

CHAPTER II.

It is now time, having rendered some account of his parents, to introduce my hero to my reader. I will not pursue his progress from the top-spinning urchinry and diet of the lower Greek, through the incipient despotism and miniature dandyism of the fifth form, to the final majesty of the supreme and liberty-giving sixth. Suffice it to say, that on his transplantation to the land of his forefathers, he grew as rapidly in grace, strength, and beauty, as the heart of the tenderest and most anxious mother could desire.

The preparatory process of his education was intrusted to the charge, and rapidly advanced under the paternal care and profound learning of a most pious and amiable individual, who, at this present hour, sheds the utmost lustre and dignity on one of the higher offices of the church. The name of our hero, carved in deep and well blacked letters, (by the Cerberus of his time,) a few yards below the right-hand side of Dr. Keates' desk in the upper school, still gives a sufficient proof that he was entitled to spring to the rescue at the sound of the well-loved and never-forgotten battle cry of "Floreat Etona." Having attained the age of sixteen, a commission was obtained for him in one of the regiments of Guards.

Here I conclude it is necessary to give some account of his person, which I shall do, not merely from the most distinct recollection of the features and form of Herbert Milton himself, but from a recent inspection of the beautiful full-length portrait in the possession of his family, which many of my readers may have seen and admired in the Exhibition, as one of the happiest and highly-finished productions of the masterly president. He was rather above the common stature in these degenerate days: his person, though wrought in the finest proportion, was more remarkable for its grace and activity, than for its muscular strength. His high forehead, and finely rounded head,

was shaded by a redundancy of dark brown hair, waving in natural curls, which required not the assistance of the human comb or the five fingers to raise it from the occiput, but merely demanded the assistance of Mr. Truefit's periodical scissors to check its luxuriance, while it disdained the fostering warmth of the curling-irons, which now-a-days are so constantly employed in converting the lank and pendant thatch of our beaux' heads into the best possible imitation of an Astrakan lamb's-skin, or a pet poodle dog's frizly jerkin.

A pair of brilliant hazel eyes, and an open, manly countenance, bespoke the candour and integrity of a heart which through life was alive to the finest sentiments of nature. His skill and success in all the manly games and exercises so peculiar to our country, were as proverbial as his grace and gentlemanly manner in the agile movements of the ball-room, as well as his address in the more serious knowledge and use of arms; a science, however, of which Herbert never was known to take advantage, but in espousing the cause of the weak, or in defending his own person, when every other method of honourable adjustment or conciliation had failed: an example worthy of imitation by some of the *spadassins* of the day, who, relying on their skill at hitting an ace, snuffing a candle, or knocking over half-a-score of *poupées* at Le Page's and Manton's, not only exult in the number of affairs they have had, or exhibit their pistols scored with the mementos of their prowess, as country cricketers mark their notches on a stick, or gamekeepers their masters' shots in a battue; but, in addition to this unnatural pride, seek every opportunity they can meet with of putting into practice their odious and inhuman accomplishment.

Herbert's taste for the fine arts, at first natural, and afterwards matured by travelling, and, above all, that for music, aided by a fine, clear, and mellow tenor, a true *vocè di petto*, for the sweetness of which he was more indebted to nature than art, rendered him a welcome and most acceptable addition to the *parties fines* of the most distinguished amateurs; while his good humour, absence of all conceit and affectation, and, above all, his most gentlemanly manners and handsome person, caused him to be

an object of general *recherche* in the highest and best society.

No sooner was it buzzed about that he was son of the handsome and fashionable Lady Milton, not a *scorpion*, (*Anglicé* a younger brother,) but the apparent heir of a large fortune, than cards for dinners and parties overflowed upon him. Fifty provident mammas begged to be introduced to him, and carefully inscribed his name, and, above all, his prospects, in their tablets.

After due inquiry, this respectable band of female Guerillas resolved to confine their attacks to the suburbs of the young *debutant*, merely giving him every encouragement to flirt *a little* with their elder daughters, in order to keep alive the acquaintance, until his years, and those of some younger "bread and butter" damsel, not yet escaped from the watch-tower of the governess, might render their nearer attacks more justifiable, and more productive. The only son of a baronet, a peer eventually perhaps, and that baronet a rich and old East Indian, whose life the most enterprising Insurance Office in London would not guarantee for more than eleven years, (bile, liver, climate, and subsequent Bath waters included,) being a lure which these speculative jackals never can resist. It being looked upon with them, in such cases, as much a matter of duty which they owe to their families, to mark down and transfix the young embryos of fashion in their shells, as with Dorsetshire farmers to kill the young rooks in their nests, or to convert the produce of the old ones, during the process of incubation, into plover's eggs for the London markets.

It is needless to say, that, with these advantages, Herbert Milton's success in society was complete; and if I add, that his head was a little turned with the flattery and attention he met with, no one can be surprised. Nothing had been omitted by Lady Milton to render her son not only one of the most accomplished men of the age, but every care had been taken to impress upon his mind the purest sentiments of morality and religion, and he had hitherto given every reason to believe that these essential lessons had not been thrown away.

He left Eton with the reputation of high classical acquirements, and with a character of integrity and honour,

not inferior to that of his father ; he was noted in his regiment for his generosity and bravery ; in short, no young man ever held a commission in the Guards with brighter prospects of success, or was more generally beloved by his comrades and esteemed by his commanding officers. If lady Milton had every reason to feel satisfied with her son's progress in the world, she had still more reason to feel gratified with the reception he met with at Court, and the remarks made upon him by his venerable and revered Sovereign. As the beautiful mother, leaning on the young soldier's arm, approached the Royal Presence, the good old Monarch, turning round to his illustrious consort, observed with his usual kind and benevolent manner, "Young Milton, young Milton, fine recruit—a credit to the Guards—as handsome as his mother, and no doubt as good—highly spoken, highly spoken of by his regiment ;" and then addressing himself to Herbert, he added, "Glad to see you, glad to see you, honour and character hereditary in the family."

There was something so flattering at such a moment in the kindness of his Majesty, that Lady Milton was for a time extremely affected, and indeed could hardly command her feelings, as she gracefully knelt down to make her obeisance to the Royal pair ; and what mother, idolizing an only son, would not have betrayed some emotion on such an occasion ? Who is there that would not have felt gratified at the praise proceeding from such a source ? I do not address myself to those who with boasted affectation pretend to despise, or disregard the influence of a Court, and if they do not openly endeavour to insult, at least refuse the decent homage due to their Sovereign,—a proof neither of their sense, foresight, or consistency. Many of these independents being the first to grasp with eagerness any place of appointment which they can procure for some member of their family not yet provided for, and eventually becoming, in their own persons, the most assiduous converts to courtiership—if their King, forgetting or despising their conduct, should command them to be invited to dinner, and their wives and daughters to a ball or party "frocks." I speak not to such as these, who with abuse on their tongues, and envy in their hearts, choose

not to draw a distinction between the man as a private individual and the man invested with the arduous burthen inherent in his illustrious and elevated situation; who can make no allowance for the weakness of human nature, and for the errors and failings incidental to his difficult position, often arising from the counsels and representations of his servants, to whose opinions he is often obliged to yield, in despite of his own judgment or the dictates of his heart and feelings. But I speak to those who do not, in their condemnation of any public measure, indiscriminately blind themselves to private and domestic virtues, but, above all, I address myself to those whose hearts must still warm, whose eyes must still glisten, at the memory of the venerable and virtuous Monarch, to whom Lady Milton had the honour of presenting her son.

It has fallen to my lot to be introduced. I have bent the knee and bowed the head, to most of the crowned heads, the mightiest potentates of the earth. I have seen them on occasions and at moments the most calculated to excite the liveliest emotions and leave the strongest impressions on the mind; at the solemn and awe-inspiring funeral, when arrayed in the garb of humility and mourning, they have accompanied to the silent tomb the mouldering bodies or re-collected bones of their predecessors; at the gorgeous and splendid altar, when surrounded by gold-clad ministers and treasure-sparkling emblems of religion, they have first received the sacred unction, or bent their brows to accept the nuptial diadem; on the field of war, amidst the thunder of battle, amidst the horrors of carnage, and the devastation of combat, when their presence alone has sufficed to excite with maddening enthusiasm the fury of victorious columns, or their word to arrest the retreat, and reanimate the courage of defeated and broken hosts; I have seen them in all the splendour and magnificence of their Courts, in all the brilliancy of dress and decorations, amidst the glittering attributes of their power, surrounded by honour, dignities, and grandeur; the greatest, the most beautiful of the land bending in homage before them; I have seen them under every circumstance most suited to leave upon my memory the strongest traces of their persons and their greatness—but of all, nothing remains but

a faint and indistinct remembrance, confused as the fading image of a dream, or the recollection of some theatric pageantry. Whereas, though years have rolled away, though time with its engulfing power has weakened and obscured the vigour of my memory; still those days of my boyhood are fresh—still do I see before me, as if it were but yesterday, the image of the good, the aged Monarch, as, in his simple dress, and with unassuming appearance and modest retinue, he stayed his hunter, in passing through the College, to address some more fortunate and envied schoolfellow. I see the benevolent smile, and hear the hurried question, as he accosted some of the numerous happy urchins, who with delighted faces and joyous hearts crowded the low wall—above all, the sounds still ring in my ears of the heartfelt “Hurrah!” the deafening shout, and earnest “God bless the King!” roared and re-echoed from a host of loyal hearts. I see the beam of pleasure which glanced across the countenance of the venerable Prince, as, gently raising his hat from his head, he heartily returned the compliment, and while he uttered a kind “God bless you all!—be good boys—be good boys, and I’ll ask for a holyday from the Doctor,” he then put his horse into a gallop, and resumed the pleasures of the chase, apparently well pleased with the genuine proof of his infant subjects’ love and loyalty. Brave hearts! how many of you since that period have proved the sincerity of your attachment! how many of you since then have whitened with your bones, and irrigated with your blood, the field of honour! how many of you have perished for the glory of your King and Fatherland! Honour and peace to the virtuous ashes of the best of kings, glory to the souls of the heroic dead.

At the end of two or three years, which had been one succession of pleasure, an interruption took place in the amusements of Herbert, in consequence of his regiment being ordered on foreign service; an event which was as ardently desired by Herbert, as it was dreaded by Lady Milton.

My readers must pardon me if I take the liberty of not following him on the Continent. Every person is now well acquainted with the gallant deeds of our brave armies:

so much has been said and written on the subject of their campaigns, marches, bivouacs, and combats, that it would be both tiresome and presumptuous to render this story a vehicle for panegyric, either on the heroic troops, or encomium on the mighty chief, who led them from victory to victory, from the shores of the Tagus to the palace of the Capets. It is not my province to encroach upon the privileges of the wide-margined, exceeding military, and rather somniferous quarto of the Knight of St. Anne, or the more agreeable, though not less soldierlike octavo of the author of "Recollections:"—besides there is not a glen, rivulet, village, or petticoat, from the Pillars of Hercules to the confines of the Don, which has not been described by some military, clerical, or medical tourist. To attempt a romantic description of battles, shells, positions, dead men, horse *patées*, glory, and frozen fingers, after Monsieur de Segur's terrific melodrame, which congealed the very breath in one's nostrils, or the inimitable retreat from Moscow of Astley, would be as great a proof of rashness and imprudence as that very expedition itself. I shall therefore merely state, that Herbert went through the various campaigns with great credit to himself, performed no particular act of extraordinary valour, because it was difficult for any officer to particularize himself when all were equally brave—escaped even without a wound, and at length returned home on his promotion, once more to take his place amidst the pleasures of fashionable life, and to become himself the willing victim of a conquest, of which he had already sown the seeds before his departure from England.

A few months prior to Herbert Milton's proceeding with his battalion to join that small but gallant army, which was afterwards destined to plant their victorious banners on the heights of Monmartre, he received orders to proceed to Harwich on the most irksome and painful service on which an officer or man of feeling could be employed. His duty here consisted in superintending with other officers the landing from Walcheren, the immense numbers of sick or rather dying men, whose aguish and emaciated bodies already crowded the hospitals almost to suffocation, or in receiving those who hourly arrived in

whole detachments on the quay, from that fatal and accursed swamp, whose pestilential vapours had sent to a premature and unhonoured grave so many hundreds of England's bravest and most chosen soldiers.

Herbert, whose personal courage and disregard for himself had always been conspicuous, had the good fortune to escape infection ; and by his kindness and humanity to those who fell, and the little comforts and luxuries which he procured for those who were lucky enough to overcome the malady, he not only had the mournful satisfaction to receive the last homely blessing of many of the dying, but bound to him for ever the hearts of the survivors.

When these brave fellows rejoined their regiments, they communicated to their comrades, in terms of exaggerated gratitude, the kindness of Captain Milton ; his name was handed from one to another until it became familiar to every man in the corps. At a future period, upon service, it was almost a subject of contention among these grateful fellows, to see who could be the first to offer to him any little assistance in their power. After the longest and most harassing marches, regardless of their own misery and fatigue, they would eagerly proffer their services to fetch water, hew wood, pitch the tent, or construct the bivouac. When suffering themselves from thirst and hunger, the old and hardy grenadiers, with a toss of the shoulder and a hand thrust into their havresac, would modestly come forward and offer to "his honour" their last mouthful of biscuit, or the last contents of their canteens. While in the hour of battle the oldest veterans would watch his eye and follow his movements with the docility of children, but the courage of lions. However hazardous the service, however tremendous or unequal the attempt, whether at the foot of the deadly breach, or amidst the hurrah of the deafening and appalling charge, where he led, all were forward ; and upon more occasions than one he owed, if not his life, at least his liberty, to the self-devotion of the men, who, upon every occasion of péril, were ready to sacrifice their existence for his safety.

It occurred one day, as Herbert was standing on the beach, watching the arrival of the boats as they conveyed

to the shore fresh cargoes of emaciated and ghastly wretches, that his attention was particularly excited by the appearance of a young and beautiful girl, accompanied by an elderly lady and an aged man-servant. There was something so striking in the graceful form and manner of the younger female, so singular in her continued presence at such a moment, as well as in her remaining a spectator of the melancholy and sickening scene which was passing around them, that Herbert could not avoid feeling some degree of curiosity to ascertain the motives of their remaining on the spot. It was evident, from the deportment of the ladies, that they were strangers; and to judge by their countenances and the agitation of their manner, duty, some painful duty, had drawn them to the shore. Herbert observed that they appeared to watch with deep anxiety the arrival of the boats as they touched the strand; and as the miserable objects were placed on biers or bearers to convey them to the hospitals, the old domestic was despatched by them to examine the uniforms of the attendants, or if possible, perhaps to gain some information respecting the person for whom it was evident they were awaiting.

"Some poor creatures, most probably," said Herbert to a brother officer, "who are expecting the return of a father and a husband from this wretched expedition."

"Some fiddlestick!" replied his companion: "I'll bet you a rouleau, Herbert, that the old one is no more acquainted with the marriage ceremony than Saint Fiacre himself, and that the filly knows as much who her father is as I can guess who will win the Derby."

"I think I never saw so expressive a countenance," retorted Herbert, unmindful of his companion's remark. "Poor creatures! I wish we could be of any service to them."

"Oh! oh!" exclaimed the other, "what *para servir usted*. I'll soon settle that difficulty for you, my boy. Here, come along; I'll introduce you. Why, bless your innocence, I remember them perfectly. Not a word about a masquerade at the Opera House! Do you understand, Herbert?"

"Why my comprehension is not quite so dense," answered Milton, "as not to understand your meaning; but as your memory and judgment do not always keep pace with your modish assurance, I shall take the liberty of saying, in the first place, that you must be mistaken; and in the next, of querying if you could carry your impudence so far as to go and address two ladies who are evidently highly respectable?"

"D—n their respectability!" retorted the officer; "so much the better. My maxim is, to use all my endeavours to make all women so; and, upon my soul, I could never discover any difference between them, whether wife or widow or maid; they are all alike, all perfect, until you hold them up to the light: and as for that, I do not see why a woman who happens to have half-a-dozen masters should be a bit less respectable than a man who has a dozen mistresses. I do not see what right all the world have to exclaim against a poor girl because Nature gave her a susceptible heart, any more than their cutting a woman because half-a-dozen old prigs in huge wigs decide that she repented having married her husband and preferred some one else."

"If I thought you were serious, Sidney," replied Herbert, "I should be ashamed of your acquaintance; but, for the sake of contradiction, I believe you would accuse yourself of highway robbery or murder."

"Serious!" rejoined the other; "I never was more so in my life; and, whatever you may think of my modesty, I'll soon put that of the young tit there to the test."

"My dear Sidney," answered his friend, "let me beg of you to consider what you are about. It is evident that the object of the lady's presence here is connected with this dreadful service, and that they are women of distinction, if not of rank: besides, if they were even worse than you suppose, surely this is neither a time nor place to interrupt or insult them; besides, Sidney, you know I can be as obstinate as yourself; and I'll tell you plainly, fair or foul, good or bad, I never yet saw the man who dared to insult with impunity a woman in my presence, and so now do as you like, though you will only oblige me to apologise to

the ladies for your conduct in the first place, and the next to make good my words with you."

Captain Sidney, who had the greatest regard for Herbert, and, with all his show of profligacy, was a kind-hearted, though a wild and extravagant young man, had as little real intention of annoying the fair strangers, as he had of quarrelling with Herbert, whom, however, he took no small delight in tormenting, and what he called "Orlandoing." Not satisfied with his success in having already excited Herbert, he exclaimed, "Bravo, most perfect and loyal Preux! Why, I verily believe you would not mind breaking a lance with the Knight of Guyenne himself, though the horn hung at his saddle-bow (ominous enough for a married cavalier,) if he dared to deny that the loosest of Mrs. Fry's collection from St. Giles's or the Magdalen was not as tight-laced as Titania herself; or that the vilest rogue, who ever learned the Moulinet from Jack Ketch, was not as virtuous as Socrates!"

"Thank God, Sidney," answered Herbert, "I am not such a disciple of that arch-egotist La Rochefoucault, as you are,—since you choose to make comparisons; nor do I think with Solomon on his throne, or Diogenes in his tub, that a petticoat is but the emblem of frailty, and that all mankind are housebreakers. In fact, I wonder, with such sentiments of mankind in your heart, that you ever move without a constable at your elbow, and a pistol in your pocket. I would sooner fly the world and the sex altogether, and turn hermit!"

"Indeed, I love the world and the sex a great deal too much, to think of abandoning them to such sly sinners as you, Master Herbert. And as for a hermitage! unless indeed some little Angelicas came to keep me company, I should die of the dismal in two hours. Besides, the horrors of roots and the limpid! when I hate even a potatoe, unless it is *à la Maître d' Hôtel*, and always disguise the water for my very teeth with a little veritable cognac. But, I say, Herbert, if you are surprised at my trusting myself without a police-officer and a pistol, I am equally astonished at your attending our profane parades, without a pocket-bible in your hand, and a field-preacher at your elbow. But look, Herbert! look at her foot! it's a bijou.

Oh, I cannot resist any longer." And then quitting Herbert, pulling up his cravat, and arranging his curls with his fingers, and humming the general, he pretended to put into execution his threat of introducing himself to the ladies.

Herbert now, however, laid his hand upon his arm, and said very quietly, "Do you recollect, Sidney, the battles I had at Eton with long Sturton and big Marmaduke?"

"Well do I recollect," replied his companion, stopping short on his march, "the most immortal thrashing you gave those two insufferable bullies!"

"Well, then," answered Herbert, "you may also remember the cause of our quarrel?"

"Oh, oh! I see," rejoined his companion; "first the fable, then the moral. So, my slayer of giants and protector of unfortunate fair ones! inasmuch as you thought proper to commence your career by throwing your hand as well as your glove in Sturton's eye, because he ran away in a frolic with little Miss Cob, the old fellow's daughter, you would put an end to mine for wishing to be the first to introduce you to those ladies; who, by the by, you are dying to speak to yourself."

"You may put what construction you please upon my motives," answered Herbert, who began to feel himself a little irritated at the resolution of his comrade, "but I can only warn you that I am not a jot less quixotic than I was at Eton; and I am just as ready now to break heads for any person whom I see defenceless and insulted, as I was at Eton to enter the lists for Betty Cob. However," added he good-humouredly, "I am a fool for feeling vexed at your nonsense; for, with all your faults, Harry, I know you have a good heart, and that you are incapable of an ungentlemanly action."

"Ah!" as old Tasso says, '*con soave licor porgiamo gli orli del Vaso*,' " answered Sidney. "Well, well, Herbert, though your talk savours more of the hatchet of war than the calumet of peace; yet, as I love thee, with all thy morality passing well, and myself, with all my wickedness much more, I shall beg to decline having my ill-tempered interior visited by your well-tempered *Solingen*, for the sake of a long-nosed girl, whom to tell you the

truth, I ne'er set eyes on before ;—so take up thy glove, brave knight, and give me your valiant hand."

"Willingly, my dear Sidney," answered Herbert "You will find I am just as right in my estimation of the character of those two ladies, as I was in my opinion of yourself."

The friends now approached the landing-place. Sidney continuing to ejaculate, "Oh, what a foot! Oh, Herbert, what a *taille svelte*! Hold me fast, or I shall run and throw myself at her feet!"

During the latter part of their conversation, several boats approached the shore, in one of which were seated some soldiers of the —— regiment, escorting sick men, —one of whom was evidently an officer. On the arrival of this party, the ladies, who had hitherto remained at some distance from the crowd, now eagerly attempted to approach the beach, and with the assistance of the old servant endeavoured to press through the soldiers, sailors, and boatmen, who were busily employed in their respective duties. Upon addressing themselves to some of the soldiers, whose nature it is not on any occasion to show particular civility, but who were now harassed and engaged in their present service, the ladies received in reply a gruff "I don't know," or a surly "Can't tell;" accompanied with "Come, come, Misses, by your leaf, stand back, we baent heré to stop answering questions;" and before the fair strangers could retire, both were nearly precipitated from the platform of the quay into the sea, by a party of the soldiers who suddenly advanced with a bier. Herbert and Sidney, who had both approached close to the spot, rapidly and providentially sprung forward in time to rescue them.

Herbert, and his companion, who in reality yielded nothing to the former in point of gallantry, apologized to the ladies for the rudeness they had met with, and after rebuking the soldiers for their brutality, proffered their assistance.

"If there is any thing, in which we can be of service to you," said Herbert, addressing the two trembling females—"if my friend and myself can be of the least use, pray command us."

"Oh, Sir!" replied the elder lady, "my young companion has been for some hours awaiting the arrival of her father, (Herbert cast a significant glance at Sidney,) who we have ascertained is among the sick. Upon seeing that uniform, we thought that our dear friend might have been among the unfortunate people now landing."

"Madam," replied Herbert, "if you will have the kindness to retire from this disagreeable spot, and if you will do us the honour to communicate the name of the officer whom you expect, we will immediately make every inquiry, and I have no doubt that in a few minutes we shall be enabled to ascertain all you desire."

With a profusion of thanks from the elder female, and a look of gratitude from the younger lady, whom agitation and terror, at her recent alarm had almost rendered speechless, Herbert was informed that the officer was Major Manby of the ——— regiment.

"Will you permit me, madam," said Herbert, addressing himself to the younger lady, "in the event of the Major not being already landed, which may perhaps be the case, to proceed on board the transports? and should we find him embarked in any one of those now at anchor, I shall be most happy in tendering the assistance of myself and companion to convey him to you."

"Indeed, Sir," rejoined Miss Manby, "I feel ashamed at the idea of intruding upon your kindness; but my suspense is so dreadful, my anxiety to receive some intelligence of my poor father so agonizing, that I cannot hesitate in accepting your obliging offer."

"Come, Sidney," exclaimed Herbert, "will you call one of our sergeants to attend the ladies, while I run down to order a boat; and if you, Miss Manby, will await our return, in less than half an hour you shall receive every information you can desire."

Sidney, who felt little inclination to separate himself from the beautiful stranger, to whom accident had introduced him, as he said, in despite of Herbert, was now reluctantly obliged to follow his friend. In a moment, an orderly sergeant was desired to attend the ladies, and in another the two officers were on the water. Having visited

several transports, they at last discovered that on which Major Manby was aboard.

On going below, they found the object of their search, reduced by fever and exhaustion almost to a state of insensibility, his malady having been aggrayated by the effects of the voyage, the impure air of the vessel, the want of comforts, and the noise and confusion incidental to that most miserable invention,—a transport.

Upon consulting the medical officer as to the expediency of removing the sufferer immediately, Herbert was told that it signified little whether the Major remained where he was, or whether he was conveyed into the town, there being little probability of his ultimate recovery. Upon finding, however, that the officer's removal, though it might not retard, could not, at all events, accelerate the sad event, Herbert, with the assistance of his friend, directed the poor Major to be carried on deck, in his bed, and then, seeing him carefully lowered into the boat, proceeded to shore with his dying charge.

As they rowed towards the landing-place, Sidney endeavoured to obtain some information of the soldiers in attendance upon Major Manby, both respecting him and the ladies on shore ; but the men said, they knew nothing about either,—they had only been two or three days acting as nurses to “his honour,” whose servant, having caught the fever, had died before they entered the harbour.

No sooner did Miss Manby perceive the return of the two officers, and discover by the signs which Herbert made, that her father was under his charge, than she rushed to the water's edge, and, regardless of the surrounding spectators, threw herself in a state of frantic grief upon the bearer, on which Herbert had placed the almost inanimate body of the Major. At the sound of his daughter's voice, roused by the loud exclamations of “My father! my dear father!” which the sobbing girl wildly screamed out, the poor man, who had hitherto appeared unconscious of every thing which was passing around him, now opened his glazing eyes, and making an effort to speak, though the words almost died upon his lips, faintly articulated, “My poor child!” and then feebly clasping his daughter in his arms, sunk back, to all appearance dead,

upon the shoulder of Herbert. At the sight of this hasty but melancholy scene, even the gay Sidney could hardly repress his tears; while Herbert, who was extremely affected, could scarcely raise his eyes from the ground, to ascertain if indeed the poor officer was no more.

Partly from the acuteness of his own feelings, partly from delicacy to those of the beautiful being who lay before him in a state of complete insensibility, Herbert continued for some moments perfectly silent, until he was warned to proceed by the cries of the naval officers, who were superintending the disembarkation, and who ordered the party which was obstructing the passage, to clear the way. Directing the men to proceed with the bearer, on which lay the body of both father and child, and calling to some of his own regiment to keep back the crowd which had collected around them, Herbert continued to advance some distance with his charge, without considering or thinking where they were to be conveyed. A moment's reflection was however sufficient. "Sidney, my good fellow," said he, "the Major breathes; it is evident that he has only swooned from exhaustion; shall we give up our lodgings and convey him there?"

"How unnecessary to ask such a question," replied his friend; "of course. Forward, men, to Captain Milton's quarter."

By this time, from the efforts of the elder lady, and by the assistance of some bystanders, Miss Manby had recovered from her swoon; and as soon as she was able to comprehend that her father was still alive, Herbert ventured to propose to her the plan he adopted of conveying the Major to his own lodging.

"Oh, Sir," replied the poor girl, "we cannot think of becoming such an inconvenience to you. We have already engaged apartments at the inn, therefore pray give directions for my father's conveyance there."

After pointing out to Miss Manby and her friend the inconvenience attending such an arrangement, the former consented to his proposal with the most grateful expressions of her feelings for his kindness.

"If you will permit me, madam," said Herbert, "I will hasten to the house; and by the time you arrive, every

thing shall be prepared for your father's reception ; in the meantime, I will despatch an orderly for our own medical officer, whose well-known skill and ability you may rely on : and will you, Sidney, have the kindness to go to the inn to order Miss Manby's rooms to be prepared for us, and direct the luggage of these ladies to be carried to our lodging."

There was a delicacy in the latter part of Herbert's directions which was not lost upon Miss Manby ; and if a look of the most expressive gratitude from the most beautiful eyes in the world could repay a man for an act of kindness, Herbert had no cause to be dissatisfied ; and in the course of an hour the poor patient was comfortably installed in Herbert's lodgings, and by the assistance of the physician was so much restored, as to be enabled to address a few words to his daughter.

After ordering that every possible comfort and luxury which could be procured, should be carried to the Major's lodgings, and requesting that he might be sent for at any moment, if assistance of any kind was required, Herbert and his friend returned to the inn to discuss the events of the morning ; where I must for the present leave them, while I narrate the events which brought the unfortunate Major before my readers—circumstances so intimately connected with the events of Herbert's life, that I must for time request their patience, while I recount the adventures of the father and his child.

CHAPTER III.

MAJOR MANBY, who was now in his fifty-fifth year, had been a gentleman of moderate but independent fortune, and claimed connexion with several distinguished and wealthy families. He had been originally educated for the bar ; had gone through all the brain-teazing squares, cubes, and rhomboids of collegiate instruction ; he had waded through all the drudgery of chamber-study in the Temple,