

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,

and pored over Coke, Littleton, Blackstone, and all other mighty worthies of the Robe, until his face, by dint of intense study and reading, assumed the hue of a blank sheet of parchment, and his eyes became as red and bloodshot as the Sunday letters in Moore's Almanack. After passing his days in attending behind the bar, to the never-ending, incomprehensible chicaneries of that frightful Charybdis of time, fortune, and health, the Court of Chancery. After licking his lips at the silk gowns of the senior counsel, and spending his nights in digesting reports, and his moderate allowance in following briefless circuits, he discovered that he had neither taste or inclination for the dry theories of his profession, nor sufficient assurance, or too much modesty for the practice of them. By the death of his father, which occurred about this period, Mr. Manby came into the possession of a sum of money, the amount of which was precisely the most dangerous portion which can possibly be bequeathed to a young man; especially one who requires no inducement to abandon a profession, whatever be his calling, for which he feels distaste or aversion;—I allude to that very unsatisfactory ten or twelve thousand pounds, on the one hand too much, on the other too little, but which many a young beginner in the world has considered quite sufficient provision for his future life, and with which he flatters himself he can enjoy all the good things of this world, without the necessity or drudgery of either reading, writing, pleading, preaching, or fighting, for his subsistence. No sooner, therefore, had Mr. Manby, who was precisely of this opinion, received the intelligence of the event which placed at his disposal the moderate income of about five hundred a year, than he gave way at once to the invincible dislike he had formed for his profession, and in despite of the advice of his friends, who urged him to continue at the bar, resigned all pretensions to the seat of his Honour the Vice, or to the more splendid and still more toilsome grandeur of the woolsack. Abandoning his dull chambers in Garden-court, Temple, he took leave of Lincoln's Inn, tore in a thousand fragments the almanack on which Terms were marked with long and broad black lines, tossed his gown into the porter's face, and then

making a bonfire of his wig, which he had christened "*Ulema Pacha*," he bade adieu to law, lawyers, clerks, briefs, and returns, and wishing them all at the devil, sallied forth to enjoy himself in all the fancied anticipation of pleasure and independence.

A few years were consumed by the *ci-devant* barrister, partly in travelling, partly in the most consummate enjoyment of the *dolce far niente*, during which, in fits of ennui, (ennui, inevitable persecutor of every individual who has neither pursuit, occupation, or profession, let his station in life be what it may,) he had wished himself back at his chambers in the Temple, at least a hundred times. During this period the *beau-ideal* of domestic happiness had more than once crossed his imagination: the enchanting dream of being united to a lovely and amiable wife, the father of two or three pretty children, the master of a capital establishment, and if a good cook and good shooting be added, of course the fortunate possessor of many dear friends, had often deceived his nightly slumbers—but he awoke, alas! to the conviction that five hundred a year was not likely to be the medium of procuring him the last mentioned ingredients of happiness, though he might easily procure himself the former portion of the composition, and find his small fortune divided at his death among a dozen children, in portions about as small and unprofitable as minced veal. Chance, however, was about to befriend him in a manner he had no reason to anticipate. Being invited to a party at the house of a friend in the country, he there met with the sister of an eminent and wealthy merchant, who had not long arrived from the Continent, whither she had been sent for the purpose of completing her education in a convent; where, in defiance of all the persecutions, threats, inducements, and humbug which were levelled against her, she continued firm to her religious sentiments, and considerably disappointed more than one pious individual, by her determination to return to England as soon as she attained her majority.

This epoch was arrived, and as, in addition to considerable personal charms, great accomplishments, and most engaging manners, she was mistress of fifty thousand

pounds, it is natural to suppose that she had already become a matter of speculation to more than one city beau, though hitherto without any success on their part. The idea of an advantageous marriage now for the first time struck Mr. Manby; it was the first time, that is to say, with his eyes wide open, and his senses perfectly awake, that he thought it possible to realize the fond object of his dreams. For a day or two, (during which he lost no opportunity of making himself agreeable to the fair citizen,) he turned his projects over in his brain, and at last communicated them to his friend, who not only approved of his design, but promised every possible assistance.

"She is going to remain with us a month, Edward," said his host, "and I see no reason for your leaving us before that time; and if thirty days are not sufficient for you to carry your plan into execution, a year, my good friend, will be of no service to you. God bless you! Why I saw Lady Anne for the first time at the beginning of one Almack's subscription, and before the third ticket was presented, we were regularly affianced. It was like having our banns called three times to little Colinet's best set of waltzes, instead of being given out between the prayers and sermon in the church."

"Yes, Dropmore," replied Mr. Manby, "and with all due honour and respect for your person, I suppose if you neither had asked or been "asked," you might have thrown the handkerchief and been snapped up in less time than it takes to play an overture; for *you* had twenty thousand a year, and Lady Anne was the youngest daughter of a poor nobleman."

"Come, Manby," rejoined his friend, "you are rather severe upon my merits; but the fact is, you are right. I saw myself hunted like a wild beast by half a score of speculating mothers, and as Lady Anne's mamma bored me less than any other, why I married her to protect me from farther plague, and a very happy fellow I am; and may you be as fortunate: *J'ai tiré le Gros Lot*, and should recommend all my friends to follow my example. A short courtship gives one more time and subject for conversation after marriage, than exhausting all one's topics of small-talk before-hand."

"But joking apart, Dropmore, I think Miss Brixton is a most delightful girl!"

"And I assure you that you think her fortune will amply repay you for the loss of a silk gown," retorted Mr. Dropmore; "well, all I can say, my friend, is that I wish you '*Glück zu*,' and it shall not be my fault if you do not succeed."

He had soon the happiness of making a very sensible impression on the heart of the fair and amiable object of his views. In due time these first tender impressions gradually ripened into a more serious and durable attachment; and, as Miss Brixton's sentiments increased in full proportion to her admirer's attentions, his first proposal, which was fairly and honourably made through Lady Anne Dropmore, was accepted with equal candour and satisfaction by the young lady. In the course of a few weeks, and in despite of the obstacles thrown in their way by her brother, as it appeared afterwards from the worst motives, Miss Brixton continued as firm in her resolve, as she had previously been stedfast to her religion, and placed her fortune and the destinies of her future life at the disposal of her lover.

Four or five years were passed by Mr. Manby and his charming wife, who had borne him one son, in the realization of all that domestic happiness and conjugal felicity which had formed the *beau-ideal* of his former thoughts and hopes. In possession of a moderate yet respectable income, which permitted him to enjoy all the comforts and most of the luxuries of life, and above all, to indulge himself in constantly receiving at his house the society of agreeable and well-informed friends, the greatest of all pleasures to a man of a rational mind. Beloved by the neighbouring nobility and gentry, whose residences were contiguous to the beautiful village which he had chosen as his abode in the country, respected by the middling classes, the idol of his own establishment, and adored by the poor, who were the certain objects of his unostentatious benevolence, he felt that he had not a wish or thought ungratified. But these halcyon days were unfortunately not destined to be of long duration, for a series of calamities following in quick succession, first deprived him by an

afflicting accident of his only child, and afterward of the greater portion of his property, owing to the failure of Mrs. Manby's brother, in whose extensive mercantile concern it had been suffered to remain; events which compelled him to reduce his establishment, and to remove to a more secluded situation.

Scarcely had Mr. and Mrs. Manby established themselves in their economical retirement, when a letter from their amiable and attached friend, Lord Lymington, conveyed to Mr. Manby, in the kindest and most flattering manner, the offer of a situation of considerable trust and emolument at one of our Presidencies in the East. This they could not, under their present circumstances, long hesitate in accepting; and being furnished with letters of introduction to many distinguished individuals, and among others, to Sir Herbert, from Lady Milton, in less than six months they had bade adieu to the white cliffs of their "Fatherland," and with prosperous winds were advancing towards the place of their future abode.

Little occurred to interrupt the monotony of their voyage, until one morning the captain was aroused by the lieutenant of the watch announcing a distant sail, which, on nearing, proved to be a boat containing part of the crew of an Indiaman, who had escaped from the vessel soon after it had taken fire, and whose miserable condition was increased in interest, by the discovery of its containing a female infant, which had been almost miraculously preserved by the humane attention of a sailor, who yet survived to relate its story.

Every assistance was immediately afforded to the almost exhausted sufferers, and Mrs. Manby, whose maternal feelings were strongly excited towards the helpless infant, instantly took charge of it, observing, from the remains of its dress, which had evidently been of the most costly kind, as well as from a gold locket bearing the initials E. M., that it must have belonged to wealthy parents; she was happy to gather from the narrative given by the sailor to the captain, the following account of its rescue.

He stated, that as one of the Indiaman's boats, with the passengers on board, had overturned, he and his companions rowed to the spot, but from the distance they were at, and

from the sea running so high, they had only been able to save a few of the poor creatures. He added, "Your honour, the black woman who seemed to have charge of the child, remained waterlogged from the moment we hauled her aboard, and slipped her cable the first night; and as the little craft was adrift, I thought I'd try and take her in tow myself, seeing as how as her convoy had parted company. So I rolled her up, your honour, in my watch-coat, and covering her with a piece of sail-cloth, stowed her snugly away in a small empty cask, what happened to be hove aboard. Well, your honour, there I kept her afloat, by wetting bits of biscuit in the water what I squeezed from a blanket, and by giving her every now and then a fleabite of grog. Then d'ye see, your honour, as my shipmates were capsized, why I took a part of their rigging before they were thrown overboard, until I laid in sufficient stock to caulk my little messmate till her seams were as tight as your honour's ship."

In this manner the brave fellow had prolonged the child's existence, and indeed appeared so attached to it, that it required all the influence of the captain to induce him to renounce his claim. "Well," said he, after twitching up his trowsers with his elbows, turning the quid in his cheek, which protruded like a camel's haunch, and twisting the remnant of an old cloth hat in his hand, "since your honour be'ant pleased to give judgment in favour of the salvors, mayhap, if I may be so bold, you won't have no objection to give me a birth aboard the frigate, and make me your honour's coxswain, if so be as there's a vacancy, by way of double head-money."

"Double head-money!" replied the captain; "what do you mean by that, my good fellow?"

"Why," retorted the seaman, with a knowing leer of his eye, "mayhap, your honour don't remember one Bob Painter, what stowed your honour under his hatches, when you got a shot in your bows, and the Dons had laid open your bulwarks, and were carrying you off a prize, the night when the boats of the little 'Wiper' cut out the Spanish frigates from under the batteries in Wigo harbour. But, splice me! how should your honour have a thought upon such an old weather-beaten hulk as I am, when you

was but a bit of a swab of a reefer then ! Howsomever," added the brave tar, jirking up his shoulders, and giving a sort of mechanical clinch to his broad brawny hands, "you sarved it out like the boatswain himself ; and who was it but your honour and I what cleared the Don's forecastle, afore they could chop quids ?"

The captain, who had stared with a mixture of surprise and pleasure at this curious discovery of his old shipmate and preserver, was about to reply, when the old sailor again broke out with—"Oh ! your honour, you may indeed look all no-how, for after twenty years' sarvice, and my last three weeks' voyage, why I arn't no more like Bob Painter what was boatswain's mate in the 'Wiper,' nor a d—d French Mounseer's like a British man o' war's man."

The captain, who indeed was thunderstruck at the extraordinary providence which had, in a certain measure, rendered him the saviour of his former preserver, was not backward in recognising poor Bob, and with great kindness shaking him by the hand, made the brave fellow happy by acceding to his humble petition. The condescension of the commander had the effect of bringing the tears into the hardy seaman's weather-worn cheeks ; however, as soon as he recovered his momentary emotion, he said, "Well, I always thought your honour would pay off my reck'ning some day or other ; I only saved your honour from a taste of the d—d Spanish bilboes, and now you have saved me from being grub for the sharks. It is my turn now ; and, please God as we meet with an opportunity, though I arn't had no practice since I've been swabbing in the merchant's service, like a lubber as I was, your honour shall see that old Bob arn't forgot how to lead on the boarders."

On arriving in India, and taking possession of his office, Mr. Manby endeavoured by every possible means to discover some intelligence respecting the relatives of the infant, to the care of which Mrs. Manby had so kindly devoted herself, but in vain ; nor could they obtain the slightest information tending in any way to interfere with their final determination of regarding her as their own fondly cherished and adopted child, under the name of Emily Manby. Having delivered their introductory letters, Mr. and Mrs. Manby were delighted to receive from Sir Herbert Milton

the most decided proofs of attachment and regard; and continuing for several years in the honourable discharge of his official duties, Mr. Manby had at length the gratification of finding himself in a situation of comparative opulence, and in the enjoyment of the most pleasing prospects, until a circumstance occurred, the consequence of which proved most painful and disastrous.

Mr. Manby's office requiring the aid of numerous assistants, it became necessary to commit the different receipts to the care of several persons, Mr. Manby, however, reserving to his own custody the coffers containing the largest sums. It was in these, precisely, that a large deficit was discovered, and as no one but Mr. Manby had access to them, a suspicion of the most dreadful kind, in which his superior, Sir Herbert Milton, appeared but too readily to join, fell on Mr. Manby. This was a stroke almost too heavy to be endured, either by Mr. or Mrs. Manby, and in fact, the latter sunk under it, having died from a fever produced by her agitated feelings, a short time after.

Torn by a grief too violent to be controlled, Mr. Manby referred his case to the Board of Directors, and took his passage, with his adopted child, who had now reached her eighth year, for England; where he had scarcely arrived and commenced his statements, when dispatches were received, announcing the real delinquent having, unable to bear the recollection of the misery he had occasioned, confessed his guilt, and with his own hand terminated his existence.

During, however, the investigation of Mr. Manby's case at the India House, some over-zealous and most intemperate friends among the proprietors, persuaded him to address a statement of his case to the Court. This statement contained, among other things, a violent diatribe against Sir Herbert Milton, and even hinted that the Baronet himself was in some measure connected with the robbery, and that he had suddenly ordered an inspection of the treasure, merely with a view of fixing upon a victim, already marked out by him for destruction, and upon whom the culpability must rest, without the chance of his being able to defend himself.

Smarting under all the bitterness of his situation, con-

scious of his innocence, and almost maddened by his sufferings, in an evil moment Mr. Manby's good sense and moderation forsook him. Yielding to the pernicious advice of his injudicious supporters, he acquiesced in their intemperate proposal; and a memorial of his case was made public. This highly-improper composition was known to have proceeded from the pen, not of Mr. Manby, but of a proprietor, whose violence and intemperance were proverbial, not alone at the meetings of the General Courts, but alike in commercial, political, and private life; and who had already induced other individuals, whose real or supposed grievances brought them in contact with the Directors, to adopt measures equally reprehensible, and generally more fatal to themselves.

Sir Herbert Milton, of course, received a copy of this Memorial, which, with a dignity becoming his rank and character, he treated with contempt, nor did he condescend to make an answer. But whatever might have been his previous grounds for coolness towards Mr. Manby, Sir Herbert's hatred to his very name now became irreconcilable, and ended but with his death.

Mr. Manby was not the only person who regretted having listened to the advice of evil counsellors; but it was now too late to repent: and as the public at home were pretty well acquainted with the source from whence arose the improper remarks on Sir Herbert, Mr. Manby also hoped that the Baronet would eventually make allowances for his peculiar and existing situation.

Determining to devote the remainder of his existence and fortune to the care and education of his adopted child, Mr. Manby accepted the offer made to him by the Court of Directors, of retiring upon a pension, as the idea of returning to India, although triumphant, was now too painful for his feelings.

It was Mr. Manby's desire, in the event of his meeting with a person who united all the different qualities which he considered requisite for a governess, that she should be regarded as not alone the instructress, but the friend and companion of Emily. He considered, that the best plan to render the governess respectable in the eyes of the pupil, was, that she should be treated with every degree of

deference by himself and his household; and that there could be no better method of attaching the governess to the pupil, than by rendering the position of the former as happy as possible, and by behaving to her himself with the greatest kindness and urbanity. At the houses of many of his friends, he had frequently been much hurt at seeing the manner in which ladies in this temper-trying situation were treated. After being confined all day to that horrid den of fools'-caps, tears, sulks, Logier's systems, back-boards, and dumb-bells, called "the school-room," subject, not alone to the densities, ill-humour, and caprices of three or four misses, but to the contradiction and eternal interference of mammas; after having devoured an uncomfortable meal at one o'clock with the children, amidst kicks, screams, boiled mutton, toast-and-water, and other proofs, both of fraternal love and parental frugality; after drinking weak bohea at six with the same horde of infantine Cossacks, the poor woman generally retires to her bed, worn out and exhausted, with the pleasing prospect (*par dessus le marché*) of recommencing the same process on the following day. Sometimes, indeed, the mistress of the mansion would, after dinner, send up to Mademoiselle, or Miss, saying she might come down to tea; an invitation, by-the-by, not to be disobeyed. Upon the appearance of the victim, (who, if ill-dressed, was told she really might make herself decent; and if decent, was sure to be rebuked for dressing as if she were going to a ball,) she was generally received by the lady with cold, formal, and haughty civility; and by the master, disturbed at his whist, with a "Pray, Miss What-d'ye-call'em, do not make such a noise." The unfortunate creature then usually slunk into some cold corner, where, without being farther noticed, she took up a book, or sat shivering without daring to speak a word, unless, perhaps, she ventured an occasional whisper to one of her élèves. At her entrance no one rises, no one offers a chair, nor does a single man remove his back from the fire, or quit the comfortable "elbow" by the chimney-side, as if the poor woman were a Russian settler, habituated to twelve degrees below zero, and as little accustomed to a chair as Ibrahim Pacha himself.

The plan pursued by Mr. Manby had the happiest results. The regard of both governess and pupil for each other became mutual. The confidence of the former in Emily was equal to her affection, while the regard of the latter by degrees ripened into the sentiments of a child for a beloved parent. Nor was it less gratifying to Mr. Manby to see that the progress Emily made under her respectable instructress, promised in due time to render her talents and accomplishments, and above all the purity and rectitude of her mind, not inferior to the graces and beauty of her person.

It was about this period that Mr. Manby received a note one morning from his bankers, requesting he would do them the favour of calling at their house at his earliest convenience, as they had business of importance to communicate. He had been the victim of so many misfortunes, his nerves had received such repeated shocks, that he was again fearful of some new disaster, therefore he attended the summons of his friends almost in trembling. Upon his arrival, his surprise and curiosity were excited to the utmost degree; one of the partners of the house placing before him a letter received that morning which contained ten thousand pounds.

The anonymous and munificent writer of the letter, directed that this sum should be immediately vested in the funds in the name of two trustees, for the whole and sole use of the child called Emily Manby, to be paid to her upon her attaining her twenty-first year; and in the event of her demise before that period, the above sum was to be presented to the guardians of the Orphan Asylum, for the benefit of that Society. A third part of the interest of this sum was directed to be paid by half-yearly instalments to Mr. Manby, for the purpose of the child's education. The writer farther entreated two of the partners to take upon themselves the office of trustees, and entreated them to see the wishes of the donor strictly carried into effect. The letter ended by saying that all attempts at discovery would be fruitless, that the writer being rich and childless, he had chosen to please himself in the disposal of this sum. The handwriting of this letter was unknown

to every one in the house ; and although every effort was employed for the purpose of detecting the writer, no clue whatever could be obtained.

This munificent addition to the fortune which it would eventually be in Mr. Manby's power to bequeath to Emily, relieved his mind from much of its future anxiety respecting her, as, in despite of any misfortune which might still befall him, she would be not only independent, but comparatively rich. For a time he had imagined that his friend Dropmore, or the Earl, might have been the writer of the letter, and the kind benefactor of his adopted child ; but both Lord Lymington and Mr. Dropmore solemnly and positively denied all connexion with it.

Lord Lymington, the friend to whom Mr. Manby was indebted for his appointment in India, had not diminished his kindness to him on his return, nor for one moment doubted his perfect innocence of the disgraceful charge brought against him. Indeed, such was the high opinion and esteem of that worthy nobleman for his friend, that he not only consulted his opinion on many important political subjects, but farther proposed to bring him into Parliament, and to ensure him an official situation in one of the ministerial departments at home. These offers were, however, declined by Mr. Manby, though at the same time he was obliged to yield upon another point, which came almost as a command from the highest source.

His Majesty, who had heard, through the medium of Lord Lymington, Mr. Manby's history, graciously expressed his intention of promoting him, in the event of his exchanging on full pay. The exchange was soon effected, and in the course of a few weeks Captain Manby found himself gazetted to a Majority in the —— Regiment, from which, however, he obtained six months' leave of absence. It was hinted to him, at the same time, by his noble patron, that if he served a few months with the corps, at the expiration of that period he would be farther promoted, and then, having obtained the rank of lieutenant-colonel, he might again retire on half-pay. It had been his determination to take this latter step at all events, as he felt most unwilling to be separated from Emily, and had moreover, at his age, not the slightest relish for the vicissitudes and wanderings of a soldier's life.

Emily had now attained her seventeenth year, and was about to make her appearance in the world, under the auspices of Lady Lymington, and her sister, Lady Anne Dropmore. Lady Lymington, not less attached to the Manby's than the Earl himself, had kindly undertaken to present Emily at Court, and to act as her *chaperon* in the gay world. The reception Emily met with on her presentation to their Majesties, was sufficient to have turned the head of a less modest and sensible girl.

Her happiness was now complete, and it remained uninterrupted, until Major Manby announced that he was about to quit her for a short period, his regiment being ordered to join the grand expedition then forming for a descent in the Scheldt. An order for every officer to join his regiment forthwith, obliged Major Manby to make his immediate preparations for hastening to his corps; and, however reluctant he might have been to quit England, of course at such a moment his honour forbade all idea of his retiring on half-pay, at least for the present.

The intended expedition, which was composed of the *elite* of the British army, promised the most glorious and speedy results to the arms of his country. Flattering himself with the hope of sharing in the glory, which not he alone, but all England, had anticipated from this magnificent armament, he bade adieu with cheerfulness to his darling Emily. How fatally, alas! were his hopes, as well as those of his country, in a short period wrecked and annihilated. The disgraceful and unhappy results of that expedition are known, too well known! to the world. It remains only to say, that ere the Major had been three weeks among the Flemish Polders, he was attacked by the dreadful fever of the country. A slight convalescence was followed by a more severe relapse; and, as the only prospect of saving his life, he was ordered to be embarked for England. Intelligence of his illness, and of his intended return, had been forwarded to his foster child, who arrived at Harwich, accompanied by her friend and governess, Mrs. Walden, and a faithful servant, on the evening prior to that on which she had been first seen by Herbert and his friend.