quiet possession; for, though Forrester had partly refused the offer, on the plea of his intention to leave that part of the country, as the only means he could assign for doing so was his want of an habitation, and unwillingness to become troublesome to any one, it was shortly over ruled by the captain, who bid him remember, that, as rolling stones gathered no moss, he had much better remain where he was sure of employment for himself. "As to that poor boy, Edwin," he added, "when he is well enough to work a little in the garden, I shall take him to assist Peter, who will be glad of such an helpmate."

Yamboo was delighted with his father's proposition; and Forrester having thanked him for favours of which he hinted he was unworthy, left the room, to prepare his new habitation.

"Either that man," said Captain Longford, when the door was closed, "is much too proud for his situation in life, or he has a most ungracious manner of receiving the favour; for the present obligation evidently oppresses him."

Miss Longford was observing that appearances were often fallacious, when a servant entered the apartment, followed by a gentleman, who introduced himself as the friend of Mr. Henry Longford, from whom he was the bearer of a letter to his father.

Captain Longford assured him, that, though such a passport left him a still greater debtor for the honour of his visit, it was nevertheless unnecessary to insure his welcome, since every friend of his son's would be received with pleasure at Alvington.

The stranger returned this compliment with politeness; and, at the entreaty of Miss Longford and her brother, promised to spend a few days at the manor, from \*\*\*\*\* to which place he was then journeying; and, after partaking of a slight refreshment, took his leave; when Captain Longford, who had hitherto suppressed his impatience to know Henry's sentiments upon his last letter, eagerly broke the seal; but Henry was altogether an altered being; the temper, over which he formerly appeared to have no controul, that neither submitted to reproof, must become the first to acknowledge his errors, and first to lament that his inexperience of the world had hitherto made him regardless of Mr. De Lasaux's kind counsels, whose real value he now learned to appreciate, and which, had he sooner done so, would have enabled him to avoid the fatal error into which he had fallen, and from which a father's known goodness could alone rescue him.

Captain Longford started.

Henry went on to say, that, having been induced to play, on a conviction that he knew his friends, and could depend upon his own discretion not to exceed the bounds of prudence, he had continued to do so, till the uncommon success of one evening induced him to stake higher than was his usual practice, lest it should be suspected that he had placed too high a value upon the sum he had obtained, and the result was the final loss of the whole; but that, encouraged to believe this was only a trick of fortune, who would again smile, he hazarded not only all that he possessed, but a sum far exceeding what he dared to name, since, too late, he found it was sharpers, practised in gaming, and not gentlemen, to whom he had sacrificed both his fortune and peace, as he yet trembled to think what might have been the consequence of his rashness, had not Mr. Leviston, a gentleman of known integrity, and who had undertaken to deliver his letter in person, generously saved him from the disgrace which would have attended his non-payment of a debt of honour, by settling it for him, since to Mr. De Lasaux he never could have acknowledged an embarrassment he would have condemned with severity; "for never playing himself, it is with him," he added, "a heinous crime; nor would I even now risk his too just reproof, should he by any chance discover the fatal truth, which I have hitherto carefully concealed from him, much less the accusing glance of his lovely daughter, whose esteem I am perhaps too sanguine of possessing; for how shall the thoughtless and ruined Henry Longford acknowledge he has dared, though hitherto in silence, to adore the artless Louisa De Lasaux? Yet this," he continued, "is my situation: true, the disinterested friendship of Mr. Leviston, resting wholly on my honour, has rescued me from present distress; but who shall promise me a father's forgiveness, what pitying angel whisper to this self-accusing mind, that, pardoning my error, he will release me from the oppression of this fatal debt, and plead with Mr. De Lasaux in behalf of the penitent gamester."

"Thy father needs no advocate after such sincere contrition," said Captain Longford, closing the letter, "or thou hast a faithful one in the best of brothers;" to whom, with Miss Longford, he communicated the contents of an epistle, which had both pained and pleased him. That Henry had continued still to disregard the admonitions of such a friend, hurt him much; and the extent of the embarrassment, which he had to learn, was also a source of much uneasiness; but his own fatal passion for play recurred to his mind,

and conscience, that unceasing monitor, whispered how often his own heavy demands, for the same purpose, must have agonized a father's feelings. Henry's had hitherto been trivial, in comparison of his own; but he felt also that his power to answer them was more limited than his father's had been: yet the intimation of his partiality for Louisa De Lasaux, and the prospect of an alliance so consonant to his wishes, at one moment determined him, whatever the amount of Mr. Leviston's debt might be, to cancel it; still farther, to hide the secret from Mr. De Lasaux, who, however otherwise inclined to favour the union, might hesitate to bestow his daughter upon a young man whom he had reason to suspect was fond of play.

Miss Longford, who knew nothing of the amiable girl alluded to, and who had long since become very indifferent to Henry's concerns, merely said, she was little qualified to give her advice in the business; and, was she to risk her opinion, it might displease; therefore, she declined giving it. Satisfied, however her brother acted, it would be from the best motive, she hoped it would answer his expectation.

Yamboo was more interested in the cause; his sympathizing heart entered into all the trials of his undeserving brother; and eagerly entreated his father, whose fortune he believed unbounded, so little was he acquainted with money concerns, not to delay the payment of Henry's debts; "for only that," he said, with an affectionate eagerness, "only that little matter stand between him and happiness. Ah! how happy," he continued, while the sincerity of his joy at the idea was visible in his expressive countenance, "Henry must be when him marry that sweet girl!"

Captain Longford smiled, as he reminded him how much was to be accomplished before such an event could take place. "I own," he said, "with what pleasure I shall anticipate such a step, because I think nothing will so effectually reclaim Henry from a thousand errors as a virtuous attachment, and no where could he have made a choice I was so sure to approve; neither must his prospect of entering into such a deserving family be marred: but this unnamed sum may exceed even my fears of its amount; and the more I reflect upon Henry's forbearing to name it, the greater are my apprehensions that it must be large."

This suspense was, however, shortly relieved by the return of Mr. Leviston, who, prepared for the anxious inquiries a father would naturally make, coolly replied, it was only five hundred pounds, but which, he hoped, Mr. Longford had not urged the payment of, as it was perfectly immaterial; that he was happy to have had it in his power to relieve the anxiety of his young friend by the trifling accommodation of such a sum, but that he considered the obligation of too vast a magnitude.

Captain Longford, though startled by the amount, had too much pride to allow Mr. Leviston becoming sensible of it; and having assured him, that in acknowledging himself no less obliged than his son by the advancement of the sum, he was only left to regret it had not been applied to a more honourable purpose; "for though," he continued, "I have never restricted Henry's expences, while they contributed to support his consequence as a gentleman, I lament that the money, which might have been appropriated to more noble ends, should, through his propensity for play, have been consigned to men whose character every honest man, every gentleman, must reprobate."

Captain Longford, while speaking, had unconsciously looked at Mr. Leviston, on whose countenance he fancied an expression of embarrassment; but that gentleman, aware that the feelings he could ill suppress would need an explanation, as the only

means to avoid detection, seized the moment of silence to express, with apparent concern, his fears that Captain Longford had thought him premature in answering such demands, which only the urgent necessity Mr. Longford had declared for the money, and his dread of Mr. De Lasaux's coming to the knowledge of it, between whose family and his friend, he understood, there was a connexion of a delicate nature, could have induced him to do; he was not privileged to ask to whom Mr. Longford had lost that sum, he merely learned he had done so; and, having as much by him, had tendered the loan till it might be convenient for him to replace it; neither should he have had the honour of the interview with his family, but that Mr. Longford, knowing he was to pass within a few miles of his father's, had entreated him to do so, probably from knowing the sincerity of his friendship would enable him to do away any little surmises that might be formed relative to the unpleasant business.

"I am perfectly satisfied of your good intentions, sir," returned Captain Longford; "I have only to regret that, in thus freely censuring my son's conduct, I should have unintentionally wounded your feelings; however, when you know me better, which will, I trust, be before we part, you will find I have at least gratitude to appreciate your kindness to Henry."

Mr. Leviston was aware that he had already done so, much too highly, and had only to fear his promised pleasure of spending a few days, which could alone lead to that better acquaintance, might be abridged, as it depended wholly on a letter, which he had ordered to be forwarded, and which would either allow him to gratify his earnest wish of staying that period, or oblige him to return to London without delay; but, as the little he had as yet seen could not fail to excite a wish of exploring it farther, he must solicit permission to ramble over the grounds, which he could not sufficiently admire.

Captain Longford was seldom more gratified than by a compliment paid to his paternal residence, which he venerated with that high sense of family pride so predominant among the Welsh, even to the lowest class; and though he did not feel his strength adequate to the exertion of becoming his companion, gaily observed Yamboo would prove a more suitable one, since he could point out the beauties of both hill and dale, while his infirmities confined him to the latter, "which, though often picturesque, nevertheless needed that pleasing variety to be seen," he added, "from our lofty mountains, by those who, having agility and perseverance to climb their heights, cannot fail to discover;" with which prospects Mr. Leviston either was, or professed to be delighted, and was lavish in his encomiums upon the surrounding scenery, as they turned to the park.

With Yamboo's history he was perfectly acquainted long before his introduction to him by Captain Longford; and having a much deeper interest in the acquaintance than any one at the manor suspected, he was particularly attentive to all that passed; and had, for the purpose of learning his real sentiments, pointedly led to the subject of his brother's late embarrassment, soon after they commenced their walk, lamenting that, though he had not said so much to Captain Longford, he much feared Henry was not going on well; that he was both thoughtless and extravagant; and, if he might judge from report, he was known to keep improper company; "a circumstance," he added, "I relate to you in confidence."

"Oh, how much Yamboo thank you for not saying so much to him father!" he replied, "because he know some one tell you wrong. Henry much too often quick

tempered; then he think he must do what seem right to him, and not like advice; but then him heart so good, he first see himself do wrong, and then no one so sorry: if he spend much money, that too not him own fault; Captain Longford always say, he must live like a gentleman, for he hath plenty; and ill-natured people, who not know him liberal spirit, saying him extravagant: just now he much in trouble, but him father will settle all; and when he marry Miss De Lasaux, no one so kind husband, or better man, than Henry Longford: but Captain Longford must never know what you hear, sir, because it not true, and only make him unhappy. If you see Henry's letter, then you know him heart; for sorrow always shows the heart."

Satisfied that at least no suspicion lurked in his, Mr. Leviston said—"I may have been deceived, and hope I have; but whatever my friend's failings are, I am happy to find he has so warm an advocate with his father, who certainly has too much reason to be vexed at his present demand."

Yamboo answered, his father was too fond of him, and too kind to need any; and the conversation dropped just as they passed the gate which led to the hermitage: struck with its romantic and secluded situation, Mr. Leviston stopped to examine it, while Yamboo was relating the accident which occasioned its being occupied, when William, thrusting his rosy face through the half-closed casement, first discovered him, and in the next moment ran out to meet him; but seeing a stranger, timidly held down his head: "And who are you, sir?" said Mr. Leviston, putting back the luxuriant curls from his little forehead; "have you a name?"

"Yes, sir," was the bashful reply; but at that moment his mother, who had followed him to bring him back, having nearly reached them, tottered against a neighbouring tree, round which she appeared to cling for support.

"Are you ill, Mrs. Forrester?" said Yamboo, approaching her with his usual kindness; "you look faint; let me help you."

"Thank you, sir," she replied, "the air will revive me;" and then, recovering herself, she added, "I have been very busy to-day, but did not think I had tired myself."

"Oh, you always work great deal too much," said Yamboo; "why Forrester let you do so? Where him now?"

"Indeed, sir—I don't know, sir," she answered, whilst the deepest scarlet suffused her so late pale cheek.

Attributing this to the appearance of a stranger, and seeing her take William's hand to return to the house, he inquired after Edwin; and wishing her a good evening, walked on with his companion, who remarked, with an expression of countenance which Yamboo did not exactly understand—"That lonely as was the situation of the hermitage, it could boast a very fair recluse."

He replied—"Mrs. Forrester only very lately come to reside there;" and then continued the sequel of the account, which William's presence had interrupted.

"And who is this Forrester?" asked Mr. Leviston, though he could perhaps have better answered that question than the man to whom he put it, and who could only tell him what is already known: "a pretty woman, and this lone situation, are, however," returned the other, "strong temptations to a man of your age; and her husband has doubtless too much gratitude to suspect so kind a friend."

Yamboo looked at him with astonishment; he had too much penetration to be longer *entendre*; but at a loss how to answer the base insinuation, he could only look;

while his more fashionable companion, smiling at his simplicity, gaily remarked, he must pardon him for having ventured to judge him by those who moved in the great world, where such things were much too common to excite the surprise which he had expressed, but which, he added, somewhat ironically, fully proved his innocence.

Yamboo admitted the apology; but it materially lessened his opinion of the man who, whether moving, as he had said, in the great world, or inhabiting a desert, was, he thought, unworthy that title, when he could speak thus lightly of injuring a poor man's peace, whose honour was, no doubt, equally sacred, and his wife no less dear, than if wealth and affluence had presided at their board.

## CHAP. X.

ON the following morning, Yamboo, ever accustomed to early rising, was a little surprised, on his return from a long walk, to meet Mr. Leviston coming in a direction from the hermitage, and the evening's conversation forcibly occurred to his mind—"Surely," he thought—but the nobleness of soul which disdained suspicion checked the idea; and, to repair the injurious supposition, substituted the generous conviction, that, hearing of their late loss by fire, his charity had been laudably exercised, and that he had risen thus early to prevent his donation being public: therefore, without appearing to notice the path he had taken, he greeted him with the compliments of the morning, and hoped he had enjoyed a pleasant walk.

Mr. Leviston acknowledged to have done so; but concluded, by the time he had been abroad, it must be nearly the family breakfast-hour; of which also his own appetite reminded him, sharpened, he believed, from the fine air of the Welsh mountains.

Yamboo politely said, he was happy it had given him such a zest; and accompanied him to the breakfast-room, where Captain and Miss Longford waited their arrival, as did also the expected letter, which, addressed to William Leviston, Esq. Alvington Manor, laid upon the table; its contents, which he apologized for reading before them, appeared short, but sufficed, he said, to prove the necessity of pursuing his journey towards London, where he was to meet a gentleman, previous to his leaving England, with whom he had business that admitted of no delay—a circumstance he nevertheless regretted, as it prevented his taking advantage of the opportunity, which might never again occur, of seeing a country with which he was so much pleased, or a family on whose hospitable kindness memory would often rest with pleasure.

Captain Longford, who began to perceive their guest was rather too much a man of the world to be quite sincere in all these professions, less regretted the shortness of his visit, therefore did not urge a continuance of it; and Yamboo, who was still less pleased with his manners, almost rejoiced that he was so soon to leave them, which he proposed doing that evening, intending to sleep at the adjoining town, from which he should proceed on the following morning.

During the day, Captain Longford wrote to Henry, as Mr. Leviston had offered to convey his letter, or any commands with which he might favour him. In this letter, after slightly touching upon an error that was now irremediable, and for which he tendered his entire forgiveness, he admonished him, with all the warmth of parental solicitude, to



desist from future play, before its baneful influence had subverted every good and laudable principle, which never failed to be the sacrifice, independent of the peace of mind, which, once lost, could never be regained: "but for that fatal propensity, Henry," he added, "your father would now be spared the pain of confessing that his fortune, though adequate to all our reasonable wants, sufficient to support the style in which you have always lived, is by no means equal to answer the uncertain demands which a thirst of gaming may oblige you to make upon it; but it will suffice, if you stop here, to make you a suitable match for Miss De Lasaux; and, with such a partner in view, you can have no plausible excuse for resorting to that dangerous shoal, on which so many young men, inexperienced as yourself, have been wrecked: urge, therefore, your pretensions to the favour of that lovely girl, strive to merit her tenderest regard, and if happily you have a prospect of success, rely on my warmest interest with her father, which I will enforce upon the grounds of our long friendship, and my wish of seeing the desired union before I quit this world, for that which, I trust, I am preparing for."

"And to which, my old boy, I heartily wish you a safe and speedy journey!" was the generous sentence pronounced by his ungenerous son, as he threw down the unfinished letter, which was followed by the word, "Amen!" delivered in a style truly ludicrous, by his no less illiberal colleague, Mr. Leviston, who having waited the conclusion of what he termed the pious sermon, prepared to give him an account of his well-concerted journey into Wales, with its ultimate success, to which Henry listened with avidity, and had the satisfaction of hearing, that the generous old buck, an epithet Mr. Leviston chose to favour him with, had given him a check upon his banker for the money he demanded, "and which will at least, my lad," he said, "stop a few gaps for the present."

"But Yamboo?" returned Henry impatiently.

"Yes, he is another of those fine fellows, between whom and ourselves, Longford, there is a devilish great gulph," replied the minion of vice, Leviston, who, awed by the force of virtue, had more than once unwillingly contrasted the happy state of Yamboo with his own; "and but for the compact," he added, "which binds our honourable fraternity for ever to each other, and a conviction that I was too far gone in sin to be seized with a fit of contrition, a longer visit at Alvington might have seen me a convert to this black brother of yours."

"Damnation!" said Henry, with his usual impetuosity, "are his virtues eternally to be held up as a mirror to reflect my vices? You, at least, Leviston, might have spared my feelings, instead of gorging me with his perfections, which, after all, are dissimulation, when my ears waited for the welcome intelligence that some one, more friendly to my interest, had adopted a plan which was to give him a chance of going to a place more suited to his great goodness, and me a prospect of possessing the worldly goods which he affects to despise."

"Nor do you know but that plan is already carried into execution; at least, I have taken the most effectual measures for its completion."

Again Henry's features brightened with expectation; he smiled his approbation, and again listened as Leviston pursued his account, by reciting the untoward circumstances which had made Yamboo the unwearied friend of Forrester's family, "the weight of whose obligations," he added, "wrought miracles upon even that consummate villain; at whose compunction I laughed most heartily, though I had just before given him

a severe lecture on his supine indolence in the business which he had undertaken, or rather, he said, been sent upon, and which he now more than half repented, alledging, as an excuse, that Mr. Longford's general character in the village was so excellent, and himself so beloved, that the whole county would revenge his death, if it was supposed he came unfairly by it; in short, that he knew not how to lift his hand against a life which gratitude bade him preserve. This was a hopeful confession; and having listened very coolly to this fine harangue, I replied, 'Mark me, Mr. Forrester, no gratitude is of course due to the man who once saved your life from the gallows; at least, you have told me, in pretty plain terms, that I have none to expect: but of this be assured, if you are so easily duped as not to see the meaning of all this boasted kindness to yourself and family, you are but ill qualified for the performance of a promise, which it equally suited you to make as me to obtain from you; therefore had much better resign it to those who, more faithful to their employers, and having no wife to be thus easily seduced, will have fewer qualms of conscience.'

'What do you mean, sir?' he asked, trembling with passion (for that Forrester loves Mary I have no doubt, who is still looking very pretty, and who would, by the bye, had I been equally unguarded as herself, discovered, at a very unlucky time, that we were no strangers to each other); 'would you have me understand that Mary, that——' he stopped short, in evident confusion.

'Not Mary,' I returned, 'but your exalted benefactor, who, from his very complexion, is more prone to admire beauty in women; I know his passion for her, and it is but generous to judge Mary's gratitude by your own. The lone hermitage, your frequent absence, are all favourable circumstances to its indulgence; and Edwin's removal to the manor, which is, I know, eagerly expected on the part of Mr. Longford, will leave them still more at liberty.'

'Never!' exclaimed the exasperated Forrester, whose rage it was now requisite to calm, lest his exalted tone of voice should arrest some curious ear; for we had met at a place of his own appointing on the evening I quitted Alvington, and whose eagerness now to complete what he had been so tardy in before, it was now requisite to restrain; but the seeds of jealousy were completely sown; and I congratulated myself upon the happy stroke of invention, first, because it renders the blow more secure; for the rankling fiend will brace the arm which compunction had enervated: and, secondly, because the deed, which was to have been performed by proxy, will now become his own, carrying with it, in the face of day, some extenuation of the crime, as the commiserating multitude, regardless of Yamboo's past virtues, will detest him as the base seducer of a poor man's wife, and pity the injured husband, who was driven to the deed."

"Bravo!" said Longford, shaking Leviston heartily by the hand, "now art thou indeed deserving my best thanks; now hast thou removed a burden which makes Longford thy friend for ever. Yamboo must, will die, and suspicion never whisper Henry was privy to it. Kind Leviston, thine be the reward. Now to play the penitent, and sue for pardon at Louisa's feet, whose tender glances speak her sweet reproof of past neglect."

"But you do not mean to sue in earnest?" said Leviston, somewhat alarmed; "for if De Lasaux suspects it, the terms must be honourable."

"And so they shall, as far as love and appearances can make them," replied the former; "the first will be requisite to secure my prize; the second to keep my father in good humour; for, while the prospect of my marrying (which, by the bye, I never intend

to do,) holds good, he will not be sparing of his cash; and it is time enough to look into futurity.”

Thus argued these cotemporaries of vice, these destroyers of family peace, of whom too many throng the crowded city, infest the peaceful village, and lurk in the domestic circle.

Longford, high in spirits, sanguine in guilt, was, however, little prepared for the disappointment which awaited him at Mr. De Lasaux's, for whose evening party he had made the due arrangement. In addition to Mrs. De Lasaux, Mary, and her father, he found a second family, who were in habits of intimacy at the house, with two gentlemen, whom he did not recollect to have seen before; nor were they then introduced to him by Mr. De Lasaux, a circumstance of which his wounded pride was fully sensible; but, as general cheerfulness prevailed through the party, he joined in the common topics of conversation with his usual ease of manners, still in expectation of Louisa's appearance, and for whose unexpected absence he could in no way account; but she came not; and the evening was far advanced before he had any favourable opportunity of inquiring from Mary, in a low whisper, why the room was divested of its fairest ornament, her lovely sister?

“Having thanked you, sir,” she said, with her accustomed gaiety, “for your flattering compliment to myself and friends, be it known unto you, that the fair ornament for which you inquire is, probably, gracing a much larger party, where, though she may be less distinguished as a decoration, the goodness of her heart can never be overlooked.”

There was too much meaning in this reply, notwithstanding the good-nature which accompanied it, to suit Henry's present feelings; the evasion chagrined him, and the certainty of not seeing Louisa for the night, added keenness to the disappointment.

Mr. De Lasaux had entirely engrossed the two strangers during the evening, and Henry had more than once caught their eyes fixed on him; but they were too far removed from him to allow of his ascertaining if he was also the subject of their conversation. He had frequently addressed Mrs. De Lasaux; but though she was, as usual, all attention, affable, and pleasant, he fancied it was assumed towards him, and that he could discern there was something which she appeared as strenuous to conceal.

The following morning brought no relief to his suspense. Louisa was still absent, Mrs. De Lasaux uniformly polite, Mr. De Lasaux, he thought, reserved, but Mary had lost nothing of her vivacity; and to her, therefore, he ventured to express his hopes, that her sister was not suffering any inconvenience from the pleasure of the preceding evening, or the effects of a large party, as it was not customary to miss her at the breakfast-table: but his astonishment was visible, when he learned that the object of his inquiries was in the country on a visit, from which her return was uncertain, “and depends altogether on fortuitous circumstances,” said Mr. De Lasaux, taking up the discourse; “for unless my son, of whose return I am in expectation, should arrive very shortly, she will extend her journey beyond what she proposed on leaving home.”

Henry looked at him as he ceased speaking, and involuntarily shrunk from the eye, which had not so unintentionally been stedfastly watching his varying countenance: an effort on his part was requisite; and, with as much seeming indifference as it was possible to assume, he replied, whatever the purport of Miss De Lasaux's journey, he trusted pleasure would be the result.

“And as that is the only object of it,” returned her father, “there is little doubt but your good wishes will be realized, since both Louisa's party and route promise to be

productive of much.”—In saying which he quitted the room, with a mind agitated and irresolute how to act. A simple incident had revealed what he had not even suspected, but which the more penetrating eye of a fond mother had discovered—the persevering fortitude of a beloved child struggling with a painful secret. Louisa had continued to receive occasional proofs of Henry’s affection, but, with a delicacy truly feminine, determined strictly to guard her own knowledge of his preference, till authorized by her father’s approbation of it, to own it was not less pleasing to herself, an event she was from day to day taught to expect; during which, she had cherished a passion pure as her own nature; but the explanation, so essential to her peace, was still procrastinated; and what added much to her solicitude, was a conviction that Henry’s interest with her family diminished in proportion as her affection for him hourly increased: she often heard her father express, in pointed terms, his disapprobation of his conduct; her mother was, she fancied, less attentive to him than formerly; and Mary did not hesitate to say, she thought him quite an altered creature: still timidity, not art, for she knew not how to practise it, chained her tongue; and patiently waiting for an explanation that would empower her openly to defend his cause, she meekly heard them join in condemnation of faults to which she was herself wholly blind; when Mrs. De Lasaux having, in the absence of her two daughters, occasion for some muslin, which she had left in Louisa’s room on the preceding day, went thither to find it; it was lying on a small work-table, and, on her removing it, a corner proved to have been shut in with the top, which she raised gently to prevent tearing it, and in so doing, observed a book turned down, in which Louisa had been recently reading; it was Faulkner’s *Shipwreck*; and Mrs. De Lasaux, ever interested in the fate and sufferings of Palemon, continued to read till, having turned over the page, a small miniature, neatly folded in silver paper, caught her eye. Had it been possible to doubt that Louisa was the artist, she would willingly have done so; but her surprise at the inimitable performance could only be equalled by that which she gazed upon—the resemblance of Henry Longford; for, till this moment, she could hardly be said to have suspected what this little drawing could not fail to confirm—a secret attachment; and, having carefully restored it to its place, she retired to her own apartment, to reflect more fully upon a circumstance which had sensibly awakened her maternal anxiety, and to counsel with her own heart what steps she ought to take, for decidedly upon them depended the happiness of this beloved and amiable child. There was a period when she would have thought Henry Longford a desirable match for either of her daughters; but there was now an air of mystery hanging over his conduct, which Mr. De Lasaux was then endeavouring to penetrate, and which threatened not only to render him an improper husband for Louisa, but even unworthy the farther notice of her family. Fame, ever a more assiduous herald of our bad than good actions, had already whispered Henry’s great propensity for play, and still more his connexion with a party, from whose society and example he could not fail to be vitiated. A nephew belonging to one of the gentlemen who had appeared to notice him in so particular a manner at Mr. De Lasaux’s, was the young man whom Stukely and his companions were so sanguine in stripping of his money, from the knowledge they had gained of his inexperience at the gaming-table; and his loss was so great, as to render a confession of the whole transaction requisite to his anxious family. Satisfied he had been duped of his fortune, and equally so that he had no chance of redress, his uncle generously forgave him his error, and in part replaced the sum he had lost: but having one day cursorily inquired if the men with whom he had

played (for to the term gentlemen, he added, they have no pretensions,) were all

strangers? his nephew answered in the affirmative; nor did he recollect any of their names, except that of a young gentleman, who, like himself, played a losing game, and to whom one of the party had said—"Why, Longford, this is not your usual luck;" a remark to which he replied, by rather sharply observing, he had very seldom any other. This name forcibly struck his uncle as being in some way familiar to his ear; and, after a moment's recollection, it occurred to him that he had heard Mr. De Lasaux repeat it, at whose office he had lately been several times on business; and the inquiries he had made of that gentleman, together with reports which had indirectly reached him, determined Mr. De Lasaux not only to obtain the truth, but, on a conviction of Henry's having, contrary to his advice, plunged himself into the vortex of fashionable dissipation, to write immediately to Captain Longford on the subject, and decline his longer residence in his house.

Such was the declining state of Henry's interest in this worthy family, when Mrs. De Lasaux discovered his portrait in the possession of her daughter, from whom she resolutely determined no longer to conceal the knowledge already obtained of Mr. Longford's proceedings; and, having done so, to leave the rest to the virtuous principles of Louisa. For this purpose, she first revealed to her father the incident of so much importance to them both, and the plan she meant to adopt: the former alarmed his tenderness, for never was father more devoted to his children; the latter he could not hesitate to approve, because his confidence in Mrs. De Lasaux's rectitude was justly founded, as on her judicious conduct alone he relied for the perfect restoration of that peace, which was, for the first time, on his children's account, shaken.

On the following morning, seated in the *boudoir* with her daughters, Mrs. De Lasaux, in the sweetest accents, said, fixing her eyes upon them both—"I was thinking how fortunate my children are, in being thus happily placed beyond the reach of chill poverty, and its consequent miseries, to which so many lovely females of their own age, amiable as themselves, are too often exposed; and not less happy the mother, who, in daily becoming more sensible of their increasing merits, their attachment to her, and unbounded confidence in her affection, lives but for their happiness."

A soft blush mantled on Louisa's cheek, as Mary replied—"And where, my ever honoured mother, could your children find a friend so deserving of their confidence? when Mary has one to whom her heart is better known than you, ah! where will be her mother?"

The tears which overflowed her fine eyes fell on Louisa's neck, upon which she had reclined her head, to conceal the truant drops; and the precious tribute to a mother's worth gave the latter that fortitude which wanted only exertion: raising her's, equally suffused in tears, to the benign countenance of her parent, she said, timidly—"But are there not subjects, my ever dear mamma, on which, however anxious to speak, the lips will refuse to obey the heart's dictates? it is only such a one could possibly make your Louisa feel unworthy of the kind opinion you have just expressed of our candour."

"There are subjects, my child," replied her mother, with increasing kindness, "which a too keen sensibility, natural to your ages, would deem it indelicate to reveal; and it is therefore *then* that the soothing voice of friendship should act for us, by leading to the subject, before concealment, like a cankering worm, has preyed upon the mind's purity, by infusing its sickly poison. For instance, on a supposition that either of my

beloved girls had become sensible, in their own minds, of a preference, to which they had every probable reason to expect a return, I am satisfied a natural delicacy would restrain the avowal, even to the sacred confidence of a mother, until they felt justified in the acknowledgment, from the honourable overture made for their hand by the favoured object. It then behoves a parent, whose anxious fears are never lulled, carefully to watch the symptoms of an infant passion, to seek, by every laudable and gentle means, the timid confidence, which waits but for the soothing encouragement to unfold itself; and, having obtained it, to administer that advice which experience and affection best enables them to impart."

"And of which your own Louisa stands so much in need at this moment," said the generous girl, tenderly embracing her mother; "and thus kindly encouraged, will no longer hesitate to solicit."

Willing to owe the desired confidence all to her own sincerity, Mrs De Lasaux determined to conceal her knowledge of the picture; and kissing her blushing cheek, assured her, the rectitude of her own heart could not fail to convince her a mother's bosom, while it was the most proper, must also be the safest repository for her dearest secrets: and Louisa, thus supported, ventured to impart that so long treasured in her own to this exemplary parent, to whose counsels she promised implicit obedience.

"But that must not be," said Mrs. De Lasaux; "having acted thus nobly, you are capable of judging for yourself. Was I," she added, "addressing a love-sick girl, wholly absorbed in a romantic passion, and who, in the attainment of her wishes, heeded no probable consequences, I should perhaps assume the prerogative of a parent. Behold me now the kindly interested friend, who having told you what it is requisite you should know, and given you her advice, would rather trust to your own excellent judgment, than enforce a command. Know then, Louisa, there was a period when I would have sanctioned, with my warmest interest, the prospect of your union with Henry Longford, for at that time I esteemed him; his person was certainly unexceptionable, his manners every way those of a gentleman, his abilities doubtless great, his prospects in life promising; added to which, as the son of your father's friend, we were prepared to regard him in no common light; and Henry Longford, when he resembled this picture, you were justified in believing could not be rejected by your parents."

"And this," said Louisa, tenderly taking her mother's hand, "this was the Henry Longford whom I dared to love."

"Hear me," returned her mother, "and mark the contrast: the principles which we are yet willing to believe he once possessed, are, there is every reason to suppose, entirely subverted. Regardless of your father's admonitions, he has selected a society of despicable gamblers, to whom he is sacrificing, with thoughtless extravagance, the money with which Captain Longford so liberally supplies him; and has already made such rapid progress in the ruin which must inevitably overtake him, that your father is now only waiting for the confirmation of certain intelligence, which he has received from authority, not indeed to be doubted, before he writes to acquaint Captain Longford with the proceedings of his ungrateful and dissolute son. Say then, is the abandoned, vitiated Henry Longford, the ruined gambler, the midnight debauchee, a husband for my gentle Louisa? Can parents, whose every happiness centre in their children, sanction a union which must condemn *one* of them to that hopeless misery and endless sorrow which

cannot fail to be the result; or, can our Horatio receive as a brother the man so unworthy an alliance with his more generous and noble virtues?"

"Nor has your child, my beloved mother, any longer a wish to obtain her family's approbation to such a union," she replied with firmness; "she loved Henry Longford only while she believed him generous, just, and honourable—only while she could not doubt her parents' approval of her choice, and waited but for their approbation to acknowledge how long she had cherished a secret affection for him. In forfeiting your esteem, and that of my honoured father, he has no longer a claim upon their daughter's; and, from this moment, pity for his errors must be the only sentiment with which I remember him."

"Then I am not deceived," said Mrs. De Lasaux, rising from her seat with emotion, "and my Louisa is even more than I had dared to expect. But are you sure," she added, "this is not an exertion of fortitude that may shrink from the test of reflection? Left to yourself, will not the account you have just heard appear exaggerated, and Henry less culpable?"

"What testimony," she replied, "can I need beyond yours? and, to prove the sincerity and strength of my resolution, to you I resign this resemblance, which must no longer remain in my possession," taking the miniature from her work-table; "it may remind me what he once was."

Thus far Louisa proved to what the female mind is equal; and, in the reward of an approving conscience, found that solace which the less sensible, and more romantic part of her own sex, would have sought in solitude. On the contrary, rising superior to the weakness which might have induced her to lament this early disappointment, she rather wished to avoid every opportunity for reflection, till satisfied the state of her mind, firm as the resolution she had expressed, would enable her to see Henry Longford without a pang; and, for this purpose, herself proposed visiting a favourite relation of her father's, who resided a few miles from London, in whose family, which was large, and much respected in their neighbourhood, she hoped to find amusements calculated to strengthen her own laudable efforts for the total suppression of her early attachment—a plan to which Mr. and Mrs. De Lasaux acceded with pleasure, mutually congratulating each other on the possession of a daughter so deserving their fondest solicitude; while the former, having an added inducement to ascertain the extent of Henry's increasing vices, lost no time in pursuing the thread of those discoveries which he had already made; by the description given of his person by the young man who had been so great a sufferer from the schemes of his base associates, his uncle did not hesitate to pronounce it must have been the same, on the evening they met at Mr. De Lasaux's; and that gentleman, aware how little was to be expected from any farther remonstrance on his part, at last came to a determination of declining his longer residence with him; and, though still reluctant to state all he knew in his letter to Captain Longford, advised his immediately recalling Henry into Wales for a short time, as the only effectual means of rescuing him from too certain destruction; but Captain Longford's mind was too painfully occupied on its arrival to pay that attention it demanded.

END OF VOL. II.

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YAMBOO.

A TALE.

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YAMBOO;

OR,

*THE NORTH AMERICAN SLAVE.*

A TALE.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

THE BRAVO OF BOHEMIA.

Fleecy locks and black complexion  
Cannot forfeit Nature's claim;  
Skins may differ, but affection  
Dwells in black and white the same.

COWPER.

VOL. III.

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1812.

## YAMBOO.

### CHAP. I.

SEATED by the bed-side of the suffering Yamboo, whose recovery he hardly dared allow himself to expect, Henry, or indeed the whole world, were of too little importance to withdraw his attention from its more interesting object. It is true he read the letter, because the feeble Yamboo had entreated him to do so; but it served only to remind him more forcibly of the ungrateful guest to whom he owed his present heavy affliction.

“For he to be the detested fiend!” exclaimed he, “whom I received with hospitality—he is one of the vile friends who is leading him to ruin!”

Scarcely had Leviston lost sight of Alvington, than he met, as he said, by appointment, his tool, Forrester, between whom and himself the conversation had passed, which he so faithfully repeated on his return to Henry. Satisfied that he had at last compleated the sanguinary work for which he had taken his Welsh journey, and for which Forrester had been sent thither some months before—tired of the suspense they were kept in as to his proceedings—and fearful of risking letters, expressive of their disapprobation of such tardy progress, Leviston proposed visiting the scene of action, as he termed it, and for which Henry’s encreasing embarrassment gave him a good plea; but the unexpected contrition of their vile engine, Forrester, whom hardened nature, more than half subdued by the benevolence of the exemplary being whom he had pledged himself to destroy, threatened to mar their well-concerted plan, since it promised rather to preserve than remove the obstacle to avarice and revenge: hence his insinuations of Yamboo’s passion for his wife—a stimulus he well knew could not fail to operate on a disposition so violent as was Forrester’s, who had been too long subservient to his convenience to leave him unacquainted with his character.

This man had formerly lived with Leviston’s father in the capacity of a groom, at which time he was in high estimation with his young master, who was, at that early age, no less attached to the stable than his father had ever been; and who, to his extravagant fondness for horse-racing and other pursuits, no less prejudicial to his fortune, but small, owed that ruin which, at his death, left a worthy woman, but far less worthy son, in indigence. Happily for the latter, his mother’s merits procured them friends, to whom he owed a commission in the line, of which, however, he contrived to dispose; and to their interest, through her intercession, he was afterwards indebted for a respectable situation in a large banking-house: while Forrester, less fortunate, continued, through idleness and a series of bad habits, to remove from one service to another, till he at last contrived to join one of those desperate gangs who continue to infest every public road, to the terror of the passing traveller, and into whose merciless hands Leviston was destined to fall on his return to London.

Late one evening, from an excursion little less honourable, he was rudely commanded to stop, by a man who at the same moment seized his horse’s bridle, and presented a pistol to his breast. Determined not to be robbed by a single footpad, he braved the fire, and attempted to spur his horse on, which the fellow perceiving, struck him with the but-end of the pistol, which was not charged: the scuffle which ensued

ended in Leviston's being dismounted; but proving, on equal ground, much too powerful for his man, very soon brought him to the ground, when the rays of the moon, falling full upon his face, discovered features with which he was well acquainted.

No sooner had he pronounced—"Forrester! is it possible?" than the other, equally surprised, exclaimed—"Mr. William, is it indeed you? Never, had I known it, would I have dared to lift my hand against so good a master! but, indeed, had I never lost your worthy father, I had been at this moment an honest man. Now," he continued, falling on his knees, "now my life is in your hands, and I have no right to expect mercy!"

Leviston, at this period of his life, did not want humanity; but he wanted judgment to discriminate between a laudable exertion of it, and the false sentiment which now bid him spare the life of a villain, who would not have hesitated to take his, had he possessed the means: but what weighed still more in favour of Forrester's safety, Leviston was then in want of a servant; and though it was not absolutely requisite that among the desired qualifications he was to possess, he should be quite as well acquainted with the business of the road as he evidently was, still there were many traits in his character which Leviston still remembered, that made him willing to take him into his service.

After a moment's hesitation, therefore, he said—"Forrester, what extremity could drive you to such a fearful and dangerous mode of life? You are young, and able to work."

"Ill advice and bad company, your honour," said the practised villain; "but this is the first time I dared to earn the wages of sin, though I own, with shame, I have too long shared them; but from this moment, if my life was spared, I would renounce my evil ways and this way of living, even though I were to beg my bread; but that I dare not expect."

"If I could depend upon your sincerity," said Mr. Leviston, hesitating, "could be assured that you were willing to get an honest livelihood, and, moreover, that your gratitude would bind you to my service, I might be induced to bury this disagreeable business for ever, and provide for you in future myself; but you are aware that you are now in my power, and have, by the laws of your land, forfeited a life, which I am nevertheless inclined, from my former knowledge of you, to save."

Neither promises of amendment, or protestations of that eternal fidelity which must bind him a slave to the preserver of his life, were spared; and it was agreed, on parting, he should attend his new patron on the following day, which he did, punctual to the hour of his appointment, after taking an honourable leave of the gang to which he belonged, many of whom rejoiced in his departure, because less hardened villains than himself; while the rest, pitying his want of spirit, in preferring a life of servitude to their glorious freedom, heard his intention with perfect indifference.

Leviston had daily more reason to be satisfied with the strange chance that had thrown Forrester in his way, who was even servilely attentive to his smallest wishes: but a short period sufficed to shew their convenience to each other; and few difficulties occurred to the master, from which the man did not contrive some plan to emancipate them, till mutual obligations nearly rendered them upon an equality, when the latter made a proposal, which at once surprised and staggered Mr. Leviston. It was no less than permission to marry a mistress of his, who, though somewhat declining in favour, he had taken no steps to part with, or indeed formed any resolution towards doing so: but a short deliberation proving the advantages resulting from the timely removal of this burthen, he

availed himself of what he, nevertheless, deemed Forrester's presumption, by giving his consent to the union, provided Mary's could be obtained: this was a less difficult task than he had believed possible.

In personal advantages Forrester was his superior, and his rank in life more suited to that in which she had moved before her elevation to one of infamy, as the mistress of Leviston. He had seduced her from parents, who, though in humble life, were themselves too virtuous long to survive the disgrace of an only child; and when, after repeated instances of his affection for her, Forrester entreated her to marry him, she had no hesitation in accepting the alternative allowed her, and gladly resigned the further protection of Leviston, who equally congratulated himself upon his newly-recovered freedom, and was lavish in the comforts he provided for the new-married couple.

Forrester, though naturally of a violent disposition, attached himself with even extravagant fondness to his wife, which rather increased than diminished on the birth of little William, for whom Mr. Leviston offered to stand—a favour that was accepted by his father, who, nevertheless, kept strict guard on the conduct of both his wife and master, till perfectly satisfied that indifference on each side left him nothing to fear; and he continued his services till the period when Leviston, knowing what an able ally he could command at will, volunteered to extricate Longford from the insurmountable difficulty of which he complained in the person of his brother, whom he steadfastly adhered in pronouncing an impostor: and for this purpose Forrester was convened, the plan laid open, and a liberal reward offered, in the name of the injured Longford, for the completion of such a meritorious act, with suitable instructions for his journey, which he was to begin immediately, and to secure its safety alone; but to this article Forrester objected—his wife was to accompany him—he was to be allowed his own time for the work—and only upon these conditions he promised to execute it faithfully. There was no alternative, and he was permitted to follow his own plan, which, on his first arrival in the neighbourhood of Alvington, every thing appeared to favour.

Previous to his leaving London, he had sent for a brother, who had applied to him for assistance, and whom he intended also to take with him into Wales; but his whole proceedings were inexplicable to Mary, who was told that he had been employed by a friend of his master, to perform a signal service for him, which, if he succeeded in, would be so handsomely rewarded, as to leave him for ever independent of Mr. Leviston, who would then take Edwin into his service, and he should have the satisfaction of providing comfortably for his brother; but her astonishment increased as she listened to Forrester's conversation with the old man Darwin, and still more when she was given to understand she must, for a short time, forego every comfort, and become the inmate of a wretched hovel, without being permitted to know or even ask the reasons which made such a change in their appearance requisite, as Forrester had provided clothes of the coarsest kind, and which he said were better suited to the purpose of their journey.

He had been told that captain Longford's intellects, having been materially injured by the wounds he had received in India, he was become altogether the dupe of an artful black servant, who had been sent home with him, and who had acquired such a complete ascendancy over him, as not only to have prevailed on him to disinherit and turn his own son out of doors, but had actually persuaded his master into a belief that he was himself his natural child; while the captain, wholly governed by him, countenanced the falsehood, and had made over an immense property to him, which, in case of his

death, must come to a very liberal fine-spirited young man, who would know how to reward those who would undertake to remove this black gentleman, which might easily be accomplished, as he was in the habit of wandering about constantly alone, and whose death no one would trouble themselves to inquire much about. Not so the story told by Darwin and his rustic neighbours, among whom Yamboo was an oracle.

Forrester reluctantly heard the different account, and endeavoured to persuade himself, this favourite, in whose praise they were so eloquent, had purchased their good opinion, which, at all events, must not bias his; and firm to the cause in which he had embarked, he began to make the necessary observations, for the better arrangement of his future plan, previous to the completion of which he intended to remove all suspicion, by leaving the place with his family; but this Edwin's disastrous accident unavoidably delayed, while the generous benefit heaped upon him tended to disarm the savage purpose he meditated, and made him curse the moment he proposed taking his brother with him. To this was added the loss of his habitation, an event which at first promised a plea for his leaving that part of the country; but after the steps taken by captain Longford and his son, for the accommodation of his family, had he still persisted in going, what could have rendered Mr. Longford's death more suspicious, had it followed his departure? and how, if he staid, could he raise his hand against such an undeserved friend? Hence arose his sullen acceptance of the hermitage—hence his irresolution—when the superior agent of the dark plot presented himself at Alvington, the first time, and only proceeded to the next town, for the purpose of apprising Forrester of his arrival, appointing an interview with him, and leaving the letter, which was to furnish him with an excuse for quitting the manor, when he might think it most expedient to do so.

Forrester's proceedings had hitherto been very unpromising, and he soon saw the necessity of spurring this minion to a task his compunction had magnified; this his walk to the hermitage with Yamboo furnished means for; judging him by people of colour, Mrs. Forrester's charms, though less brilliant than when he had robbed her of innocence, were still captivating, had been the magnet of all Yamboo's boasted generosity; he therefore watched him closely; but it afforded him no plea to suspect, even for a moment, that this could have been the case; and reluctantly saw the purity of soul, the spotless integrity, that breathed in every sentiment, and dignified every action of this destined victim; but this rendered it more expedient to arm Forrester against him, and to do this it was alone requisite to name his wife. It was then no longer the fancied injuries of another which he was to redress, but his own real ones; and all the passions which had combined in early life to render him a finished villain, were at once aroused; vehemently he swore to be amply revenged, and cursed his own folly for needing another to point out what his now jaundiced eye fancied he might have seen in a thousand instances: and Leviston, satisfied that he had placed all things beyond the reach of failure, left him in triumph, and returned to London, where, no less anxious than Longford, he waited the result, which they mutually concluded would reach them in a pathetic entreaty from Captain Longford, that Henry would hasten into Wales, to console him, and supply the place of his lamented brother, and which almost promised to be the case.

A few days previous to the arrival of Mr. De Lasaux's letter, Yamboo, after accompanying Mr. Leviston to the extremity of the park, was returning to the house, when his attention was arrested by the sound of William Forrester's voice, exclaiming—"Look, sir! look at William's horse!" when, to his great amusement, he beheld the little

fellow mounted on a large goat, which two of his companions were leading by the horns. Highly amused, he waited till the cavalcade approached, when, fearful the animal would be teased much more than his humanity thought proper, he gave the boys a few halfpence to release him, and told William he should walk with him to the manor for some fruit. This promise far outweighed the pleasure of his ride, and he continued chatting till he reached the house, where Yamboo found tea waiting for him; after which, as captain Longford declined walking, and his sister thought the evening too damp for her to venture, he set out with an intention of seeing William partly through the park; but having gathered from his little prattle that uncle Edwin was not so well as he had been, Yamboo proceeded to the hermitage, where, to his astonishment, he found Mrs. Forrester in visible distress of mind. She had been recently crying violently; and Edwin, who appeared little less agitated, was striving in vain to comfort her. Judging some new calamity had befallen them, which must relate to Forrester, as he alone of the family was absent, he eagerly inquired after him.

“He had but just left the house,” she said, “but she could not tell where he was gone.”

He then ventured to ask the cause of her distress, in which his generous and feeling heart sincerely sympathized.

“Would to God, sir,” she replied, bursting into tears, “that I might tell you! but I dare not; and yet how to act I know not.”

“But I do,” said Edwin, “and will tell his honour, for we have no other friend; and, though it should be my death, I will say what I suspect.”

More than ever amazed, Yamboo listened in silence, while he continued—“Some one, I am sure, sir, has persuaded my brother that all your great kindness to us has been on his wife’s account, for he has owned that he was told you had confessed you loved her, from her first coming here, and had got this place fitted up to keep her near you; and we suspect it must be the gentleman who has been on a visit at the great house, though he will not acknowledge it, nor indeed do we know that he has seen him, or what could have made him so wicked as to say it; but brother has been here in a great passion, and after using his wife very hardly, swore, on leaving the hermitage, she should never see him again; but I hope he will repent, and come back to her, for he must know it is all a story, only he is so violent, nobody can make him hear reason. Indeed, but that he went from home very well to-day, I should believe he was hurt in his head, for he will not listen to us.”

“Yes, he will be convinced when he hear me,” said Yamboo, meekly; “only some person, not so happy as himself, try to make him less so; but he will believe me more than strangers.”

“Indeed I have too much reason to fear, sir,” replied Mrs. Forrester, (as she returned from an inner room, where having put William into bed, and promised him, with a kiss, not to cry any more) “that my poor Forrester has left me for ever; I have too much reason to suspect who has tried to deceive him so cruelly, but I dare not tell you.”

Yamboo wanted no information; the ungrateful Leviston stood confessed in the business; his base insinuations left him no room to doubt that he had been, in part, the purport of his morning’s visit to the hermitage; and feeling only for the misery into which it had plunged Forrester, bade his wife be comforted, and endeavour to conceal, as much as possible, the cause of her sorrow from the knowledge of her neighbours, as there was

no doubt but her husband would come back very shortly, when reason had got the better of his passion. Then he added—"Him own heart will tell him I a friend, and not the villain some one make me. Now it grow late, and captain Longford wonder what keep me so long. If Forrester come back to-night, say he must stay in him house till I come to-morrow morning, and see what must be done."

"'Tis done now!" said the insatiable villain, plunging a knife into his side as he stepped from the threshold of the hermitage to leave it, round which Forrester, like an evil spirit, had hovered to deliberate, not whether he should strike the fatal blow, for that was already determined; but when his ungovernable passion had left him no power to conceal the information he had received, and in every bitter invective poured on Yamboo's head, his innocent wife was included, frantically he vowed never to see her again, and with frenzied eagerness darted from the house, in hopes of meeting the benefactor, against whose life he was doubly armed, and who he knew generally walked of an evening, and mostly alone: but chance did not favour his design, and again he wandered towards the residence of his injured wife, when, through the small casement, though nearly concealed by ivy, he discovered Mr. Longford seated between Mary and Edwin, a sight which at once revived his love for her, and stronger detestation of the man who had tried to lure her from him. Placing himself near the door, he endeavoured to hear what passed; but they spoke too low, and he was again retreating to wait for his departure, that he might, undiscovered, follow his footsteps to a convenient distance, when he heard him approach the door, and, as he opened it to pass, pronounce the last sentence; his murderous hand had already grasped the fatal weapon, and now, trembling with rage, performed the deed; but of the promised reward which was to have followed, he thought no longer. Staggered by the blow, Yamboo reeled back, when Mrs. Forrester, who had followed him to the door, clasped him in her arms, and, with a dreadful shriek, fell with him lifeless to the ground. Still maddened with unsubdued passion, he rudely tore him from her feeble grasp, and would have dashed him on the floor, had not the awful appeal to his brutality transfixed him with horror to the spot.

"Forrester! Longford, him not deserve this; but a bad man deceive you, and the friend you murder pardon and forgive you from him heart; fly then before some one hear what you do, and it be too late—go instantly!"

However he might have meditated flight, the power to do so was over; and, as if to add tortures to his guilty soul, an almost instantaneous conviction of Mr. Longford's innocence flashed on his bewildered mind, and told him he had been made the dupe of Leviston's more consummate villany, damning proofs of which his own knowledge of his character supplied him with; and frantically lamenting what he had done, on his knees implored forgiveness, while he tore the apron from his still insensible wife, and forming it into bandages, began eagerly to staunch the yet bleeding wound.

Yamboo, feeling himself faint with loss of blood, entreated Edwin, who stood in speechless agony over him, to go to the manor for assistance, that he might see his father before he died.

"Yes, fly!—go!" said Forrester, in wild delirium, "and let them take me to my fate! Tell them I have murdered my friend, my benefactor, and, lastly, my wife!"

"Unhappy man," returned Yamboo, "why you not go as I bid you? Perhaps I not die, then you come back; but I never say whose hand I fall by."



Every word was a dagger to the repentant Forrester, to which his wife's reproaches added.

When, restored to sense, she beheld the state of Yamboo—"Frantic wretch!" she exclaimed, "what have you done? where shall I go? what shall I do?"

"Go to the manor, I entreat," said Longford, exerting his little remaining strength; "say you left me wounded, but you not know how; I must tell all myself, to save your husband."

"To save your murderer!" she returned. "Oh, no; though I die with him, and that I hall do, it must not be."

"I will go to the manor!" said Forrester, rushing from the house as he spoke, before any one had time to stop him. In his road he overtook two of the servants, who, terrified at his wild appearance, scarcely knew how to act, when he entreated them to procure assistance to remove Mr. Longford from the hermitage, where he lay in a wounded state, while he proceeded for the surgeon, and in an instant was out of hearing.

At first they proposed returning to the house, but as they were still nearer to the hermitage, agreed to hasten there, where, to their astonishment, they found their young master scarcely able to beg he might instantly be conveyed home.

"For God's sake, what does all this mean?" said Peter, in a trembling voice; "who has dared to injure such a god-like creature?"

"No one is able to answer your question, Peter; you need not ask what no one know to tell you; but——" and, incapable of finishing the sentence, he fainted.

"You, at least, must know, Mrs. Forrester, something about it?"

"Oh, I dare not tell you all I know," she answered, "for Mr. Longford bound me to secrecy: but if he dies," she added, with a wild stare, "all, all must be known! Now I entreat you to convey him into the air—it may revive him."

"We must get him home," said Peter, while tears streamed down his aged cheeks, "for no time is to be lost. Think you, William," turning to his fellow-servant, "we can convey him thither in a blanket?"

"Oh I can assist!" said the distracted Edwin. "And I," said his no less distressed sister, "too can help you!" and in this manner they were proceeding slowly across the path towards the house, from which the whole family issued, followed by the surgeon, who, directed thither by Forrester, had just arrived, and given the first alarm.

Mute agony alone portrayed the feelings of captain Longford, when he beheld this beloved son to all appearance lifeless; and so wholly occupied was every one in executing the surgeon's orders, and conveying him to bed, that no inquiries as to the cause of the accident interrupted the profound and even awful silence which was observed throughout the house: but no sooner had he examined the wound, and pronounced it not in itself dangerous, than a gleam of hope restored the powers of recollection, of which surprise and terror had deprived them; but it was only momentary, when he added, that though, from the direction of the weapon, no vital part was affected, every thing was to be apprehended from loss of blood, which had so exhausted him, as to leave his recovery even more than doubtful.

Fervently did captain Longford implore Heaven for even a momentary restoration of his senses, that he might have a plea for hope—and his afflicted prayer was heard.

Yamboo, after proper restoratives, opened his languid eyes, and fixed them pensively on his father, whose extravagant joy might have been fatal to the son, had not

the surgeon assured him that only on a promise of his not uttering a word, or in any way disturbing his patient, could he be allowed to remain in the room, where he should himself continue while there was a prospect of his benefiting his young friend by doing so, and from which any person was excluded not essentially requisite to the same purpose.

Mrs. Forrester, too wretched to remain in any one place, had flown back to the hermitage in search of her husband, and Edwin had followed as fast as his strength would allow, dreading those questions which would too certainly be put to him, and which he also had promised Mr. Longford not to answer, without his permission—a promise he had extorted from them the moment Forrester left the house, but which his wife vowed only to keep while he lived.

Revived by the assurance that the wound was not mortal, and once more assembled in their own apartment, the servants naturally reverted to the cause of this dreadful catastrophe. Who could have perpetrated the deed, and for what purpose? were the leading inquiries. As it most assuredly had happened at the hermitage, who but Forrester could have been the assassin? but he had first given the alarm, and actually procured the surgeon; still they could not acquit him in their own minds; and while they execrated the base ingratitude of such an act, knowing, as they did, the extent of his obligations to Mr. Longford, mutually agreed that at least he ought to be secured till his innocence could be proved; and for this purpose William and Peter again set out for the hermitage; but it was destitute of an inhabitant; and concluding guilt only could have caused their flight, they proceeded to the village for legal assistance to apprehend them; but here a different scene presented itself.

Forrester having met the surgeon near the gates of Alvington, returning from visiting a patient, urged his immediate presence at the manor, to which, wounded, if not already dead, they were conveying Mr. Longford; adding, he was himself going on to the village with further orders; and immediately proceeded to the magistrate, who resided a short distance only from it, to whom he gave himself up as the murderer of Mr. Longford; but so evidently deranged was his whole appearance, as to leave the worthy magistrate reason to believe his confinement should rather be that suited to a maniac than a murderer; and having given orders for his security, humanely dispatched a messenger to the village, for the purpose of gathering some intelligence relative to the extraordinary business. Here he met his anxious wife, who, after sending Edwin in search of her husband, had, unable to remain at home, followed him in wild despair; to add to which, was the now too certain knowledge that Forrester was actually in confinement for the foul crime of murder.

At this crisis the servants arrived, and fully confirmed his guilt, by relating the state of their master, affection for whom rendered them even unjust to the wretched woman, whom they implicated in his guilt, as well as the brother, both of whom Peter asserted were with Mr. Longford when they entered the hermitage.

“Though they endeavoured to impose upon us,” said William, “with a fine story of some promise they had made my master——”

At that moment Yamboo’s words occurred to Peter, who replied—“I wish to ask them no questions, and hope they will be able to prove their innocence, though I do not see how that can be; and am certainly of opinion that Forrester at least should be detained till the captain’s pleasure is known, or my young master out of danger.”

This happened much sooner than any one had reason to expect. The surgeon's unremitting care, aided by the placid disposition of his patient, in a few days promised much; and the painful solicitude of his father, the watchful kindness of Miss Longford, and incessant prayers of the whole family, were shortly rewarded by daily conviction of his increasing strength, when the incident which had, during his indisposition, been the sole topic of conversation, both in the neighbourhood and adjoining town, gave place to a circumstance no less surprising. This was the emancipation of Forrester without a trial, and the re-establishment of himself and family at the hermitage.

The first moment Yamboo was allowed to speak, he exacted a solemn promise from his father, that he would not prosecute Forrester, whom, from their conversation, he discovered to be in confinement, assuring him, that if he lived, he alone could justify him, and if he died, no one could convict him. Strange as this appeared, captain Longford made the desired promise; and no sooner was he pronounced out of danger, than orders were sent to the magistrate for his release.

Forrester, during his confinement, had sunk into a stupor, from which even the kindness of his wife, who was allowed to attend him daily, could not arouse him; he neither spoke to her, or noticed his little William, of whom he had ever been so fond, and appeared perfectly indifferent to life itself. When told Mr. Longford was perfectly recovered, he said, with a deep-drawn sigh—"My God, I thank thee!" but when informed he was at liberty to return with his family to the hermitage, he merely said—"Wherefore should I leave my dungeon?" and relapsed into his usual absence of mind.

To this removal captain Longford had strongly objected, alledging he never could be happy while that man resided so near to them; but when assured by his son it was his particular wish, he no longer hesitated to consent, though he still believed Yamboo had been lenient to a fault—an opinion in which the surgeon joined, who, from his unwearied attention to himself, Mr. Longford had included in the conference with Miss Longford and his father.

When satisfied that he was out of danger, he explained, at their earnest entreaty, the whole business, slightly passing over the deed, but strongly dwelling upon the dreadful motive which urged Forrester to it, whose penitence he expressed in glowing colours; adding—"Who not pardon him? who say what they not do who love a wife so well? The man who persuade him, and not Forrester, only to blame. Now it all over, if he go back to him house, every body know me innocent—he long since feel satisfied I never wrong him: but suppose he not go there, then the world say he must take him wife away from Mr. Longford; and, perhaps, because him a stranger, poor, and just got out of prison, no one befriend him, no one find him a house to stay in—no, no, he must go to the hermitage."

"But who could persuade him?" said captain Longford, only half convinced.

Yamboo then related what had passed with Mr. Longford, and said that on him alone his suspicions fell; but did not wish these suspicions named till he was himself enabled to question Forrester, which he should take a future opportunity of doing. But the very step he had taken to prove his innocence, and satisfy his humanity, by still protecting Forrester's family, had a contrary effect upon the less liberal; and the rumour of Forrester's return was no sooner circulated, than some, with a significant nod, thought there must have been good grounds for such violent jealousy—some reason why such an atrocious deed was not to be publicly investigated; and others pitied his mean spirit, in

taking his wife back to the park: but of all these unjust remarks, the two beings most interested in them were alone insensible.

Forrester, on the second night of his release from prison, had absconded from the hermitage, leaving his wife inconsolable for his loss; and captain Longford's recent fatigue of mind and body having proved too much for his strength, Yamboo's whole time and attention was occupied in watching by the sick-bed of his indulgent parent, where a dirty letter, which Peter had picked up in the garden, addressed in an indifferent hand to Mr. Longford, was delivered to him. On opening it, he read—

“HONOURED SIR,

“IF you have any pity for so base a wretch, protect his wife and child, who have not a friend in the world beside him who they will never see again; for on you or them I can never look without horror; yet if I dared to pray, I would do so for you, who have given life to the miserable, vile

FORRESTER.”

“Strange man!” said Yamboo; “all this prove him not right, not sensible,” and for a moment he doubted if Leviston had really been as base as he suspected, for every account he had gathered of Forrester's proceedings tended to convince him his brain was injured; and having acquitted Leviston in his own mind, only regretted he had ever been induced to name the conversation that had for one moment caused him to suspect him. At all events, he determined to extend that protection so anxiously solicited by Forrester for his family, and desired Peter would not fail to assure Mrs. Forrester of his intention to provide for her till her husband's return, which he had no doubt would be very soon: but her distress of mind was extreme; no one, save the kind Edwin, consoled or comforted her; as for the neighbours she had ever known in that part of the world, they rather shunned than noticed her. Miss Longford felt little inclination to see her; and indeed the increasing indisposition of her brother, while it left her no leisure to do so, continued to spread a heavy gloom over the late cheerful mansion, portentous of the oppressive clouds of sorrow which were already collecting to overwhelm it, and prove the mutability of all sublunary happiness.

Henry Longford rapidly approached that precipice of guilt to which natural depravity had hurried him a voluntary slave; he had not, like too many unfortunate young men, one plea to offer in palliation of his many atrocities; no fortuitous circumstances had hurled him into dissipation, and its concomitant vices. On his arrival in London, he had assiduously, he had deliberately and willingly sought it under every form, with the alternative placed before him; he had preferred the evil to the good, not the hidden but glaring road of vice to the rose-strewn path of happiness, honour and virtue, to which his fortune, friends, and prospects in life, gave him every pretension, but which his heart had always rejected, as unworthy his pursuit. Foiled in his promised success with Louisa De Lasaux, by the watchful care of her parents, for he believed himself too secure of her affections (notwithstanding the lovely timidity which heightened the value of his prize) to allow her any credit for the part she had taken in this unexpected removal from home, he became at once the avowed enemy of her whole family, and as resolutely determined their utmost policy should not long keep her concealed from his knowledge.

Open and ingenuous in their own nature, they had no idea that any artifice was requisite in the step they had taken, from the most laudable motives; for satisfied, with such fortitude as she was known to possess, how soon Louisa would conquer any lingering preference she might feel for a man who her own good sense convinced her was neither calculated to promote her happiness, or that of her tenderly beloved parents, they felt no farther uneasiness on her account; and much as was their opinion of Henry Longford reluctantly altered, it would never have occurred, when lamenting the fall of so fine a young man, and still more sincerely pitying the anguish it would occasion his worthy father, (whose silence daily more surprised Mr. De Lasaux) that he could for a moment basely premeditate the step which wholly engrossed his mind, and made him for the time less vulnerable to the keen disappointment which awaited him in another quarter; when Leviston, almost dreading the effects of his unwarrantable passion, ventured to pronounce the failure of Forrester's undertaking, but who, he nevertheless averred, had returned to them a blacker agent of iniquity than when he left London.

"Goaded," he added, "by disappointment, for which he was not less prepared than ourselves—maddened by the vile imprisonment, from which his proud spirit recoiled—and still furious with unappeased jealousy, he has forsaken his wife and child, to bind himself to our interest, and is ready for the further execution of any plan we may dictate; on these conditions I have again received him into my service; and we have only now to advise in what manner best to employ the abilities of this our still faithful ally."

"Be that the subject of future consideration," said Henry, with eagerness; "at present I have other business on hand. Chance, my dear fellow, has this day discovered to my delighted senses the residence of Louisa; and now may her proud brother, this long anxiously expected resemblance of myself, who arrived two days since, vaunt the superiority which his military livery gives him over me, and whose supercilious glance, as he eyed me on our introduction to each other, I have not yet forgotten."

"'Tis, however, devilishly unlucky that he should have arrived at this crisis," replied Leviston, "when we could have so well dispensed with his presence; for brothers are in general outrageous defenders of a sister's honour, particularly your fighting gentlemen, for whom I never had any very great *penchant*."

"But as, in the present case, Leviston, it is not likely you will be called upon to fight my battle, should I have the honour of engaging in one with this scarlet hero, you must not damp my ardour in the cause," returned Henry.

"On the contrary," said his servile adherent, (still keeping the future reward of villany in view) "I am ready to embark in it, with as much spirit as though I were to share in the fair harvest which is to crown our labours: name then your commands, and Leviston is as ever your devoted friend and servant."

Henry then proceeded to inform him, "that in conversation at the dinner-table, Mr. De Lasaux, jun. (for neither his age or brilliant achievements have as yet, he added, obtained him a more important title in the army) named his intention of setting out for Hampstead, assigning as a reason for so doing his impatience to see Louisa, without appearing to notice either the information which had been so long carefully concealed, or the kind of look which I nevertheless fancied he pointedly fixed on me. I thanked him most sincerely in my heart for the intelligence, and as secretly resolved to pay my visit there also on his return. Mrs. De Lasaux merely said how surprised the dear girl will be to see the alteration so visible to us all; and his father observed he had better set out early, if

he meant to return the same night; and then changed the conversation. I want no other clue," continued Longford, "and having once reconnoitred the ground, which I will contrive to do without his military skill, and revived the faded hopes of my banished fair one by a fond epistle, I will return to consult the best measures for my future proceedings; after which Mr. Forrester must be again set to work, though, by the bye, I begin to think him a less profitable servant than you proclaim him, Leviston; at all events, he has made a confounded jumble of this business, after all his great bustle and violent professions; and if we are not aware, he may contrive, in some of these half-finished performances, to drag us upon the stage, as a preservative to his own neck; in which case neither you or I will profit much by the possession of my hard-earned though lawful property."

Leviston was more sanguine, and pledged his life for the firmness with which Forrester would resist the disclosure of his employers, even though the rope was round his neck. At that moment he forgot the pusillanimity which, to save him from condign punishment, had sold him to a master, who, for this single act of interested humanity, had exacted from him the performance of many deeds, far more deserving the cognizance of the law, and whom he yet expected to forfeit, for his advantage and that of his base friend, every hope of salvation, if happily he was so fortunate as to escape with that life which, polluted with a benefactor's blood, he might hereafter be permitted to drag on in endless misery, as a partial punishment of the vile ingratitude which must inevitably be his condemnation to utter darkness in an endless world—a sentence from which he had no appeal, and which at this moment hung awfully over his devoted head; for he had indeed, as Leviston reported, returned to him, with an avidity to sin, which, after his late remorse of conscience, somewhat staggered his no less guilty master; but mistaking it for regret at his late disappointment, and willingness to prove his sincerity in the cause, he was again admitted, even more largely than ever, into his confidence—acquainted with all that passed during his absence, their success at the table, hair breadth escapes from detection, and the bold attempt of one of the fraternity, who, as a self-inflicted penance for having lost more than by the rules of their community he was allowed to do at one time, had taken, as he said, an evening ride upon one of the public roads, from which he returned with a much larger booty than his play would have brought into the honourable fund, "which at present," continued Leviston, "is in a tolerable state; therefore we can dispense with the Welsh property a little longer, and by so doing lull suspicion; but in the meantime, your services may be required in another channel."

Forrester professed himself ready for any purpose which might occur, but was in turn very importunate that his master, in explaining his unfortunate failure to Mr. Longford, should not fail to bind him down in a promise not to employ any other person in the future execution of that which had taken him into Wales—adding, that as he had already risked his life, it was but fair he should have a second chance; alledging farther, that no one could be more interested in accomplishing it, because no one was so deeply injured as himself; and that he trusted Mr. Leviston would not allow any steps to be taken without his knowledge, as he should certainly dispute the right of being his own avenger.

"And so you shall, my honest-hearted fellow," said Leviston, "for I know no one so capable of doing you justice: but how the devil could you make up your mind to leave Mary and the boy behind? I thought you said, when going into Wales, you could not live without them."

Forrester had his motive for both; and nothing could be more opposite than that with which he had taken his wife there, and now left her at Alvington; but as his confidence was somewhat more limited than his master's, he chose only to explain the matter, which was, he said, as a spur to his revenge in the next attempt; for he had no doubt that while he was away, Mr. Longford would visit the hermitage, fearless of his intruding, which he should perhaps do when least expected, when he would take care to leave him no opportunity of telling the story.

Nothing could be more plausible than all this; and Leviston, perfectly satisfied, sought Longford, to communicate what had passed between them, who in turn left him to seek Stukely, the promised companion of his ride to Hampstead, the result of which was too fatally explained to captain Longford, in the following letter from Mr. De Lasaux.

## CHAP. II.

“TAKE,” he said, “unhappy man, since I am destined to give it, your share of those pangs which now rend my heart, and will fall doubly heavy on your own; because to your false indulgence, ill-timed liberality, and disregard of my letters, I owe it all. Had you followed my advice, and removed your son, as I entreated you to do before it was too late, instead of countenancing his extravagant follies, by the payment of ill-contracted debts, I had not at this moment beheld the anguish of a fond mother, as she hangs with unutterable woe over the bleeding and wounded form of her adored and only son; or rather, why, when regardless of my admonition, you neglected even to answer my letter, why did I hesitate to shut my doors against the serpent whom I cherished, till his galling sting penetrated my unsuspecting bosom, by aiming to destroy the peace of one of my children, and basely depriving me of another? for, oh! too, too faint are my hopes that my Horatio, my promising gallant boy will be restored to his agonized father! Pale and weltering in his blood was he this day brought to the parents whom he left in health and safety, and his assassin, ah, my God! his vile assassin, is, I tremble to name it, the son of my friend, even your child! Yes, Longford, he has done a deed which, should it prove fatal, will assuredly plunge his guilty soul in eternal perdition! for never was victim more innocent, brave, or honourable, than that which he has basely murdered! But tell him, if to you he has flown for protection—tell him, should he survive my child, that no quarter of the globe, however remote, not even a father's protecting arm, can screen him from that just Being, who will not fail to avenge the injured

DE LASAUX.”

During captain Longford's indisposition, the contents of that letter respecting the increasing ill conduct of Henry, and Mr. De Lasaux's advice that he should be allowed to return into Wales, at least for a short time, had frequently occurred to his anxious mind; and after various determinations, he concluded it would be most advisable for his sister to write to Henry, stating his father's extreme illness, and wish of seeing him, to spend a few weeks at Alvington; this he thought must effectually do away every suspicion of complaint against him from Mr. De Lasaux, while that gentleman would decidedly see, in

the tenor of the invitation, the delicacy observed towards himself, to whom, on his more perfect recovery, he meant to write in confidence.

Miss Longford's letter was in consequence forwarded, but at a time when Mr. Longford, having no wish to leave London, did not choose either to avail himself of the pressing invitation, or notice its receipt; in consequence of which Mr. De Lasaux remained a stranger to its arrival, while the family at Alvington continued hourly to expect Henry; when the letter, which at once pronounced his atrocities, and shut his father's doors against him, reduced captain Longford once more to the debilitated state from which he was even then but slowly recovering.

The dreadful situation into which Henry had plunged himself—a knowledge of his base character, to which he had too late become fully sensible—and the too probable ignominy of his future fate, were in themselves evils of too great magnitude for his imbecile state to encounter; but the poignant, and he felt in part undeserved, reproofs of his friend, who in the agony of his own feelings had so cruelly lacerated him, was a bitter aggravation of his own already hard trial. “Never, never,” he said, “in the first paroxysm of passion, “never shall that ingrate enter these doors;” and before Yamboo, whose heart sickened at the vibration, had power to check the sentence, he had sealed the denunciation of his wrath with an oath, over which the accusing angel might indeed have dropped the commiserating tear, when he remembered it must stand on record, till that awful day in which a guilty erring father would blush for having uttered it.

In vain did his exemplary son entreat him to recal the fatal words, while passion might extenuate their utterance—in vain strive to mitigate their mournful tendency.

Captain Longford was immovable.

“Yamboo,” he said, “with firmness, “you have too often pleaded for him with success; I too often falsely acquiesced. See the cutting reproofs, which include your generous intentions with mine; mark of what we are accused—acting with duplicity, only to countenance villany: now then, you too must promise——”

“Not,” said Yamboo, with trembling agitation, “not to shut my heart to my brother! Now him father have shut him door, Yamboo's heart must open wider; when all the world forsake Henry, him brother never do so!”

Disdaining the tears which would have proved him more than half-subdued by such disinterested goodness, captain Longford turned his head to conceal it, as, with assumed sternness, he added—“Mark me, Yamboo! Over your actions I can have no controul, for your nature is too superior to need a Mentor, weak and erring as I have been through life; but in this I will be obeyed. That you will never urge me to a conference with Henry, convey any letter written by him to me, or sanction any steps which he may take to enter my house, unauthorized by myself, are promises which, as a father, I demand from you; still more, that, as you value a father's love, you will never recede from such a promise given, without my previous consent. It may be, that time and future events may alter my determination; then, and then only, will I release you from it, unless my death should first do so.”

In the short moment allowed him to deliberate, one gleam of hope darted on Yamboo's intelligent mind, and he hailed its happy influence with rapture. Miss Longford was not then present, of course not included in the harsh decree. Her inclination, unfettered by the dreadful promise, would be at liberty to act unrestrained; and to her he would instantly fly, to secure the only resource left for his fugitive brother,



whom together they could secure from the rigour which threatened him in every quarter; and with trembling lips, and in faltering accents, he made the promises exacted with such authority by his father, whose presence he left to seek Miss Longford; but new difficulties awaited his generous purpose.

Miss Longford, though no one's enemy, was far from being Henry's friend, and now less than ever inclined to serve him. For her brother's sake, she had accepted the charge of his early years, and had religiously fulfilled the trust, though often worn out by his irritable temper, and the ungrateful returns which, even as a child, he made for her unwearied attention to his smallest wishes. Repeated instances of his vicious disposition and unbounded extravagance, which had often made her tremble for her brother's fortune, and as resolutely determined her not to let him touch her's, left her little inclination to aid Yamboo's wishes.

"Do you well consider," she said, "the extent of his guilt? If Horatio De Lasaux has fallen fairly, as it is termed, in a duel, what is it but legal murder? but Mr. De Lasaux's letter implies more than that; he calls him a vile assassin, a base murderer: something therefore must be wrong, and are we justified in protecting a murderer?"

"But him my brother," said his generous advocate; "nothing shut a brother's heart, and Yamboo would hide him here," placing his hand on his own, "till every one forgive him. Suppose he come soon, no one speak to him, no one comfort him, all say him father never see him again, then him go and sin worse, and him family, not Henry, to blame; no one dare be him friend now but you. Ah! say," he continued, taking her hand, "say only you will comfort him—make him father speak peace to him."

"I can make no promise," she replied, "without first seeing my brother, and consulting his peace of mind; hitherto his will has ever been my law, and however inclined to gratify you, which I would do at the expence of my own inclination, I must first see him before I do so."

Disappointed, he returned to his own room, to mourn over his brother's unhappy destiny, and determine what plan he should next pursue, should Henry seek an asylum at Alvington. The servants next occurred; but old and faithful as they were, he dared not impart to them the fatal secret; and too painfully he remembered Henry had few friends among them. Perhaps his father would neglect to give the necessary orders, when they would of course admit him; in which case, though his lips would not dare to plead in his behalf, he might, on his knees, supplicate by a thousand looks, no less eloquent than speech, for a brother's pardon.

Mrs. Forrester next crossed his mind, and though he almost shuddered at a recollection of the scene which had passed at the hermitage, determined to walk thither, for the purpose of preparing her to receive Henry, who it would only be requisite to say had, in some instance, offended his father, but that a short time would reconcile the difference; during which he wished to remain wholly unknown in the vicinity of the park: the rest he left to chance, happy in the promised success of this new idea, and unconscious that his good angel had withdrawn his protecting arm, and once more left him to struggle with trials, to which his chequered destiny had never yet exposed him.

Captain Longford, whose health always yielded to the stronger passions of his mind, was, as his sister expected, again thrown on the bed of sickness, from which he had so lately risen in a convalescent state, and required even more attention than either herself or Yamboo were equal to, to keep his mind in that state of composure which was

requisite to his recovery, when Mr. De Lasaux, sensible that the poignancy of his own sorrow had made him write with too much severity to his friend, now somewhat relieved from the affliction he anticipated, while his son was in danger, forwarded a second letter, in which he said—"The ball having been extracted, there were hopes of Horatio's recovery, which would still be long and tedious: but I write," he said, "merely to satisfy your worst fears; for God knows," he added, "you have still enough to dread, in the fate of a young man whom nothing can save from destruction, and who I have reason to believe does not possess one principle of honour or humanity, else would he have met my unfortunate boy as a gentleman, not an assassin; for there is too just grounds to believe, that, in accepting the challenge, he went determined on his death, as he violated those laws which, dreadful as they are, nevertheless give the duellists an equal chance: this Horatio was not allowed, and in consequence fell. Mr. Longford, with his equally dishonourable second (a notorious gamester), absconded, and, for your sake, I have caused no inquiries to be set on foot for them. It is probable some new demand upon you will make you acquainted with his place of concealment, in which case I entreat you to warn him, as he would avoid my just resentment, to recal the vow he made, never to cease persecuting my gentle Louisa with addresses, which she voluntarily and solemnly rejects, and which her family never can in justice sanction; otherwise I shall be compelled to seek redress from that law to which he lays himself open."

This letter, in some degree, removed the heavy weight which oppressed captain Longford's mind, more on Mr. De Lasaux's account than his own; but while he rejoiced in the expected recovery of his son, he more obstinately adhered to his determination of punishing Henry, for such ungrateful and unpardonable conduct: and having strictly forbid the servants admitting him, without previous orders from himself to the contrary, and exacted a similar promise from his sister to that he had compelled Yamboo to make, he endeavoured, as much as possible, to banish the painful subject from his mind; but the fiat was gone forth, which destined his closing scene of life to be a mournful expiation of all the follies which had marked his past years, and his present trial to prove but a prelude to sorrow, far beyond what the little fortitude he had ever possessed was adequate to sustain.

Henry, determined upon seeing Louisa De Lasaux, had kept his intention of visiting Hampstead on the return of her brother, and was too indefatigable to be long in tracing the family with whom she resided; a suitable letter was instantly forwarded, expressive of that distraction with which he pretended so long vainly to have sought her, and entreaties that she would allow him a private interview. Ignorant of the real character he was addressing, and persuading himself he had been too successful an advocate for his letter to be easily rejected, one whole day was devoted to the anticipation of an answer, which still came not; and he returned to London, maddened by the disappointment, but not less intent upon a purpose which no difficulties was to surmount. As usual, his able counsellors were convened; and Forrester, ever ready for service, desired to hold himself in readiness for a secret enterprize, for which no one expressed more eagerness.

A few evenings succeeding this arrangement, Horatio De Lasaux had accompanied his sister, and a small party of friends, to the opera; during the performance, feeling the heat oppressive from a crowded house, he left the box with one of the gentlemen, to take a turn in the lobby, in which numbers were promenading, apparently for the same purpose. Three gentlemen, whose steps they were more immediately

following, appeared in high spirits, laughed immoderately, and talked very loud, when one of them suddenly exclaimed—"Where the devil is Longford, after all? I thought he was to have been among us this evening."

"Pardon me, my dear sir," said another; "he is in pursuit of better sport, in the vicinity of Hampstead. I saw Stukely just before they set out, in a prodigious bustle, as Charles always contrives to be; but he promised me to dispatch the important business as soon as possible, and at all events to be at the club to-morrow night."

De Lasaux, without appearing to notice what had passed, returned to his sister's party, but so totally abstracted from all that was going forward, as to occasion several pointed remarks from the ladies on his inattention; his mind was, however, so much engrossed by the conversation he had just heard, as to render every thing around him irksome; and the conclusion of the performance was hailed as a welcome release. His own anxiety prompted him to set out immediately for Hampstead; for having been acquainted by his father with the laudable motive which had removed Louisa thither, and that misconduct on the part of Henry Longford which had led to it, no doubt remained upon his own mind that he was still, in defiance of her family's wishes, following up his addresses to Louisa, while a half-formed apprehension that his sister's fortitude might not stand the test of such perseverance, distressed and agitated him; but as it was not possible to leave home for a night, on a pretence so sudden, without assigning the real motive, and as that would have caused uneasiness to his father, he postponed his journey till the morning; and after passing a restless night, left London at an early hour, leaving word he should be at home in the course of the day.

Within a few miles of town he met Longford, and, as he conjectured, the Mr Stukely, who was said to have accompanied him, on horseback. De Lasaux merely bowed on passing them, as even from the first interview, Henry had never prepossessed him in his favour, and a farther knowledge of his character had converted that indifference into contempt.

The unexpected appearance of her brother heightened the natural fine glow of Louisa's complexion, and evidently increased an agitation which she endeavoured to conceal before the family; but had no sooner engaged him for a walk, than with all her native candour, and unconscious that her sincerity could involve the safety of this beloved brother, she told him that Henry Longford had discovered her residence, and found means of conveying two letters to her, which she had returned unopened, with a message by the bearer of the last, who she understood was a friend of his, purporting her firm determination of neither seeing or hearing from him in future. "And now, my dear Horatio," she added, "I have nothing farther to apprehend, though I own it has agitated me a little; for Mr. Longford must have too much delicacy to persevere, now he knows my resolution: added to which, Mr. Fitzgerald proposes beginning his little tour early in the ensuing week, and as my father has promised Mrs. Fitzgerald that I shall accompany them, having seen you, I shall accept the offer of doing so with pleasure."

Delighted with this candid explanation, which so fully proved the sincerity of her sentiments, Horatio highly approved her conduct; and having spent a few hours with her, returned, as he said, to make her intentions known to the family, who would, of course, wish to see her previous to her quitting Hampstead. But far less satisfied in his own mind that Louisa was freed from any farther persecution on the part of Longford, and determined to see that gentleman on the subject of his late visit, he left a note for him in

his own apartment, stating his wish for a private interview, which, as it related to his sister, he should, for many reasons, prefer taking place wherever he might think proper to name, in preference to his father's house; to which Longford returned for answer, that as he believed Miss De Lasaux had been removed from home merely on his account, and against her own inclination, he felt authorized to use every means of seeing her in his power; and as he supposed that to be the purport of her brother's business with him, no personal interview was requisite, as it would not alter his fixed determination.

This was not to be endured; and De Lasaux, having engaged a friend to accompany him, instantly appointed a place himself, for such an interview, he said, as Mr. Longford's own feelings would point out to be alone satisfactory to the wounded honour of a gentleman. It was as readily accepted on the part of Henry, who, previously instructed and attended by Stukely, met him punctual to the hour fixed on, but who still adhered to what he had already asserted, that he never would relinquish his pretensions to Miss De Lasaux's hand, while he knew and was satisfied that her attachment to him merited his perseverance.

"At least," replied her brother, "I have the satisfaction of knowing, sir, that you are deceiving yourself, if you believe her capable of esteeming a character with which she is so well acquainted, and which has long since forfeited every pretension to that of her family's."

The distance was then measured, and each took their ground; but before De Lasaux was prepared to fire, Longford aimed his pistol, the ball of which penetrating De Lasaux's thigh, he fell, before his astonished friend had time to recover himself, much less remark, which De Lasaux had done, Longford's having advanced two or three paces in discharging his pistol, and of which, conscious himself, he had left the ground with precipitation, followed by his dishonourable and inhuman second, by whose advice, aided by the desire of revenge, he had thus acted; while Mr. De Lasaux's friend, having summoned the postillion who was in waiting with a chaise, conveyed Horatio to his father's house, which Longford had for ever abdicated; but Stukely's was open to receive him, and there he impatiently waited the issue of an event which, upon cool reflection, he half repented.

Knowing how severely captain Longford would resent a conduct which had nothing to justify it, through Forrester's means they obtained every information relative to the state of De Lasaux; to which was added, (though a falsehood) that as that gentleman had declared unfair means were used towards him, every step had been taken to apprehend both Mr. Longford and his companion, and which was still carrying on, with a perseverance that left them little chance of escape.

From a prison, and the test of a trial, Longford shrunk appalled, for cowardice is ever the accompaniment of guilt; therefore, to avoid both, he concluded his only security was in leaving England, till De Lasaux's recovery enabled him to return; but to effect this purpose, money was an essential article; neither would a trifling sum suffice for the inordinate desires of a man who had ever been accustomed to squander it with profligate extravagance. Those who had on all occasions looked up to him for it, were ill calculated to assist him in return; and the general fund, seldom adequate to the profuse demands made upon it, was unfortunately said to be at this important crisis in a declining state. To captain Longford he dared not apply in the present situation of things; and, in this extremity, Yamboo, the detested Yamboo, was the only hateful resource to him; therefore

he must write, and entreat a supply sufficient to secure his safety, and remove him out of the kingdom; the reflection galled him; and Stukely, having secretly enjoyed the warring passions of his mind, ventured to ask, if he had also determined to leave this minion of his father in quiet possession of a fortune to which he alone was entitled, and the peaceable enjoyment of those comforts from which he was to be excluded in a foreign land, without a friend?

“Shall I not have Stukely?” he replied, “and our banishment will be but short.”

“Oh, that is a precarious calculation!” returned his friend. “Longford’s recovery is doubtful, and at best may be tedious; neither will it be convenient for me to leave England, without some certainty of a provision, of which, at present, I see no visible prospect.”

Longford looked his surprise, but before he had formed a reply, Stukely continued—“All this is the result of Mr. Leviston’s *well-projected schemes*; had his lukewarm agent taken less time to deliberate upon the work of a moment, you would have been long since in quiet possession of Alvington, as captain Longford’s sublime affection for his black son is of much too violent a nature to have allowed of his long surviving him—but this comes of procrastinations: now all must be blown in that quarter; and having once succeeded in shutting his father’s doors against you, this excellent brother will take special care to bar your future entrance.”

“But it is not yet too late,” replied Longford; “Forrester is still ready to complete his work, and only waits for fresh orders to proceed to Alvington.”

“Hear me, Longford,” said Stukely, interrupting him. “I could advise you how to act; but since Leviston succeeded in duping your father so neatly out of five hundred pounds, my advice has been of less value than formerly.”

“There, at least, you wrong me, Charles,” exclaimed Longford, emphatically; “for to your counsels I have paid implicit obedience, and you have, on all occasions, been my guide. When I agreed to Forrester’s being first employed in this business, at the request of Leviston, it was because, understanding the fellow had formerly been upon the road, I naturally concluded him better adapted to the performance of such a deed as we required, than a more conscientious person would have been; and as he is now no less interested in the removal of this scourge than myself, whom can we appoint with better security to ourselves?”

“I will tell you,” replied Stukely; “there is something in this Forrester I never liked, and have my suspicions that at this time he is acting a double part. There is a mystery in his having left his family in Wales, notwithstanding Leviston’s easy belief, which I do not altogether comprehend; and, after all, should he prove a spy, instead of the servile engine he is willing to be thought, will Leviston’s faith in his villany make ours appear less glaring?”

Agitated by the phantom raised with so much success by his perfidious counsellor, without stopping to contemplate the dark abyss which was already gaping to receive him, and on the very verge of whose fatal brink he hovered, Longford, after a momentary pause, replied—“I will go myself to Alvington!”

“Nobly resolved!” said Stukely, “and——” He paused, while Henry added, “and seek first an interview with Yamboo, to discover how my father has taken this business.”

“Ha! ha! ha!—and having learned that he will not suffer you to approach him, taking a trifle to bear your expences from your kind informer, coolly withdraw yourself,

and return to publish your ruin to those who, less interested in your welfare than myself, will not fail to claim the payment of those debts, which you have no earthly means of discharging. Bravely resolved, indeed!" said Stukely. "I thought you were going to prove the dauntless soul, which, rather than depend upon another, who may take advantage of the confidence so placed, had acquired firmness to become its own avenger."

"And so it shall," answered Longford, agitated with passion, and galled by the irony which still vibrated on his ear, "if I find my father has been incensed against me by my hateful enemy."

"And think you," returned the other, "either that Mr. De Lasaux has not done his part, or your interested brother availed himself of so fair a pretext to effect your ruin? Already you know his power to be unbounded, and never will such an opportunity of limiting it be allowed you. Every one will suppose you to have left the kingdom; your father never suspect you to be in his neighbourhood, where it will be an easy matter to conceal yourself, till you can, by a thousand stratagems, appoint a meeting with Yamboo in the grounds, previous, as you may give him to understand, to your quitting the country: this effected, a pistol can do the rest, and the darkness which favours it will befriend your flight. On these conditions I pledge my honour, unknown to any one, to meet you at a given rendezvous, with a supply of at least as much cash as will be requisite to serve us, till De Lasaux's recovery, and your father's pardon, will oblige you to return; for as no suspicion can possibly be attached to you, he will of course be anxious to save his only son. But if Forrester is to be employed in the business, or Leviston ever acquainted with the arrangement, I withdraw myself entirely; and you will, perhaps too late, blame the rashness which, thus warned, compelled you to trust to a third person, even that secret which is only safe in our own breasts. We can instantly set out for a sea-port, from which I will write, as if on the eve of our embarking, and which will effectually lull every suspicion in the mind of Leviston, whom we will caution to write, as soon as he thinks

De Lasaux's recovery will admit of our returning with safety; at which time, we can also hint it will be expedient to turn our thoughts again towards the business at Alvington, and for which purpose Forrester must still be kept in readiness."

Henry listened with breathless agitation to this deliberate scheme of villany, irresolute how to act. The promised security of his own life, and attainment of future property, made him deliberate; and as those who do so in a wrong cause are too often lost, so it was with Longford; his evil spirit had conquered, and now left him to enjoy the air-built visions which followed the fatal resolution he had formed. This was, once in possession of his father's fortune, to be less a villain than he had hitherto been; never to plunge into the excesses which had now left him but one painful alternative; for much as he detested Yamboo, and would have rejoiced in his death, he would still gladly any hand but his own had performed the deed which must deprive him of it: but the emergency of his situation urged him on, and in a fatal hour he set out for his father's residence, which (having finished his journey) he approached under cover of the night.

All was silent, dark, and dreary—heavy clouds rolled over his devoted head—a cold wind blew around him—and a chilling mist made him wrap his large coat closer to his bosom; but it infused no kindly warmth to his deadened heart, which, racked with varying sensations, and palsied by fear, felt even colder than the bleak atmosphere, which threatened an approaching storm. Shrinking from his own reflections, lest they should divert him from his now too-fixed purpose, he looked only to the future; and a thousand

times, during his gloomy walk, he wished it were possible he might meet Yamboo either going to or returning from the hermitage—for that he would continue to visit Forrester's wife, during her husband's absence, he had no doubt; and as often he wished the hermitage uninhabited, because nothing could have afforded him a better asylum. The purport of his present walk was to select a spot most favourable to his escape, having accomplished the bloody work, and which he meant to point out to Yamboo for their meeting; but the increasing tempest left no hope of his being abroad in it; and having satisfied himself the western gate of the park was best calculated for the purpose he meditated, he returned to the miserable hut, called an inn, in which he meant to take up his abode for the present.

On the following evening he again sallied forth from his concealment, when the twilight screened him from every one's knowledge but his own; there the dark assassin stood confessed; but he dared not contemplate the picture, and hurried on till he reached the hermitage, around which he hovered, in momentary expectation of seeing Yamboo issue from it. The door at length slowly opened, and a young man came out, with a basket on his head, taking the direct road towards the manor; Longford followed him, and inquired if he belonged to it?

Edwin, whom he was addressing, answered—"No; but that he was going thither on an errand."

"Shall you see young Mr. Longford?" he asked.

Edwin said it was most probable he should, as the captain was much better than he had been of late, and Mr. Longford oftener left his room.

"And in case you should see him, my lad," returned Henry, "could I depend on your delivering a letter in private to him?"

"Indeed you may, sir," he replied; "for there is nothing I would not do for so good a gentleman."

He then gave him one, in which he had previously written, in a disguised hand—"A friend, who has something of importance to communicate, but which, as it relates to a third person, demands secrecy, requests an interview, but it must be late in the evening; and as a retired situation in the grounds, where they will not be liable to observation, will be most proper for the meeting, no place can be better adapted than the green-house, near the western gate of the park."

"Should you not see him," said Henry, "the letter must be returned to me; and I will wait till you come back at the gate leading to the road."

Edwin promised to use speed, and was there much sooner than his employer expected; but was sorry to inform him there was no possibility of seeing Mr. Yamboo, as the captain was worse again, and his son never left his room when that was the case; "and as your honour forbid my giving the letter to any other person, I have brought it back:" adding, "as the captain often has these bad bouts, he may be better to-morrow, when, if you please to trust me with it again, I will try to see Mr. Longford himself."

Henry said he would see him on the following evening, if it was requisite; and giving him half-a-crown for his trouble, at the same time cursing the disappointment, returned once more towards his comfortless abode, by the fireside of which, in what was termed the kitchen, he observed a miserable-looking creature, who had, apparently, from his mutilated figure and tattered uniform, been a soldier in his more youthful days. He was inquiring of some one near him, if the family at the manor was all in good health?

and expressed much concern when told the captain had been seriously indisposed, and still remained in a very precarious state. "Indeed," added his informer, "he has never been well since a strange business, which happened about a fellow's wife, whom it was said his son had taken some liberties with, for which her husband attempted to murder him; and though he did not succeed in doing so, nevertheless deserved hanging, for he was certainly a great rascal, though some people do say there was grounds for his jealousy: but I fancy there would have been much more, if young harum-scarum had been at the manor—for he was far more likely to seduce a poor man's wife than his brother Yamboo, who, though his face is black, has, by all accounts, a much whiter heart than Mr. Henry."

"I know nothing of the captain's other son," said the old soldier, who had listened with much attention, "but I felt the bounty of Mr. Yamboo, when I was last in this part of the world; and as it is not likely I shall ever come this way again, I shall make bold to call at the great house in the morning, before I quit the country, to inquire after his honour, and his honour's father, who will neither of them let old Samuel go from their door without a good breakfast, and a shilling to help him on; and Miss Longford will give me a few rags to keep my poor stump clean and warm," putting his hand to his shoulder, as if the pain left him still sensible of the loss he had sustained in his arm.

Henry was very attentive to the conversation; it had given him a still better chance of conveying his letter, while the comparison he had just heard drawn between himself and Yamboo exasperated him to madness. Early on the following morning he arose, and in hopes of seeing the decrepid mendicant in his way to the manor, bent his own steps thither, and fortune for once befriended him; he was sitting by the road-side, eating a dry crust, when Henry approached him—"You are on your way then, friend, to the great house, I perceive?"

"Yes, your honour," he replied, awkwardly bowing.

"And do you think you shall be lucky enough to see your friend?"

"I hope so, sir," he returned.

"Will you then undertake to deliver a letter for me in private to that gentleman, Mr. Yamboo Longford I mean? for which I will gladly reward you on your return, and will wait for you in the small road at the back of the park. Do you know it?"

"Oh, very well, your honour," said the man eagerly; "but I am afraid your patience will be worn out before I get back; for I am now so crippled, and withal so dim with the only eye I have left, that I cannot travel as I used to do in a long march."

"Never fear," replied Longford; "only promise to be careful of my letter, and your reward shall be certain when you bring an answer."

The man having carefully folded it in a piece of woollen rag, deposited it in his bosom; and with one crutch, and a short stick, hobbled off at a tolerable pace. Arrived at the gate, one of the female servants, of whom he had entreated charity, returned to procure some broken victuals for him, with which she shortly came back: he then inquired if Mr. Yamboo Longford was at home, and being answered in the affirmative, begged she would tell him, a very poor man, whom he could greatly oblige, and who had a favour to beg of him, requested to see him for one moment only. The spirit of humanity which characterized the superiors of the family, descended to every domestic; and the girl immediately delivered her message to Yamboo, who was then at breakfast with Miss Longford. He attended the summons; and on being told the letter required an answer, desired the old man to sit down for a few minutes; at first he conjectured it was from



Forrester; but the contents convinced him it related to Henry, of whom he had so long waited in anxious expectation of hearing something. It was doubtless some friend, whom he had sent to plead for him with his father, and who wished to see him first; or, probably, Henry himself, who was thus anxious to be concealed.

Having therefore written in answer—"Yamboo will be at the small green-house, near the west gate of the park, at eleven o'clock; the moon will be up; no one see him unknown friend but himself—no one hear them conversation;" he sealed his letter, and gave it to the old man, with strong injunctions for his delivering it in safety, to which he added a shilling; and hastened back to Miss Longford, who, surprised at his stay, demanded what important business he had been transacting with his military friend, "as his coat," she observed, "appeared once to have been scarlet."

Yamboo replied, he wanted assistance, for which he was not prepared without returning to his own room, which had detained him; and it was probable he should not have been relieved so soon, had he not recollected she would be waiting breakfast for him. Though this was exactly the truth, it was an evasion, and his heart beat high as he uttered it, for it was contrary to his principles; and he felt happy when the removal of the breakfast-table gave him an opportunity of returning to his father's apartment.

Captain Longford had rested ill, and was still low and feverish; but as he dreaded the confinement which his indisposition imposed upon his son would be prejudicial to his health, he requested him to walk, while the beauty of a fine morning invited him to do so; and to oblige him he strolled into the park, where the first person he met was Edwin.

"I was coming," said the latter, "to bring home the pistols, which I have cleaned, as your honour desired me yesterday morning;" presenting a small pair, which Henry had left at home, and which had hung in a neglected state in the room he occupied when at the manor, till the late unfortunate affair, when Yamboo having accidentally looked at them, as he was lamenting Henry's fate, for the first time noticed their condition, and, knowing how much his brother had formerly prized them, took them down, when recollecting that he had seen Edwin a few days before cleaning a fowling-piece belonging to Peter, he requested him to put them also in good order.

"I had them with me last night," said Edwin, "but as your honour desired me to deliver them to you only, when they were cleaned, and as I could not get an opportunity of seeing you, I took them back; indeed, I had another reason for wanting to see you, as I had a letter to deliver; but the person who gave it to me took it again, and I am, I believe, to bring it to-night."

It now first occurred to Yamboo to make some inquiries as to the kind of person who had given him the letter, which he had neglected to do of the old soldier, as he had no doubt of its being the same which he had already received.

Edwin replied, it was quite dusk when he overtook him in the park, and that he had on a very large hat, and a great-coat which entirely concealed his figure; but from the height, as Edwin described it, and the precaution used, no doubt remained in Yamboo's mind of its being his brother: therefore, having desired him, should the same person send him again to the manor, not to leave it without first seeing him, he took the pistols and proceeded towards the green-house, ruminating as he walked upon the probability that a very few hours would enable him to offer Henry a safe asylum, till the anger of captain Longford was blown over.

He had not yet, as he had at first proposed, told Mrs. Forrester in what manner she could so essentially serve him; for though he had actually set out for that purpose, a second thought told him he had better hear from or see his brother first; and, in hopes of so doing, he had still deferred it. Satisfied he could at all times command her services, and that of the grateful Edwin, he now waited but till he had seen this unknown visitor, whom, should it prove to be Henry, it was only requisite to conduct to the hermitage; and if a friendly mediator with his father, there would be no occasion for that resource. It was, doubtless, some one acquainted with the grounds, from his having appointed their meeting at the green-house; and the next step to be observed, was obtaining the key, which he desired Peter, whom he passed at work, to bring to him in the evening, as he should probably want it.

He then returned to the house, but never was day so tedious in its progress; in vain he attempted either to read or write; every hour increased his anxiety; and, as if to add to his embarrassment, Miss Longford had more than once asked if he was unwell—inquiries which increased his agitation. Evening at length came, and he attempted to beguile its tardy movement by a second walk; through every part of the garden he wandered, unmindful of those sweets which were wont to arrest his attention. Peter, on leaving it for the night, brought, as he had desired, the key of the green-house, which he requested him to be careful of not leaving in the door, as there were many valuable plants which he might lose from its being so near the road; adding, “if your honour is going there this evening, it is almost time, for the daylight is fast closing.”

Yamboo promised to be careful of the door; and to avoid suspicion, walked towards the west gate; but it yet wanted some hours of the appointed time, and he half regretted not having appointed an earlier one; but he had no alternative; he knew the stranger would not venture while any one was stirring—the darkness would then prevent his doing so, till the moon afforded him some assistance, and she would hardly give any light before that time: again, therefore, he returned, and remained with captain Longford till the usual hour of his taking leave for the night; he did the same of Miss Longford, and then sought his own room, agitated by impatience.

### CHAP. III.

AT one time he had almost resolved to tell her of what he was in expectation, but she never mentioned Henry by any chance; and he determined now, at all events, to see the writer of his letter, before he made known its purport to any one. The house at length was still, but, on looking at his watch, he discovered he had already exceeded his time by at least half an hour; and having softly descended the stairs, and closed the doors after him, he rather flew than walked through the grounds, though he could scarcely discern the path he took; for louring clouds nearly obscured the full-orbed moon, and the breezes murmuring through the lofty trees, in hollow accents, threatened a storm; but, heedless of its approach, he hastened on till he reached the green-house. Here no stranger waited his approach—all was still as death—no footstep gladdened his listening ear—no friendly mediator, to plead a brother's cause with his offended father, came—and his heart sickened with apprehension, lest some accident had occurred to prevent his doing so.

Suspense became insupportable, and, almost without knowing why, he walked on to the hermitage; its humble tenants had long since retired to sleep, and no light glimmered through its small casement. At one moment he determined to awake Edwin, and ask if he had seen the stranger since they parted; but having done so, he would surely have come to him; and it was useless to disturb them at such an hour, with unreasonable, and, too probably, fruitless inquiries. Again, therefore, he returned to the green-house, which he had left open, but it was still empty; the night was spending fast, and large drops of rain began to beat against the solitary windows. Irresolute how to act, still more at a loss what to think, he mournfully locked the door; but in the extreme perturbation of his mind, neglected to take the key with him, as he slowly proceeded homeward, every instant turning round, to catch, if possible, the welcome step which might occasion him to return; but in vain he listened; and having at last reached the house, was entering his own room, when captain Longford, satisfied he heard a footstep, desired William, the servant, who slept in his apartment, to ask who was there. Yamboo, more than ever vexed, replied, it was him, who had been down stairs. The man, satisfied, closed the door, and Yamboo, having shut his, retired to his bed.

Restless and uneasy sleep had scarcely closed his eyes, when his imagination was tortured by dreams destructive of all repose; and the sun had no sooner penetrated his window with its earliest rays, than he left his pillow, and having dressed himself, sat down to watch for the servants rising, that he might walk out, still anxious to discover if there was any appearance of footsteps besides his own near the green-house, which he thought might easily be discovered on the yet wet ground. To divert the time, he had opened a favourite book, on which he became so intent as to have remained insensible of the period he had been reading, till some one tapped at his door; on his opening which, Peter stood before him, but in a situation that rivetted him to the spot with astonishment. Large drops stood on his face, over which a ghastly paleness had spread a livid hue; his lips quivered, and, in a faltering voice, he begged to speak with him. Yamboo, unable to utter a word, receded a few steps into the room, which Peter entered, gently closing the door after him.

“In God’s name, sir,” he said, in a whisper, “what have you done?”

Unconscious of his meaning, but dreading he knew not what, Yamboo replied, little less agitated—“What you mean, Peter?”

“Mean,” he said, “that I have lived much too long; that these aged eyes,” and they swam in tears as he spoke, “will see the destruction of all they loved and valued. My young master murdered! his father broken-hearted! and you——Oh, sir, tell me what I can do to save you?”

Horror-struck, though still unable to comprehend the old man—“Where then is your young master? Ah! tell all you know.”

“Would I knew less,” he said, “or had known enough to have prevented this dreadful business! Would I had never given up the key! but ’tis too late. What could induce a heart like your’s to do it?”

“To do what?” said the still more and more astonished Yamboo, faintly.

“To murder your brother!” he replied.

“God of Heaven!” exclaimed Yamboo, “me who wait so anxious to receive him, to hide him from every one—me murder him! only the wretch who do so dare say it!”

Peter shook his head in mournful distrust. "Why did you want the key?" he asked; "why go so late to the green-house? Oh! my dear, dear master, how will you bear the sight I have just seen!"

"Take me, take me to it!" replied Yamboo, in agony; "I waited long to see him, but he came not."

"Would indeed he had not come," said Peter, "for the fatal deed is too clear! Who will believe you innocent? But it is not me who am to judge you; too many will be ready to do it who love you less."

Yamboo no longer heard or saw anything distinctly; his murdered brother engrossed every thought; and in speechless agony he sought the spot, around which the servants were already collected, and which was at the back of the green-house nearest to the road. Rushing wildly through them, he beheld the corpse of Henry, weltering in blood, drenched with rain; an old horseman's coat, which was thrown open, shewed the wound he had received to be near his breast; his head was uncovered, and a large hat lay very near him; in short, his whole dress was evidently a disguise: but his present situation, not his dress, was the topic of conversation among the affrighted servants, not one of whom had power to utter what all nevertheless believed, that Yamboo alone could have perpetrated the deed.

Peter had given him the key of the green-house; another had heard him moving about the house long after the family had retired to rest; William had actually spoken to him in the passage after midnight; and the house-maid recollected the circumstance of the old man's pressing entreaty to see him in the morning: while Peter, who had again accidentally looked into the green-house, discovered the pistols, which had been recently cleaned and used, and every servant could vouch for the state in which they had been hanging in Mr. Henry's room, even within the week, and from which no one had missed them. These were strong proofs against him; and such was the nature of the crime he had, in their opinion, committed, that though every creature present knew his exalted nature, and adored his character, it served but to aggravate the horrid scene before them; while Yamboo, regardless of their remarks, and totally unable to comprehend what he saw, stood over the breathless Henry in mute despair—but a greater trial now awaited the whole group.

Hitherto the dreadful business was known only to themselves, and their mutual astonishment had rendered them unmindful that it could no longer be concealed from the world. Returning recollection now suggested the necessity of removing the body; this could not be done till a coroner was summoned: who then was to disclose the fatal truth?—who break it out to their revered captain?—who awaken that justice, whose power would demand their no less beloved Mr. Longford? Each looked at the other, incapable of moving, till Yamboo entreated them to take his brother to the house.

"Alas! that we dare not do," said Peter, "but some one must go there and inform Miss Longford, for she only is capable of telling my master; and never, never," he continued, "can he survive such a blow! Where will this misery end?"

A stupor, worse than madness, had oppressed every faculty of Yamboo's mind; and, almost unconscious of an action, he hurried back to the house, from which Miss Longford, unable to account for the strange desertion of every servant, was coming. Taking Yamboo's passive hand, she entreated him to tell her what was the matter; her

soothing voice aroused his torpid feelings, and looking steadfastly at her, he burst into an agony of tears.

“Henry,” he said, after many attempts to speak, “Henry is dead, and them say Yamboo him murderer!”

No less terrified at his wild appearance than at what she heard, she knew not what to say. A confused remembrance of his conduct on the preceding day darted on her mind; he had been restless and agitated, from the period of his parting with the old soldier, to the moment of their separating for the night; and nothing could be more singular than his being out of his room at the hour of the morning in which William had spoken to him, and which she had heard from her own maid; but scarcely had she prevailed on him to take a glass of water, and sit down in the breakfast-room, to which she had conducted him, when Peter, tottering into it, exclaimed, hiding his eyes with both his hands—“They will be here in a moment! Oh, my beloved master, fly, if it be possible; for never, never can these aged eyes behold you conveyed to prison.”

“What!” said the agonized sufferer, starting from his seat, “who dare take Yamboo to prison?—what they take him for?”

This was to be too soon proved, but not before the awful intelligence, which it was impossible to conceal any longer from captain Longford, had reached him, nothing mitigated of all its horrors; for the magistrate’s inquiries, who shortly after arrived, and the situation to which Yamboo was reduced, left no one an opportunity of concealing their own surmises, that he alone was privy to the murder.

Why the key and pistols were found in the green-house? were questions which Peter was desired to answer; the former, with a trembling voice, he averred to have given his young master on the preceding night—of the pistols he knew nothing further than that he had found them there. Where were they? was the next interrogation, and which Edwin, who now appeared among the distressed group, undertook to answer, by relating why they had been given to him to clean, and that he had delivered them to his benefactor, whom he afterwards saw turning into the green-house, where he supposed he had left them by accident: but there had been powder in them—that also Edwin could explain; he had tried them after cleaning, by firing two or three rounds, before he gave them out of his own possession.

The magistrate shook his head, and Yamboo was desired to state why he had gone to the green-house, and for what purpose he was out of his own room during the night? questions which Henry’s lifeless form could have solved as readily as Yamboo. Heavy and convulsive sighs told that he lived, but he was no longer blest with the powers of sensibility; his eyes rolled wildly in every direction, but his tongue had lost the faculty of speech.

Other witnesses were then examined, but their evidence tended rather to criminate than clear him. Of Henry’s being in the neighbourhood, no one could give the least account, save Edwin, who eagerly related the secret commission with which he had been charged, but that he had taken the letter back to the stranger, whom he had not seen again till now; but did not hesitate to proclaim it was the same person, by the dress, who had given it to him. Again the mendicant soldier occurred, whose business with Mr. Longford might possibly have been to deliver this letter; why then had Yamboo concealed the circumstance from Miss Longford? The servants knew their young master was not to be allowed an interview with his father, should he request it, but he had made no application,

unless thus privately; and that his brother, to whom it appeared to have been made, and who had interceded so often and tenderly for him, should have so basely murdered him, surpassed belief. "It must," Miss Longford said, "have been done in self-defence."

The magistrate asked if the letter in question could possibly be found, and Yamboo was instantly searched; to this he submitted without resistance; and the fatal letter, which shewed the appointment to have been made, was produced: the hand-writing was unknown, but its purport proved that Yamboo was left to suppose the third person alluded to, rather than the writer, was Henry. To this note there had doubtless some kind of answer been returned; this it was of consequence to obtain; and it was almost instantly produced from the waistcoat pocket of the deceased, and its contents combined to blacken the transaction. The magistrate confessed his duty obliged him to remove Mr. Longford from his father's house, till some new light was thrown on the affair, during which period every attention should be paid to him, consistent with honour and humanity.

Miss Longford heard no more; a faintness seized her, and, during the continuance of her insensibility, Yamboo, passive as an infant, was conveyed to the magistrate's house, amidst the tears and entreaties of weeping domestics and sorrowing spectators, among whom Mrs. Forrester was a sincere and silent mourner. Not so captain Longford; a frenzy of the most alarming kind deranged every faculty; he raved, by turns, for his murdered Henry, his innocent Yamboo; and nothing could appease, no one sooth his distraction, till nature, wearied with its own exertions, and to which his already exhausted strength was unequal, left him no longer the power of resistance; and he sunk into a melancholy madness, which threatened to end but with his life. For hours together, with folded hands, he paced the room in silence, or watched at the window from which he had first seen Henry's corpse conveyed into the house, and afterwards Yamboo torn from it; then, with a convulsive shudder, hide both his eyes, and anon, with hysteric laughter, exclaim—"Oh, I knew they would bring him back, innocent of the murder! His father only was guilty! I made him swear to keep Henry from me; dared him to breathe his name in my presence! I, I did the deed! See," he would add, in a lower tone, to his attendant, "here comes Yamboo's mother! Hark! she will ask me for her child! Shall I say I sold him? No, no; tell her he is gone to find Henry in heaven! See how they mock their cruel father! They have left him to dig their own grave, chained him to the earth, while they flit through yonder clouds, sport among the stars, unmindful of his sorrow! Stay, Yamboo, stay for your penitent father! He should have gone before you! Where are you, my child? Hear me, Yamboo, I beseech you; no one heeds your feeble father, now you are gone: no one," he continued, mournfully shaking his head, "no one wipes the scalding tears from his burning cheek." Then relapsing into a silent fit, no entreaties could prevail on him to utter a word.

Miss Longford, though wholly engrossed by the distressed situation of her brother, abated nothing of that solicitude which Yamboo demanded; he had been removed to the county-gaol, where, as it yet wanted some weeks of the assizes, he was to endure all the horrors of an ignominious confinement, branded as a murderer, and, still worse, a fratricide; perfectly sensible of the full extent of all his misery, and the mournful anticipation of a trial, for which he was unprepared with one testimony to prove his innocence, or acquit him of the foul deed, save his own solemn asseveration. But Yamboo, contrasted with his wretched father, was, at this period, comparatively happy. Reason had resumed its empire, and had given energy to his mind; conscious innocence

told him he had every thing to hope, while faith in that mercy he knew to be boundless—faith, the believer's anchor of the soul, triumphed over despair; and he awaited, with becoming fortitude, the awful crisis, in which every one else read his condemnation.

The certainty of what his father's situation must be, was the source of his greatest affliction; and, with that affectionate and dutiful solicitude which had through life bound him to his only parent, he still continued anxiously to inquire after him of every part of the family, who daily visited him; adding his entreaties, that they would comfort him with assurances of his return to him, and which they promised to do, long after destiny had added, to other causes for affliction, the loss of his parent; for no one had ventured to tell him he had no longer a father. Happy to see the tranquillity of his mind, they wished to defer the intelligence, which could not fail to disturb it, and humanely endeavoured to conceal, as long as possible, this additional aggravation of all his woes; while he for whom he sorrowed slept in his peaceful grave—his memory no longer tortured by a recollection of those errors, which he steadfastly believed, while sense remained, had called down the vengeance of Heaven upon his devoted head—his heart no longer lacerated by the vile conduct of one ungrateful child, or his paternal affection anxiously racked for the safety of another: all were alike forgotten. His cold insensible breast, so often the seat of each tumultuous passion, no longer heaved the sigh of contrition over youthful follies, or beat high at the welcome promise of pardoning grace. He had heard that son, in whom he believed there was neither sin or guile, pronounced a murderer; had seen him dragged from the protecting arms, which, feeble as they were, would have clasped him, while he had power to do so, to his beating heart, and a father could bear no more; the ligament which bound them to each other was of too fine a texture to bear this violation, and snapped, while the commiserating angel, who had so long watched over his penitent hours, and marked their sincerity, to spare him the last sad scene, when the awful sentence, *guilty*, left nothing for hope, kindly closed his eyes in a long and lasting sleep.

## CHAP. IV.

SUCCEEDING days, as they followed each other in cheerless succession, tardily brought onward that so important to the fate of Yamboo, whose sorrowing calendar had on record many a tribute paid to the memory of his first and early benefactors, whom no consideration could induce him to acquaint with his degraded situation. Sometimes he would say—"Yamboo once think he have no pride; what else make him conceal him change of destiny from colonel Beresford? Yet why make good Mrs. Beresford sorrow for him? Ah! why fill Miss Emmeline's lovely eyes with tears for Yamboo? When him dead, the precious tear will fall on him mournful grave; alive, they never know how much he need them: yet who will say to them, Yamboo die innocent, when him gone? Then he must convince him colonel, for he knew him heart—knew he ever despise a falsehood."

But this half-formed resolution to address colonel Beresford faded before the attempt; he still wanted resolution to explain the dreadful business, and still remained irresolute; while that gentleman, rich in the possession of every earthly happiness, dispensing around his hospitable mansion those blessings so bountifully bestowed on himself, and satisfied that his *protégée*, no less favoured by the gifts of fortune, could not fail to be equally happy, continued to enjoy, in the society of his family and surrounding friends, more real felicity than usually falls to the lot of even the good man.

Matilda had married a gallant and deserving officer, in that regiment from which her father had been allowed to retire with honour; while Emmeline, not less fortunate in her choice, shared the hand and fortune of a gentleman who resided on his paternal estate in their own neighbourhood, and devoted her whole time to the happiness of a husband whom she had married from choice, and parents whom she revered; daily proving, that, however conscious of her duties as a wife, she remembered also that she was a daughter before she became a wife.

Seated at the breakfast-table with his happy family, colonel Beresford had been diverting them with a ludicrous paragraph in the morning paper, which excited such a general laugh as scarcely to have been suppressed, when his exclamation—"Tis impossible!" attracted their attention, but with sensations widely different. Trembling with agitation, he continued, still gazing on the paper, "then by this time all is over! Emily, our poor Yamboo—"

"What of him?" said the generous Emmeline, rising before her mother could speak, "what of my kind preserver?"

"Alas! my child," said colonel Beresford, "he has been through life the sport of fortune; he is now indeed an awful lesson to thoughtless erring fathers, and dies for the cruel brother who has so often persecuted him, and whom he has now murdered."

"Impossible!" replied Mrs. Beresford; "appearances may be against him; the world may have condemned him; but he has a soul too pure for the perpetration of such a crime. Say, have they really inhumanly destroyed him? is there no hope?" she added; "can no friendly interference stop the progress of the law? Do not let us join in his condemnation, my dear Beresford. Ah! why did we ever part with him? beneath our roof only was he safe."

"I am at a loss how to act," returned the colonel, "and would this moment set out for Wales; but if I should arrive only to hear an awful confirmation of his sentence, I do



not think I could support it; and, if all should be over, what will the tribute of affection, paid on his cold grave, avail its peaceful inhabitant?"

"Yet if happily he still lives," said Mrs. Beresford, "what comfort may your unexpected presence not impart? and if you succeed but in obtaining a temporary reprieve, who knows what may transpire to save him from the dreadful fate which awaits him? But what is said of the transaction?—how is it accounted for?—on what grounds have they accused him?"

Colonel Beresford again took up the paper, and read the following paragraph:—

*"Melancholy occurrence.*—A catastrophe, of the most horrid nature, occurred a short time since at Alvington, the seat of captain Longford, where the body of a very fine young man, son of captain Longford, was found in the park murdered; and no doubt remaining of his brother having performed the deed, he was in consequence apprehended, and after undergoing an examination before the magistrate of the county, committed to prison. It appears on evidence, that on account of some irregularities on the part of his youngest son, captain Longford had forbidden him his house; that, after many ineffectual attempts either to see his father, or get a letter conveyed to him, he had succeeded in obtaining a private interview with his brother, Mr. Yamboo Longford, who, it is supposed, only made the appointment to effect the dreadful purpose he had meditated of destroying him, which he did by shooting him through the heart."

"No doubt therefore can remain," said colonel Beresford, "of its being our unhappy Yamboo, whom, at all events, I will see, if it is possible to do so, before he closes an eventful life, which he has had too much reason to curse his father for ever giving him; but his punishment, wretched man, must be severe indeed. Situated as his children were, it was hardly possible that fraternal affection, natural to brothers, could exist between them; but an event like this comes not within the scale of probabilities; however, if it is only to learn the particulars, which can never reach us properly authenticated here, and as a duty I feel due to my poor friend, I will go——"

"And," said Emmeline, with tears in her eyes, "the duty due to the preserver of your child's life."

"True," replied her father; "but if this is really true, I shall wish he had been much less to us; nor will I henceforth trust in human perfection, for of all human beings did I believe Yamboo Longford least likely to err: but to raise his hand against a brother's life—to become a fratricide—no, it cannot be! Some foul agent has again been set to work him evil, or my heart misgives me."

Thus argued his generous and benevolent friends, who, one and all, pronounced him innocent. No time was wasted in preparing for a journey too important for delays; and the colonel, accompanied by Mr. De Clifford, his son-in-law, who insisted on becoming his companion, set out for Wales; and as much depended on expedition, darkness was not allowed to obstruct their travelling: the evening of the third day therefore was far spent before they reached the stage at which they meant to sleep for the night, when the chaise suddenly stopped; and before either gentleman could ascertain the cause, their money was demanded by a man on horseback, who presented a pistol to colonel Beresford's breast, at the instant he put down the glass; when Mr. De Clifford, seeing they had no chance of saving their property, resolutely fired, before the highwayman had appeared to notice there was any person in the chaise beside the gentleman whom he had first attacked. The horse instantly plunged forward with his

unhappy rider, and the postillion, dreading the arrival of others, who he imagined might be lurking near, spurred his own horses, who shortly overtook the robber's, with its master—a circumstance which terror made him conceal; and as they had but a few miles to proceed, he continued his pace till they reached the inn-yard, when he declared the highwayman must either be dead or severely wounded, as he had certainly been left on the road.

Assistance was soon procured, and they returned towards the spot where they had been stopped, a short distance only from which they discovered the wretched man, totally deprived of life, laying by the road-side, and his horse still standing near the corpse of his rider; the ball had entered his breast; but the vital spark had issued from the wound, for no appearance of life whatever was visible. He appeared to have been a genteel-looking young man; and as colonel Beresford examined his features by the lights which were held around him, it struck him that somewhere he had seen a strong resemblance of the deceased; but memory foiled his efforts to ascertain where; when some one, in searching the body, took a letter from his breast pocket, addressed, Charles Stukely, Esq. The colonel no longer hesitated to believe that Charles Stukely and the highwayman were the same, and that he saw in him the young man who had joined Mr. Henry Longford and himself, when returning to London with Yamboo from Portsmouth—a supposition the contents of the letter corroborated, while it unmasked a scene of villany surpassing belief, but which no one understood, except colonel Beresford, to whom it was delivered, and who, having opened it, read—

“ALL is going on well, Charles, and you will no longer have reason to blush at your friend's want of perseverance to complete what he has undertaken. To avoid suspicion, I have made no attempt whatever to see my father, who is no less ignorant of my being in his neighbourhood, than the rustics who gaze upon me as a perfect stranger; but through the assistance of an old veteran, who was begging alms at the great house, as he termed it, I have contrived to convey a letter to its black inhabitant, who professes himself impatient to meet me, which I intend he shall have the pleasure of doing, at the hour he has himself appointed (eleven at night); though, by the bye, he has no idea who he is to meet, for that explanation was not requisite on my part; therefore I only gave him to understand, a person who had business of importance with him solicited a private interview: night, therefore, will witness the termination of a business which has so long marred all my comforts, and to-morrow hail me the undoubted heir of Alvington. Hasten, therefore, to meet me at the appointed rendezvous, from which we can set out together; and having performed my task, I shall need all your excellent spirits to drown reflection; for after all, Stukely, I wish it was over; but I have now gone too far to recede: money I must have, and necessity urges me to——Pshaw! it will be dark. Why did you not let Forrester come with me? He is used to such work, and he was Forrester's enemy—so he is mine. Welcome the thought! Come, all ye accursed fiends of malice and revenge, speed me success, and guide my hand! when 'tis over, I will lull remorse in festive pleasures, drown thought in flowing bumpers. Recalled from a distant kingdom, to hear the lamentable story, and take possession of fortune and a father's relenting affection, who will dare to suspect Henry? Time steals on; every minute I look at my watch, but the envious sun neglects to whirl onward his blazing chariot; and day, as if to mock my purpose hesitates to furl its hateful light, that I may steal forth to deposit this in

a channel to meet you. Fly, when it has done so, to comfort—no, to congratulate your friend, and share his hard-earned fortune, purchased by *blood*! Yes, Stukely, it would out, and the very word has made the paper offensive. My brain is heated! Adieu!

Your's ever,  
HENRY L——."

Of this letter, having perused it to the end, colonel Beresford claimed possession; it was a testimony of importance to his journey; and after explaining, to the magistrate who attended, the danger of even the slightest delay to his young friend, was allowed to proceed without further detention; and on his arrival at \* \* \* \* \*, the first intelligence he obtained was that the assizes had commenced that morning, but, from the crowded state of the court, it was not possible to gain admission; still less, that he stood any chance of seeing the prisoner, whose trial was expected to come on first, as the most important. This Mr. De Clifford thought a favourable circumstance, as the agitation occasioned by the meeting at such an awful moment might affect each party too much, and be of material consequence to Mr. Longford, by increasing the perturbation which would, too probably, be construed into a confirmation of guilt; but nothing could deter colonel Beresford from going into court, though he wished to be as much concealed as possible from his suffering friend, till an opportunity presented itself for the timely interference of his friendship.

It was not, as had been expected, the first cause brought forward; but as the others were of a trifling nature, they soon gave place to that which appeared to engross all hearts, all ears; for the avidity with which every one present listened to the several witnesses by turns examined, and the expression of interest which sat on every countenance, plainly told the anxiety of every mind. The venerable Peter was first called upon for his evidence; his hoary locks, wintered by age, partly concealed the dim eyes, from whose fount the big tear continued to roll down the furrowed cheek, and his tottering limbs scarcely supported him, as, in faltering accents, he related the state in which he had first discovered the body of his young master; with such further evidence as was required of him.

Edwin was next summoned, who, in a firm and clear voice, answered every question put to him relative to the letter given him by the stranger, as also the pistols. Other witnesses were then examined, but their testimony went no farther than to prove the old soldier having been at the gate in conference with Mr. Longford, and the excellent character, the humanity, mildness of manners, and, above all, the brotherly affection the latter had ever expressed for the deceased—testimony which Miss Longford corroborated in the strongest terms; explaining all that had passed between the prisoner and herself on the subject of Henry's expulsion from his father's house, and the entreaties he had used to obtain her interest with his father, all of which, unhappily, she added, she had rejected: that, at her own request, the prisoner had for some time ceased to speak of him; and, to oblige her brother, no one ventured to do so in the house.

She then related her observations on the prisoner's conduct after he had seen the mendicant soldier; and regretted, with the court, that this man, after whom the strictest search had been made, had not been apprehended; nor did it occur to Yamboo, till some time after his own solitary confinement, that the old beggar might, in some instance, have

been accessory to his brother's death, if not actually the perpetrator of the deed; but these suggestions were confined to his own breast, and when called upon for his defence, every heart throbbed with agony. Colonel Beresford scarcely breathed; but when, for the first time since he entered the court, from the situation in which he stood, he caught a full view of Yamboo's face, his mind became more tranquil.

No agitated fears of guilt shook his frame; no hesitation of speech, no evasive answers, proved him to have violated truth; sorrow for the loss he had sustained in his father, and which could no longer be concealed, when he had entreated an interview with Miss Longford, previous to his trial, oppressed his brow, and gave a mournful cast to his once bright eyes; but conscious innocence sat in calm dignity on every feature; an expression, which guilt never can assume, or innocence become divested of, irradiated his whole countenance; and with a deportment, at once manly and interesting, he explained every circumstance, from the moment of his being summoned to the gate, at the request of the mendicant, to that of Peter entering his room on the following morning, with perspicuity and exactness. The letter he had received was then again produced, and read in court; he was then asked if he was really ignorant that the person he consented to meet was his brother? and when he answered he was, every heart appeared ready to vouch for the truth of his assertion.

Having summed up the evidence, the jury were about to withdraw, previous to giving in their verdict, when colonel Beresford, in consequence of a message he had sent to the bench, was desired to come forward. At the sound of that well-known name, a faintness seized Yamboo, who, overcome by surprise (from which his friend would willingly, had it been possible, spared him), leaned against the bar for support; but, as if comfort was connected with the very name of a being so dear to him, a moment sufficed to revive and give him power to listen, while that gentleman explained how he came in possession of the letter which he delivered to the court, and which would at least prove not only the pains taken by the deceased to conceal himself from the knowledge of the prisoner, but also the dreadful purpose which had caused that personal concealment, and which he trusted would operate in favour of the prisoner, of whose inestimable, and even exemplary character, he believed no one more adequate than himself to bear testimony.

A general whisper of heartfelt applause ran through the court, and hope again animated every breast—but it was transient. Miss Longford, previous to her being taken out of court, where she had fainted, had sworn to the letter being Henry Longford's handwriting, and Peter, to whom it was also shewn, had done the same; but though it unveiled a dark and horrid plot, it in nowise acquitted the prisoner of the charge on which he had been so fully committed—the murder of his brother! On the contrary, appearances still told against him; it was a dark mysterious business, on which only one circumstance could throw any previous light, and this was only to be done by apprehending the man who had delivered the former letter, and whose escape was still more singular, when the description given of his feeble state left his evasion of pursuit next to impossible; but no trace whatever of such person was to be obtained, as all inquiries after him, which, from the general confusion, had been set on foot too late, had hitherto proved fruitless; therefore the jury, however inclined to judge favourably, had little to balance in the scale of justice, which demanded blood for blood. To acquit the prisoner was impossible; to condemn him, they felt much against that humanity which pleaded so powerfully for him; and they could only recommend him to that mercy which it rested not with them in equity

to extend. Horror appalled every sense, when the judge, little less unmanned, arose to pronounce the awful sentence; but when the words—guilty, *death!* had passed his trembling lips, and Yamboo, clasping his hands, exclaimed—“Oh, no, no!” all was tumult. Numbers, crowding to the bar, implored his reprieve only till the soldier could be found, while many pledged themselves to bring him, if he yet existed.

Yamboo, unable to support the conflict, was conveyed to his prison in a state of insensibility, and colonel Beresford, supported by his son, followed him thither, entreating permission to be left with him; the indulgence was allowed him; and never father more tenderly hovered over the expiring breath of a beloved son, than he now hung over the persecuted Yamboo, for whose release he almost ventured to implore Heaven, before the arrival of that hour which was to see him dragged to an ignominious death, for a crime of which he even now believed him no less innocent than himself.

Yamboo was permitted the satisfaction of recognizing his benefactor, and still firm friend, on his partial recovery from the faintness which had overcome him. Taking the hand of colonel Beresford, and clasping it with agony to his beating forehead, he said—“Oh, how much Yamboo thank you! Say, tell him before they take him away—say only you think him innocent!”

“My heart assures me that you are so, my poor sufferer,” replied his friend; “and God——”

“Yes, yes,” replied Yamboo, interrupting him, “God know him innocence! Ah, why he not take him to himself? Tell Mrs. Beresford,” he added, “tell both your children, Yamboo bless them before he die; but never, never say,” he continued, as if agonized by the idea, “never say how him die! all but that him heart could bear—that never!”

Wild delirium now flashed in his eyes; a raging fever rushed through every throbbing vein, and procured for him that reprieve, which, dreadful as it was, aided the persevering exertions of his numerous friends, who ranged every part of the county, still believing the object of their search must be concealed near the neighbourhood.

On the second day of their unsuccessful search, some men, who were employed in spreading manure, which had been laying in heaps on a field within a short distance of Alvington manor, entangled a fork in some old rags, which appeared to have once been a soldier’s jacket; the man instantly swore he had got a prize, as there was something heavy in it, which, on being shook out, proved to be a small pocket pistol. On examining the jacket, or rather the fragments of what had been a jacket, it was discovered that one arm was tacked up, as if worn by a cripple; and, little less pleased than if they had actually found the wearer, whom they, one and all, pronounced to have been the identical man of whom such strict search was then making, carried it instantly to the public-house where the man had begged a night’s lodging, previous to the day in which he was said to have delivered the letter to Mr. Longford. The people of the house identified it, and the circumstance fully proved some deception had been practised in that quarter; as the dress being left there, fully evinced its having been used as a disguise, or why so much pains taken to conceal it? The pistol was also examined, and could never have belonged to a mendicant, for it was mounted in silver; and, on a nearer inspection, was discovered to have the initials H.L. neatly engraven near the lock. Both were immediately conveyed to the magistrate, and the pursuit, to which this discovery had given new energy, was continued with added zeal in the cause; but Yamboo’s hopeless recovery left little chance of his becoming sensible of the exertions used in his behalf, by every one whom his

situation had interested for him, or the yet more striking instance, which was about to prove, that the righteous man is never forsaken—that innocence, however oppressed, calumniated, and degraded, will yet shine forth with added lustre, when Divine Mercy, boundless in its operations, has dispersed the transient cloud permitted to obscure it.

On the fourth morning after his trial and condemnation, a number of people were observed returning to the town, but at a distance too great to ascertain if they brought with them the person of whom they had been in search; till a boy, breathless with the speed which urged him to be the welcome herald, reached the prison-door, exclaiming, as he gasped for breath, “He is coming in a waggon! the real murderer is coming!”

“Is it the soldier?” was the first interrogation.

The boy replied—“He could not tell; but whatever he was, he was dying, which made them come so slowly.” He was then conducted to colonel Beresford, who would have purchased a confirmation of Yamboo’s innocence at any price, and who now, in ecstasy, for even this vague intelligence, handsomely rewarded the bearer of it.

The cavalcade now advanced, and the prisoner, under a strong guard, followed, as the boy had said, in a waggon; but a new consternation prevailed, when it was rumoured, that, instead of the old soldier, they had brought Forrester, who had confessed himself to be the murderer, and was accompanied by a clergyman, who had taken his confession in writing, from an apprehension that it was not possible he could survive the journey. He, however, entreated permission to see Mr. Longford, before as many witnesses as they thought proper; he declared he must do so; in vain he was told the prisoner’s situation made it useless, for he would not know him.

“Yes, yes, he will know the wretched Forrester!” he exclaimed, impatiently; “and without his pardon, Heaven will never extend its mercy to such a sinner.”

He was then supported from the waggon to the cell in which Yamboo lay, who, unconscious of his presence, still rolled his eyes, starting with fever, in every direction, entreating them to take down the gibbet.

“Ah! my friend, my benefactor, have I brought you to this?” said the exhausted Forrester; “I, who sold my eternal salvation to save your valued life! Do I come too late?”

Fearful he would lose the time, which might more effectually substantiate the testimony which he had taken in writing, the worthy clergyman, who had attended him, begged he might be removed to a proper place, and such means used as might tend to prolong his existence; this was accordingly done, and his wife and child then permitted to see him. Edwin had already done so, for he was one of the party who had first seen the waggon in which they were conveying him to the county gaol, where Yamboo was in confinement, and had first recognized his unfortunate brother, who, languishing under all the tortures of mental and bodily sufferings, had hardly power to ask after his wife, whose distress now so augmented his own, as to oblige her to be removed from him till after the examination, which it was requisite, if possible, he should go through. Every medical assistance was procured; and such was his apparent eagerness to live, at least, he said, till it was over, that he took every medicine prescribed for his recovery, every nourishment that could recruit his exhausted strength; and on the following day was carried, on a litter, into court, which was even more crowded than before.

He entreated the paper, which his good friend the clergyman had in his possession, might be first read, after which he would answer any questions the court might think proper to put to him; this was allowed; and the worthy ecclesiastic then rose,

and after stating, that about a fortnight since he was summoned to attend the prisoner, who had some days previous to that, with many other passengers, sustained material injury, from the overturning of a stagecoach, added, that the prisoner had informed him, he at first entertained hopes of being able to pursue his journey, which was of the utmost consequence, but that he found himself getting worse and worse, which still increased the necessity of his doing so; but as his death, if it took place before he reached the place of his destination, must be fatal to the life of a gentleman, who had been the preserver of himself and family, he wished to unburthen his mind to him, by relating particulars, which must, at all events, be made public, and entreated he would take down what he had to communicate in writing, which he would attest before a magistrate; “after which,” he continued, “should I still live, I must be removed to \* \* \* \*”; and should I even die on the road thither, it will prove to my benefactor I did every thing in my power to preserve him.”

“I immediately proceeded,” said the clergyman, “to write down what he dictated, and then sent for a magistrate; when, after administering the sacrament, at his own request, to the prisoner, he signed the paper, and took the proper affidavit; after which, the vomiting of blood, to which, since his accident, he had been accustomed, returned, accompanied by fever, which rendered it totally impossible to remove him: but, as he continued sensible, I promised, in case of his death, to be myself the bearer of this paper.” He then produced it in court, and it was read aloud by the proper officer, while a solemn silence pervaded.

“In me, sir,” it began, “you behold a wretched sinner, for whom there is no mercy; for I have transgressed from my youth, and shall never be permitted to see a respectable old age, since vengeance has overtaken me already. In my youth I was placed at a charity-school, by the clergyman of our parish, who respected my father; but I no sooner left it to get my own bread, than I became a hardened sinner; swearing was an early practice, and has led to the commission of every other atrocity. I lived some years with a Mr. Leviston, as his groom, and became the favourite servant of his only son, who, though a gentleman, was no less addicted to vice than myself. Here I continued till my master’s death obliged me to seek another service; but I was too indolent to stay any where long, and roved from place to place, till I became enlinked with a gang of footpads, of whose successful plunder, and lawless villany, I became a willing partner for many months; when having one evening stopped a gentleman on horseback, I was overpowered, and, unhappily for myself, through his means, rescued from that punishment to which the laws of my country would have justly condemned me.

“It proved to be Mr. Leviston’s son, who, in recollecting me, promised to conceal the transaction for ever, if I would consent to remain with him as his confidential servant. In a fatal hour I consented, for my guilt had hitherto been trifling, compared to what I have since, at his instigation, plunged myself into. I soon discovered his whole dependence was gaming; his companions men of dissipated lives, though they passed for gentlemen: but ’tis needless to enter into particulars, with which my present destiny is not connected. Among his greatest favourites, and most intimate friends, was a Mr. Stukely, and a Mr. Longford; the first spent much of his time with him, the latter I knew but little of, only as I repeatedly heard them speaking of him as their dear friend, who had been cheated out of a very handsome fortune by a black servant, whom his father had brought home from India, and who had had the art to persuade captain Longford that he was

actually his natural son. This story I was continually told, and at last promised a reward, far surpassing my expectation, if I would agree to remove, by any means I might think proper, this vile impostor, to which my master privately offered me a second if I succeeded; telling me, in confidence, that as Mr. Stukely had once undertaken to do so, and failed in the attempt, which was to have been done by forcing him on board a man-of-war, he was the more desirous of proving his friendship for Mr. Longford, by doing it effectually—‘which can only, Forrester,’ he added, ‘be by death; and of what consequence will the death of a black fellow, like that, be to you or me? whereas it will be the making of a very fine young fellow, who will, no doubt, richly repay his obligation, by heaping benefits on yourself and family.’

“The comfort of that family was every thing to me, and I rashly consented to do whatever was required of me; and was accordingly sent into Wales, with my wife, child and brother, neither of whom had the slightest suspicion of my horrid errand, and in vain entreated to know what were my reasons for compelling them to live in a solitary hovel; while I procured work, as a labouring man, at a farm-house, the better to conceal the real motives of my residence in that neighbourhood. There I learned a very different story from that told me by my base employers; the black servant, whom they represented as a villain, was, I found, the friend of all mankind—the protector of the poor—the sick man's comfort—the dying one's consolation! Feign would I have shut my ears to praises that wrung me to the soul, and a thousand times I endeavoured to persuade myself, he had, like many others, purchased his good name by the charities he exercised: but my injustice was to be doubly proved; my vile ingratitude to hold me up as a monster of iniquity to my fellow-creatures.

“My brother nearly lost his life by an accident, and Mr. Longford became his nurse, his friend, and provided for all his necessities during his confinement. My house was then burned to the ground; he only saved my whole family from the flames, and provided another to receive us—yet this man's life I still meditated to deprive him of; but as often as I attempted to perform the promise I had made, something stopped my hand, when, to my utter astonishment, Mr. Leviston arrived at Alvington, obliged me to meet him privately, and upbraided me severely with the failure of my word to him, who, having once saved my life, had a right to command my strict obedience. But that was not all; he cruelly convinced me of what I had never once suspected—that all the benefits I had received from Mr. Longford was on my wife's account; and that, during two days he had passed at the manor on a visit, as the friend of Mr. Henry Longford, Mr. Longford had owned to him, not only that he loved my wife, and had placed her at the hermitage in the park to be near him, but was satisfied of a return to his passion.

“My cruel revenge wanted no other spur; my wife was the whole world to me; and what I had so long hesitated to do for my employers, even for a rich reward, I now flew, unrewarded, to perform. Unhappily I found him at my house, where, though the kindest motives had brought him, I stabbed him with savage brutality; but his calm forbearance towards his assassin, his mild assurance of innocence, and the pity he expressed at my being thus deceived, spoke daggers to my repenting soul; while his entreaties that I should fly from the justice which awaited me, rivetted me to the spot, till I believed him dying; then only I could persuade myself to leave him; and having first given the alarm to his servants, and procured a surgeon, I gave myself up to that fate which I had so justly merited. A thousand times I determined to explain the dreadful



secret, which racked me incessantly, the motive for my going to Alvington, and by whom sent; but I had no evidence to support my story, and who would give it credit? it would only be believed that I had fabricated the whole to save my own life; and in this state I awaited the trial, from which I had nothing to hope, when my pardon was sent, and I was not only at liberty to leave my prison, but allowed, with my family, to return to the hermitage, which my benefactor still insisted on my inhabiting.

“Still I was irresolute how to act; days I had spent in that gloomy reserve, for which no one could account, when, after fixing on various projects, it occurred to me I had but one resource. My knowledge of the transaction left me no room to doubt that if I gave it up, some other person would be employed to perform the dreadful deed, for that they had determined Mr. Longford should not live, I was well aware: my only chance, therefore, was to return, express, a well-feigned regret at my past failure, and, to induce them to employ me again, become a still greater villain than before. By this step, I hoped to be entrusted with the whole proceedings, by which alone I could be enabled to preserve the life of my benefactor, which I resolved to do at the hazard of my own. I might then, should a second attempt be made, procure such proofs as would expose the whole conspiracy, and secure the vile projectors of it; and to this purpose, I extorted a promise from Mr. Leviston, that no steps whatever should be taken without my knowledge.

Mr. Longford was, he told me, at that time wholly occupied by an affair of gallantry at Hampstead, to which place a young lady, much attached to him, had been removed by her family; and it was probable my assistance would first be required there, as he was determined to convey her from thence, be the consequence what it might. Eager to impress Mr. Longford with a favourable opinion of my readiness to serve him on all occasions, I offered to undertake any thing that could do so; but secretly determined, at the same time, to take some opportunity of acquainting the young lady, when I had found out who and what she was, with her danger, for I was now only a villain to appearance; my heart had undergone a total change, and I waited only for the moment, when, having an opportunity of justifying my conduct at Alvington, which I had left in a mysterious manner, deserting even my wife and child (but who I trusted would find friends at the manor), I should, by living a very different life, prove that I was not a hardened sinner: but, alas! the opportunity was never allowed, and a far different fate awaited me. Mr. Longford was called out by the young lady’s brother, whom he shot, and for which he was obliged to fly, as did his second, Mr. Stukely, to whom, from some cause or other, Mr. Leviston became all at once less partial. He had taken it into his head that he had prejudiced Mr. Longford against him, and felt that he was less in the confidence of both than formerly.

“This intelligence alarmed me seriously; and for some days, during which my master had learned no news of them, I was half distracted with apprehension, lest some new agent had been employed in my room, and could scarcely conceal my fears before Mr. Leviston, who, I fancied, read something more than common in my looks. He, however, returned one evening, much discomposed himself, and at last ventured to say— ‘There is something going forward between Stukely and Longford, which I am not acquainted with; I have seen both, but there is an air of mystery in their manner which I cannot comprehend, and was more sensible of than I believe they wished me to be. I learned, however, that they are on the wing, to insure, as they tell me, Longford’s safety;

but that is not altogether the purport of their journey, I am satisfied, neither do I see the necessity for it, as De Lasaux is daily recovering, though Stukely persists to the contrary; and they hardly dare employ any person to go into Wales but yourself, without indeed they are heroic enough to perform the deed themselves, without an agent. Since Stukely has ventured on the road, he may have become more courageous; but, if caught in their own snare, let them be careful how they impeach me.'

"A cold trembling seized every limb, and Mr. Leviston looked at me with amazement; when, seeing the necessity of deceiving him still further with regard to myself, I said, apparently in a violent passion—'And if Mr. Stukely has gulled me of my promised reward, after the risk I have already run to obtain it, let him also beware of my revenge; but how are we to know? only by following them into Wales, if they are really going there.'

'And, at all events, you may satisfy yourself of your wife's safety, and return again if the ground is clear,' replied Mr. Leviston.

"This was all I aimed at; and having urged him to let me set out instantly, I did so without loss of time, but could get no satisfactory intelligence to my cautious inquiries on the road for two gentlemen, for I still supposed them travelling together. Within a few miles of Alvington, I put on a dress, with which I had provided myself, that could not fail to disguise me from every one's observation who had formerly known me. I had seen too many deceptions practised in London, to be at a loss how to conceal any one of my limbs, and now personated an old soldier, who had lost an arm; a large patch concealed one eye, as did filth and dirt my complexion; while an old wig, one crutch, and a stick, completed my disguise.

"This, sir, I am particular in describing, because the description I have given you will be recollected by all whom this information will concern at Alvington. Satisfied that neither my wife, child, or brother, would know me, should chance throw them in my way, I proceeded onward with a beating heart, determined to hover day and night round the manor, till my suspicions were confirmed, when I resolutely resolved to discover the whole plot, not sparing the part I had been induced to take in it; even though, to procure his consent to my departure, I had solemnly vowed no power, danger, or difficulty, should induce me to make use of Mr. Leviston's name.

"My dress, though I was well provided with money, obliged me to put up at the most miserable house I could find, but where I had no suspicion of meeting with the person of whom I was in search; but scarcely had I drank my little mug of ale, when a gentleman entered, in whom, notwithstanding he was wrapped in a great-coat, and had a large hat flapped over his eyes, I suspected to be either Mr. Stukely or his companion; the light, which was soon after brought into the kitchen (by the fire of which he stood), satisfied me it was Mr. Longford himself; and I purposely entered into conversation with the people of the house respecting the family at the manor, during which I heard myself justly called the villain which I even then felt myself to be, notwithstanding the reformation in my heart, of which no one was sensible but myself. He took no part in the discourse, and very shortly after retired for the night, as did I to my miserable straw-bed, where a thousand fears assailed me, lest my undertaking should fail.

"On the following morning I arose with the day, and crawled into the road adjoining the park, and where I knew I could see every one that passed to or from the house. Very early in the morning I observed Mr. Longford approaching, still without his

friend, and, to avoid all suspicion that I was observing him, I began to take a hard crust from my dirty wallet. He stopped, and inquired if I was going to the great house for relief. I told him I should solicit a trifle from young Mr. Longford, who had sometime since assisted me as I went through the country, and would, I thought, do so then, if I could succeed in seeing him. He then offered to reward me handsomely if I would convey a letter, unobserved by any one, to the hands of that gentleman, for him, as it was of the utmost consequence to himself. Eagerly I accepted the charge of it; and as I was to bring back an answer, determined to know its contents, be the consequence what it might. His own was sealed, but I contrived, when at a proper distance from him, to make out that it was to appoint a meeting, but with whom I had yet to learn, as there was no name which I could discover. I, however, saw Mr. Longford; and so great was my terror while he was reading it, that I forgot to implore his charity; but he gave me, unasked, a shilling for my trouble; and, in delivering me his letter, appeared much pleased, strictly charging me to be careful of it. No sooner, however, had he left me than I opened the wet wafer, and read a promise of his being at the green-house, by the western gate, at eleven o'clock at night; 'when,' he added, 'no one could observe them—no one hear the conversation of his unknown friend.'

"Satisfied this meeting boded him no good, I determined at first to warn him of it, but it afterwards struck me this would be a bad plan; and I determined to be there myself at the appointed time, when I might probably overhear the whole plot—for I yet expected Stukely must be of the party, though he had hitherto kept out of sight. At all events, I should be in readiness, if violence was offered, to defend my benefactor: and having returned the answer, which Mr. Longford impatiently waited for, I received my promised fee; but as he put it in my hand, his own trembled violently. This justified my worst fears; it plainly told me something more than a mere meeting was intended; and after parting with him, I hobbled onward to the spot near which I intended to lurk for the day; and, as soon as the evening closed in, stationed myself near the western gate. Eleven was the appointed hour, but it had scarcely turned ten, when I heard footsteps cautiously approaching; it was, as I had expected, Mr. Longford, but still alone; for though the moon as yet gave no light, I could discern his figure from the place of my concealment. For a few minutes he leaned against the gate, and I fancied I heard him sigh deeply. Surely, I thought, I have been deceived again; he cannot be going to destroy his brother himself! Human nature cannot carry revenge to such a length! He can never willingly become a murderer, when another has offered to perform the deed for him! and still I listened in breathless suspense, still waited the arrival of his brother, that, from their conversation, I might better know how to act; but during this time he entered the gate, and, unwilling to lose sight of him, I continued to follow his steps. Another thought also unexpectedly occurred; if he really intended mischief to his brother, he might effect it before I could get to the spot; and if I should even prevent his escape when he had done so, what would it avail to my injured friend? and could not fail to implicate me in the murder. For who, after what I had already done, could hesitate to believe me an accomplice, if not the real murderer? which Mr. Longford, in revenge, might protest me to be; and though my following him would oblige me to come to an explanation, even this I determined to do, and leave the rest to chance.

"I had previously disposed of my crutch, where I could easily obtain it again, if required, and now walked with a step quick as his own. Startled, I suppose, by the sound,

he arose from the earth, on which he had seated himself, at the back of the green-house, and, in a half-whisper, demanded—‘Who comes there?’

‘It is me,’ I replied; ‘the old beggar.’

‘And what,’ he said, somewhat relieved from his fears, ‘what has brought you here at this hour of the evening? Do you know it is not lawful to trespass on these grounds, and that you are liable to be taken up for so doing?’

‘How then dare you venture,’ I returned, ‘and for what purpose?’

‘Insolence!’ he said, ‘By what authority do you make yourself a spy upon my actions?’

‘On that which you once gave me,’ I replied, ‘to murder your brother!’

‘Forrester!’ he exclaimed, in a trembling voice, ‘is it really you? and if so, in what light do you come to me—as a friend, or an enemy?’

‘As your friend! to save you from a foul deed, by protecting your brother’s life!’

‘Vile wretch!’ he replied, still talking in a low voice, ‘is this your boasted promise? Go to your master, and tell him I was not so easily deceived; I suspected you was all a cheat, and do not need your assistance: but I have business with my brother, and must see him, without an impertinent witness.’

‘Why then,’ I said, doubting his sincerity in turn, ‘why do you come at such a time of night, and in disguise?’

‘That is my business, sir,’ he said, with severity; ‘leave me instantly!’

‘Remember,’ I returned, ‘how much you are in my power; Mr. Leviston can confirm all I say, should I betray you. Now then return with me, or suffer me to remain till your brother’s arrival.’

‘Never,’ he exclaimed, ‘shall so base a wretch keep me in vile subjection! Cursed fate leaves me no choice, and one of us must die! Know you that I am armed?’

‘And I also have arms,’ I returned, seizing his hand, as he attempted to draw a pistol from his bosom. Madly, furiously, he resisted as I closed upon him, when, the moment I was tearing the pistol from his hand, it went off, and he fell at my feet, without one groan.

“Scarcely could I believe my own senses; I had gone there to save, not to murder, and every limb stiffened as I looked upon him. At first I thought of still remaining where I was, and confessing all to his brother, who I had reason to expect every moment; but then he might be suspected of a knowledge in the affair. If I gave myself up, I was sure to die, and who would credit my story? Now I had the chance of escape; the whole night was before me, and it was at least worth the attempt, for my wife, my child’s sake. Mr. Leviston dared not betray me; no one else could even suspect me; and, with trembling steps, I flew from the fatal spot, but not from the corpse I had left upon it. I heard it in the echo of my own footsteps—traced it in my lengthened shadow upon the ground; till the moon, as if conscious of my deed, withdrew even her faint light. The rain fell fast, and in the hollow breeze I distinctly heard Mr. Longford’s whisper; I still grasped the fatal pistol; but it was now time to change my dress, as the only means of providing for my safety; for I judged Mr. Longford, unless prevented by the badness of the night, would walk round every part of the green-house, in search of the person whom he expected, and, having discovered the body, would instantly give the alarm. Nothing was farther from my thoughts, than that he, whose goodness every one knew, should for a moment be suspected of the crime which even I had unintentionally committed. If stopped, the pistol

must condemn me; I therefore closed it carefully up in the old jacket, for which I had no further use, and deposited both in a field, where I had spent part of the day before the accident. Having gained the road, I procured a passage in a stage-coach, and reached London before the intelligence I had to impart had done so.

“Mr. Leviston, to whom I meant to reveal the whole in confidence, was absent, and did not return for two days, during which the distress of my mind exceeded all description. I endeavoured to think how much worse it would have been, knowing I had not wilfully done this, if I had really destroyed, as I once meant to have done, his more innocent brother, and what advantage I should have reaped from the promised reward of my guilt; but all would not appease my dreadful remorse; I had shed blood, and the fearful truth harassed my waking and sleeping hours.

“At length Mr. Leviston arrived, his face pale, his dress disordered, his whole frame agitated; but no sooner did he see me, than his eyes flashed the anger he felt towards me. ‘Forrester!’ he exclaimed, ‘tell me what have you done?’

‘What I never intended,’ I replied; ‘but do not you add to the horrors of my guilty soul, by condemning me; you who——’

‘Hear me!’ he said, sternly, ‘for it is the last time we meet. You have forfeited your own safety, mine is therefore no longer to be trusted in your hands. Mr. Henry Longford is found murdered in his father’s grounds; ’tis sufficient that I cannot doubt his murderer; but his brother only is accused; yet his innocence may be proved. Stukely is still absent; he, of course, will suspect us, and who can tell what advantage he may take of his power over us? I have long suspected his treachery, and will avoid it, by flying far from his reach; you must take your own chance. Fool that I was, to consent to your going on the accursed business!’

‘Tell me,’ I eagerly demanded, without attending to his reproofs, ‘tell me, I conjure you, is Mr. Longford really accused, or even suspected?’

‘Yes,’ he replied, ‘and, perhaps, before this, safe in prison. Perhaps you may have humanity to take him out, and own the part you took, unauthorized to do so;’ saying which he left me, rivetted like a senseless statue to the spot.

“My brain was on fire; I believed that nothing could save Mr. Longford, and immediately set out again for Wales, by the first conveyance. Day and night I travelled, without rest, almost without food, intent only on giving myself up, on the moment of my arrival, to that justice I had too well evaded; when, within a few miles of this place, the coach overset, and I was taken up for dead. You, sir, know best how I was conveyed to this house, and how long I remained insensible; for I understand your humanity led you to inquire into my situation. Almost on first recovering my senses, I heard the whole particulars of the murder, and that nothing could save Mr. Longford, unless the beggar could be found, who was strongly suspected to be a party concerned, if not the murderer, so much was every one inclined to believe Mr. Longford innocent. I instantly sent for you, and have fully proved, I trust, that I am indeed the beggar, the murderer of Mr. Longford’s brother: take me then, in pity, while life is spared me, or fly yourself to save my generous benefactor: this evidence must empower you to do so. No one will doubt the evidence of a dying man, and I am that: but life will linger till I have seen Mr. Longford, my wife, and child—I feel that it will do so—take me then any way you please, so I but go.”

Here the narrative ended, with the signature of Forrester, and attested by proper witnesses. He was then asked as many questions as his weak state enabled him to answer, to all of which he replied, in a manner that, in leaving no doubt of his veracity, fully established Yamboo's innocence, and which was instantly proclaimed by the court, without one dissenting voice, amidst loud bursts of reiterated applause from all present; while Forrester, who could scarcely be said to exist even, totally overpowered by the laudable exertions he had made, and joy at having succeeded in rescuing his benefactor, was conveyed back to his prison, to take his trial, when his health might enable him to do so. But, as if breath only had been spared him to fulfil the purpose of his anxious soul, it now appeared to be fast receding, and was literally all that remained of his life, since his whole frame, wasted by the loss of blood, and the inward bruises he had sustained from the coach having lain some time upon him, appeared, as he said, to linger but till he had seen the completion of his wish.

A few hours only were permitted him, during which he received the personal assurance of Miss Longford, as a tribute of her gratitude for his ample justification of her nephew's innocence, that his family should be amply provided for at his death, and protected while they lived. This, and the restoration of Mr. Longford's health, was all he entreated; but the latter was a satisfaction denied him; for Miss Longford had scarcely left the room, when, resting his feeble head on the bosom of his weeping wife, as she fondly supported him, he closed his weary eyes, and breathed out the last sad remnant of a wretched life in a long and penitent sigh: nor was it till some days after he had been consigned to his parent earth, that his benefactor became sensible of ought that had passed.

It was, at length, cautiously imparted to him, by his unwearied friend, colonel Beresford, who, fearful of the consequence in his precarious state of health, allowed no one but himself to name the subject; but the intelligence he had to make known was alone wanting to restore that health, of which terror, and the dread of future curses on his memory, as a fratricide, had deprived him; and, though slowly, he evidently recovered, from the time he understood his innocence had been so fully proved to the world, though he deeply lamented the fate of Forrester. But Miss Longford's anxiety to have him conveyed from the horrors of a prison made them premature in doing so, and the result proved he was far from being as much recovered as his kind friends were willing to believe; for he was scarcely conveyed to his own apartment, before the powers of memory became too much for the state to which a dangerous indisposition had reduced him. A painful recollection of the night he had last passed in that room—the horrors which had succeeded to it—and, lastly, the loss of his beloved father, whom he had left there, when he was forcibly conveyed to a vile prison, crowded at once upon his weakened mind, and a serious relapse threatened to foil their united efforts to preserve his valued existence; but time, while it soothed the bitterness of his affliction, contributed also to a restoration of his health, and he was again raised from the bed of sickness, when colonel Beresford, who plainly saw the necessity of his immediate removal from a scene which would long continue to remind him far too keenly of the past, urged his returning with him into Sussex, and extended his invitation no less pressingly to Miss Longford, whose depressed spirits rendered the change equally desirable on her part. It was an arrangement the physicians highly approved, depending more upon the effects of change of scene and air, than on medical assistance, for Mr. Longford's recovery, which they yet

feared would be long and doubtful; but much depended upon the exertions of his own mind, and there were few who knew its strength, knew the various trials he had surmounted, or to what he was yet equal.

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## CHAP. IV.

THE storms of opposing destiny were now past. Returning to the bosom of colonel Beresford's family, his innocence justified to the world, pure in heart, his understanding strengthened and improved by the assiduous care of a fond father, to whom also he was indebted for the possession of a handsome fortune, which, together with that destined for his unfortunate brother, now descended to himself, what years of happiness was he not warranted to expect! Of that family from whose source he had derived so much of the heartfelt felicity that marked some of his early years, he had, during his long illness, made but casual inquiries; for the dreadful chaos of his mind left no distinct idea of friendship or affection; from this torpid state his faculties were now happily released, and he eagerly sought to know all that related to their welfare.

Colonel Beresford, with that satisfaction a fond father feels in speaking of his beloved children, first assured him Mrs. Beresford was well, and already prepared to receive and welcome his return to them; he next named Matilda's marriage, "and, in Mr. De Clifford," he added, "you see your favourite Emmeline's choice."

Yamboo felt a fullness at his heart, but he suppressed the sigh to which it gave rise; and, with a fortitude worthy of himself, rejoiced in the intelligence, while he expressed the pleasure which he felt on the assurance of their happiness. Retired to his own room for the night, he gratefully acknowledged, among other blessings, the recent information, which might spare him years of misery. Since affluence had become his lot, and his ideas had been refined by the advantages he received from the instructions of his lamented father, his memory had often reverted to the many perfections of Emmeline Beresford, which he contemplated with that respectful veneration mortals entertain for celestial beings. For him "Hope had never told a flattering tale;" but to remember what she was, to repeat what she had been wont to say, in kindness to him, as her faithful servant, was a hidden mine of happiness, not to be parted with; and while her image engrossed his whole heart, he would have deemed it profanation to have breathed her name—of so pure, so exalted a nature was his sentiments towards her. With these sentiments, would he have consented to reside again beneath the same roof with Emmeline Beresford, as Mrs. De Clifford? He felt equal to the task.

Yamboo had never studied human nature in others, but he had learned that better knowledge with which so few are acquainted; he knew himself—knew to what his heart was equal, and dared to confide in its dictates. These taught him, that in the society of such amiable women as Mrs. Beresford and her daughter, he must be happy; deprived of them, he could hardly have been said to be so: nor did he deceive himself with fallacious hopes.

Having left his affairs in Wales to the management of a worthy man, well calculated for the performance of such a charge, and prevailed on Miss Longford to accompany him into Sussex, he returned thither, with colonel Beresford and Mr. De Clifford, where Mrs. Beresford and her daughter welcomed his arrival with undiminished friendship; it could not fail to sooth him into a forgetfulness of his past trials: nor was Miss Longford less delighted by a society so desirable. Yamboo shortly after purchased an estate, as near to them as possible; and the three families at once formed a little



community, whose reciprocal attachment to each other left them few desires beyond their own circle.

Yamboo, in establishing his household, had sent into Wales for Mrs. Forrester, William, and Edwin; the former preferred becoming a domestic in his family, to any provision he could make for her. William, as great a favourite as ever, was adopted as his child; and Edwin was appointed to attend his person. Mrs. De Clifford's son was, in compliment to her preserver, named Longford; and to this child he transferred, with enthusiastic fondness, every sentiment he had once felt for its mother; he was, in infancy, its kindest nurse; and no sooner had its lisping tongue learned to pronounce a name, than it became his constant companion, when a day passed without seeing Longford De Clifford would have been considered a blank in his calendar.

Now it was that he became really happy, and lengthened periods saw no interruption of that felicity which promised to descend with him to the vale of years; this he was permitted to reach, unreprieved by one of the many errors which had brought his father with sorrow to the grave, into which he at last descended, without one wish to evade the summons, which removed him, in joyful hope of meeting that God, whom he had so faithfully, under every trial of either sorrow or prosperity, served through life; and on that grave, long after his dust, mingling with its fellow clay, had lost the form so venerated, indigence paid its grateful tribute to his memory—humble merit, exalted by his means, told what he had done for them—and men *of worth* proudly boasted he was *once their friend*.

Colonel and Mrs. Beresford, not less beloved, had first paid their debt to nature, and Miss Longford he had survived some years—a loss he would have severely felt, but that Mrs. De Clifford tenderly supplied her place, as much as possible, while her lovely boy aided his mother's wishes, by attaching himself wholly to him; and to this boy, having handsomely provided for William Forrester, who had also lost his mother, with a few legacies to his faithful servants, descended the remainder of his property, which no extravagance on his own part had injured.

Mr. De Lasaux, who, during his life, had never ceased to regret the severe trial and melancholy fate of captain Longford, was spared to see the conduct of his amiable Louisa deservedly rewarded, by the attachment of an honourable young man, to whom she became an exemplary wife; nor was he less happy in the destiny which awaited both Horatio and his sister. The former, restored to the anxious prayers of his worthy parents, became no less an ornament to the regiment in which he served, than the latter was considered in that domestic circle, where her many virtues shone conspicuous.

Not so the fate of Leviston. Flying from the pursuit of that justice which he hourly expected to overtake him, he reached Dover, after the packet, in which he meant to have embarked, had sailed; but delays teemed with danger to him; and having procured a boat to follow her, though dissuaded from it, he persevered; for while he yet breathed the same air, he saw Stukely, in imagination, under every form that approached him, and dreaded the accusation he might bring against him. The vessel was still in sight; the breeze favoured his anxious wishes, and he saw himself alongside; but his eagerness to board her set caution at defiance, and, in ascending the side, he missed the rope which should have supported his fugitive steps, and in one moment plunged into the perilous wave, from which he rose no more—unconscious that the friend whom his fears had converted to a dreaded enemy had already passed the awful bourne before him.

Stukely having succeeded in persuading Longford to the perpetration of the fatal deed, for the accomplishment of which he was even more eager than his misguided friend, had no wish to encounter Leviston; and having left London, kept himself carefully concealed in the small town, where, as agreed, he was to await the arrival of Henry's letter, as a signal for his meeting him. That written on the fatal night reached him in an envelope; and satisfied that all was, as it said, going on well, he proceeded onward to the appointed rendezvous, depending on the success he had once met with on the road, for the necessary supply to their present wants; but the dreadful disappointment, for which he was totally unprepared, reached him too soon. The catastrophe, under a thousand forms, was in circulation through the country, and each relater added to or diminished the atrocious and inhuman act, as best suited his own disposition, or love of the marvellous; but Stukely gathered sufficient to satisfy him—the friend, on whose credulity he had been a too successful harpy, and on whose future fortune he had depended for no small share of affluence, was no more. With Leviston, he believed Mr. Longford could not fail to be acquitted; and a terror that Leviston might, in revenge, betray him, while it wholly disconcerted all his plans, proved the necessity of immediate flight; for this he was ill prepared; but one night's successful booty might enable him to reach the continent, where only he could defy Leviston's power over him: to this fatal resource he flew, and, in so doing, met the premature fate which seldom fails to mark the bad man's end.

FINIS.