



HISTORY OF

*Lucy Harris,*

A FOUNDLING.



**A**T a place called Upton upon Severn, in Worcestershire, lived a poor fisherman and his wife, who by great pains and industry got scarcely enough to maintain them, yet they never had any children.

One morning by day-break, as the man was walking by the side of the Severn, and was going to catch some of the finny tribe, he chanced to see a wicker basket swimming towards him; he threw his hook and drew it close. When he had taken it out of the river, he carried it home, and informed his wife how he found it, who helped to open it. When they had taken off the cover, to their great astonishment they saw a female infant, which did not appear to have been many days in the world. The basket was lined with tin, to keep it from sinking, the bottom and sides were covered with quilted fatten, so that it lay as warm as in a bed; the cloaths it had on were laced and embroidered, besides a very rich white fatten robe. At the child's feet lay a large bag of gold, and a paper

paper containing these words: 'Whoever finds this infant take care of it, as some time or other the unhappy parents may have it in their power to own it; its name is Lucy.' The beauty and innocence of this child would have moved any one to pity; and they being very fond of children, was resolved to call it their own. They examined the bag, and found sufficient to enrich them for life: they furnished their house, and made every thing comfortable; the good woman nursed the child with the tenderest care, and they both loved it as if it had been their own.

The man, whose name was Harris, bought himself a fishing boat, with tackle and every thing fit for his business, notwithstanding they had money enough, he did not wish to be idle, but to live in a comfortable way.

Lucy grew a fine girl, and when she could speak, was taught to call them father and mother, and afterwards when she grew older really believed them to be so, as they never informed her how she was found.

When she was about fourteen, she was surprisngly beautiful, and caused admiration in all that beheld her.

Harris and his wife supposed she came of a high degree, therefore would not let her do any hard work, but had her educated in the best manner that could be. The report of Lucy's charms spread many miles round, and all the young country squires  
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and fox-hunters came a hunting after the fisherman's handsome daughter. Lucy's sense and modesty were as great as her beauty, so that she gave them no encouragement to pursue her, for she found they came upon dishonorable terms, as not one of them offered to marry her, because of her mean pedigree, and having no fortune.

Harris and his wife often consulted together about acquainting Lucy that she was a foundling, as her knowledge of it, and the circumstances attending it, might prevent her from throwing herself away upon one beneath her; but as they did not find her inclinable to marry at present, they concluded to keep her in ignorance of it, till fate or chance should discover it.

The time for Upton races being come, which are held there once a year, Lucy was dressed in a simple but becoming manner, and went to see them, with a young woman in the town, who was her principal companion. The company was very numerous, and many gentlemen took particular notice of Lucy; but a young nobleman, Lord T——was quite smitten with her; he went to her in the stand where she was, and entered into discourse with her; his lordship was quite charmed with her wit and ready answers, and though he had heard she was only a fisherman's daughter, could not secure his heart from falling deeply in love with her. Lucy, had she  
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been a lady of fortune could have listened to him with pleasure, but prudence made her endeavour to conquer the tender impressions she began to feel for him.

Lord T——was not twenty years of age, was handsome, his person was graceful and manly, and he had a peculiar softness in his address, especially when he spoke of love. No wonder Lucy felt a pleasing emotion, while he spoke in such tender strains, as his passion for her inspired him. In short, he was so enraptured with her beauty, that when the races were over he offered to accompany her home, but Lucy insisted on the contrary, telling his lordship her father was a man of a mean occupation, and their house was not worthy to entertain such a young nobleman. Lucy took her leave of him, and laid an injunction on him not to come after her to her father's house, as it would answer no purpose, being such a disparity in their birth; but Lord T——found himself too deeply wounded to give her up so easily; he was obliged however to join the company he came with, but his whole thoughts were taken up with the charms of Lucy.

She grew melancholy, but did not tell her father and mother about the young nobleman, but she could think of nothing else; vain were all her endeavours to drive him from her memory; his image was present to her imagination; yet being sensible  
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he was not a fit match for her, she could expect nothing but ruin to be the consequence of indulging her passion for him. Lucy had resolution enough to withstand the many dishonorable offers she had had from gentlemen, because she had hitherto never felt love's smart, but the little god of love had entangled her in his snares, and made her, though unwillingly, submit to his yoke.

Lord T—— having past a restless night, and never experienced the pangs of love before, he reflected on the consequences of marrying Lucy without his father's consent, and as to gaining that he knew was next to an impossibility; and he loved her too well, and had too much honour in his nature to deceive her, and bring her to ruin on false pretences. Finding it impossible to cure his passion, he thought there would be no harm to see her sometimes, and confess his love to her; and when he was at age was determined to marry her, as he would possess a fortune independent of his father. But how to see her he was at a loss, as the race was to continue only two days longer, when his friends he came with would expect him to return with them to London; therefore to make as much as he could of the short time he had to stay at Upton, he wrote the following letter to Lucy:

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‘ My charming Lucy,

‘ Since first I beheld you, I have never experienced one moment’s rest ; all your powerful charms have touched my heart so deeply, that it would be death to me to think of parting with you for ever, but as I must return to London in two days, earnestly beg of you to permit me to see you, to convince you my intentions are honorable ; therefore my dear angel pity the pangs of your disconsolate lover,

‘ T——.’

When Lord T——had written this billet-deux, he walked about the town, considering how he should get it delivered to Lucy, and passing by a milliner’s shop, he saw Fanny, her friend, who lived there ; Lord T——went into the shop and purchased some trifle, and none but Fanny being there, reminded her of his being with her and Lucy the day before at the races, and begged the favor of her to give her friend that letter as soon as she could. Fanny promised she would, and soon after, leaving another young woman to mind the shop, she went to Lucy. Mr. Harris’s house was not near the town, but stood on the banks of the Severn ; the people in the town therefore knew nothing of his finding the basket, and seeing the woman bring a young child about with her took it to be their own ; and as to their prosperity and living in a creditable way, it was looked upon as owing

to his industry. When Fanny came to the house, she saw Lucy sitting in the porch at the door lost in thoughts of love; she told her of the young nobleman coming to her shop, and gave her his letter. Lucy was agreeably surprized, and having read it, she did not know what to do; however, she said she would write a short answer to it, and bring it her to give to him when he called, which she did as follows:

‘ My Lord,

‘ I am afraid you will injure yourself in the opinion of the world, by devoting your thoughts on one so far beneath you. If your love is founded upon honor, I pity you; if on the contrary, I must take care of myself, and fly you betimes, before your soft persuasive eloquence charms me to forget what belongs to virtue and innocence; at the same time I must confess it is with reluctance I deny myself the pleasure of conversing with you; but as prudence is the guide of my conduct, I hope you will excuse my declining the honor of your company. I am, my Lord, your Lordship’s humble servant,

‘ LUCY HARRIS.’

She then went to Fanny, gave her the letter, and returned home again.

Lord T—— being anxious to hear his doom, walked by the shop again, Fanny seeing him, went out and gave him his answer; his heart leaped for joy to receive  
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a letter from his beloved Lucy; he read it, and was thrown into despair, but reading it again, and considering some parts of it, he rather admired her for her virtue, than blamed her for her coldness, as he found by her words she had some regard for him, only restrained her inclination through fear. Eager to let her know the sincerity of his love, and convince her, far from injuring her honor he would guard it at the hazard of his life, he sought the place of her abode, and found it.

Lucy was sitting in a pensive posture, leaning her cheek on her hand, in the shade at the door, when Lord T———approached her; she started and blushed, and was preparing to leave him, but he stopped her, saying, 'My charming Lucy, do not fly from me youth who adores you!'---'My Lord,' says she, 'what can I do? you know it is not proper for me to listen to your love.'---'Oh! yes it is, my charming girl,' says he, 'such as mine is. My wishes are as pure as your own virtue, and all my gratifications at present center in seeing you and hearing you speak. Allow me then, my adorable Lucy, that innocent privilege.' Lucy being much moved by the earnest manner in which he spoke, her own heart taking his part, she consented to walk with him on the banks of the river. Here he uttered all that the tenderest passion could dictate, and poured forth his whole soul to  
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her. Lucy at last being overcome by the tender theme, confessed a mutual flame. Lord T—— transported with this declaration, protested in the most solemn manner he would marry her as soon as he came of age to receive his estate, which wanted but a year and a half. They enjoyed each other's company several hours, and the next day he came to take his leave of Lucy, as he was going to London with the two gentlemen he came with; but he told her he would only just shew himself at his father's house, and on pretence of going somewhere or other he would come back again for a month.

Lucy thought it was her duty to let her parents know how far Lord T—— had engaged himself to her, but at the same time said, if it did not meet with their approbation she would refuse him, notwithstanding she had some love for him, which was no more than his generosity merited from her. Mr. and Mrs. Harris was much pleased at this information, and assured Lucy it would be highly agreeable to them to see her so well matched, only desired her to be careful he did not deceive her.

In four days time Lord T—— arrived at Upton again; he put up at an inn, and then went to see his beloved Lucy. As their love was known and approved of by the supposed parents, Lord T—— was admitted into the house, which was neat and tolerably well

well furnished; he paid his respects to Mr. and Mrs. Harris, thinking them Lucy's parents, and they in return treated him and waited on him with homage, but his behaviour was so free and easy, that they began to admire him as much as Lucy loved him.

She had often been solicited, as has been mentioned before, by several country squires in an unlawful way, but had refused them; but one of them, Squire S—— was determined to have her at any rate; he had been engaged some time in a love affair, but having debauched the girl, grew tired of her, and had forsaken her; he now thought of Lucy again, although she had refused him. He came to her father's house to order some fish to be sent home, and seeing Lucy, told her she had better comply, for he must and would possess her. Lucy refused him with scorn, and he went away vowing revenge. Her father heard part of what he said, and desired Lucy to be upon her guard, as he was a savage rake, and capable of any thing. Lucy would have told Lord T——, but was fearful of bringing him into danger if he should resent the behaviour of the squire. For several nights after this they were waked by the barking of a large dog the fisherman kept, and one night he got up, knowing his dog would not bark for nothing, and fired a blunderbuss out of the window. This alarm was given by Squire S——, who had hired two fellows to help him to seize

Lucy, and carry her away, but the dog barking and the firing of the piece prevented that scheme.

One evening after, as Lucy was walking on the banks of the Severn, waiting for her lover to join her, (for they were fond of that place, as there Lord T—— first breathed his vows of love,) ruminating on the pleasures to come, when Squire S—— caught her in his arms and kissed her, she struggled to get from him, but in vain, he held her close, and attempted to be rude; Lucy screamed out, and Lord T—— being near flew to her assistance; he drew his sword, which obliged the other to do so too, and the young nobleman wounded him in the sword arm. Lord T—— finding it not dangerous, was under no apprehension; he gave him his sword again, telling him never for the future to molest unguarded innocence; the squire left them vowing revenge; and then Lucy informed her lover of the offers he had made her.

About a week after this somebody poisoned their faithful dog; Mr. Harris suspected Squire S——, but he dare not complain. The next night they were awaked by a strong smell of fire; they all got up, and soon discovered a shed adjoining to the house all in flames; some people not far off alarmed the town people, who came running to help them; Lord T—— hearing it was at the fisherman's house, flew with the utmost precipitation,



*Lord L. rescuing Lady M.  
from the Assaults of Squire S.*

precipitation, hardly suffering his feet to touch the ground, but finding it had not reached the house, he endeavoured to quench the flames, and with the assistance of some others got it out without doing much damage; he then went in to see after his dear Lucy, who was near fainting with terror, and stayed with them the rest of the night. Mr. Harris was well assured it must be done on purpose, as none of them had been near it since morning, and again censured the squire; but Lord T—— said no gentleman could be so base; but he mistook his character, for Squire S—— would hesitate at no villainy to gain his ends; it was no other than himself, assisted by the two villains his accomplices. They had killed the dog first, because he lay in that shed, and his intention was to carry off Lucy, thinking she would run out, but seeing Lord T—— endeavouring to quench the flames, his rage turned against him, as he had prevented him twice from his desires, and had likewise wounded him; being a man of no honor, he would not demand satisfaction of him openly, though he might have done it without owning his villainy, on account of his being his rival; however, he concluded to have him way-laid and murdered, and the next morning his two accomplices concealed themselves in a wood, near which Lord T—— usually rode for the benefit of the air, and as he was passing the place where they lay hid,

one of them with a large stick knocked him off his horse, and the other was preparing to stab him, when seeing two horsemen galloping towards them, they left the young nobleman stunned on the ground, and made their escape. The two gentlemen coming up, and finding Lord T—— senseless, raised him from the ground, and after a little time he recovered, but could give no account of the persons who had used him so, and finding he was not robbed, they judged it could not be thieves that attacked him. The gentlemen going to the town, accompanied Lord T—— to the inn, where he went to bed, and had a surgeon to dress the wound he had received. Finding himself not in a condition to go out for several days, he wrote the following letter to Lucy, thinking she would be alarmed at his not attending as usual:

‘ My Dear Lucy,

‘ I desire you will not be frightened, or give yourself any uneasiness, when I have informed you I cannot have the happiness of seeing you for two or three days, having met with an accident that prevents me from the only pleasure I can enjoy in life; you may depend as soon as I can with safety I will come to you. Mean time I remain your sincere and affectionate lover,

T——.’

When Lucy read this she was ready to swoon,

swoon; she begged her father to step and see what was the matter with him. Mr. Harris went immediately; Lord T—— was pleased to see the regard the good man expressed for him, and told him how he had been set upon by two men, but could not tell who, and had received a contusion in his head, but hoped it would be attended with no bad consequences, no further than confining him a little. Mr. Harris, as much as he suspected Squire S—— in other things, had not the least suspicion of him in this, but heard Lord T—— both concluded they were thieves, and intended to rob him after they had killed him, if the gentlemen had not come up. When Lucy heard how it was, she was very much grieved, but endeavoured to bear this misfortune as well as she could; and to comfort him during this separation, sent him an answer to his letter.

‘ My Lord,

‘ You cannot feel more pain with your wound than my heart feels for you; I would willingly come and see you, but think my character might suffer; however, if I thought you any ways dangerous, I would defy the world’s censure, for what would that, or any thing be to me, if you was lost; but I hope soon, by your presence, to banish all my fears, and give joy to your (till then) unhappy

‘ Lucy.’

The third day after, finding himself recover very fast, he went to Lucy, who received him with open arms, and they passed the time in happiness without interruption. Lord T—— set out for London again, promising to take every opportunity he could of coming to Upton; but when he was gone Lucy was very pensive, as she had no one to whom she could impart her mind to; for in a few days she would lose her companion Fanny, who had engaged herself to a milliner in London.

Squire S—— being prevented in his base designs on Lord T——, made him more furious, and finding he was gone, resolved to possess Lucy, and knowing the intimacy between Fanny and her, he went to the shop and purchased several articles, desiring Fanny to carry them home, and she attended on him to his house; being alone, the Squire told her of his passion for Lucy, and promised if she could contrive that he might enjoy her, he would give her a hundred guineas. The golden temptation proved too strong for her to resist, and forgetting her friendship for Lucy, promised she would get him to lay with her instead of herself. This was a glorious thought, and Squire S—— indulged it to the height of his passion, but would not part with the money first; however, they agreed it should be done that night, as Fanny had every thing in readiness to set out the next day, and should not care

to be in the town after it was found out; but the Squire told her as to that she need not be in any fear, for he dare say by morning he should find her satisfied, and willing to live with him on his own terms. Towards evening this false friend went to Lucy, and told her she had heard something about Lord T——, which it was proper she should be informed of, but that she could not stay then, and proposed, if it was agreeable to her, she would come and sleep with her that night; for, says she, I am going to London to-morrow. Lucy agreed to it with a great deal of pleasure, and being to know about her lover, desired Fanny to come soon; but the wicked artful girl told her she would not have her mistress know on any account that she lay out of the house, so she said it would be best for her to come when her father and mother were gone to bed, and then to let her in in the dark, and not to speak till they were in bed; this Lucy agreed to, and told her she would look out of her window for her. This being settled, Fanny went to inform Squire S——, who with all expedition equipped himself in Fanny's cloaths, which she had brought for that purpose, and the Squire walked towards the house, Lucy seeing him, went softly down stairs, and let him in; they were soon undressed and in bed, when Lucy said, well now, Fanny, tell me all about it; but instead of answering her, the supposed Fanny took her  
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her in his arms, and began to kiss her, saying, 'It is not Fanny that embraces you, my lovely angel! but myself, who have long loved you, though you have been so cruel to deny me, but now it is impossible for you to prevent my wishes!' Lucy knew the terrible voice, and exerting all her strength, jumped out of bed, screaming as loud as she could for help to her father and mother, who lay in the room underneath, and happened to be awake; they immediately went to her assistance. The door being open, Mr. Harris and his wife went into Lucy's room, where they found her at the feet of the bed in a fit; they got her into bed, and with some difficulty brought her to herself, when she told them the vile trick Fanny had served her, with the deceitful tale she had told her. The Squire, naturally a coward, hearing somebody coming, escaped out of the window, and went directly to his house.

Early next morning he went to Fanny, who was expecting him, and as he had stayed so long was quite sure of her reward; but the Squire soon let her know her disappointment as well as his own. Fanny dreading the consequence, declared she would set out immediately; and he well knowing he might be tried for attempting a rape, notwithstanding his riches, thought it best to go off too for a little while; accordingly he hired a post-chaise, and they went away together,

gether, and before they reached London he prevailed on her to give up her virtue as well as her honesty. When they arrived in the metropolis, he left her to seek after the place she was going to. The Squire being acquainted with several gentlemen in London, they often rode ten or twelve miles for the air, and one morning, as fate ordained it, being willing to shew his skill in horsemanship, he in attempting to leap a five-barred gate broke his neck.

But to return to Lucy, who towards morning became more composed, when Mr. Harris went to see for Fanny, but found she was gone away without speaking to her mistress, which she wondered at, till she heard the wickedness she had been capable of to her friend. He went next to the Squire's house, but to his vexation he was gone from home; he went several days together, and met with the same answer; but the following week the Squire's corpse was brought to Upton, to be buried in the family vault, and the account of his death was brought with it.

Lucy had some fresh cause for trouble, her mother (as she thought her) was taken very ill, and four days after she died, to the great grief of Lucy and her husband, who buried her decently, and lamented her loss with many a tear. Lord T—— came there again just after she was laid in the ground, the grief he saw his dear Lucy in for the loss  
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of her mother, was insupportable to him; he tenderly solicited her to moderate it; and in a short time, by his agreeable conversation, brought her to a proper resignation; and he prevailed on Mr. Harris to let Lucy go with him to his aunt, at Worcester, for a little while to divert her; he said, he was sure his aunt would willingly receive and entertain her, when she hears her mother is dead, and his cousin Sophia would be very fond of her for a companion. Mr. Harris left it to Lucy's own choice, who was soon persuaded by her lover to go for a little while, and prepared every thing for her journey. Mr. Harris loved her as if she had been his own child, and the grief she had expressed for his wife made him regard her still more, and notwithstanding he should be very lonesome, he wished her to have some pleasure.

The young lovers set off together, and soon arrived at the house of Mrs. Summers; Lucy was received very kindly by that lady and her daughter, to the great pleasure of Lord T—, who stayed with his Lucy a few days till she had got a little acquainted with the ladies, and then left them.

Amongst the ladies that visited there, was the Countess of B—; this lady took a great liking to Lucy, and she on her part never met with any person she felt such an uncommon regard for; she could hardly keep her eyes off the lady, who seemed to  
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have something of dejectedness in her countenance.

One day when Mrs. Summers, her daughter, the Countess, and Lucy, were sitting together, the conversation turned upon people having moles, or marks about them; Lucy said she had got the mark of a cherry on her bosom, the Countess with great eagerness begged to see it, which Lucy complied with; the lady no sooner looked, than she fell back in her chair and fainted away; they all assisted to bring her to herself; when she revived, she looked round and cried, 'Where is my dear child, Lucy!' Lucy, in great surprize, said, 'For heaven's sake, madam, what do you mean?'—'Oh, my dear,' says she, 'by that mark on your bosom, I believe you to be my long lost child.'—'That is impossible!' replied Lucy; 'my mother is lately dead, and my father lives at Upton. I had not the honor, madam, of coming from so noble a family.' 'Dear Lucy,' says the Countess, 'will you go with me to your father, to satisfy my mind by asking him a few questions?' to which request Lucy readily agreed. The Countess desired Mrs. Summers and Sophia to accompany them in her coach, which they did. As soon as they arrived at Mr. Harris's, the Countess, with a countenance expressive of hope and fear, enquired earnestly whether Lucy was really his daughter; he hesitated, and seemed in confusion; at last he

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said, 'I believe, madam, I have always behaved like a father to her.'—'There is no doubt of that,' replied the Countess hastily, 'I beg you will answer my question with truth, as my happiness or misery depends on it.'—'When first I took notice of your ladyship's face,' says Mr. Harris, 'I guessed your business, as the perfect resemblance between you and Lucy convinced me you was her mother, and I will confess, madam, what I never did to any one, she is not my daughter, but a foundling.' The lady burst into tears of joy, and taking Lucy in her arms, said, 'You are indeed my own dear child, whom I have never beheld since the first week of your birth; but at my first seeing you at this lady's, I felt an uncommon emotion, and seeing the mark on your bosom, besides your name being Lucy, which is my own name, and I had you named so on that account, all corroborated to make me believe you mine;' then turning to the fisherman, she says, 'Can you produce my daughter's cradle, sir? but I will tell you first what it was, that you may be convinced I am her real mother. It is a wicker basket, lined with tin, to keep out the water, but the top was not lined, that the air might get through; as the tin would have been cold for the infant to lie on, I made a bed of quilted fatten myself, and round the sides likewise; her linen was laced and embroidered, and her robe white fatten.' Mr.  
Harris

Harris said her ladyship had given a true description of every thing, and he was convinced she was Lucy's mother. Lucy then fell at the Countess's feet, and embracing her knees, let fall a shower of tears in her lap. The good man fetched out the things which had been laid up very carefully; he informed them how he found it, and not having any children of their own was very fond of Lucy, and brought her up tenderly, not letting her do any hard work, as they thought by her dress she belonged to some person of distinction; 'but,' continued he, 'your ladyship has not mentioned the handsome reward we found in the bag for taking care of her.'—'That reward is not sufficient,' replied the Countess, 'for the preservation of my Lucy, and I shall think of some recompence for your kindness; but at that time I did not imagine the person who found her would have the care of her for sixteen years.'—'Madam,' said Lucy to the Countess, 'pardon me if I offend, but I am desirous to know the reason of your casting me out in that manner, and yet shewing such tender care for me.'—'As you have all been witness,' replied the Countess, 'to my finding and acknowledging my daughter, it is necessary you should be informed of something more.'

'My maiden name was Lucy R——, my father Sir Charles R—— being a gentleman of great fortune, I was educated and brought

up in the highest sphere in life. At a court ball on'e birth-day, I happened to dance with the Earl of B——, from that time he commenced my lover, and to confess the truth I felt a mutual passion for him. He had long solicited his friends to go abroad on his travels, and had formed a party with some young noblemen to make the grand tour. We had frequent interviews together; never did man adore a woman more than he did me; but knew his friends would not consent to his marrying, as he was under age, and was obliged in honor to leave the kingdom. He persuaded me to a private marriage in my own chamber; that, as he said, he might be sure of me when he came back.

About two months after he set out, but finding by some little symptoms I was pregnant, advised me if the child lived to put it out of the way privately till his return, and acknowledge his marriage, otherwise, if my situation was known, I must either discover our being married, which he did not wish to be known at present, or have my character reflected on. I promised I would keep every thing a secret till I saw him again; but, alas! I never have or ever shall have that happiness. But to proceed, growing near my time, I desired my father to let me go to Worcester, to see my nurse; my mother dying almost as soon as I was born, she had the care of my infancy; my  
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father had a great regard for her on that account, and as she was gone to settle in that part, frequently let me go and stay two or three months with her. I accordingly went, and informed her of my condition, and of my private marriage: finding secrecy was required, she proposed that scheme, but I shuddered at it at first, till she assured me there was no manner of danger, as the river was so smooth, the child would lay as safe as in my arms, and would be taken up by somebody who would take care of it for the sake of the money; my next objection was how I should find it again when my husband came home; nothing more easy, she said, she should remember where she put it, and would show me when I got about again. Being satisfied my child would be restored to me again, I consented, and shortly after I was delivered of you, my dear Lucy, without the knowledge of any person but my nurse, who was skilled in midwifery, and in less than a week she had you privately baptized, and carried you away from me, after I had kissed you a thousand times, and shed a flood of tears over you. While I lay in, all my talk was how I should find my child again when she Earl came home; my nurse said, nothing was more easy; for depend upon it, says she such a thing will be the talk of the whole place where ever it is; and when you are up again we will go about a little, and we shall soon hear such

an affair, and when we know where it is, we will let it remain till your husband comes back, and I can fetch it to you. But before I was capable of going out the good old woman died suddenly: she had a sister in this town, I sent for her, and she had her buried, and took what she had left.

I wanted now to go back to my father, having staid longer than ever I did, but I had a sufficient excuse to tell him of my nurse's death; however, I could not be easy about my child; I went to every town and village round Worcester, not daring to ask, but to hear if there was any talk of such a circumstance, but to my grief could discover nothing, so I returned to London, trusting to providence for the preservation of my infant.

In about a year afterwards, I heard the dreadful account of the Earl of B—— being dead; he died of a surfeit in Italy; what could I do now; I was married, a widow, and had had a child, but lost it; neither my father nor his friends knew any of these circumstances, and it would be in vain to inform them now; therefore as every thing had been a secret, I let them remain so; but since that time I have never enjoyed one hour of calm repose. My husband's family are all dead, and my father has been dead three years; I am in possession of his whole estate, which is very large. It is now near two years that I have been settled at Worcester

cester, and have taken my own title upon me, as there is none of my husband's family alive to call me to an account for it, besides, as I was really married I have a right to it. Never having my child out of my thoughts, I chose to live near the spot where I lost her, hoping some blessed chance might bring on a discovery, which has fortunately happened.'

While the lady was speaking, they had shewed great attention; Lucy had all the time sat bathed in tears; when her mother had finished, she again threw herself on her knees, and asked her blessing, which that lady gave her with great tenderness and many embraces.

They now returned back to Worcester, taking Mr. Harris with them, as they expected Lord T—— in a day or two, that he might be present when the discovery was made to that young nobleman.

Mrs. Summers and Miss Sophia congratulated the Countess of B—— and young Lady Lucy on their happy meeting with each other; and the good fisherman's heart overflowed with joy, but could hardly bring himself to call her Lady Lucy, and she insisted upon his behaving to her as he used to do, 'for,' says she, 'I shall always look on you as my father, as you have been so many years my protector, besides, though I have found a mother I have not a father, therefore pray be my father still.' Lord T—— came as they expected; as soon as he

he came in, Sophia cries, ' Well my Lord, you are very good to come so soon; Lady Lucy did not expect you this day or two; we have been with her and the Countess of B——, her mother, to fetch Mr. Harris.' Lord T—— did not know what to make of this speech, and seeing them all smile, ' Pray cousin Sophia explain yourself,' says he.' Mr. Harris could refrain no longer. ' Why, my Lord,' says he, ' I am not Lucy's father, and she has found her own mother, so she is more worthy of you, as she is equal in birth to yourself.' Mrs. Summers then gave him a brief account of all that had happened, at which he was much astonished, but greatly pleased, as he was in no fear of his father's consent. The Countess very much approved of his passion for her daughter, and made him many compliments on his generous behaviour to her. Lord T—— would not stay but a week with them, which they spent in joy and pleasure on the occasion; such had he in to propose this alliance to his father, who readily consented to it, but said he should like to have the ceremony performed in London. Lord T—— with great expedition returned to the ladies again, and informed them of his father's approbation and desire, which was agreeable to them all, as they could provide things for the occasion better there than in the country. Lord T—— went first, to provide genteel lodgings

lodgings for them, and they soon followed. When they were a little settled, they paid a visit to Lord T——'s father, who was laid up with the gout, but he received them in a very polite manner, and was perfectly charmed with young Lady Lucy. Preparations went on with all speed for this wedding, which was to be very splendid, notwithstanding it took up several months to have every thing in order.

One morning Lord T—— was walking in the park full of thoughts of his approaching happiness, was called to in a low voice, by a young woman meanly dressed; he presently knew her to be Fanny, who lived at Upton; though he was angry with her for her behaviour to Lucy, yet his good nature made him stop to hear what she had to say. 'I beg pardon,' says she, 'for speaking to your lordship, but I am very uneasy in my mind, on account of my treachery to Lucy Harris, and the base squire never gave me a farthing for it, though his promising me a hundred guineas made me do it.' 'What! did he make you that promise?' says Lord T——. 'Yes,' replied she, 'and he told me as we went away in the post-chaise, that he was the person that set the fisherman's house on fire, and that he set two men to murder you, but they failed.' 'Well,' says Lord T——, 'these are things that I did not know before, and am glad to be informed of them.' She then  
went

went on. 'He was the first ruin of me, and then left me, but I was so uneasy I could not stay in my place, and did not care what became of me, and have been very much distressed, but if I had a little money to buy me a few cloaths, I would go to service again.'—'Well,' replied Lord T——, 'that is a good resolution, and I will encourage it; so pulling out his purse, he put five guineas in her hand, telling her to be sure and buy cloaths with it, and get into place, 'and then,' says he, giving her a direction, 'come to me; and you shall never want for encouragement while you do well.'

Fanny took the money very thankfully; and accordingly in a week after she came dressed very decently, and informed Lord T—— she had got a good place, and where it was, saying, she would endeavour to keep it; so he gave her five guineas more, telling her to be a good girl for the future; and she might do very well yet. He had told Lucy of his seeing her, and all she said. Lucy was surpris'd to hear of the squire's wickedness, and much shock'd at Fanny's being brought to shame and guilt by his means, but hop'd she would reform in time, as she did not seem abandoned.

Every thing being in readiness, and the joyful day arriv'd, Lord T—— was married to the charmer of his heart, Lady Lucy, When the ceremony was over, which was  
done

done with all the grandeur and pomp imaginable, they were elegantly entertained at the house of Lord T——'s father, and there was nothing but general joy and pleasure. Mr. Harris was as happy as the best of them, and proud to be still called father by the blooming bride.

After a month's recreation, feasting, and rejoicing, Mrs. Summers with her daughter returned to Worcester.

Mr. Harris prepared to go to Upton again, but they did not know how to part with him; for he, though he was poor, was looked upon as the source from whence all their happiness flowed. They would fain have kept him with them, but he preferred his old ivy shaded cottage to all the grandeur he had experienced at London. Therefore finding he would go, they loaded him with presents; but he told them they had given him more than he could possibly spend while he lived, and would have refused some of their favors.

Lord T—— had an elegant house fitted up for himself and his lady, and furnished it in an elegant manner. Never was a lady happier than Lucy with her beloved lord, who perfectly idolized her; his father was very fond of her; and the Countess of B—— by her indulgence to her daughter now made up for the time she had lost in shewing a motherly care of her.

Lady T—— had an inclination to see her  
old

old friend Fanny, and being informed by Lord T—— where she lived, she sent for her. Fanny dressed herself as well as she could, and went to their house. Lady T----- received her very kindly. Fanny made many apologies for her behaviour, and shed some tears. Lady T——— told her she freely forgave her, notwithstanding, she was almost the cause of her death, but she hoped she had seen her error, and her future conduct in life would shew her true repentance of the past. She then gave her a ten pound bank note, and promised if she went on well she would often be a friend to her.

Lord and Lady T——— often went to Worcester, to visit Mrs. Summers and her daughter, and they did not forget to visit the good old fisherman, at Upton, who always received them with inexpressible pleasure.

Lord and Lady T——— many years enjoyed uninterrupted pleasure, being blessed with a numerous and dutiful offspring, who by imitating their parents virtues, were an ornament to their rank, and ensured them that happiness which always results from good actions.

FINIS

