

very neighbourhood, for whom every delicious viand had been procured to gratify the taste, every art devised to delight the other senses.

It was by the side of this glimmering fire, that Rebecca and her sisters told the story of poor Agnes's fate, and of the thorn it had for ever planted in William's bosom—of his reported sleepless, perturbed nights; and his gloomy, or half-distracted days; when, in the fulness of *remorse*, he has complained—"of a guilty conscience! of the weariness attached to continued prosperity! the misery of wanting an object of affection!"

They told of Lord Bendham's death from the effects of intemperance; from a mass of blood infected by high-seasoned dishes, mixed with copious draughts of wine—repletion of food and liquor, not less fatal, to the existence of the rich, than the want of common sustenance to the lives of the poor.

They told of Lady Bendham's ruin since her lord's death, by gaming. They told, "that now she suffered beyond the pain of common indigence, by the cutting triumph of those whom she had formerly despised."

They related (what has been told before) the divorce of William, and the marriage of his wife with a libertine; the decease of Lady Clementina, occasioned by that incorrigible vanity which even old age could not subdue.

After numerous other examples had been recited of the dangers, the evils that riches draw upon their owner: the elder Henry rose from his chair, and, embracing Rebecca and his son, said,

"How much indebted are *we* to Providence, my children, who, while it inflicts poverty, bestows peace of mind; and in return for the trivial grief we meet in this world, holds out to our longing hopes the reward of the next!"