

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO



3 1761 01316247 4

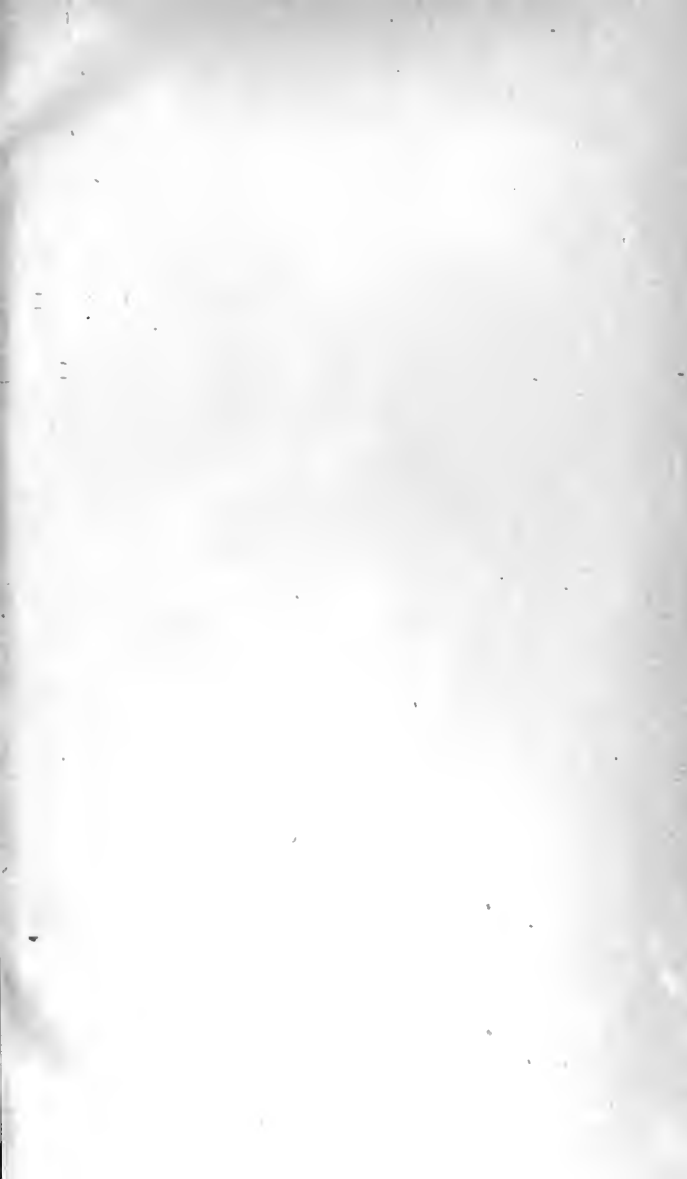


*Presented to the*  
LIBRARY *of the*  
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO  
*by*  
Mrs. Andrew Kellogg















**S T A N D A R D**

**NOVELS.**

**N° XII.**

---

**CANTERBURY TALES.**

**BY SOPHIA AND HARRIET LEE.**

**COMPLETE IN TWO VOLUMES.**

---

**LONDON:**

**HENRY COLBURN AND RICHARD BENTLEY,**

**NEW BURLINGTON STREET :**

**BELL AND BRADFUTE, EDINBURGH;**

**CUMMING, DUBLIN; AND**

**GALIGNANI, PARIS.**

**1832.**

LONDON :  
Printed by A. & R. Spottiswoode,  
New-Street-Square.





T. P. Soper. del.

W. G. Woodcut.

## THE FIVE-TALENTED MAN.

Captain Villars, who was only in the adjoining apartment, entered at this moment, and saw with surprise, Arandel holding the hand of his sister



THE  
CANTERBURY TALES,  
BY  
SOPHIA & HARRIET LEE,  
VOL. I.



*What I am now displaying is as unintelligible  
to me as to you; and though it has been care-  
fully preserved is worn, eaten and imperfect.*

*Ed. Moore. 1837*

LONDON:  
COLBURN AND BENTLEY,  
GEMMING, DUBLIN.— BELL & BRADFUTE, EDINBURGH.  
GALIGNANI PARIS.  
1837



# CANTERBURY TALES.

---

---

A woman's story at a winter's fire,  
Authorised by her grandame.

SHAKSPEARE.

---

BY SOPHIA AND HARRIET LEE.

REVISED, CORRECTED,  
AND ILLUSTRATED WITH A NEW PREFACE,

BY HARRIET LEE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

HENRY COLBURN AND RICHARD BENTLEY,

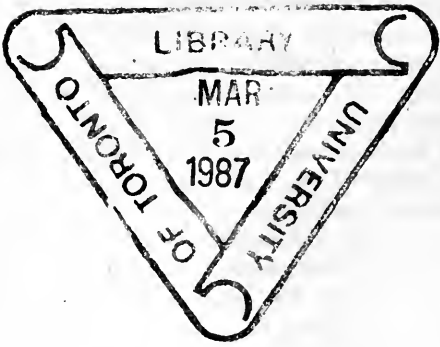
NEW BURLINGTON STREET;

BELL AND BRADFUTE, EDINBURGH;

CUMMING, DUBLIN; AND

GALIGNANI, PARIS.

1832.



LIBRARY

OF TORONTO

MAR

5

1987

UNIVERSITY

# PREFACE,

BY

HARRIET LEE.

---

SOME perplexity having arisen from the insertion of two names in the title-page of "The Canterbury Tales," it was observed to me, that to prefix a short explanatory address, ascribing each tale to its distinct author, would be desirable in the present edition of them among the "Standard Novels;" and I readily comply with the suggestion, since it allows me opportunity to make such mention of her who is no more \* as may prove acceptable to the curiosity, or, perhaps, to a better and gentler feeling, in the reader. If I introduce particulars relative to myself, I hope they will be considered as belonging to the general subject.

The outline of the work was exclusively mine, and afforded me a convenient prospect of pursuing or discontinuing it, as circumstances might permit. I wrote the four first stories with great ardour and rapidity, chiefly to indulge the pleasure I always found in writing; yet, it must be owned, not without a latent, and (author-like) an increasing, hope that I might be fortunate enough to please the public. The stories

\* Sophia Lee, who died March 13th, 1824.

were printed in one volume as soon as finished; and my hope was not disappointed, since the success of the work was such as to render a continuation desirable. For this, however, I was not altogether prepared; but a previous arrangement, made between my eldest sister and myself, afforded an auxiliary whose acknowledged talents left nothing to fear from the coalition, but that the second party might, as is often the case in coalitions, entirely supersede the preceding one.

Sophia Lee, as the author of "The Recess \*," and of the comedy called "The Chapter of Accidents," already held a distinguished place in public favour. The richness of invention, and the versatility of talent, which characterised those efforts of her pen, were again displayed in "The Young Lady's Tale, or the Two Emilys;" and in "The Clergyman's Tale, or Pembroke." After contributing these, and the introduction inserted in the first volume, she declined taking any future share in the work, and left the additional volumes, whatever their number might prove, to me; "in whose mind," as she smilingly observed, "thick-coming fancies allowed no room for further copartnership."

An interval, however, still elapsed between the publication of each succeeding volume: not from lack either of inclination or materials to proceed upon, but that "carking cares," and necessary occupations, engaged the hours of both sisters; the eldest of whom

\* The first English romance that blended interesting fiction with historical events and characters, embellishing both by picturesque description. "Cleveland," written, as I believe, by the Abbé Prévôt, had precedence of all.

had, from a very early age, supplied the place of a mother to the younger branches of her father's family, and became their after-guide in such active duties as left little leisure for the indulgence of a literary propensity. Nor was this a trifling sacrifice on her part; since her first works enjoyed such popularity as might have engaged a less affectionate character in a very different career from the simple one of domestic life. Taste and feeling, however, still retained their influence, and were shown in many poetical trifles,—written, indeed, without a direct view to publication, but from which I venture to select and present one.

## SONG.

Say, what is love? a fond day-dream,  
Where nothing is, but all things seem;  
Where souls in tender trances lie,  
And passion feeds upon the eye.

A thought now soothes, and now alarms;  
A sigh, a tear, a folly charms:  
Why, Reason, why the slumber break?  
Ah, spare the agony to wake!

These lines, musical in themselves, received additional grace from an air which was composed for them by the eldest of the accomplished daughters of Mrs. Siddons.

I now bid adieu to recollections that might engage me too far, and hasten to finish my much less interesting prosaic detail.

The publication of a third volume would probably, I thought, end "The Canterbury Tales." Yet a fourth appeared, containing the story of "Kruitzner;" and

the favour which that story found, both with general readers, and from the distinguished few whose mere approbation is fame\*, brought forward "More last words," — to quote the appropriate motto to a fifth volume. With this, "The Canterbury Tales" closed; first called such merely in *badinage* between the authors, as being a proverbial phrase for gossiping long stories; certainly with no thought of blending them with the recollection of our great English classic.†

Before I finally dismiss the subject, I think I may be permitted to observe, that when these volumes first appeared, a work bearing distinctly the title of "Tales," professedly adapted to different countries, and either abruptly commencing with, or breaking suddenly into, a sort of dramatic dialogue, was a novelty in the fictions of the day. Innumerable "Tales" of the same stamp, and adapted in the same manner to all classes and all countries, have since appeared; with many of which I presume not to compete in merit, though I think I may fairly claim priority of design and style.

H. L.

CLIFTON, JANUARY, 1832.

\* That with which Lord Byron honoured it was very long after.

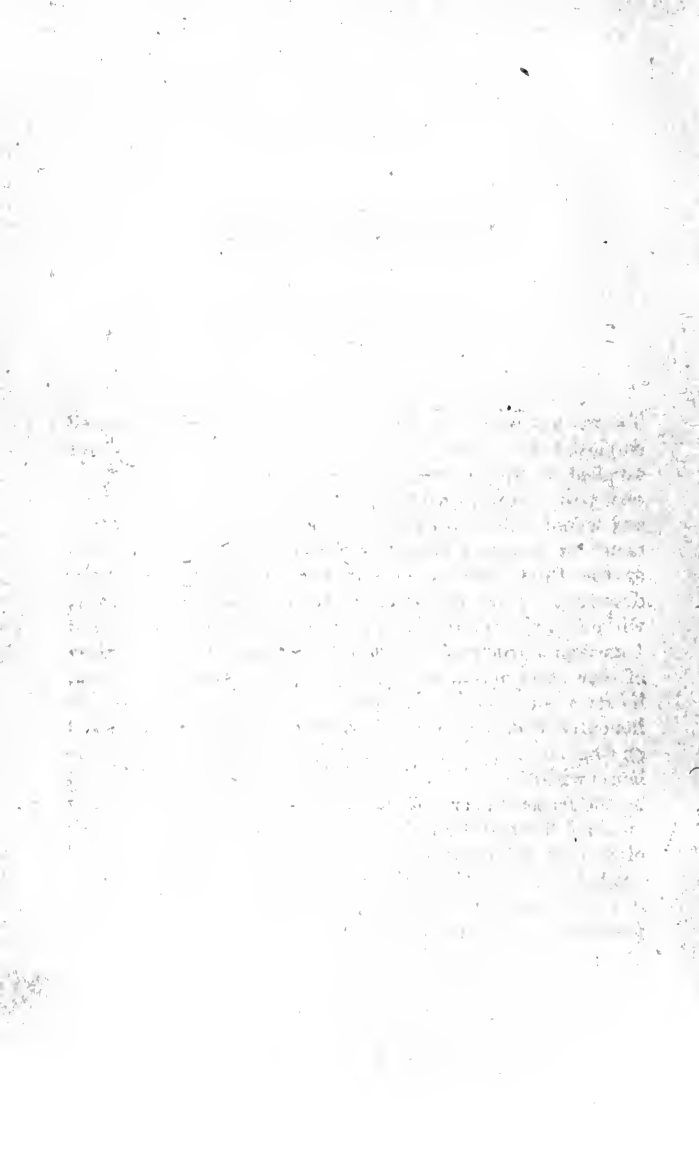
† Chaucer.



CONTENTS  
OF  
THE FIRST VOLUME.

---

	Page
INTRODUCTION	- xi
THE TRAVELLER'S TALE. MONTFORD	- 1
THE POET'S TALE. ARUNDEL	- 17
THE FRENCHMAN'S TALE. CONSTANCE	- 74
THE OLD WOMAN'S TALE. LOTHAIRE	- 129
THE YOUNG LADY'S TALE. THE TWO EMILYS	- 154
THE OFFICER'S TALE. CAVENDISH	- 380



## INTRODUCTION.

---

THERE are people in the world who think their lives well employed in collecting shells; there are others not less satisfied to spend theirs in classing butterflies. For my own part, I always preferred animate to inanimate nature; and would rather post to the antipodes to mark a new character, or develop a singular incident, than become a Fellow of the Royal Society by enriching museums with non-descripts. From this account you, my gentle reader, may, without any extraordinary penetration, have discovered that I am among the eccentric part of mankind, by the courtesy of each other and themselves—yclept poets: a title which, however mean or contemptible it may sound to those not honoured with it, never yet was rejected by a single mortal on whom the suffrage of mankind conferred it; no, though the laurel wreath of Apollo, barren in its nature, had been twined by the frozen fingers of poverty, and shed on the brow it crowned her chilling influence. But when did it so? Too often destined to deprive its graced owner of every real good, by an enchantment which we know not how to define, it comprehends in itself such a variety of pleasures and possessions, that well may one of our number exclaim,—

“Thy lavish charter, Taste, appropriates all we see!”

Happily, too, we are not, like *virtuosi* in general, encumbered with the treasures gathered in our peregrinations. Compact in their nature, they lie all in the small cavities of our brain; which are indeed often so small as to render it

doubtful whether we have any at all. The few discoveries I have made in that richest of mines, the human soul, I have not been churl enough to keep to myself; nor, to say truth, unless I can find out some other means of supporting my corporeal existence than animal food, do I think I shall ever be able to afford that sullen affectation of superiority.

Travelling, I have already said, is my taste; and to make my journeys pay for themselves my object. Much against my good liking, some troublesome fellows, a few months ago, took the liberty of making a little home of mine their own; nor, till I had coined a small portion of my brain in the mint of my publisher, could I persuade them to depart. I gave a proof of my politeness, however, in leaving my house to them; and retired to the coast of Kent, where I fell to work very busily. Gay with the hope of shutting my door on these unwelcome visitants, I walked in a severe frost from Deal to Dover to secure a seat in the stage coach to London. One only was vacant; and, having engaged it, "maugre the freezing of the bitter sky," I wandered forth to note the *memorabilia* of Dover, and was soon lost in one of my fits of exquisite abstraction.

With reverence I looked up to the Cliff, which our immortal bard has, with more fancy than truth, described. With toil mounted, by an almost endless staircase, to the top of a castle, which added nothing to my poor stock of ideas but the length of our virgin Queen's pocket-pistol,—that truly *Dutch* present: cold and weary, I was pacing towards the inn, when a sharp-visaged barber popped his head over his shop-door, to *reconnoitre* the inquisitive stranger. A brisk fire, which I suddenly cast my eye on, invited my frozen hands and feet to its precincts. A civil question to the honest man produced, on his part, a civil invitation; and, having placed me in a snug seat, he readily gave me the benefit of all his oral tradition.

"Sir," he said, "it is mighty lucky you came across me. The vulgar people of this town have no genius, sir,—no taste: they never show the greatest curiosity in the place. Sir, we have here the tomb of a poet!"

“The tomb of a poet!” cried I, with a spring that electrified my informant no less than myself. “What poet lies here? and where is he buried?”

“Ay, *that* is the curiosity,” returned he exultingly. I smiled: his distinction was so like a barber. While he had been speaking, I recollected he must allude to the grave of Churchill: that vigorous genius, who, well calculated to stand forth the champion of freedom, has recorded himself the slave of party, and the victim of spleen! So, however, thought not the barber; who considered him as the first of human beings.

“This great man, Sir,” continued he, “who lived and died in the cause of liberty, is interred in a very remarkable spot, Sir. If you was not so cold and so tired, Sir, I could show it you in a moment.” Curiosity is an excellent great-coat: I forgot I had no other, and strode after the barber to a spot surrounded by ruined walls; in the midst of which stood the white marble tablet, marked with Churchill’s name—to appearance, its only distinction.

“Cast your eyes on the walls,” said the important barber: “they once enclosed a church, as you may see.”

On inspecting the crumbling ruins more narrowly, I did, indeed, discern the traces of Gothic architecture.

“Yes, Sir,” cried my friend the barber, with the conscious pride of an Englishman, throwing out a gaunt leg and arm—“Churchill, the champion of liberty, is interred *here!*—Here, Sir, in the very ground where King John did homage for the crown he disgraced!”

The idea was grand. In the eye of fancy, the slender pillars again lifted high the vaulted roof—*that* rang with solemn chantings. I saw the insolent legate seated in scarlet pride. I saw the sneers of many a mitred abbot. I saw, bare-headed, the mean, the prostrate king. I saw, in short, every thing but the barber, whom, in my flight, and swell of soul, I had out-walked and lost. Some more curious traveller may again pick him up, perhaps, and learn more minutely the fact.

Waking from my *rêverie*, I found myself on the Pier. The pale beams of a powerless sun gilt the fluctuating waves, and the distant spires of Calais; which I now clearly

surveyed. What a new train of images here sprang up in my mind! borne away by succeeding impressions with no less rapidity. From the Monk of Sterne, I travelled up in five minutes to the inflexible Edward III. sentencing the noble burghers; and, having seen them saved by the eloquence of Philippa, I wanted no better seasoning for my mutton chop.

The coachman now showed his ruby face at the door, and I jumped into the stage, where were already seated two passengers of my own sex, and one of——would I could say, the fairer! But, though truth may not be spoken at all times, upon paper one, now and then, may do her justice. Half a glance discovered that the good lady opposite to me had never been handsome, and now added the injuries of time to the severity of nature. Civil but cold compliments having passed, I closed my eyes to expand my soul; and having fabricated a brief, poetical history of England, to help short memories, was something astonished to find myself tugged violently by the sleeve; and not less so to see the coach empty, and hear an obstinate waiter insist upon it we were at Canterbury, and the supper ready to be put on the table. It had snowed, I found, for some time; in consideration of which, mine host had prudently suffered the fire nearly to go out. A dim candle was on the table, without snuffers, and a bell-string hanging over it, at which we pulled; but it had long ceased to operate on that noisy convenience. Alas, poor Shenstone! how often, during these excursions, do I think of thee! Cold, indeed, must have been thy acceptance in society, if thou couldst seriously say—

“ Whoe'er has travell'd life's dull round,  
Where'er his various course has been,  
Must sigh to think how oft he found  
His warmest welcome at an inn.”

Had the gentle bard told us, that in this sad substitute for home, despite of all our impatience to be gone, we must stay, not only till wind and weather, but landlords, postilions, and ostlers, choose to permit, I should have thought he knew more of travelling; and, stirring the fire, snuffing the candles, reconnoitring the company, and modifying my

own humour, should at once have tried to make the best of my situation. After all, he is a wise man who does at first what he must do at last ; and I was just breaking the ice, after having nursed the fire to the general satisfaction, when the coach from London added three to our party ; and common civility obliged those who came first to make way for the yet more frozen travellers. We supped together, and I was something surprised to find our two coachmen allowed us such ample time to enjoy our little bowl of punch ; when, lo ! with dolorous countenances they came to give us notice that the snow was so heavy, and already so deep, as to make our proceeding either road dangerous, if not utterly impracticable.

“ If that is really the case,” cried I mentally, “ let us see what we may hope from the construction of the seven heads that constitute our company.” Observe, gentle reader, that I do not mean the outward and visible form of those heads ; for I am not amongst the new race of physiognomists, who exhaust invention only to ally their own species to the animal creation ; and would rather prove the skull of a man resembled an ass, than, looking within, find in the brain the glorious similitude of the Deity. — An elegant author more justly conveys my idea of physiognomy in saying, “ Sensibilities ripen with years, and enrich the human countenance, as colours mount into a tulip.” It was my interest to be as happy as I could ; and that can only be when we look around with a wish to be pleased ; nor could I ever find a way of unlocking the human heart, but by frankly inviting others to peep into my own. — And now for my survey.

In the chimney corner sat my old gentlewoman a little alarmed at a coffin that had popped from the fire, instead of a purse : *ergo*, superstition was her weak side. In sad conformity to declining years, she had put on her spectacles, taken out her knitting, and thus humbly retired from attention she had long, perhaps, been hopeless of attracting. Close by her was placed a young lady from London, in the bloom of nineteen : a cross on her bosom showed her to be a Catholic, and a peculiar accent an Irishwoman : her face, especially her eyes, might be termed handsome ;

of those archness would have been the expression, had not the absence of her air proved that their sense was turned inward, to contemplate in her heart some chosen, cherished image. Love and romance reigned in every lineament.

A French abbé had, as is usual with gentlemen of that country, edged himself into the seat by the belle; to whom he continually addressed himself with all sorts of *petits soins*, though fatigue was obvious in his air, and the impression of some danger escaped gave a wild sharpness to every feature. "Thou hast comprised," thought I, the knowledge of a whole life in perhaps the last month: and then perhaps didst thou first study the art of thinking, or learn the misery of feeling! Neither of these seemed, however, to have troubled his neighbour, an Englishman, who, though with a sort of surly good nature he had given up his place at the fire, yet contrived to engross both candles, by holding before them a newspaper where he dwelt upon the article of stocks, till a bloody duel in Ireland induced communication, and enabled me to discover that, in spite of the importance of his air, credulity, and a love of the marvellous, might be reckoned amongst his characteristics.

The opposite corner of the fire had been by general consent given up to one of the London travellers, whose age and infirmities challenged regard, while his aspect awakened the most melting benevolence. Suppose an anchorite, sublimed by devotion and temperance from all human frailty, and you will see this interesting aged clergyman: so pale, so pure was his complexion; so slight his figure, though tall; that it seemed as if his soul was gradually divesting itself of the covering of mortality, that when the hour of separating it from the body came, hardly should the greedy grave claim aught of a being so ethereal! — "Oh, what lessons of patience and sanctity couldst thou give," thought I, "were it my fortune to find the key of thy heart!"

An officer in the middle of life occupied the next seat. Martial and commanding in his person; of a countenance open and sensible; tanned as it seemed by severe service, his forehead only retained its whiteness; yet that, with



assimilating graceful manners, rendered him very prepossessing.

That seven sensible people—for I include myself in that description—should tumble out of two stage-coaches, and be thrown together so oddly, was in my opinion an incident: and why not make it really one? I hastily advanced, and, turning my back to the fire, fixed the eyes of the whole company—not on my person, for that was no way singular—not, I would fain hope, upon my coat, which I had forgotten till that moment was threadbare: I had rather, of the three, imagine my assurance the object of general attention. However, no one spoke, and I was obliged to second my own motion.

“Sir,” cried I to the Englishman, who by the time he kept the paper certainly *spelt* its contents, “do you find any thing entertaining in that newspaper?”

“No, Sir!” returned he most laconically.

“Then you might perhaps find something entertaining out of it?” added I.

“Perhaps I might,” retorted he in a provoking accent, and surveying me from top to toe. The Frenchman laughed—so did I;—it is the only way when one has been more witty than wise. I returned presently, however, to the attack.

“How charmingly might we fill a long evening,” resumed I, with, as I thought, a most ingratiating smile, “if each of the company would relate the most remarkable story he or she ever knew or heard of!”

“Truly we might *make* a long evening that way,” again retorted my torment the Englishman. “However, if you please, we will wave your plan, Sir, till to-morrow, and then we shall have the additional resort of our *dreams*, if our memories fail us.” He now, with a negligent yawn, rang, and ordered the chambermaid. The two females rose of course; and in one moment an overbearing clown cut short ‘the feast of reason, and the flow of soul.’ I forgot it snowed, and went to bed in a fever of rage. A charming tale ready for the press in my travelling desk—the harvest I might make could I prevail on each of the company to tell me another—Reader, if you ever had an

empty purse, and an unread performance of your own burning in your pocket, and your heart, I need not ask you to pity me.

Fortune, however, more kindly than usual, took my case into consideration ; for the morning showed me a snow so deep, that had Thomas à Becket condescended to attend at his own shrine to greet those who enquired for it, not a soul could have got at the cathedral to pay their devoirs to the complacent archbishop.

On entering the breakfast room, I found mine host had, at the desire of some one or other of the company, already produced his very small stock of books, consisting of the Army List, The Whole Art of Farriery, and a volume of imperfect Magazines : a small supply of mental food for seven hungry people. Vanity never deserts itself ; I thought I was greeted with more than common civility ; and, having satisfied my grosser appetite with tea and toast, resumed the idea of the night before — assuring the young lady, “ I was certain, from her fine eyes, she could melt us with a tender story ; and that the sober matron could improve us by a wise one : ” a circular bow showed similar hopes from the gentlemen. The plan was adopted ; and the exultation of conscious superiority flushed my cheek. I declined being the first narrator, only because I desired it too much : and, to conceal from observation the rage for pre-eminence burning in my heart, I made a philosophical and elegant exordium upon the *levelling principle* ; ending with a proposal, that each person’s story should be related as numbered lots might determine. On purpose to torment me, my old competitor, the Englishman, drew number one ; the second lot, however, fortunately was mine ; the third the Frenchman’s, the fourth the Old Woman’s, the fifth the Young Lady’s, the sixth the Officer’s, and the venerable Parson had the seventh.

I had now only one hope, which it must be owned was that the first speaker might *prove* as dull as I thought he looked. When, after a modest pause, he totally discomfited me by saying, “ that as he had been a great traveller, and in his various peregrinations had seen and heard many extraor-

dinary things, the one most present to his memory should serve for the occasion."

And now, courteous Reader, with some palpitations of the heart, I give up myself and my companions to your mercy. Forget me not when my turn comes, though it is that of the Traveller first to address you !



# CANTERBURY TALES.

---

## THE TRAVELLER'S TALE.

### MONTFORD.

That strain again! — It had a dying fall:  
Oh, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south  
That breathes upon a bank of violets,  
Stealing and giving odour. SHAKESPEARE.

**H**ENRY DE MONTFORD was of an illustrious birth, an ample fortune, and endowed with all the graces of youth and nature. Born to such advantages, what could he have to seek? Reason says, "Nothing." But Montford was an Englishman; and the English talk too much of reason to act by it. It is an idol to whom they burn incense without intending to make it a household god. Montford then was an Englishman in the truest sense of the word; frank, brave; but restless and impatient. Novelty was his passion, and the first wish of his soul was to travel. His father vainly attempted to combat this inclination in an only son with whom he had no desire to part. Romance-writers may exhaust their eloquence upon the flinty hearts of parents; but real life tells us that they are much more apt to be governed by their children, than to govern: and so it proved in the family of Montford.

"Henry," said the venerable old man, as he embraced his son on the eve of his departure for the Continent, "I will not enjoin you to remember the race from which you spring, or the name you bear. They are pledges of honour which I trust you will not forget. But let Pru-

dence accompany your virtues, or they will be useless to others, and dangerous to yourself. You will pass through France; you will visit Italy. You will behold the theatre of arts and arms: but Superstition has twined her ivy amidst their laurels, and they daily wither beneath its pernicious influence. Yet offend not the prejudices of any country; nor make that faith which is to be the foundation of your happiness in another world, the source of hatred or discord in this. Let the sacred remains of the past speak to your heart; and while they so often derive their value from memory alone, let them feelingly convince you that the real dignity of man is within himself. Adieu, my child! Receive my benediction: more I need not add: the wishes of a parent are prayers."

Montford embraced his father in silence, and a few days conveyed him to Paris. But Paris, however gay, did not detain him long; and as Venice was at that season the theatre of pleasure, he soon after set off with a party of his countrymen to be present at the Carnival. The Carnival, it should seem, had variety enough to gratify the most impetuous mind. But even that did not satisfy our traveller: he rambled round Italy, traversed the south of France, and determined to visit Spain: "Spain," he exclaimed, "the region of romance! where Love has transferred his veil to the fair eyes of his votaries; where restraint doubles enjoyment, and danger enhances the merit of passion!"

Full of similar ideas Montford crossed the Pyrenees. "Ay, this," said he, as he surveyed the hanging woods and rustic hermitages of Montserrat, "this is, indeed, to gratify at once the eye and the imagination: this is to trace Nature through all her forms; from the wild brow of the precipice where she alone presides, up to the last and most complicated of her works, Man." He was interrupted in his meditations by a glimpse of the hovel in which he was to pass the night. It was in one sense a perfect paradise; for bird, beast, and man seemed all free commoners there. "It must be owned," said Montford, as he stretched himself upon the straw in one corner — "it must be owned that they seem to want nothing in this country but common sense." And had thine, dear Montford! not been

absorbed in romance, thou wouldest have known that little want must ensure every other.

The sun rose gaily, and our traveller with it; roused, indeed, by the friendly neighing of his horse, which approached rather nearer the couch of his master than he had been accustomed to do. The suddenness of his excursion had caused Montford to be but ill provided with letters of recommendation: but amidst them he found one addressed to Don Antonio di Vega, at Lerida; and as romance does but ill supply the place of every other comfort, he was not sorry to see the gates of that city.

The family of Don Antonio, however, bore as little resemblance to the warm colourings of fancy as those of his poorer countrymen. Antonio himself was turned of fifty; silent partly through pride, and partly from a certain stagnation of ideas not peculiar to Spain. His wife, who was but little more loquacious than himself, had the air of a withered duenna; and both were bigots to the religion they professed. In such a mansion Montford vainly looked round for the muses and the graces: of the former no trace remained but an old guitar with three strings, which hung against the wall, and the latter seemed totally to have fore-sworn the threshold. He found, however, a civil reception; and seeing himself under the necessity of passing at least a short time with his new friends, agreed to accompany them next day to a villa some miles from the city. Of the charms of this retirement much was said; but, alas! the garden of Eden would have had no temptations for Montford with such an Adam and Eve; and he withdrew to his chamber without one grain of romance to preserve him from being heartily sick of his host, himself, and his travels.

The succeeding day was sultry: Montford found this famous retirement insupportable. Antonio slept half the day, and strummed on his guitar in order to pass away the rest; while his wife paid her devotions to every saint in the calendar, and, by silent shrugs, marked her horror of a heretic. In one instance only was our traveller gratified: his hosts readily admitted his apologies for so short a stay, and, willing to be rid of a troublesome guest, furnished him with letters that he might depart early the next morning. ;

“ And thus are the vivid colourings of fancy daily effaced by the tame certainties of life,” sighed Montford, as he wistfully surveyed the apartment in which he was to sleep. He sighed again, and again looked round. There was somewhat not uncongenial in the scene. Through lattices which were thrown open, a garden presented itself, which, though neither artfully disposed in walks or parterres, was rich in the wild graces of nature. The orange caught a paler yellow from the beams of the moon, and blended its sweets with those of a thousand odoriferous shrubs. The eyes of Montford were yet riveted upon the view, when the soft note of a flute stole over his ear. It was a single tone; but so wild! so sweet! so distant! and yet so full!—He started, listened for some moments, and insensibly relapsed into one of those luxurious reveries where sensibility seems to have dispossessed reflection, and we rather feel than think. The note, however, was not repeated; and, rousing from his torpor, he determined to taste the charms of the evening at large. The window was only a few paces from the ground; and Montford was in a moment in the garden.

After a ramble of considerable length, he was stopped by a broken wall, which appeared to have been the remains of a ruin, and now served as part of the boundary of Don Antonio's estate. The glimpse he caught over it presented him a view of fairy-land. On one side a thick grove of limes strewed the ground with blossoms, and gave an almost overwhelming fragrance to the gale that shook them: on the other, the stream of a distant cascade stole through the turf, betrayed by its own brightness, till it was collected in a marble basin, and encircled by orange and citron trees. Nature breathed tranquillity; and our young traveller saw no crime in enjoying her gifts. He leaped the wall; but stumbled over something on the opposite side, which a fossé, half filled with rubbish and high grass, had concealed. The blood of Montford congealed round his heart when he perceived it to be the body of a man, yet warm, and newly bleeding. “ Just Heaven!” exclaimed he, casting his eyes upon a flute that lay by, “ it was from those lips then” — He stopped, smote his breast, and looking towards heaven, seemed to undergo a momentary pause in existence: it was recalled,



however, by a nearer fear: the moon, which shed her rays obliquely through a cloud, discovered two forms that approached the spot on which he stood; and it was with some difficulty he gained the grove of limes ere they drew near enough to have observed him. That grove, which but a few moments before had appeared the abode of security and love, was now to his agitated nerves peopled with murderers; and hardly would its thickest shade conceal him from the officious beams of the moon.

Of the two men who approached, the foremost bore in his arms somewhat wrapt in white, which he laid at a distance; and, by the motion of a pickaxe and spade, Montford conjectured that he was sinking a grave of which he had already dug part. In the labour both joined; but it was easy to discern that they were not equally accustomed to it. In one, a strong arm seemed nerved by an unfeeling heart, while the random stroke of the other, his long pauses, and passionate gesture, betrayed the deepest agitation. Their toil was at length suspended; and the former drew near the spot where lay the murdered cavalier. The soul of Montford burned within him: he started forward, and looked around, as if he supposed some supernatural being would arm his hand with a weapon; but luckily his step was unheard; and ere he could approach, he saw the villain bear off the corse, and, assisted by his companion, lay it in the earth. "Unfortunate pair!" groaned Montford, as they interred the body wrapped in white, which he now clearly discerned to be that of a woman—"Unfortunate pair! Love was perhaps your only crime: may it in a better world prove your reward!"

That sacred dust which first covers the frail forms it is so soon to blend with, already concealed both victims, when the agitation of one of the men seemed to arise almost to agony. He stretched himself upon the grave; he wept violently; and, raising his hands towards heaven, appeared at once to solicit pardon for his own soul, and mercy for that of the deceased. His companion at length almost forcibly raised him; and covering the spot with turf and leaves, they withdrew through a small garden-door, which they carefully locked after them.

But what became of Montford? — Silent ! solitary ! appalled ! he scarce knew whether the scene he had been witness to was a reality or a vision. “ A sad, sad reality ! ” at length sighed he, as he rushed out of the thicket. — Again he paused upon the spot where the unfortunate cavalier so lately lay ; and was about to climb the wall, when he perceived somewhat glitter amid the grass. It was the picture of a woman, which, by the broken riband attached to it, had doubtless been worn round the neck. He took it up, placed it as a relic in his bosom, and in a few moments reached his chamber — his chamber, now a dungeon ; for rest had fled ; and his soul longed to make its appeal to all Spain against treachery and murder. He deliberated whether he should not immediately awaken his host and family ; but cooler reflection suggested a different conduct. A stranger, a heretic, a single witness of the transaction he would punish ! ignorant of the spot he had quitted, as well as of the persons he had seen there ! The face of the most hardened he had indeed discerned ; he even *believed* he should know it again : but could he be certain of not wronging the innocent ? Against whom therefore could he level his accusation ? and what friends should he find to support him in it ? How, if they should retort the charge ? Truth would oblige him to confess that he had quitted his chamber by stealth, and in the night ; — his shoes were bloody ; and he had imprudently possessed himself of a picture set round with valuable diamonds. Might not these arguments be speciously urged against him — and above all in Spain, where the hand of Justice, ever slow, is often arrested by superstition and interest ? Reason had decided the question ; but his heart remained yet undetermined, when he was alarmed by his servant, who brought him a packet of letters, that had followed him express, with the information that his father lay at the point of death. This news was decisive ; and Montford, though too late to see his parent, was in England.

To an impetuous and ardent youth now succeeded the calmness of maturity : time ripened his understanding ; reason cooled his passions ; and habit brought both down to the level of other men. He married, and became a father.

Romance subsided. He was happy in the society of an amiable wife: he rode hobby-horses with his son; took pleasure in cultivating his estate; and only, while pausing over his hay-fields, or rambling through his park, sometimes gave a sigh to the memory of one sad spot in Catalonia.

But the happiness of a parent approaches so near to his cares, that they meet even at the point which should separate them! The young De Montford was every thing his friends could demand: one troublesome wish alone obtruded upon his heart; and who could blame that wish? for, was it not the foible of his father? In short, it was his desire also to see the world. To have made the grand tour was then first in fashion: like all other fashionable things, it was therefore thought indispensable in a gentleman; and Henry saw no reason why he should be estimated lower than his companions. His father sighed: he sighed — but the former remembered his own father, and complied.

“ You would smile,” said Henry in his first letter, dated Paris, “ to see how grave I am in this gay city. I am rallied perpetually on my sobriety. The women think me a mere phlegmatic Englishman, whom it is vain to hope to subdue: the men swear you are still at my side. And so you are: the precepts, the image of my father are ever present to my memory, and dear to my heart; a heart that will not deserve to beat when they are otherwise.”

Another letter quickly followed this. — “ I will not tell you,” said Henry, “ that I am quite as sober-minded as when I wrote last: however, I do assure you I am yet a very dull fellow in the eyes of my companions; which is as much as to say that I am a very rational one. In a week the court goes to *Barèges*, that the queen may drink the waters; and, perhaps, when so near, I may be tempted to take a trip across the Pyrenees.” — *Across the Pyrenees!* There was a dreadful recollection conveyed in those words that unhinged the soul of Montford.

The letter was received on the anniversary of his wedding-day: a large party had been invited to a rural fête on the occasion, and it was necessary to command himself. Wine and good company are powerful antidotes against gloom: Montford found them so. His guests were depart-

ing, after much festivity, and he stood at the door to make his last bows to the Spanish ambassador, when chance directed his eyes to the face of one of the servants in waiting. If chance directed, Heaven seemed to root them there, when they rested upon the hardened features of the Catalonian murderer. A cold, a deathlike chill ran through the frame of Montford, and seemed to extend even to his very soul. The fatal garden, the yet uncovered grave, the despair of one ruffian, and the ferocious insensibility of the other — all — all revived. Time seemed annihilated; and the whole dreadful scene presented itself at once to his imagination. He retired to bed: he even slept; but rest was denied him. A still more lively picture of the past presented itself to his memory; and while he was attentively viewing the interment, he thought he felt an unseen hand plunge a dagger in his heart. Its painful throbs when he waked convinced him that his dream arose from indisposition; and having replied to his wife, whom his agitation had disturbed, he once more tried to sleep; but it was only to wake again with the same horrible impression. A third effort was equally unsuccessful; and the importunate enquiries of Mrs. Montford at length drew from him the cause of his disorder, though recounted only as a dream. It was a dream, however, that shook his nerves; and, by unhinging his frame, brought on a slow fever, of which he vainly endeavoured to conceal the origin. A favourite woman of Mrs. Montford's soon spread it in his own family: nor was it long ere it reached the ears of Perez, the very villain from whom, of all others, it was most necessary it should be concealed; and Perez instantly disappeared.

If the strange conformity of a dream had thus struck the ruffian with dismay, what did not Montford feel on hearing that the ruffian had abruptly vanished! The dagger seemed already to have pierced his heart through that of his son; and, after vainly struggling with his weakness, he wrote to the latter, to desire his immediate return to England. But a strange and mysterious silence seemed now to have seized upon Henry. His father, finding two despatches unanswered, gave way to his presentiments; and, immediately set off for Paris.

The court was already at *Barèges*; and almost every Englishman had followed it. To *Barèges* he went instantly; but Henry had already crossed the mountains. Over those memorable mountains the impatient father now pursued his son; unconscious that he was himself secretly pursued by that villain whom his sudden journey to the Continent had united with his dream to alarm; and who, imputing it to other views than the silent ones of paternal regard, only waited a favourable opportunity to complete the bloody scene which that dream had pointed out.

Montford tracked his son with indefatigable assiduity, and once more reached the gates of Lerida. It was late ere he arrived; but his ears were blessed with the intelligence that Henry, though not to be found, was well: and after paying a late visit of enquiry to Don Antonio, in whose cobweb domains time seemed to have stood still, he was returning to his hotel, when, passing through a ruinous porchway on the outskirts of the city, he was attacked by two ruffians. The presentiments of Montford occurred again; but neither his prudence nor his courage had deserted him, for he was armed; and a young cavalier, who suddenly came to his assistance, seconded him with so much spirit, that one of the villains was presently stretched upon the spot, while the other saved himself only by flight.

“Generous stranger,” said Montford, “how can I repay —”

“Merciful Heaven!” interrupted the youth, starting back: “am I in a dream, or is it my father speaks?”

“Dear, dear Henry, it is thy father,” returned Montford, falling upon his neck, as he recognised the welcome voice; “thy fond, thy anxious father! Nay, shrink not, my son, from the heart that pants to meet thine. It is neither resentment nor distrust; it is neither caution nor severity, that has made me pursue thy footsteps; it is the fond, the overflowing anxiety of a soul that feels itself most a parent in its weakness.”

Again Montford embraced his son; first conscious of the extent of his fears, by the affecting sadness of his joy.

Henry, though grateful and devoted to his father, was yet agitated by too many various feelings not to betray some

degree of embarrassment at a meeting for which he was wholly unprepared ; nor was he sorry that the features of the assassin who lay dead before them for a time suspended further attention to himself. Montford sunk into a deep reverie on perceiving it to be Perez ; and while employed by his own reflections, became inattentive to the profound silence of his son ; nor was it till they had nearly reached the middle of the city, that either was sensible of the tumult that reigned there. " I am afraid there is a fire," said Montford, in a tone of enquiry, as he raised his eyes upon the anxious faces before him. " Ay, a piteous one in the great street yonder, sir," returned a porter that stood near. " Some young spark has been serenading his mistress, and they have carelessly left a light burning that has spread flames through the house. As to Don Velasquez, he is safe enough: for I saw him in the crowd — but the poor young woman, and the duenna —"

" The house of Velasquez !" cried Henry, starting forward with frantic eagerness ; and, forgetful of every tie but that of love, he pressed to where the conflagration now raged. Through the windows of a large mansion the flames were pouring out with a violence that precluded the possibility of help ; and the roof suddenly giving way, the whole scene, from a clear and vivid blaze, sunk into a confused heap of ruins, covered with impenetrable smoke, and only now and then emitting smouldering flames.

The works of man, even in their wildest waste, man may find language to describe ; but when the havoc attacks humanity, crushes its faculties, and spreads internal devastation, his history, like himself, becomes a blank. Such was for a fortnight that of the young Henry de Montford.

Relieved from a raging fever he slowly recovered his reason, and his strength.—" These are precious tears, my father," said he, feebly raising the hand that received them ; " they fall upon the heart of your son, and prepare it once more for the impressions of duty, of humanity, of nature ! Take then its little history before it is for ever buried there !—Diana de Zaviere —"

" Let us not speak of her, my son," said Montford : " I know the rest too well."

“ That she perished you indeed know too well,” interrupted Henry in the low and firm tone of settled anguish ; “ but you are yet to learn that the hand of a lover lighted that pile which was to annihilate his happiness ; that it was from the bosom of fond and imprudent passion the unfortunate Diana sunk to a premature grave. You tremble — you start ! — My father, you have wept for the miseries of your son ; well may you shudder at his guilt !” Montford shuddered indeed : hardly had he breath to enquire further ; but the weight on his heart was removed, when he found, from the subsequent discourse of Henry, that the fatal meeting between himself and Diana, though tender, had been innocent ; that they had been guilty of no other crime than that of meditating a flight from the relation on whom she depended, and had left the light burning merely from apprehension, on being suddenly surprised ; that, in fine, neither of them could with justice be charged singly with an imprudence in which they had equally shared, though the inflamed imagination of a lover might naturally appropriate the dreadful consequence.

Another fortnight had nearly re-established the health of Henry, when they prepared for their return to England. The weather was warm ; and, after journeying slowly, they reached on the evening of the second day a very indifferent posada ; where, to the great disappointment of Montford, the best accommodations were already secured by a party of travellers, then retiring to rest. One small bed was found for Henry, whose anxiety Montford silenced by pretending to have obtained another below ; where, in fact, an exhausted mind soon supplied upon straw that repose which down had sometimes denied him. It was far otherwise with Henry. To long and restless thoughts succeeded feverish dreams ; in one of which he arose, dressed himself, quitted his room, and, unconscious of what he did, traversed a gallery. His step was soft, solemn, and slow. Fancy presented to him the tomb of Diana ; and he supposed himself leaning over it in the last depth of despondency, whilst, in reality, his vacant eye was fixed on the form of a beautiful young woman, who, while her maid slept by her side, was reading a letter from her lover so intently,

that the emotion excited by it alone made her raise her eyes to the phantom at her feet. A shriek truly feminine, however, announced her perception; a shriek that not only awakened the senses of Henry, but indeed of every individual in the house; and soon introduced to her chamber a group of figures not unworthy the pen of Cervantes.

"Montford!" exclaimed the astonished and terrified fair one, dropping the letter she held.

"Lamented, adored Diana!" cried he, clasping her to his bosom, "let thy living beauty convince me that I do not dream.—Heavens, can it be possible?—Lost alike to the joys of love and of reason, am I indeed restored to both?—Or does a happy delirium supply the place of one at least?"

"I am afraid we must not talk of reason," exclaimed Diana in a timid tone. "Perhaps, Henry," added she, dropping her voice, and raising her swimming eyes to the motley group around her, though fixing them only on one, "perhaps not either of love!"

"And who shall forbid it?" said the elder Montford advancing, while, pressing her hand to his lips, he joined it to that of his son. "Who, sweet Diana, shall forbid a union which Heaven seems thus to authorise? Not the father of thy Henry; not Don Velasquez, if I judge by his looks."

"They are deceitful, stranger," interrupted Velasquez, fixing a stern eye upon Montford, with which a sad and mellow voice but ill accorded. "The looks of Velasquez speak a sensation to which his heart is a stranger: they perhaps tell thee that he has joy in the joys of others; but I once more repeat, they are deceitful. I will not, however, oppose *my* voice to that of Heaven. If love, therefore, Diana, can make thy happiness—be happy." He said more: but he had exhausted his eloquence in those few words; and however excellent the remainder of his speech, it is probable not a syllable further was heard by the lovers.

The gentlemen retired, and a general explanation soon informed Montford that the silence of his son had originated in his consciousness of a passion too serious to admit of



concealment, and too sudden to hope for approbation ; that its fair object was intended by Velasquez for a convent ; and that, finally, on that dreadful night when the imprudence of the lovers reduced the house to ashes, Diana had been privately rescued and conveyed to a country seat, whence she was then going to reside in a nunnery at some distance. From the phlegmatic Velasquez, however, nothing of this transpired. Satisfied with having promised Diana a dowry, and made some professions of civility to the party, who agreed to return with him to the villa he had quitted, he neither entered into their pleasures nor their hopes ; a gloomy companion and an ungracious host.

“ This relation of yours, my sweet Diana,” said Montford, as they were walking, a happy trio, in the garden of Don Velasquez, “ is a relation merely in blood. I am not surprised that he finds the vivacity of Henry insupportable ; and it suited well with the *sombre* hue of his mind to think of immuring thee in a convent. I am mistaken, however,” added he with a smile, “ if the cheerful spirit of Diana would not have found another Henry in the world, rather than have yielded to the gloomy seclusion.”

“ Of that world I know so little,” said Diana, with a gentle and timid air, “ that hardly can I vindicate myself from the supposition. I am cheerful, I acknowledge ; but who, so surrounded, could be otherwise ? Cast thine eyes, dear Henry, on the beautiful scene before us, and tell me if it does not lend new pulses to thy heart !” — Montford raised his eyes as she spoke, and beheld indeed a kind of fairy-land.

On one side a thick grove of limes strewed the ground with blossoms, and gave an almost overwhelming fragrance to the gale that shook them : on the other the stream of a distant cascade stole through the turf, betrayed by its own brightness, till it was collected in a marble basin, and encircled by orange and citron trees.

Reader, does thy heart recognise the spot ? That of Montford communicated a convulsion to his frame.

“ And *this*,” said Diana, pensively resting her arm upon an urn of white marble, “ this is raised by Don Velasquez to the memory of his sister !”

Montford looked wildly round. "Spirits of the injured and unfortunate," cried he, clasping his hands together with energy, "I swear to avenge you!"

The astonished lovers gazed at him for a moment in silence. "You are not well, my father," said Henry, as he traced the flushes upon his cheek.

"Let us quit the spot, my Henry!" said the tender parent, vainly struggling with uncontrollable emotion; "it recalls a grief, a recollection—nineteen years ago—"

"Alas!" said Diana, "was *that* period then marked by sorrow? that period which first brought into being the happy daughter of your heart; born, I hope, to soothe your past griefs, and to assist, oh my father! in shielding you from future ones."

"Merciful Heaven!" again exclaimed Montford, stopping to fix a scrutinising glance on the features of Diana, and comparing them with a portrait which he took from his pocket-book; then, as if oppressed by a torrent of ideas, he broke abruptly from the lovers, and sought Velasquez.

It was the hour of meditation, and Velasquez was indulging in a remote gallery, the gloom of which was deepened by the increasing shade of evening. His step was irregular; and his eye, now fixed on vacancy, now half closed, as if turned inward to scrutinise his heart, seemed to lose all actual, through the strength of imaginary perception. Montford advanced.

"I come," said he, "from the grave of your sister:" adding in a lower, but more impressive tone, "she sends me to her murderer." Velasquez groaned, shuddered, and fell at his feet.

The long and dreadful pause in existence that succeeded precluded all hope or thought of present explanation; nor was it till some hours after, that the news of returning strength led Montford to his chamber. He was stopped at the door of it by a friar, who resolutely opposed his entrance.

"Father," said Montford, with a firm and angry tone, "you know not the evil you do. The God we both adore is conscious of the purity of my intentions, and sent me hither, for the wisest and most merciful of purposes."

“The claims of our holy church, son!” said the friar.

“I am not ignorant of those claims,” interrupted the impatient Montford, “and shall respect them when not extended too far!”

“Respect them now then!” returned the priest, in a still more determined tone. “The mind and body of Don Velasquez are unfitted for converse; and he means to relieve both by the holy duties of confession.”—Montford paused; then, grasping the hand of the friar, emphatically conjured him “to settle the long account between his penitent and Heaven!” Struck with his manner, the priest fixed on him a penetrating glance, where pride struggled with curiosity, and coldly withdrew.

Montford now strove to collect himself, and hastened to calm the perturbation of the lovers, who, bewildered at sight of a confusion for which it was not possible they should account, seemed likely to lose “that sweet peace which goodness bosoms ever,” in vague apprehensions of some unknown and horrible evil.

He was summoned from them to a conference with the holy father, whose altered countenance, and studied blandishments of manner, bespoke him conscious of the fatal secret.

“How is your penitent, father?” cried Montford, abruptly, on entering.

“Easier in body than in soul!” returned the priest. “He is tormented with strange and visionary fears, to which you have given birth. He wishes to know what crime you dare suspect him of; or by what proofs—”

“Father,” interrupted Montford, perceiving that the priest meant artfully to extort from him how much he knew, “let us not trifle on a dreadful subject! Sacred be the secrets of confession; I demand them not from you: it is with Velasquez I would talk. Nineteen years ago it was my fate to witness in the grove of limes—”

“Speak softly!” said the artful priest, lowering his voice. “Velasquez is beyond your reach. Already embosomed in our holy society, he means to atone for his offences by making one of it. Wherefore then blacken him with a guilt he will so soon have expiated?”

“ So soon ! ” interrupted the impatient Montford.

“ Yet, to prove the sincerity of his penitence,” continued the father, “ he permits me to tell you, that, nineteen years ago, in a fit of ill-directed jealousy, he stabbed the husband of his sister, whom he had long suspected for the lover of his wife, and whose connection with his family was then unknown to him : the previous discovery of his intentions had robbed him of that sister almost at the very moment in the pangs of child-birth.”

“ And Diana — ” interrupted Montford.

“ Diana alone remains,” added the priest, “ to attest the luckless union.”

“ Sweet and innocent orphan ! ” again exclaimed Montford, “ born to receive with thy first breath the vanished spirits of thy parents, my heart adopts thee as its own ! — In those shades where superstition arms piety with horrors suitable to guilt like that of Velasquez — may his be expiated ! The soft tears of youth and sensibility shall enrich the grave of his victims ; and, while they commemorate misfortune, shall nourish virtue.”

## THE POET'S TALE.

## ARUNDEL.

There is a kind of character in thy life,  
Which to th' observer doth thy history  
Fully unfold! SHAKESPEARE.

IN the gay and dissolute reign of Charles the Second, when wit was almost as general as licentiousness, and a happy vivacity and good person the surest recommendations, Henry Arundel was distinguished from a crowd of fashionable libertines, by a superiority of elegance, taste, and extravagance: in a word, for all those seducing allurements which lend a charm to vice in every age, and for which that was particularly remarkable.

Arundel, though not wholly deserving of the lavish admiration which he every where extorted, had advantages few men could boast. His figure was graceful; and, what is often thought still better, it was fashionable: his eyes, naturally fine, had the art of saying the prettiest things in the world to every pretty woman: his manners were ingratiating: he sung well, danced well, and dressed well. Could any thing further be added to his character? Yet, with all these advantages — strange does it seem to say — Arundel was at heart a discontented man. Highly as others thought of him, he thought more highly still of himself, and secretly repined, that so much merit, talents, and grace, had never yet exalted him to a rank above that in which he was born.

Mr. Arundel was, indeed, of good family; though, to his unceasing regret, he had early in life married a lady whose connections did not add lustre to it. She was the daughter of an officer of more loyalty than rank, who had served his country in the cause of Charles the First, and had followed the fortunes of his son.

Cromwell was then protector : dancing and dressing were not in fashion ; and Mr. Arundel consequently resided with his lady on his patrimonial estate in Cornwall. Some years passed before they had any children, when he was surprised with an heir, and rather more surprised on finding himself soon afterwards a widower.

Never truly alive either to conjugal or parental affection, he expressed little regret on the loss of an amiable wife, nor any great emotion at sight of her offspring. Reasonable care, however, was taken of the child ; and, as all England became insensibly engrossed by politics, his father thought more frequently of them than of the little Henry.

The restoration of Charles the Second gave London that lustre to which it had long been a stranger. Henry Arundel had only to show himself there to be admired : his person won the ladies — his address the monarch ; and, from a neglected country gentleman, he found himself in a few years the idol of a gay and elegant court. Rapidly as the change was effected, it yet could not fail to bring with it some knowledge of the world. He began to think that he was born to fill the most elevated rank there ; and regretted, too late, having entailed a tax both on his estate and his pleasures, and, perhaps, prepared a rival at a time of life when he was likely to find himself but little disposed to endure one.

Mr. Arundel, it may easily be judged, was not a man of principle : he, therefore, formed rather a resolution than a plan ; and, without exactly analysing his own motives, sent his son, at two years of age, into France, under the care of a person who had once been his mistress, and whose declining health induced her to try a more settled climate than her own. The woman had her instructions ; the birth of young Henry was carefully concealed ; and her death, which happened three years after, left the child in the hands of strangers, at a school in Normandy, where an annual stipend freed his father from all further anxiety : from the relations of his deceased wife he had nothing to fear ; most of them were dead : the rest were wanderers over the Continent ; distressed by the ingratitude of a monarch whom they had abandoned every thing to serve.

Time now rolled rapidly away in vanity and pleasure ; but time, though it had not yet robbed Mr. Arundel of his graces, produced an insensible alteration in them : that of novelty was vanishing fast. He began only to please, where he was accustomed to captivate ; and had even some vague surmises, that he might soon cease to do either, when fortune resolved, by one stroke, to atone for all her past inattention.

The young heiress of the illustrious house of Lindsey was at that period first presented at court. She was beautiful ; rich, and had just seen enough of the world to value all the graces it bestows. Arundel caught her eye, while his was directed elsewhere : the superior elegance of his person fixed her attention ; and, when he was introduced, a softer sentiment entered her heart. He was still enough the fashion to make his name a theme of conversation, as she dropped it amongst her acquaintance ; nor was it long before he discovered that she had done so often. The *dé-nouement* it is not difficult to guess : he presently found that he might win the lady, and therefore instantly resolved that he would ; but the blind goddess, who so often imbitters her own gifts, was now preparing one for him, which, of all others, he least suspected that he should ever deem a misfortune, since it appeared in the shape of a patent of nobility. To the nobility in his own person, indeed, he bore not the slightest objection ; but the clause by which it was limited to his heirs unluckily brought to his recollection a poor little boy in France, who was just beginning to wonder to whom he belonged, whenever he found time to do so from the more important employments of studying bad Latin, and playing school pranks with his companions ; yet this poor little boy had most certainly been brought honourably into the world some years before. Arundel well knew the house of Lindsey to be too proud to stoop to an alliance where such an obstacle intervened ; he, therefore, very prudently determined they never should know it. The marriage articles were signed without any such impediment being announced ; and Miss Lindsey became a wife and a mother, in the full conviction that both families were indebted to her for an heir.

And what became of Henry? — Why, Henry was now shot up beyond his years; not strictly handsome, yet winning; not formed, yet ingratiating: light traces of sensibility and judgment wandered over the glare of youth, like clouds upon sunshine, and gave his character a graceful shade. The impossibility of detaining him where he was, and the fear of detection when he arrived at maturity, had obliged his father to change his mode of education; and he had consigned him to a tutor, who, though apprised of the secret, was bound by many ties to conceal it.

Mr. Mortimer, for such was the name which the above-mentioned gentleman chose on this occasion to assume, had once been the companion of Mr. Arundel, before he was dignified with the title of Lord Lindsey; and had passed in his society some of those hours, the recollection of which should seem to unite man to man, if the experience of every day did not prove the distinction between joviality and friendship. To say truth, Mr. Mortimer's character, while not yet chastened by adversity, neither seemed to demand or deserve superior regard; and was one of those which, for want of a decisive *trait*, the world has agreed to distinguish by the epithet *easy*. Prodigal without being rich, and dissolute without being vicious, he found himself at fifty a wanderer from his family, friendless, and impoverished; and was contented to accept an annuity from Lord Lindsey, under such restrictions as every day convinced him were both cruel and mean.

“ Let the boy want nothing that a moderate income can supply !” — Such were the words of his Lordship's letter to Mortimer. “ Let him travel — if, as you say, he fancies it, and can do so without additional expense: but, above all, seize the first opportunity of an attachment to marry him, and settle his establishment in some province of France which he may never think of quitting.

“ You know my situation.—Lady Lindsey is in a dying state: — the physicians even threaten us with a voyage to Lisbon. My son requires all the indulgence suitable to the importance of his rank; and, indeed, my employments at court do not allow me to retrench. From these circumstances, you will conclude how little I am able to supply



any extraordinary expense. As to my own state of health, it is much as usual. The gout and rheumatism, indeed, make pretty frequent attacks upon me; and I have some returns of the giddiness in my head. These excepted, I find myself as young, and as well disposed to enjoy the pleasures of life, as at five-and-twenty."

Such was the language of five-and-fifty! — Such *was* — may I not say, such is it every day?

But though Lord Lindsey perceived not the alteration in himself, the world was not so complaisant. His friends found out that he was weak; his enemies, that he was unprincipled; the old thought him too young; and the young discovered daily that he was too old. In two points only were they all agreed; that he was an imperious husband, and a foolishly fond father.

"What is it that takes your attention so much?" said Mortimer to his pupil, as they jogged on towards Brussels in a dusty *chaise de poste*, amply filled with the two gentlemen, and a raw-boned Swiss, who served both as valet. "Is it the magnificent suite that has just passed us, or the powdered coxcombs in it?"

"It is an *English* carriage," replied Henry, still following it with his eyes through the cloud of dust in which its rapid movement had involved their more humble vehicle.

"So much the worse," returned the other. "Would not a man swear, from its structure, that it was the Temple of Luxury? One might really suppose that the joints of our modern men of fashion——" A violent jolt that brought his head in rather too close a contact with that of the Swiss interrupted his speech, which was as suddenly drowned by the postilions, who, clacking their whips, gave notice of the post-house.

The carriage that had passed them stood at the door as they drew up. It was an English post-chariot, elegantly built, followed by two grooms, so perfectly *à l'Anglaise* as to attract universal attention; one of whom led a capital horse, which, by its appearance, seemed designed for his master.

"Louis, open the door, and bring up *Comète*," said a young man, touching the spring of the blind, and discover-

ing both himself and his companion at full to the curious eyes of our travellers—"I shall ride the next post!"

"Not on that horse!" interrupted an elderly gentleman in black at his elbow, in a tone which, as it seemed preliminary to much longer expostulation, made his companion spring with some abruptness from the carriage.

A form light, graceful, elegant; a countenance lighted up with all the bloom and fire of nineteen, at once fixed the eyes of Henry and his tutor. It was not mere beauty, it was vigour—it was intelligence—it was character, that seemed to live in the motion, and speak in the features, of the young stranger.

"I am afraid, gentlemen," said he, advancing, "that we are robbing you of horses!" casting his eyes upon those his *avant-courier* had indeed secured; and, by the same motion, directing the attention of Mortimer to a melancholy truth, which the post-master, after condescending to mention once to the Swiss, had left them to digest at leisure. Clamour, fretting, and altercation succeeded on all parts, except on those of Henry and the young stranger, who seemed on terms of perfect familiarity, before their graver tutors had exchanged ten words.

"The matter is very easily arranged," said the young man: "do you, sir," turning to Mortimer, "take my place in the carriage: my servant's horse (which was a beautiful creature) shall be at this gentleman's service. I will ride my own; and our fellows have only to wait an hour or two, and follow in your chaise as soon as a fresh reinforcement arrives."

To this proposal a sort of doubtful pause succeeded, which was broken by the gentleman in black, who, in a peevish tone, exclaimed, "I have told you, sir, you ought never to ride that horse again!"

"Nay, pr'ythee, Walbrook," returned the other gaily; "no more musty debates!—Had he really broken my neck in his last frolic, as you seemed to apprehend, the world would not perhaps have been much the loser. My steed, gentlemen," added he, addressing himself on the other side, "is so much of my own taste, as to have an instinctive aversion to every thing old or ugly; and having

yesterday the misfortune to be surprised by a shrivelled Dutch hag sitting under a hedge, he took the liberty of dismounting his master. But, *allons, mes amis!* I like him not the worse for it. Give me a horse that will follow a pretty woman half the world over, and I'll compound for a few vagaries at sight of an ugly one." Without waiting a reply, he sprang into the saddle, cast a look of invitation, which was instantly complied with, on Arundel, and, touching his hat to the seniors, both gentlemen were out of sight in a moment. Walbrook groaned inwardly; Mortimer shrugged; the postilions again clacked their whips, and the carriage rattled once more over the *paré*.

"Is the old gentleman behind us your father or your tutor?" said the younger stranger, checking his horse.

"Both, perhaps!" cried Truth in the bosom of Arundel, though his tongue instinctively pronounced, "Neither. He is my friend."

"A most reverend one!" said the other, archly.

"A kind one," returned Arundel, "and a wise one! He gives me the best counsel possible."

"So will I—*gratis* too! and there, perhaps, I have the advantage of him!"

"You must seek it first, I believe," retorted Henry, smiling.

"Not far—I have it in folio—on my chaise! I love an old friend as well as you do, when I can carry his lectures in my imperial; and to make the matter easier, my friend is my father."

"And who may this father be?" thought Arundel—yet he had not the courage to ask. The note of interrogation so common with travellers, was not familiar to him: yet had he lived with Frenchmen, and *par hasard* had been asked almost every possible question with that polite nonchalance which a Frenchman so thoroughly understands.

But while glowing youth and exhilarated spirits thus cemented the liking of the two juvenile travellers, their sober tutors were far from participating their sentiments. Life, like the magnet, has two points; the one does not more forcibly attract, than the other can repel; and

our *partie carrée* were stationed at these opposite extremities.

Yet were not either Mr. Walbrook or Mr. Mortimer without curiosity: from the former, however, a name had escaped which plunged his companion into a profound *reverie*; nor was it till a flask of Burgundy gave fresh circulation to his spirits that he appeared to recover himself.

"Mr. Lindsey, your glass," said Walbrook, who was also beginning to relinquish his supercilious taciturnity.

Mortimer started at the name; again looked at the young man who bore it; and again a vague and painful sentiment of remorse, enforced by the conviction that his surmises were right, shot across his heart. The countenance of the stranger, his arms, his liveries, his age, all united to prove that he could be no other than the brother of Arundel—his *younger* brother, yet permitted to invade his rights—to annihilate, as it should seem, his very existence. Again Mortimer sighed, and again relapsed into useless reverie. For there is a weakness in certain minds, which renders them alternately the prey of pleasure and remorse, without power to perpetuate the one, or profit by the other; as the wildest trees will put forth blossoms, though they require culture and attention to produce fruits.

"A bumper, gentlemen!" said Walbrook. "I mean to give you a toast—My worthy friend and patron, Lord Lindsey!"

"My father!" said the young stranger, as he negligently lifted the glass to his lips. The secret monitor in the bosom of Mortimer smote him again:—"Father!" repeated he, as he cast his eyes upon Henry: "yet, is the discovery new to me? No! but the word is: and what is there in a word?"

Thus arrogantly argued Reason, while modest Feeling shrunk abashed.—Feeling, that indefinable union of the material and immaterial nature; that spontaneous sense of right which would so often guide when Reason would mislead us; and which, though rejected and rebuked, still calls a blush into the cheek if the idea sophistically familiarised to our own bosoms is inadvertently obtruded by the lips of another.

But these are metaphysics! — Metaphysics in Flanders! Let us change the scene, and place our travellers, now sworn and bosom friends three whole weeks back, in France — France! lovely country! let us stop to lament thee! — to ask, where are the nobles whose valour graced, — where the peasantry whose mirth enlivened thee! — the monarch, over whose early grave the generous and enlightened of every nation shed tears of pity! And you, savage band of ruffians, who to the hideous idol ye miscalled Liberty daily offered up a sacrifice of human blood, and tears more painful than blood, deem not that your names shall be mentioned — your memories be transmitted to posterity — but, as the scum of that mighty mass, which, “billowed high with human agitation,” must at last purify itself!

As yet, however, France was a country. It had arts; it had manufactures; it had a government — a bad one indeed, but a government that at least allowed its inhabitants to carry their heads upon their shoulders — that occasionally plundered them of their money, but made it no crime that they had some to be plundered of — that often stripped the beautiful plant of genius of its leaves, but never buried it beneath that coarse and rugged soil which blasts its very root.

“Will nobody teach these fellows that they are miserable?” said Lindsey smiling, as they passed through the beautiful grounds of the Duc de T——, where the peasants, collected under the trees, were capering to the indefatigable violin of an old man, who performed the double character of fiddler and dancing-master, by incessantly bawling out every change in the cotillon, with an exertion of lungs that seemed to console him for the quiescent state of his heels, “Will nobody, I say, persuade these people they are miserable?”

“It is more than probable,” said Arundel, “that they will soon need but little persuasion to think so. They want every thing towards happiness, but good-humour and good spirits.”

“And those some generous misanthrope — some speculative reasoner, who seeks in his head for what he

ought to ask of his heart, will one day deprive them of. Dear Arundel, I am inclined to think we are often strangely deceived as to modes of felicity, and, while calculating too nicely that we are to make for ourselves, we often overlook that Heaven has made for us."

"You would infer, then, that the enjoyment of an innocent pleasure is more conducive to happiness than the satisfying a want? In this, at least, our lively neighbours excel us. The intensesness with which an Englishman applies himself to the latter idea damps his animal spirits, and often brings on the strange necessity of reasoning himself into gaiety."

"While the Frenchman, *au contraire*, will be taught to reason himself out of it!"

"But Liberty—" cried Arundel with enthusiasm, —

"Is a goddess, I grant. But pr'ythee, dear Henry, lift thine eyes to one of the prettiest mortal rustics that ever yet greeted them."

A blooming girl of about sixteen, who suddenly appeared upon a winding path that crossed the road, was indeed an interesting object. Yet *interesting* is not the word; for, in truth, according to the modern acceptation of it, she was nothing less. But if among my readers there happens to be a young man about the age of Mr. Lindsey, let him find a better. The little *paysanne* was not tall; sufficiently *embonpoint*, to approach the clumsy; and tanned to a downright brunette: yet would a painter, perhaps, have chosen her for his subject. The roses on her cheek, deepened to unusual richness, gave to that very tan, which would have disfigured a colder complexion, the vivid glow poured over the landscape of a Claude. Large curls of auburn hair broke upon a brow of exquisite beauty, while the full-orbed eye beneath them sparkled in a bright fluid that seemed created by youth, by hope, and health. A short jacket in the fashion of her country, a straw hat, and a basket filled with clusters of grapes, finished the picture. To those who recollect that a figure like this stood the earnest gaze of two young men, it may not be amiss to add, that an honest Lubin attended her, who, though tired from the vintage,

and laden with its spoil, still went the longest way about, to follow the footsteps of pretty Annette.

“Monsieur peut bien passer,” said our damsel, retreating, with a rustic courtesy, *du grand chemin*, where Lindsey, perceiving her about to cross it, had checked his horse.

“Will money or charity,” said he aloud in French, “obtain us some of those beautiful grapes?”

The ears of the pretty rustic were as quick as her eyes — honest Lubin, too, had the use of his: both were solicitous to do the honours of their country; and our travellers, after the prodigious fatigue of riding a league, found it necessary to rest under the shade, while the servants walked their horses to the neighbouring post. But this was a *manœuvre*, which, though apparently satisfactory to three of the company, was but little agreeable to the fourth: and the eyes of the young peasant incessantly reproached his mistress for those glances, which the person, the manners — and, above all, the flattery of Lindsey, united to draw from her.

They soon discovered that Annette could sing. The vanity of her lover, even in despite of his jealousy, betrayed her. She had just led the rustic chorus; nor was it difficult to prevail on her to repeat the air with which she had charmed the vintagers. Our travellers thought themselves in Arcadia.

“Ecoutez, Messieurs,” said Annette, interrupting their praises with a careless gaiety, “je vais vous en chanter un autre.” And with a naïveté that thought not of entreaty she sung a wild and simple air, where, as usual, *l’amour* was the chief subject, and of which some tender looks she involuntarily bestowed on Lubin proved *him* to be the object.

Lindsey’s good humour underwent a sudden change. “The girl is not so pretty as she appeared,” said he to Arundel, as they walked through the town — “whereabouts did she say she lived?”

The contradiction of ideas, implied in these words, extorted from his friend an incredulous smile; in which;

however, there was no mixture of pleasure or approbation. To say truth, he felt neither. The behaviour of Lindsey within the last hour had been evidently marked with levity and self-love; levity that respected not innocence, and self-love that knew not how to brook either indifference or repulse. But if he had already been surprised, he found himself much more so, when the same evening, in talking over their future *route*, Mr. Lindsey, without appearing in the least to consider his companions, spoke of remaining some days where he was, and then pursuing a circuit that could not but detach him from theirs.

The secret insolence that unconsciously betrayed itself in thus supposing his pleasure a sufficient argument for deranging the party, was felt equally by each, though differently received. Mr. Walbrook made a sententious speech; by which it was plain, he meant nothing but to show his rhetoric and his complaisance. Mr. Mortimer uttered a cold compliment; and Arundel replied but by a bow. They soon after retired.

“Henry,” said Mortimer to his young friend, as soon as they found themselves alone, “what makes you so *triste*?”

“Only thoughtful, sir.”

“Come, come, be sincere! You are not pleased with Lindsey.”

“I have at least no right to be otherwise.”

“Pardon me, my dear boy—the man who has a reason, has always a right. Shall I tell you frankly *my* opinion of him?”

“Certainly, sir,” said Arundel. “Yet his tongue and his countenance were a little at variance. To say truth, though offended with Lindsey, he shrunk from a judgment which he felt would be severe.”

“Of all the young men I have ever seen,” continued Mortimer, with more asperity than the occasion seemed to justify, “Mr. Lindsey is least calculated to create esteem. His heart is hardened, and his mind enervated by indulgence. From his cradle he has heard nothing but adulation, and seen nothing but servility. He is indeed



affable, because he is always obeyed ; generous, because he is rich ; sprightly, because he is young and flattered. Take away his youth, his affluence, or his dependants, and you will find him splenetic, narrow-minded, and arrogant."

"Heaven and earth!" cried Arundel, "what a picture! From whence do you draw your conclusions, sir, and whither do they tend?"

The heart of Mortimer was full. The original of the portrait stood before his mental eye ; and Lindsey was, in truth, but the mirror in which he saw his father.

"Be satisfied," said he, after a pause, "that my pencil is dipped in the colours of life : and should there even be deformity in the likeness, let it at least teach you, before you sanctify either your own caprices, or those of others, with the name of friendship, to calculate how far the qualities on which it is built are incidental or natural."

Arundel sighed ; and willing, perhaps, to give a new turn to the conversation, unconsciously exclaimed, "If such is indeed the character of Lindsey, how much is that father to be pitied, whose blind fondness thus nourishes all that is corrupt in his offspring, and blights all that is worthy ! while mine," continued he, struck with the emotion of Mr. Mortimer, which he attributed to a sudden impulse of paternal regard, "mine—though possibly blushing for his son—"

"Dear child of my affections!" cried Mortimer, embracing him, "spare me this tender topic ! Oh, Arundel, if I dared tell thee——if it was permitted me to reveal——but heaven is my witness!" added he with energy, "that there shall come an hour in which I will do thee justice!—When the grave shall have cancelled——I mean when death——Let us wave further conversation!"

Arundel, confounded with all that had passed, obeyed in silence. Yet, as far as respected the character of Lindsey, his heart was still rebellious. Though not of an age, however, to abide by the suggestions of experience, he was perfectly alive to those of pride : nor was it till he came to shake hands with his young friend the next day, that he repented the engagement which he had made with Mortimer

to continue their journey *tête-à-tête*. Lindsey was once more himself; wild, animated, enchanting.

“ I have picked up a curiosity this morning,” said he,—“ an old German philosopher, who has been explaining to me a new system of the earth. He was on the wing for Paris, with a portmanteau of recommendatory letters, and a wagon-load of musty manuscripts, besides minerals and fossils innumerable, with which he expects to get a fortune. I have persuaded him to make one of my *suite*. I shall pick something out of him—and can indemnify myself at last,” continued he, laughing, “ for any extraordinary expense, by exhibiting him in London as a specimen of the antediluvian race of mortals; for a more grotesque animal on two legs I never saw.”

The *chaise de poste*, which made its appearance at the door, put a sudden stop to this rattle.

“ Whom have we now?” said Lindsey.

“ Those whom you will not have long,” returned Arundel, forcing a smile.

“ Indeed! why, what carries you off?”

“ What keeps you here?”

“ The same answer, I presume, will do for both,” returned Lindsey with apparent dissatisfaction; “ our own inclination.” They shook hands, and separated.

“ Mr. Mortimer was in the right,” thought Arundel, as he threw himself into the chaise. “ This young man has no idea of an independent being. He is offended because, like the German philosopher, we are not contented to become a part of his *suite*.”

The days that intervened between this separation and their arrival at Lyons were to Mr. Mortimer more pleasant than any that had presented themselves for some weeks. The character of his pupil, as it opened before him, became more and more interesting. It had a sweetness, a simplicity, an affecting candour, particularly calculated to win the regard of one, whose intercourse with the world had produced him so few instances of it. The tender deference with which the young man looked up to him, by flattering his self-love contributed to strengthen his attachment.

Arundel's affections were warmly alive ; and circumstances allowed them so few objects, that their energy, when indulged, was unusually powerful. Duty, as well as sensibility, directed them to Mr. Mortimer ; for he had never been able to persuade himself, that the only being who appeared to take an interest in his fate could be other than his father. To acknowledge his foibles, as well as his virtues, it should be added, that he sometimes indulged ideas of visionary grandeur ; flattering himself that political concerns might have involved his family in an obscurity, from whence they were again to rise to hereditary affluence and rank. To him, therefore, day after day passed smoothly on ; while every setting sun left the mental, as well as natural, horizon embellished with a thousand brilliant vapours, which the rising one renewed.

After voluntarily prolonging the journey some weeks, Mr. Mortimer saw himself established in a hotel at Lyons ; and taking from his *valise* a small packet of letters, informed his companion, that he intended to reside in the neighbourhood some time.

“ The beautiful banks of the Rhone,” said he, “ present an endless scope for admiration and enquiry. Your education is hardly finished enough to make you view the charms of Italy with a scientific eye ; and though I do not intend,” added he, laughing, “ to let you pick up an itinerant philosopher who may instruct you in a new theory of the earth, it may not be amiss to be better informed of its productions, both natural and moral. We will, therefore, ramble between this country and Switzerland, till our judgments are sufficiently enlightened, and our imaginations elevated enough, to enjoy the stupendous beauties that await us on the other side the Alps. These letters it will be necessary to deliver ; and of one packet I shall make you sole bearer. It is addressed to a lady who resides in a convent hard by, where she will soon, I believe, take the veil. Her family are extremely unfortunate, and have requested me to offer her advice and assistance. I am, however, ill qualified for the office, which yet she may expect me to undertake. I would wish her, therefore, to suppose I have

chosen a different *route*, that I may avoid bringing on myself claims which I cannot fulfil."

Arundel, for whom the sound of a convent and a lady had already some charms, most readily undertook the commission; though, having been but little in the habit of acting for himself, he felt some doubts as to the grace with which he should execute it. In this, however, he was unjust to nature, who had hardly been more liberal to him in mind than in exterior. His countenance had not, indeed, that beautiful glow of youth and gaiety so striking in his brother's. His person, though considerably taller, was less formed, his manners generally reserved, and often even a little embarrassed: but these were the blemishes of habit and situation. Arundel's countenance, to much regular beauty, united an intelligence that spoke to the heart, and, where he was familiar, a vivacity that captivated the eye. The grace which his form had not attained, it eminently promised; and in his voice and manner there was a shade, a colouring of mind, that was almost peculiar to him. He had, besides, an air of sensibility to the merit of others, and a forgetfulness of himself that was singularly charming to those who had either undiscovered talents, or lively affections. But, alas! the greater part of the world possess not these, or bury them in society; and, therefore, by the world at large he was little understood.

To the lady he demanded at the convent he was readily admitted; and he found her young, beautiful, and interesting: for how can a lady seen through a grate be otherwise? She was avowedly unfortunate—his knight-errantry was called upon—was reduced possibly by cruel necessity to take the veil—at least, so spoke, as he fancied, a pair of very fine eyes: and to disbelieve a pair of fine eyes was hardly within the stretch of Arundel's philosophy.—In short, why should we make a man a hero, where nature generally makes him a fool? In ten minutes he was as much in love as a young man can be who has never conversed before with a truly beautiful woman; and in ten minutes more as much in despair as a lover generally is who finds himself on the point of losing his mistress: for, lo! on

breaking the seal of the envelope, our fair incognita discovered that the letters within were not intended for her, but for a sister novice, whose sanctified appellation somewhat resembling her own had given rise to the mistake. Both parties now expressed a degree of confusion, which was increased by conscious regret, on perceiving that an acquaintance so suddenly made must almost as suddenly cease. The fair Louisa at length broke silence by an assurance, "that sister Theresa was too good-natured to see any thing in this error but a little heedlessness on the part of both, from which no harm could possibly arise. I will have the honour," said she, gracefully courtesying, "to let her know that Monsieur attends at the grate to make his apologies."

"Have the charity first," cried Arundel, with unusual emotion, "to invent them for me."

"*Mon Dieu!*" said Louisa, smiling, "what need of invention? We have only to tell the simple truth."

"But the words — the manner——" again interrupted Arundel, eager to detain her, —

"Will occur of themselves. Or, if they should not," added she, casting down her eyes, and blushing, yet with a smile of pretty consciousness, "Theresa will inspire you — Theresa is *so* beautiful!"

With what design this was said, or whether with any design at all, cannot easily be decided; but whatever was the motive, the effect of the speech was a look from Arundel that made the eyes of Louisa again seek the ground, and restored that embarrassing silence from which they had been so lately relieved.

"If," said our young Englishman, hesitating, and at length forcing himself to speak, "if Mademoiselle would do me the honour of, *in person*, presenting me to la Sœur Thérèse, I should then, perhaps, be better able —— I mean only that I should know better ——"

"Ah, par exemple," cried Louisa, recovering her vivacity, "la chose du monde la plus facile! Elle est de mes bonnes amies, la petite Thérèse! Attendez, Monsieur! Je vais vous l'amener." And, so saying, with a girlish gaiety that brought a brighter rose into her cheek, she tripped

away ; and with her went the senses, the heart of Arundel. Her sparkling eyes, her fine hair the playful grace of her figure, and a certain character of countenance, that blended the bewitching modesty of her own country with the coquetry of that in which she was educated, might, indeed, have touched a heart much less new to beauty than that of our young traveller.

The boasted charms of Theresa he was not permitted to judge of, as she wore the white veil of the novice, which fell over a complexion too pale to appear to advantage under it. The letters, received and read with evident agitation, engrossed her for some time, which was spent by Arundel in the most animated and assiduous attentions to Louisa ; and when, on having finished the perusal, Theresa threw up the veil to thank him, his eyes wandered over her features with so apparent an absence of mind, that the shade, through negligence or pique, was again permitted to fall, and she was contented no further to obtrude herself on his attention, than by those compliments which politeness would not allow her to dispense with.

“Apropos !” said Mortimer, after supper, as they talked over the occurrences of the day ; “you saw the girl at the convent !—Is she pretty ?”

“Yes—very —” returned his young friend, with embarrassment.

“What did you talk of ?”

“Oh—a great many——a thousand things !”

“Indeed ?” returned Mortimer, laughing. “Methinks your acquaintance came on very fast then ! Pray indulge my curiosity with one of your thousand.”

“I—I have really forgotten them,” again stammered Arundel.

“Since they were so very uninteresting,” said Mortimer drily, “I hope, at least, your method of treating them did more honour to your eloquence than the specimen you give me. However, if your memory does not continue thus treacherous, have the goodness to go again to the convent, within four days at furthest ; and, among your thousand topics, pray enquire if Theresa has any letters for England.

I shall have an opportunity of sending them, which she may wish for in vain."

Arundel blushed, and bowed assent. For the first time in his life he had been but half sincere; yet why, he hardly knew. A troublesome glow that rushed from his heart to his cheek, an unmanly hesitation that seized upon his tongue, and a confused apprehension of the interference of Mr. Mortimer, first involuntarily led him to conceal, what he afterwards knew not how to avow.

Life now passed not with Arundel as it had done. He loved with the ardour of a man who had never loved till then, and who supposed the sentiment to be as much above that entertained by others, as he felt it to be to any he had himself before experienced.

Was Louisa susceptible? Why, time must discover. She had, at least, eyes for admiration, ears for flattery, and a happiness of invention that furnished her with perpetual excuses for being in the way of both. Theresa, undesired by either party, yet often the ostensible object of the visit, formed, generally, the third at the grate. To Theresa, therefore, the hopes, the fears, and all the energy of Arundel's character, became intimately known. Of hers, he knew little. Ill health and ill fortune depressed, timidity concealed it. Humility, complacency, and sadness were all the *traits* by which he ever recognised her.

It was now, however, that our young traveller began to speculate seriously upon life; and the first ideas that occurred were relative to his own situation there. Had he any claims in society? Was he the object of beneficence to Mr. Mortimer, or that of natural tenderness? What were his prospects, and where was to be his future establishment? Painful questions, which the youthful heart never asks itself, till it has breathed that sickening sigh which is drawn from it by the heavy atmosphere of the world!

Shrinking, therefore, from an enquiry, of which he now, for the first time, dreaded the consequences, Arundel passed whole days, whenever he could do it without observation, in solitary rambles. He drew exquisitely; and as his liberality and sweetness of character soon made him known to every

cottage in the neighbourhood, he took pleasure in introducing, amongst his sketches, the little cherub faces that curiosity or playfulness attracted round him.

It was on a lovely summer evening, when the rays of the retiring sun still glowed on the river, and threw it forward, a bright mirror amid the landscape,

“ While woods, and winds, and waves disposed  
A lover to complain,”

that he was slowly returning to the city, when his attention was engaged for a moment by a carriage. It was only a moment; for, hardly was that passed, ere one of the two travellers it contained was in his arms.

“ Dear Arundel !”

“ Dear Lindsey !” exclaimed they at once incoherently ; “ are we so lucky as once more to meet ?”

“ Ay ; and we will be so wise as not easily to part again,” cried the ever impetuous Lindsey. “ In the interim, dear friend, pr’ythee make a speech to my old Mentor, who sits there,” continued he, pointing to the vehicle, “ as sullen as Bajazet in his cage. In truth, we have quarrelled worse than Turks since I saw you. However, having once carried my point of dragging him after you, I leave all the subordinate articles of our amnesty to be regulated as he pleases.”

Arundel, who conceived no motive for disgust or ill-humour in Mr. Walbrook towards himself, immediately complied with the request ; but met with so ungracious a reception, as little disposed him to any further exertion of complaisance.

“ And now that we are once more met,” said he to his friend, as they followed the carriage on foot into the city, “ pray tell me why we parted ?”

“ Why, thou traitor to thy country,” said Lindsey, laughing, “ canst thou find an English law that obliges a man to impeach himself ? However, if it must be so, in two words, we parted because I was capricious and arrogant.”

“ And we meet again —”

“ Nay, *there*, dear Arundel, I can give a better account of myself : because I have met none like you since we



parted: — because, though my head was wrong, my heart was right: — in short, for fifty other reasons unnecessary to detail.”

“ And how long is it since you left B—— ? ”

“ Three days.”

“ Three days ! — Impossible. Why, it is a week’s journey.”

“ For a philosopher, I grant you. But I was in pursuit of a friend ; which all your philosophers agree they have had nothing to do with. So, as the day was not long enough, I took the liberty of borrowing the night.”

“ And of obliging Mr. Walbrook to borrow it too ! Upon my word, I cannot wonder that he had no superfluous complaisance to bestow, after you had taxed it so highly.”

The conversation now grew more interesting ; and in the course of twenty minutes the two young men had discussed almost every topic that could touch the heart of either. Their short separation had made them mutually feel the want of a companion and an intimate. They met, therefore, with that impassioned interest such a conviction inspires, and with the lively flow of animal spirits which every sentiment of pleasure creates in a youthful mind.

“ You must show me this Louisa, to-morrow,” said Lindsey, in a low voice, as they parted ; “ I would fain see the woman who can turn *your* head.” There was an emphasis in the speech that Arundel might have observed ; but observation, except on the eyes of his mistress, had not of late been his *forte*, and the inference passed unnoticed.

“ Louisa tells me,” — said he, starting one evening from a long fit of abstraction, —

“ And who, pray, is Louisa ? ” said Mortimer, starting in turn.

The question was sudden, was mal-a-propos ; and neither willing, or, to say truth, quite able to answer it, he stammered out with much perplexity, that she was “ the friend of Theresa.”

“ The friend of Theresa ! ” again re-echoed Mortimer, with a tone of surprise and incredulity ; “ and pray what friend has she ? — that is, where did she find — I

mean, in short, how came you acquainted with any friend of Theresa's?"

The manners of Arundel, we have before said, were reserved, but his character was impassioned to a fault; and to penetrate beyond the surface was to call forth all its vigour. With the spirit of a man, therefore, and the eloquence of a lover, he now, at full length, recited the story of his heart. That of his auditor was visibly moved with the narrative. "Imprudent boy," said he, sighing, when it was concluded, "I have then vainly endeavoured to save you from the contagion of vice! — You are, doubtless ignorant," he added, with a tone of unusual asperity, "that the father of this girl, whose name I now well recollect, is a needy adventurer — a profligate, disgraced in his own country, and disgracing it in others — a being so low ——"

"No, sir," interrupted Arundel, in a stifled tone of sensibility and pride, "I am *not* ignorant of the disgraceful connection — I have even thought of it with grief; and, when I can persuade myself that virtue and vice are hereditary, I shall, doubtless, think of it with shame. Till then, allow me to say, that, however an early and unguarded attachment may impeach the *head*, those who check it are not always aware of the dangers to which they expose the heart; nor do they consider that by teaching us thus early to weigh prudence against nature, they possibly substitute the cold and frivolous errors of self-love for the more generous ones of passion." Blushing, as he spoke, with the consciousness of offended, and offending, feeling, he hastily withdrew. Yet the temperate silence of Mortimer was not lost upon him. "What am I to think of it?" said he, as he attempted to rest. "He is indignant at my petulance, or he relies upon my prudence: either way there is but one resolution to take, and, painful as that may prove, it shall be adopted."

Youth always sleeps well upon a resolution. The resolution, it is true, often evaporates with the slumber, and leaves nothing for the morning but the self-applause of having formed it. Happily Arundel's outlived the night; and it was at breakfast the next day that he communicated to Mr. Mortimer his intention of pursuing their promised tour

into Switzerland, and of conquering, if possible, by temporary absence, a passion he ought not to gratify.

Was Arundel sincere? — No matter: at least he thought he was. But the heart of a lover has sometimes a *finesse* that deceives even himself; nor is it impossible that a rigid examination of his own would have convinced our young philosopher, that he had more lurking gratification in the idea of proving his passion to be unconquerable, than any real intention of conquering it. To Switzerland they went. But were the bold, the romantic, the interesting scenes that country afforded, calculated to chill a sensibility to which every object was congenial? In vain did Mortimer read lectures upon botany: the letters of Louisa were to his pupil a more interesting study than all the Alpine curiosities which a young and ingenious Italian had spent years in collecting.

“These insensibles,” cried he, as he rambled from them amidst immense mountains, whose white bosoms were tinged with the beams of the setting sun, and diversified with hanging cottages — “these insensibles pretend to admire the fibres of a leaf, yet to those more tender and living ones within our breasts are they stoics. Great and supreme Creator!” would he add, lifting his eyes towards heaven, “hast thou drawn this bright canopy over our heads? Hast thou enriched the earth on which we tread with numberless and ever-varying beauties? Hast thou ordained them through the influence of the senses to steal upon the heart, and waken there a sensibility that reason is to crush? — Ah, no! — Choice, passion, character, are thy gifts! — While Nature and her God are before him, man feels the influence of both: plunged in the vortex of cities, he becomes an artificial being, vulnerable no longer through any medium but interest or vanity!’

Whilst his heart glowed with similar sentiments, did he often return to Mortimer: but the glow was only in his heart; his complexion had lost it. Marlini, the young Italian, noticed the change; and, as he valued himself upon some knowledge of medicine, (which was the more generous of him, as he was never valued for it by any body besides,) he would have prescribed: but the complaisance of Arundel

extended only to listening; and as Mortimer well knew that the complaint might defy a college of physicians, he was not very earnest in enforcing their assistance.

The heart of the young man, however, was yet to struggle with a grief more oppressive than that of love. Louisa, who, during the first month of his absence, had punctually attended to her promise of writing, now sometimes neglected, and at others coldly fulfilled it: and Mortimer, who closely watched the effect of his pupil's feelings, at length thought he saw the luckless moment arrive, when it was necessary to yield to a passion, that could no longer, without danger, be controlled.

"Henry," said he, "you have blasted *my* hopes; but I will not destroy yours: the power I possess of regulating your fate, I now confide to yourself. Return to Lyons, offer to Louisa a moderate fortune, and a heart dear to me as that within my own bosom; let her estimate the gift as it deserves, and both may yet be happy."

Arundel, scarcely able to believe his senses while they conveyed to him a language so delightful, falls, as it should seem, motionless at the feet of his benefactor:—Not at all, however: he rises in a moment—he flies to the post-house—he is no longer a consumptive and enfeebled young man, who has neither eyes nor ears for any thing that passes: on the contrary, he appears to think that he has borrowed the senses of all around him, by the ardour and frequency with which he reiterates his orders. In fine, they are once more at Lyons; and, forgetful of Lindsey, or his *suite*, whom they had left there—forgetful of Mortimer, who was fatigued—or of Marlini, who was a stranger—he flies to the grate where he had so often beheld Louisa, and, with all the eagerness of passion, acquaints her that proposals were on the point of being made to her father. What was the excess of his disappointment, when, after listening to him in silence, Louisa threw herself back in her chair and burst into a flood of tears! The countenance of Arundel, vivid but a moment before with hope and pleasure, changed instantly to deadly paleness.

"Louisa! dearest Louisa!" cried he, throwing himself on his knees before her, "to what am I to impute this

emotion? You alarm, you shock me! Can it be possible that I am unfortunate enough to have lost my interest in your heart?"

"I will not deceive you, Mr. Arundel," said Louisa, sobbing, and covered with blushes; "you deserve my candour—and—I will frankly acknowledge——" She hesitated; but the imperfect sentence was conviction—Arundel started from his knees, shocked at the abruptness, and overwhelmed with the disappointment of such an event.

"I thank you, madam," said he, after a pause, and in a voice hardly articulate; "I think I *have* deserved your candour; though to bear it——" Again he stopped—turned from her, to her; and, gazing for a moment on the loveliness of a countenance which even tears did not disfigure, reproachfully added, "Oh, Louisa!"

"Do not believe," said she, stretching out her hand to meet his, as it grasped the grate, against which he leant—"do not believe that an unworthy object has supplanted you in my regard—I am sure, when I have explained all, you will excuse, will pity me!"

Arundel looked earnestly at her—she had not then lost the passion, but changed the object—a new sentiment glanced faintly across his mind—it felt, for a moment, like contempt; but love arrested the intruder, and changed its nature into jealousy. "If to have adored you with a passion too powerful both for my happiness and health," replied he with a heavy sigh, "could have secured me your regard, I should not now have the grief to know I have lost it. May he on whom it is bestowed have more successful claims!—But you are pale!—This happy, this envied being possesses not the power of making happy! Or is the felicity you would have enjoyed imbittered by regret for that you were about to deprive me of?"

"Yes, doubtless," said Louisa, with an air of melancholy and confusion, "we have both felt for you."

"Both!" repeated Arundel, trembling with a new and vague apprehension. "How——how am I to understand you?"

"Alas! I dare not explain myself!"

"Louisa, I adjure you by every thing sacred, to tell

me the name of him for whom I am thus cruelly renounced."

Louisa blushed, wept, and was silent.

"Is it," continued he, hesitating, and shaking with uncontrollable emotion — "Is it not — *Lindsey*?" The countenance of Louisa made reply unnecessary, while that of Arundel, true to his heart, sparkled with indignation. The generous diffidence of his nature, however, presently prevailed. She avowedly loved another: — tenderly — loved him; and that other was, in the eyes even of his rival, the most winning of human beings — endued with grace, youth, wit, and accomplishments enough, unintentionally to win the coldest heart; and Louisa! — ah! could he wonder that she was irresistible!

By short and imperfect explanations, he learnt that Mr. Lindsey had, from the moment he was seen by her, left an impression on her memory, which absence did not efface; during that of Arundel, he had visited her once or twice through mere complaisance; that an interest insensibly sprang up between them; that his attendance became more frequent; that love, in fine, lent his language to their eyes, and placed his interpreter in their hearts.

"It is enough!" said Arundel, starting from a train of thought which this avowal occasioned. "I cannot *be* your happiness, dearest Louisa — but I will at least endeavour to establish it." With these words he hastened to her father, who had just received a letter from Mortimer, explained to him his situation, and as hastily went in search of Lindsey. A generous and delicate mistrust of himself made him precipitate measures from which he feared he might recede; for Arundel was yet to learn all the value and nobleness of his own heart.

Lindsey received him with open arms; and his friend even thought he perceived the transports of successful passion embellish his complexion, and lend animation to his eyes. What, then, was his astonishment to see this envied lover plunged by his narration into a deep and cold reverie!

"It is certain," said he, at length breaking silence, "that I love Louisa: she has there simply stated a truth, which for your sake I would willingly have suppressed:

but as to marrying her, *that* is wholly out of the question at present ; nor am I indeed sure I shall ever find it one at all." A torrent of new and indignant emotions again swelled the heart of Arundel ; nor was it till his friend had given him the most unequivocal proofs under her hand that Louisa's passion had kept pace with, if not preceded, the acknowledgment of his own, that harmony was restored between them.

Obliged slowly to resign the illusive image of perfection which he so long had cherished, Arundel still thought somewhat due both to that and himself. By arguments, therefore, and remonstrances, he wrung from his friend a solemn promise to see Louisa no more, till absence, by trying the cause between his tenderness and his pride, might render his intentions less dubious.

"Louisa," said Arundel, "is indiscreet ; but you assure me she is virtuous : the pain of seeing her otherwise would be more than I could patiently endure. Self-interest, therefore, bids me step forth the guardian of her innocence. If *you* love her enough to make a sacrifice, I will prove to you that I love her enough to rejoice in it. But beware that you do not demand any from her."

Lindsey laughed at his refinements ; and, after much expostulation, agreed to prove his sincerity by taking a temporary leave of Lyons on the same day ; a compliance in which he had, indeed, no great merit, as he had already more than half promised a party of his countrymen to join them in an excursion to Nismes.

Sad, solitary, hopeless, Arundel now bent his steps towards home. The business of the day was accomplished. Of the day ! — rather that of his life ; for what remained of it seemed nothing but vacuity or gloom : and he looked round in vain for some further sacrifice on which to spend the feverish enthusiasm of an overheated mind. Mortimer with concern perceived it glow upon his cheek, and give an alarming expression to his eyes. Lindsey, gay, insolent, and happy, — Lindsey, triumphant alike in fortune and in love over his more deserving brother, — became an object of absolute detestation to the guardian of Arundel. The secret so long concealed now trembled on

his lips: his young friend even perceived it did, and urged, with tender vehemence, to know what further hope in life remained for him. The eternal argument, that he should always find time enough to do the justice he desired, again silenced Mortimer. That secret and invisible Power, which so often hovers over mortality, and with his icy breath annihilates its projects, unfelt, unthought of, nevertheless, even then approached him! The important truth, the deliberating moment were yet within his reach; but the truth was once more suppressed, and the moment passed away which no time was ever to restore!

“ I will consider more deeply of this, my dear Henry,” said he, as he mounted his horse to take an airing; “ endeavour to repose yourself for an hour during my absence, and my return shall produce a suitable explanation.”

Mr. Mortimer was brought home, three hours after, cold, stiff, and bloody. A pistol bullet passing through his temple had perforated his brain; and in this condition he had been found, by some peasants, not a hundred yards from the high road. His horse was grazing by his side. His purse, which contained only a trifling sum, remained; but his pocket-book, where notes of value were probably enclosed, was not to be found.

The shock was too mighty; and Arundel's constitution, already attacked, for the time sank under it. Marlini, the young Italian, attended him with exemplary kindness and humanity, through a burning fever; but ere he recovered to reason, the wishes, the intentions, and the errors of Mortimer had long since been buried with him in the grave. Hardly escaped from thence himself, Arundel impatiently hastened to weep over that of his benefactor, and, if possible, to discover the perpetrators of his murder. Of them, however, no traces could be found. He was an easy mark for robbery, as it was his custom to take gentle rides in the environs of the city, at that hour when the retiring sun made the exercise most pleasant; and, when unaccompanied by Arundel, those rides were well known to be solitary. Exhausted by vain and painful surmises on this cruel event, the latter at length began to examine the papers and property which his protector had left behind him. But one



inexplicable mystery seemed now to overshadow the fate of Arundel. Personals of value, some cash, and letters of credit upon a house at Genoa, were all that remained to trace his past life, or to guide his future. Perplexed, bewildered, he paused in silence over the gloomy prospect; when a few slips of paper, that were wedged within the hinge of a casket, from whence the rest appeared to have been hastily torn, attracted his attention. Disengaging one of them, he found three lines, which ran thus:—"To acknowledge, therefore, another son, nay even an heir, would be a step too injurious to my interest and honour to be thought of. I am determined never to do it; and Arundel must be content—"

"Oh, heaven and earth!" exclaimed the injured and unfortunate son of Lord Lindsey, as he perused these cruel words, from a hand which he could not doubt to be his father's: "*Must* be content! Content without a tie, without a hope! without one trace of those to whom he owes his existence, but in the unnatural sentence which cuts him off from them for ever!"

It was some moments before he could recover composure enough to examine the remaining paper. Nay, he was almost tempted, by an emotion of indignant sensibility, to commit to the flames, unread, what, in the perusal, was perhaps destined to inflict a second and more insupportable pang. The hand was evidently a female one; and the purport of the writing awakened a feeling more lively, if possible, than that excited before.

"Yet why should I blush to acknowledge what I do not blush to feel? In Mr. Arundel are united every grace that wins affection, and every virtue that justifies it. Born, I sincerely hope, for a more brilliant lot than that —" The tormenting paper here finished; but so did not his perusal of it. Three times was it read; minutely was it scrutinised. Even that by which he had been a few moments before so cruelly chagrined, seemed to vanish from his memory; while a soft conscious flush of vanity and gratitude stole imperceptibly over a check, lately pallid with sickness and sorrow. The world again resumed its charms: it contained at least *one* human being interested in his fate; one

who "did not blush to feel"—who would not blush "to acknowledge his virtues."

Nor was it till memory had dwelt with delight on many individuals of a gay and beautiful circle, with which his residence at Lyons had accustomed him to mingle, that he recollected the mystery in which that being would probably remain ever enveloped.

To the transient gleam of pleasure which for a moment had brightened his horizon, now succeeded long and cheerless months. Fruitless journeys to every place where Mr. Mortimer had ever appeared to cherish intimacy, or demand credit, though by variety of scenes, and succession of hopes, they re-established his health, yet contributed to diminish his little fortune, without fixing his views. Of Louisa he had taken a tender farewell, previous to his leaving Lyons; and to Lindsey he knew not how to address himself, during an excursion, the plan of which was not settled even by those who undertook it.

Busied in tracing the channels through which Mr. Mortimer had transacted his pecuniary concerns, he had just learnt, by a journey to Paris, the name of the English banker with whom his credit originated, when he was one day agreeably surprised by a letter from Marlini. It was dated only ten days from that on which he had himself left Lyons, had followed him in his wanderings, and reached him at last by mere accident. The good-natured Italian, who took a sincere interest in the happiness of Arundel, had engaged to communicate any occurrence by which that might be affected. "I fulfil my promise," said he, "by informing you that your friend Lindsey left Lyons last week. He was here only a few days, and was suddenly called to England, by the intelligence that his father would most probably be dead ere he could reach it—an event for which, by the by, he somewhat reproaches his own extravagance and inattention. Will it grieve you to learn, that the fair Louisa is his companion, and that their union has at length completed a felicity which I am sure you sincerely wish them both?"

"The generous patronage he has so warmly assured me of in England, I am preparing to accept; therefore, when

you hear of me again, it will probably be at the *Hôtel de Lindsey*. Come, dear Mr. Arundel, and share in the pleasures of this munificent and kind friend, who, I am sure, by his conduct to myself, desires nothing so much as to serve you, and who particularly enjoined me to say, that he is only prevented from addressing you by the haste with which he is obliged to depart."

Arundel closed the letter with a sigh. He had long ceased to esteem Louisa: even the impression she had made upon his senses was considerably diminished by the efforts of reason and absence; yet he heard not with indifference that she was the wife of another; nor did the temptation of living in the *Hôtel de Lindsey*, and under "the munificent patronage of its lord," accord quite so well with his feelings, as with those of the complaisant Italian. Yet, to England, circumstances obliged him to go; and *in* England, though his native soil, he was a wanderer, and an outcast. The character of Lindsey, "in that rare semblance that he loved it first;" their social and congenial habits—their early and unstudied confidence—in a word, a thousand tender recollections rose to mind, and impelled a heart, naturally susceptible, to cherish the only tie it ever yet had formed.

"I will try him, at least," said Arundel, as he laid his hand upon the knocker of a magnificent house in St. James's. "We understand each other, and a moment will decide for us both." A moment did decide: he was welcomed by Lindsey, not indeed without embarrassment; but it was the embarrassment of a man who doubts his own reception, not that which he is to bestow; welcomed with lavish kindness, with generous cordiality; with every testimony of friendship that sensibility could offer, and graceful manners could embellish. Arundel would have avoided seeing Lady Lindsey, and for that reason excused himself from residing under the same roof with her. But this was not to be thought of. The young lord, too happy both in love and fortune not to be a little vain, saw, in the society of Arundel, nothing but a new, and, as he deemed it, admissible gratification to his self-love; and resolutely, therefore, insisted on not parting with him.

“ Women, my dear friend,” said he, “ are among the baubles of life ; we may each wish to appropriate, but we will never wrangle about them. Come, come, you are a philosopher, and Louisa is at last only a beautiful coquette. Nothing will so surely disunite you as knowing more of each other.” So saying, he dragged his unsuccessful rival to her dressing-room. From the toilette Arundel attended her to dinner, where he was led in triumph through a circle of parasites and fops.

“ You see that creature with his fine languishing black eyes !” said Louisa to a young nobleman who sat on her right hand.

“ And his rusty black coat !” replied his Lordship, casting a glance of nonchalance upon Arundel.

“ Nay, that is downright slander,” said Louisa, laughing. “ Not rusty *yet* ; though it may, perhaps, see veteran service. He is an old adorer of mine — so pray be civil to him !”

“ With all my heart ; provided *you* are not so : but you had better make sure of my complaisance — a fortunate lover is never quarrelsome, you know !” Louisa laughed again. If my reader happens to have white teeth, and one of the prettiest mouths in the world, she will find out the jest : if not, it will probably defy her penetration, and may as well remain unsought.

Lindsey had judged truly : in less than a week, Arundel was completely cured of his partiality for Louisa — a Louisa far different from her he had first seen at the convent. When he beheld her, cold of heart, and light of conduct, living only to dissipation and flattery ; scarcely mingling with any of her own sex, and admitting to her familiar society the most dissolute part of his, often did he call to mind the caution Mortimer had once given him, of weighing, before he formed his attachments, whether the qualities by which they were excited, are incidental or natural. Nor, though more slowly developed, did the character of Lindsey rise in his estimation. Warm in his professions, and elegant in his manners, he still attracted affection ; but it was not possible to overlook the profligacy of a life, every hour of which was marked by being abused ;

and his friend perceived with a sigh, how quickly, when not effaced by principle, the faint outline of youthful indiscretion becomes filled up in our progress through life with the bold colouring of vice.

Amid the motley group who attended the levee of Lord Lindsey, Arundel was particularly attracted by an officer, whose countenance, though still in its bloom, bore the traces of disappointment. He was lately returned from a long station in the West Indies; inclining to thin, but of a noble and graceful carriage; the climate had somewhat impaired his complexion, and the secret chagrin that seemed to rob his eyes of their fire, lent them a seriousness calculated to excite interest. Those of Arundel had at first studiously sought their acquaintance; yet had sought it in vain. Like an apparition, Captain Villiers hovered amid the brilliant circle, attentive, calm, and impenetrably cold to all but Lord Lindsey. As Arundel doubted not, however, that he courted promotion, and guessed, by the crape round his arm, that he had sustained some family loss, he adopted the cause, though not permitted to judge of it, with an ardour that was natural to his character. But he was not long in discovering, that Lindsey's love of patronage extended only to promises; and that, far from soliciting successfully for others, he might perhaps do it vainly for himself. Eager to emancipate his situation from that dependence to which it was every day approaching, he made the attempt, and was cruelly confirmed in his conjectures. Still never did refusal wear so fair a form: "My fortune and my house, dear Arundel, are yours," said his friend; "when the one is impoverished, or the other disagreeable to you, we will think of new plans."

Arundel was thus plunged again, despite of himself, into gay and dissolute society: he was young and charming; was it wonderful that he should be charmed? Is there any illusion so complete as that our own talents and graces scatter round us? Every day more captivating in person, more polished in manners, more enervated in heart, he imperceptibly drew nearer that precipice of error, from which no kind hand, either of nature or of friendship, was

extended to save him.—Yet still had he both sensibility and pride—still did he spend many a solitary hour in forming plans, by which the next might be more active—in sighing over the memory of Mortimer, and in fruitless perusals of the cruel, the inexplicable papers he had left behind him. Lost in meditation, often did his thoughtful eye pierce through crowds for that unnatural father, who had thus announced his intention of never acknowledging him; often did his beating heart dispel the illusion, which beauty diffused over his senses, and anxiously inquire, where—where was the gentle being, to whom his graces and his virtues were so disinterestedly dear. For the paper which contained this avowal, from the moment that Louisa had lost her place in his affections, he cherished a romantic tenderness: the other he had, on his arrival in England, communicated to Lindsey; who so far got the better of his careless habits, as to accompany him in person to the banker's, whence Mr. Mortimer had obtained credit at Paris. From him, however, nothing could be learned, but that five hundred pounds had been annually lodged there in that gentleman's name, the larger part of which had in the last year been drawn out, without since being replaced. Of this latter sum, a very small portion now remained to Arundel; and his indignant heart, roused at the idea of pecuniary obligation, began to affect his temper: that most cruel of all maladies, self-reproach, seized upon it. To Lindsey he scorned any other obligation than that of assisting him to struggle for himself—an obligation which of all others Lindsey was least likely to confer: nor existed there a being besides from whom he could hope it. With a grieved and rankling heart, veiled in smiles, was he going to the apartment of the latter, when he met Captain Villiers coming from it: both seemed to have departed from their natural character; for Arundel, whose thoughts were pre-occupied, and who was besides somewhat disgusted by the coldness with which his efforts at civility had been received, scarcely noticed Villiers, who, on his part, brushed forward with a haughty rapidity that nearly amounted to rudeness.

“ Did you meet that scoundrel on the stairs ? ” said Lindsey abruptly, as his friend entered the room.

“ If you mean Villiers, he passed me this moment.”

“ ’Twas well he did not affront you,” replied Lindsey ; “ he was sufficiently disposed to do it.”

Arundel paused for a moment, uncertain whether to think he had done so or no, and then resentfully added—“ It *was* well, as you say, that he did not ; for I was never less patiently disposed.”

“ I would have you beware of him, however,” said Lindsey ; “ for, as *I* cannot fight him,” glancing fretfully at his arm, which a strain obliged him to wear in a sling, “ it is ten to one but he makes you do it.”

“ *Me !* ” repeated Arundel with a tone of astonishment.

“ Yes, *you* : since, if I may judge by his language, he does you the honour of ranking you amongst my parasites and dependents—I shall find a future opportunity of talking with the gentleman.”

“ The *present* will do for me,” said Arundel warmly, and involuntarily advancing towards the door—“ But what was the matter in dispute ? ”

“ Faith ! I hardly know—Ask *him*.”

“ I am more than half tempted ;—and if I do, I may probably convince him that I can take up the cause of a friend, without being either his dependent or parasite.”

“ Dear Arundel,” said Lindsey, seizing his hand, “ how generous, how kind is this idea !—I cannot, however, admit the inference : it is true, we have both been insulted ; but the quarrel is particularly mine.”

“ If *both* have been insulted,” said Arundel, “ *either* is entitled to demand an explanation.”

Lindsey paused on the observation ; and his friend, who thought he perceived his assent to it in his silence, felt his spirit and his pride both concerned in not receding. The conversation that followed corroborating this opinion, he presently despatched a note to Captain Villiers, requesting a few moments’ conversation at any place he should name. This done, he left the apartment of Lord Lindsey, flattered with his applause, and gratified by his kindness.

But, though the temper of Arundel was thus inflamed,

all felt not as it should have done in his heart. - Personal courage was in him a constitutional gift, and it was that perhaps which left him more at leisure to ask why he had thus drawn on himself the probability of a duel; but as on this head his own memory did not supply him with any very satisfactory answer, he determined to refer to that of Captain Villiers.

When two young men meet to know why they are to fight, it will be fortunate if sufficient provocation does not arise to render the enquiry needless: neither of those in question had any animosity, though no longer any personal prepossession towards each other; but truth must be acknowledged. The high-spirited Villiers did, indeed, look upon Arundel as one of the venal many whose word and sword were equally at the command of Lord Lindsey. Plunged in family chagrins, and embittered by disappointment, he had attended but little to nice discriminations of character, and came prepared to consider the interview only as a paltry pretence for appropriating the quarrel: it was consequently short. Arundel, proud, youthful, and brave, felt all his passions raised by the cold indignity with which he saw himself treated: the contempt with which Villiers mentioned the name of Lord Lindsey interested his friendship: and when to that of Louisa, as it accidentally arose, he returned a look and expression of most ineffable disdain, Arundel, whose heart still retained some embers of the fire which once had made that name so sacred, was no longer master of himself. It was the cause of gallantry, of honour, of friendship; and, fearful perhaps lest reflection should discover to him that it was *not* the cause of reason, he the more readily embraced Mr. Villiers's proposal of meeting him, behind Montagu House, at five the next morning.

The hours that intervened were spent in a fruitless search after Lord Lindsey, who had early left the party with which he dined, and was not to be heard of. Disappointed in the pursuit, and immersed in a train of no very pleasant reflections, Arundel stood surrounded by a gay and brilliant circle, apparently listening to a concert, of which he heard nothing, when his eye casually rested upon one of the band, whose face instantly brought to mind the recollection of Marlini.—



But Marlini still in England — Marlini the botanist turned fiddler, and that in an inferior rank—it was a thing impossible! — Advancing closer, and leaning against the wainscot, he amused himself, till the conclusion of the sonata, with examining the features of his friend, till, satisfied of their identity, he approached the orchestra and addressed him by name.

“ Ah, Mr. Arundel !” said Marlini, “ how glad am I to see you, and how glad to find that you have not forgotten me !” Arundel most cordially returned the salutation, and expressed his surprise both at the place and the employment in which he found his friend engaged. “ I have frequently,” said he, “ inquired of Lord Lindsey where I might find you : he assured me that you were disgusted with England, and had, he believed, returned to Italy : that you had almost renounced botany ; and I now recollect he even told me somewhat of your having shown an extraordinary genius for music.”

“ So he was kind enough to tell *me*,” replied Marlini, smiling with some scorn ; “ and you see to what *extraordinary preferment* my genius has led me. As to England, I have certainly no disgust to it, though I have some cause to wish that it did not send its fools abroad to bring foreign fools home. — Another time, Mr. Arundel, I will tell you more.”

Arundel, who really felt interested in the tale, and across whose mind it glanced that *another time* to him might never come, pressed him to continue the conversation.

“ Nay, I have not much to tell neither,” said Marlini, laying down his fiddle. “ You know the repeated invitations which induced me to come to London ; where I found *il cavaliere* Lindsey converted into *la sua eccellenza*, and surrounded by a crowd of fools all gaping like myself for patronage. To do him justice, however, he received me very civilly, and recommended me to the care of his Swiss valet, through whose interest I got a lodging in the Seven Dials—not without a general invitation to dine at the *hôtel de Lindsey* whenever it was agreeable to me. Alas ! I did not then know that the latter clause was in fact a perfect exclusion. I made my way, however, to his Lordship’s table, though not without bribing his porter with twice the

money for which I might have dined at the ordinary, and had the honour of taking my place at the bottom of it, between an old German and a young English divine. The company was numerous, and some of them talked as if they were men of science: I was therefore not without hopes that his Lordship would take an opportunity of recommending myself and my studies to their notice. But in this I was disappointed: they sat long, and unwillingly broke up, to adjourn to the drawing-room, where Lady Lindsey had prepared a concert. I flattered myself, that in general conversation I might at least be able to forward my own plans, and was greatly pleased by the civilities of an old gentleman, whose consequence was denoted by a star, and who talked to me in very good Italian. He had already invited me to his palace; and I had discovered him to be the Duke of B——. I was beginning to congratulate myself on my good fortune;— but how cruelly was I disappointed, when, in the midst of an interesting conversation upon botany, he reminded me with great eagerness that the concert was going to begin, and recommended me to take up my violin. I assured him I was no performer, and even totally unskilled in music: he heard me at first with incredulity, till, perceiving that, far from being the phenomenon he doubtless had imagined, I actually took no part in what was going forward, he abruptly shifted his place, and became ever after so near-sighted that it was impossible for me to attract his notice. — Why should I tire you, Mr. Arundel, with repetitions of the same thing? Day after day did I attend the levee of Lord Lindsey, and vainly did I solicit the patronage he had promised. Perhaps he meant not to impoverish or betray me; but, woe to the man in whom vanity and self-love do the offices of the blackest treachery! — Impoverished I certainly became. The story of the duke, which in our first familiarity I had related, appeared to him *then* an exceedingly good jest; but what was my surprise, when, after being worn out in that form, it suddenly took another, and he very seriously proposed to me to turn musician! Vainly did I represent the years I had spent in my favourite study, the expensive collection of plants I had brought over with

me, in the hope of being presented to some of those societies in London whose applause ensures celebrity and wealth. My remonstrances were not listened to. I was poor, and could not enforce them. It was settled, in his circle, that a fiddler I was ; and a fiddler I at length became — lucky in getting half-a-guinea a night by scraping in a manner which the taste natural to my country renders offensive to my own ears, and contented to be any thing rather than the table-companion and the attendant upon a *Lord!*”

Arundel, to whom parts of this narrative had communicated stings of which he who related it was wholly unconscious, was preparing to reply, when Marlini, being called upon to take his part in a full piece, had only time to give his address ; and the other, not unwillingly, resigned his place to some ladies who pressed near him.

One, two, three o'clock came, and Lord Lindsey returned not. Arundel, who had spent the night in walking his chamber, at length saw day appear ; and with a mixture of irresolution, self-disdain, and despair, rushed, with the friend who was to accompany him, to the place of appointment. Villiers, with his second, was there almost at the same moment. The calmness and intrepidity of *his* countenance ; the shame, too, of seeming to shrink from the occasion, sealed up those lips on which native candour and sensibility had half prepared an apology. They drew ; both were admirable swordsmen ; but Arundel, who eminently excelled in every manly exercise, soon gained a manifest advantage ; and, being pressed on too boldly by his antagonist, most unwillingly sheathed his sword in his breast. — Villiers dropped his — staggered — and fell.

Had the universe, and all it contained, been vanishing from before his eyes, hardly could Arundel have felt a greater shock. Pride, passion, prejudice — all that sustained, all that had misled him, fled instantaneously ; and Villiers, whose languid looks were directed to those who supported him, saw, not without sensibility, the change of that cheek which the approach of personal danger had not for a moment blanched.

“ You have used a brave as well as skilful sword, Mr. Arundel,” said he, “ in a bad cause ; and have, I fear,

completed many family calamities. I pardon you, however. — The challenge was mine, gentlemen," added he, turning to the seconds; "and I now have only to entreat ——" The words, which had faltered on his lips, faded imperceptibly, and he fainted.

Neither the sense of danger, nor the remonstrances of their mutual friends, could for a moment incline Arundel to resign the care of him whose murderer he now began to deem himself; and he resolutely followed them into the carriage which was to convey Mr. Villiers to an hotel not far distant. The danger was there declared by the surgeons to be less imminent than it appeared. The sword had fortunately missed the vitals; and though by penetrating deeply it had caused a vast effusion of blood, the wound bore no present appearance of being mortal. Arundel became more composed at intelligence so unexpected, and was at length prevailed upon to retire.

The events of the morning were now to be recounted to Lindsey; and to Lindsey, spite of his faults, the agitated spirits of his friend still turned with habitual confidence. But he was yet to learn, that the man who relies on the gratitude of the dissolute must have claims more imposing than *desert*.

Lindsey, who was just returned from a gaming-table, feverish with accumulated losses, and stupefied for want of rest, listened with coldness to the narration — and smiling at the end of it, sarcastically thanked him for his knight-errantry. "Louisa, too," added he, "will, I doubt not, be *duly* grateful for her share of the obligation; and a gratitude so well founded I certainly can have no right to interfere with." — Arundel, to whom this speech was wholly incomprehensible, replied not.

"Or, perhaps," added Lindsey, "she has been so already! — But pr'ythee, dear Arundel, let me counsel you as a friend not to make a practice of drawing your sword in *that* cause!" There was a half jealous and half disdainful sneer in his manner, at once calculated to alarm and to irritate.

"I shall most assuredly never draw it again in your

Lordship's cause," said Arundel indignantly; "but for Lady Lindsey —"

"LADY Lindsey! Mr. Arundel.—You certainly do not suppose, sir, that she is really my wife?"

A thunderbolt at the feet of Arundel would have astonished him less than this speech. It was then for two beings equally licentious and ungrateful that he had hazarded all dear to nature or to principle! *Louisa — Lindsey*—despicable names! Yet

"For *them* the gracious Duncan had he murdered!  
Put rancours in the vessel of his peace—  
Only for them!"

"The generous blood of Villiers is on my sword!" exclaimed he, rushing from a roof which he knew not to be his paternal one: "I will not wrong him so far as to blend it with the unworthy tide that flows through the heart of Lord Lindsey!"

His feet spontaneously moved to the hotel to which Captain Villiers had been carried; but the recollection that repose and perfect quiet had been deemed essential to his safety forbade him to enter it. Lost in a tide of heart-wringing recollections, he wandered, he knew not whither, through half the streets of the metropolis, till the busy crowds with which they were filled retired at the approach of evening. Stragglers among the dissolute or the idle still faced the nipping autumnal wind, which began to rise: and a small crowd of these, collected round a ballad-singer, impeded, in a narrow street, the passage of Arundel. The momentary embarrassment awakened his senses, and a sound that struck from thence upon his memory induced him to start forward. It *was* to be a day of painful retrospection. The female who sang had the appearance of a Savoyard: a little common organ hung at her side—her complexion was tanned—her figure was emaciated—her eyes were hollow—straggling locks of auburn hair added rather a misery than a charm to her appearance;—yet the foreign accent, the beautiful brow,—above all, the well-remembered air she sung, at once carried conviction to the heart of Arundel.—It *was*—it *could* be no other than Annette! Annette betrayed!—Annette, the victim of

Lindsey! exposed in the first instance to disgrace, and in the last to poverty! frail, yet not licentious! miserable, yet not vindictive! drew from the charity of strangers that humble pittance which industry and innocence had rendered once so honourable! — Let us draw a veil over the picture, and follow Arundel.

In solitude, silence, and adversity, he now indeed had learned to think — to estimate the difference between real and imaginary blessings — and to perceive how widely neglect, indiscretion, and self-love scatter the fruitful seeds of vice and devastation.

After various painful self-denials, he thought he might, at length, venture to request admission to Villiers, of whose wound he received the most favourable reports; nor was it among the least of his late mortifications to learn that, on the noon of that day, Villiers had, by his own orders, been conveyed into a chair, and, after paying every expense, quitted the hotel without leaving behind him the smallest indication of the place of his retreat.

Arundel was now overwhelmed with chagrin and disappointment. On the idea of offering an honourable and ample concession, his heart had rested with romantic enthusiasm. Perhaps he had secretly flattered himself he might find a friend in that generous antagonist with whom his feelings had at first sight claimed acquaintance.

Frustrated in his past views, and hopeless of the future, his spirits would have been wholly depressed but for a singular event.

A note from the banker with whom Mr. Mortimer had transacted business informed him, that two hundred pounds had been recently lodged in the house, payable either to that gentleman's order or Mr. Arundel's.

Soft hope again stole over the heart of the latter. He was not then forgotten! — Some being was still interested in his fate! Some protecting spirit, like that of Mortimer, still hovered over him! — Could it be a female one?

Relieved from pecuniary embarrassments, it was his first employment to discover the habitation of Captain Villiers. The poor rarely have a secret that is well kept; and in a very few days it was traced to be the second floor of a house

in a small street near Piccadilly. Bounded as Arundel's means were, yet, to share them with the man he had injured, and whose circumstances, it was plain, could ill support extraordinary expense, became now the first object of his life. To have shared them, indeed, with those he had *himself* injured, might have been only justice; but, to say truth, the improvident Arundel was hardly less disposed to show his liberality to Marliini and Annette.

Captain Villiers was now in a state to quit his chamber; and Arundel, who well knew how to calculate the wishes of pride, easily concluded that he had no other mode of ensuring their meeting but a surprise. Forbearing, therefore, his usual anonymous enquiry, he one evening repaired to the house; where, being told by a servant that Mr. Villiers was in his apartment, he abruptly walked up stairs, and, without further ceremony than a gentle rap, opened the door. Candles in the room there were none; but the twilight, aided by the bright blaze of a fire, enabled him clearly to discern Villiers, who reposed on a sofa on one side of it, while on the other sat a tall and fair young lady in mourning, who appeared to have been reading to him.

Generous minds are not long in understanding each other. Villiers was prepared, by some frank and noble *traits* which he had discovered in the character of his visiter, to give him credit for qualities the other was now well disposed to show. To remove prepossession, was to ensure regard: Arundel was born to be beloved; and Captain Villiers, though less fascinating, had a candour and martial enthusiasm of mind which circumstances only had concealed. The conversation soon became unfettered and interesting.

"On the father of the present Lord Lindsey," said Villiers, "mine had claims of friendship, to which the former was not insensible: they induced him to bestow on me, very early in life, a commission, which, though it brought with it many years of painful service in a climate injurious to my health, ought to be remembered with kindness. Attentive to me even during his last illness, by a letter addressed to the son whose ingratitude and negligence avowedly shortened his days, he repeated his earnest desire that I might be promoted in my profession, and relieved

from various pecuniary embarrassments, in which the indiscretions of my father had involved his family. By the young Lord Lindsey I was at first treated with kindness and distinction. Reiterated promises taught me to hope every thing; but I hoped, only to be disappointed. I knew enough of the world, however, to have sustained that like a man; — but when to neglect he dared to add injury — when he presumed to violate — in short — why should I dissemble? — when he would have trafficked upon the sister's honour for the brother's promotion, it was then I felt like a soldier."

Arundel, whose cheek glowed with indignation and remorse, started hastily from his seat; which Villiers, with a smile of kindness, motioned to him to resume. — "By an intercepted letter I became apprized of a secret which my sister's fears for my safety had induced her to conceal. With what determination I afterwards saw Lord Lindsey, I hardly know myself; but I well recollect, that respect for the memory of his father, together with his own inability to fight, alone prevented my pursuing those violent measures which I was but too well prepared for, when the ill fortune of both induced you to request an interview with me. I saw you with prejudiced eyes: had I seen you with any other, our swords had never been drawn. Yet let me do you the justice of acknowledging, that, even in the short conversation which preceded our appointment, I perceived I had an adversary to encounter of whose dignity of character I was little aware; and though unable to reduce either my resentment or my pride to a tardy explanation, I met you with a reluctance, that perhaps contributed, with your own skill, to give you the advantage you obtained."

Arundel, at once grieved and flattered, cemented the growing friendship by a confidence, not indeed minutely detailed, for the health of Villiers allowed not of long conversation, but unbounded as far as related to Lord Lindsey; and departed with an invitation to repeat his visit next day.

The visit was repeated again — and again — and again. Miss Villiers was almost constantly with her brother, and as constantly pursued the method she had first adopted, of



retiring at the entrance of his friend. Arundel could not avoid feeling some pique at the beautiful statue which he had so little power of animating: not that he allowed beauty to be any advantage—no! Louisa had cured him! Louisa had rendered him for ever indifferent to so illusive an attraction; and he repeated this so often that he really believed it. It was the mind—the visible expression of it in the countenance of Henrietta with which he was now charmed. It was the sweet seriousness of her eyes—so like her brother's, only heightened by the finest long lashes in the world, that made an irresistible impression on his memory. Yet, never to speak, never to permit him the common claims of an acquaintance—always to withdraw—it was so strange, so cruel, so singular an instance of coquetry, that really all the philosophy he was master of could not stand it.

Chance, however, did for him what it was plain Miss Villiers would not do. After spending the morning with her brother as usual *tête-à-tête*, he had taken his leave, when, on walking the length of the street, somewhat occurred that he had neglected to mention; and hastily returning, he threw open the door of the apartment, where Henrietta was then sitting alone. A conscious—a half reproachful smile brightened the features of Arundel, as he respectfully advanced and addressed her. Miss Villiers blushed deeply, and, dropping her eyes, *faintly* replied to his questions; but the voice was not to be mistaken—a voice so touching, so inimitably soft.—Heaven and earth! what was his astonishment when it was immediately recognised to be that of Theresa!—Theresa,—the tender friend so long and so ungratefully forgotten.

If Arundel was transported, far different were the feelings of Miss Villiers.—Conscious, abashed, devoid of all power of feigning—hardly recollecting what she *ought* to know, or what she *ought* to tell; it was amidst blushes, hesitation, and tremor, that he learned she was the daughter of Mortimer!—The daughter of Mortimer! Ah! he learned not that only: there was a suspicion, there was a truth remained behind, at which, though his heart beat with exultation and hope, he ventured not even remotely to

glance. Yet who else should write to Mortimer that she did not blush to acknowledge an interest for him?—Who else should tell his guardian and his friend, “that he had every grace that wins affection, and every virtue that justifies it?” Who but Henrietta had opportunity, whilst he was in pursuit of another object, to dwell unobserved upon his character—to trace all its energies—to feel all its disappointments—and unconsciously to cherish a treacherous sentiment under the name of a generous one?

Captain Villiers, who was only in the adjoining apartment, entered at this moment, and saw with surprise Arundel holding the hand of his sister, and speaking with an eagerness that marked the tenderest interest in what he uttered.

“Dear Villiers!” said the latter, recovering himself to spare her embarrassment, “would you believe that I have found in your sister an old and tenderly beloved friend?”

“So it appears,” said Villiers, smiling; “but how came you to take advantage of my absence to make this discovery?”

“Mr. Arundel,” said Henrietta, striving to command herself, “had *forgotten* his friend, and I was not willing to obtrude her upon his memory.”

Every truth but one was now avowed on all sides; and Villiers was not so dull of comprehension as to overlook that.

“The veil—the cruel veil,” cried Arundel reproachfully, as they recounted their interviews in the convent—

“Was *once* at least withdrawn,” added Henrietta, blushing;—“but the features it shaded were not worthy of retaining your eye.”

Arundel, who too well recollected the circumstances of their first meeting, could only answer by a look—a look that at once conveyed his own self-reproach. Yet time, that had matured his understanding, had also matured the beauty of Henrietta; whose features, though ever regular, were far from possessing, while in the convent, that lovely finish which her whole person had since attained.

The elder Mr. Villiers, obliged by his necessities to renounce his own name, had, under that of Mortimer, afforded the parental protection to Arundel which nature had de-

signed for his own children. Of these children the son had been committed to the care of Lord Lindsey, who, by embarking him early in a military line, deprived him of the opportunity to make troublesome inquiries. For his daughter, unprotected and dowerless, Mr. Villiers's religion enabled him to allot a life of seclusion in the convent where she had been educated; nor was it till Lord Lindsey himself made the proposal of marrying Arundel abroad, that he thought of a scheme by which all their views might be conciliated. With this intention, however, Henrietta alone had ever been acquainted; and though Arundel and her brother could not fail, in the course of the explanation, to surmise it, she earnestly guarded the idea from obtruding.

To Captain Villiers, indeed, all this was new: his father's caution had kept from his knowledge the change of his name—the companion of his travels—in a word, every thing but what related to the embarrassment of their affairs, or the welfare of his sister. Unconscious, therefore, that such a being as Arundel existed, till he met him in the house of the young Lord Lindsey, it was on the event of the duel that his name first transpired to Henrietta. Why her previous acquaintance with it had been so cautiously omitted in all conversations with her brother relative to her father's visit at Lyons, neither gentleman presumed to ask, probably for the best of all reasons—that both of them could guess.

The moment of final discovery now seemed dawning upon Arundel—but it was only a gleam. Of his birth, Captain Villiers knew nothing; and Henrietta, to whom her father never confided more of his plans than was necessary for their accomplishment, only faintly recollected to have heard him once say that he was the son of a Mr. Arundel of Cornwall.

“It is strange that my father should leave no papers by which to guess at this mystery,” said Villiers. The anxious eyes of his sister half sought those of Arundel, and her cheek was flushed with apprehension for his answer.

“Very strange!” replied the latter with a duplicity which love first had taught him—“It was, I know, his custom to burn his letters after reading them: the few lines that

fell into my hands we will take an early opportunity of examining together."

Reassured by the carelessness of his answer, Henrietta recovered herself. Her secret safe—her lover and her brother thus perfectly united—could the world present a more lively pleasure than that which glowed round her heart? The fire-side of Villiers was now embellished with the smiles of happiness, and a long, a lengthened evening succeeded, during which Arundel drank deep draughts of a passion he attempted not to resist; and which beauty, merit, cultivated understanding, and polished manners, united to justify.

Strolling through the city the next morning with Villiers, a man who seemed guarding the door of a narrow and dirty entry attempted to put a printed paper in his hand. It would have been rejected, had not the unexpected enforcement of "You had better take it, Mr. Arundel," induced him to stop. He looked earnestly at the figure by whom it was presented, and, under an immense bush of wig, a threadbare coat, and a scarlet waistcoat laced with gold, discovered his quondam acquaintance, the German philosopher.

"You can't oblige an old friend with less than a shilling, Mr. Arundel," said the German; "so pray have the goodness to walk in." Arundel complied; but he must have been a philosopher himself to forbear smiling when he perceived his friend's collection of minerals and fossils converted into what he called a "very pretty *raree show*;" by which, with the assistance of a few common philosophical experiments, medical advice offered gratis, and a small pretence at judicial astrology, the German assured him that he gained a tolerable livelihood.

"Not," said he, "but I had better have studied a system of the world than that of the earth; and then I should have been aware of some of its revolutions, which all my knowledge of the stars even did not inform me of."

Arundel, who knew his acquaintance's head to be filled with as much real learning as might have supplied half a university, could not but smile at the singular stoicism displayed in his conduct; and though he felt not that tender

interest with which the quick sensibility and imbibtered spirit of the Italian had inspired him, yet was his smile insensibly chastened by a sigh, when he contrasted the *character* of the German and his fate.

“The romantic days of chivalry, and the despotic ones of feudal authority, are both vanished,” said he, as he commented with his friend on the events they had lately witnessed. “Man, at that period, was contented to barter independence for protection, and found in the cherishing power of rank somewhat that consoled him for its superiority. The grosser ligaments that then bound the great to the little have insensibly refined into the nicer ones of benevolence, distinction, or patronage. How careful ought the great to be that they snap not these by selfishness, pride, or caprice!—How, instead of weakening, ought they to strengthen, ties, by which the human species is *allured* to that subordination to which no mortal effort can ever, perhaps, *awe* them!”

“You think deeply,” returned his friend.

“No, dear Villiers, I only feel deeply—feel for the virtues I have seen betrayed—the talents I have seen blighted—the sensibilities,” he added, half smothering a sigh, “I have known rejected; and by a man to whom it would have cost so little to have cultivated all.”

The sight of Miss Villiers at once dissipated spleen and philosophy. A thousand more interesting topics occurred; and the subject of his birth engaged the attention both of Arundel and his friends. The paper which he believed to have been written by his father was vainly examined by each.

“The clue my sister has given us,” said Captain Villiers, “seems, after all, the only possible one to lead to a discovery. You must go into Cornwall, and the sooner the better; for we are none of us rich enough to spend either money or time in unnecessary delays. Suppose you set off to-morrow!”

“To-morrow is surely too soon!” answered Arundel, intuitively fixing his eyes on Miss Villiers.

“I think not,” said her brother, smiling; “rather remember, dear Arundel,

“To-morrow is too late:  
The *wise* lived yesterday!”

"Ah!" cried Arundel, warmly, "it was indeed only yesterday that I began to live! However, I will go tomorrow, if you think it advisable. A family of consequence enough to mention an *heir* cannot be unknown in the country; and I may at least find ground for conjecture, whether I am able to make the wished-for discovery or not."

"I have good presentiments," said Villiers, as he quitted the room to attend a troublesome visiter in the next — "though, certainly, that no memorandum should even accidentally remain but those lines is very extraordinary!"

Henrietta and her lover were left *tête-à-tête*; she felt embarrassed; and with the ill fortune that generally follows the attempt at dispelling an awkward silence, hastily repeated her brother's words, that it *was* very extraordinary! Arundel, unable to resist the temptation, advanced towards her.

"Will Miss Villiers," said he, "do me the honour of becoming my confidant?"

"Most undoubtedly," faltered she.

"And may I — dare I venture to tell her that there was yet another paper?" —

"Is it not better — would it not be right, I mean — why not rather tell my brother?" again incoherently cried Henrietta.

"Because," interrupted Arundel, "if my surmises are true, the writing is too sacred to be profaned by any eye but my own; because on the decision probably depends the happiness or misery of my life; and because," added he, taking it from his bosom, "with Miss Villiers alone it remains to tell me which."

She cast a timid eye upon the paper, and feeling too conscious of the hand, as well as the probable purport of it, would have sunk from her chair, had not the supporting arms of Arundel prevented her. He was at her feet when Captain Villiers returned; nor could the latter forbear asking with a smile, whether these tender demonstrations of regard were meant for the old friend, or the new one?

Arundel, who had not been able to resolve on the journey of the morrow without previous explanation, now hesitated not to disclose his whole heart. Villiers heard him with

undisguised pleasure; and though not apprised, by any part of the conversation, of his sister's partiality, thought he ran no risk of violently offending her by sanctioning the hopes of her lover.

Pleasure, however, is a fleeting good! So thought Arundel as he looked the next day through the dingy panes of glass in an inn window about thirty miles from London. His gaiety was not greatly increased by the probability of having nothing better to do than to look through them for two hours longer. Luxury had not yet provided for travellers as in modern times; and the only post-horse which the stables afforded, Arundel, from a principle of humanity and good-nature, had resigned to a gentleman whom the landlord had described to be in a state of agitation that bespoke his journey a matter of the utmost importance. He was somewhat tempted, however, to repent of his good-nature, when passing through the entry he cast his eyes on this *gentleman*, and discovered him to be the valet of Lord Lindsey; a man who had long reigned over his master with most unbounded influence, and whose insolent manners rendered him the detestation of all within his circle.

“Ah, Mr. Arundel,” said Verney, starting at the sight of him, “is it you, then, to whom I am so greatly obliged? You were always good and generous, and I am almost tempted —”

“To profit by the example, I hope,” said Arundel, coldly smiling, and passing on. The man seemed struck with the speech.

“Mr. Arundel, for the love of Heaven, stop!” said he, eagerly seizing his hand: “favour me with a moment's conversation. It may be of more importance to you than you are aware of.” Arundel hesitated; yet, somewhat impressed with his manner, went with him into an adjoining apartment. Verney shut the door.

“You have been, sir, for a long time now, the companion and intimate of my Lord: you have been the confidant of many of his secrets; yet I believe—nay, I am very sure, that you did not know him to be your brother.”

“My brother!” said Arundel, starting back with amazement. — “Lord Lindsey my brother!”

“As surely, sir, as that he was the seducer of Miss Louisa, and the murderer of Mr. Mortimer!”

“Have a care, Verney, of what you say!” cried Arundel, aghast with horror.

“I can stand to it upon oath, sir, when and where you please; but my time is precious, and I must tell my story in few words. It was just after you set out for Switzerland, Mr. Arundel, that I came into confidence with my lord; I used often to carry messages and notes between him and Ma'amselle Louise; who, to say the truth, I believe courted him as much as he did her. However that was, he fell into a very great passion when he found that she had told you of their correspondence, and swore he would never see her more. Nay, he actually made you the same promise, or something like it, as you may remember, and left Lyons accordingly. His heart, however, failed him before he had gone many miles; for they were to have met that night—as I should have told you they often did, when Miss Louise could make a pretence for getting out of the convent to visit her acquaintance. Nothing then would serve my lord but returning; and a melancholy return it was for poor Mr. Mortimer, whom we overtook as we passed through the short cut that leads to the high road. My lord at first would have avoided him; but, perceiving he was already known, determined to ride boldly on. They soon came up with one another, and interchanged salutations; not very civil. Some conversation ensued; and though I was at a distance, I could understand that Mr. Mortimer upbraided my lord with treachery, and falsehood. *Falsehood* was the word. You may guess how this was taken; both of them fell into such a passion, that I verily believe they knew not what they said or did: and as curiosity drew me nearer, I distinctly heard Mr. Mortimer tell my lord that he had no occasion to value himself upon his birth; that he was only a younger brother; and that you were both son and *heir* to Lord Lindsey, as he could sufficiently prove by letters then in his pocket-book. All my lord's passion before was nothing at all to this. As ill luck would have it, we had pistols in the holsters; for it was dusk, and we were to go out of the



city again that night.—To be short, I held their horses while they both fired, and I saw Mr. Mortimer drop. By my lord's command, I myself took the pocket-book from him, for he, poor man! was quite gone; and away we rode as if the devil was behind us, and so to be sure he was. My lord was very moody, and, as I thought, very penitent; and often said he did not intend the old gentleman's death, but that it was an even chance, and therefore done in an honourable way. However, as honourable as it was, he made no scruple of keeping the pocket-book, in which, sure enough, there were some chosen letters from the old lord, that sufficiently confirmed the truth of Mr. Mortimer's story. Not that I got sight of them at first; so far from it, that he would have persuaded me they contained nothing of consequence. However, I knew my opportunities, and when I had once seen them, we used to talk them over very often; and he even told me that he should never have fallen into such a rage at first hearing of them, but that his father, when angry with him once, let fall an odd hint, that dwelt upon his mind. All this, Mr. Arundel, I will say, and swear too!—As to the rest, to be sure it grieved me to see you forced by ill treatment to quit your own father's house, and throw yourself upon the wide world; while, on the other hand, my lord —”

Here Verney began to stammer, and Arundel, to whose overburdened and agitated mind a pause seemed necessary, threw open the sash, and, leaning against the window-frame, endeavoured to recover a composure of which the dreadful train of facts he had listened to seemed wholly to have deprived him.

“Well, Mr. Arundel, I must go,” said Verney, abruptly starting up, as if himself awakened to some new recollections.

“Whither?” returned the other.

“That I can't immediately tell—not to my lord, you may be sure. This confounded gambling has so ruined his temper, that a man had better live in Bedlam than with him. However, if you will tell me where a line may find

you, depend upon receiving one ere long ; and, if I can do you justice, justice you shall have."

To part in so light a manner with a testimony of such importance, and of which he might be so easily deprived, either by corruption or accident, appeared to Arundel the extreme of folly ; and he urged every motive, either of justice or interest, that might induce Verney to return with him to town. The man seemed irresolute, yet more inclined to pursue his own *route* than that pointed out to him. The horse at length was brought to the door.

" Mr. Arundel," said Verney, as the former still opposed his departure, " what I have said may well show you how much I am disposed to do you a service. I will go greater lengths, however ; but you must first swear, that, after the proof I am going to give you of my confidence, you will neither attempt to follow, nor detain me a single moment." Arundel hesitated ; but, as no alternative presented itself, at length complied with the requisition.

" *There, sir !*" said Verney, taking some papers from his portmanteau, " *there* are the very letters found in Mr. Mortimer's pocket-book. Ask no questions, but remember your promise." So saying, he snatched up the portmanteau, ran hastily out of the room, and left Arundel in an astonishment from which he was first roused by the clattering of the horse's hoofs.

The man was quickly out of sight ; but in his hand Arundel indeed held the strange, the affecting testimonials of his birth—so long concealed, so wonderfully brought to light. That Verney had robbed his lord could not be doubted ; so often doth " even-handed justice

" Return the ingredients of the poison'd chalice  
To our own lips."

Had the speed with which Arundel returned to town allowed more time for reflection, how new, how brilliant was the prospect that now opened before him ! To conceal his birth was once easy, but to trace it could no longer be difficult. Miss Villiers, raised to fortune and rank by his means—Miss Villiers, the ornament of his family, and the restorer of her own, swam before his imagination, and dif-

fused an enchanting sense of pleasure throughout his heart — a pleasure softened into grateful sensibility, when he recollected that he was paying to the daughter of Mortimer those dues which his affection vainly lavished on the ashes of the father.

To Captain Villiers his return was as desirable as unexpected. A chance enquiry had already discovered to him that Arundel was the original name of the Lindsey family; and a comparison of circumstances had inspired him with a suspicion of that truth now so wonderfully confirmed. Yet Arundel the *legal* son, the *heir* of a noble name, surpassed even his most sanguine expectations; and, in a tumult of various emotions, both friends repaired to the house of Lord Lindsey, whose concern in the death of Mortimer, however, Arundel carefully suppressed. They were told he was indisposed, and could see no one; but to a subterfuge apparently the result either of cunning or pride neither gave credit; and the following billet was, by their mutual desire, sent up to him: —

“When informed that it is but a few hours since I parted with Verney, you will not be surprised that I return to a roof which ingratitude had induced me to abjure. Nor can you, if yet sensible either of prudence or honour, refuse to see, and acknowledge a brother, in

“HENRY ARUNDEL.”

“My Lord wishes to speak to Mr. Arundel,” said the servant returning: “but Captain Villiers he begs will excuse him.”

The verbal message, the ostentatious approach, the ceremonious introduction, had already in the bosom of Arundel repelled the generous tide of nature. How did the impetuous current return upon his heart, when, stretched on a couch at one end of a magnificent dressing room, he cast his eyes on the spectre of that gay and beautiful Lindsey, whom he had parted with but six weeks before, blooming in health, and vigorous in youth! A sigh — almost a groan of exquisite anguish burst from Arundel, as, seizing the hand of his brother, he bent his face over it in womanish emotion. The short and sudden cough — the

agonising pain that seemed to seize upon Lord Lindsey, as instantly recalled his reason.

“ My brother—my friend !” cried he, incoherently, “ recover — compose yourself. — I come not to upbraid. — Oh, why,” added he, more vehemently, “ did I mistrust your message ? Why did I thus suddenly force myself upon you ?” Lord Lindsey, choked by agitation, could not speak ; and Arundel, unable to witness sufferings which he could not assuage, flew into the antechamber, while the attendants administered relief. From one of them he learnt what had in part effected this devastation. Lord Lindsey, a month before, had attended a rural *fête* given by the Duchess of Portsmouth, where, after a night of dancing and violent excess, he had fallen asleep, undiscovered for many hours, upon the wet grass. The servant had no time for further information ; for recalled by the sound of his brother's voice, Arundel eagerly returned to the apartment. The former pressed his hand, and by slow and painful efforts was now able to speak. But the long-lavished hours of prosperity and health that make atonement virtue were lost to Lindsey ; and though in speaking he failed not to render Arundel a noble justice, yet from it his own bosom extracted not that balm which might in happier days have proved so healing.

It was not, however, without an exquisite sense of suffering, that his generous brother discovered Verney to be a principal instrument in the catastrophe which the appearance of Lindsey announced to be so near ; a suffering considerably augmented, when he found that it was to a latent spark of tenderness and remorse in the latter, he owed the two hundred pounds lodged for his use at the banker's.

Hardly had Lord Lindsey got rid of some of those alarming symptoms which were produced by the violent and dangerous cold he had taken, when Verney, who was dressing him, one morning presumed so far beyond his usual insolence as to exasperate a temper already feverish and fretful. In a transport of rage, Lord Lindsey struck him. The brutal precedent was not lost : Verney returned the blow. A violent struggle ensued between them ; and

before Lindsey had either time or recollection to ring his bell, he was thrown against a cabinet that stood near, with a force that left him breathless : while Verney, early seduced to villany, now profited by the lesson, and escaped with such valuables and papers as he deemed most likely to secure him either impunity or revenge.

Lindsey revived : but severe irritation and internal injury had done the work of time ; and he revived only to know that he was dying.

Yet within the sweet circle of love and virtue there is an atmosphere that renders death less painful ! Arundel, Villiers, his sister, all united their cares in alleviating his sufferings ; and the acuteness of disease subsided into insensible decay.

“ I give you, Miss Villiers,” said Lindsey, on the day that united her with his brother, “ an invaluable heart. I shall soon leave you,” added he, faintly smiling, “ those worldly advantages to which that alone gives true nobility.”

Ah, what could *nobility* add to the happiness of Arundel and Henrietta ! Love, friendship, competence ! “ Flowers of Paradise as yet unfaded,” are in themselves, to tender and well-regulated minds, “ all they can guess of heaven.”

## THE FRENCHMAN'S TALE.

### CONSTANCE.

On the billows of this world, sometimes we rise  
 So dangerously high,  
 We are to heav'n too nigh :  
 When, all in rage,  
 Grown hoary with one minute's age,  
 The very self-same fickle wave  
 Which th' entrancing prospect gave  
 Swoll'n to a mountain — sinks into a grave.

“WELL, Monsieur Dorsain, I have brought you your god-daughter ; and a main fine lass she's grown since last I saw her. Heaven help us ! We a' had a deal o' crying on the road ; but fair weather's come at last, you see !” Such were the words of Antoine, as he stopped his little garden-cart at the door of a small cottage on the confines of the Marquis de Valmont's estate in Languedoc. — “And how does our old dame hold it ?” continued he, with the same good-humoured loquacity. “And your neighbour Justine ; is she as round and as merry as ever ? There's such racking work at the castle, that a body can never find time to come among you. I remember when we used to foot it every evening under yon elms.”

Dorsain shook his grey locks. “That's as much as to say our dancing days are past,” added Antoine, observing it. “More's the pity ! However, we must leave it to the young ones to supply our place. Come, don't cry, my little maid ! Hast buried thy father and mother, to be sure ; but God Almighty's a father to all ! Be a good girl ; pray to him every morning and night, and I warrant he'll not forget thee.” Honest Antoine accompanied this rustic summary of religion and morality with a hearty salute ; shook

Dorsain by the hand ; and, once more mounting his vehicle, took the path that led him to the great road of the castle.

Let us now turn to his fellow-traveller, whom we have seen consigned with so little ceremony to the care of Dorsain.

It was a female of about six years of age, lovely enough to have passed for one of those cherubs whom the wishes of mortals have figured as mediating spirits between themselves and heaven. Its little rosy and pouting lip seemed designed by nature to call forth a thousand dimples ; its bright eyes, blooming cheeks, and forehead of a dazzling whiteness, realised the fancied model of the poet or the painter ; while the soft expression of suspended sorrow and infantine curiosity, which had taken possession of its features, gave them the peculiar charm of interest.

Dorsain, who had thus undertaken a charge which his age and misfortunes might well have rendered burdensome, was no common character. Singular occurrences in life had elevated, and occurrences still more singular, depressed it : but they had not deprived him of a just, though uncultivated, understanding ; a clear and decided judgment ; and that sort of dignity which, as it is the result of merit and virtue, may be found in the humblest situation. The small cottage he inhabited with his wife, an infirm, though respectable, old woman, made, as we have already said, a part of the extensive domains of the Marquis de Valmont. The Marquis was a man whom it is by no means proper to describe in the same paragraph with Monsieur Dorsain : with the deference due, therefore, to his pretensions, we begin another.

The Marquis de Valmont, it has been said, was a man, — let us respect his feelings, and say he was a nobleman ; one who, having somewhat unexpectedly succeeded to the family title, had profited by the privileges it bestowed to plunge, unrestrained, into folly and vice. A constant residence at Paris, deep play, expensive mistresses, and an equipage almost princely, had, in a very few years, considerably impaired a noble fortune. It was necessary to retrench : but little minds do not correct faults — they

only change their complexion ; and the Marquis grew proud and oppressive, in proportion as he ceased to be profuse.

At the time that Constantia—for so our little orphan was called—first inhabited the cottage of Dorsain, Monsieur de Valmont was not forty ; unprincipled rather than dissolute ; still admired in the metropolis ; little known on an estate which he was just then quitting, after having visited it for the only time within the course of some years ; and blessed in his domestic society with the amiable additions of a conceited wife and a spoiled son.

“ This place is detestable,” said Madame de Valmont one day to her husband. “ My son has no tutors here ; you have no friends ; and I have no health. For Heaven’s sake, let us return to Paris !” And to Paris they went.

What did the Marquis and his son find there ? Why, any thing but tutors or friends. The Marchioness was the only one of the three that was successful ; not that she found health,—for, to say the truth, she did not at that time want it,—but she certainly found a cure for all complaints, both real and imaginary, by being deposited, within less than five years, under a very magnificent monument. The Marquis put on his sables in the most becoming taste—as he was still handsome. The young chevalier also made his arrangements ; for he had profited enough by his mother’s instructions, and the society in which he lived, to think of commencing *petit-maitre* at least. Four years more threw some new traits into his character, and finished his education : at the expiration of which, both father and son, for political reasons, prevailed on themselves, with half a dozen friends, to revisit the long-forgotten castle of Valmont.

And what is become of Constance ? Nine years are past—nine long years, in about as many lines. This is going full speed indeed ! Patience, courteous reader ! The ensuing years will perhaps creep a snail’s pace. Nature had not forgotten Constance ; nor have we. Tall beyond her age, pure and lovely as the flowers which it was her business to tend, light of heart and graceful of form,—Constance saw her fifteenth year, without having once ceased to be



the same playful, unconscious character, she had been when set down at the cottage of Dorsain. She had made rapid strides, too, in her education: she wrote tolerably; read at least as well as Monsieur le Curé; understood the whole management of a garden; danced like a fairy; could rear young birds; and spin *à merveille*. Let us not dissemble her foibles: she loved the flowers and the birds better than the spinning-wheel; and Dorsain, who indulged her with the two first, much better than his wife, who would willingly have confined her to the last.

“What a shame that pretty cottage should be suffered to go to ruin!” exclaimed Constance, as she was one day walking with Dorsain. “Ah, father!”—for so she always called him,—“if you and I had the management of it, we would bind up those honeysuckles that now hang so neglected. Look, how the jessamine has even forced its way through that broken shutter! The inside of the casement, I dare say, is covered with flowers. Well, great folks are much to be pitied.”

“Why?” said Dorsain, with an absent air, and fixing his eyes on the cottage with a profound sigh.

“Because they so seldom know how to enjoy the charming places they possess. There is Monseigneur, for example——”

“Let us not talk of him,” interrupted Dorsain warmly. A servant, in the Marquis’s livery, at that moment crossed the path.

“Good day, Monsieur Dorsain! Good day, mademoiselle! We are like to have a busy time of it. My lord is coming down, with a power of gentry, to stay six whole weeks at the castle. The *avant-courier* is just arrived, and our old *concierge* in no small bustle with the preparations.”—Dorsain fixed his eyes upon Constance, who, busy with the wilderness of sweets which her imagination was reducing to order, attended but little to what was said either of my lord or his guests. The cottage, indeed, she had seen before; but she happened now, for the first time, to view it under the full blaze of a summer day—a summer, too, so unusually luxuriant, as to have made the whole country round a garden. That which adjoined to the building in question

had once been extensive and beautiful : the clustered trees, shot up into strength and wildness, had gained in foliage what they had lost in regular grace, and presented a welcome retreat from the sun ; while the shrubs and flowers blew under them with a profusion so excessive, as seemed to mock the hand of culture. " One might be so happy in that cottage ! " sighed the little *protégée* of Dorsain softly to herself as she went home ; and this was the first time that imagination had ever presented to her those shadowy forms of uncreated pleasure, of which not even that can trace the outline.

Her days, however, passed not now so pleasantly as before the vicinity of the Marquis induced her venerable protectors to confine her almost constantly to the house. She had, indeed, never been accustomed to mingle with the peasantry of the neighbourhood, who, from jealousy, or some other unaccountable motive, kept at a distance from the cottage of Dorsain ; but still she had been permitted sometimes to walk to the next village, under his care, and sometimes to dance there upon the green. But the character the Marquis bore was bad enough ; that of the chevalier was still worse, — for he was less a hypocrite ; and both were, by the avowal of all who visited the cottage of Dorsain, bold, dissolute, and haughty. Beings like these were to be dreaded, and therefore to be shunned. Alas ! there was still another danger : nor did it escape the attention of Madame Dorsain, that the companions of the chevalier might be, some of them, more engaging than himself.

Constance, however, foresaw nothing of all this : she was heedless and lively. Well, well ; " reflection will come with time ! " So say the philosophers of all ages ; and so said the tenants of Monsieur de Valmont. Time came ; but he certainly forgot the predictions of the philosophers, or took a malicious pleasure in falsifying them : for he neglected to bring reflection in his hand ; and to this neglect only is to be imputed the error of Constance, who, weary of perpetual confinement, made it a practice to rise with the sun, and enjoy his earliest beams in the garden of that very cottage which we have seen her admire. This spot, independently of its general claims, inspired a particular interest.

It contained, not a lover, but a bird's nest. Wandering there one morning, she had nearly crushed with her foot a young and unfledged linnet, that some accident had dislodged. Anxiously had she sought the brood, and most carefully had she replaced the little stray. It is so natural to love what we have served ! Constance visited her nursery every day with new delight. The parent bird from home, she would venture to caress her *protégée*, place it in her bosom, and seem willing to communicate to it the tender warmth of her heart.

The sun shone brightly, and the morning dew sparkled to his beams. Such was the employment and such were the feelings of Constance, as she bent towards her favourite a cheek glowing with beauty, and half concealed by the ringlets which her attitude threw over it, when a slight noise in the foliage adjoining induced her to look up : it was caused by a young man of no ungraceful appearance, who, with a gun in his hand, stood on a bank that commanded the garden, and was earnestly gazing at her : the fine tinge of youth instantly brightened into a blush that gave her new charms. The stranger saw he was observed ; and pulling off his hat, addressed to her some common salutation, to which she was about to reply, when the report of a gun caused her to start, and retreat some paces back. The young man, who mistook the cause of her flight, — which was, in fact, much less fear of the gun than that of being further seen either by him or some of the Marquis's guests, — lightly sprang over the fence by which they were separated, and endeavoured to re-assure her. One versed in the world would perhaps have found somewhat in the tone with which this was done that might have awakened suspicion, and offended pride ; but to both of these Constance was as much a stranger as to deceit ; and she answered his attentions, therefore, by an ingenuous avowal of the real source of her alarm.

“ And what is there in the Marquis, or his guests, that should make you fear so much their approach ? ” said the stranger with a smile.

“ Their haughtiness — their arrogance ! — Oh, if you

were but to hear half the stories that are told of them in our cottage!"

The stranger smiled again. Scandal he found was not confined to great towns; it reigned powerfully enough at Valmont, to attribute to all its inhabitants the vices of their lord.

"Is that then your cottage?" returned he, with some impatience. Constance now smiled in her turn: how could she possibly avoid it? The young man had to all appearance the finest and most intelligent eyes in the world; yet it was plain he made no use of them, when he could suppose she lived under a roof that looked the image of beautiful desolation. Somewhat of this was perhaps, unconsciously, conveyed in her answer—and the reply?—Why, what it was exactly we cannot tell; but it is highly probable that Constance could; for her ear had suddenly acquired a retentive power that she had never observed in it before—till recollecting she had often learned a favourite tune merely by once or twice hearing it: "It is with voices as with musical airs," thought Constance suddenly; "we unintentionally remember some, and forget others. Painting is doubtless a gift of the same nature:—why may I not have a taste for that too, since I have often been told that I have one for music? If I may judge from my present feelings, I am sure I have both. Ah, how much may we profit by a little reflection!—Madame Dorsain has repeated this to me a thousand times. Well! I will improve: from this moment I will reflect on every object I see!" And so saying she fell into a deep *rêverie* upon the only object that she saw no longer. Without being inspired, however, by those feelings, which had thus suddenly taught Constance to believe that she was both a painter and musician, we will endeavour to give a sketch with probably more likeness in it than her newly discovered talents could afford.

Handsome eyes, an animated countenance, a form that appeared more naturally graceful than artificially polished; an address familiar without impertinence, and prepossessing without study;—such were the external advantages with which Constantia's new acquaintance was endowed. But, alas! though nature was so liberal, fortune seemed strangely

to have forgotten him : for while the chevalier de Valmont enjoyed, without deserving them, every gift of the latter, the former had taken pleasure in scattering her favours upon one, who, by his own account, boasted no higher rank than being of the household. This acknowledgment, which seemed reluctantly offered by him who made it, conveyed no wound to the bosom of Constance, happily ignorant of those refinements which teach us to annex consequence to situation, and to blush at paying to nature the dues she has a right to demand. Valrive, nevertheless, whose ideas had been formed in a far different school, felt while speaking a degree of anxiety, which slowly subsided when he perceived that a creature, so naturally polished, so intelligently beautiful, was yet so little conscious of her pretensions as to regard the attendant of M. de Valmont with no inconsiderable degree of respect.

We left Constance in a reverie. We might write a good many pages, and find her there still, I am afraid, had she not unexpectedly found herself at home ; but spiritless, tired, and, for the first time, ungrateful to honest Antoine, who had walked from the château with a basket of fruit and flowers, and was communicating the news of the family.

“ Come hither, child,” said Madame Dorsain, as she advanced : “ see what a nosegay our good neighbour has brought us ! Here is an employment for you that you like ! ” Constantia, without replying, set herself to dress the flower-jars ; and never before were they so ill dressed : yet, amid the profusion of sweets she heedlessly scattered, her own fair and blooming form might well have been mistaken for that of Flora herself.

Antoine, who, though old, had not lost the use of his eyes, and who was besides somewhat elevated with the hospitable glass that had just been pressed upon him, soon grew most eloquent in her praise.

“ Your pretty god-daughter, neighbour Dorsain,” said he, “ grows too tall and womanly to stay here. Not but you have had enough of marquisses and great folks, I trow, to keep her out of *their* way ; and, between you and I, our gentry don't care much I believe to come in yours ;

but, Heaven help us! the very servants now-a-days are enough to turn one's head—There's your fine Monsieur Valrive now, aping his lord, and strutting about as though he were a lord himself."

Constantia, who had hitherto been inattentive to the discourse, at the name of Valrive blushed deeper than the roses she held, and became all ear.

"They say," added Antoine, "that he has made a campaign with the chevalier; 'twas there I suppose he got that scar that wins all the girls' hearts. More fool they! 'Tis not always the best head-pieces that get themselves in, or out of a scrape. Why, 'twas but yesterday he'd have persuaded me not to clip my trees, because your English gardens are all the fashion at Paris—A fine fellow indeed to teach me!—He has seen more rogueries than battles, I believe, or he would never have stood so well both with my old and young lord."

Constance had heard but too much: Valrive, before only handsome, had now acquired the charm of interest. He was brave—he had been wounded—he was even scarred. To all that concerned either the wound or the scar, wondering she had not observed the latter, his young acquaintance could have listened for ages: but Antoine had already exhausted that little all in his momentary fit of spleen, and of an hour's long discourse besides Constantia heard nothing.

"If he should chance to visit the garden again!" said she, as with an uncertain step she advanced towards it two mornings after; and, while saying it, she fixed her eyes full upon him. Upon *him*? No! upon a form ten thousand times more winning than that which at first had accidentally engaged them—a form over which prepossession had already scattered charms unknown to sober reality. Both the manners and countenance of Valrive, indeed, far from being improved, betrayed an embarrassment that took somewhat from his natural grace. In seeing Constance once more appear, he had instantaneously conceived ideas and hopes, which the sweet ingenuousness of her language immediately dispelled. She was too artless not to betray that she met him with pleasure, and too

innocent not to prove that she did it without distrust. Afraid to inspire that jealous sense of decorum of which she seemed so wholly unconscious, yet, hitherto, unversed in the language of respectful love, he viewed her with a mixture of tender admiration and surprise, to which his habits had rendered him hitherto a stranger.

But an innocent heart, first awakened to sensibility, needs no better instructor in decorum: and it was from her own, not his, that Constantia began to suspect she ought to meet him no more.

This idea, essential as it might be to her future good, was productive at the moment of nothing but evil. It insensibly led her to prolong her stay much beyond her usual hour—the burning sun gave her notice of the oversight; and she was returning homewards with feverish perturbation and haste, when, at the moment of crossing an open lane that interposed between a thicket of wild limes and horse-chestnuts, she heard the sound of loud voices, and as suddenly perceived a party of horsemen, who were advancing almost full speed from the brow of a gentle declivity. It was too late to retreat; but in the eagerness of advancing she struck her ankle against the root of a tree, and, overcome at once with trepidation and acute pain, sunk to the ground. The foremost of the party, who was now very near, sprang from his horse; and, on perceiving she was young and handsome, raised her in his arms with an exclamation of mingled surprise and curiosity. The whole group instantly collected around her: their eager enquiries—their free and licentious expressions of admiration—the confused sound of their voices, and the passionate looks of the young man who held her, inspired Constantia both with distrust and alarm. In vain did she protest that she felt no inconvenience from her accident, and that she was able to walk home without assistance: no credit was given to the assertion, as indeed it deserved none; and they eagerly disputed with each other which of them should have the pleasure of carrying, or at least of assisting, her to the cottage.

“And where, my dear, is your home?” said one of

the party, who had surveyed her some time in silence. Constantia just raised her eyes to the speaker: — his years, the gracefulness of his person, and the haughtiness of his manners, at once impressed her with a conviction that he was the Marquis. The young man who still held her was, perhaps, his son; and she saw herself, in one luckless moment, plunged into the circle which Dorsain had so anxiously guarded her against. Nor was this all: — that venerable and gentle old man, who had hitherto treated her with so much indulgence, received her from the hands of the gay group with astonishment; and seemed to see in her nothing but a criminal, whom he knew not whether to upbraid, or to weep over.

“ You have been guilty of a most dangerous imprudence!” said he, as he left her to repose in a solitary chamber over that in which they generally sat — “ Recover your spirits, however: — remove the pain by proper applications, and all may be well again!”

Alas! Constantia thought otherwise. There was a pain in her heart which she vainly strove to subdue; and while the events of the last hour, perverse as they had been, faded insensibly from her memory, the preceding ones were deeply engraven there.

That night, and the next morning, passed in restlessness and suffering; when, after having been disturbed by various voices that succeeded each other, she saw Madame Dorsain enter her chamber.

“ My husband was right,” said she, dropping tears as she spoke: “ this is no longer any place for you, Constantia. We have had gentry of all descriptions to enquire after you. Neither the Marquis nor the chevalier, indeed, have been here — but that Valrive, who is the confidant of one or both, I suppose, has done nothing but ask impertinent and troublesome questions about you. Dry up your eyes, however, my dearest Constantia!” added she with tenderness, on perceiving the tears that flowed from them: “ we have yet some friends in Dauphiné, to whom, in a few days, we will find means of conveying thee. M. Thuriot is a good man, and an honest apothecary; he will receive



thee kindly for our sakes, and for the sakes of those who are gone!—Be comforted, my child, there is a Providence that will protect thee!”

Like many other honest people, Madame Dorsain did not perceive that she was comforting herself, instead of the person she talked to; who, indeed, so far from being consoled, felt the bitterest mortification at not having seen Valrive, and at having missed in his sympathy the only possible pleasure which chagrin and indisposition would have allowed her to taste.

“He will doubtless come again,” said she, as she tried to sleep for the night; “and to-morrow, sick or well, I will be below.” Anxiety and pain, however, kept her waking till sunrise; and, from that time till it had been many hours above the horizon, a soft and balmy slumber sealed up her eyes. The deep tones of a man’s voice, as they penetrated the thin ceiling under her, first opened them.

“Ah, it is Valrive!” said she, starting up, and hastily beginning to dress herself. Not at all: it was Antoine, on the contrary, who, in a style of much more significance and gravity than usual, was detailing a long story to Dorsain. She listened attentively, but could distinguish nothing except the names of the chevalier, the Marquis, and Valrive, till, the conversation growing apparently less interesting, the naturally noisy and loquacious Antoine insensibly raised his voice to a pitch that permitted her to hear the whole arrangement of her journey.

This cruel blow completed all that had passed. To Dauphiné she must go, however unwillingly, if desired; and in Dauphiné she had no probability of ever meeting Valrive again. Yet to meet him again was so much the first wish of her heart, that it might well be deemed her only one; and, after many struggles, she at length determined to risk seeing him once more on the very spot where they had parted. A thousand doubts, however, the cruel offspring of passion, now harassed her mind. He might not be there. If there, he might think lightly of *her* for seeking an interview, or oblige her to think lightly of him by a mode of conduct which she could not approve. Of

these doubts, one only was verified. Valrive, assuredly, was not there; for, in truth, she met him pensively walking in the path between their former rendezvous and the cottage of Dorsain.

"Ah! are you here?" said she faintly, blushing.

"Where should I be, dearest Constantia!" cried he, eagerly flying to meet her, "but on that only spot where I could hope to see you? How much did I suffer on the knowledge of your accident!"

"And how indiscreetly," returned Constantia, "did you address your enquiries! Do you know that your visit will be the cause of sending me out of the province?"

It was now Valrive's turn to blush. "*My* visit!—that visit," he added, hesitating and looking down, "was not the effect of choice, but of situation. Blame not me, therefore, dearest Constantia! who have suffered far more than yourself in the recollection that you have been seen—Yes," continued he, after a break, "you have been seen with that admiration you must ever inspire. Your situation from the very moment became critical—nay, dangerous; and mine unfortunately is such that I cannot without hazard protect you."

"How can I be in any danger," said she innocently, "from those for whom I feel no regard?"

"Dear, adorable girl!" said Valrive, tenderly kissing her hands, "how does my heart venerate that pure one which dreams not of allurements but from its own affections! But there are gross and corrupted minds, my Constantia, capable of laying other snares than for your heart."

"I should dread the one snare much less than the other," said Constantia, with the same unaffected candour. Valrive looked conscience-struck.

"The first would surely most offend," said he.

"But I should be most grieved by the last," again returned Constance.

"Woe to the man who shall either offend or grieve a mind so pure!" exclaimed Valrive with enthusiasm. "There is a guardian innocence about thee, dearest Constantia! that demands no other protector against those who aspire to thy affections.—But you are yet feeble; nor

dare I detain you longer. — Promise, however, to meet me here, at least once again.”

Constantia interrupted him, to recount the plan of her intended journey. “I cannot,” said she, “venture abroad again to-morrow morning, lest I should incur suspicion, and be hurried off abruptly. — On the morning after ——”

“How unfortunate!” cried Valrive. “The morning after is a national festival. The Marquis entertains his tenants, and my situation obliges me to preside. Their zeal, it is more than probable, will lead them to the chateau at an early hour; nor can I venture to absent myself. Yet I have one plan,” added he with the eagerness of sudden recollection, “that promises us security. The chevalier, in his rides, has seen this cottage you so much admire, and given orders to have it refitted. I am intrusted with the directions and the key—to you I make over this deposit, and entreat you to meet me there a little before sunset on the evening of that day.—The tenants and domestics will be engaged in dancing on the green, and my absence may for a time pass unnoticed.”

Constance started at this proposal. Though yet ignorant of the forms of life, a painful sense of impropriety flashed across her mind, and betrayed itself on her countenance. Valrive, who perceived its effects, used all his eloquence to obviate them. Of eloquence, indeed, nature had given him no inconsiderable portion; and his fair auditor slowly suffered herself to be persuaded.

The promise and the key were mutually interchanged. Valrive leaped the fence, and Constance advanced homewards. She was not, however, ten yards from the spot on which they had conversed, when a rustling among the trees engaged her attention. She turned her head, and a man who seemed passing through them by accident slightly saluted her. He was tall, and of a daring cast of countenance; but as he pursued not the same path with herself, she paid him little attention; and, engrossed by her own reflections, eagerly pressed forward.

That day, and the next, passed in mysterious conferences between Dorsain and his wife, from which she was ex-

cluded. Yet did each direct to her by turns the sad and tender gaze that age so often fixes on unconscious youth; when the fearful images of the past crowd forward, and stretch their giant shadows over futurity. On the present *now*, however, seemed to rest the existence of Constance, as on the evening of her appointment she surveyed the sweet cot she was about to enter. The dews already began to exhale a more exquisite odour from every flower; and the foliage, almost transparent with the setting sun, sheltered a thousand birds, whose cheerful notes bade him a grateful adieu. Lively and animated nature seemed to breathe without, and contrasted the profound stillness that reigned within.

Through the lower apartments, where half-broken shutters admitted only an indistinct light, she passed to those above. They appeared to have been once the seat of elegance and happiness, such as the reposing mind finds delight in imaging. Curiosity insensibly swelled into interest, and the little heart of Constance paused on the scene before her with the same feeling that rivets the eye upon a new-made grave.

The chairs and curtains were of green taffeta, elegantly fringed, though faded by time. A musical instrument, crayons, and rough drawings, all, like the hand possibly that once guided them, mouldering into dust, by turns arrested her attention. She touched the instrument; and its discordant tone, as it rang through the house, first reminded her that she was alone. She listened—paused—looked through the window for Valrive, and, perceiving no traces of him, passed to the adjoining room, which, commanding an eastern aspect, was already *sombre* with the grey tinge of evening. The recess in which a bed stood was half shaded by a festoon curtain, the cords of which were broken, and hung down with an air of disorder, that indeed pervaded every thing around. Stands for flowers were fixed on each side the dressing-table; and amidst its ornaments, carefully folded in paper, she discovered a quantity of rich auburn hair, the long locks of which had doubtless been treasured as a sad memento to some heart that had now ceased to throb.

Is it the insignia of death that is most touching?—No!—It is the melancholy memorial of life;—the painful vacuum—the affecting desolation of a scene that presents every dear and familiar object, except that which once vivified and embellished all!

Depressed by a sensibility that was not unmixed with awe, and alarmed by the increasing obscurity, Constance began to give up all hope, or, rather, all wish, of seeing Valrive, and thought only of retiring unobserved, and of fastening the cottage-door. With an impression of terror that she had never before felt, she found the door already fast, and the key no longer there. That it was left in the lock on her entrance she perfectly recollected, as well as that she had no otherwise closed the door than by a rustic latch which she had thought it prudent to drop. Locked it now undoubtedly was; and whether by a hand within or without the house, she dared hardly venture to examine. The name of Valrive, faintly articulated, expressed a timid expectation of seeing him; but no voice, no step was heard in answer—the same pensive stillness continued to reign around—and even the voices of the birds, retiring with the retiring sun, seemed to close up every thing in silence and gloom. Far as her eye could trace, did Constance explore through the casement which commanded the garden. From the chamber window nothing could be seen but the thick and interwoven trees of an adjoining copse, that spread their long shade over a reedy pool, from both of which a road divided the cottage.

Terror, which at first had arrested her footsteps, now pressed the idea of the future so forcibly, that she wandered in breathless expectation over the house, to find some outlet by which she might quit it. A sudden and indistinct noise engaged her attention: she flew to the front; but from thence the sound came not, and she was slowly returning, when a door, that led from the other side of the house, shook with the evening blast upon its hinges, and seemed to require only a very feeble effort to open it. Even that, however, was unnecessary; for it was opened at the same moment by two men, who, rushing from the narrow road, attempted to stop

her mouth; but terror rendered that needless; for she sank insensible in their arms. The rapid motion of a carriage restored her to recollection, and the name of Valrive, faintly, and involuntarily, issued from her lips.

“He is not here at present, ma’m’selle,” said the ill-looking man who sat by her — for the other had taken upon him the office of postilion — “but have patience; you will see him very soon, I don’t doubt.”

“See him!” repeated Constantia in astonishment, “see him! — Ah, it is not possible he should be a *principal* in a scheme like this! — and an instrument — Oh Heaven!”

To vague and painful surmises, that rested on her lover; only because there was no other being on whom they *could* rest, the surly ruffian who watched her returned no answer. The carriage continued to move with some velocity; nor was it till night was advancing that they stopped at a remote cottage, whence issued an old woman of no very prepossessing appearance, whom one of her conductors saluted as his mother. With a mixture of more than common apprehension, Constance beheld from the miserable chamber assigned her a blaze of distant fires, and was disturbed by shouts, that by turns rose and died upon the wind. From the only slumber she had known, she started suddenly at the grey dawn of morning, roused by a chorus that seemed to burst from beneath: in which the screams of women, the shrill tones of childhood, and the hoarse rough voices of men were discordantly blended; tumultuous talking ensued, and all then was silent. While fear still throbbled through her frame, the carriage wheels were heard, and her conductors appeared at the door. Their manners were not less surly than before; and as she cast a fearful glance round on quitting the cottage, she observed that each wore a tricoloured riband in his hat.

Constance was not to learn, that in France there were proud men who oppressed, and desperate ones who resisted. Among the peasants of the district, and even upon the estate of the Marquis de Valmont, the scenes transacting in Paris had long been a theme of wonder and admiration; and Dorsain, who had groaned under the iron hand of aristocracy, listened with no ungracious ear to the story of its

downfall. The young heart of Constantia had early learned to beat in unison with all the wise and good, at the idea that every man should in future repose under his own vine, without fearing that the rude gripe of Despotism should tear away its fruits. Alas! the wise and good were far from foreseeing, that, while corruption was sapping the foundation of morality, a mad rabble was to beat down the superstructure; and that nothing would remain visible but a hideous mass of ruin.

It was not till the evening of the second day's journey, that Constance discovered it was to terminate at a *château*, too proudly magnificent, even in decay, to leave her a doubt of its owner. It was then to the Marquis that she was a victim, and it must be by Valrive that she had been delivered up. That servile licentiousness with which she had heard him taxed, was now proved. The people around did not even dissemble; and his name, eternally united with that of his lord in every direction concerning her, inspired hourly a regret that became almost insupportable, when she recollected all that her venerable protectors would suffer in her absence. To this regret for some days she wholly abandoned herself: childish impatience, and unavailing tears, were her only returns for the domestic attentions of an old woman, in whose charge she appeared to be placed, and whose manners, if coarse, were not offensive, though her blunted faculties, and habitual torpidity, left nothing to be expected from her feelings. Of the golden hopes that might have enlivened them, Constance had none to offer. She was herself indigent and obscure — had no friends to protect her, no wealth to bestow. For the grief she felt on being thus torn from her relatives, she could awaken a very small portion of sympathy in one accustomed to vegetative existence; and for the evils she dreaded, she vainly strove to excite any. But the mind thus compressed within a narrow circle only proves its elasticity; that sun, whose parting beams she commanded from her chamber, and whose lingering light she delighted to trace, often left her in a state of abstraction, which insensibly matured her intellectual faculties. Adjoining to her apartment was another filled with books. Curiosity led her to examine them — they

were covered with dust, but it was indeed the sacred dust of learning and genius, whole treasures of which were buried beneath it: yet did she open upon them with indifference; for she was yet ignorant of the charm of reading; — that enchanting pleasure, that innocent voluptuousness — that atmosphere in which the half-fledged faculties delight to try their little wings, and soar into a region that grosser spirits know not!

This study soon took possession of her heart, and insensibly quieted feelings it could not subdue. Three months elapsed, to her astonishment, without bringing either the Marquis or Valrive — three months of uniform solitude and confinement, for which she knew not how to account; when the castle bell, which rang long and loud one evening, gave the unusual signal of a guest. The heart of Constantia sank at the sound, which, reverberating through the halls, and increased by the general stillness, spread far around, till it sullenly died away upon the cold blasts of autumn.

Her hours of negative tranquillity now vanished at once. Monsieur de Valmont — for it was he himself who arrived — arrogant, haughty, and observing, inspired terrors which, while they were remote, she barely guessed at. Hardly deigning to listen to her, with eyes that wildly ran over her person, he lifted from it eager glances of curiosity and astonishment, when roused by some energy of expression which his ideas of her rustic education had left him unprepared for. Those licentious wishes which might naturally be deemed the motives for his carrying her off, only betrayed themselves as the habit of his character, not as impelling him to any particular pursuit; and every day, as it called forth the latent powers of *her* mind, awakened in his a perturbation which other painful events alone superseded. Insensibly he learned to speak, as well as to listen. The letters he daily received; the distracting variety of emotions they occasioned, and the insupportable restraint he laboured under with every one besides, induced him, by starts, to betray all that the pride of aristocracy, and the dread of humiliation, made him secretly suffer. Immured in the bosom of a remote château on the shores of



the Mediterranean, Constantia became informed of the terrible scenes that were passing in the metropolis. The Marquis de Valmont secretly trembling at his own vassals, self-imprisoned on an obscure estate, while the more virtuous, or more wise, among his dependents, were endeavouring to save his lands from pillage and his person from insult, formed but a very small and inconsiderable part of the vast picture now presented to her view. She shuddered over the wounds of humanity; she turned from them to her own individual sufferings with that still more painful and acute interest which *self* always inspires. Immersed as the mind of Monsieur de Valmont appeared to be in political considerations, yet there were moments when his familiarity shocked, and his insolence alarmed her. To escape became the constant object of all her thoughts. Once beyond the walls of the château, she doubted not of protection — nay, within them, could it have been possible to gain access to the train of servants that now filled it, she hoped to discover some generous heart that would find power to shelter her. Valrive she knew to be at Paris. Through him those communications reached the Marquis that stole the colour from his cheek, and shot cold thrills through his frame. The young chevalier was there too; and it was easy to perceive, that, in addition to the storm of public calamity which seemed ready to tear up the lineal honours of his house, Valmont groaned under the pressure of family dissension. The democratic principles of his son had inspired him with a horror little short of aversion; and it was rather to Valrive, than to that son, he committed the care of his safety, and the protection of his rights.

That Valrive had been an instrument in betraying her, Constance had long since learned to doubt. The tone of bitter *persiflage* with which the Marquis had questioned her concerning, him the inquisitive and earnest glance he had fixed upon her while he spoke, and the circumstance of his keeping him at Paris, all conspired to persuade her that she might expect every protection from a lover whose fidelity to his lord gave so honourable a testimony to his character.

The fortunate moment for accelerating her escape seemed at length to arrive.—In taking out some books, she accidentally brushed down a key: it had two wards, which, though injured by time, appeared curious; and on applying it to the locks of the various closets with which her old-fashioned apartment abounded, she discovered it to be a master key. This was, indeed, a discovery! Nor was it the only one: a stream of light that issued through a crevice whence she had removed the books soon led her to perceive a door behind them, to which her new-found treasure belonged. Breathless with joy and trepidation, she only ventured to try the lock, and, perceiving that it opened outwards, carefully concealed the key till some more secure opportunity of using it. Such an opportunity was not, indeed, easily found. The hour of rest was the only one on which she could depend; and as she judged her apartment to be at no great distance from the hall of entrance, she was willing to try that part of the château of which she had some recollection, rather than open a door that appeared to have been long closed.

The slow and heavy clock of the castle struck eleven, before the footsteps of the servants ceased to jar through the galleries. To meet with *one* she indeed desired; but the risk of discovery she feared might increase were the number extended: for, where each was suspicious of the other, each might be willing first to prove his duty to his lord by betraying her. The silence that prevailed at length gave her courage; and cautiously introducing her key into the lock of her apartment, she had the satisfaction to hear that which had been left in it on the opposite side fall to the ground. The door opened at her touch; and the light-hearted Constance half breathed out in joyful and imperfect accents — “I am free!”—What, however, was her freedom? In truth, she looked before her, and hardly knew. The taper she held cast a faint and uncertain light upon a spacious staircase, the sides of which, once magnificently painted with groups of fabulous divinities, retained only imperfect and pale outlines of figures as large or even larger than the life. Though somewhat startled, she had the courage to proceed; and sheltering the light with her

hand, she descended the first flight of stairs. To the great hall of entrance she was indeed much nearer than she even suspected; for, from the balustrade of a square gallery, into which she now entered, she looked immediately upon it: a view, however, that by no means encouraged any nearer advance; since, had it been peopled by the Marquis and his servants, she would hardly have felt a less pleasant sensation than presented itself at the cold groups of marble with which the taste of different owners had enriched it. Maimed and gigantic figures, some of them exquisite productions of sculpture, others less remarkable for beauty than antiquity, seemed starting with wild and distorted attitudes — not into life, for *that* idea their colour precluded, but into preternatural animation. Involuntarily she drew back at the view; and, casting her eyes round in every direction, perceived that the gallery in which she stood was hung with coats of mail, the work of different centuries; various in form, and presenting, in the long protruded lance, the short sharp spear, and the weighty battle-axe, all the savage stratagems of military prowess. — A fear, however, more immediate and more certain, presented itself at the same moment, when a bell sounded below, and the door opened of a distant apartment. It was too plain she had erred in supposing the family to have retired. Valmont, in a night-gown, a candle in his hand, and passing, as it should seem, to his chamber, advanced directly through the gallery. Hardly had she time to extinguish her light, ere he was near enough to have seen it. The trophy she stood near partly shaded her, yet her dress caught the eye of the Marquis. It was white: her hair hung loose over her shoulders, nor was the marble she had been viewing more deathlike than terror had rendered her cheek. She lifted her hand in the attitude of supplication: it was unnecessary. He distinguished not the features; but the form — the outline — some horrible recollection, that night and fancy aided, at once struck upon the soul of Valmont, and he sunk lifeless to the earth. Hardly alive herself, Constance had just time and courage to snatch the taper he had dropped, nearly extinguished in the fall, and,

leaving it burning, to hasten by its uncertain light to her chamber ; where, locking the door, she concealed the invaluable key in her bosom, and threw herself into bed. Imperfect but mingled voices quickly assured her that the valet of the Marquis, summoned previously by his bell, had alarmed the household. Silence at length succeeded. — Constance counted the long hours of darkness — nor was it till encouraged by the return of morn that she closed her eyes to sleep.

To discover what had passed was now the great aim of her curiosity. Nor was that difficult. “ That Monseigneur had seen the ghost ; that he had had a fit in consequence, and was still indisposed,” was intelligence of such magnitude, as even to unbind the frozen faculties of her old attendant. That Valmont believed, indeed, from some infirmity of constitution, that he had seen a ghost she hardly doubted ; but who was *the* ghost with whom his household seemed so well acquainted ? — She made the inquiry, and was somewhat surprised to hear it was that of a woman, a former Marchioness de Valmont, who, clothed in white, had long wandered over all parts of the château, but more especially inhabited *one* ; — which, indeed, complaisance to so unwelcome a visitant had induced all the rest of the family to abandon.

Valmont, however, was ill — really ill ; and, while he confined himself to his chamber, she had opportunity to explore some less public path to escape by than that of passing through the hall and the court. The futility of the Marquis's fears she well knew ; and though they so far affected her own mind as to determine her against a nocturnal expedition, she had no hesitation in attempting any other.

The hour, therefore, on which she now fixed to execute her project was when the servants were at dinner : a ceremony which, as it immediately succeeded to that of their lord, secured her, during his indisposition, from the visits of either. With an anxious heart did she await the bell by which this hour was announced ; and no sooner did its noisy discord cease, than she opened the secret door, of

which she had before only tried the lock. It presented to her view a long and gloomy corridor, where high circular windows admitted only a dim light ; nor did the season of the year afford a very brilliant one at the best. Some portraits remained on the walls, either torn or defaced, and the discoloration between them showed that others had been removed.

“ I wonder if any body ever admired those frightful figures,” thought Constance, as she hastily cast her eye over them, and then, with a piercing glance, directed it forward. The story of the lady in white occurred to her : but she had known too little of danger to be much accustomed to fear ; nor has the human mind capacity to retain two sentiments equally forcible. Love and liberty floated before her imagination ; and the terrors that superstition might have kindled insensibly faded. With a light step did she trip across the gallery. Two doors presented themselves at the extremity — she hesitated — and at length turned towards the left. “ What a charming place is a cottage !” again silently thought our little *paysanne*, as the key with difficulty turned in the massy lock. The door creaked on its hinges. She half started — it was but half. — She smiled at her own fears — yet fear she did ; and wistfully cast her eyes on a narrow and winding staircase, of which, with some tremor, she reached the top. What was her disappointment, to find herself in the gallery of a chapel, the dreary and desolate appearance of which denoted it to have long seen no other congregation than that of rats, whose devastations were indeed sufficiently obvious in the rotten beams and worm-eaten chairs ! From the window at one end, obscure as it was with dust, and covered with ivy, she commanded no very narrow view ; but it was of a flat and pathless greensward, interrupted only by clumps of firs, and terminating, as it approached the coast, in a barren sand. The opposite window looked into the court of the castle ; a court which so seldom opened its hospitable gates, that the untrodden grass grew high and rank amid the stones. From hence, had she been discerned by any of the domestics, she could form no hope of relief ; or, indeed, any hope but that of being mistaken for the supernatural

appearance which she had heard described. Anger and disappointment banished every other recollection. She impatiently descended the stairs, and as impatiently opened the door she had before neglected. From a long and narrow passage which she was to enter down a flight of steps, the close pent-up air struck upon her a damp and chilling blast. Its influence communicated to her heart. A nameless dread seemed at once to fall upon her. Cold dews started on her brow, and a universal tremor took possession of her frame. Yet impelled by shame, by hope, perhaps even by the fear of returning, she had crept more than half-way through the passage, when a sound, real or imaginary—a low and melancholy moan—seemed to creep along the walls. On the ground sank the terrified Constance, hiding her face with her hands, and pouring out a vehement ejaculation to the Being who alone could protect her. A long and profound silence succeeded. Constance continued to pray: and can the prayers of the innocent and the pious be breathed in vain? Speak, ye who have ever known what it was to mingle your souls with your Creator, through the sweet channels of confidence and adoration!

Constance arose, and looked round. Her mind had lost half its weakness, and the place consequently half its gloom. She believed herself sure of having passed the desolate angle of the castle, and began to hope, that if she had indeed heard any noise, it was the distant echo of some servant's foot, that resounded through the offices. The apartment that presented itself was not ill calculated to confirm this idea: it had, indeed, no appearance of having been inhabited for some time past, yet it communicated with another, by a door that was fastened across with a slight bar of iron. Constance easily removed it; and, agitated between hope and fear, cautiously lifted up the tapestry on the other side. The hope, however, vanished at once—and terror, undescribable, unresisted terror, seized upon her, when she found herself in a low room, or rather dungeon, at the further end of which stood a stone coffin; and near it, as well as fear, and the shadowy light, permitted her to discern, a figure that resembled a man. An agony, to which fainting would have been a relief,

struck upon every sense. Pale, speechless, convulsed, she leaned against the doorway. The phantom approached — it touches her hand — it speaks — it is no vision — it is a human being! or, rather, it is the wreck of a human being, long since, as it should seem, excluded from every right of humanity.

Reassured by slow degrees, Constance at length learned that this creature, whose form is emaciated by suffering — whose voice is become monotonous, and hardly audible through despair, is no other than the rightful lord of the castle of Valmont — the predecessor of the present one, and his victim. A gleam of benevolence and gratitude, that shot across her soul at being made an instrument in the hands of heaven to assuage, perhaps to end, misfortunes so intolerable, did more towards recovering the fortitude of Constance than had been effected by all the efforts of reason. Sweet and grateful humanities, that thus by starts show man his truest relation to the Deity, how does your powerful influence brace the feeblest nerves, dilate the narrowest understanding, and strike that electric fire from the heart, which at once invigorates the frame!

“ I have told you,” said Monsieur de Valmont, “ what I was: — have you patience, and courage, to hear the means by which I became what I am?”

Constance was now all — and, indeed, more than herself. With a voice, therefore, of sympathy and fortitude, she requested him to proceed.

“ Born,” said he, “ an only son, and heir to an extensive domain, it was my misfortune to inherit from my mother a delicate and sickly constitution that often afforded little prospect of my reaching maturity. The next heir, who was my cousin, and nearly of my own age, had fallen under the guardianship of my father, and was educated with me. We spent our childhood together. I was sincerely attached to him, and believed my affection requited: it was with regret, therefore, that I saw him depart at a very early period, to enter into a military line, from which my ill health excluded me. His profession brought with it expenses, which his imprudence greatly increased. My

father often refused him supplies ; but, as we held a constant correspondence, he had the address to gain from *me* what he could not from my parents. Those parents at length descended to the grave ! Happy, most happy would it have been for the son they so anxiously reared, had he shared it with them ! I was at Paris with my cousin when my father died ; and, though absorbed in grief, it even then casually occurred to me, that my newly acquired honours were not recognised by him with the pleasure I had a right to expect. I assured him, however, of my continued regard ; supplied him with a large sum of money ; and set out for my château in the hope of recovering my health, which the air of Paris ill agreed with.

“ On the sweet moments of my life which succeeded,” added he, pausing, and sighing deeply, “ I could dwell long, did I not fear to exhaust your patience. Suffice it to say, that it was my fate to meet with a woman, humble indeed in birth, but who, to a degree of beauty beyond all that her sex ever boasted, added every charm of virtue and prudence. The obscurity of her origin was no obstacle, in my eyes, to a union which I thought assured me felicity. In a word, I determined to marry her. My relations were alarmed. Letters, expostulations, menaces reached me. Even my cousin presumed to interfere, in terms which at once excited my chagrin and my resentment. I was, however, the head of my family, and possessed a power of regulating my own actions, which I exerted. I wrote to him to announce my marriage, and to express at the same time the sentiments with which his conduct inspired me. It was some time before I received an answer. One at length was brought me : it was conciliatory and kind. He apologised for the language which pride, and the persuasions of others, had induced him to hold ; and finally assured me that he rejoiced in my felicity. Ah ! how pure, how unalloyed, did my felicity at that moment seem ! My wife and I lived together the life of angels ! she gave me hopes of an heir. Her parents, as well as all my tenants, shared in our pleasures. I was too happy to be suspicious, or even prudent. In an evil hour I invited my cousin down, and in a still more evil one he arrived.



“ Let me shorten my tale,” continued the Marquis, laying his hand on his forehead, and speaking in a low and suffocated voice. “ By indirect methods did this serpent contrive to assemble, in my house and neighbourhood, various hirelings devoted to him. One of them was an apothecary. A premature labour—a still-born child—blasted my hopes, and even taught me to tremble for the object dearest to my heart. Partly by force, and partly by entreaty, did they prevail on me to leave her apartment—to leave her to *repose*; it was an everlasting one! A long time did not elapse before my cousin entered mine. For the first time did I look at him with horror and distrust. Methought I saw a concealed joy sparkle in his eyes, while, with a harsh and unfeeling tone, he pronounced these words: ‘ Prepare yourself for the worst!—your wife is dead!’ I heard no more. He would have detained me: but, though inferior to him in strength at all other times, I was then irresistible. Furious through despair, I broke from him, and rushed to her apartment. Oh, wife most beloved!” continued Valmont, passionately turning towards the coffin, “ in what a situation did I find thee! Speechless,—struggling in the arms of Death—that fair countenance disfigured with livid spots! Merciful Heaven! do I recollect it, and exist?”

He paused, as if desirous to collect himself.

“ For some hours I ceased to do so. I recovered, however, to every torment of mind, and of body! to a burning fever!—to temporary madness!—to horrors inspired by suffering, and increased by oppression and barbarity. Some months elapsed—I became but too sensible—and was therefore, *as they said*, conveyed to Paris to be *cured*!—Oh God! what a cure!—Shut up from air, from day, from consolation! from every claim of nature, or of birth-right; a cruel visitation, converted into a constitutional malady.”

Again he made a pause—a long and fearful pause—while the blood of Constance, she hardly knew why, receded to her heart. He looked at her with kindness, and then added, in a slower and more guarded tone,—

“ Let me draw a veil over events at which my imagination recoils, and which time has nearly effaced from my memory. It is now near a century that I have been confined in this miserable dungeon.”—Constance started, and saw at once the affecting truth.—“ My cousin,” continued he, not noticing her emotion, “ is doubtless long since dead—the family honours, and estates, have passed, probably, into the hands of strangers, to whom my person as well as my misfortunes are unknown. It has indeed pleased the Almighty to extend my life in a miraculous manner: but I have no longer any relatives for whom I could wish to live. My reason, cleared and purified from its former wanderings, teaches me to desire nothing beyond these melancholy walls. They at least present me one consolation—one sweet, though painful consolation, which I perhaps should not enjoy elsewhere—*It is the hour of visitation!*—Swear to me an eternal secrecy,” continued he, lowering his voice, “ and you shall be a witness of it.”

Alas! the terrified Constance, before whose imagination fearful images of horror began to float, was in no condition to swear, had he waited the performance of his request: but it vanished from his mind the moment it was made. His countenance grew suddenly animated—his eyes sparkled—he breathed quick, and, bending forward in the attitude of a person who listens, he advanced towards the coffin, and threw himself on his knees by the side of it; where, clasping his hands together, he seemed to lose all recollection in one visionary idea.—Constance, whose terrors were suspended in pity, fixed her streaming eyes upon him. All the charms of youth and health were vanished from a countenance which, when possessed of them, must have been eminently handsome. Monsieur de Valmont could not be above forty, yet had sorrow and suffering scattered “untimely grey” amid the quantity of brown hair that clustered over his temples. His large hazel eyes had contracted a languor which every moment of emotion bespoke foreign to their original expression; and his stature, noble, graceful, and interesting, demanded that sentiment which rank so often vainly flatters itself with inspiring.

He continued kneeling. — “*Now* is the moment of escape,” thought Constance. She again looked earnestly at him. His lips moved, but no articulate sounds issued from them. Trembling, she advanced towards the door by which she had entered, and once more turned her eyes to the Marquis. Large and agonising drops seemed forcing their way to his; yet so unconsciously did they fall, that a smile—a cold and languid smile—played round his lip. He bent his head still lower, as if listening to some imaginary voice; and so perfectly was every sense absorbed, that Constance no longer hesitated. Her hand is on the door—she opens it—makes but one step into the outer room, and the barrier is once more dropped between her and the unfortunate Valmont.

Slowly, and buried in thought, she returned through the corridor. All visionary terrors had faded from her mind. The image of *real* misery was before her eyes, and the acuteness of *real* suffering wrung her heart. A painful doubt, too, had obtruded there. Had she a right to close again the door which Heaven had so singularly destined her to open? Was *she* to become an accomplice in injustice? to deny the common blessings of air, and daylight, to one who languished in a living grave? A sensation like remorse, a painful and oppressive feeling, seized upon her heart; and hardly were the various motives of prudence and propriety, which presented themselves, strong enough to prevent her returning once more to raise the cruel bar she had so rashly dared to drop.

From a harassed and half sleepless night, where the pale shade of Valmont still haunted her dreams, she opened her eyes upon more new and extraordinary realities. After viewing the sufferings of the oppressed, she was now to witness the heavy retribution that fell on the oppressor.

By a strange concurrence of events, distinction, power, and affluence had insensibly vanished from the grasp of him, who, to these accumulated losses, secretly added that of an unsullied conscience. And the possessor of the inheritance of Valmont was hardly less an object of commiseration than the man he had deprived of it.

The communication between the Marquis, his son, and Valrive had been finally cut off. The blood that deluged Paris had even swept away all traces of their existence:—his titles were annihilated—his estates were plundered—himself on the point of being denounced—and nothing remained for his personal security but flight.

“You are free,” said he to the astonished Constance, as pale and haggard he traversed her apartment, and imperfectly detailed his situation—“free to wander over an accursed country which I renounce. Return to that wretched old man whom it was my fate to crush to the humble lot in which he now finds a security I want. Go!” said he, giving her a handful of *assignats*, with a wildness and impatience that left him not time to consider the embarrassment of her situation—“Go! Let me carry with me the consolation of thinking that I have done one act of justice.”

A thousand tumultuous ideas passed across the mind of Constance. To go—strange and mad as the proposal seemed of plunging her thus abruptly into a world she knew not, would not have cost her a moment's hesitation. But it was no longer her own fate only on which she was to decide: Valmont, neglected, forgotten, perishing in the flames to which she understood the peasants had devoted the castle, presented himself instantaneously to her imagination.

“Is there,” said she, while impelled irresistibly by this idea—“is there no other prisoner to whom your justice should extend?”—The Marquis started—“no unhappy relative,” she added, trembling excessively as she perceived his countenance change, “to whom your mercy—whose claims—whose misfortunes I mean——” The look of the Marquis transfixed her—she already saw

“Graves in his smiles—death in his bloodless hands;”

for a smile of bitter rage and indignation quivered on his lip.

“You have seen him, then?” said he, commanding his voice—“You have doubtless reported the tales of Dorsain, and you have yourself credited the dreams of insanity and dotage! You mean to propagate them, too! Beware that

you do not prepare a worse fate for — him you would liberate !”

: The pause that preceded the last sentence was lost upon Constance. Half the speech was inexplicable : the whole scene appeared a vision ; and she found herself alone, she hardly knew how : terror-struck, bewildered, and sensible too late that she had exposed the imprisoned Valmont to dangers more immediate than those she would have guarded him against. To release him from his confinement, and throw him, and herself, on the protection of the domestics, appeared now indispensable to the safety of both. The disaffection of those domestics the Marquis had already betrayed to her, and she saw her own security in his fears : yet was it not without perturbation that she prepared again to visit a spot she had quitted with impressions so gloomy. Fear, however, was superfluous ; for Valmont was buried in a profound sleep which her light and timid step disturbed not. She paused, and looked round her in silence. The apartment, though not humid, was cold enough to communicate a shiver to beings who know what it is to enjoy the fireside comforts ; the cheerful hearth, so justly allotted to the household gods, and within whose magic circle a thousand graceful affections and nameless courtesies seem to dwell !

The sarcophagus, which was evidently antique, though placed there probably to cherish a melancholy remembrance, served the unfortunate Valmont as a resting-place. More than half his face was buried in his arm, cold dews stood on his brow, and a strong hectic flushed his cheek ; while sighs, or starts, disturbed his respiration. In one of them he awoke.

“ You are come again, then,” said he, fixing his eyes on her. “ How did you vanish ? I began to doubt whether you were a human being, or some consoling angel. Why,” added he, suddenly changing his tone to extreme asperity, — “ why did you stay away so long ; or wherefore are you now returned ? Did you fear that misery was contagious ? ”

There was something so touching, and so frightful, in the embittered sensibility of his manner, that it over-

whelmed the already half-subdued spirits of Constance, and she burst into tears.

Valmont, born a compound of every gentle and generous affection, felt, though he could not reason upon such a reply.

“ You are very young, — you are very timid,” said he, softening his tone ; “ I perhaps frighten you. Perhaps the recital of my sufferings —— ” He paused with a look of self-distrust his countenance often assumed ; and, pressing his hand on his forehead, added, “ Yet if you knew how much it relieved me, — how I *longed* to speak to you again ! ”

Constantia wept more abundantly than before. Perhaps there is no sensation of the human heart more complicated or affecting than that of knowing it has, by one tender stroke of sympathy, assuaged a grief it feels itself impotent to cure.

The interest expressed by her tears tranquillised Valmont ; and, as soon as she could trust her voice, she endeavoured to explain to him that she was no less a prisoner than himself.

“ The world,” said he, after listening to her with the most profound attention, “ is, then, what I long ago supposed it to be — a scene of oppression ; from the effects of which no innocence can shelter us. Resolve, like me, never to enter it again.”

“ And live — or rather, I fear, die — a victim ! ” said Constance.

“ You are, then, rich.”

“ Alas, no ! ” she replied, with a tone between peevishness and depression. Valmont, whose imagination, long fixed to one point, had seen nothing in her confinement but a plan to deprive her of some envied advantage of rank or fortune, now gazed, as her blushes and tremor heightened her beauty, with a consciousness of it which he had not before felt ; and no sooner did his mind catch a ray of truth, than it became perfectly enlightened. All the warm blood congealed round his heart flowed obedient to the voice of humanity ; and, in the wild hope of *affording* protection, he seemed to have forgotten how much he wanted it.

Steady to honour and to feeling, there was yet one point on which his reason obstinately wandered: it was the period during which he had been secluded. That dismal and solitary period had made an impression no arguments could correct. In vain did she offer every rational one. "Do not," said he, "attempt to deceive me! I have had nothing to do but to measure and calculate those hours which have passed lightly over the heads of the gay and the happy: their duration assures me that the present Marquis de Valmont cannot be my cousin. Yet will I once more, for your sake, return to a world where I shall doubtless be a stranger. If what you tell me approaches to fact, the same monarch sits upon the throne. I will appeal to his tribunal — I will rescue my inheritance from the hands of spoilers."

"Alas!" said Constance, "let us rather appeal to the tribunal of *Him* before whom the monarch you speak of has been awfully summoned to appear!"

"*Louis Seize* is then dead!" said Valmont, starting. "But his queen — his son ——"

"Perished — crushed — annihilated — vanished from the face of the earth!" would have been the answer of Constance, could she but have looked a little, a very little, into that fearful future which fancy itself then hardly ventured to sully so deep with blood.

"They exist," said she, mournfully; "but they are no longer royal. France is a republic!"

"*France a republic!*" re-echoed Valmont with astonishment. "What is it you tell me? Ah, I have indeed been buried centuries, if this be truth!"

Constance briefly recited the story of her country.

Valmont listened, doubted, — listened, and doubted still.

That, green in youth, she should have seen the gaudiest and gayest flowers of creation thus blighted; the vast consolidated mass of prejudice and principle whole ages had accumulated, crumbled at once to dust; systems annihilated that seemed to be incorporate with thought itself; a whole nation changing, with one convulsive crisis, its character, its manners, and its laws: reason more steady than Valmont's would have grown dizzy with the prospect; and

humanity shuddered at her own errors, whether she calculated the enormous pile of evil she had destroyed, or that she was perhaps assisting to raise.

Confused voices, which decidedly, though imperfectly, rung through the hollow arches of the château, suspended the attention of Constance and Valmont, even from the affecting detail by which they were engrossed. The sounds increased every moment: by degrees they grew mingled with shrieks, with jarring footsteps, with loud and near-approaching accents. A discharge of muskets was heard: a pause—a shout—a fearful interval of tumult ensued; and Constance had hardly time to tell herself they were at the mercy of a populace, when a door on the farther side was forcibly burst open, and a confused mass of people, of all ages and descriptions, rushed in. Of the ferocious kindness of which he was the object Valmont comprehended nothing. Dragged forth, he hardly knew how or why, to the overpowering glare of day, he indeed

“ Raised his heavy eyes, and sought the light;  
But, having found it, sicken'd at the sight:”

And while the cries of “*Liberté!*” and “*La Nation!*” rent the very air, the poor and solitary blessing of existence seemed mounting towards heaven with them. The affrighted Constance had only sense enough left to perceive that the hands of her deliverers were stained with blood, and that Providence had made the worst passions of man awful ministers to correct his worst abuses.

Amid the noisy exultation of the moment, some attempted to pour wine, of which they had dragged large quantities from the Marquis's cellars, down the throat of him they had liberated. But nature refused: the pulse of life stood still: the group around gazed on the human ruin: of its sufferings, its wrongs, or its resentments nothing seemed to remain but dust; yet they continued to wrong, to suffer, and to resent.

By degrees they grew weary of the trouble of humanity. — “*La jeune fille, et son père,*” for so the rabble termed them, were insensibly deserted for the more alluring objects of plunder or revenge; and when the feeble flutter of ex-



istence began once more to be visible in Valmont, Constance found herself still kneeling by him on the greensward, with no other companion than a child of about ten years of age, who, though it had joined the crowd, had not courage to plunge into the long galleries, and unknown apartments, of the castle. This succour, feeble as it appeared, was not, however, useless. It was the means of obtaining water; which, plentifully thrown over Valmont, effected what the wine could not, and he once more opened his eyes. Their wild and interesting languor sensibly touched the heart of Constance; and, without attempting explanations which neither appeared to have strength to bear, she took advantage of his extreme gentleness and docility to lead him to a cottage, which the child assured her was inhabited by his mother, at less than half a league's distance.

This miserable shelter they with great difficulty reached; and, with still more difficulty, obtained admittance. The woman, who alone remained at home, regarded them with a sullen and mistrustful air, muttering some phrases to herself, in which the term *aristocrates* was alone to be distinguished. Her countenance, however, cleared on being told by the boy they were prisoners liberated *par ses compatriotes*; and, moved by the supplications of Constance, she showed them one poor apartment, where a pailasse afforded the now quite bewildered and exhausted Valmont temporary stupefaction rather than repose.

Sad and comfortless meantime were the reflections of Constance. The house was lonely, and on the verge of a wood. She placed a chair by the casement, and, as the moon rose from behind the dark outline of the trees, prepared thus to pass a long, cold, and dreary night, in winter, without any prospect that the morning would better her situation. She could neither hear of carriage, horses, nor conveyance of any kind, by which she might hope once more to reach the hospitable roof of Dorsain, though the assignats providentially given her by the Marquis enabled her to offer an ample recompense. That unfortunate Marquis himself continually haunted her imagination — she saw him pursued by his own vassals —

agonised, mangled, serving perhaps as a bloody trophy. It was no dream of fancy and credulity — it was a horrible picture, of which the letters of the young chevalier, and Valrive, had described too many originals; and she shuddered with doubt, whether the ensuing day might not realise it, — nay, possibly render both herself and her companion the helpless objects of some savage festival.

Reflections like these at length exhausted the energy of her mind, while sad necessity tranquillised it. Three hours of watching, and profound silence, began to stupefy her senses, and drowsiness was sinking into slumber, when a sudden consciousness made her start, and listen to what was passing below. The voices of men, and the trampling of horses, with a faint idea of having heard a carriage, at once assailed her. It was not that only — a name, dear and familiar to her heart, struck at once upon her ear. “Valrive, Valrive, Valrive,” repeated often, and familiarly, in tones that spoke him present, communicated to every pulse a throb so tumultuous, that hardly had she power to totter down the dark and narrow staircase that separated her from the room below. — A group of common-looking men stood round the fire, over whom her eyes fearfully wandered, as she perceived she had attracted theirs, but without being able to trace one like to him she sought.

“Monsieur Valrive n'est pas ici,” said she, shrinking back.

“Si, si, ma'm'selle!” said one of the group, fixing on her a stare of surprise. “Valrive! où es-tu donc?” added he, raising his voice.

“Ma foi, c'est un garçon à bonnes fortunes, ce Valrive!” said another, taking up a candle, and looking confidently in her face. Constance drew back, and uttered inarticulately she knew not what.

“Valrive! viens, mon ami!” again shouted the first. “On te demande avec instance;” and with a sneer he pushed forward a person who entered. How did Constance recoil, when, almost on the point of sinking into his arms for shelter, she beheld — not a lover — not a protector — not, in short, him she had been accustomed to call Valrive — but a countenance wholly new to her, or of

which she could only have the faintest recollection, as it once glanced across her on returning from her favourite cottage; a countenance the singular hardness of which even then had offended her, and being now lighted up with insolent familiarity, froze her very blood!

“Ah, I have been mistaken!” said she, turning pale, and shrinking from the embrace he seemed preparing to take. An incredulous laugh followed the sentence; and the stranger, who seemed piqued by it into additional effrontery, attempted to seize her. With a vehement exclamation of terror and disgust, again she repulsed him.

“What voice was that?” said a young man, who rushed in at the same moment. Breathless and pale, Constance would have fallen but for his support; while a thousand joyful emotions overcame her still more than her fears had done. She had *now* indeed found her lover — but it was no longer Valrive — no longer a venal dependent, unwilling or unable to protect her. — He was brave — noble — he was no other than the Chevalier de Valmont! — or rather, he had been all these; and Constance remembered not that he was now nothing.

Valmont himself, however, who had had much and sorrowful experience, did not wholly forget this. Recovered from the emotion of the moment, he spoke with much gentleness and complacency to the men who had retreated some distance, and from whose altered demeanour, though not wholly what it would once have been, she had discovered that he was their lord. Then taking a light from the one that stood nearest him, he conducted her in silence up stairs.

Constance, who, in the transport of this unexpected meeting, had forgotten every thing else, now struck with his manner, fixed her eyes upon him in fearful expectation. Unlike the gay and happy lover she had seen him, hardly would she have guessed him to have been a lover at all, but from the extreme emotion that seemed to shake his whole frame. Somewhat, indeed, he said of joy, and somewhat of tenderness; but it was rather her heart, than her ear, that caught the sounds. What, however, was her astonishment, when, in a tone and manner that spoke him

fully acquainted with her late imprisonment, he eagerly questioned her concerning the fate of his father!

In an imperfect voice she detailed a little of what she knew, and a little of what she feared. "It is time," said he in a low tone, and without commenting upon the story as she concluded it, "to release from this spot one whom nothing but persecution and calamity can attend here!—The means are fortunately yet within my power—let me then," added he, tenderly folding her to his bosom, "communicate somewhat of those happy presentiments to which our unexpected meeting has given birth!"

Constance was not duped by this outward semblance of tranquillity. The wretched candle that lighted them had shown her a countenance that ill accorded with his words; and hardly had he quitted her, which he did precipitately on pronouncing the last sentence, than all the melancholy truth rushed upon her imagination. Surrounded by beings, who, emancipated from oppression, saw a degraded tyrant in every one born rich or noble, he was but too much exposed to danger in his own person, and in that of his father devoted to destruction. Under these melancholy impressions, terrible did the moments of his absence seem; and most insupportable the intrusion of her hostess, who brought a refreshment of wine and biscuits, she doubted not, by his direction; while the impertinent Valrive gratified his curiosity, by assisting in the ceremony, and eyeing her with half-suppressed insolence.

The sound of wheels again attracted her to the casement; and the moon shone full upon a carriage, near which stood the chevalier, in earnest conversation with two men. He appeared to be giving them directions, and money—it was too plain, then, that he meant to send her away. Without knowing why, she eagerly opened the casement:—he saw her, and was almost instantly in the room.

"Constance—dearest Constance," said he, as he closed the door, "at what a moment do we meet! It is now only for a moment; but, if that in which we are to meet again ever arrives in this world, how much shall I have to tell you!"

“ Whither, then, are you going ? ”

“ To my father,” replied he. — Constance was no longer mistress of herself—her terrors, her doubts, her certainties blazed out at once : but the eloquence of all was ineffectual towards shaking the resolution of her lover ; whose internal conviction of the fate that awaited him veiled itself under a thousand specious arguments, which though she disbelieved, she vainly strove to controvert. On the point at length of yielding to his entreaties, a recollection flashed across her mind, which the agitation of the moment had driven from it.

“ You are yet to learn,” said she, stepping back with embarrassment from the door of the apartment, “ that I am not alone.”

“ And who is your companion ? ”

“ A man—in whose fate I—I am so much interested—”

“ Ah ! beware of what you tell me,” said her lover, —“ there wants only that ! ” — Constance, frightened at the eagerness of his manner, faltered, and knew not what to say. In the chevalier *she* saw the most engaging of human beings, and in Valmont the most unfortunate. But would they view each other with the same eyes ? Grievous had been the confinement of the unhappy Marquis—long and cruel the days of his oppression : but his oppressor was the father of the chevalier ; and by what right could she impart to the man from whom it might be most necessary to conceal it, a secret confided by insanity, and rendered sacred by misfortune ?

“ The moments,” said Valmont, with an anguish ill-subdued as he perceived the irresolution of her mind, “ admit not of our pausing, even over that which is to ascertain the future value of existence ! We *must* part, Constantia, and instantly ; yet, if it is ever permitted me again to grasp the hand which now trembles in mine, remember it is affianced,—remember, I seal upon it a sacred and inalienable vow ; and should my Constantia live to have a widowed heart, as probably she will, let me bear into another world the consciousness that I shall, for a time at least, live in her memory ! ” Without waiting her answer, and

as if he distrusted his own fortitude, he would have led her down stairs. Unable to speak, she pointed in silence to Valmont, whom he had not before noticed. With eager curiosity he snatched up the light, and drew near. It struck upon the eyes of the Marquis: he opened them; looked at Constance; and, laying her hand upon his burning forehead, closed them again in silence. The astonished chevalier gazed alternately at both, and angrily started out of the room. Again, almost as hastily, he returned. But Constance, roused to energy by the distress of the occasion, had already, with her enfeebled companion, advanced towards the stairs. The hand of her lover involuntarily, and with a sort of sullen tenderness, received hers. Anxious to speak in explanation, she trembled, doubted, and knew not what to say; nor did one of the group, as they passed through the kitchen, recollect the extraordinary spectacle they presented to the eyes of those collected there. The silence continued till she was in the carriage. An exquisite pain then seemed to seize suddenly upon her heart: she bent forward to speak. The eyes of the chevalier, riveted upon her, had more than sadness, had more than love, in them: there was terror—there was despair! Struck with their expression, she clasped her hands together almost in the act of springing from the carriage, when the horses at the same moment began to move, and she was already many paces from him. Silence, darkness, and a long track of woody road, succeeded. As moonlight struck through the breaks, she put her head out of the window, in the vain hope of once more seeing at least a ray of light from the cottage, which now contained the being to which her heart had most tenderly attached itself. For a few moments Valmont silently followed the vehicle with his eyes, and dwelt upon her image; then, burying it in his heart, turned both to blacker prospects.

Amidst the numberless painful ideas pressing on Constance, that of her own situation now first occurred in its true colours. She viewed it as a dream. Immured in the château, the single sentiment of captivity and sorrow, absorbing every other, had formed an imaginary connection between herself and the imprisoned Valmont. But now,

that various objects and feelings divided her attention, she had some difficulty to recollect the force of her former impressions. Perhaps a latent sense of regret, on reflecting that by means of the Marquis she had added a momentary pang to those already felt by her lover, contributed to estrange her from the former. But Valmont was not born to be the object of displeasure. A natural eloquence, a low and agreeable voice, a sedateness of manner that had all the effect of reason with the wildness of fancy, soon conciliated the interest she was beginning to renounce. Hard indeed must have been the heart that could have resisted him ! The weakness attending so painful an exertion as that of walking had brought on a temporary stupor, rather than slumber ; from which, as he slowly recovered, it was nevertheless visible he had derived refreshment. He began now to dwell upon events which, while the torrent rushed by him, he had been unable to comprehend. There was something so affecting in his imperfect attempts at recollection, in his disjointed efforts to fix ideas, which, like shadows upon a wall, wavered and played before the yet unsteady lamp of reason, that Constance insensibly directed her efforts to the same point. Nor were they unsuccessful. All the objects of creation, as they began again to be visible to his eyes, resumed their natural influence over his heart. The long-forgotten image of his home, his native domain, to which Constance had, in general terms, assured him their journey was directed, kindled once more that secret and inexplicable flame, which ever burns through the veins when we touch the circle with which our affections incorporate us.

But a danger, new and unexpected, now occurred. At the post-house, where the *avant-courier* despatched by the chevalier as their guard had already prepared horses, Constance had the indiscretion to pull out a considerable number of assignats. The face of the postmaster informed her that the horses were already paid for ; but his tongue was not equally sincere. To the mortification of seeing herself duped by paying for them again, was added the terror of knowing that she was in the power of men rapacious enough, under the name of protectors, to abet the extortion ;

and in whose inquisitive countenances, as the lights gleamed upon them, she discovered an expression that conveyed a terrible pulsation to her heart. She saw, too late, that the prudence of the chevalier, in providing for the expenses of her journey, had not been sufficiently watchful to think of cautioning her on the subject ; but the moments spent in irresolution decided themselves, and they once more entered on a dreary road. The men who still followed them, whether impelled by fear of danger or some worse motive, she perceived, rode nearer the carriage than before : sometimes talking loudly together ; at others joining in the *ça ira*, or thundering out the Marseillois hymn. At length,

“ Wish'd morning came ! and now upon the hills  
And distant plains the shepherds fed their flocks : ”

but never was rural prospect half so delightful to the eye of an enthusiast, as that of the towers and buildings of a large city to the exhausted Constance. They were not long in reaching it. Her guides conducted her to an hotel, and her fate at length seemed at a pause.

The chevalier, in whom the distracted state of his country had already matured a spirit of precaution little congenial to his natural character, had given the men to whom he intrusted Constance every charge that might ensure her safety. They were instructed to take the necessary steps with the police ; and as soon as their depositions had secured a proper passport, by establishing the certainty that both she and her companion were prisoners liberated in a popular commotion, one of them was to return with the information to the chevalier. He obeyed ; but, previously to his departure, presented himself to Constance with the air of a man who, conscious of having conferred an important service, comes rather to demand than to solicit a reward. Though given with liberality, it satisfied him not ; but his comrade, stepping forward, remonstrated with some warmth on the injustice of expecting a further recompense, while assured of an ample one on the part of the chevalier ; and reminded him, at the same time, that the latter awaited his return with the greatest impatience.

“ Qu'il attende,” replied the other, in a brutal tone, as he



went away: "chacun à son tour." Constance felt a pang at her heart. This wretch was to return as one of the *protectors* of the chevalier. The relief she herself even might have experienced in being freed from him was soon lost in apprehension, when she perceived that his dismissal took from his companion the only check he feared; because, probably, the only sharer in the plunder he meditated. Equivocal or insolent answers, as to the probable length of their journey, plunged her in alarm: that journey itself became visibly slower, and slower. His rapacity, increasing with her apparent terrors, soon left her little to give; and that little she was often obliged to share with the *bons patriotes*, whom he encouraged to loiter around them. With these people, who were indeed every thing but what they called themselves, a look might be a crime, and a word destruction. Every post, every village, became a new scene of danger and delay. Yet the posts were insensibly passed, the villages were left behind; and after accumulated fatigue, suffering, and apprehension, Constance found, with unspeakable transport, that she was within a short distance of the Château de Valmont.

The transport, however, was momentary. Her guide, whose reverence for the name of Valmont had been daily diminishing, found nothing, as he approached their domain, that should strengthen it; and falling in with some of his acquaintance, whose business was plunder, he scrupled not to declare to Constance that both she and her fellow-traveller must find their way forwards as well as they could; and that, to secure their safety, it would be advisable to part with all the little wealth that remained to her. Remonstrance was vain; and, in silent terror, she complied.

No other alternative now presented itself but that of exploring a road which, fortunately, was not wholly unknown. It was already the close of evening, and frost lay hard upon the ground. She lifted her eyes to the stars, which shone brightly above her head; and addressed herself silently, through them, to the Deity that bade them shine. Invigorated by hope, and within the circle of home, she found no difficulty in proceeding; but it was otherwise

with Valmont. A league became, to him, a distance which his footsteps were as ill able to trace as his reason to calculate. Already both began to fail. Hopeless, helpless, they sat down together, "under the shade of melancholy boughs;" when Constance exclaimed, with a start of joy, "Sure I see Thibaut!" Thibaut was a young carpenter of the village. With tumultuous pleasure, she recognised a face that was familiar to her. The lad, whose good nature was yet uncorrupted by the world, greeted her with cordiality; and, though returning from his day's labour, offered any service that she might require.

His arm was more steady than that of Constance, and Valmont again crept on; but nature was fainting within him, and to reach the habitation of Dorsain appeared wholly impracticable. It was at that moment the recollection of her once favourite cottage glanced across the mind of Constantia. The distance to it was much less; the shelter, if it still stood, was certain. Even were the door fast, the strength of Thibaut, a stout lad of eighteen, could easily force it. To the cottage, therefore, she directed their steps, and to the cottage, after many a weary step, they came, Yet she saw it not without a strong palpitation. Her eyes rested there intently, as all the remembrances attached to it passed across her heart. It afforded indeed shelter, but neither light nor food; and urgently recommending the Marquis to the care of Thibaut, who engaged to watch with him during her absence, she pressed forward to the habitation of Dorsain.

The moon was now rising, and every spot as it opened before her became more and more interesting. It was *here* she had parted with the chevalier; at the foot of *that* declivity she had the ill fortune to be seen by his father. *There*, embosomed in trees, was the roof of Dorsain — and *there*, rising full in sight, the Château de Valmont. Part of it had been laid in ruins by the peasants; smoke had disfigured the rest; and the marks of plunder and devastation were every where visible. "Ah! if such is the fate of grandeur —" thought Constance, as she directed her eyes eagerly forwards — Her fears were ill founded! The cottage of Dorsain, secure in poverty, still remained: still did its

humble casement emit a cheerful and far-streaming ray, while all was dark and silent round the superb château.

With a trembling hand Constance tapped softly at the door, and at the same moment lifted the latch. Two men were sitting by the fire, one of whom instantly advanced with a taper in his hand: the light shone full upon his features, and they were those of Dorsain. The joy of both blended in a gush of tears, and for some moments they wept in silence. Antoine, who had also started from the chimney-corner, first suspended the tide by his busy enquiries; and Constance, whose heart, despite of all that engaged it there, flew back to the suffering Valmont, recited, in as few words as she could, the extraordinary history of her absence. Dorsain and Antoine listened to her with greedy attention. Their eyes, their ears, their very souls, seemed absorbed in the narrative.

“*Que le bon Dieu soit loué!*” exclaimed the latter, ere she had well finished; while the quivering lips and pale countenance of Dorsain showed him incapable of articulating a syllable. “*Ah, savez-vous, ma’m’selle, que c’est votre père dont il s’agit?*”\*

“*Yes, Constance, it is thy father,*” added Dorsain, in broken, but joyful accents; “*it was my daughter the generous Valmont raised from obscurity! Oh, if ever there was an angel upon earth, it was he! That cottage thy little heart intuitively attached itself to was the scene of his love and his benefits. We were too happy, my child! I am afraid we forgot God Almighty, for he sent a scourge to punish us. Thy mother was the victim; and but for the good Thuriot, then only a journeyman apothecary, thy little spark of being would never have been recalled. Ah, in that very cottage wert thou born; and there stands thy poor mother’s death-bed!*”

The rush of feeling was too mighty for Constance. She tottered, turned pale, and sank to the ground.

The dreadful, deadly apprehension that had seized upon her heart was communicated in a look; no words could be added to it: with trembling steps they flew towards the

\* “*Thanks be to God! — Do you know, ma’m’selle, that it is your father you are talking of?*”

cottage. Already they approached it; already the reedy pool became visible by a stream of moonlight that pierced through the now leafless branches. A man, who stood stooping over the brink, attracted their eye. It was Thibaut, who, with a pitcher in his hand, was breaking the surface of ice to draw water. He advanced to them in haste, but with a countenance that bade their hearts beat less anxiously.

“He is well?” cried Constance, while yet afar off.

“Ah, Dieu merci! very well now, ma'm'selle,” said Thibaut; “but he has been fearfully bad. To be sure, the mad fit came on him when the moon shone out; and, would you believe it? he that had not before a foot to set to the ground, ran all over the house like a lapwing. And then he talked, and then he was convulsed. — But I gave him water, and he is *gone to sleep!*”

As Thibaut spoke they were already in the chamber, which the moon now fully illumined. Valmont lay half reclined upon the bed, his face towards the pillow; the long hair of his wife, which he had found, was treasured in his breast. — He had indeed slept — the sleep of death. No longer suffering, no longer convulsed, no longer a maniac, his soul had rejoined its Creator; there to claim, and to receive, the glorious recompense due to those who have suffered without guilt.

“How the world falls to pieces all around,  
And leaves us but the ruin of our joys!  
What says this transportation of our friends?  
It bids us love the place where now they dwell,  
And scorn the wretched spot they leave so poor.”

A rude coffin constructed by Thibaut, a grave dug within the limits of the garden, the prayers of the devout, and the tears of the innocent, were all the funeral rites of the Marquis de Valmont. The curé of the village, driven from his home, had left none to supply his place; and such was the spirit of the times, that a religious duty, even to dust, was likely to have been deemed a crime. *That* dust had once been noble, rich: — that it was human, too, would, probably, amid the convulsions of humanity, have been forgotten!

Yet does the weakness of nature blend with its most solemn duties! The grave of the Marquis was a chosen spot. It lay open to the western sun; and the hillock that marked it received his last reflected ray as it glanced from the windows of the beloved cottage.

“Let us beware, my child,” said Dorsain, as he dragged away the weeping Constance,—“let us beware how we deem that spot unhallowed which receives the ashes of the good! It is no longer the breath of a mortal—it is the Divinity himself who sanctifies it!”

They were now in the very heart of winter. Nature and man seemed in unison to desolate the earth. France daily poured forth miserable thousands, to endure all the severities of the season in foreign countries, while those that remained at home groaned under the accumulated evils of anarchy and bloodshed. That she had witnessed them seemed a frightful vision to Constance, as, shut up in a lonely cottage, the sole consolation and support of an aged parent, who, during her absence, had lost his wife, half-stunned, she listened to the distant storm of nature and society. With her, the stream of life now seemed to stagnate. How wild and irregular is its current! Impelled, at some periods, by strange and irresistible events, we rush forward into action; and, tossed from thought to thought, imagination has no scope, and memory no point. At others, the soul is driven back upon herself; the senses subside into torpor,

“And nothing *is* but what is not.”

Such was now the fate of Constance!—Week after week rolled heavily away, and the chevalier appeared not. Already she divined his fate. His last words recurred to her with all the force of a prediction. She repeated them to herself every night ere she closed her eyes; and even in sleep, officious memory still told her of her *widowed heart*.

Yet for the pure spirits accustomed to look out of themselves, and direct their view by turns to God and man, a balm will be found even in the hour of suffering! It was through the medium of her own sorrows that Constance became truly alive to the duty of assuaging those of others.

The conviction sank deep in her heart. All its turbulent feelings harmonised by degrees into a soft and useful sensibility. The extraordinary convulsions of civil society daily called upon her to exercise it; and she learned to value, whilst administering them, the blessings of benevolence, and the consolations of piety.

Though shrinking before the piercing winds of spring, she neglected not to offer up her first prayers every morning over the grave of her father. Already the ground, no longer hard with intense frost, began to open itself to her tears; and to put forth the crocus, the snowdrop, and the few early flowers with which she had marked it round. It was yet but the grey dawn of morning, when, raising her eyes from the spot they had been fixed upon, full of melancholy recollections, she directed them towards the cottage. Suddenly she perceived a stream of light issue through its broken shutters. She started, and continued to gaze more intently. It was no illusion. A light, like the gentle fanning of a flame, perceptibly shone, and died away. Trembling with curiosity, she drew nearer. It was not difficult, through the cleft of the shutter, to distinguish all that was passing within. A young peasant, poorly clad, was standing on the hearth, by a small pile of chips, to which he had set fire. He seemed pierced with cold; for he frequently stooped, chafed his hands, and carefully kept up the little blaze with every remnant of fuel he could collect. Constance had lately seen but too many of her countrymen plunged in the direst extremes of suffering, not to feel her compassion awakened. But how piercing was the pang that seized upon her heart, when the young man, by a sudden turn, received the light full on his countenance, and discovered to her the features of the chevalier! A cry of anguish announced to him that he was observed; and Constance, Constance, who but a few moments before had wept for the imaginary death of her lover, suddenly found herself in his arms!

For the joy, the sorrow, the tender agony of that moment, there were no words; and Valmont himself shed tears as he held her to his bosom.

“It is here, then, that I find you,” said he; “here, on

the spot where, by a mystery, to me then inconceivable, you seemed to vanish from me! Nor did Fortune, beloved Constance, stop there: every good she had ever bestowed seemed vanishing with you!

“It was in the midst of extravagant conjectures — of fruitless researches — of burning anxiety for *your* fate, the unlooked-for intelligence reached me, that both my own and my father’s were on the point of being decided. In vain had we retreated from the metropolis; its horrors, its suspicions, pursued us: and our very existence was then weighing in that political balance, of which the bloody scale had long been known to preponderate.

“Insurmountable necessity called me thither; yet, dupe that I was, even at the moment of departing, it was to the man whose artifices had detained me beyond my appointment with you — whose villany made him the ready tool of villany in others — to the profligate instrument of my own follies, as I believed, but in reality to the spy of my father, that I committed the dearest secret of my bosom. To Valrive I left the charge of tracing you. Oh, Constance, Constance! bitter is the pang, when those evils that fall upon us through the corruptions of others, come with the accumulated weight of our example to justify them!”

Valmont, to whose heart the story of his country was present, made a long pause, while his eyes swam in tears, and his cheek burned with the shame of retrospection.

“Views I myself hardly analysed,” he continued, “united with the well-founded prejudice you so artlessly betrayed at our first meeting, to make me assume such an obscure name as might lull caution to sleep; and I was afterwards not without hopes that that name, so familiar to your ears, would of itself, should it reach them, forward a discovery of your concealment.

“With a distracted heart I flew to Paris. How many distracted ones did I find there! My opinions, which, in the early struggles, had decidedly inclined to the popular party, still left me friends amidst the faction most adverse to my father. I had even the good fortune to be personally beloved by those with whom I did not wholly accord in politics. Young, fearless, and ready, as they believed,

to stand forth a daring partisan of any leader to whom I should attach myself, I thus suddenly became, by a strange fluctuation in my fate, the object of enthusiasm and applause.

“ I had now entered that vortex from which I found it impossible to retreat. Thousands were daily engulfed by it before my eyes. Of those that yet floated on the surface, many touched the fearful point that was to sink them. I was myself fast approaching to it, for the opinions that had been mine were no longer those of the multitude. My father, in whose heart my flattering reception had planted an imaginary dagger, reprobated the conduct by which alone his liberty, or even life, was secured. The perfidious Valrive, whom, with a confidence as misplaced as my own, he had sent after me to Paris, soon learned to think of raising his fortunes upon the wreck of ours. Though I was in fact the only bulwark between my father and destruction, yet by a train of insidious artifices were the feuds between us hourly increased; and while to him I became suspected of little less than parricide, every engine was set in motion by a party to render me really such. Daily receiving from him letters full of bitter reproach; death before my eyes, and indignation in my heart, what days, what nights were mine!—Shall I dare to say that love itself was superseded? I began to reconcile myself to your loss. There were moments when I even deemed it providential. Yes, lovely Constance! when I recollected the time, the place, the circumstances of our intended meeting—all that was unprincipled in my own character, and all that was charming in yours, I learned too justly to doubt myself. Oh, let me not lose your regard by the very candour which shows you how much I deserve it!

“ The hour of mortal trial at length came on. After my duties had struggled against temptation in almost every shape, it was from Valrive I received the extraordinary news of your imprisonment; received it at the dreadful crisis when my father was about to follow you. Too well aware of the licentiousness of his character, how distracting were my apprehensions!—Prudence, policy,—all that had hitherto guided me, vanished into air. I flew to obtain



a passport—it was denied. I would, at any risk, have quitted Paris without one. The barriers were closed. In the desperation of my heart I wrote a letter to my father. How it reached him I know not : his answer was strange, was enigmatical. He spoke of you as of one whom he feared ; whom he even abhorred ; and while in the most solemn terms he reassured my heart on the point it was most acutely alive to, he left me impressed with a vague alarm as to your future fate. Of this, Valrive either could not, or would not, inform me ; and it was during these moments of perturbation that he mysteriously insinuated to me the execrable project of denouncing my father. My blood flowed back with a chill like that of death ; but I had lived amongst savages who called themselves politicians, and believed I had learned to dissemble. I therefore rejected his proposal, but accepted from him a passport, obtained under a feigned name, from a popular leader. Only one hour previously to that on which I should have availed myself of it, I received through a friend of the same party an intimation that it would prove the signal of my fate ; that a mandate had been privately issued to arrest the bearer ; and that Valrive, to whom my countenance had doubtless been more sincere than my words, had, while thus securing *me* in the snare, been himself the indirect means of denouncing his lord.

“ Why should I recount to you all the horrible perplexities that ensued ? Suffice it to say, that finding it impossible to save my father, I made a secret oath to die with him. By a strenuous exertion of the credit I had left, I at length obtained a passport, with permission, as I was not yet denounced, to secure for myself all I could of my family estates. The barriers were now open ; and, with a few faithful, though humble, well-wishers who had served in my regiment, I set out on the memorable journey which was to decide the fate of my family. Within a few leagues of the château, I unexpectedly encountered Valrive, doubtless eagerly hastening to join the plunderers. The meeting was a thunderbolt to both of us. He, like myself, had companions, but they were less numerous, and probably worse armed ; for he accosted me with profuse testimonies

of respect. Each was yet to learn what was passing at the château. *I* learned it too soon from you! I had firmness enough to dissemble. I parted with you: — Oh! let me not recollect the bitterness of that moment, or the horrible ones that succeeded it! Doomed to see my own estates a scene of bloodshed and rapine; an assassin in every vassal, and a spy in every human face; for three weeks I struggled vainly against evils no courage could guard me from, no prudence could avert. With the same assiduity that I sought my father, he sought to conceal himself from all around: it was my fate at last to find him in an obscure hovel, sick, languishing, disabled; with no other companion than a poor ecclesiastic, nearly under the same circumstances with himself, and no other guard than the charitable hospitality of an individual, who, though low-born, and low-bred, still cherished a spark of the Divinity.

“ During that period which preceded the day when I followed a parent to the grave, I had long and melancholy leisure for explanation with him: I heard with horror the avowal of crimes, of which I would now willingly bury the recollection. My father, notwithstanding all the precautions that attended your birth, had learned to doubt whether those crimes had produced security; a doubt which the sight of you instantaneously confirmed. Fear soon magnified every danger: our secret correspondence became known to him; and I learned, with astonishment, that he tore you from your home, chiefly because he suspected Dorsain, and yourself, of influence enough to make his son an accessory in his punishment.

“ Heaven was gracious! for it permitted him to live long enough to see that son acquitted, by his misfortunes, of the imputed guilt — to see him become a voluntary sharer in his parent's sufferings — and therefore proscribed and impoverished! — I at length received his last sigh! — It was not a painful one, for the bitterness had been exhausted in those that preceded it. To him, reason had long been but the instrument of remorse, and life only desirable as a barrier against the dark chasm of eternity!

“ Deeply did I meditate over the obscure grave his fate had allotted him. — Oh, Constance! there are moments

when the illusions of this world fade into nothing, and that only is real which is to come !”

“ Yes ! there are dear and sacred realities, even in this world,” cried Constance, as she cast her eyes on Dorsain, whom tender anxiety had brought in search of her. “ When the virtues of a parent spread a venerable and protecting shade over youth ; when youth is employed, like Valmont’s, in assuaging the sorrows, or smoothing the death-bed, of a parent ; these are the realities that give at once a glory and a grace to life !”

Dorsain, who, in the wan countenance of Valmont, at first hardly recognised the blooming young man he had formerly seen, received him generously to his heart ; and Constance now, with tender emotion, noticed the change in his person.

“ From the day I lost my father,” said he, “ I had no object in life, but to pursue my way hither. My name was now added to the list of the proscribed, and I had neither passport nor protection. My journey was necessarily on foot, and the hazards which I encountered made it both circuitous and fatiguing. Conscious that my person would, in this domain, be universally known, I thought not of venturing near it till dark : but I had already overtaken my own strength, for it was midnight ere I arrived ; an hour when I feared to alarm you. Immoderate fatigue compelled me to take a repose which lasted somewhat longer than I intended ; and when I awoke, I found my limbs stiff at once with weariness and cold. I had, nevertheless, a double incitement to seek you — justice and love ! My father, well aware of the dangers to which his principles would expose him in a national contest, had long ago vested large sums of money in foreign banks. To me, in the article of death, he intrusted the securities — you may well judge, that I consider them only as a trust. — I bring with me,” continued he smiling, “ memorandums that will enable my Constance to make a poor man rich, if her heart remembers the affianced, which in his more prosperous days he sealed upon her hand !”

Ah ! the heart of Constance remembered it well ! Her hand again joyfully confirmed it. Moderately blest with

the gifts of fortune, with spirits subdued, not imbittered, by suffering; ennobled by their virtues, and happy in the exercise of them, Constance, Dorsain, and Valmont, looked on man with benevolence, and to heaven with gratitude; and though driven like our first parents from their native home, yet did Innocence and Love still find, amid the wilderness of life, a spot on which to create their own Eden!

## THE OLD WOMAN'S TALE.

## LOTHAIRE: A LEGEND.

The laurels wither on your brow ;  
 Then boast no more your mighty deeds ;  
 For on Death's purple altar now  
 Lo, where the victor, victim bleeds !  
     All heads must come  
     To the cold tomb :  
 Only the actions of the just  
 Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust.

SHIRLEY.

\*\*\* IT drew towards evening, ere the Prior and his guest returned from visiting the ruin ; masses of which, irregularly fallen, and overgrown with moss and weeds, had rendered their progress tedious and uncertain. " To shorten our way, we will, if you please, pass through that part of the abbey which still stands," said the Prior, as, drawing a bunch of keys from his pocket, he opened the Gothic and heavy door. Bareheaded, and with a silent sense of devotion, the Baron entered : he was struck with the venerable grandeur of the scene ; and while his footsteps rang through the massy pillars and decaying arches, he looked upon the *Ci-gît*\*—the little history of man, profusely scattered around, with a sentiment that partook at once of sadness and sublimity.

" The building, even as it now stands," said the Prior, " does not ill accord with the ideas you may have formed of it during our walk. The spot which fronts us was once the high altar : observe how magnificently it has been decorated. Tradition tells us of numberless miracles performed here ! the saints have, indeed, fallen from their niches ; and, like their worshippers, are possibly mingled

\* Here lies.

with the dust : but the rich Gothic fretwork is every where visible. Examine the steps too ! for, though worn, as you perceive, with acts of devotion, the curious in marble still speak of them with rapture. What complicated ideas here obtrude themselves upon the mind ! It is but a few moments since our feet, my dear Baron, passed over the graves of the noble, the valiant, and the beautiful. How many human sighs have they breathed on the very spot where we now stand ! how many human tears have they dropped ! Of all they solicited in this world we have seen the end !—Pardon an old man's freedom, when he bids you lift your thoughts to a better !”

The Baron looked in silence on his venerable friend. He had faith ; but the habits of his mind were not those of devotion ; and the sentiment that impressed, overawed him.

“ A soldier,” continued the Prior, “ should not, methinks, quit the abbey without visiting the tomb of a soldier. It is not yet so dark but we may take a cursory view of it. Come a little to the left ; and be not afraid of passing through the low arch, which, I observe, however, wears a more threatening appearance than when I saw it last. This recess was formerly a chapel dedicated to the blessed Virgin, and once contained a tomb of black marble, of which we have a very singular tradition lodged in the records of the convent. The chapel, though frequently rebuilt, is now again in ruins. Of the tomb, all vestiges have long since vanished ; but, as the site is ascertained, it doubtless stood opposite that you now look at.”

“ And to whom was *that* inscribed ?” said the Baron.

“ It is rather the memorial of a family, than an individual,” replied the Prior. “ The illustrious house, that, from the thirteenth to the sixteenth century, bore the titles and honours of St. Aubert, owed much of its distinction to a young man, whose valour and fidelity are here commemorated.”

As he spoke, the Baron, who at the first glance had seen nothing to attract his attention but mutilated figures, drew near, and began to examine more curiously.

“ Lothaire,” continued the Prior, “ was the trusty and

well-beloved page of Louis IX. The dangers that pious monarch encountered before he was taken prisoner by the Infidels at Damietta, you will see rudely delineated in the *relievo* that time has yet spared. The twilight is rather unfavourable, but I believe you will have no great difficulty in distinguishing knights, horses, and all the *insignia* of a battle. Here you plainly perceive the red-cross shield — and here, the lilies of France triumphant over the prostrate crescent. It should seem that our national characteristic has been the same in all ages," added he, smiling; "for the sculptor has taken more pleasure in describing the monarch's first victorious sallies, than his subsequent defeat: that was probably represented on the other side, though now wholly defaced. Were I to choose my time and place for recounting to you the legend annexed to the name of Lothaire, it should be by this very light, and on this very spot. But the brave are generally superstitious, and I should be sorry to cast a shade over the valour of a soldier. Or, to speak seriously, my good friend, I begin already to feel the cold and damp air incident to the building. Let us, therefore, put up a short prayer to the Virgin, for the souls of the deceased, and get home." The convent-bell, for evening service, chimed as he spoke. The Baron started, and thoughtfully followed his friend along the aisles of the abbey.

A blazing fire, some light wines, and a plentiful, though simple, repast, soon restored their natural warmth to the limbs of the good Prior. His conversation, which, while it breathed sincere piety, partook of the cheerfulness that is generally its companion, would doubtless have entertained the Baron, had not the mind of the latter been otherwise engrossed. His friend, at length, perceived that he was unusually silent, and began to rally him on the subject.

"Blame yourself, Monsieur *le Prieur*," said the Baron smiling. "In the world we meet with so little that is not in the beaten track, that our very ideas seem mechanical. In getting out of it, with folks like you, we blunder upon a new one now and then; and nothing makes a man worse company than being in love with his own thoughts."

“ And whither may yours now be wandering ? ”

“ A long pilgrimage, I assure you ! Beyond the limits of Christendom !—In plain terms, I have had nothing before my eyes but knights, and bloody banners, since we left the abbey. Tell me somewhat more of the family of St. Aubert.”

“ That it flourished till the sixteenth century, I have already told you,” said the Prior : “ its last representative, on whose tomb you saw commemorated the actions of his predecessors, was, like them, a soldier ; and, doubtless, a brave one !—He perished young, at the battle of Pavia ; and it was in consequence of his donation, for he was childless, that the abbey was founded. It was raised on the very spot on which the family chateau had long stood. Time had rendered the chateau itself little better than a ruin ; but the gratitude of the church took that method of consecrating its memory. The chapel of the Virgin adjoined to the house : it then became a part of the abbey, and was long an object of peculiar veneration, as well for the legend annexed to it, as for containing the monument of the founder. The legend itself I can show you,” said he, opening his small, but neat, library : “ it is curious for its antiquity ; though I will not pledge my faith for it in any other light.” The Baron, who saw several small rolls of vellum, or parchment, covered with black characters, that appeared to him wholly unintelligible, looked at it with an air of surprise and disappointment, that made the other smile.

“ You, my good friend, should have lived in the age of the *Troubadours* and *Jongleurs*,” said the Prior, “ by the curiosity you seem to feel for our *preux Chevaliers*. However, if it was not so near the hour of rest, I could easily gratify it. What I am now displaying is as unintelligible to me as to you ; and, though it has been carefully preserved, is worm-eaten, and imperfect ; as you will perceive in the very first pages. The language has been modernised, however, in every succeeding century, down to the present. One of our order has constantly undertaken the office, which I am myself now performing. You have here,” continued he, opening another drawer, “ both my copy and that of



my predecessor. Mine is yet imperfect; but to-morrow you may read either at your leisure; and compare them, if you will, with the original."

"I had rather read one of them to-night," interrupted the Baron.

"It will be time ill spent!"

"It will be curiosity gratified."

The good Prior was not without a certain share of superstition. He looked at the old-fashioned dial that stood over the chimney, and perceived the hand already pointed towards midnight.

"You may repent!" said he mysteriously, and after a pause.

"At my peril," returned the other, possessing himself of the papers, and drawing his chair nearer the fire. The Prior again remonstrated—the Baron was obstinate; and, like most obstinate people, gained his point. On finding himself alone, he threw fresh wood on the fire, snuffed the candles, and, having made his little establishment, prepared, amidst the profound stillness of the convent, to examine the manuscripts. Here, however, imagination was soon bewildered, and memory confused. The scroll that fell under his hand had not yet been modernised by his friend; and, if not wholly unintelligible, yet quickly defied his patience in a regular perusal. In the second he was not more lucky: but, though the Baron was no scholar, he was a man both of valour and birth. The arms of France, curiously blazoned according to the fashion of the times, attracted his eyes in the first scroll; and, from examining those, with other rich and singular devices that adorned it, he insensibly learned that it was a testimonial of knighthood, bestowed by the King, while prisoner within the walls of Cairo, upon one of his followers.

The second was more interesting: it contained a minute detail of all the ceremonies of a single combat, in which honour and fortune were the stake, and death the sole admitted umpire. It was sanctioned by the Queen Dowager, regent of the kingdom, and held by her in person, in the name of "the most puissant and sovereign lord, Louis IX."

To the victor, or the vanquished, the Baron was indifferent ; but his imagination insensibly grew heated,

“ As lengths of far-fam'd ages rolled away  
In unsubstantial images of air ; ”

and, while reading the long catalogue of illustrious names, he seemed indeed to behold —

“ The melancholy ghosts of dead renown,  
With penitential aspect, as they pass'd,  
All point at earth, and smile at human pride. ”

A superstitious veneration crept over his frame ; and, breaking abruptly from papers which he could but half decipher, he entered at once upon those of his friend.

*The Prior's Manuscript.*

— The King, whose great heart swelled within him as his page continued to speak, was some moments ere he could reply.

“ Brave Lothaire ! ” said he at length, “ hast thou well weighed the perils of the enterprise thou wouldst undertake ? Nay, more—examine thy bosom, and tell me whether thou hast also weighed the uncertainty of the event. To the soldier who falls in battle for his prince, a wreath of glory is indeed allotted ; but to the solitary and devoted heart, that bleeds in secret for his friend, where shall be the recompense ? ”

“ It will be found in that heart, ” eagerly replied Lothaire. “ Oh that mine were at this moment laid bare before its sovereign, that he might know how deeply he penetrated it, when he bestowed the sacred name of friend ! ”

“ Generous youth ! ” said Louis, with emotion ; “ the prince is but too fortunate who can substitute that term for the less valuable one of subject. But let us wave a discourse that presses so painfully upon my feelings. In me thou no longer beholdest the monarch of a generous and a loyal nation ; but a captive, betrayed by his flatterers, and oppressed by his enemies : one on whom the wrath of Heaven has been poured, doubtless for his own crimes or those of his ancestors. Explain to me, however, more at full, the means by which thou wouldst return to France ; and, should a miraculous interposition conduct thee thither,

(and surely little less than a miraculous interposition *can* do it,) fear not but our mother will supply such forces and such treasures as may at once facilitate our ransom, and extend the arm of justice over those recreants, whom we suspect so basely to have betrayed the cause of Christendom."

Lothaire, who in various sallies had acquired a superior knowledge of the country through which he must necessarily pass, now imparted his scheme at full length to the King, and again earnestly supplicated him to rely on the zeal and ingenuity of the commander of the galley.

Louis still hesitated. That pious prince, daring and intrepid in his own person, yet knew how to fear for his friends: but, as destruction pressed closely, not only on himself, but on that part of the flower of his army whose lives the avarice of the infidels induced them yet to spare, the monarch subdued the feelings of the man, and he consented that his young favourite should depart.

The evening of the ensuing day was fixed upon for the execution of the plan. — "Yet ere thou goest," said the King, "let us complete those ceremonies, that alone can entitle thee to enter the lists against our proudest vassals; and may He whose cross we bear prosper thy arms in the service of thy country and thy king!" That night, like the preceding ones, was spent in vigils and in prayer; and, after the solemn observance of such rites as the time and place admitted, Lothaire received from the sword of the brave Louis the honours and the claims of knighthood. Testimonials of this, together with the secret mandate and instructions of the King, and a small quantity of gold, he carefully concealed in his garments. The darkness of the season favoured his flight; and, committing himself to the fidelity of the Arab, paddling by night down the Nile, and concealed among its reeds by day, after hazards and hardships innumerable, he at length found himself on board the Christian galley.

The commander instantly crowded sail, and favourable winds seemed for some time to promise them a speedy navigation — but the face of the heavens suddenly changed. The weather grew lowering and tempestuous — black and accumulating vapours obscured the sun, and the sea assumed

its most threatening aspect. A heavy gale succeeded ; and, as they drove before it, the sharp promontories and rocky shores of Greece menaced the vessel hourly with destruction. After having escaped this danger, another still more formidable seemed to present itself : for the sailors, most of them French, and desirous to return to their native country, dreaded, above all other evils, that of being thrown upon the coast of Africa, where certain captivity or death awaited them. — Eager to run the ship into any port of Sicily or Italy, they found themselves, with rapture, in sight of the latter — the rude and barren shore was pronounced by some of the most experienced to be part of the coast of Calabria. Vainly did the master remonstrate on the danger of approaching it ; his authority was drowned in their clamour : and while their shouts yet rent the air, the vessel struck upon a rock, and was soon discovered to admit the water with irresistible rapidity. Those who before had hoped, now abandoned every care but that of life : and Lothaire, who perceived that the boat they had hoisted out must quickly sink, with the numbers that crowded into her, hastily threw off his garments, and, binding them in a small parcel round his head, plunged fearlessly into the waves.

Vigorous in health and youth, to him the water had long been an element almost as familiar and as natural as air ; the storm had considerably abated, though the sea yet ran high. Often repelled, bruised, and disappointed in his efforts, he nevertheless made good his landing ; and breathing a sigh of commiseration for his companions, whom he perceived driven down the coast, and nearly out of sight, he directed his eyes from them to the trackless and wild solitude that surrounded him. It was, indeed, a cheerless horizon, in which no traces of human habitation, food or succour, were to be discerned ; yet nature loudly demanded all ; and he continued to walk in search of them till the storm, which had been for some hours suspended, once more began to brood. The sultry atmosphere grew heavy and lurid around, forked lightning broke over the sea, and low reverberations of deep and distant thunder were heard from the hills. A rocky hollow in the bosom of one of them offered him temporary shelter : hastily he entered

it; and, as his feet were blistered, and his strength exhausted, gladly accepted that repose which a bank of earth at the extremity seemed to promise; throwing from him, without examination, some hard substance that incommoded him as he fell.

The tumultuous winds, that shook the very bosom of nature, at length slowly died away; and profound slumber began to seal up the eyes of Lothaire, when a wild and fearful vision, that seemed to pass like supernatural influence across his senses, at once unclosed them. Starting, he found his pulse beat high, his lips dry and clammy, and his whole frame suffused with a cold dew, that denoted internal convulsion. Instinctively grasping his dagger, he half-raised himself, and looked round the cavern: the light, though imperfect, was yet sufficient to convince him, that nothing *human* was within it but himself. He listened—no sound, no motion, was to be distinguished, save the low and monotonous roaring of the waves, as they broke upon the distant beach.

Lothaire was unaccustomed to fear. With disdain he now repelled the involuntary sensation, and earnestly directed his attention to recall the imperfect ideas that had escaped him ere he well awoke. But the mysterious visitation was past; and, as all desire to sleep had vanished with it, he arose, and advanced towards the mouth of the cave, where the returning sun now shot a bright and slanting ray. On approaching it, he perceived his garments to be spotted in many places with a dusky red; which, as it easily shook off, he concluded to be the soil of the country, that had been attracted only by the damp: a nearer examination, however, discovered to him that it was tufts of human hair, adhering together with a substance, which, though it pulverised at his touch, he had no difficulty to assure himself had been blood.

Impelled by curiosity, he drew his poniard and re-entered the cave; searching every corner of it, to discover whether, by an outlet yet unobserved, some being had not obtruded upon his repose. His search, however, was fruitless. In returning, he mused for a moment over the bank of earth—it did not appear to have been lately thrown up; but it struck him to

be just the length of a human figure, and he wondered he had not before observed that he must have slept upon a grave. A waking dream of horror, not unlike that which had disturbed his sleep, seemed to shiver his senses; and in turning from the spot, something like reality assailed them, as he struck his foot against the same hard substance that he had before thrown from him, and, on picking it up, perceived that it was the handle of a battle-axe, from which time or violence had loosened the steel. — Abruptly he quitted the cavern, and its gloomy environs; directing his course, as night drew on, by the stars; and listening in every gale for the sound of some distant bell, that might guide him to a monastery; his only hope of relief amidst the solitude with which he was surrounded. As the east reddened before him, he perceived it to be stained with rising smoke. Eagerly he directed his steps towards the spot; but, though he exerted all the speed that fatigue would allow, it was yet some time ere he reached it. He found traces of a fire that had been kindled on the turf, probably to prepare a rustic repast; but the persons who had partaken of it were gone; and the heart of Lothaire sunk beneath the prospect of an evil, from which, he had reason to fear, no exertion of courage or fortitude could rescue him. Pensively he continued to gaze, when his eye suddenly rested on a small bag left on the ground through negligence or haste, and which had the appearance of containing the provisions of a hunter. He opened it, and saw that he was not deceived: the scanty store it held afforded indeed no gratification to luxury; but a pious and abstemious spirit taught him to discern in the gift the hand of a supreme Giver, who thus indeed protected the absent monarch in the person of his knight.

With invigorated spirits he now continued his journey. The road as he advanced grew more wild, and sometimes almost impervious, so that it was difficult to know what direction he pursued. Forcing his way, however, through every obstacle, he flattered himself that he had proceeded many leagues to the north; when on the sunset of the second day he suddenly emerged from a glen into the bosom of a rocky valley, and, looking round, perceived with astonishment that he had only taken a wearisome cir-

cuit, which had brought him once more within sight of the detestable cavern. He stopped with an emotion of anger and regret, when his eyes were struck for the first time with the appearance of a human being in this vast solitude.

On a low stone, not many yards distant from the mouth of the cave, sat a monk. His hood fell over his head, which inclined pensively downwards; his arms rested on his knees, and his hands were clasped, in the attitude of one who meditates deeply. A bold point of rock projected above him, and the wild and tangled branches that hung from it cast a sombre shade over the spot.

Lothaire advanced. At the sound of his footsteps the monk gently raised his head, and civilly, though solemnly, returned his greeting. His accent denoted him to be French; and from the little that escaped him, Lothaire learned that he was, like himself, a wanderer, travelling homewards, in order to lay his bones in their native earth.

They continued to journey on together. The religieux seemed perfectly acquainted with the country, and often, by leading his companion through narrow and obscure passes, spared him the fatigue that must otherwise have been encountered. The suspicion which his appearance, and the reserve of his manners, first excited in Lothaire, insensibly died away as he perceived neither treachery nor ambush. To open violence, as man to man, he could not but be indifferent, as he was himself armed with a powerful and massy poniard, as well as with a short dagger, which he wore concealed in his bosom. The monk, on the contrary, *appeared* to have no weapon: yet his close-drawn garments gave a mysterious air to his person and deportment. But though distrust subsided, there were some strange peculiarities observable in the conduct of the latter, that involuntarily tintured the mind of his companion with suspicious and black ideas. No excess of fasting, no extremity of fatigue, ever induced him to partake of the food, however simple, bestowed by the charity of the good Christians they encountered; but, plunging daily into some thicket, he found his whole sustenance in water and berries: the rudest crag, always two or three hundred paces distant, served him to repose upon;

and Lothaire often dwelt with secret and inexplicable horror on the extent of crimes that could demand a penance so severe. It was at those moments that the recollection of the cavern in Calabria obtruded itself upon him; till, by much thinking, the ideas became intimately connected, and he rarely fixed his eyes on his fellow-traveller without feeling a succession of gloomy and indefinable images float before his fancy.

They now once more beheld the broad bosom of the ocean, and approaching a small port, still within the Neapolitan territories, where lay a few trading vessels, one of which bore the French flag, Lothaire, with a portion of the gold which he had treasured in his garments, easily obtained a passage for himself and his companion.

The gay and pleasant shores of Provence, as they saluted his eyes, conveyed an enlivening sensation to his heart. Already in imagination he beheld the magnanimous, and still beautiful, *Blanche of Castile*, grasping with steady hand the reins of empire during the absence of her son. He revolved carefully in his mind all the instructions of the King, and the names of those knights, or barons, whom he had a discretionary power to challenge as disloyal. He recollected with exultation the honour so lately conferred upon him, at an age yet immature; and when he considered himself as the champion of the cross, and the avenger of his prince, his young heart beat proudly with valour and with hope.

The turrets of a magnificent castle, visible at the distance of some leagues, now attracted his eyes; and the gallant name of St. Aubert assured him of hospitality within its walls. The sun was yet blazing in the meridian; but Lothaire, forgetful of its scorching influence, continued for some hours to press forward.

"We will rest here," said the monk, as they skirted the side of a thick wood. "For thee, who art vested with the mission of thy God and King, repose will be necessary. Well thus far, brave Lothaire, hast thou performed thy task. *Be constant, and be valiant!*"

Lothaire, whose mind was pre-occupied, and whose spirits were already enlivened, without attending minutely



to the personal knowledge of him, implied in the words of his companion, readily assented to his proposal; and, throwing himself on the turf, indulged a pleasing reverie; which, lulling his senses, at length sealed up his eyes.

His slumbers were long and balmy; and when he awoke he was surprised to find that day was wholly closed. He started up, and looked around. The moon in full splendour silvered the wood on one side, while, on the other, the towers of the castle, gaily and superbly illuminated, blazed their friendly invitation to the forlorn and houseless stranger.

Lothaire cast his eyes about in search of his fellow-traveller, who in yet unbroken slumbers lay stretched at the foot of a large oak. In the moment of advancing to wake him, he was suddenly urged by a secret, and irresistible curiosity, to lift the mantle and the cowl, in order to view the features and person of one, whom, during their long intercourse, he had never yet distinctly seen — nor ever *distinctly was* to see: — the garments covered only a human skeleton. He started back — suspended for some instants between incredulity and horror; then, with curious eye surveyed the dry and mouldering frame, till he was fully convinced all vital moisture had long since escaped; and while deeply considering the intents of Providence in this miraculous intervention, it suddenly occurred to him that the monk, at their first meeting, had announced an intention to lay his bones in the bosom of his native land.

With grateful and pious awe, Lothaire proceeded to fulfil this ceremony, in which the strong poniard he was provided with assisted him. In the act of interment he had occasion particularly to notice the skull, which he discerned to have been cleft in many places by some violent weapon; and where it had entered deepest, it had carried with it tufts of hair, resembling in colour that which had formerly adhered to his garments in the cave.

The gay spirits of Lothaire had now received a sudden revulsion; and, as he pensively advanced towards the castle, he continued to meditate upon the strange concurrence of events by which he had been hitherto pursued.

The gates readily opened to receive him. To Lothaire

the lord of St. Aubert was personally unknown ; but he found him a man yet unbroken by years, of a gay and graceful demeanour, and who, to the valour by which he was reported to have distinguished himself amidst the crusaders, added the courtesy of a true and loyal knight. A slender repast was immediately served ; after which they conversed familiarly together ; and the mind of Lothaire, which at first had been thoughtful and abstracted, insensibly opened itself to the pleasures of society.

It was already late, when a sprightly strain of music resounded through the castle. St. Aubert, starting up, motioned to his guest to follow, and the attendants at the same moment threw open the doors of a magnificent saloon, of which the sparkling and brilliant appearance fixed the eyes of the young knight, while the superb banquet he saw prepared in the apartment beyond filled him with an astonishment he attempted not to conceal.

“ You are deceived,” said St. Aubert with a smile, “ if you suppose our evening was to conclude with the sober cheer of which you have already partaken ! It is not thus I am accustomed to treat my guests : neither, to say truth, am I inclined so poorly to treat myself.”

Lothaire quickly perceived his host to be sincere ; and that whatever pleasure he might find in exercising the rites of hospitality, the enjoyments of the table in his own person were no inconsiderable addition to it.

But though art and expense had been lavished to produce gaiety, they seemed unhappily to fail of their effect. As the hours wore on, the spirits of St. Aubert visibly flagged ; the most animating strains of music were lost upon his ear, and the richest viands upon his taste. His conversation, though broken into snatches of artificial merriment, was yet cold and disjointed : and Lothaire, who began to conclude that he entertained a secret weariness which complaisance did not permit him to show, at length proposed retiring.

Two attendants conducted him through a range of superb apartments ; but he started on perceiving the magnificence of that intended for his repose.

“ Thy lord,” said he, turning to one of the domestics,

“ has mistaken the rank of the guest whom he thus honours. Accommodation so splendid I know not that I should desire were I a prince — as a soldier, I must be permitted to decline it.”

“ The apartment you behold,” said the man respectfully, “ is indeed the best in the castle : — it is invariably allotted by my lord to every guest : he is himself contented with a more humble one.”

Lothaire, whose pure and temperate habits made him look on luxury with disgust, again remonstrated ; but, as the domestic seemed earnest in his answers, he waved further debate ; and taking from him a small lamp, which he placed upon a marble table, he closed the door.

Night was far advanced, and the fatigued traveller had no difficulty to believe that he should sleep. Hastily he threw himself into bed, and had already slept some hours, when he suddenly started with the same horrible impression that had visited him in the cavern of Calabria. A phantom, of which he could ascertain no form, no feature, no distinct outline, seemed again to shiver his senses, and unnerve his frame : vainly he strove to recollect it ; — vainly he cast his eyes around the wide and solitary chamber, feebly illuminated by a lamp : they presented him nothing but vacuity and gloom, and with disdain he perceived an unusual pulsation continue to beat through his veins. With the first beams of the sun he arose, and descended. His host, with a smiling countenance, already attended his coming : and as they walked together on the ramparts of the castle, the dreams of weakness and superstition fled before the gallant themes that engrossed them ; while the soft breath of morning, the bright sparkling of the dew, and the song of the birds, combined to call forth every energy of mind and constitution.

The character of the lord of St. Aubert, sprightly, bold, and ardent, embellished by the acquirements of society, and enlivened by its enjoyments, contrasted with the unassuming and simple dignity of Lothaire, produced an effect that was altogether new, and gratifying to both. Familiar with courts, as well as camps, St. Aubert spoke with energy and information upon either. Lothaire listened with in-

terest; nor was it till the moments of confidence and enthusiasm were past, that he perceived he had inadvertently intrusted to his host some of those secrets which the prudence of his prince had recommended to the sanctuary of his own bosom. Aware of indiscretion, though fearless of any ill effects from it, save that of being urged to further communication, he now prepared for his departure: but St. Aubert, who seemed to have found in his young guest that charm which original and simple manners ever diffuse, so strenuously urged his stay, that he found himself, for the first time, entangled by courtesies he was yet too young in life boldly to reject; and, if to reject them had been in his will, yet was it not in his power to deny the arguments by which they were enforced. But though it was true that hardships and fatigue had made some alteration in his person, he felt a secret confusion on recollecting that the rose of health had faded less from the actual sufferings he had encountered, than from the pressure of a silent and superstitious weight within.

“The repose to which you invite me,” said he thoughtfully, and after a pause, “I might, perhaps, be tempted to indulge in—could I find it.” The Baron stopped, and looked earnestly at him.

“Your surprise is just,” continued Lothaire with the same unaffected candour. “You will, perhaps, mingle with it somewhat of that contempt which arises in my own bosom, when I add, that the soldier of his king, though fearless in the field, is yet a coward in his dreams.” He then related the extraordinary impression which his fancy had received from the vision of the preceding night, and his fruitless efforts to ascertain its nature.

St. Aubert, whose curiosity had been awakened by the opening of his discourse, listened to its conclusion with a smiling and incredulous air.

“An accidental malady of constitution!” said he as it finished.—“Fancies like these, brave Lothaire, engendered by much thinking and fatigue, good cheer and ease alone can remedy.”

“On the effects of fatigue,” said Lothaire, “I will not pronounce: but, trust me, this supernatural visitation (for

such I cannot but term it) has no connection with previous thought ; and I will frankly own that the internal conviction of my soul denies it to be chance. Once, and once only, in a cavern of Calabria ——” He stopped ; for St. Aubert, who, while earnestly listening, had walked too near the edge of the rampart, was seized with dizziness ; and, but for the timely assistance of his companion, would suddenly have plunged over the low parapet, perhaps into eternity. Lothaire abruptly seized him by the arm, and perceiving, by the paleness of his countenance, that he was extremely ill, signed to a sentinel, who instantly quitted his post to give assistance to his lord. The temporary malady was soon subdued. The pleasures of the table once more invited ; and Lothaire was not proof against solicitation, enforced by raillery, that piqued at once his courage and his pride. The recital he was about to make remained unfinished ; and the rest of the day was passed in a festivity that was yet only preparatory to that of the evening ; when the gaily illuminated rooms, the superb banquet, and the sprightly band, were again called in, as auxiliaries to pleasure. Lothaire, however, no longer beheld them as such. In the countenance of St. Aubert he thought he discerned something watchful and sinister. While reposing in the bosom of luxury, he treated the ministers of his amusement with the fierceness and petulance of a man who is ill at peace with himself. The domestics, on their part, had an air of servility and constraint. The eyes of one of them, like those of a picture, were constantly upon Lothaire ; and the latter became convinced, from all he observed, that it is possible to bask in the full blaze of prosperity without receiving warmth from the ray.

While plunged, he hardly knew why, in a train of *sombre* and unpleasant recollections, the hours wore fast away, and he retired, as before, to his spacious and princely chamber ; where, banishing every idea that should impede his rest, he threw himself into bed—again to start from it with horror and aversion. Instinctively, as before in the cavern, he grasped his poniard with a recollection of some confused sound, that jarred upon his ear, and seemed to die away with his awakening faculties. The night had

been rough and stormy ; and, as the lamp swayed with the blast, its wavering and uncertain blaze gave temporary light and animation to the figures wrought on the tapestry. He fixed his eyes earnestly upon them, and smiled on finding he could almost persuade himself they moved. While continuing to pause and meditate, he heard the tinkling of a bell, as it was borne strongly to him upon the wind ; and, rising, perceived that, though the morning was gloomy and overcast, it was already the grey dawn. The bell he discerned to be that of the chapel belonging to the castle, which rang for the first mass ; and in the bosom of that Redeemer whose cause he served, Lothaire resolved to seek the firmness which no mortal effort seemed able to bestow.

Rising, he explored his way to a chapel dedicated to the Virgin. It was yet obscurely lighted by the growing beams of the morning, while the few old domestics whom devotion had collected were shivering in its raw and autumnal air. Lothaire threw himself at the foot of the altar, and silently invoked the Deity, either to illuminate his mind with some great and useful truth, or to banish from it the visions by which it was distempered.

He arose refreshed, invigorated, purified. Such is the sacred force of prayer !—The light was now clearer ; and curiosity directed his eyes round the chapel, which was magnificently decorated. They rested, with singular exultation, upon the spoils torn from the Infidels by the valour of the house of St. Aubert ; and while the image of his king and suffering fellow-soldiers pressed upon his memory, he did not immediately notice the monument those banners seemed to consecrate. It was of black marble.

The art of the sculptor had displayed itself in emblematical and warlike ornaments. The helm, the corslet, and the spear, curiously carved and intermingled, appeared grouped behind the half-recumbent shield, of which Lothaire drew near to examine the device :—

*“ Valiant and constant ! ”*

He started as though one had spoken to him from the grave ; and involuntarily casting his eyes towards heaven, the beams of the morning, at the same moment, broke full

upon them, through a rich window of stained glass above the tomb, where heraldry, yet in its infancy, was blended with the figures of saints and martyrs.—“Valiant and constant!” exclaimed he aloud, as the oft-repeated words appeared inscribed amidst the armorial bearings in various hues and in various directions.

“It was the chosen device of my late lord,” said a silver-headed domestic who stood near.

“He perished in the field?” cried Lothaire with a tone of eager inquiry.

“Alas, no! he was not so fortunate. He died of a fever.”

“Within the castle walls?”

“Beyond sea—in Italy. But, blessed be God! he wanted not succour. His kinsman, our present lord, and Bertram, both were with him.”

Lothaire grew pale; but the garrulous old man perceived it not. He continued to recount various marvellous tales with which his memory was stored, concerning the wars in Palestine, till the luckless hour when the two noble kinsmen, the Lord of St. Aubert, and Sir Hugh de Mercie, thrown by shipwreck on a barbarous coast, had traversed the greatest part of Italy, *concealing their arms under the habits of religieux*. “There,” added the old man, “hangs the trophy of our present lord: he offered it to our patron saint immediately on his return.”

“The armour is perfect,” said Lothaire, considering it — “save that I see no weapon.”

“My lord had none,” said a voice on the other side.

“No, surely, Bertram,” added the first speaker, “or, doubtless, he would have offered it with the rest.”

“Thy lord would, methinks, have found little security in his armour,” continued Lothaire, still musing, “without some instrument of defence.”

“He had a battle-axe,” said the same voice; “but it was lost as we journeyed through Calabria.”

Lothaire now started in despite of caution, and fixed his attention to the speaker: his eye told him it was the same man whose gaze before oppressed him. His other senses carried conviction to his heart that it was Bertram, and perhaps

a murderer. In throwing himself before the altar of the Supreme Being, he had at length, then, touched the point of truth ; since hardly could the immediate voice of Heaven have announced more forcibly the guilt of St. Aubert. Recollection, too, now told him that the man to whom, under the security of that favoured and gallant name, he had intrusted the secrets of his sovereign, by the appellation of Sir Hugh de Mercie, stood foremost in the list of suspected treason and disloyalty.

Slowly, and wrapped in thought, he returned to the castle. As he passed, the noise of workmen busied in repairs roused his attention. His eye silently rested on the scene — the height of the walls, the well-provided state of the ramparts, and the labour he saw evidently bestowed to render both perfect wherever time or accident had introduced decay, discovered at once, to his now enlightened judgment, a powerful vassal, more ready to dispute than to obey the mandate of his sovereign.

To dissemble was a science new to Lothaire : he strove, however, to smooth his brow, and calmly announced to his host the necessity of his immediate departure.

The courtesy of St. Aubert, not yet exhausted, however, furnished him with various and plausible reasons by which to urge a further stay. The country around, often pillaged by freebooters, who, during the absence of their monarch, acknowledged no law but violence, was now, he assured his guest, particularly dangerous.

“ Let us, then, devote this night,” added he, “ to mirth. Fear no ill dreams ! I will promise you a sweet and sound repose, and a guard, ere the morrow, that shall safely guide you to your journey's end.”

Lothaire became now sensible that he was taken in the toils ; and that to depart against the consent of his host was as difficult as to obtain it. Too late did he regret having so indiscreetly confided the important trust he was invested with ; and too evidently perceive he risked both that and life, if he betrayed the smallest suspicion.

Secretly resolving to quit the castle at the hour of morning prayer, as one in which his steps were unobserved, he consented to pass a third night within its hateful walls.



Night came ; but brought with it no inclination to sleep. Disposed to find food for observation in every thing that presented itself, his eyes wandered, as he passed the gallery that led to his apartment, over the various portraits with which it was enriched. He stopped opposite a full length of the Lord of St. Aubert ; but it was that next it which chiefly engaged his attention. He suspected it to be his kinsman, and found, on inquiry, that he was not mistaken. After long pausing on the features, he retired to his chamber, where, considering the bed, he found in himself an invincible repugnance to encounter again those feverish chimeras that had disturbed him. Thoughtfully he continued to walk about the room, though it was already late, till the most profound silence reigned throughout the castle. The very winds, which the night before had been so stormy, were sunk to stillness. All nature appeared to repose in the lap of midnight. Lulled by her influence, he had thrown himself into a chair, and the first dews of a beginning slumber were stealing over his senses.

“ *Lothaire !* ” said a piercing voice not far distant. Sleep fled before the sound. He raised his eyes ; and, exactly opposite to him, not many yards removed, once more beheld the buried monk.

“ Speak once again ! ” said the intrepid Lothaire, starting forward.

The phantom spoke not, however ; but seemed slowly to retreat towards the extremity of the chamber, while, by a gentle motion of its head, the cowl fell backwards ; and Lothaire perceived a countenance similar to that which he had seen in the picture, save that it was *very* pale, and “ its bright hair dabbled in blood \* : ” a groan at the same moment burst from the corner of the apartment ; and Bertram, rushing from behind the tapestry, white with horror, and his eyes starting from their sockets, was at the feet of Lothaire.

“ What brought thee hither ? and of what art thou afraid ? ” said the latter, grasping him firmly with one hand, while his dagger was suspended over him with the

\* Shakspeare.

other, and his looks earnestly, though incredulously, directed to the spot where the phantom had vanished.

“Do not *you* see him, then?” said Bertram, without venturing to look up.

“See whom?” repeated Lothaire.

“St. Aubert — my lord — my murdered lord!” again incoherently cried Bertram. “These were his apartments! — Oh God! I shall never forget him! — It was at the very moment when I was stepping forth to point my dagger at your throat — Doubtless you saw him before — *for you started in the same manner last night!*”

“Thou wert present, then, in the cave of Calabria?” said Lothaire, recollecting himself.

“Too surely I was,” returned Bertram; “and so were God and his angels, or you would never have known it. All the reparation, however, I can make, I will. Your life is not safe here an hour, nor can you quit the castle without my aid. My lord knows that you bear about you papers of importance, which I was to have rifled from your bosom. He is aware that you will impeach him. He even suspects you of knowing all — though *how* he is at a loss to guess. You have here,” he added, offering a small, but exquisitely tempered poinard, “my only weapon. Blessed be Heaven, it is not in your heart! But as you would shun destruction, fly ere it is daylight!”

Lothaire felt that the moment was critical. Taking, therefore, from his bosom a crucifix of peculiar sanctity which he had brought with him out of Egypt, he extorted from Bertram a hasty oath of fidelity; after which, trusting to Heaven, and his own native valour, he prepared to follow him.

His guide proved faithful; and, after winding through many obscure and subterraneous passages, they at length emerged to starlight and the open country.

Retracing, with rapid step, the path he had trod when advancing to the castle, he was soon several miles from it. Already he beheld the wood where he had reposed with his supernatural conductor; and the east, already flaming with the approach of the sun, looked red through the broad branches of the oak, at the foot of which he had interred

the skeleton. Riveting his eyes upon it, and immersed in thought, Lothaire became insensible to every other recollection, when Bertram, who, as day advanced, had continued to look with increasing anxiety behind, suddenly exclaimed "that they were pursued." Lothaire paused to listen. Footsteps and voices struck at once upon his ear; and ere he had leisure to consider whence they might proceed, he found that he was deserted; for his companion, treacherous or cowardly, plunged into the wood, and was in a moment lost within its shades.

But Lothaire was not alone. Faith, innocence, and valour, at once asserted all their energies within him; and, grasping his poniard, he stood firm to abide the event.

The domestics of St. Aubert, who were now in full sight, paused as they beheld the countenance and attitude of the young man. But their zeal was presently enlivened, when their lord himself, advancing, reproached their tardy obedience, and commanded them to lay hands upon Lothaire.

"Ere you obey the mandate of a despot," said the latter, motioning them from him, "beware, my friends, of the event! You perceive I wear a dagger that may prove dangerous; but I have yet a surer and more inviolable guard than that. Which of you," he added, stripping away his upper garment, and displaying the badge of knighthood upon his shoulder, "which of you will dare to injure the champion of the cross?"\*

"Rather say, the traitor who violates the rites of hospitality," said St. Aubert fiercely; "he who, conscious of guilt, meanly flies from the roof that has sheltered him."

"That I fled from *thy* roof to avoid assassination, is most true," said Lothaire calmly. "Happy would it have been if all on whom thou hast smiled with deceitful regard had been equally cautious. My *flight*, however, I presume thou wilt not term a crime—and of what other am I accused?"

"It is sufficient that I know thy guilt," replied St. Aubert, "and my vassals know my pleasure. If," added he,

\* It was thus worn by the knights crusaders.

turning to the latter, whose countenances he perceived did not yield a ready assent to this decision—"if, on examining, ye find not that he bears, concealed in his garments, papers with which my confidence too readily intrusted him, and that touch the honour and fortunes of my house, I consent that he shall depart unmolested."

Lothaire at once perceived the snare into which his own indiscretion had betrayed him; and that St. Aubert, who well knew how to calculate the ignorance of his vassals, would, by a master-stroke, possess himself of the most confidential mandates of the King, while the mere sight of them, confirming his assertion, would enable him to impose on the credulous vulgar any fiction by which he might be empowered to sacrifice the bearer. The perplexity that struck upon his mind became instantly visible in his countenance. The momentary change was mistaken for that of guilt; and those who before had favoured him, now prepared to strike the weapon from his hand.

"Let him be secured," said St. Aubert, who exultingly watched the moment of success; "and take from him papers whose import ought only to be known to myself."

Lothaire, with the most determined presence of mind, again stepped back.

"That which it most imports thee to know," said he, mysteriously, "I have buried at the foot of yonder oak. See you not, my friends," he added, pointing towards it, "that the earth has been newly turned?—Dig boldly, and I will abide by the event."

They waited no second mandate; but, impressed with the idea of some important discovery, each strove who should be foremost to show his alacrity. St. Aubert, meantime, who, though he expected not any fruit from their labour, had no ostensible motive for forbidding it, gazed on the spot with a sullen expression of disdain and incredulity; when suddenly the whole group fell back, and the criminal himself, thunderstruck with what he beheld, sunk pale and speechless into the arms of those nearest.

"Lord of St. Aubert!" said Lothaire, in a voice of thunder; "beneath that sacred garment thou seest the bones of thy kinsman and thy friend! Lay thine hand upon

them, if thou darest, and swear, by every hope of salvation, that thou wert not his murderer !”

St. Aubert shrunk back — and as he fearfully raised his eyes to scan the impression of the scene on the bystanders, they encountered those of Bertram, whom his own servants had met with, and secured. The haggard, pale, and downcast look of the latter at once assured him that all was avowed.

In the tumult of his soul he advanced a few steps towards the skeleton ; but when he would have touched it, nature prevailed, and he shrunk back.

“ By what other test, than the hideous one thou hast proposed,” said he, shuddering, “ shall I assert my innocence ? ”

Lothaire was young in arms, and burnt to signalise himself.

“ Swear to me,” said he, after a pause, “ upon the faith of a soldier and a knight, to abide my charge before our queen, in single combat. Let thy vassals be witness to the oath ; and be they free to renounce or do thee wrong by night or day, in castle or in field, if thou neglect or violate thy plighted faith.”

“ *I swear!*” said St. Aubert, reluctantly, and not without indignation.

“ Enough !” said Lothaire ; “ to God and my own right arm I trust the rest !”

The Baron, who had with difficulty kept awake so long over the extravagant story he had been reading, and who was already apprised of the event of a combat, which transferred to Lothaire the titles and honours of the vanquished St. Aubert, now found his curiosity yield to the lateness of the hour. He paused — leaned back in his easy chair — took a pinch of snuff, and determined to indulge himself with ruminating for a few moments. They were very few : for his eyes insensibly closed ; he relaxed his hold — the manuscript dropped from his hand — and he fell into a profound sleep, from which he was roused — not by a ghost — but by a plump friar of the convent.

## THE YOUNG LADY'S TALE.

### THE TWO EMILYS.

Unaw'd by piety, those, led by will,  
 Who boldly dare retaliate ill for ill,  
 Too late in bitterness of soul shall own,  
 Judgment and vengeance are with God alone.

SIR EDWARD ARDEN was the chief surviving branch of an Irish family of that name, lineally distinguished for birth, and through many generations very highly allied. He had early married a Scots lady, who ranked kings among her ancestors; and her prejudices had confirmed his own in favour of the rights of the expelled house of Stuart. Perhaps in this opinion he only indirectly flattered the pride that told him his children might hope much, did a monarch reign to whom they could claim affinity. Pride has been justly ranked among the first of human foibles; but it has one advantage over the rest — it is generally single in the mind. A proud man demands so much of himself, that if his heart is not the seat of virtue, it must be from his reckoning among his wants, understanding. Sir Edward Arden had no other failing than pride: with bounded means he often contrived to be munificent; and with many immediate claims on his feelings, he had yet a stock of sympathy ever ready for the unfortunate. Not doubting that he should meet a counterpart in his sister, Lady Lettingham, whom he had not seen for many years, he set out for England in the year 1744, with two children, whom the preceding summer had left motherless; resolving to commit these treasures to the care of his sister, and follow the fortunes of Charles Stuart.

Lady Lettingham was not without her brother's failing;

though pride in her took not the rich colouring of virtue. Distinguished for beauty, she had early married advantageously, and passed her whole life within the chilling circle of a court. The great satisfaction she expressed at finding her little nephew and niece exquisitely handsome, was soon lost when she understood from their father they were to become her charge, and that he was going to embark in a desperate scheme, the event of which every courtier prognosticated, while the prospect filled them all with horror. The arguments used by Lady Lettingham to detain her brother were so ill calculated to act upon a high and generous spirit, that he only lamented he had exposed himself to hearing them, or sought for his children a guardian so worldly and narrow-minded. The two, inexpressibly dear to him, were yet, however, but children; and he thought that he should certainly return soon enough to prevent their being contaminated greatly, either by their aunt's precepts or example. Finding every effort to change Sir Edward's resolution ineffectual, Lady Lettingham exacted one compliance, which even her brother thought not unwise — to assume the family name of his wife, in taking up arms, that his own might be saved from disgrace, if he failed. Having acceded to this, Sir Edward took a long leave of all dear to him, — for he was among the butchered prisoners, after the battle of Culloden.

Lady Lettingham consoled herself with thinking that the evil ended there. She wore no mourning, paid her devoirs to the triumphant duke, and ere long got her young nephew recommended to his protection; whose innocent little hand took, from that stained with the blood of his father, a commission. Her beauty yet gave Lady Lettingham influence; and a nobleman, distinguished for his wit, politeness, and general acceptance, undertook to give the young Sir Edward Arden some of those diabolical worldly precepts which he perpetuated in his letters to his son.

Lady Lettingham having thus, to her own admiration, acquitted herself of the promise to her brother, in taking care of his son, now turned her attention towards his daughter. Nature had been lavish to the young lady of the dangerous grace of beauty; and her aunt well knew

that if the mind could be trained in a certain manner, that might procure the possessor every other advantage. She had once been near supplanting the Countess of Yarmouth herself; and there would be more kings, as well as more favourites. Anxiously did she practise on a most delicate complexion by delicate cosmetics; anxiously form to every fantastic twist of fashion Miss Arden's rich profusion of auburn hair: now would she sodden, by chicken gloves, to an insipid whiteness, those hands teinted within by the bounty of nature, with the hues of the rose and the hyacinth; and now check the agile grace of youth, that the drawing-room step, and haughty bend, might early become habit, and a due consideration of the rank of the person spoken to, be always taken into view in the civilities of salutation. All this was, however, duly effected to Lady Lettingham's great satisfaction; and Miss Arden, at the age of fifteen, was as cold-hearted, supercilious, and ignorant, as even her aunt herself. But she had beauty, manner, fashion; and universal admiration sunk on her admirers all her intellectual deficiencies.

Thus to have formed her niece could alone console Lady Lettingham for the misery her nephew brought upon her. He had, most unluckily, his father's failing, pride; therefore knew not how to accept a favour, far less to sue for one. He had another failing, equally incompatible with success in life, — sincerity. To add to his aunt's affliction, he had warm passions, and gave a boundless loose to them. Hardly less lovely in person than his sister, he was surrounded with rich young women, among whom he might have commanded his own fortune, had he not been for ever raving over a dice-box, or masquerading with some kept mistress. Want of money, which makes so many men villains, alone made Sir Edward Arden rational or good. The generous spirit of his father would then revive in him; and he disdained to be lavish at the expense of other people.

The beauty of Miss Arden soon drew to her aunt's house the amorous, the gay, the dissipated. Lady Lettingham played well, and high; nay, it was thought that she thus half supported her splendid establishment. Those



who knew this, chose to purchase the honour of flirting with the beautiful Miss Arden, by a sacrifice of their superfluous cash ; while spendthrifts, new to life, imputed those immense losses to love which they should rather have ascribed to ignorance.

The race of life, however, in the higher circles, is soon run : bounded minds, like sickly appetites, are subject to satiety ; and it is not so necessary the object or the dish should be superior to the former, as new. Miss Arden with astonishment saw one train of lovers disappear ; but another succeeded, and her astonishment was forgotten. Lady Lettingham found such a harvest in the attraction of her niece, that she was in no hurry to dispose of her ; and it was not till Miss Arden found herself a deposed toast, that she ever guessed her sovereignty was doubted. Disappointment embittered a mind not without pride, though without any power to turn that to a generous use. In this frightful conjuncture she cast her eyes upon the few admirers who had not yet deserted, to see if among them she could choose a husband that might save her vanity—her heart she had never thought it necessary to consult. But now her condescension was not less fatal to her views than her insolence had been. The man who understood that the proud fair one meant at last to marry him, found so many reasons to avoid the chain, that Miss Arden soon saw herself without a lover. To be a departed beauty at twenty-one was beyond all endurance. She arraigned her aunt for bringing her out a mere child—the men for liking the mere children better that had come out since—and the whole world for not doing justice to her charms. Taste still was hers ; and that, happily displayed, might have the effect of novelty. Milliners were worn out ; mantua-makers' brains racked ; but, however singular—however elegant—the Arden robe, the Arden bonnet, no more became the rage ; and Miss Arden was obliged to be overlooked, or to follow the whim of some other miss, who had no advantage over her but that of not having yet satiated the public eye.

Her mother's prayer-book continually reminded Miss Arden she was only twenty-four, when, in the world of beauty and fashion, she saw too clearly that she had be-

come a dead letter. If a young country baronet presumed at an assembly to use his own eyes, and cry out that there was not a woman so handsome as Miss Arden present, the opera-glass of *ton* was instantly levelled—"Ah, Miss Arden! poor Miss Arden! yes, she *has* been handsome. I *remember* her a toast." The stranger stood corrected, and often was ashamed to have given a judgment in which no man of his own age concurred.

Life is not life on terms like these to an acknowledged beauty; and Miss Arden was considering how to change her sphere of action, when the death of Lady Lettingham ascertained her fate. The high style of that lady's establishment made her debts exceed all the property she left behind; and the beautiful Miss Arden suddenly found herself without a lover, a friend, a fortune, or a home.

Sir Edward Arden, on whom, in the helplessness of an unformed mind, his sister threw herself, felt now, even to the extent, the evils of thoughtlessness and self-indulgence. The little fortune he had inherited was already mortgaged—the beauty he eminently possessed already faded—the friends mere kindness might have secured to him, offended by his excesses, or chilled by his neglect, were all withdrawn; and he had now to support and guard a young woman, spoiled by the idolatry of that world by which she was already forgotten; and without one resource in her own mind against its insults or its evils.

It is among the many advantages men possess over women, that they may, if they will, know themselves; and perhaps to that alone may be ascribed their superiority of judgment in all the great contingencies of life. Women breathe, as it were, in an artificial atmosphere; and what hothouse rose can bear without shrinking even those genial gales that bring the garden plants to perfection? Yet, let not the men, therefore, impute to themselves the power of escaping the universal charm of flattery;—on the contrary, from its very novelty, it has, in some instances, such a wonderful effect, that a well-imagined, or well-timed compliment from a lady, has, perhaps, ere now, deposed a king, or made one.

During a country visit to a lady, whom Sir Edward Ar-

den prevailed on to invite his sister while she mourned for her aunt, it occurred to them all, that India was a soil rich in wealth, and as yet unpeopled with beauties; where a young woman, with merely a tolerable person and reputable introduction, seldom failed to make her fortune. What then might not the highly born, highly bred, beautiful Miss Arden promise herself? The Governor, who was soon to depart for that country, was among those Sir Edward termed his *friends*. Mr. Selwyn had already brought home an immense fortune from the East, and was now to return in a high style. Several ladies availed themselves of his patronage and protection, and were to partake his accommodations; but to Miss Arden all gave way: and as Governor Selwyn always presented her his arm, and the first place, she found, even in her humiliating voyage, a consequence, that gratified a mind at once arrogant and weak.

Governor Selwyn was a man not less favoured by fortune than slighted by nature. He was more than ordinary — disgusting. Courage and cunning had, at his outset in life, supplied the place of virtue and fortitude: he therefore had brought back to England rank, wealth, reputation. He lived for some years magnificently; not because he was generous, but luxurious; and he speculated in the Alley only to multiply those riches which already were more than he ought to have possessed, or knew how to enjoy. The consequence is obvious. A single error undid him. His substantial wealth vanished, but the shadow still remained; and, to impose on his own circle, he even increased that expensive establishment which he had no just means of maintaining. But Governor Selwyn had already lived long enough to know, that the only way to get money is not to appear to want it. He now assured his circle that all things in the East were going to ruin for want of him; and that he could no longer resist the kind urgency, and splendid offers of his friends, to take once more upon him the irksome office, which he thought he had given up for life. A word was sufficient to make the first tradesmen in London wait on him for orders; and the Governor embarked in all the pomp of Eastern luxury, and surrounded with fair Europeans.

Miss Arden was so naturally beautiful and elegant, and so anxious ever to appear to advantage, that the Governor, having trifled in secret with two or three pretty light coquettes, who laughed at his ugly face and his superannuated gallantry, now resolved to devote himself to this lofty charmer. He already knew she had no other aim than the other misses—to make her fortune; and that she would value him but as she thought that might be ascertained by his means; yet still he devoted himself to her. He was certain she was ignorant of the change in his circumstances; and he had cheated his own sex so often, that it appeared a mere amusement to cheat a woman. Miss Arden listened to his gallantry like a well-bred lady who knew exactly how to estimate it. He soon saw, that a rich or handsome rival might step in, and at least puzzle her choice. He therefore became more passionate, more importunate; and that no doubt, on the important subject of fortune, might make her hesitate, he offered to sign a deed, obliging himself to settle the whole of his, on her and her heirs. Miss Arden paused. This was the best offer she had had for a length of time. The Governor might always interfere with her views, if rejected. She could have no more than *all* of any man's fortune. She forgot he was old and ugly, in the remembrance that he was rich: and having allowed him to make a will, as the most secure and simple method of ensuring to her his property, Miss Arden yielded; and the ship's chaplain married her to Governor Selwyn. As each suppressed their motives in the match, love and reason could hardly have given to matrimony more apparent happiness: but, alas! all our enjoyments are uncertain, and this was fleeting,—Governor Selwyn died almost immediately on reaching land. His disconsolate relict forgot neither the forms of her situation, nor its rights; but great was her mortification and amazement, when she found herself little richer than at her embarkation. She, however, adroitly availed herself of the example by which she had been duped. The fame of possessing a large fortune is almost equal to the possession of it, if the feelings are not nice. Governor Selwyn was embalmed in great state; and his lovely widow again set sail for England, with

all his train of black slaves, Indian canopies, gold services, and magnificent china.

Sir Edward Arden had procured his widowed sister a sumptuous dwelling ; and she celebrated the obsequies of her " dear generous Governor " with a grandeur that drew all eyes upon her. — " Ah ! how lovely is Mrs. Selwyn in her weeds ! " cried those who could not recollect Miss Arden in her simple mourning for Lady Lettingham. Her doors were besieged, and when etiquette allowed her to open them, lovely, lovely, Mrs. Selwyn was again the *ton*. Again her name appeared in the newspaper — again her face was at every print-shop : and all the world bowed at the feet of the rich widow.

But Mrs. Selwyn now knew the world in all its ways ; and had no time to lose in fixing some man of rank and fortune yet unversed in them. In her parties sometimes appeared the young Duke of Aberdeen. Through the avarice and partiality of his father, he had lived till near eight-and-twenty with little more information or acceptance than his steward ; when a surfeit, taken at a public feast, carried both his father and elder brother out of the world, leaving him sole master of a large fortune, and distinguished by high rank. He rolled up to London immediately, with that prodigal splendour incidental to persons suddenly enriched ; and then had good sense enough to perceive that he wanted every thing but money to qualify him for superior society. The elegant manners of Sir Edward Arden struck him. The beauty of his sister seized on his fancy. Hardly able from *mauvaise honte* to reply to her graceful address to him, the Duke yet adored her for the very ease he wanted : and Mrs. Selwyn was in possession of the Duke of Aberdeen's heart, ere the younger coquettes had woven the light chains by which they meant to enthrall it. Mrs. Selwyn soon saw her power in the constant visits of the Duke, and the increasing awkwardness of his address ; but the great advantages of such a match made her readily overlook the little defects of his mien.

Time, however, showed her, that this unformed Duke had not only strong passions, but strong sense ; and, however easy it might be to bias the first to her purpose, to act

on the last required most refined address. She therefore grew more reserved in her conversation, though more impassioned in her manner. Whenever marriage was hinted at, she sunk into a tender reverie ; and sometimes on raising her eyes, the Duke saw those fine eyes flooded with tears. The indistinct alarm such a conduct caused increased his affection. He importuned her to confide to him the care that preyed on her peace, and blighted the happiness which she allowed him to hope for. Having wrung from her a promise of revealing the secret, the lover engaged to come to her house the next evening, when the door should be closed on all but himself. The Duke felt, in this flattering distinction, a full assurance of success, and passed the interval in revolving every possible cause for the distress of his beautiful widow, without once dreaming of the real one.

Mrs. Selwyn saw her fortune now at the point of a moment ; and omitted no art of the toilette to improve her natural beauty. Her apartment was scented with the rich odours of the East ; gauze shades softened every light ; a gold muslin robe was girt to her graceful waist with a purple sash, and fell in the luxurious drapery of a Circassian slave : while her heart, throbbing now with hope, and now with fear, gave to her character what it naturally most wanted — sensibility and interest. The Duke of Aberdeen, unused to the world, and to women, felt a strange and exquisite delight, when mysteriously conducted to such a Mahometan paradise. No sooner were they alone, than, falling at her feet, he implored her full, her promised confidence. She now entreated his pardon for having given him reason to expect it, but felt herself so utterly unable to avow a circumstance which might rob her for ever of him, that she in vain resolved to be sincere. The anxious lover found fear wrought up to agony : his conjectures over-did the reality, as she meant they should do : in fine, in learning that Mrs. Selwyn had nothing to give him but her heart and her hand, the Duke felt a transport so great, that all the factitious part of her conduct and character at once disappeared. A special licence was obtained the next day ; and Sir Edward Arden was summoned to give the hand of

his sister to the Duke of Aberdeen. The bride had influence enough over her husband to prevail on him to keep her secret: and his fortune was too ample to render the payment of her debts a matter of any consequence.

Elevated almost beyond hope, the Duchess of Aberdeen had now only one wish to gratify, — it was to mortify by her magnificence, overbear by her rank, and humble by her beauty, the whole circle with whom she had once mixed. But the Duke had no taste for this kind of gratification; and to indulge the passion she had inspired, entreated her to retire to his seat in Scotland, in terms so strong, that she knew not how to avoid complying. Her brother took occasion to point out to her the necessity of showing her gratitude and affection to the Duke, by other means than a perpetual self-indulgence. To rid herself of a Mentor, and weary her husband of his own plan, the Duchess at length consented to set out, with a magnificent suite, for her banishment. That her spleen, however, might have an object, when it overpowered her resolutions, the Duchess carried with her an humble cousin, of the name of Archer, who was thrown by family derangements on the bounty of Sir Edward and his sister. Miss Archer had the singular advantage of engaging the regard of all who knew her; and for a very simple reason — neither nature nor fortune permitted her to rival any body. Her features had every disadvantage of ugliness, but that of being remarkable; her figure was small, her articulation imperfect. Accomplishments would have been unnoticed in Miss Archer, and she had good sense enough to forbear displaying those which she indulged herself in acquiring. She had, however, a mind strong by nature, and improved by literature; a just and refined taste, and a sweetness of temper few women can boast. These advantages are of so little estimation in polished society, that Miss Archer reached five-and-twenty without having had it in her power to gratify any passion, in either accepting or rejecting a lover. She had, too, the additional vexation of being always a selected person to assist at the nuptials of her young friends; and the universal confidante of other people's love-affairs and griefs, because she had none of her own to burden them with in

return, and showed patient sweetness in hearing, as well as advising. Such a friend might have been the first of blessings to the Duchess of Aberdeen, had she sought by rational means rational happiness: but no sooner was that lady convinced that the Duke's magnificent domains contained not one person worth either charming or fretting, than she sunk into *ennui*. Even her beauty no longer was her care; and when the Duke insinuated any displeasure at her utter neglect of herself, and him, she petulantly asked him, "If he would have her dress for the owls and the daws;" adding, "that if he meant to see her what she used to be, he must let her mix again with those she was used to mix with." Miss Archer's advice she treated with superlative contempt; and the Duke of Aberdeen soon painfully felt that his heart was already thrown back on his hands.

In the friendship of Sir Edward Arden, both yet found a solid good, and an equal satisfaction. The generous assistance of the Duke had enabled the Baronet to visit his native country, and pay off a mortgage on his patrimony, without which it would have been added to the estates of the Bellarney family. The Earl being lately dead, his vast fortunes were vested in his only child and heiress, Lady Emily Fitzallen; who was now first brought out at the Castle, and the beauty of the day. Sir Edward Arden saw her there, and was not himself unseen. Beauty, symmetry, polished manners, and a most winning address, made him a universal favourite among the ladies; and the gentle Lady Emily amply repaid him for the admiration he gave her. The old Countess of Bellarney was unwilling to give up a mortgage so very advantageous, as that of Sir Edward's patrimony. Many conferences ensued, at which Lady Emily was sometimes obliged to be present; at length the Countess, to her infinite surprise, far from keeping Sir Edward's estate, understood that Lady Emily was ready to bestow on him all those she inherited. The old lady's consent was unwillingly wrung from her; and Sir Edward suddenly found himself possessed of a most lovely and tender bride, with half a principality as her fortune. Time had corrected his love of dissipation, and every other foible,



which bounded circumstances, and boundless wishes, had produced in him, during the early period of youth : and his high spirit, glowing heart, and refined character, so completely endeared him in a few months to Lady Bellarney, as well as to her daughter, that his will became no less a law with one than the other.

Sir Edward constantly corresponded with the Duke ; and, in the description of his domestic felicity, sharpened the pang of disappointment in his brother-in-law's heart. Yet in the hope of an heir the Duke found his affection revive ; and as Lady Emily gave Sir Edward the same prospect, it was gaily agreed between the husbands, that the lady who was first enough recovered to travel, should come to the other. The delicacy of Lady Emily's habit made her a severe sufferer for some months, when she became the mother of a sweet little girl. Great was the delight of Lady Emily ; but, alas ! brief. A cold taken by quitting her room too early, to visit the Countess, who was seriously indisposed, brought on a fever, so delicate a subject could not struggle through ; and the distracted Sir Edward lost at nineteen the idol of his soul. So acute was his grief, that his health severely suffered. The scene of such exquisite felicity became odious to him ; he assisted with the old Countess at the baptism of his daughter, called her by the beloved name of Emily, and bathing her with tears, committed her, with all her vast fortune (for by the will of Lord Bellarney it was so to descend) to the charge of her grandmother, and resolved to seek, in the society of his sister and the Duke, for the peace which he despaired even with them to find.

And well might he despair ; for peace was already wholly banished from the seat of the Duke of Aberdeen. Born to love and hate with vehemence, that nobleman no sooner found that his wife took no pleasure in exciting the first passion, than she exposed herself to become the object of the last. Yet the impassioned heart will have some object, and none was within reach of the duke but Miss Archer. She had no attraction save mind ; yet, in the tyranny of a beauty, that was first brought to light. The duke soon studied her convenience, soothed her wounded

pride, found her necessary to his happiness, and well knew how to make himself so to hers. Exquisitely susceptible of gratitude, Miss Archer perceived not the danger of indulging its emotions, nor how fine that fibre of the human heart is by which the passions communicate. Hers were all awakened by the Duke, who better knew how to calculate his own influence than she did. Honour, feeling, every right principle bade him spare the young woman who had no other good than the one which he might rob her of; but she loved him, she alone loved him; and, in giving her up, he destined himself to know only a chilling existence. He ventured, in a moment of loneliness, some mark of partiality; and surprised at a novelty like that of being beloved, a fearful kind of pleasure caused an exclamation from Miss Archer, but ill calculated to check a lover: the duke felt his power, and soon won her. The bitterness of her remorse even in yielding, the excess of her tenderness, the reproaches she lavished on herself, and the anxiety with which she sought to keep alive in his heart even the passion she arraigned, all acted upon a strong character like the duke's, and bound him wholly to her.

Tired of the constraint both were under in the house with the Duchess, the Duke often importuned Miss Archer to quit it, for a hunting-lodge he had at a little distance, which by his orders was already elegantly fitted up for her; but the boundless passion she had for him made her rather endure all the humours of his wife, than lose that portion of his society, which she must give up, were she to accept this disgraceful, though safe, home. Yet the situation she soon found herself in showed her removal to be a measure she must ere long yield to.

The pregnancy of his wife caused a public joy, and that of Miss Archer a secret one, to the Duke. He passionately desired a son; and therefore, as far as possible, indulged the whims of the duchess, while soothing more tenderly her guilty rival. A delicacy of mind, which Miss Archer still cherished, made her anxiously conceal her situation; nor had the Duchess any suspicion of it, when one day, the dessert being on the table, the two ladies cast a longing look on a peach of singular beauty and size. Each at one

moment reached out a hand to take it ; but the Duchess, as the nearest, succeeded. Miss Archer struggled for a little while with her sense of disappointment, when, after changing colour many times, she fainted away. The exclamation of the Duke, his suddenly starting from his chair, his manner of caressing the guilty insensible, together with the enlargement of her person, on which the Duchess now fixed her eyes, in one moment unfolded to that weak and furious woman the whole truth. The frenzy of her passion could not be controlled ; she exhausted herself in reproaching her husband ; and, seeing her wretched cousin beginning to revive, reviled her in the most opprobrious terms. The only effect of this rage was to make the Duke throw aside all regard to decorum : he avowed the guilt she charged him with, but bade her find in her own violent and selfish temper his excuse ; and, soothing the unfortunate and silent Miss Archer, admonished his wife to imitate at least that part of her cousin's conduct. The Duchess, exasperated beyond all speech, threw herself into violent fits ; and the Duke, having ordered the servants to convey her to her own apartment, led Miss Archer to hers ; and leaving at the door several domestics, he charged them, at their peril, neither to admit the Duchess beyond that threshold, nor any of the family attending on her. He now went to visit his wife, who refused to see him ; and having given orders to her women no less carefully to guard her, he withdrew.

The weak and guilty Miss Archer, who had against her better judgment sacrificed her virtue, recovered from insensibility only to sink into despair. The Duke, on his return, finding her in its extremity, spared no effort to reconcile her to herself, and to those indignities and sufferings from which he could not save her. He solemnly vowed, that as soon as the Duchess should have given him an heir, he would separate for ever from her ; and in the interim her own safety should be assured by her going immediately to the lodge already prepared for her reception, whither he likewise meant to retire, till his wife should come to reason. The physician he had sent for now arrived ; and finding Miss Archer had strong symptoms of

premature labour, ordered her not to be removed. The Duke having repeated his injunctions concerning her being unmolested, mounted his horse, and rode to the lodge, to meditate more at leisure.

The Duchess of Aberdeen, having no complaint of the heart, was not long a sufferer. She no sooner understood that the Duke had quitted the house, than, notwithstanding her situation, she flew to Miss Archer's apartment, to thunder in her ears the flaming indignation she was yet bursting with. The servants posted at the door resolutely opposed her entrance; and after threats and solicitations, she was obliged to retreat. The suffering Miss Archer repeatedly sent humble letters and messages, expressed in the most penitent and moving terms, to her cousin; but these only added fuel to the fire. The Duchess exhausted language to compose her answers, without finding any words bitter enough to express her feelings.

It was at this trying crisis that the melancholy widower, Sir Edward Arden, landed from an Irish bark on the shores of Scotland, and rather chose to be his own harbinger, than have notice given of his approach. Confused and astonished at sight of a guest so unexpected, the servants, by their eyes, referred Sir Edward from one to another, when he enquired for the Duke. Wholly occupied with his late loss, and his own sufferings, the Baronet, upon seeing the strange confusion caused by his arrival, was struck with the idea that his sister had ended her days in the same miserable manner with his Emily, when he suddenly heard her voice in no very harmonious key. He flew to her arms, and remained long there (for he fondly loved her), lost in affliction and tears: those which she shed he for some time imputed only to sympathy for his recent calamity; but observing at length that they redoubled when he spoke of the Duke, and that her cheeks burnt with anger, he entreated her to confide her soul's inmost care to a brother who adored her. The haughty, imprudent Duchess gave way at once to all the frenzy of her jealousy: she related the past scene with every aggravation which her fancy suggested, while all the faulty part of her own conduct was unmentioned.

Having shown Miss Archer in a light sufficiently odious to exasperate Sir Edward, the Duchess implored him to assert an authority which she had not; and first turning the Duke's servants from the door of Miss Archer, then employ his own to expel her from the mansion, into which she had first brought guilt and misery; declaring this to be the only satisfaction which his interference could give her. Sir Edward felt even to the utmost the unworthy conduct of the Duke, and the representations of his sister; but his generous nature revolted at the idea of thus expelling a wretched woman, who might be more unfortunate than culpable; nor would he promise to be guilty of inhumanity, however worthless the object. After pausing, he required of his sister a little time to prepare his mind and regulate his conduct; then pressing her hand, assured her, that she might safely intrust her cause to his care, since he would either restore all her rights or revenge her.

Sir Edward walked out to ruminate on this singular *éclaircissement*, and form an eligible plan for quietly removing Miss Archer, as the primary step to reconciling the married people. By the account of the Duchess he in fact believed his cousin to be the sole aggressor, and of course the single object of punishment. The bark that brought him over was yet moored in a little creek; it was manned by some Irish fishermen, whom an extraordinary payment would easily persuade to go to France; and his valet might, by the same means, be won to take charge of Miss Archer, and lodge her in a convent where his interest and liberality, he was sure, would confine her. This appeared a safe and eligible plan, should the imprisoned lady adopt it voluntarily. Yet he could hope to win her compliance only by one method—the idea that it was the wish of the Duke, who had chosen this mode of removal, that he might avoid further exasperating his wife, or endangering her own safety.

Sir Edward had received many letters from the Duke, and he passed part of the night in counterfeiting his hand. At length he thought himself sufficiently successful to write a billet to Miss Archer. He informed her, that,

learning Sir Edward Arden was arrived, he was doubly unhappy about her safety : he advised her to escape ere his imperious sister should have enraged the Baronet by her story ; adding, that, to secure her from pursuit, he had sent a small vessel, with a woman to attend her. She had only to steal in the dusk of the evening alone to the garden gate, nearest the beach, where she would find that woman and a mariner waiting to conduct her to the bark. Early in the morning Sir Edward Arden confided his plan to his valet, who readily undertook to execute it ; when, having charged him to fix on some woman capable of assisting Miss Archer, should the pains of childbirth seize her, and who should be provided with every accommodation a person in expectation of them required, Sir Edward thought he had fully acquitted himself of the duties of humanity, as well as of his promise to his sister.

The frail Miss Archer had a little recovered, when the news of Sir Edward's arrival almost caused her to relapse. The quiet that succeeded lulled her into a false security ; and his letter, which was delivered to her in great secrecy, as from the Duke, seemed a comfort sent her by heaven itself. Without once reflecting on the improbability of the Duke's being awed by the arrival of any one into a mysterious underhand proceeding in his own house, Miss Archer waited impatiently for the appointed hour which was to enfranchise her. When that approached, she desired to pass the servants directed to protect, but who had no authority to imprison her ; and stealing through the garden, blessed the moment that put her into the power of those whom she found waiting for her. Sir Edward's valet sent him, at the moment the vessel set sail, the glad news of her having voluntarily, and unobserved, embarked. Sir Edward hastened to inform his sister, without speaking of his arrangements, that she had for ever got rid of her troublesome and formidable rival ; when the Duchess, subject to extremes, in a transport of gratified revenge fell into labour, and soon gave birth to a fine boy. This event caused a jubilee in the family : the servants vied who should fly first with the news to the Duke, and Miss Archer was in a single hour forgotten.

During the time he had been obliged to spend in solitude, the Duke had reviewed his past conduct ; and, even giving all the weight self-love could to the faults of his wife, he had not been able to acquit his own heart. Miss Archer, however tender her claim to compassion, escaped not her share of blame ; and not all his understanding could reconcile interests so opposite, or fix on the point of morality, without sacrificing feeling or honour. He had half resolved to abide by his duty, even though he should for ever renounce Miss Archer, when he was informed of Sir Edward's unforeseen and unwished arrival. In the expectation of a challenge, the Duke relinquished all idea of conceding to his wife ; and he found, with astonishment, a whole day passed away, without either brother or sister taking any step in which he was a party. This moderation on the part of Sir Edward, the Duke considered as a favourable omen ; when the amazing news, that Miss Archer had, by her own choice, withdrawn from his house, and that the Duchess had brought him an heir, at one moment reached him. Convinced that no force could have been used to Miss Archer, the Duke imputed her removal only to the good offices of his brother-in-law, and called for his horses, impatient to return home. He was, however, met on the way by Sir Edward, whose face conveyed to the Duke the tenor of the conversation he wished to hold with him. The servants retiring, Sir Edward haughtily inquired if he was returning to atone for the wrongs he had done his helpless wife. The Duke replied, that he considered the question as a challenge, and demanded his pistol. A word must have made them friends or foes, and to be the latter was thus their choice. They passed behind a thicket, and dismounting, the Duke stood the fire of Sir Edward ; then gallantly and firmly returned it. Sir Edward's second ball grazed the shoulder of his antagonist ; who, throwing down the remaining pistol undischarged, cried out, " You have had your revenge, Sir Edward ; and now, without attaching to myself an odious imputation, I may own I have erred. Forget that error, and let this embrace renew a friendship, that will, I hope, end only with our lives."

Who could resist so generous an enemy?—Sir Edward embraced the Duke, and felt that his sister must have been wrong, though he knew not how. The servants saw them return unhurt, and arm in arm, with a joy they dared not express, and knew not how to dissemble. Sir Edward desired permission to hasten on; and prepare his sister to receive her husband. With infinite tenderness he imparted to her the whole proceeding; assuring her, that if he had the least knowledge of the human heart, gentleness and affection would for ever bind the Duke. If, therefore, she prized her present or future happiness, she would never recall the idea of Miss Archer for one moment to his mind; but by cherishing his tenderness towards herself and child, strive to make that unfortunate woman forgotten.

The Duchess's present situation had subdued her turbulent passions. She thanked her brother affectionately for his counsel, which she promised to follow. Sir Edward now conducted the Duke to her bedside, and left them together. The Duchess never looked more lovely than in the maternal character, and she was quite the mother. She held out one hand to her husband, and, with the other, pointed to the fine babe who lay sleeping beside her. A thousand tender and hitherto unknown sensations rushed through the frame of the Duke. He sank on his knees, and now kissing the hand of his wife, and now the infant, entreated her to pardon, and rely on him. Tears were the general conciliators; and, from this time, the Duke and Duchess of Aberdeen began mutually to concede, and live well together. Sir Edward enjoyed the happiness he had made, and gave his own name to the young Marquis of Lenox, whose baptism was celebrated with princely magnificence.

The Duke, from time to time, vainly hoped Sir Edward would impart to him the retreat of Miss Archer; but, as her name never escaped his brother's lips, the Duke determined to rely on his honour, in having properly provided for her, and to show his sense of the generosity by silence. Sir Edward himself was not so easy. The time that had elapsed ought to have brought back his valet, yet he came not. He wrote to France—Miss Archer had not been



heard of:—he then had inquiries made for the fishermen, and their bark, at Bellarney; but they had never returned; and Sir Edward, after many investigations, was obliged to conclude that the unfortunate woman, whose destiny he had ventured to decide, had found in the ocean a premature grave, together with the infant she was on the point of bringing into the world. Melancholy was so much the habit of his life since the death of Lady Emily, that even this gloomy impression added little to it. Time—the good consequences resulting from the sending away Miss Archer—and other contingencies, at length wore from Sir Edward's mind the painful recollection of her sad and untimely fate.

The limited understanding and advanced age of Lady Bellarney, together with the infancy of his daughter, made Ireland a cheerless and unpleasant residence to Sir Edward. Both the Duke and his sister delighted in his society; and, save those periodical visits to his Emily, which the tender remembrance of her mother exacted from Sir Edward, he passed many years with relatives so beloved. The little Marquis, growing thus under the eye of his uncle, became his dearest care, and almost the sole object of his affection. Delighting to instruct the lovely boy, Sir Edward made the office of preceptor almost a sinecure to the gentleman intrusted with it. Nor was his fondness for his nephew to be termed partiality. The Marquis of Lenox joined to a beauty not less striking than his mother's, manly grace and mental energy, together with insinuating address and polished manners.

When Sir Edward left this beloved youth, to visit the blossom blowing in the wilds of Ireland, how would his soul melt over the gentle image of his heart's dear Emily. Miss Arden already blended enchanting softness of manners with a frankness in which her father delighted. It was much, though vainly, his wish to educate her in England, and insensibly lead her heart towards that of the youth whom he fondly thought he could at any time lead towards her. This project by degrees took possession of his whole soul. He suggested it to the Duke and Duchess, who, seeing in Miss Arden the sole heiress of two great families,

and an immense property, adopted the idea with all the facility her father could desire. The gentle Emily heard so much of her accomplished, her beautiful cousin, that all the vague indistinct attachment her early feelings allowed followed the bent of her father's; who, triumphing in the soft blush which the name of the Marquis now always called into her cheek, saw, in the ardour of his soul, its darling project already realised. Sir Edward had not, however, calculated all the prejudices he might have to contend with. The Marquis of Lenox, born to a title of the first rank, an immense estate, great natural, and, in time, acquired advantages, felt a haughty independence of mind which neither of his parents ventured to over-rule. He had from his birth been such a general concern—so inexpressibly dear—that to find himself irremediably bestowed in the most important of all points shocked and offended him. That constraint, at which all young minds revolt, appeared to him a peculiar hardship, and the little rustic in the wilds of Ireland a most unsuitable wife for a nobleman, who, as all the family flatterers declared, might choose, and reject, in any house in England. His mistaken parents, and fond uncle, increased his disgust, by reckoning on his prepossession; and the health of his little wife was at length a matter of ridicule to himself and his young companions. As time ripened his judgment, he recollected that this *little wife*, this *early betrothed*, was the daughter of Sir Edward—that uncle, whose indulgence for him knew no bounds:—still she was a mere rustic, and a bride imposed on him. Therefore, to avoid seeing her, and break a tie, involuntary on his part, became the sole object of all his plans. Miss Arden and her cousin were eighteen, and Sir Edward had made many unsuccessful attempts to carry him over to Ireland. Now he was sick—now engaged in a shooting party—now obliged to appear at court—or, when all other excuses failed, the Marquis had but to assert his influence over his weak mother, and she would declare that her death must be the certain consequence of his leaving her a single month. A little piqued at delays which he could no longer misunderstand, Sir Edward departed, at length, without even in-

viting his nephew; having been much pressed to visit Ireland by an anxious, alarming letter from his daughter. On arriving there, he found, a very common effect of dotage, that a young woman, reared and educated by the bounty of Lady Bellarney, and who was for many years the humble companion of Miss Arden, had, through the indulgence of her aged benefactress, assumed to herself an authority and consequence very mortifying to a creature too gentle to check the insolence she suffered by. Emily Fitzallen, for this upstart was Lady Bellarney's god-daughter, had, by perpetual attention, and mean adulation, almost shut out the young heiress from the confidence and society of her grandmother, who had been gradually persuaded by this cringing, assiduous friend, that Miss Arden was wanting in both affection and duty.

The concessions which Sir Edward recommended to his daughter, as the most likely way recover her influence, and displace the encroaching favourite, were, by her means, treated as mean and servile in Emily, whose life would have been without hope or happiness, had she not imbibed the fond impression her father had so often sought to give her of the young Marquis. She languished to visit England, that she might improve the partiality she had been taught to believe mutual, and judge how true the representation made of his charms and graces had been. She had asked for his picture, and her father brought it to her: but, though the Marquis never demanded hers in return, Emily was too new to life to be struck with the slight, and contemplated *his* every hour with increasing partiality. Finding how little the old countess valued her society, Miss Arden, at intervals, desired leave of absence to visit her mother's more distant relations; but, even for that indulgence, was obliged to humble herself to her former companion.

Miss Emily Fitzallen was not less distinguished for either natural or acquired advantages than the heiress. Though of too obscure a birth to bear to have her origin investigated, she had a graceful and majestic mien, that often made her mistaken for the Lady of Bellarney. Miss Arden had blue eyes, long fair hair, and a look of the most

exquisite feminine delicacy: the eyes of Emily Fitzallen were dark, penetrating, and impressive. Her complexion was of the white rose tint: and she vainly strove to blend with haughtiness of countenance that sweetness which was foreign to her nature, though the genuine expression of her fair companion's.

In a little excursion which Miss Arden was permitted to make with a neighbouring young lady newly married, it was proposed that the party should cross the channel in a pleasure-bark on the estate, and surprise the sister of this lady by an unexpected visit, Miss Arden alone interfered with the execution of this plan: yet who so much desired it? To breathe the same air with this irresistible cousin—to have but a chance of seeing him unknown—romantic thought! what girl of eighteen could reject it? Despairing to obtain Lady Bellarney's permission for the little voyage, Miss Arden suggested, that if she assumed another name, it might never be known she had been of the party. The idea charmed them all: they vowed profound secrecy, and the anxious Miss Arden thus came at once upon her fate.

This scheme was not, however, quite so unstudied as it appeared. The two married sisters had agreed to convene a large party of the young, the gay, and the agreeable; and those who headed it well knew the betrothed lovers must necessarily meet, although the Marquis would not be aware of his own predicament.

In a large party an individual excites little attention; but the consummate, though simple, grace of Miss Arden attracted universal observation. Her young heart throbbed without ceasing when she found that she was really going to see at last this cousin, on whose perfections she had been taught to dwell; while he, unapprised of the anxious expectation he excited, loitered by the way; and the masquerade, which was to be the last fête, came without the Marquis of Lenox; yet still he was hourly expected. Never had Emily found it so difficult to arrange her dress. In this solitary situation she had little variety, and no resources; but true beauty never appears more conspicuous than when thus thrown upon itself. In the habit of an Italian peasant, her

neck and shoulders half covered with her rich profusion of fair hair, a mandoline in her hand, and the light air of a grace in every step, Miss Arden appeared more captivating than if arrayed in all her mother's jewels. A buzz in the pavilion when she entered, informed her that a knot she now first saw were the persons newly arrived, and a glance that one of the dominos must be the Marquis. Her heart instantaneously made its election, and "Oh if that should not be my cousin!" sighed Miss Arden. Yet with the anxiety of the moment no mortification was blended. Accustomed to consider the husband elected for her as the being on earth whom she would have chosen for herself, Emily knew not the revolting spirit man often thinks virtue. Surrounded by a crowd of uninteresting admirers, Miss Arden studied in vain how to attract the notice of the elegant stranger her heart had inclined to; and whom she learnt, by the flying whisper of her friend, to be the right person. That very notoriety she shunned, proved in reality the allurements by which the Marquis was drawn. "Who is that graceful Italian peasant, with the redundant locks of fine fair hair?" was his inquiry often repeated, and always in vain. "The fair stranger," was the general reply. *Fair*, indeed, thought he, if her face answers to that light and delicate figure. He hovered near a while. Emily forgot the crowd that surrounded her. He spoke, and she heard in the whole busy circle only the voice of the Marquis. He lamented his loss in not seeing her face; or rather, he added, he ought to congratulate himself, as his fate would then have been for ever fixed. The timid air with which this interesting stranger answered gallantry so general something surprised him; but he imputed her embarrassment to being unused to these meetings, and still followed, still flattered her. An irresistible something in the tone of her voice fascinated him: yet all it uttered bespoke a mind so sweetly formed — a soul of such sensibility — that he felt afraid to treat her as a common character. "She is no masquerader," cried he to himself; "now let me address her more respectfully: and, to convince her that no impertinence is meant, I will show my own face." That beautiful face, so highly expressive of sense and sweetness, caught the

eyes of Miss Arden, and impressed itself for ever on her fancy. The fine flush of agitation, hope, and a full room, heightened every glowing charm. His gay and pleasant air, the variety of his manner, in answering such numerous addresses as the freedom of the place authorised, and the delicate way in which he interposed between this unknown charmer, and every light speech made to her, more than delighted, fixed Miss Arden. "But dare I hope to gain such a creature?" sighed she; "or, even if I do, dare I think it possible to keep him?"

They were now in an illuminated walk, leading from the pavilion to the house. The Marquis had distanced her masked admirers; and the saving her from falling, when she accidentally slipt, left him in possession of the softest, whitest hand in the world. He addressed her at once with more distinction, and more rationality. The delicacy and justness of her replies enchanted him. This is indeed a creature to share one's life with, thought he; and Miss Arden felt that he more passionately grasped the hand she was not prude enough to draw from him. Love insensibly became the subject of their discourse; he found the little white hand tremble. "Good!" thought our young man, "I would have it do so;" — but before he had sufficiently recollected himself, Miss Arden was again mistress of her mind. "No, my Lord," said she, with a gay railery, in return to some fond avowal of his partiality, "I will never be receiver of stolen goods; and when I tell you that it has been whispered to me your heart was allotted ere you knew you had one to give, you will not be surprised at my doubts of my own power over you." Emily now drew her hand from him, and was lost in a brilliant crowd. "And who are you," cried the Marquis, pursuing her with his eyes, "who know so well the foolish bargain made for me? I must follow, and render the knowledge mutual." — In a moment the Marquis was again at the side of Emily, with whom he again gaily trifled, till the crowd dispersed. — "Never will I part with my fair Italian," cried he, grasping her hand as if he then felt it to be his own for life, "till she does more justice to my sensibility, than to suppose I shall ever deign to take a wife

chosen by others ; and to my taste, than to conclude a little unpolished rustic, bred in the wilds of Ireland, and my perpetual ridicule, would be that wife." — The Marquis ceased to speak ; but how was Miss Arden to reply?—" He hates, he despises me !" exclaimed she mentally : — " the Marquis of Lenox, my betrothed husband, the man whom of all men I alone can love, loathes the wife imposed on him. And have *I* been so deceived ? Oh unfortunate Emily ! undone by too much kindness." — Finding the charmer replied not, the Marquis pursued his discourse : — " You, whoever you are, who know me so well, need not perhaps be told that I have never seen this redoubtable, troublesome, uncouth cousin of mine : need I add, that I never intend so to mortify my eyes." — " Never, never, shall you," sighed to herself the afflicted, yet incensed, Emily. To him she spoke no more ; but attending to the indiscriminate compliments of the many who hovered about her, took the first opportunity to quit the masquerade, and hasten to her own apartment.

Alone, tearful, mortified, dejected, she threw aside her mandoline, and hastily tearing off the gay paraphernalia assumed for conquest, sat down to quarrel with the lovely face her glass reflected. " Yes, no doubt I have always been egregiously flattered : if my father is blinded by my fortune, and his own partiality, well may the mean and the interested deceive me. I am, I dare say, the uncouth wild Irish rustic this insolent, irresistible Lenox so frankly calls me ; and, but for him, I had never known it. Yet ah ! why came I hither in pursuit of affliction ? Why invited I the odious sincerity ? Why did I ever see, or, in seeing, why did I not hate in turn, my capricious, charming cousin — the allotted of my early days ? — Why, in the erroneous choice of my father, did this weak heart find, or fancy, the most perfect of human beings ? I will not, however, be as unjust as himself. *He* is certainly all he would be ; and I can only lament the wanting that superiority over my own sex which he so eminently possesses over his."

Emily now cast her eyes on the elegant dishabille her maid had laid ready for the morning. " What ! to appear

again before this cousin — repeat the same mortifying scene under the scrutinising eyes of a large company, many of whom know both the relationship and the engagement? No, that I can never, never submit to," sighed Miss Arden: — "to fly home is yet in my power. The Marquis is unconscious of the insult he has offered me; and, in learning it, may hate her whom he now only scorns. The bark is at my command, and I may sail for Ireland with the next tide. There, unnoticed and unknown, let the little rustic wither. Yes, dear Lenox, this way I may show a generous regard, which will one day ensure me thy esteem. Be from this hour master of thy own resolves; find the happy woman who may give thee happiness; nor ever know that thou hast thus humbled and afflicted a creature whose dearest hope has long been that of becoming  
hy choice."

Emily flew to the apartment of her hostess, to impart the strange incident of the evening, — and implore a general secrecy as to her name, — after which she declared the magnanimous resolution she had formed of quitting the party. But this had no sooner the sanction of her friend's approbation, than a strange kind of regret, a secret ill-humour, made poor Miss Arden sensible that she had hoped to be entreated to stay. Alas! she might never more see the Marquis, and how was she sure that, when he knew, he would disdain her? But *if* he should, — that tremendous *if*, ever so conclusive in a delicate and virtuous mind, at once made Emily impatient to be gone. Orders were sent to the mariners to be ready at sunrise, and Miss Arden retired to walk about her chamber, — meditate, wonder, wish,

— "resent, regret,  
Conceal, disdain, do all things but forget."

The Marquis of Lenox, in the interim, wholly unconscious of the malice of his stars, was something surprised, and perplexed, at suddenly missing the fair Italian; but naturally imputed her retiring to heat, fatigue, and the lateness of the hour. Having inquired her name, and being told the one she assumed, he threw his head on his



pillow, to dream of the face that to-morrow morning was to present to him in all its beauty.

The sun arose too soon for Miss Arden's wishes ; and the sailors had sent notice that the tide served at that hour. Eager to be at home, they came for the trunks, and urged her to hasten to the beach, which was only two hundred yards below the gate of the garden. All was dead silence, — the variegated lamps in the walks, lately crowded, were yet burning : but

“ ‘Gan to pale their ineffectual fires.’ ”

So general had been the fatigue, as well as enjoyment, that hardly could the servants of the family open their eyes to unbar the gates for the fair, the early traveller: those gates that were perhaps for ever to shut her from the object of her tenderest contemplations: even at the moment of renouncing him, the sad pleasure of her life — by the most grievous occurrence become so dear, at the very point of time that assured her of his loss. Emily lingered — she sighed — nay, she wept. It is true, she insisted to her maid, that her feet were wounded by the pebbles ; for not to herself would she own the wound to be in her heart. Seated at length on the deck of the bark, Miss Arden once more wistfully surveyed the hospitable mansion she had, she now began to believe, too hastily quitted. The beams of the rising sun burnished all the windows, but the shutters were universally closed ; and Emily saw the idol she sought there only in her heart. “ Thank heaven, he knows me not, however,” repeated she to herself: yet, though this grateful exclamation recurred every moment, her own soul told her all it knew of comfort was the recollection, that, if he was *very* inquisitive, many of the company could inform him who had excited his curiosity.

The cause of the perpetual delays made by the Marquis, as to visiting Bellarney, was now too clearly explained — too fully understood. “ Why, why, my father, would you then deceive me ? ” sighed Miss Arden : “ why studiously bias my heart towards a young man by whom you knew it slighted — scorned ? Yet, alas ! my father might,

like myself, be misled, and the dupe of his own wishes." To complete her mortification, Emily then discovered that it would be her hard fate to explain to Sir Edward the insult to which he had involuntarily exposed her.

Such were, for many a long day, the contemplations of the melancholy heiress of Bellarney, as she wandered, spiritless, heartless, through that splendid mansion, which the increasing infirmities of her grandmother would soon make entirely her own. The chilling air of Miss Fitzallen, now the chosen and perpetual companion of the old Countess, and the fretful questions of the invalid, made Emily often retire from both, as if she felt herself an intruder. In the solitude of the woods of Bellarney she, however, found nothing repelling, though the sound of the "wilds of Ireland" yet rang in her ears; nor could she now ever survey the fair face her glass reflected without recalling the idea of the "little unpolished rustic." Yet, by one means or another, it is certain she passed almost the whole of her time in thinking of a man who, it was obvious, thought too little of her, either under own name, or that which she assumed, to cross a safe and very short passage in pursuit of her.

In this Emily was, however, mistaken. The Marquis had risen, on the morning of her departure, at an earlier hour than usual. He had been more studiously elegant in his undress than his valet had ever known him, and was pacing in a saloon, where a magnificent breakfast was prepared for the whole party, before a creature appeared. Convinced that his Italian could neither hide her luxuriant fair hair, nor lose her graceful mien, he watched the entrance of each lady till the signal was given for breakfast, without his having been able to discover, in the gay group, one whom he could mistake for the charmer. He now ventured a faint inquiry for her. "She sailed for Ireland at break of day," half-a-dozen ready voices answered. — "Sailed for Ireland!" returned the lover, in a tone of dismay, "while I was stupidly dreaming of her whom I should have attended! But are you sure she is gone?" The beaux, as in malice, conducted him to a telescope, which showed him the vessel, though it was hardly visible to the naked

eye. Ardour of heart, and impetuosity of temper, characterised our young man; and it was happy for those allied to him, that he had hitherto been too rational greatly to desire many things, for those he did desire he never knew how to deny himself: and to prevent even his wishes had been from his infancy the study not only of his parents, but of every human being around him.

The breakfast, the party, the modes of life, vanished at once from the mind of the young nobleman, and he hastened through the garden to the beach, where a group of fishermen sat warming themselves in the sun, and leisurely mending their nets, while their ready boats, now plucked from, and now thrown towards the shore, invited them to try the fortune of the day. The Marquis hastily demanded, if it was possible to reach the vessel which sailed with the tide of the morning, "What, with the pretty young lady?" cried one of the men, with an arch smile, and scratching his head. "You saw her, then?" returned the eager lover. "Saw her! ay, to be sure, we saw her, sure enough; and so might you, if you had opened but half an eye; for she did look back many's the time and often, and examine all the windows of the great house. I warrant she thought somebody would have been stirring with the lark this morning." — "Ah! could it be for me she looked?" thought the Marquis, while a faint blush reproved the vanity. — "No — for then she would have stayed — at least, a few hours. Hoist your sails, however, my honest fellows, and, if you know the port, let us follow; here is gold to encourage you."

Already was the boat prepared — already the Marquis had leaped into it, and his servants were hastening to embark with his trunks, when a signal was made which stopped the fishermen. A man on horseback was in sight, whom the domestics of the Marquis knew to be one of the Duke's. He waved to them to stay, and presented to the young lord letters from his father and uncle, informing him that the Duchess had had a paralytic seizure, so alarming, as to leave her half motionless, and quite without speech. Even in this state, she by signs continually demanded her son, who must hasten to her without delay,

or lose, perhaps, the consolation of softening her last moments.

Never was son more fondly, though to weakness, beloved ;—never was mother regarded with more affectionate devotion. The power of nature overwhelmed that of passion, and the fair Italian was no longer remembered. Actuated by the same impetuosity, however distinct the occasion, the Marquis mounted the horse which had brought the servant, and flew towards home, leaving his suite to follow, for to overtake him was not possible. The Duchess had still some remains of recollection, when her son took her in his arms ; but it seemed as if she had struggled to retain her last sigh only to breathe it on his bosom.

For a considerable time the generous, affectionate heart of the Marquis mourned a loss which he felt the more sensibly, from seeing how little impression it made on his father ; in whom he soon discovered an indifference towards himself never till that period apparent. In truth he had been the bond of union between his parents, and he had long been the only one. The indulgence of the Duke even to him had, however, been merely habit, and diminished daily, as it interfered with that which he thought it right to grant to himself. But neither apathy nor sensuality withdrew from the Marquis the sympathy or partiality of Sir Edward Arden, who had, though he often greatly blamed, always fondly loved his sister, and now joined with her son in deeply lamenting her. The youth whom she had a thousand times recommended to his parental care and attention became doubly dear as her representative ; and the Marquis felt his attachment to this generous uncle so augmented by the tears they shed together, that when the cherished remembrance of the fair Italian presented itself, he rejoiced he had been prevented from following her ; since to have been known to visit Ireland, without paying his devoirs to Miss Arden, would have wounded Sir Edward to the soul : nor could the little trip have been concealed had the boat which his father's groom stopped once put from the shore with him. The Marquis was of an age when the impressions of one week efface those of the last ; and he found it a much easier task to give up all

thoughts of the fair stranger, than to encounter the formidable heiress to whom he had been so long affianced.

To avoid sealing by word or deed the family compact, till increase of years, or other circumstances, should make him master of his own resolutions, was now the object with the Marquis: and this he thought might best be effected by making the grand tour. He therefore daily found it advisable to discover deficiencies in himself, not obvious to any other person; and declared nothing but a more general knowledge of men and manners could qualify him to fill the rank to which he was born. The Duke had been painfully sensible, in his own person, through life, of the disadvantage of a contracted mode of education; and nothing but the ill-judged fondness of the Duchess had kept her son so long in his own country. Since her death, the Duke had likewise made another discovery;—that his son was grown a man, while he found himself in some respects yet a boy; while both the Marquis, and his rational, correct uncle, were terrible drawbacks on the use of that liberty he now began again to enjoy to licentiousness. The choice of the Marquis to travel being applauded by his father, Sir Edward found his opposition would be vain. Yet mortal was the chagrin he felt at seeing this darling nephew, with a heart glowing and unfix'd, formed by nature to charm, and disposed to be charmed, ready to plunge into the world, where he might so soon be lost, before his Emily had been allowed any chance of attaching him to whom she was betrothed. Perfectly aware of all the seductions to which an ingenuous, open nature exposes a young man, Sir Edward could not, to the one in question, insist on what, by implying weakness of character, often mortally offends self-love. Nor did Sir Edward Arden fail to appreciate duly the advantages of his daughter, although he forebore to represent them. He well knew that the Marquis, seeing him live within the narrow bounds of a scanty patrimony, could form no judgment of the establishment his daughter's birth demanded, and to which she was by her fortune accustomed; yet how, in the calculation of her rights and her merits, could a proud spirit bring forward advantages merely

accidental, though often decisive in their effects in the grand computation of human happiness. On mature reflection, the fluctuating father gave up the project of bringing the young people together, and resolved to accompany the Marquis in his tour. The enthusiastic joy of the young man, when informed of his uncle's intention, well rewarded that uncle.

Due preparations having been made, the Marquis, and Sir Edward, were ready to set out for the Continent, when a courier from Ireland stopped the latter. Miss Arden conjured her father to hasten over, as Lady Bellarney was pronounced beyond all hope, and she had reason to fear that she not only should be unprotected, in case of her death, but perhaps insulted by the overbearing Miss Fitzallen; who now assumed rights, which the loss of her patroness would either wholly assure to her, or rob her of. Sir Edward requested the Marquis to delay the tour till he could fulfil a duty so important; and having vainly waited to hear his nephew offer to accompany him, suppressed as much as possible the bitter chagrin so mortifying a coldness could not but occasion; leaving him in London, he therefore hastened to Bellarney, attended only by his valet, and a groom.

It was not without reason that Miss Arden dreaded being in the power of Lady Bellarney's upstart favourite; by whose means she had long been excluded from the fortune, as well as favour, of the Countess. Emily Fitzallen had infinite address; she had in childhood obtained an ascendancy over a weak mind, which was afterwards subdued by infirmity and age to imbecility, and by fondness to dotage. The patrimony of Miss Arden was, in right of her mother, secure and immense: but the old lady had great fortunes which she could bestow by will, together with the mansion of Bellarney,—a family honour it ought not to have been in her power to alienate: this, and all in the Countess's own gift, she had often declared she would bequeath to her *dear girl*, her *tender nurse*, her *young friend*, her *god-daughter*, her *namesake*, Emily Fitzallen. It is true there were some among her neighbours, who would insinuate that this young person had a claim beyond those

alleged :— that the old lady had been a *gay widow*, and this girl christened after her, *resembled her very much*. It is certain the Countess never would allow the origin of her *protégée* to be inquired into ; and the haughty Miss Fitzallen latterly always threw at a distance those who presumed to treat her with less distinction than the heiress.

How uncertain are ever the resolutions of a weak mind, and tenacious temper ! Lady Bellarney had indeed made a will wholly in Miss Fitzallen's favour, and was in so infirm a state as to render her existence very precarious ; when, in a luckless hour, this favourite, against the inclination of her benefactress, joined a party going to some races, who had only invited her from knowing the consequence to which she would shortly have a right. The peevishness of age, increased by loneliness, aggravated this little selfish indulgence into a heinous fault. The old Countess no sooner found herself alone than she began to bewail the loss of her own dear Emily, her darling daughter, long laid in the grave. The poor orphan she had left, then came across her mind ; but Miss Arden was cold, inattentive—no matter ! she was better than nobody : and, to her great surprise, Emily was summoned to keep her grandmother company. Long the visiter of a moment only to pay her duty, and superseded in every right of affection, Miss Arden had felt, and consequently appeared, a cipher. It was otherwise now. She encountered no insolent competitor, and soon saw how she could conduce alike to the personal ease and mental amusement of Lady Bellarney. Astonished to find such tenderness, skill, and readiness, in a young creature whom she had been taught to think wholly occupied with herself, the old Countess relaxed at once. During the evening, she confessed to her grand-daughter her unlimited bounty to Miss Fitzallen ; and, finally, showed her a copy of the will. Miss Arden returned it respectfully, and only observed, that Lady Bellarney could never give her favourite any thing so precious as her affection ; nor could she live on terms with herself, if she had lost the distinction by any voluntary failure in duty, gratitude, or tenderness. This mild and sweet reproof had full weight with the capricious Countess : and when Emily knelt, as

she nightly did, for her blessing, the invalid, throwing her arms round her, hastily committed to the flames the unjust will, made in a moment of mistaken fondness: vowing, that if she lived to the morning, she would dictate one in favour of her grand-daughter; but if she did not, all would by law devolve to her. This important change in her resolution kept Lady Bellarney awake almost the whole night; and finding herself, of course, weaker and worse, her lawyer was sent for. He, in a summary, but regular manner, ascertained to Miss Arden all the possessions of her grandmother; who, with an almost equal injustice, left unnamed, and unprovided for, the young woman whom she had raised so far above her condition; and who had, from childhood, been subjected to her whims. Till this unlucky hour Emily Fitzallen had, indeed, sacrificed every pleasure of youth, and principle of honour, to soothing and working on the weak woman, who had repeatedly assured her of an ample fortune. Miss Arden knew it rested with herself to secure the discarded favourite a competence; but vainly tried to have it done in the properest manner,—as the act of the obliged:—so inflexible are the resentments of age, so fluctuating the determinations of dotage.

The whole family loved Sir Edward's daughter too well, to notice to Miss Fitzallen, when she returned, what had been done in her absence; while, to the astonishment of Emily, her grandmother once more yielded to habitual subjection; and in the servile solicitude, and fulsome flattery of her favourite, forgot her sudden sense of affinity, feeling, and regard to herself. It was impossible to guess what might be the *last* will of a woman, who hardly seemed to have any; and when Lady Bellarney expired, poor Emily Arden knew not, but she might be an intruder in the mansion of her fathers.

Miss Fitzallen, who was ignorant of any will but that in her own favour, immediately assumed to herself the necessary powers of directing; and lamented with all the dignity of the heiress of Bellarney. Her mourning was made exactly similar to Miss Arden's, and as for a mother. With civil inquiries for that young lady's health, she requested to know when Sir Edward would arrive, to attend the opening



of the will, and the funeral, *if he chose it* ; as well as to remove his daughter from *her* house. In the mean while, she had given orders to the servants, to show every *proper attention* to Miss Arden. Hearing that Sir Edward was hourly expected, she convened not the family circle, exulting in the thought, that by having the will read in his presence, she should effectually mortify a high-spirited man, whose keen eye had often rebuked hers.

To be the object of impertinent politeness, from one born in a manner to wait upon her, was a great trial of Miss Arden's temper. Yet, as it was possible she might have the power of retribution too amply in her own hands, Emily deigned not to appear offended. On the day appointed for the reading of the will, the two ladies accidentally met in a narrow gallery ; and Miss Fitzallen taking Sir Edward's daughter by the hand, assured her that she took her *behaviour very kindly* ; then with a haughty conscious air added, that she should *find her account in it* ; for though the library, with every thing else, was willed to *her*, that should be her *present* to Miss Arden.

At this extraordinary juncture Sir Edward arrived ; hardly knowing whether he should take the horses from his carriage, or deign to set foot in a house that he could doubt to be his daughter's. Miss Arden sent, however, to entreat that he would show her grandmother the last respect of following her to the grave. It was the grave of his angelic wife, and Sir Edward yielded. But Miss Arden had greater difficulty to prevail upon him to attend the reading of the will. The high and peremptory air with which Miss Fitzallen had announced herself to be sole executrix, and heiress, of the old countess, left no doubt among the remote relations of her being indeed so ; and though Sir Edward thought it possible a will was extant in favour of his daughter, he thought it merely possible : so bad was his opinion of the artful Miss Fitzallen. The relations and friends of the family who had attended the funeral were invited to the reading of the will ; and the self-named heiress, overwhelmed with modesty, gratitude, and tears, swept her long mourning robes through the whole train of sycophants, to an upper seat in the room.—Miss Arden,

always distinguished by simplicity and sweetness, took the place she had been used to fill in her grandmother's lifetime ; and Sir Edward, not deigning to mingle with the set, leaned on his daughter's chair, as ready to lead her out, the very moment any word that offended his ears reached them.

What was the confusion of the mean train who had bowed to Miss Fitzallen, when they heard Emily Arden pronounced, both by nature and choice, sole heiress, and executrix of Emily, Countess of Bellarney. Miss Fitzallen remained for a few moments speechless—convulsed—in a manner distorted. She then outrageously discredited the will ; called it a forgery—a base fabrication of Sir Edward Arden, who had ever, she said, hated and insulted her. But the reign of arrogance ends with the means. She found hers was already over. No eye now paid her homage—no ear now heard a word she uttered. All parties united to overwhelm Miss Arden with congratulations, which, knowing their true cause, she despised ; and feeling even for the insolent by whom she had suffered, she alone spoke to Miss Fitzallen. The latter, in bitter agitation, entreated to be suffered to look at the will. Her request being granted, she saw, with mortal chagrin, that it was made on the very day when she incautiously left the Dowager alone. “ What makes this young woman so troublesome ? ” was the chilling exclamation of those persons who had an hour ago thought her born to grace her fortune. Again agitated beyond utterance, Miss Fitzallen sunk into a seat to which Sir Edward's generous daughter kindly advanced. “ Recollect, my dear Emily,” said she mildly, “ how patiently I have borne, during my whole life, my grandmother's partiality for you ; nor thus repine that she has at her death duly considered an affectionate, unoffending child. Let me lighten your affliction, not add to it. I am not yet by years empowered to say *how* I will provide for you ; but be assured the proportion of fortune I shall offer, if I live to be mistress here, will not disgrace your education, or my own ; nor shall you ever have reason to think yourself forgotten by Lady Bellarney, while Emily Arden represents her.” Dashing with superlative insolence the hand of Miss Arden from

hers, the disappointed Miss Fitzallen arose from her seat—the natural majesty of her form dilated by passion to an almost fiendlike grandeur—her large dark eyes flashing with supernatural brightness, and all the rage of her heart burning in scarlet tints on her cheeks. “Who could mislead you so far, Miss Arden,” cried she, when words came to her assistance, “as to make you believe that *I* would ever owe any thing to Sir Edward Arden’s daughter? Since he has taught you how to step between me, and the provision long mine by promise, keep it all—dear to you may one day be the acquisition:—your whole fortune could not buy off my hatred, nor could the empire of the world buy off my revenge.”—Rushing through the astonished train of gaping relatives, Miss Fitzallen passed the gates of Bellarney, nor once recollected, till they were closed upon her, that she had not a spot whereon to lay her head, nor one friend in the world anxious to soothe, serve, or receive her. In a neighbouring cabin, gold procured her a temporary home, till her maid could pack up her clothes, with some jewels, and other valuable presents of the old countess.

On the mind of Sir Edward, the unmatched insolence of Miss Fitzallen had made such an impression, as doubly endeared to him the daughter he found so unlike her. That amiable young lady, at the age of nineteen, mistress of herself, the magnificent seat of her maternal ancestors, and immense wealth, thought so generously, and acted so wisely, that Sir Edward groaned under the secret sense of her cousin’s injustice—that cousin whom she seemed born to make happy! New hopes and plans again took possession of his mind. No duty now bound Miss Arden to move in the narrow circle of her maternal connections; and her father thought it advisable to carry her to England, with a suite and establishment proper for her birth and fortune. Resolving to present her at Court himself, he fondly hoped the Marquis could not behold his Emily without blushing at his own coldness and injustice; and, being led by the lovers she must necessarily attract, to assert his prior claims, and endeavour to win her heart. As it was not possible at once to arrange all Miss Arden’s newly devolved fortunes, Sir Edward was obliged to pass some time in acting the guard-

ian, as well as the parent, and often adverted to the brilliant *entrée* she would make, under his auspices, in the gay world. Coldness, silence, dejection, always followed, on the part of Emily. "No—she had not the least taste for the world; and would rather, if her father pleased, pass the time of his absence at Bellarney." The vexed father now sighed to himself, "*Both—both* infatuated alike!—what can be done with them?"

In renewing the leases, and other negotiations with the tenants and dwellers round Bellarney, Sir Edward learned a hundred tales of the selfishness, meanness, and overbearing disposition of Emily Fitzallen, who still remained at the cabin she had at first retired to, languishing in a fit of sickness. To Miss Arden's proposal, of giving her a handsome fortune, Sir Edward refused his concurrence; nor could his daughter dispose of aught considerable without his knowledge, after having made him her guardian, as he ever had been trustee. An annuity just sufficient to save this wretched young woman from want and ignominy, Sir Edward thought as much as she merited. To this Emily could only add her own jewels, which were indeed a fortune. With these she sent a kind letter, assuring her former companion, that nothing but her inability to act for herself could have made her appear deficient in generosity or feeling. The jewels she desired to redeem, when of age, at the price of a proper provision for Lady Bellarney's favourite friend; and, if she died in the interim, she entreated Miss Fitzallen to consider them as her own.

Unaltered in mind, though humbled in condition, Miss Fitzallen returned the bond of annuity, jewels, and letter; with sovereign contempt, and without a line, into the hands of Sir Edward Arden, who considered his daughter's generosity as mere weakness of temper. He soon converted it into an argument in favour of his own plan of carrying her to England. From arguments, he came to injunctions; and finally hinted, that, if she remained without a male protector in her own country, she would be carried off by the first fortune-hunter who had half the courage, or assurance, of Emily Fitzallen. This conclusion appeared so unfair and humiliating to Miss Arden, that she burst into

tears, and declared her fate very hard. Sir Edward would know, in what it appeared so. "I shall offend—nay, I shall, I fear, pain you," sighed the gentle Emily, "if I am candid." Still Sir Edward insisted on the truth.—"Pardon me, then, my father," resumed she, "if, weak of character, lowly of mind, as you think your daughter, she should have pride and spirit enough to shun for ever the Marquis of Lenox." Sir Edward started angrily, and gazed intently. "Why shun him, Emily?" was all he could utter. "He hates me, my dear father—he ridicules, he despises me."—"And who dared tell you this?" returned Sir Edward, in a tone that admitted the truth of what she said, though his eyes struck fire at the indignity. "Alas! I could not doubt, Sir!—it was from his own lips this mortification reached me.—Control your emotion, and learn the whole story. I do not suppose, that, had he known, my cousin would have insulted me:—we met in masks, nor does the Marquis guess, to this hour, the wound he gave to my heart; it has been my misfortune to be imposed on his: had he thought himself unfettered, I might have had a chance of pleasing him. He is now lost. Under these circumstances, to *force* myself on his notice—insist on the poor advantages I should in turn despise him if he valued me for, could not but for ever disgust a heart which it would be my pride to convince, my pleasure to win. The little merit I possess would be lost were we just now to meet, under the pomp and splendour of my rights in life, which he no doubt concludes the family reason for making him wretched. And could a cold compliance with his engagement fail to make me so? No—rather would I waste the rest of my life in this seclusion, bewailing the want of his heart, for whom," faltered the sweet girl with increasing confusion, "I had wholly, I will confess to my father, reserved my own." Sir Edward hid her ingenuous blushes in his arms, and fondly prayed to Heaven "yet to unite those hearts so equally dear to him."—"I have not told you," resumed Miss Arden, in the same timid tone, "that I even now do not despair, if you will leave me to execute a plan I have meditated ever since I have found myself at liberty to quit my native country. My wayward cousin is, I

must first inform you, a stranger to my features ; nor knows he that it was Emily Arden he cruelly humbled in the description of herself. Unless you betray me, I may yet appear before him in any character I choose to assume ; and I have a romantic fancy afloat in my brain, that I cannot execute without your concurrence. Return, my dear father, to England, alone ; urge, persecute the Marquis to visit me in Ireland ; and, while he, of all human beings, detests this troublesome overbearing heiress, might he not, on some obscure spot of his father's estates, stumble on a simple rustic, with just such a face as mine, and perhaps love her with his whole heart ? Dennis, my silver-headed foster-father, may not unaptly personate my real one ; and become a protector. Think of the delight we should both feel, if the poor Marian, in a plaid jacket, should step before your rich Emily, covered with diamonds.— If, on the contrary, I make this experiment in vain, let it be a last one. To Bellarney let me return undiscovered : nor ever allow the Marquis to know that he has personally slighted the daughter of a man to whom he has been long endeared by a parental affection.”

Age had not yet so chilled the heart of Sir Edward but that it caught, in a degree, the glow of his daughter's. The romance was simple — was safe ; if he discharged his groom (for he could trust his valet)—practicable. While Emily had been thus sweetly insinuating wishes and views so consonant with his own, Sir Edward had considered the soft and unassuming grace of her figure, the delicate turn of her beauty, and the artless eloquence of her voice. He now fancied her in a straw hat, with her fair locks playing round her face, and now adorned for a birth-night ; and he plainly perceived that she might lose, but could not gain, a charm, by splendour or fashion. Her plan every moment grew upon his imagination. He saw his prudent Emily, even in her romance, had guarded both his pride and her own. He well knew that he could not brook the having his daughter, as herself, refused, even by this darling nephew ; yet he never contemplated the mortal coldness, and probably eternal alienation, such a procedure might cause, without a feeling almost amounting to horror.

After a long silence, Sir Edward embraced his apprehensive daughter, and told her that this experiment had not only his sanction, but warmest approbation; nor would he omit calling upon the duke, to aid the malicious persecution meditated against her lingering lover, the more fully to prepare his heart, by the agitation of dislike, for the reception of a more pleasing passion. The transport expressed by Emily brought to light all the power of her soul, and the more dignified graces of her mien, till Sir Edward half rejected the scheme, in the firm persuasion that she could not fail to charm, as herself: but having won his consent, Emily bound him to his word.

How pleasing, though anxious, was her employment, while preparing all things for her obscure departure, and instructing Dennis and her nurse in the parts they were to act. When the Scottish cot should be ready, Sir Edward undertook to inform his daughter; who could then embark from her own estate.

Nor was Sir Edward without his share of delightful hopes and recollections. To know the fate of the two beings most dear to him on earth, so near a crisis that promised to be happy, gave his heart those sweet pulsations which have all the charm and softness of passion, without its danger.

And now what became of the Marquis? Why, he devoutly wished the old countess "an earthly immortality." But, finding her soul had made its escape without his permission, he heartily prayed he could make his, before his uncle returned to London: for that he would bring with him this odious Irish heiress was, he thought, too certain. At the moment Sir Edward's carriage drove to his father's door, he was coming out of it: and, what a relief was visible in his features, when he saw it contained not a female! How cordial were now their greetings! The Duke, however, not having the least objection to Miss Arden's company, enquired why her father had not, at last, brought her. Sir Edward very naturally answered, that he had fully meant to do so, had not some of Miss Arden's romantic female friends in the interim insinuated to her, that it would be a high indecorum in her to seek the Mar-

quis of Lenox ; and, from the moment that whim had taken root in her mind, it was impossible to remove it. Fixed as every thing had long been for the tour abroad, he added, that he imagined it would have been irksome to his nephew had he then proposed the visit to Ireland. A female of advanced years, and due consideration, had therefore been found to give propriety to Miss Arden's remaining at her own seat, till the tour, which they must now necessarily shorten, should be made ; when he hoped the Marquis would be as ready as himself to attend upon his bride elect.

The Marquis, finding the evil day of insipid courtship once again deferred, was no longer in such haste to commence his tour ; and heard that law affairs must detain his uncle for some time in town with great satisfaction. This conduct made Sir Edward enjoy, almost to malice, the meditated attack on him, which he meant should shortly come from his father.

In hours of loneliness, Sir Edward recounted to the Duke his daughter's little history of the slight she had borne, and the final effort she meant to make to engage the affections of the Marquis : but the natural delicacy of his mind led him to call the plan his own, and one to which she had with some difficulty consented : — if this failed, he added, “ Emily should no longer sacrifice her claims in society to an ungrateful relation who despised her.” The Duke was a matter-of-fact man, and easily followed the idea presented to him ; nor failed to lecture his son on the disrespect shown to Miss Arden ; which was not only calculated to rob him of all hopes of her heart, but to induce her to carry into another family the immense fortune she inherited ; while that which he was born one day to call his own was already insufficient for two men, neither of whom was old enough to give up his tastes, or young enough to be controlled in them. It is true that the love, respect, and confidence which the Marquis once had for his father had declined from the day of his mother's death ; but he had not yet learned to act in opposition to his will. Indeed, till this moment, he had not felt it. The important cause was argued and re-argued ; and Sir Edward,



by turns, appealed to as the judge. He had always the address to avoid so odious an office ; yet his nephew thought he could perceive that it would be easier to work on his mind, than on the cold, worldly, selfish one of his father. How grievous was it to feel that he had such a father, and to recollect that his mother brought no fortune into the family, nor could he claim a guinea during the life of the Duke !

The arrangements in Scotland being now made for the establishing of Emily there, and the feelings of the Marquis wrought up to a high pitch, the two fathers thought proper to find out that his signature, ere he went abroad, would be necessary to some family deeds, which must be executed in Scotland. The recollection of the vicinity of the castle to Portpatrick made the Marquis very unwilling to go, lest his father should drag him to the feet of Miss Arden ; yet he ventured not to hint the fear, as that might lead to the determination.

Sir Edward having no need of an English groom on the Continent, easily parted with the one who had attended him in Ireland : nor was there a single domestic in the suite of the family party who had ever seen Miss Arden. Arrived within a bow-shot of the cot where she had taken up her abode, whole days passed away without Sir Edward's daring to set foot in it, or even to see his daughter, lest suspicion should follow. He could not persuade himself that it was possible she should conceal her birth, of which her deportment was so expressive ; or avoid, whenever she met the Marquis, the deep confusion that implies design. On full deliberation, Sir Edward resolved to break in upon her by accident ; and in taking a morning's ride with his nephew and the Duke, affecting to be seized with a vertigo, he almost fell from his horse. The Marquis and grooms lifted him off, and assistance was hastily demanded from the adjacent cot, whence hastened the silver-headed Dennis ; soon outstripped by a wood nymph so exquisitely animated and lovely, that, to the astonished Marquis, the Graces seemed all embodied in a rustic of Scotland. The disguised Marian, alarmed with the sudden ailment of Sir Edward, forgot that the Duke would be a spectator, re-

remembered not the Marquis, even when their looks met ; but sensible only to filial anxiety and affection, fixed her dark blue eyes on her father, and gave to herself the first and dearest charm in humanity, — the having forgotten she had one. A wicker chair was now brought, and Sir Edward placed in it ; the white hands of Marian assiduously sprinkled his forehead with cold water, while drops, more vivifying than art or nature ever otherwise prepared, fell from her cheek to his. How sweet was this moment to a father so tender ; to find love itself was lost in the sense of his imaginary danger. Placed on the humble bed of Dennis, a valet opened a vein in his arm. Marian, the ready Marian, prepared and fixed the bandage ; her hand alike administered the cordial ; nor was it till all that could be done was done she became sensible that she was standing before those who were to decide her fate ; the single object of their attention. In the eyes of the Duke she discovered that he knew, and, knowing, approved her. In those of his son she discerned a restrained, but boundless admiration, — a something that, passing from his heart to hers, seemed already to bind them sweetly together, by an unseen, but indissoluble ligament. Sir Edward cast his eyes from one to the other, and had his full share in a feeling that made the humble hut of Dennis appear a paradise to every being it contained.

The Duke had sent for his coach to convey the invalid home. The Marquis desired to accompany him ; and the carriage was no sooner in motion, than each fell into a fit of abstraction, though in both the same object caused it. The Marquis at length broke silence ; and not having yet had experience enough to observe that whatever a person first speaks of, after a long meditation, has generally been its subject, exclaimed, “ How beautiful, how redundant, her fair hair ! ” once only. — Sir Edward, not more cautious, added, “ and the softest hand in the world — would it were now bathing these burning temples.” — “ I can fetch her in a moment, uncle,” — said the impetuous youth, attempting to open the coach door, and glad of an excuse for returning. “ Not for the world, my dear boy — she is young — not ordinary — I would neither trust your fa-

ther, nor his dissipated servants: — were I to cause her innocence a risk, I should never forgive myself.” The Marquis put up his lip in silence: could Sir Edward think so superior a creature could listen to the servants—or be bought by his father? Sir Edward read this in his face, and saw, in the contempt which the Marquis ventured not to avow, the influence that Marian had already gained in his heart.

The Marquis now again was in no hurry to commence his tour: — he, therefore, less lamented his uncle’s illness, though it kept him almost wholly in his apartment— where he often revolved the means of establishing an interest in the heart of this lovely creature: of all whom he had ever seen, she alone reminded him of the fair-haired Grace, who, as an Italian peasant, appeared, as it were, to enchant, and vanished to bewilder him.— After many contemplations on the subject, he put twenty guineas in a purse; and having wandered doubtfully for some hours round the cot of Dennis, faintly rapped at the door.— Marian herself opened it: but Sir Edward being no longer present, to mark, or to divide her attention, so rich a blush mantled on her fair cheek, as might give the most modest of men a hope that he had not been unnoticed by her. The Marquis, with a varying complexion, and timid air, inquired for her mother.— The aged dame rose from her spinning-wheel, and the silver-headed Dennis from reading the Bible: each depositing a pair of spectacles in the case, remained standing to receive the commands of the young lord.— To behold thus, in the light of subjection, his charmer, and the venerable old people, strangely distressed the Marquis.— Had Marian not been there, his rank would have been less oppressive.— With much hesitation, he gave them to understand, that Sir Edward Arden had made him the bearer of his acknowledgments for their benevolence. He then put into the mother’s hand the purse, and its contents.— “No, no, my Lord,” cried the respectable Dennis, “that can never be.— Wife, give his honour back the purse. Sir Edward sent his own valet yesterday evening with a present of two new guineas, fresh from the mint, for our Marian.” The Marquis was struck

dumb at what he thought the meanness of his uncle. To affront the charmer of his soul, with the paltry gift of two guineas ; — sent by his valet too ! — He turned to apologise to Marian; but she had disappeared: no wonder, when she heard herself and two guineas spoken of together. “ Well, my good old friend,” said the Marquis, “ my uncle might do the odd mean thing you say, for he has been delirious, and raves often of your assiduous Marian : — but he is now in his senses, and better knows how to respect himself and your daughter. I have no mind to drive him into a frenzy again, by taking back the little mark of his gratitude.” Having thus said, he laid down the purse, and ran out of the cot. Perceiving in a field very near, the plaid dress of Marian, he was at her side in a moment ; — spoke of her generous sympathy — the illness of his uncle — the wild beauty of the scenery around, — any thing, every thing, that might prolong the exquisite pleasure he found in being one minute the single object of her attention, the engrosser of her thoughts and conversation : yet Marian seldom spoke, and always said the least she could ; nor did she often raise her eyes to meet the impassioned glances of the Marquis. Still a sympathetic charm, never to be defined, told him that she was not insensible to his presence — not willing to bid him farewell.

Neither in the sick chamber of Sir Edward, nor in the saloon with the Duke, did this Grace of the woods ever become the subject of discourse ; yet both the fathers were well informed that the Marquis hovered anxiously, early and late, near the cot of Dennis, well rewarded if he obtained but a word, a glance from Marian. — Sir Edward did not find it convenient to recover very fast ; and never did his nephew think it possible till now that he should dread seeing him leave his chamber : but to be dragged out of the kingdom, ere he had time to win on the affections of her whom he adored, or to bind her to himself by mutual vows, almost distracted him. The Duke easily perceived his distress and agitation ; but as the two fathers had agreed that the fear of losing Emily would best secure the attachment of the Marquis, by rendering her the perpetual

object of his thoughts, they would not consent to her avowing herself.

Nothing but the dread of separation, and the necessity of employing the short time which the lovers were able to pass together in conversations respecting the future, could have kept the Marquis in ignorance of the past: for a vague idea of something mysterious in the situation of Marian, as well as elevated in her language and manners, often floated in his mind. — But who, thinking every look he gives to her he loves may be the last, can press for details of remote occurrences?

Sir Edward was now ready to depart; the happiest of fathers to know his Emily had conquered; — that she reigned in the ardent heart of the young nobleman, who had in secret solemnly affianced himself to the choice of his parents — the once dreaded, hated Emily Arden. — Often, when she saw him at her feet, the glowing exultation of secret triumph so heightened her beauty, that the delighted lover wondered in vain at its suddenly acquiring so celestial a charm. — It was now the precise moment for tearing him from her; and both fathers again proposing the tour to the Continent, any delay, on the part of the Marquis, would, he easily saw, have led to a discovery of his motive. Every leisure moment he flew to Marian, to lament his untoward fate, and execrate the cold nature of those who thought it possible he should find in the overbearing Irish heiress a creature who could dispute his heart with Marian. — That name, so humble, so rustic, now was music to the ear of Sir Edward's daughter; for under that she had given, and received, vows, which no time, no circumstance, could ever annul.

Sir Edward now suddenly seemed to recollect how proper it would be for him to make his personal acknowledgments to the daughter of Dennis, and chose to have the company of his nephew. The cottagers received the visit with joy and gratitude. Sir Edward very gravely exhorted them to guard so lovely a creature as Marian from the attacks of the Duke, or the humiliation of marrying one of his servants. The Marquis, and his charming

mistress, upon hearing this exchanged souls in a glance, not unseen by the watchful Sir Edward. He concluded this exhortation with informing the old people, that whenever they found a suitable match for their daughter, they might apprise him, and he would portion and patronise her. Ah! uncle, will you really do this when a *suitable* match occurs? said the intelligent eyes of the Marquis.

Sir Edward with due gravity allowed the cottagers an annuity of twenty pounds a year, and departed overwhelmed with blessings: nor was he himself at liberty to utter one of the many his heart poured on his Emily. The Marquis no sooner saw his uncle again in his own apartment, than he flew back, to reiterate, under a more flattering and tender form, the same cautions to Marian. He made her again promise, vow, solemnly swear, to live for him, and him alone. What laws in return did he not impose on himself! how impossible did it appear to him that he should ever find a charm in another woman, or ever breathe to a second object a vow like that he now blended with his parting kiss, his long farewell. The interesting Marian left on his cheek the seal of true love, in a tear; and had the resolution to see him depart in the full conviction that he spoke only as he thought, and that all their present pains would eventually complete their mutual wish.

With the embarkation of the Marquis, Miss Arden's disguise ended. She immediately accompanied the Duke of Aberdeen to London, where a lady was already engaged to sanction her living in his house. When presented at court, the admiration she excited procured her high offers of marriage; though many lovers retreated, her engagement with the Marquis being universally understood. Surrounded with her own friends, and suite of attendants, Miss Arden had no motive for anxiety but the absence of her lover; yet as that only could prove the truth and the strength of his attachment, which the most impassioned letters daily confirmed, she had very little cause to complain of her fate.

And now the Marquis and his uncle were for the first time in Paris; plunged into that busy vortex, the world, where the virtues are often at once ingulfed; and if they

ever rise again, it is in fragments, hardly resembling their first state. Yet such a guard, on a noble nature, is a true and tender passion, that the young man found not the love of pleasure lead to licentiousness, nor that of distinction to corruption of soul. The strongest emotion of vanity he felt, when the object of universal attention, was a faint wish that the charmer of his heart could know the value of it, by seeing how many were willing to dispute it with her.

But what an enviable fate was Sir Edward Arden's! enabled, unsuspected, to trace to its inmost recesses the emotions of the heart he best loved; to see all that was generous and amiable in nature point to one object, and that one object his own dear Emily! Not a letter did the trembling hand of the Marquis open from her, that the glow of his cheek, the triumph of his soul, did not announce all he felt to his watchful guardian, who, thus satisfied that he was relieved from his charge, gave the young man up to his own pursuits, and followed those himself that were more adapted to his period of life. And if the father thus exulted, how must the lover, who found in those letters of his fair rustic, a delicacy, softness, and refinement which he in vain sought in the rest of her sex? for, however cautiously Miss Arden veiled in her correspondence the high polish of her education, the feelings of her heart alone gave its sentiments a charm peculiar to herself, while the confiding tenderness they breathed was the dearest of all claims on the faith of him whom she addressed.

Sir Edward, who had ever a turn for study and the fine arts, introduced his nephew, with himself, into the society of all persons eminent in literature and science. The Marquis had a taste for drawing, in which his uncle excelled. As both proposed taking views of the scenes that most should please them, the young nobleman engaged an eminent master, under whose instruction he made a rapid progress; and, ere long, had acquired almost as much knowledge as might perpetuate to his soul the pleasure that otherwise fades on the eye. The season now was at hand when Sir Edward and his nephew proposed following the course of the Loire in their travels. The drawing-master,

one day, while they were enlarging on the labours they should embark in, suggested how irksome it ever is to fill up the outline which we delight to throw off the fancy ; adding, that he had, among his less fortunate pupils, a youth whom it would be an act of benevolence to employ : he was an orphan, in narrow circumstances, but of very superior talents, who, having no hope of future provision, except by improving and exerting them, would think himself well rewarded in the protection and patronage of two men of taste, — if, while humbly assisting them, he might be allowed to employ part of his time in studying the immortal models they must necessarily visit in Florence and Rome. The Marquis, it is true, loved drawing ; but he was of an age to love his ease, and this proposal united those advantages. He appointed a time to see the youth ; whom, in the interval, he proposed to his uncle as an addition to their little suite. Sir Edward agreed that, if his talents equalled the account of them, to take him would be an act of kindness to themselves as well as to the boy.

When the drawing-master presented the young man, by the name of Hypolito (for he was the son of an Italian painter who had settled and died in Paris), his extreme youth and pallid looks (for he seemed hardly sixteen, and consumptive) struck Sir Edward, who, with unusual abruptness, urged that objection. The modest lad shrunk back. Tears rushed into his eyes ; and the wild air of distress was blended, on his languid countenance, with unmerited humiliation. The Marquis, ever interested by the unfortunate, having cheered Hypolito, sat down with him to draw. The youth took the piece which the Marquis was finishing ; and at once proceeding with rapidity, while he touched all parts with elegance, showed at once that he was indeed a treasure to travellers, and a master in his art. Sir Edward was now no less charmed than his nephew. "Nor is drawing his only talent," said his introducer, handing to the youth the flute upon which the Marquis played in a capital manner. Hypolito breathed on it, and the instrument seemed to have the charm of the lute of Orpheus on all but the person who held it ; for he, sinking back in a chair, almost fainted. When he revived, the poor



lad, with blushes, accounted for the illness by confessing that he had not tasted food the whole day. Immediate succour was given him. The Marquis caressed him like a brother. From that hour he cast off the mean garments of poverty; by care and good living recovered his looks; and was the constant companion, in all elegant and scientific pursuits, of the Marquis of Lenox. The world had before given him every good but a friend; and that he found in Hypolito. While Sir Edward saw with delight his nephew filling up his life with so rational a pleasure, many a time did he shiver on the water, or broil on the land, without complaining, when he found their ardent natures bent on perpetuating the scene before them. Sir Edward himself played on the violoncello; and seldom did they rest at a town, or village, where they could not add a performer or two to the concert, and thus inspirit the evening.

Enchanted with the gay scenery, the romantic pleasures, of Italy, the Marquis wanted only his Marian to share the delight; and well could he have been pleased to pass his whole life there. But it had not this charm for Hypolito. From the moment they quitted France, urbanity of manners vanished. In the petty states of Italy, the little souls of the nobles contract into a very narrow circle what they are pleased to call society. Not all the advantages nature can lavish, not all the acquirements genius can attain, give acceptance, among that arrogant body, to a man born without a positive rank in life. How, then, can he who supports himself by the exertion of talents hope to be received by those who make it their pride to be without any? Sir Edward and his nephew mixed, as they were entitled to do, in the first circles; but a deep sense of the solitary situation of poor Hypolito, who was in that middle state which made it as impossible he should associate with the domestics as be countenanced by their lords, often drew towards home the heart, and not unfrequently the feet, of the Marquis; for seldom found he a companion whom he liked so well. The gratitude and affection of Hypolito induced him to exert every talent and grace, to endear himself to his condescending patron; and, as there is no charm so fascinating to the young mind as that of giving at once distinction and

pleasure, the Marquis grew daily more attached to the humble Hypolito. So marked a friendship drew the observation of the Italian nobles, although they wished not to know more of the merit that caused it ; yet every day produced a new banter among the set, who, by often rudely staring at the youth, marked a strange doubt of his sex.

Sir Edward began, after passing a year in Italy, to bend his thoughts towards home ; and proposed returning to his nephew. The unpleasant recollection of Miss Arden damped the tender one of Marian ; and the Marquis found it easier to live without the latter than to encounter the former ; for to marry her came not within his calculation of things. Till the heiress should have disposed of herself, he knew it would be vain to hope he should prevail on either his father or uncle to approve his humble choice ; and he resolved to travel to the antipodes, if Miss Arden persisted in remaining under his father's protection till his return.

Sicily, the land of fable, was yet unvisited by the travellers. The Count Montalvo, a nobleman of that island, with whom Sir Edward and his nephew were in habits of intimacy, offered to ensure their safety, and become their cicerone in exploring the many monuments of art and history which that celebrated spot contains. Hypolito was urgent for the tour, as well as to escape the observation of a circle with whom he had no pretension to mix, as to indulge his natural taste. The Count had a bark of his own, which, shortly after, conveyed him, with a large party of friends, to Messina. During this little voyage, it was impossible for Hypolito to be wholly invisible ; yet the Marquis was hardly less disgusted with his Italian friends than his *protégée* declared himself to be. The rude, inquisitive eyes, and broken observations, of the ill-bred grandes, made both youths happy to be once more on land. The Marquis had another reason for avoiding the sea, being always a severe sufferer by the indisposition it very commonly occasions. When, therefore, the party proposed visiting the Lipari Isles, the Marquis excused himself, and remained with Hypolito at the palace of Count Montalvo, who accompanied Sir Edward. The Prince, then Governor of Messina, ordered in the interval a splendid entertain-

ment, to which the English strangers were universally invited; nor could the Marquis decline going, though not accustomed to attend these parties, and very unwilling to leave Hypolito, for whom his attachment had been daily increasing in a manner very surprising even to himself. They had ridden together in the morning, which proved so sultry as to have heated the blood of the Marquis, before he went to the palace of the Prince. A very little excess in wine acted powerfully upon a constitution already feverish with violent exercise; and he quitted the Governor's party ere the masked ball, with which the entertainment was to conclude. The day was not closed when he came home; but Hypolito, who was drawing, had already called for lights. As the Marquis entered the magnificent range of rooms allotted to himself and friends, his eye was led through them all to the last, where he saw Hypolito deeply engaged with his subject. Shades over the wax-lights softened the glare, and gave the most feminine delicacy to the youth's naturally delicate complexion. His dark locks broke in redundant curls over the fairest forehead in the world, and played upon his throat and neck, the heat having obliged him to throw open his shirt-collar. Suddenly Hypolito took the piece he was drawing; and, holding it behind the light, to survey it, the Marquis could not avoid observing the whiteness and smallness of his hands. "For your own credit and mine," cried the Marquis, gaily seizing his young favourite by the shoulder, "row, ride, drive, dig,—do something to get rid of this white skin, and those delicate hands; for I cannot long stand the raillery I have encountered for this month past; and you must make up your mind to be considered as a woman in future, unless you contrive to get something more the look of a man."—It was only by chance the Marquis removed his eye from the landscape he had taken from Hypolito, to raise it to his face; but, dropping the drawing from his hands, it there became in a manner riveted. That beauty, always too delicate for a man, had now the softest charm of woman—a mantling suffusion, a downcast grace. The dangerous silence that followed was at length, in a faltering voice, broken by Sir Edward's nephew. "And what embodied

angel, then, are you," cried he, "dropped from the skies only to guide and guard me?"—The Marquis spoke in the most winning accent, yet the charmer replied not; but, sinking on his shoulder as he knelt at her feet, hid there her blushes, and communicated her tremblings. Let no one vaunt fidelity who avoids not danger. The Marquis, already fevered by wine, found the intoxication now passing into his soul. The fair, the pure image of the distant Marian, vanished from his memory; and he saw, heard, thought of, only this nameless, trembling charmer. That she had followed him by choice, was very obvious: for his sake had endured inconvenience, indignity, fatigue, and even servile degradation. The entreaties which he redoubled to extort her secret bewildered more and more, every moment, a head and heart already confused and impassioned; nor were the tears she now profusely poured forth wanting to confirm her influence over the surprised, delighted lover. How, then, were his feelings awakened, when she at length avowed herself the slighted daughter of Sir Edward Arden!—that, hopeless of ever conquering in her own character the inveterate prejudice her father owned that he had conceived against her, and resolved he should never accept her hand from any motive but choice, she quitted Ireland before her father and the Marquis left England; and, having assumed this disguise, sought them at Paris, hardly hoping to escape the keen eye of her father, but convinced that, if he should recognise her, his pride would make him conceal an artifice which he would never have authorised. Happily, however, he had not lived long enough with her to have the same quick recollection other parents have of their children. Far, therefore, from being discovered by him, she had found herself so long overlooked by the Marquis, though beset by most of his Italian friends, that it was her full intention, the first safe opportunity, to quit Messina, and give up all thoughts of a man who, whether as Miss Arden she sought a lover in him, or as Hypolito a friend, knew not how to distinguish or to value her.

But this was a charge she well knew her own injustice in making: the eyes of the Marquis now dwelt enamoured

on her beauty ; his eager ear carried to his heart the comprehensive, though implied tenderness, which her words conveyed. Too well he recollected the slights he had shown Miss Arden ; to atone for them, he knelt, implored, repented, vowed ; *would* be forgiven :—in fine, he was so. In the ensuing impassioned conversation, nothing occurred that could possibly enlighten the Marquis : he found this impostor as familiar with his family,—its relations, feelings, secret occurrences, and future prospects, as Miss Arden herself ; and, wholly unsuspecting of the possibility of any deception, indulged the ardour of his nature, and urged her to give him, as the pledge of her forgiveness, that very moment, the hand which alone could ensure it to him. To surprise Sir Edward on his return, appeared to his nephew a most happy device : the glowing cheek of the fair one contradicted her words, when she insisted on waiting the consent of her father. “ Why, why should we ? ” cried the eager Marquis : “ has he not, from the hour of your birth, bestowed you on the favoured Lenox ? Wherefore sacrifice happiness to form ? Now, this very moment, give yourself, my Emily, to a husband, who will add the remembrance of this generous condescension to all your virtues and your charms ! ” She urged the indelicacy of being married in her disguise.—It was the only way they could be married at all, the lover insisted ; and they were in a place where love wore many a disguise. Once let the priest join their hands, and he pledged his honour to leave her full liberty to give decorum to her situation, by allowing her to resume the habit of her sex. Her denials became every moment fainter ; and the Marquis, half inebriated with pleasure, as well as wine, more importunate. In fine, they stole from the palace to the great church, where Emily had informed him her confessor officiated ; and as he already knew her secret and its motives, from him she was aware that no painful objection would be made respecting her disguise. The priest was found ; two more joined as witnesses, and the mistaken, impassioned Marquis was solemnly, regularly, married to Emily. The name of Arden was not mentioned necessarily in the ceremony ; and the bridegroom never gave

any attention to the certificate he signed, or he would have seen that of Fitzallen subjoined; for it was, indeed, that fiend in human shape, who had thus accomplished the deep revenge which she had so bitterly vowed on Sir Edward and his daughter.

Never, for one moment, had Emily Fitzallen lost sight of the persons whom she was determined to persecute. She followed and discovered the little delicate artifice which Miss Arden had adopted to win the affections of her betrothed husband. That name, that consequence, the gentle Emily thought it wisdom to give up, the vindictive Emily saw she had the power of assuming: and finding when she became the constant companion of the Marquis, that in her own person she might not have influence enough to decide his fate, she resolved to avail herself of the rare advantage of Sir Edward's absence, to borrow his daughter's name: and the unfortunate youth, as if willing to second her views, and destroy his own, had that day allowed his judgment to be obscured, and his constitution inflamed with wine. The priest who performed the marriage ceremony had been previously prepared to attend at a moment's notice, as well as forewarned to be cautious in rendering it full, authentic, and duly witnessed.

The new-married pair found, on returning to the Count's palace; some of his domestics already arrived, to notify the intended landing of the voyagers that evening. The Marquis felt it a respect due to his bride to allow her leisure to resume her own dress, as he had promised; and the increased agitation of mind in which she appeared, claimed this consideration from him.

It would have been much more agreeable to the Marquis, as well as the bride, had the return of their friends been a little deferred. However, as that must happen when it would, the lover was anxious to meet Sir Edward, ere he reached the palace of the Count Montalvo; as well to apprise him of the recent ceremony, as to prepare him to save all three from ridicule by avowing a previous knowledge of his daughter's disguise. Wandering with this view, through those beautiful groves that on all sides border the shores of Messina, the pure air insensibly calmed the

spirits, and sobered the brain of the Marquis. He half wished that he had waited the return of his uncle, ere he had wrested from him his daughter; and turned towards the walk on the quay, where he anxiously looked out for the bark of the Count. The grandeur and beauty of the view never struck the Marquis so sensibly: behind him arose the magnificent natural semicircle, with the lofty columns of the Palazzata; before him appeared the celebrated strait, once sung by all the Muses; and many of those elegant fictions were yet present to his mind. Blending, in an hour and situation so singular, the romance of poetry with that of love, he threw himself on a marble seat by the fountain of Neptune, and repeated, as he gazed, the verses of Homer.

The blue strait, hardly dimpled by a breeze, was half covered with gaudy galleys, and the boats of fishermen; the fires of the lighthouse were reflected in glowing undulations on the waves; heavy black clouds, tinged with a dun red, seemed to seek support on the rocky mountains of Calabria; and the winds, after a wild concussion, subsided at once into a horrible kind of stillness. The rowers, whose laborious and lively exertions animate the sea which they people, now made vain, though more vigorous efforts, to take shelter in the harbour. Suddenly the atmosphere became murky and oppressive; the clouds yet more swollen and dense, sunk so low that they almost blended with the waters. Not a bird ventured to wing the heavy and unwholesome air; and the exhausted rowers could not catch breath enough to express, by a single cry, the agonising fear that caused cold dews to burst from every pore. A tremendous sense of impending evil seemed to suspend all vital motion in the crowd late so busy around the Marquis; while he himself impulsively partook that sick terror of soul, to which no name has ever yet been given. This awful intuitive sense of the approaching convulsion of nature was, however, only momentary. A tremendous shock followed; the Marquis felt all the danger, and tried to arise; the earth rocked beneath his feet. The marble fountain, near which he rested, was cloven in twain instantaneously; and hardly could he escape the abyss which he

saw close over the miserable wretches, who, but a moment before, were standing beside him. Columns of the Pallazata, and other surrounding buildings, fell with a crash, as if the universe were annihilated. The horror yet raged in all its force, when the sudden rise of the earth he stood on threw the Marquis, and a crowd around him, towards a wall, which must have dashed their brains out, but that, weak as they were, the wall was yet weaker, and fell before them in a cloud of dust. Oh! God, what it was to hear the agonising shrieks of suffering humanity, blended with the thunders of desolation, and the deep internal groans of disjointed nature! when, to complete the calamities of Messina, the sea, in one moment, burst its bounds; and boiling, as it were, with subterraneous fires, rolled forward, with horrible roarings, a mountainous deluge. As quickly returning, it bore away a train of bruised and helpless wretches; and among them, the man who was so lately the gayest of the gay, the happiest of the happy,—the unfortunate Marquis of Lenox.

Recollection was too fleeting, life too dubious, too fluctuating in the Marquis, when first he found that he was still living, for him to connect his ideas or utter any sound but sighs and groans. He soon perceived himself to be in a small but miserable place, encompassed with faces he had never beheld till that moment, while hoarse voices resounded in his ear, equally unknown to him. Alas! the only eye he could have seen with pleasure dared not meet his; the only voice he could have found comfort in hearing uttered not a word, lest the agitation, even of pleasure, should, in so weak a state, be death to him. Yet watching every breath the unfortunate youth drew, ready to echo every groan that burst from him, sat, hid by a curtain, his anxious, his affectionate uncle, Sir Edward Arden; and that the Duke of Aberdeen had yet a son, was rather owing to his natural sensibility, than to his immediate affection.

On the memorable evening of the earthquake at Messina, Sir Edward, the Count Montalvo, and two other Sicilian noblemen, were making the harbour; the sailors having predicted foul weather, though no one suspected the immediate and awful danger impending. In one moment



the mariners, by expressive cries and gestures, made the noblemen comprehend that a singular and frightful motion of the vessel was not natural. Now, as gravitation were, by a strange inversion, removed to heaven, it was drawn at once back and upward, then thrown impetuously down into the dark abyss of the waters, and again in one moment caught upward, with a reeling, convulsive trembling, as if the timber had a vital sense, and felt the fears of those who would have governed it, had human art availed against the struggles of disjointed nature. Yet, tremendous as was the state of those on the sea, it was safety compared to the situation of the sufferers on land; which the vessel was often thrown so near, that the horror-struck passengers could behold the victims on the beach lift up their hands one moment to heaven for pity, and the next sink into the burning abyss that opened at their feet. As no power could steady the bark, or direct its course, the Count and his friends knew not whether they, with the helpless mariners who yet contended hard for life, were to have a watery or a flaming grave. Nor was the concussion and entanglement, with other vessels in the same tremendous predicament, the least of their danger; though, when thrown out to solitary suffering, that danger appeared yet more horrible. At this fearful moment every evil was increased, by one of the prime sailors falling, from the mast he was climbing, into the sea. His comrades, with the bold humanity incident to their profession, made the most strenuous efforts to recover him: and one of the sailors fancying, imperfect as the unnatural light was, that he saw the body, leaped overboard with a rope tied under his arms, and was drawn up, clasping a half-drowned wretch, who, it was soon discovered, was not his lost shipmate. Having disengaged this man from the plank he convulsively embraced, and which had, in reality, saved his life, on finding him a mere stranger, the seamen would perhaps have abandoned him to his fate; but that the fineness of his linen, and a rich watch-chain, attracted their attention. In a moment they stripped and plundered the insensible sufferer; and the surgeon of the vessel alone saved him from perishing by neglect who had thus wonderfully escaped the wreck of nature. It

is true, his humanity was quickened by the recollection that a man of so delicate an appearance, and who had been as delicately dressed, might one day well recompense those who preserved his life.

Thus, by a strange ordination of things, unknown and unnoticed, in the poor cabin of the surgeon, lay, with hardly a symptom of existence, the Marquis of Lenox ; and there, so precarious was his situation, he might, perhaps, have expired, but that the sailors, who had possessed themselves of his valuables, burnt to convert them into money. Interest is often the last as well as first principle in vulgar minds. Hardly had the vessel got out enough to sea to promise safety, or the elements subsided sufficiently for the compass to guide, before a calculation of the plunder was made ; and the watch-seals, with other ornaments of the Marquis, handed among the domestics of the noblemen for sale. What was the astonishment and horror of Sir Edward's valet, when he saw to whom they had so lately belonged ! Far from guessing the fact, he only concluded the man on whom they were found to be the murderer of the Marquis, thus overtaken by the justice of heaven. Instantly he rushed into the cabin, where Sir Edward and the noblemen yet remained, stunned, as it were, with fear and horror. The earthquake was, however, forgotten by Sir Edward in his agony for his nephew ; and not forming the harsh conclusion of his valet as to the stranger, he demanded to see the sufferer, that such care might be taken as would preserve his life, and enable him to give all the account in his power of the unfortunate Marquis of Lenox. What tender anguish overwhelmed Sir Edward, when, wounded, wan, insensible, wrapt in coarse linen, he discovered the dearest object of all his cares, the chief delight of his remaining life — the darling son of his darling sister !

From the surgeon Sir Edward understood, that, besides a great number of bruises, the Marquis had a contusion on the head, attended with a high fever, nor, if it once flew to his brain, could human art save him. The sense of his own danger yet not over — the dreadful images of the horrors he had witnessed — all, all, was lost in the impres-

sion made by the beloved object before Sir Edward. — The Marquis was immediately removed to the best bed which the small vessel afforded ; every comfort, as well as medicine, anxiously administered : yet many, many miserable days, and sleepless nights, did Sir Edward pass, before he was sure his own life would be prolonged, much less that of an invalid, in so weak a state.

The fever of the Marquis was at length enough subdued for Sir Edward to appear by his bedside — faint ideas of affinity, and tenderness, were indistinctly afloat in the aching head of the youth, when his eyes wandered over the features of his uncle, and in a weak inward voice he murmured out, “ Hypolito.” — Sir Edward spoke not, but raising his eyes to heaven, and letting his hand fall, implied by this action, that the youth was no more. — Intense faintings and convulsions seized the Marquis. The relapse was 'so alarming, that he had been many days in a palace at Naples, and attended by the ambassador's physician, before he was allowed again to behold a face that might once more confuse those faculties on which it was plain his existence depended. — Yet no sooner did the interesting affectionate eyes of his uncle meet his, than he again sighed out, “ Oh ! Sir, Hypolito !” — “ That we have life ourselves, my dear Lenox,” returned Sir Edward ; “ is little less than a miracle : — to preserve yours, you must be patient, silent, submissive — need I say, that you have not a wish I would not anticipate — a feeling I would not spare ? Imagine every thing said you would have said — every thing done you would have done.”

Alas ! of the most generous assiduity the Marquis was well assured ; and this it was struck so deep a despair through his heart. The sad history of the affinity the lost Hypolito bore to Sir Edward was yet in the bosom of her lover ; and no other being knew at what an interesting moment the disguised fair one had been so awfully inhumed. In the delirium which attended his fever, Sir Edward had, with great surprise, heard his nephew now call for Hypolito, now for Emily — now for Marian — now urge a disguised beauty to an immediate marriage ; and smile at the scruples she made to decide her fate with-

out her father's being present, when "it would make Sir Edward so happy to find her a bride." These vague rhapsodies applied so exactly to the disguise, the passion, and the secret situation of the Marquis, with Sir Edward's daughter, that the only conclusion that tender father drew from these complicated wanderings and incoherent expressions was, that Emily had, in spite of all her promises, betrayed her own secret to her lover. How sad and dear was the delight of thinking, then, that even in delirium she was the only object who existed to that lover.

Time, however, strengthened the intellects, and improved the health of the Marquis, who then learnt the melancholy consequences of that earthquake, which, by throwing him into the sea, had in fact preserved his life. He dared not flatter himself that his bride had alike escaped; for, it was too sure she would have eagerly sought her father and her husband; and how should he be able to disclose the tremendous secret of her fate? Should *he* afflict the generous uncle who lived but in his looks, by telling him, that the very moment which accomplished his wishes had snatched away the dearer object of them? No; better was it that Sir Edward should still suppose Miss Arden living under the Duke's protection, and waiting their return.

The Marquis was at an age when the spirits make great efforts to rise above the calamities of life. However strong the impression made by the lovely disguised fair one, however tender and sacred the tie that bound him to her, the impression was sudden, the tie incomplete. Sir Edward judged it wise to assume such a general cheerfulness as might renovate his nephew's spirits; and the attempt insensibly dissipated the gloom and horror that for some time hung about the young man. The soft, the soothing remembrance of the fair, the gentle Marian, now daily recurred. Marian yet lived—lived too for him; nor would ever know his generous infidelity—an infidelity which the grateful affection he felt for his uncle almost sanctified; and which, having swayed him to fulfil a dear and sacred duty (for thus frail mortals extenuate to themselves their lapses), no longer obliged him to forego the cherished choice of his heart. During the term of his nephew's

sickness and convalescence, Sir Edward had kept back several letters of his daughter, which now were delivered to her lover in a packet; and the Marquis drew thence a renovating power, which not even the pure air of Naples could afford.

In the long leisure of a sick chamber, the Marquis had often pondered over the extraordinary situation from which he had so miraculously escaped with life; and though there remained not a hope that Hypolito survived, (for why, in that case, did he not appear?) an ardent wish lived in the mind of the widower bridegroom once more to revisit the memorable scene of his marriage — to learn, if possible, the manner and moment of the death of the disguised fair one — to see at least the priest who had, in an hour teeming with horror and evil, united their hands — to shed before him some tears of generous anguish — and, in the great church at Messina, to consecrate the memory of the unfortunate Emily, by a magnificent monument.

The danger of revisiting Sicily had now for some time been over; and when Sir Edward found his nephew strenuous in the wish, he no longer opposed, though he did not choose to accompany him. A bark was engaged by the melancholy Marquis, who, passing many a scene of desolation, at length sailed into the almost choked-up harbour of Messina; an awful memento of the vain labours of man, and all the little pride of human magnificence. The half-fallen pier — the tottering Palazzata — the solitary strand, and the indistinct streets, through which crawled a few mangled wretches, who lived only to envy those whom the earth had wholly swallowed up, — made the very soul of the Marquis recoil within him before he reached the great church, and convent adjoining. An enormous mass of ruins alone marked the spot where they once stood. Of the priest he sought, not a trace remained. The whole brotherhood had vanished, either into a premature grave, or in search of a remote, but safe home. The bare walls of the palace of Count Montalvo, though injured, had not fallen, but it was plundered of the magnificent furniture, nor inhabited by a single domestic. In fine, no being remained in Messina whom the Marquis had ever seen there, nor was the unhappy stranger he inquired for known

either by description or name. How could an individual be remembered in a place where society was become an echo, and the grandeur of ages annihilated by a single convulsion in nature? The Marquis again slowly and sadly ascended his bark, and, casting his eyes over the ravaged glories of Messina, "Ah! why, my Emily," sighed he, "when I have so awful a proof how vain is the busy pride of mortality, should I attempt to raise a monument to thee? The God who at such a moment, and in such a manner, claimed thee, has made Messina thine!" Then turning appalled from the enormous mass of splendid ruins, he hastily cut through the green waves, on which the evening sun still played with undiminished, unaltered beauty.

Again in Naples, the Marquis, though silent and melancholy, was not inconsolable. During his convalescence, he had rather felt than seen his boundless influence over his uncle, which it was now his first wish to increase; that when the day came for him to acknowledge the humble choice his heart had made, he might act on a nature so generous, in favour of his lovely, his interesting Marian. It was the subject of great surprise to him, that Miss Arden's singular disappearance should be yet a secret to her father; but, as Sir Edward had long forborne to mention her from prudence, and the Marquis always avoided it from choice, this was not a moment to lead to so painful a disclosure by a single question. Too soon would it be, whenever a father so tender learned her melancholy fate. It must then become *his* duty and choice alike to soothe and to console his uncle. Perhaps, when the bitterness of grief was assuaged, and Sir Edward learned the sacred rite which brought them still nearer in affinity than nature had, that generous man might in turn be brought to adopt and second the only feeling that could induce him to take another bride. If so, why should he prolong his banishment? His own country now contained not the once dreaded Miss Arden; while in that country lived for him, and him alone, his Marian.

After a term of apparent weariness and constraint, the Marquis one day abruptly proposed to his uncle returning to England. The keen, but delighted eye of Sir Edward

seemed to pierce his very soul ; yet vainly did he seek to account for the cloud that immediately succeeded on the brow of the Marquis, or a kind of stifled compassion for himself that followed the proposition. No possible objection to it, however, occurred upon the part of Sir Edward ; on the contrary, a gay flow of spirits, extremely embarrassing and distressing to his nephew. The youth found himself almost unable to keep the dreadful secret ; but having long seen, in all the gay scenes of Italy, only the grave of Sir Edward's lovely and affectionate daughter, he could not control his increasing impatience to depart directly ; yet urged his weak health, as rendering it necessary he should travel very leisurely, — a mode which, he knew, his uncle detested. Having settled his route, and appointed to join each other in Switzerland, he left Sir Edward to fulfil some excursive engagements ; and set out, attended only by his servants.

Gentle exercise, pure air, the variety of simple scenes and objects around him, gradually invigorated the health of the Marquis, and made him delight to linger in Switzerland. Who would not delight to linger in Switzerland? Who would not wish the soul now to dilate into grandeur, and now, with sweet compression, to contract into content, as majestic or simple nature takes its turn to act upon it? — In that wild region our traveller found all the fervour of romantic passion rekindled in his soul. He walked till he could walk no longer ; — he rested only to gain strength to walk again : — and, if fatigue caused him to sleep, he carried into the torpor necessary to repair exhausted nature rich and fanciful visions, not less delightful than those he cherished when awake. Nevertheless, a carriage and led horse accompanied our pedestrian ; for such had been the orders of his father. — The carriage he was often pleased to fill with tired and rosy vintagers, on whose gratitude he made no demand. His horse frequently lightened the way to the sunburnt veteran, who sought,

— “ When all his toils were past,  
Still to return, and die at home at last.”

The Marquis, thus generously employing his superfluous advantages, would delight to linger behind ; resting under

the shadow of some grotesque mountain, and listening to the dashing of some distant waterfall, while his mind now solemnly paused upon the past, now fondly mused on the uncertain future.

After a day passed in this luxurious manner, night so suddenly surprised the Marquis, in a solitary but beautiful valley some miles from Lausanne, that, had not his servants, apprehending him to be too ill, or too much exhausted, to come on, returned with the carriage, he must have slept upon the grass. Once within it, he indulged the slumber fatigue occasioned, and had been well shaken by his valet, before he could be sufficiently roused to understand that his chaise was stopped by another, overturned in the road, and so broken that the lady and her maid were hopeless of reaching Lausanne, unless some benevolent traveller would either assist to repair the mutilated equipage or accommodate them with his own. The Marquis a little cross at having so comfortable a nap interrupted, did not find himself in the humour to alight. Nevertheless, he sent in his own name a polite though unwilling offer of his carriage, but did not think the stranger too complaisant in immediately accepting it. This, however, left him no choice but to spring out, and show his involuntary knight-errantry. The hills on each side were covered with wood, which, meeting over the road, added darkness to the night. Having, though with difficulty, got his carriage safely past the broken one, the Marquis, with great gallantry, handed in two trembling females, who seemed hardly able to thank him; and having given the postilions strict charge of them, returned to survey the shattered equipage: his valet being provided with phosphoric matches, by which he lit a taper. After various proposals to tie it together, the Marquis thought its appearance so unsafe, that, tired as he was, he chose to mount a horse, and follow his own carriage, which was not yet out of hearing. He was near enough to the inn when the strangers alighted to have offered his assistance; but a little disgusted with the want of consideration on their parts, and perceiving, by the candles held at the door, that his hands and clothes were covered with dust, he thought it a respect due to himself, rather than the



stranger, to rectify his appearance. To dress never took the Marquis much time; and to his request to inquire after the lady's health an immediate permission was accorded. As he had sent in his name, the landlord stood ready with lights to precede "*Milor Anglois*" into the apartment of the stranger.

As the Marquis glanced his quick eye forward, he observed that the lady had, like himself, rectified her dress: for leaning one arm gracefully on a low old-fashioned slab, and with the other caressing a beautiful Italian greyhound, stood a female, at once so slight, graceful, and dignified, as to rivet his attention, and give a strange, wild, prophetic pulsation to his heart. This elegant traveller had the air of high rank, affluence, and fashion. She was wrapt in a riding robe of black velvet, lined with white satin, and girt to her waist by a cord of silver. A pale blue velvet hat, with a plume of white feathers, was thrown carelessly on one side, yet tied under her chin by a white and silver handkerchief. Over the black velvet robe fell, in vast profusion, rich curls of fair hair, from which the Marquis, by a kind of intuitive conviction, seemed to recognise the fair Italian; while the whole graceful figure announced to him his Marian. Nor did he err in either instance: the charmer turned towards him, and he saw — not the humble daughter of Dennis, though every feature of Marian. Ah! no, this was, and was not, Marian; — an elegant, conscious, high-bred beauty now stood before him; yet in the chastened delight with which her eye surveyed him, he read the triumph of his own. How new — how tumultuous were his emotions! how exquisite, yet agonising, the embrace she denied not! That Marian was distinguished, her lover plainly saw — that she might be infamous, he severely felt. Yet, such is the contrariety of human emotions, that the tears in which his eyes swam, sprang more from perceiving her to be independent of himself than a juster cause. The air of this irresistible charmer, however, was not more tender than it was innocent. She blushed, it is true; but it seemed to be only for the distress she occasioned; since she hardly knew how to interpret that agitation which the Marquis attempted not to control. "I have surprised

you, my Lord," faltered she: then, sweetly smiling, added, "and I too have been in turn surprised."—"The meeting with my Marian," replied her lover, again fondly clasping her, "would be a pleasure past all speaking; *but*"—"But what, my Lord?"—"To find her *thus!*"—the Marquis cast his eyes over her dress. "Oh! is that all your distress?" cried she, with a glow of triumphant pleasure; "I will not be my own historian, positively, when there is a better at hand: let Sir Edward Arden be summoned to expound the mystery."—"Sir Edward Arden, my angel, is far from hence; and my Marian must, in pity of the heart wholly her own, expound this mystery herself."—"Nay, my Lord," playfully and in exultation returned the charmer, "I may hazard much with *you* in the avowal of my name; but nothing with Sir Edward Arden, by demanding in his arms a welcome for his wandering daughter."

The concussion of nature that swallowed up the impostor Hypolito could alone equal that which now shook the mental system of the Marquis. Yet a single thought was conclusive; a single impulse conviction. Yes, the gracious, the graceful creature, now bending benignly to raise him from the earth where his misery had laid him, was, could be, only the angel daughter of Sir Edward; the being, formed and finished, "the cunning'st pattern of excelling nature;" who, whether as a masked Italian grace, a rustic maid, or a high-bred beauty, was intuitively adored by him, and claimed in his heart, whatever shape she wore, a rightful sovereignty. But whence then came the arch-fiend to whom he had at Messina plighted his hand? No doubt from the hell that opened to swallow her, ere yet the sin was consummated.—How, how, unless endued with supernatural knowledge, could any female but Sir Edward's daughter have discussed with him the many secret domestic occurrences of both their families, which were not more familiar, as it appeared, to his mind, than hers?

And well might this bewilder the ideas of the unhappy Marquis, who had never been enough a party in the little history of Miss Arden to learn that a creature like Emily Fitzallen even existed;—still less that this companion of her infancy had ungratefully supplanted her, and then

vowed a bitter revenge, which she had, alas ! too successfully executed.

That delicate pride which nature makes one of the first charms of woman was a little wounded in Emily Arden, on observing a revulsion of soul so singular in the Marquis. Yet it was plain he suffered much ; so deadly a paleness lived on his cheek, so melting a sadness marked his voice, that, unintelligible as the cause remained (for he answered not to her fondest entreaties), so tender was her heart, and the lover at her feet so entirely the object of its tenderness, as to make her lose every other anxiety in that of consoling him. Too true was the sympathy for her to attempt it in vain : their hearts were formed for each other, and, without a single vow, united. Hypolito, in a moment of such exquisite felicity, as completely vanished from the recollection of the Marquis, as if the impostor had never existed. Sir Edward Arden was no longer missed by his daughter ; and two whole happy hours elapsed in endearment and protestation ere Miss Arden remembered that she was faint for want of food, or the Marquis that he was dying with fatigue, when they met. But was ever repast more delicious than the humble one to which they sat down, when mutual love thus graced and blessed the board ? How playfully did the Marquis arraign the inflexibility of the fair one, who commanded him to recover his good looks by the morning, when from the table she early passed to a chamber, where the sweet consciousness of rewarded virtue hallowed the slumbers of the amiable Emily.

Not alike pure and unbroken was the rest of the Marquis ; so strange, so singular was his situation, so inexplicable his recollections, that he found it impossible to regulate his feelings or calm his spirits. To his distempered fancy the chamber rocked with the earthquake of Sicily one moment, and the next was illuminated with the visible presence of a guardian angel, in the form of his adored Emily : nor were his slumbers more peaceful ; marriage and death by turns seemed to demand a victim ; and glad was he to see that day-break which restored to his eyes and heart the beloved object, who alone could chase away each painful thought.

But what a day of delight arose to Miss Arden ! at last

to see herself the sole hope of the man who ruled her very fate. Now no longer under the painful necessity of concealment, shunned, dreaded, abhorred, the remembrance that she once had been so, only gave sweet confirmation of her power, and exalted happiness into triumph. She was told her father was coming to meet her; and though well she knew the share he would take in the transport, she found it most perfect without him. Safe in her lover's protection, she felt for the first time the fond pleasure of solely depending on him.

The Marquis, on the contrary, counted the hours till his uncle should arrive; for from his hand alone could he hope to receive that of Miss Arden: and dear as was the heart she gave him, he felt it to be only part of an invaluable treasure, wholly destined for himself.

A simple train of circumstances had produced this romantic meeting of the lovers. The awful escape of the Marquis at Messina left him in a state of such danger, that Sir Edward could not conceal it entirely from the Duke; though he forebore, as long as possible, the communication, in hopes of some favourable turn. The Duke, impetuous as his son in all his feelings, forgot how acutely Miss Arden would sympathise, and almost killed her with the dreadful recital of her father. To fly to the beloved of her heart, to watch over, cherish, soothe, recover, or perish with him, was Emily's first thought, and, indeed, her only one. The alarm of the Duke left her without a doubt of his setting out for Italy on the arrival of the next letter; and hardly could the afflicted Emily breathe till it came. That letter bringing, however, better accounts of the Marquis, the Duke coolly left him to the care of his uncle, and thought, from that moment, once more only of himself and his libertine indulgences. Plunged in grief, shut up from company, yet disgusted with her home, Emily soon was shocked with discovering it to be an improper one. The Duke was either less attentive than usual to the respect due to Miss Arden, or she found her perception quickened by the desire she felt to be gone; but it was impossible for her to misunderstand the terms on which the Duke, and the widow, engaged to give propriety to the young lady's residence in his house,

now lived. The disgust and shame of such an affront, however, was soon lost in the recollection that it authorised Emily to follow her own inclinations, and seek her father. She soon found occasion to express her dissatisfaction at the conduct of the *lady*, without seeming to include the Duke in the censure; and announced her intention of availing herself of the return of Sir Edward's courier, who might, with her own suite, conduct her to Italy. The Duke took no pains to investigate, much less over-rule, a resolution which left him peaceful possession of his mistress and his own mansion; but allowed Miss Arden to stay or go, as she should think most eligible. On mature deliberation Emily persuaded herself (so fallacious are our reasonings where the heart is impressed) that to run over the Continent in search of her father, — for she never allowed her lover to appear a part of her consideration, — was absolutely an act of discretion, and accordingly took leave of the Duke.

When once on the road, the impatience which Miss Arden could not restrain showed too plainly the tender motive of her journey. Having agreed to rest in Switzerland, merely till Sir Edward's servant should notify her approach, she had sent him forward only a single day, when the breaking down of her carriage prevented her passing, in the dark, the very person she sought.

The delightful rambles of two lovers through that delightful country may easily be imagined. Sir Edward lost no time, from the moment his servant reached him, in hurrying to meet his daughter; wondering much at every town that he saw her not. But where could it be such happiness to see her, as leaning, with frank affection, on the arm of his nephew, while the glad eyes of both hailed him as the author, the partaker of their felicity? This was, indeed, all of joy a father can know: — to behold his Emily, at last, sweetly conscious of absolute power, yet using it only to give delight: — to hear the nephew, whom he had ever loved with parental fondness, implore absolution from him, for the sins of ingratitude and perverseness, while both, with tender, anxious eyes demanded from his hand each other. Where could three beings be found so much to be envied? Yet, of these three, the father knew, perhaps, the

most exquisite felicity; for he had known the most torturing doubts.

The Marquis, impatient in all things, was for being married the very next day; but this, Sir Edward urged, was, from a variety of causes, impossible. Miss Arden's fortune would then be too much in the Duke's power; who, perhaps, loved himself well enough, poorly to leave his son, during a life that promised continuance, dependent on his wife. So mortifying a suggestion silenced the Marquis, but made him alike urgent to proceed directly to England, where all these arrangements could most expeditiously be made. And now the gentle Emily became the objector; she could not, truly, leave unseen the beauties of Italy, nor was troubled with the least fear for her fortune. All necessary points might, she observed, be settled quite as well without their presence: in short, her father easily comprehended that Miss Arden feared, in returning unmarried, she should be exposed to the ridicule of having come abroad to seek a tardy lover; or rather, that she veiled, under this idea, the same determination with the Marquis; and both were alike ready to be united. Sir Edward, therefore, once more despatched his servant to England, with such proposals to the Duke as he thought eligible; and only required of the lovers to accompany him to Naples, where, on the arrival of the settlements, they could be publicly married in the chapel of the English ambassador; after which Emily might, without impropriety, accompany them to Rome. The Marquis was perfectly easy on every point, but the tedious time which must necessarily elapse: as Sir Edward, however, during the journey, almost always chose to ride his nephew's horse, and give up his seat in the chaise to him, the lovers contrived to pass the interval pleasantly enough.

The reason which Sir Edward gave for delaying the marriage was so prudent, that it easily imposed upon the Marquis, but not on Miss Arden. She had penetrated too deeply into her father's character not to perceive that pride was his foible; and, by the refinement of his nature, she had always been his pride. Sensible that he was born to give way to his nephew himself, it was only by holding his

daughter high he could render it obvious that she was not elevated by marrying her cousin. In the splendour of the union the fond father sought to give an addition to happiness; — the hearts of the lovers told them that was not to be given.

The courier, despatched to England to await the drawing up due settlements under the auspices of the Duke, could not so soon return, but that the party had ample leisure to visit the classical scenes around Naples, in all the intoxication of youth, love, curiosity, and pleasure. Yet fits of absence and gloom, wholly unintelligible to his fair mistress, frequently came over the Marquis; and the name of Hypolito often trembled on his lips, although it never escaped them. How should he resolve to debase himself so far as to tell his adored Emily, that an impostor, infamous for aught he knew, had so successfully assumed her name and character, as to impress herself upon his heart, and decide his fate? or even, if he might venture to rely on her forgiveness, was it possible he should admit to his uncle that he had been made so egregious a dupe?

Sir Edward, understanding too well one cause of his nephew's melancholy and abstracted air, now apprised his daughter of the history and deplorable fate of Hypolito; whom he spoke of so partially, that Emily wept for the loss which the Marquis must long feel of such an accomplished, attached associate. Warned, however, by her father, that to appear to know the sorrow of her lover would be to cherish it, she employed all the charms she well knew how to render successful, to inspirit the Marquis; nor would ever suffer the conversation to turn toward Sicily, or an earthquake. Yet, in the exquisite sense of power and passion, she sometimes envied the lost Hypolito, even in the grave, his influence over the heart where she should exclusively have reigned.

A palace and establishment, suitable to her fortune, having been provided in Naples for Miss Arden, her father and the Marquis contented themselves with their former home. The lady of the English ambassador was distantly allied to the Bellarney family, and soon circulated the reason of the obvious difference in Sir Edward's mode of living and his

daughter's. She introduced Miss Arden at court, who was thought so irresistible, that hardly had the Marquis a friend who was not secretly his rival. Sir Edward triumphed in the admiration his daughter excited; but she loved too truly not to blush at pleasing any man, except him it was her duty, as well as choice, to please. Often did she sigh at the vain parade of her almost empty palace, when she saw its gates close every evening upon her father and her lover; nor had she any consolation for the tedious etiquette by which she was enslaved, but that of knowing the arrival of the courier from England would end it.

Sir Edward's servant at length returned; and the Marquis had the gratification of finding that his uncle had not been just in the idea he formed of his father. The duke of Aberdeen very liberally assigned to his son, during his own life, a third of the estates which he would wholly inherit; and to Miss Arden made over, with the concurrence of the Marquis, for the term of hers, all her own possessions, settling them on the younger children of the marriage, to be allotted at the joint pleasure of the father and mother. To this the Duke added letters equally kind and polite, with the promise of a splendid set of jewels to the bride.

There being no longer any cause for delay, the evening of the next day was fixed for the nuptials, which the English ambassador claimed the honour of witnessing, with his lady, in his own chapel; nor would he excuse the party from supping *al fresco* in his gardens.

The happy morning at length arrived; and the Marquis, having ordered a gay *divertissement*, came to the hotel of Miss Arden to breakfast. The performers were all stopped in the hall, and the lover only admitted to the garden: where, as by magic, had arisen a straw-roofed cottage, in which appeared, in the simple garb of Scotland, the affianced bride; while, by her, in a habit humble as that of Dennis, stood her real father. The repast was in the same plain style; and had not the fragrant tuberose and flowering orange scented the air, the delighted Marquis would have thought himself still in his native shades—those sweet solitudes, where first his heart expanded to love and happiness.



The more brilliant entertainment of music which the lover had prepared, was given afterwards; but to the maskers was added the fair-haired Italian peasant, whose light fingers once more swept the mandoline with inimitable grace. That pleasure past, Emily again vanished, but soon to return in the chaste elegance of her bridal dress. Long robes of white muslin, spangled with silver, were girt to her waste by a zone of purple, clasped with rich diamonds. The redundancy of her locks was a little confined, by part of them being braided with glowing purple, and strings of pearl, without any other ornament. Several bracelets of pearl encircled her polished and snowy arms, the beauty of which never was so obvious, as while her father, holding one hand, and her lover the other, conducted her up through the portico of the ambassador's palace. At the gate the party were met by the noble owner and his lady, who ushered them through a magnificent gallery to the chapel. It was splendidly illuminated, and so gaily decorated with festoons of roses, as to appear indeed the temple of Hymen. Sir Edward Arden, in the fulness of delight, now fixed his eyes on those of his beloved nephew, and now on the downcast lids of his daughter, and saw, in the arrival of this moment, every wish he had ever formed accomplished. The chaplain began the solemn service; and Sir Edward, taking the two hands so dear to him, in the presence of God and man, joined the pair whom he once thought no time, no chance would ever unite. In the gardens of the palace, a splendid collation was soon afterwards served, and an invisible concert prolonged the tedious time to the Marquis, who watched the glance of Sir Edward's eye to lead home his Emily — his own dear Emily. During the interval, the palace had been universally illuminated, and a great crowd had assembled on the steps of the portico. Distressed at becoming in such a moment the sole object of attention, Emily, in descending, stumbled. The bridegroom, concluding that some one had trod upon her robe, turned hastily round to disengage it, and fixed his eyes on those of — Hypolito. Yes, the ghastly phantom appeared in the very same boyish habiliments which he wore when the Marquis last

beheld him ; and, oh ! fatal memento of their tremendous meeting, and yet more tremendous parting, held up in full view the ring, the fatal ring, with which the unfortunate youth had wedded the fair, the fascinating impostor. It had been one of his mother's, hastily applied, however ill-suited to this purpose ; but it was too remarkable to be mistaken ; nor could the wretched gazer doubt its identity. The exquisite vision of love, hope, and happiness, faded at once from the soul of the agonized bridegroom ; and he sunk, a corpse in appearance, at the feet of the trembling daughter of Sir Edward Arden.

The portico resounded with the cries of the sorrowful and astonished spectators. The Marquis was carried into the nearest apartment, and a medical gentleman immediately lanced a vein in his arm. Wan, as though arising from the grave, the lover at length opened his eyes, and, wildly glancing them around, no longer allowed them to dwell on her so lately their sole object ; but, hardly permitting the surgeon time to bind up the orifice, sprang with the strength of a lunatic from those who encircled him, to fly through the arcade — traverse the chapel — the illuminated galleries — from thence, in the desperation of sudden frenzy, he rushed down the steps of the portico — but too certain, at length, that the object of his search was no longer visible, he struck his head against a marble pillar with such force as to stun himself. Sir Edward Arden, hardly less frantic at a misery so wholly unintelligible, directed his servants to lift his nephew into his coach, and carry him back to the hotel they both inhabited. A trembling hand seized the arm of Sir Edward ; and the pale face of his Emily anxiously explored his, while repeating, “ The Marquis, my father, has now a house of his own — it is your Emily who must henceforward entreat for a home with her husband.” Conscious of she knew not what violation of decorum in this, she sweetly shrunk from his glance, and blushed : yet in a moment

— “ A thousand innocent shames  
“ In angel-whiteness bore away those blushes.”

Pressing his tender Emily to his bosom, Sir Edward dropped on hers tears of infantine softness and affection. “ Sweetest

of creatures," cried he, "hardly can this unhappy young man be termed thy husband."—"Have I not even now called on Heaven and man, my father, to witness the vow that long, long since, wedded my soul to his? Yes, Edward, beloved Edward," cried she, turning with a gush of tears to the still insensible bridegroom, "I am thine—for ever thine! Sick or well, happy or miserable, thy Emily feels it the dear, sad duty of her life, to watch over, soothe, sustain thee. The grave alone, perhaps not even that, can sever from thine the soul now repeating the fond, unalienable vow, to him who is, alas! no longer able to return it."

Sir Edward made no further opposition to the wish of his daughter; and the bridal hours were past by the tender agitated Emily in anxious watchings. A raging fever followed the horrible convulsion of mind which the Marquis had undergone: in its paroxysms the affrighted bride a thousand times heard him renounce, abhor, the vow of marriage, by which "he had allied himself to perdition." Starting up with fearful glaring eyes, he would command her to quit his sight—never, never more, to appear before him. The frenzy, then, would be illumined with a ray of reason: he suddenly beheld in her a benignant angel, descended to save him from the horrors of his own soul.—He would, with that tenderness which was ever so successful, implore her *never* to quit his bed-side—*never* once to take from his eyes those charming ones which alone could soften his sufferings; and now pressing her hand to his throbbing temples, and now to his burning bosom, seem to think it quieted each dangerous pulsation; and thus, at intervals, lulled himself into the stupefaction which gave him strength again to struggle. From the imperfect slumbers into which her fondness soothed him, he would again start with convulsive shudderings—insist that the room rocked with an earthquake; that the sun was turned into blood—heap dreadful curses on an Emily, "loathsome to his eyes, and fatal to his honour"—demand in wild transports "the ring, the fatal ring, with which *the fiend had enchained his very soul*;"—and, when the agonised daughter of Sir Edward Arden hastily

drew off the one which he had so lately given her, to present it to him, he would gaze mournfully on that, and mysteriously on her — then cry, “No, no!” — wander through faint recollections, and, gently replacing the bond of dear affiance, draw fondly towards him the heart-broken Emily, and deluge her bosom with his tears.

Sacred is the bond of calamity, when thus the visitation comes from Heaven. Could Emily in the arms of the Marquis have known so dear a tenderness as that she felt when hovering near his sick-bed, conscious that he existed but by the love that would willingly have made him immortal? When did any pleasure of sense equal that with which the almost expiring lover took from her eyes, and from her hand, the daily portion of prolonged existence?

Sir Edward shared in the assiduities of his daughter, when the Marquis began to recover. Yet a strange apprehension, in spite of his better reason, too often presented itself to his mind, which Emily knew not: he saw, or fancied he saw, that as the strength and spirits of the Marquis returned, he found their company an oppression. Alas! the tender father was not mistaken. What tortures of mind succeeded the sufferings of body, from which the miserable Lenox at last escaped! He knew the only good on earth which his soul desired to be his own, yet found himself not the richer. Could he, in the fatal circumstance he stood in, dare to sully the purity of his angel Emily? Too well he knew the ring she wore gave him no claim to her endearing tenderness — would convey no inheritance to her children — nay might, by the malice of a fiend, be taken from her finger. To the fury of fever, and frenzy, now succeeded a sullen, settled, impenetrable despair. If he appeared at all, his eyes were haggard, his hair dishevelled; he hardly sat a moment at the table — forgot he was desired to eat — and, strangely departing from all the civilities of life, no less than its social feelings, would often rush from the room, to shut himself up again in his own apartment. Nor was that apartment any longer accessible to the miserable Emily. Yet hours and hours she waited anxiously in the antechamber, while he paced irregularly in the one within. Alas! the sighs and groans that at intervals escaped him pierced her very soul.

Sir Edward Arden now too sensibly felt how incompetent we are to judge of that which we so boldly demand of Heaven as happiness. A thousand times the Marquis had, with the energetic delight of a lover, told him he adored his daughter: he could not but see that she lived in the looks of his nephew. It had been the pride, the pleasure of his life, to give them to each other; yet not one of the three found, in the accomplishment of this only wish, felicity.

Not from his daughter, however, could Sir Edward draw a breath of complaint. It was her wan cheek, when she was no longer permitted to watch over her husband, — it was the faint flutter, and delicate glow, that tinted her complexion, when he appeared, — it was the tears she stifled in his presence, but that flooded her eyes whenever he vanished, which alone told to her fond father the painful sense she had of so deep an unkindness. A thousand times Sir Edward resolved to inquire into the motives of his nephew's total estrangement — as often the apprehensive Emily left him nothing to complain of, by taking on herself the fault; and insisting, that time, and time only, would enable her to recover the shock and fatigue of so long an attendance on so alarming a malady — confess an obligation to the Marquis for returning her kindness in allowing her to do as she pleased; and finally, with a delicate address, conveyed through her father this to her husband. What was her grief and astonishment, to find that this information contributed more to tranquillise his mind than all her cares had done! The fatal idea, that she had been from the first deceived, and he had married her only for her fortune, then suddenly forced itself upon her. No sooner did the Marquis begin to ride abroad, and resume his usual habits of life, than the deserted Emily shut herself up in her own apartment, and almost died at so marked, so cruel a neglect.

Ah! could she have known the employment — the sole employment of the man whom she distrusted, — every moment of his absence was spent in searching for that fiend, whom, once found, he hoped to soothe, or bribe, to allow of the annulling of a marriage certainly incomplete,

but which only her acknowledgment could prove so. That obtained, he meant to throw himself at the feet of Sir Edward's daughter; and, by confessing the whole truth, prove what appeared to be his fault, was in reality his virtue—the daring to shun the bride whose tenderness he returned with adoration.

The search, the inquiries of the hapless husband, availed not: this fearful phantom, at whose presence virtue and happiness at once vanished, having completed that object, seemed ever to sink into the hell that alone could have engendered her. After a thousand struggles to reconcile his feelings with his conscience, the Marquis found he must still shun his Emily, and, by returning immediately to London, have the advice of the civilians there on the possibility of annulling the first marriage, and making the second valid.

But the latter object, it soon seemed probable, the Marquis need not strive so assiduously to attain; it appeared to himself, as well as to the distracted father, a dreadful doubt, whether Emily would live to see England again. A grief, too severe for medicine to cure, had already made deep ravages on the constitution of the Marchioness. Her heart, thrown back upon her hands, chilled the pure bosom it returned to. The hours usually devoted to rest were spent by her in vain conjectures concerning her husband, to whom she naturally imputed some other attachment. Yet still, in company, his eyes were ever fixed on her with a dying fondness, though he sought her not at any other time. Determined to fulfil her duty, even in the extreme, Emily exhausted herself in efforts to please, or to amuse him. She played, she drew enchantingly. She charmed all who came within her circle, and often saw, in the pride which the Marquis indulged whenever she was admired, that fond appropriation of herself, wholly irreconcilable with his painful neglect.

The physician having declared the Marchioness in too precarious a state of health to venture a long journey, proposed her leaving Naples for a more retired situation. A villa was easily procured; and her father, unable to endure the inexplicable vexation, made an excursion to Rome, to

endeavour to beguile, in the society of the wise and lettered men of that city, the deep chagrin of which he saw no probable end.

He had the little relief of shortly after hearing, from Emily, that the sweet spot she lived in had revived her spirits, and amended her health. Each letter gave him more cheerful accounts. Not only his daughter, but the Marquis, at length implored him to return, and both joined in assuring him that his presence, his paternal presence, alone was wanting to their happiness. This assurance had too often reached Sir Edward's ears, while only misery was before his eyes, for him to give much credit to it; but the anxious desire he had to know whether his daughter's health was really restored, made him at length risk visiting the infatuated pair, whom wedlock, as it seemed, alone could alienate. But they were alienated no longer; every trace of vexation and sickness had so entirely vanished, that it was only by his memory Sir Edward could assure himself either had existed. In perfect harmony with each other, the married lovers diffused over the beautiful spot they inhabited the charms of paradise itself: for what were they but innocence and love? was the Marquis then innocent? — fain, fain, would he believe so. The angel Emily, who lived *for*, lived *with* him, and was perhaps too charming always to be withstood. Her image so wholly occupied his soul, that the horrible one of Hypolito became at length faint, indistinct, ærial — it was the interest of the hapless lover to persuade himself, that the heart-harrowing form, holding the ring on the steps of the ambassador's palace, was shaped by his fancy merely; and the variety of frightful visions, which impressed his brain in the progress of his fever, had assumed figures so various and distorted, that well might he doubt whether fear had not conjured up the formidable phantom which at that interesting moment shook his nature. So fruitless too had been his after-search, that he at length fondly flattered himself the object of it no longer existed; and it was not the dead, but the living, whom the unhappy Lenox was born to dread.

Yet nothing but a favourable judgment from the civilians in England could ultimately relieve the mind of the

adoring husband ; for while one doubt remained in it, that he might yet bring affliction on his Emily, the dear delight of living with her was imperfect pleasure. Their return home was once again in contemplation, when a new cause of delay occurred, bringing with it the sweetest hope in human nature.—Sir Edward was suddenly struck with the same delicacy of complexion, that had forerun the birth of his Emily, in herself ; and by recalling the beloved remembrance of her mother, the Marchioness became doubly endeared to him.—How exquisite was the pleasure he gave to her husband in the hint ! Both agreed that the timid Emily should choose her own time for disclosing a secret so pleasing to all three ; and both with tender studious care promoted her every wish, nay sought in silence to anticipate them all.

Retirement was no longer thought necessary to the restoration of the Marchioness : but from the delicacy of her nature it now became her choice ; and she formed too entirely the happiness of her husband and father for them to wish to change the scene.—How, indeed, when three informed and united hearts devoted every power to pleasing each other, could the enlargement of the party have improved it ? — Sir Edward among his studies pursued that of botany, and Emily delighted in drawing plants.—It became the favourite employment of her father and husband to discover in their rides and walks new subjects to amuse her mind, and engross her pencil.—She was engaged one evening in perpetuating a very perishable flower, while the Marquis was walking backwards and forwards in the saloon, trying upon his flute, from whence he drew most melting music, a thousand desultory strains, as they floated through his memory.—One struck Emily ; but busied with her pencil, she hastily asked him, without raising her eye, where he had learnt that passage ? — The Marquis paused, and, in the fluttered tone that to worldly observers would have announced insincerity, replied, that “ he could not recollect ; ” though too well he remembered it was from Hypolito he learnt—it was with Hypolito he had often played it.—After a period of hesitation, the Marquis ventured in turn to inquire if she had ever heard it before ? — “ Certainly,



my Lord," replied Emily, gaily smiling, and half raising her eyes — "it is a strain of my own; composed when I was a little rustic, wandering in the woods and wilds of Ireland, and thinking of my obstinate charming cousin: — it seemed something odd thus to hear the echo of my heart from your lips, especially as I never gave the air to more than one human being, and it was very improbable that she should ever fall in your way."

A strange cold tremor seized the frame of the Marquis. — Ah! God, thought he, who then was that *one human being*? — Yet to discover even the object of our fear is among the invariable, though painful propensities of human nature. — Almost breathless, he faltered out, at last, an inquiry. — The Marchioness replied, in the same gay, careless tone, "I detest Ireland so thoroughly from its having given you an unfavourable impression of your poor little wife, and Emily Fitzallen so much for having made my paternal mansion a miserable home to me, that I never willingly think of, much less mention, either one or the other." — "And who," said the Marquis, in a perturbed manner, "is this Emily Fitzallen?" — "Nay," cried his lady, "it is your own fault you do not know; for she has made no small figure in my little history. I wonder my father never told you the extraordinary scene we had, when my grandmother's will was opened, with this upstart, insolent favourite. The proud passionate wretch no sooner found herself thrown on my mercy, — though well she knew she might have trusted it, — than the fury glared at once through the veil of her consummate beauty. I think even now I see; and hear her, solemnly vowing a revenge on me, which happily it will never be in her power to execute; or hardly Heaven itself could save me; — so vindictive do I know her."

The Marquis, in an agony too mighty for expression, rushed out of the saloon, ere his groans should lead to the mysterious sorrow struggling at his heart, the yet happy daughter of Sir Edward. Thrown at his length in the garden, he tore his hair, and gave way to the frenzy of instantaneous, horrible conviction. "Oh! Emily," exclaimed he, "adored, unfortunate Emily! didst thou know how

successful this fiend has already been, what but death could follow? — Alas! that is, perhaps, only for a little while delayed, and we shall both become her victims. The minute, inexplicable informations of that deliberate destroyer, that smiling Hypolito, are now accounted for: too well do I perceive the fiend yet walks this earth, vanishing at intervals, only to seduce me into such exquisite guilt, as shall give her, when she again appears, a yet more exquisite power of tormenting. That I should, till the moment I fell into the snare, have been ignorant of the existence of this serpent — and that I should *now* — *now* first learn it! Oh! just, yet killing punishment! — blind, arrogant, wilful, I would not obey the voice of duty or of gratitude. Alas! my heart's dear Emily, had I sought thee, as any other man would have been proud to do, in the mansion of thy ancestors; had I shown thee but the common respect due to Sir Edward Arden's daughter, this monster of iniquity would have been known to me; and, never, never could she thus fatally have accomplished her vengeance."

From the moment of this accidental explanation, which made no impression upon the mind of the Marchioness, peace and rest fled from her unhappy husband. The sad sense of an indistinct impending evil which no human care could guard against, together with the painful consciousness of error, poisoned the dear delight of calling Emily his own, and wore him down to a skeleton.

" He withers at his heart; and looks as wan  
As the pale spectre of a murder'd man:  
Nor, mix'd in mirth, in youthful pleasure shares,  
But sighs when songs and instruments he hears.  
Uncomb'd his locks, and careless his attire,  
Unlike the trim of love or gay desire."

Yet impelled by restlessness, continually to add to the knowledge that devoured his very being, when the Marquis entered into conversation at all, it was to win, indirectly, from either Sir Edward or Emily, more minute informations and recitals concerning this detested impostor. The strange singularity of her excelling on the flute was at once accounted for by his wife, who informed him that it had been the peculiar instrument of the master who taught

both the ladies at Bellarney ; and the bolder genius of Miss Fitzallen, she added, ever pursued what pleased her, without a thought of the proper or improper. Thus had she been accustomed, in playing, always to accompany Emily Arden ; and in every accomplishment kept pace with her.

The more the Marquis ruminated on the fatal rite, which was the perpetual subject of his thoughts, the more he became convinced that, though a sudden resolve on his part, it was not so on that of the seducing Hypolito, nor had been imperfectly solemnised. The witnessing priests, no less than the one who married him, were all men high in consideration ; and too well he knew that the impostor had secured documents of the ceremony, which he now plainly perceived no wealth could purchase, no agonies win her to give up. Never did he lift his eyes to the still unsuspecting Marchioness, that they were not ready to overflow upon the lovely wretch, who knew not yet her own misfortune.

The wan cheeks, the wild looks of the hapless lover, could not, however, be equally guarded from the observation of Sir Edward Arden, who saw but too plainly some deep-seated sorrow in his soul, which it was his only employment to hide from his Emily — the beloved of both. In hours of kindness and confidence, when they were alone, Sir Edward often sought to lead his nephew to a disclosure of his grief ; but the effort generally produced vague transports, threatening either despair or madness ; and glad was the afflicted parent to retreat again into ignorance, so that he could soothe to peace pangs wholly unintelligible.

A love thus steeped in tears is, however, too trying a sight for a father. Sir Edward, again unable to endure a state of total retirement, hinted to the young pair that it might be advisable to return to Naples. Emily readily consented, from the idea that the melancholy which she perceived yet lurking about the Marquis, and now, she feared, infecting her father, might proceed from the sacrifice both made of society for her sake. At Naples she should, at least, feel that both were independent ; nor would it be necessary for her to mix in its gay circles.

Ah ! hapless Emily, couldst thou have known the misery awaiting thee at Naples, to the extremity of the earth

wouldst thou have flown to avoid it! — A few days after her return, the Marchioness was persuaded, by her husband and father, to drive, in their company, on the Corso. Before her was one equipage, which they all perceived to be English. The slow parade of its motion made the servants of the Marquis pass it abruptly; and curiosity, to see who of their own country it contained, induced all the party to lean forward. A lovely face did the same in the other carriage; and with a power scarcely inferior to the fabled one of the Gorgon, transfixed, in a manner, a trio, who, at that moment, had not a single thought of Miss Fitzallen. It was herself — that fair fiend, gay, triumphant, elegantly attired, and sumptuously attended. Her face was too strongly impressed on Sir Edward's memory to be mistaken; to its daughter it seemed familiar as her own; to the Marquis it appeared a vision of guilt and horror. Had either of his companions instantaneously turned towards him, words would not have been wanting to tell the cause of all his silent struggles, of all his imbibited enjoyments; — his heart died within him, thus to find his worst fear verified.

Emily, suddenly recollecting that to the Marquis this fatal face was unknown, turned to account to him for the astonishment which it had excited in herself and her father. She beheld him sunk lifeless and low in the carriage; and, snatching his hand, found on it the chill of death. Miss Fitzallen was no more remembered; the whole world vanished from the eyes of the tender wife; and, prognosticating a second attack of the Marquis's fearful fever, she hastened home to call medical assistance, and use every possible precaution. Happily, the common methods for alleviating the diseases of the body are the only ones that can mitigate the anguish of the mind. Loss of blood, abstinence, and solitude, misery requires no less than fever. The last of these prescriptions gave this unfortunate husband the painful privilege of shutting his door on all the world — even on his adored Emily. Once more alone, he would have regulated his ideas; but thought was chaos. He would perhaps have died, had he not known that he must alike kill the wife he adored. He

could only rend his hair and groan, till exhausted nature sunk to stupefaction.

To address with supplication the heart base enough to lead him on to guilt, the Marquis saw, would be a vain attempt; and only show the infamous Miss Fitzallen the extent of power she had acquired. To threaten might lead her to assert it.— Whence, too, came she? How had she escaped the horrors of the earthquake? how acquired the splendour with which she was surrounded? and under what name and character was she received in society? Where could he acquire self-command and patience enough to pursue these inquiries? Yet, if they should ultimately tend to break the tie so abhorred, and render Emily happy, was it not his duty to sacrifice every inferior feeling to that great one?

Under this impression, the Marquis again resolved to dissemble what was passing in his heart; and, by mixing with the gay nobles of the Neapolitan court, trace out the history of this striking stranger. What was his astonishment, when he returned into that circle, to find that she was no stranger there;—that, while he was vainly seeking her in the character of Hypolito, without any disguise, and in her own name, Miss Fitzallen had appeared in Naples, almost from the day he left it;—that she was considered as a beautiful Irish heiress, enchanting in her manners, and careless in her conduct. A woman who dares affect this character, has all the male sex at once on her side. Not an associate of the Marquis who did not profess himself of her train; yet not one impeached a life, by all admitted to be very equivocal. To his other cruel chagrins, the Marquis now added that of knowing, that if she should dare to assert her marriage, and the laws sanctioned it, she would bring on him, in her own person, indelible infamy; since it was sufficiently obvious she could have no wealth which vice did not procure. Yet so well are disgraceful secrets usually kept, that it might be for ever out of his power to prove the guilt which he in a manner witnessed. But was it for him to attempt proving guilt on any other human being? Did he not crawl upon the earth, the abhorred of his own soul, and endure existence but for the

sake of that angel whom his adoration alone had sullied? Such was the beginning, such the end, of the daily, nightly meditations of the Marquis of Lenox.

Time, however, crept on; and no change in the situation of any party occurred. Emily Fitzallen, occupied apparently with herself, her lovers, and her own plans, seemed not to mean any further to annoy the Marquis. Sir Edward and his daughter knew not that they were to fear, and soon became used to see her. Could the miserable Lenox, therefore, have compounded with his conscience, he might yet have called his own that happiness which love, friendship, and fortune, in rare union, sometimes lavish on humanity. Oh! most acute of miseries, to remember his hand only could have poisoned the rich cup of felicity!

But it was not the fate of the Marquis long to enjoy even the little interval of rest which doubt now gave him. The Duke of Aberdeen had at length sent over to his daughter-in-law the splendid jewels promised on her marriage. They were the first set in the manner, since become so fashionable, called transparent. Emily's natural delicacy made her decline appearing at court, as her person now showed her situation; but these beautiful diamonds became so much the subject of discourse, that the Queen sent to desire the Marchioness would intrust them to her jeweller to alter some of her ornaments by. The jewels were committed to his care, and the cause of their not being worn by their owner thus became public. As any trifle will amuse the great, the jeweller's house was immediately the resort of every lady who had, or thought she had, a right to either jewels or fashion. Nor was Miss Fitzallen wanting to her own consequence on the occasion. What was the state of the Marquis, when, an hour after her visit there, this billet was put into his hands: — "Hypolito is charmed with the jewels: in three days' time they must be sent, or you abide the consequence." The incensed and haughty soul of the Marquis would have abided any consequence, but for the peculiar, the interesting, situation of his Emily. The mere fact, without the least aggravation, would be death to her; but with the

colourings which this malignant fiend might give it, madness would, perhaps, fore-run some tremendous catastrophe. After the most desperate struggles with himself — an anguish past all description — the wretched Lenox tried to unfold a fabricated tale to his beloved, and saw, in the alarm that instantly shook her, what the truth would infallibly have produced in so delicate a creature. How sweet was the relief that glowed on her countenance, when she at last wrung from his labouring heart the fallacious confession, that he had incurred a debt of honour, beyond the utmost amount of the money at his immediate command, nor could payment be delayed. “The jewels alone” — Emily suffered him not to conclude the sentence: “Take them at once, my love; take any, or all my fortune — Oh! that the whole of it could restore colour to those bloodless cheeks, or peace to that beloved bosom! well, indeed, then would it be employed: —

“For never should'st thou lie by Portia's side  
With an unquiet soul.”

Who would not have endured a daily martyrdom for such a creature? — Miss Fitzallen had the jewels she demanded. The only one the gentler Emily wished for, the heart of the Marquis, was wholly her own.

It happened, a short time after, that an English nobleman gave a *fête* ere he quitted Naples, to which of course the Marquis, his lady, and Sir Edward, were invited. The Marquis shared not in any pleasure his Emily retired from; and she no longer mixed in company. Sir Edward, either from thinking the absence of the whole family would be an affront to their countryman, or a latent taste for gaieties he was not yet too far advanced in life to enjoy, accepted the invitation, though he joined not the party till late. Among the masked dancers, he suddenly perceived one who appeared to him to be adorned with the unworn jewels of the Marchioness. Yet this was so unlikely, that her father drew near — rather to satisfy himself that they were not the same, than from the belief that they were. It was not, however, possible to doubt their identity. Neither would the wearer allow hers to be doubted; for when Sir Edward approached, Miss Fitzallen took off her mask, and, holding

it carelessly in her hand, surveyed the incensed father with an exulting malignant smile, as though she bade him drink to the dregs the deadly poison of conviction.

Almost frantic with wrath and indignation, Sir Edward rushed from the ball-room, and in one moment would have rendered the two beings most dear to him miserable for ever ; but that their better angel bade them retire early, and escape the storm.

Though the fever of passion raged all night in Sir Edward's bosom, reason at intervals endeavoured to counteract it. In England, he recollected, that it was not unusual for arrogant people to hire, at an extravagant price, additions to their own diamonds, on occasions of parade. The same custom might prevail at Naples ; and the queen's jeweller have availed himself of the confidence reposed in him, to make a temporary advantage of ornaments which he knew the owner would not be near to recognise. This was possible, and only possible ; for Sir Edward hardly could persuade himself that any jeweller would venture to intrust diamonds so valuable at a masquerade, or that any person would choose to hire a set so singular in their taste, as to prove they could belong only to one lady. There was yet another remote idea came to his relief (for it was death to him to think but for a moment that her husband had thus plundered and insulted his daughter) — Emily herself might have been acted upon by this artful mean creature, and have given her a princely fortune in her diamonds. He remembered her having sent to Miss Fitzallen, when she so insolently quitted Bellarney, all the jewels she then possessed (for the bounty had been haughtily and ungratefully returned into his own hands) : Emily might not, in the fervour of her feelings at this period, have either taken into view the vast difference in the value of the benefaction, nor the disgrace which must result either to herself or her lord, in allowing a woman of a character at the best dubious publicly to appear in ornaments prepared for, and only suitable to, a Duchess.

Morning, however, at length came ; and though prudence had imposed present silence on Sir Edward, he was not the less determined to trace to its source this extraordinary in-



cident. When an hour of loneliness gave him opportunity to examine how far his daughter was concerned, he turned, as if accidentally, their conversation on the jewels. Emily blushed, sighed, and strove, by beginning on another subject, to wave that. Though this effort too plainly proved that her diamonds were gone, yet, in the painful state of the father's mind, he was obliged rather to wish the egregious folly of giving them away might be proved upon his daughter, than a cruel doubt remain that her husband had been guilty of ingratitude and baseness. Sir Edward was on the point of reproving Emily for thus unworthily bestowing the magnificent present of the Duke of Aberdeen, when his native pride prevailed; and, by his not deigning to utter the name of Miss Fitzallen, his alarmed daughter understood all he applied to that base woman as referring to the Marquis: for it never occurred to her that she could be suspected, by a human being, of having given to any creature but her husband such valuables. In her perplexity she betrayed, without designing it, how she had disposed of them; but, shocked at the change in Sir Edward's face, extorted a promise of secrecy from him, by the offer of unrestrained confidence. That promise was so necessary to his learning the whole she could tell him, that he did not hesitate to comply. She then imparted the specious tale of the Marquis's loss at the gaming-table, and expressed the sweet relief her heart found in taking from his the disgraceful weight of a debt of honour. To smooth the furrows on her father's brow, Emily ventured to vouch for this debt being single in its kind, and generously called upon Sir Edward to rejoice that the first went to such an extent as would, in a rational mind, prevent a folly from becoming a habit. Sir Edward, though perhaps not more satisfied than at the beginning of the explanation, saw such merit and tenderness in Emily's conduct, that he yielded to her entreaties, and promised never to mention either the jewels or the debt of honour to the Marquis. On his own part he carefully suppressed the painful knowledge which he had thus accidentally acquired; resolving, by future watchfulness, to fathom the heart of his nephew if the fault lay so

deep, and to admonish him, if it should only influence his conduct.

Time, however, passed on; and the married lovers, inseparable in their pleasures, gave no cause to the most watchful parent for dissatisfaction. Sir Edward had almost forgotten his cause of distrust; when, in a moment of hilarity, it not only was revived, but indelibly impressed. During a meeting of the dissolute Neapolitan nobles, with the gay travellers who wander from England to disseminate the bad habits of their own country, and bring home those of all they visit, Sir Edward found Miss Fitzallen suddenly became the subject of very light discourse, which began with her being toasted by an Italian, after the Marchioness, and rejected by an Englishman as an improper association. The sprightly sallies of gallantry and admiration which this creature excited in her defenders would have been ill borne by Sir Edward; had he not taken a strong interest in the subject, from the desire he still had to learn the means by which she obtained his Emily's jewels. He now began artfully to unbend; and the company with eagerness listened to authority so indubitable, when Sir Edward recounted all he knew of her history: it concluded with his obvious desire to benefit in turn by their communications, and a marked wonder at the high style of her establishment, when he knew her to be without any inherited resources. A laugh, that proved he had shown ignorance where he might have been supposed to possess information, embarrassed Sir Edward, who, struggling to conceal his anxiety, redoubled his address fully to develop the truth which he almost trembled to know. Without hesitation, the thoughtless party spoke of a variety of lovers as favoured by Miss Fitzallen, and lavishing their wealth on her: but the most profuse, they all admitted, was Count Montalvo, who *first took her from the Marquis of Lenox*. Sir Edward Arden supposed his senses failed him; or rather, that apprehension shaped into words the workings of his fancy. The conversation, however, was gaily continued. Those who named the Marquis, rather treated him as one who had formerly followed, than who now paid her homage. Sick, sick at heart, the fond father smiled; though on his lips

the smile stiffened almost into a convulsion, that still he might hear: and hear he did. The name of Hypolito at length was repeated; and the start Sir Edward gave showed this, as applied to Miss Fitzallen, to be a discovery. He was obliged to endure their raillery on his own blindness, and be told, that almost every one around him had discovered this favoured youth to be a woman, who had thus disguised herself to deceive the uncle, and make the nephew happy.

And now, to the jaundiced sight of Sir Edward, the whole horrible truth stood revealed in its most odious colours. In this nephew, so beloved, admired, esteemed, he suddenly beheld a man capable of licentiousness and hypocrisy in the first instance—baseness and ingratitude in the last. He now could recollect, that the features of this feigned Hypolito had from the first struck him as familiar to his eye: yet still they caused no suspicion; confiding, as he did at that time, in the Marquis, and almost inseparable from both. Having always seen in the impostor the talents, mien, and manners, of a youth, how was it possible that he should surmise her sex? Yet well he remembered, long after the earthquake at Messina, the agony of the Marquis whenever Hypolito was named; and he bitterly reproached himself for not reflecting, that the feeling of man for man rarely produced so pungent a pang.

That the Marquis, at Messina, either by the calamitous devastation or her own choice, had lost the worthless wanton, was, to the erroneous judgment of Sir Edward, very evident: that he never bestowed a thought on Emily Arden till that moment seemed equally obvious. It is true, when they met, he condescended not to hate the gentle creature who lived in his looks: nay, he even deigned to marry her. But no sooner did the beautiful impostor appear, in the new charm of her own shape, than she resumed her full empire over the ungenerous Marquis; and he not only sacrificed to her his fortune and his honour, but feeling, nay even decency. “And such, then, is the husband whom I have a thousand times implored of Heaven for my innocent, my noble-minded Emily!” groaned forth the afflicted father.

One only hope of happiness remained to them all, in the judgment of Sir Edward, and that was a hope horrible to humanity. A single lover might not be able to attach Miss Fitzallen; a single fortune certainly could not support her: and if once the Marquis discovered the first, her reign would be over. Sir Edward had bound himself to endure the scene before him with patience, and he determined he would do so; although his secret soul misgave him, that the fair fiend, if she ruined not the husband by her extravagance, would sooner or later destroy the wife by her malice.

The favourite and trusted valet of Sir Edward knew his master too well not to comprehend something of the unspoken cares that preyed on his peace. From that domestic, Sir Edward had the additional vexation of learning, that every servant in the family had, from the first, suspected the sex of the feigned Hypolito; and all concluded that it was a love affair of the young lord's, which his uncle would not see. He, too, confirmed the opinion of his master, that, in the earthquake at Messina, this disguised favourite vanished: and the affliction her lover long showed proved he believed her among the victims.

By means of his valet, in whom he was reduced to confide, Sir Edward had a strict watch kept on the wanderings of the melancholy Lenox; but from these malice could not have drawn any conclusion against him. No being could point out the moment which he passed not in lonely misery, save those he beguiled in the society of Emily and her father. Yet the latter now sought him not, still less condescended to soothe him. Each had his own oppressive secret to guard; and the Marchioness became soon the only link between two hearts, that once preferred each other to the whole world.

Nor was even Emily without a latent fear,—a buried sorrow. Among her insipid Italian female visitants, one had been found capable of shocking her with the information of the name of the lady who now possessed and displayed the rich baubles that seemed to have been sent only to torment her: and though it was possible that the winner of the immense debt, which those jewels were appropriated to

pay, had gratified Miss Fitzallen with them, it was likewise possible that the Marquis himself might have been the donor. The long absences, which he rendered every day longer, perplexed and afflicted his wife; who, more and more confined from her situation, had ample leisure for conjecture. Had she too set a spy on the Marquis, well would she have known, that the periods when he no longer gladdened her sight were always spent by him in the deepest shade of some convent garden, in solitude, penitence, groans, and anguish.

The days that now passed rapidly to the fearful Emily seemed to creep to the Marquis, who expected, with more than a lover's impatience, with more than a father's anxiety, the one which would render her a mother: when her recovery would leave him at liberty to hasten to England, and satisfy his mind as to the predicament in which the laws of that country placed him. By those of Italy, he knew himself condemned, unless Miss Fitzallen consented to prove the marriage incomplete. It was a situation too delicate to intrust to any human being; nor dared he on paper commit himself. Every day, every hour, he repeated with what impatience he should hasten, when able, to England; and even Sir Edward, not knowing how to reconcile this lively anxiety to return, with the charm he still fancied Italy contained for the Marquis, now gave him credit for reviving virtue, and now despised him for consummate hypocrisy.

Sir Edward foreseeing how little Emily would like to mix in the Neapolitan society, and quite convinced that it was necessary, in her condition, to take exercise and amusement, had for some time meditated surprising her with a useful present. He had, therefore, ere she left the country, employed his grooms to break a set of beautiful Spanish horses; and sent for a light, low, elegant kind of carriage, which ladies often safely drive. The rides round Naples are beautiful, but not contiguous; and thus was the Marchioness to be seduced into exploring them. The sweetly fancied carriage, however, was no sooner seen, than, like her diamonds, it became the object of universal attraction. Miss Fitzallen was among those whom it captivated;—to admire, and to appropriate, was, with her, the same thing.

The success of her first bold demand ensured her whatever she required of the Marquis ; and another peremptory billet from her almost overset his reason. The little equipage in question had not been *his* gift ; it had no comparative value ; nor could human ingenuity invent a mode of obtaining it from the generous owner that would not wound her to the heart. Yet, too certainly, the fiend must be silenced. A day and night of exquisite torture, on the part of the Marquis, announced to Emily some other impending affliction ; when her tenderness wrung from his sad soul an insincere confession, that he had, in an hour of accidental inebriation, wantonly staked her little favourite carriage and horses ; which having lost, he found, to his unspeakable chagrin, no equivalent would be accepted, nor any thing on earth but the simple stake. The tender Emily listened, but it was no longer with an implicit reliance on his honour and veracity. Neither could she find, in this recital, however agitated his manner, that openness or probability by which his actions had been heretofore characterised. Yet it was certain, whatever the cause, that he greatly desired the beautiful trifle in question ; and it was still her duty, as it had always been her delight, to comply with every wish of his. She faintly hinted a fear of offending her father ; but bade the Marquis honourably acquit himself to his inexorable opponent : nor could she account for the burning drops, which her cheek the next moment imbibed from that of her husband, as with a long embrace he strained the generous charmer to his heart.

Perhaps rather to please her father than herself, Emily had shown a singular delight in this little carriage ; and he had fully felt the delicacy of her gratitude. She now continually made excuses for staying at home, which Sir Edward sought to over-rule ; and, after a time, confessed her health to be his motive. His daughter became chagrined and embarrassed. A secret consciousness that she had not wholly relied upon the account of the Marquis, as to the disposal of her father's present, made her hesitate to own she had parted with it. She, therefore, slightly answered, that the Spanish horses were too spirited. Sir Edward was leaving her to talk to the grooms on that subject, when his

daughter, with increasing embarrassment, added, that the alarm she had taken had made her resolve to put it out of her own power to risk so dangerous an indulgence in future, by desiring the Marquis to change the carriage with one of his friends, who was urgent to get such another. The simplicity of this account, though he might have thought his little gift too slightly valued, would, at another time, have entirely satisfied Sir Edward ; but, watchful as he was now become, and sweetly ingenuous as Emily had ever been, it was impossible but he must perceive that she veiled the fact, if she was too upright to falsify it.

To accord with her father's wish, as far as was in her power, the Marchioness then ordered her coach to be made ready : and, attended by her woman, drove to the Corso. What a spectacle awaited her there ! Miss Fitzallen, in all the insolence of exultation, seated in the beautiful carriage, so lately Emily's, was driving the same horses in the English style, to the admiration of a set of Italian nobles, by whom she was surrounded. Hardly could Sir Edward's gentle daughter suppose even her vindictive nature capable of an outrage so gross : but her woman then in attendance could not forbear confirming the fact, by an exclamation of disdain. At that moment, the gay, insulting fiend, perceiving by the livery who was approaching, made her coursers fly as close as she dared to the coach of the Marchioness ; who, lifting her tearful eyes to Heaven, pressed her hands in silence upon the heart that had betrayed her peace, in adoring, as she believed, a worthless object, and sunk back in a swoon.

The proud career of Miss Fitzallen was, however, something checked, by her meeting, in the way to her hotel, Sir Edward Arden. His indignant eye suddenly fell from herself to the well-known horses : again it was pointedly raised to her face, and again, with contempt and fury, glanced upon the carriage. A look informed him, that the base woman, who had, through the Marquis, thus poorly plundered his daughter, had not the decency to expunge from her acquisition even the arms of Lenox. Sir Edward stopped his horse a moment, as dizzy and stupefied ; but recovering himself, turned the animal round, and was pre-

sently by the side of Miss Fitzallen, who felt not quite easy at finding he meant to accompany her. She slackened the reins, and summoned all her resolution, when she saw him alight at the same moment she did, and abruptly follow her into her own hotel. Passing into the first apartment, from a something of fear which, dauntless as was her character, she could not control, she threw herself into a seat; and, with her usual insolent air, demanded to know to what extraordinary occasion she was to impute the intrusion of Sir Edward Arden. "The intrusion is so extraordinary to himself," returned that gentleman, "when he considers the company he has joined, that he will speak to the point, and spare discussion:—all other feelings are lost in those of the father. I come not, Madam, to *ask* aught. I come to *command* you to efface, from the beautiful bauble which you have just quitted, the arms of the Marquis of Lenox. Though he may empower you to destroy the peace of his wife, it remains with her father to guard her honour."—"Have a care, Sir Edward," returned the lady, suffering all the fury to glare over her fine features,— "have a care how you venture any *command* to me. If ever your daughter carries a point in which I am concerned, it must be by very different means."—"Weak, insolent, wanton woman!" cried Sir Edward, with increasing bitterness, "do you mistake me for the worthless young man, over whom you tyrannise with a power so absolute? Do you think it possible that *I* should ever level his mistress with his wife?"—"Address to your own daughter," retorted the lady with a smile of diabolical triumph, "those gross terms, which are entirely misapplied when lavished on me. *Command her* to efface from her carriage the arms of the Marquis of Lenox. Bid her lay down *my* title: and when you henceforth speak of the mistress of your nephew, think of Emily Arden; when you mention his wife, remember only *me*."

Too powerful was the emotion of Sir Edward's nature at this assertion, incredible as the fact appeared, for him to utter a single syllable. Miss Fitzallen, after a pause, resumed:—"I can easily guess how little weight my claim would have, did it depend only on my own word, or your idolised nephew's honour. But I have full, authentic docu-



ments, which prove me to have been the wife of the Marquis, months before he, in idle pageant, gave that name to your daughter. Here," cried she, opening a locket which hung at her bosom, and taking from it the witnessed certificate, which she spread before the miserable father's sight,—“is one irrefragable proof that our marriage was solemn, regular, and valid.”

Sir Edward Arden's quick eye, rendered even more quick by disdain, saw (and seeing, recognised) the handwriting of Padre Anselmo, with whom he had once held a literary correspondence; nor were the names of the witnessing priests unknown to him. Wrought up as he was to the last extreme of suffering nature, the dignity of his mind did not desert him. With that lofty obeisance, which is rather a respect paid to ourselves than the object before us, Sir Edward in silence admitted the claim, however insolently made, and abruptly withdrew; while in his pallid countenance too visibly appeared the deep, the uncontrollable anguish of his soul.

Nor was it anguish alone the insulted father felt—unconquerable indignation, burning rage, strung every nerve; and the storm burst only with more dreadful violence, for his having allowed it to collect with a deceiving stillness. Calmly mounting his horse, he rode home, and there giving it to his groom, retired as usual to his own apartment. Having taken thence a pair of pistols that he always kept in high order, and ready loaded, he resorted to a convent garden, which his spy had informed him was among the favourite haunts of the lonely, melancholy Marquis.

Sir Edward was too successful in his research. In the most retired spot of the sacred ground, where a deep shade extended over an oratory, thrown at his length on a stone seat near the entrance, and lost in mournful meditation, was the interesting object of Sir Edward's fury. There had been a time when thus to have seen his darling nephew would have melted Sir Edward to the weakness of childhood. The waste of the young man's graceful form was never more visible. His wild and hollow eyes now scanned heaven impatiently, and now sunk heavily to the ground. No sense of pleasure—no flow of youthful vigour—was now to be traced in the unhappy Lenox. Yet did not his

countenance bespeak the perturbation of guilt. A silent, sullen, impenetrable sorrow lived there; which, hoping nothing, demanded nothing: but draining as it were the sap from the tree, left it without life, though it fell not.

Yet who can wonder, that, in the deep sense of present injury and outrage, Sir Edward Arden lost for a moment the acute sensibility, nay, even the humanity of his nature? Fiercely approaching, without deigning a word, he offered to the unfortunate youth, who hastily started up on seeing his uncle, one of the pistols, and waved to him haughtily to take his ground. Desirable from any other hand would have been the death which the Marquis dared not give himself; but from his uncle! — the father of his Emily! He gazed on his lost friend in mute misery, intuitively aware how he had lost him; then, taking with the pistol the hand that held it, in fond agony he kissed, he clasped it: it was the hand that had cherished his infancy — the hand that had given him the sad invaluable blessing, which, even now, he knew not how to part with. Sir Edward snatched his hand away with a fury that nearly threw his nephew backwards. “ Coward too are you, as well as villain?” cried he, with almost inarticulate passion. “ Double your infamous perjury — swear to me that you are not married to Miss Fitzallen — that you did not deliberately dishonour” — his native pride would not allow him to finish the sentence. In a tone even yet more choked, he resumed, waving with his pistol the due distance to the Marquis, “ Take your ground, sir; keep your guard; worthless as you are, I would not be your murderer.”

The youth had arisen, and a faint flush, at the personal insult of his uncle, gave a wild indignant charm to his natural beauty; but he spoke not — moved not — nor, though he held the pistol, did he lift it. Sir Edward observed him no more; but, conforming to the modes of duels, retreated properly, and turning, impetuously fired — alas! with but too sure an aim. In one moment he beheld his nephew in the agonies of death. Passion expired — human resentment and injury were at once forgotten — and he who had killed the wretched young man hung lamenting over him, even like a fond father whom some un-

foreseen stroke had rendered childless. The Marquis, perhaps, accelerated his own fate, by a fruitless effort which he again made to seize and kiss his uncle's hand. After a dreadful struggle, he at length found voice to cry, "Fly, save yourself.—Oh God! pity, preserve my Emily; leave me to"—life now flitted from him, and Sir Edward remained a monument of horror.

And it is thus we daily arrogate to ourselves the bloody right of adding crime to crime, and call it honour—justice!—an impious law, by which proud man lives to himself alone, and defies his Maker!

In the Neapolitan government, as well as many other Italian ones, justice is lame as well as blind; and he must be a lagging criminal, indeed, who cannot escape so tardy a pursuer. Hot and impetuous spirits have, therefore, often presumed to right themselves, and personal vengeance has become an almost licensed evil in civil society. The safety of Sir Edward was not endangered, he well knew, by a duel; but the spot on which it had taken place was hallowed: nor could he, being a protestant, claim sanctuary with the monks, therefore he knew himself liable to be seized for sacrilege. In the situation of Emily this would be consummate ruin; and for her sake only did he think it necessary to guard against being stopped in retreating from the garden. Recollecting that the loaded pistol would enable him to command his freedom; he approached again the body of his nephew, taking it from his lifeless hand, near which he dropped the fatal one he had himself fired. What cruel pangs seized upon his heart as kneeling, he fondly gazed upon the wan visage of the Marquis, and groaned forth the name of his sister! Each feature seemed moulded by death to a yet stricter resemblance of those long buried in the grave. Again Sir Edward returned; again he wept; again he smote his breast; and willingly would he have laid down his own life, to restore that he had so rashly taken.

It happened the part of the convent-ground upon which the Marquis had fallen was at certain hours open to all visitants; nor did Sir Edward, either at entering or retiring, meet a single being. Not daring to risk one look

from his widowed daughter, he retreated to an hotel, and summoned his valet, a rational man in middle life, on whose conduct and fidelity he could fully rely. Having hastily and imperfectly imparted to this trusty domestic the fatal fact, he bade him think, if possible, how it could be for a time concealed from the unfortunate Emily; and how she might be wrought upon to remove from the terrible scene of her husband's death, before she knew she had lost him.

Sir Edward's valet, who had long seen some heavy evil brooding in the three bosoms, was less surprised than shocked at the present one. After pausing a moment, he recalled to Sir Edward's recollection, that in the bay lay prepared, by the orders of the Marquis, for a little voyage to the neighbouring isles, a small pleasure bark, which that nobleman had purchased. This might in a few hours be ready to put to sea, and would be, in fact, the only way a lady in the condition of the Marchioness could venture to travel, as well as a secure mode of avoiding either following couriers, or accidental intelligence. He proposed immediately hastening to her, that by a partial communication of the truth, he might prevent her from a more close inquiry. The Marchioness would easily, he thought, be persuaded to embark, if assured that both her husband and father had been engaged in a duel, in consequence of which, though unwounded, they were obliged to fly. In the interim, he promised to keep so strict a guard at home, that no alarm should reach her ear, till she was again in her father's protection: but, not so easy for his master's safety as Sir Edward himself was, he exhorted him to mount his horse; and, posting through the Neapolitan dominions, make the utmost speed to gain those of the Pope.

The distracted state of Sir Edward's mind caused him at once to acquiesce in those minute arrangements which he had hardly power to comprehend, much less make. His horses were soon ready; and, as motion seems always a temporary relief to an overcharged soul, he involuntarily complied with the advice of his faithful domestic, in hastening towards Rome, which he reached without attracting any observation.

The faithful valet of Sir Edward felt all the weight of

the charge and disclosure which he had undertaken, when he learnt that the Marchioness had been brought home from the Corso in fits, and was now shut up in her chamber. From her woman, however, he heard not any thing that implied a knowledge of the truth ; and, having despatched orders to the mariners to prepare to sail in two hours, he imparted to the domestics Sir Edward's directions to get immediately together whatever might be necessary for their lady's accommodation, when she should be ready to go on board. While this was doing, he underwent the most painful apprehension, lest the body of the unfortunate Marquis should be brought home for interment, with the rude train of an unfeeling mob. The hours, however, passed on, and nothing alarming occurred. From the abrupt and broken manner in which Sir Edward had spoken of the rencounter, the place where it happened had never been mentioned ; nor dared the prudent valet risk any inquiry, or venture out of the house, lest he should show prior information.

The bark was now ready ; and the servants having made due preparations, Sir Edward's valet desired to be admitted to Emily, whom he found lying on the bed, weak, dejected, and tearful : but she in a moment sprang impatiently from it, on being told that her husband and father were obliged to fly, and implored her to hasten after them. The sad circumstances she was in, so much to others the object of consideration as to detain the whole family for months at Naples, vanished at once from the mind of the impassioned wife — the affectionate daughter. Could an unborn child engross a thought, when the life of the father was in question ?

The bark of the Marquis was only one of many which the nobles of Naples keep in the bay for parties of pleasure ; and those who saw Emily carried cheerfully into it annexed no idea to her departure but that of amusement : and indeed the season was so favourable, and the shore so lovely, as to render this a very natural conclusion.

The widowed, interesting Emily, as yet unconscious of her own misfortune, was no sooner off the shore of Naples, than a sudden lightness seized her heart. Its tormentor

was left behind, and surely would not venture to pursue the Marquis, to whom she fondly supposed herself hastening. The duel she immediately concluded to have been between the Count Montalvo and her husband ; the former being generally spoken of as the favoured lover of Miss Fitzallen, and the latter but too probably as his rival. She anxiously questioned the valet of Sir Edward : but he, who in reality was informed of very little, would not repeat that little, and only insisted, that he knew Sir Edward and the Marquis had been together.

Ah ! if they were indeed so, and in harmony with each other, might not this rencounter have the happiest consequences, in removing from the eyes of the Marquis that film which an illicit love had spread over them ? With what facility does the heart adopt every idea that favours its feelings ! The fancy of Emily now sweetly pictured her husband returning to her in confidence and love. She saw his amiable penitence — she heard his vows of future unalienable faith — she enjoyed the fond delight which she should find in forgiving his errors, the endeared charm she might obtain in his eyes, by forgetting them. The most balmy slumbers followed contemplations so innocent and affectionate ; and, when the Marchioness awaked in the morning, she found herself in better health and spirits than she had known for a long time.

The little voyage was, by the management of Sir Edward's valet, ingeniously prolonged, though Emily knew it not, that his master might have time to prepare for her reception at Frescati, where Sir Edward had some months before procured a villa, as an occasional residence for himself, to which it had been settled his hapless daughter should be conveyed. When the agreed time had elapsed, the bark put in at Cività Vecchia, where a litter, with some domestics of Sir Edward's, was found to be in waiting. The interesting Marchioness, supported by the energies of mind against the weakness of sex and situation, lost not a moment in rest at the port, but hastened to Frescati ; impelled by a generous hope which she was not permitted to realise, that she should speak peace and consolation to one or both, of those waiting there for her arrival.

Like a worn wretch, who had never known quiet or rest since she saw him last, stood at the gate to receive her Sir Edward Arden: but, dear as he was, her heart demanding one yet dearer, she cast her eyes anxiously round the saloon, into which her father led her, in impatient silence. The swell of pride, which grief had a little allayed in her absence, burst out in all its violence, when Sir Edward cast his eyes on his dishonoured child, ready to bring into the world a memento of perpetuated ignominy. So powerful was the impression, that all other considerations vanished from his mind: and when Emily, in faltering accents, inquired for her husband, the indiscreet, indignant father clasped her in his arms, and, in a haughty tone, exclaimed — “Unhappy girl, you have no husband; you never had one; the wretch who under that name dishonoured you, was already married to Miss Fitzallen: but he has expiated his crimes against us both with his life.” Emily, who had made a violent effort to sustain herself, lest the truth should not be allowed to reach her ear, at these words, with almost supernatural strength, sprang from her father’s arms, and, turning on him a look of mute repulsive horror, staggered to a couch, where throwing herself on her face, she shut out with recollection for a time the deep sense of incurable anguish, — utter despair.

Sir Edward, sensible too late that he had risked, by this abrupt avowal, incurring a second misfortune, not inferior in magnitude to the one he was lamenting, summoned her women to Emily, and warned them to be tender and careful of her. Long, long was it ere they could recall her to life. — Ah! what was life to Emily?

“Why should she strive to catch convulsive breath,  
Why know the pang, and not the peace of death?”

Existence was perhaps only prolonged in her, by the agonising effort which nature obliged her to make to bestow it. After a few hours of acute suffering, the nurses put into the arms of the exhausted, widowed mother, a poor little girl. — By what fine working of the human soul is it, that we sometimes extract raptures from agony, and sweetness from shame? The first cry of the child was a claim on the mother’s affections, which time could never weaken; and, un-

der all the sad circumstances attending the infant's birth, Emily was proud to fold to her bosom a daughter of the Marquis of Lenox.

Far otherwise were the feelings of Sir Edward ; nature made him wish to preserve his daughter ; but in his wounded heart lived a faint hope that the offspring of so many sorrows would not survive to prove only a grievous record of them. The joy which the arrival, and promise of continued life in the little stranger, gave to his domestics, shocked and offended him ; nor did he less offend or shock all the females of his family, by peremptorily refusing to see the infant, and forbidding them to speak of it, unless an inquiry came from him.

Torn as Sir Edward was by grief and remorse, his pride still prompted him to guard against the persecuting fiend, whose machinations, any more than her rights, might not end with the life of the Marquis. But the passions of powerful minds take so high a tone from the understanding, that it is not easy for common observers to discriminate between their faults and their virtues. Actuated by that dignified pride, which, daring to humble itself to the dust, leaves the mean or malignant without any power of humbling it at all, Sir Edward Arden immediately resolved that his daughter should not appropriate aught that any human being had a right to take from her. Calling, therefore, together her domestics, and his own, he ordered the former to throw off the liveries of the Marquis of Lenox, and expunge his arms from her carriages ; concluding with a stern command to the astonished circle, never more to mention the name of his nephew in his hearing, or to call his daughter by any other than that which he himself bore. His tone showed he would be obeyed ; and he was so by all the family, but Emily's own woman, Mrs. Connor.

This grievous effort being made to provide against the future attacks of the infamous Miss Fitzallen, Sir Edward resolved never again, if possible, to see, certainly never more to exchange a syllable with her, whatever steps either to soothe or exasperate him or his daughter she might hereafter take.

The morose humour in which Sir Edward had long



been, with the solitary life he now affected, co-operated; with this singular and severe command to give the servants an idea that his senses were touched by the death of the Marquis; which the daily, nightly lamentations of the miserable Emily at once published in the family. It was whispered, universally, that the unfortunate youth had ended his own days; which, though it occasioned much sorrow among the domestics, gave them little surprise. In fact, they had long apprehended that his wasting health and mysterious melancholy would have that horrible termination.

This idea soon became no less general at Rome; and Sir Edward found, to his own astonishment, that the tremendous secret of who had ended the life of the Marquis was confined to his own breast, and that of the valet, to whom he had himself confided it.

Cardinal Albertini, a prelate of the first rank and merit at Rome, who had long been in habits of particular friendship with Sir Edward, and who much admired and esteemed the Marquis, now, with sympathetic tenderness, conveyed to the former a regular account of the melancholy fate of his nephew, as transmitted to the holy college by the superior of the convent where the body had been found. It expressed, without any doubt, that the unknown young man must have been his own executioner, as only one pistol had been found lying by him; and two balls, which were lodged in his side, had been indisputably discharged from that pistol.

Sir Edward, on reading this awful memorial, recollected, with mute horror, having taken from the lifeless hand of his nephew the loaded pistol; though, in so doing, he only sought to secure his own departure from the convent, nor deigned to meditate veiling his guilt.

He resumed the letter. The fathers of the convent were unacquainted with the English tongue; and all the letters and papers found on the body were unfortunately in that language. The disgrace of having had their holy precincts stained with blood made them so cautious who they called in as a translator, that some time elapsed before they could be sure the miserable victim of his own rashness was iden-

tically the Marquis of Lenox. A faithful brother was then despatched in search of his worthy uncle, Sir Edward Arden; but, through a singular and unlucky chance, he was just gone by sea, with his daughter, on a party of pleasure to Frescati. The melancholy duty of interment admitting, as must be obvious, of no delay, the Marquis had been buried with the utmost privacy, and the whole transaction as yet kept a secret in Naples. It was now submitted to the Holy Father of the church to judge of their proceedings; and give such instructions for informing the young nobleman's relations as he, in his piety and wisdom, should see fit.

So extraordinary a circumstance as that of having, by mere accident, escaped the odious stigma attending a duel with his nephew, was matter of perpetual astonishment to Sir Edward. But it is not in the secrecy of its fault that a noble mind finds any mitigation of suffering: the specious palliations, the extenuating pleas, which self-love boldly urges against the censures of the world, an ingenuous nature dares not bring before the secret tribunal of conscience, where man sits sole judge of his own actions on this side of the grave. At that tribunal Sir Edward Arden every day, every hour, pronounced his own condemnation; and the image of his bleeding, dying nephew, fondly striving to clasp the unrelenting hand which had struck at his life, was for ever present to his eyes.

How is it that our deep sense of a past fault prevents not the commission of a new one? Had compunction operated to amendment, Sir Edward would, with endeared fondness, have soothed the daughter whom he had widowed, and have kept in his "heart of hearts" the babe he had rendered fatherless. But his nature was unequal to sorrowing for more than one object; and, while he lamented the dead, he shunned, nay almost hated, the innocent causes of his crime.

That Emily should shrink from her father's sight was, in her weak and melancholy situation, too natural. The little sensibility he had shown for her, in abruptly disclosing her loss, with its mortifying and calamitous occasion, was never absent from her mind. The harsh and cruel sound of his voice, when pronouncing "*You have no husband —*

*you never had one,*" — rang like the knell of death for ever in her ears ; nor did her ignorant attendant, Mrs. Connor, leave her unacquainted with the humiliating command Sir Edward had given, that she should be called in future Miss Arden only : thus marking with opprobrium the precious infant that once was to inherit the highest hopes, — superior rank, — immense fortunes. When life had thus lost every charm to the widowed Emily, the recollection that in the grave she should elapse from the authority of this severe father, — that the killing tone of his voice could there no more wither her heart, — that she should, at last, sleep in peace with the Marquis of Lenox, — made that cold retreat, human nature commonly shrinks from, to her a dear and desirable asylum. To the poor infant, when the nurses put it into her arms, Emily would mournfully whisper, — "*Thou*, my beloved innocent, wilt grow up, as thy mother never did, under that severe eye, which will, perhaps, deign to beam tenderness on thee, when she can offend no more. *Thou* wilt not shudder at the sound of that decisive voice ; for the destruction of thy happiness it may never announce : *thou* art among the few, the very few, to whom the loss of parents may be ultimately a blessing."

Feelings and lamentations like these might well, in the reduced state of Sir Edward's daughter, urge on the fate she implored. A slow fever seized her ; and having first robbed the babe of its natural nourishment, finally left the mother hardly power to receive any to recruit her strength. Dr. Dalton began to be alarmed, and apprised Sir Edward of the precarious state in which he thought the lady. Her father started, as from a dream, and almost envied the fate Emily was threatened with. Her danger increased ; and as Sir Edward was one day gloomily ruminating on its probable termination, he suddenly recollected, that in the singular predicament in which his daughter was placed, by this disputable marriage, her child's right to the immense inheritance vested in herself might one day be contested, perhaps with success, by the remote heirs of the Bellarney family ; unless, as Emily was now turned of twenty-one, she made a will, clear and unequi-

vocal, in favour of her daughter. To suggest so mortifying as well as alarming a measure to a young creature on the verge of the grave, required all the firmness of Sir Edward: but he calculated his own feelings at so high a rate, as to fancy he imposed upon himself, in seeing the mother and a child he abhorred, while he discussed this odious and painful necessity, a suffering quite equal to that of Emily.

If to see his daughter was an effort to Sir Edward, the receiving his visit was almost death to Emily: she no sooner heard the sound of his feet at the chamber door, than she shrunk into the arms of her attendants, and fell into fainting fits. The horrible remembrance of his last abrupt disclosure made, however, all he could now say more trying in the apprehension than reality. It might be too true, that the unhappy child, were her legitimacy undisputed, could not inherit the entailed estates of the Lenox family, and Sir Edward himself had but a competence to give. The fortune of Emily alone could be rendered its ample provision; and to prevent future lawsuits with her heirs on the maternal side, she must, Sir Edward insisted, by will secure all her property to the infant.

The tender mother, and obedient daughter, gave no other reply to her father's discourse, than that she submitted to his judgment the right and proper, and should fulfil this last duty to him and to her child, whenever he called upon her.

But what a trying duty did it prove to the poor Emily, when the moment came for her to hear read, in the presence of the necessary witnesses, this legal instrument. Conscientious, through the whole term of her existence, only of generous tenderness, of hallowed obedience, of every pure and virtuous feeling, that softens or elevates humanity, the innocent daughter of Sir Edward, the wife of the Marquis of Lenox, was obliged to hear herself ignominiously recorded as Emily Arden; and the fatherless babe at her bosom, not allowed to derive even a name from the noble family of her husband, alike termed Emily Arden, as the only mode of securing it from poverty. Nor was Sir Edward's proud and embittered spirit less overwhelmed; he seemed almost frantic.

The sweet saint, who was the more immediate sufferer, with pale composure desired to be lifted and supported in her bed; and bending solemnly over her child, raised her hands awhile in earnest, though silent, supplication to Heaven; then meekly kissed and blessed the smiling cherub: — “Dear child of misfortune, memento of misery,” sighed she, “become not its sad inheritor. Be the pangs of thy father, the anguish of thy mother, in the sight of God, sweet babe, a merit to thee! and, through his mercy, whatever name the pride of man may give or take from thee, may’st thou ripen into a blessing to all who cherish thy little being, an honour to him who bestowed it!” — Emily then signed the memorable will; and duly delivering it, inclined towards her kneeling father with touching dignity, as bending for his blessing; and finding it only in his sobs, turned away in silence, waving thence all the spectators; as though her life had been closed by this act of Christian grace and sad submission.

That lively remembrance of the past, which made Sir Edward Arden’s days a burden to him, recurred with additional force after this severe trial of his feelings. He found that he never could be any comfort to his unhappy daughter; and felt she was a caustic to the wound ever bleeding in his heart. He therefore determined to withdraw awhile; and by mixing in the lettered circles of Rome, to diversify his thoughts, which, in solitude, dwelt ever on a single object.

Among the grievous and odious necessities of Sir Edward’s situation, had been that of giving information to the Duke of Aberdeen of his son’s early and dreadful catastrophe. — Unwilling to avow the guilt which he was ashamed to conceal, he had forborne addressing the childless duke, till Cardinal Albertini sent to him the simple record of the Neapolitan monks. — A copy of this he could remit, without implicating himself; and in his own narration he only included the account of the Marquis’s fixed attachment to Miss Fitzallen, and the gross insults that followed towards his wife; — the arrogant assertion made by that worthless woman of her legal rights, and his carrying his daughter from Naples in consequence of this dis-

covery. — He concluded with describing the decided manner in which he had obliged his daughter to recede from a disgraceful contest, by laying down the title of the Marquis ; and called upon the Duke to bewail with him the birth of a grandchild, who could only remain a grievous memento to both, of the crime of the father, and the misfortune of the mother.

It is ever in the power of virtuous and enlightened minds to pour balm into the deep wounds of human calamity. — Sir Edward Arden's friends at Rome well knew the heavy visitations in his own family, which had shaken his character, and preyed upon his peace: all, therefore, with unremitting kindness, assimilated themselves in his sorrows, till insensibly their severity abated. — The venerable Cardinal Albertini particularly sympathised with him, and hardly more for his own sake than his nephew's. The sweetness of temper, elegance of manners, and frankness of heart, that had ever characterised the Marquis of Lenox, caused him to leave an impression on the minds of those to whom he had been known, not common for young noblemen of his age to make, when on their travels. — It was therefore sensibility, and not curiosity, which actuated the Cardinal to learn, if possible, from Sir Edward the unknown cause of that deep despair, which had, in the young man, so fatal a termination as that described by the Neapolitan monks' memorial.

There are moments when the surcharged heart cannot resist the secret workings of unmerited kindness. — In one of these the afflicted father disclosed all of the tale, but the sad truth that his own hand had shortened the days of his nephew. — He amplified on the joy he had taken in the birth of the Marquis — on the love he had ever borne him — described the mortal chagrin which his nephew's coldness towards the bride proposed to him, in his own daughter, had often given him ; and passing from thence to the history of Emily, described her innocent predilection, her successful little romance, and the peace all were in, when he and his nephew quitted England. — Sir Edward now came upon the imposture of Miss Fitzallen, and the fatal success of the diabolical artifice. — But it was

not possible for him to trace the infamous means by which she had kept her hold on the young man, inducing him to injure, as well as insult, that amiable creature whose honour she had at last sullied, by claiming the Marquis as her husband, and whose days she would as certainly shorten in having caused so horrible a catastrophe.

Hardly could a stoic have heard a father tell his own sad story thus impressively without emotion: the venerable cardinal was all sympathy and sorrow. The affecting pause was at length broken by that prelate's inquiring in what manner Sir Edward had been convinced of the prior marriage? When informed, again he paused: Padre Anselmo, of Messina, was not unknown, either as a lettered or a pious man in Rome; and the cardinal was struck with chagrin to learn that he had been the officiating priest at the fatal ceremonial. Another long silence followed — again broken by the cardinal, who, in a more animated manner, inquired of Sir Edward if he was sure that priest survived the earthquake? It was a thought that had never occurred to the exasperated father: yet, oh! how comprehensive was the possibility! — the Marquis again lay bleeding at his feet, — killed without reason, perhaps; and his knees knocked together. The cardinal, seeing in his agitation only anxiety, and wholly unsuspecting of his self-accusation, assured Sir Edward that there were records in the sacred college of all the monks who had perished in the convulsions of nature in Sicily; and he had a wandering recollection of having seen Padre Anselmo numbered among those swallowed up; but he would be assured on this point ere they met again. The discreet prelate took the farther freedom of advising Sir Edward to be very wary as to any step he might take respecting his daughter's nuptials, and the consequent claims of the Marquis's child by her; since it appeared to him almost impossible for the base Miss Fitzallen to authenticate her marriage; and nothing but her doing that in the clearest and most unequivocal manner could affect the rights of a lady of the same rank in life with the Marquis, regularly united to him, in the presence of her father, and with the full sanction of his own.

And now what became of Sir Edward, thus cruelly con-

vinced, that, had he advised with one calm, rational, affectionate friend, he might perhaps have escaped whole years of anguish, and a life of conscious guilt? That he might henceforward be able to endure his own existence, he almost wished all inquiry on the painful subject stopped. It was some mitigation of misery and horror to believe the Marquis the greatest criminal. What would become of the wretched father, if he should be obliged to feel himself the only one?

The beneficent cardinal knew how to sympathise in sorrows which he had never personally felt; and saw, in the state of the unfortunate Marchioness of Lenox, a motive that quickened his diligence. The next day he hastened to confirm to Sir Edward the supposition he had formed. Padre Anselmo, with most of the fraternity, *had* been swallowed up with the great church, or buried in its ruins; and, to all human probability, even if the right of marriage had been regularly performed between the Marquis and Miss Fitzallen, it was now become impossible for her to establish any claim to his name or fortune; nor would the church of Rome recognise or support the assumptions of a worthless woman, only because she called herself a member of it, when honour, justice, and the rights of an infant, born, as it was obvious, either to ignominy, or to all that gives distinction in society, were so outraged.

The wildest frenzy of soul preyed in silence, as his friend spoke, upon Sir Edward Arden: he — he himself then had eventually, as it appeared, become but the most decisive implement of Emily Fitzallen's vengeance; he, he, in the frenzy of the hour had killed his nephew, and defamed his only child, merely to accomplish those views which the infamous woman, without the aid of his blind passions, never could have accomplished.

From this horrible contemplation on the ruin with which he had surrounded himself, Sir Edward was roused by the cardinal's proposing to visit Frescati, and comfort the youthful mourner with the information that neither she, nor her daughter, need shrink from that world in which their rights were yet unquestionable. But here, again, by an error of judgment, Sir Edward interfered. He repre-



sented Emily, as she really was, in a very weak state, yet reconciled to her fate and the will of God, in its present form: but, as the discovery now made carried not conviction till confirmed by cautious inquiry, to awaken a hope, or quicken a pang in her bosom, might, as he feared, only tend to shorten the days which his benevolent friend wished to make long and peaceful. On the contrary, he thought it highly advisable, that they should both remain profoundly silent on the painful but important subject for the present: while he, who had no use for life but to serve or save his daughter, would immediately embark for Messina; where, by every inquiry which ingenuity could devise, both among the monks and the domestics of Count Montalvo, he would inform himself of such particulars as should ascertain the future rights of Emily and her infant, and prepare him to cope with the vindictive fiend whom he daily expected again to encounter.

The cardinal assured him that Rome was not the place Miss Fitzallen would be likely to choose for the scene of another exploit; since the estimation in which Sir Edward was held among the first circle of learned men there, together with the rank and merit of his unfortunate daughter, would make it more probable that she should be shut up in a dungeon as a licentious woman, than sanctioned in bringing forward any claim to the name or fortune of the Marquis, were she daring enough to announce that intention. The voyage of Sir Edward his venerable friend, however, approved; as well as the reasons he assigned for not communicating to the Marchioness the apparent prospect of her re-assuming rights so dear to herself, so important to her child. — Alas! this was the reasoning of man, and man only would so have reasoned! The tender heart of woman would have told her that the bleeding one of a lover might break, while cool calculations of the future were thus making.

Sir Edward, on returning to Frescati, found the fair mourner still invisible from debility — an alien still to comfort. Dr. Dalton, however, assured him, that the symptoms of present danger had disappeared, and it was possible she might recover. This information enabled the

anxious father to prepare for his voyage with less reluctance. In the projected inquiry was comprehended a hope soothing to his pride on Emily's account, though killing to his peace on his own. Yet, at whatever cost to himself, he felt it to be his duty to invest her again, if he had a conviction of no prior claim that could be established, with the title of which he had so madly robbed her. That once done, he intended immediately to set out with his whole family for England; where, placing Emily under the Duke of Aberdeen's protection, as the Marquis's widow, and having seen her child acknowledged as the heiress of both, he fully purposed to leave them; and, returning to Naples, expiate his sin, by mourning eternally on the grave of the Marquis: it seemed as if with that darling nephew he had lost his only tie to life, and its duties; nor could he hope ever more to associate with his daughter, since their sorrows, though equally powerful, were wholly distinct.

The bark that had conveyed the Marchioness to Cività Vecchia was still lying there, and soon made ready to sail with Sir Edward Arden to Messina. Could he have known how ineffectual the anxious inquiries made by his unfortunate nephew on the same occasion had proved, never would he have visited the scene where all his miseries originated.

In sailing near the beautiful shore of Naples, the self-reproaching Sir Edward was strongly tempted to land; and on the spot where he had left the victim of his wrath, the beloved son of his beloved sister, weltering in his blood, to pour forth vain lamentations — eternal compunction: — but he conquered the impulse, resolving first to fulfil every duty to the living; when his imbittered soul told him that he should consecrate all his future existence to bewailing the dead.

It seemed as if the air which Sir Edward had breathed had conveyed poison and death to the bosom of his miserable daughter; for, from the day he quitted Frescati, her fever decreased. Emaciated and dejected, she long continued; but her complaints no longer threatened to undermine her existence. With the dear increasing fondness of a mother, she watched over the last memorial of a husband whom she still adored; and the cares necessary

for her own preservation she could only be prevailed upon to take by its being urged to her, that they were essential to the welfare of her daughter.

The villa inhabited by Emily was not large, but the grounds and gardens belonging to it enclosed variety of natural beauty, together with marble fragments of some vanished but memorable building, once seated on nearly the same spot. These gardens, though in a neglected, disordered state, abounded with the rich and beautiful plants natural to the soil, and cherished by the softness of the climate. In this solitary domain Emily suddenly found herself sole sovereign, and explored its limits with a melancholy pleasure, which the grand contention of glowing nature with majestic yet mouldering art never fails to produce in a reflecting mind. The myrtles, vigorously emerging between narrow lines of fallen columns, and shedding their uncherished blossoms over the perishing works of man, brought home a thousand sad monumental ideas to the sick heart of Emily, and made it sometimes pause upon its sorrows. Amid this splendid wilderness those sorrows acquired an influence doubly dangerous, as they now kindled into romance.

In the deepest shades, and by the cooling fountains with which the gardens abounded, antique statues, saved from the ruins still scattered around, were fancifully disposed; some of these, though injured, had originally been invaluable for the design, no less than the execution. There is something in sculpture inconceivably touching to the mind of sensibility, when deeply sunk in sorrow. The almost breathing statue, while it unites the chilling effect of death, with all the energetic graces of life, diffuses a fearful, holy kind of delight, that, by a charm incomprehensible to ourselves, blends the distinct impressions peculiar to each state; dilates our nature, and lifts the admiring soul beyond the narrow bound of mortal breath and mere existence.

These saddening contemplations aided the tender emotions of Emily's heart, where still the Marquis reigned, though he lived no longer. Fancy, at intervals, almost gave existence to ideal objects. It is only those who have loved, and loved even unto death, who find a freezing plea-

sure in calling for ever the mouldering tenant of the tomb before them ; and when the painfully-rational consciousness will obtrude that he can no more revisit earth, it is such only who " turn their eyes inward, and behold him there." — No fear enters the heart where perfect love has been ; and, once more to behold her Edward, was, in the depth of midnight, no less than the blaze of noon, at every hour, and in every place, the wish, the prayer, the sole desire of Emily.

From loathing Italy, and, above all, Frescati, the melancholy that had now seized on Emily made her partial to both. " Let my father return to England by himself," cried she, often to her own heart, while she wandered. " The world has still something for his proud mind ; for me it has nothing but the child of my Lenox and his ashes."

Emily, with her lovely infant, now almost lived in the romantic and shady solitudes of Frescati ; where, as her lonely reveries at times broke into invocation, her domestics began to apprehend, that her mind, too highly wrought, was preying upon itself, and melancholy might be taking the distorted form of madness. Her musical instruments were laid in her way ; but that once favourite science she now, with a kind of horror, rejected. Melody was become to her but the echo of vanished pleasure ; creative fancy had, however, supplied her a resource not less soothing, in poetry ; and to that internal music Emily began insensibly to adapt the tender effusions of an overcharged heart.

The servants, thus gloomily occupied in watching over and commenting upon their lonely lady, found a contagious kind of horror insensibly creep over themselves. It was not long before it settled into a fear, which Emily could not but perceive : they dared not, after evening closed, venture over the threshold ; and, even in traversing the villa, usually moved in a body. The neighbourhood of Rome is not sufficiently secure for a lady to wander alone, after night falls, in solitary gardens ; and as Emily now found the aversion of her domestics to guarding her nocturnal rambles became avowed, universal, and unconquerable, she was obliged to retire, when the day closed, to her own apart-

ments ; and, listening to the wind as it agitated the surrounding foliage, catch, through the breaks, imperfect glances at the every-varying moon, and address to that the impassioned elegies which she passed whole nights in composing.

It was soon whispered through the busy train of domestics, and fully credited, that their lady had at midnight a constant visitation from the spirit of the Marquis : nay, some were so daring as to affirm that they had heard his voice. Credulity is no less the characteristic of the vulgar Italians than Irish, and of these two nations was the household composed. It is true the former added superstition to credulity, and the latter soon resorted to it. Beads and relics became the reliance of all the servants in their hours of retirement ; and liberal potations enabled them to hold out while in society with each other. As they all knew that their lady never took either of these modes of keeping up her spirits, they agreed one evening, that, unless they ingeniously devised some way of diverting her thoughts from the moon and the dead, she would soon be lost to all the purposes of existence. They recollected how fond she had formerly been of music ; and as she always sat now with her windows open, they resolved magnanimously to venture in a body into the colonnade her apartment was over, to inspire her with a lively strain. Some of the men were tolerable proficient ; but the terror they were under, and the ignorance of the rest, made their nocturnal concert a most hideous performance. Yet their gentle mistress saw so much kindness in an effort, which she knew made the whole train of musicians tremble, that she had not the heart to show her sense of displeasure in any other way than by shutting her windows softly, whenever the miserable dissonance began. An intimation so delicate would not, however, have induced the servants to discontinue a practice that gave them importance with themselves, if not with their lady, when a hint of another kind not only silenced them for ever, but drove them into the house, over each other's backs, to apply to their beads, relics, and pater-nosters. A low and heavenly melody one night suddenly issued from a lone hollow in the garden, not very remote, and entranced the listening

Emily. Wild as the winds was the strain, yet harmonious as the spheres; eccentric, awful: the spot from whence too it appeared to come was romantic and singular: the ground in that part of the shrubbery sunk, with sudden, yet beautiful inequalities, into a deep dell, rich with bold rocks, and shadowed with lofty trees. In its hollow a translucent fountain sprang playfully up, and fell as playfully again; upon the farther side, on the rise of the velvet margin, was happily placed an antique statue of a Faun, who seemed surveying himself in the water as he played on a pipe. The workmanship was so exquisite, that the charmed eye could almost believe the graceful figure moved its arms, and gave breath to the pipe on which its light fingers rested.

Eagerly did Emily wait for the morning; when she impatiently issued out to trace, if possible, the nocturnal musician. From a Grecian temple on the boldest of the brows overhanging the dell, where Emily often passed whole days, she could with ease survey the whole lovely scene. Her eye, however, found in that no change. The beautiful Faun touched his marble pipe with his usual grace; but from it no sound issued. The fountain still dimpled, with a pleasing murmur, the pool which it formed; but no human foot was imprinted on its margin. All that day, and many a following one, did Emily pass in this favourite temple, without seeing or hearing a living creature; save the servants, who, with fear and trembling, brought her at noon a light repast. As evening came on, she would lift her beloved infant from its downy bed, and return to her own apartment, there to wait, with reverential awe, for the nocturnal visitation. Nor did it ever fail. Night after night, irregular, but entrancing melody, soothed her sense, and sunk into her soul. The grand enthusiasm of her nature blending the hallowed charm of another world with those wild visions of this, which the nursery leaves on every mind, at times almost inclined her to believe her prayers were heard, and that Heaven had granted to her sorrowful soul a visionary intercourse with him whom it no longer permitted her to behold. Yet much she languished to know if mortal sense might not be allowed to discern the

aëriel harmonist, thus veiled in night. — To venture through the shades alone was, however, more than she dared do ; not that fear withheld her : it was a solemn awe, which she thought it impiety to over-rule. Bending from the window, she often fondly exclaimed, as to the spirit of her husband :—

“ Oh! vanished only from my sight,  
While fancy hovers near thy urn,  
And midnight stillness reigns, return ;  
But no ethereal presence wear :  
In the same form, so long belov'd, appear :  
Each woe-mark'd scene let me retrace,  
And fondly linger o'er each mortal grace : —  
Oh ! strike the harp of heaven, and charm my ear  
With songs, that, worthy angels, angels only hear ! ”

Yet even thus invoked, no vision floated before that sense which strained to penetrate the thicket leading to the dell. The servants, forming as usual their own premises, and drawing their own conclusions, had, in full assembly, agreed, that this unaccountable music proceeded from the pipe of the Faun ; and, for a very convincing reason, — that there certainly was nothing alive in the garden, and the Faun was the only musical performer even in marble. That he was formed of no better materials they did not attempt to deny, whenever their gentle lady urged that conviction ; but accounted for their own opinion, by in turn asserting, that the devil reigned, ever since the creation, from midnight to the break of day ; and, during that interval, it was plain, animated the marble Faun, notwithstanding all the aves and pater-nosters they were constantly repeating : though, to their own pious diligence in that respect, they imputed his remaining still stationary. That they, however, might for ever continue in the same state of ignorance as to whether the midnight musician was, or was not, the marble god, at the very first harmonious sound they heard in the dell, as at the stroke of a house-clock announcing the hour of rest, they all, with one consent, hastened to their beds ; and, tucking their heads under the clothes, past there the whole time of the solemn serenade : had the Faun, therefore, walked into the house, he might have walked over and out of it, without being seen by a single creature, save Emily ; who, remaining ever at her window, listening, wondering, and weeping, pondered fre-

quently on exploring this interesting solitude by herself. But, alas! though she knew not how to fear any inhabitant of a better world, this yet contained one whom she was born to dread;—and Miss Fitzallen, too, excelled on the flute. If, by indiscreet curiosity, she should put herself into the power of that eternal foe of her peace, and rob her Edward's child of a last parent, (for that was often the only, and ever the predominant, consideration with Emily,) how, how, should she be acquitted to God and the precious infant?

Yet the servants appeared to their lady to be correct in asserting the music not only came from the dell, but from the precise spot where the statue stood. There were moments, however, when she fancied it approached her; and others, when, with sweet languishment, it sunk, as if retiring, into silence.

So deep a hold had this melancholy, visionary delight, taken on Emily, that the days hung heavily with her; and a restless impatience for night became the habit of her mind: which, then, no less eagerly awaited the mysterious indulgence. Its period was as regularly announced by the wan faces, and trembling steps of her domestics, as by her own high-raised fancy and beating heart. One night of peculiar beauty, when the moon, with a more pure and radiant lustre than usual, sailed through the deep blue of a clear Italian sky,

“ When not a zephyr rustled though the grove,  
And ev'ry care was charmed but guilt and love,”

Emily, as had long been her custom, stood at her window, in fond expectation of the ærial music,—it broke at once upon her ear as very, very near her. She started, turned round, as thinking it in the chamber; it was not behind her; she leaned over, to seek it in the colonnade; it was not below.—From those vague, grand, and uncertain strains, which she had been used to hear, the nocturnal musician wandered into one, dear to her heart, familiar to its beatings. She sprang up, and leaned from the window, with wild and increasing energy — wrung her white hands,



and called upon the invisible power of harmony to stand revealed before her ; for this, she cried, —

“ This is no mortal visitation, nor no sound  
That the earth owes.”

Irresistibly impelled to trace the visionary charmer, she snatched the taper, and descending to the saloon, threw open the door, and found herself alone in the colonnade. Glancing her quick eyes in every direction, she saw only the long range of white marble pillars, half shadowed, and half shown by the trees and the moon. The music became more remote, low, faint, and, to her idea, ethereal ; it seemed to retire towards the dell, and woo her thither. “ It is, it can only be the shade of my Edward !” sighed Emily, resting her forehead on her arm, and that against a pillar, to save her from falling. “ How often have I called thee from the grave, my love !” cried she : “ and shall I fear to follow thee even thither ?” — She tottered, her heart beating high, towards the winding path, which, breaking the descent, led safely to the hollow glen. Bright as the moon shone, it had hardly power to penetrate the thick foliage of the lofty trees, beneath which the trembling Emily lingered. No step, however, could she hear ; no form could even her fluttered imagination fashion ; yet still the music, with more melting sweetness, invited, and fearfully she followed. On a point near the depth of the dell, the shade suddenly broke away and disclosed the fountain, quivering to the moon which it reflected. Though she knew not why she feared, Emily turned her eyes timidly towards the statue of the Faun. What were her sensations, when she fancied she saw two resembling figures, one half shading the other ! A quickened second glance convinced her that this was no error of her sense ; overcome by surprise and terror she tried to save herself from falling, by grasping a tree, but sunk at its root.

From this temporary suspension of her faculties, Emily recovered, at the soft sound of a voice, that, to her impassioned sense, “ might create a soul under the ribs of death.” The murmuring whisper of known endearment seemed to her the sweet tone of the Marquis. The arms that, with fond familiar pressure, supported her from resting on the

damp earth could, to her apprehension, be only those by which alone she had ever wished herself encircled. She fondly listened without daring to unseal her eye-lids, lest the dear, the cherished delusion, should vanish, and some hideous form, either living or dead, again harrow up her nature. Still fondly urged to look up, by many a whispered prayer and soft entreaty, she at length timidly lifted her eyes to—Gracious Heaven! could it be?—her husband?—the Marquis himself! to her the single being in creation! Invigorated in a moment, she sprang up with ethereal lightness, and the enraptured embrace, mutually given and received, repaid these unfortunate lovers for all the miseries that had marked their union. Too mighty was the ecstasy to waste itself in words: again they gazed, again embraced; they could only gaze, sigh, weep, and murmur.

“Lives then my love?” cried Emily, at length: “and has my cruel father, in wanton power, told me otherwise only to torture me even to the extremity?”—“That I live, soul of my soul,” replied the Marquis, “your father neither knows, nor perhaps ever must know. Oh! Emily, to you, for you alone I live; be gracious, then, and hear me: allow me at last to pour forth all the secrets of my heart; to you, as to God, will I be sincere, and then shall my beloved decide my fate and her own. But this is a dangerous place for long discourse; the dews of night might prove fatal to so delicate a frame:—alas! my Emily is much changed, since we parted, by sickness and by sorrow.”—“And you too, Edward,”—Emily could not utter—“are not less changed.” A gush of tears explained her meaning, and she hid the wan face her nature melted over in her bosom. Recovering herself, she took his hand:—come to my apartment, my love, nor fear any eyes, save mine, will observe you; terror, at this hour, closes all others in my house.”—“Nor would seeing induce any of your domestics to follow me,” replied her husband; “since, to win you to seek, and oblige them to shun me, was alike my object, in assuming a disguise that might yet, perhaps, startle my Emily, unless she coolly and collectedly surveys it.” Emily cast her eyes in fond certainty over his figure,

as though in no disguise could it ever shock or startle her ; yet owned his tender precaution was not unnecessary. He was clothed in a white vest, fitted close to his graceful form, and exactly resembling the Faun ; the mask, which covered his whole head, with his flute, painted alike white, he held in his hand. When, at her desire, he put the artificial headpiece on, it was sufficiently clear that he might encounter her whole family, and not be known to any one of them for a being of this world.

Conducted by his wife through the saloon to her apartment, the Marquis once more removed the mask ; and Emily, still unsatisfied with gazing, fixed on him again her fond eyes with deep intentness, as even then doubting whether the blessedness of the moment were not a vision, or the dear hand she clasped might not, while yet she held it, become marble.

During this affecting silence, each lover too visibly perceived what it was to have lost the other. The Marquis, still pale, even to lividness, from the effusion of blood in his duel, was greatly debilitated by the half-healed wound, which obliged him to lean to the right side. Emily soon discovered this new claim to her tenderness ; and abhorring the necessary disguise, felt it as a great relief, that she had hoarded, among the treasures sacred to his memory, a part of his wardrobe, often kissed and sprinkled with her tears. She refused to hear a word till she had seen him comfortably arrayed, and resting his aching side on a sofa ; then taking the posture in which he had implored her to allow him to pour forth his soul, the tender Emily threw herself on her knees by the couch, and filled up the pauses pain and fatigue occasioned in his narration, by prayers and devout ejaculations to the God who had graciously preserved, and thus miraculously restored him to her.

The Marquis now required not a moment to methodise his recital ; he had no past thought to conceal, no wish to leave untold. He began the detail, that sunk into Emily's soul, at the period when the persecuting fiend first gained his pity and protection at Paris. His wife heard the name of Hypolito with comparatively little emotion ; for she was fully assured of her own boundless empire over a heart

which she ever, till this moment, believed she had divided with that youth and Miss Fitzallen; for only now did she understand that they were one and the same person. He described the talents and tastes of the impostor, so naturally consonant and studiously adapted to his own, and the influence gained by the feigned youth in his affections. The ingenuous nature of Emily made her instantly allow that it must be almost an impossibility for any man to escape so secret and near an attack from a lovely woman, unrestrained in the pursuit of her object by either virtue or feeling. He, in the most natural manner, painted the discovery made of her disguise at Messina; and bewailed the wandering, both of his senses and his reason, by the fever of wine and of passion. But, oh! how the gentle Emily started and wept, lamenting, too late, her own innocent romance as the daughter of Dennis; when she learnt that and that only could have enabled her ingenious and base enemy to add, to her own dangerous allurements, the assumption of her name, character, and rights in life. How strange appeared it to the tender wife to find that the Marquis had married, or meant to marry, her in the person of another. She was lost in horror at the awful catastrophe of the earthquake; though her heart was more lightened than she chose to own, at finding that it had prevented the Marquis from consummating his mistaken and miserable marriage. The agony he felt at the deplorable fate of the fair impostor; his subsequent and sorrowful researches for the dear supposed daughter of Sir Edward Arden: — all, all appeared natural, touching, and hardly questionable, to the generous spirit to which he was now appealing. — Emily's own heart now took up the tale. The moment of their meeting in Switzerland, the gay discovery of herself she then meditated; and the shock it appeared to give him, to be told that she was the daughter of Sir Edward Arden, Emily well remembered. The hours of unalloyed pleasure that followed, till the hapless one arrived that united their hands, she never could forget. The frenzy that then seized the hapless Lenox he fully accounted for, in representing to her the impressive spectre that extended to him the ring, on the steps of the portico, and annihilated at once their bridal happiness. The

scene lived with equal force before Emily's eyes, as she read, in the wild glances of his, the eternal impression made on his mind by that horrible moment. Oh! how generous, how noble, how pure, appeared, to her informed judgment, that mysterious coldness and constraint, which at the time had so shocked — perhaps secretly offended her. She now, however, would again interrupt him; nor would longer allow him to be his own historian: her delicate nature made her anxious to spare him all further mention of Miss Fitzallen; who, hard and self-loving, had, it was obvious, wrung from him, through the medium of his fears, those rich baubles which she in the exultation of malice every where displayed, — nor doubted the generous Emily, but that her little favourite carriage had been obtained by the same insolent exaction.

But much, much yet remained for Emily to learn and to feel, when the Marquis, straining to his heart the generous creature who would not allow him to accuse himself, and melting under the sad blessing of her tearful forgiveness, faintly uttered — “Oh! Emily, adored of my soul! had your harsh father thus treated me — I should perhaps in bitterness of spirit have shed at his feet my own blood, and spared him the horror of having poorly satisfied his vengeance with stretching me there.” — This was a thought with which the tender wife had not ventured to trust her own soul: — the idea spread at first through the family, that, in a fit of frenzy, the Marquis had rashly ended his sufferings, had by means of her woman immediately reached Emily; and, horrible as such a fate must be, it was less dreadful than the faintest apprehension that her father had shortened the days of his nephew, and that she should be for life compelled to implore a blessing from the hand yet crimson with her husband's blood, or claim protection from the heart, hard enough to render her a widow, and her unborn babe fatherless. — The intelligence from Naples, afterwards sent by Cardinal Albertini, the valet of Sir Edward had officiously circulated in the family; and Emily dared not trust herself to make any minute inquiry upon the agonising subject, nor needed an exact account, to figure to herself all the horrors of his fate.

She in turn described to the Marquis the sudden manner, and the means, by which she had been decoyed, as it were, from Naples — and her memorable meeting with her father at Frascati ; when, in the ungoverned state of his feelings, he was incapable of reflection, and insensible to pity. She repeated, in all the force in which the words dwelt on her mind — “ *You have no husband — you never had one !* ” and her impulsive shudder proved too plainly that Sir Edward for ever lost at that moment the affection of his daughter. The haughtiness with which he had ordered, without her consent, that she should be deprived of the title of the Marquis, lived no less in her memory ; and, finally, the severe justice by which he had outraged every feeling, in obliging her to provide for her innocent babe, in case of her own death, by a will which stigmatised the infant's birth, was too wounding to be unmentioned. That nice sense of female delicacy, which speaks even in silence, made Emily by intuition convey to her husband's heart a deep resentment at these repeated indignities, while both overlooked the mortifying exigencies by which they were caused, nor could allow the father to be an equal, perhaps, as the proudest of the three, the greatest sufferer. This union of grievances strengthened every other ; and the hearts of the only two beings on earth whom Sir Edward Arden really loved, agreed, while they renewed to each other the sacred vow of eternal tenderness and faith, in shutting him entirely out, and utterly rejecting him.

After an interval, the Marquis resumed his narration. — “ Left in the garden of the convent, drowned in my own blood, and to all human appearance dead, — or even your incensed father would not so have left me, — many hours must have elapsed before any of the brotherhood wandered that way. I faintly recollect, that it was torchlight when the pain I felt in their lifting me on a mattress, to convey me to the convent, caused me for a moment to open my eyes. Delirium and impending death were long, long my portion, in the lonely cell where the benevolent monks attended me with unremitting care ; one of them, who had been an eminent surgeon, dressed my wound with tender skill : nor, in the intervals of my raving, when the agony

of my mind made that of my body forgotten, did the pious fathers omit all those holy attentions, so comforting to the wretch in this world, so necessary to prepare him for a better. I easily understood by the tenor of their consolations, that they regarded me as a frantic creature, who with rash hand had sought to end my own calamities. I found a sad consolation in saving my inhuman uncle from censure, and never gave any other answer to the inquiries which the superior ventured, as soon as he saw me likely to recover, than that the fatal catastrophe had been caused by my own despair: and that, unless they meant to drive me to the same extremity a second time, they would conceal from every human being, even my nearest relations or tenderest friends, my continued existence. Upon this condition, and this condition only, would I promise to endure my fate.

“ In the miserable state of my health, and the frantic irritation of my mind, the benignant brotherhood held it wise to yield to every request that might conciliate my feelings, or mitigate those complicated sufferings which were perhaps an ample punishment for my sin, great as I own it — and by this indulgence was I won still to suffer.

“ I soon learned that Sir Edward had quitted Naples with you; nor doubted, as the monks affirmed no inquiries had been made for me, that you, even you, my Emily, were wholly governed by his impression of my conduct, and turned from my very grave with abhorrence. Oh! misery, never to be understood but by the wretch who has, like me, felt it; to find all the sacred ties which reason, fancy, feeling can form, and choice sanctify, burst with a force that throws you a solitary sufferer to the utmost limits of creation! When I remembered Emily was mine no more — no more wished to be mine — it would have been happiness indeed to die. My infant too — my dear unborn — the cruel Sir Edward could not teach *that* to shrink from my embrace — to close its little ears to my lamentations. But the child of my Emily was like herself to be torn from me, and I stood alone in the universe.

“ My imbibtered spirit for a time soured me to all soft

impressions ; and the deep gloom of my abode co-operated to lead my thoughts only to monastic seclusion. By annihilating myself in a manner, and yet enduring the sufferings I had brought upon my own head, I thought I might in a degree expiate my sin against Emily and her father, and perhaps obtain the pardon of Heaven. But, with the least improvement of my health, silence, solitude, La Trappe, disappeared from my eyes — love and Emily still throbbed at my heart, and incurable tenderness was blended there, with a grief no less incurable. Alas ! had I not cause to dread a resentment on her part at least equal to that of her inexorable father, though she would not show it in the same bloody manner ? I often felt myself sinking into the grave, under the curses of both. Yet were there moments when her angel form appeared before me with all that softness which renders her sway so absolute. I sometimes seemed to see her mourning for the very wretch who had marked her days with ignominy and affliction, and clasping to her snowy bosom with increased fondness, because springing from me, the infant-inheritor of both. Returning strength (though I was still very weak) impressed with more force this cherished idea. I resolved, the moment I was able, to venture into the country where my adored Emily had fixed her abode, and there meditate on the mode by which I might acknowledge, even to the extent, my offences against her, and make her judge, sole judge, in her own cause.

“ I had not patience to wait till my wound was healed ; crawling only half alive, as yet, on the face of the earth, I assumed the habit of a common labourer, and found a neighbouring peasant with whom I could abide. I told him my employment was that of a mason, and the hurt in my side was occasioned by the sudden fall of a fragment, as I was hewing marble : that the weakness which the accident brought on had long threatened a consumption ; and, now I was able to get abroad, I had been advised to try whether the pure air of Frescati would not remove the alarming symptoms. I might have added, that if not, in his poor cottage should I end my days. I had reason to think their termination at hand, when I there had the misery to be told that my wife had again taken the name



of Miss Arden ; and the infant she cherished in her arms was not allowed to bear that of its father. Yet, I learned the precious infant lived ! it was mine, my Emily, no less than yours ; how did I languish to behold you both ; and to claim my fond, fond right, in our mutual treasure. Night after night did I pass in wandering round the consecrated abode of my Emily, and pondering upon the possibility of conveying a letter to her. Yet a single indiscretion might be ruin, even if I moved her compassion. Sir Edward would not, it was true, again strike at my existence in my own person ; but, alas ! he had it in his power even more effectually to do it in the person of his daughter. The cruel predicament I stood in took from me the right of a father : — that of a husband I dared not claim. It was only the gentle heart of Emily would grant me either, and to that heart I felt I must appeal or die.

“ In exploring the limits of the wilderness, I one day found a little aperture ; through which, the following night, I made my way, and boldly passed into the garden. My sick soul seemed to revive, when I breathed the same air with my Emily ; and these nocturnal rambles became an exquisite indulgence. One night I could not resist approaching so near the house as to see my uncle walking about in his chamber, and sometimes standing at the window : the lights were behind him, and I plainly discerned his figure — never, never can the strange, the complicated feeling escape my memory — that form, always so natural to my eyes — once so dear, so very dear to my heart ! — A frantic kind of emotion came over me ; I felt ready to cry out — to demand — to extort his pity — perhaps to undo myself — and not only lose for ever my Emily, but rob her of the little tranquillity which my fatal love had left her. That I might no more risk so exquisite a temptation, I withdrew to Rome in the hope Sir Edward would soon depart.

“ In wandering, as I often did, whole days there among the colossal fragments of ancient magnificence, a fallen and mutilated statue of a Faun caught my eye, and recalled to my mind the one I had seen by the fountain. The strange project of procuring, under the idea of wearing it at a

masquerade, a habit exactly resembling the statue, then occurred to me. I had often apprehended meeting some of your domestics, whom curiosity or love might lead to wander at the same hour in the garden ; but, thus hid, I was sure of having it all to myself. This disguise being prepared, I again housed with my peasants ; and, such is the energy of even a remote hope, was flattered by them on my improved looks. Sir Edward Arden was at last gone ; and his lovely daughter, whom they touchingly termed the melancholy lady, left alone. Now then, or never, I must obtain the sight of my Emily ; and, a month ago, when the moon shone with the same brightness it does at this moment, assuming my disguise, I hid my own clothes in the grotto in the wilderness ; then, without fear, sought the deep dell, to survey my fellow sylvan. How exquisitely beautiful appeared the silent scene ! The temple, hanging on the rude brow above, had now the windows thrown open. I made no doubt but that my beloved had been sitting there. I stole through the shady path, and, after listening intently, finding all was solitude, ventured an intrusion. Think of the melting softness that seized my heart, on beholding the sofa my love had so lately quitted, and on which a basket of her work yet remained ! I knelt and worshipped, as if the fair form I adored was still reposing there. On the ground were scattered flowers, which, as perishing, she had cast from her bosom. I gathered them up, as devout pilgrims do holy relics, and thrusting them into mine, bade them thus return to Emily !

“ An emotion, new — sacred — eternal, yet remained for me to experience, when I cast my eyes on a large wicker basket quilted with down, and covered with a mantle. Softly I raised that covering, as though the jewel were yet enshrined within it. The cradle was empty ; yet on the pillow still remained the dear, the soft impression of my infant's tender cheek. That inanimate pillow was wet with the first tears of a father — greeted with his kisses — consecrated by his blessings. I remained riveted to a spot enriched, with such interesting local remembrances. I could not resolve to quit it ; and, in that sanctuary of innocence, the

cradle, had half resolved to hide, for my Emily's observance, some known memorial of our plighted love; when a sound that suddenly reached me, of 'riot and rude merriment,' suggested a better mode of attracting her. I guessed this rustic serenade to be some mode of amusement, which your servants had found for themselves; and they had repeated the discordant strains several evenings before I discovered that it was meant to entertain you. I then coloured my flute to correspond with my dress; and, in the depth of the night, silenced the savages with my lonely pipe. At intervals I paused, to listen whether curiosity had brought too near my retreat any of my auditory. Not a step could I ever hear; not a whisper reached me.

"Night after night I pursued my wild symphonies, always apprehending that some one of the domestics, bolder than the rest, would pierce the thicket to descry my haunt; but convinced no second person would venture near it. Your people were all, however, equally timorous; and this beautiful solitude I now feared would ever belong at night only to my brother sylvan and myself. Assured that I had cleared it of all my vulgar hearers, I soon became bolder, and ventured from behind the marble Faun. Sometimes I could see your shadow in your dressing-room — sometimes knew it could be only you, at the window. Yet some person might be in the room, and one incautious word have betrayed me. I almost despaired of wooing you into the garden, when, this evening, I suddenly called to mind that little air which your tender heart so feelingly acknowledged. When I saw the effort successful — when the light disappeared from the room above, and faintly began to illumine the colonnade — when I found that love, stronger than death, could win my Emily to follow even my supposed phantom, my heart no longer feared hers. Alas! I feared only the alarm, which it was impossible to spare her, ere she could be again encircled in those arms that never, never more will resign her, even to her father."

In discourse like this, whole ages might have elapsed, unheeded by the Marquis; but Emily, exquisitely alive to his danger, now saw with affright that day had, unobserved, stolen upon them, and it was impossible for him,

disguised or otherwise, to return through the garden. The Marquis made light of his stay or departure; for, if she approved the former, who should object? but, on the soul of Emily, the fear of her father was now incurably impressed; and all their future views were too uncertain, and indistinct to both, for her husband to urge a rash discovery. He therefore permitted her to conduct him, through her own, to the vacant apartment of Sir Edward; where, having fastened the entrance at the extremity, she insisted on his endeavouring to recruit his emaciated frame by needful rest; and, locking the intermediate chamber, retired to repair her own strength and spirits with a balmy slumber. How different was this day from the last, when, waking, she felt happiness once more possible. The husband, whom she adored, ever faithful, though apparently otherwise, was for life her own. With light elastic footstep, a hundred times in the course of the day did she visit the door that divided them. As often did she softly pace back again, and fearfully shrink from the indulgence of even looking upon her beloved. Once, and once only, did she unlock it, and impatiently wait to see him partake of the refreshments which she carried him.

The approaching evening, Emily purposed, should afford the Marquis the exquisite pleasure hardly more desired by him than herself—the sight of their infant. Affecting an alarm, she took it from the charge of the nurse, to place it for that night in her own bed. Let those who have borne a child to an absent husband tell the soft exultation which nature makes powerful enough to compensate the pang that renders them mothers, when they lift the sheltering mantle of the sleeping innocent, to show to the father those features in which each parent, by a magic of mind, discerns only the likeness of the other, combined with the charm peculiar to infancy!—Sorrow—sickness—the past—the future—all was forgotten by the Marquis and Emily, when, with sweet contention, kneeling together, they blessed and kissed this dear third in their union.

Who can fail to lament, that a nature so generous and susceptible as Sir Edward Arden's should have lost, by one start of ill-judged passion, the dear delight of sharing a

bliss which it had been the single object of his life to ensure to the two so exquisitely endeared to him? — Occupied wholly by gloomy reflections, and a hopeless pursuit, Sir Edward was wandering, without one social bosom in which to confide a thought, through the scenes in Sicily most afflicting to his remembrance: nor had he been able to gather any further information concerning the monks, who had been immediately parties in the ceremony of the Marquis's marriage, than that Padre Anselmo certainly perished; but it was doubtful in what quarter of the world the survivors might now be seeking means to rebuild a part of their convent.

Hours, days, and months, fly swiftly to those who love, and love happily. In the nocturnal interviews which the Marquis and Emily still mysteriously carried on, they had ever so much to say of the past and present, that both, as by tacit agreement, threw as far off as possible the more important and immediate consideration of the future. The full confession and explanation of the Marquis had removed every fear of impropriety from the mind of Emily. It was to her sufficiently clear, that nothing but the pride and ungovernable fury of her father prevented the previous ceremony that had been read to the Marquis and Miss Fitzallen (since it was a mere ceremony) from being, when submitted to ecclesiastical discussion, declared, if not informal, certainly invalid; while her own marriage, celebrated with the consent of the parents on both sides, in the face of the world, and by every rite of her own church, had the full confirmation of her having borne a child, whom it would be impossible to deprive of legitimacy, when its claims were duly made. It was no new vow, therefore, on the part of Emily, to follow her husband through the world; but she exacted, in consideration of this concession, that he should allow her to do it in her own way.

The Marquis, who had long found his love for his uncle on the wane, had likewise long felt all fear of him vanish. He was fully sensible that Sir Edward had no authority over his daughter's person, if once she could be influenced to assert a will of her own, and abide by her marriage.

He sometimes almost wished accidental circumstances would, by betraying their secret correspondence, oblige her to a decision which even he found it a vain attempt to urge her to fix. Nothing, he was assured, was so likely to effect this, as the dread of their separation; and were his nocturnal visits once known, she would have no choice but to fly with him, and thus compel her father to second their views. Yet, delicately as Emily was situated — delicately as she ever felt — to *force* her to any thing would, he was very conscious, be so ungenerous a procedure, that the Marquis suffered the happy hours to steal on, without forming any fixed plan for the future.

That time, however, had a consequence so favourable to his views, so gratifying to his heart, that he rejoiced he had never, by word or thought, grieved his Emily. Terrified — pale — dying in a manner with fear — she threw herself one evening into his arms, and whispered, “that the child he then clasped to his bosom was not the only one it would be her misfortune to bring him.” To all his soothing endearments, she only cried out in agony — “How, how should she ever face her father? He who had already, when she was in the same state, nearly killed her with his eye-beam, would now wound her with a sense of shame (even while she was unconscious of guilt) too humiliating to be endured. Never, never, could she again encounter, thus circumstanced, the severity of her father. The Marquis, softened with the occasion of this anguish — shocked at seeing its excess — and ever yielding to her wishes — entreated, conjured her to compose herself; solemnly vowing, that, whatever line of conduct would give most ease to her mind, should be that by which he would implicitly abide by, as the only atonement he could make for having a single moment exposed her, in the most interesting of all situations, to the indignity of her father's looks.

“Never, never, will I again encounter such a hateful feeling, my Edward,” cried she with increasing affliction, “while there is either a spot to be discovered on the earth to hide this wretched head in, or a grave to be found beneath it. — I have sometimes thought — yet that would be

very difficult — imposes upon you years — perhaps a life of seclusion — total annihilation of our rights, — shall I, poorly to save my own feelings, bury with me, while yet living, the heir of high rank and splendid fortunes; with every charm and talent that shall make him a grace to his equals, a blessing to his dependents?”

“Emily,” returned the Marquis, with a sweetly-sad solemnity, “I am yours: as we are circumstanced, yours only. No duty can come in competition with that which I owe to the angel whom my love has unhappily humbled, but never could elevate. Imagine my impatience, and tell me all those expressive eyes are full of.”

“I have only a few valuables, and no money,” continued Emily, as if thinking aloud, rather than speaking to any body. “Sold, as they must be, to a disadvantage, I could hardly hope they would produce more than three thousand pounds.”

“Sell your ornaments, love!” returned the Marquis, in a tone of chagrin, as well as surprise. “What for? I have money to the amount you mention.”

“Ah, Edward! we shall want that too,” cried his wife, surveying him with a mournful steadiness, as doubting whether she had influence enough to bend the pride of his nature to the humble purpose of her heart.

“And what,” cried the Marquis, with some quickness, “can my Emily want so large a sum for? To endow an hospital?”

“No!” replied she, in a firm voice, and with a dignity of mien that gave her new charms in the eyes fondly fixed on her. “All we can both gather will be hardly enough, perhaps, to maintain us during the life of my father. You have bound yourself, my Lord: thus must it be, if I am again yours. Dare you, on these terms, confirm your vows? Dare you take this hand, and swear on it never, never to risk the little peace we now enjoy, by putting it in my father’s power to tear us asunder? Yet do not imagine that I am without pity, any more than you, for his future fate; neither can I forget that in going I only take from him what he has shown me to be without value in his eyes — my wretched self.”

“ Oh, Emily ! ” returned her husband, in tender agitation, “ think well, think often, before you finally determine on a point so important. You will not, in this, accuse me of the indelicacy of considering myself. I am a man ever retired in my taste, nor expensive in my pleasures. I could easily reconcile myself to the inconveniences of humble life, did I not feel acutely for you ; but, born as you are to immense fortunes, bred on the bosom of luxury, yourself the most fragile and tender of nature’s productions, can you endure to inhabit an humble home ; and perhaps be hardly able, even by severe economy, to keep that ? How will you bear to see your little ones, who will be naturally entitled to every advantage, confined to a narrow spot and limited education ? ”

“ There was a time, my love,” returned Emily, bitterly weeping, “ when, vainly exulting in the advantages of nature and fortune, we both thought that, among the many modes of being happy, each of us might make a choice. Already that vision has vanished ; and all the option that now remains to either is, what kind of suffering we can best bear. It is my fixed determination never more to endure that of meeting my unkind father ; nor,” sobbed she, throwing herself into his arms, “ of parting with you.”

The Marquis pressed her to his heart ; but was not collected enough to reply. Emily continued : —

“ And why, Edward, should we think ourselves poor with the sums mentioned ? Fear not but that I can descend to minute economy without murmuring ; for I have feelingly learned that the splendour of an equipage relieves not the repining heart — the gaudy drapery of a dress dries not the tearful eye. In waving for a time our claims in life, we neither renounce them for ourselves nor our children. The day will come when the Duke of Aberdeen may recover his son : it is Sir Edward Arden,” faltered she, bursting anew into a passion of tears, “ who, by lifting his hand against your life, and imbittering mine — it is he who has for ever lost his daughter.”

The Marquis saw, with tender distress, the deep impression which Emily’s mind had taken ; for to oppose her in



could endanger, calculated at a  
the advantages  
not to partake  
right of their  
Arden would  
tear and deli-  
knew she had  
not to pass her  
gracefully torn  
him to assist  
marriage. The  
never been an  
of natural ties,  
ning in life —  
painful to the  
us fold from  
with Emily ;  
her father and  
les of making  
oppose a pro-  
ect new to her  
em.

enable Emily  
hing for ever  
e event would  
euly returning  
lovers equally  
resolve upon  
m she had, in  
ies. The first  
had waited on  
Arden ; had  
laid her early  
the heiress of  
ly to feel her  
nent the servi-  
ot being, how-  
s friends, and  
her society and

regard, the worthy creature had preferred attending on her lady to the kind offer made by her of independence and her own way. These humble friends are among the peculiar blessings the Irish may boast ; as if the high polish of cultivation gave hearts so very smooth a substance, that every object slid over them ; while, in those more rough, there remained an adhesive power, which fixed whatever it once attracted. Natures of the latter cast have too often a generous defect in their coarse but strong perceptions of the injuries offered to those they love, which to the sufferer magnifies the evils reflection would otherwise diminish.

Let no one say they are proof against this insensible operation of mind on mind. The wise would be wise indeed, were they not liable to be biassed by the weak ; but it requires a great effort to silence the voice of kindness, even if you think the speaker not wholly competent to his subject. Connor had all this secret and insensible influence over her lady ; and a horror of the lofty character of Sir Edward Arden, which made her give the most chilling interpretation to his words, the most irritating one to his actions. She was among those to whom he gave the "imperial" (as she termed it) command, to call the wife of the Marquis of Lenox, Miss Arden. He had not thought it proper, or necessary, to assign his reason for this ; and, had he commanded the good woman to lay down her own existence, she could not have been more determined never to comply ; till the gentle Emily, with tears, requested that her father might be obeyed. From that moment, Mrs. Connor persisted in it he would be the death of that angel his daughter, hourly bewailing the day he had ever set foot in Bellarney, and carried away its young heiress to become a martyr to his whims, and know only sickness and sorrow. If any thing had been wanting to complete her detestation of Sir Edward, he would have supplied it, when he refused to see the "dear jewel," his grand-daughter, on the sad day of her birth. All the erroneous opinions of a woman really worthy were, however, from the succeeding danger of Emily, lost and swallowed up in her fears. No mother could be more watchfully tender ; and, perhaps, but for even her unrefined attention, Sir Edward Arden's daughter

As, however,  
discharged her  
ready wounded  
horror of her

tation, to make  
age, to others!  
vance into life,  
turned, but a  
at cherished an  
infant fault, has  
e of the child.  
as, which made  
of unfolding  
a of the parent.  
ats in life inde-  
liarily necessary  
early and unre-  
insensible will  
party is entitled

at influence of  
ting to commit  
of her life. But  
embark in her  
ndly sensibility  
with exquisite  
ife.

broken through  
abode in Rome,  
e who were un-  
ond the middle  
l to a lady of a  
had made him  
e in the centre  
lies of which  
character could  
Edward Arden  
ession, that he  
Such a friend,

with medical knowledge, became a treasure to the afflicted father, in the desperate contingency that followed Emily's arrival at Frescati. Her bitter grief, her exquisite loveliness, the disposition she showed to be grateful for his generous exertions to continue that existence which avowedly she valued not, had interested Dr. Dalton's feelings, and urged him to improve the predilection, by bringing his lady to wait on her. But in the melancholy and humbled situation of Emily, the deep dejection of her mind, and the weakness of her health, the good Doctor wondered not at her shrinking even from this mark of respect and kindness; when therefore he found his medical assistance unnecessary, he had no choice, but to retire from the interesting young widow. Sir Edward had, however, obtained his promise, ere he left Rome, that, if invited to Frescati, he would still attend on his daughter.

The present interesting situation of Emily inclined her from prudence to shun Dr. Dalton's presence; and her loveliness was never more obvious. For herself, therefore, she could not summon the person whom she most desired to see. The infant Emily was a cherub in beauty, and in the full glow of health; and to trouble a man of independence, with making a visit to two of her servants who happened to be indisposed, seemed too great a liberty: yet rendering their poverty an excuse to his benevolent mind, she risked entreating her father's friend to visit Frescati.

Dr. Dalton obeyed the requisition, and congratulated his fair patient on having recovered a higher degree of health than he thought she ever did or could possess. Her beautiful child delighted him; and he assured her he could not any longer contend with the impatience of his wife to see both. Emily smiled, but no longer declined the compliment. The Doctor returned, however, from visiting her Irish domestics, with an air of gravity; and not moving from a window remotely situated, inquired if she had ever had the small-pox. Emily replied, it was a disputed point between Connor and her grandmother; but the former could be called, and give him her reasons for thinking she had had it. "A simple proceeding will spare a long detail," said the kind physician. "Even if *you* have had this disorder, your

57  
present in-  
the snall-  
ring among  
wave Mrs.  
promise to  
me. My  
large. —  
ly received  
This is  
p, and the  
n us.”  
e heart of  
at. Could  
might have  
without his  
eping her  
e dread of  
the kind  
hesitation  
cred it im-  
i; but the  
in her own  
s a pledge  
a then or-  
nd Connor,  
at once off  
med. She  
n she knew  
ould never  
k full pos-  
al, ere she  
king all her  
ed it, with  
room for  
to her dear  
her it was  
ight safely  
which had  
over these

yet in health, insomuch that each fancied himself walking about the house in a dying state; nor failed to conclude, that the memorable music of the marble Faun had been a solemn warning of the approaching mortality in the family.

When Emily apprised the Marquis of the imminent danger that had obliged her to part with her child, she soon saw his parental anxiety was not inferior to her own. A moment, however, impressed him with a conviction, that this removal would involve them both in much inconvenience. Dr. Dalton, he perceived, was, by this hasty confidence, rendered of necessity a party in all their future prospects and fluctuating plans. "What, my dearest," cried he, impatiently pacing the chamber, "could induce you so suddenly to impose such severe restraint on yourself and me? If you will not consent to my appearing, how can you reside at Dr. Dalton's house? What will you do there?"—"Die, perhaps," returned Emily: "I would not, my love, be understood literally; yet to be thought dead is my only chance for passing my life with you: and without the aid of a character, as respectable in itself, and as highly estimated by my father, as Dr. Dalton's, vainly should I attempt an imposition of that kind."—"How improbable then is it that you should persuade such a man to sanction so strange a fraud, and one which so many various occurrences in life may betray!"—"I know not any, save choice, that can betray us, my Lord," sighed Emily; "and I will rather die in reality than ever again endure the severe control of my father. I have well digested my plan, in which I do not ask your aid; grant only your concurrence; and this, if I am indeed dear to you, I may claim. The circumstances in which I find myself are interesting and peculiar; I am a wife, a mother; if robbed by an incensed father of the first title, the last would only double my misery. In human life, the least must of necessity yield to the greater duty. Reason, nature, law, choice, make me yours for ever: nor can even the power of a parent break the tie he voluntarily hallowed. A mind so generous and dispassionate as Dr. Dalton's will surely see, that, in thus disappearing from society, I rather seek to guard from another bloody contention two fiery spirits, who

or the other,  
 ing a victim,  
 — "Emily,"  
 s — for ever  
 ou to endure  
 ave *I* erred ;  
 ally give you

ore to haunt  
 own Emily at  
 ned her with  
 e escaped the  
 bosom, with  
 ; and, con-  
 ed her to be

ties in those  
 the impres-

Upon the  
 fully sensible  
 herself, when  
 her fate and  
 her heart of  
 Overwhelmed  
 owed in si-  
 e youth, and  
 but too in-

to divert the  
 resting them  
 , who, with-  
 to him for  
 ed great im-  
 ad promised  
 ooth in for-  
 , and intelli-  
 uriosity. A  
 who faintly  
 n wounded ?  
 r of distine-

tion, and "that noble kind of physiognomy which an enlightened mind alone can give even to correct beauty." The flutter of Sir Edward's daughter increased; and Dr. Dalton wistfully surveyed her fair cheeks, on which, in spite of the efforts of her reason, glowed the tender alarms of her heart; while her ingenuous eyes, ever ready to convey its meaning, escaped those of her observing friend only by seeking the ground. "You are, perhaps, madam," said the Doctor, after a pause, "already acquainted with this interesting stranger?" Emily shook her head, sighed, but trusted not her lips with a syllable. He again paused; then continued his discourse. "It is, I dare say, impossible to be much with you, and think of any thing distinct from yourself. I can no otherwise account for the singular idea that haunts me, of a striking resemblance between my unknown visiter and Sir Edward Arden. Yet, the youth's complexion is not so dark, and his hair a bright auburn: it is the form of his face — something familiar to my ear in the tone of his voice — but, above all, the grace of his manner, that seemed to present the very man to my mind.

Emily clasped her hands in silence at the imprudence of the Marquis, whom she recognised in every particular Dr. Dalton dwelt on, but remained determinately silent; and her tears might well be imputed to painful recollections that had no reference to the stranger. He would have vanished from the mind of Dr. Dalton, had not a billet been brought, half an hour after, to Emily. — "Proceed and prosper, my beloved: I could not resist my racking desire to see this friend, on whom you have made me dependent; and find in his countenance that prepossessing benignity which his voice confirms. Act upon his generous feelings with your best speed, that you may become wholly his, who knows not how to live a day without you. All my objections to your proposed deception vanished the moment I could no longer behold you. Early in the morning, I will send for your answer: would we were, till then, with the Dryads at Frescati."

The surprise which Dr. Dalton and his lady felt at finding their lovely guest, whom they supposed to be without



greeted by  
ing Emily's  
the sup-er-  
break the  
— or her  
her native  
y, the least  
umiliating  
the billet,  
put it into  
ion of the

story, that  
ing youth,  
it to her  
swallowed  
nbarked at  
red in her  
e recital of  
r her hor-  
eruel hand  
They vowed  
unfortunate  
o, paternal

e happened  
the tender  
n every ge-  
r child into  
his simple  
most lively  
d existence  
eak. Eu-  
wening, Dr.  
before the  
ly to plead  
countenance  
had already  
ed it would  
so painfully

circumstanced, to have avoided his error; though few would have made so ample an atonement for it. Far, he added, from approving Sir Edward Arden's conduct, he applauded that of his daughter, and should receive the husband with the same cordiality he had the wife; nor would he hesitate to assist in any measure proposed for perpetuating the union of a pair so formed for each other. The tears of apprehension were yet undried on the cheeks of Emily, when those of transport washed them away: — her beauty assumed almost a celestial charm, when lighted up by gratitude.

The warm heart of Dr. Dalton made him now grieve that he knew not where to find the Marquis; for then would he have hastened to add him to the little party: "so should no one heart in it be ill at ease." — Alas! good man, had he been twenty years younger, well would he have guessed that he need not look far for a lover so anxious; who passed half the night in wandering near the house that contained his treasure. It is possible Emily could have quickened her friend's perception, but that she had a task to execute, which admitted not an abrupt avowal that the Marquis yet existed.

In the exhausted state of her spirits, it became a great exertion to communicate to Connor the secret history of the midnight musician at Frescati. But the ungovernable joy it caused in her humble friend was almost more than Emily could support: yet was she obliged to make a further effort over herself, that she might talk down to rationality the delighted creature. Even at last Emily was reduced to keep her for that night in her own apartment, lest, in the intoxication of the moment, the important secret of the disguise of the Marquis should escape Connor, and circulate through a train of servants, who did not now know that he was in existence.

With all her sensibility thus afloat, it was impossible for Emily to find any repose. If a momentary slumber came over her, she seemed to hear the well-known strains of her nocturnal harmonist, and starting abruptly up, paused — listened — sighed at being undeceived, and wished herself again at Frescati.

Morning at length came, and with it the messenger for Emily's letter. — Her joyful summons bade the Marquis assume any name but his own, and be a welcome visiter to Dr. Dalton. — Mr. Irwin was in a moment announced ; and received by that gentleman as a friend long known, and newly recovered. The melting sensibility which so many concurring feelings and kindnesses must necessarily call forth in the refined and generous soul of the Marquis, made him, in the eyes of all the party, the most charming and interesting of human beings.

A very short time gave Emily so unlimited an influence over the mind of Dr. Dalton, that, whatever her opinion might be on any subject, he had a singular facility in persuading himself that it had been first his own. — He therefore soon found it meritorious to assist the Marquis to run away with his own wife ; that once effected, all parties agreed that Sir Edward might then discover at leisure how to reconcile himself to the re-union ; as well as how to annul the ceremony of the marriage in Sicily. Having thus far carried the point of embarking the Doctor in her cause, Emily chose a moment, when she was alone with him, to expatiate upon the horrors that had almost precipitated her into a premature grave at Frescati ; and seeing the strong impression the description made on the worthy man, she represented how probable it was that some dreadful catastrophe might again attend the meeting of her father and husband. By slow degrees she reached the meditated point ; and spoke of her being supposed dead as the only sure way of avoiding any such alarming contingency. Would Dr. Dalton, she added, but sanction the belief that she had taken the malady now raging among her servants at Frescati, it would be no disgrace to have it reported that even his skill could not prolong her life. On the fidelity of her woman she could depend ; and in Rome the interment of protestants was more than private — absolutely secret. A corpse might be easily substituted ; and if Sir Edward chose to see it, in a disorder like the small-pox, a parent would vainly seek to identify a deceased child. As, however, it was Emily's fixed intention to leave not only her daughter, but all her fortune, and per-

sonal effects behind, Sir Edward was not likely to have a doubt that he had thus lost her. Escaping by this plan at once from his power, and the horrors that tormented her whenever she thought of his meeting her husband, they might, without incurring the disgrace of an elopement, steal unobserved away together, and, in some obscure but happy home, pass those years which Heaven might please yet to give her father, unless he should in the interim relent.

Dr. Dalton listened in mute astonishment at this well-arranged, extravagant plan. He saw, at once, that it would involve his character, perhaps endanger his safety, were it ever to be known; yet observing that Emily's apprehensive heart quivered on her lips, he loved her too affectionately utterly to despise her project, or treat it with ridicule. The utmost power he had over himself, when she was concerned, was to point out the perpetual danger to which she would be exposed by her interesting loveliness, and the youth of the Marquis. The confidence she however had in her own prudence, and the full reliance she placed in the honour of her husband, made her treat those objections lightly. The inconveniences, which, as the Doctor hinted, he might bring upon himself, Emily more fully considered and answered. — It had been Sir Edward's intention, when he left Frescati, she assured the Doctor, to set out for England immediately on his return: and when he found himself charged with the sole care of so young a child, the journey, she imagined, would rather be hastened than retarded. Should, therefore, any unforeseen occurrence (though that appeared to her impossible) betray to Sir Edward that she was yet in existence, it must be when he was far from Rome and from Dr. Dalton, for whose honour and safety she felt herself deeply concerned. Her warmth had an effect in her favour which she did not foresee: a strange apprehension that she thought him selfish, if not timid, crossed Dr. Dalton's mind, and to avoid incurring her contempt, he risked deserving that of her father. He therefore dropped, at once, all opposition to her plan. This doubtful success was more than Emily had dared to promise herself; and seeing the Marquis

he conversed  
 communicated  
 self obliged to  
 he learned  
 minine affec-  
 ble to remove  
 many cha-  
 complexion.  
 the fraud in  
 in a natural  
 ough mistaken  
 already de-  
 s of the two  
 ould certainly  
 he allow him  
 are idea of a  
 y dear, half  
 ward would,  
 l. The plan  
 onsequences:  
 upposing his  
 bliged more  
 r. Perhaps  
 ow appeared  
 shing all its  
 e only little-  
 Dalton, would  
 kings of an  
 he sorrowful  
 On his own  
 rness, should  
 bits of filial  
 was willing,  
 randerer. A  
 re-unite the  
 and lasting  
 I refined by  
 n would be,  
 wn keeping:  
 r pair whom

he obliged, were he to incur a censure, even from himself, to serve either. The Doctor would always, therefore, be at liberty not only to avow the deception, but his own motive for joining in it; which, perhaps, as nearly concerned the happiness of Sir Edward as that of his children.

Further to engage the Doctor's sympathy, the Marquis ventured to intrust him with the tender secret of his wife's present condition; and nothing hitherto urged was half so influential. The fragile form of Emily had, even in the care of Dr. Dalton, almost sunk into a premature grave; nor did he think it possible that she should, in the same perilous situation, survive, if terror of mind were again to accompany those sufferings from which no kindness could save her. The tender husband, on hearing this, applauded himself for having implicitly indulged a creature, whose fate might easily become precarious. Reasoning was, from that moment, with him, out of the question; and feeling alone determined the future. Emily having, in the interim, called in a powerful coadjutor in Mrs. Dalton, the league was too strong for the Doctor to resist; though still his conscience secretly revolted at consenting to sanction a fraud of any kind, or from any motive.

News arrived the next morning from Frescati, that one servant was dead, and several more had sickened, with the small-pox. All communication with that part of Sir Edward's family was therefore entirely prohibited, and the Marquis began secretly to make arrangements for the flight of Emily; who now thought it prudent to impart the whole of her views to her humble friend Connor: and well she knew how hard would be the task of reconciling her to them.

How to the gross of soul can delicate minds explain that acute sensibility which, when once awakened, binds heart to heart, by a power discriminating as reason, yet impulsive as sensation—or, when once wounded, throws each in a moment to the utmost limit of creation? It knows not how to qualify—descends not to contention—disdains to be soothed—given to dignify existence, even though it entails sadness on those who have it—a good never valued, because never understood, by those who have

it not. No human eloquence could have persuaded Connor, that a being born to ride in her own coach need ever know misery ; or a daughter, inheriting a fortune independent of her father, might be reduced to shrink from a power which it was at her option to acknowledge. How great then was the poor woman's astonishment when told that Emily, instead of maintaining her own independence against Sir Edward, was determined to fly from him ; and not only to fly, but to leave her behind ! " So, after all her services, all her love, her dear young lady chose to live without her ! " In vain did Emily represent that she was obliged to leave her child to her father ; and how could she trust so precious a treasure to any other woman's care ? All the power which a rational affection can exercise over a weak one, Emily often exhausted before she could influence Connor ; who, though she had learned to hate Sir Edward Arden's lofty spirit, knew not how to respect it : and continually urged her lady to consider only herself and child. Wearied out at last by the tender importunity and nervous agitations of Emily, Connor reluctantly took solemn charge of the beloved infant : consenting to confirm the account of the mother's death to Sir Edward, and for her sake endure what she termed " all his humours."

The Marquis had never resided long enough in Rome to be generally known ; yet he was too much distinguished by nature, as well as rank, to venture appearing during the day : and the humiliation of stealing to his friends and wife made him, when once Emily was fully resolved on her project, impatient for its execution. Dr. Dalton purchased a travelling carriage ; and his lady secretly made every necessary preparation for the flight of the married lovers.

Emily now secluded herself in her own apartment. The alarm of her having taken the small-pox was circulated through the whole family. Her infant remained, therefore, shut up in a remote part of the mansion ; and the domestics, save Mrs. Connor, were prohibited access to the chamber of the fair visiter. Dr. Dalton and his lady, with that favourite humble friend, were all who entered it ; and the servants had too great a horror of a malady already so

fatal at Frescati, to be tempted to break through the strict injunction.

Convinced even when the Marquis, as well as herself, had gathered together all the limited wealth they could, so circumstanced, command, they would be poorly provided for the uncertain future, Emily carefully collected her jewels and other valuables, to secrete them among the few common habiliments she chose to allow herself. The yet untarnished bridal vestments, she, with a sigh, saw packed to remain behind; that no visible deficiency in her effects might awaken a doubt of her death in the mind of her father. Within her jewel case she enclosed a letter in her own hand signifying that all it once contained she had herself appropriated; nor was any human being to be charged with purloining aught. This done, she locked the empty casket, and affixed on it her own seal with a written address to her daughter: whom she exhorted not to break that seal till she should be eighteen. There was something so melancholy in these indispensable arrangements, each of which produced a new lamentation from Connor, that poor Emily felt ready to sink under the task which she had imposed upon herself. Yet she had only to recollect her increasing size, and fancy she saw the indignant eye of her father flash upon her, to return with fresh vigour to her painful employments. Dr. Dalton considered her pale cheeks, and high irritation, with great alarm; and, dissatisfied as he was with her plan, often fairly wished her gone, lest she should die in reality.

On the appointed night all was ordered within the house to favour the departure of the lovers; and the Marquis, an hour before break of day, came in the chaise to the door. At parting with her little one, Emily sunk half fainting in the arms of Connor; yet when her friends again proposed staying, her resolution instantaneously returned. She saw in imagination the husband of her heart stretched lifeless at her feet; and the voice of Sir Edward again sounded fearfully in her ears. "Farewell, farewell then, a while, my infant blessing!" cried she, folding the unconscious smiler to her bosom:—"for thy father, for thy father only, would I for one hour abandon thee:—but it will be



thy happy fate to soften the heart of mine: — when he looks in thy innocent face, he will not see aught of the wretch now hanging fondly over thee, but rather the likeness of the nephew once so dear, so inexpressibly dear to him: — to you he will strive to atone for his past severity to both of us; nor will bitterness mingle in the love which you may bear each other.” Dr. Dalton saw nature too highly wrought in a creature so delicate, and gave a sign to the Marquis; who rather bore than led her to the carriage, which conveyed them rapidly from the dearest ties both of nature and choice.

It was soon circulated through Rome that the daughter of Sir Edward Arden was dead of the small-pox: she had never been seen there, and of course this was the news only of a day. The ladies spoke the following one of her infant daughter, as the heiress of two great families; and on the third both mother and child were forgotten.

Dr. Dalton, who had only consented to countenance, not promised to support, the fraud, thought it advisable to absent himself from home, that he might avoid all embarrassing inquiries; and, therefore, with his lady, went on a tour among their friends. Hardly had they quitted Rome before Sir Edward Arden returned there; and having when he set out for Naples, left his daughter in the charge of Dr. Dalton, selected his house as the most proper one at which to alight. A strange and painful sensation seized him at suddenly seeing a servant of Emily's, who vanished. That he was in black did not surprise Sir Edward, as all the family yet wore it for the Marquis. He continued alone for a while, and then was formally apprised of the absence of his friends: the regret he was expressing he, however, no longer remembered, when he perceived Connor enter the room; who, throwing open a mantle of black crape, presented to him the fairest sleeping cherub that ever graced mortality.—It was the first moment Sir Edward could be said to fix his eyes upon the interesting offspring of an unhappy love.—How forcibly did nature assert her rights over him!—He eagerly snatched the miniature of his Emily, and looked wildly around for herself.—“Ay, prize that jewel,” cried the incautious Connor:

“ it is the only one, Sir Edward, you can now call your own.” A horrible sense of unexpected calamity weighed down the father: he turned, disgusted and afflicted from the savage who had thus harshly announced the completion of his misfortunes; still fondly clasping his darling babe, his infant Emily—alas! now his only Emily.

Stunned and overwhelmed with so sudden a shock, Sir Edward was soon after found by his faithful valet, who aided his recovery; and having, in the interim, learned the ingenious fabrication of the death of the Marchioness, imparted it to his master; adding, that the family at Frescati were still far from recovered. There was nothing in a recital and catastrophe so simple to awaken suspicion, or lead to inquiry. Sir Edward, therefore, relied on the tale, and wept. In Emily the Marquis died to him a second time; and it was his hard fate to blend the horrors of the past with the misery of the present loss.

A packet from the Duke of Aberdeen, which had been lying for some weeks at Rome, was shortly afterwards delivered to Sir Edward. Hardly had he power to break the seal; for what could it contain likely now to interest his feelings? The whole universe had not for him a woe like either of those he must for life bewail. The letter proved to be in answer to that which he had sent, recounting the outrage offered to Emily by the Marquis, whose prior marriage and supposed suicide formed its whole subject. The Duke of Aberdeen, never rigid, but always coarse and worldly, began his epistle with reprobating Sir Edward's interference between the young people, when once they were united; nor did he less censure his listening to an idle, and, as far as he was empowered to judge, unsupported, assertion of a worthless wanton, that the Marquis had married her. Had his son, in reality, twenty such supernumerary wives, it would not be possible for any of their claims to interfere with those of a lady of Miss Arden's consequence in life, regularly, and with the approbation of the parents on both sides, espoused to the Marquis of Lenox. As his lawful wife, he was impatient to greet her; and bade her fully rely on his ever regarding her child, or children, as entitled to all he could bestow. Nor

was this strange interference on the part of Sir Edward, the Duke added, his only or his greatest oversight. The frantic passion that had induced him to dispossess his daughter of the name and title of her husband was more likely to render the legitimacy of her child disputable, than the improbable assertions of any of those light ladies whom the Marquis might be weak enough for a time to prefer to her. In fine, he exhorted Sir Edward immediately to restore Miss Arden to her rank, as wife to the Marquis of Lenox ; and, if she was sufficiently recovered to undertake the journey, to hasten with her to England, where she and her daughter would be fully acknowledged, and all their rights legally established. The Duke concluded with observing, that he could have pardoned a fond girl of Emily's age for quarrelling with her husband about giving away her diamonds and carriages ; but for her father to expatiate on the loss of such baubles, was unworthy both of his experience and sex. He desired she might be told, that as a more magnificent set of jewels was preparing, he requested her to forget those, which it would be an impropriety for her now to appear in, were it possible to recover them. As to the Marquis, he did not pretend to judge of his past conduct ; but he supposed he would, in the end, prove no worse than other people's sons ; and when he had run about the world for a year or two, and spent all the money he could get, he would return to Emily in his penitentials ; who, if she was as sensible and gentle as she appeared to be, might then live better with him than she ever yet had.

The letter dropped from the hands of Sir Edward. A new light broke upon the deep gloom of his soul, which seemed shot from heaven to make his sorrows supportable. " The Duke, then, thought his son alive ! Ah ! why, if he was not so ? " — Well he remembered the idea could never have been gathered from the letter of his that this epistle answered. To avoid owning or denying a deed that for ever clung to his conscience, he had simply enclosed the testimonial of the Neapolitan monks, which even detailed the interment of the Marquis ; yet never did the father refer to that affecting record.

Oh! how did Sir Edward wish that the heart, so powerfully bounding in his bosom, could have borne him instantaneously to England! — for to doubt was to die. Again he perused the letter, — again assured himself that no father would so have written who had not been convinced of his son's existence. Another pointed conclusion followed: the Marquis was admitted to be gaily wandering with some woman, — who could it be but Emily Fitzallen? Ought, then, the father of his wife to lament that she was in the grave? With a head crowded with conjectures, a heart overflowing with a variety of passions, poor Sir Edward cast his eyes around, and felt himself alone in the world, — without one human being to counsel with, one friend to comfort him. Suddenly he recollected Cardinal Albertini; and, at the same moment, that the truth, whatever it was, must rest in his bosom; since, though monks might fabricate a tale to deceive other persons, they would not venture an imposition on one of their own body. Wild with impatience, Sir Edward demanded his carriage; ranged like a madman through the house and garden till it was ready, creating new fear and astonishment in Connor and the domestics; then rapidly threw himself into it, and bade the postilions drive to the villa where the Cardinal usually passed the summer. Hardly allowing a moment for the greeting of friendship, the agitated Sir Edward gave that prelate the letter of the Duke; and, as he slowly perused it, watched, in silent agony, its effect upon him. The Cardinal read and re-read, remaining long thoughtful; till Sir Edward, worn out with expectation, snatched his hand, and, almost inarticulately, cried, “Lives he or not?” The acuteness of misery was in his voice, the horrors of frenzy in his eye. “I know not,” gravely, though kindly, replied the Cardinal, “whether I ought to own, that even when I, in compliance with your nephew's wishes, sent you the attested account of his death, the true record, lodged in the college, informed me that he was recovering.” The start which Sir Edward Arden gave, the glare of melancholy joy that shot over his care-worn countenance, surprised and shocked the pious prelate. Spreading wide his hands, and wildly surveying them, “They were not then

dipped in his vital blood!" groaned the agitated father. "This heart is not blackened with the eternal consciousness of involuntary guilt! This brain, this bursting brain, may discharge, in tears, some of its anguish; and in those tears I may yet find virtue, consolation! Now may I venture to visit the grave of my Emily, nor fear even her ashes will shrink, as she herself did, from the murderer of her husband. I am now, then, only miserable: for this mitigation of suffering let me, O God! bow to thee!—only, only miserable!"—The alarm and astonishment with which the Cardinal heard Sir Edward impute to himself the guilt of shortening his nephew's days, gave way to that of thus learning that the unfortunate young Marchioness was already in her grave; for he doubted not but that grief had destroyed her. He severely reproached himself for having complied with the wishes of the wounded Marquis, conveyed through the monks, in ascertaining his death to his family: yet, as not one word, in either transmitted account, threw a shadow of guilt upon Sir Edward, it was impossible to foresee of how much consequence to his peace the disclosure of the truth would be. In all Sir Edward had at first imparted, the Cardinal had seen only an injured, aggrieved parent's feelings: he thence concluded that time, and time alone, could allay the keen sorrows separately preying on the hearts of all parties; and he was impatiently watching for the moment of general conciliation. That moment, it was now obvious, would never arrive. Most bitterly did he censure himself for veiling the truth, even from benevolent motives.

In the uncontrollable restlessness of a wounded mind, Sir Edward was now equally eager to fly to Frescati; whither his venerable friend insisted on accompanying him. In the way thither, the latter first learned that the malady was yet among the servants, to which the young lady was concluded to have been a victim. It was some relief to the Cardinal, to find that a natural and not a mental calamity had thus early subjected Emily to the stroke of mortality.

What a state is his who feels a deep sense of unkindness to an object still exquisitely dear, though for ever

vanished ! The tear that would have melted the beloved heart then drops like caustic on your own ; the groan, which re-echoing affection would have impatiently replied to, then rings unanswered on your ear ; and the deep solitude of the soul, amidst all the distracting tumults of an ever busy, ever fluctuating world, becomes an awful punishment, even before the final audit.

Sir Edward once more found himself upon the threshold of his villa at Frescati : still was the sad moment present to his mind, when he came thither to receive the lovely, unfortunate Emily, before yet she was conscious of the misery he had brought upon her youth. Again she threw herself into his paternal arms, as certain of pity, protection, fondness ; his secret soul told him that she found not these poor alleviations of irremediable calamity. Again she seemed, in the agony of conjugal love, to spring from those arms, as though a single word had snapped the weaker cord of nature : and starting — he felt himself childless. — He vainly wept ; vainly he smote his bosom ; blending all the misery of a late repentance with the keen pangs of parental anguish.

The Cardinal took upon himself to interrogate the servants, who were visible sufferers by the malady which was said to have deprived Emily of life ; and from thence he gathered such particulars as he hoped would lighten the affliction of the father. They all agreed that their lady had recovered health and bloom before she left Frescati ; and even her melancholy had considerably abated ; that she removed only to guard her infant from infection, and not as fearing it herself. To this information, the Cardinal added his own just remark, that, by going to Dr. Dalton's, the Marchioness had taken the best chance for life ; since, if skill or kindness could have prolonged hers, she would not have died beneath his roof.

“ He talks to me, who never had a child,” sighed poor Sir Edward to himself ; — his only one was gone, for ever gone ; repentance, sympathy, sorrow, no more could soften, soothe, conciliate Emily. The mansion of which he was once so fond now appeared a dungeon to him. Her works, her musical instruments, her drawings, yet scattered about

in all the apartments, gave various forms to the unceasing sentiment of sorrow. The Cardinal, apprehensive that he would sink into stupor, ventured the hazardous experiment of recalling his nephew to his mind, as one who must yet more lament for Emily. — “ Ah! yes, he must indeed lament her,” sighed the father; “ for he has purchased by a crime the sad pre-eminence in suffering.” Well now could Sir Edward calculate the excess of that passion which stamped with horror the hours of bridal felicity. His generous heart awakening to sympathy recovered its spring, and bade him again receive the solitary sufferer to his affection; so might they lighten to each other a loss which no time could repair. But how was he to trace this husband, more miserable than himself? how make him sensible of his absolute forgiveness, his anxious sympathy, his eternal regret? — One link of the many which once bound them together alone remained — it was the little orphan Emily. Motherless before she had known the cherishing warmth of a parental embrace, surely the father could not forget the tie that bound the grandfather? — Yes, the Marquis would one day assert his right in the darling child; and thus most certainly would he be discovered. But so fearful was Sir Edward become of losing the babe, by the strong desire his nephew might have to make her wholly his own, that he hardly would trust her out of his sight. As Emily had predicted, her daughter soon gained that indulgence which her misjudging father had denied to herself.

In turning over his papers at Frescati, Sir Edward laid his hand on the will, which he had so wrung both his daughter's heart and his own to obtain. It was, at last, of no use, if the marriage was not contested; and only a new cause of eternal chagrin. In observance, however, of the rational advice of the Duke, the Lenox arms were again painted on the carriage of his grand-daughter; and she was committed, as the heiress of both families, to the strict charge of Mrs. Connor, to whom Sir Edward assigned a very liberal stipend, and sole authority over the establishment of Lady Emily Lenox. He was not without a secret hope that the Marquis was even then keeping a strict

watch on his conduct ; which thus, indirectly, was calculated to convince him that he would always find the afflicted father tenderly disposed to a union of sorrows and interests.

Cardinal Albertini insisted upon Sir Edward's residing with him, as Dr. Dalton was absent ; for whose return the Baronet, indeed, waited, to inform himself of such particulars respecting Emily as he deigned not to inquire of servants : after which, — if in the interim the Marquis did not appear, — it was his full intention to set out once more for Naples, there to seek the treasure which he had learned, by suffering, duly to value.

Long might Sir Edward have waited for Dr. Dalton, who had quitted Rome with a fixed determination never to revisit it while the father stayed, for whom his regard had entirely ceased. He answered to Sir Edward's letter by a cold condolence on his great *loss*, but entered no farther on the interesting subject ; and spoke of his own return as an indifferent matter, wholly uncertain. Sir Edward, piqued and chagrined at such an alteration of conduct in a man whom he esteemed, and who had conferred a great obligation on him, remitted not proper attentions, but hastily removed Lady Emily and her suite to the purified mansion at Frescati ; after which he eagerly set out again for Naples.

Dr. Dalton now hastened home, and was not long in visiting Frescati, where he learned, with a deep shock and surprise, the rational conduct and manly grief of Sir Edward Arden, together with the just distinction he had given his infant grand-daughter, and the boundless fondness he expressed for her. Connor, engrossed by the importance and honour of her new situation, which gave her the full command of all her vanished lady's rights in life, could not find as much leisure as formerly to lament the premeditated delusion, that Dr. Dalton every moment more heavily reproached himself for having become a party in. From whatever cause Sir Edward had again absented himself, not to meet him was a relief to the worthy man, as he flattered himself daily with the arrival of letters from the dear fugitives, whose home he should then know, and could urge them to an immediate disclosure of their re-



union, which, it was very obvious, would have no ill consequence to any party.

Day after day, week after week, however, elapsed, without bringing one line from either the Marquis or Emily. Vague fears and alarms often agitated their kind friends, who now made every inquiry on the road that could be ventured without naming the parties: but so many travellers had passed since the fugitives, that no account could be gathered of them. Dr. Dalton too well remembered Emily had packed up rich valuables with their common baggage; and the painful possibility that her anxiety might lead the postilions to suspect this, and thus expose them to fall into the hands of banditti, haunted him for ever. Yet it was probable that the lovers had, from motives not to be guessed, changed their route, nay, even taken shipping. Whenever the idea that they ungenerously meant to ensure his silence, by leaving him in eternal ignorance of their retreat, crossed his mind, he hastily rejected it, however horrible the fear that sprung up in its place.

And where then were these lovers, so anxiously dwelt on by the few to whom they were known? In a very public and humble spot, where they were passed and re-passed by a variety of travellers, without exciting in any one emotion of curiosity. Such is commonly the case with persons travelling in a leisurely manner, and unattended by a suite of servants, who, in reality, attract attention much more than those upon whom they wait.

The morning broke upon the Marquis and Emily, soon after they left Rome, and gave to their glad eyes each other, now most truly wedded, since without any equal claim or feeling, to clash with a mutual, a fond affection. The hand of my father can never more be lifted against the life of my husband, thought Emily; and she gladly compounded for all the drawbacks attending this certainty. Never can my uncle again tear my beloved from me, thought the Marquis, and turned with contempt from all which he had resigned for her sake. Incapable of personal fear, the secret one that Sir Edward was even now seeking means to annul the marriage of his daughter had always poisoned the pleasure of being forgiven and beloved by

Emily to her husband. In the idea she was dead (for he well knew Sir Edward would soon learn that *he* was not so) it was possible he might sacrifice his resentments to the good of a child whom his pursued indignation would render illegitimate. Thus might a few years, either by the death or marriage of Miss Fitzallen, and the united forgiveness of their parents, render his appearance, with Emily in his hand, the wish of all parties. Occupied with thoughts like these, and a calm sense of happiness, unknown to each till the hour of their flight, the fugitives passed unobserved. Emily had never changed her deep mourning; and the Marquis, to avoid observation, assumed it. They claimed no consequence, but spoke of themselves as having attended a young lady in a consumption to Naples, whence, having buried her, they were now returning to their own country. Conscious of the value of their baggage, and afraid of others suspecting it, Emily affected severe economy in her travelling expenses; and found it a sure way of being disregarded.

Whether the spirits or constitution of Emily had suffered more than either could bear, or heaven frowned on her flight from her father, cannot be determined; but, four days after she left Rome, she was obliged, however unwillingly, to own to the Marquis, that she was too ill to proceed. — A few hours gave a conviction that it would not then be her fate to give brother or sister to the dear babe whom she had left behind. Too late did her husband regret acceding to a plan, which his opposition, if determinate, would certainly have ended; nor knew he how to procure his Emily advice, or the least domestic comfort. — She bore her situation very patiently; and making the best of it, declared herself in a few days able to pursue her journey, the fatigue of which she supported better than her lord expected. They beguiled the time till they reached the foot of that stupendous natural barrier, the Alps, which they must necessarily pass in the way to Switzerland. In the visionary world which lovers form for themselves, happiness and Switzerland have become almost synonymous terms. The Marquis and Emily might well think them so. Still was the hour fresh in the memory of each,

when they romantically crossed each other near Lausanne. The days that followed were the brightest in the lives of either. Though their hands had long been united, and their beings blended, time had not yet taken any thing from the charms they then found in each other. To Switzerland it had therefore been their choice to retire. They meant to quit the traveller's beaten track, and seek some sequestered scene, where all the agitations with which they had struggled so long might subside into the sweet transports of confiding love and mutual sensibility. Dreams as aërial and delusive as these were absolutely necessary to render endurable, to those highly born and delicately bred, the inconveniences of Italian inns; where even the most distinguished travellers vainly demand the necessary comforts, for which they are exorbitantly charged. The Marquis and Emily, with all their natural and acquired graces, while affecting an inferior degree, found it impossible to inspire that deference in these sordid wretches, which they only pay to the courier that precedes, the horses that draw, and the servants that follow their guests.

The little inn had nothing to keep the lovers within doors, while nature invited them abroad in a manner not to be resisted. — Over a deep and woody glen in which the house was seated, impended an enormous mountain; on whose aged head hung tresses of snow, which threatened to enter the hamlet with every blast that blew: — beyond, and around; far as the eye could reach, his numerous and ancient brethren, of different heights and hideous aspects, with grotesque yet chilling beauty, while they compressed the nerves, gave elevation to the mind. It was a solemn heavenly solitude, where the children of fancy must delight long to linger. — Emily wandered through the wilds the whole day, and playfully made the Marquis, touching his flute, give voice to the echoes of the mountains. — Their vile supper had been waiting till quite spoiled, yet exercise and pleasure gave it a relish. The chamber, like many which they had been obliged to tolerate, disgusted them both, — it appeared close and humid, if not noxious; — they therefore hastened in the morning to breakfast under an arbour in the little garden, where the

Marquis gently remonstrated with the host for giving them so unpleasant a room. — The explanation that ensued too plainly proved that a young person had only the day before been taken out of that chamber, who had died in it of the small-pox. A dreadful faintness seized Emily — excruciating headachs followed, with other symptoms, which convinced her that she had received the infection. — To attempt, while this was a doubt, to cross the Alps, would have been madness: yet to remain in this miserable inn, appeared no less detestable than hazardous. It was a lone house; and every traveller, either way, must stop there. The increasing illness of Emily soon, however, rendered it impossible for her to venture over the mountains.

In these contingencies men learn all the value of that foresight and firmness, which even-handed nature bestows on rational women, to compensate for the personal courage they are not possessed of. Emily soon obtained from her penitent landlady the best accommodation her poor house afforded, and calmly retired thither, as to her tomb, after engaging the two daughters of the host to nurse and attend upon her.

In the fond apprehensiveness of a mother, Emily had, from the moment she became one, endeavoured to inform herself how to treat every malady that might affect the welfare of her babe; happily, therefore, she had some judgment in her own case. She entreated the Marquis, if she should lose, as it was too probable she might, the power of enforcing her directions, carefully to guard her from all mistaken kindness; and that she might not fall a victim to an ignorant nurse, or village practitioner, she obliged him to commit to paper what it would be vain to hope he could, thus circumstanced, remember; requesting him to abide by the system which she thus prescribed, whatever the consequence.

The Marquis on his knees vowed implicit conformity; and having received and recorded her injunctions, prepared on his part to fulfil the sad but tender duty of watching by her sick bed, who had so often, and so unremittingly, watched over his. In a few days the delicate skin of Emily was covered by the eruption. Her beautiful eyes

were sealed up; and hardly dared her agonised husband hope ever again to see them open. Delirium followed; and only the voice of the Marquis, which still she knew, which still she heard, in whispers as fond as those in the days of bridal felicity, could have saved her from the grave: but never did she speak that he was not impatient to answer—never did she extend a feverish hand which his did not fondly receive—never breathe a sigh, which his tender heart did not fearfully echo!

Three weeks elapsed in this miserable manner before the wretched Lenox could promise himself the restoration of Emily; and, what a ravage had that short time made in her beauty!—The Emily whom his boyish heart worshipped, it was plain he never more would behold. Those fine features, that skin more “smooth than monumental alabaster,” no more would charm his sight; but the pure, the elevated, the generous soul, to which in ripened manhood his own was inviolably plighted, still survived the wreck of human beauty. A piety and patience so exemplary marked the days of Emily’s suffering, that never, never, was she more adored, than during her convalescence: the only pleasure she found in recovered vision was to gaze on him, more dear than aught on earth; and had not the appearance of her arms told her what that of her face must be, she might have thought its loveliness improved, so animated were the looks of her husband at seeing only recovered life in it.

During this severe trial to the Marquis, he had a thousand times lamented having quitted the roof of Dr. Dalton, on whose professional skill he had great reliance: but never once could he resolve to write to him. How could he be certain that the ingenious tale of Emily’s death, which had been fabricated merely to veil her flight, would not be a sad certainty before his letters could reach Rome.—Nor would he afflict a faithful friend in telling him that they were overtaken by a calamity when out of his reach, which he could so materially have lessened had they remained within it.

Emily, though very weak, was now able to leave her chamber; nor could her husband any longer conceal from

her the cruel change made in her features to all eyes but his own:—as the conviction shocked her very sensibly, she anxiously sought to learn his real sentiments and feelings on so trying an occasion. He frankly owned, that had he not been the daily, hourly, witness of her sufferings, he might have been struck with the change; but when he expected every moment to lose the gem, he heeded not the casket that contained it: and since he still had his Emily, he should delight, through his whole life, to convince her, that sense and self were weak ties, compared with those which sorrow and sensibility had formed between them. — A certain noble reliance Emily ever had on the few whom she could love, made her, when thus generously assured of her influence, disdain to mourn such perishing advantages as mere feature and complexion; and, by exerting the charms of her mind, as well as the softness of her temper, she daily made a large compensation to the husband who adored her.

Before she ventured to attempt the severe passage of the Alps, Emily thought it right to try the milder atmosphere of the valley; whenever, therefore, she could induce the Marquis to hunt or course, for the benefit of his health, she would lean on the arm of her young nurse Beatrice, and creep to a shady seat where a streamlet fell near the roadside: this was for many days the extent of Emily's walk; and having, with great fatigue, one fine morning reached it, she was resting, when an equipage magnificently appointed, drove by towards the inn she had quitted. A loud laugh told her that the company had been tempted by the beauty of the spot to alight; nor could she hope to escape their observation. To complete her distress, she perceived Miss Fitzallen leaning on the arm of Count Montalvo. Yet her astonishment surpassed their confusion, when she saw the Count, after pointing his glass towards her, drop it carelessly; while the lady, glancing her quick eye from a face that she no longer knew, to a habit which only attracted her attention as being English, turned alike away, as having regarded an absolute stranger. Altered as Emily supposed herself, it had never occurred to her till this moment, that she should be wholly unknown

to her acquaintance: yet the painful chill of this conviction was lost in the happy idea that followed it.

How did she rejoice, when the Marquis returned, at the singular good luck which had caused him to be absent! Nay, their having been detained at this poor inn became a subject of congratulation; since otherwise this worthless pair, who were set out to make, as their servants had published, the tour of Switzerland, would infallibly have disturbed their repose before they could have breathed in their chosen asylum.

The Marquis, with indignation, exclaimed that he knew not, now, where to look for a peaceful retreat. "Say not so, my love, for I can point out a safe and pleasant one," cried Emily: "let us avail ourselves of my misfortune; and, since my features are altered past recollection, let us at least escape for ever the woman who yet might find means to imbitter our fate. There is a spot where we may learn from day to day, and year to year, and that without a single inquiry or one confidant, all that interests our feelings: my cruel malady, to my deeper thought, seems sent by Heaven to ascertain our peace. No eye shall henceforward know Sir Edward Arden's daughter, save yours — no heart acknowledge her: those native wilds which without you I detested, with you I shall find paradise; nor will the long-hated Bellarney appear to you a cheerless residence. The mansion will doubtless be wholly deserted during the infancy of our Emily; for my father never, since he lost my mother, set foot within it voluntarily. At the bottom of the hill upon which it is seated, a wild, romantic river winds to the sea: on its banks are many cabins, beautifully situated; some one will surely bear improving. There, untitled and unknown, may we fix our abode, and wait the course of time, apparently as contented tenants to our own sweet daughter."

The glow of mind which the Marchioness ever threw over her projects, the heart of her husband had been used to catch: if they must bury themselves, no place was indeed so eligible. He well knew Emily might indeed appear as a stranger, even on her own domains; and he had never set foot on the shore of Ireland. Bellarney had not merely

the advantage of being the spot where they could, without difficulty, learn all they might want to know, but the only one where they were sure of never being sought for. Above all, it was the residence Emily preferred ; and to make her happy ' was so entirely the wish of her husband, that he would hardly, to his own heart, admit it to be a duty. How, how could he ever merit or return the sacrifices she had made for him ? For him she had quitted her father ; nay, for him, awhile torn herself from her infant daughter ; for him, without a murmur, lost her beauty ; for him resigned a splendid fortune, and a favourite home ! When he discovered how inherent the love of that home was, well could he calculate the value she set on those goods, of which this was the least : well, too, could he estimate his own consequence with her ; since, in renouncing them, he was the only equivalent she desired. Nor did she desire in vain. The generous nature of the Marquis rendered her, in a love that never swerved, — a faith till death unbroken, — the return, the sole return, which Emily would have accepted.

Whenever they were out of Italy, to write to Dr. Dalton, the Marquis thought, would be absolutely indispensable ; but on this point Emily did not agree with him. She found such a sense of safety in having wholly escaped, and had so strong an apprehension that to keep up, in a retired spot in Ireland, any correspondence in Italy, would sooner or later betray them, that she persuaded him to withhold the promised information, in the belief that the reasons upon which they acted would always make their peace with a true friend. It, however, occurred to Emily, that the alteration of her features might one day render it difficult to identify herself, even on her own domains. She, therefore, thought it a prudent precaution to take Beatrice with them as a witness, at any future period, that it was at this very time and place she had been so changed by the cruel malady. This step would not lead to any discovery, as the young Italian spoke no language but her own ; nor could know more of them than they were pleased to impart. Beatrice had attached herself greatly to Emily ; and, as the prospect of seeing the world is always pleasant at sixteen, she gladly



consented to abandon her parents and her native mountains with the travellers.

And now what became of poor Sir Edward Arden ; when, on arriving at Naples, he found every thorn, yet rankling at his heart, sharpened by learning from the monks who had preserved his nephew, how generously and determinately that young man screened him from the odium of the duel, and how tenderly he had ever mentioned his uncle ? Yet, by their account, the Marquis had been very unfit for a journey when he left Naples ; nor was there a clue by which he might afterwards be traced. If, as was probable, the news of Emily's death had reached him while in a weak state of mind and body, it was but too likely that the heart-broken husband should, as the priests surmised, have entombed himself in La Trappe, or some other monastery. Again, therefore, was the disappointed heart of Sir Edward Arden without a resting-place : after again visiting the scene of his guilty fury,—again sprinkling with his tears the sod where the beloved victim had fallen,—he found no alternative but once more to return to Rome, and entreat Cardinal Albertini to use his influence in exploring the Carthusian and other monasteries, where it might be likely his afflicted nephew had taken refuge.

On reaching Rome, a new shock awaited Sir Edward : the worthy Dr. Dalton had expired suddenly of an apoplexy ; and Mrs. Dalton had left that city for Montpelier, from whence the Doctor married her. At Frescati, the baronet, however, found his grand-daughter well, and daily improving in strength and beauty. Letters from the Duke, he learned, had been long lying at Rome for him, which he now tore open with agonised impatience. He found in them only a condolence on the death of the Marchioness, and a very severe censure of her husband, as the supposed cause, by previous unkindness towards her. Again the Duke exhorted Sir Edward to lose no more time in seeking a young libertine whom they should both see too soon, whenever he appeared, unless there was a great change in his conduct ; and, for his further satisfaction, enclosed the only letter he had received from the Marquis. It consisted of a few hasty lines, recommending his adored Emily and

her babe, should it survive the misery it was now sharing with its hapless mother, to the tender protection of his father. He further entreated him to reconcile the misjudging Sir Edward Arden to himself; and finally implored all three to pity, and forget for ever, the unfortunate Lenox. Alas! how did this billet, which apparently had but slightly affected the father's heart, make that of the uncle bleed! The date, no less than the uneven writing and incoherent diction, proved that it was despatched while the young man was in the convent, still fluctuating between life and death; yet, though writhing under the wound, no mention was made of it in the whole letter.

From the arrival of this billet, till his banker notified to the Duke that his son had at Naples drawn for some thousands through the medium of the bank of Genoa, that nobleman added he had heard no more of him; nor did he suppose he should till he wanted money again. The letter concluded with another exhortation to Sir Edward to bring the little Lady Emily without delay to England, and explain, at large, the obscure business of the prior marriage; that, by the sudden and decisive steps which they should jointly take, the rights of the heiress of Bellarney might descend, without disgrace or diminution to her daughter.

But of heirships, bankers, and bills, Sir Edward thought not; — his bleeding heart demanded still his nephew: nor could he resolve to quit Italy while there was one monastery unexplored, one chance unstudied, by which he might be found. Cardinal Albertini exerted all his influence to relieve the mind of his friend; and priests were despatched to inquire, in every possible direction, for the suffering and melancholy fugitive.

Connor, being now assured that the Marquis was known to be alive, found her vulgar mind overcharged with the important secret that Emily was with him; but she stood in too much awe of Sir Edward and Dr. Dalton to impart it to the first without the concurrence of the latter. While she hesitated what to do, the news of the sudden death of that valuable friend made her the sole depository of the interesting intelligence. Doubtful whether she might not for ever lose the love and confidence of her lady if she

avowed the truth without her consent, and always apprehending the severity of Sir Edward, of whose sorrowful feelings she was no judge, Connor, after many struggles with her conscience, resolved to maintain her promised silence. Nor was it possible for her to announce in what part of the world the Marquis and Emily had sought refuge; or whether, indeed, they still inhabited it: for Dr. Dalton, having often discussed with her his various and melancholy conjectures on their long silence, left a mind, so weak and superstitious, rather disposed to conclude the young lord and lady both murdered, than thus deliberately dumb.

The journey to England, by land, with so young a child, appeared in all respects hazardous to Sir Edward. He, therefore, resolved rather to endure the tediousness of a passage by sea; and, having engaged a vessel at Leghorn, provided with suitable comforts and accommodations, he took a kind leave of the venerable Cardinal; and, setting out for that port, embarked with the little Lady Emily for England.

The amiable young man whom Sir Edward had been so vainly seeking, was now travelling peacefully and pleasantly with the beloved of his heart for the port of Havre; from which, as one of mere business, they thought it most safe to pass the Channel. Having there procured a vessel to themselves, they landed in Sussex; and crossing England to Holyhead without stopping in any large town, they were soon and safely set on shore in Ireland. Here Emily breathed freely; and indulging herself with only a few days of rest, she set out with the Marquis through that wild and beautiful country for the seat of her maternal ancestors—her own Bellarney. It was the close of a summer evening, when they arrived at the well known spot; doubly pleasant to its owner, since gilt not only by the sun, but by the rich beams of early remembrance. In dear luxurious silence Emily paused upon its

“Deep’ning glooms, gay lawns, and airy summits;”

while her lord imbibed from her a sense of pleasure which the active soul of man is not so exquisitely alive to as the

more passive, but not less enlivened, nature of woman. That sex, destined in a manner to become stationary in the world, is by wise Heaven endued with such tastes as will always, well considered, make pleasures of their duties. It is theirs to reign at home — with varying elegance to improve the spot on which they are to dwell, and by bountifully dispensing around the blessings which they inherit or obtain, find as perfect a delight as moving in the enlarged circle of power or politics can give to the man with whom they are to share existence. Who has not known the vague, but boundless joy of re-treading the spot which recollection first marks in the mind? Those hours and places when the soul knew not sorrow, the happiest delight to look back upon, and the most miserable revisit with a suspension of suffering: the roses that then bloomed before our eyes, the tree that then lent us its shade, will have for fond fancy a charm which the richest scenery must ever want, when the heart sickens with oppressive knowledge, or the eyes are dimmed with continual weeping. This spot of our birth, this little country of the heart, so dear, so inexpressibly dear to universal remembrance, might well affect the tender soul of Emily; since, though to the vulgar sense impoverished, she had brought back to the demesne which she dared no longer appropriate — the single treasure she ever sighed for — the beloved Marquis of Lenox.

The little rural inn at which Emily and the Marquis now put up, the heiress of Bellarney had been too great a person ever to be permitted to enter; yet she recalled the comely face of the landlady to her mind, as one of the congregation at the chapel where the old countess had always ordered regular service. An inquiry made by Emily into the cause of her mourning gown brought out a simple but touching eulogium on herself, that made the fine eyes of the Marquis swim in tears of tenderness; for how could the good woman guess at her hearers? All the tenants of the estate had, it seems, made it their choice, alike “to mourn for the young, the lovely lady of Bellarney, cut off so in her bloom, as it were.”

Hardly could luxury have invented a more refined enjoyment than Emily and her lord found in the voluntary

privation of her inherited rights. They passed whole days in wandering through the park, the woods, the green solitudes of Bellarney ; while Emily marked to her delighted Edward each fairy walk by the little incident that impressed it for ever on her own memory. And often, when the gay idea glowed full upon her soul, she would turn to him with sweet exultation, and cry, now, now only, was it enjoyment ; for only now had she been accompanied by him who made the happiness he so fondly shared.

In these long rambles they met many rustics whom Emily was ready to greet with kind remembrance, but not one who recognised her. She thus became assured that she should not risk discovery, did she venture to show the Marquis the gardens and mansion of Bellarney. So little of the fortress remained, that it was hardly entitled to the name of a castle, though it still had that appellation. Many and various had been its modifications, through a long line of noble possessors ; insomuch that it was now only an irregular, grand, and venerable building. The hostile towers, long since converted into turrets, were half embosomed in rich woods that were the pride of the country. On the east and north, those woods had grown to an almost savage wildness and grandeur ; but on the south and west were gracefully broken with light plantations and variegated shrubberies, extending to the bottom of the knoll on which the building stood. The sea almost flowed up to the hill, and bathed the green oaks with every tide ; while a little creek, with beautiful indenture, formed a harbour for the vessels of the family, and a new object of beauty from the house.

The gardens were chiefly on the south side, where the descent was abruptly checked by a romantic projection of rocks, crowned with fox-glove and wild plants, impending over a mountain torrent, — by the natives called a river, — wholly unnavigable, from its rude course and stony bed, which often threw up crags of enormous size, over which the pure waters rushed and foamed with ever beautiful variety ; till, taking suddenly a bold sweep, the stream smoothed to crystal, before it discharged itself into the sea. Here, through a tuft of willows, peeped the white cabin of

a ferryman, who led not a life of idleness ; for across the river was the nearest way to the next market-town. At some little distance, nearer to the sea, appeared the yard of a boat-builder, enriching the scene with the charm of human labour and ingenuity ; and a quarter of a mile further was seated the dwelling of the boat-builder, for that was above the rank of a cabin. Before it, governed by the trendings of the coast, lay a public road. The smooth and beautiful sands afforded a delightful ride in calm weather ; while the rich and wild woods that every where fringed the shore promised safety whenever the winds of winter should rage. Such was the near prospect from the mansion of Bellarney ; but, far as the eye could reach, the sea, with bold expansion, supplied, to the reflecting mind, images yet more impressive.

To cross this well-known ferry, and drink tea at the boat-builder's house, had once been the extent of Emily's wishes ; and lucky seemed the hour when Lady Bellarney would allow her the satisfaction of gathering, in those more remote woods, worse strawberries than she found at home. The novelty that formed the pleasure was for ever vanished ; but the sweet remembrance of it still lived at her heart, and made this ferry and this humble dwelling more pleasant to her eyes and her soul than any other. The name of poor Kerry, who used to inhabit the house, was on her lips, when, checking herself, she asked the attending gardener to whom it belonged, and who lived there ? " God knows," replied the man, " who it will belong to now ; but the little lady, they say, is to have all, and I know a poor honest fellow who is almost starving there. Jack Crosby was head man to poor Mr. Kerry, when he was killed by the fall of a piece of timber in the yard ; and his widow soon found that he was worse than nothing. What does Jack do but take to the business, because he was *ingenus* ; and now the bailiffs, they say, will take to Jack, unless he is *ingenus* enough to keep out of their way. We used to have such fine boats and vessels on the stocks there, it was quite a pride and pleasure to look at them. Now, you see, there is hardly any timber to work upon ; and the little there is our steward says he is not paid for. Had our

poor young lady not gone beyond seas, she might, please God, have lived among us — and she had a kind heart ; so things would have gone otherwise at Bellarney. Now, I suppose, our fine oaks, that are the pride of this country, will be felled, to float off in cash to England, like all the rest of our neighbours' woods ; for nobody will live at Bellarney, till little madam is a lady grown, but servants."

While the gardener was thus simply engaging the thoughts of Emily and the Marquis, the eyes of the latter were eagerly contemplating the beauty of the prospect. The near view attracted him, as being at once wild and domestic, retired and busy ; nor was the yard of the boat-builder the least striking feature in it. They now descended with the gardener, through close wood walks, to the bottom of the hill ; where, wandering by the brink of the river, the Marquis raised his eyes to the scene they had left, and, on comparison, found that which they beheld hardly less to his taste. The elevated and irregular rocks they lately looked from, impending now over their heads, shook the wildly streaming garlands of summer, high above them, with an interesting charm, that confined scenery alone can supply ; while the river, which the eye traced up a deep glen, softening its roar as it approached, expanded at their feet into grandeur. An aged ferryman, on seeing them wait to pass, rushed so hastily from his cabin, that he spared not a moment to cover his venerable locks ; which, while he pushed off with his pole, fantastically caught alike the wind and the beams of the setting sun, as it threw long radiations even to the shore. Again was Emily going to hail the well-remembered old ferryman, and again she checked herself.

Having crossed the romantic stream, the Marquis and his beloved wandered slowly towards the boat-builder's house, ever and anon turning to survey the beautiful scenery of Bellarney, and then, with new wonder, gazing on the fluctuating waves of liquid gold.

" Oh ! well my Emily knows how to select her home," fondly whispered the Marquis, pressing the arm that, with such sweet content, hung within his : " poor as she has chosen to become, she has yet the power of stretching forth

her beneficent hand to save the industrious and unfortunate tenant of that little mansion, which her taste and tenderness will so exquisitely embellish." The full heart of Emily allowed of no other reply than returning the affectionate pressure.

And this *was*, indeed, the happy home of the Marquis of Lenox and his Emily.

To the poor young man who had rashly embarked without a capital in his master's business, Mr. and Mrs. Irwin seemed dropped from heaven. They paid Crosby's trifling debts, allowed him to remain in the family, and employed his ingenuity to repair and beautify his former master's little mansion. Emily knowing the ready channel to every elegant accommodation, by applying, as Mrs. Irwin, to the tradesmen in Dublin whom Lady Bellarney used to employ, soon obtained such furniture as united simplicity and taste. The refinement of her mind made her sparing only in the articles which she provided for herself; a harp and a spinning-wheel formed almost the whole of her exclusive possessions. For the Marquis, Crosby fitted up a large and retired parlour, where soon were arranged such a collection of books as secured the mind from stagnation; with a telescope and apparatus of every kind that might assist the study of astronomy, a science for which that young nobleman had ever shown a decided taste.

Poor Crosby had not been convinced by his own failure that boat-building might be an unprofitable employment. He became, therefore, importunate with the Marquis to make a fortune, by purchasing the stock, and leaving him the active part of the employ. This, on mature deliberation, appeared to the fugitives a measure of prudence; since nothing but an ostensible employ could prevent them from soon becoming objects of curiosity in the country: and it was more dangerous to be supposed rich than poor. The lease of the whole concern was, therefore, made over to Mr. Irwin, and the timber-yard once more abounded in the oaks of Bellarney. Crosby, proud to deserve the trust of his master, showed at once such capacity, ingenuity, and industry, that the Marquis found amusement in improving that young man's little knowledge in the



mathematics, and exercise in learning from him mechanics; as well as that in both instances he felt himself relieved from the lassitude which an informed and liberal mind must always feel, when conscious it is become a blank in that circle of society it was meant to animate.

Such was the humble fate, such the simple pleasures, such the active pursuits of the Marquis of Lenox, on the day that made him two-and-twenty; which he celebrated with his Emily in the bowers of Bellarney, where, as mere tenants of the estate, they had almost exclusive possession. Life had much earlier opened upon him than on most men, and sorrow prematurely ripened reflection. As of all that fortune in the insolence of abundance once offered to him, he had been able only to grasp a single good, his sense of its value was quickened by the perpetual fear of losing it. Emily had long been the sole wish of her husband; and if she could have wanted a charm, the situation in which he soon saw her would have made his wishes wholly concentrate in herself, save the fond one he now and then sent towards his daughter. The hearts of both were, however, painfully and indignantly awakened to their other ties, when, on the steward's tendering the lease to Mr. Irwin to sign, Emily heard her daughter termed Emily Lenox, the lady of Bellarney. Her sense of her father's cruelty and injustice, in depriving her of a name with which his pride thus invested her daughter, revived with all its force; and, in the bitterness of recollected sorrow, she secretly applauded her own resolution in quitting him for ever. To the Marquis, on the contrary, the name of Emily Lenox became, when he reflected, a dear acknowledgment of his right in the little angel, and a sure proof that no steps had been taken to annul the marriage, by which he yet hoped one day to claim his daughter. This only subject, on which the pair did not think alike, was, however, by delicacy of mind, entirely sunk between them; and they lived wholly isolated from society, (save of the poor and grateful rustics, whom they liberally assisted,) like the first pair in paradise, when they had only God to look up to.

What cannot an active and intelligent mind do, when

once it resolutely adopts and pursues an idea? Never did Emily appear so interesting as while regulating her little household, and preparing, without one querulous word, for the hour that was to give her both a care and a pleasure in another dear babe. The Marquis had now become almost as diligent and expert as Crosby himself in boat-building; and promised Emily a gallant little vessel to sail about the coast in; an indulgence which she much desired. The mornings were thus, by mutual consent, passed separately by the married lovers, save when Emily, fearing it was too hot, or too cold, would risk alternately either danger to walk to the river-side, and see whether the Marquis was taking proper care of himself: or he, finding a new moss, shell, or plant, hastened home to amuse, with a simple diversification of objects, the elegant pencil of Emily. The evenings were beguiled now in music; and now in deep contemplation of those unnumbered worlds hanging in majestic silence over the heads devoutly raised to view them; while a thousand rich and solemn thoughts chastened from the little cares or hopes of mortality the beings who dared to look for happiness beyond it.

Nor was winter without its peculiar pleasures. The stormy ocean had its sublimity; the cheerful fire-side its indulgence. Never did the hands of Emily look so white as when employed on the spinning-wheel;—never did her air seem so graceful as when she was tuning the harp. If the Marquis issued from his study, impatient to share with her the delight of a favourite passage in a favourite author, never would Emily recollect it; for his voice and his taste made it always new to her heart, melodious to her ear.

To fill up every thought and moment, a son was born to the Marquis and his Emily. A lovelier never fond parents contended to embrace: sighing, yet rejoicing, they named the babe Edward.

Nor was the young stranger a joy to his parents only. Beatrice, who had found a vague disappointment in quitting her solitude at the foot of the Alps, for even a more sequestered situation in Ireland, was now invested with the office of nurse, under Emily, and found a strange kind of pride and fondness suddenly awakened; together with a

certain consequence peculiar to those new in office. Crosby saw her thus intrusted, with some regret that he was not a woman to contest for the employ with her; if, indeed, he could have contested any thing with the lively little Italian, whom he had vainly tried to teach English (totally unconscious of the brogue that rendered it impossible), till he had learned another much more universal language from her — that of the eyes. Nor was Jack so bad a linguist, but that Beatrice understood and approved him. She suddenly ceased to lament Italy; forgot “her father’s dear little dwelling at the foot of the Alps,” and became of importance to herself. The Marquis and Emily beheld with pleasure the love that made the happiness of their own lives thus extending through their little household. A cabin near the timber-yard was beautified by Crosby, and furnished by his bountiful employers; who gave him all the profit of boat-building, though he was apparently only a servant: to Beatrice they allotted the timber as a portion. Crosby, therefore, soon conducted his bride to his own snug home: but as Beatrice could neither live without her mistress nor the little Edward, the latter passed his life pretty nearly in being carried from the house to the cabin, and from the cabin to the house.

Few young creatures born to wealth had ever reflected so deeply on human life as Emily. She had early persuaded herself that happiness was a good we often tread under our feet, while we are looking for it in the clouds; — that natural affections, early cherished and innocently indulged, always bring with them natural duties and busy pursuits, which guard the heart from a coldness and languor that, if it does not produce vice, engenders discontent — the worm that never dies. The voluptuary cannot long find pleasure unless he restricts his appetites; — the man of reason must bound his wishes to obtain that chaste felicity which alone can be lasting. Thus did Emily think — thus did she live — the happiest of the happy.

It seemed as if heaven, to compensate for the beauty it had taken from herself, gave Emily a superior power of bestowing it. The little Edward was soon so strikingly handsome, that she pronounced him to be the very image

of his father ; while that fond father saw in his darling boy the most marked resemblance of his own mother, the beautiful Duchess of Aberdeen.

The pleasure-bark was now built, and gaily ornamented. With her child, Beatrice, the Marquis, and Crosby, Emily spent a great part of her time on the sea, of which she grew very fond. Her husband, thus fully and agreeably employed, became convinced that it is only to the indolent of body and listless of mind life stagnates. When the affections have full play in the heart, and generous sensibilities call us frequently out of ourselves to assist others, while the general duties of existence make incidental claims on our time, the year rounds almost before we know it, in such happiness has each day escaped us. Another lovely boy then came to record the progress of time. The fond parents baptized him Vincent ; and while his hair, fair and playful as Emily's own, curled over his rosy cheeks, his mother, with soft and voluntary error, would sighing press him to her bosom, and call him Emily, in dear remembrance of the sister whom he resembled.

Not thus, alas ! did Sir Edward Arden's years pass on. Obligated to leave Italy without having been able to trace the retreat of his nephew, a hope had sprung up in his heart, that the Marquis had only out-travelled him, and he should find the unfortunate beloved young man in London. When, on the contrary, he understood that the Duke had never heard more of his son than the letter he had transmitted to Rome, a deep though silent remorse seized upon Sir Edward, that made life almost insupportable. The guilty are often oppressed with the sense of being haunted by the dead ; perhaps the delicate mind hardly feels less when it is haunted by the living. To know that there exists a being to whom you are odious, whom you in a manner annihilate, yet whom your heart demands incessantly, and languishes to soothe and satisfy, is a refined and exquisite affliction, beyond all complaint — beyond all comfort.

The Duke of Aberdeen, astonished ever at what he called the strange flights and lofty fancies of Sir Edward, always composedly looked to his banker for news of his son ; and,

when year after year had passed without a demand for money in his name, coolly concluded that the young libertine had, in some Italian intrigue, got a stab with a stiletto, and been secretly interred, either to conceal his condition, or because he was not known. Lady Emily was thus become alike his heiress, of whom he grew dotingly fond. The sweet child was not less, though more rationally, endeared to her maternal grandfather; who, to protect her, and form her infant mind, constantly resided with her at a seat on Windsor Forest. Here, day after day, year after year, did Sir Edward image to himself his nephew appearing in all shapes and forms; still seeking, by boundless love to the early orphan, to win her father to avow himself, if within reach of his own family. Sometimes he supposed that the lamented youth, who had once desired a commission, had, in disgust to his own country, served in a foreign one; yet this he hardly thought possible without his being discovered: — sometimes, that he had sailed for the Indies, and there married; — much oftener, that he was now almost his neighbour, though determined to be ever, to the man who would have murdered him, invisible. Thus were his days filled up with anxious surmises, his nights with melancholy personifications; nor had he any probable termination for either but his life.

Crosby was in such habits of intimacy with all the domestics of Bellarney, that the happiness of the young Emily, in being so beloved by both her grandfathers, was well known, and a most sensible satisfaction to her parents. A third boy being born to them, they now no longer hoped for another daughter. In caressing her three sons, the tender mother often felt a sigh, and sometimes a tear, follow the silent blessing which she morning and evening breathed for her absent girl; although she was unable to add the kiss that the boys contended for.

It is a happiness in our nature that the common tie of offspring in some respects circumscribes, while in others it dilates, intellect. Even well-informed parents, anxious to fulfil their duties, have always much to learn; and sweet is the study that has such an excitement. The Marquis missed no more the bustle or the pleasures of the gay

world ; but was as busy at five-and-twenty in acquiring the kind of knowledge which should enable him to lighten the dear delightful task of Emily in instructing their boys, as if he had reached his grand climacteric.

The mother had a quicker source of information in her own heart. She had been herself in early youth the victim, in turn, of each turbulent temper connected with her, and always concluded that this was because no maternal influence had been used to soften the bolder character of man. To her sons, therefore, in infancy she supposed herself as important as their father would afterwards become. In her progress through life, it had struck Emily that equanimity of character is rarely attained after the season of childhood is past : but, while the mind, yet feeble and unpoised, is now putting forth, and now drawing in, its uncertain powers, as passion or caprice induces, the wise and well-governed soul of a mother may have a full command over it, through the medium of the affections, before example can operate ; and thus all the regulated virtues important to society may be early implanted, till, confirmed with our growth into rational habit, they rather assume the form of our pleasures than our duties. Thus, when the tyrant passions press with destructive fury to the heart, will they find it firmly guarded by temper and by conscience ; powers which alone can limit their ravages. In the soul of her son, to his last hour, may live endeared the image of the mother, who loves him so wisely, and rules his infancy so well.

Thus to employ the hours that fly so fast, and never can return, was now the first object of Emily's life ; and that, in giving this important bias, she might be assured just modes of thinking regulated her own decisions, she began with deep examination of herself, and a severe consideration of all which she meant to inculcate. Justly is it said, that,

“ ——— but to wish more virtue is to gain.”

Emily's own nature being at once refined and elevated by the sense of her duties, blending with the matron dignity of her mind, she acquired, even in youth, so rare a cha-

acter, as rendered her to her husband the object of a love so devoted, tender, and true, that to both ever blessed was the day when they withdrew from all other ties; since in no other way could their souls have ripened to such corrected knowledge, such simplicity of manners, such hallowed endearment.

As the three lovely boys grew, (for Emily, after an interval of four years, gave up the hope of ever being blest with another daughter,) the tender mother saw that she had, indeed, judged rightly in thinking herself the best tutor of their early days. Edward, the elder, required all her exertions, for he, with strong intellect, enchanting beauty and grace, had fierce, impetuous passions, and that intuitive pride which marked the Arden family.

When his mother, therefore, had fully impressed her eldest boy with reverence for her understanding, and a due feeling of her boundless tenderness, she would, by occasionally yielding with an air of coldness and compassion, render him painfully sensible of his own childish weakness and violence of temper; checking the gratification which he would have found in indulging his passions, by making him feel that he was too unimportant to act on those of any one around him:—thus the desire of recovering his usual influence taught the young Edward early to subdue his temper. Vincent and Alleyne, though there was only a year between any of their ages, had, neither in mind nor body, a proportion of vigour like their elder brother. With exquisite flexibility, and a cherub sweetness, these little charmers would climb the knees of either parent, and press their rosy lips on the ready cheek whenever they had erred, while the heart, so tenderly addressed, sanctified by blessing the fault thus touchingly atoned.

Whole hours would these two little creatures stand at their mother's side, each claiming as his own the hand nearest to him; and fixing on her, with sweet and silent seriousness, their beautiful eyes, while they imbibed her tender admonitions to love and respect their elder brother, who would one day become the immediate representative of his father, and, even in infancy, their protector. Edward, to deserve this pre-eminence, became in turn the

organ of her will: often was he obliged to yield to his brothers the indulgence he most desired, and practise the hardest, therefore the first of human virtues, self-denial. Thus by the magic of mind, the Marquis saw with delight the purest harmony breathed early into the bosoms of mere babes, and owned his Emily was competent to every duty without his assistance. To give strength and freedom to their limbs, a thousand sports were invented by Crosby, whose employment it became at those hours to guide and guard the beautiful boys.

Resting upon the arm of her lord, the happy Emily often stood to contemplate the graceful children; who owed to the voluntary seclusion of their parents advantages which high rank and unlimited fortune, far from giving, would infallibly have robbed them of; since a thousand real or imaginary claims on the time of those parents must then have driven out of their presence the darlings, in whose improvement they were most interested, to whose failings they were most sensible.

When reflecting minds once seek in their offspring an exercise of their powers, it is astonishing to how great a degree those powers can be engrossed by them, and how sweet is the hallowed approbation of themselves that parents so employed must ever feel! To become the organ through which the Divinity speaks wisdom and virtue to little beings, who would otherwise owe to us only that coarse and common existence which is almost as often a curse as a blessing, is, indeed, an employment worthy man, and the only one calculated to fill his whole heart; for all his other pursuits have no positive result, however great his attainments.

The three boys had just arrived at the turbulent ages of eight, seven, and six years, when an unexpected blessing was added to the family in a daughter. She became another happy means of impressing Emily's lessons to her boys; and they soon vied with each other in tenderness to the little stranger.

On rising in the morning, it was the custom of Emily to hasten to her chamber window, where a telescope had been fixed, through which she could not only discern her



sons in the care of Crosby, playing in his ground, but their individual employments. Within the cabin, Beatrice always superintended the breakfast which they earned and relished by activity. Pleasant to the eyes of a fond mother ever was the column of smoke that ascended from the happy cot. One morning, the Marquis having rested very ill, Emily forebore to steal from his side till a much later hour than common, lest she should break his slumbers; when, as usual, she immediately resorted to the telescope. The sun was high, and the column of smoke that announced the children's first meal had now subsided. The landscape, freshened by a shower that spangled the leaves of the trees, revived the soul through the eyes. The tide was full in the river, and the two younger boys were poised at each end of a plank in Crosby's yard, to which the elder now and then gave motion, and, at intervals, threw himself into an attitude of grace which Praxiteles might have borrowed. Beatrice, with the infant Maria in her arms, stood carefully by to guard them. Touched by this sweet assemblage of interesting objects, Emily stole to the bedside of her husband, to share it with him by description; but he was still asleep, and she indulged in silence the soft and affectionate emotion. Again she returned to gaze through the telescope, when an object, unseen before, astonished her faculties—arrested her attention. "Can it be?—yes!"—it actually was a small vessel moored in the creek of the castle, where none but those of the family ever had harbour. Its gay streamers seemed all hoisted, as in joy, and some playfully swept the full tide. To Emily it appeared to be the very bark which had brought her from Scotland home again, when she had been so cruelly overlooked by the Marquis.

Time stood still while imagination acted; and hardly could sight satisfy her that she was in the same house with her beloved, now a tried and faithful husband; or that the graceful creatures whom she beheld employed in chasing each other on the sands were all his, no less than her own—the sacred treasures of their blended existence. Self, however, almost instantaneously gave way to a new, a complicated recollection. That vessel could no more bring home Emily

Arden. Ah! whom then had it brought? — Perhaps her daughter. Sweet was the revulsion of soul that followed this idea. Panting, speechless, she tottered to the bed, and waked the Marquis by the tears and kisses with which she covered his hand. He felt that something extraordinary must have happened. She pointed to the window, and sinking on her knees, prayed Heaven to bless the surprise of the moment. The Marquis remained in deep silence at the telescope. The sashes thrown up in almost every room of the castle — the sailors busily employed in landing baggage — the air of hurry in the country people, bespoke pleasure. In another moment he saw Crosby, who leaped into the ferry-boat with his youngest son in his arms, while the two elder joyfully sprang after him; and Beatrice could hardly hush the cries of Maria, so eager was she to be of the party. A strange impulsive conviction that their little ones were thus unconsciously rushing into the presence of the only persons to whom they themselves could be dear, gave a suffocating throb to the hearts of both parents, which made them fall into each other's arms, as though their all were for ever snatched from them. The arrival of Beatrice shortly afterwards ended their doubt; — the vessel in sight had, indeed, she told them, on a sudden, and without any notice, brought over the little Lady of Bellarney, with both her grandfathers. All the tenants were flocking to see the young heiress; and the whole neighbourhood, she added, was in a joyful confusion.

But who could be in such confusion as the pair to whom Beatrice never turned her eyes? — Taken thus unawares, the Marquis and Emily had no longer recollection enough to consider the present, much less to ponder on the past, or regulate the future. It was their utmost effort to endure the mysterious throbs of nature, now so powerfully drawn back to those to whom they owed their being, and now so fondly impelled towards those to whom they had given it.

Neither father nor mother could have told how the interesting interval passed before the ferryman relanded their precious boys; who, far outstripping Crosby, flew panting into the arms of Emily. As soon as they had regained

breath, all with one voice exclaimed, that they had seen the little Lady of Bellarney, and she was *so* good, and *so* pretty; — and she had given them these, — showing in their hats roses of pink and white riband, in honour of the May-day. The parents, all eye, as they had been before all ear, now gazed on their own living roses, whom these ornaments so sweetly embellished; when Edward, well recollecting that it was his duty to show that his mother's lessons had not been lost upon him, plucked the knot from his hat, and for a kiss gave it to Maria. Emily, more than recompensed the dear self-denying boy in the embrace she bestowed on him. The Marquis at length found voice to ask faintly, "If they saw no one — no creature else?" — "Oh, yes!" they cried, "they saw a great Duke, *so* portly — but very good natured notwithstanding; and there was a pale, thin, grave old gentleman, who, having looked very hard at them all, laid his hand on Edward's head, and bade them come, and their parents with them, to Lady Emily's feast to-morrow."

Was ever pleasure like the pleasure with which Emily and her lord recognised, in the innocent detail of their children, each a parent, and felt that they themselves had thus, by representation, stood once more in the presence of those who thought them long since inhabitants of another world? The boys, who had vainly waited to know whether they were to accept the kind old gentleman's invitation, now impatiently cried out, "And shall we not go to the feast, mamma, and see the heiress?" — "Yes, my precious children," sighed Emily, folding them to her heart, with a smile of significant tenderness to their father, "you shall see the heiress — and go to the castle to-morrow."

At Bellarney all was rejoicing, hurry, and delight, while those for whom the feast should have been preparing, silent, agitated, and thoughtful, remained shut up in their humble home. The Marquis, still fixed to have, in this instance, no will but Emily's, sought through her ingenuous eyes to explore the meaning of her soul. It had always been her intention to absent herself, with her whole family, on the first intimation of the two fathers coming to Bellarney; but thus taken by surprise, she found that plan

more likely to excite suspicion than remaining on the spot. Her sons, the Duke and Sir Edward had already seen, nor was it possible that little creatures so gifted by nature, so polished by care, should escape a strict observation. And then her Emily — her dear first-born, the child of many sorrows, the lovely memorial of a thousand, thousand affecting remembrances — could her mother fly her? — Ah no! the heart that gave her being made such a powerful claim in the bosom of Emily, that even the fear of Sir Edward gave way to the wish of once more beholding her daughter.

Thoughts like these made rest that night almost unknown to the fugitives. A slumber in the morning was necessary to enable them to undergo the probable agitations of the day. Again was the sun high when Emily threw up her chamber window, and looked through the telescope. What a prospect awaited her there! — Crosby had, in honour of the heiress, cleared out the little pleasure-bark of his master, and gaily decked it with all its streamers: he was putting it from shore when Emily looked; while holding the helm, or rather leaning on it with infantine majesty, she beheld her young Edward. Above, among the yards, playfully hung the two agile Cupids, his little brothers. On the deck sat Lady Emily, unpacking a basket of fruit, to hand to the children: — while, oh! yet more impressive, by her stood two gentlemen, in mute contemplation of the lovely sea-boys. In that small space, and the room which contained her lord and herself, was comprehended, to Emily's eyes, the whole world. Sir Edward, she saw, though time had a little bent him, still preserved the grace of his fine person; and the "pale cast of thought" in his cheeks took not even yet from the fire and intelligence of his black eyes, which, eagerly scanning the unknown charmers, every moment turned to consult those of the Duke. That nobleman was not so unchanged: — coarse and worldly in his ideas, a voluptuary in all his pleasures, he was grown older than his years; his face appeared swollen and red, his figure corpulent and gouty.

Again did Emily awaken her lord, — but to how great a

trial! In the glow, as he yet was of youth, and ever alive to the most pungent feelings, from a dead sleep he rushed into a rapid torrent of emotion. Emily, in whom maternal fear was most powerful, immediately implored him to let her again look if the young ones had been taken from their hazardous situation on the yards; and her husband resigned to her the telescope. The cherubs were still swaying about, regardless of Crosby; and the alarmed Emily forgot even her father, till, having seen them leap safely into the arms of their guardian, she eagerly turned towards the Marquis; but he was no longer by her side: the assemblage of affecting objects, that had so suddenly greeted his eyes, had been too trying to his heart; and he had plunged into the thick woods that spread so beautifully above the beach. He remained some hours there, striving to master his highly-wrought sensibility, and unconscious of that lapse of time, which cruelly distressed his wife. Alas! he was alike unconscious that the fever of his brain was passing into his blood. When he returned, his wild and heavy eyes, inflamed cheeks, frequent shiverings, and continual thirst, at once announced malady; and Emily soon sadly convinced herself that his pulse was beating even faster than his heart: this he considered as the effect of agitation merely; but she thought otherwise, and she was right: the fever in a few hours rose to an almost desperate height; and the doctor ordered every process that could reduce it: strictly enjoining that the chamber of the patient should be kept quiet, and his mind entirely calm: — the first Emily could accomplish by closing the door on every creature save herself; but how, how could she compose the mind, when in that the malady originated? On the contrary, the Marquis soon became delirious — fancifully imagined now her father by him, now his own; and sometimes imploring from both a blessing on himself, and sometimes in the most moving manner bestowing one on his children, he would enjoin Emily to shut them all from that moment out, and allow him to expire in peace in her arms.

A thousand times did the agonised wife meditate sending for both their fathers, in the hope of giving even a

temporary relief to the mind of the Marquis; yet, the miserable state in which she found herself, and the dangerous one she witnessed, made it an effort almost beyond human strength to venture the important disclosure. Nay, might she not by mistaken tenderness surround the bed of her husband with those whose importunate affection would only aggravate the disease and accelerate his death? The same injunctions of the physician were at each visit repeated; and silence, the only chance, he insisted, that she had for saving her beloved.

Shut up in a sick chamber, watching with unclosed eyes every painful breath the Marquis drew, did Emily pass those days when all the country assembled to the festivities at Bellarney.

Crosby with Beatrice, attired in their best, conducted, according to Sir Edward's invitation, the three sweet boys to the castle; who, little innocents, were yet too young to share their mother's tears, or judge of her cause for them. Emily had, alas! no longer leisure to think of either parents or children. Her husband occupied her wholly.

Sir Edward Arden had with much reluctance resolved to visit Bellarney, on the letters of the steward having both astonished and alarmed the Duke and himself with information that the heirs at law to the Earl and Countess of Bellarney were busy in some strange inquiry, concerning their grand-daughter's right to possession.

How agitating and grievous, to Sir Edward, were the various recollections comprehended in a question, to all but the immediate parties, so daring and insolent:—the two grandfathers bade the steward treat it with the contempt they did; nevertheless, to weigh all its extent became indispensable.

It was certain that Sir Edward still held the legal instrument, by which he had obliged his apparently dying daughter to secure (by the name he himself bore) all her own rich inheritance to her infant; but so sacred to his heart was now the memory of his Emily, so dear her honour, that it became a most distressful alternative, to determine whether he should allow the heirs at law to prosecute a claim which he thought it impossible for them to establish,

or end it by the production of a will, which would at once publish the misfortune of his own family, and attach disgrace to that of the Duke: full of these cares, Sir Edward Arden very unwillingly embarked for Bellarney.

He had hardly landed before the sight of a place where he once had known such perfect felicity with Lady Emily deeply affected the spirits of Sir Edward; and the more immediate impression of her lovely child, who still seemed to embellish the scene, from which he believed her for ever vanished, would have wholly subdued him, but for a vague and exquisite pleasure which he suddenly felt on beholding the three little strangers; in the elder of whom he could not be persuaded that he did not trace a strong likeness to the Duchess of Aberdeen, though the Duke was not struck with it. Nevertheless he became impatient to see their parents, and naturally expected them at the feast.

When the children, however, appeared at the rural feast, Sir Edward forgot their parents in the mysterious delight which melted his nature, and almost brought back the long-forgotten flows of youthful sensibility. He inquired their degree — admired Edward with a fond distinction — spoke of offering to take, educate, and promote him; and wondered why Crosby shook his head, as implying that his father would not give him up, even to obtain so great an advantage, since he seemed to be of a rank to make the offer flattering.

In the little plays of the younger party, invented to amuse Lady Emily, she was commanded to sing, and instantly complied; commanding in her turn Edward to do the same. The child paused a moment — said he did not know any song — but having whispered with his brothers, they began a little Italian trio, which their fond mother had amused herself with teaching them, during the summer days they sailed about with her; when their father, softly touching his flute, would fill up each pause, and regulate the time. It was very short, only a trifle, but one that announced refinement — feeling — fancy. Sir Edward started: he thought his sense deceived him; to hear three wild lovely Irish children breathe, in the nicest harmony, a delicate piece of music, and in another language — it was

absolute enchantment. He called the boys to him, and eagerly demanded who had taught them? They all, with one voice cried, "their mother!" — "Their mother! and who could that mother be, so exquisitely accomplished?" Again the Baronet thoughtfully traced the lineaments of Edward, who, with the intuitive address of childhood, finding himself a favourite, adhered to his grandfather's side. Again Sir Edward pondered on the possibility of his being the son of the Marquis, although, alas! not of his daughter. Yet to suppose that his nephew should fix on Ireland to conceal himself in, and, above all, the neighbourhood of Bellarney, seemed too extravagant an idea to be admitted. The Duke told him he thought so; and dismissed it with a cool air, as one of the many romantic visions with which he had often seen poor Sir Edward troubled.

The three boys, early in the evening, took leave of the party at Bellarney; but never, during the whole night, did they quit Sir Edward: every look, every motion, recurred to his memory; and, above all, their sweet little musical performance. He longed for the morning, that he again might see them, again examine into their parentage; and the little Lady Emily, not less fond of her new companions, caught her grandfather going to take his early walk, and conjured him "to bring home the young Irwins."

On descending the hill, Sir Edward perceived those whom he sought catching the pure breath of the morning on the sands; he then ferried over towards the very humble home their parents inhabited. Nothing could be more improbable than that the only son of the Duke of Aberdeen should have chosen such a dwelling, or become for subsistence a boat-builder; yet he determined to see its master, and end all his doubts. At the ferry, the three delighted cherubs awaited him; and while Edward, taking his grandfather's hand, readily agreed to be his guide to their house, the two younger boys playfully ran races before them.

In the distressed state of Emily's mind, she had been able only to charge Crosby to take the tenderest care of the children, without permitting any of them to approach the spot where their little innocent sports might disturb their



suffering father. Upon suddenly hearing all their voices close to the door, she felt offended at Crosby's want of feeling and respect, and abruptly appeared there. To her astonishment, she fixed her eyes on her own father. Not daring to let him hear her voice, she only lifted a finger to quiet the two younger boys; and waving to the eldest to come to her, bent her trembling knees with reverence to Sir Edward; and, hastily tottering into the parlour, fainted away.

Sir Edward, seeing in the mother of these interesting children a person quite a stranger to him, and, as her retiring courtesy showed, willing still to be so, had, in politeness, no choice but to return. Crosby met him by the ferry, and then first informed him of the sudden and desperate fever of Mr. Irwin, which had thrown his wife into despair, and the whole neighbourhood into a consternation. Sir Edward pardoned to an unhappy wife a want of civil regard; and bade Crosby hasten to offer her, in his name; any accommodation which Bellarney could afford the sufferer, and to entreat that he might have charge there of the sweet boys till her domestic anxieties should be lessened.

The agitated Emily had hardly recovered breath when Crosby arrived; and, fearing another abrupt visit from her father might render her as much an invalid as the Marquis, she acceded to the invitation, only desiring Crosby would bring her children to her once a day.

A thousand dismal thoughts filled up the tedious nights Emily watched by the bed of the Marquis. It seemed to her as if again the presence of her father were to annihilate her happiness; and bitterly did she regret not having quitted the country, with her young ones, the moment she saw the vessel moored at Bellarney. The morning after she had thus parted with her children, she heard their voices, with that of Crosby; and, flying to bless them, clasped suddenly in her arms her Emily, her own dear little Emily, who had asked to join the boys in the walk. A gush of tears, sweetly maternal, fell from the cheeks of the elder Emily on those of the other; who, fair as herself at the same age; soft and endearing, wept readily with her. The mother

now withdrew her arms ; but it was only in fond admiration, to survey the well-known features, formed and improved by growth,—to mark the turn of her graceful person,—to delight in her gentle manners, her air of sensibility. The boys, so very dear, suddenly found themselves almost overlooked by their mother ; nevertheless each caught a hand, which their sister, smiling through her tears, readily held out to them. Edward told his mother, that “ Lady Emily *would* come to see her, and offer to nurse papa ; for she could do it very well, as she often nursed her grandfather.”—“ And does thy tender heart act thus early, my little angel ? ” cried the fond mother, again caressing her. The young Emily kissed, in silence, the arms that enfolded her, and wondered why the pressure was so sweetly endearing, so unlike Connor’s.

In the precarious state of the Marquis, his wife dared not allow him the exquisite indulgence of seeing his daughter ; who, something surprised, though highly delighted, with her mother’s tearful fondness, inquired why she wept. Emily, in a faltering voice, uttered, though mysteriously, the simple truth, in saying the lovely stranger recalled to her mind a precious daughter whom she had long lost. “ And it is so long since I lost my mamma,” returned the engaging child, “ that I have quite forgot her ; but I should like to be called your Emily, and have all these dear little boys for brothers.” The full heart of the mother allowed not one syllable in answer.

Lady Emily returned home, eager to expatiate upon the endearing reception she had met with ; and Sir Edward Arden, actuated by an unconquerable curiosity, or, rather, an unconscious interest in the fate of the Irwin family, sent for and interrogated the steward concerning them. He soon learned that they had long excited the same interest in all around them ; but, either from choice or chance, were no more known than on the first day of their arrival ; that they certainly had been abroad, as they brought only a foreign maid-servant with them, who did not, when they first came, speak English ; that they never mentioned any relations, nor were known, in many years, to write or to receive a letter. The employment of boat-building, the

steward added, Mr. Irwin pursued for his own amusement, the support of Crosby, and the accommodation of the poor fishermen, to whom, on all other occasions, he and his wife were beneficent beyond what their own bounded expenses would make probable ; that, whenever they wanted money, Mr. Irwin drew for it, through the medium of himself ; and he had been curious enough to question the Dublin banker, but found he had no other knowledge of the strangers than what his trust gave him.

A pair so nobly minded and exquisitely accomplished, standing thus alone in creation, must, Sir Edward thought, have some very extraordinary reason for their conduct. The time of their settling in Ireland was very nearly that in which the Marquis had disappeared. To behold Mr. Irwin, though but for a moment, would have ended all his suspense ; yet how was he to press a visit, when he had seen the mistress of the house, without her thinking it necessary to invite him in ? Resolving to dismiss a doubt which he could not satisfy, he tried to busy himself in the affairs of the estate ; but only found rest from the trouble of his own soul when surrounded by all the dear, the playful children, who now daily brought him better accounts of their suffering father.

Sir Edward, however, had not been the only surprised or inquisitive person in the family. Mrs. Connor, infirm and old, had totally lost her hearing, but her sight was still good ; and it informed her that the babe, whom *Beatrice* brought in her arms one morning to the castle, was the very image of Lady Emily, when her lovely mother was carried, at Rome, into the chaise by the Marquis. After puzzling herself a day or two with conjectures, and then every one else with inquiries that brought no conviction, poor Connor resolved to encounter Sir Edward's wrath, and discharge her conscience of the treasured secret.

How great was Sir Edward's astonishment — how extreme his indignation at the long silence, the late confession, of the poor woman. His Emily alive — with the Marquis ! — both hating — both shunning him alike. What a perpetual source of bitterness and sorrow ! Far from

supposing the doting old woman right in directing his eyes to this secluded pair, he became assured by her information that he had no interest in them ; for the wife he had seen, and she was not his Emily ; nor could his daughter fail to have been known upon her own estate. Thus to have approached a felicity that melted in his grasp aggravated all his past griefs and disappointments to poor Sir Edward Arden.

Connor, as decided in her opinions as Sir Edward himself, refused to credit any eyes but her own ; and having alike astonished the Duke with her story, obtained his leave to go immediately and “ see these Irwins.”

Emily had waited impatiently till the Marquis was enough recovered to be removed to a camp bed which she had prepared for him in the study, as the largest and coolest room in the house. She had hardly seen him lodged in this comfortable situation, when a most unusual sound, the approach of a carriage, caused her to hasten into the parlour, and shut the intermediate door. Emily perceived it to be the coach of the Duke. Perturbed as her mind must be, since she could not guess whom it contained, she was unable to forbear smiling, to find it had brought poor Connor only ; who had been growing so great a person ; while she had herself been shrinking to a little one.

Connor immediately perceived she greeted a stranger ; and Emily, at the same moment, discovered that she was not in danger of being known by her voice, which she had always feared would betray her. Mrs. Connor, however, was not too condescending, and seemed to doubt whether she should, by sitting down, authorise this obscure person's doing so in her company. Cold thanks for Mrs. Irwin's civilities to Lady Emily, with an invitation to Bellarney, terminated the visit ; and Connor ascended her splendid vehicle in the full conviction that it was not here the fugitives would be found ; nor did she fail to regret risking the dislocation of her bones by the execrable road which she had rumbled through to no purpose.

And here would have ended all inquiry, had only the Duke of Aberdeen and Mrs. Connor been concerned ; but here it did not end with Sir Edward, in whose soul every

powerful feeling was again afloat. Hope, pleasure, passion, throbbed there with all the energy of youth. Oh! might he be blessed enough at last to find the two so long loved, so long lamented; to find them surrounded with such a beautiful race of children,—at once to multiply treasures so unhopcd; it was a happiness too exquisite to trust his imagination with: a thousand times he execrated alike the fidelity of the old crone, and the connivance of Dr. Dalton. Had a single word been dropped by either, he could instantly have followed, and should certainly have traced the beloved fugitives, who would not then have known long years of comparative poverty, nor he of unremitting remorse. In going over the past, it suddenly glanced across his mind, that his Emily was said to die of the small-pox; and he had observed that the mother of these interesting boys was certainly much marked by it. It had then perhaps been his daughter whom he had greeted—she shrunk from him!—she did not let him hear her voice. Ah! why, if she knew him not? The sweet persuasion played before his eyes in all the forms eager affection could give it, till the morning, when Connor annihilated that flattering belief, by assuring him that the story of the small-pox had been wholly a fiction, as her lady left Rome with the Marquis in all the bloom of youth and beauty, and that Mrs. Irwin was not in the least like her; “for she had seen that person with her own eyes.”

Again was Sir Edward in despair: yet he wandered down to the ferry; and, crossing the river, threw himself upon a rustic seat near it, to meditate on the least unpolite means of gaining a view of the sick Mr. Irwin. Beatrice saw him from her cabin, and approached, with the infant in her arms, to invite him to repose there as a safer place. Her foreign accent recalling the steward's information, he availed himself of the lucky chance that had brought her in his way, and spoke to her in Italian. Her native language she delighted to hear, and he soon brought her to inform him where she had first met with Mr. and Mrs. Irwin.—“Gracious! where should she meet with them, but at her father's?”—“But where might her father's be?”—“Did he speak Italian, and not know her father's at, the

foot of the Alps?" She described, and Sir Edward remembered well the little inn—presumptions grew strong—hope again throbbed in wild pulsations at his heart. As if to amuse the child, whom he had taken into his arms, he drew from his bosom a miniature of his daughter, set in the back of her mother's picture.—Beatrice looked at it, and, crossing herself, cried, "Holy Virgin! kiss it, Miss; it is your own mamma's." Sir Edward trembled, and could hardly avoid dropping the babe. "Yet, no," added she, "it is not your mamma's either—but it *was* hers before that cruel small-pox so altered her. Ah! when she stepped out of the chaise at our door, she was as like it as two peas; but we must think it a mercy she ever left the house alive."

And now what a torrent of emotions convulsed the bosom of Sir Edward Arden! It was more than happiness obtained—it was happiness recovered—it was a fulness of satisfaction, that made him exult in so resigning the life which he felt in a manner fleeting from him. Beatrice ran for water, and offered him salts—he feebly and silently arose, pressed her hand and tottered towards the retreat, where he was, as if by a resurrection, to find his long-lost son and daughter.

The weather was still warm, and the Marquis so sensible of the additional oppression, that not only the door of his room, but that of the house, had been set open, to circulate the air. The poor Emily, worn out with intense fatigue and fearful tenderness, having disposed all things for the Marquis to take a little repose, sat down in the adjoining parlour, and, resting her head on her hand, unconsciously dropped into a languid slumber. There was a desolation in her appearance, an utter disregard of self, that, when the effect of deep sensibility, interests the heart beyond the most delicate attire. Her hair, which still remained in all its beauty, had almost escaped from the cap that was meant to confine it. Her wrapping-gown showed the unaltered grace of her form; and on her left arm, which hung down as she slept, were three small moles, that would as fully have identified her to her father as all the charms she had lost.

Fancy carried the weary sleeper to Frescati—dreaming she was in the cool shade by the fountain, she suddenly heard the marble Faun breathing forth strains as sweet as those of the Marquis.—While listening with entranced delight, by a strange extravagance, common to the disturbed slumbers of the unhappy, she thought the statue leaped from its pedestal, and came towards her—she faintly struggled—half groaned—opened her eyes, and—fixed them on her father.—Yes! it was Sir Edward himself, hanging passionately over her—his wan countenance expressing the tenderest emotions, and a full conviction of the truth. Claspings her hands piteously, Emily had neither power nor time to utter one word, for her cry had awakened the Marquis, who called to her in a voice of agony, to come and let him see her. That voice, that well-known voice, more dear than any thing on earth to Sir Edward, seemed to arise from the grave—he rushed impetuously to the inner room—made but one step from the door to the bed, and falling on it, faltered out—“Now let me die, since I have seen thy face, because thou art yet alive.”

The softness of a daughter, blending with that of a wife, threw Emily in a moment at the feet of Sir Edward; and tenderly conjuring the Marquis to support himself under a trial to which he was so unequal, she took a hand of each,—and while uniting them with kisses and tears, she fondly pressed them to her bosom. Oh! what an embrace was that which her father gave her!—it seemed to bury for ever all remembrance of suffering and of sorrow. To the Marquis he was even more tender, for to him he struggled to subdue his feelings. Never had he seen that much-loved face since he left it convulsed and apparently lifeless in the convent-garden. Still was it pale, but no longer lived there the traces of misery. Affection, gratitude, a thousand complicated emotions wandered through each feature. Sir Edward sunk on his knees by the side of his nephew, and the tears that he then dropped sealed in heaven and on earth his pardon.

These are the pure and elevating points of being, when even the passions, sublimed by virtue, seem to partake of immortality. Precious white-winged moments! which;

soaring out of the dark wreck of human existence, still hover over, and illumine it with celestial glory, even as it sinks into eternity.

A silence so exquisite followed the transport, that it seemed as if the happy three lived by looking. It was at length interrupted by the lovely head of Edward showing itself at the door. On seeing his father awake, he crept softly to the bed-side, and, kneeling, kissed his hand. Sir Edward fondly pressed the tender boy to his bosom, emphatically repeating, "My own!" The astonished child turned to his mother, who bade him bend his knee and honour, in the kind stranger, her father. Crosby, who was within hearing, caught the news, and was ordered to hasten with it to the Duke. Fleeter than the wind, with all the train of lovely boys, ran Crosby towards Bellarney; but, unable to control his own ecstasy, he lost the merit, perhaps the reward, of first imparting the discovery. The ferrymen, the fishermen, the gardeners, the grooms, all had caught the intelligence from the transported messenger; and twenty voices at once proclaimed to the Duke, "that Sir Edward had found both the Marquis of Lenox and the Lady of Bellarney!"

Crosby, again as rapidly on the wing to return, having met Lady Emily, caught her up, and, still accompanied by her brothers, bore her in triumph over the ferry. At the entrance of his daughter, the Marquis indeed revived. A thousand, thousand times he kissed and blessed her. To behold her once more encircled in the arms of her mother, appeared to the tender father the summit of human felicity. The young Emily fondly clasped by turns her lovely brothers, while their rosy cheeks were doubly suffused thus to be caressed by the heiress, whom they had never dared to treat with the least familiarity.

Hardly crediting the extravagant report, more slowly came the Duke of Aberdeen; and, not without some displeasure, greeted his son:—examined with indelicate attention the altered face of Emily;—acknowledged the race of lovely children; but immediately assured the eldest, that, should there be twenty more, he would never love any one as well as he did her. He then with contempt surveyed the



humble home which love alone could have embellished, and remained astonished at its having been the choice of his only son and Sir Edward Arden's only daughter, to pass the best years of their lives in this dismal dwelling, when the sumptuous one of Bellarney was quite unoccupied.

To the blind of body human art can sometimes give perception: to the blind of soul it never yet was given. The Marquis and Emily therefore attempted not to detail the motives of their conduct to the Duke; and it is possible Sir Edward Arden would not have been better understood, had he explained to that nobleman why he requested the Marquis to remove neither bush nor stone, table nor chair, from this blessed little home, whenever the lovers should quit it for Bellarney: since "where he had first found the happiness which he had vainly sought for many years, he was determined henceforward to live and to die; chastening thus in his own soul its pride and its passions, and preparing it for the better world to which he must be fast approaching: till, on that very bed where now lay his beloved son, and in the dear arms of those by whom it was encircled, he should breathe his last." The Duke shrugged his shoulders at this flight: — that two young people might fancy an Arcadia of their own making he thought among the strange possibilities of life; but for Sir Edward, in his old age, to turn a grey-headed shepherd, and solicit the reversion of this delectable possession, appeared to him curious enough! — too much so for discussion.

Bold in character, impetuous of soul, the Irish find pleasure always transport, anger fury. The romantic story of the Lady of Bellarney, interred alive on her own estate, when once published, circulated rapidly, and caused a commotion of joy in the country. All ranks and descriptions of people waited impatiently to hail the resurrection of the married lovers; and as only Crosby and his wife knew even the outline of their history, they and their cabin soon grew into great notoriety. Feasts and visitations in consequence entirely occupied the Duke, and the dwellers of the castle, whither all the world resorted. To Sir Edward and his daughter that world was comprised in the chamber of the Marquis; which the father would no more leave than the

wife. In the jealousy of an equal affection, they contended who should most anxiously wait upon him ; yet sweet was it to Sir Edward to see that it was Emily his nephew would ever have. Emily he always looked for, with eyes full of tenderness and gratitude. When sighing over the ruin of her beauty himself, how could a fond father fail to adore the husband who found it all in her heart ?

It was at length admissible to remove the Marquis, and at Bellarney he now took possession, with the rightful lady. The next Sunday service was ordered in the chapel of that mansion ; where the lovers prepared to offer up their grateful effusions for the protection of the God who thus, the storms of life overblown, assembled themselves, their parents, and their children, in their happy home. Had the little chapel been a cathedral, it would have been filled. Emily, simply attired, was led to the seat which she had always occupied, by the Duke of Aberdeen. The Marquis, yet feeble and interesting, followed ; holding in his right hand his elder daughter, and in the other his son Edward. His uncle, in speechless exultation, came behind with the younger boys ; who gazed, now on him, and now on each other, as if they knew not yet how they had acquired this sudden grandeur. Beatrice, though a catholic, shared, with the faithful Crosby, the happiness of that day ; and truer prayers never ascended to heaven than those offered up in the chapel of Bellarney.

The appearance of Emily with her lord and her children terminated the inquiries of the heirs to her estates ; and she continued at Bellarney a while to make arrangements on her own domains, before they could accompany the Duke to visit his. The parade of being presented at court, and all the vain shows of life, Emily never delighted in, and now retired from ; fully convinced that they were wholly incompatible with the great duties of a wife and a mother. Yet she already found how difficult it would be in re-assuming her rank to act up to her own sense of right, in watching over her young ones ; and once to withdraw from that important employ was to make vain the labour of her life. She felt, nevertheless, that the Duke had a right to

claim his son for a while, and it was a point of respect for her to follow with her family.

In Scotland new festivities succeeded ; and to the happy children life seemed all holiday. Their parents found it not wholly so. The Duke had repeatedly discussed with the Marquis his strange indifference to the business and the honours of the great world ; urging so strongly his appearance in London, that he knew not how to refuse. — Emily would not influence him, but decided for herself ; and entreated she might remain behind with her young family.

If it was a trial to the Marquis to quit for a short time the dear domestic circle in which for ten years he had wholly moved, what must it be to his wife to see him depart ? — He who must ever be, to her, happiness or misery, was now associated with a libertine father, and going to be impressed with a high sense of his own advantages : even if his heart should stand the test, and remain wholly uncorrupted and unalienated, how could she be sure that ambition would not seize on him ? she had learned to dread those dangerous enchantments, — power and politics. Yet must she boldly venture all : for never can we call the blessing our own that we are in daily fear of losing. One only good did she solicit her lord to add to that which he would bring back in himself — a wise and well-governed mind, to take from them both the charge of their son's actual-tuition. Crosby was still to continue the inventor and the guardian of their sports.

It is much more difficult to change our tastes than to fix them ; and this it is makes right habits of such importance in youth. Circumstances had early guided the heart of the Marquis of Lenox to true and tender feelings, — busy and pleasant duties. Thus the delights which he could not share with Emily and his children faded before the recollection of those he daily lost in his painful, but necessary, absence from them. Nor was it in the house or circle of his father that he could ever become indifferent to the virtuous or rational happiness afforded by his own. An expensive establishment, formed of persons who cared not whether the prodigal master lived or died ; a luxurious table, which no faithful or scientific friends surrounded ; a

licentious arrangement with some painted nymph of St. James's Street, who came into and went out of the house with the fashion, was not likely to win to the corrupt modes of polite life a man, who saw that he could always maintain there his natural consequence, while by his purer conduct, and simpler manners, he must necessarily rank higher in the scale of society. The trial was over. The Duke gladly escaped the indirectly reproving eye of his son, and Emily found herself again in the arms of the husband she adored; who vowed never more to undergo the penance of living without her, and those dear young ones who were all impatiently contending for the "envied kiss."

Sir Edward Arden had not been insensible to the danger that might arise to his daughter's happiness from the Duke having full power to act upon his son; yet he applauded in his heart the magnanimity of mind, and sacred consciousness of desert, which induced Emily to risk the trial. By remaining with her and her children he at once gave her due protection, and the Marquis boundless freedom. How fully then did he share the delight of that re-union, which made the endeared circle his own for life!

And now the Marquis prepared to return with his whole family to Bellarney, where they purposed chiefly to reside. It was an unexpected gratification to find the Duke meant to be for a time of their party. The fond mother naturally imputed the distinction to his partiality for her Emily, as it was with much reluctance he had resigned that darling to the Marchioness, who would not allow any other woman to form the mind of her daughter. Had the Marquis considered his father's character, he might have better understood the cause of the compliment: for he alone knew that the Duke, on leaving town, had dismissed a worthless, extravagant mistress, whose place he, in fact, secretly meditated to fill with the innocent wife of Crosby. To the son, Beatrice had only appeared a worthy good girl, devoted to his Emily, and tender of his children: it remained for the father to discover that she had expressive black eyes, a smart figure, and a little Italian coquetry, with which she often contrived to keep her honest husband upon the fret, though hardly to himself would he own that he was jealous. From

the moment the Duke first saw Beatrice he had taken this project into his head ; and, in consequence, affecting to notice her great care of the young family, he made her occasional presents, so suited to her wants or her wishes, that she had not the prudence strictly to scrutinise his motive for offering them. The seducing billets with which they were accompanied he always had the address to write in Italian, thus making poor Crosby bear his own sentence without being able to decipher one word of it. With this base and selfish intention did the Duke accompany to Ireland a pure and virtuous pair, rejoicing in the ripening age of their young ones, to whom they had promised a last gala on the day which should make Emily eleven years old.

However happy the present anniversary, that memorable day which actually called the child into existence was too deeply impressed on the mind of the Marchioness not to make her mingle a serious look with endearment, when she gave the blessing and embrace of the morning. The gravity, however, was soon forgotten, and the gay innocents engrossed every thought of the happy elders.

In sitting down to dinner, Emily cast her smiling eyes over the table, delighted to behold it encircled with every being in creation who interested her heart. On her right hand sat the father of the Marquis ; on her left her own ; opposite to her the husband so beloved ; and on his right hand Emily, the lady of the day. The dear boys made their claim ; and even little Maria was for once allowed a place, while Beatrice entreated to attend on the least of her ladies. During the dessert, Sir Edward called on the three boys for their sweet Italian trio ; and the pleased Marquis had ordered his flute, to guide their voices justly, and fill up each pause, when Crosby, coming hastily in, spoke in a low tone to the Marchioness. A deadly paleness came over her — she struggled to speak — could not utter a word, but, reaching out her hand, at once silenced the children and summoned their father. No sooner, however, did his arms enfold her, than with a groan, as if her soul was separating from her body, she sunk into a swoon. The whole astonished circle environed her in a moment. The Marquis was too intent on her recovery to inquire what had caused

her fainting ; but Sir Edward angrily turned to Crosby, who stood like a culprit, though unconscious of a fault, and commanded him to repeat whatever he had said to his lady. “ Lord, sir,” cried he, “ it could not be what I said that struck my lady for death, as it were. I wish I had let the poor strange body die outright, rather than see such a frightful consternation on Lady Emily’s birthday, I only came to humour a troublesome sick woman the housekeeper took in from pure compassion ; just to inquire of my lady if she pleased we should let her have an old coffer, which she has taken it into her head to insist is in the belfry. Lord knows, she may be light-headed, and I should not wonder if there is no old coffer there at all. It is not likely a poor vagabond should have any trunk in this castle.”

A tale so trifling and uninteresting engrossed not any ear. The Duke and Sir Edward imputed the attack to the powerful scent of a melon that had been placed very near Emily ; but the anxious soul of the Marquis told him she had never yielded to mere constitutional weakness, and that the groan she gave could have no common cause. When life returned, Emily indulged a gush of tears so profuse and so bitter, that all around her remained in dismayed silence. Her husband, pressing her yet more tenderly in his arms, ventured to draw aside the handkerchief from her eyes ; but saw in them such an expression of agony and terror, that eagerly he hid her face on his bosom. As soon as she could muster strength, she arose, and leaning through feebleness, as well as fondness, on the arm of the Marquis, waved from her both their fathers ; while, with a sweet maternal grace, she invited towards her the whole affrighted race of little ones, who gladly flew to clasp her knees, and those of the Marquis.—“ Come all of you to me, my precious babes,” sighed she, striving to encircle them. “ It is yours early to embark in the sorrows of your parents. Oh ! Edward, the hour is come — the fearful heavy hour of renewed persecution — the avenging fiend yet haunts us and our innocent children. The visitation comes now too in the very moment of security. But my mind has such claims upon its fortitude as will enable it to meet my fate. Feel not thus fearfully my pulse, my father — *that* may fluctuate, but my

mind is steady. Poor Crosby! he knew not what he asked for! I, only I, could be aware that the coffer demanded is the property of Emily Fitzallen; and no human being, save herself, could have known that such a trust remained in this house."—"You shall never condescend to see her, Emily," cried Sir Edward, fiercely. "Pardon me, my father, meekly returned the Marchioness, "if a greater duty than the one due to you makes me a second time break through that. Encompassed thus by my children, protected by my husband, sanctioned by our parents, and supported by my God, I feel it becomes not me to falter, and I will know now, even now, the end of all my miseries." The meek and matron dignity of his daughter silenced and awed Sir Edward. To the Marquis she clung, that no transport of his might interfere with her purpose; and having desired that Crosby would guide them all to the stranger, Emily and her lord, attended by the whole family, passed through long galleries to a remote apartment adjoining the nurseries.

At the electrifying sound of Emily Fitzallen's name, imagination had presented her in the very form in which they had last beheld her—gay, glowing, beautiful, imperious: savagely exulting in her power over the unfortunate, and appearing only to torment. The daughter of Sir Edward well knew that she must now have come with the same invincible malignity to wrest from her, if possible, a title doubly endeared and hallowed by its importance to her children.

But what a revulsion of soul did the whole family experience, when they suddenly surveyed a miserable object, in whom they were hardly able to trace that vindictive beauty who had poisoned the promised happiness of their former years. Almost without power to move, ghastly and livid, as if already in the grave, a surgical and bloody bandage encircling her temples, lay the living spectre of Emily Fitzallen. Opening her hollow eyes, upon which seemed to hang the films of death, they wandered, without recollection, over the whole company, who remained silent and horror-struck.

The gentle and generous Marchioness felt all sense of her own sufferings evaporate from her mind, on thus beholding the companion of her childhood, the misery of her youth,

the victim of the world, by some incomprehensible means, brought back to the roof that first sheltered her, and the circle she had injured, to repent, as it should seem, and die. The expiring wretch having tried to clear her dim sight, demanded of the servant nursing her, Who all these persons were? "*This*, infamous woman!" cried the Marquis, in a voice almost inarticulate through passion, and pressing the hand of Emily to his heart, "is my wife; and all these little ones our children." — Her deep-sunk eyes glared yet more horribly — she turned appalled from him whom she had so basely injured, and seemed as though she would, if possible, have ceased to hear. "Oh! dear mamma," cried the young Emily, who stood nearest to the bed, "pray send for another doctor; I am afraid this poor woman will bleed to death, and you will not let any one die on my birthday, surely." — "You are then another Emily Arden," cried the expiring wretch, abruptly turning to gaze on the tender child, who shrunk from her: "you have her every feature — and would *you* save my life? poor little creature! I came hither only to disgrace you — but who stands by your side?" — "Her mother," answered the Marchioness firmly, "who, though changed in features, has still a heart ready to forgive the penitent; a hand ready to assist the wretched. A just and powerful God has, by some singular ordination, brought you, at this awful hour, and in this fearful situation, to the very house, nay, as I think, to the very chamber, where you first knew recollection; perhaps to awaken in your own breast compunction for your sins — in ours, compassion for your sufferings. I bless the power he has granted me of forgiving you, as only by that means could you venture to implore his pardon." — "And can you, even you, breathe thus a blessing on me," groaned the wretch, in a hollow tone, "cut off, as I am, in the moment of a new sin meditated against your little one? for I knew not that you yet existed. To steal into the grave unknown, as I too surely must unlamented, was all I wished; for could I hope such angelic goodness was to be found on earth? How I have injured you needs not be told; how God has avenged you I would have you see:" she lifted a gown that was lightly laid over her neck and arms, and



showed the skin, once so exquisitely white and delicate, now frightfully discoloured with bruises, and black with mortification. This, and the bloody bandage on her forehead, marked too plainly the premature death that had overtaken her. Emily, sickening, turned to weep in the arms of her husband, who even yet could hardly deign a look towards the wretch by whom his early happiness had been destroyed; nor would he have endured to stay, had he not felt his presence to be indispensable to his trembling wife.

“ I shall not have life, nor perhaps intellect,” resumed, after a pause, the dying Miss Fitzallen, “ to relate my whole story — nor need I shock the pure beings, who thus deign to speak comfort to my soul, with a repetition of my numerous errors: — that they have not been as fatal as I supposed, alleviates a little my sufferings. To the weak, yet bountiful Lady Bellarney, I owe my first fault. She early encouraged me to be vain of my natural advantages; yet every hour told me that I must never rank with her grand-daughter. Envy thus became my first sin, and malice soon grew out of it. I began to over-rate my own understanding, when I found myself able to play upon the imbecile one of my benefactress, and overbear the meek nature of Miss Arden; till, in the insolence of limited power, I invented a diabolical amusement, in practising on the temper, and undermining the comfort, of the rich heiress, whom others supposed I was born to yield to. As my faculties ripened, I became yet more alive to the importance of those external goods which I fancied Miss Arden’s only advantages over me. While conscious of boundless influence with Lady Bellarney, and assured that I was to be her heiress, I suffered not my evil views to go further; but when at her death I found a youth of servility had been lost, I became yet more desperate in my projects — yet more inveterate towards Miss Arden. I was aware that she had sought her cousin — I was likewise aware that he had slighted her; — to rob her, therefore, of this plighted and admired lover, and cross the favourite view of her father, became the sole object of my heart.

“ Overwhelmed with disappointment and mortification,

I rushed into the world an unprincipled adventurer ; resolved on vengeance, wealth, and rank, if human art, or any sacrifice, could attain them. To fortify myself in this resolution, I ran over, in my brain, the many of my sex whom the same boldness had exalted to the highest situation ; and acting by the result of my contemplations, I traced the steps of Miss Arden, — understood the motive of her disguise, and instantly availed myself of the hint. In the masculine habit which I assumed, I was not actuated by love for the Marquis. A handsome Italian friend of his, however, soon won my heart ; yet was I even then fixed upon marrying Sir Edward's nephew, and him only. My sex was guessed at by all around me, but those two who were most likely to suspect it. Signor Gheraldi, to satisfy his doubts, ordered some men to attack me, when he was my companion ; and without attempting to draw my sword, I fainted away. My fears for his safety, showed him that he was not only master of my secret but my heart : alas ! he soon became wholly my master, and vehement with me to quit the Marquis. Finding I was fixed on some project that comprehended Sir Edward's nephew, not all my protestations could convince Gheraldi that love was not my inducement. At a moment when I had almost resolved to give up the Marquis, fortuitous circumstances threw him into my power for ever. Hardly had we pledged the fatal vow, when the news of Sir Edward's sudden return agitated and perplexed me. In a week he had been most welcome. Hoping, however, that he would not yet arrive, I resolved to assume the habit of my sex ; and hardly had dressed myself, before Gheraldi, in a transport of jealousy, rushed in, determined to tear me from the Marquis for ever. My refusal, and the flutter which so complicated a situation must cause, confirmed him in his purpose : he solemnly vowed that the least reluctance or delay would cost the lover who induced it his life, as he had two trusty villains in waiting, either to escort me and my baggage to the bark, ready to put to sea ; or, if the Marquis should cross the threshold while I was deliberating, to strike their stilettoes into his heart, and lay him a corpse at my feet. Hardened in evil as I was, I had not yet meditated murder ; there-

fore, as the least of two horrible evils, and not at that moment the act of my choice, I yielded to my frantic lover, and embarked for Baia, where Gheraldi had a beautiful villa. The savage looks of my conductors, though he was with me, chilled my blood ; but all other horrors were soon lost in that of the earthquake. I saw that I had, by a strangeness in my fate, owed my life to my jealous lover ; nor could hope that the Marquis survived the tremendous wreck of Messina. Yet, even in this hour of personal danger, I exulted in the triumph I should have over Sir Edward and his daughter, in the certificate I treasured in my bosom, which I had taken care should be ample and unquestionable.

“ Arrived at the villa, Gheraldi bade me be mistress alike over that and his heart : but, I soon found what it was to have thrown myself wholly into the power of a man of whom I knew so little. I saw him the victim, by turns, of every passion ; yet uniformly jealous, revengeful, and implacable : no kindness could soothe, no protestation satisfy him. By a singularity in my fortune, the only man I really loved was the only one whom I could never persuade of my tenderness. Even the solitude and secrecy in which Gheraldi kept me could not convince him that I was wholly his own. He saw lovers and letters in every look ; plots and elopements in every gesture. The veriest wretch who ever bathed in tears the chain of matrimony was not more completely enslaved than that high spirit which had broken all the laws of religion and morality, only to remain free. Every extravagance of every passion Gheraldi nevertheless expected me to impute, as he did, to love ; and if he deigned to offer this excuse, I was neither permitted to revert to the past, nor to guard against the future. Yet, even thus tormented and imprisoned, I had daily proofs that I was not forgotten. More than one lover discovered means to offer me liberty ; and perhaps only my own fears prevented my escaping the tyrant : but I had not, for some time, raised a cup to my lips without the apprehension that it might be poisoned ; or dropped into a slumber, from which I did not expect to be roused by the stab of a dagger. In those beautiful eyes, where I had looked away the quiet of

my life, I now saw only a mean and sinister expression. My tenderness was thus changed to horror and disgust. To have been discovered in attempting to escape must have ensured my death ; for no human eloquence would have convinced my tyrant it was his own vile temper that had reduced me to the necessity. That temper, however, gave me a sudden release. A fit of passion, at a gaming-table, left the beautiful Gheraldi a dead man, and Count Montalvo hastened to protect and conduct me to Naples. I had, however, amassed many rich presents from my tyrant, which his brother did not dispute with me, and I insisted on remaining my own mistress by inhabiting a hired hotel at Villa Reale. To my astonishment, I there understood that the Marquis of Lenox not only had survived the earthquake, but was to be married in great splendour to Miss Arden. The step I took I will not dwell upon. When I afterwards knew the Marquis to be completely in my power, by the interesting situation of his wife, I used that power most basely. But the love of evil is as apt to grow into habit as the love of good ; and so eternal is rancour, that even when I thought the parents dead, I meditated to disgrace their innocent child.

“ Yet without that, I could not possibly accomplish another great object. From the moment I had reigned, by the weak indulgence of my benefactress, in Bellarney, I had set my heart on possessing it. The many palaces I have dwelt in since never had the same charm ; and making it my object to amass wealth enough for the purchase, I knew I could condition with the heirs at law for the purchase, before I put into their hands the proofs that might bastardise the grand-daughter of Sir Edward Arden, who, thus circumstanced, must evacuate the estate.

“ I will not detail scenes of vice and extravagance, painful to remembrance ; yet, keeping my object ever in view, I had secured wealth enough to hint, a year ago, my intention and my power of purchasing, to the remote heirs of Emily Arden. I was courted, immediately, to visit Ireland, and assured of all that I could wish here. I set out with immense property ; and, resolving to land on the estate which I already in imagination appropriated, engaged

a vessel to myself and servants. It is only four days ago that the vessel cast anchor in sight of this well-known mansion ; and while the sailors were getting a boat out to land me, I stood upon the deck, surveying with delight the remembered scenes of many a childish pleasure. Through my mind passed the bitter recollection, that I had quitted this spot an insulted beggar. It gave place to the haughty consciousness, that I now returned in the bloom of life and of beauty, with wealth enough to command my wishes, and power to expel with contempt the young heiress of Bel-larney, while I completed my triumph over her haughty grandfather. Alas ! even in this moment of full-blown arrogance and guilt the hand of Heaven impended invisibly over me ; and a single stroke laid me once more, on the threshold of that mansion, as very a beggar and a wretch as I left it !

“ Accustomed to command, and unused to the common concerns or meaner interests of life, it had never occurred to me, that, in choosing to have a vessel to myself, I should be totally in the power of those whom I hired. My valet and two female servants had been about me for years ; nor had I a doubt of their attachment : but how little can we depend on any tie that virtue forms not ? These wretches, apprised of the value of my baggage, in which, besides other riches, I had brought the magnificent jewels I wrested from the marquis at Naples, with many more equally valuable, leagued together to plunder me at a single stroke. When the boat was declared to be ready, I saw with surprise that it was empty ; and ordered my baggage to be put in ere I would descend. What was my astonishment and rage, to hear all my servants declare ; that every thing on board was their own, save a small portmanteau with a little raiment ! The master, four sailors, and a boy, were, probably by confederacy, collected near me. Incensed at a fraud so gross, I entirely overlooked my own danger, and threatened not only my base domestics with punishment, but the crew. This imprudent passion, perhaps, first determined the latter upon brutality : with a torrent of oaths, they swore to throw me overboard ; and, finding my resistance obstinate, they beat and bruised me as you have

seen; nor could all my efforts prevent their lifting me, at last, over the side of the vessel. In lowering after me the little portmanteau, either by accident or design, they let it fall, and with so good an aim, that it struck this mortal blow on my temple. I sunk into the bottom of the boat, nor ever recovered recollection till I opened my eyes in this chamber, the very chamber in which they first opened. The villains had landed me, I was then told, at a fisherman's cabin below, inhabited only by a woman and some children; after which they rowed off, to fetch, as they assured her, assistance; but, in reality, to secure themselves and all my wealth. The charity of your steward, I was told, had induced him to order me to be brought up to Bellarney, where a surgeon was summoned, who dressed my fractured head, and applied emollients to this mortifying flesh.

“When loneliness and misery obliged me to ponder upon the awful and extraordinary incident that thus concludes my worldly career, my nature, hard as it has long been, felt it: but I had neither power nor will to make a right use of the infliction. Pride survives every other passion; still alive to that, it was some relief to find myself unknown to the surrounding servants. I might therefore steal unnamed into the grave; as, too surely, I should otherwise be unpitied. The surgeon, yesterday morning, having tenderly hinted to me that I could not survive, requested to be informed of my name, and what friends of mine he should address.—I answered, with a bitter sullenness, that I never knew my own name—never belonged to any human being, nor had one friend in the whole world.—all I requested was to be left to die.

“When the joy of the servants, in the evening, announced the return of the family hither, I shrunk into myself, but ventured not an inquiry. During my miserable and lonely ruminations I called to mind a coffer which Lady Bellarney once told me contained her account of my birth; but which I had never demanded, as she herself had often related the story to me. Unwilling that any memorial of my existence should remain, I asked for it, as a thing without value; meaning to destroy only the writing. Ah! how could I foresee the blessed consequence of this

request? I knew not that the Marquis and his Emily lived at all: still less could suppose they lived at Bellarney;—lived to commiserate a dying sinner, to whom Heaven, at their intercession, may yet, perhaps, extend its mercy. With an almost purifying power, the meltings of humanity rushed even now into my guilty heart, when that ministering angel so sweetly said it was yet possible she might forgive me.”

The wretched woman made an effort to raise her hands to heaven and those around her, but sunk back helpless:—an awful example that human charms and powers, even in their extent, may fail to accomplish the views of the wicked in this life; the hardest nature be unable to resist the horrors of that which is to come.

The pious Emily, drawing the Marquis after her, while every little innocent intuitively followed the example, knelt round the bed of the penitent sinner; where she offered up prayers so fervent and benignant, that no eye could withhold those drops, which, while they prove the weakness of our nature, sanctify it. Then pressing the hand of the Marquis to her heart, she made him a party in the solemn forgiveness which she audibly pronounced. Sir Edward, hanging over his angel daughter, answered her imploring eye only by an imperfect Amen.

The Duke of Aberdeen, who had been a surprised spectator of this memorable scene, merely because he felt it impossible to retreat, now approached the Marchioness; and, being seconded by her father, would have led her out of the room; when, throwing the door suddenly open, Crosby appeared, with another man, carrying the coffer demanded, covered with dust and cobwebs. The languid sufferer, lost in more momentous considerations, bade them take it away again; but recollecting herself,—“No,” cried she,—“open it. I ought to have no pride if I am truly penitent: let all who thus witness the manner of my death know too the extraordinary manner of my birth.” Crosby, who was burning with impatience to discover what this coffer could possibly contain, had brought a hammer in his hand, and struck off at once the old lock. A written packet lay on the top, which he handed to the invalid, while he hastily

drew forth the faded but valuable garments of a woman ; which would have engrossed the attention of all the servants, had not the fall of the Duke, in a kind of fit, obliged them to raise and recover him. Sir Edward Arden, too, abruptly wrung the hand, and threw himself faintly on the shoulder, of the Marquis : his agitation made Emily utterly regardless of the servants, who were unfolding for her notice a rich and remarkable Indian shawl. Her father again glancing his eye fearfully on it, as hastily turned away. " Put it out of my sight," cried he, in a low, shocked voice, to his nephew : " that shawl unfolds a tale, my son, best understood by the Duke and myself. The mysterious ordination of heaven involves me deeply, oh ! how deeply, in the guilt of that creature. I now can account for the severe visitation on me and mine. Wretched libertine !" added he, gazing contemptuously on the yet insensible Duke : — " is the hour then come for thee to feel ?" Grasping the Marquis yet closer, he whispered, " let your father be taken out of the room : that wretch is his daughter — his own child — by Miss Archer. Oh ! Lenox, she is your sister : — and even earthquakes, in the wonder-working hand of Heaven, can, to individuals, become mercy !"

Sir Edward now eagerly led his Emily away ; and the astonished Marquis accompanied his father. The dying sufferer requested the chaplain to satisfy all around, by reading aloud a letter, which was inscribed — " To be opened by my god-daughter, Emily Fitzallen, whenever she reaches woman's estate."

" Our days being all numbered, I may never live, my dear girl, to see you the good and accomplished woman I hope you will be. As, however, rich or poor, we all like to know who we belong to, I will give you what account I can of your parentage ; though that, God knows, is not much.

" After the untimely death of my poor dear daughter, I found myself very sad and lonely at Bellarney : so all my kindred made it a point to have me a visiting among them. Poor Emily Arden was so little a baby, that I was of no use to her, nor she company for me. I stayed a while at Sir



Arthur Gore's seat ; where you, I remember, so admired, and drew, the rocks. Poor child ! you little knew how dear they had cost you.

“ Lady Gore had many good qualities, but was a woful manager of children. For such rude boys as hers I never met with in my whole life. They were always in some mischief or other : now scouring the country on unbroken horses ; now floating out to sea in little skimming pleasure-boats :—for my part, I thought they would all be, sooner or later, brought home with broken bones, or drowned carcasses : but children and fools, they say, are the care of Providence ; and, when I think how these young tigers became the means of saving your little life, I cannot but think so.

“ One windy October there came, on a sudden, such a tempest as I never saw. I really thought the crazy old house of Kirkalty would have been blown about our ears ; while the sea rolled on mountains high, and lashed the shore with fearful roarings :—but all the storm without was nothing to that we had within doors, as soon as Lady Gore found her ungovernable boys had put off at early tide, with an old fisherman they paid handsomely. All night and all day the tempest raged ; and my poor cousin's grief would have melted a heart of stone. We gave the boys up for lost, though we did not tell her so ; and the fisherman's wife made as bad an outcry in the kitchen at Kirkalty as ever we had in the parlour. At noon, next day, the wind fell, and the sky cleared ; but no sign of the boat could we espy ; though we looked, and looked, as long as there was a blink of light. At midnight, lo ! the tide brought in the boat ; and the voices of the boys resounded, as usual, through the house, and now almost killed their poor mother with joy. Such chafing, as we had, of their chilled limbs,—such cramming of their empty stomachs ; for they had had a starving and perilous time of it, you may easily imagine. Arthur, who had the most feeling and sense of the four, stayed at home all next day ; and kept looking, and looking at me, as if he had something on his mind. Lady Gore, between anger and joy, fell sick, and took to her chamber. Well, in the evening, Master Arthur

taps at mine, and muttered something of a secret, if I would hear him with patience; and such a surprising secret did it prove, that I thought the boy was romancing; which, to say truth, they all could to perfection.

“ It seems the storm had driven them very far out to sea; and the two men said if the boat had been either bigger or heavier, they should never have weathered it. They were all employed in emptying the water that every moment broke over their heads:—thus they passed the night. At peep of day the men found they were driving fast to St. Peter's Nose, a famous and dangerous rock. Again they gladly got out to sea; for, if it had been dark half an hour longer, the men swore they could never have escaped the rock. About noon, fortunately, the weather changed; and now they were as glad to get to St. Peter's Nose as they before were to shun it. As they neared, they saw a wreck stuck fast, and ready every moment to go to pieces: they hailed her, but not a soul answered; and, after going round, as doubting what they should do, they boarded her. She proved, by their account, a poor little vessel, with a cabin they could hardly stand up in. Having removed the dead lights, they saw that every thing had been rummaged, and all the chests and lockers were wide open, and mostly empty; so the boys settled it that the poor men had taken for safety to the boat, and were all returning to their own, when the cry of a baby amazed them;—they at last looked into a bed, where they saw a woman in a dying state, with a young child in her arms: she seemed like one newly lain in; mighty weak, and quite speechless. Nothing but cold water had they to give her, but they hoped she would revive with that, and just tell them who she was, and how she came to be left in this melancholy way; though that, they guessed, was only because she could not bear moving, as all her clothes were lying by her, and the baby was very well dressed: how they managed the poor soul I cannot tell: whether they killed her with their cold water, or she was dying before:—but die she did, in half an hour, and without power to utter a word,—but clasping you, my poor child, for you was this unfortunate baby, to her bosom to the very last. The

fisherman, God forgive him ! wanted to leave you behind ; but the boys would not consent to that, bad as they were. You must have been rarely nursed among them all the rest of the day ; however, as they came home, they dropped you at the fisherman's cabin, till they had consulted what should be done with you.

“ I must confess I was studying, while Master Arthur told me this story, which of his companions (for my cousins were too young for me to impute such a fault to them) had set him on to get his child taken care of by me ; but I could not fix on any body, and all four boys told exactly one tale ; so, in the morning, I walked with them down to the fisherman's cabin, and there first saw you ; as thriving a little lass as I ever set my eyes on. The man told me the same story with the boys ; but I was so uneasy at their having left the poor woman, that I offered the men money if they would fetch her and the empty trunks, in hopes either the directions, or some letters, might inform me of your parentage ; but they returned with the melancholy news that there was no sign of the wreck now :—so your wretched mother (though, I doubt, she was an ill one, or God and man would not so have forsaken her,) had found, in the interim, a watery grave. My anxiety made the fisherman's wife come and bargain to let me have the poor woman's clothes, (which, it seems, her husband had bundled up for himself, while the boys were staring at you,) if I would give her more than their value. I was willing to have them on any terms ; and cannot but say that the unhappy creature must have been above the common degree. All I got I have had packed up with this letter ; not that I could hope such mere trifles would ever lead you to any discovery, but only I thought it might be a melancholy satisfaction, one day, to you to have all I could save for you.

“ A few days after, we heard that the bodies of several sailors and one woman had been washed ashore, and buried at a village some miles on ; most likely those who took to the boat, and left your mother to expire alone.

“ I would not leave a poor babe to perish, or depend on the charity of schoolboys ; so I sent you privately, with

one of my own maids, to Bellarney, and forbade her ever saying how I came by you. I soon after told my inquisitive little cousins you was dead. When I returned, I found you a brave girl, and much stouter than Emily Arden, who doted on you. I then had you christened by my own name, and have always loved you both alike. May you deserve that love, is the prayer of your unfailing friend,  
“ E. BELLARNEY.”

The spectators, satisfied, though not much informed, by this letter, joined in solemn prayers for the departing spirit.

To the only person whom it could inform, the chaplain afterwards conveyed it. Sir Edward Arden, however, wanted not this authentic testimony of the parentage of Emily Fitzallen, which the shawl had at once ascertained. Rich, and very remarkable in pattern, it had been among the costly presents of Governor Selwyn to his bride; who, when Duchess of Aberdeen, bestowed it on Miss Archer. Well did Sir Edward remember seeing it wrapped round her, to conceal her enlarged figure, as she feebly tottered through the garden, to a bark that became her tomb.

Softened by this recollection to a full forgiveness of the wretched woman's guilty daughter, Sir Edward now returned to her chamber, lest the agitation in which they had all been might have added to the horrors of her mind: but he no sooner cast his eyes on her, than he saw that human joy or sorrow would never more affect her. Delirium and stupefaction had come rapidly on from the moment they retired; and only the benignity of Emily's mind had given to the erring wretch the poor chance of a death-bed repentance and pardon.

But if Sir Edward thus accused himself, how did the Duke settle with his conscience, since it was obvious that the shawl explained the painful truth, no less to him than to his brother? The frank and liberal soul of the latter induced him soon to seek the father of this miserable woman; and disdaining to conceal his own share in the well-meant but fatal plan, the Duke had no sooner perused

the authentic memorial of the old countess, than Sir Edward avowed the share he had taken in the removal of Miss Archer, and the wounding reproaches which his own conscience had long made him, when he found the unhappy woman had been, by some strange means, lost. A generous or feeling mind would have silenced the man who thus imputed to himself a sin, which was white in comparison with the one that led to it ; but the Duke was incapable of so delicate a sensation ; and relieved from the sense of his past fault, by viewing Sir Edward's through the magnifying medium of his own representation, he made the Marquis, who was present, painfully sensible of the difference between his father and his uncle. The *éclaircissement*, however, put the Duke on good terms again with himself ; and had any other person in the house been able to be at ease, he would not have found himself otherwise.

To recover a little from the horror of these exhausting scenes, Emily and her lord, with their race of little ones, wandered to a rustic seat, on the brow commanding the river and the boat-builder's house. There, with endeared remembrance, they reviewed their past lives, and the happy years which they had spent in that sweet sequestered home ; then worshipped the Heaven which thus awfully hallowed their marriage, by the affinity of the Marquis and the other Emily, — thus leaving not a doubt of the legitimacy of their children. Without a care, but for those around them, the married lovers, as evening closed, wandered home ; when the Marchioness anxiously inquired if the wretched woman had yet recovered her senses. The surgeon ventured to inform her that he had never hoped she would, and rather thought it a miracle they had remained at all.

They found Sir Edward traversing the saloon, still exquisitely alive to the pang of the moment, and always picturing to himself Miss Archer trepanned by his emissary, and both consigning themselves to a watery grave. The Duke, on the contrary, was sitting, coolly answering his letters from London ; regretting the purgatory he was enduring, and assuring his friends that he should hasten to

join them at some public meetings now approaching. On supper being announced, Sir Edward retired, on the plea of indisposition. The Marquis and his lady sat down to table, but the Duke alone could enjoy the splendid entertainment which Emily had almost forgotten having ordered in honour of the birth-day of her daughter. Her grandfather, however, made a voluptuous meal; and the lovers hastened, as soon as they decently could leave him, to the bed-side of Sir Edward; whom they found so nervous, that both insisted on remaining there.

The Duke, now necessarily alone; and obliged to reflect, used all his customary address to veil from a heart always selfish, and by his vicious intercourse with the world now almost callous, an uneasy sense of error which the refined Sir Edward had left there. Ingenious in palliating his own faults, he soon fancied his brother the only culpable person, and himself the aggrieved one. What had Sir Edward Arden to do with his little gallantries? — He should have taken good care both of the mother and the child, without any sentimental interference. As to this wretched girl, it was not very likely she should recover; but if she did, he would give her a handsome annuity. Above all, he would get out of the execrable dungeon of Bellarney, the moment he could make his little arrangement with Beatrice. Under this agreeable impression, the Duke fell into as sound a sleep as if the wretched being whom he had called into existence, and who was now dying within a hundred yards of him, had never been born at all.

But though the extraordinary events of the day had not acted very sensibly on the heart of the Duke, they had very powerfully affected his constitution; and the blood strangely ebbed and flowed in his veins, without his observing it. Repletion was at such a moment dangerous, and his profound sleep very far from a wholesome one. Suddenly he dreamed that Miss Archer, wrapped in the shawl which had been so lately displayed before his eyes, and holding in her hand her daughter, changed to a negro-blackness, stood at his bed-side. The shock of seeing them was doubled, when the mother, in a voice of thunder, told him they were come to claim their own; and gashing, with a single stroke,

his bosom, they joined to pluck forth his heart, yet spouting with blood and quivering with life. The exquisite torture of mind and body waked him ; or rather, perhaps, corporeal agony caused the mental delusion : for he felt the gout had flown into his stomach, and the rack of pain became insupportable.

From the chamber of Sir Edward, whom they had soothed into a sweet slumber, Emily and her lord were hastily summoned to that of one who never was to sleep more. Short but intolerable was the torture of the Duke ; attended with a delirium which realised his dream, and presented the tremendous phantom of Miss Archer for ever to his eyes. At the same hour, nay, almost at the very moment, under the same roof, expired the Duke of Aberdeen, and his guilty, but unfortunate daughter — an awful warning to all the survivors.

Miss Fitzallen was, by the orders of Emily, privately interred at the feet of Lady Bellarney, and the secret of her affinity to the Marquis never circulated.

The remains of the Duke were sent to Scotland, to join those of his ancestors.

Sir Edward Arden, purified from his only fault, and eminent for his many virtues, by the temperance of his habits, and the unremitting cares and tenderness of his children and grandchildren, had the peculiar happiness to reach a very late period of life, without suffering, in any great degree, its infirmities.

Virtue and sweetness, personified in Emily, formed the centre of a wide circle — their mingled beams diffusing a glowing happiness over her own immediate family — a warm interest towards her friends — and an affecting benevolence among her dependents ; while supplying in her regulated mind, now an example to her father and husband, and now to her children, she had the rare felicity of seeing that not one of the many was ever tempted, through the course of her long life, to diverge from the sphere of so dear an attraction.

## THE OFFICER'S TALE.

## CAVENDISH.

He who, with tender delicacy bred,  
 Was nursed in luxury, on dainties fed;  
 And, when still evening summon'd him to rest,  
 Sunk in soft down upon his mother's breast,  
 Must——Ah, what must he not? — POPE'S HOMER.

“AND shall I wear my new clothes? And shall I have a watch that will go? And shall I keep it myself all day? And hang it at my bed's head at night? And won't the big boys pinch me, and beat me, and take it from me?”

Such were the interrogations that burst from the heart of little William Cavendish, as his maid was undressing him on the eve of that day which was to form an era in the history of his life.

“Fye, Master William,” said Mary, “I thought you had been more of a man than to cry thus. You know your papa will have you go to school, and there you will be made good.”

“But I'll be good without going, Mary. Emma is not good: Emma cries: and yet they don't send her away.”

“Gracious me! Master Cavendish, your mamma would break her heart if Miss Emma were to be sent away! — Well now, go to sleep, there's my precious! 'tis but a little while between this and Christmas; and then you'll come home, and have treats and feasts, and see your pretty mamma again, and play cards with Miss Emma, and forget all about the odious school.” With this wise and comfortable exhortation, Mary tucked up her little charge and departed. The poor child's heart was full; it bounded against the bed clothes: but that balmy goddess who delights to repose on the rosy cheek of infancy soon closed his eyelids, even while the bright dewdrop that moistened



them still quivered on the lash. Morning, however, waked little William, as it did many other Williams, once more to sorrow. As Mr. Cavendish had announced his intention of setting off early, the whole household was actually in motion before ten o'clock; and Mary, electrified by the sound of her lady's bell at so unusual an hour, hastened to prepare her little charge for his parting visit in his mother's dressing-room. How deeply did the recollection of that visit sink into the heart of the sweet boy! Long years had rolled over his head when he still remembered the soft scent of the plants and exotics with which the apartment was perfumed from the antechamber: he could have drawn the plan of both; have described the exact situation of the doors; the drapery of the windows; and the very corner where the little Emma, his sister, raised on cushions, sat cutting paper while nurse waited behind. In the bloom of manhood, when sorrow had struck her fangs into his heart, it still remembered the fond beatings of that moment.

A lovely young woman, whose maid was braiding her hair as it flowed over a white wrapper, started from her seat at his entrance, and folding him in her arms, poured over her darling those tears a mother only sheds. Sympathy or complaisance, however, soon produced a most audible accompaniment; and while even the manly heart of William vented itself in sobs on the bosom of his pretty mamma, while Emma, screaming aloud, clung about them both, and nurse and Mary displayed their eloquence in a most pathetic strain of lamentation, the whole group was suddenly silenced by the entrance of a gentleman in a riding coat, and ready booted for a journey. Mr. Cavendish, for it was he himself, was in the prime of life, and had the reputation of being handsome;—

“ But care  
Sat on his faded cheek: yet under brows  
Of dauntless courage and considerate pride.”

He paused for a moment at the door; then, passing silently across the room, continued for some time to gaze earnestly on his children and his wife. Little William involuntarily shrunk from the examination; and when, in a sober but determined tone, Mr. Cavendish inquired if he was ready,

a brighter glow kindled in his cheek, and a faint affirmative dropped from his lips : while his *pretty mamma*, for so he had been accustomed to call her, and well indeed she deserved the epithet, again in an agony of fondness caught him to her bosom. Neither the memory nor the understanding of a boy of five years old could retain all the scene that followed : the image of his mother, clinging to him and bathing him with her tears, was the last that dwelt upon his eye ; the voice of his father, as in an authoritative tone he commanded nurse to take away the little Emma, whose grief became too noisy, still rang upon his ear ; and the carriage had driven rapidly through several streets of the metropolis, before William deigned to look around him and inquire, in a half timid, half angry tone, " if his little horse should be of the same colour with that the groom rode ? "

" I do not think you will want a horse, William," said his father gravely ; " had I not better buy you a doll ? " William's heart kindled at this insult, which he perfectly comprehended.

" I have seen *you* cry," replied he, sullenly.

" Indeed ! "

" Ay ; not like Emma, nor mamma ; but your eyes were wet." Mr. Cavendish turned them on his son : there was probably somewhat in their expression which the latter understood ; it is even possible that they were not then dry.

" You are now going, my dear William," said his father, after a pause, " to know the value of time : it is proper, therefore, I should give you your watch : examine it ; does it please you ? " — Enchanted at the sight, William had at first no voice for thanks.

" The watch is very beautiful, but I don't like the seal, papa," said he, after a quarter of an hour's rapture had left him leisure to discover the faults of his new acquisition.

" And why so, my dear ? "

" It has no coat of arms."

" And who taught *you* to know that ? "

" Mamma. Mamma gave Emma one."

" I have given you none, my dear boy," said Mr. Ca-

vendish, who had his reasons for the omission. "You must learn to deserve one: in the mean time I will strive to give you something better,—you shall have a head and a heart."

"I'd rather have a coat of arms," said the boy, faithful to the ideas early implanted in him.

The seminary to which Mr. Cavendish conducted his son could not properly be termed a school: situated in the bosom of a rich and lovely country, at the distance of seventy miles from London, on the edge of the New Forest, it had every advantage that an expensive establishment could afford; and it had one which all expensive establishments do not afford,—a preceptor who knew how to blend softness and indulgence with the calm authority that prunes, without blighting, the exuberant blossoms of youth. Of twelve boys little Cavendish was by much the youngest: his tender years seemed to privilege those stipulations which his father made in his favour, and he was received by his school-fellows rather as their plaything than companion. Inheriting from his mother a delicate beauty, he was, indeed, upon the point of becoming a plaything to the whole family: but William had not lived in his own without learning to be troublesome. Busy, active, assuming; always ready to justify the wrong he dared to commit, he quickly ceased to be mamma's moppet: and, as his abilities were strong, and his observation uncommon, he soon ranked with boys considerably older than himself.

Christmas is come and past, Mary, but William does not go home! on the contrary, he hears little or nothing from thence. Overwhelmed by a calamity of which he was an unconscious sharer, the loss of the little Emma, his sister, whom a fever suddenly carried off, both father and mother seem to have forgotten they had a son. The former has indeed once or twice printed him a letter; and the latter has sent him cakes, and sweetmeats, and playthings; and he has a pretty horse to ride, and goes into the parlour, and runs about the garden as much as he likes: but the garden and the parlour are not his home; and his little heart sometimes swells with an infantine presentiment of approaching sorrow. It fell upon him in the most grievous form; for

what shall supply the place of a mother? William lost his, ere the gloss was faded from the sables he wore for his sister. The news, communicated with a tenderness which a mother herself could scarcely have exceeded, yet burst like a clap of thunder. To him all the little wants and pleasures of babyhood had been hitherto comprised in that sweet and endearing name he first had learned to lisp. Of all his yet unformed and floating ideas, his pretty mamma had been the central point. On her bosom he had often rested his sick head; to her bosom, in all his little sorrows, had confided his sick heart. Sacred tie! inviolable cement! whose affecting influence, if duly cherished, consecrates affection by the most holy and most pure of unions! "Poor mamma! poor Emma!" would William repeat at intervals, long after he had lost them: "Death, grave," would he then add, though in other terms, "I understand not the meaning of the words!" — Ah, William, thou art yet to learn what years may roll over thy head, and leave them still a mystery!

The sensibility of the child, more deep than could have been expected at his age, seemed to take a constitutional, rather than a mental effect; for though it was not long before he recurred to his usual sports, and even appeared to pursue them with his usual activity, yet were his slumbers often interrupted by starts; and night presenting to his imagination her visionary world, the names of his mother, or his sister, would break in imperfect accents from his lips. The gentleman to whose care he was confided, sensible of the delicacy and importance of the charge, now urged Mr. Cavendish, if not to take him wholly, at least to indulge him, for a time, with that for which he so passionately longed; and it was at length announced to William that he should return *home*. But the little boy of five years old was now six; and reason was beginning to dawn upon the first impressions of nature. To the sense of restraint which his father's presence formerly inspired, a vague and indistinct fear of him had now succeeded. A serious brow, an authoritative tone, an air of abstraction that childhood comprehends not, and all the accidental variations which a suffering mind impresses on the features, were magnified,

through the medium of the boy's imagination, into something so terrific, that his cheek lost its colour, and his heart seemed to endure a sudden compression, when, on a fine morning in October, he was summoned from the playground to attend his father in the parlour. In the hall he was stopped by a faithful superintending domestic, who hastily washed his hands and face, for he had been labouring, with no small diligence, at his own parterre, and conducted him, now again rosy with exercise and trepidation, to the parlour door. William laid his hand on the lock, but ventured not quite to turn it: the gentle motion he occasioned, however, caused it to be opened on the other side, and he suddenly found himself in the presence of two gentlemen. With a beating heart he ran towards the nearest: he was of the middle size, fair complexioned, and somewhat *embonpoint*. The child stopped, gazed earnestly — he saw that it was not his father: but at a distance, with his back towards him, leaning his head upon his folded arms against the chimney-piece, stood another person.

“Cavendish,” said the stranger, after shaking hands with his young acquaintance, and saluting him with the title of little man, — “Cavendish, will you not speak to your son?” Mr. Cavendish looked not around, but, with a repulsive motion, waved the child from him.

“Take hold of your papa's hand, my dear,” said the stranger. William obeyed: the little pressure was irresistible: Mr. Cavendish raised his head, cast a momentary glance on the boy, and then, to the utter astonishment and terror of the latter, snatched him to his bosom, and gushed into an agony of tears. The joy, the trepidation, and all the various emotions of William's heart quickly blended in a similar flow: at intervals, however, he lifted up his head, to look with surprise and curiosity on his father; while the other as often turned aside the boy's curls, and gazing earnestly, seemed in every little feature to peruse some sad memorial. Sir Arthur Montague, so the stranger was named, now interposed; and, after speaking to Mr. Cavendish in a language the child understood not, began to question the latter upon such topics as were likely to interest him. With the tears of his father had evaporated the ter-

rors of William : holding him, therefore, fast by the hand, while his eyes sparkled, and his cheek glowed, he began — no less a history than that of his own life ; a history which, though according to all appearance it might have been comprised in a very small compass, yet, by the force of gay spirits, and a lively imagination, he contrived, very innocently, to embellish with enough of the marvellous to make even his father smile ; while Sir Arthur, whose countenance denoted all the sweetness and vivacity of his character, was enchanted with the child.

“ Montague,” said Mr. Cavendish, “ do you recollect the description of the interview that passed between Charles the First and his children on the eve of his execution ? Methinks that before us puts me in mind of it : — not but my head will probably be in its usual place to-morrow — but what will become of my heart ? ”

“ You continue then resolved ? ”

“ Absolutely. — Yet this boy — ”

“ Shall henceforward then be mine,” said Sir Arthur.

“ No, no,” cried William, impatiently, “ I will be my own papa's ! You are very good-natured, but I love him best ! ”

“ Darling of my heart,” cried his father, “ cherish this love ! William, when I am far away — when I have no other tie upon thee than the affecting remembrance of this hour — listen to me, my son,” said he, taking him on his knee ; — “ I am going a long, long journey : — there will be a great deal of water between you and me — and a great many people — and there will be nobody to bless you for me but God Almighty, and under him Sir Arthur Montague : and you must be good, my-dear William, to deserve the blessing of God ; and he will watch over you, and will by his power convey to my heart, in spite of the distance between us, a knowledge of all the little wants and wishes of yours. Even, my William, though you do not speak them, he will teach me how to know them ; and, if I can, I will make you rich — in return you must endeavour to make me happy : Sir Arthur Montague will teach you how : follow his advice ; look upon him as a father : forsake not his counsel as you value my blessing. And when you are

older — when the cruel world begins to assert its influence — learn early to command your passions — to regulate your understanding — to weigh what is due to others, and to feel the sacredness of such obligations as involve the happiness of those around you. I speak to him, dear Montague," he added, turning to the latter, "a language he cannot understand: be you, at a future period, my interpreter. Above all, teach him to love one who, in every circumstance, and under every climate, will exist only for him."

The conversation that ensued between the two friends was prolonged to a very late hour, at a small inn in the neighbourhood. Mr. Cavendish, on retiring, took his boy, who had been asleep for some time, to his bosom; and the next morning put him into a plain carriage and four with Sir Arthur; after which, stepping into a hack chaise himself, he was in a few days on his passage for India.

On this second parting, so unexpected and so sudden, William was even more vehemently affected than at first. No novelty of scene, no rapidity of motion, could, for some time, awaken his naturally gay spirits, or expel from his heart the image of his parents. To the most extreme depression and tears, at length, succeeded questions innumerable; and had Sir Arthur not possessed an indulgence and tenderness of temper that defied provocation, he must infallibly have been wearied out ere they were half way on their journey into Cumberland. But of all men living he was best calculated to conciliate the tempers of children. Full of a sportive vivacity, more fitted to the meridian of their faculties than to those of a maturer age, — complying to all their whims, fond of their prattle, skilful in their little sports, — he wanted only to be known to be adored; and though William's heart was far from being very flexible, and certainly more inclined to retain deep impressions, than to receive superficial ones, yet was there so winning a sweetness in Sir Arthur as subdued even him. Again, the latter engaged the boy to recount the history of his hairbreadth 'scapes; amidst which, that from a troop of gipseys, who had fixed their haunt in the neighbouring forest, was by far the most interesting; and one to which Sir Arthur

listened with the more attention, since the circumstance had really been of consequence enough to be communicated, with all its particulars, to Mr. Cavendish, as an argument for removing the child. William, after telling of the deep and tangled hollow in which they sat, described, with no small vehemence, though not in language thus elegantly poetical, the countenance and appearance of their leader : —

“ Her moving lips, her caldron brimming o'er ;  
The drowsy brood that on her back she bore,  
Imps, in the barn, with mousing owlet bred,  
From rifed roost at nightly revel fed ;  
Whose dark eyes flashed through locks of blackest shade,  
When in the breeze the distant watch-dog bayed.”

Lavish and tempting had been her promises of carrying him to his papa, or rather, what in his estimation was still better, had it been possible, to his mamma. Narrowly had he, in fact, escaped the snare, and that only by the vigilance of those appointed to watch over him, from whom a fearless heart and a busy curiosity had induced him to stray. Of these qualities, however, he had ample cause to repent, when he found the troop preparing to execute by force what they could not accomplish by persuasion ; and he was now pretty well convinced that this identical kettle, more wonderful in his description than that of Medea, was actually intended to boil, stew, or demolish him in some way or the other.

“ I am considering, my dear William,” said Sir Arthur, after a thoughtful pause, when the latter had finished his story, “ that if these wicked people ever meet with you again, they will find you out by your name ; and then who can tell what may happen ? Now you remember you were christened William Montague Cavendish : to prevent mischief, therefore, we will call you, for the future, Master Montague, and that, you know, will make all safe.” William's memory was, of course, not quite as retentive as Sir Arthur had chosen to suppose. Had it been so, he would have known probably that he received no such name at the font : but he was well enough amused with the change, when he found that he should gain by it several nominal brothers in the persons of Sir Arthur's children, to whom he was in fact very distantly related ; and so early was he



habituated to their name, that it did not afterwards occur to him to doubt whether he had a right to it.

With a heart that still reverted towards England, Mr. Cavendish, meantime, prepared to encounter the glowing suns of India. Difficulties, sickness, sorrows, besieged him on all sides ; nevertheless, he was incited by a mighty hope — a hope of such brilliance and magnitude, that hardly dared he unveil it to himself, much less did he venture to confide it to another. In placing his son under the protection of Sir Arthur Montague, he had done all that it was possible for him then to do in life. The general worthiness of his friend's character he well knew : he also knew that he had the art of being happy ; an art, to which Mr. Cavendish, instructed by sad experience, would sometimes fantastically give a higher name : nor was he, perhaps, wholly wrong. Unblemished rectitude, moderate desires, well regulated affections, and a train of the minor virtues, are at least necessary towards attaining it : nourished by them, it assumes their colouring, and seems itself almost a virtue.

But though the outlines of Sir Arthur's history were known to his friend, the turbulent stream of life, hurrying them far apart in society, had left him no opportunity to observe those minute traits of character which society itself creates. To be seen familiarly leaning on the arm of Mr. Montague, the only son of a baronet, heir to four thousand a year, *et, pour comble de bonheur*, a captain in the Guards, had been at a very early period of life (for he was considerably the younger of the two) a dazzling distinction to Mr. Cavendish. Montague was then about eight-and-twenty, and his person was among the admired of the day. To stroll through St. James's Street, or Pall-Mall, in order to display this fine person, adorned with the glittering insignia of sash and gorget ; to lounge at the fruit-shop, or bet at the billiard table, were the chief employments of his life. Of these, and other pleasures, Mr. Cavendish had sometimes been the sharer ; and a friendship thus founded seemed ill calculated for duration : but that smile which the remembrance of his own boyish fopperies extorted from Cavendish was always blended with indulgence for those of his associate.

He recollected in him dissipation rather than vice, idleness rather than folly ; and, even in his gayest moments, a certain kindness of heart, which those who have been the subject of rarely forget. The career of Mr. Cavendish's dissipation had been cut short by a prudent father ; but Sir Willoughby, who knew of no possible employment his son could have in life but pleasure, was very far from inspecting either his conduct or feelings ; yet from the latter he had, perhaps, somewhat to apprehend ; for an enemy had crept into the heart of young Montague, from which his modes of living seemed calculated completely to shield him.

The family of Sir Willoughby consisted, besides his son, of three daughters, the eldest of whom was one-and-twenty, and had, to use the fashionable phrase, been brought out : the two younger, tall girls, yet confined to the domestic circle, were assisted in their studies by Ellen Fitzherbert, a young woman, not old enough to be their governess, too old to be their friend ; but who, under the title of companion, superintended their music, directed their taste in reading and elegant works, corrected their French and Italian, occasionally made their millinery, and performed such other offices, important or unimportant, in the family, as the judgment of the elder Miss Montague deemed necessary. In the features of Miss Fitzherbert there was nothing particularly captivating ; but she had grace, manner, a sweet-toned voice, an exquisite taste in, and knowledge of music ; a secret consciousness of acquirements, that veiled itself under the most delicate modesty, and the sort of countenance that bespeaks a heart which, already acquainted with misfortune, has closed its account with life ere that has well begun. Over the many-coloured scenes to which she had been a witness during her residence in the family of Sir Willoughby, his son alone had thrown a bright tint. His person, it has been before observed, was handsome : his very fopperies were not of a disgusting kind, for he was always good-natured, always complaisant : the society he mingled in afforded him topics of conversation superior to that of a dull and libertine father, or frivolous sisters. The latter—at least the two younger ones—were charmed whenever they could get so fashionable a young man as their brother

to retail the news of the day ; and he had stretched his legs before the study fire many a long winter's evening, before it occurred to him to ask himself the question, of what attracted him there. For a time, he found his imagination sufficiently provided with an answer. "Dancing was a bore — he lost his money at cards — he had over-*rode*, or over-*walked* himself." — Any thing, every thing, by turns, supplied an excuse, till that hour at length arrived when the restless sentiment that had been insidiously gaining ground could no longer be mistaken ; and to his own astonishment, Mr. Montague discovered that he was in love. A thousand questions now rapidly succeed each other. "What sort of a mistress would Ellen Fitzherbert make ? Was it in his power to persuade her to become such at all ? And, the power supposed, had he the resolution ?" — To the most material of these, that unequivocal consciousness a truly correct and chaste woman involuntarily impresses on the mind of her lover, at once replied, No.

Yet Montague had not become master of his own secret, but through the medium of some of those responsive touches which the heart alone understands ; and in direct opposition to every possible symptom that his knowledge of the world, and of women, had hitherto taught him to call love, he had an intuitive conviction that he was the object of it to Miss Fitzherbert. A warfare that lasted some time, now succeeded in the heart of Mr. Montague. Without sufficient confidence absolutely to affront the object of his passion, or vigour of mind enough to withdraw, he waited only for a species of encouragement that should enable him to dare the first, or a return of the habitual inconstancy which would make the latter easy ; but he waited in vain. And now came forward a formidable question indeed : — should he marry her ? — A decided negative was the answer. — "Then I have nothing for it but a campaign in America."

To quit the dear delights of St. James's ; the fashionable phalanx that saunter arm in arm ; to march over ice, instead of swallowing it in cream ; to lie hard and live poorly, was a miserable alternative ; but it was "better than a ridiculous match." Exchanging his commission, therefore, with a brother officer, to America he went ; with no other

emotion on the part of Sir Willoughby, than a secret surprise that so fine a young man as his son should be baffled by a woman (for it never entered his head to doubt whether he had explained himself to her), and a surprise still more lively, that, being baffled, he should think it worth his while to fly. Yet at the very season that Mr. Montague was crossing the Atlantic to risk a life apparently so little valued; when his family were giving fine suppers in fine rooms, and his fine friends were assembled in fine clothes to eat them; while the beaux in St. James's Street never missed; and the belles at the opera forgot him; in a solitary apartment of the house which he had voluntarily quitted, sat a young woman, anxiously perusing at three o'clock in the morning, the fragment of an old newspaper, only to catch the sight of a name dear to her eyes, and which, conveyed from thence to her heart, might still its beatings, or enable her to close the lids in slumber. The hitherto prosperous Montague had been taught by the world to estimate every blessing it could bestow, save affection: he was soon to learn the full value of that.

An expedition of hazard was undertaken by a commander whose name and misfortunes are upon record. Morasses were to be traversed, woods to be penetrated: in one of these lay ambushed a body of Indians, who announced themselves by a sudden and unexpected discharge: the greater part of the advanced guard fell before it; and, first of these unfortunate men, trampled on by his companions, and buried in a mass of dry leaves and underwood, lay Mr. Montague.

Returning life was announced only by exquisite pain; and what a life! Under the thick shade of woods that seemed to exclude human tread, and to be almost imperious to sun or star-light, the bloody hand of man had strewed carnage and desolation. To the hum of social multitudes had succeeded that profound stillness under which the stretched senses seem to ache; and the gaze he threw around presenting to him only the ghastly countenances of his fellow-sufferers, as they lay motionless and bleeding, induced him to close his eyes in silent and nameless agony. Nevertheless, bodily pain again collected sense to self; and

on once more surveying his situation, he perceived that from the nature of the ground on which he fell he had been overlooked by the savages, whose horrible devastations were too visible in the persons of his miserable companions. It became now necessary that he should take advantage of the little daylight that remained, in order to discover, if possible, on what side the surviving Europeans had retreated. But the effort which his safety obliged him to make, his weakness rendered ineffectual; and after advancing a few steps, again he fainted, and again revived. Not, however, as before, did he find himself the sole existing being: a face cold, hideous, scarred, and of a deep copper-colour, lay close to his own; and as the slow and convulsive respiration struck upon his cheek, occasioned a startling emotion that seemed once more to recall the tide of life. Again the sense of pain superseded every other. The Indian, though not dead, was probably dying: *which* was to Montague hardly any longer a matter either of hope or fear; since the weakness occasioned by his own loss of blood would, he had reason to apprehend, soon prove as mortal as a more desperate wound. By a violent exertion of what little strength remained, he now tore his handkerchief and linen, and with a sort of pledget and bandage attempted to stop the flow. Near the Indian lay a wicker bottle filled with spirits, of which he tasted, and once more began to breathe freely. So too did his copper-coloured neighbour, who, opening a pair of wild and ferocious eyes, rolled them upon him with a stare of astonishment, and a convulsive sort of grin, that seemed the result of mingled pain and apprehension. From a companion whose complexion denoted him to be hostile, Montague, however, soon discerned that he had nothing to fear. One of his arms had been broken by a musket-shot, the other had received a deep wound from a hanger, and both seemed almost useless. Silently and watchfully, therefore, the two strange associates continued to gaze on each other. The Indian was unarmed, but Montague still retained his sword; and the former appeared perfectly sensible of his own defenceless situation, as well as of the sort of forbearance he observed in the countenance of his adversary; of whom, by supplicating looks and some

inarticulate phrases, he at length implored mercy and assistance. The kindness of heart which was ever a part of the character of Mr. Montague now reminded him that this savage, uncouth, indeed, and hostile, was yet a human being; evidently very young, perhaps not merciless himself. Tearing, therefore, a farther portion of his linen, he made a feeble effort to bind up the arm of his fellow-sufferer: but while yet employed in this humane exertion, his head once more became giddy, his sight failed; and the same hideous yell that had declared the approach of the savages, and which now seemed to burst from some spot closely adjoining, was the last idea that impressed itself on his receding senses.

The knell of death, which this horrible war-whoop had appeared to sound, he perceived with astonishment, on his revival, to have proved the signal of deliverance. A faint consciousness of having attempted some kindness, and of having probably received some, past across his mind; and the grim countenance of his former companion, who, stretched on skins, lay not far distant, at length ascertained his uncertain recollections. The young savage, to whom he indeed owed his life, now attempted again to make himself understood, in a jargon which Montague with difficulty discovered to be French: of this, indeed, a few broken words alone were intelligible; but they were words of amity and protection; and the heir of Sir Willoughby, the gay, the gallant, the luxurious Arthur Montague, stretched on the ground in the bosom of a desert, barely shielded from the inclemency of the weather, now owned with gratitude the mercy of a savage; and secretly lifted up his heart to that Being, who, in the most ferocious state of society, yet binds man to man by the sacred sense of obligation.

The history of five succeeding years was simply that which is common to every European prisoner whom, for whatever reason, the semi-barbarous tribes of Indians that frequent the back settlements agree to spare. To liberate him was not within the power of Wissekaw, so his young protector was called; and an attempt to escape, as they soon removed into the interior of the country, would infallibly have thrown him into the power of some other savage

nation, or have exposed him to the most merciless revenge from those with whom he resided. Thus situated, "his final hope seemed flat despair." Yet while the gratitude of the young Indian, that sentiment which, to the disgrace of civilisation, is often found most forcible in savage bosoms, held out a glimmering ray, Montague continued to suffer. Inured to hardships, and with a skin little fairer than that of his companions, he saw himself daily dragged further and further from social intercourse, and plunged into those recesses where nature seems to delight in solitude. Yet it is not, perhaps, in the bosom of society that man learns most truly to appreciate himself. When his eye seems to wander over immensity — when his imagination catches images of the sublime — when he looks above, around, beneath him, and seeing that all is great, yet feels within, that intellectual principle which is greater still ; it is then that, in direct opposition to the influence of the world, he instinctively becomes sensible of the insignificance of his frame, and of the grandeur of his mind. That of Montague was not calculated for lofty flights ; yet did it sometimes soar beyond its natural vigour ; till the more active principle that ever lived in his heart would suddenly bring forward the image of distant England, and of Ellen Fitzherbert, and tempt him to renounce a being that seemed prolonged only to suffer. It was on these occasions that Wissekaw gave him lessons of a fortitude which Europeans comparatively so little understand. Wissekaw had more sprightliness and spirit of inquiry than falls commonly to the share of North-American savages. — Having frequently accompanied his father to the French forts adjacent, the traffic there carried on had given him some vague ideas of European manners ; and though curiosity rarely forms any part of the character of these wandering tribes, the want of it springs probably more from their total ignorance of the first rudiments of what they see and hear, than from a natural defect. Man seldom desires to know that of which he does not already indistinctly comprehend a little ; and comprehending a little, perhaps as seldom stops there. The uncouth language in which Montague and his protector conversed, became, in course of time, perfectly intelligible to both. Kindness

insensibly produced familiarity, and familiarity led to confidence. Wissekaw was not without his mortifications; and he the more readily entered into those of his associate, as they were of the same nature with his own; for he was himself at that very time in most grievous want of a wife. Not indeed such a wife as Ellen Fitzherbert; but one that would carry his dinner when he hunted, and afterwards cook it; make his fire, and prepare his bed of skins: all which, with various other laborious and humiliating offices, he, with indignation, had been hitherto obliged to execute for himself; not having yet performed any military achievement that, in the opinion of his tribe, entitled him to such a relief.

The coarseness of Wissekaw's ideas, however, extremely offended the more delicate ones of Montague; and, as he could by no means plead that it was his intention to employ his wife in such servile offices, he strove, with great address, and with somewhat more credit to his imagination than his memory, to make his associate understand those generous principles by which, he assured him, love was rendered, in polished countries, a sentiment of such superior vigour and importance. Kindling, like other theorists, with the fire of his own eloquence, he used every term their scanty stock of words would afford, to paint that tender union of hearts, to which the common and vulgar concerns of life are so subordinate. He described in glowing language that delicate sex whom it is *ever* the supreme delight of man to advise and protect. He spoke of them as lovely in their dependence, interesting through their weakness, and most entitled to adoration when with blushes they bestow the grateful and undivided preference which constitutes the charm of love. He spoke, in short, as hundreds have spoken, and daily speak; till Wissekaw, who always understood most literally what came at all within the sphere of his comprehension, was so impressed, so affected with the ardour of his manner, and the fire of his eyes, that he insisted on their stopping to interchange upon the spot fresh tokens of eternal amity; and took an oath, according to the most sacred forms of his country, to effect the escape of his prisoner on the very first possible opportunity.



An engagement thus voluntary, and which certainly incurred a risk to him who tendered it, since Wissekaw was far from possessing authority enough to shelter himself from the resentment of his father, extremely affected Montague, and a considerable time elapsed ere the ardour of a first emotion subsided in either bosom.

“ I shall see my country then again,” said the young Englishman, fixing his eyes, though their sense was lost in abstraction, upon the blue mountains that bounded the horizon, and the extended “ contiguity of shade” that intervened. — “ Yet when returned to England, what am I to do there ?” — This sentence was so short that Wissekaw believed he perfectly understood it, and the answer was painted most expressively upon his face. Montague, still lost in reverie, only smiled at the simplicity of the savage, and shook his head.

“ I am very rich,” said he, after a pause, “ and she has nothing.”

“ Ah ke bonheur !” exclaimed Wissekaw in his uncouth dialect.

“ She is friendless, and I am the son of a great chief.”

“ Ah ke bonheur !” again repeated the Indian.

Montague gently represented to him that he had mistaken the word, which, it was evident, ought to have been malheur.

“ No understand,” said Wissekaw, very gravely; then rolling his eyes with profound earnestness, as if to sum up all he could recollect of the preceding discourse; “ white man,” he added, in broken French, “ love de woman to make happy. Stranger no care for her, he make friend : — she poor — he much glad — he make rich — he make de happy himself — Wissekaw much glad too.”

Montague felt peevish and embarrassed. It was, indeed, no easy matter to descend from the sublime theory of passion and generosity to those qualifying clauses which make practice appear, in the case of the individual, often so utterly improper. And though Wissekaw had a very acute understanding, and even some idea of the power of the affections and the pleasure of obliging, yet these notions being so crude as to attach themselves almost wholly to actions, instead of

words, Montague plunged deeper and deeper into the necessary distinction between them, partly for the pleasure of developing his own system, and partly for that of enlightening the savage, of whom he was fully resolved to make a proselyte. In this project he would most probably have succeeded, but for an accident that happened in the interim; which was simply that of his becoming a proselyte to the contrary opinion himself:—in other words, he grew convinced that nothing in life could be so desirable as to live for Miss Fitzherbert. From the moment this idea acquired a decided influence, sleep fled from his night, and quiet from his day. The food which toil before had rendered sweet, grew tasteless: one form alone floated before his imagination, and one only view engrossed his heart. It was not disappointed. Accident carried them not long after to that part of the banks of the Ohio where the Indians are accustomed to traffic: the opportunity was favourable; Wissekaw proved faithful to his promise; and Montague, after rewarding the kindness of the generous savage, at length turned his eyes around, and once more, with wonder and delight, saw himself encircled by Europeans. Anxious, and even painful, was the joy that took possession of his heart, when, after a short passage across the Atlantic, a stage-coach, into which, as it travelled all night, he had thrown himself on his arrival in England, set him down, at eight o'clock in the morning, in the centre of that immense metropolis, which for nearly six long years he had not beheld. A December fog, dense, yellow, heavy, hung over it; while the rays of a joyless sun penetrated far enough to gild the tops of the chimneys, but without power to warm the shivering beings that crept along the streets: some of them in colour not unlike his friend Wissekaw; but they were less fortunate, for they were not born in the wilds of America.

From Aldersgate Street to May Fair would once have been no inconsiderable walk for a St. James's Street beau: this, however, was effected: but to effect an immediate entrance into the magnificent mansion of Sir Willoughby Montague seemed an enterprise infinitely more difficult; for the porter, not at all impressed with the complexion,

dress, or address of his visiter, would have shut the door in his face, had not a housemaid, who was sallying forth with a pail, nearly fallen flat upon hers, with astonishment and terror, at what she suspected to be the young captain's ghost. Yet was it chiefly by his voice that she recognised him; for his once handsome person had undergone a sufficient alteration during his residence with his copper-coloured friends to excite mirth, and even a momentary incredulity, in the minds of his English ones.

In the family of Sir Willoughby some considerable changes had taken place. His eldest daughter was dead, the second was married, the third lived with her sister in Cavendish Square, and Ellen Fitzherbert lived, as it appeared, no where: for of her not the least mention was made by Sir Willoughby; who, himself a cripple with the gout, and provided with a superintendent for his household, that rendered daughters superfluous, seemed to think, that while he, his mansion, and his equipages, remained above ground, all that was material in life might be said to be *in statu quo*. So thought not his son, however. Turning with disgust from those splendid apartments which neither health, virtue, nor the affections illumined, he stayed only long enough with his father to show that respect the character demanded; and, having announced his approach by a hasty message, eagerly repaired to Cavendish Square. His foot was almost on the steps when a splendid footman brushed hastily by him, with a most formidable rap; he was followed by two females, in one of whom Montague had scarcely discovered his youngest sister, altered, and grown tall, when by her side, pale, trembling, and ready to sink at sight of him, his heart, after a moment's pause, recognised Miss Fitzherbert. Hers had not been so dilatory: dress, distance, the lapse of time, the impression of suffering, all that changes man to the eye of man, yet obliterates him not from the memory of a tender and a faithful woman. Forgetful of decorum, Montague snatched her to his bosom; and the embrace mutually exchanged gave them as decidedly to each other as though a thousand vows had passed between them: those that passed soon after were irrevocable.

The match, however, was prosperous only in affection: it was in the power of Sir Willoughby to bequeath almost the whole of his estate from his son; and, by the exertion of that power, the latter found himself, not many years after, a baronet, whose whole riches consisted in a wife and three fine children; an income of about eight hundred per annum in the "green solitudes" of Cumberland; a house little better than a farm; with the usual appendages of pigs, poultry, paddocks, and cows. The world was not sparing in its comments, either on the conduct or fate of Sir Arthur. The higher ranks censured his folly; the lower bewailed his misfortunes: the one considered him as deserting his duties; the other as robbed of his enjoyments: they were, perhaps, equally erroneous in their judgments; for neither class remembered that the man who is active in a narrow sphere does more, in all respects, both for himself and others, than he who slumbers in an extensive one: and that the obscure Sir Arthur Montague, adored by his wife, honoured by his children, cherished by his acquaintance; the best master, the best magistrate, the best man within his circle, might justly claim, not merely a higher, but a happier rank in society, than had ever been enjoyed by the profligate father, the hard landlord, the corrupt senator, the long debilitated, and always narrow-minded baronet, then lying in state in May Fair.

It was at this period of Sir Arthur's life that chance brought Mr. Cavendish, who was making the tour of the lakes on horseback, once again within his neighbourhood. Mr. Cavendish had himself been then married somewhat more than a twelvemonth, had a very young and exquisitely beautiful wife, a splendid establishment, and enough of the world in his character to look with surprise and concern upon the lot of his friend: four years after, he intrusted to the protection of that friend his only and darling child.

Ellen, for she was still Ellen in heart and conduct, though the courtesy of the world called her my Lady, received the boy with a tender sigh, to think that he should at so early an age want protection; and little Montague, for by that name he was now known, soon found himself

perfectly at home among his young associates. Sir Arthur, who with an affectionate heart, had both from nature and education a bounded mind, presided over their sports, and was, in fact, only the overgrown boy of the group. He delighted to ramble with them round the borders of the beautiful lake near which his house stood, to paddle with them on the water, to climb through the adjoining copse to the rude brow that overlooked the valley,

“ And catch the fragrance of the mountain breeze.”

The care of instruction was consigned to the curate of the village, a man well fitted to the task both in learning and merit ; while Sir Arthur, after a day spent either in the pursuits of benevolence, or the gaiety of childhood, sat down, well pleased of an evening, to look in the eyes of a wife who lived but in his ; happy through the mere expansion of his own heart, and the pleasure of making happy. It is not with impunity, however, that man procrastinates either in his pursuits or his morals. The years that Sir Arthur had spent in an irresolution but too well understood by its object, had neither turned the head, nor broken the heart of the woman he loved ; but they had secretly snapped those finer springs of the constitution which neither heart nor head can wholly repair. The well regulated mind of Ellen Fitzherbert had taught her to struggle with an ill-judged passion : it would have taught her to conquer it, had her lover's mind been equally vigorous ; but the sickly hope which his conduct was ever calculated to cherish had tainted her stronger faculties, and happiness itself came too late. A consumptive tendency, not natural to her constitution, yet seemed hereditary to her children, and at the moment of giving them life, death sprang forth with it hand in hand. The malady at length seized upon herself. She suddenly grew far more beautiful than she had ever yet been ; her complexion cleared ; her eyes assumed a sparkling lustre they had not before known ; her frame wasted into delicacy, her voice softened into languor ; and a short cough, accompanied with a bright pink upon her cheek, announced the foe within : not approaching in darkness and terrors, but cruelly borrowing the bright colours of youth,

of health, and loveliness. Sir Arthur took the alarm ; air, diet, exercise, and perfect peace were at once prescribed : but neither air, exercise, nor diet prevailed ; the peace, indeed, was perfected.

“ Let me look at her again,” said her weeping *protégé*, the little Montague ; “ let me look at her again ! I never saw my own mamma when she was dead ; but I dreamed of her often ; and when I waked I prayed : and I am sure God heard me more then than he has ever done since, for I felt him in my heart.” — The boy spoke truth ! sacred surely are the first tears we shed over those we fondly love. “ They turn thought inward,” and woe to them who rob mortality of its earliest purifying tribute !

With his wife vanished all that was bright or marking in the life of Sir Arthur ; her understanding had directed, her activity had given spring to the goodness of his heart. Her acquirements, her sprightliness, her affection, had invisibly presided over all his hours : the heaviness of character sometimes incidental or natural to man, verges, in declining years, either to stagnation or vice ; it is then that active and well-informed woman so happily fills the chasm of life, and without being obtrusively any thing, becomes, in fact, almost every thing to her household. Sir Arthur felt acutely a loss which he justly deemed to be irreparable : but time, that alleviates all grief, insensibly subdued his ; and his agricultural pursuits, which had long filled up his leisure, became enlarged by an accession of fortune bequeathed him through his youngest sister. With the other he kept up no intercourse from the time of his own marriage : a degradation which, as she hoped her son would be heir to Sir Willoughby, she had chosen to unite with the latter in resenting. That son, indeed, lived not to enjoy his advantages ; but the lady, who considered her brother as a cipher in her world, was so indignant at the disposition of her younger sister's property, that the breach, before sufficiently wide, became insurmountable, and each seemed willing to obliterate all recollection of the other. It is, perhaps, not unworthy of notice in the eventful history of human life, that this same woman, on becoming a widow some few years after, married a man as scantily endowed

as Ellen Fitzherbert with the gifts of fortune, and far beneath her in those of nature.

Time, so rapid in its flight, is nevertheless often so uniform in its pace, that the accumulation of years alone tells us they are past. Montague was a young man, and Sir Arthur an old one, before he was quite prepared for either circumstance; yet even that indolence which daily grafted itself more and more on his character, did not prevent his casting many a long and anxious look towards India. The continued residence of young Montague in his family matured a growing evil, which, though he had penetration enough indistinctly to foresee the extent of, he wanted judgment, and almost power, to obviate. The child had been irresistible, the boy was captivating, but the young man was already proud, impassioned; highly gifted by nature with every grace of person, and every promise of mind.

Sir Arthur knew the peculiar circumstances that attended his *protégé*: he saw that the elder Mr. Cavendish, whatever were his plans, had set his fortune, his life, nay, even the future fate of his son, upon a cast; and that the latter was either to be great, or nothing. The career of his father had not, at first, been prosperous. In going to India he had rested his hopes upon the Governor General; a relation, whose rank rendered every thing possible to him: that he had once been tenderly beloved by that relation he well knew; but he forgot to calculate the immense change that had since taken place in himself. When Mr. Cavendish was first noticed by Lord Montresor, he was young, gay, happy; full of promising talents, of high expectations, of never-failing spirits; inheriting from his father a great commercial concern, and a property almost immense, there was scarcely any thing his friends did not hope from him, perhaps nothing he did not hope for himself. He carried to India a broken fortune, a proud spirit, an embittered heart; no health, no gaiety, no happiness. Under these circumstances it was not wonderful that Lord Montresor found it difficult to recognise the young man whom he had formerly distinguished. He received him, however, with kindness, and would have employed him in a line that was likely one day to raise him to

all he could desire ; but the vigour of Mr. Cavendish's mind was, for a time, absorbed ; and the Governor General soon discovered that he was not to be employed. Unable to judge whether he had made his fate, or his fate had made him, Lord Montresor, nevertheless, did not forget that he was unfortunate and estimable ; he continued, therefore, to retain him near his person, and to amuse him with hopes for several years. Those years were almost a fearful blank in the life of Cavendish. Sometime, starting from his day-dream, he would indulge the secret fever of his mind in long and wild letters to his son : then recollecting that son was yet a child, he would again start to think that he must soon become a man : soon wake to all the strong and turbulent influence of contending passions : wake to feel

“ The proud man's scorn, the oppressor's contumely,  
The pangs of despised love.” —

He would then dash away the pen — climb, in despite of a tropical sun, to some point whence he might view the white sails of the vessel that conveyed the despatches, and, as they lessened before him, breathe upon his child a blessing too heart-breaking to be fashioned into words.

Of letters thus written, a very few consequently ever reached Sir Arthur ; nor had he discrimination enough to distinguish in those that did the effusions of a perturbed recollection from a sober and rational injunction. The energy with which Mr. Cavendish ever dwelt on one important secret, and the wild solicitude with which he enforced the necessity of its concealment from his son, rested, therefore, habitually and forcibly on the mind of his friend ; and Montague himself was now become so tenderly endeared to the latter, that hardly could the beating heart of the father have claimed a fonder interest in his future fate. That formidable future, already, therefore, pressed hard and close upon Sir Arthur, when a lingering but dangerous malady, with which he was attacked, by seeming to close the account to himself, brought to his imagination, with agonising earnestness, the evils it might produce to his *élève*. Of the baronet's landed property, only that small part was alienable which he had himself by purchases added to the estate, and of personal fortune he could hardly be said to have accumulated any. Not that he was wholly



devoid of the wish to do so, or believed himself without the prospect. But Sir Arthur was among that unlucky class of gentlemen farmers to whom every season is constantly adverse: whose crops are always spoilt by too much sun, or too much rain; too obstinate an adherence to an old plan, or the too zealous pursuit of a new one. He was besides generous and indulgent to a fault; consequently so often plundered, that no man had more reason to congratulate himself that there was a place in another world in which to garner his treasure, where "moths do not corrupt, nor thieves break in and steal," for none such did he ever find in this. But as it is the property of some natures to sweeten every thing with which they come in contact, so even dishonesty or idleness, in passing through the guileless medium of his imagination, seemed to lose somewhat of their grossness, and presented themselves to his judgment in qualifying and gentler forms. But that calm sunshine with which the latter years of his life had been gilded was now upon the point of being wholly closed. Life itself hung by a frail and uncertain tenure; and he reflected, with poignant anxiety, that in quitting it, he left there a young man of high passions and a cultivated mind, without a pursuit and without a friend.

Among the few things which Sir Arthur had really understood, as, indeed, it was the only one he ever studied, was his own profession. The military art he had both theoretically and practically had opportunity to acquire, and, as he now believed, most fortunately to impart. When Montague was a boy he had delighted to play the soldier, and when rising to maturity, Sir Arthur had found some difficulty to subdue in him that passion for, and study of arms which his own discourse first instilled. Often did the young man tread in imagination the deserts of America, or the burning sands of India, glowing with the enthusiasm incidental to an inexperienced and generous heart; impatient to spread the blessings of civilisation and humanity, without being aware how often the means defeat the end, and how little that end has been even proposed by the polished savages who claim the title of conquerors. The inclination Sir Arthur had studiously endeavoured to sup-

press, he now, with no less zeal, endeavoured to revive. — Montague, indeed, conceded to a plan against which he could not reasonably remonstrate, but he conceded only. His character was of that mixed kind in which the passions and the follies by turns prevail: for the one he had already found an object; the other was a lurking poison in his blood, which Sir Arthur possessed not discernment enough to restrain. In the delicate office of educating the heart, so many nicer feelings are a necessary supplement to understanding, that few indeed are the minds adequate to the task.

It was not, however, the fate of Montague only that strewed the pillow of Sir Arthur with thorns. Amid the various changes in his family occasioned by the death of his wife, had been the removal of a young creature intrusted, almost from the moment of her birth, to the protection of the latter. Miss Rochford, though even nobly allied, had, by the folly and dissipation of her father, been born under circumstances of such peculiar distress, as rendered her the object of attention to the friend, though the humble one of her mother. She was an orphan; and even in childhood blessed or cursed, as fortune should decide, with that inimitable beauty which so often dazzles judgment and confounds wisdom. To educate the little Clara as a wife for one of her sons had been among the very few romantic projects which Lady Montague ever cherished; and the overwhelming succession of calamities that swept both mother and children to one common grave left to Sir Arthur the painful task of returning Clara to those who were called her natural friends. In the house of her aunt, Lady Selina, the sweet girl “learned to sigh ere she could know to sin;” and, after a short residence, was once more thrown back upon her nominal guardian, with an earnest request that he would place her, for a small stipend, under some humble, but respectable protection in the country; a sort of thing which her Ladyship protested, with more truth than she was aware of, “it was utterly impossible for a person of her style in life to discover.” Sir Arthur, pained and embarrassed, attempted, with the indecision common to bounded minds, to find a medium where discretion should

have told him there could be none : and satisfied with removing her to some little distance from his own roof, encouraged the hope that time and chance, if not the return of Mr. Cavendish, for which he ardently longed, would wholly separate her and Montague. Time fled indeed with rapid wing ; but brought with it only a painful and increasing surmise, that it was no longer in the power of chance to separate two hearts thus early associated. Mutual misfortunes, personal charms, and habits of intimacy, had, in fact, all united to cherish a passionate love ; and while each hovered over the sick bed of Sir Arthur, his anxious eyes, quickened by apprehension, became but too well apprised of the secret. Nothing could be more perverse, more unfortunate. Clara, though not wholly dowerless, as the small settlement made on her mother had not been dissipated, was ill able to form the fortune of him she loved. — Young too as she was, she was responsible to the very family that had neglected her for that conduct which they condescended not to regulate, that fate in which they would perhaps never sympathise. Montague was even more delicately circumstanced ; yet was it only by awakening his pride that the formidable passion prevailing in his heart could be counteracted. Dear, however, as Clara was to him, he shrunk from the idea of marking his own outset in life by appropriating her little fortune : while she, guileless of heart and pure in principle, accustomed implicitly to believe that she should ever find her pleasures in the circle of her duties and affections, had yet no eye nor ear for the allurements of life. The house of Lady Selina, to which she was of necessity about to return, was hateful to her imagination. Gentle, natural, attached to her benefactor, to her lover, to simple and domestic enjoyments, she neither sought nor desired any thing beyond them. Pure and unadulterated heart ! should there be found one of either sex cruel enough to corrupt thee, how deep would be the sin, how great ought to be the self-condemnation !

Sir Arthur reasoned ill, but he always felt rightly ; and it was only necessary that any subject should become a question of the heart, and not of the head, to make him view it in a true light. Little as had been his knowledge

of the world, his observation, still less, he was yet too well informed in it to indulge those chimeras which the ardent imagination of a young man delighted to paint. He was aware that promotion was far from being the consequence of merit in a military life; and was not quite sure, though inclined to believe it, that love continued the *inseparable* attendant on matrimony. Thus circumstanced, his negative was decisive: yet even in refusing, the lovers observed with pleasure that he sympathised in their hopes, shared in their anxieties; and that Heaven would continue to them the tender and indulgent friend it had so providentially bestowed upon their infancy, was a prayer that always followed, nay, almost preceded, that which they mutually offered up for each other. The negative of Sir Arthur had been decisive, however, only as it respected himself. "By what right, my children," would he say, "can I sanction a tie thus important? How shall I rob a parent of his first and dearest prerogative, and fix the fate of that son for whom his father is content to become an exile and a wanderer? Write, my dear William, to yours: your worldly as well as moral prosperity must and ought to depend on him. My little fortune and my little interest shall in the interim be employed for your service; and my sweet Clara will keep for her lover a heart which he will every day learn better to deserve. That of Montague beat with emotion as he obeyed the injunction of Sir Arthur; and the first genuine and frank communication of mind from a son to a father was compounded of all those various and interesting shades which their relative situations could not but create. Impelled by the influence of a strong and powerful love, he, at one moment, demanded its object, as calculated to supersede every claim and every duty. Those claims and duties then took their turn in his heart; and the recollection of the distant, and perhaps suffering being, to whom he was addressing himself, suffused his eyes with tears. He saw nothing but his father, heard nothing but his father: when, at the very moment of filial emotion, the image of a despot crushing his hopes, and annihilating his right of choice, awakened that pride which ever formed a decided trait in his character, gave a new colour to his style,

and breathed over it estrangement and coldness. "I throw myself on your tenderness, on your justice," concluded he at length. "I implore my happiness at your hands, as the first and richest gift you can bestow. Imperfectly as I am informed of the views that detain you from your country and your son, and painful as is the alienation thus imposed on me, I pledge myself so to fill up life that my father shall never regret he gave mine a charm, nor ever blush should it be in his power to give it distinction. If your son," continued he, with a proud but generous enthusiasm, "prove not honourable in this, *renounce him!*"

Of the full import of a letter thus written, Montague was hardly sensible till too late. He then remembered, with useless regret, that to the strength of a natural tie, he had now added a voluntary appeal: that months must pass away before the packet could reach its destination; more than months ere the answer could arrive: and that whether Sir Arthur lived or died in the interim, conceded or was inflexible, the fiat was lodged beyond his jurisdiction. Nor did this now escape the notice of Sir Arthur himself; who saw with pleasure the additional obligation of delay thus imposed on the lovers. Yet as finesse formed no part of his character, the idea was far from having occurred to him when he dictated the address; and the letters of Montague were even accompanied by others from himself, more fully explanatory of the temper, the connections, and the heart of Miss Rochford. The regrets of the young man were doubtless quickened by the approaching departure of Clara; who was torn from the sick bed of her guardian in the heart of winter, merely because it did not suit her relations to send a proper travelling companion for her at any other season. The parting between the lovers was tender, and the tears they mutually shed seemed to them ominous.

Sir Arthur's mind, thus relieved from the apprehension of a hasty and indiscreet union, now dwelt with sweet complacency on the hope of a future one: and had his constitution seconded the vigorous efforts he made to shake off languor and debility, his health would probably have undergone a rapid amendment. As it was, however, he

did not grow worse; and the faculty began even to persuade themselves, that, should his strength enable him to go through the winter, spring would do more in his favour than they had yet ventured to hope. But there was a malady over which neither spring nor summer seemed likely to have a happy influence; and which daily grew more insupportable from the necessity of concealment. Money had never yet been, at any period of Sir Arthur's life, an object of consideration to him: too affluent at one time to want, and at another too moderate to spend it, he now only discovered its importance. For Montague he was proud, delicate, nay, he would have been even profuse; and to be obliged to send him into the world with the narrow stipend annexed to a commission, was a chagrin that would very much have assisted to hasten his kind friend out of it. Yet, to raise a sum that should set him above this, was, in the state of Sir Arthur's health and fortune, a matter of difficulty. Delay followed delay, and spring was already far advanced ere the business was likely to be completed. With spring, however, returned those genial breezes which seem to communicate their vivifying power to the heart. "Our friend will live, my dear Clara," wrote Montague: "he has to day been rolled out in his easy chair to enjoy the balm of the sunshine. How bright to me would have been the beam had my Clara partaken it! yet in seeing the returning glow that kindled on the cheek of Sir Arthur, I think I felt a pleasure hardly second to that with which I have beheld it mantle over her own. The purchase-money is now laid down. I believe he has had some difficulties in raising it; but his attentive kindness has hitherto concealed them from me. Poverty, however, is not an evil confined to your lover, my dear Clara. By a whimsical mistake, the agent whom Sir Arthur employs, misdirected a letter designed, doubtless, by its contents, for some unfortunate fellow like myself, and which fell into my hands. I felt a most disagreeable sensation as I returned it. It was civil, nevertheless: but still it was the language of refusal. 'Money was so difficult to raise—his exigencies were so frequent; then he had friends who were so liberal—and a mother who could

deny him nothing.' — Clara! he is there more fortunate than myself, for I have no mother!"

The answer to this conveyed the first blow that had ever yet wounded the heart of Montague. Miss Rochford, still tender, still faithful, and only too timid, confessed that she had not courage to endure the censure or the raillery of her aunt; who, having noticed their correspondence, had very indignantly reprobated it; arraigned the conduct of Sir Arthur in permitting her to form an engagement so little likely to prove advantageous to either of the parties concerned, and absolutely forbade all future intercourse between them. Clara concluded with observing, that though neither her heart nor her judgment accorded with Lady Selina, who, she conceived, had a far less right to direct her conduct than Sir Arthur himself, she yet requested that the letters intended for her might be directed under cover to a third person, who was, in fact, no other than her own maid. Not all the qualifying or gentle terms in which this information was conveyed could conceal from the jealous pride and penetration of Montague, that Lady Selina had endeavoured to throw him at that haughty distance in the mind of Clara, at which his own revolted. Anger, disdain, bitterness of soul, at once seized upon him. The very letter Lady Selina had read was precisely that which avowed his poverty, his insignificance. What letter could he, probably, ever write that would *not* avow it? How afflicting is that moment when the illusions of early youth begin to evaporate! when the cares, the anxieties, from which many a wary head and affectionate heart have been cautiously shielding us, suddenly press near, and close upon our own! Under the roof of Sir Arthur, cherished by his fortune, and sanctioned by his name, Montague had appropriated that rank in society to which the ingenuous and deserving heart believes it has a natural claim. What was his surprise to find that he had in fact none there! Excluded, as he was informed by Sir Arthur, through the misfortunes of his family, from connections and friends whose ingratitude had stamped them as aliens, there were moments in which a fearful surmise presented itself, which he knew not in what manner

either to answer or avow. Yet, engaged as his father had been in great commercial speculations, it was possible that he had been worse than *unfortunate*. "Ah, if so," sighed the indignant young man, "grievous is the lot of that child whom his parents rob of the first and dearest claim of his birth—an untainted acceptance in society!"

The amended state of Sir Arthur's health was fully necessary to enable him to endure a stroke upon his nerves for which they were ill prepared. To part with Montague for the mere marches and counter-marches of a home and bloodless service was a sacrifice he had necessarily resolved upon; when he was suddenly shocked by the intelligence of an approaching war, which, as in its opening it threatened Gibraltar, had caused the regiment in which the young man was entered to be immediately drafted there. Glory, promotion, active life, and all the chimeras attendant on a bold and aspiring mind at once sparkled before that of Montague; hard service, an obscure and stationary rank, possibly a premature fate, presented themselves to the more experienced judgment of the baronet. He had still enough of the soldier, however, in him, to know that no other arrangement could now be thought of, but that which circumstances prescribed; and he was somewhat comforted on being assured by those who were more conversant than himself with the affairs of the world, that the movements on both sides rather announced a political manœuvre than any real danger. The painful separation was, therefore, at length accomplished, and Montague, having the satisfaction of leaving his friend's health re-established, found himself in London. It was there a separation awaited him much more exquisitely painful: every step, as it brought him nearer to the spot where Miss Rochford resided, added to the throbbings of his heart. Announced as his approach had been, though but by a hasty letter, he formed wild expectations of hearing from, of even seeing her, he hardly knew where or how; and when the first inquiry at the hotel where he alighted produced him neither letter nor notice of any kind, all the furies of jealousy and resentment took possession of his soul. Miss Rochford, however, could not notice a letter which she had never received; and the



information he collected at Lady Selina's door, though not calculated to soothe his impatience, quickly subdued his resentment: for he learned that both she and Clara had been out of town on a visit for more than ten days; that their return was uncertain, and that the servants left in the house had no commission to forward any letters: none, probably, being expected by one party, nor were the expectations or wishes of the other such as she dared openly avow. Occupation, the most sovereign of all remedies for an unquiet mind, fortunately intervened to spare that of Montague the daily painful expectations that would otherwise have preyed upon it; and the novelty of the scenes before him, together with the necessity for exertion, at once awakened his powers. Sir Arthur's tenderness had furnished him with letters of introduction to some of those who had formerly been his own intimates, and from whom, though long separated by time and circumstances, he conceived he had a claim to attention: but summer was now fast approaching, and the town was thin. Of the persons to whom the letters were addressed, several were absent, and others dead. Among those to whom they were delivered, a great number had such short memories, that they could with difficulty recollect their old friend Sir Arthur; and others, on the contrary, such long ones, that they were not able to forget he had been disinherited. A few, indeed, did more credit both to him and themselves; but as they were not men of brilliant abilities, and far advanced in life, the civilities they proffered were consequently of a cold and phlegmatic kind. Montague, therefore, soon conceiving himself neglected, because he was not courted, marked them down in his imagination as superannuated and dull, and readily suffered them to escape from his memory. Such are the decisions of youth! He had in the event but too much reason to assure himself that the persons thus neglected were exactly those whose knowledge of characters and of life would, probably, had their acquaintance been duly cherished, have spared him the most bitter and well-founded regret.

Money, the grand spring of action every where, Montague soon found to be particularly necessary in London: he, therefore, hastened to wait on Mr. Colvil, the gentleman

through whose assistance Sir Arthur had raised it ; and, as he called at an hour when men of business are rarely from home, he was immediately admitted. Mr. Colvil was a middle-aged man, of a genteel appearance, whose services were extremely useful to a certain description of people, and whose connections in the military line rendered his house, which was a very handsome one, particularly the resort of gentlemen in the army. Montague found him in conversation with a young man, who withdrew, on the entrance of a third person, to a window not far distant, against which he continued to lean, with that sort of serious and abstracted air which proved that though his eyes were fixed on the passengers in the street, their sense was collected inward. As Sir Arthur's name had a better recommendation to Mr. Colvil than to some of those to whom it had been lately announced, he received Montague with extreme civility ; apologised for not having called on him on his arrival in town ; and, after a few inquiries and commonplace compliments concerning his old friend the baronet, to whom he made no doubt Montague was nearly related, informed the latter that though, not being aware of his visit, he was unprovided with the money, it should certainly be at his command, even, if necessary, in a very few hours.

“ You will think of what *I* have been saying, Mr. Colvil,” said the stranger abruptly, and as if roused by the mention of money from a very uneasy contemplation.

“ I really wish it was in my power to think to any good purpose,” answered Mr. Colvil, with a civil smile.

“ Rather say, in your will,” replied the other, relapsing into thought. Montague fixed his eyes upon him, as he spoke, with a blended emotion of interest and curiosity, which he found it the less indelicate to indulge, as it by no means seemed to embarrass its object, who was perfectly engaged with his own contemplations. He appeared about six or seven and twenty, extremely handsome, and of an easy and graceful deportment that announced him above the common rank. In his dress there was nothing remarkable ; but he was very pale, and an air of languor and fatigue added to the expression of chagrin that marked his countenance.

“ My father,” he continued, in the same abrupt and impatient tone as before, “ is, as I have told you, still at Windsor—my mother, on whom you know I could rely, is out of town, and the occasion is so urgent——”

At the mention of his mother, Montague, struck suddenly with the idea that this stranger was no other than the very person into the secret of whose distresses he had before inadvertently obtruded through the accident of the letter, and for whose disappointment he had then breathed a commiserating sigh, looked at him with redoubled interest.

“ I am extremely sorry,” returned Mr. Colvil, hesitating, as if somewhat embarrassed on finding himself between two parties, for whom such opposite answers were intended, “ quite concerned—had you allowed me any time—but, you see, my word is pledged elsewhere, sir: and against the evening it is impossible—totally impossible, I assure you,” repeated he emphatically.

Montague, from motives of delicacy, had risen to take his leave, when the impression of the last words struck upon his heart as if directed to himself.

“ If,” said he, turning to Mr. Colvil, from an irresistible impulse of sympathy, “ if a short delay on my part will enable us, sir, to accommodate this gentleman, I shall hold the trifling inconvenience to be a matter of no consequence.”

An electric stroke could hardly have produced a more sudden effect on both his hearers than these few words. The young stranger, indeed, lifted up his haughty eye with something like disdain: as it glanced over the person of Montague, however, its expression totally changed. The latter was finely formed, had from nature an air of distinction, and besides being strikingly handsome, had an intelligence of countenance that at once denoted the character of his mind.

“ I have not the honour of knowing *you*, sir,” said the stranger, in a tone that proved he thought *himself* known, “ but I feel particularly obliged by your offer.—Colvil, introduce us to each other.” The astonished Mr. Colvil complied: but his surprise was much inferior to that of Montague, when he understood that this impoverished

young man, whose pecuniary distresses he, in the plenitude of his wealth and power, had condescended to relieve, was no less a person than the son of Colonel Mordaunt: the very officer under whom he was to serve; whose fortune was even above his rank, and whose pleasure he had vainly waited for two whole hours that very morning at the War-office. Mordaunt, who, as his manner evinced, had not doubted his being known to the stranger who had thus volunteered so extraordinary a kindness, was, if not the most surprised, certainly the best pleased of the three, at the close of a conversation which secured him the command of a sum far exceeding any calculation that had been made by him who offered it. The circumstances of Mr. Mordaunt's situation, however, seemed to ensure his responsibility; and while he, in high good-humour, drove off in an open carriage with which his groom waited at the door, Montague, who declined the offer of being set down, walked thoughtfully home to his hotel; not quite convinced that his head could be acquitted of folly upon the partial testimony of his heart.

“You have played a young man's trick, my good sir,” said Mr. Colvil, by way of consoling him, as he took his leave; “but Charles Mordaunt is an honourable fine fellow, I assure you: if he is lucky, he will probably replace the sum soon; if otherwise, the trifling delay can be, as you observe, a matter of no consequence.” This hint was not lost on the person to whom it was addressed; and it afforded him a melancholy conviction that whatever inconvenience might arise from the step he had just taken, Mr. Colvil would not be likely to prove himself a young man. Beyond the calculation of, perhaps, any of the parties concerned, the gay equipage of Mr. Mordaunt set him down at Montague's door at no very late hour the next morning; when gracefully settling every obligation but that of kindness to his new acquaintance, he invited him to dine with a party of his brother officers at an hotel in St. James's Street: an introduction like this was in itself distinction, and Montague immediately found it so. For what possible purpose Mr. Mordaunt could want so large a sum for so short a time, and why he should be so ex-

tremely communicative of his private distresses before a stranger, nevertheless considerably puzzled the former : but he was not long in discovering that the young man lived in too fashionable a circle to make any secret either of his pleasures or his necessities. The love of play, in all its various forms, was evidently a vice that reigned throughout the family of the Mordaunts : and though it was, perhaps, more cautiously veiled, or spoken of with more reserve, where the Colonel was concerned, the faro table and Mrs. Mordaunt formed but one idea. Enabled, for she was the Colonel's second wife, by a splendid and independent fortune to supply both her own extravagances and those of her son-in-law, of whom she appeared passionately fond, the cherished vice had taken so deep a root in the mind of the latter, as almost to expel from it every other pursuit or pleasure. As if the folly of half the night was insufficient, the whole of it was frequently spent with gay parties at his mother's villa, in the neighbourhood of Windsor, from whence he sometimes returned with a high flow of spirits ; at others raging with vexation, pale, languid, and exactly the being he had shown himself at Mr. Colvil's. Yet, this one vice excepted, Mordaunt wanted neither understanding, heart, nor spirit. His manners were ingratiating ; he was much beloved by his brother officers ; and the title of his friend, which he at once bestowed on Montague, gave the latter a consequence and a pleasure likely to prove but too dangerous.

Engrossed, as he could not fail to be, by a variety of concerns, Montague yet counted impatiently the days and hours of Miss Rochford's absence. The probability of leaving England without seeing her became a source of the most poignant anxiety. With the romance incidental to an impassioned mind, he began to impute to Lady Selina a thousand chimerical plans, as much beyond her capacity of inventing as her power of executing : to assure himself it was impossible so critical an absence could be the effect of chance ; and to discover in that which a farther knowledge of life would have shown him to be a very common proceeding, a deep-laid scheme against his happiness. Except in the winning of an odd trick, Lady Selina was, never-

theless, perfectly innocent of any scheme whatever. She had, indeed, wholly and positively disapproved the attachment of her niece ; but she thought too little of the force of any attachment to believe it necessary she should do more than disapprove ; especially a love affair, which it was so very obvious would never give her a title or a fortune. Lady Selina was, in fine, one of those insipid characters who, having neither a heart nor head, vitiate only by creating an atmosphere in which the vital principle that should cherish every faculty of either, is wholly wanting. As her income was narrow, and her expenses great, it was her established custom to burden her friends with her company, and disburden herself of her servants, during the summer months. Her stay was every where uncertain, as it was regulated by the civilities of her hostess ; and her acquaintance were exactly of that dangerous class who, loving the pleasures of the world sufficiently to sacrifice to them every thing but a certain degree of acceptance there, find in the world that with which it so frequently

— “ Its votaries rewards :  
 A youth of folly, and old age of cards !  
 Fair to no purpose, artful to no end ;  
 Young without lovers, old without a friend.  
 A fop their passion, but their prize a sot ;  
 Alive ridiculous, and dead forgot.”

One of these poor prizes in the lottery of life Lady Selina had, indeed, drawn : who after having shown just spirit enough to squander a good fortune, judiciously took leave of society exactly at the period when it would otherwise have taken leave of him. But what was Lady Selina to Montague ? He thought not of, cared not for her, except as the relation of Clara ; and amidst the various evils with which he bewildered and tortured his imagination, that which was by far the most obvious and dangerous, a frivolous connection, was the last that occurred to him.

To Colonel Mordaunt, who had been almost constantly at Windsor, Montague had not yet had the opportunity of being presented ; but the kindness of his son, and the flattering reception that kindness had secured him in the regiment, already prepared him to expect and to give far more than a common share of attention both to the commander

and the duties of the service. Professional business at length, however, obliged the Colonel to quit his attendance on the higher powers, and be in town. Young Mordaunt, who was zealous to present his favourite to his father, volunteered in his turn, and brought the latter a most gracious invitation to breakfast with the Colonel at a coffee-house, to which it was his custom to resort whenever the pressure of affairs, or the absence of his household, made it inconvenient to him to be at home. Punctuality, however, was not among the virtues of young Mordaunt: for though he well remembered to bring the invitation, he totally forgot that he was a party concerned in it; and Montague, after vainly expecting him beyond the appointed hour, thought it more advisable to introduce himself, than to appear wanting in respect on an occasion where he could hardly show too much. His reception from Colonel Mordaunt at once convinced him that he was right. To a military air and a dignified countenance, Colonel Mordaunt united the polished manners of a court. He was much handsomer than his son, though far past the meridian of life. There was a marked penetration in his eye; and his fine features, when composed, had something of harshness, and even of austerity: but his smile was affability itself; and the variable tone of his voice proved that he had equally studied to please and to command. Nothing, in fine, could more completely fill up Montague's idea of an officer and a gentleman than Colonel Mordaunt. If on one side the impression was thus favourable, it was obviously not less so on the other. To the Colonel, who was a strict disciplinarian, and valued himself on commanding, even in the ranks, some of the finest men in the service, the tall, graceful, and manly figure of Montague proved, as his son well knew it would do, an immediate recommendation; and had he wanted a contrast, a meagre and insignificant ensign, who stood near, would have supplied one. The latter, however, was dismissed; and, from the manner of his dismissal, Montague felt that Colonel Mordaunt could certainly be proud. To the young man, however, he was, throughout the breakfast hour, courteous in the extreme. He even seemed desirous to form an estimate of his talents

and his capacity ; and though a certain delicacy of mind withheld Montague from drawing conclusions too rashly in his own favour, he yet persuaded himself that the Colonel's observations were advantageous to him.

“ My son,” said the latter, towards the close of this desultory conversation, “ has recommended you very warmly to me. I do not ask,” he added, with a significant smile, “ where, or how, your acquaintance commenced : Charles, however, in spite of his foibles, has good qualities, and, as you are a young soldier, you will do well in the duties of your profession to make him your model. Sir Arthur Montague served, I recollect, though we were not on the same duty. — Are you nearly related to him ? ”

“ Very distantly, I believe,” replied Montague, in a respectful tone ; adding, after the pause and consideration of a moment, “ I bear his name chiefly as a testimony of his kindness, and as one of three to which I have a claim : that of my family is Cavendish.”

“ Indeed ! ” said Colonel Mordaunt, with tokens of surprise.

“ Personal misfortunes,” added Montague, colouring and proudly casting down his eyes as he spoke, “ induce my father, who is at present in India, to bury his own name in obscurity : it will, probably, never be resumed till he can give it that consideration in life to which he believes it entitled.”

“ I am then to have the honour of commanding — Mr. *Cavendish* ! ” said the Colonel, emphatically, and after a pause. — “ Is Sir Arthur apprised of your intentions ? ”

“ It was his judgment that determined me.”

“ Prudently, no doubt,” returned Colonel Mordaunt, after again pausing : then added, with a gracious smile, “ I think you cannot do better than retain his name ; it is known in the military world, and will be a recommendation.” The conversation afterwards relapsed into its former train, till the Colonel at length rang the bell, and ordered that some persons who waited upon business should be admitted. Montague made his bows, and respectfully departed. But he departed not as he had entered. A strange and petrifying damp had struck upon his heart, and extinguished all that



ardour and self-possession with which he had met Colonel Mordaunt. Yet in the countenance or words of the latter there had been nothing decidedly to alarm or offend him.— The change, if any there was, had fallen in gradations so nice, that though the whole colour of the picture was different, he knew not how to define the alteration. A jealous pride bade him, indeed, trace it to the name of his father: a suspicious delicacy taught him to fear that Colonel Mordaunt might, in some transaction with that father, have been a sufferer. But so complicated was the feeling, so perplexed the recollection, that he could not at last ascertain whether it did not arise from a fastidious habit of mind, rather than a rational impression. The mortifying surmises that had before presented themselves nevertheless occurred afresh to his imagination; and he deeply regretted not having extorted from Sir Arthur a more exact detail of the misfortunes or indiscretion that had ruined his father. Whatever might be the propriety of his feelings, one determination, however, fully resulted from them: never again to mention his family name, till he was absolutely sure he could confer honour upon, or receive honour from it. Reflections of this nature engrossed him some time, during a long and harassing walk into the city, where a succession of petty concerns detained him to a late hour. But chagrin and fatigue were at once put to flight, when, on his return, the letter, the long-expected letter, from Miss Rochford, was put into his hands. Eagerly opening it, he saw at once all that his heart desired — the pure and ingenuous language of unaltered tenderness. Both the hand and the style announced it to have been written in haste, and probably at the moment after his had been presented to her. She congratulated herself on the fortunate chance that had brought her, though for a short time, to London, when her aunt had torn her from it, without allowing her leisure to make those secret arrangements which would have ensured the receipt of his letters. She painted, in the most natural and tender terms, all the anxiety she had experienced during their separation, and that more poignant regret which his sudden and unexpected departure from England was calculated to inspire. Doubting, as she

did how far circumstances might allow either of them to command a single day, she hastened to say that it was her intention to see him at eight o'clock that very evening,—an hour when the whole family were assembled at the dinner table; from which, under colour of indisposition, she meant to absent herself. “It was not thus by stealth, my dear friend,” she added, “that you and I were accustomed to meet: but I am fettered by circumstances, and must bend to them.”

The impatient lover hardly read the letter ere he looked at his watch. Eight o'clock! the hour was almost come, almost gone in his imagination, or would be so, before he could reach his appointment: he was not long in doing so, however. As the number of the house was particularised in the date of the letter (for it was not that of Lady Selina), he had no difficulty in finding it, though the mortification of discovering that, late as he supposed himself to be, he was, in fact, too early. A very magnificent dining parlour was indeed lighted up; but as the curtains were not dropped, on account of the heat, and the lower shutters ill closed, it was easy to discern that the servants were still busy in preparation. Montague waited long enough to ascertain that a gay group of both sexes had been for some minutes seated round the table, when ringing the bell, Miss Rochford's maid, to whom he had been in the habit of enclosing his letters, immediately appeared, and conducted him up stairs. Every thing throughout the house announced splendour and profusion; and the noisy mirth that resounded from one part of it formed a striking and singular contrast to the profound stillness of the spacious apartments above. Miss Rochford was herself too much embarrassed by the mystery she had been obliged to observe, to receive him with an unmixed pleasure: but by stationing her maid in the anteroom, as if to guard against intrusion, she seemed willing to sanction, or at least to qualify to herself, the indecorum she felt guilty of. He had never seen her more lovely; yet was she rather paler than when they parted; and an air of fashion, and something of affectation, had a little changed the expression of her countenance and manner. Even the ingenuous sweetness of her language

betrayed that alteration which the circle she lived in was exactly calculated to produce; and throughout the course of an interview so often anticipated, and fondly rested upon, as that which was to give the colour of happiness to many a long and painful day of separation, Montague thought he perceived but too clearly, that, though the heart of Clara was still his, part at least of those simple and rational ideas, which, under the circumstances he stood in, could alone secure it from alienation, had already evaporated: the supposition was an almost insupportable wound to his own. Yet to whom could he apply for consolation? of what even could he complain? the poison, it was evident, existed in the very air she breathed, the society she lived in: no virtue was yet wanting in her character; no affection was blighted in her bosom. They seemed only withering there!

Montague loved too passionately to venture the language of reproach; but a profound and exquisite presentiment of sorrow seized upon his heart. His conversation grew suddenly common, uninteresting; and an air of languor, almost approaching to despondency, diffused itself over his features. No longer able to say what he felt, he seemed unwilling to say any thing; when his attention was suddenly awakened by the name of Mordaunt. He had himself told Miss Rochford by letter that it was in Colonel Mordaunt's regiment he had entered; and he now, rather from the wish of replying, than for any gratification to his curiosity, inquired whether she was acquainted with him.

"Acquainted!" replied Clara with a tone of surprise; "acquainted with Colonel Mordaunt! do you not know that we are at this moment in his house?"

"Most assuredly I did not," returned Montague, while his heart sprang to his lips, and suddenly suffused his cheek with crimson: for it had not escaped him in the conversation of the morning, that, though the Colonel, at its commencement, had spoken largely of seeing him often, at parting he had cautiously, and even decidedly, avoided repeating the invitation. Yet *his* was the very house into which, ere evening closed, Montague had entered secretly,

like an intruder and a menial. The sense of humiliation attached to this idea lost nothing of its poignancy, when, by the ill fortune of staying with Miss Rochford, in spite of her repeated admonitions, just five minutes too long, he met the female party, from the dining parlour, upon the stairs. His situation was much too embarrassing to admit of his observing any one individually; but a slight and haughty bow from the last, informed him that he passed Mrs. Mordaunt. The recollections that had occurred while Clara was present were painful; but those he had now leisure to make were much more so. It was clearly at Mrs. Mordaunt's villa that she had hitherto resided with her aunt during their absence from town; and with Mrs. Mordaunt, by the approbation of Lady Selina, he found she was, for some time, likely to remain: he saw her, therefore, at once embosomed in an arrogant, profuse, and dissipated family; the manners of which, according to the report of one whose authority could not be doubted, since it was Charles Mordaunt himself, united every thing dangerous and alluring. Nor did jealousy fail to take its turn in his mind, when he remembered the long and frequent absences of the latter from town — remembered that Mordaunt might feast

“ On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,”

while he himself had been distant, and perhaps almost forgotten. Of this paroxysm, however, he soon had leisure to see the folly; in proportion as more close observation convinced him, that the heart of a man who loves gaming is rarely vulnerable to any softer passion.

If the situation of Montague's mind was painful, that of Miss Rochford was not to be envied. The fluttered letter which she had written was, in fact, rather the consequence of embarrassment, than even of those sentiments to which love had given birth. She was passionately devoted to Mrs. Mordaunt; one among the few of her aunt's intimates whose manners and modes of living had something in them peculiarly attractive to a youthful mind: while the latter, having found in Miss Rochford an exquisite beauty, and a grace that adorned even fashion, took pleasure in forming

her on her own model. But Mrs. Mordaunt lived for the world, and in its gayest circles: so that Clara, who rather felt than acknowledged this, even to herself, was well aware that the avowal of an obscure and rustic attachment would degrade, if not render her ridiculous, in the eyes of her friend. Yet, loving Montague, she had not given him up, even apparently, without an effort; but it was the effort of a feeble mind against a strong and decided one, and had, consequently, the effect that might be expected from it. Without courage to be explicit upon a subject which she more than half suspected Mrs. Mordaunt was *resolved* not to understand, she next directed her hopes to Colonel Mordaunt; and hinted that she should be extremely happy to see the relation of her guardian during his stay in town. The Colonel coolly replied, "that it was not his custom to receive the subaltern officers at his house." So total an exclusion, though it grieved and astonished Clara, was yet capable of producing reflections little favourable to her lover; and had given that slight, and almost imperceptible estrangement to her manners, which he had felt, without being able either to complain of or describe. Sensible, on her part, that the mysterious mode of their meeting had been a resource, not a choice, and was in its nature a flattering proof of her tenderness, it had never occurred to her to doubt whether he knew Colonel Mordaunt's house, or to calculate the kind of feeling which might naturally follow such an introduction into it.

In supposing Mrs. Mordaunt was resolved not to understand her, Clara, however, had not erred. The former had nevertheless too much knowledge of life not to be aware, when she met Montague on the stairs, to whom his visit must have been directed: but she had address and presence of mind enough to veil this truth from the female circle, by a cursory observation that he came on business to the Colonel. A glance over the features of the young man had shown her he was handsome; but his long and fatiguing walk, his dress, which he had never changed since the morning, the chagrin that clouded his features, and the embarrassed air attendant on his situation, had robbed even grace itself of its charm; nor was it possible to have seen

him to less advantage. Mrs. Mordaunt, therefore, concluded that he had no fashion — no manner — no importance. Whether he had virtues or claims she paused not to inquire. She had already formed her own hopes with regard to the future establishment of Clara ; and well assured that nothing cherishes a first and girlish love like habits of confidence, she resolved, without showing she suspected the sentiment, slowly and silently to extirpate it.

The hour that was to transport Montague to new scenes, and a new sphere of action, at length arrived. He embarked in the same vessel with young Mordaunt ; silently followed by every gentler wish of Miss Rochford's heart, overwhelmed with the kindness, the benedictions, the prayers of the affectionate Sir Arthur. Could his eye rest on the wide world of waters without recollecting that its billows rolled between him and one whose wishes more deep, more fervent than those of either, though blended with the winds, and dispersed in the immensity of space, yet found a path through both, to hover over *his* head ! It is, however, the peculiar disadvantage of certain societies to be bound too closely to each other ; and, consequently, to give to either the good or bad habits that prevail in the body at large a treble power of acting over the individual. Soft and refined feelings were ill suited to the situation of a young man who was surrounded with the gay, the dissipated, and the uninformed ; and Montague was more particularly exposed to danger, as the warmth of his character gave him a strong flow of animal spirits, and a talent for conversation always embellished them. The associates to whom his taste, however, chiefly directed him, were, happily, neither profligate nor corrupt ; and even among the rest, some had good qualities, and some had understanding. But the majority of those around were a common class of characters, whose whole merit consisted in a due discharge of the business of the day, and who, neither desiring nor deserving any higher praise than that of being good soldiers, were nearly as mechanical in their ideas as in their military manœuvres. Of this praise, however, Montague soon acquired even more than his share. An excessive ardour in every pursuit, increased by the influence of a powerful and

exquisitely susceptible pride, had been, indeed, at a very early period, the marking characteristic of his mind ; and was likely to prove, throughout life, according as it was worthily or unworthily directed, his merit, his misfortune, or his scourge. The zeal with which he now attended both to the study and duties of his profession presently excited the astonishment of those who were accustomed to consider every exertion as a matter of habit or necessity. By the more enlightened and active he was, however, soon distinguished as a young man of the most promising talents ; and all agreed that the application of them would infallibly place him very high in the favour and opinion of Colonel Mordaunt. Charles Mordaunt even, whose partiality towards Montague was greatly increased by the discovery he daily made of his abilities, and the delight he took in his society, frequently rallied the latter on the distinction he would acquire over himself ; and in the secret exultation their united applause was calculated to inspire, the hours flew rapidly and lightly away.

Those motives which had induced the two nations to wear a hostile appearance became at length sufficiently guessed at to persuade the chief military men on both sides that no actual service was likely to ensue. The troops, however, still kept strictly within garrison, and cherished that ardour and discipline by which, should occasion call them forth, they hoped to acquire superior reputation. Colonel Mordaunt, who had been too much in the circle of the court not to know, from the beginning, all that was necessary, or expected from him, had been hitherto engaged in England by a variety of circumstances that equally concerned him in his public and private capacity. His presence was now hourly expected ; and every officer was doubly ambitious to show, by his individual exertions, how solicitous he had been to keep up the honour of a corps of which they well knew their superior was so jealous. Among the hearts that most proudly looked forward to the event of the Colonel's arrival was that of Montague. He had felt himself rapidly rising in general estimation. Even those who, from envious motives, did not personally like, yet joined to applaud him ; and he already anticipated, in ima-

gination, the most exquisite of all pleasures, — that of triumphing, by the mere force of merit, over the arrogance, or the accidental prejudice, of one who, whatever might be his failings, he yet believed to possess judgment and military ardour enough to applaud desert.

From all these towering hopes, these high-raised expectations, he fell at once: a glance, a word of Colonel Mor-daunt's annihilated them. "Every officer in my regiment, I presume, does his duty," said the Colonel, coldly turning his back on the parade both to Montague and his own son, as the latter, perceiving a marked neglect or inattention in his father, somewhat too officiously interfered. The speech, the manner, and the circumstances that accompanied, or succeeded both, though not immediately obvious in their effect, were nevertheless decisive. All who hoped, all who feared, all who, without opinion or judgment of their own, follow that of the majority, gradually shrunk from the intimacy of a young man who, whatever his merit, was guilty of the crime of not pleasing. Such, however, were the habits of subordination, or the effects of consciousness, that what each man observed, no one commented upon, lest its operation upon his own conduct should become remarkable to his hearer. Montague, therefore, condemned without being arraigned, and shunned without having transgressed, had, in a very few weeks, but too much opportunity to observe that

" Our genuine virtues do more sweet and clear  
In fortune's graceful dress appear ; "

since the gallant spirit that had lately extorted praise, and the application that seemed to ensure esteem, were by turns sneered at as quixotism or pedantry, when the favouring smile was no longer likely to gild them.

The feelings of an enthusiastic and aspiring young man, who saw himself enthralled in a bondage it was useless to complain of, and hopeless soon to escape, may much more easily be imagined than described. Injury he might have atoned — error he might have corrected — nay, even prejudice, as man to man, he might have boldly stepped forward to contradict, or rectify: but his oppressor was, from the circumstances of situation, armed with weapons which



he could encounter on no equal terms either of reason or of force ; and though the iron daily eat into his very soul, he was obliged to smooth his brow, and form his lip into a smile in the presence of him who forged the chain.

A succession of petty mortifications and silent insults, though of all grievances, perhaps, most intolerably oppressive, nevertheless soon fades from the observation of the many : yet among those to whom the conduct of the Colonel long continued a subject of secret surprise and indignation was his own son. Despising a prejudice for which he knew not how to account, and had too much levity to investigate, Mordaunt attached himself to the person whom he conceived injured by it with a spirit that defied control. In the characters of the two young men, though there was much that was dissimilar, there were also many strong points of union. But the advantages had hitherto lain all on the side of Montague ; who, with equal good qualities, had established them on a firmer basis than his friend. These were now in danger of being shaken through the medium of every thing most generous in either nature ; and by a cruel fatality, the injustice of the father seemed likely to prove a far less misfortune than the kindness of the son.

Charles Mordaunt, though possessed of rectitude and feeling in his own person, yet associated, through the influence of a single vice, with the most dangerous and dissipated part of the military world ; men who, secretly indulging an extravagant passion for play, staked, but too often, their fortunes, their characters, nay, eventually, their very lives on the hazard of a die. Montague had naturally little or no propensity to an error so fatal : but he had an ardent and impetuous character, eagerly disposed to grasp at every thing that bore but the semblance of a pursuit. While engaged in that professional one which he flattered himself was to render his career in life both prosperous and distinguished, he had resisted, with invincible fortitude, every allurements to dissipation ; but his enthusiasm was now violently impelled from its natural bias : all, therefore, that was taken from the scale of honour was gradually thrown into that of indiscretion, and it was in danger of sinking low indeed beneath the weight. Yet the rectitude of his mind,

rather yielding to circumstances than to temptation, failed not at intervals to assert itself: but its efforts were daily more feeble, as the effects of disappointment were more intense. No longer able to find pleasure in his duties — little cherished by general society, and, from the nature of his situation, devoid of amusement for solitude, he learned by degrees to indulge that as a taste, which too soon, habitually, became an occupation; and, from the very difficulties in which it involved him, such is the weakness of our nature! blended so intimately with his feelings as almost to become a passion.

Sir Arthur's resources had been bounded; and it was those only that had bounded his liberality. When in the army himself, however, he had been in habits of extravagance, which, if not approved by his reason, were fully justified by his hopes; nor did the demands of his young friend, therefore, at first either startle or alarm him. But it was not always that Montague could prevail on himself to make his exigences known to one whose kindness was in itself a reproach. Without the same resources as young Mordaunt, he consequently became plunged in far greater inconvenience; yet was it those very resources that threatened finally to undo them both.

When the Colonel took his station at Gibraltar, Mrs. Mordaunt had accompanied him thither. A very delicate and uncertain state of health, rendered worse by the dissipation in which she had lived, though it united with pride to seclude her from general society, yet withdrew her not from the select one she affected to hold. Montague, to whom the sound of her name was odious, and who only rejoiced at her absence from England, as it released Miss Rochford from her protection, had never desired to mingle in these parties; the less, as he had reason to fear that her report of him, even if just, might not gratify the heart of Clara, and, through the means of the latter, might awaken the anxiety of Sir Arthur. Young Mordaunt, however, who, though he possessed very small influence with his father, had yet a most unbounded one over his mother, sometimes painted her in colours so flattering, that his friend felt disposed to recede from a prejudice hastily taken up. As all

prospect of war had ceased soon after the arrival of the Colonel, several families, whose relations were in garrison, had quitted the town for a more romantic residence near St. Roque. A fine ruin not far distant, and the singular beauty of the spot, afforded a more healthy and pleasant retreat than could be found within the narrow limits of the walls. The house in which Mrs. Mordaunt resided, embellished by her taste and habits of living, soon became the central point of extravagance and folly. The species of amusement to which she was so passionately devoted she there indulged at full, within the circle of her family and guests : and, far from correcting in her son-in-law habits which her own example had either implanted or justified, she furnished him liberally with pecuniary assistance whenever his father was inflexible ; nor was it seldom that the money thus lavished was, in turn, fatally applied by him to foster the indiscretion, or, as circumstances demanded, to redeem the honour of his friend.

The deep sense of injustice which ever indignantly preyed upon the mind of Montague, irritated by temporary provocations, sometimes urged him, against his better judgment, to show Colonel Mordaunt a personal and haughty indifference. Among the temptations to this which he had hitherto resisted, was that inadvertently held out by young Mordaunt himself ; who, without weighing the delicacies of situation, or the possible ill consequence to all parties, had frequently offered to present his friend to his mother. The indifference, not to say disgust, that subsisted between her and her husband, as well as the bold independence with which she asserted her own rights, and modes of living, Montague had had sufficient opportunity indirectly to understand ; and he sometimes figured to himself a sort of indignant gratification in the idea of mingling, without the invitation or concurrence of the man who oppressed him, in a circle where he well knew many, who were only his equals, had been received with kindness and distinguished by intimacy. To this rash project occasion was at length favourable : for young Mordaunt had been for some days slightly indisposed, during which time he had resided in the country ; and the frequent messages he

had sent from thence sufficiently authorised the meditated visit. The weather was extremely sultry ; and Montague, who, after the duties of the morning, and a long walk, had no great inclination to endure the heat of the sun in the garden, where he found his friend talking upon business with a soldier, passed, at the invitation of the former, into the house. It was a low, though spacious building, latticed after the Spanish fashion. The entrance was through a hall, constructed upon a Moorish pavement, curiously wrought, and filled with orange trees in flower, the exquisite odour of which diffused itself deliciously around. The hall opened to a circular pavilion, elegantly fitted up with cushions and sofa seats, and where both light and heat were subdued by green shades. On one side stood a small work-table, whence somebody appeared lately to have risen ; on the other a sort of desk, at which a young woman was seated. Montague, who had been desired to enter, and consequently had not apprehended he should be guilty of any intrusion, stopped, and slightly apologising, would have retreated. A civil acknowledgment, however, negatived the motion : and, as the room was singular, and ornamented with great taste, he continued to stand and look around him. Among the ornaments that chiefly engrossed his attention, the living one was not the last. She had resumed her occupation, which was writing music ; and, as her dress was extremely simple, and her manner distant, he was at some loss to decide whether she was guest, visiter, or attendant on Mrs. Mordaunt. Whatever might be her rank, however, he thought he had rarely seen a face, the features of which were finished with such exquisite regularity. The beauty of her lips, which, by an almost imperceptible movement, seemed from time to time to form, in imagination, the notes marked by her fingers, particularly struck him ; and even a soft and sleepy air which her long lashes, as they were cast down, gave to her countenance, added to it a charm totally distinct from that of any other woman. While meditating how to break the silence, it was broken by young Mordaunt ; who, slightly kissing the fair hand of the stranger as he entered, with a kind inquiry after her health requested permission to introduce

Mr. Montague ; announcing her at the same time to the latter as Mrs. Mordaunt. Accustomed as Montague had been to annex the ideas of arrogance and affectation to that name, it was with some difficulty that he concealed his surprise ; nor was it lessened by the soft and easy grace with which she saluted him. In the beauty of her person, however, and the polish of her manners, he became immediately sensible of that charm which had ensured the partiality of all who approached her : yet her spirits or her health seemed delicate, for she spoke little ; only at intervals raising her eyes from her employment, and rather taking through them her part in the conversation ; while Montague silently wondered how any face could be beautiful in which those eyes were veiled, and where his had been when he met her on the stairs at her own house : forgetful that such was then the embarrassment of his situation, that Helen herself might probably have passed him without his discerning a single feature.

The dinner, to which he was invited to stay, was very elegantly served, though the guests were few ; and the romantic beauty of the spot, together with the conversation of Mrs. Mordaunt, which by an effort that seemed to cost her an exertion of spirits, though not of understanding, was sprightly and captivating, gave to common topics and characters a singular charm. Clearer daylight, more open dress, and a nearer examination, nevertheless discovered to Montague that the form which he had admired, however lovely, was not altogether so perfect as he had at first believed. Mrs. Mordaunt was past the bloom of life ; and her complexion, though delicate, evidently owed much to art : yet was she so regularly and touchingly handsome, that neither the heart nor the eye could willingly acknowledge it wanted any charm she did not possess. As evening began to close they withdrew to the pavilion ; the air of which was now enbalsmed with the scent of the orange flowers, and where Mrs. Mordaunt's harp was placed. It was then she knew herself to be wholly irresistible. The exquisite line of beauty preserved in her features ; her form, over which every garment was drapery, and of which every motion was grace ; her fine eyes thrown

forward to heaven, as if music were rather inspiration than science ; with the corresponding position of her white arms, seen through the chords of her harp ; while her lips, half open, emitted the most languishing sounds ; all united to form an image of celestial harmony and sweetness.

But this angel of the moment sunk almost as suddenly from her visionary excellence. Anxiety, anger, spleen, every corrosive passion attendant on one cherished and pernicious vice, in the course of a very few hours disfigured her features. Charles Mordaunt, in whom, as well as in herself, an inveterate habit so superseded every recollection, that he neither felt nor weighed the losses of his friend, continued to urge the fortunes of both to a deep and ruinous excess ; and when, after a chaos of hope, fear, and disappointment, Montague quitted the spot, it was with a gloomy presentiment that if his prosperity or peace were dear to him he ought never to visit it again. But he had at length touched the fated circle : he was within the spell of the enchantress ; and every better resolution melted before it. Mrs. Mordaunt, independent of beauty, possessed manner, taste, and cultivation, that powerfully captivated all who had either : Montague, therefore, found himself as ill able to resist the pleasure of her society, as the influence of her example : but it was a pleasure purchased with destruction. Accidental gains and accumulated losses soon inspired that desperate boldness which left him little more to lose but honour. He lost to those who were not enriched by his ruin, not happier for his misery : to one who, while plunging him into an abyss whence no time probably could rescue her victim, only satisfied the importunate demands of a vacant mind, of an extravagant and ill-directed sensibility. Such was Mrs. Mordaunt. Money she despised : cruelty she abhorred ; but she had prescribed to herself no duty, no tie, no rule in life ; and thus wanting all that should have filled up hers, became a blooming and pestilential poison in society. Something of that lovely and perfect creature she ought to have been, was, nevertheless, by starts, still discernible. A melancholy and wandering air, would at times announce that her heart wanted a resting-place ; that, had she been capable of regulating

that heart, it might well have commanded the feelings of every one around. It was then that her mind appeared not to have "lost all its original brightness," and gave somewhat so perfect and so dazzling to her exterior, that she seemed hardly

" Less than arch-angel ruin'd, and th' excess  
Of glory obscured."

But these were indeed momentary starts ; illusive images of a perfection at which she aimed not : her spirits were often unequal, from the delicate state of her health ; and it was obvious, even to a common observer, that her health as frequently suffered from the fluctuation of her spirits.

The indiscretion of a few months sometimes forms the history of a life. Most truly so : for in its effects it too often dyes the colour of that life ; nor does any vice more frequently effect this than that which Montague now pursued. From the mind of the ill-fated young man, those finer particles which once constituted its essence and its charm were gradually mouldering away. Error, poverty, remorse, all appearing to attach themselves to the name of Mordaunt, by turns combined, through the medium of kindness, or persecution, to undo him. His temper became harassed ; his faculties bewildered : even the letters of Miss Rochford, as if she had been endued with supernatural intelligence, breathed a depression which now seemed to incorporate with every thing that surrounded him ; and those of Sir Arthur, calling back the vanished images of honour, emulation, happiness, and love, only deepened that heavy and inconceivable gloom with which his recollection was so often clouded. Could he, without a shame that covered his cheek with blushes, avow, even to himself, that those letters were rendered chiefly acceptable by the remittances they contained ? Abhorring the sordid idea, he a thousand times swore to renounce the vice that could so debase him. Remonstrances, too, now frequently accompanied the letters. When the kind, the liberal, the indulgent Sir Arthur remonstrated, with what pangs ought not that heart to have been wrung that gave him the occasion ! Yet still the occasion presented itself ; and still in Mrs. Mordaunt's society, attracted by that peculiar

charm, that powerful interest which she was so calculated to excite, Montague ever sought either to soothe or to bury his cares.—The distant prospect thus clouded, the near one was blacker still. To his professional duties he was but too sensible that he had been lately worse than indifferent—neglectful: yet the eyes of Colonel Mordaunt, like those of a secret inquisitor, a malignant genius, ever silently upon him, watched his conduct, scrutinised his thoughts, and seemed only to wait some gloomy mysterious moment on which to decide his fate.

“It was dark December—wind and rain.” Mrs. Mordaunt had been for some days confined to her apartment by indisposition, and the two young men were returning one evening arm in arm from St. Roque to the town, when they suddenly encountered the Colonel. As they were both wrapped in military cloaks he challenged without knowing them; but, on recognising his son, ordered him, somewhat harshly, to hasten onwards. Then turning abruptly to Montague, he haughtily, and even insolently, demanded, “what carried *him* so often to St. Roque?”—It was one of those luckless points of time when the mind of the latter was wrought up by internal chagrin, and what he at least conceived to be accumulated provocations, to a pitch of irritability that shook his better reason, and thus roused, at once defied it. His answer was more than abrupt—it was disrespectful. Affronted, both as an officer and a gentleman, the astonished Colonel replied in terms little suited to either character: altercation ensued; and, in the fever of the moment, Montague rashly extended his arm to strike him.

“Are you mad?” said young Mordaunt, seizing hold of it. The blow fell short; but the offence was given—the indignity was irremediable.

“You will take charge of that young man to his quarters,” said Colonel Mordaunt to his son, and coolly walked forwards. On arriving there, Montague was, as he expected, immediately put under arrest.

Abandoned to solitude and silence, he might now, had the tumult of his blood permitted, have found ample leisure to review the past: but it was yet only a confused mass of



which he had no power to distinguish the features. While his head was beating, and his heart bursting with indignation, a packet of letters was delivered him from England. Two dear and well-known hands at once presented themselves to his eyes: he trembled at sight of the third—it was his father's. A sentiment of reverence, a tender consciousness that he neither deserved nor could at that moment endure parental fondness, at once overcame him, and he put the letter aside. Clara too!—No!—He could better bear Sir Arthur's; the language of the kind-hearted Sir Arthur, touching not so intimately the nicer springs of his soul, would probably relieve, console him. Montague knew not yet the bitterness of that pang which attends receiving unmerited kindness: a pang perhaps of all others *most* bitter, since it falls upon us with its whole weight, only while we are alike new to error and to suffering. Sir Arthur's letter was frank and affectionate, like his character. It breathed no reproach; but the subject-matter was reproach enough. He was in London:—he had exerted himself, he assured him, to the utmost, to obtain the money requested of him, “but he had not yet been *so fortunate* as to succeed. That no want of economy on his own part, however, might interfere to prevent him, he was, at the moment of writing, in lodgings rather straitened and inconvenient, his infirmities considered.—Finally, that he every day hoped for the return of Mr. Cavendish, who, he had no reason to doubt, would rather expose himself to difficulties than suffer his son to encounter any.”—There was something in the simple detail that Montague found it impossible to go through with. Sullenly, therefore, repelling the blush from his cheek, and the suffusion from his eyes, he broke the seal of Miss Rochford's letter.—It seemed ominously cold and restrained. “If circumstances,” said she, towards the conclusion of it, “should finally divide us, as indeed there are moments when I believe they ought, remember, at least, they have been chiefly of your creating. Sir Arthur's uneasiness, and my own surmises, have indeed for some months past told me that you had a passion stronger and more engrossing, probably, than that of love. Do not, however, censure Mrs. Mordaunt, even

though it may be true, as you suspect, that I gather my information from her." At the name of Mrs. Mordaunt Montague crushed the paper in his hand, in sullen and indignant silence.

Every nerve shook as he opened the third letter ; a sort of fatality seemed attached to it, over which his mind already mysteriously and vaguely brooded. It was long, impassioned, and written, it appeared, on the very day when his own, the most interesting one he had ever addressed to his father, had been received by him. " Sir Arthur's caution, my dear William," said the latter, " has kept from you more of my past life than at your age, and possessed of principles such as my heart ascribes to you, I should have deemed it necessary, or even wise, to suppress. But the period is nearly arrived when all mystery will be at an end. The vessel in which I am preparing to embark with Lord Montresor now lies in the river. It is hardly possible to imagine the emotion and interest with which I look at it, or the various ideas that pass through my mind in long succession, when I consider whither it is to bear me. I already seem to clasp to my bosom a son whom my proud heart will fondly beat, even in its proudest moments, to acknowledge. He shall not long *demand his happiness at my hands* ; I will myself bestow on him that precious gift he so ardently desires, and in the hope of which he is, I doubt not, realising every exalted and noble idea he has with so much energy described. William, let me not find this too an illusion ! let me indeed embrace one worthy of my long-cherished love, my high-raised expectations ! Rather may the grave eternally divide us than allow me again to survive the disappointment of my dearest hopes ! for too surely, if my son prove not honourable, I both must and will *renounce him*."

" No, my father, it is he who must renounce you," said Montague, as laying the letter on the table he took down his pistols, and, with much apparent coolness, loaded them. Endued with a high-toned sensibility, and an extravagant pride ; ascribing to his actions a criminality beyond that which a sober review of the various follies of life would have taught him to assign them ; deeply involved in debt ;

subject, through his own indiscretion, to martial law, and in the toils of an enemy who would enforce its utmost rigour, Montague, in the frenzy of his mind, believed he had nothing to do but to die. Well he remembered the circumstances under which he had written to his father, and the terms of the letter. Where were now those high-sounding principles which in the presumption of youth he had dared to assure himself would regulate his conduct? Of what nature would be that justice he then so arrogantly claimed? This son, who “pledged himself never to let his father regret that he had given his life a charm, nor to blush if he gave it distinction,” had been at his first outset in it the slave of his passions, and the victim of his pride. —The reflection was too bitter—the occasion that presented it too critical. After a short consideration, therefore, he took pen, ink, and paper, and laying the letters before him, began to answer them separately. The task, however, was more than either his head or his heart were then equal to. Yet he felt that to live a little beyond the narrow period of existence he had assigned to himself; to be remembered when he had “passed that bourne from which no traveller returns” by a few tender and affectionate beings; to render the tears they would shed less bitter, and the recollection of his follies less odious, would be an extenuation of them in his own eyes. Morning, however, surprised him ere the task was finished, and it had not long dawned before a hasty footstep at the door warned him of some intrusion. Hardly had he time to throw his papers over the pistols, when Charles Mordaunt entered. The wan and dishevelled air of Montague sufficiently indicated how he had passed the night. Mordaunt drew a chair, and aware that he might offend the pride, if he attempted to soothe the feelings of his friend, began to talk in a strain that was neither gay nor grave. Montague heard without attending to him, till he mentioned with anxiety that his mother was much worse. “Something,” said he, “disturbed her, I am told, extremely last night. — I cannot think what devil possessed us all—and my father in particular,” added he, as if willing to introduce the name without exclusively referring to the

circumstances uppermost in the minds of both. Montague made no immediate answer.

“Do you fight duels with your own shadow?” continued Mordaunt, pointing to the pistols, which, by a slight motion communicated to the table, were become visible.

“They were here by accident,” replied Montague, sullenly replacing the papers over them.—Mordaunt examined one.

“And *loaded* too by accident! Come come, my dear friend, I am not to learn to what excesses disappointment and chagrin may lead a man. Yet, *prudentially* speaking, suicide is, I believe, one of those crimes which a person rarely resolves on till he has touched some crisis when common sense, had he the use of it, would tell him his fate must mend of itself. You, at any rate, have debts, and cannot honourably go out of the world without discharging them. I do not mean by *that* argument, however, to detain you in it: so far otherwise,” he added, taking out his pocket-book, “that I am going to give you the opportunity of deciding for yourself. Our acquaintance,” he continued, more seriously, on seeing the repulsive motion of his friend, “began with a pecuniary kindness on your part: are you resolved to end the one, at the moment I would cancel the other.”

“You are talking at random.”

“I hope I am.—This, however, is not the chief purport of my visit. I saw my father late last night, and am intrusted with a message from him to you. Do not mistake me,” he added, with a seriousness that almost amounted to solemnity, as he perceived by the rising colour and animated eyes of his friend that he had taken up a very erroneous idea. “At your time of life, or at mine, my dear Montague, the summary proceeding which I see occurs to you would probably settle all differences. But Colonel Mordaunt, believe me, stands not in the predicament, either as an officer or a man, that should render it necessary for him to prove a courage long since fully established.—I am commissioned to say that he means to see you this morning. Weigh well the manner in which you will receive him. Aware, as on reflection you are, or ought to be, of your relative duties

and situations, it becomes you at least to call up that sobriety of mind which shall acquit you — to *yourself*."

The fine countenance of Mordaunt was lighted up as he spoke to a dignity Montague had never before seen it express. But the occasion was not that on which the cooler faculties of his own mind were yet capable of exerting themselves. The mention of the Colonel's visit had again awakened a crowd of rebellious and indignant feelings; and he proudly assured his heart, nothing should escape his lips that could look like an apology to a man whom he despised. By that singular self-command, however, of which a high-wrought spirit is capable, he smoothed his brow, ordered the table to be cleared, and perceiving that his friend did not intend to quit the room, called for coffee. It was not late when Colonel Mordaunt was announced; and Montague, who in cold silence prepared to receive him, experienced, at the first salutation, that internal surprise and revolution which seizes upon the mind, when we find we have, by a violent exertion, called up its powers to combat that which no longer appears hostile. Colonel Mordaunt entered with a singular grace and self-possession that ever attended him in his happier hours: avoiding the smallest tincture of arrogance in his manner, he motioned to his son and Montague to be seated; and, pausing for a short time before he spoke, as if fully to consider the subject, at length, with a calm and collected air, addressed himself to the latter. An hour before it would have been impossible to have persuaded the young man that any thing could come from Colonel Mordaunt's lips which he would have listened to with tranquillity, or assented to with truth: but the latter, well apprised of his own rights in life, of the claims of his situation, of the influence of his years, and of that superiority which a calm and steady tone of mind ever possesses over a heated and extravagant one, now spoke a language that was totally unexpected; previously challenging, with a boldness that seemed to denote the justice of the appeal, the sober judgment of his hearer, as an auxiliary in the cause against him.

Without condescending to dwell upon the indignity

offered to himself, or its ill consequences to the individual, Colonel Mordaunt took a review of the conduct of him who offered it, upon the great basis of general good order and morality. He represented, in forcible language, the degradation to which a man of honour is subject in his *own* eyes, when, forgetting what is due to himself, he subverts the regulations of society at large, and more especially of that particular one which he is bound to support. He even touched, with some sensibility, upon the folly of blighting, at an early period of life, those prospects and that estimation which give life all its zest to the possessor, and endear it to those to whom *he* is dear. A rational father, in short, speaking to his son, would have spoken nearly in the same tone as Colonel Mordaunt did: and so well did he know how to address himself to the feelings of an ingenuous and too susceptible young man, by keeping in the back ground, with masterly judgment, all that could irritate them, and displaying with eloquence the mischiefs they produced, that by an enchantment Montague hardly knew how to account for, the whole weight of error seemed suddenly transferred to himself.

“ Having said thus much,” continued the Colonel, who read in his countenance all the transitions of his mind, “ I have little more to add: the nature of your offence,” pursued he, while his voice a little changed, and his colour heightened, “ is known only to the three present. On my own part I demand simply the apology due to a gentleman.—It will be proper, however, for every reason, that you should enter into another regiment: you have, therefore, my leave of absence. Go to England: you will there have no difficulty in exchanging your commission. I believe,” continued he, after a moment’s pause, “ that, if you are disposed for a remote station, I could point out to you a very advantageous one:—but on that my son and you must confer.”—As if he feared he had conceded too greatly, the Colonel stopped, and fixed his eyes earnestly on Montague. But it was far otherwise: had he conceded less he had probably gained nothing. A generous heart will always give beyond what is demanded of it; and that of the young man, incapable of a medium, now at once dic-

tated an apology the more ample because unpremeditated, and which sprang spontaneously to his lips, before either his pride or his judgment were called in as counsellors.

“How arrogant, how illiberal, how unjust have I been,” said he to Charles Mordaunt, when the Colonel was gone. “How has my narrow-minded jealousy misconstrued the words and looks of your father at moments when his penetrating eye was doubtless diving into my character, and discovering all its latent faults!”

“My father,” said Mordaunt thoughtfully, and as if he was less struck with the candour and generosity of the former than his friend had been, “piques himself upon knowledge of the world. It may possibly be sometimes a useful science, yet, on the whole, it is but a despicable one; and often produces in the hearts where it is too minutely cultivated as many faults as it discovers in those around.—What circumstance, however, first gave you reason to imagine he was prejudiced against you?”

“A mere trifle; it was the mention of my father that awakened my observation. From the moment the name of Cavendish reached Colonel Mordaunt I suspected myself to be odious to him.”

“*Cavendish!* What Cavendish?—Is your father alive?—Where is he?”

“He has been almost fourteen years in India with Lord Montresor.”

“And can you possibly be ignorant that Mrs. Mordaunt is the *divorced* wife of Mr. Cavendish!”

In those few words how much was comprised! An arrow through the heart of Montague could hardly have inflicted a pang more acute: while a crowd of tumultuous recollections rushing to his brain, at once confirmed the truth thus strangely developed. *The divorced wife of Mr. Cavendish!* Gracious Heaven! this then was the secret calamity, the long-hidden sorrow that silently consumed his father's heart: Mrs. Mordaunt was the fair creature so early lost to her son, and found again only to wreck him: the charmer of the world, whose accomplishments had dazzled all eyes in it, while the simple and domestic Lady Montague was fulfilling, in her place, a parent's duties!

There was something too bitter, too afflicting, in the long train of ideas that rapidly succeeded each other. It was then his own mother who had shed poison over his nights, and poverty over his days. His mother, who, scattered the seeds of folly and corruption, had wilfully nourished them in *his* bosom. It was she who had armed the hand of a military despot against him; she who had even armed his own! In alienating from him the first dues of nature, she seemed to have given him a cruel promise of the future: all hearts, through her influence, had combined to grieve or to oppress him; and even the tender, the ingenuous Clara, had become less ingenuous, less tender, from the alluring power of one worldly and dissipated woman!—Nor let the dissipated and worldly woman who has escaped the misery of destroying her own son too rashly exult. Mothers more worthy than herself daily weep over those of either sex her attraction has led to vice, or her example to folly.

All that had hitherto been inexplicable in the conduct of Colonel Mordaunt was now clear as open daylight. Even that which had most worn the semblance of moderation and virtue ceased to be such, when it became obvious to recollection that no public inquiry could have been instituted into the conduct of Montague, without necessarily bringing forward, even as a common theme, such particulars of his name and connections as must not only have reached the ears of his mother, but have exposed the Colonel to all the odium of being a persecutor; since by mentioning that name, the young man had himself, at their very first interview, discovered to the latter the important secret which a moment's observation convinced him was unknown even to him who betrayed it.

Mrs. Mordaunt, a co-heiress, affluent at the period that Cavendish was ruined, and she herself divorced, became considerably more affluent by the death of those who should have shared her wealth. She had carried to Colonel Mordaunt a splendid fortune, of which the disposal was vested in herself. Could he with unconcern see her daily on the brink of discovering a son whose personal graces and good qualities were so calculated to endear him? She too, who,



having no children by her second husband, so passionately longed, so ardently sighed, to see that very one who daily hovered round her without her knowing him ! It was against this the unhappy father had so carefully guarded. Leaving her to carry into that world she loved a then unbroken beauty, unwearied spirits, the pride of triumph, the rage of conquest, he had only been solicitous to preserve from her snare, during his own absence, a son whom he well knew she would purchase at any price. All the fears of a proud and anxious parent had been sufficiently alarmed by the attempt made to carry off the child, even in infancy. The seclusion with Sir Arthur, whose name had been a profound secret to all around at the time he took the boy away, Mr. Cavendish had imagined was sufficient to guard him from his mother ; and that mother herself had been so effectually deceived as always to suppose the child embarked with his father for India. Time elapsed before Mrs. Mordaunt recovered, by her second marriage, a part of the acceptance in society which she had forfeited : but the period was spent in a foreign country, with a seducer who could not properly give her even the sanction of his name, as he was already married ; and it was many years after her return to England that ill fortune united with the ill conduct of her son to embosom him in that very circle where the story was never likely to reach his ears. It *had* reached them now :—it had reached his heart ! as young Mordaunt and he, by turns ashamed, bewildered, and confounded, related to each other all that was yet new to either, of events in which both were so deeply interested. The Colonel had known his son too well to confide to him the secret a thousand circumstances might have led him to betray. But while to the levity and indiscretion of youth Charles Mordaunt added a generosity and pride which his father could not trust, he added also a penetration that father could not escape. A behaviour in the latter towards Montague at once so rash and so cautious — a moderation so excessive — a pardon so indulgent — had all appeared in the eyes of the son circumstances equally new and extraordinary ; and while pausing over that which had already surprised him, he was yet more surprised at the singular

proposal of removing the young man still further from England.—Such is, however, the dangerous nature of duplicity, and its tendency to overshoot itself, that the very circumstance which duped one mind enlightened the other ; and where the warm and agitated heart of Montague believed it ought to acknowledge a kindness, the more cool and collected judgment of Mordaunt suspected a snare.

It seemed to be the singular fate of the former, however, to endure within the course of a very few hours every revolution of which the human mind is capable. The tide of indignant shame which flowed through his heart had hardly yet receded, when that of nature, breaking down every barrier, impetuously rushed in, as he learned that through the heart of his unfortunate mother it had indeed rushed with a vehemence that threatened rapidly to expel the vital principle. Mrs. Mordaunt had received long and explanatory letters from England by the same vessel which brought those to her son ; and, by a mysterious ordination, the very hour when the paroxysm of contending passions had urged him to lift his hand against his own existence was exactly that when she discovered where and how he existed at all. It was the tender and confidential communications of Miss Rochford that plunged the dagger in the bosom of her friend : nor did she even know the pang she inflicted ; for Mrs. Mordaunt's story was no new tale of slander ; and in the circle of Lady Selina her affluence and fashion rendered her too acceptable to induce them to revive it. The innocent Clara, therefore, had heard incessantly of her beauty, her talents, her fortune, without ever being warned by the grey-haired votaries of the world of that speck which dimmed them all.

In the habits of correspondence, Miss Rochford had not been able to forbear some inquiries concerning Montague that spoke her attachment to him to be more serious than Mrs. Mordaunt had expected. The accounts of the latter were, as he too well guessed, not favourable either to his morals or his conduct. Adhering to a plan which she had not only formed, but in some instances acted upon, Mrs. Mordaunt in her turn became more explicit ; and represented to her young friend the superior advantages she

would derive from a union with Charles Mordaunt. But Clara loved — tenderly, truly loved ; and though she conceived resentment enough against Montague to write coldly to *him*, the same sentiment no longer actuated her when writing to her friend. Taking up, therefore, at full the history of her engagement, she at length recited with frankness and ardour all its attendant circumstances. What a picture to present to the recollection of Mrs. Mordaunt ! To read again, and again, the long forgotten name of *Cavendish*. To be told, in the tender language of Clara, that some unknown but overwhelming calamity had “ fractured the heart of the father, and blighted the fortune of the son.” To reflect that she had been lavishing that wealth they both, it was plain, in turn, had wanted ; that she had been cherishing a vice which had still more impoverished her only child, and striving by every allurements to expel him from the heart in which he had garnered up his own : — to add to this the cruel possibility that in making herself known to him she might incur indignity and scorn, were all circumstances that in the feverish state of her blood were calculated to destroy her. While yet plunged in a chaos of contrary feelings, the accidental tale of a domestic informed her, with many exaggerated particulars, that Montague lay under arrest by the order of Colonel Mordaunt. The last blow fell with a force too sudden and accumulated. Long habituated to the indulgence of every extravagant feeling — already a prey to the irritability of sickness, and the tedium of life, hers at once became odious : the fever of her spirits mounted to her brain ; and while Colonel Mordaunt was profoundly scheming, and the two young men as anxiously deliberating, an unexpected occurrence thus exposed to her whole family, and through them to the world at large, that secret which four-and-twenty hours before had been unknown even to the parties most deeply interested in it.

But what was the world to Mrs. Mordaunt ? Already it faded from her eyes — its visions, its vanities, its pleasures ! — Her long-lavished wealth, her flattered beauty, — all that had seduced, all that had betrayed her, — could neither restore connection to her ideas, nor coolness

to her blood. That son whom she wildly demanded, whose presence she continually implored — to whom she declared she must confide a secret of more importance than her existence, vainly knelt whole nights by her bed-side ; and receiving there the burning tears of anguish and remorse, well remembered those tender ones she had shed upon his infant bosom. To exist without knowing him had been the guilt of her life, and to expire without recollecting him made the misery of her death.

Of the various hearts thus acutely wrung, Colonel Mordaunt's, through the medium of his pride, was not perhaps the least sufferer. Yet since it could no longer create surprise that he should desire the absence of a young man so peculiarly circumstanced as Montague was now publicly known to be, he assisted to hasten his departure ; vainly endeavouring, in the interim, to bury in a profound and disdainful silence all suspicion of his previous knowledge of the past. By a will made soon after their marriage, the Colonel knew himself to be his wife's sole heir. He had not, however, failed to keep a jealous eye upon her during her sickness : but the circumstances that attended it, sufficiently precluded all possibility of a new arrangement, whatever might have been her wishes. Strangers, therefore, — strangers at least in blood, — were to revel in Mrs. Mordaunt's splendid fortune, while nothing became the property of her unfortunate son, but a picture of her given him by Charles Mordaunt. Often, however, did he gaze on this, the melancholy companion of his approaching voyage. It represented her in the pride of youth and beauty, and to the perfect regularity of her own features added, at least in his imagination, some of those touching and simple graces that marked Miss Rochford. She seemed to be about two or three and twenty : it had, therefore, probably been drawn at the very period when he was taken from her in her dressing-room ; and, while her lovely outline played before his fancy, he strove, " through the long perspective of distant years," to ascertain the shadowy recollection. It was a period too distinctly marked to his father by jealousy, by dissension, by all the acute and soul-harrowing feelings

which at length drove him to the extremity that separated them for ever.

As the vessel receded from those luckless shores on which both his peace and his existence had been so nearly wrecked, the feelings of Montague gradually harmonised. Of those he left behind him Charles Mordaunt alone excited a lasting regret. In the bosom of that generous young man he had seen a noble spirit of honour and of rectitude, which he could not too deeply lament was sullied with an almost incurable vice. Yet of the vice which events had combined to cherish, events had also shown him the danger and the evil; nor did he want a mind to reflect upon, nor a heart to feel them. His purse, while Montague continued abroad, was liberally open to the latter; and there was something singularly affecting in the situation of two young men, the one of whom bestowed what he did not think his own, while the other, from the pressure of circumstances, received what might justly be deemed so, as an obligation. In letters which, during a moment of desperation, had increased the fever of his mind, Montague now sought its balm: for what is there, self-reproach excepted, to which affection is not a balm? It is happily a property peculiar to that feeling only, to convert the heart's best nourishment into poison. Yet of the extent of his indiscretions he was still most painfully sensible, for they had induced him to receive from young Mordaunt testimonies of kindness he would have disdained from any other human being; and which, even to him, he burned to be acquitted of. But it is the nature of some errors, perhaps of all, to involve their punishment; and the proud heart that, disdainingly to bound its follies, arrogates too much independence, will almost always find in their consequences that it has left itself too little. Sir Arthur's indulgence Montague had sufficiently proved to rely on it, and he felt a tender confidence that Miss Rochford would pardon faults deeply lamented, and grievously expiated. It was to his father he most anxiously looked forward. His letter seemed to announce that he would be in England as soon or sooner than his son: but as of the state of his circumstances he said nothing, and even spoke of himself as returning in the train of Lord Montresor, Mon-

tagne, who had imbibed from Sir Arthur the persuasion that his father was rather an interesting visionary, than an active character, easily concluded that they had not prospered according to his wishes. Such, however, is the influence of the gentler affections, when not expelled by selfish and tumultuous passions, that the same young man to whom, in the wild career of the former, an impoverished father could not have failed to become an object of regret, now felt that the tender tie which before bound them to each other would be a thousand times more endeared should his son be all that was left to Mr. Cavendish.

By a sweet association of ideas, therefore, happiness and England became intimately blended in the imagination of Montague. The breezes that blew him thither seemed fraught with health; and, like sailors in a calenture, he felt persuaded that the verdure of his native woods and fields would expel alike from his frame and his heart every feverish or corrosive tendency that preyed on either. He greeted at length the welcome shores; and though neither verdure nor sunshine enlivened them, that bright beam with which the eye gilds every object it loves left nothing wanting in the seasons. That the vessel in which the Governor-general was expected had been seen in the Channel he learned before he landed; and he now impatiently hastened to London, assured that his father would be there before him. In this expectation, however, he was disappointed. On stopping at the house whither his letters for Sir Arthur had been directed, he found that the latter had removed to a more eligible situation, and that no person of the name of Cavendish, nor any one in the household of Lord Montresor was yet arrived. There was a charm in Lady Selina's door that powerfully attracted him towards it. Yet, since to present himself there with so much abruptness might produce disagreeable consequences to Miss Rochford, and to neglect Sir Arthur might incur unpleasant ones to himself, he resisted the temptation. A faint hope too struggled in his bosom, though against all reasonable probability, that as both were in daily expectation of his arrival, he might probably, by some fortunate chance, find them together. He had, indeed, written most fully

the detail of events he shrunk from relating ; not, perhaps, without a secret view of so bribing their hearts in his cause, as to leave little to the decision of their judgments.

A travelling carriage, followed by a chaise, and suitable attendants, drove by him as he was walking up the street to which he had been directed : but they attracted not his notice till he was suddenly struck with seeing them stop, as he believed, at Sir Arthur's door. — Could he be deceived? The sudden palpitation of his heart, and the emotion that diffused itself over his frame, hardly left him power to hasten onwards. He came close enough, however, to discern that two gentlemen alighted from the first carriage. The one, as nearly as he could distinguish, was handsome, sunburnt, and his imagination told him had a military air : the second was not so tall, and appeared something younger. Both were in deep mourning ; and in the one or the other he assured himself he at length saw a father. An exquisite and inexplicable emotion at once made his head swim, and suffused his eyes with tears. As he was in one of the longest streets in London, it was necessary, however, to recover both his sight and his fortitude before he could possibly reach the door. The first question there assured him he was right ; Lord Montresor and a gentleman were indeed arrived, but of the name of the latter, the servant, who perfectly knew Montague, was uninformed. Impatiently, and without the power of deliberating, he followed the man up stairs, where he burst in at once upon the astonished Sir Arthur, and the elder of the gentlemen he had seen. The good baronet, though ill able to stand from the attacks of the gout, clasped him to his bosom. Then, suddenly recollecting himself, turned round, and presented him, by the name of William Cavendish, to Lord Montresor.

“ Pardon me, my Lord,” said the disappointed young man, past all power of dissembling, and struck with apprehension at remembering Lord Montresor's mourning — “ I hoped — I had expected to see a father here !”

“ And do you *not* see a father ?” replied a voice, whose tender tones Montague could almost have persuaded himself were familiar to his ear. — “ William, beloved Wil-

liam," said Lord Montresor, folding him in his arms, "I had indeed forgotten I was one when I meditated but for a moment to deceive you." The sweet and joyful sensations that succeeded were past all language. Happiness and England were indeed found together; and the hour in which they were found seemed to overpay an age of feverish suffering.

"I had indeed meditated," said Lord Montresor, after having somewhat satisfied his eyes and heart, "a plot upon my son. Sir Arthur and I, in the profoundness of our sagacity, were to play the austere judges. I, you know, was to weigh his talents, his character, his conduct," continued he, turning, with a smile to his friend, — "but I saw his features, and I forgot all the rest." Sir Arthur, who did not feel a positive assurance that all the rest would be quite so gratifying to Lord Montresor as the latter seemed to imagine, now took the opportunity of recounting, in a summary manner, the cause of Montague's expedition abroad; and while a thousand varying recollections passed through the heart of the young man, and wandered in different suffusions over his features, Sir Arthur strove to direct the conversation of Lord Montresor to subjects that more immediately concerned himself.

"I carried to India," said the latter, deeply sighing, "a lacerated heart. What passed in it for many years my letters may have informed you better than my recollections will ever do. At the time I left England, I well knew myself to be, by the death of an infant, next in succession to Lord Montresor's title: but I buried the secret proudly in my bosom; for his fortune, the fruit of his talents, was his own to dispose of: and that to which I had no claim, either by personal merit or attachment, I could not even wish to appropriate. Yet to give to my son what the misfortunes of his father, and the misconduct of — his mother" — he faintly added, while the "hectic of a moment passed across his cheek," — "threatened wholly to deprive him of, was the pre-eminent and indulged wish of my heart. Lord Montresor had, in my boyish days, tenderly loved me. He continued to do so even during the eclipse of all my better faculties; or rather that very circumstance increased his



heavy on her soul in her dying hour; and which, living in a circle where she could find every thing rather than a friend, she had been reduced to confide to the integrity of so young a creature as Miss Rochford; well persuaded that its tenor was too advantageous to the latter, not to be duly asserted by her relations. Mrs. Mordaunt, in pursuance of the plan she had long before conceived, of uniting Miss Rochford with her son-in-law, bequeathed to each a very considerable legacy; unfettered, however, by any restriction. The greater part of her fortune was allotted to her son by Mr. Cavendish. No mention was made of Colonel Mordaunt but that the marriage articles prescribed; and every particular was drawn up with a legal skill and precision which, while it denoted a masterly hand, at once pointed out the distrust and resentment of her who dictated it.

That Colonel Mordaunt triumphed not in the spoils of the Cavendish family could not but be gratifying to the man he had oppressed. In the tears of Lord Montresor had been perfected the absolution of the dead in this world, while his benediction, together with Sir Arthur's, soon completed the happiness of the living. And so deeply was the lesson of moderation and self-distrust impressed on the heart of William Cavendish, that Miss Rochford had, indeed, never cause to regret she gave his life a charm, nor his father to blush for having struggled to give it distinction.

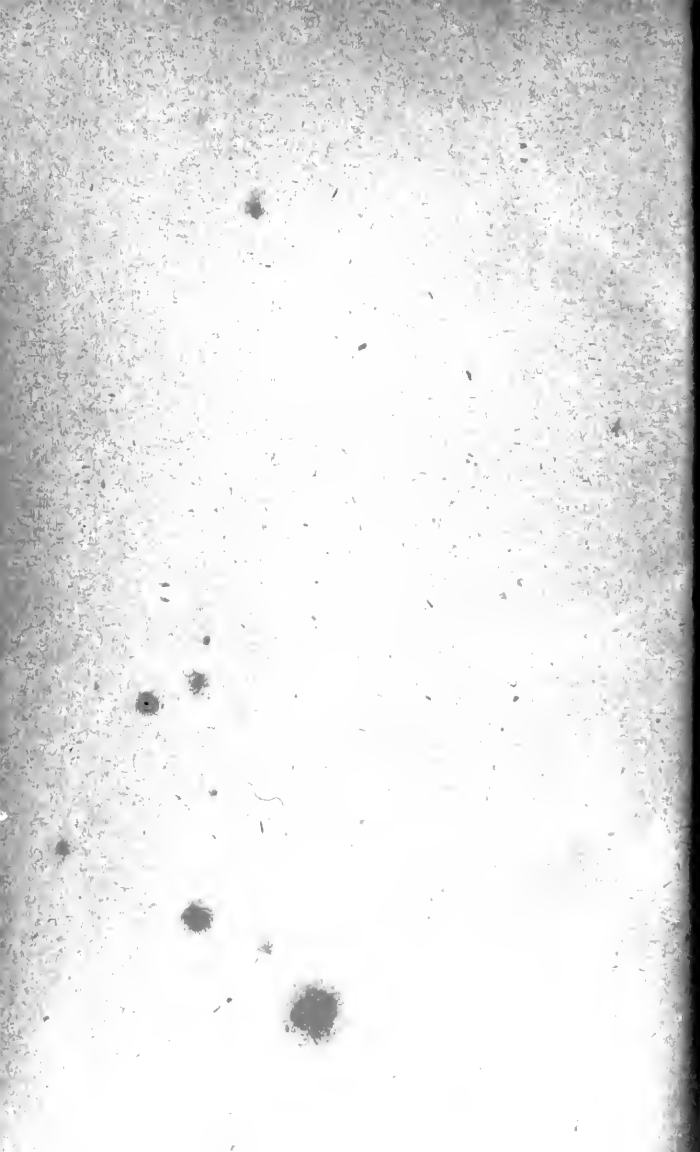
END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

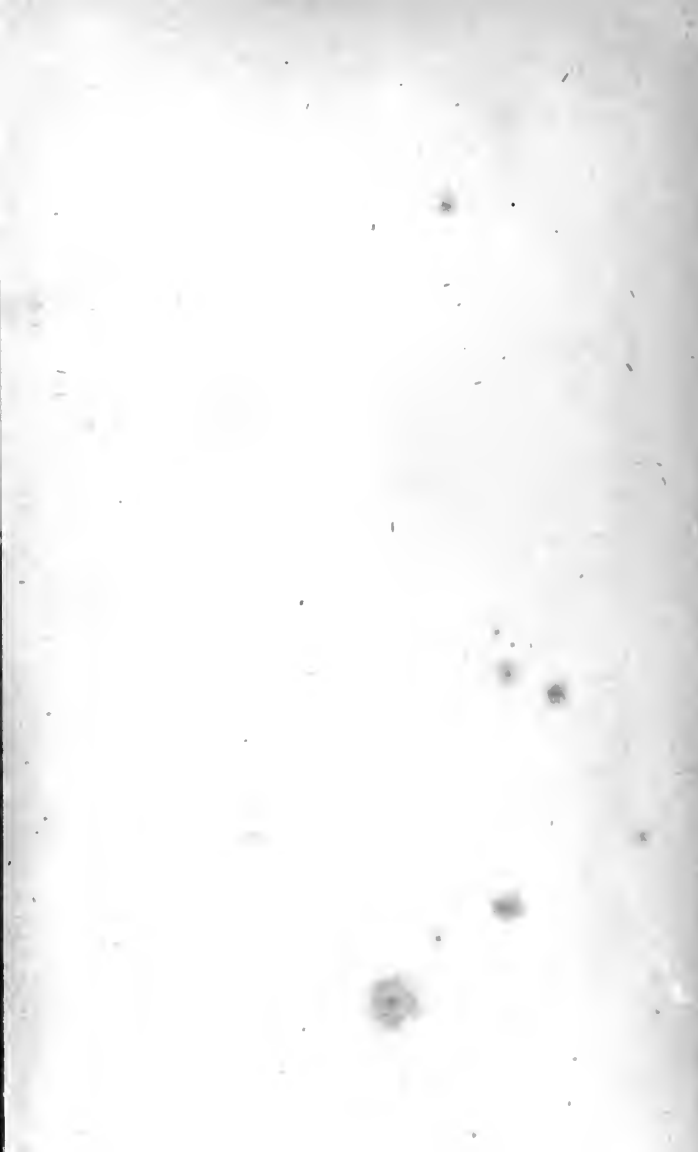
**LONDON:**  
**Printed by A. & R. Spottiswoode,**  
**New-Street-Square.**

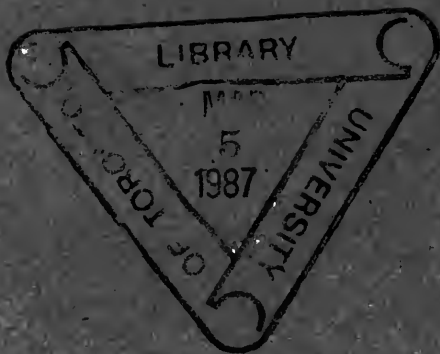














**PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE  
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET**

---

**UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY**

---

PR  
3541  
L2C35  
1832  
V.1  
C.1  
ROBA

