

were, but in such a moment she recognised them not—for the whole truth now flashed upon her in stunning reality. She spoke not—breathed not—but, tottering forward, she fell, with her face to the ground, in a state of insensibility.

"If that is the girl," said the man, "give me my money, and let us begone—for if we linger here, we shall soon be discovered; a fine time I have had in watching to meet her alone; and if my Lord had not been absent today, we should have been as far from the end of our plot as ever."

The reward of iniquity was soon paid, and as the wretch beheld the shining guineas falling into his leathern bag, he grimly smiled, forgetting the awful end of wages like unto them.

In the meantime, Mr. Martyn, having attended to the claims of his petitioner, went forth to meet Amy; but not finding her on the lawn, he supposed that she had returned to her apartment, and he continued strolling for some time, meditating on an interesting conversation which he had held that very day with Lord Blondville, concerning her who was now beloved by him as if she were indeed his own. An hour thus employed quickly passed—when suddenly recollecting his engagement, he re-entered the house to enquire why she came not.

"I have not seen the child for two hours," said Lady Blondville, in answer to his anxious question. "She came to me, saying that she was going to walk with you, and I of course supposed that she had." Ursula was summoned, and, in fearful alarm, affirmed the same.

"Great God, have mercy on us!" exclaimed Mr. Martyn, clasping his hands, "and relieve our fears."

Gasper, at this moment, came in haste to announce that one of the shepherds had discovered Lion bleeding to death in the woods, and had carried him to the game-keeper's house; "he also brought this, which he found lying close to the spot," continued he, holding up a small blue silk scarf, which Ursula instantly recognised as one belonging to Amy.

"Oh, my child! my child! my darling! they have murdered her!" cried the poor creature, wringing her hands, "and I shall behold her angel face no more."

The whole household were by this time in consternation. Lady Blondville suggested the propriety of sending for the Earl, and, with a trembling hand, she penned a note, which she despatched by a fleet messenger, while a carriage was ordered to go with all speed to bring him home. The family were collected in the hall when he arrived, in a state of fearful agitation. Mr. Martyn entreated him to be calm, as it was necessary to form some plan for the recovery of their charge; "for there is not a doubt in my own mind," said he, "but that she has

fallen into the power of Father Anselm—how, is at present inexplicable."

Mrs. Bennet now entered, saying there was a very poor looking woman who had begged admittance, affirming that she could give some intelligence concerning the Lady Amanda.

"Bring her here instantly," demanded Lord Blondville; and the wretched creature who had decoyed the innocent Amy into the wood, was introduced trembling, and unable to look up.

It appeared that, unable to bear the remorse she felt for her conduct towards one whose pleading voice, extreme youth, and surpassing beauty, had touched a heart not quite hardened in sin, she came to the resolution of revealing all she knew; this she did on her knees, accompanied by deep sobs, saying that Ralph, the boatman, having become acquainted with one of the Duke's emissaries at a neighbouring tavern which he was in the habit of frequenting, learnt that a high reward had been offered for the recovery of a young lady of rank, whose person he described. The moment the man beheld Amy, he felt certain she was the one sought for, and he told the stranger, who immediately communicated the intelligence to the Duke. Ralph, in the meantime, induced the unhappy woman to watch an opportunity of meeting Amy alone; but several weeks passed without success, during which the Duke and Father Anselm had taken up their abode at a small country inn a few miles off.

"Had I but known the misery it would cost me to commit such an act, I never would have consented," continued the repentant creature, "for her cries even now pierce my heart. But Ralph threatened to take my life if I refused—and oh! he is cruel when he is angered."

The Earl was so exasperated while listening to her story, that, in the excited state of his feelings, he shook her violently by the shoulder; but instant contrition following on beholding her abject condition, he put forth his hand to raise her—while Mr. Martyn, as they left the hall, turned to Mrs. Bennet, saying, "take care of that unfortunate, I will see her again on my return."

It was a beautiful night, as they drove furiously down the avenue, with the intention of proceeding to H—, a large town distant about eight miles, and which was in the direct road to London. They had to cross a large moor or heath, where several gangs of gipsies usually held their encampments—a people who were much encouraged and protected by Lord Blondville; and amongst whom the excellent Mr. Martyn had been eminently useful as a Christian minister. On reaching these, the Earl ordered his servants to stop—when he, springing from the carriage, approached their camp, to enquire whether they had noticed any travellers on the road. A young woman with a baby in her arms, her elf-locks