A SUMMER AT BRIGHTON.

A Modern Novel,

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOLUME II.

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SUMMER AT BRIGHTON.

CHAP. I.

NEW PERSONAGES.

"HOWARD for ever!" loudly exclaimed Lord Orient, flourishing the Gazette the moment he beheld the carriage, into which he stepped, and sincerely congratulated Mrs. Howard on the Colonel's success. He continued: "All the good people at Brighton are
are busied in turning their N's into H's."

"Ah! brother, Nelson is dead! and so, alas! may Howard be!"

"Emily, Colonel Howard was greatly beloved by his regiment; and his death, or even a desperate wound, had he received one in entering the fort, must have occasioned some delay in hoisting the flag, which, if they had lost their brave commander, would have been hoisted by his afflicted soldiers in respectful silence, and not amidst such joyous shouts as the Admiral mentions."

"Dear brother, how you comfort me. No; they would not have rejoiced!

Your
Your remark has enlivened my heart; my Howard must be safe and well, and I can join in the rejoicing."

"Dear brother, I am glad you came; for in this one instance you have evinced more penetration than Mr. Selby, more military judgment than Serjeant Remnant, and more wit than myself."

"Upon my soul, Syb, I have reason to be vain, if, even in this one instance, you allow me to have more wit than yourself; and as to Emily, she seized my hand and pressed it just now with so much rapture, that if she had not been my sister, I should have felt quite transported; and I am praised at your expense, Selby; and I am fitter for a General"
General than old Remnant!—wonders upon wonders! Faith, I shall fancy myself an angel presently, particularly if Raphael's Madona caresses me."

"Well, but to be serious, brother; when are we to expect Lady Orient?"

"To-morrow evening, Syb; and some servants and baggage will arrive to-night; so Judith and my fine one must set off for the cottage after dinner in the sociable."

"It shall carry them to Fairy Town if you please, brother, for that is the appellation which I have bestowed on it."

"Osborne
"Osborne Woodland, Esq. of Fairy Farm: a very genteel style for a country 'Squire; an excellent beginning for him, Syb; by-and-bye he shall be Woodland, of Woodland Hall, Devon: and then, who knows, if fine one may not marry a heiress, and become Lord Somebody, of Something Castle."

On their arrival at the Priory, they were saluted by the cannons, whose mouths being placed toward the sea, Sybella said:

"The cannons seem to hurl defiance to the coast of France, while they proclaim the victory; and see the flag on the turret, stretched upon the wings of the wind, flutters proudly over them,
and says, 'Come, sons of Gallia, take me if you can!' How many cannons from Britannia's shore bid them defiance! how many waving flags of triumph mock their reach!"

"Upon my soul, you deserve a pair of colours, Syb; do step into the breeches, and I will get you appointed an ensign in the Prince's corps."

"Thank you, brother; but when I step into the breeches, it shall be to command.—But joking apart; are we to illuminate to-night?"

"Certainly, and to-morrow night also; have you got the materials?"

"Yes,
"Yes, plenty of little brilliant lamps to adorn the Priory and the gardens; but as we have no company, I think the latter need not be illuminated."

"No, that novelty may come in with better effect another time."

"How many guests do you bring with you?"

"Only two, Lord Belton and Sir John Vandash; no females; Orinda hates females, unless they are as ugly as the devil or as old as the Priory."

"Good Heaven! then I fear she will hate us; for I hope we cannot be reck-
oned the one, and I am sure we are not the other.”

“You stand a devilish chance I fear of being abhorred; but she is not mischievous I believe, only envious; and women love to be envied.”

Sybella asked her brother if he would take a survey of the Priory now it was completed, as they should just have time to walk over it before dinner. Lord Orient complied, and was particularly pleased with the taste displayed throughout the whole.” Lord Orient, stopping in one of the rooms, said abruptly:

“Syb, you and Emily will oblige me beyond
beyond imagination, if you will contrive to attack Belton and Vandash; they are two of the handsomest fellows in England, and are adored by the women for their notoriety."

"I understand you, my good brother; you think their attachment to Lady Orient is too notorious, and wish us to lure them from her. Amelia being married, will not exert even a word or a smile in your service, as, unfortunately for you, she is so very ridiculous as to adore her husband; therefore, all the business will lie upon my hands: well, I will do all I can, in an honest way, to serve you; I will dress, dance, sing, and laugh at them."
"Not at them, Syb; I wish you to please, not offend them."

"Let me alone, Lord Orient, and most likely your beautiful Orinda may find a more potent rival in the rustic Sybella, than she ever did in the circle of fashion; for my face and manners will at least have the charms of novelty, and the pleasing reflection that I am coquetting from principle, not from vanity, will give spirit to my exertions."

"Mind, Syb, I do not want you to form a serious attachment for either of them: in the first place, I do not think they are marrying men, nor are they rich enough; I have far higher expectations
tions for you; neither the cottager, the Baronet, nor the Viscount shall be my brother-in-law."

"No, no; that honour is reserved for the Duke of Downdale, with one foot in the grave, if the other does not slip in before he arrives at the happiness you have destined for his grace."

"There is the last dinner bell, Miss Pert. Thank Heaven we have contrived to get Emily out of the dismals, for I detest gloom."

When the child was brought in after dinner, Lord Orient presented Judith with notes to the amount of thirty pounds, which he told her was a quarter
in advance, and five pounds to buy his boy rattles and other play-things; for he said that his sisters would purchase clothes for fine one. Molly and young Luberkin were already fixed at Fairy Farm; and Judith, with her beloved charge and the family cradle, were conveyed to it in the sociable.

It was not without regret that Amelia and Sybella saw their little fondling removed from the Priory to make room for inmates, whom they were not likely to love so well.

Previous to Lord Orient's departure, the travelling coach arrived with the town housekeeper, her own assistant, the groom of the chambers, the French cook,
cook, and a quantity of baggage. Lord Orient introduced them to his sisters, in their respective capacities, and told the cook that he desired Mrs. Howard and Miss Woodland might have a proof of his culinary skill at supper; and in honour of Colonel Howard's victory, he ordered the old butler to distribute ale and wine liberally to his fellow servants on the joyful occasion; and then taking leave of his sisters, promised to be at the Priory by eleven the next evening.

In the morning the sisters took a ride to Fairy Farm, where they found their little nephew and his nurse very comfortably established; they found also Mr. Selby there, and he accompanied them in a delightful circuitous ride until near
near the dinner hour, when Mr. Selby left them at the gate, and told them that he had some letters of consequence to write, which would occupy him for the evening.

The Priory was illuminated and ornamented with several transparencies: immediately over the gate was represented Cupid adorning the altar of Hymen with flowers. The minute Lord Orient's carriage entered the village, the bells rung a merry peal; and when it came into the avenue, the cannons were fired; and a band of music, with horns and clarinets stationed at the landing place in an illuminated barge, began to play.

An
An elegant sociable and four contained the Lords Orient and Belton, with Lady Orient wrapped in a scarlet velvet long cloak lined with white satin, and trimmed with swansdown, the hood over her head, seated on the dicky by Sir John Vandash, who drove; this carriage was followed by a barouche, a phaeton, a tandem, and other carriages, with Lady Orient’s woman and the valets; a number of grooms attended the cavalcade on horseback.

Lady Orient threw herself off the dicky into the arms of Vandash, who actually carried her into the hall so enveloped in her cloak, that Remnant and the ladies, who at the moment were entering from the garden door, wondered
dered what fine packet the coachman was bringing in, for so they thought the Baronet; however, they were soon undeceived, for he soon set down his fine bundle, carefully took off the cloak, which he hung over his arm, and said to the beautiful figure in almost transparent drapery, which it had covered:

"Welcome, a thousand times welcome to your gay old Priory, which looks to-night more like an enchanted palace; and I am sure you are received with all due honours, flags flying, cannons firing, music playing!"

"And fools talking. How could you be so stupid, Vandash, to take off my cloak in this frightful cold hall, with all the
the great doors opening upon one? Put it on again, do."

He obeyed; and wrapping it quite around her, carried her into a room which he saw open, and laying her down on a sofa, turned to Lord Orient, who had followed with his sisters and Lord Belton, and said:

"Behold, my Lord, the sleeping beauty of your enchanted hall."

"Ah! by my soul, and here are two waking beauties."

Lady Orient started half up, and throwing the cloak back, held it over her
her with a very graceful and becoming attitude; and her new sisters thought her extremely beautiful, although she fixed her eyes on them with a bold scrutinizing stare, and then looked at Sir John with a smile of contempt. Lord Orient said:

"Stand out my way while I introduce Lady Orient to my sisters."

"Your sisters to me, my Lord! this house is mine, is it not? Let everyone know their place."

"Upon my soul, Orinda, you are as formal as your father's maiden aunt, Lady Diana Benmore."

"Cease"
"Cease your odious comparisons, and introduce your sisters."

"Lady Orient, Queen of Beacon Priory, this is the honourable Mrs. Howard, wife to the brave Colonel Howard, in whose glorious victory all England is now rejoicing; and this is Miss Woodland, the second daughter of the late Sir Osborne Woodland, and the youngest sister of the Lord Viscount Orient."

"And pray, my very wise Lord, is not Mrs. Howard your sister?"

"Yes, my eldest sister; but faith, I kept myself in the background, for at present the glory of her husband throws such a lustre around her, that I can add nothing
nothing to it; so I reserved myself all for poor Syb, who is only looking out for a glorious husband. Emily and Sybella, this is Orinda, the Lady Viscountess Orient, whom I have made the lady paramount of Beacon Priory; this is the Right Honourable Lord Viscount Belton; and this is Sir John Vandash, of Vandash Castle. Now, my good aunt Diana, have I gone through the ceremony according to etiquette? I have done my best upon my honour."

"Do not be ridiculous; I am dying for want of some refreshment. Pray, my good sisters, are we to have any supper, sandwiches, or something?"

"The supper waits your Ladyship's com-
command: touch the bell, brother; you are no stranger in the Priory."

When the supper was announced; Lord Belton eagerly presented his hand to Lady Orient; Sir John offered his to Mrs. Howard; and Sybella gave hers to her brother, who beheld his Orinda start back in surprise at the brilliancy of the supper room, and the elegant manner in which the table was decorated, yet perfectly adapted to the smallness of the party. A superb lustre was suspended over the table; the door opened between two recesses, in which stood sideboards richly furnished, and lighted by smaller lustres, reflected in large mirrors over the sideboards. Opposite the door was the chimney, with a glass
from the marble to the ceiling; on each side the room were bow windows to the ground, which opened into beautiful gardens; and on that night the windows were brilliantly illuminated with cut-glass lamps, and had a delightful effect. Pillars, apparently of white marble, supported each corner of the room; they were enclosed with a golden treillage, around which clung a vine in full cluster, each extending the well-imitated luxuriant clusters over a golden treillage, that covered the ceiling and the alcove recesses for the sideboards, which were also supported by pillars to correspond. Two large convex mirrors, in rich gilt frames, were suspended on each side the chimney, and contained chandeliers; the same sort adorned also the sides of the
the windows. The hanging of the room was white, with a gold border; and the curtains were white silk, with a rich gold fringe, cords, and tassels. The carpet represented a mat, profusely strewed with a countless variety of the most beautiful flowers, and bordered with a wreath of the larger sort, intertwined with ribbon grass.

"What a lovely carpet," said Lady Orient; "I feel afraid of crushing the flowers, they look so natural, and the grapes appear ready to fall on the table. Who could think of finding such an enchanting saloon in an old Priory? I am charmed with the elegant simplicity of the white and gold; any colour would
would have destroyed the effect of the floor and ceiling."

"I am rejoiced that you like it, my Orinda: but now take your seat, and do the honors of your festive hall, to which I sincerely welcome you, my love," said Lord Orient, saluting her, as he placed her at the upper end of the table; he then desired Lord Belton to take his seat between her ladyship and Mrs. Howard on the right, and placed Sir John Vandash and Sybella on the left, and himself between his two sisters, who were happy to find that Lady Orient could condescend to admire any thing in the Priory, as they had been quite disgusted with her behaviour at first.

During
During supper, and after, she evinced a determination to prevent both the Peer and the Baronet from paying the least attention to her sisters-in-law; and for that first evening Sybella suffered her to engross the whole of their conversation, although she resolved in her own mind, that she would share in it for the future. Lord Orient rendered himself peculiarly agreeable to his sisters by his cheerful and affectionate behaviour, for which they thought his principal motive was to divert their attention from the haughty indifference of Lady Orient; yet they could not help observing that her Ladyship discoursed on the most insignificant topics, among which, they were so unfashionable as to reckon faro and gambling on the turf such, although
they are the support of many individuals who make a figure in fashionable society; but to this mode of making a fortune, the amiable sisters of the Priory were totally strangers.

When Lady Orient arose to retire, her sisters attended her, and led the way to the apartment they had allotted for her. They conducted her into a dressing room with folding doors, which opened into a bed chamber furnished to correspond; the hangings, window curtains, and bed furniture were of white silk, adorned with a painted border of half-blown roses and myrtle in blossom, beneath which was an elegant silver fringe; the drapery over both the bed and window curtains were drawn up with
with silver cords and tassels, by small but beautiful cupids in different attitudes, painted like life, and with wings of real plumage white as snow, some expanded, some folded, according to the position of the infant Love. A group of these loves were perched on the point of the canopy over the bed, and supported two wreaths, one within the other, of myrtle and roses: the counterpane and the toilet were lace over white silk, with flounces of lace. In the dressing room, large mirrors and bookshelves, furnished with elegantly bound books, were discovered under drapery, supported by the winged boys; between the mirrors and the bookshelves were fixed silver cornucopias full of flowers; and on brackets, above and beneath the
cornucopias, stood elegant lamps shaded with gauze; the ceilings were rose colour, ornamented with a border and devices in white basso relievo; the carpets were also rose colour, apparently covered with white lace, of a suitable and elegant pattern."

They then shewed her Lord Orient's dressing room on the other side of the chamber; it was handsome, but plainly furnished with every convenience for a gentleman's dressing room. Lady Orient, who had greatly admired her apartments, said:

"And where is Lord Orient's bed-chamber?"

"Hav
"Have you not just quitted it, Lady Orient?"

"What, mine?—do you think he is to share my bed?"

"Certainly I do; whose bed would you have him share but your own?"

"What plebeian ideas you have, Mrs. Howard! Do you not know that it is reckoned horribly vulgar not to have separate apartments?"

"And perfectly genteel to be divorced, Lady Orient; the one fashion leads perhaps to the other."

"These
"These are your country notions: I suppose all the good pairs who have dwelt in the Priory made one chamber serve for them both; but do not think I shall follow their antediluvian fashions?"

"They followed the dictates of mutual love, of pure, sincere affection."

"Hollo, girls, hollo!" cried Lord Orient, entering the dressing room. "I asked Jane which chamber I was to have, and she simpered, and dropping a fine curtsey, said, 'Why the grand painted silk one to be sure, my Lord.' See what good sisters I have, Orinda, to prepare such a pretty room for me."

"This
"This is my chamber, my Lord."

"My dear Orinda, whatever we may do in Town, let us here follow the good old fashion of Beacon Priory, and live as Amelia and her Howard would, were he in Sussex."

"Come and look at my dressing room, and do not talk nonsense; your sisters have made it beautiful; see."

"Yes, it is quite a fairy palace; but I am weary; it is very late; and I prefer the chamber; so, good night, sisters; good night, Orinda."

"Why surely you will not have the assurance
assurance to turn me out of my pretty bed-chamber, will you, Orient?"

"Not if you will accept of a share, my love; but I understood you would have all or none."

"Your sisters spoil you; they indulge all your whims, and I must do the same, I suppose, while I am here; I expect we shall be exactly like Darby and Joan, never asunder. Well, well, it shall sleep in the pretty bed its good sisters prepared for it," said Lady Orient, playfully leaning on his shoulder, and patting his cheek. She then requested Sybella to desire somebody to guide her maid to the dressing room, lest, being a stranger she
she should lose her way in the branching corridors of that old building.

Sybella replied:

"She shall be safely conducted. I forgot to shew Lady Orient the door which leads to the bath."

"Is it sea water, Miss Woodland?"

"That is not; but we have a very convenient one erected over an arm of the sea conducted into our own ground for the purpose."

"Oh, that must be quite a luxury! I am extremely curious; you will shew me..."
me every thing worth seeing I hope to-morrow."

"With pleasure; and now, good night."
The morning was beautiful, and notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, when they retired to rest, Mrs. Howard and Sybella arose at their usual hour, and went to walk on the sands: the latter said:—

"Orinda is certainly a finished beauty; I do not wonder that my brother was captivated; but her manners are far from
from pleasing; even in praising the apartments, a coldness accompanied her words; they did not flow from the heart; but perhaps, to express sincere delight is as rustic as to express sincere affection. I wonder how she can behave with indifference to my brother, who is in every respect superior to Belton and Vandash."

"I cannot imagine that she prefers them to Lord Orient, but is vain enough to be pleased with their attentions."

"Let us endeavour to draw their attentions to ourselves, Amelia."

"What,
"What, I endeavour to attract them! how lightly you talk, Sybella."

"I talk prudently; if Orinda beheld them attached to us, most probably she would know better how to value her husband, for at any rate it would be a great check to her vanity."

"Dear Sybella, let us take care that while we are attempting to cure others of faults, we do not imbibe more iner-terate errors: for example, is it not vanity which excites you to make the trial, and will not that vanity increase if you prove successful?"

"Upon my word, sister, it is for my brother's
brother's sake and not from the slightest impulse of vanity that I shall make the trial."

"You are resolved to make it, then Sybella?"

"I am, in consequence of a discourse which passed between my brother and I the day before yesterday; I did not mention it to you until I had made my own observations on Lady Orient's behaviour, and I will give you the particulars of my brother's conversation, that you may perfectly understand my motives for a conduct you would otherwise think strange; but see here come the birds that I must ensnare; dear Amelia,
Amelia, at least make yourself agreeable to them; that can never sully the purity of your love forHoward.”

“I think it would if I made myself agreeable on purpose to attract, let the motive be what it may.”

“Mrs. Howard and Miss Woodland walking on the sands so early! upon my honor I can scarcely believe my eyes.”

“We are early risers and good walkers, my Lord; and although Sybella and I are mere rustics, yet I assure you we value our complexions sufficiently to take our walk on the sands before the sun is too powerful.”

“You
"You are perfectly right, upon my soul; for the preservation of a fine complexion is very economical."

"How! economical! I do not understand you, Sir John."

"Blooming Miss Woodland, when natural roses and lilies adorn a beautiful face, artificial ones need not be purchased."

"That expense, if you mean the purchase of paint for the complexion, may surely be spared at any rate."

"I beg your pardon, a fashionable woman, even if she possessed such a roseate bloom as yours and Miss Woodland's,"
land's, could no more appear in public without rouge, than she could exhibit herself with a long waist and the round about hoop of Queen Bess."

"Lady Orient has a very lovely bloom."

"Oh! she is perfect in the art of putting it on."

"Fye, my Lord, how can you insinuate such a thing!"

"Upon my honor, her ladyship would feel quite shocked that any person should suppose she appeared of an evening with her natural complexion; Vandash knows that a lady of high fashion takes
takes as much pride in concealing her real complexion as she does in exposing the beauties of her form."

"To be sure, and we always carry their perfectionnieres in the ridicule."

"Pray what is the perfectionniere?"

"A box, scarcely bigger than a toothpick case, with a mirror in the lid, and contains white, red, and pretty little layers-on. They are made extremely beautiful, and are of course an elegant present to a lady. Lord Belton gave one to Lady Orient superbly set with brilliants."

"And you, Vandash, not willing to be
be outdone, presented her ladyship with a bonbonniere equally superb; if Mrs. Howard could find any use in such a trifle, she would honor me by accepting a perfectionniere like Lady Orient's."

"O my Lord, we have many pretty trifles by us which are of no use in the world." replied Sybella hastily, lest her sister should answer reprovingly, from the idea of its being highly improper for ladies to accept presents from gentlemen, except on very particular occasions. Sir John said:

"I shall esteem myself peculiarly happy if Miss Woodland will permit me both
both to furnish, and to carry her ridicule."

"I have not sported one yet, Sir; but your extremely polite offer is certainly a wonderful temptation to do so: I think I will set about making myself a very fine one, and I will make another for you, Amelia. Though indeed it is a wonder to meet my sister and I upon the sands without our ridicules; I wish we had them here now for you to carry; they are strong leathern bags, which we generally bring with us to contain the shells which we find in the sands. We will remember them to¬morrow morning, and shall thank you to fill, as well as to carry them for us."

"I
"I will dive to the bottom of the sea to collect its treasures at your command."

"And I," said Vandash, "will climb the steepest rock to gather moss and shining spar for you, lovely Mrs. Howard!"

"Surely with two such potent assistants we may build a grotto, sister, on the bank; remember your promises to dive and to climb; we shall certainly keep you to them. Is it not time to return, sister?"

"Yes, for I fear Lady Orient will be waiting breakfast."

"Upon
"Upon my soul there is Lord and Lady Orient coming down the slope arm in arm! see what magic the old Priory possesses, Lord Belton."

"The transformation, or the pigeon and the dove! by Heaven, this will tell well in fashionable anecdotes, Vandash."

"So! ho! you walked off in pairs good people."

"Yes, my Lord, we are all happily paired," said Vandash dryly.

"Miss Woodland, although I am positively dying for my breakfast, I must have a peep at the sea bath you mentioned last night; I think I shall use it;"
it; do you and Mrs. Howard bathe in it?"

"Very frequently, and will accompany your ladyship whenever you please."

"Then upon my honour, you will look like the three graces going to visit Amphitrite."

"The devil take you, Belton, you are eternally before-hand, with me in making pretty speeches, and the reason is, that you always find them at your tongue's end, while mine all flow from my heart."

"As
"As sluggishly as a streamlet over a bed of weeds."

"An excellent comparison, Lord Belton; ha, ha, ha! forgive me for laughing, Vandash, but no simile can be more appropriate to your drawling way of uttering a compliment; one really forgets the beginning before you come to the point."

"And I am sure, Lady Orient, Belton rolls his so rapidly over the lip of his tongue, that in general you can neither catch the beginning nor the end."

"He does certainly sometimes appear ashamed of his words, and eager to shake them off. You have all
all some peculiarities, yours are a lounge and a drawl; Belton's a quickness of speech and a precipitancy in his actions; the latter is very destructive to china, glass, and ladies' dresses. Now Orient's peculiarity is rudeness, or rather an indolent inattention; he will absolutely suffer even very lovely women to call for their carriages, or put themselves into their chairs without offering them a hand, and he always refuses to carry a parasol or a ridicule."

"I do not remember ever neglecting to hand them to their carriages or chairs, but most assuredly I always have, and always will refuse to carry parasols, fans, and ridicules; do such toys become the hands of a man? am I
to go into a room, like Fribble, with a work-bag dangling on my arm? Belton and Vandash, let us robust fellows, nearly six feet high, whenever we are commanded to carry any of those female trifles, take up the woman and carry her with them; I served Lady Languida Faddle so in Kensington Gardens for teasing me."

"Is it not enough that you are an idle ill-natured creature yourself, Orient, but you must also endeavour to corrupt Belton and Vandash, who have some gallantry?"

"Gallantry do you call it, Orinda? if you must have trifle bearers choose them from such mannikins as Sir Paradel
del Flimsy, Billy Whiffler, Bobby Daffodil, Jerry Gossamer; the pretty lordlings, Papillion, Dandeprat, and Oberon, whose diminutive persons and effeminate voices seem to render them unfit for any better service."

Lady Orient was greatly pleased with the bath and dressing room belonging to it, as she found them not only perfectly commodious, but also extremely elegant. After they had breakfasted, her Ladyship requested her sisters to go over the Priory with her, and said to Lord Belton and Sir John Vandash,

"You shall see my beautiful chamber and dressing room, which actually seem designed for Venus herself."
"And are they not inhabited by the goddess of Love when you are in them, charming Lady Orient?"

"I expected you to say that, Belton—well Vandash, what pretty speech are you studying?"

"Faith none at present, my speeches are reserved for a happier occasion; you shall hear them in the apartments, Paphian queen."

"Oh, you niggard! cannot you afford me one at all times?"

"Orinda, when people angle do they always catch fish?"

"Never..."
“Never any worth having, my wise Lord, when they angle in a muddy pool, which was my case just now.”

“Vandash, what have you to say to that hit?”

“I receive it with transport, Lord Orient, for I never feel so highly flattered as when a lady appears angry with me for not complimenting her.”

“Your vanity equals your stupidity; do you not know that flattery is pleasing even from those whom we despise; that we expect it as a tribute due to our charms from the disagreeable as well as from the agreeable, and deem all...
all insensible idiots who are negligent in paying that just tribute?"

"Well said, Orinda! support the charter of your sex, delightful flattery, which you inherited from Eve, who received it as her due even from the Devil himself."

"And that serpentine gentleman having been so successful with the first woman, all gentlemen since have followed his diabolical example in hopes of succeeding as well with her fair daughters."

"Take care, sister Sybella, neither you nor Mrs. Howard must exclaim against
against the love of admiration, for I have remarked that passion to be universal; and no woman reprobates it unless she is too old, or too ugly to create admiration, which is as natural to youth and beauty as the air we breathe; even you, my dear demure sister Amelia, inhaled it in the solicitations of Colonel Howard, and exist but on the hopes of future adulation; and the animated Sybella's arch eyes betray a secret wish to rival me in the opinion of every one, except her brother."

"And have I not a right, Lady Orient? whose admiration ought you to claim except my brother's? I at present have a general claim, and from numerous
numerous admirers may choose a husband, as your Ladyship has done."

"Pray, Syb, why did not the Nonpareil sup with us last night?"

"He was obliged to write letters, and left us before dinner."

"The Nonpareil! Miss Woodland seems to know well to whom that highly distinguishing appellation belongs."

"Faith, Orinda, you will allow he deserves it when you see him; I will ride over to Woodbine Cottage and bring him home to dinner."

While
While Lord Orient took his ride, her Ladyship, Lord Belton, and Sir John Vandash accompanied the sisters through the apartments of the Priory, and at length came to that which had been altered lately from two into one, and commanded such fine views from the bow-windows at each end opening into balconies. The larger pannels were looking glass from the ceiling to the floor, sunk within frames of shell work richly intermixed with sparkling gems, and prismatic crystal falling in vibrating drops, two rows of which adorned the cornice, formed with large and beautiful shells. The vaulted roof of this room was partly grotto work, from which hung innumerable crystaline drops.
drops of various sizes, and three brilliant lustres.

Many mirrors were also introduced among the shells, which added greatly to its brilliancy. In a large compartment on the right side of the roof was represented a fine figure of Neptune as descending in his chariot through the foaming waves. On the left compartment appeared Amphitrite descending also in her chariot; in the smaller compartments were Tritons and sea Nymphs in various attitudes; the design and execution of these paintings evinced the skill of the artist. The curtains were clear muslin waved with plated silver; the drapery fringed with crystal beads, finely
finely cut and drawn up with chains and tassels of the same. Small couches formed like shells, with cushions to match the curtains, were supported on frames imitating osiers and water lilies, white and yellow intertwined. The chimney was covered with a large mirror, and the doors had compartments to correspond opposite them, and each was painted to represent the entrance of an alcove, the interiors of which displayed the following subjects exquisitely finished:

Neptune receiving Amphitrite as his bride, the dolphin playing at her feet. Amphitrite presenting the infant Triton to Neptune, who gives him a conch shell. Apollo rising from a bed of marine
marine plants, breaks a chain of pearls which Thetis is entwining round him; his lyre hangs upon a branch of coral. The new-born Venus reclining on a shell and partially veiled by her long and humid tresses; a Sea-Nymph presenting her with strings of pearl and coral in an osier basket, while another holds up a mirror; Loves playing with a dolphin at her feet, and Zephyrus on high holding a wreath of roses invites her to ascend. The ground work of the tapestry on the floor was gold, in imitation of the sands, and tastefully covered with the most beautiful productions of the sea, plants, shells, coral red and white, embroidered from nature, completed this splendid apartment, with which Lady Orient and her guests were perfectly
perfectly enchanted. The unclouded sun darting its beams through the room displayed the brilliant adornments, and seemed to give animation to the various paintings; never could they appear to greater advantage. Lord Belton after gazing on them for some time exclaimed:

"By Heaven! Lady Orient, you are the Amphitrite of this crystal palace!"

"And the Venus, also, I declare, Belton."

"Thetis is Mrs. Howard, and pray who is the Apollo?" asked Lady Orient.

"Colonel
"Colonel Howard, and very like him."

"The Neptune is your brother, I perceive, and as strong a resemblance as the costume of the figure will allow; but where are you, Sybella?"

"Presenting the treasures of the sea to Venus, and Amelia holds the glass."

"Upon my word, my pretty sea nymphs, you honour me extremely."

"Lady Orient, come and see how the infant Triton resembles his daddy Neptune, and having no beard yet, the dimpled chin renders him a more perfect likeness of your Lord. I wish, Vandash,
Vandash, that you and I had been honoured with a place among the deities of the ocean."

"Be contented with viewing yourselves at full length in every mirror as you trip over these golden sands. I long for company; I would invite the whole world to Beacon Priory, where novelty is displayed with so much taste; it shall be the favourite resort of fashion;—yes, and of royalty. I wish there was an elegant theatre, then it would be complete, the chapel will make a charming theatre."

"The chapel, Lady Orient! gracious Heaven, what an idea!"

"Quite
“Quite impious, is it not, puritanical Amelia? how ill that sanctified look becomes your youth and beauty; perhaps you do not know that the Duke of Abbeyland has converted a hideous gothic chapel into a music room.”

“Sir Epicure Calipash, the rich stock jobber, who purchased Ivy Castle of Lord Squanderall, turned the fine chapel into a kitchen and its appurtenances, preferring his body to his soul.”

“Yes, but you know, Belton, when I wanted to pull down the old village church and level the church-yard in order to make a capital race ground near Vandash Castle, my ignorant tenants, with the old Rector at their head,
head, went to the Bishop of the Diocese, and kicked up such an uproar, that faith he was going to excommunicate me, and send me, as he thought, head-long to the devil at once if I proceeded in my design: yet curse them, I offered them a large portion of swampy land good enough to contain the dead, and to build them a new church on it, at my own expense, and a parsonage house with the old materials. But no, if they were taken down they must be re-built on the same spot, and the burying-ground still receive the dead although it reached the sky before they moulder. How ridiculous! for I cannot make the swampy land fit for a race course, nor is the situation half so good; curse the superstitious idiots! but I was avenged;
avenged; I raised their rents, took away the privilege of common which I had granted them, and would not suffer the Rector to keep his horses, cow, pigs, and poultry in the church-yard, from conscientious motives on my side. And while I was so thwarted, the Marquis of Bettall turned his chapel into a superb stable for his famous racers, erased half the cottages, little farms and grounds belonging to them which were on his estate, and laid out as fine a course, very nearly, as Ascott or Newmarket, and within a quarter of a mile, I believe, of Quicksand manor house."

"Yes, faith, it is an excellent course, I have reason to remember it, for I,
secure in my horse, and as I thought in my groom, staked an immense sum on his success, and should have won but for some foul play between the Marquis and the treacherous fellow, who favoured the Marquis, and I lost; exasperated against the groom I turned him away, and the Marquis immediately took him into his service, and as I have heard doubled the fellow's wages. Damn it, I never was so completely taken in! but I shall find a way to be even with the most noble Marquis ere long; I shall profit by the lesson he has set me of turf chicanerie, and at least win back my own cash. Pray, was not Orient jockied at the last Newmarket meeting?"

"Oh
"Oh yes, I remember he came home in a horrible ill humour about something of that sort; and I too had been equally unsuccessful at Lady Revel's Pharo table; that devil Sir Archy Maccovet kept the bank, and you well know he generally contrives to keep all the cash for himself, so indeed does Sir Pagoda Mammon, they are both perfect in the art of outwitting every one who trusts them; yet there is such a pleasing fascination in their manners that you positively run into their snares with your eyes open. Is not that the case, Belton?"

"With the ladies who love play, certainly, for they cannot resist the soft speeches and still more seducing assurances
ances of success with which those old experienced speculators attract the gold out of other people's possession into their own."

The arrival of Lord Orient and Mr. Selby put an end to a conversation extremely uninteresting to Amelia and Sybella. Lady Orient received Mr. Selby at his introduction with cold indifference, and immediately renewed her discourse with Belton and Vandash, to whom Lord Orient had also introduced him, and they, by a forced politeness, accompanied by rather an insulting hauteur, made him sensible that although presented to them as the friend of Lord Orient, they considered him only as the humble cottager, a being perfectly
perfectly unknown in the great world. As he was talking in his usual fraternal manner with Mrs. Howard and Sybella, Lady Orient looking earnestly at him, said in a half whisper to Lord Belton,

"The Apollo as I live! observe the likeness. Colonel Howard indeed! sweet rural simplicity, my demure sister."

"I hear what you say, Lady Orient, and as you are unacquainted with my Howard, do not wonder you should think Mr. Selby sat for the Apollo; yet I assure you it was taken from a portrait which I will shew you. And I must allow that there is a strong resemblance between Colonel Howard and Mr."
Mr. Selby, who bears a still more striking likeness to the portraits."

"Pray, Mr. ——, I have forgot your name, are you related to Colonel Howard?"

"May not two persons resemble each other without being of the same family?"

"Truly, Sir; at this moment you resemble the rosy blushing morn more than Apollo, or even the victorious Colonel, who scarcely blushes like a bashful cottager. Are you taking pains to disguise the resemblance?"

"I have no cause to be ashamed of it, I am sure, therefore cannot wish to disguise
disguise it. However, I will to satisfy your curiosity, and tell you that I blushed for a lady who endeavoured by a malicious observation to sully the pure affection of an exemplary wife in the opinion of gay young men of fashion, as if she was giving them liberty to hope that where others were favoured they might succeed. Such an insinuation from a female leveller, one who having lost her reputation and her charms, has also lost all her power of attraction, would not appear strange, as her motives would be known; but for a lady, young and exquisitely beautiful, to be guilty of detraction from envy, or to give encouragement for young men to pursue the conquest of another beauty, and that beauty a married woman and
and her sister, appeared to me so extremely unnatural, that it excited the glow your Ladyship observed."

"The man is a methodist preacher, to be sure, who goes about the countrys to make converts, and I dare say keeps a conventicle in his cottage,"—said Lady Orient sportively to Belton and Vandash.

Sybella felt agitated and uneasy lest her Ladyship should dislike Mr. Selby for his reproof, and prohibit his visits at the Priory; but she knew not the disposition of her sister-in-law; for had Mr. Selby actually been what Lady Orient called him in sport, the more eagerly would she endeavour to captivate, for she gloried in obtaining a
difficult conquest; and to rival Mrs. Howard, who she supposed to be the favorite, was the sole wish of the moment. Lord Orient not choosing to have any thing said by his fashionable guests which might offend Selby, interrupted their reply to her Ladyship, by saying abruptly:

"In my ride this morning I had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Aquiline, and the engaging Orphelina, and I exerted all my eloquence to secure them to us for a few days, Orinda."

"I hope your eloquence proved successful?"

"I could not obtain a positive answer; but
but Mrs. Aquiline will send one from Brighton, where she is still."

"I am resolved, Orient, that our Beacon Priory shall be the magnet to attract every body who is worth attracting within its enchanted walls. Oh! I have been so charmed this morning!"

"I knew you would. Are not the paintings exquisite?"

"Oh! they are absolutely divine! pray, my Lord, by whom were they executed, for your sisters would not tell us?"

"By the Genii of the Priory."

"Nonsense!"
"Nonsense! tell me truly, Orient?"

"Well then, truly, the names of the artists are Amelia Howard, Sybella Woodland, and Polydore Selby."

"I cannot believe you, Orient."

"Sir," said Lord Belton, advancing with rapidity to Mr. Selby, "I am building a pavilion in the garden of Belton Abbey, that I wish to be peculiarly elegant, and I will engage you to design and paint the devices for it."

"Your offer is extremely flattering, my Lord; but as I did not improve my talent for painting with the design of injuring those who are compelled to make
make a livelihood by the art, I exert it merely for amusement; and a delightful one I found it with such skilful assistants as Mrs. Howard and Miss Woodland, to whose delicate taste and light touches the paintings in question owe all their beauty."

"I beg your pardon, Sir, and can only regret that I have it not in my power to offer you as a friend two such angelic help-mates at Belton Abbey as you have found in Beacon Priory. You are a lucky dog, Orient, to have two fair sisters whose smiles alone can reward this Apelles."

Lady Orient regarded Selby with a more scrutinizing look than before; she strove
strove to recollect whether she had ever seen him in the circle of fashion; she asked the Peers and the Baronet if they could not recollect him; for she was sure he could not be a common man. At dinner his manners were peculiarly easy and elegant, and his conversation brilliant and entertaining, except to Belton and Vandash, who found themselves totally thrown into the background, while Lord Orient, artfully drawn out by Selby, never appeared more animated; even his Orinda thought him tolerable, and seldom addressed her former favorites. The universal knowledge of the world which Mr. Selby possessed, the illumined beauty of his fine countenance, the grace which attended every movement
of his noble form, made him appear, particularly in the eyes of Sybella, a super-human being; an idea which the serenity of his temper, and the captivating tones of his voice both in speaking and singing, might help to strengthen.

The evening was devoted to music, and Lady Orient bestowed the warmest encomiums on Mr. Selby, nor could she avoid praising her sisters; but her manner was cold, and her looks evinced vexation at Sybella's superiority in voice and judgment, and she rendered herself ridiculously obtrusive by her repeated requests to sing duets with Selby, by which, and asking him to favor her with several admired airs, she effectually prevented Amelia and Sybella from exerting
exerting their vocal talents after the charming specimens which they had at first given. They, however, contributed to the entertainment of the evening by taking their seats alternately at the piano-forte.

Sybella stole frequent glances at Mr. Selby while he was singing with Lady Orient, and observed, that although he sung with expression, his looks possessed not the fascinating charm of tenderness which they invariably wore when he addressed those love inspiring words to herself. Her heart palpitated with joy as she made the observation, and at supper the gayest and the happiest of the party was Sybella Woodland.
CHAP. III.

INVITATIONS AND REMARKS.

When the inmates of the Priory and Mr. Selby, from an invitation given him by Lady Orient, were assembled the next morning in the breakfast room, her Ladyship proposed fixing a day for a public déjeuner and concert, which would shew the apartments and gardens to great advantage. Her Ladyship added:

£ 5

"I will
"I will immediately fix an evening for a delightful masquerade. Let me see; the Duke of Mountplume, Lord and Lady Whirligig, Mrs. Aquiline, Lady Revel, the Dowager Countess of Blackthorn, Lady Nightshade, Lady Lureall, and Lady Bloomly; who else is there at Brighton of any consequence?"

"The Marquis of Bettall, the brilliant Congreve and his son; Mr. Orlando and his family."

"Orient, keep on good terms with all rich Jews, you understand me."

"I do, Vandash, perfectly; and faith I know"
I know not how soon I may stand in need of their friendly assistance."

"By the character which my father gave of the Orlandos, they are more likely to be friends to industrious merit in distress than to dissipated squanderers. They honour the land in which they dwell; they live like princes, not at the expense of talents and industry, unpaid for the support they have given to that state, as too many thoughtless, extravagant personages do; the Orlandos are magnificent, generous, humane, and just."

"Upon my soul, Syb, I believe you will turn Jewess for the sake of the Orlandos."
"No, brother; Amelia and I have been too well instructed in the pure principles of the Protestant Religion to change it for any other; but I cannot help wishing that some shining characters in this kingdom, who call themselves Christians, would follow the example of moral rectitude set them by such Jews as the Orlandos."

"Well, Miss Woodland, you shall have the pleasure of seeing your favorites at the Priory, if they will comply with the invitation."

"They never declined my father's invitations, Lady Orient."

"O then they are old acquaintance..."
it seems; that accounts for your extreme warmth. Do the Whirligigs, or any of the others whom I have mentioned, visit here?"

"Most of them have as formal visitors on particular occasions, never as intimates; the natural gaiety of my disposition made my father dread an intimacy with any ladies whose dress and manners gave him cause to doubt their prudence, lest I should too easily catch their fashionable follies; he had not half the apprehensions for Amelia."

"O dear, no! Sir Oborne could safely rely upon her prudence; ha! ha! ha! what a grand-mother-like word that is."

"Talking
"Talking of words reminds me of a good joke; the last time I saw Whirligig, he was writing, with the dictionary before him, and apologized to me for finishing his billet; presently down goes the pen, and over went the leaves of the great book from one end to the other. 'This,' said I, 'is to be a very learned epistle, I suppose, by the trouble you are taking?' He replied, 'Zounds, Belton, it is to a wit; if she was only a beauty I should not care, any spelling would do then; I have spelt the word, but it does not look right. I know it ends with a T, but cannot tell exactly what it begins with, and am puzzled to find it.'—'Read the words backward,' said I, 'and you will find it easily.'—'I will turn down the letter and let you see
see the line.' He did so; 'and I will write it for you verbatim.' Lord Belton tore a blank leaf from his pocket book and wrote the following with his pencil: 'Dearist creeter, I am dyen for your lufe; petty me, for you alon have conkerd my hart with the potant darts of the prity letle Queuepet.'—

Lord Orient looked over Belton as he wrote, and laughing immoderately gave the paper to Vandash, and bade him hand it round for the entertainment of the party, and of course the laugh became general; for even Mrs. Howard, with all her solidity, could not help joining in it the moment she beheld the words. Belton continued,

"I knew
“I knew very well that this curious billet-doux was for a favourite of mine, therefore assured him it was exactly the thing.’ He said doubtfully, ‘Perhaps you know not how to spell classical words better than myself; I had better call my daughter just to spell the God of Love for me, I am certain all the other words are right.’—‘Then I am sure such an old lover as you are must know the name of Venus and her Son as well as you do your own; but pray who taught your daughter English, that you are so sure of her judgment?’ ‘Her French governess, a very learned woman.’—‘Certainly then she has made her young lady perfectly acquainted with Le Dieu de l’Amour long before now, and you had better leave the letter to
to her, she will excel either of us most likely in dictionary and orthography.'

'No, no, I have spent time enough about it. I am sure it reads well. I will finish and send it off immediately.' And off went I to the fair one for whom it was designed, as I imagined, nor did I imagine wrong; the precious billet-doux arrived, and Momus never excited a heartier laugh than did Whirligig's famous God of Love Queuepet.'

"You have invented this nonsense, Belton."

"Not I, upon my soul; Orient and Vandash can tell your Ladyship how the wits of a certain junto kept up the laugh against him by playing off some excellent
excellent jokes; even several droll caricatures were produced, which sold rapidly."

"Yes, faith, and verified the old adage, 'it is an ill wind that blows nobody good'; and never were better companions than the Whirligig and his wind deity, for they afforded a variety of droll ideas which were easily hit off, and as easily comprehended."

"Poor Lord Whirligig! was he not horribly vexed, Orient?"

"Who minds being caricatured; it puts insignificant people, if they happen to render themselves remarkably ridiculous, among some of the first characters
racters in the kingdom, for you know, Orinda, all have been caricatured in various ridiculous ways. Belton, Vandash, and I have greatly added to the fame and fortune of the caricaturists."

"But is he not ashamed of his bad spelling?"

"Not he, in that too he has companions, and rather prides himself in being too wild in his youth to pay attention to his studies."

"Indeed," said Mrs. Howard, "if men are not ashamed of vice, I do not see why they should be so of ignorance, which is certainly not criminal, although in such instances as the present it is extremely
extremely disgraceful. Good Heaven! a Peer of his country, and not know how to write a common note! it is difficult to give credit to such a strange assertion."

"There is another circumstance attending Lord Whirligig, which you will think as strange as his false orthography, and that is the delight he seems to feel at the general admiration his wife obtains, nay even at the encouragement which she apparently gives to individuals; jealousy never wounds his bosom, he lives in perfect harmony with her favorites."

"That, Mr. Selby, does not appear strange, as I have but one way of interpreting
interpreting such a conduct in a husband, who is certainly better able to judge whether his wife gives him actual cause for jealousy than a censorious world. I imagine he loves his wife, and can place an implicit confidence in her virtue; and he may know also, that his friends would scorn to wrong him; therefore, while he lives in all appearance happily with his lady, I shall never believe the scandalous reports which malice or envy may have propagated without the least foundation."

"What! will you not believe a known fact?"

"Certainly. If a wife be proved guilty by law, and the husband obtains a divorce,
a divorce, that is a known fact; if a wife elope from her husband, and live publicly with another man, I must in that case believe her to be guilty. But, Lady Orient, if a couple are separated by mutual consent, without any cause being authenticated for the separation, am I to believe every report I hear on either side?"

"You allude now to the Duke and Duchess of Mountplume, I imagine."

"I do; and behold a fine child, the only fruit of their marriage, beloved by the Duke, brought up by him as his child, and the undoubted heir to his possessions; and although, for reasons never made public, the noble parents of
of that child are unfortunatly separated, on whom must I lay the blame?"

"On the Duchess, to be sure."

"Certainly not, unless the Duke was to sanction that blame by openly accusing her. In great marriages where choice is excluded, many faults on either side, to which love would be blind, indifference magnifies, and mutual dislike succeeds. If a separation be the consequence, the husband, uninjured, preserves his rank in society, while, like a feeble plant torn from its supporting tree, the widowed wife is continually exposed to the rude blasts of calumny, as that is, drooping and unprotected to destroying winds; and shall we join with
the pityless calumniators to despoil the fair flower of her reputation, and tear her from the land?"

"Yes," said Sybella warmly, "shall we turn even her charity into vice, and hold with the malicious in the false tale of scandal lately propagated against that injured lady?"

"And pray, Miss Woodland, on whom do you throw the invention of that malicious tale of scandal, as you call it?"

"On those, Lady Orient, who envy her the title she retains; enjoy it she cannot; the title which no doubt many covet, you who have lived in the high world,
world can guess better than I can who among that many are most inclined to envy the Duchess of Mountplume."

"I do not know," said Vandash laughing, "how many fair ones may envy the Duchess her title, but faith half the wives and widows in the world of fashion claim a title to the Duke's favor, which they take no pains to conceal; and I know many gallant young fellows, myself among the number, who have great cause to envy his Grace for monopolizing such a large stock of love and admiration all to himself; upon my soul, we stand no chance."

"Poor Vandash! what a pity that Nature did not bestow as many attractions
tions on you as she has on the Duke; but do not despair, you may charm some blooming grand-mamma soon, perhaps."

"Oh! curse it! I hate old women."

"But if the young women hate you, the admiration of a decayed beauty is better than living unadmired, is it not? for surely it is impossible to exist without being admired by something; what do you say, Mr. Selby?"

"That my own existence contradicts your Ladyship's assertion. Men exist by admiring, not by being admired."

"Oh!"
"Oh! delightful! I never heard a more gallant speech in my life!"

"The Apollo would not find a Daphne then, it seems, in Lady Orient," whispered Lord Belton, when her Ladyship in a louder whisper, but the same style of irony, retorted—

"Perhaps not, my Lord, nor would a Narcissus dying of self-love find in me a pining echo."

Sybella blushed when Lady Orient took Mr. Selby's general compliment to herself, nor was the blush lost upon her Ladyship, who also observed the look of reproachful gravity cast on her by
by Mrs. Howard, who was actually shocked that a married woman should talk so lightly and give encouragement to impertinence. Regarding her amiable sisters with haughty contempt, Lady Orient said to her Lord:

"Indeed, Orient, you might as well have put me under the care of an old fashioned grand-mother, a prim maiden aunt, or a stern Duenna, as to set your young sisters with their antediluvian manners to be spies over me. I never give way to the natural gaiety of my heart, and the easy freedom of modern times, without the impertinent reproaches of formal gravity and rustic blushes; they are fit only to live with my old aunt."
aunt Lady Diana Benmore, who, as she was always finding fault with my manners, would undoubtedly be charmed with theirs."

"That she would, and be glad of their company in Glenfinlas Castle; faith we will consider farther about that, for if you cannot agree together, upon my soul you shall be separated, for I abhor wrangling and ill-temper."

"If we are in the way here, brother, we can immediately remove to Doctor Barton's, and will remain under his and Mrs. Barton's protection until Colonel Howard returns."

"No, Emily, I will not suffer that; if you
you remove from Beacon Priory it shall be to Glenfinlas Castle, which will suit your gloom in the absence of Howard far better than the gaiety which we mean to enter into here; and as for you, Syb, a girl of no fortune cannot be under more honourable protection. Therefore if you cannot make yourselves agreeable to Lady Orient—"

"We are to be transported to the Highlands of Scotland, and imprisoned in Glenfinlas Castle by her Ladyship's old aunt. Lady Orient I am sure has no cause to be offended at Amelia's gravity, which has lately been much increased by her apprehensions for the Colonel, and as to my rustic blushes they ought not to add her Ladyship's displeasure"
displeasure to the vexation they give me, for she cannot be more provoked with them than I am.”

“Come, Orinda, re-assume the smiles of good humour now Syb has proved that you had no reason to take offence. Time and shining examples may probably entirely cure them of all their vulgar errors, particularly the blush of modesty and connubial affection.”

“Beauties, my Lord, generally set fashions to the world; therefore I should not be surprised if Mrs. Howard and Miss Woodland were to be followed by a lovely train of modest maids and loving wives.”
"Why, Belton, what a curse that would be to men of gallantry and Doctors Commons!"

"And what a blessing to the world, Sir John Vandash, would such a glorious reformation be; it would constitute the felicity of youth and age."

"You speak warmly, Mr. Selby; but now you must help me to look over the music that I may know what we shall want at our amateur concert, which is of more consequence than a long preachment about ideal reforms."

"Come, Syb and Emily, we will help Orinda and Selby to look over the music."

"We
"We want no assistants, Orient; so many only make a confusion. I suppose, sisters, that you can have no objection to my arranging your music with Mr. Selby?"

"None in the least, arrange it as you please, Lady Orient."

"Let us walk, Amelia, for half an hour; Lord Belton and Sir John will accompany us, perhaps; you are lazy, brother, and prefer the sofa and a book; I wish you a good nap."

When Lord Orient declined being of the walking party, her Ladyship could not conceal her disappointment, and said more than discretion could warrant to induce him
him to follow them; but he was immovable, for he had too much penetration not to see that she wished to captivate Selby, and feared the rivalship of his sisters. He considered Selby as a dangerous man among females; he was inclined to believe him a man of honor, but not to trust him with a very lovely and fascinating woman; nor did he approve of his marrying Sybella, as he was sure that distressed circumstances had driven him into solitude; and this idea made Lord Orient seriously think, that if he were to send his sisters into Scotland, it would be the means of breaking off any attachment between Sybella and Selby; and that when his sisters were absent, he could secure Lady Orient from such a dangerous gallant
gallant by taking her to Orient Hall, without inviting Selby; thus wisely contemplated the young Peer on the best means of securing the beautiful females whom he had under his care from the handsome and accomplished cottager.

In the mean time, Belton and Vandash were exerting all their eloquence to prevail on Mrs. Howard and Sybella to take a house at Brighton, and no longer put up with Lady Orient's jealousy of their superior beauty; which would never cease to be their torment until they either buried themselves in Glenfinlas Castle, or Mrs. Howard asserted her right as a married lady, and shook off all dependance. Vandash declared
declared with ardor, that himself and fortune were at Sybella's disposal; and Belton humbly sued that Amelia would honor him with her friendship, and allow him to be her banker until the arrival of Colonel Howard, that she and her sister might live in a manner suitable to their rank.

The amiable sisters were so little versed in the arts of mankind, that they actually took the insidious offers of the Peer and Baronet, for the honorable and disinterested offers of sincere love and friendship, hastily made to preserve them from Lady Orient's insulting behaviour, or the cruel necessity of seeking an asylum with her disagreeable old aunt in an almost desolated Castle.
Castle. Mrs. Howard very politely declined laying herself under any pecuniary obligations to any person whatever, except Lord Orient, during the absence of her husband; and Sybella as delicately refused, as she imagined, the hand and title of Sir John Vandash, by telling him that she considered herself, until she were of age, under the guardianship of her brother; and that if he thought she had better go to Scotland for two or three years, she should not dispute his will, particularly if Mrs. Howard would go with her, and stay for a short time till she became a little acquainted with Lady Diana Benmore.

Both Belton and Vandash appeared to
to be extremely mortified at the refusals they had received, although they were not surprised in the least, nor were their hopes of success annihilated; for they had obtained the friendship and confidence of the unsuspicuous sisters, and they had the vanity to flatter themselves that love might soon follow. Their plan was to establish Mrs. Howard and Miss Woodland in an elegant house, which they would take care to render the resort of fashionable personages; and such was the opinion which they had of the sex in general, that they could not believe it possible that a slavish dependance on a brother, or a dull retreat in the Highlands of Scotland with an old woman, would in reality be prefered to such an establishment,
ment, which they well knew might be managed with sufficient delicacy to preserve the reputation of the fair sisters, particularly as the eldest was a married woman; and they knew also that many houses in the fashionable world were nobly, and even in appearance, respectably supported by the voluntary contribution of the lover, or lovers of the beautiful owners of those houses, whether single, married, or widows. Such were the secrets of the world they lived in, and such were the principles which Lord Belton and Sir John Vandash hoped to impress on the uncorrupted hearts of Amelia Howard and Sybella Woodland, the sisters of their most intimate friend! yet so contaminated were their own hearts by a fa-
a familiarity with vice, that they considered themselves to be only acting a liberal and laudable part, in endeavoring to snatch two lovely women from a disagreeable situation, and place them in gaiety and happiness; and so little pains had they taken to disguise their real intentions, that they were actually astonished, particularly Vandash, when the ladies understood their proposals to be truly honorable; for Belton was conscious that he never offered to be banker to a lady without a selfish motive, and Vandash had not the most distant idea of marrying, especially a girl who had no fortune; yet they were pleased at the mistake, which they flattered themselves would be greatly in their favor.

When
When they returned from their walk, the sisters, instead of going into the music room went to their own apartment; Sybella, who dreaded the attractions of Lady Orient, and her marked assiduities to please Selby would influence his heart in her favor, could not refrain from weeping; Amelia, who guessed the cause of her tears, said:

"Dear Sybella, are you not a very capricious girl to refuse a rich and really a handsome young Baronet, and cry for a poor cottager who has never declared his love."

"That is the cause of my tears. Oh! sister, if Selby had ever expressed his love for me, I could confide in his
his honor, and should be happy; yes, even in Scotland, I could be happy. But to go in this suspense will render the separation dreadful to me."

"Then I have a strong suspicion, that if Mr. Selby would offer to share his cottage with you at this critical period, you would not be quite such a dutiful sister as to be so entirely at your brother's disposal until you are of age."

"Oh Heaven! there is Selby in the garden, and Lady Orient is hanging fondly on his arm!"

"Do not say fondly, Sybella, you let your imagination go too far; and I entreat
I entreat you not to let her triumph over you, which she certainly will if she sees you (who are generally so lively) low spirited because she engaged Selby this morning; nor ought he to observe it. Believe me, Sybella, if he is worthy your love, he will not be attracted by Orinda, although I know for our sakes he wishes to keep her in good humour; my brother also wishes to do the same; and when he seemingly joined in her unsisterly idea of turning us from our paternal home, he did not I am sure mean what he said."

"I hope he did not. Well, at any rate I hope we may stay till after the masquerade, that will be so new to us; I anticipate
I anticipate a variety of amusement in that."

"How we differ! for if any thing could reconcile me to leaving the Priory, except to meet my Howard, it would be the avoiding those very amusements which you anticipate with pleasure."

"Ah sister! but the man I love is here, and Howard whom you love is away; there lies the difference."

"You say true, Sybella; were Howard here, I should be happy. I wish his brother were in England, I certainly should have a right to claim his advice and protection."

"Do
“Do you know the Earl of Belgrove's reason for residing out of England?”

“When he was very young, he beheld a beautiful girl of quality at her first entrance into life, and was captivated so much, that he immediately made proposals, which were accepted both by the parents and the young lady as he wished; the happy day was fixed; but before it arrived, she saw a ducal coronet within her reach, and very calmly told the Earl that he must excuse her for declining his offer and returning his presents, as it was impossible for her to accept the title of Countess when she had it in her power to be a Duchess. The discarded Earl, assuming
assuming an indifference which at that moment his heart denied, wished her happy, and departed not only from her, but from his native land, before her marriage with the Duke took place; and Howard says, that his brother soon despised the ambitious woman who had rendered herself unworthy his esteem."

"Poor Lord Belgrove! yet it is a pity he should be self-banished from his native country for a fickle woman. I think the Colonel said that his Lordship travels incog as Mr. Howard."

"He did, and that his brother does not mean to return to England for a year or two, although he has been away already six or seven years. Howard imagines
imagines that he has formed some new attachment abroad. Sybella, Lady Orient and Selby are returning to the house; let us meet them cheerfully, as if we had forgotten, or did not dislike her Ladyship's proposal."

"The latter will be best, Amelia, for I think she is so contradictory, that if we are for, she will be against it."

When the sisters met Lady Orient, she appeared so gay, that Sybella's heart was ready to sink despondent, if, while her Ladyship spoke to Mrs. Howard, Mr. Selby had not, by an affectionate pressure of the hand and a corresponding look revived its hopes. Poor Sybella,
bella, how would she have supported herself had she known that Mr. Selby had been applauding Lady Orient for her prudential scheme of banishing her sisters-in-law from their paternal home, and lamenting the delay which must unavoidably be occasioned by the necessary ceremony of writing to and receiving an answer from Lady Diana Benmore; a proceeding which had rather surprised Lady Orient herself; but vanity, ever ready to flatter her, suggested, that he was captivated with her, and having the same motive, wished to encourage her intention of sending such troublesome observers far out of the way; but whether he actually had that motive or any other, for wishing the sisters removed from Beacon.
Beacon Priory, or only spoke as he did merely to please Lady Orient, was a secret confined within his own breast.
The extreme fickleness of Lady Orient in regard to her cecismos, was considered by her Lord as his best security for her fidelity to himself. He now beheld her two reigning favorites of the winter, Lord Belton and Sir John Vandash, treated by her Ladyship with as much indifference, not to say contempt, as himself, while Mr. Selby ingrossed all her attention; she was continually
continually engaging him to walk, ride, and sing with her. She would solicit his instructions in various accomplishments merely as an excuse to keep him at her side, for study of any kind was her aversion; yet, handsome as he was, Lord Orient thought that her conduct did not proceed so much from partiality to Selby, as from a determination to win him entirely from Sybella; for she could say with Congreve’s Fair Tyrant:

Then I alone the conquest prize,
When I insult a rival’s eyes;
If there’s delight in love, ’tis when I see
The heart which others bleed for, bleed for me.”

When Lady Orient grew weary of improving herself in music, painting,
Italian, or any other study in which her siters had made themselves, with Mr. Selby's assistance, proficients, she requested him to make her a skilful player at all the fashionable games for two persons; still artfully confining him to herself alone; nor could he politely release himself from that confinement, whatever his inclination might be. Thus were Amelia and Sybella deprived of their sensible companion; for although he was constantly at the Priory, they could not converse with him; for even at meals, Lady Orient took care to place him next herself, and to ingross his conversation.

Belton and Vandash finding themselves so totally discarded by her Ladyship,
ship, without having received the least reward for their long slavery to her caprice, devoted themselves openly to her beautiful sisters, whose manner of receiving their assiduities did not give the smallest encouragement to their hopes. Mrs. Howard, without any affected prudery, expressed such a firm and uniform disapprobation to every look, word, and action which she thought exceeded the civility of a friend, that Lord Belton found himself quite at a loss for words; particularly his whole vocabulary of gallantry which he had hitherto arranged with such success, was in the present instance useless; even scandalous anecdotes, in which he excelled, were treated with contempt; the gay dissipated rattle
which passed current among his male associates would certainly give offence; had she been a female Machiavel, although he took his seat as a Peer in the British Senate, he had never studied politics; he knew only on which side his own interest lay, and guided by that alone, expressed himself for or against a bill in the concisest manner possible; he spoke of several new publications and plays which Mrs. Howard had read, so contrary to her opinion of them, that she was astonished, and talked of them as her cultivated judgment and liberal mind dictated; until poor Lord Belton, in vindication of his own taste, was compelled to own that he himself had not read, nor heard, except in detached morsels, the works in
in question, but had taken his opinion of them from Reviews and Newspapers; for he was one of those weak minded persons who are incapable from indolences or ignorance of judging for themselves; in short, good sense was a treasure which he had never possessed, and therefore it was impossible for him to render himself even tolerable in the opinion of Mrs. Howard.

Sir John Vandash excelled his friend Lord Belton in the art of driving only; he was so dexterous in the management of the whip that he never gave any living creature time to get out of his way, and he drove over pigs, poultry, and human beings with such velocity, that his carriage was a mile distant before
before any one recollected that he should have been stopped to pay damages. Sybella, absorbed in her own reflections, let him talk on without knowing what he said in general; but when she was sufficiently collected to attend to his discourse, she found it a compound of frivolity, egotism, and fulsome flattery; and as the change in Lady Orient's behaviour rendered the observance of her promise to her brother unnecessary, she grew much more reserved; but bold conceited men are not easily repulsed; Vandash had even the vanity to suppose her reserve proceeded from the love which he had inspired, particularly as he observed that it was attended by a confusion and embarrassment she had never evinced before he declared
declared himself her lover. Love certainly dictated the change in Sybella's behaviour; so far the Baronet was not mistaken; he was only deceived in the object of that love.

As for Lord Belton, he interpreted the whole of Mrs. Howard's conduct, prudent and sensible as it was, in his own favor, and had not the least doubt of becoming in time her successful admirer.

While his friends were so closely attached to the ladies of his family, Lord Orient amused himself very frequently at Fairy Farm with his little Osborne; who did great credit to the tender care of the faithful Judith; she told her
liberal Lord that he had made her as happy as the day was long, and said Mr. Selby called almost every morning to inquire after her dear child.

One day Sybella overheard her brother thank Selby for paying such frequent morning visits to Fairy Farm, and immediately a long lost happiness seemed within her reach, Lady Orient would not be there; she might once more converse uninterruptedly with Selby!—This pleasing idea enlivened her spirits; Vandash thought himself the cause, and looked with an air of triumph, which Lady Orient observed with displeasure; she hoped to have seen him and Belton jealous and uneasy at the attention she paid Selby, and was seriously provoked at
at the adoration they paid so immediately to her sisters; she was disappointed and mortified; she had, as she believed, succeeded in drawing Selby from them, but she hoped by so doing to rivet the chains of Belton and Vandash the more securely; she by no means intended to give the rustics two celebrated men of fashion for their poor unknown cottager; and as the day approached when she expected to receive a fashionable crowd at Beacon Priory, she felt absolutely shocked that any among that brilliant throng should see her deserted, as it were, for Lord Orient's sisters, and attended by only an untitled, unknown, nobody in the world. This was a disgrace to which her pride could
could not submit; she wished to retain Selby because he was so uncommonly handsome, and to lure back the others because they were so universally known and admired in high life, that she had been the envy of her sex all the winter for attracting their admiration; therefore to lose them was not to be borne, and she contrived to conduct herself so artfully to them all, that each had reason to suppose himself the favorite; and although Lord Belton and Sir John were resolved not to give up their hopes of gaining Amelia and Sybella, yet it was necessary for them to keep in favor with Lady Orient, not only because they wished to stay at Beacon Priory, but because their vanity would be
be gratified by the world knowing that they were still in the good graces of such an acknowledged beauty.

This new change was agreeable to Lord Orient and his sisters, as it rendered the conversation more general, and the two latter felt quite a relief when her Ladyship re-assumed her share in the conversation with Belton and Vandash.

Sybella proposed to Amelia, that as it was long since they had seen their little nephew, they should arise early and take a ride to Fairy Farm before Lady Orient or her guests were up; but she did not say a word of what she had heard Lord Orient say about
about Mr. Selby's morning visits there, for fear Mrs. Howard should make any objection. But to the great mortification of poor Sybella, the rain for several mornings frustrated their design, and before they could put it into execution Mr. Selby informed them that business called him from Sussex for a few days. Lady Orient entreated him to postpone his journey until after her concert, but he assured her Ladyship that it was of consequence, and could not be put off. Lord Orient and his sisters also regretted the necessity of his absence from an entertainment so suited to his taste, and which would have been so enriched by his abilities. Sybella had a severe struggle to suppress her feelings; at a parting so very unexpected and to her
so painful. When he was gone, she indulged a flood of tears in solitude, and felt more than ever she had done before for Mrs. Howord; the day which she had anticipated with so much delight had lost all its promised charms with the object of her tenderest affections, and she hated Belton, Vandash, and almost her brother, because they remained at Beacon Priory, and her Selby was away. Sybella soon, however, reflected that her lowness of spirits would be noticed, and that for so short an absence it was in reality a folly to give way to sorrow; she bathed her eyes with rose-water, and took a walk in the garden to survey the preparations for the public breakfast.

This
This festival was announced to be given in honor of Colonel Howard's victory. The weather luckily changed from showery to warm and unclouded, and the day arose in all the splendor they could wish. The worthy Serjeant Remnant was appointed for that day master of the Ordnance by Lord Orient, who gave him a handsome new suit of regimentals for the occasion. Early in the morning he hoisted the flag on the turret, and arranged the cannons along the shore, where he pitched a small tent at each end for himself and an assistant; on one of these tents stood a figure of Fame, holding a scroll, on which was written "Howard and Victory for ever!" and on the other, Victory, with a wreath of real
real laurel in her right hand, and a scroll in her left with these words, "For the Brave Howard." Triumphal arches were erected at the entrance of every avenue which led to the Priory. A number of tents were pitched on the plantations with tables covered with various refreshments, and in many parts of the garden were also well covered tables surrounded with small sofas, beneath canopies of white silk adorned with festoons of flowers, which were suspended from the trees. Tea, chocolate, and coffee were prepared in the library and breakfast room, as both opened into the garden; and the superb dining saloon before described was arranged for the amateurs who preferred music.
A military band was stationed in a barge, and several barges, with silken awnings adorned with flowers, were stored with delicacies for those who chose an aquatic excursion; the rowers were all in white jackets and trowsers with straw hats, each surrounded by a dark blue ribbon with "Howard and Victory," in letters of gold; the streamers were of the same colour, and ornamented to correspond.

At Lord Orient's particular request, his wife and sisters were dressed exactly alike in short muslin dresses flounced with broad lace; a veil of lace long enough to form a graceful drapery over the dress was fastened on their hair, becomingly arranged by a gold
gold finely wrought H, from which sprung a half wreath of laurel in emeralds; these ornaments were bespoke and given by Lord Orient for the occasion; and although the appearing exactly in the same dress as her sisters-in-law was not agreeable to her Ladyship, yet she could not with propriety avoid doing so, as Belton and Vandash joined with his Lordship in the request which was made in the presence of Amelia and Sybella when he gave them the laurels, and wished them to acquire the appellation of the Graces of the Priory, which in reality he thought they deserved. Lady Orient chose the dress, knowing that if the veil was not pinned in a becoming manner, and the drapery arranged with taste, the wearer would look
look dowdy and awkward, which she flattered herself was likely to be the case with her sisters; but what was her surprise and vexation when she saw that their dresses appeared far more elegant than hers, merely from the taste they had evinced in putting them on, and as many of the guests were arrived before her Ladyship left her toilet, there was no time to alter hers; all her reliance, therefore, was on her beauty, which vanity assured her was far superior to theirs; but to her still greater mortification she found that the new beauties were followed and enthusiastically admired, while she, who was no longer a novelty, passed unadmired and almost unnoticed.
Lord Orient had presented Mrs. Howard to the guests as the wife of the brave officer who had just obtained so signal a victory, and Sybella as his youngest sister, who had never yet appeared in public; the blushing modesty and unobtrusive charms of those lovely and elegant women gained them universal admiration. Mr. Orlando and his amiable family were received with the greatest affection by Amelia and Sybella as favorites of their revered father.

The Duke of Montplume arrived late with his party, Lord and Lady Whirligig, Mrs. Aquiline, and several noted fashionables, among whom were ladies so completely in the wane of their
their charms, that notwithstanding their artificial mask of beauty, they dreaded to stand near the sisters of Lord Orient in all the artless bloom of youthful beauty, with whom the Duke appeared fascinated; he was all gaiety; he paid them a thousand elegant compliments; he asked Mrs. Aquiline if she had ever seen such lovely creatures; she replied, with tears trembling in her eyes at the recollection of charms which were no more:

"Your Grace says true, they are extremely beautiful; but you forget Lady Orient, who is as beautiful."

"Perhaps so, madam, but these are new beauties; Lady Orient is an old acquaintance,"
acquaintance, her novelty is gone by; although young, she has long demanded admiration, and demands it still, she has had her share, yet I suppose like many more whom I could name, she will pursue her claim in spite of age and wrinkles. Do you not think that it is extremely ridiculous for women to suppose that a man can admire them to all eternity because they can put on a mask and purchase glossy tresses? upon my soul, those truly angelic beings remind me of all the poets have said of female loveliness. I positively must converse with them, to learn if their minds equal their exterior."

His Grace arose and followed the steps of Mrs. Howard and Miss Woodland.
Lady Whirligig tore her fan, and Mrs. Aquiline pleaded illness, ordered her carriage, and quitted Beacon Priory, wishing that she had not accepted the invitation of its noble owners. Lady Whirligig made a party, and while the Duke of Montplume followed the fair sisters to the music room, returned to Brighton in one of the barges, and although she talked and laughed loud, envy and jealousy tortured her heart.

Lady Orient was compelled to stay and be continually mortified at hearing the praises bestowed on her sisters; she hated Mrs. Howard for the congratulations she received upon the Colonel's victory. The cannons fired a salute, and a flourish of drums and trumpets proclaimed
proclaimed the arrival of royalty. Lady Orient rejoiced in the temporary absence of her sisters, and went with her Lord to meet the Prince, who after the usual ceremonies requested his Lordship to introduce him to Mrs. Howard. This was unexpected, and Lady Orient turned as pale as the rouge would let her; yet endeavoured to conceal her vexation beneath her most fascinating smiles, and with the courtly graces habitual to her, conducted the Prince to the music room.

Sybella was singing an Italian bravura; Amelia was playing the piano-forte accompanied by several other instruments; the Prince listened unseen, and not contented with hearing a part, encored
encored the air; his voice was known to all in the room except the sisters, and the encore became general; and when the air was ended a second time, Lord Orient presented his blushing sisters to the Prince, who, after elegantly congratulating Mrs. Howard for their Majesties and himself, told her that the Queen desired her to accept of a medallion in commemoration of Colonel Howard's brave conduct, and immediately threw over her head a string of large pearls, fastened by a brilliant clasp, and adorned with a medallion richly set with brilliants, in devices appropriate to victory. Mrs. Howard received this valuable gift with bending gratitude; she pressed the Royal acknowledgment of her Howard's bravery to her lips;
she could not give utterance to her thanks, but her look at the Prince, and the tears which gemmed her soft blue eyes, expressed far beyond words the grateful feelings of her heart. His Highness then said, that their Majesties hoped to see the whole of Lord Orient's family when they came to Weymouth, which would be in a very short time, and he assured Mrs. Howard that the King intended to confer high honors on Colonel Howard, for which he knew measures were already taken.

His Highness then solicited Lady Orient to favor him with an air; this flattered her Ladyship, and she immediately complied, was deservedly applauded, and in some degree recovered her
her spirits. After hearing several songs, the Prince, accompanied by Lord and Lady Orient, walked in the garden, and took refreshments under an elegant canopy, to which they conducted him. Several of the Royal Dukes joined the gay throng, as did also the Duchess of Castlenorth and the Duke of Downdale, with many other personages of the first quality.

Sybella, who was grown almost weary of the fluttering crowd and idle flattery, had seated herself in a fragrant bower, remotely situated, to think of her beloved Selby, who arose in her opinion from the comparisons she drew. Chance had led the Duke of Downdale along that walk, and he beheld through
his eye glass the contemplative beauty
with surprise and admiration; he en-
tered the bower, and seating himself by
her, said;

"Angelic creature! you appear me-
lancholy; what cause can one so young
and lovely possibly have for thus re-
tiring from the splendid throng, where
admiration must attend your steps! May I know whom I have the honor of
addressing?"

"An unportioned orphan, a perfect
stranger in the great world: and who
thus breaks into the solitude in which
I hoped to hide myself from gaiety?"
"Enchantress! is the Duke of Downdale unknown to you? it is he who sympathizes with beauty in distress, and who will be enraptured if you will accept his protection; you shall command himself and his fortune; splendor and gaiety shall surround you, loveliest of your sex, if you will bless him with your love!"

"Is it possible that your Grace can seriously offer your hand and title to a poor orphan?"

"How! title! hand! I said myself and fortune."

"I do not comprehend how your Grace
Grace can separate your title and your hand from yourself, that is quite enigmatical to me."

"You shall be my captivating friend, lovely creature, my adored companion."

"Oh no! I am going to be companion to a very old lady in the Highlands of Scotland."

"Forbid it Heaven! bury yourself in the Highlands! and with an old woman! what a sacrifice of beauty!"

"That may be, but I shall not sacrifice my honor."
"Childish nonsense! what do you call honor?"

"Virtue, on which I set as high a value as your Grace does on your title and your hand, although you have sullied the one by a long life of libertinism; and the other, now shrivelled by age, has only ratified disgraceful contracts. Your venerable appearance seems to proclaim you a safe protector for a distressed and friendless female; but instead of guarding them, you betray, and then forsake them! Go, seducer of innocence, go and reflect seriously that a day of retribution will come, when all those whom you have enticed from the paths of honor will appeal
appeal for justice on you who plunged
them into disgrace and misery."

The Duke felt abashed, and absolutely
dismayed at being reproved with so
much animation and dignity by such a
blooming beauty; when, to increase
his confusion, Lord Orient with a party
stood before the bower, and he heard
his Lordship say:

"Why Duke! what the devil do
you mean! to come here and make
dishonorable proposals to my sister?"

"Upon my honor, the lady misled
me," said the astonished Duke.

"Zounds!" exclaimed Vandash, "if
you
you were not as old as my great grandfather, your life should answer for saying so of Miss Woodland.”

“Hold!” said Sybella, “I have avenged my own wrongs; not choosing to take a character from report, as chance threw his Grace of Downdale into my way, I resolved to try his, by declaring myself a portionless orphan; to which character, and not to the sister of Lord Orient, did his Grace make his dishonorable proposals, without supposing that they could be synonymous; and I have mortified him sufficiently, as you may perceive; he wants no farther correction, but will go home and repent of his sins, so let him depart in peace from Beacon Priory.”

The
The Duke bowed, hesitated, and vowed that he was very sorry he had said any thing to offend Miss Woodland, but whispered to the Duke of Mountplume that the sisters, daughters, and wives of half the Peers of the realm had gloried in his partiality, and joyfully retained him as a lover on any terms; therefore he believed that no being of mortal mould repulsed him now, with such correcting majesty, but the Spirit of the Prioress, that still gave lessons of chastity within and around the consecrated walls; the Duke of Mountplume replied:

"On my soul you have had a rare lesson, and, as I think, from the lips of an angel; we were on the other side of
the bower and over-heard all; faith, you were served as all old men ought to be when they pretend to gallantry."

"The Duke of Downdale had come to Beacon Priory in consequence of a kind invitation from Lord Orient to stay there for some days, and was extremely vexed that this untoward blunder obliged him to quit it immediately, which he did, and returned to London, thinking that he was more likely to avoid ridicule there than at any of the watering places in Sussex.

The Duchess of Castlenorth, the Duke of Mountplume, the Orlando family, and a few more select friends, were all who remained of the gay crowd to dine at the
the Priory just en famille; the Duchess of Castlenorth did not intend to leave it until the next day.

Serjeant Remnant took an opportunity to tell Mrs. Howard that Lord Orient had been so good as to speak so well of him, that the Princes and many great gentlemen had made him handsome presents, and what was better still, they had talked kindly to him, out of respect to his glorious Colonel. Mrs. Howard showed the brave veteran her royal gift; he observed the brilliant emblems of victory, and shedding honest tears of grateful loyalty, exclaimed:

"May Heaven ever bless and prosper old England, and their Majesties,
Majesties, who know the value of a brave officer!"

Lady Orient and her mother appeared extremely vexed, when at dinner they missed his Grace of Downdale, and on being slightly told the cause of his absence by the Duke of Montplume, they gave such looks of contempt at Miss Woodland, that although conscious she had acted from the true principles of rectitude, she felt abashed and confused; which being observed by Mr. Orlando who sat next to her, he said:

"Miss Woodland has reason to glory in her conduct; were libertines old and young to be treated oftener in such a spirited
spirited manner by women of honor, they would not grow so incorrigible."

"You may think as you please, Mr. Orlando, but it displeases me extremely to have a noble guest, whom I invited, so rudely driven away by the fantastical prudery of an ignorant country girl; and that my Lord should be so ridiculous as to let his Grace depart, amazes me."

"Indeed, my Lord, it was extremely unpolite."

"In this case, Duchess, you must give me leave to judge; if a man comes here and makes infamous proposals to any female under my protection, as a guest, or even a servant, the offence is against
against my honor, and the honor of my house, as well as against hers whom I protect; I shall always treat the offender, if an old man with contempt, as I did the Duke of Downdale, and if a young libertine, I shall resent the insult in another way; but will never politely pass it over as a trifle; nor does it become you, Orinda, to do so, even were my sister out of the question."

"And do you mean to shut your doors against all men of gay principles, my Lord?"

"No, Belton, but I expect that those gay men, while they are guests, will not conduct themselves, as if they were in houses of a certain description, but know how
how to respect mine, and every woman whom they may find in it."

After these spirited speeches of Lord Orient's, which surprised his sisters, and were not very agreeable to either the Duchess or her Ladyship, the conversation became general and cheerful; the Duke of Mountplume possessed in an eminent degree, that suavity which pleases universally in speech and manners; and he behaved to all the ladies in company with the politest impartiality, and so agreeably the time passed away, that the party did not separate until late in the evening, notwithstanding the distance of their abodes.
The Duchess expressed herself warmly the next morning in favor of Beacon Priory and its adornments, which she pronounced to be enchantingly new and elegant; she also greatly admired the laying out of the gardens and plantations, and the prospects they commanded; for her Grace knew Lord Orient's motive for wishing Orinda to stay there, and she prudently said everything...
thing she thought most likely to induce her to comply with them; for the Duchess was as anxious as my Lord himself, that Lady Orient should give him an heir for the double estates of Orient and Woodland.

Her Grace behaved to Amelia and Sybella with true courtly politeness, and praised their taste, their beauty, and accomplishments with an ease which had the semblance of sincerity; that charm of polished manners that often conceals, like flowers over a snake, destructive malice.

When Lady Orient was alone with the Duchess, she complained greatly of being thrown into the back ground, and
and totally unnoticed, even in her own house; while the rustic sisters of her Lord were the idols whom everybody came to worship. Her Grace replied:

"You talk like a child who knows nothing of the world; Orinda, I am amazed at you. Do you not know that every new beauty strikes the beholders with admiration; she is followed and adored; but it requires more than beauty to retain those followers and adorers, and to win them back again whenever they are led astray; it requires what I imagined you possessed; fascinating manners, gaieté de cœur, brilliant conversation, irresistible smiles, a captivating mixture of flattery with abuse en badinage, and the refined art of
of encouraging hope; to these a woman must be careful to add a variety of accomplishments and graces; which, skilfully managed, will render her ever new, and of course attractive, even until she is as old as the celebrated French beauty Ninon d'Enclos."

"Or your Grace might have named several English women, who, I believe, are nearly as old, and yet retain their admirers. Oh! I hope that I shall do the same! for I should prefer death to neglect, such as I experienced yesterday, owing to those ridiculous country girls, my beautiful sisters, as I heard them eternally called, while all the gaping idiots were crowding after them. My dear mother, positively either they or I must go
go from Beacon Priory. I told Orient so before them."

"Simple Orinda! you openly confess the superiority of their charms, and declare yourself envious of them! yesterday, so far from endeavouring to eclipse them, by any of the means I have just mentioned, you made yourself every thing which could not be admired. I was shocked; I scarcely knew my daughter! your beauty was absolutely blasted by envy. Your skin, beyond the rouge, had the pallid hue of death; your forehead was wrinkled into a forbidding frown; your brows lowered; your eyes had changed their usual brilliancy for a malignant glare; your lips were distorted by a childish pout.
pout of ill-humour, or you seemed to be biting them to pieces; your neck had acquired an awkward disdainful twist, and instead of being attended by the Graces in every motion, you seemed to be sometimes chained by melancholy, and at others to be goaded by those detestable imps commonly called the fidgets; and indeed, my dear Orinda, so very conspicuous were all these blemishes, or rather deformities of your mind and person, that I heard one say, 'I think, Lord Whirligig, Lady Orient looks horribly to-day; upon my soul she is grown quite ugly since I saw her last; then I thought her a perfect angel, but now she is absolutely like a fury.' Then the elegant Duke of Mountplume, whose admiration every woman is anxious
ous to obtain, said to Lord Belton, "Lady Orient is as jealous as the devil of these new beauties, and not only lets every Lady see that she is, but makes herself so cursedly disagreeable, that she is quite forsaken. And at dinner, what must he think of your behaviour to Miss Woodland, so unlike a lady, so coarse! I was actually confounded; on my life, no ignorant girl, born and bred in the meanest cottage, could more openly display the feelings of her artless heart, than you did all which passed in yours yesterday."

"Your Grace is too severe; it is impossible that I could make myself the horrid despicable wretch that you describe!"

"Orinda,
"Orinda, I have been sincere with you, I am not like many mothers, whom we know, afraid of having a rival in my daughters; it is my glory to see you the object of universal admiration, to hear your praises wherever I go; I have been so happy, I wish to continue so during life, for which reason I have told you how to preserve the admiration of mankind, and how foolishly you lost it yesterday for want of a proper command over yourself. To be universally admired, you must praise what you dislike; appear gay and agreeable, although you are melancholy, and out of temper; caress those whom you hate, and above all carefully, avoid every look that can injure your beauty for a mo-
ment, and every action which the Graces would condemn. You ought also to attend to the grace of speech, for no charm captivates the heart sooner, or retains it longer than fluent language uttered with a voice of harmony; and never forget, Orinda, that ill humour jars sometimes quite destroys that captivating harmony of sound.”

“My dear mother, I will observe your advice. I am convinced it is for my good. I will be admired; yet I wish Mrs. Howard and Sybella were safely lodged with our old aunt Di, in Glenfinlas Castle.”

“It will be more to your glory for you to eclipse them; they will soon be lost
lost in the shade, while you shine with brighter lustre.'

"Ah! but that prude, Amelia, will be a Peeress."

"So much the better, and if the young reprover of old Dukes should be another Peeress, will not the family be aggrandized? make yourself easy, child, if Howard is made a Viscount, we have sufficient interest at Court to get an Earldom for Lord Orient, and should he be made an Earl for his services, why, perhaps a ducal coronet may grace the brows of my Orinda; so pray let me hear no more complaints."

"I wish I could be created a Duchess in
in my own right, without having a husband to check and control me."

"What signifies the husband, am I checked and controlled?"

"My father has not restrained your Grace since I can remember, but I suppose he did before, when he wanted an heir to his title, keep you, like Sancho, in his government, with you must not do this, and you must not do that. Heavens! if I had minded such nonsense, I should have been a fine statue-like form, in transparent drapery; I should have been like the Grecian Leda going to produce Castor and Pollux, Helen and Clytemnestra; just of that fine Grecian rotundity by this time. I am
I am glad it is otherwise, for I hate to be a fright, and I hate husbands, doctors, nurses, and squalling brats; indeed I do, mother. I love nothing but pleasure and admiration."

"Well, Orinda, have patience, people your nursery as other beauties have theirs; and you will see that both admiration and pleasure may still be yours. What lady does not glory in giving heirs to a noble house?—Believe me, Orinda, the children of a lovely woman, like the sportive loves around the cestus of Venus, render her beauty more irresistible, of which you have seen many instances, I am sure."

"I have, and envy those admired mothers,
mothers nay, even some grand mothers who have the happiness of attracting crowds, while younger beauties are neglected."

"Cease envying, and learn to attract; envy belongs to awkwardness, stupidity and ugliness; what have you to do with it, Lady Orient?"

"I hope your Grace will be present at a Masquerade which I mean to give."

"I will if you promise not to be a fool again. Pray, why were not Mrs. Aquiline and Lady Whirligig here yesterday?"

"They were, before your Grace arrived,
rived, and had been asked to dinner. I do not know what caused their early departure, for the Duke of Mountplume could not inform me. Lord Whirligig told Vandash that Mrs. Aquiline went into hysterics because the Duke appeared charmed with my sisters, and went home very ill by herself; and Vandash said that Lady Whirligig was not less piqued, but carried it off with an air of indifference, and selecting a gay party, took possession of a barge, and glided in triumph over the waves with horns and clarinets. Perhaps she thought her Mark Antony would follow.”

“At any rate she took the only way to make him the continual fear that men
are in of losing a gay woman, keeps alive the flame of love, while as certainly tears quench it, and jealous rage fans it out. I am engaged this evening to Mrs. Aquiline, will you accompany me? and I will bring you home to-morrow evening, sleep here, and meet the Duke at Weymouth the next day."

"I shall like to go to Brighton of all things! Belton and Vandash will escort us; perhaps Orient will go. I hope he will not ask his sisters to be of the party, it is enough to be plagued with them here; but they cannot go uninvited to Mrs. Aquiline."

"I could venture to take them as I shall you, without an invitation."

"And
"And will your Grace take them?"

"I shall not propose any such thing, but if Lord Orient requests me to do so, I certainly shall not refuse to oblige him, and should that be the case, remember what I have said to you, Orinda. I see a courier from Mrs. Aquiline riding towards the Priory with a general invitation no doubt; your sisters must accept it, and you will have an early opportunity of rivalling, or of eclipsing, if you please, the new beauties to whom yesterday you were weak enough to be a foil."

"The courier brought, as the Duchess supposed, a general invitation from..."
from Mrs. Aquiline, addressed to Lady Orient; it was thus worded—

"Mrs. Aquiline will think herself highly favored if Lord and Lady Orient, the Honorable Mrs. Howard, Miss Woodland, Lord Belton, and Sir John Vandash will honor her by accompanying her Grace the Duchess of Castlenorth, previously invited, to a private party this evening, at Florizel Villa. This invitation would have been given yesterday by Mrs. A. in a friendly manner, but for the sudden indisposition which hurried her away from Beacon Priory and its amiable inhabitants, before she could enjoy a moment's conversation with them, or had time to
to view the beauties which surrounded her; never did she feel an illness more mortifying, or ill-timed."

When the sisters of Lord Orient heard of the invitation, they felt more apprehension than ever of receiving public mortification from their sister-in-law, and would have declined going if Lord Orient had not told them that it would be highly improper. He then proposed to dine at Brighton, which being agreeable to the whole party, an avant courier was sent off to order dinner and secure beds at——Hotel.
It was no sooner made public that Mrs. Howard, the wife of the brave Colonel, was arrived at Brighton, than the guns were fired, the bells rung, a crowd gathered before the Hotel, and the marrow bones and cleavers played a salute. Lord Orient led her to a balcony, and while she was hailed with the warmest acclamations of joy, she bowed her grateful thanks with such sweetness.
sweetness and grace to the people, that they were enchanted with their hero’s blooming bride. Lady Orient evinced not the slightest ill-humour, but seemed quite diverted at the bustle, and said very pleasantly—

“’I declare, Amelia, you are made as much fuss with as if you were the popular candidate of an election; it is quite delightful to be the wife of a warrior; a Peer is a mere nobody in the eyes of the people compared to those who fight for them. I imagine we shall not be conveyed by horses this evening to Florizel Villa.’”

“’Shall you be fearful, Orinda?’”

“’Oh!’
"Oh! no! I shall enjoy it of all things; we will go in the sociable, how will your Grace go? with us?"

"No, my dear, I will follow you in my own carriage. Will you accompany me, Lord Belton?"

"Your Grace honors me by the request."

"Then I will settle the rest," said Lady Orient with great vivacity; "Mrs. Howard, as the heroine of the people, shall sit by herself in front; Sybella and I on the back seat, and you, Orient and Vandash shall mount the dicky. Amelia, make no faces about my arrangement, for so it shall be. I vow, there
there is the Royal band sent to welcome us; all wearing, like the people, the Howard cockades. I had no idea of all this, it is quite charming."

The band had been ordered to play during their dinner, and to escort them to Florizel Villa. Lord Orient was pleased at this high mark of respect to his sister, and desired the musicians to order what refreshments they chose, he also ordered the master of the Hotel to distribute wine, liquor, and ale, as he thought proper among the populace.

Lady Orient, on hearing these orders said: "take care, my Lord, for if you make our horses drunk, we shall sit still"
still in the road while they are rolling one over the other."

"I believe it will take a good deal to intoxicate some of them, and they will draw the better for a goblet or two in honor of Howard."

The carriage was brought to the door with horses, which were immediately taken out by the populace and given to the grooms. Lord Orient stood for some moments at the door of the Hotel with Mrs. Howard in his hand, and she again curtseyed gratefully to the surrounding throng, who thought they beheld an angel, as she was in an extremely light dress of white and silver; and
and when Lady Orient and Sybella appeared dressed nearly in the same manner, and took their seats opposite to her in the sociable, an honest looking man exclaimed:—

Damn me! if they ben’t all Angels! huzza! Howard and his Angels forever, huzza! huzza! Angels and Howard forever, that’s the go, boys, huzza!"

The band preceded the sociable, a party of guards attended to keep order, and all the houses in their way to Florizel Villa were superbly illuminated and decorated with transparencies and wreaths of laurel. Amelia was nearly overcome by these public and unanimous demonstrations of gratitude to her brave
brave Howard. When they arrived at the Villa, the men who had drawn the carriage, and those who had attended it, announced its arrival by three loud cheers. The Duke of Mountplume himself stepped forward to give his hand to Mrs. Howard, amidst a tumult of applause; and the Dukes of Abbeyland and Boscobel handed Lady Orient and Miss Woodland into the hall, where they were immediately joined by the Duchess, who led the way to the illuminated saloon, and presented the admired trio to Mrs. Aquiline, who received them with affection; and introduced Amelia and Sybella, being strangers, to the Duchesses of Boscobel and Abbeyland; the Ladies Bloomly, Whirligig, Lureall, Lady Jane, and Sir Philip Belcour,
Belcour, Sir Pagoda Mammon, Sir Archy Maccovet, Mr. Congreve, and several other well known characters. Lady Revel and the Marquis of Bettall came very late with a party from the rooms. The brilliancy of the scene, and the conversation of Lady Jane Belcour, by whom she sat, was so pleasing to Sybella, that if Selby had been there, she would have been perfectly happy; for still, in her opinion, he was superior to the most admired men whom she had seen.

Amelia was enlivened by all the honors paid to her Howard, whose praises she heard from every tongue. Lady Orient profited so much from the lesson she received from the Duchess, that her sisters.
sisters for the first time beheld in her the fascinating creature who captivated their brother. Perfectly at home among those who were assembled at Florizel Villa, she conversed with such ease and vivacity, and bestowed herself so impartially, that the women thought her agreeable, and the men adored her.

When the card and music rooms were thrown open, Sir Archy Maccovet earnestly entreated Amelia and Sybella to join a card party, but they remembered the conversation that had passed between Lady Orient and Lord Belton concerning that gentleman, and told him they preferred music to any game. Lady Orient was in the same humour, rightly judging that the attraction of
the evening would be the musical talents of her sisters; to theirs she was resolved to join her own, of which she had, and not without reason, a very high opinion, and have her share of praise from the amateurs. The music room was crowded, and every lady seemed forsaken for the Graces of Beacon Priory.

Mrs. Aquiline paid very great attention to the fair sisters, and was profuse in her praises of them to the Duke of Mountplume; but she particularly pointed out the charms of Lady Orient as being the most fascinating. The Ladies Blackthorn and Nightshade, who had come in with the last party, overheard
heard a part of what Mrs. Aquiline said to the Duke, and Lady Blackthorn whispered:

"My dear Lady Nightshade, did you hear how Mrs. Aquiline is endeavouring to guide the fancy of the Duke to a new object?"

"Yes, yes, in his varying lies all her dependence; could any lady fix him, her power is over. I suppose she has some apprehensions of Lady Whirligig now; but she need not fear, he is a wandering Phaon; neither beauty nor wit will enchant him long; he is as changeable as the wind," said Lady Blackthorn with a deep sigh, turning away, and walking
walking toward the subject of her discourse, while Lady Nightshade said to Mrs. Howard who was near her:

"Poor woman, she has cause to complain of his inconstancy! When the Duchess was out of her way, she thought of nothing but unrivalled power, and was heartily mortified when she found that it was not to be obtained, and that although her artifice was successful in one grand point, it failed in the other, which would have been more gratifying to her own vanity; for, old as she is, I assure you her vanity seems to increase with her years; when you know it ought to decrease. Look at poor Mrs. Aquiline, do you not think she is going?"

"Going!"
"Going! where?"

"Lord Mrs. Howard! why into her grave to be sure; she looks shockingly notwithstanding all her making up; anybody may see that she will not keep the lead long, death will soon put an end to her career."

"Perhaps he may claim you or I first, Lady Nightshade," said Amelia, shocked at the joyous manner in which her Ladyship spoke.

"What me! Heaven forbid! why I am in full health, and quite young in comparison to Mrs. Aquiline; why I was an infant when she was married to her first husband; go before her indeed! no,
no, no, between you and I, it is more likely that I may succeed than precede her, for all some people's expectations."

"Who disputes that honor with the blooming beautiful Lady Nightshade? for the Duke swears it shall go by seniority."

"O your servant, Lord Belton! there Lady Blackthorn and Lady Whirligig will have the advantage of me; how your Lordship stole in at my shoulder, overhearing what I said."

"I am a close one; the secret is buried in my heart, it will go no farther; but between friends, if you hope in due time to be Lady Para-
mount to a certain Duke, add some twenty or thirty years to your age, or you will stand no chance, mark my words."

"I believe you are joking, Belton, do not you think so, Mrs. Howard?"

"Certainly I do; I can scarcely suppose Lord Belton means to affront your Ladyship."

The entrance of Mrs. Aquiline interrupted Lady Nightshade, as with a look of great surprise she was going to reply to Mrs. Howard, when turning immediately to Mrs. Aquiline, she said, with apparent affection:

"My
"My dear Lady, how charmed I am to see you so perfectly recovered from your cruel indisposition; I never saw you look better than you do to-night; absolutely quite young and lovely; take care of your valuable health, for yours is a very precious life, not only to one in particular, but to all your friends. I am afraid you will fatigue yourself too much this evening."

"I am so well again, that I can enjoy the company of my kind friends without the slightest apprehension of being fatigued. I mean to venture even into the garden to view the fire works given in honor of Colonel Howard, and came to inform you of them, Mrs. Howard."
ard. Did you find the music room too warm? Lord Orient told me he believed your sisters had fatigued you with playing to them in such a crowd."

"He said true, I was glad to leave my seat, and come here for a little air; the gentlemen stood too near us."

"They did indeed hover close around; such was the attraction of yourself and sisters, that they could not keep at a distance, and the room was so full, that many ladies were obliged to leave it. Lady Nightshade, will you walk with us, or stay in the veranda?"

"I prefer being in the garden; you, I think,
I think, are wrong to venture in the weak state of your health to expose yourself to the night air."

"If I did not feel myself in perfect health, I should not attempt to do so."

"Ah! my dear friend, people often flatter themselves."

"I believe your Ladyship wants to persuade me that I am very ill, but I am not fanciful in the least; therefore shall not die from conceit. Lord Belton, will you conduct Mrs. Howard. Lady Nightshade, lean upon my arm, I see you have had another attack of the tormenting gout."

"I the
"I the gout! I assure you, madam, I am quite free from it, I do not know what you mean by your insinuation, I feel not the slightest pain."

"People often flatter themselves, my dear Lady; ha! ha! ha! well, if you will not let me persuade you into having the gout, you shall not persuade me I am ill, particularly after telling me how well, and how young I looked. Ah! Lady Nightshade, there is a proverb which says, people of a certain description, I will not name them, ought to have good memories."

"Did you ever see any creature look so horribly spiteful, my Lord? I know she
she is jealous of me, and truly she may have cause, how I hate her!" whispered Lady Nightshate to Lord Belton, as they went to the garden where the splendid throng were assembled to view the fire works; which were beautifully variegated in devices suitable to Howard and his conquest. The populace had a fine view of them also, and waited to conduct Mrs. Howard back to the hotel in the same manner they had brought her to Florizel Villa; which at a very late hour they did through an undiminished blaze of illuminations on sea and land, and shouts of triumph.

As Lord Orient had agreed to pro-
long his stay at Brighton, several agreeable parties were formed, which were anticipated with far more pleasure by Lady Orient than by her sisters. Her ladyship, who still kept up her gaiety and good humour, was delighted with a walk the next morning on the Steine, because a crowd followed them with a continual buzz of admiration, which charmed her ears; while Amelia and Sybella, notwithstanding the charming music with which they were entertained, never found a walk by the sea so unpleasant, for they had scarcely room to move. Lord Belton gave a breakfast at the rooms, which was illustriously attended.

Sir John Vandash gave a ball in the evening,
evening, at which the sisters of Lord Orient acquitted themselves in the light strathspey and mazy reel, with as much graceful agility as Lady Orient, who was reckoned the best dancer at the royal balls. English country dances commenced by "Go to the Devil and shake yourself," and the night passed away with great hilarity, except with those to whom superior abilities or charms always give the spleen; among these were the Ladies Blackthorn, Nightshade, Whirligig, Lureall, and Orient, who although she appeared gay and happy, was so vexed at the new praises bestowed on Amelia and Sybella for their dancing, in which she was sure she should excel, that she had great difficulty to conceal the painful effects...
of envy rankling in her heart, particularly whenever she beheld any very pointed attentions paid to them by any of her favourites, in whose opinion she wished to stand unrivalled, or at any rate that their adulation should make the world believe that she did, for she was as ambitious to create envy as she was prone to feel it. Among the fretful in the card room, were the Duchess of Boscobel, Lady Revel, Sir Pagoda Mammon, and for a wonder, Sir Archy Maccovet, who had suffered himself that evening to be completely overreached by the Marquis of Bettall. The Duchess of Castlenorth was in high spirits, she had been a considerable winner both nights, and had the pleasure of seeing her daughter looking, and as
she thought, behaving like an angel, ever since the reproof she had given her Ladyship.

At their return from the rooms, Mrs. Howard said that she was weary already of dissipation, and should be rejoiced to return to the Priory. Sybella owned, that if Mr. Selby was of their party, she should enjoy it extremely.

"Should you?" asked Amelia doubtfully; Sybella answered:

"Not if I were obliged to comply with the fashion, and apparently prefer every man to my husband; for it was in that character my fancy had added Selby to our party, but because I would proudly
proudly shew that I preferred him to every other man in the world."

"I wish, Sybella, that Lady Orient could say the same of our brother; but alas! she exposes herself to every temptation by her indifference to Lord Orient, who is actually the only man whom she treats with indifference; I tremble for her. It seems to suit the policy of Mrs. Aquiline, that the Duke of Mountplume should transfer his attention from Lady Whirligig to Lady Orient."

"That appears strange, as surely the latter is a far more dangerous rival than the former."
"No, Sybella, Lady Whirligig, who is an adept in the art of governing the mind, as well as Mrs. Aquiline, has obtained too much influence over the Duke's; Lady Orient is young, inexperienced, and too fond of universal admiration to take any trouble about fixing one man; Lady Whirligig was of the same disposition, and would turn from one admirer to another with the same velocity; but Mrs. Aquiline forgot that the rapid changes of youth must cease as time passed on, and that she who had flown around the circles of fashion would find it to her interest to fix at last, which has been the case it seems with Lady Whirligig, whom she cannot dislodge, and it is on the fickleness of the Duke that she now relies
relies for a change in her own favor, and if she can attach him to a young beauty, she hopes to rule both for a while, perhaps, as long as her existence may last. Oh dear! it is a strange world, Sybella! I have heard and seen more of the world within these two days than in all my life before, and all that I have seen has put me out of humour with it; yet I have been greatly favored both by high and low since I have been here."

"So you have, and therefore ought not to let a few individuals set you against the world, but pray how came you to be so learned in the secret history of Florizel Villa?"

"Some part I owe to jealous rivals and
and some to my own observations, and words unintentionally overheard. My brother keeps free, I think, although I observed Lady Bloomly and several other gay matrons pay vast attention to him."

"I thought the Duke of Mountplume, appeared more charmed with you, Amelia, than with Orinda."

"I thought you were the favourite; I own I saw nothing particular in his behaviour to Orinda, nor in hers to him; she seems more partial to Belton and Vandash than to him. To-morrow we are to ride on the Downs, dine at Florizel Villa, and go to the play; and, thank Heaven! the next day we shall return
return to the dear old Priory; yet I fear we shall have Lady Orient in an ill-humour again; she has been quite agreeable here, both to my brother and to us, perhaps we may hear no more of Glenfinlas Castle.

"I will not go, positively, sister, I have made up my mind; I have received several invitations since I have been at Brighton, particularly one from the charming Lady Jane Belcour; but we shall see; I hope Selby is come back to Woodbine cottage! good night, sister, I will go to sleep and dream of him."
In the morning, Lady Orient, who knew that Sybella was a better equestrian than herself, refused to ride, and requested Amelia to sit with the Duchess in the sociable, as she intended to mount the dicky with Vandash. Lord Orient said he would ride with Sybella, and Lord Belton chose a seat in the sociable, and thus they set out for the Downs.
The brother and sister enjoyed their tête-à-tête ride, and kept a considerable way before the carriage, that they might converse uninterruptedly concerning young Osborne, whose existence Lord Orient rejoiced had not as yet come to the knowledge of Orinda. Sybella advised him to tell her the truth, as it would come better from himself than through the servants, perhaps, to Belton or Vandash, and so to her Ladyship; Lord Orient replied:—

"No, faith, they would scorn to betray a secret of that sort to a wife, there is a certain kind of honor among men in those affairs, Syb; they never tell tales of a husband, but they listen attentively to the complaints of a wife, for
for they consider that she is then making the first advances, and authorizes them, nay, almost asks them to make love to her. Believe me, Syb, that in the number of crim. con. cases which you hear of, the ladies are in general the aggressors; you see how slightly they cover themselves, and the extreme freedom of their conduct even to professed libertines; the consequence is obvious."

"But there are, I hope, men of sense and principle in the world, brother, who would not take advantage of a woman's folly."

"There are many men who respect virtue and modesty, wherever they can find
find them in maid or wife, too highly to form even a wish injurious to such domestic blessings; but yet, Syb, these very men who honor virtuous women are not Josephs, they cannot withstand the temptations of lighter beauties without losing their reputation as men of gallantry; a character of which all fine fellows, Syb, are proud, because it is their best recommendation to the favour of the ladies.”

“Still you throw the faults of the men to the charge of the poor women, they are always blamed.”

“And deserve to be so, for tempting man to err, from the first female who was created.”

“Why.
"Why, yes, I firmly believe that all Adam's strength of mind went with his rib, and thus woman obtained her power over man. What a neat cottage! I dare say the good dame will give me a bit of bread and some milk if we go in and ask, for my ride has made me hungry."

Lord Orient gave the horses to his groom, and went into the cottage with Sybella. He asked the good dame if she could give them any refreshment; she kindly offered them bread and butter, eggs and milk; they requested her to boil them a few eggs, and as she was preparing their repast, they admired the neatness and convenience of the apartments; the poor woman look-
ing round her cottage, and at her children who were playing in a little garden, with an expression of delight said:

"Yes, thank God! we are comfortable! we are not turned away from our home! but ah! your Honor, we were very near it."

"Well, my kind dame, while we are eating our eggs you shall tell us the particulars; what is your husband?"

"A husbandman, your Honor; he can do every thing about the ground, and has constant employ one way or other; but alackady, he had a long illness, and though I worked day and night, knitting garters and pincushions, I could
I could only keep us in food; I could not pay the rent, and the hard-hearted steward said he would seize all we had, and he put up a bill to sell our dear cottage in which all our ten children have been born."

"Ten! what a family to provide for, how can you maintain them?"

"An please you, my Lady, the biggest boys go out to work with their father, and the eldest girls I have taught to knit; so they earn a living, and we can easily keep the five little ones among us. And when we are all in good health, we can be comfortable; but when the father was ill, my boys could not work by themselves though they can help him, and
and my girls were forced to tend their father and keep the young ones still, or out of the way while I worked for them all. Oh! it was a sad hard time, it run us behind hand half a year, and the day before yesterday the steward came and executed all our things; the poor cow that brings up my children, our poultry, and the old sow, all were executed; but I weary your honors."

"No, no, go on; tell us, if after the live stock were executed, they were restored again by Doctor W——'s Galvanismn," said Lord Orient with an arch look at his sister.

"Oh! no, your Honor, they were not restored to us by Doctor W. Gabbleism;
bleism, but a Mr. ———; I will shew you his blessed name bye and bye. I was sitting at my door lamenting our hard fate with bitter tears, and my elder children were crying round me, when a gentleman came by on horseback and saw my distress, so he alighted and asked the cause of my distress; I could not speak, and my poor William came out with a babe in each arm, and the tears in his eyes, and told our pitiful story to the gentleman; so he said, with the voice of an angel, 'the neat appearance of yourselves and all around you, convince me that you are sober, industrious people and deserve assistance. This cottage is to let, I see; do you wish to quit it?' I got courage and said, 'no, sir, I can never wish to leave it; all my children were born here; it was the happy
cottage of my William and I when first we were married; we made the garden a little paradise, we planted yonder tall poplars; the day we were married William cut his name upon one, Mary on the other for me, and so we call the trees, for they always leaned one towards the other like William and I."

"But there are twelve now," said Sybella; "I suppose you have planted a sapling for every child, and seen them grow together."

"We have, lady, set a slip from the tree called William for every boy, and one from Mary for every girl, and have seen them grow together, the child with its name-sake tree, for they are all named; and I told the gentleman this, and
and prayed that I might never leave this beloved spot till I went to Heaven. So what did the angel-man do, your honors, but without asking another question, paid our rent, and bought this cot and bit of ground, poplars and all, and then gave it all to my William, for being as he said, an industrious man, an affectionate husband, and a careful, tender father! Oh! how we blessed him for his goodness!"

"Well you might, and may Heaven bless him, whoever he be, for rendering so worthy a couple happy!" said Sybel-la warmly.

"By all that's noble, I envy the fine fellow his feelings on the occasion."
"And he is to take our second son Robert to help work in his garden, and will buy him a poney, that he may ride home every Sunday to see his parents, and to be instructed with his brothers and sisters, the gentleman said."

"Where does he dwell? what is his name?"

"There it is all, your Honor, we got him to set it down on a blank leaf of the bible."

"'Selby, Woodbine Cottage, near Beacon Priory.' What do you say to that, Syb? how! in tears, my girl!"

"They are tears of joy, brother, at hearing that the generous man is our friend."
friend. We know your benefactor well; not long ago he saved my life."

"Ah! then he goes about like an angel, always doing good! and he is the handsomest gentleman I ever saw."

"Faith, there is the carriage! shall we hail them, Syb, or let it pass? Oh! zounds! they will see the horses! My good Dame, can you feed five more without robbing your children of their dinner?"

"Bless your Honor, the children dined at twelve o'clock, and now by the sun it is near four; and if there is not enough left for William's supper, we can presently send up into town for more, thanks to our generous friend, who
who has enabled us to procure plenty if our own should fail.”

The carriage stopped, and Lord Orient invited the party to enter the Cottage, and as they crossed the front garden, he told them of the people's distress and Selby's generosity. Amelia listened to the latter with pleasure. Lady Orient was, at least appeared to be, enraptured, and declared that she also would do something handsome for the poor people. She asked to see the boy who was going to live with Mr. Selby, and was disappointed when she heard he was at work with his father in the field, and then wished to take the eldest girl to be an assistant to Madame Lamentèuse. Lord Orient said:

“No,
"No, my love, the daughters are best under the care of their mother for a few years longer; and although Madame Lamenteuse may be an excellent waiting gentlewoman for you, I would not by any means give her the charge of a young girl; besides, Dame Fielding's daughters are of use to her, she cannot spare them."

"Orient, you are eternally thwarting my inclinations; now pray my good woman, would you not be happy to have one of your girls well provided for in a noble family?"

"I humbly thank you, Lady, for your kind offer, but while my daughters can earn their bread in their father's cottage,
cottage, there is no need for them to go out in the world, and at present I cannot, as his Honor truly said, spare either of them?"

"Oh! his Honour may have his views for the eldest, so pray do as you please, Goody What's - Your - Name. Have you got any handsome silken garters and pincushions to sell?"

"Yes, Lady, beautiful ones, which I am going to sell at Brighton to-morrow, where there is a perfumer who always deals with me."

"Never mind the perfumer, we will be better customers, let us see them;
male creatures! you shall present us with garters and pincushions."

Dame Fielding fetched a basket and said, "Here, ladies, are some with the Prince's feathers, and here is 'Howard for ever!' and the Laurel."

"Oh! how charming! you must sell us basket and all, to carry them home in."

"Lord Orient, as the ladies are all of your family, Vandash and I will buy the basket and divide the contents between the ladies, and you may pay for the bread and butter."
This proposal was agreed to, and fulfilled with such liberality, that the good Dame beheld the recompense with astonishment, and was very scrupulous of taking what she called such vast sums for her work and homely food; and the party left the cottage followed by her grateful blessings: and as she had been told by Lord Orient that the hero’s wife was under her roof, with many good wishes for a happy meeting between the brave Colonel and Mrs. Howard, and such warm sincere wishes and prayers, seemed peculiarly enlivening to Amelia. “And I,” thought Sybella, “should have a large share of thy wishes, good dame, didst thou know how dearly I love thy all-perfect benefactor; didst thou know that here, in the happy scene
scene of his benevolence, I solemnly vowed never to marry any other man. He is returned to Woodbine Cottage, I shall see him!” She was roused from her reverie by Lord Orient’s exclaiming,—

“What, Syb, are you going back in the carriage, will you not ride with me, my capricious sister?”

“I beg your pardon, brother, but really I was stepping into the sociable without knowing what I was about, I was lost in thought, for I certainly prefer my horse,” replied Sybella blushing deeply at her absence of mind, as her brother led her to the horse and assisted
assisted her to mount. Lady Orient called out to them,—

"Pray good people, ride in search of no more adventures this morning, for we shall have scarcely time to dress now it is so late."

As Lord Orient and Sybella wished to be dressed before the rest came home, they rode too fast for conversation, and having accomplished their wishes, the party of the sociable found them completely ready, and hastened to render themselves so, leaving the brother and sister tête-à-tête. Lord Orient, before suspicious of Sybella's having an attachment for Selby, thought himself confirmed
confirmed in the belief by her behaviour that morning, and when they were alone, he said:

"I am afraid, Syb, that you love Selby."

"And suppose I did, would it be very wonderful, brother?"

"No, but it would be imprudent, because you have no fortune, and you ought to enrich and aggrandize yourself by marriage."

"And perhaps make myself miserable. Brother, I have made my observations on the great, and on the small, and where have I found conjugal felicity?"
felicity? only with cottagers, and yet I know it is sometimes found in high life."

"Yes, and there are good mothers, even with titles, who produce as fine an offspring as Mary Fielding, and who take care of them, and give them excellent advice; and there are others who bring fine children into the world and then leave them totally to the care of mercenary hirelings, and then, if ever they do condescend to advise their children, give such advice as corrupts, not improves their young minds."

"Most likely, for if they never received good instructions themselves, how can they give it to their children? now,
now, Amelia and I who have been most excellently instructed by our mother, would be unpardonable if we did not do equal justice to our children."

"Ah! Syb, there was a time when I considered your amiable mother too rigid, now I know my error, I am older; I am married. I see Emily a married woman, every thing which she ought to be; and my wife, the wife of my choice, very nearly every thing she ought not to be."

"And I, brother, what am I?"

"In some things exactly what I wish you to be, and in others, or rather in another thing, exactly what I wish you not
not to be; and even in that my heart
takes your part, while my prudence
condemns you."

"I guess to what you allude, brother;
you admire Mr. Selby, and if he were
a man of quality you would choose
him above all you know for a dear
brother-in-law, yet being but a cottager
you scorn him for a relative; well,
ever fear, he seems as little inclined
for the relationship as you are, for he
has never solicited that honor, I assure
you."

"He aims at my wife, perhaps, now."

"No, Lord Orient, I am sure he has
more honor, even were she to aim at
him;
him; we shall see him, no doubt, at our return to the Priory."

"The idea pleases you, Syb."

"It does, and where is the wonder? have we seen one like him since we have been away from it?"

"I cannot say we have, yet, positively you must not think of marrying Selby with all his fine accomplishments, unknown to us as he is; remember that, Syb."

"I shall certainly never think of marrying him until he asks me to have him, and when he does that, he will be more
more explicit in regard to himself and circumstances. Poor he cannot be, that is, not very poor."

"No, no, his old sow will not be executed for his rent; if it should, Syb, why you will restore it, I imagine. Here comes Emily; Orinda is always to be waited for."

The Duchess, Lord Belton, and Sir John Vandash joined them immediately, and as Lord Orient said, they waited a considerable time for Lady Orient; at length she appeared with such a profusion of feathers and diamonds, and such a scanty robe of silver muslin, over white silk pantaloons, and her arms and
and bosom so uncommonly uncovered, that Lord Orient was extremely displeased, and said to the Duchess:

"I appeal to your Grace, is that dress becoming a modest woman? nothing on her arms but bracelets, the robe hung on merely by a shoulder strap of diamonds; will you, her mother, appear in public with her as she is now?"

"If Lady Orient has in a trifling degree exceeded the fashion, my Lord, it is an excusable error, if it can be called an error, in a youthful beauty. We are waited for; come with me, Orinda, your Lord will have time to recover his temper in the drive to Florizel Villa, and I do not think you ought to be"
be found fault with for being a little in the extreme.”

"I shall dress to please myself, let him find fault ever so; and if he does not like to be seen with me, he is welcome to stay at home; and his sisters with their full petticoats, and pockets, and tuckers up to their chins, and sleeves so far below their shoulders, they may stay at home too, and let him praise their antediluvian appearance."

"I believe you, Orinda, will soon make a more ancient appearance, and imitate Eve herself when she knew not shame."

"Well, do not be so cross, Orient, and
I will condescend to throw a lace shawl over me, and wear it, perhaps, at the theatre; but my dress is beautiful as it is, and I will not make any alteration or any other addition to it for the world; I have anticipated a fashion which Mrs. Aquiline told me Lady Whirligig had bespoke! she will be so vexed."

"I hope you do not mean to follow the example of Lady Whirligig in every thing, Orinda."

"Oh! no! not in every thing, my Lord."

Lord Orient having gained one little favour, tenderly entreated her to put on
on a petticoat; but that she peremptorily refused to do; and there being no time to argue with her, he was forced to give up the point.
They found but a small party at Florizel Villa; Mrs. Aquiline was indisposed, and kept her room; the Duke and Duchess of Boscobel, the Marquis of Bettall, and Lord and Lady Whirligig, her Ladyship in a lace frock dress, without any ornament on her head. The Duke of Mountplume gallantly took off Lady Orient's shawl, and gazing on her, exclaimed, in a half whisper—

"The
"The Paphian Queen in all her heavenly charms!"

Lady Orient gave a glance of triumph at, as she supposed, the mortified Lady, whose dress she had anticipated; was surprised to see her perfectly tranquil, and felt disappointed.

Lady Whirligig, after paying her compliments to the newly arrived guests retired, and was absent when dinner was announced, and her seat at the table continued vacant for some time after the rest had taken their places; but when she entered, her appearance was a dagger to the vain heart of Lady Orient, for her dress was in
in every respect more splendid, more becoming, and through the whole, displayed a more elegant taste than Orinda's: how terrible, that she who came to mortify should be herself so mortified! Lady Whirligig's muslin was starred with silver, hers only spotted; the Prince's plume waving gracefully from a superb diadem of brilliants, was far superior to her tall awkward feathers nodding over bandeaus and sprigs; she was nearly overcome with vexation. The Duchess of Castlenorth caught her eye, and gave her an expressive nod; she understood it, and endeavoured to recover her spirits, but she saw herself look too thin by the finely rounded form of Lady Whirligig; she was only eighteen, had lately been confined by illness,
illness, how then should her form exhibit the polished roundness of maturity, and a perfect state of health? yet she reflected that she was a youthful beauty growing into perfection; Lady Whirligig was fading away, and would be a neglected old woman when she should be in the prime of loveliness, followed and admired; this idea tranquillized her mind, and after having sent away several niceties of the first course untasted, she began to eat when the second came in, and grew extremely cheerful.

The party entered rather late a crowded theatre; the audience had been impatient, but the sight of Mrs. Howard inspired them with joy, and they immediately
immediately vociferated "long live the wife of the heroic Howard!" The music played 'Britons Strike Home,' and a song written by a first-rate wit for the occasion, was sung and chorused by the vocal strength of the house, and then loudly encored by the audience; the song gave a concise account of the battle, and ended thus:

"May Howard, the brave, after risking his life, Triumphant return to his beautiful wife! And from the bless'd union may young heroes spring Who will fight, like their father, for country and king!"

This verse was chorused by the whole house standing up, and when the music ceased; the cry was "Howard, virtue and modesty for ever!"

Lady
Lady Orient wrapped her lace shawl, which she had not thrown off, closely around her. Lady Whirligig, who had no covering, attracted the eyes of the people, and some sailors hissed her, and called out, "go, home, naked one, and put on your shift at least; damn your sleeveless rags! go sell your trinkums and buy covering;" another cried, "wrap the mad wretch in a blanket and carry her home, let her not stay there to shame the modest wife and sisters of our brave Howard."

Orinda kept carefully folding her shawl lest her nakedness should be discovered through its thinness, and she should be hooted out of the theatre; for the uproar was so great, that Lady Whirligig
Whirligig was forced to quit the house as she would not submit to put a shawl over her, which she had brought to put on at night, and she was so apprehensive of new insults, that she left Brighton that evening for Whirligig Hall.

Tranquillity being restored, the party enjoyed the performances, particularly one which was extremely well got up for the occasion, representing the siege of ——, Colonel Howard’s entrance into the fort, the striking the French flag and hoisting the English amidst triumphant shouts. A spirited martial song concluded the little piece, which was received with such enthusiastic applause, that Mrs. Howard was greatly affected; and when at Lord Orient’s request
request she made her parting curtsey, tears of gratitude gushed from her eyes.

When their carriage was called for they were informed that the horses had again been taken from it by the populace, who were waiting to draw them once more to the Hotel.

Previous to their departure the next day, they sent to inquire after the health of Mrs. Aquiline, and heard that she continued very bad with a nervous fever; and of Lady Whirligig's hasty flight from Florizel Villa.

The Duke of Castlenorth having postponed his journey to Weymouth, the
Duchess, at the request of Mrs. Aquiline, had promised to stay at Florizel Villa for some days; Lady Orient was also particularly invited to stay with her; but, for a wonder, she complied without a demur to Lord Orient's request, that she should return to Beacon Priory; but she knew that the Duke of Mountplume was going to Windsor for a few days, and her favorite Belton and Vandash were not invited; besides, she hated the Duchess of Boscobel, who was there, for she was too handsome and sensible; and the Duke was a horrid mortal, because he never flattered her. After sitting silent for some time, she exclaimed:

"Heaven forbid that I should outlive my
my youth and beauty! Poor Mrs. Aquiline, how miserable she must be now the day of her beauty is gone, closed for ever, in the dismal night of old age! How horrible it must be!"

"It must indeed," said Amelia, "to those who have no resources in themselves, when they lose the admiration of the world; and who have by their vanity, ambition, or imprudence, exposed themselves to its contempt; but to those who have fulfilled the duties of their younger days, with honor to themselves and good to others, who live beloved and respected in the bosom of an amiable family, they may look back with comfort, and enjoy their lives even in old age."

"Suppose
"Suppose they have no family, then how wretched they must be."

"They are certainly more desolate; yet still if the retrospect of their lives are satisfactory, they will not be wretched; and if they are sensible and good-tempered, they may be happy in that case also."

"But when they suffer, and know their sufferings are incurable—when they think of death and the grave—then how miserable they must be!"

"If they can look no farther; but if they fix their thoughts on a blissful eternity, where all their sufferings will cease, their youth be renewed, and age
never destroy it more, then they will patiently endure all the evils of this life, and think of the grave as only of a gloomy path, which leads to the immortal joys of Paradise."

"Oh! that is a delightful thought! to be eternally young and beautiful, and of course eternally admired, would be indeed sublime felicity! but to grow old first is shocking, or to die when one is young is very shocking. I wish we could become immortal all at once without trouble."

"And pray, Orinda, why do you wish for immortality all of a sudden?" said Lord Orient, entering the room with Belton and Vandash.

"Because
"Because I dread old age and death."

"You are very far from the first, my love, and I hope still farther from the last: but what put such dismal subjects into your head?"

"Mrs. Aquiline, and her nervous fever; poor woman, how I pity her! I hope she will be well enough to come to my masquerade; my mother is to persuade her, for she thinks that gay scenes are good for her, as they amuse the mind and banish reflection, which generally affects the spirits. 'I am sure it always gives me the vapors, young as I am.'

"It is lowering to a degree to reflect about
about oneself; but it is diverting enough to reflect on one's acquaintance."

"You are right, Lord Belton, that is very amusing, and will cure the vapors; one finds so many ridiculous things to laugh at in one's acquaintance."

"And does not your Ladyship imagine they may divert themselves in the same way with you?"

"Why, really, Mrs. Howard, I never thought about that; perhaps they do; well, as they cannot say I am old, ugly, or unfashionable in my dress or manners, they are welcome to give me whatever other faults they please."

"Faith,
"Faith, Orinda, you may as well give them leave civilly to find fault, for else they will certainly do it without; scandal is uncontrollable. Syb, you have made a capital conquest."

"What renowned victory falls to my share?"

"You have conquered the hitherto impregnable heart of the most noble Marquis of Bettall."

"I am not proud of my conquest, he seems a strange being; then his sole delight is gambling, in every extent of the word."

"And with success, therefore he is immensely
immensely rich; and is willing to make you a Marchioness, with a noble jointure, although he takes you without a penny: such offers do not happen every day, therefore think seriously of it, my dear little Syb, for on my honor he is serious."

"I suppose he does not require an immediate answer? I may take time to consider: but he appears quite at a loss for what I deem sensible conversation."

"He is a Marquis; that is sufficient surely for any girl without a fortune. I have invited him to the Priory, where perhaps, he may talk to please you."
"He is reckoned a handsome man, and a fine figure; any woman may like him. You are certainly more likely to be rivalled by his racers than by the ladies, for I have always thought him insensible to beauty; now, indeed, he has proved himself a man of taste, and you, Sybella, are ungrateful to find fault with him; and believe me, were he deformed, ugly, and foolish, many a young beauty would accept him with transport to be a Marchioness, so highly do those who live in the great world estimate rank and precedency."

"You say truly, Orinda; titles are too precious to be refused if once offered. Come, the carriages are waiting, and Amelia's
Amelia's friends, to take leave of her. What a fuss their zeal for bravery will make with Howard himself when he arrives in England; he must shew himself to the honest Brightonians."

The party quitted Brighton, followed by the blessings and kind wishes of the people, to whom Mrs. Howard bowed her grateful adieus.

During the journey Sybella was remarkably silent; the conversation which had passed between her and Lord Orient had checked her mirth. She had arisen gay and happy in the near prospect of seeing Mr. Selby, and of enjoying many pleasant hours with him; but
but now she seemed to have no alternative but to marry the Marquis, or go to Glenfinlas Castle; and she did not hesitate a moment in making her choice.