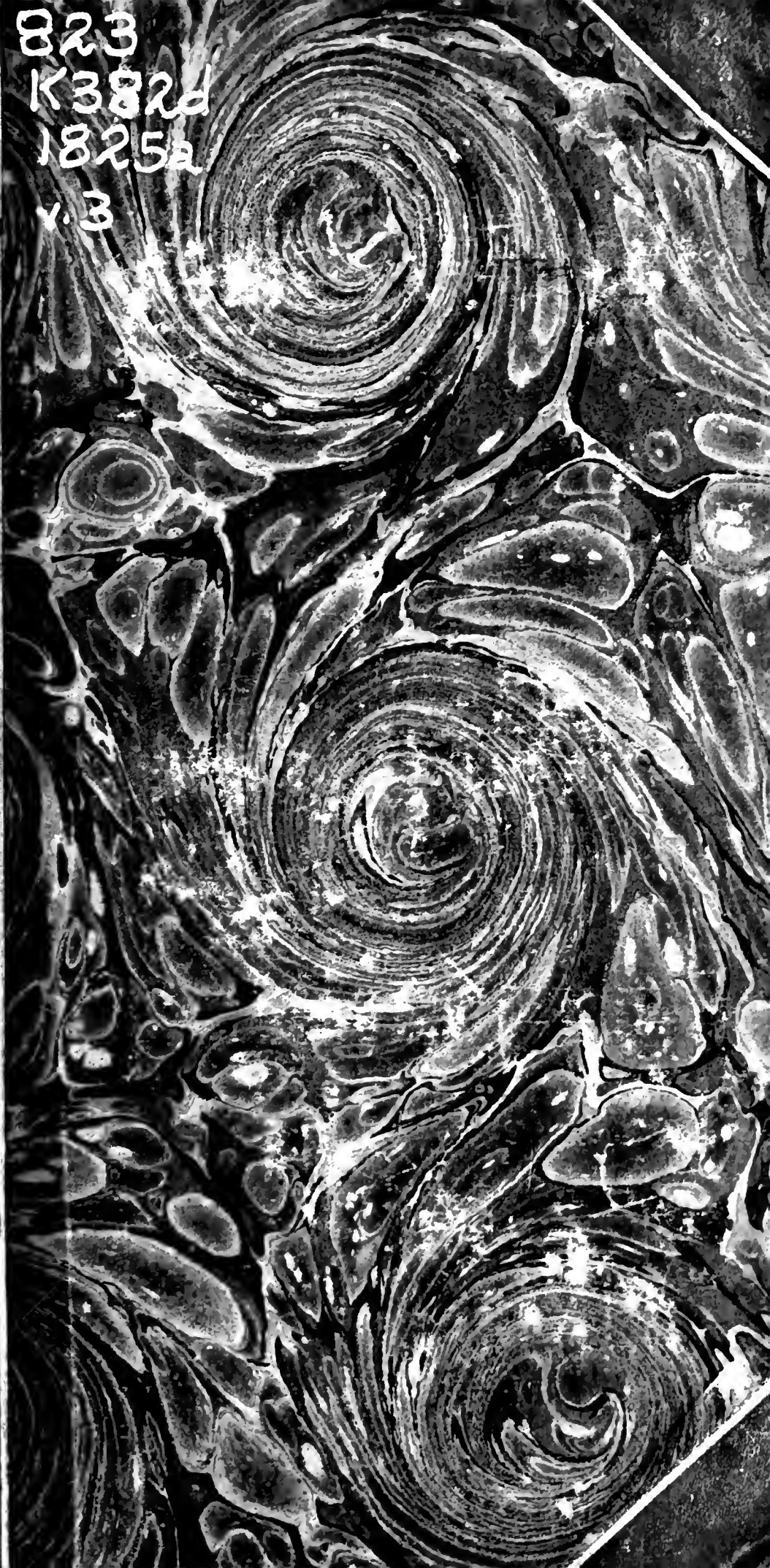


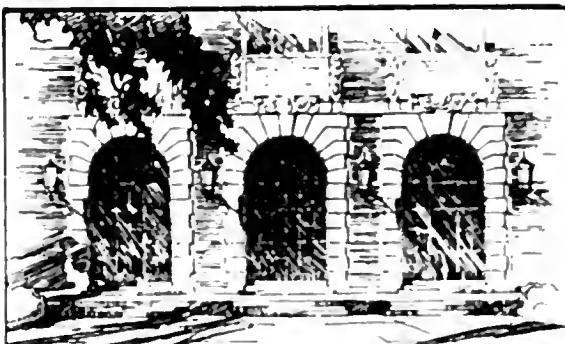
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**DUNALLAN;**

OR,

**KNOW WHAT YOU JUDGE;**

A STORY.

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IN THREE VOLUMES.

---

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE DECISION,"  
"FATHER CLEMENT," &c. &c.

VOL. III.

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## DUNALLAN, &c.

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### CHAPTER I.

CATHARINE next morning rose at her usual early hour, and again renewed her entreaties to heaven for every blessing on Dunallan, and for improvement to herself. She had been reading for some time with composure and attention, and her heart raised to heaven for guidance, when she was interrupted by some one tapping gently at her door. She went to unbolt it.

“ My dearest Catharine !” exclaimed the happy voice of Helen Graham, who rushed into the room, and clasped Catharine to her bosom.

“ My dear Helen !”

“ My beloved Catharine ! Mrs. Melville would not allow us to come here last night. She said we would only disturb you, and she must have

you all to herself for one evening; but Rose and I determined to come very early this morning."

Rose Lennox now threw her gentle arms also round Catharine.

"Rose! my dear Rose! This is an unexpected pleasure."

"My dearest Catharine, how I have longed to see you."

"My sweet Rose! My dear kind Helen!" said Catharine, kissing first the one, and then the other. She then seated herself between them, an arm round each, and looked smilingly at them. "Helen you look more blooming than ever. I see you can live without me."

"Oh! indeed Catharine, I have never ceased thinking of you, and forming plans how I should see you again since we parted."

"And you Rose," said Catharine, turning to her, "I think your cheek may still be compared to the blush rose, and your forehead to the lily of the valley, as your old admirer Mr. Lovat used to say."

"My dearest Catharine," replied Rose, "we may return all your compliments a thousand fold. How different are your looks from what they were the last morning I saw you! You were then like a marble statue, so still, and pale, and sad."

"All is different here too Rose," said Catha-

rine, putting her hand on her heart. "I now look back to that morning as the time in which I secured my greatest happiness."

"Thank heaven, dearest Catharine!" exclaimed Rose, emphatically.

"Yes, my dear Rose, I do thank heaven; Mr. Dunallan has taught me to be like you, Rose; to desire to regard all events as overruled by heaven for the wisest and kindest purposes."

"Like me!" repeated Rose, sighing. "How can you thus reproach me, Catharine?"

"Reproach you Rose! I mean all I say."

"Oh! you are mistaken then, sadly mistaken. But we have interrupted you, Catharine," observing her Bible lying open.

"No, my dear Rose, I shall not be interrupted; we shall finish what I was reading. I know you will like it; and Helen I am sure is too early to have read any to herself." Catharine then pressed her two young friends more closely to her, and read in a feeling manner a short passage of Scripture.

"Thank you, dear Catharine," said Rose, when she stopped. "How beautiful is that passage!"

"Beautiful indeed!" replied Catharine. "What do you think, Helen?"

"Really, I do not understand it."

“ Because it can only be understood by the heart, my Helen, and yours is strangely shut against all religious feeling. Do you still prefer Shakespeare to the Bible, Helen? as you once avowed to me you did.”

“ And if I do, Catharine, I cannot change my natural taste, though I may conceal it.”

“ No, no, my dear, do not conceal it. Your frankness on every subject is your greatest virtue; but it is very unaccountable, that you, who are so uncommonly alive to all that is beautiful in creation, and in human character, and in poetry, and every work of man, should be so dead to the beauty and sublimity of the Scriptures; and that you should feel so deeply the kindness of those who love you, and be so cold and ungrateful to the greatest love.”

Helen reddened and remained silent.

“ Forgive me, dear Helen,” said Catharine, kissing her cheek; “ I did not mean to offend; I am too plain in what I say; but indeed I should feel very little affection for you if I did not regret this indifference on your part to your own happiness.”

Helen’s eyes filled with tears, “ you cannot offend me, Catharine, whatever you say.”

“ I will say no more now, dear Helen; but if you knew how I sometimes reproach myself for

not having used the influence your affection for me gave me over you, to induce you to think and read more on that subject, you would not be displeased with me; but I hear Elizabeth's voice : let us join her."

Elizabeth was coming slowly up stairs. " So young ladies, this is the way you obey my mother's only instructions; you have disturbed my poor fatigued Catharine before she could have been half rested."

" We found her up, and reading, my dear Mrs. Melville," said Rose.

When seated at breakfast, the little party soon became so gay that Catharine's spirits began to sink. She, however, made an effort to join in a cheerfulness which had been chiefly produced by pleasure at again meeting her, and which she felt would be checked by her grave looks.

Helen's usual bashfulness completely gave way to the extreme gaiety of her spirits, and Elizabeth, seated opposite to Melville, and next to Catharine, seemed to feel so perfectly happy that she joined and promoted Helen's mirth, while Melville, with scarcely a smile on his own countenance, was so excessively amusing, and really witty, that even Rose could not resist his powers, and was as gay almost as Helen. Every time

Catharine laughed, however, she felt still more depressed. The late scenes she had witnessed; her dying father; Dunallan perhaps in danger, mingled with the lightness of heart of those around her, so ill, that she in vain attempted to join in the general cheerfulness; at last Melville seemed to observe that her smiles were completely forced, and immediately gave a graver turn to the conversation.

“ Miss Lennox,” said he, “ may I ask what is become of the poor family you were going to visit when I met you two days ago? Did you find their dwelling?”

“ Yes we did,” replied Rose, “ and you never saw so wretched a place. Had mamma known that Miss Morven intended taking me to such a place, I am sure she would have objected to my going even with her.”

“ Indeed,” replied Melville, “ I was so surprised at meeting you where I did, that I completely forgot the impertinence of my question when I asked you with so little ceremony where you could be going. I hope you and your friend forgave me.”

“ Oh quite, we were not at all surprised at the question. I was glad, however, that I went; for I should never have believed that such wretch-

edness existed, had I not seen it; though Miss Morven tells me she knows of cases still more miserable than that I witnessed."

"Where did you find this wretched family, Rose?" asked Catharine: "can any one assist you in comforting them?"

"Yes, my dear Catharine, though I cannot tell you where we found them. Miss Morven took me through so many little lanes and by-ways, I was surprised at her remembering them; and then we mounted up a wooden staircase almost perpendicular, and some of the steps broken. I was almost afraid, and asked Miss Morven if it was not dangerous to trust ourselves upon them. She desired me to follow her without fear, and I should see the kind of beings who were obliged constantly to ascend and descend this unsafe ladder as I thought it. When we had reached the top of it, Miss Morven, who is tall, could not stand upright; and it was so dark we had to feel our way to a door, through the crevices of which we saw the light; and within which we heard a low moaning voice of one who seemed to be reading. 'We must not interrupt that voice,' said Miss Morven to me in a whisper, 'I think it is some one praying.' We stopped for a few minutes, and easily heard, through the

thin door, all that passed within. Miss Morven was right; the voice was that of a person praying; and I was greatly struck with the beauty and tenderness of his ideas, pronounced, to be sure, in the broadest accent. At last, the voice stopped, and Miss Morven softly opened the door, and stooped to enter. It was a small garret room, with a little sky light, just sufficient to show its wretchedness. At one corner there was a miserable bed without curtains, on which sat, supported by a large bundle of something, for it was not even pillows, a young woman very pale and thin, but with a sweet and placid countenance. Close by the fire, sat an old woman, almost bent together, and trembling from palsy. There were several other people in the miserable little room, upon whom the light, when we entered, shone so dimly I scarcely perceived them. After being a little accustomed to the darkness, however, I discovered, at another corner, under the sloping ceiling, a little bed of straw, on which lay a child, so emaciated, I had no idea life could have remained in such a form. Bending over this poor innocent was another woman, whose face was almost concealed by a large shade drawn over her eyes. A man, who had stepped aside on our entrance, and who was the person we had



heard praying, soon after left the room. Miss Morven addressed the woman in bed in the most gentle and compassionate tone of voice, telling her she had been informed of the distressed situation of her family, and she had come to see if she could be of any use to them. The woman's countenance brightened."

"You are very kind, Madam. We have indeed been in great distress, but God has not forsaken us. He has made our strength sufficient for the burden he has seen fit to lay upon us. We have had reason to say his promises never fail, and that it has been good for us to be afflicted."

"Miss Morven expressed her pleasure at finding so much resignation and thankfulness in the midst of such sufferings.

"The young woman then told us that the infirm old woman was her mother, and that till within the last year she and her sister had been able to support her. The old woman here interrupted her daughter, to tell us that this good child had left an excellent situation in the country, where she had been a servant, to come and take care of her. The mother wept as she spoke, and finished by saying, that it gave her a sore heart indeed to see her Mary laid there; but she hoped

she would be kept from repining, and might never forget the precious words, ‘That whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth.’ The daughter then told us, that about eight months ago her mother took a fever, which lasted so long, and during which she required such constant attendance, that the daughter had to sit up part of the night to get the work done necessary for their subsistence; and that, even with that exertion, she was often unable to procure the many little comforts her mother’s situation required. She had therefore been obliged to sell their little articles of dress and furniture, one after another, until they were reduced to their present state of want. Mary had hoped that, on the recovery of her mother, she would be able, by continuing her exertions, to support her, and recover some of their things; but before her mother could leave her bed, poor Mary was herself seized with a low fever, which reduced her to extreme weakness, and during which, she had caught a cold that had since settled on her lungs, and from which, she added with perfect composure, the doctor had told her she could never recover. The woman who sat by the sick child was Mary’s sister; her husband was abroad; but they knew not whether he was alive or dead, for they had not heard from him for two years. The poor

woman bent closer over her child when her sister told us this, but said nothing.

“ ‘ She brought her little boy here,’ continued Mary, ‘ when I was taken ill, that she might nurse us both. She worked hard in the day, and by fire light at night, to support us, till she is now nearly blind ; and since she is no longer able, the Lord has sent you, Madam, to help us. At this moment there is not a farthing nor a morsel in the house ; and my sister’s two other children will be coming in directly from school hungry enough, poor things. We have had one great mercy mingled in our cup of affliction. We have got them admitted into a charity school, where they learn their education, and the fear of God.’

“ At this moment the children came in ; two neatly, though poorly clothed little girls, with sickly looks. Miss Morven spoke to them so sweetly and kindly, that they replied to her without any fear or shyness. The youngest of the two, however, soon stepped to her mother, and whispered something into her ear. The mother shook her head, and the poor child stood beside her for a moment in silence,—then the tears began to trickle down her little pale cheeks, and fall on her mother’s shoulder. The poor mother took the child’s hand kindly in hers, and draw-

ing its little head down on her breast, gently stroked it, while she seemed to whisper comfort into her ear. I went to them, and asked what was the matter with the poor little thing.

“Oh she will soon be better, Miss,” said the mother, “Come Jessy, say that pretty hymn about the patient child, to the young lady.” The little thing instantly looked up, and began to obey, but her heart was full, and she could not speak.

“You shall first tell me what is the matter,” said I, drawing her away to a little distance.

“I am only hungry,” said the poor innocent, in such a little melancholy voice, “but mother had nothing to give us before we went to the morning school,” and her tears redoubled.

“Do not tell us any more, for heaven’s sake, Rose,” exclaimed Helen, attempting in vain to suppress her own tears, “there is nothing half so heartbreaking as the distress of children, poor helpless things!”

“Wait till I have finished my account of the inhabitants of this house before you say so,” replied Rose, “unless you are tired of my story,” looking around.

“Oh no, oh no,” said every one.

“My dear Rose,” said Catharine, “you teach us how sinful and unthankful we are in repining

at our trifling misfortunes. To think of an absent husband, of whose fate one is uncertain. A child dying before our eyes—and another silently weeping from hunger!—Oh! we ought to know there are such sufferings in the world. But go on, my dearest Rose.”

“I assure you,” continued Rose, “that though I was very much affected by seeing this family, yet the impression they left on me was rather pleasing. The heavenly composure of the sick sister; the gentle quietness of the other; and the thankfulness with which our little assistance inspired them; the care with which they reared up the little girls, who (after Miss Morven had sent for some food, during which time we visited another family on the same floor,) repeated an amazing number of hymns and chapters of the Bible; and answered Miss Morven’s questions, to discover if they understood what they said, in a way that surprised us all. This, in some degree, reconciled me to the distress of their situation; for it proved to me the power of religion to give comfort in the most calamitous circumstances. When we left them they seemed even happy; and so grateful to heaven, and felt certain that whatever they suffered in this life was only intended to prepare them for a better. How different the other family was! Before we entered their

wretched abode, we heard the horrid sounds of scolding, and a child screaming. Miss Morven opened the door without being observed, so great was the confusion within. A woman, squalid and dirty, held a miserable child by the arm, occasionally shaking him violently."

"I'll learn ye, ye handless little devil—ye'll ken how to break every thing ye touch—what ha'e ye done wi' the bottle?"

"I could na' help it, mother," screamed the child.

"Gi'e him't weel," cried a man who lay stretched out in his clothes on a miserable filthy bed. "I'll help ye if ye canna."

"Ye'll help me! ye had better help me to some meat for his stomach, lying up there for half the day when naething ails ye."

"As weel lying here as working for you to drink, ye usefu' wife," replied the man carelessly.

She turned to retort with a face of fury, but discovering us, it smoothed in a moment. Miss Morven asked her if her name was—something, I forget what, and if she had a sick husband.

"Oh ay, Ma'am, I'm just the woman, and my gudeman's sick very often—he is lying there at this minute sae badly he canna stir, and he has had nae work for a fortnight. I'm sure I dinna ken what we'll do," and she began to whimper.

“ Johnny, my man, ye maun be going to the school,—we would want any thing sooner, Ma’am, than no gi’e him schooling.”

“ Are you fond of school, Johnny?” said Miss Morven gently to the child; but the boy, conscious of his present safety, called out as loud as he could, “ I ne’er was at ony school,” and then looking triumphantly at his mother, ran out of the room. “ He’s a sad laddy,” said his mother, quite unconcerned, “ he thinks naething o’ telling lies by the minute.”

“ That is sad indeed,” replied Miss Morven, “ but I think a little attention on your part might cure so young a child of any habit; and if you allow this one to strengthen, it may not only hurt his future prospects in this world, but may also shut him out from that place where we are told ‘ no liars shall enter.’ ”

“ Oh ay, Ma’am,” it’s very true, “ and I’m sure, to please you, I would take any pains or do any thing.”

“ To please me!” repeated Miss Morven indignantly, “ would you not make this exertion for your child’s sake, or for your own? as a mother you are accountable for the faults of so young a child.”

“ It’s very true, Ma’am.”

“Do you go yourself, and take your child to church?” asked Miss Morven.

“Sometimes Ma’am; and if I had a gown, and Johnny had a hat and shoes, I would like very weel to gang.”

“Miss Morven tried to convince her of the duty of going to a place of worship, to seek instruction for her soul, which would live for ever, although she could not make her person so fine as she wished; but she seemed dead to every thing that did not give some immediate prospect of worldly advantage. During this conversation I looked round the room. It was larger and better than that we had seen the other poor family in; and there was no want of furniture, though it was covered with filth,—indeed, the whole room was offensive in every way. The woman observed my eyes wandering round her dwelling—and slipping her hand behind her, she drew a dirty cloth over a piece of raw meat, which had been flung on the large chest on which she sat. Miss Morven saw this, and, looking at me, significantly said in French, she did not believe the woman was in want, and soon after we took our leave. The woman followed us, expecting something, but Miss Morven gave her nothing. I felt ashamed, and gave her a trifle, for which the woman, with an impudent nod of her vile head,



wished me a handsome husband; and Miss Morven laughed at my reward, which she said I deserved for my false shame. We found afterwards that this was not the woman Miss Morven had wished to visit; and that the husband was so good a workman he could make very high wages whenever he chose, and they had but the one child to support. Yet surely Helen," said Rose, "they were much more miserable than the poor family who could look to heaven for comfort."

Helen agreed, and Mr. Melville, telling Rose that her stories must have kept a client of his waiting for the last hour, took his leave, after very particularly asking the address of the poor family, in whose fate Rose had interested every one.

"Who is this Miss Morven, Rose?" asked Catharine.

"She is the daughter of a Sir William Morven, who died abroad some years ago. She has seen a great deal of the world, and is extremely agreeable and well informed. She is much liked, and every one wishes to be acquainted with her. She has two sisters younger than herself, to whom she acts the part of a mother, though she is still a young and handsome woman. She is very benevolent, and spends her time and fortune

in doing good. She is also remarkably accomplished, though she sets little value on common accomplishments; and is courted by every body, so mamma has no objection to my being as much with her as I choose, though her opinions on religious subjects are just those mamma is so afraid I shall adopt."

"I am sure I should like Miss Morven," said Catharine.

"Well," replied Rose, her eyes brightening with pleasure, "I know Miss Morven wishes much to be acquainted with you; and mamma is to be here by-and-by, to request you to meet her at a little party we are to have this evening."

"I shall have great pleasure in doing so, my dear Rose. You must also take me to see your poor family."

Mrs. Lennox arrived early in the forenoon.

"My dear Lady Dunallan!" exclaimed she on entering; "how rejoiced I am to see you. Oh how charmingly you look!"

Catharine had not before been addressed by her new title, and the paleness which followed, on her father's being thus recalled to her memory, showed Mrs. Lennox that she had touched on wounds too recently healed to be approached by her. She immediately flew to twenty sub-

jects quite uninteresting to Catharine, and at last finished by entreating her to meet Miss Morven, the most charming, or rather, next to Lady Dunallan, the most charming woman she ever knew. Catharine immediately promised to comply with her wish, and Mrs. Lennox soon after took leave.

The evening was far advanced, when Catharine, who had been deeply interested in conversation with Elizabeth and Helen, recollected her engagement to Mrs. Lennox. "Elizabeth!" exclaimed she, "what shall we do? we have forgot our engagement to Mrs. Lennox."

"We are not too late," replied Elizabeth, "it cannot be nine o'clock."

"Nine o'clock! *you* at least must dress; I shall make little change: but we shall not be there till near ten."

"That is soon enough," replied Elizabeth, smiling; "what country ideas you have my Catharine!"

"But you know, Elizabeth, if there is to be a large party at Mrs. Lennox's, which these late hours seem to threaten, I cannot, I ought not to go."

"Mrs. Lennox assured me she was to have only a few friends you knew," said Elizabeth;

“ she certainly would not have expected to see either of us at a large party.”

When Catharine and her friends arrived at Mrs. Lennox's house, however, they perceived, by the numerous carriages and chairs which blockaded the door, that the party could not be small. Catharine wished to return; but Elizabeth assuring her that she might come away whenever she chose, and reminding her of Mrs. Lennox's aptness to take offence, her better judgment was overruled, and she allowed Mr. Melville to hand her from the carriage; and after hearing “ Lady Dunallan” announced, she entered a room full of people. Those who had been within hearing of her name had their eyes eagerly bent towards her. Catharine felt abashed, and would have shrunk from the general gaze, but Mrs. Lennox immediately approached,—

“ My dear Lady Dunallan, what pleasure it gives me to see you again in my house,—you whom I have so long regarded almost as a child of my own. Allow me to introduce some friends of mine to you, who have long desired the happiness of your acquaintance.”

“ Mrs. Lennox,” said Catharine, in a low but indignant tone of voice, “ I ought not to have been

at such a party as this,—looking at her deep mourning,—you have deceived me. I only expected to have met Miss Morven: and I must request, that, during the short time I stay, I may be introduced to no other person whatever.”

Mrs. Lennox had drawn Catharine’s arm within her’s, and was conducting her to the other end of the room. She looked confounded at her reproach,—“ My dear young friend, your ideas on these subjects are like no one’s else now-a-days. I assure you no creature will think you have violated any form in being here, but your too scrupulous self.”

“ It is not *form* I regard,” replied Catharine, warmly; “ but this scene ought to be, and is, a painful contrast to my present feelings. I believe, Mrs. Lennox, you do not wish to make me uncomfortable in your house. I shall be extremely so, unless you leave me entirely unnoticed for the half-hour I shall remain.”

“ Come in here then,” said Mrs. Lennox, much disappointed, and conducting Catharine into a smaller apartment, in which there were only a few people; “ I must account to those friends of mine who wished to be introduced to you, my dear; for my breach of promise, what can I say?”

“ Say the truth,” replied Catharine.

Rose was in this apartment, and approached with an expression of confusion on her ingenuous countenance.

“ Ah, Rose,” whispered Catharine, “ why did you suffer me to be here ?”

“ My dear Catharine, I could not prevent it. Mamma has asked most of these people since the morning, just to meet you. I said I was sure you would dislike so large a party ; but mamma really did not believe me. But, if you remain in this little room, you will see very few people ; only a few card-players.”

Catharine shook her head, and, retiring to a sofa in a corner of the apartment, she told Elizabeth that she would continue there until the time came at which she had ordered her carriage. Her heart was so full, she could scarcely suppress her tears for a few moments.

Elizabeth seated herself on one side of Catharine, and Helen on the other ; and Melville, drawing a chair in front of them, said, “ We have only to suppose ourselves at home, and be as comfortable as if we were there.”

“ My imagination cannot be so accommodating,” said Helen ; “ only look at the party behind you, Mr. Melville.”

Melville turned half round. Two very old ladies, and two not much younger gentlemen, were seat-

ing themselves at a card-table, with looks of much eagerness, though the head of one of the ladies, and also her hands, shook from age; and the other was carefully settling a pair of spectacles on her nose before she began.

“ I declare, Colonel,” said the shaking lady, in a mumbling voice, “ I have thought of nothing since I saw you, but your extraordinary run of good fortune the last time we played together.”

The Colonel answered, with a smile of importance, “ I hope, madam, you do not ascribe my success entirely to good fortune?”

“ Oh no, Colonel, your play ——— ; but why, in the name of wonder, did you play a spade now ?”

“ I played a club, madam,” replied the Colonel, stiffly.

“ A club !” The old lady raised the disputed card to her dim eyes. “ I protest it is a club. The lights are surely ill arranged.”

“ I am sure a pair of spectacles, in some cases, would save a great deal of time,” said the other lady, rather impatiently.

“ We have lost the odd trick by that last admirable card of yours !” exclaimed the Colonel, looking at his poor old partner with suppressed wrath.

“What could I play, Colonel? I have not another of the kind in my whole hand ——.”

“Good heavens! madam, why do you add to your irreparable mistakes, by also betraying your weakness?”

“I have, however, gained more tricks than you have, Colonel,” retorted the old lady, beginning to get warm.

“We have it!” exclaimed the other lady triumphantly, and snatching up the last trick.—The Colonel darted a look of angry contempt at his fair partner, who now with much difficulty began to deal the cards.

Helen laughed. “What miserable figures!” exclaimed she.

“Miserable, indeed! my dear Helen,” said Catharine, “but I do not feel inclined to laugh at them.”

“Nor I,” said Melville. “Human nature, in so degraded a state, is always a painful sight to me.”

“But you are both too severe,” said Elizabeth. “Our amusements must, in some degree, be suited to our age. You would not have people, just because they are old and infirm, give up all intercourse with the world and each other. They can no longer join in the pleasures of the young,



—why deprive them of what is now their only means of being amused and happy in society?”

“Happy!” repeated Catharine. “Look at those four faces, and tell me if you really think they are happy?”

“Well, perhaps they are not happy in your sense of the word,” replied Elizabeth; “but the passions and feelings which still remain alive in them are excited; and I believe all our happiness consists in some kind of excitement.”

“And shall we all come to this, my love?” asked Melville, looking smilingly in his wife’s face.

“Heaven forbid!” replied Elizabeth, returning his smile.

“But what is to prevent us?” asked Catharine.

“Now Catharine,” said Elizabeth, “what would you have these old people do all their long evenings?”

“I must answer you too gravely, Elizabeth, if I say what I really think. But what is the use of education, or religion, or any attempt to regulate the mind and feelings, if we are innocent and safe, just before we reach the end of all our aims, in thus trifling, or worse than trifling, away our few remaining hours of preparation?—But here comes Mrs. Lennox; see, she is look-

ing for us as if we were under the chair. I suppose the lady with her is Miss Morven."

"My dear Lady Dunallan!" exclaimed Mrs. Lennox, "I thought you had made your escape. Allow me to make you acquainted with Miss Morven."

Miss Morven and Catharine regarded each other with looks of equal pleasure. Miss Morven's appearance was extremely prepossessing.

"Both of my most valued friends are extremely displeased with me this evening," resumed Mrs. Lennox; "my only hope of making my peace is, by being able to prove that it is possible, even at a large, and mixed, and late party, to meet with people whose friendship is very valuable. I shall return soon, in the hope of obtaining your forgiveness," continued Mrs. Lennox, "and in the mean time, I shall further show my penitence by inviting Miss Weston and her harp into this apartment; but do not be afraid, I shall only give her the hope of being introduced to you on some future evening." Mrs. Lennox then hurried away.

"What is your objection to large parties, Miss Morven?" asked Melville, who had frequently before met with her.

"Indeed, Mr. Melville, it would take me a whole evening to tell you half of my objections;

but before I begin, let me ask you what benefit is to be got at them? or even what pleasure?"

Melville smiled: "I do not think I can allow you to escape answering my question by asking one I shall find it so difficult to meet."

"Well," continued Miss Morven, "I shall try to answer you. I think that at a party such as this, one sees or hears nothing at all improving either to the mind or heart; vanity and display, and at least only trifling chit chat; then one's feelings of ridicule are excited," looking round to the card-table, "where one should only feel pity: precious time is lost for absolutely nothing, not even amusement; for every one tires of these crowds: then late hours and late rising next day, and if you have any plan of life at all, that plan deranged; and if you enter the vortex, you must do this every evening, and every day."

"No!" said Melville smiling, "that is not necessary. You *really* good ladies are too violently anxious to be right, I think, and see more evil in some things than *really* exists. A man with a profession like myself, must have a plan of life, and must keep regular hours; and yet there is no party at which you do not see many lawyers."

"True, Mr. Melville, but I believe the plan of life we scrupulous ladies wish to pursue, is not exactly of the same nature as that of a lawyer. It

includes, and chiefly consists in studies and efforts which are far more affected by such scenes, than the study of law can be."

"But then," resumed Melville, smiling gaily, "what would become of all the poor mammas without these opportunities of showing us their pretty daughters?"

"Well! there you mention the only case in which I can discover their use; but that arises from a fault in the present state of society, not necessary surely; and which you gentlemen promote, I suppose, to protect your own hearts; for I think you all agree in *saying*, at least, that women appear most lovely, and most engaging, when most domestic."

"Certainly," replied Melville, "and I think whatever introduced those large parties, the gentlemen, at least those who cannot or who do not wish to marry, have greatly benefited by them.—As for those who really desire to enter into that happy state, but who wish to be in love first, the case is different. For my part, when I see around me so many lovely young faces, and slightly attired persons, I first wonder how any man can preserve his heart, and then how it is possible to lose it; for after you have seen one look, and smile, and dimple, till your heart is going, you have only to look around you, and you see twenty

just as charming, and you forget the first, and so on for ever. Now, to go where there is perhaps an old father, who talks of nothing that has happened within your recollection, and a mother who is no more modern in any way, it follows of course, that you fall in love with the blooming daughter, who appears completely irresistible from the contrast.”

The sound of Miss Weston’s harp now arrested the attention of our little party. Her voice too seemed charming ; but when loud enough to be distinctly heard, the party at the card-table raised in an equal degree their tones of peevish reproach, or angry retort.

“ Are you fond of music, Lady Dunallan ?” asked Miss Morven.

“ Yes ! extremely so.”

“ Shall we go nearer Miss Weston, then ? for I fear we shall not enjoy any harmonious sounds in this corner.” Catharine consented, and they approached the part of the room where Miss Weston sat. She was a plain looking girl, rather coarse in her figure and appearance ; and, excepting Rose Lennox, who, looking very pretty and modest, stood close by her, no one paid her any attention. The little apartment had nearly filled with people, but they had separated into parties, and talked and laughed without any re-

gard whatever to the poor harp player, who, nevertheless, continued to go through a long and elaborate piece with great skill and execution. Two young men stood near Rose, and attempted to draw her into conversation, but in vain; she continued politely attentive to her mother's guest, and the two gentlemen were also obliged to become patient listeners.

Every eye was immediately fixed on Catharine when she issued from her retreat, and approached to where Miss Weston sat; and by degrees several people joined also as listeners, or rather that they might gaze at a new face in the fashionable world. Catharine, however, unconscious of the notice she attracted, continued to listen with pleased attention to a degree of skill and knowledge of music she had never before heard possessed by a lady. Her notice was attracted at last, however, by the appearance of a lady and gentleman, who attempted to enter into conversation with Miss Morven, but whom she avoided with the most marked coldness, though Catharine thought there was something in their appearance strikingly noble and pleasing. The gentleman, she knew not why, reminded her of Dunallan; he did not exactly resemble him, but there was a something in his air and manner that made her heart beat by recalling him. The

lady was not young, but Catharine thought she had never before seen so beautiful a countenance, or so graceful a form. Her attention became completely occupied by the strangers; their eyes too were constantly turned towards her.

At last Miss Weston's piece came to a close. Mrs. Lennox loaded her with flattery and thanks. When Miss Weston had retired amongst her young friends, Mrs. Lennox said in a loud whisper to Miss Morven,

“ Ah ! if you heard Lady Dunallan's harp !— but I must not hope to night to——”

“ Certainly not,” interrupted Catharine with displeasure.

Mrs. Lennox turned to the beautiful stranger: “ Lady Fitzhenry, I fear I shall not be able to gratify you as I rashly promised.”

Lady Fitzhenry smiled with the most captivating sweetness. “ The reason you have already given us, Mrs. Lennox, is too good, too amiable for me even to desire to overcome it for my own gratification.”

“ I had promised, my dear Lady Dunallan,” resumed Mrs. Lennox, “ that I should use all the little influence I possessed with you to induce you to sing a Scotch song with all its native unadorned sweetness.”

“Catharine blushed deeply; every eye was fixed upon her. “I believe,” said she, looking at the stranger, “I should not save Mrs. Lennox’s breach of promise by complying with her wish.”

Miss Morven who stood by Catharine, gently touched her arm. Catharine turned to her. Miss Morven stepped past her, and looked at the music book which was open on the stand, then turning her face to Catharine, and thus concealing it from the strangers,

“You wished to know whose music that was,” said she; then, as she passed into her former place, she said in a low voice, “don’t sing.”

Catharine was surprised; however, on Mrs. Lennox again hinting her wish, she positively declined singing.

Lady Fitzhenry looked disappointed, and Catharine could not resist saying to her, as she retired from the circle with Miss Morven;

“I hope I shall at some other time have it in my power to prove how happy I should be to oblige you.”

Lady Fitzhenry returned her thanks in the most graceful manner, from which Miss Morven turned away with apparent disgust.

Catharine then took leave of Mrs. Lennox, and Rose, and quitted the apartment—but not before



she heard Lady Fitzhenry say with a deep sigh to the gentleman who accompanied her, and on whose arm she leant, "she is indeed very charming."

When Catharine was seated in the carriage with her own party, and Miss Morven, who had consented that they should carry her home, Miss Morven said,

"I have come into your carriage, Lady Dunallan, to entreat your forgiveness, and to explain my reasons for so soon having taken the privilege of a friend."

"I beg you will only tell me who that charming looking couple are," replied Catharine, "and why they seem to possess so little of your esteem?"

"Because I know them to be as worthless as they are singularly charming," replied Miss Morven. "Worthless! and how could Mrs. Lennox have them at her house?"

"Charity, my dear Lady Dunallan," said Melville, "nobody is certain of their misdeeds; but suspicions are strong against them."

"I never saw so handsome a man," exclaimed Helen: "I declare he looked like a prince, or king, compared to the other gentlemen."

"We are greatly flattered, Miss Graham," said Melville.

“ But who are they ?” asked Catharine.

“ The gentleman’s name is Sir Henry Moncton,” replied Miss Morven. “ He has long openly admired Lady Fitzhenry, although he is a married man. Poor Lady Moncton stays quietly at home with her children, while this cruel husband attends Lady Fitzhenry with the most devoted attention wherever she goes. Lady Fitzhenry’s husband is excessively worthless every way, and quite regardless of the reputation of his wife, who, though she does not exactly reside with Sir Henry, is never seen without him. She is very literary, and I believe highly accomplished in every way. She wishes to go abroad, but as that is almost impossible at present, she is to remain here for a short time. I am peculiarly alive to the greatness of her guilt; perhaps, because some members of her family are my most intimate friends; and I know her conduct has thrown a dark cloud over their happiest days; particularly over those of her eldest brother General Hartford, who has left no effort untried, which kindness could dictate, to reclaim her.”

It was fortunate for Catharine that there was no light to betray the emotion which the last part of Miss Morven’s speech occasioned; and when she added, “ could I suffer you, Lady Dunallan, to be charmed into doing any thing you disap-

proved, by such a woman?" Catharine replied with so much emotion,

"I am more obliged to you than I have words to express," that Elizabeth could not help laughing.

"Surely, my dear Catharine," said she, "you were in no danger of being injured by this amiable person."

Catharine remained silent till the carriage stopt. Her thoughts dwelt on what she had heard. She must have seen Dunallan's *Aspasia* ! Did he know how guilty she still was? What a dark cloud must the knowledge of her guilt throw also over his happiest days !

When the carriage stopt, Catharine took leave of Miss Morven, after obtaining her promise to spend part of next day with her and Elizabeth.

After a few minutes conversation with Elizabeth, Catharine retired to her apartment. It was past the hour at which she had promised to meet Dunallan in the most sacred of all duties. She felt wrong, and unkind, and unhappy. The busy scene she had left—Lady Fitzhenry—all swam before her eyes, and led away her thoughts when she wished to collect them in devotion. Before she was aware, her attempt to examine her own heart, as she always wished to do before she closed the day, gave way to an attempt to discover

why Sir Henry Moncton so greatly resembled Dunallan! She supposed their manners had been formed in the same society. She again attempted to perform those duties which generally gave her satisfaction—sometimes delight, but she could not succeed, and bursting into tears, she implored the mercy of Heaven for herself, and for Dunallan, and then retired to sleep, at first broken and disturbed, but at length tranquil and profound.

## CHAPTER II.

NEXT morning, Catharine, with more self command, reviewed the events of the preceding evening, and the manner in which she had spent it. She knew that such was the usual way of spending time by people in her situation. She was ignorant of Dunallan's opinion on the subject; but she thought it impossible that he should approve of what, even to her, appeared inconsistent with that regulation of thought and spirit—that separation from the follies and vices of the world, which she believed was required in Scripture. When she recalled Mrs. Lennox's anxious countenance, her gross flattery, and above all, her want of principle, which could allow fashion so to blind her,—which could suffer a mother to introduce such people as Sir Henry Moncton and Lady Fitzhenry to the acquaintance of a son and daughter—people who seemed formed to make vice seducing, she shuddered at the idea of ever being so infatuated; “and yet,” thought she, “what reason have I to imagine that I should escape the errors that such a life leads to

if I pursued it ?” She tried to avoid thinking of Lady Fitzhenry. All regarding her was painful. What a continued source of misery must her life of guilt be to Dunallan ! Never did she feel so thankful for that mercy which had snatched him from ruin ! This morning she expected a letter from him, and with mixed feelings awaited its arrival. At last she received it, just as she expected to be summoned to breakfast. It was the first in which he had ventured to indulge in expressions of tenderness, and she soon forgot that Aspasia, or any other being, existed in the world but him.

“ My dear Dunallan; my guide, my friend, my husband !” exclaimed she at last, in a low tone of voice. Again she read the concluding expressions.

“ And now I must say adieu, my own Catharine, and again continue this journey, which every moment carries me farther from her who is now the first earthly charm of my existence. Your dear idea brings to me all that is lovely and loveable on earth; and more than earth can claim—a sister spirit, with whom, after enjoying as much dear intercourse as is possible in this imperfect state of existence, I hope to live for ever. Adieu, my love. To the tender care, the only wise care, of that almighty, ever present

Friend, in whom you believe and trust, to him, in humble confidence, I now commend my beloved wife. How sweet, my Catharine, are the ideas associated with this dearest of appellations! But I must not trust myself; but again say that hateful little word that contains so much painful meaning, “ adieu !” That we may never again say it, is the earnest prayer of your

DUNALLAN.”

“ May we indeed never again say that painful word !” sighed Catharine. She then sunk into a sweet and pleasing dream, from which she was awakened by the entrance of Elizabeth.

“ Oh Catharine ! that blush tells whose letter has detained you so late this morning.”

“ Late ! Elizabeth, I did not know that it was late.”

“ It is very late, however, my dear; and Martin, after several attempts to induce you to join us, to which, she says, you always assented, has at last given up her efforts, I suppose in despair.”

“ I believe I did hear her say something about breakfast, but I soon forgot. Am I indeed very late ?”

“ So late that Melville has gone out in despair of seeing you, and Miss Morven has been here for an hour.”

“ Dear Elizabeth, how could you allow me ?”

Catharine hurried down stairs, and with many conscious blushes, apologized to Miss Morven for her lateness.

“ I do not think you have suffered from your dissipation of last night, Lady Dunallan,” said Miss Morven, smiling.

Catharine again blushed, conscious of the real cause of her glowing looks. “ One evening, I suppose, may be productive of no evil consequences,” replied she ; “ but I do earnestly hope my lot may never make it necessary for me to spend my evenings in such a crowd, such a tiresome bustle. I have poor Mrs. Lennox’s face still before me—so busy, so dissatisfied, and uneasy. Pray, Miss Morven, is that the usual happy state of the lady of the house on such occasions ?” “ Oh no,” replied Miss Morven, “ poor Mrs. Lennox is, I see, quite new to such kind of parties ; and supposes it necessary that every one should be amused and attended to by herself, as she must do in the country when her highland neighbours visit her. A really fashionable lady would be greatly amused with poor Mrs. Lennox, toiling from card table to harp player, and stopping a moment near each little party, to ascertain whether they are enjoying themselves ; and then bustling away to procure unwilling



partners for the poor neglected misses, who sit drooping in the dancing room." "But," added Miss Morven, "it is impossible to judge for others. There must be some charm in those large parties to the people who so regularly attend them, which to me is quite unaccountable; yet it is too uncharitable to think that all who spend evening after evening in such scenes, do so either from want of mind or principle."

"I think," said Elizabeth, "I could easily discover good motives for the presence of many of those I meet at such parties. I shall begin with myself. I know Melville would never go if I did not, because he tires to death; yet it is proper that a man in his profession should both acquire new acquaintances, and retain those he has. I do not see how this is possible, unless one mixes in society in the only way one can; and I really do not feel any bad consequences from it. Then mothers, who have grown up daughters to dispose of, I need not say how impossible it would be for them, in the present state of society, to accomplish this, were they to banish themselves from such parties. Then young ladies, and young gentlemen, naturally and innocently love each other's society wherever they can find it. I really am at a loss to discover what you find so improper in these parties, Miss

Morven. You, too, Catharine, seem to regard them as dangerous to every thing good."

"I certainly do *feel*," replied Catharine, "that they would be dangerous to every thing good in myself at least."

"But why, dear Catharine?" asked Elizabeth.

"Because," replied Catharine, "they seem to me quite inconsistent with that state of mind and feeling which, I think, we are required by Scripture to cultivate; and which, when in any degree attained, is so delightful, I should dread losing it more than any other earthly blessing."

"But I know of no feeling, Catharine, recommended in Scripture, which would be injured by witnessing our fellow creatures amused and happy."

"I think Scripture requires us for our own improvement, my dear Elizabeth, to have the presence of our Creator, and our duty to him so constantly uppermost in our thoughts, that whatever we do, or think, or say, should be guided by a desire to please him, and to honour him as far as such creatures can. Now, what did we witness last night calculated to produce such a state of feeling? On the contrary, did we not derive our amusement partly from the follies of others? Can any one pretend to say that the spirit which prevailed last night was the spirit of

religion? You smile, Elizabeth, at the idea; but can it be right to spend our time in society which is so governed by other principles, that the very idea of religion having any influence excites a smile of ridicule?"

"But still, Catharine, there is nothing contrary to the spirit of religion."

"Not even in the presence of such people as Sir Henry Moncton and Lady Fitzhenry?" asked Miss Morven, smiling.

"But there is no necessity for having such people at our parties," replied Elizabeth, "and many who frequently have such parties, would be quite as scrupulous in that respect as the very strictest methodist could be."

"Methodist!" repeated Catharine.

"Yes, my dearest Catharine. You are not aware of it, but your sentiments are becoming quite methodistical."

"What do you mean by "methodistical," my dear Elizabeth?"

"I mean that narrow uncharitable spirit which limits all goodness to a few strict, and, to people who live in the world, impracticable rules; such as never going to a party of more than a few religious people, or at least mostly religious—never stirring out on Sunday unless to go half a dozen times to hear some canting preacher—never

opening your mouth but to pronounce some religious sentence; and holding in utter contempt all the pleasures derived from the cultivation of taste, or literature, or whatever can embellish or charm in life,—indeed, every thing but the contemptible pursuits of the self-satisfied sect.”

Catharine smiled; “my dear Elizabeth I am not conscious of being guilty of any of the crimes you have mentioned.”

“Nor would those who are dignified by the epithet of methodist recognise themselves in Mrs. Melville’s character of them,” said Miss Morven with some severity.

Elizabeth reddened, “I speak from report,” said she, “I am not myself acquainted with any methodist.”

“Yes, you are,” replied Miss Morven smiling, “unless you mean to strike me off the list of your acquaintances.”

“You, my dear Miss Morven!” replied Elizabeth, blushing deeply, “I have heard you accused of this peculiarity I confess, but I always defended you with all the eloquence I possessed.”

“I, however, deserve the contemptuous appellation, in the sense it is usually applied. I hope, at the day of reckoning, I may only be found amongst those who have borne it through

lives that ought to have proved the perfection of any principles. But now, my dear Mrs. Melville, I entreat you will be equally frank with me, and answer me, whether you think it can be possible to be too anxious to please the divine being?"

"Certainly not."

"Then, if we are convinced, by the way we understand Scripture, that a certain line of thoughts, and feelings, and actions, are alone pleasing to him, are we wrong in pursuing that course, however unlike it may be to that of others?"

"Assuredly not."

"Well, my dear Mrs. Melville, this is all we do, and why is this so disagreeable?"

"I did not say any thing Miss Morven did was disagreeable," replied Elizabeth, smiling.

"No; but you seemed to think Lady Dunallan would become much less amiable by adopting the opinions of those who are called methodists, and I only heard her express what I have just said; an earnest desire to regulate her thoughts and feelings so as to please her God."

"Elizabeth hesitated—and then said, "I perhaps felt so, because Catharine, instead of replying to my question, how it was possible to live in the world, without taking society as we found it, began talking religiously, I do not know how."

“ I do not recollect what I said, dear Elizabeth,” said Catharine, “ but perhaps I did not feel that I could answer your question. I certainly do not see how you can otherwise be in society; but I cannot argue this subject with you on these grounds. If it is absolutely necessary for Mr. Melville to court the world, he must do it, but I cannot perceive this necessity,—yet do not suppose that I think Mr. Melville should not mix in society. I do not intend by any means to say so. I mean only to say, that I think *I* should myself be injured by doing so very often; and that I can feel the necessity, the absolute necessity of only one thing, either for myself or others, which is, to learn the way of salvation for our souls, for ‘ What shall we profit, if we gain the whole world, and lose them?’ ”

“ True, my dear Catharine, I believe that miserable old party we saw at the card-table last night would have agreed with you thus far, though they might differ with you as to what is necessary to secure this safety to the soul. I believe, my dear Catharine, we must not expect all to travel on the same road to heaven; but let us leave this subject—it is new, and very painful to me to differ from you,” added Elizabeth, tears starting into her eyes as she spoke. “ If you please, we shall avoid this subject for the future.”

Catharine took her hand affectionately in hers, “ I cannot promise this my own Elizabeth, I love you too dearly; but for a few days I shall avoid it, if you will promise to think seriously of what I am going to ask you.”

“ I will, Catharine.”

“ Well, my Elizabeth, do you think it possible that it could be necessary for the Son of God himself to leave his glory, and veil himself in the human form, and live on earth so many years, suffering grief and contempt, and at last an ignominious and agonizing death, if the salvation of our souls, for which he endured all this, is a matter of so little moment that we may venture to trifle or delay attending to it? Do you think our Saviour did not mean what he said, when he assured his hearers that, ‘ Strait is the gate, and narrow is the way which leadeth to everlasting life, and few there be that find it?’ Will you think of this, and answer me, Elizabeth?”

“ I will, my dear Catharine,” replied Elizabeth very gravely, and becoming pale on seeing the extreme earnestness of Catharine’s looks and manner.

Catharine kissed her cheek tenderly.

After a short pause, Elizabeth asked how they should spend the day?

“ You shall decide, my dear Elizabeth,” said Catharine: “ Perhaps, if Miss Morven is disengaged she will join our little party in the evening; you know my aunt and cousins are to be with us.”

Miss Morven immediately consented.

“ The first thing we do must be to leave our cards at Mrs. Lennox’s door, however,” said Elizabeth.

It was agreed that this should be done immediately.

Mrs. Lennox had given orders, that if Lady Dunallan called, she should be admitted, so Catharine and her party were obliged to pay her a visit. They found her apparently in excessive bad humour, which she at first with difficulty suppressed, though she received Catharine and her friends with her usual exclamations of joy. Rose’s joy was real.

“ I am glad to see you *can* look happy, Rose,” said her mother, with an expression of resentment, which showed there had been some recent cause of displeasure.

“ Yes, dear mamma,” said Rose, smiling sweetly in her face, “ we can both be happy now, and you know I cannot be so when it is otherwise.”

Mrs. Lennox turned away her angry eyes, and remained silent for a moment; then turning to



Catharine, "Do you know, Lady Dunallan, you surprised every one last night."

"Surprised every one!" repeated Catharine, with a look of apprehension; "how?"

"Oh! I shall tell you how. I do not know what I had said before you came. I had, to be sure, prepared some of my friends to see what the style of beauty was I admired more than any other. Well I do not know what kind of taste they supposed me to have, but when you left the room, Sir George Campbell, who is thought a great connoisseur in beauty, came to me; well, Sir George, said I, are you disappointed? Extremely so, Madam. You smile, Lady Dunallan, but wait a little. Disappointed! repeated I. Yes, Madam. I expected that I should see one of those charming creatures, a gay young beauty, willing to show her lovely smiles to any one who chose to win them from her by a sufficient degree of flattery and admiration; instead of which, this beauty of yours is one of those touching creatures I never dare approach, because I cannot get rid of the impression they make on me; and because there is such dignity in their youthful assumption of matronly staidness of manner, that I cannot venture to address them as I do common beauties."

“ I am very glad I looked so matronly,” said Catharine, smiling.

“ And Lady Fitzhenry,” continued Mrs. Lennox, “ could talk of no one else, after you were gone. Is that the young lady, asked she, who has lived almost entirely in seclusion? and then she raved about your beauty and manners.”

“ Now, Mrs. Lennox,” said Catharine, smiling, “ do not you begin with all these pretty speeches about me, to avert the question you must expect from a lady who has always lived in seclusion;—how you possibly can admit such people as Lady Fitzhenry and Sir Henry Moncton into your house?”

“ Not at all, my dear. Your asking such a question only proves how innocently ignorant you are of the ways of the fashionable world.”

“ I hope I shall continue ignorant of such bad ways, Mrs. Lennox.”

“ Well, wait a little, we shall see; but Lady Fitzhenry’s taste at least cannot be disputed; besides, Sir Henry also joined in admiring you; and Lady Fitzhenry asked so very particularly and minutely about Lord Dunallan; where he was; when he had left you; and a thousand other questions; and with such very deep interest, I really was half surprised myself, well as I

know the impression your appearance makes on strangers.”

Catharine felt uneasy, yet dreaded betraying any emotion. “Do not speak any more of these people to me, Mrs. Lennox,” said she, with forced gaiety; “you surely do not wish them to make a conquest of me in return.”

“Oh no. Yet I am sure you would like Lady Fitzhenry if you knew her. She is a very charming woman.”

“She has no charm at all for me,” said Rose, “every sentiment or opinion almost, that she utters, is to me, unnatural, or erroneous, and her manners are far too refinedly free; but here is her carriage, I think,” continued Rose, leaning towards the window, then drawing back that she might not be observed. “Mamma, did you desire her to be admitted? The servant is opening the carriage door.”

Mrs. Lennox looked confused; Miss Morven immediately rose—

“Do not go, I entreat you, exclaimed Mrs. Lennox;” but Catharine immediately rose also, and took leave of Mrs. Lennox with a look of offended dignity.

Lady Fitzhenry was just entering as they left the apartment. She stood back until they passed, and returned Catharine’s cold and slight

curtsey, with one of such graceful lowliness, and accompanied by such an expression of humility, that Catharine was touched, and when she got into the carriage remarked it to Miss Morven.

Miss Morven's cheek still glowed. "Intolerable!" exclaimed she; "to be forced to meet such a woman. You remark her lowliness of manner; why should she have it, unless she is conscious of guilt? and if so, she loses the excuse her friends wish to plead for her, that her very powers of judging between right and wrong have been destroyed by the principles she has adopted."

"But she must be aware," said Elizabeth, "that she is condemned by others, and that is a depressing feeling."

"Unhappy creature!" exclaimed Catharine, with much emotion; "how pitiable to see one, apparently so feeling, so superior in talent, so captivating in manners, thus completely lost!" "Yes", replied Miss Morven, "it is truly so. I cannot, however, suppose she possesses feeling, at least not the kind of feeling you mean. She has no pity for others. A father, brothers, sisters, have all been sacrificed by her, to feeling, she would say; but I say to selfish guilty passions. I have no patience for the admiration and pity this woman inspires," continued Miss Morven; "in my opinion, there cannot be a

more worthless creature. Had you seen her father, Lady Dunallan, or you, Mrs. Melville, so venerable! such a noble countenance! his character held in the highest honour by all who knew him—had you seen him, as I did, return from visiting this guilty woman, in the hope of reviving some feeling of virtue in her breast; had you seen him, struggling with shame and indignation, and remaining tenderness, command his family never more to mention her name in his presence; and then from day to day sink into deeper dejection, until his life became the victim to her shame! had you heard his dying message to this cruel daughter, ‘tell Augusta that I forgive her, though she has brought my gray hairs with shame and sorrow to the grave;’ you would feel as I do.”

“And did she ever hear that message?” asked Catharine, greatly shocked.

“General Hartford himself conveyed it to her.”

“And what followed?”

“Her brother hoped it had made some impression; but no—in less than two months she again appeared in public in all the outward marks of woe, but constantly attended by Sir Henry Moncton. She, however, did look ill, and there was a story told, that during these two months,

or a part of them, her spirits had been so miserably low, that at one time she had attempted to put an end to her existence by swallowing a quantity of laudanum. I know not, however, whether there is any truth in this story."

Catharine felt greatly shocked; and when again alone, her thoughts were deeply occupied with Miss Morven's account of the unhappy Lady Fitzhenry. Could Dunallan know all her guilt and want of feeling? He probably did, and Catharine thought with pain of the many wretched hours her conduct must occasion him. There was but one event which could remove this wretchedness—a total change of heart and life in Lady Fitzhenry. Was this likely? Catharine remembered that the Christian religion excluded none from its hopes—none, however depraved, from its offer of renovation of heart, and complete forgiveness. Lady Fitzhenry she now regarded with very painful interest for Dunallan's sake. She recollected what Churchill had said, "That in her conscience there seemed to be no light;" and she fervently raised her soul to heaven in behalf of this unhappy woman; and from that day she prayed regularly for that mercy and light from heaven to rest on the perverted and guilty Lady Fitzhenry, which she sought not herself, and was apparently unconscious she required.

Next morning, and every morning following for several days, brought a letter to Catharine from Dunallan, each succeeding one more tenderly affectionate than the former. In his last he said—"I have now spent two days almost constantly with my miserable brother-in-law. I shall not shock you, either by describing the situation in which I found him, or the state of his mind. The last, indeed, is indescribable. No language could convey to you the deep and settled gloom which has taken possession of him; and which only gives place to moments of horror so overpowering, that he seems unconscious of the presence of those around him, and gives expression to the agony of his feelings with such vehemence, and in language so appalling, that even the hardened beings I found attending on him did so with reluctance. Can I witness a mind in such a state, my dearest Catharine, and not remember from what I myself have been saved? Poor Harcourt is no more ignorant of true religion than I was before my beloved Churchill, with such unwearied patience, pursued me with instruction; and to whose providence do I owe my ever having known that friend of my soul. I now attempt to follow Churchill's example of patience in watching every moment for an opportunity to introduce into the mind of

Harcourt, some ray of light or hope, or peace, from the only source of truth—the word of God; but to the admission of light, or hope, or peace, his mind seems closed in the hardness of stone, and the darkness of eternal night. Walderford is now in London, and, with Christian compassion, joins me in watching over this wretched being. Another dear and feeling friend, a clergyman, also visits him. He is best pleased when we are all with him; but nothing, for a moment, dispels the awful gloom of his awakened conscience. My indefatigably kind friend Clanmar has procured a house for us near his own, in —— Square, to which Harcourt was removed this morning; my agent, Mr. Howell, having accommodated matters with his creditors. Harcourt has no wish to see his children; indeed whatever would recall the past, he seems to dread would only add to his misery. I think, however, that his seeing them might tend to soften his feelings, and any softness of heart in his present state might, I think, be a means of good; but I feel that I am selfish in this wish, so shall not attempt to find good reasons. I have written to my aunt; I think she will come; and if so, she will be in Edinburgh two days after you receive this; she will remain one night, and on the day after, I trust I may hope that my Catharine is on the



road to London, I shall not trust myself to say more."

In another part of his letter, Dunallan wrote—  
“ You ask me my Catharine, to tell you if I have seen St. Clair, and *exactly* to describe his looks and manner on meeting me. I shall attempt to do as you wish. I have met him twice, for short intervals, at Clanmar’s. His looks and manner are as cold and contemptuous as possible, and certainly convey as much aversion and hatred as looks or manner could convey. I have, both times we met, avoided all intercourse with him further than common civility required, and will continue, my Catharine, to do so, while his feelings seem so unconquerably hostile towards me; but I never return his looks of contempt; indeed how can I feel any thing but pity for him, when I recollect how long and intimately he was acquainted with the loveliest and most attractive woman I ever knew, and how much his natural vanity had led him to hope? So you see, my sweet friend, how groundless your apprehensions on this subject are; indeed, I scarcely understand them; for you know, that whatever treatment this St. Clair chooses to bestow on me, as a Christian I must just patiently bear it.

Before I leave this subject, however, I must tell you that I am acquainted with what you in-

tended to keep secret from me. My aunt, dreading further misunderstandings between us, has informed me of your having written to St. Clair. I suppose, my love, he has not attended to your request. I do not suppose he ever will; indeed, when I recollect how you are to prove to me that you never wrote these cruel letters, I wish he never may. You remember, Catharine, how you are to prove this—by your kindness—your affection for me. I think I shall be very difficult to convince,” &c.

Catharine, after reading this letter, could think little of any part of its contents, compared to the passage respecting St. Clair. She perceived that he did not mean to answer her letter to him. He might have done so, since there had been time for Dunallan's receiving Mrs. Oswald's letter; and his continued and evident hatred of Dunallan, she felt certain, foreboded evil. She had known St. Clair from his early youth, and there was a determined resolution in his character, and a carelessness of what means he used to attain a purpose on which he had once fixed, which she now recollected with terror. Dunallan too seemed so little on his guard, that her fears increased the longer she allowed herself to think.

Next morning her forebodings seemed realized—the usual hour passed, and no letter came from

Dunallan. She could not suppress her disappointment and anxiety; yet what cause had she to expect she should hear from him every day? no other than that she had hitherto done so. She could not, however, reason herself into any peace of mind. Her apprehensions increased with her attempts to overcome them. Ashamed, however, to confess to Elizabeth that Dunallan's omitting to write one day occasioned her so much uneasiness, and unwilling to reveal the real cause of her anxiety, she suffered her friend to suppose that her pale looks proceeded from headach. It was Sunday, and Elizabeth objected to her taking an aching head to church, but Catharine hoped to find support there for her oppressed spirits, and insisted on going.

Elizabeth, as they went, praised the eloquence of the preacher they were to hear, and Catharine, when he pronounced, in an emphatic and solemn voice, the beautiful words of Scripture on which he meant to discourse, felt how admirably suitable the consolation offered by the author of our existence is to his creatures in every situation, "Thou shalt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee." Catharine reproached herself for having for an instant sought to stay her mind on any other support; and she soon felt that calm which accompanies the persuasion

that we rest upon omnipotence. The preacher's ideas, however, instead of increasing this delightful feeling, rather weakened it, by the distance at which he kept from explaining the nature of that support which the feelings and necessities of the human heart require. He spoke of grief, and disappointment, and anxiety of mind, and of the insufficiency of all human support; but this was all he seemed himself to have learned. When he spoke of the support given by God to his creatures, he so clothed his ideas in metaphors, that the heart which really sought some place of refuge and strength, saw none where to fix.

“ You have seen,” said he, “ the wide expanse of heaven clothed with dark and threatening clouds, their gloom so deep that they obscured the cheering rays of that glorious orb on which all nature depends for life and joy. You still believed, however, that his beams shone resplendently behind that gloomy veil. You have seen him, before he left your sky to sink into the ocean, rend the dark veil, and after skirting its edges with glory, burst upon your sight in all his brightness; while mountains, fields, woods, and the broad deep, as if rejoicing in his return, reflected his rays with glorious splendour;—thus will you feel, my friends, when prosperity again beams upon you, if in adversity you have stayed

your minds on God." And thus he went on from one metaphor to another, while his admiring audience listened to words which had no power to do more than please the imagination. It was only in describing the deeper religious feelings, however, that he had recourse to such unintelligible language. In matters less connected with the devotion of the heart, he was simple and wise, as well as eloquent.

When the service was over, Elizabeth whispered to Catharine, "I am sure you must be pleased." Catharine shook her head. Elizabeth seemed disappointed, and rather displeased.

Miss Morven joined them as they left the church. When they had got into the carriage, Elizabeth appealed to Miss Morven whether any thing could be more beautiful than what they had just heard.

"Beautiful indeed, in some parts," replied Miss Morven; "but tell me what does the prophet mean when he speaks of staying our hearts on God? I am sure I understand his words no better than when I entered the church. Clouds; prosperity; sun; he left us all in the clouds whenever I particularly wished him to be clear and explicit."

Elizabeth attempted, but in vain, to explain the language of her favourite orator.

“If you will spend the interval, until afternoon church with me,” said Miss Morven, “I think I can undertake to introduce you to a better preacher.”

“Catharine and her friend consented, and after Miss Morven had, with some difficulty, directed the servants to the place, they stopped at the entrance into a narrow lane, which Miss Morven called—Close. She seemed quite at home in this wretched part of the town, and conducted her friends to the top of a flight of steps, which Catharine recognised as those described by Rose Lennox. Miss Morven opened the door in the dark passage, and herself led the way into the apartment where the poor family resided. All was now as comfortable as the smallness of the place would admit. The sick woman sat up in bed, supported by pillows, while the mother and the sister, with her poor little child in her lap, sat close by her. A Bible lay open upon Mary’s bed.

“How are you, Mary?” said Miss Morven, holding out her hand with the gentleness and familiarity of a sister.

Mary clasped it in both of hers, her eyes sparkling with pleasure, “Dear, blessed Miss Morven!” exclaimed she.

“I have brought two friends of mine to see you, Mary,” continued Miss Morven, “and to stay with you between sermons. This is Lady Dunallan, who sent you so many things.”

Catharine held out her hand to her—she looked earnestly at Catharine, who smiled in return. “You look as if you knew me, Mary.”

“Oh no, my lady, but I seldom see such sights.” She then looked at Elizabeth with great pleasure, and turning to Miss Morven, said, with an expression of elevated joy, “How delightful to see such ladies brought to remember their glorious Creator in the days of their youth. Oh! ladies, how much you have in your power!”

Catharine, refusing to take the seat of the poor sister who held the child, sat down on Mary’s bed. Miss Morven and Elizabeth did the same; and Catharine lifting the Bible, Mary said she had been attempting to read to her mother and sister, but the exertion had increased the cough and pain in her side so much, she had been forced to stop. Catharine offered to read, and the poor people accepted of her offer with much gratitude. She turned to the passage on which the clergyman had preached, and began reading from the commencement of the chapter. When she came to the passage, Mary clasped her hands together,

exclaiming in a low voice, "Yes, perfect—perfect peace!" Catharine stopped. "What do you think is the meaning of this passage, Mary?" asked she.

"Ah Madam!" replied Mary, "I am sure you know its meaning by sweet experience; but if you wish me to add my testimony to the truth of this precious promise, I can say, that the peace I enjoy, when I simply rely on my Lord and Redeemer for the salvation of my soul, and for deliverance from darkness and sin, and resign all my cares and sorrows into his hands, is so delightful—so perfect—I would not exchange it for health, and friends, and plenty; no, not for all the world has to offer without it."

Mary's countenance expressed even more than her words. Elizabeth turned away, to conceal the tears she could not suppress. Miss Morven and Catharine smiled with softened pleasure to each other. Catharine then continued to read for some time to the poor people, who audibly expressed their emotions as she proceeded. When she had finished, Mary thanked her with such moving expressions from Scripture, that Catharine felt she was the gainer. "Blessed," said Mary, "is she that considereth the poor. The Lord will deliver her in the time of trouble. The Lord will preserve her, and keep her alive, and



she shall be blessed upon the earth. The Lord will strengthen her upon the bed of languishing. Thou wilt make all her bed in her sickness. He that hath mercy on the poor, happy is he."

Catharine entered into conversation with the other sister.

"I believe your husband is abroad."

"Yes, my lady."

"And you have not heard very lately from him?"

"Not for two years, my lady; but Miss Morven has found out for me that he is alive in India."

"I rejoice to hear that! How happy this intelligence must have made you. Should you like to go to him? for you shall be enabled if you wish it."

"Oh! my lady, I should like it well, but I must not think of it. Do not say any thing about it, if you please, my lady. I must not leave my mother and Mary; I know he is alive, that is a great mercy. Oh what days I have spent when I thought he might be gone for ever, and knew not whether he was prepared for his change! That was a heavy burden to bear!"

"Heavy indeed!" replied Catharine, her own anxiety about Dunallan on such comparatively trifling grounds returning to her recollection.

“ Oh Madam,” said the woman, “ if I knew that he had a regard for the everlasting interests of his soul, I could easily bear any thing, I think, that the Lord should choose to lay upon me.”

Catharine’s heart smote her for her own unthankfulness. “ This is indeed a sermon,” thought she. She then inquired more particularly regarding what means of intercourse the woman had with her husband ; and making herself mistress of all the information respecting him that she could, she hoped that Dunallan would be able to assist her in procuring some intelligence respecting him for his poor wife.

When Catharine and her friends took leave of this suffering family, each member of it seemed really happy. The two little girls had come in from church looking well and joyous. Poor Mary, as she raised her eyes to heaven, fervently imploring a blessing on her benefactresses, seemed beyond the reach of this world’s griefs ; and the tranquillity of her soul gave to her countenance an expression so heavenly, that, as Miss Morven remarked when they left her, no one could think it kindness to wish to keep her from that state, in which only she could now find those holy joys, of which her soul seemed to enjoy a foretaste on this side the grave.

Catharine and Elizabeth accompanied Miss Morven to another church in the afternoon. It was meaner in its appearance, very crowded, but half filled with poor people. The clergyman's eloquence was only that of the heart, yet Catharine felt it more affecting than the flowing language of the other, or rather his ideas were more so. He too discoursed on the consolation afforded by religion in situations of distress ; but where the last preacher had seemed to lose himself in vague uncertainty, the present seemed to speak from the most intimate knowledge of his subject. " If we have indeed received the Lord Jesus Christ for our Lord and Master," said he, " we must be certain he is leading us in that road which will terminate in everlasting happiness, however rough some parts of it may appear to be. Why do we call ourselves his servants? Why do we profess to believe in his wisdom, his truth, his care, his love ; and yet shrink from the very expressions of those towards ourselves? If we truly believed, we would lay ourselves in humility at his feet, and say, Lord we know that we cannot guide our own hearts and ways ; we know that thou only canst sanctify and prepare us for thyself. Take our hearts, and in thy own wisdom mould them by what means thou wilt into thy glorious likeness ; thou knowest all our temp-

tations and weakness, order every circumstance in our lives, for our ultimate eternal happiness with thee—regard not our prayers but as they tend to those only valuable ends. Thus believing, we should look on every event as coming immediately from that wisdom which cannot err—from that love which is more deep—more tender than we can conceive. We should be ready to accept whatever he sent us, as best and kindest, though it should appear clothed in all that excites present anguish. Believing thus, we should experience his power to support, and even to enable us to rejoice in the most severe afflictions.”

Catharine listened with the deepest interest, and fervently raised her heart in prayer to heaven, that this firm trust, this devotion of every feeling, and every wish to the will of her heavenly Lord, might be imparted to her. She was deeply affected, so much so, that after Miss Morven, who seemed to understand her feelings, had left her, and she returned to Elizabeth's house, she found it irksome to enter into conversation with those around her. Elizabeth, knowing her newly acquired ideas about keeping Sunday, had declined going, as she usually did, to her mother's, but had invited her family to spend the day with her, telling Catharine she should prescribe the way in which they should pass the evening. Ca-

tharine, however, longed for solitude; and after staying with her young relations until Melville had read a sermon, during which Elizabeth listened with deep attention, Melville swallowed a hundred yawns, and Helen Graham in vain attempted to suppress the smiles which Elizabeth's brother Arthur purposely provoked; she retired to her own apartment, to indulge those devotional feelings which were deeply wounded by the want of religion in those she loved—"This too I must leave to him who can alone change their hearts," sighed she, as she bent her knees to pray for them. Elizabeth, however, seemed more thoughtful, and this filled her heart with gratitude.

When Catharine had remained about an hour alone, she was interrupted by Helen Graham knocking softly at her door,—

"Will you admit me, dear Catharine?"

"Certainly, Helen."

"You are displeased with me, Catharine,—you looked much so as you left the drawing-room."

"No, Helen; I am only grieved."

"My dear Catharine, I could not help laughing."

"Oh, Helen, how childish! but, forgive me, I do not mean to offend you."

“ But you think me wrong, dear Catharine.”

“ I do, dear Helen, most certainly think so. I think every one wrong who neglects the positive commandments of God, which you certainly do in trifling away the Sunday as you do. Surely your own conscience must reproach you. I must be very frank and plain with you, my own Helen. I do think you very wrong, but my thinking so is of very little consequence—this is not what I wish you to think of——”

“ Oh I know what you wish me to think of,” interrupted Helen—“ and I promise I shall attempt to do as you wish. I cannot bear those grave looks,” added she, the tears starting into her eyes.

Catharine embraced her, “ you will not repent doing so, my own dear Helen. Where is Elizabeth ?”

“ She left the room just after you. I have not seen her since.”

Catharine was pleased. She hoped Elizabeth had felt a desire to examine her heart in private, and she knew that this was a first and necessary step towards the knowledge of true religion. She went in search of her, and found her, as she wished, employing herself in reading and reflecting on what she read, with a desire to understand its meaning, and to judge her opinions and feelings

by the Scriptures. Catharine remained long in conversation with this (next to Dunallan) dearest of friends.

“ I have not forgot your questions, my true friend,” said Elizabeth during their conversation, “ they have not been absent from my thoughts half an hour since you asked them ; and they can be answered but in one way, and that completely condemns my neglect of religion hitherto. I am deeply sensible of this, and wish, my own Catharine, that you will be very plain with me in all you say on this subject.”

“ Elizabeth, my dear first friend, you may trust me,” replied Catharine with delight.

On the following morning Catharine was again disappointed in receiving a letter from Dunallan, and the day passed heavily on. She could engage in nothing proposed by Elizabeth, and was at last obliged to confide to her the cause of her uneasiness. Elizabeth knew St. Clair; and though she considered Catharine’s fears as going too far, yet did not regard them as altogether groundless ; and by thus partly agreeing with her, succeeded in some degree in bringing Catharine to think as she did.

In the evening Mrs. Oswald arrived, and so completely did she regard the very idea of Dunallan being led by any circumstances whatever

into such a quarrel with St. Clair, as would endanger his safety, as an impossibility, that Catharine felt assured, and in some degree at peace. Mrs. Oswald too had twenty reasons to assign for his not writing; and when she left Catharine to go to her hotel for the night, Catharine had almost forgot her apprehensions.



## CHAPTER III.

NEXT morning Catharine rose with her heart unusually light. She had, on first waking, implored the power to leave all her anxieties and fears with Him who guides the affairs of his people with unerring wisdom and love; and her prayer seemed to be granted.

The hour again passed, however, and there was no letter from Dunallan. She felt that this indeed tried her confidence in heaven.

She joined Elizabeth and Melville. The latter seemed very grave, though he talked away in his usual manner. She observed that Elizabeth watched his countenance, and when she anxiously inquired if he was well, he turned away with an expression of so much uneasiness, although he attempted to laugh at Elizabeth's fears, that Catharine felt certain something had happened which he wished to conceal. Her heart began to beat violently. Elizabeth looked at her, then at Melville, and then exclaimed with a look of terror; "Catharine! Philip! what has happened? I see you both attempt to conceal some-

thing from me." She rose and laid her hand on Melville's arm! "do not conceal any thing from me, Philip—what! who is ill? Is my mother——"

Melville took her hand, "Come with me, my Elizabeth; do not be alarmed." He led her out of the room.

Catharine for a moment supposed that it was from Elizabeth that Melville had wished to conceal something; but soon her fears respecting Dunallan returned, and she hurried after them. They stood at a little distance from the door, Melville whispering to Elizabeth, but on seeing Catharine, he drew her away.

"I see how it is, my friends!" exclaimed she with forced calmness; "do not be afraid to tell me—I am prepared—Oh my God have pity on me! He is not gone,—say not this! Speak Elizabeth.——"

"No, my dearest Catharine, but be composed, my dear friend, and you shall know all."

"I am composed, Elizabeth. Tell me quickly what is it? How! why are you silent?"

Elizabeth led her back into the room.

"This letter is from Mr. Clanmar, you shall read it yourself, Catharine."

"From Clanmar! Oh merciful Father have pity! Is Dunallan unable to write? I cannot see, Elizabeth! Read it to me."

Elizabeth did as she desired.

“ It is with extreme pain, my dear Madam, that I sit down to inform you of an event which took place yesterday, in which my beloved friend, Lord Dunallan, received a wound which I fear will, at least, prove troublesome and tedious in recovering. His anxiety about Lady Dunallan will, I fear, increase the difficulty.—”

Catharine started up ! “ I will go to him, Elizabeth ! Instantly I will go ! Why should I delay a moment ? he is my husband ! ”

“ You shall do as you wish, dear Catharine. I will accompany you, for Mrs. Oswald will not be able to travel so rapidly as you will wish to do.”

“ You, Elizabeth ! no, no, you ought not, my Elizabeth—you shall not—I wish for no one to accompany me. Will you order every thing immediately for me, Mr. Melville ? ”

“ I shall instantly, my dear Lady Dunallan, and myself accompany you.”

“ Oh ! no, my too kind friends ; give me this letter, Elizabeth.” She hastily took it, and hurrying to her apartment, threw herself in an agony of grief and apprehension on her knees.

“ Oh ! not this ! not this ! gracious, merciful Father ! Oh spare him ! save him ! ” She sunk into fervent internal prayer. At last a feeling of trust in the mercy and compassion of heaven,

produced a burst of tears which relieved her heart. She trembled, however, on recollecting that she had herself, on the evening before prayed that she might experience what that firm trust in the love of God was, which could support in the severest afflictions. She again poured out her soul in humble and fervent prayer. Some one at last knocked at her door; she started up, the door was gently opened, and Miss Morven entered. Catharine turned away.

“ I intrude, dear Lady Dunallan, but I come to ask a favour.”

Catharine turned to her; Miss Morven seemed greatly affected. “ What can I do for you, Miss Morven ?” said Catharine in a gentle tone of voice. Miss Morven seemed unable to speak. She took Catharine’s hand in hers; “ How soon are you called on, my dear Lady Dunallan, to experience the truth of what we heard yesterday.”

“ Oh Miss Morven, I cannot !—I shrink from it—I cannot—” she shuddered, “ but I must not think.”

“ But why anticipate more than is necessary ?” said Miss Morven.

“ How ! I scarcely know what I anticipate ; he cannot write ! Oh ! he would not easily have left that office to another. Here is the letter, but I tremble so, I cannot read it.”

Miss Morven took it and read after where Elizabeth had stopt.

“ Lord Dunallan did nothing to provoke or expose himself to this outrage, for I can give it a no more honourable name. Mr. St. Clair’s violence of temper led him to forget all the feelings of a gentleman ; and Lord Dunallan’s character, perfect as it was, is still more exalted by his conduct on this occasion. I shall not speak of my own feelings farther than to say, that if the consciousness of the deepest obligations, returned for a time by the deepest ingratitude, which was most generously forgiven and forgotten, can bind the heart, mine will leave no possible means untried to preserve the precious life, which is now dearer to me than my own. Assure Lady Dunallan of this, my dear Madam, and as soon as it is possible, I entreat you to enable me to give my friend satisfactory accounts of this object of his deepest anxiety and solicitude.”

Catharine wept profusely, and Miss Morven wept with her. “ The favour that I have to ask of you, dear Lady Dunallan,” said Miss Morven, “ is leave to accompany you.”

“ To accompany me ! Oh no ; why should I trouble and distress all my friends ? Let me go alone, God will take care of me.”

“ You will indeed distress your friends if you reject their attempts to lessen their own anxiety

about you, dear Lady Dunallan. In asking leave to accompany you, I really ask a favour. I have a dear friend in London I wish much to see. I cannot go alone; will you consent to my going with you? Yes! you will."

"You are too, too kind, Miss Morven; I know it is on my account your humanity leads you to ask this—but where is Mrs. Oswald? Who is with her? To whom was this letter—was it not to her?"

"The letter is to Mrs. Melville," replied Miss Morven, looking at the address.

"And Mrs. Oswald!" exclaimed Catharine, "she may not know; I must go immediately to her. We were to have set out to-day."

At this moment Mrs. Oswald entered the room. She was as pale as marble, but perfectly composed. On seeing Catharine, however, she was overcome, and burst into tears.

"Shall we not go immediately, Mrs. Oswald?" asked Catharine, eagerly.

"Certainly, my love, instantly."

"But, Mrs. Oswald, I would not stop: you will allow me to proceed without stopping."

"We shall not stop, my love, if God gives us strength to go on."

Martin was hurrying about, making preparations, and Elizabeth also soon entered.

“ My Catharine, I shall now be at rest. Mrs. Oswald is not afraid of being able to accompany you. Her children will remain with me.”

“ No! dear Mrs. Melville,” said Mrs. Oswald, “ the children must do as Dunallan wished. They will follow as soon as Mrs. Scott can join them.”

Miss Morven entreated that she might be trusted to follow with the children, and it was at last so settled. Catharine then embraced her friend, “ Elizabeth, fare you well. Martin, you must have done. Is the carriage ready, Elizabeth?”

“ It is.”

“ God bless you, my Elizabeth—pray for your friend—we may perhaps soon meet if,—yet I think—I hope I could not survive; but I am wrong—farewell, my own Elizabeth.”

Mrs. Oswald was soon in the carriage.

“ I do not intrude myself,” said Melville, as he placed Catharine by her; “ I see my place far more properly filled; but I have sent a person to attend you, who will make such arrangements, as will always enable you to proceed on every part of the road when you wish to do so.”

“ Thank you, Mr. Melville: that is what we most desire.”

The carriage drove rapidly away. For some time Mrs. Oswald continued silent, and Catha-

rine indulged those thoughts into which she dared not before to enter. At last she broke the silence, "Was that letter from Mr. Clanmar the only one which Elizabeth received, my dear Mrs. Oswald?" asked she; "were there no particulars?"

"I have another letter, my dear, which Mrs. Melville put into my hand—but I have not opened it—I scarcely know what I am doing—I cannot credit what I have heard."

"Oh give me the letter, dearest Mrs. Oswald." She unfolded it, "But I cannot see the writing distinctly." Mrs. Oswald again took the letter, and with some difficulty read as follows. (It was written by Mr. Cameron and addressed to Elizabeth.)

"MADAM,

"At last convinced that I have ignorantly been engaged in a very dishonourable action, in which that person's happiness is involved, whom on earth I should most wish to render happy; I cannot leave the country, which my rash connection with Mr. St. Clair obliges me to do immediately, without attempting, by the only means in my power, to alleviate those sufferings, which I now know the danger of Lord Dunallan will create; and this is by merely doing him justice, which, at this moment, I have it more in my



power to do, than any other person, excepting St. Clair. You, Madam, are not ignorant of my reasons for disliking, I believe I ought to say, hating, Lord Dunallan. I regarded him as the most selfish, cold-hearted, and hypocritical of human beings; because I had seen him, while at the same time he pretended to more than common strictness of principle, persist in completing the unhappiness of the most amiable of her sex. All that I afterwards learned of his character could not do away this impression. I was assured by St. Clair that Lady Dunallan was miserable. I believed him; and when, two evenings ago, Lord Dunallan called at Mr. Clanmar's, while I was there, every feeling of resentment and aversion resumed their influence so completely over me, that I felt disgusted with the conciliating mildness of his manners, and was insensible to the superior tone of his conversation, which seemed to arrest and charm the attention of every one else the moment he began to talk.

“I thought him consummate in art, and determined not to be duped. St. Clair was one of the party at Clanmar's. His manner to Lord Dunallan, the instant he appeared, was contemptuous, even to insolence. All he said was pointed at him, sometimes even grossly so, yet Lord Dunallan remained unprovoked. He treat-

ed St. Clair with that mild dignity he so eminently possesses, and which makes those who attack him appear so little and contemptible. I felt provoked; and though St. Clair's mode of expressing his dislike was not exactly what I should have chosen, I attempted to support him. Lord Dunallan seemed more sensible to my remarks, and answered them with some warmth. St. Clair was delighted to see him moved, and redoubled his attacks on every subject on which he thought Lord Dunallan could feel sore, but without success. To him Lord Dunallan continued uniformly, but coldly, polite, and reserved. I again joined. He looked distressed, and Clanmar interposed, to smooth an irritation which seemed to threaten something more serious. At last a smile of pleasure brightened St. Clair's countenance, as if some happy recollection had returned upon him. 'I believe,' said he, approaching Mrs. Clanmar, near whom Lord Dunallan stood, 'I believe you expressed a wish, Madam, to possess those lines I happened to repeat in your presence a few days ago. I have copied them, and hope you will be equally pleased with them on a second perusal.' He stood close to Lord Dunallan, and opened up a paper. 'Oh, I am mistaken, this is only a letter.' I was also standing near, and saw this letter was

written in a hand I well knew. Had I not known it, I should have been at no loss, however, for St. Clair had thrown it with apparent carelessness on the table, with the signature just under Lord Dunallan's eye, while he seemed to search for the poem. The writing was Lady Dunallan's——."

Catharine could hear no farther—she became as pale as death; and, in an agony, clasped her hands together, and exclaimed, "And I am the cause! Rash, presumptuous folly! Oh Dunallan! how much am I to make you suffer!" She took the letter, and again attempted to read, but could not. She gave it back to Mrs. Oswald, who, after hastily glancing at what followed, continued to read, while Catharine listened, pale, and almost overwhelmed with grief and self-reproach.

"I was not surprised at seeing this letter," continued Cameron, "for St. Clair had mentioned to me having received a few lines from Lady Dunallan, respecting a favourite servant whom Lord Dunallan had dismissed. I immediately saw St. Clair's purpose, which must have been premeditated. It had almost been defeated however, for Lord Dunallan never looked at the letter, until Mrs. Clanmar exclaimed,

‘What beautiful little female writing! May I look at it, Mr. St. Clair?’

“ ‘Certainly, Madam,’ replied he.

“ ‘Look, my Lord!’ continued Mrs. Clanmar.

“He turned his eyes to the letter, and instantly became pale, but held out his hand to receive it. St. Clair would have snatched it from him, but he retired a step, and said, while he calmly folded it up, and looking sternly at St. Clair, ‘This I will certainly not suffer. I know the subject of this letter, Mr. St. Clair, and the generosity to you which dictated it, although I knew of neither at the time it was written.’ He then put up the letter, and calmly resumed his place near Mrs. Clanmar, though his countenance still expressed considerable emotion.

“St. Clair’s lip became pale, and his eyes flashed fire, but he remained silent. Clanmar advanced with a look of alarm. ‘Do not be alarmed, my friend,’ said Lord Dunallan. ‘I shall easily explain all this to you, and my conduct must be completely understood elsewhere already;’ and for once he looked at St. Clair with an expression of contempt.

“St. Clair, however, instead of attempting to return this look, appeared quite confounded; and after some ineffectual attempts to recover his

composure, took leave. There were several people present, and I felt astonished at St. Clair's looks and conduct. I soon followed him.

“ ‘You have learned to bear insult with great magnanimity, St. Clair,’ said I. ‘I would bear any thing to save the reputation of Lady Dunallan,’ ” replied he.

“ Vile! Infamous St. Clair!” exclaimed Catharine. Mrs. Oswald continued,

“ ‘You must still befriend me, Cameron, and be with me when I meet, I hope for the last time, this arch-hypocrite.’ ”

“I promised, and next morning carried his demand of an explanation to Lord Dunallan. I found him engaged with several gentlemen. He, however, guessed the nature of my business with him, and conducted me to another apartment. He read St. Clair's note, then said, ‘Mr. St. Clair knows that I will not reply to this as he wishes. He is perfectly acquainted with my sentiments and principles on this subject.’ ”

“ ‘My Lord,’ replied I, ‘he does know your avowed principles; but he very naturally thinks, that when one gentleman treats another as you chose to treat him last night, he must either intend to abandon such principles, or be willing to submit to the inference the world must arrive at, when a man pleads strictness of principle to ex-

empt him for giving satisfaction for an insult, which strictness of principle ought to have prevented.'

“ ‘ You are warm, Mr. Cameron, pray do you know who was the writer of that letter which Mr. St. Clair so boastingly displayed ?’

“ ‘ I do, my Lord.’

“ ‘ And can you think there was any thing contrary to the strictest principle in my value for the delicacy of that person, even at the expense of, insulting, call it if you please, the man who could so ungenerously attempt to wound it ?’

“ ‘ My Lord,’ replied I, hesitatingly, ‘ I came not here as a judge—I only——.’

“ ‘ But I wish you to judge, Mr. Cameron, I wish to convince you, whose opinion I do value, that I am not wrong,—that my principles may proceed from conviction, not pretence.’

“ ‘ My Lord,’ replied I, ‘ it is of little consequence to me what your principles proceed from. I merely wish for an answer to my friend.’

“ He seemed hurt. ‘ You have my answer, Sir. Nothing, I trust, will ever induce me to meet any man, either to give or receive satisfaction in a way repugnant, equally, to the laws of God and of humanity.’

“ I immediately took my leave, and returned to St. Clair. He did not seem at all surprised. ‘ I

expected this,' said he, 'but he shall meet me. He and I shall not both see another week.'

"I left St. Clair, but soon had a note from him, desiring me to meet him at seven o'clock on the following morning, at —— Farm.

"I was at the place at the hour appointed, and found St. Clair alone, anxiously awaiting my arrival. I asked him how he had induced Lord Dunallan to consent to meet him?

"'He shall meet me!' replied he, furiously. Another carriage soon arrived with Clanmar; and soon after another, which was stopped by a servant of St. Clair's as it was proceeding past the place where we stood, and Lord Dunallan alighted, and joined us.

"He seemed surprised on seeing us.

"'What has happened, Clanmar?' asked he, 'Why am I sent for?'

"St. Clair, who had stood rather concealed by some bushes, approached,

"'You are sent for, my Lord,' said he, with suppressed violence, 'to give me an opportunity of clearing my honour from the stain you have attempted to fix upon it. Your scruples are now useless—the world will know you have met me, whatever happens.'

"Lord Dunallan turned to Clanmar and me, 'I declare to you,' said he, 'I have been deceiv-

ed. This note, (showing it to us,) is an invitation to be with a friend of mine who lives a few miles from town, at eight o'clock. I suppose, Sir,' turning to St. Clair, 'I need proceed no farther. This note, I presume, was written by you?'

" 'No, my Lord, you need proceed no farther. Clanmar is your friend. Here are pistols—take your choice.'

" 'Clanmar,' said Lord Dunallan, 'I suppose you also came here without knowing for why?'

" 'I came here, Dunallan, because I had a message in your name asking me to meet you here.'

" 'Then, my friend, we may return together.' He turned towards his carriage. St. Clair rushed before him.

" 'Never, Dunallan; we shall never part till you have given me the satisfaction I demand.'

" 'Madman!' exclaimed Lord Dunallan in anger; but instantly recovering himself, he turned to me, 'Mr. Cameron, you know my determination. Your friend is too violent to listen to me; but again I repeat it, nothing will induce me to do as he wishes.'

" He again turned to leave the ground, when St. Clair, quite beside himself, held a pistol to his breast. 'You shall not go—your cowardice shall not protect you.'



“ Lord Dunallan seized his arm, and wrenching the pistol from his hand, fired it in the air, and then threw it away. St. Clair seized another. I caught his arm. ‘ Are you mad, St. Clair ?’ but it was too late. Lord Dunallan received its contents in his side, and fell.”

“ Thank God ! thank God !” exclaimed Mrs. Oswald, clasping her hands together, and raising her eyes to heaven, “ Dunallan has not forsaken—he has nobly kept the path of duty ! Thanks be to God. Oh Catharine, what I have suffered for the last hour, in the dread that he had ! Mr. Melville said he had been wounded in an affair of honour,—your forebodings, Catharine. Dear, beloved Dunallan !”

“ Read on, Mrs. Oswald, I entreat you,” exclaimed Catharine. Mrs. Oswald seemed a new creature. She wept, but proceeded.

“ When St. Clair saw Lord Dunallan fall, he gave a horrid laugh, exclaiming, ‘ It is done !’ then turning to me, said, ‘ Cameron, why did you touch my arm ?’

“ Clanmar had raised Lord Dunallan. He seemed nearly fainting, but held out his hand to me.

“ ‘ Cameron,’ said he, speaking with great difficulty, ‘ you are deceived. You know not the man you call your friend. Tell him, however,

that I forgive him, as I hope my own soul to be forgiven. Tell him also, that if he consults his own safety, he will leave the country instantly, and as privately as possible. His servant, Lamont, was with me last night. I need say no more.' Lord Dunallan then fainted, from the exertion of speaking. One of his servants had gone in search of a surgeon, and soon returned with one from a neighbouring village. With his assistance we had Lord Dunallan carried to his house in London. On recovering from his faint, he seemed very uneasy on seeing me still near him. 'Cameron,' said he, 'you must not stay. You indeed seem unfit for such a business.'

"I asked his forgiveness; 'I have nothing to forgive,' replied he. 'I never blamed you—you have been deceived. But you can do me an essential favour, Cameron,' added he. 'The world will suppose I met St. Clair for the purpose he wished. You cannot yet enter into the pain this idea gives me. I hope you one day will; but now, will you, as far as it is in your power, make the truth known? I do not mean you to criminate your friend. My wound was perhaps accidental.' He could say no more. I waited impatiently to hear the opinions of the medical gentlemen who examined the wound——" Mrs. Oswald read on to herself. "Go on, for heaven's

sake, Mrs. Oswald!" exclaimed Catharine, in terror. "Let me know all. I am prepared for any thing."

Mrs. Oswald continued, "Their opinion is, that the wound is dangerous, but they give hopes of his recovery, from the apparent strength of his constitution, and the known temperance of his habits."

"Well," exclaimed Catharine, clasping her hands together, "Then there still is hope!" She burst into tears. "Oh my dear Mrs. Oswald, I do not deserve this—I feel so rebellious to the will of God. I cannot be resigned to—I cannot even meet the thought."

For a time Mrs. Oswald could only weep with Catharine, but at length reproaching herself for her sinful unwillingness to acquiesce in an event which, in its every circumstance, had proved the strength of Dunallan's principles, and his complete change of heart and character, she attempted, from such considerations, also to sooth Catharine's agitated feelings; and in some degree succeeded.

"Yes; whatever happens," said Catharine, "those he leaves behind him will alone suffer. Death to Dunallan has no terrors. He looks for complete happiness only beyond the grave." She became more calm and collected; and could

think of his departure to another world; but internally, and fervently prayed that, should this be the event, she at least might not survive him.

Two days passed on. The next would terminate their journey. Catharine had yielded to every wish of Mrs. Oswald's except stopping on the road to sleep, and this Mrs. Oswald had not urged till the last day. She then entreated her to stop for a few hours.

“ We shall arrive exhausted, my Catharine. You will be unable to meet any exertion with composure. You will be unable—”

“ If he still lives, my dear Mrs. Oswald,” interrupted Catharine, “ and we are unable to command our feelings without rest, we can take it when we arrive. If he has left us, I wish for no strength to bear it.”

Mrs. Oswald did not attempt to answer.

“ You think me wrong, dear Mrs. Oswald, but bear with me for a little. I hope God too will forgive me; but if I stop at this moment, I think my reason would be the sacrifice.”

“ You shall not stop, my love,—but recollect yourself, dear Catharine. You will not be tried beyond the strength you will receive to bear the trial. Attempt to trust to this, my love.”

“ I do—I attempt it—but I feel so hurried, and

confused. Do not speak to me, dear Mrs. Oswald.”

Mrs. Oswald put her arms around her, and supported her head on her bosom; and worn out with fatigue and misery, she soon fell into a disturbed slumber, which gradually became more tranquil, till at last she really slept. Mrs. Oswald bent over her with feelings of the deepest anxiety. Catharine's young and lovely countenance already betrayed the power of the miserable and anxious state of her feelings. Her pale cheek, parched lips, and deeply sad expression even in sleep, filled Mrs. Oswald with alarm. She continued to sleep until awakened by the rattling of the carriage on the pavement as they entered the suburbs of London. She started up.

“Where are we?”

“My love, we are near the end of our journey.”

“Thank God.” Mrs. Oswald remained silent while Catharine raised her heart to heaven, imploring support.

The streets, crowded with people and carriages, seemed endless.

“And this is London!” said Catharine, “and here I once thought all was pleasure. How gloomy it looks! how large! How much misery

it must contain ! Are we still distant from —— square ?”

“ Yes ! still two or three miles.”

“ Catharine remained silent, but quite composed. The carriage drove rapidly on. At last an attendant who had rode forward, was now seen returning. The carriage stopt.

“ My Lord is considered better to-day,” said the man joyfully, and the carriage immediately proceeded as rapidly as possible. Mrs. Oswald audibly returned thanks to heaven. Catharine became faint for a moment, but was soon relieved by tears. She took Mrs. Oswald’s hand, “ God has had pity on me, dear Mrs. Oswald, he has heard my prayers, evil and rebellious as I am.”

The carriage at last stopt ; Clanmar and his amiable wife received Mrs. Oswald and Catharine at the door of the house.

“ Lord Dunallan is better to-day,” said Mrs. Clanmar immediately, and embracing Catharine.

“ Is he considered out of danger ?” asked Mrs. Oswald, eagerly.

Mrs. Clanmar was silent, and looked at her husband.

“ Tell us the truth, Mr. Clanmar,” said Catharine faintly.

“ Your arrival, Madam, will, I hope, hasten his recovery. His anxiety on your account has in-

creased the danger of fever, which is the thing most to be dreaded.”

“ He cannot know of our arrival, Mrs. Clanmar,” said Catharine, leading her aside. “ Does he expect us? When may we see him?”

“ He did not expect you for several days still,” replied Mrs. Clanmar. “ When your servant arrived about half an hour ago, his doctor was consulted whether he might be informed of your arrival. The doctor said he certainly might; and Mr. Walderford is at this moment preparing him to see you. Whenever Mr. Walderford returns, I am sure you will be allowed to go to him.”

Catharine listened impatiently for Walderford’s approach. At last he entered the room accompanied by the doctor.

“ Is Dunallan able to see us?” asked Mrs. Oswald immediately, “ or ought we to delay?”

The doctor replied in a cheerful tone of voice, “ We did not know ourselves, Madam, that you were actually arrived; we supposed you on the road;” then looking first at Catharine, and then at Mrs. Oswald, “ it depends entirely on yourselves, ladies, whether your presence may be of the greatest use, or the contrary to Lord Dunallan.”

“ You may trust us, I believe, doctor,” replied Catharine, attempting to appear composed.

He bowed. “ What I mean, Madam, is, that emotion of any kind, would in Lord Dunallan’s present state, be highly injurious; but I know I need say no more; and the quiet which is absolutely necessary for him will be more perfectly secured by you than by any one else. If you please I shall now go with you to his apartment. Mr. Walderford will precede us, and when he has informed his Lordship that you are here, we shall leave you with him.”

“ Catharine assented; and, suppressing emotions, which at another time would have been too powerful for her, followed Walderford and Mrs. Oswald to the apartment where Dunallan lay. They entered, and the doctor stopped them near the door. Catharine stood, scarcely daring to breathe. Dunallan’s curtains were closed on the side next to her, and the room was dark, and sombre, and still. Walderford stept softly to the other side. Catharine listened for Dunallan’s voice, yet when he spoke her emotion became so violent that she trembled in every limb, and her heart beat almost to suffocation. His voice was low and calm, but he seemed to speak with great difficulty.



“ Walderford, again! my kind friend.”

“ I returned, Dunallan, to see what effect my last information had upon you. How do you feel, my friend?”

“ Oh Walderford, I find my heart is still sadly bound to life. When I think of Catharine, and this new proof of her affection for me, I shrink from death.” His voice changed as he spoke.

The doctor approached, “ My dear Lord Dunallan, you know I prescribe cheerful conversation.”

“ I did not know you were present, doctor.”

“ You must reserve your strength, my Lord, to converse with Lady Dunallan and Mrs. Oswald, who, I dare say, will not stop on the road.”

“ Oh, I trust they will,” replied Dunallan, earnestly.

“ Are you prepared to meet Lady Dunallan, my Lord? You have commanded me to tell you the truth. I again repeat that your recovery depends on your avoiding all emotion.”

“ I am prepared to attempt following all your prescriptions, doctor; but my recovery, my dear Sir, depends on God.”

“ Dear Dunallan,” whispered Mrs. Oswald.

“ My dear friend,” said Walderford, we wish to prepare you to see Lady Dunallan.”

“ Well, my friend, I am prepared. Catharine cannot be already come ! Walderford, she is not here ?”

“ She is, Dunallan.”

“ Heavenly Father, support us both,” prayed Dunallan, fervently. Catharine, as she now approached, pale, but composed, breathed the same prayer.

“ No emotion,” whispered the doctor, as with Walderford he passed to quit the room.

“ My Catharine ! my aunt ! Oh you have been too, too kind. You have travelled too rapidly,” said Dunallan, as they approached.

“ No, no, dear Dunallan,” said Mrs. Oswald ; we have received the strength we required. Do not think of us. Catharine could not speak, nor did she venture to raise her eyes to Dunallan’s face ; but taking the hand he had held out to her, she pressed her forehead upon it, and in vain attempted to suppress her tears.

“ My love—my dearest, kindest, Catharine,” said Dunallan, “ how shall I express my gratitude to you ?”

“ Dunallan,” replied Catharine, struggling to suppress her feelings, “ you must say nothing kind to me. We must excite no emotion. Forget, Dunallan, that I am any thing but your nurse.”

“But, my Catharine, my aunt, why have you travelled so rapidly? Who attended you? Who suffered you? Have you never stopped?”

Catharine looked up to reply to Dunallan's questions, but on seeing his altered looks, was unable to proceed. Dunallan smiled. “Do not be alarmed, my Catharine. Loss of blood makes one always look dreadfully ill. That is all, my love. I do not suffer much.”

Catharine burst into tears, and turned away to conceal them. Dunallan held her hand. “My Catharine, we must find courage to see things as they are. We must venture to look to the future. Do not struggle thus to suppress your feelings.”

“Oh Dunallan, do not exhaust yourself thus!” exclaimed Catharine, in a voice of agony, as he spoke with extreme difficulty. “I entreat you, seek repose. Mrs. Oswald and I shall watch by you.”

“No, my Catharine, you and my aunt must need repose. I must now send you from me. Those pale looks distress me. Leave me to Walderford. When you have rested, and return to me, I shall have many things to say to you, which ought to be said while I am able.”

Catharine started.

“ My love, you must know the truth. I am not yet out of danger. There is still either another ball or some fragment of my dress in the wound, and until that is extracted I cannot recover. This will be attempted as soon as I am thought in a state to bear it—perhaps to-morrow. It will not be painful, my love,” added Dunallan, on observing that Catharine shuddered, “ but it may not succeed. I therefore wish to say all I ought to say to you as soon as we have had repose. Let us all, for each other’s sakes, really seek that repose.”

Dunallan became himself affected deeply, and Catharine, unable longer to suppress her feelings, clasped his hand in agony for a moment, and then hurried from him. Dunallan entreated his aunt immediately to follow her.

“ Oh, Mrs. Oswald !” exclaimed Catharine, “ he is ill—ill indeed !” and instantly fainted.

On recovering, she found herself in bed, and Mrs. Oswald and Mrs. Clanmar hanging anxiously over her.

“ My kind friends,” said she, “ how I plague you all. Mrs. Oswald, you must not stay with me. You need rest. You have promised to seek it.”

“ Yes, dear Catharine, let us both really seek *that rest*, both for body and soul, which will fit us for whatever is before us.”

Catharine embraced Mrs. Oswald. “Leave me then, dearest Madam, and I shall truly attempt to do so. After this, nothing shall separate me from him, I hope for ever.”

Catharine’s friends willingly consented to leave her; but when alone, Dunallan’s countenance was again before her,—so languid, so heavenly the expression, as he lay unable to move from pain and weakness. “He cannot recover,” thought she, giving way to the anguish she had struggled to suppress in his presence. She thought with terror of what he might yet have to suffer. She could find no hope, no refuge, no rest, but in prayer. She fervently implored resignation to the divine will—and for power to overcome her selfish feelings, and to be a support and comfort to Dunallan, whatever might be the event, instead of a source of anxiety and grief. Her thoughts became elevated as she prayed. The nothingness of the things of time, compared with those of eternity, appeared so clearly as almost to surprise her. She almost longed to depart—to be taken with Dunallan. But was she prepared for this? She trembled as the thought struck her, that love for a fellow-creature led her to desire to die. She prayed with fervour that her heart might be delivered from such earthliness, and devoted supremely to its Creator, so as

to love him above all human love,—and something seemed to whisper that Dunallan's death must be the means.

After many tears and much humiliation of heart, she at length could from her heart say, "Thy will be done," and from that moment felt in some measure calm, and collected, and resigned, and soon sunk into that repose she had promised to seek.

It was early next morning before Catharine awoke. She instantly rose, and after fervently asking for help from heaven, left her room to go in search of some one from whom she might hear of Dunallan. She met Mrs. Oswald on the stairs. "I was coming to you, Catharine."

"You have seen Dunallan, dear Mrs. Oswald."

"Yes, my love, I have just been with him. He has slept, and is, I think, less uneasy this morning. He will not allow me to mention the word suffering to him. He says he has cause only for thankfulness."

"Dear Dunallan!" said Catharine, her eyes filling.

"You, my love, must now be his nurse, his constant nurse. He has received my promise that I shall devote my time and cares to the wretched Harcourt."

“Harcourt,” repeated Catharine, “I had forgot his existence. Is he not in this house?”

“He is, my love, and a source of the deepest anxiety to Dunallan. He is very ill, in the last stage of consumption, but his mind, Mr. Walderford tells Dunallan, as vividly acute, and as dark and miserable as ever. Dunallan will not give up attempting to enlighten this darkness, and has proved to me that I ought to leave him to the care of the many friends heaven has bestowed upon him, and devote my every moment to watch over, and attempt every means in my power, while life remains, to bring this forsaken, wretched, but immortal being, to the hope of Christianity. But now, my love, let us return to Dunallan’s room, and I shall show you the arrangements I have been making.”

Catharine then followed Mrs. Oswald, who softly entered a small apartment, one door of which opened into the room where Dunallan lay. The arrangements in this outer apartment proved how well Mrs. Oswald had been accustomed to sickness. Nothing seemed to be forgot that could possibly be wanted. Mrs. Oswald softly opened the door into Dunallan’s apartment. Catharine followed. His attendant retired on their approach, and Mrs. Oswald motioned to Catharine to take his place. Dunallan again

slept, and Mrs. Oswald, after watching his slumbers for some minutes, whispered to Catharine, "I am certain he is better. I see no cause of alarm here. Now my love, I leave him to you. Remember, composure and cheerfulness are the best qualities of a nurse." She kissed Catharine's cheek, and then softly stole away.

Catharine continued to watch her patient, scarcely daring to move or to breathe lest she should disturb him; but attempting to raise her thoughts, and to rest her trust in heaven.

Dunallan's sleep at last became disturbed, and an expression of pain for a moment contracted his brow. Catharine rose hastily, and bent anxiously over him. It passed away, and his countenance again resumed its heavenly mildness of expression. Soon, however, it was again disturbed, and, attempting to move, he awoke. He started on seeing Catharine, and a flush of pleasure crossed his brow.

"You are in pain, Dunallan."

"No! my Catharine; at this moment I only feel pleasure. Have you, my love, had repose?"

"Oh yes! and now, Dunallan, I am to be your constant nurse, and neither of us must think of any thing but your getting well. At this moment I prescribe more repose. It was pain which awoke you." She arranged the pillows which



supported him, while he looked at her with an expression of melancholy pleasure.

“What ease you have given me, my beloved nurse!”

“You must remember we are to avoid all emotion, Dunallan.”

“Yes, dearest Catharine, if possible : but while I have strength, I must say what I wish to you.”

“Say those wishes in one word then, dear Dunallan.”

“I shall, my Catharine. I still think I may recover ; but should I not, I must leave you, Catharine, without an earthly protector, but your own prudence. This thought is almost insupportable to me, but in this I am wrong, and I hope I have at last been enabled to leave you to his almighty care in whom I hope you trust. Beware, my Catharine, of St. Clair. He is a desperate character. There is, I fear, nothing of which he is not capable. I dare scarcely think of what you may be exposed to from his violent and selfish attachment to you.”

“Do not fear, my dear Dunallan,” interrupted Catharine, we shall not be separated. I shall need no protector. God will hear my prayers. Do not seek to prepare me for an existence I could not endure for a day. I feel it, Dunallan—we shall not be separated !” She spoke with a melancholy

energy, which almost overcame Dunallan. He however struggled to regain composure, and proceeded,

“ I shall not dispute this with you, my Catharine, but you may be mistaken; and if so, you will have a melancholy pleasure in remembering your friend’s last wishes.”

Catharine could not suppress her tears, and bent down her head to conceal them; while Dunallan proceeded to inform her of his wishes respecting herself—respecting Mrs. Oswald and the children—respecting his people at Arnmore.

“ I have been unable to assist you by writing any explanation of my views, but I believe you will be able to comprehend from my papers all that is necessary. All the influence that was committed to us, with regard to these people, is now left to you, my Catharine; all is now yours; you have much in your power; much good; remember this my love. And now my beloved, too much beloved Catharine, there is still another thing I must say——God will not suffer idols. My own heart has been guilty before him in this, but I will say no more. We must be taught to love him more than each other, however painful the lesson.

“ And now, my Catharine, I have only to speak of myself. I have but one other grief in leaving

the world, besides that of being separated from those who are dearer to me than self—this grief is the appearance of my consenting to meet St. Clair. This, I fear, may injure the cause of religion; but this is God's own cause, and I must leave it in his hands. Join your prayers with mine, my dear Catharine, that I may not be the unhappy means of bringing reflections on religion. I have now, my love, said all I wish, but this—that my soul is in perfect peace. I have no fears as to the future—I find the truths I believed while death seemed at a distance, completely suited to support me in the immediate prospect of appearing before God; my confidence increases; my surety is sufficient. There is no condemnation to them who believe in him for their whole salvation. My heart would still delay in this world for the sake of one idol, but I would be miserable even with that idol, were she to lead me to forget one duty to him who gave his life to save us. I have prayed that our affections might be so regulated, that we might live and serve him together; but I wish humbly to resign my will to his; I would say—separate us not, Oh God—let us together enter on our new state of existence—or together love thee supremely, and seek to glorify thee by our lives on earth.—But I know not what is best—I know not what

he may see necessary, that he may purify us for himself.”

Dunallan stopped, greatly exhausted.

Catharine did not raise her head. Dunallan's last words had elevated her thoughts to heaven in earnest supplications for him and for herself, that they might be willing to submit to the will of God; that she might be enabled to overcome her sinful terror for what he should see fit to send, and be ready to receive every dispensation as immediately from the love of a father—the kind, merciful discipline of a Saviour. She was greatly agitated, and sobbed aloud. Dunallan did not for a time interrupt her. At last laying his hand gently on her head,

“My Catharine,” said he, in a broken voice, “our separation cannot be long, should it be necessary. Let us think of the eternity we shall enjoy together; time, my love, compared to that, is nothing. Devote yourself, my Catharine, to more earnest preparation for that state; lay open your heart to your heavenly teacher—wait on him till he moulds it to his will—till he moulds its affections and desires to rest in himself—and then, even in this world, you will be able to say ‘that it was good for you to be afflicted.’ And when we meet in another—Ah! Catharine, what

will be my joy ! How real that world appears to me at this moment !”

“ Oh that I could do as you wish—that I could feel resigned to the will of God !” exclaimed Catharine earnestly, and clasping Dunallan’s hand in hers.

“ He will regard your wish, my love,” replied Dunallan; “ and now, my Catharine, you must also be my soul’s nurse. I have been unable to read. Walderford has hitherto read to me—now, my love, I shall trust to you.”

“ But, Dunallan, you are fatigued; you must rest a little !”

“ I will, my sweet nurse; now you shall prescribe to me.”

Catharine seated herself by him while he remained silent, his eyes mildly fixed upon her. She watched every varying expression of his countenance. She changed his supporting pillows, so as to relieve the weariness of weakness, and the pain of his wound; and as he was able to listen, she read or repeated passages of Scripture calculated to carry the thoughts beyond death, and all that is on this side the grave. Her own mind became more calm and resigned, and elevated.

The day passed away. The doctor was to come again in the evening, and as the hour ap-

proached, Catharine began to listen eagerly to every footstep. At last he came, and Catharine retired while he dressed his patient's wound. She watched for his leaving Dunallan's room, and taking him apart, entreated him to tell her the whole truth.

“ My Lord has less fever to-night, Madam. To-morrow I think we may examine the wound.”

“ I know what you mean, doctor; that will be painful and dangerous.”

“ I hope not, Madam. Lord Dunallan has an admirable constitution, and as for pain, in all my practice, I never saw any one endure it with such fortitude. His religion never forsakes him. He seems to find cause for gratitude even in pain. When I ask if I make him suffer, he replies, smiling, ‘ it is not you, doctor; it is a physician of even deeper skill, but who cannot err.’ He always answers me in this kind of way.” Catharine's eyes filled with tears.

“ But, doctor, in usual cases, would the examination you talk of be dangerous?”

“ Not the examination, Madam, but the consequences. But, Madam, Lord Dunallan teaches us our duty. We shall use those means which appear proper to us, and leave the consequences with God. The future, Madam, is wisely concealed from us; present duty is plain.”

“ True, doctor ; you are perhaps right in not satisfying me. In the mean time you prescribe complete quiet.”

“ Yes, Madam, for my Lord ; and for yourself a whole night of repose. You will then, I think, be able for the fatigue which is before you. After to-morrow, undisturbed quiet will be absolutely necessary for Lord Dunallan. You, Madam, will be his most careful nurse.”

Catharine returned to Dunallan without trusting herself to think. The doctor had not taken all hope away ; yet, his conversation, from its uncertainty, had left an unhappy impression. She could form no opinion regarding the future from what he had said, and she shrunk from the attempt.

Dunallan's languid eyes brightened with pleasure on Catharine's return. Walderford was with him, and rose to retire on her entrance.

“ Do not go, Mr. Walderford,” said she gently, “ Dunallan will regret my arrival, if I chase away all his friends.”

“ Walderford is to be with me during the night, my dear Catharine,” said Dunallan, “ you look reproachfully at me. Do you think it possible I should recover, if I saw you worn out by attending on me ? I have so many kind friends willing to be with me, that I hope I shall be able

to manage so as to fatigue no one. Where is Clanmar, Walderford? I have not seen him since the morning.”

Walderford hesitated——“ He is——there is an examination going on in some law court, which, I believe, he has been obliged to attend.”

Dunallan looked fixedly at his friend, “ Is St. Clair concerned in that examination, Walderford?”

“ St. Clair has left the country,” replied Walderford, and then hastily left the room, saying he would return in an hour or two.

Dunallan became very thoughtful. Catharine held his hand in hers, and anxiously watched the darkening expression of his countenance.

“ My dear Dunallan, may I ask what is the subject of your thoughts? I fear it is some painful one. Is it St. Clair?”

“ It is, my love.”

“ But, Dunallan, should we not wish the truth in this horrid affair to be known?”

“ Perhaps we ought; but, my love, were all the truth known, the consequences to St. Clair would be more serious than either of us would choose to anticipate. Clanmar this morning asked to see the note which had induced me to go to —— farm on that morning I met St. Clair. Will you, my



Catharine, oblige me, by looking whether he replaced it in my writing case?

Catharine searched in vain for the note.

“ I see how it is !” exclaimed Dunallan, with much emotion. “ I pray God that the unhappy St. Clair may have indeed left the country.”

“ My dear Dunallan, you will hurt yourself by this emotion. Why will you—why should you be so deeply interested about one who is so wicked—so horribly revengeful? I dare not think of him——.”

“ You must try to overcome those feelings, my Catharine, and from your heart forgive him. You do not know, my love, how much there is to dread. St. Clair’s servant came to me the night before I last saw him, and offered to make me acquainted with all the means used to intercept your letters. The man had formerly been my servant, and said his conscience would give him no rest for having been induced by bribery to injure me. At that time I felt unwilling to listen to him. I had just declined answering St. Clair’s challenge. I therefore assured the man of my forgiveness, on condition he would never, without my permission, mention the matter to any one. He left me, however, muttering revenge against his master, for some personal ill treatment.”

“But now, my dear Dunallan, banish, I entreat you, this horrid subject from your thoughts.”

“No, my dearest Catharine; whatever is in our power we ought to do, and must do immediately, my love. Will you, my Catharine, go to Mrs. Clanmar, and endeavour to discover every particular of this business for me. You must not consider me incapable of performing any duty while I live. I shall at least attempt it. It will not hurt me, dear Catharine. Miserable St. Clair! I hope he is in safety somewhere out of the country.”

Catharine attempted to dissuade Dunallan from his purpose, but in vain.

“You are mistaken, dearest Catharine. It will not hurt me to know the truth. If I can do nothing I shall be at rest; but I trust that *you*, my other self, my wife, will not deceive me.”

Catharine left Dunallan, intending to go immediately to Mrs. Clanmar’s house. She found, however, that both she and Mr. Clanmar were at that moment engaged with Mrs. Oswald. She immediately joined them. Walderford was also present, and the party stood close together, apparently in deep conversation.

“Mr. Clanmar,” said Catharine, anxiously, “has any thing unpleasant happened? Dunallan is determined to know all. What *has* happened?”

“ Nothing of any importance, my dear Madam. Do not be alarmed. I shall go and inform Dunallan of every thing,” and he immediately left the room.

Catharine then entreated Mrs. Oswald to tell her what had passed.

“ You do not understand law matters any better than I do, my dear Catharine,” replied Mrs. Oswald ; “ but I shall tell you exactly what I understood Mr. Clanmar to say. Mr. St. Clair’s servant went two days ago to a magistrate, and offered to give some extraordinary information respecting the cause of the meeting between Dunallan and St. Clair, which had been the wonder of the day, Mr. Clanmar said, from Dunallan’s known principles. From some things said by the servant, and also from some reports in circulation, orders were issued by the proper authorities to search for, and take into custody, Mr. St. Clair and Mr. Cameron. The latter, who had not left the country, immediately gave himself up, and is at large on bail. St. Clair has not been heard of. To-day Mr. Clanmar underwent an examination on the subject. Mr. Cameron was also examined, and his evidence went greatly to criminate St. Clair, who, however, is supposed by every one to have left the country ; and this examination will, I trust, have no other

consequence than that of clearing Dunallan's character. Indeed, Mr. Clanmar says it has cleared it already; for though the examination was called a private one, the court was crowded to excess. Am I correct, Mr. Walderford?" asked Mrs. Oswald.

"Perfectly so, Madam."

"What would be the consequence, Mr. Walderford," asked Catharine, "were Mr. St. Clair still in the country? for Dunallan is quite miserable, from the apprehension that he may not have escaped."

"Were all the charges proved against him," replied Walderford, "Mr. St. Clair in intention is a murderer, and would be considered so in law."

Catharine shuddered. "Can Dunallan, in any way, lessen his appearance of guilt?"

"I think it impossible, Madam, that he can. Mr. Cameron, when on oath, said, that he believed Mr. St. Clair intended to fire, and that he did not cause him to do so by touching his arm. Clanmar did not exactly see the transaction, neither, I suppose, could Dunallan."

"Oh, I hope for Dunallan's sake, that he may indeed have escaped!" exclaimed Catharine, "and may he never, never return, horrid, wretched

being! Do you really think he is gone, Mr. Walderford?"

"Certainly, Madam, I believe, Oh certainly, there can be no doubt of it," added he.

Catharine, after spending a short time in conversation with Mrs. Oswald, returned to Dunallan. He appeared excessively grave.

"I have been right, Catharine."

"Yes, Dunallan, but nothing is in your power. You promised that if this was the case you would attempt to banish the subject from your thoughts."

"I will make the attempt, at least, now——."

Clanmar left the room. Dunallan seemed greatly exhausted, and Catharine sat silently and anxiously by him for the next hour—and then, after many entreaties on his part, left him to the care of Walderford and his own attendants. "But this is the last time you must ask me to leave you, my friend," said she, "for I cannot again consent."

Catharine retired to her apartment, wishing, if possible, to strengthen herself by repose for every exertion; and struggling to banish every painful thought, she laid herself to sleep. For some time, however, the attempt was vain. At last tired nature overcame her harassed mind, and she sunk gradually into profound repose. Towards morning she dreamed she was at Arnmore. Dun-

allan was there also, and they together enjoyed the freshness of the opening spring. She saw its beautiful scenery, as she had seen it on her first arrival there, but she conversed with Dunallan as her friend and husband. She awoke, and could not, for a moment, recollect where she was, so deeply had she been absorbed in her delightful dream. The truth, so painfully different, soon returned to her recollection, and her heart sickened at the contrast. She started from her pillow, and withdrew the curtain which screened her apartment from the rays of a clouded sun. She looked from the window, but instead of the luxuriant scenery of her dream, she saw only the miserable and stunted shrubs of a London garden. It was still early; but after seeking strength and consolation from heaven, she determined to go to Dunallan. All was still in the house. She softly entered the room next Dunallan's. The door into his was half open. She approached cautiously. All was quiet. Mrs. Oswald and Walderford were in the room. Mrs. Oswald was seated with her back towards her. No light had yet been admitted into the apartment, but she read by the dim rays of a night lamp, and as she cautiously turned the leaf, looked earnestly at Dunallan; then again began to read. Catharine saw that her patient slept, and earnestly prayed

that his repose might continue, and be blessed. She softly retired from the door, and seated herself near it, that she might watch his slumbers, and pray for him and for herself. His sleep continued. It seemed as if her prayers were heard. She felt a holy calm of soul, and knelt down to express her humble gratitude and trust. She continued on her knees—light and peace following her fervent supplications, and elevating her affections to the source of all good, of all purity, of all happiness. At last Dunallan spoke, and Catharine was instantly near him. She inquired with earnest tenderness how he had slept? How he felt? Dunallan's replies were even beyond her hopes, and she read in his countenance the ease and refreshment he said he had received from sleep. His own looks expressed the calm and elevated state of his feelings.

“My friend,” said Dunallan to Walderford, “you must not leave us, till you have expressed our gratitude to heaven. Walderford immediately knelt down. Catharine and Mrs. Oswald knelt also, while Walderford poured forth, in touching language, the very feelings and desires of their souls. When he rose from his knees, he took leave of Dunallan with almost

a woman's softness. "You *must* allow me to be with you to-day, Dunallan."

"Well, my friend, you shall have your wish, but I require no earthly support, believe me."

Catharine knew what Walderford alluded to, and when he was gone, expressed the satisfaction she felt in thinking he would be present.

"It gives me only pain, my Catharine," said Dunallan; "yet I know were I in his place I should feel as he does, therefore I do not object, though I believe he will suffer more in supposing I suffer, than I really will. But this, my love, is one of the attendants of warm affections on this side the grave. A time is coming, my Catharine, when we may love and be loved, without fear of suffering, or excess, or change."

"Yes, my dear Dunallan, and I feel how selfish it is to be so unwilling to think *that* happy time may possibly be near for only one of us. Were it for both—Oh how I could welcome it!"

"Could you, my love—have you no fears—no doubts respecting the future?"

"Ought I to have fears or doubts, Dunallan? Tell me truly. Do you think I deceive myself? Do you think I have not a right foundation of hope?"

"I hope you have, my love—I trust you rest on the rock of ages—the only refuge for any soul



—but I feel anxious, my Catharine——Love for me——for any created good is not the motive which ought to excite your desires after another world. You would believe and feel this, my Catharine, were you, as I am, more certain of death than of life. Preparation for death, my love, must consist in such devoted love to our Divine Master, as would also be the best preparation for life, were he to will that. I speak plainly, my Catharine. If you knew how I love you, you would forgive me; even your sweet expressions of affection pain me, when they seem confused with what ought to be superior to all earthly affections. My Catharine, the human heart, even on this side the grave, is capable of feelings which no created being can inspire. Believe this; I say it from my own experience. You know I would not deceive you at such a moment. Should we be separated, my dearest of earthly beings, remember this.”

Dunallan became exhausted, but after a few moments pause, turned to Mrs. Oswald, “My dear aunt, did you tell Harcourt my wish?”

“I did, Dunallan, and he is impatient to agree to it.”

“And you think he is able?”

“Quite so; but, dear Dunallan, there is no change in Harcourt. He has, as yet, no power

at times, over the horror of his feelings, and is still nearer the grave than when you saw him. Ought you, when perfect quiet has been prescribed, to expose yourself to the emotion he may excite?"

"Dunallan, what are you going to do?" asked Catharine in alarm.

"A plain duty, my love. I wish once more, while I have strength, to see Harcourt. After the examination of my wound I shall not be able, even if I should recover, till perhaps too late for him. It is possible he might listen to one, perhaps as near death as himself."

Catharine anxiously attempted to dissuade Dunallan from his purpose, but without success; and Mrs. Oswald left the room to assist in fulfilling his wishes.

"Must we leave you with Mr. Harcourt?" asked Catharine anxiously.

"Yes, my love! I could not speak as I wish to him before witnesses,—and my Catharine, when you return to me, if I can find heart to do it, I shall try to chide you for joining even with my aunt in attempting to make me more careful about my own ease for an hour in this world, than about that of another's soul during eternity."

Dunallan's servant and another attendant now entered, and softly placed a sofa near Dunallan's

bed, on which they arranged pillows for Harcourt. Catharine felt half afraid to see him, and now listened anxiously for his approach, while Dunallan seemed collecting his thoughts before meeting him. At last Mrs. Oswald entered, and Catharine's eyes were anxiously bent in the direction where Harcourt would appear. When he did, one glance at his countenance confirmed the fearful impression she had received of the awful gloom of his mind. Harcourt walked into the room, supported by two attendants. His tall figure was emaciated to the last degree—his face equally so. His eyes were hollow, and his features shrunk in the thinness of approaching death, while the expression of his countenance was so awfully serious, and his breathing, as the servants laid him on the sofa, so quick, and loud, and difficult, that Catharine watched in terror, expecting the last struggles of death. A pause of silence ensued, every eye fixed on the sufferer as he continued to struggle for breath, and to recover from the effects of exertion on exhausted nature. Dunallan's looks were bent on him with an expression of the most painful anxiety and sympathy. Harcourt at last in some degree recovered, and his attendant retired.

Another silent pause ensued. It was broken by Dunallan.

“ I wished to see you once more, Harcourt.”

“ I too wished to see you, Dunallan,” replied Harcourt, almost in a whisper.

“ I wished to know from yourself, Harcourt, whether you were more willing to meet a change of existence than when I last saw you ?”

“ Willing !” repeated Harcourt, in a voice that made Catharine start ; it was so hollow, and proceeding from his death-like frame, seemed so unnaturally loud,—“ *willing*, to change hell in prospect for hell in reality.”

“ Harcourt ! why do you determine to indulge such horrible anticipations ?” replied Dunallan with much emotion. “ You have the offer of heaven without one condition but that of humbling yourself to receive it. We are perhaps both on the verge of an eternal state, Harcourt, and——”

“ *Eternal !*” interrupted Harcourt, in a voice that made Catharine unconsciously shrink closer to Dunallan ; “ *eternal !*” repeated he. The word seemed to have awakened ideas of extreme horror. “ I once believed in an *eternal* sleep,” continued he, “ now I believe in an eternal, never to be satisfied searching for sleep. I am awake—vividly awake for ever. I cannot sleep now. I never more shall sleep ! Oh for one single hour of dreamless sleep !”

Catharine was moved, for Harcourt's voice had changed in uttering the last words, from a tone of horror, to one of despairing sadness. The state of his own feelings too seemed so overpowering, as to make him scarcely conscious of the presence of others, and she ventured to say, "It is that want of necessary sleep, Mr. Harcourt, which makes the future appear so gloomy. One night of quiet repose would dispel all those horrors."

"And who denies me sleep?" asked he in the same despairing tone of voice. "They repeat words to me, and say they are the words of God; they tell me that the hairs of my head cannot become white or black without his permission; and then you speak of sleep—sleep, to one who would give a world for one night's sleep, as if it was a thing of chance. If I cannot sleep, it is because God has decreed that I never more shall sleep."

"You cannot know, Harcourt, of any such decree," said Mrs. Oswald quickly, but gently. "You reject truth, and believe dreams of your own imagination."

"Is your story of the worm that never dies, the fire that is not quenched, a dream?" asked Harcourt, with an expression of countenance and tone of voice that made Catharine shudder.

"Leave us, dear Catharine," whispered Dunallan. "There is no change here. You must

not listen to him. I shall not attempt to say much, my love," added he, on seeing that Catharine was unwilling to leave him. Mrs. Oswald and Catharine then left the room, Harcourt scarcely seeming to observe their departure.

"It was more than an hour before Mrs. Oswald was informed that her patient had again been carried to his own apartment. Catharine immediately returned to Dunallan; she found him quite worn out. He held out his hand for hers.

"He has left me as dark and miserable as ever," said he. "He has only found additional grounds of despair in every thing I have attempted to say. Offers of mercy, the most touching, he listens to as a stone; while his soul seems fearfully alive to every word which can awaken ideas of rejection and condemnation."

Dunallan seemed greatly overcome, and for the next hour yielded to Catharine's anxious entreaties to seek repose, while she in silence watched by him. He then seemed in some degree recovered, and again began to converse with Catharine, and as he ever did, succeeded in leading her to give expression to her inmost thoughts; and thus, if painful, as they now were, almost stealing away their bitterness.

Some one at last entered the room. It was the doctor. Catharine became pale and faint.

“ You are early, my dear Sir,” said Dunallan.

“ It is my usual hour,” replied the doctor.

“ Is it ?” said Dunallan, then turning to Catharine and smiling sadly ; “ time has passed rapidly this morning.”

The doctor felt his pulse.

“ Well Sir,” said Dunallan, “ are you satisfied ?”

“ Quite so, my Lord. It is even more favourable than I expected. Will you admit my brethren ?”

“ When you please.”

“ I shall return immediately then,” said the doctor, adding cheerfully, while he looked with much interest at Catharine ; “ we shall soon again, Madam, require your cares. I hope every thing happy from them.”

He then left the room.

“ I shall not suffer much, dear Catharine,” said Dunallan, kissing her pale cheek as in agony she bent over him—“ indeed they will probably do nothing till the evening.”

Catharine trembled violently. She could not speak.

“ My beloved Catharine, I must ask you to leave me.”

“ Oh Dunallan! can I do nothing? must I leave you?”

“ You can pray for me, dearest Catharine, and that will support us both.”

Catharine heard steps approaching; she, in anguish, pressed Dunallan's hand to her forehead, and hastened to another door as the doctors entered the room. She looked back for Walderford. He was there, looking so calm, that she felt more assured. She entered the apartment next to Dunallan's; no one perceived her.

“ My dear Walderford,” said Dunallan, “ *must* you be present to see my side probed? You will suffer more than I shall—I wish you would consent——”

“ Say no more, Dunallan, you must allow me.”

“ Well then, come and give me your kind breast for a pillow.”

Walderford supported him on his breast, and the doctor prepared to uncover Dunallan's wound. Catharine became faint, and could scarcely reach the door of the room. She found Mrs. Clanmar and Mrs. Oswald were waiting without, and fell lifeless into their arms. They conveyed her to an apartment distant from Dunallan's, and Mrs. Oswald used no other means to restore her to recollection, than laying her on a sofa, and opening a window. She almost wished she might con-



tinue insensible until the painful operation was over, and stood watching her lifeless countenance, herself almost as pale and motionless. Mrs. Clanmar knelt by the sofa, her hands clasped together, and her eyes raised in supplication to heaven. Catharine remained for a considerable time insensible. At last she began to show symptoms of returning life. On opening her eyes, and seeing Mrs. Oswald bending over her, with looks of the deepest anxiety, she started up—“Where am I? what has happened?” She looked dreadfully alarmed, but soon recollecting what had passed; “Oh! is it not over?”

“It soon will now, I trust,” said Mrs. Oswald. “I shall return and tell you the moment it is.” She left the room.

Mrs. Clanmar still knelt—“Oh! that is indeed right, my dear Mrs. Clanmar!” Catharine knelt down beside her, “We shall remain here.” She covered her face, and in broken ejaculations supplicated heaven in behalf of Dunallan.

“Oh what a time they take!” exclaimed she at last. “I must go.” She started up—Mrs. Clanmar gently detained her.

At length Mrs. Oswald returned; “It is over quite safely, thank God. Another ball has been extracted.”

“ Thank heaven ! Horrid St. Clair ! ” exclaimed Catharine, raising her clasped hands to heaven, and shuddering at the same moment.

“ May I now go to Dunallan ? ”

She had again become very pale. “ Not quite yet, my dear Catharine, ” replied Mrs. Oswald, “ you must be very calm. I saw him. He seems greatly exhausted, and you must, my love, have perfect command of yourself. ”

Catharine was sensible of this, and allowed Mrs. Oswald to detain her for a few minutes, and listened to all she said ; for Mrs. Oswald’s self-denial and composure, but still more her deep piety, she always found greatly contributed to restore her self-command, and powers of thought. She then returned to Dunallan’s apartment. She softly entered through the anteroom. She found the doctor and Walderford still with him, but the curtains of his bed were all closely drawn, and the doctor made a sign to her on her entrance to be perfectly silent. She seated herself near Dunallan’s bed. For some time the doctor and Walderford remained quite still. Catharine listened, but could not perceive that Dunallan even breathed. After some time the doctor approached, and softly drew aside the curtain. Catharine started on seeing Dunallan, he looked so excessively pale and languid. He saw her, however, and smiled

faintly. The doctor held something to his lips, which he with difficulty swallowed ; and then, after looking for a moment at Catharine, and moving his lips as if to speak, he closed his eyes, and looked so gone, that Catharine's terror was expressed by a countenance almost as pale. The doctor whispered to her that there was no cause for alarm, and again resumed his seat. He looked constantly at his watch, and after each short interval, again and again administered restoratives to his patient, whose looks filled Catharine with apprehension.

The doctor remained during the rest of the day, and great part of the night: he then gave up his charge to Catharine, who had eagerly inquired into the minutest of his prescriptions, and anxiously watched his method of treating his patient.

When she herself approached, and held a draught to his lips, Dunallan smiled, and an expression of pleasure, for a moment, brightened his eyes. "I do not suffer," said he, in a low voice. "Thank God!" was all that Catharine allowed herself to say, in a voice as low. The doctor had entreated her to avoid all conversation for some time. Dunallan, whenever she approached him, wished to speak, but she persever-

ed in imposing silence on him, and also on herself.

For several days Dunallan continued almost in the same state of weakness, and the doctor continued to evade all Catharine's importunate inquiries. She thought at last that both he and Mrs. Oswald looked disappointed and alarmed, when the doctor found Dunallan did not recover, and her strength began to sink under fatigue and constant apprehension.

One evening as she sat by him, Dunallan's sleep, which had been hitherto short and disturbed, became tranquil, and continued for several hours. Catharine was frightened, because this was unusual. She stood leaning over him. His countenance was perfectly calm—there was almost a smile upon it, and he breathed quite easily. Catharine dared not disturb him by touching his arm to feel the pulse, in the strength or weakness of which she had become very skilful, but she could see, by the motion of the things around him, that it was stronger and more regular than usual. All she had heard of the short interval of strength, which is sometimes a prelude to death, returned at that moment to her recollection, and she bent over him, almost expecting to see him stop breathing,—and worn out in body and in mind, she scarcely felt any emotion.

Dunallan's sleep, tranquil and profound, still continued for many hours. At last he awoke, just after the doctor had softly stolen into his apartment. Catharine watched the doctor's countenance as he felt Dunallan's pulse, it brightened.

“Ah, here is a change indeed!” exclaimed he. “I think, my Lord, you will now be forced to remain with us. Your pulse is as good as my own, or any man's.”

Catharine nearly fainted. The doctor supported her to a seat out of Dunallan's sight, and she was soon relieved by a burst of tears; and after yielding to them for a few moments, returned to Dunallan. He seemed absorbed in thought. His face was turned away, and his eyes raised to heaven.

The doctor approached, “My Lord, you are surprisingly recovered.”

Dunallan now perceived Catharine, and held out his hand for hers. “My Catharine, what a nurse you have been! Doctor, how could you suffer her thus to fatigue herself? She said it was by your directions she would neither answer me nor listen to me when I spoke.”

“Lady Dunallan will now converse with you, my Lord, and may also leave you to seek repose.

There will no longer be any cause, I hope, for such close attendance."

"My own Catharine!" exclaimed Dunallan, when the doctor had left the room, "you are pale and exhausted. How you have distressed me, my love! You must not stay another moment with me, but go to rest. When you return we may speak of the future."

"But, Dunallan, I think you look sad; you are grieved to remain in this world. It is for my sake, my friend. I need a guide, a counsellor, and God has listened to my prayers."

"Ah no, Catharine. The doctor's favourable opinion has, on the contrary, made me too happy. I am most ungrateful—earthly!—" He burst into tears, and covering his face, was, for a moment, deeply agitated.

Catharine pressed his hand to her lips, "Are you thus grieved at my happiness, Dunallan!"

"I am grieved at not being more anxious to leave this world and all it has to offer for another, which, in my soul, I believe to be far preferable. I do not understand my own feelings, Catharine—leave me, my love—while I see that pale countenance I can think of nothing else—that too dear—idolized countenance," added he. "When you return I shall perhaps comprehend myself."

Catharine consented to leave him, and retired to a repose which was soon profound. She had been too much worn out to feel the full extent of her happiness, but her mind was now relieved from anxiety, and she was almost asleep before Martin had finished undressing her, and remained profoundly so for many hours. When at length she awoke, Martin was by her, and gave her the delightful intelligence that Dunallan was pronounced out of danger.

Catharine felt the most subduing sense of gratitude to heaven, and once, and again, before she left her room, returned to her knees to express it.

“Do you yet comprehend yourself, my friend?” said she, when again alone with Dunallan.

“Too well, my dear Catharine. I now know something of the deceitfulness of the human heart, but it is better I should know it than remain deceived.”

“May I ask how your heart has deceived you, Dunallan?”

“Why, my dear Catharine, I had persuaded myself that I was really willing to die—that I did not wish to recover—that my will was not only resigned, but that I preferred the will of God and the glorious prospects which open to a Christian in another state, to all that this world

could offer me—even to you, my Catharine. Yet I was not disappointed—at least only for a moment, when I felt returning strength. The pleasures of this world, so much better known, resumed their power to captivate. You, my Catharine, my wife so long only in name—now so sweetly returning my affection—ah, my love! I should be tempted to doubt the reality of my religion altogether, did I not feel that this world would be nothing to me without its hopes; and that, in my soul, I believe I should have been far happier had I died.”

“ My dear Dunallan,” said Catharine, “ it is not wrong to value the blessings of life when God bestows them on you. You once asked me to reprove you when I saw you valued them too highly. I shall try to remember this; but I think, had you turned from them with disgust and disappointment, you would also have been wrong. You were prepared to die, Dunallan. You will also be enabled so to live as to honour God in this world. You will find happiness in attempting this; and oh! how happy shall I be in seconding your every wish to promote his glory as far as shall be in our power.”

“ Sweet preacher!” said Dunallan, “ you wish to reconcile me to myself. You will find it too easy. But now, my love, read to me. I



cannot yet do so myself. You must assist me to direct my thoughts aright."

Catharine read, while Dunallan continued still to listen. Her own heart was light and thankful. "Shall I find any directions for the happy here?" said she, again opening the sacred volume. "David's harp is often tuned to joy and praise." She sung a few words in the joyfulness of her heart, then blushing, stopped.

"Do not stop, sweet nurse," said Dunallan. "Those words express the very feelings of my soul, and your voice is music to every feeling."

Catharine again sung, but was soon interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Oswald; she hastened to meet and embrace her; "Dearest Mrs. Oswald, how kind, how self-denying you have been! Now you are rewarded! Dunallan is spared to us!"

Mrs. Oswald warmly, but silently, returned Catharine's embrace. She then tenderly embraced Dunallan, in vain attempting to suppress tears of joy and thankfulness.

"My dearest, kindest aunt!" exclaimed he, returning her embrace. He then inquired for her patient.

"He at last sleeps," replied Mrs. Oswald.

"What! Is he gone?"

"Yes, about an hour ago."

“ And was there any change ?”

“ I trust there was.”

Dunallan was moved, “ Then my dearest aunt, you are amply rewarded. Your efforts have been blest when all others failed. Walderford’s unanswerable reasonings—Selwyn’s instructions and prayers—my own attempts—how I rejoice that it has been so ordered.”

“ You are mistaken, dear Dunallan; all my efforts proved utterly ineffectual. Mr. Walderford ceased not also to reason with poor Harcourt, but he had some answer against his own soul always ready. Your amiable and most Christian friend, Mr. Selwyn, continued too, with the most anxious solicitude to place before him every offer of mercy and pardon; but though he eagerly sought to converse with us, he listened to all we said as if the power of admitting the ideas we presented to him was utterly gone; and we continued to use means, to join in praying for him with scarcely a ray of hope remaining, when we were joined by two young preachers, from whom we certainly did not look for the effects which followed—our two little girls.”

“ The children !” exclaimed Catharine.

“ Yes, my dear. I believe you scarcely heard me a few days ago, when I told you, as you anxiously watched your patient here, that Miss

Morven and the children were arrived. Miss Morven had prepared them in the most judicious manner for their meeting with their father, and when I took them to him, the little creatures seemed so full of concern, and approached with such a mixture of reverence and anxiety to please in their artless manner, that Harcourt at once saw, that they had been taught to feel for him as a father, and received them with much kindness and emotion. Their presence at first seemed to recall most painful recollections, but after a time he appeared less gloomy when they were with him, and seemed even to forget the future while listening to their prattle, or following them with his eyes as they softly moved about in his room. “ Can these happy, lovely, innocent creatures be mine !” said he, with some returning softness of feeling. The children showed so much concern too, when he was attacked by fits of coughing and breathlessness, that Harcourt was quite moved. After one of these attacks, little Mary had placed herself close by his sofa, and putting her face coaxingly to his, she said, “ Papa, you will soon be very, very good.”

“ I Mary ! How shall I be very good ?”

“ Because, Papa, God afflicts us to make us good.”

“ Does he not afflict us, Mary, as a punishment for having been wicked ?”

Harcourt looked for the child’s reply, as if it could have sealed his doom.

“ But it is to make us give up being wicked, papa,” said Mary, “ and if we confess that we have been wicked, and come back to God, he will not punish us any more, but will love us when he sees us coming, and will come to meet us.”

“ Come to meet us !” repeated Harcourt.

“ Yes, papa,” said Mary, “ shall I read you about that in the Bible ?”

Harcourt allowed the child to do as she wished, and she brought her Bible, and seating herself close to him, she read the parable to which she had alluded. Harcourt listened earnestly, and the hardness and darkness which had withstood all our attempts, seemed to yield before this lowly means. When Mary came to that passage, “ But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him,” she looked up, and said, “ Now, papa, did I not tell you ?”

Harcourt, I saw, was much overcome, but his glance towards me showed that he disliked being observed, and I immediately left the room. I did not return for a considerable time. When I did,

the children were both close by him, and I saw that he had been shedding tears; and when the children afterwards left him, I observed that he had kept their Bible. During that and the day following he often read it at times while he was able, and the two following nights he enjoyed some hours of tranquil sleep. He spoke little to any one for the last few days, but his looks and manner were entirely changed. He was, however, most anxious to secure the certainty of his children being left entirely under your guardianship, Dunallan, and was assisted by Mr. Walderford to do all that was in his power to secure this, lest his own relations should ever attempt to interfere. He warmly thanked us all for our cares and patience with him; and his last words to me were, "Tell Dunallan that I die in the hope of the thief on the cross."

For several succeeding days, Catharine continued to devote her every moment to Dunallan. She read to him, or conversed with him, or sung, or sought by her gentle and playful gaiety to amuse him, and every day seemed to discover some new way of charming or interesting. During these days, Walderford had performed the last duties to poor Harcourt, and Mrs. Oswald had set out with the children on their return to Scotland.

Dunallan continued to recover rapidly, though still too weak to leave his room. Catharine's joy was expressed in her animated looks, her light step, and sweetly playful manners.

“The Doctor says you may now admit one or two friends Dunallan,” said she one day, “and such crowds are desirous of seeing you, that I suppose if they are admitted, two at a time, they will last at least for a month.”

Dunallan smiled, but did not seem greatly to enjoy this permission. “I shall, I fear, have reason to regret my being so far recovered, my Catharine. Those friends, kind as they are, will not supply the place of my nurse to me.”

“And is she to be banished when they come?”

“Will she not wish to banish herself? Will not Miss Morven demand her attention, and Mrs. Clanmar? But I am very selfish, or I would wish you to escape from a sick-room, which you have made to me the sweetest place I ever inhabited.”

“Perhaps, since you say so,” replied Catharine playfully, though blushing deeply, “this will be the proper time to make you confess that you believe I always felt as I ought for you—always wrote as I ought.”

“No, no, Catharine, your own test was the affection of a wife, not the compassionate kind-

ness of a nurse. In that you are perfect. I shall not easily think you so in the other."

"Unreasonable distinctions," exclaimed Catharine, blushing again. "I think I must show you how a nurse, who is not a wife, would treat you—so now which of your friends will you admit this evening to relieve me from my cares?"

"I cannot tell—but, Catharine, do you conceal it from me, or do you really hear nothing of St. Clair?"

"Nothing, Dunallan. I hope I never shall."

"My Catharine, you are wrong in this, you must forgive him."

"I do forgive him, I hope; but must I wish to hear of, or take any interest in the horrid being, who, in intention, was your murderer, Dunallan?" A message from Walderford at this moment, requested admission.

Walderford had spent many anxious hours by Dunallan during his illness, and his natural reserve had with Catharine entirely worn off. She felt for him as for a brother, and now cordially welcomed him.

"Mr. Walderford will be able to answer all your inquiries, Dunallan," said she on his entrance.

"Can you, Walderford, tell me any thing of St. Clair?" asked Dunallan.

Walderford hesitated.

“ I see you can,” resumed Dunallan; “ I entreat you to tell me without reserve all you know. Has he left the country ?”

“ No. He was arrested at ———, and is now in confinement. He must be tried.”

“ But on what grounds ?”

“ There are several charges against him. After the morning on which you met, he continued for some time in concealment, I know not where, and was at last discovered by a servant who had been bribed by him, it appears, to stop letters at some post office on the coast. This fellow had repented, and had determined to leave St. Clair’s service before that morning. St. Clair, however, had believed him faithful, and when the servant went to him one day lately, and boldly declared his determination to appear against him should he remain in this country, and confess the whole business respecting the letters, and also the means which had been taken to bring about the meeting at — Farm, St. Clair, already fretted almost to madness, (by the necessity of his skulking about in concealment—a necessity so galling to his arrogant spirit—and also by the reports in circulation respecting the duel,) became so exasperated, as to repeatedly and violently strike the man, and then push him out of the room with



such force as to throw him down the stairs, by which he was seriously hurt. St. Clair made no attempt to escape, but when the people crowded in to secure him, he defended himself with the desperate bravery, or rather fury of a madman. This assault is one charge—stopping the letters another—the duel a third—but I think it likely nothing serious will be proved against him. The note which brought you to —— Farm was so artfully written, that it can do him no harm.”

“ I sincerely hope not,” said Dunallan, with much concern. “ When does his trial come on ?”

“ I do not know. His friends, I fear, will injure him by their many attempts to interest men in power in his behalf. They only call the attention of the public to the business, which is a very dishonourable one for him.

“ Is it said whose those letters were, which he stopped ?” asked Dunallan.

“ No, but that will probably appear on the trial.”

Catharine became very pale ; “ Will the letters appear ?” asked she, trembling.

“ I think he has probably destroyed them,” replied Walderford. “ Are you, Madam, at all interested in their appearing ?” asked he, anxiously.

“ I will surprise you, my friend, when I tell you,” said Dunallan, “ that those letters were Catharine’s and my own; and that St. Clair at that time had almost, indeed did succeed, in making me believe that Catharine detested me. You never before knew, Walderford, what it was that hastened my return home. It was the contents of the letters forwarded to me, I believe by St. Clair, instead of those really written by Catharine.”

“ Then,” exclaimed Walderford, “ I from my soul wish this villany may be proved against him—he is unfit to die—therefore, I hope nothing more serious than this may be proved—but may he spend the next ten years in banishment !”

“ Oh no,” said Dunallan, “ I cannot wish that.”

“ His character will be gone for ever,” said Walderford; “ his country can have no charms for him.”

“ Unhappy St. Clair !” exclaimed Dunallan, with much feeling.

“ You surprise me by the interest you take in that vile St. Clair, my dear Dunallan,” said Catharine; “ surely disgrace is a very just punishment for a man who has stooped to such meanness; and too slight for one who, in the sight of heaven, is a murderer.”

“ I do feel deeply for him, my dear Catharine, because I can judge from experience, to what dreadful forgetfulness of all that is most honourable or sacred we may be led by the indulgence of strong passions. From my soul I lament the fate of St. Clair.”

“ But dishonourable mean actions, Dunallan!—passion never could have bent your soul to them.”

“ Do you think violating my promise to a dying friend less base, Catharine?”

“ But you did not violate that promise, Dunallan.”

“ In intention I did : circumstances interposed and saved me ; for these I humbly thank God. In myself I was completely lost—subdued by passions, which I now recollect with too keen remorse to suffer me to feel any thing but pity for a wretched being under their influence. Have you seen St. Clair, my dear Walderford?”

“ I have. He sent for me to ask some questions respecting you. He wished, he said, to know the truth. I told him you were recovering. He asked how many balls had been extracted from your side. I said, two, without making any remark. He smiled bitterly, ‘ I did not wish either of us to survive,’ said he, ‘ at least not him.’ I attempted to reason with him on his in-

justice, but he said our ideas of justice did not, nor never would agree. He thought the principles I professed as well as you, the meanest on the face of the earth. They condemned, he said, every virtue that in his opinion constituted the character of a man, and exalted into virtues, whatever was abject and mean; ‘and the unaccountable, diabolical thing is,’ added he, almost with fury, ‘that those who profess them, after using the most heartless persevering meanness to attain their ends, succeed in convincing their unhappy dupes, that they are saints and angels, and with their hypocritical jargon confuse and subdue those minds, which are too modest—too amiable—too gentle—too enthusiastically good, to condemn what they imagine must be right, since practised by such religious people.’”

“I know to what he alludes,” said Dunallan, “and unhappily I have given him cause for part of what he says.”

“You! Dunallan,” said Catharine tenderly, how you condemn yourself!”

“Perhaps, my love,” replied he, “you would have been of St. Clair’s opinion had he expressed it during the first month of our acquaintance. You see, my Catharine, how spotless the life of a Christian must be. I *was* criminal in making the promise I did to my dying father.”

“ I attempted,” continued Walderford, “ to separate what you yourself allowed to be wrong in your conduct, my friend, (for he soon began to talk on that subject) and the perfect blamelessness of your general character, and wished to convince him that affection at least, could never be won by an affectation of religion, but he would not listen to me. On one subject he appears to me nearly deranged.”

“ On what subject? my friend.”

Walderford looked at Catharine.

“ I understand you, Walderford; you mean the possibility of my having inspired affection here,” looking also at Catharine, who sat by the sofa on which he reclined.

“ And that is his affection for me !” exclaimed Catharine, “ about which he has said so much, and which he thinks an excuse for so many crimes. He wishes me to hate the man to whom I am indissolubly united. Oh what perversion of language and of truth ! It is self, self alone he loves; and disappointed pride, and jealous hatred, has instigated him to all he has done.”

“ Certainly, Madam,” said Walderford, “ his present feelings deserve no better name than selfishness.”

## CHAPTER IV.

FOR several days nothing more was heard of St. Clair. Dunallan, since he had been permitted by his physician, had seen many of his friends, and Catharine, to whom most of them were strangers, often left him, to spend an hour or two with Mrs. Clanmar or Miss Morven. Every hour, however, in which she was absent from Dunallan, seemed immeasurably tedious, even when spent with Miss Morven; and greatly more so when spent with Mrs. Clanmar. In this, however, Catharine felt herself ungrateful and selfish; for Mrs. Clanmar, during Dunallan's illness, had been unweariedly kind and attentive, while she seemed herself to expect no attention, and to be unboundedly grateful for the least proof of kindness. She had scarcely an acquaintance in London. Clanmar sought his society and pleasures away from home, while she devoted herself to her little boy, and thought it kind if Clanmar spent a day with her. Miss Morven's arrival in London had been almost a new era in Mrs. Clanmar's life. She spent part of every

day with her. At first she had done so that she might hear of Catharine, but she afterwards became every day more deeply interested in this amiable and almost deserted young foreigner. Mrs. Clanmar loved Miss Morven with enthusiasm, and Catharine no less. Their kindness drew forth those powers a stranger would not have believed she possessed, obscured as they were by her broken language, and humble deference to every one's opinion in preference to her own. Miss Morven and Catharine were surprised to find that this gentle and lowly young creature had found, or rather had been taught by heaven, and by her misfortunes, to seek her happiness from that pure and exalted source which can never fail or disappoint. Without instruction, except from her Bible, and without knowing what meaning others gave to the sacred volume, she had understood it for herself in the very same way in which they did; but she knew it better, for she valued it more. She wept with joy and gratitude to heaven, when she found they understood her, and felt as she did. This was a new bond which led to feelings more dear and intimate than those of sisters, and Catharine reproached her heart for its selfishness, when she found that while Mrs. Clanmar was enjoying a pleasure in her society, which seemed to restore her to new

life and animation, her own thoughts continually returned to Dunallan, and the time seemed long to her, which to her solitary young friend seemed so short; and that, though she joined in the interest Miss Morven felt in this gentle creature, yet, when with her, her thoughts were only occasionally present.

One evening, on which Clanmar had promised to see Dunallan, Catharine determined to devote entirely to Mrs. Clanmar. Miss Morven she knew was engaged, and she felt pleased at having an opportunity of conversing quite freely. Mrs. Clanmar had often appeared anxious for such conversation with her, but had been always prevented; yet not before she had said enough to convince Catharine there was some secret cause of uneasiness she wished to reveal to her.

On this evening Clanmar appeared, as he had promised. Catharine was with Dunallan when he sent to ask admittance.

“I must talk a long time with him, dearest Catharine,” said Dunallan, “how will you spend your evening? You see how vain you make me by your constant goodness to me. I think you will feel the time long without having your poor patient every moment to sooth, and instruct, and charm.” “Instruct! Dunallan,” replied



Catharine, “you certainly are greatly indebted to me for that part of my care.”

“Yes, my dear nurse, you have guessed the state of my mind and feelings with wonderful exactness. You know you have yourself generally chosen whatever you have read to me. You, and this wound, my sweet friend, have taught me much I shall never forget, both of myself and of my dearer self.”

Clanmar entered. He blushed on seeing Dunallan.

“You have thought me negligent, my friend. Lady Dunallan, I fear you blame me, but I have been so harassed with business, I——”

“No more excuses, dear Clanmar,” interrupted Dunallan gaily, “I have been too happy in a nurse, ever to feel neglected; and I know too well your attentive kindness, while I was in any danger, to doubt of your feelings; but, my friend, I long to know what has engaged you so deeply of late.”

“Dunallan, I am not surprised——”

Catharine left the room before he proceeded farther, and joined Mrs. Clanmar, whose countenance still glowed with the happiness she had felt on again seeing her amiable, though careless husband.

“ He is so kind to me when he does come,” said she, “ and so delighted to have his little William again in his arms, that I am sure he would be happier at home than anywhere, if he had a wife worthy of him.”

“ I think the wife has not a husband worthy of her,” said Catharine, affectionately kissing her cheek, “ at least he does not take time to study the truly amiable, and sensible, and indeed, as far as I see, perfect character of that wife.”

“ Ah, Lady Dunallan, your pity for me leads you to say all this—but no more, on such a poor subject. Clanmar says he has much to talk about with Lord Dunallan on business which could have no interest for you, and has desired me to attempt to make your time pass agreeably, by undeceiving you respecting reports which he knows you must have heard regarding the cause of his marrying me—reports which are injurious to Lord Dunallan, but which he knows Lord Dunallan himself would never allude to or contradict. He is determined you shall know all, that his own mind may, in some degree, be at rest, after, as he says, having been the most ungrateful of human beings.”

“ Oh,” replied Catharine, “ I do not now believe that Dunallan could ever have been any thing but the best of friends. I do not believe

Mr. Clanmar can be ungrateful. I will not hear this story, Mrs. Clanmar; we shall talk of something else, my dear friend.

“You may trust me, Lady Dunallan,” replied Mrs. Clanmar. “I shall not make you think very harshly of Clanmar. I wish you to listen to me, because you will then know better about myself. I have not been very justly treated by report; and I wish you to know also, that you may tell Lord Dunallan how very miserable Clanmar was without his friendship.”

Catharine saw that Mrs. Clanmar wished to proceed, and consented, though rather unwillingly; yet she felt sweetly gratified in having this last stain cleared away from the character of Dunallan.

“You must hear something about my early youth, my dear Lady Dunallan,” began Mrs. Clanmar, “to lead you to excuse, in some degree, the rashness and guilt into which my ignorance and selfishness led me. I shall not tire you with myself.”

“It is because I wish to know more about you, my dear friend, my soul’s sister, that I listen to this story,” replied Catharine. “Tell me all about yourself, and be short on every other subject.”

“Since you desire it, and call me so sweet a name, I shall just speak what I feel,” replied

Mrs. Clanmar, “and take you back with me to that happy time when I lived with my good and kind grandfather in his romantic and beautiful retreat in Switzerland. You know that I by birth am a German. My mother was an only child. She made an unhappy marriage, and died soon after my birth. Her death almost broke my grandfather’s heart, and he retired with me into Switzerland, where he lived in the greatest seclusion—and gave himself up to the study of philosophy, and to his fondness for me. I, on my part, cared for no one but him. As I advanced in age, he taught me whatever I learned without trouble, but he never, for a moment, contradicted or restrained me. He saw that I was naturally of a tender and romantic disposition. Ah! if he had taught me how unfit such a disposition is to struggle with temptation—if he had taught me how to regulate my feelings—but he loved me for them, and cultivated my romantic softness as the most amiable perfection of a woman. When I grew up, I read or thought of nothing but what increased the exalted state of my imagination. I spent my days in dreams of the future, or in reading such works as could interest me by being still more romantic than my own mind. I knew a few of the neighbours around us, but they inspired no regard. They seemed common beings, satis-

fied with the dull life they led, and destitute of those feelings in which I placed all my ideas of happiness. I was in this state of mind when the report that two young English travellers had come to reside in our neighbourhood reached my ears, with many interesting particulars respecting them. That they were extremely handsome—noble in their appearance and manners, to a degree seldom seen in that sequestered spot—and many other circumstances respecting their affluence and generosity, to which I did not attend; but what interested me most, was the description of one of the travellers, who always wore the deepest mourning—spent whole days in wandering about alone, or in viewing, with apparent enthusiasm, the glories of nature. They said he was very handsome, but looked pale, and extremely melancholy—that it was the loss of a beloved friend which thus deeply affected his health and spirits—and that the other gentleman was so devotedly attached to him, that he had left his friends and country to follow him. I felt, before I saw them, the deepest interest in these strangers; and had formed a thousand visions respecting them. A week passed, and though I had not yet seen either, I had figured, in my imagination, the personal appearance, and many other particulars respecting both. I hoped I should see

them on Sunday at our little village church, and dared scarcely raise my eyes to the place where strangers usually sat—at last I ventured, but they were not there. “Ah!” thought I, “they will not offer their devotions to the great author of nature in this contemptible little resort for the low and narrow minded. They will worship him under the glorious canopy of heaven, while nature, in all its magnificence around them, will fill their exalted minds with suitable ideas of that Being, whose noble creatures they are;” and then I despised the church and all the lowly beings it contained, and wearied of the service. Ah! I have learned since, that though ‘the heavens is his throne, and the earth his footstool,’ ‘God dwells only with the lowly and contrite soul.’ When church was over I asked my grandfather to walk with me on the banks of the lake, that there we might raise our thoughts to subjects worthy of the day. Many of the peasants, surrounded by their children, were enjoying the coolness of the breeze from the water. On one piece of land which jutted into the lake, many of the children were at play, while their mothers, engaged in chatting with each other, seemed to forget a danger to which they were constantly exposed; for it was well known, that at the point of this neck of land, which was rocky and pre-

cipitous, the water was so deep, and the current so strong, that it was next to impossible to save any one who fell into it. When we had passed this point, and had entered the wood close by it, we were met by two gentlemen, whose appearance immediately convinced me they must be the two strangers, whose idea had indeed never been absent from my thoughts. My heart beat quick, and I scarcely dared to raise my eyes. One, I saw, was in deep mourning. I looked at him for a moment, his eyes were fixed on me, but he turned them with indifference away. His countenance I thought the finest I had ever seen. My grandfather turned round to look at the strangers. I did the same. The one in mourning walked slowly on—the other turned to look back, and I met his eyes, and turned away; but scarcely had I done so, when screams from the women we had just passed startled us. On looking round, we saw one of them running with an appearance of frenzy to the neck of land,—we hurried to the spot. The stranger in mourning inquired into the cause, for we saw nothing. ‘My child! my child!’ exclaimed the woman, almost frantic with despair, and held back by the others, while they, at the same time, grasped their own children. The stranger in mourning rushed forward, asking at what part the child

had fallen in. My grandfather seized his arm to detain him. He shook him off, and turned with a look of anger and contempt to see who stopped him; but when he saw my poor old grandfather, who gently said to him, ‘It is impossible—you will only lose your own life,’ he smiled with the most melancholy expression, saying, ‘I care not;’ and then pushing away some other men who had now come forward, and wished to stop him, he plunged into the lake. For an instant he did not appear, and all waited in silent terror, dreading that he might have got under the rock which projected close over the water. His friend was, with difficulty, held back by the men, who increased in numbers. At last the stranger appeared, holding the child in one arm, while, with the other, he stemmed the current with astonishing ease; and after some prodigious efforts of strength reached the shore. A general shout of admiration welcomed him. The poor mother received her child on her knees—the other women clung around him. His friend seemed unable to express his joy—while the stranger alone appeared little moved, but by the gratitude of the mothers, who would not let him go, but kissed his hands, and clung about his knees. He at last gently disengaged himself from them, saying, with an expression of such sadness, I shall never



forget it, ‘ Oh ! if you knew how little I have risked !’

“ You will have guessed, my dear Lady Dunallan,” said Mrs. Clanmar, seeing Catharine’s eyes fill with tears, “ that this humane stranger was Lord Dunallan ; his friend, my Clanmar. My grandfather was so delighted by the humanity, and so interested by the melancholy, and indifference about life, in the stranger, that though he in general avoided forming new acquaintances, he went the day after the event I have just related to inquire for him, and to offer him all the hospitality in his power. He came back to me delighted with both him and his friend ; and his account of their conversation added to the enthusiasm with which I already admired the humanity, courage, and deeply interesting appearance of the one, and the devoted attachment of the other. They soon returned my grandfather’s visit, and I was at last introduced to their acquaintance. I dared scarcely venture to speak. I listened to Lord Dunallan as to a being of a superior order. He seemed to feel pity for my timidity, and with that gentleness which you know, Lady Dunallan, he possesses so much more than other men, encouraged me to enter into conversation. I did not, during their first visit, almost see Clanmar ; but afterwards, when

I had gained courage, and could at my ease fulfil my part in attempting to entertain our new guests, Lord Dunallan began to take less notice of me. I thought I had in some way offended him, and tried all the means I could to induce him again to converse in his gentle and winning way with me; but he only became more cold, and addressed all his conversation to my grandfather. Mr. Clanmar, on the contrary, seemed only to study my wishes. He was so kind to me I could not long forget his presence, as I had done at first. He had read just such books as I had read; and understood all my feelings. I had never before met with any one who did, and his conversation became every day more delightful to me. He came far oftener to visit us than Lord Dunallan did. He discovered my hours of walking, and always accompanied me; and when Lord Dunallan did come to us, and talked with my grandfather, Clanmar and I conversed aside, or I sung or played to him. Sometimes when so engaged, I observed Lord Dunallan regard us with an expression of inquietude which I could not understand. I asked Clanmar why his friend seemed disturbed at seeing us so happy in each other's society. At first he evaded my question, then told me that Dunallan was sorry to see him love me, because his father wished him to love a

rich countrywoman of his own. ‘But,’ said Clanmar to me, ‘could you, Annette, love whoever your grandfather commanded you?’ I felt that I could not, but asked if Dunallan himself could obey such an order. Clanmar told me that Lord Dunallan had been engaged, since a boy, to marry a young heiress, to whom he was to be united on his return home. From that day I viewed Lord Dunallan differently. I became afraid of him, and Clanmar and I were happier when we met without his being present. Ah! Lady Dunallan, had I known this young heiress then! I should only have thought the more highly of him for his choice, but I thought——.”

“Had you known, my dear Mrs. Clanmar,” interrupted Catharine, “that this promise had been extorted from him when a thoughtless boy, and that part of his inducement for travelling was to avoid fulfilling it, you would have pitied him still more than you did.”

“And was that really the case?”

“Yes, my dear friend; and the same promise had also been won from me. When we met to fulfil it, we both regarded each other with prejudice and dislike.”

“Ah, I thought you did not feel for Mr. Dunallan as he deserved, when I saw you then,” replied Mrs. Clanmar, “I thought it might be the

way of your country, to assume cold reserved manners before marriage, but now you feel——”

“ Now,” interrupted Catharine, “ I feel how unjust I was—how perfectly amiable he is—but go on, my dear friend.”

“ Well, Clanmar and I, without avowing it to each other, avoided Lord Dunallan. Clanmar devoted himself to me, and I soon thought of no one but him. I need not tell you, Lady Dunallan, how captivating Clanmar’s affection was to me. I then thought love was the business of life. Ah! how soon the dream was over; and while it lasted, it was mixed with a thousand pains. My grandfather loved Clanmar, and was pleased to see his affection for me. He said he would die in peace, if he saw his child the wife of so excellent and amiable a young man. He loved him the better for being English. He loved his country, and was sure his romantic and feeling child would be happy amongst that refined and generous people. This he often declared to Clanmar, who made no secret of his love for me. At last my grandfather spoke on the same subject to Lord Dunallan. He made no reply, but on the same day Clanmar came to accompany me in my walk, looking so very wretched, that I feared some misfortune had happened to him. I importuned him to tell me the cause of his melancholy,

and at last he told me what had just passed between him and his friend. Lord Dunallan had declared, that unless he instantly either quitted me, or openly asked me in marriage, he would inform my grandfather that Clanmar's father never would consent to our union, and guard him against suffering me to indulge affections which could only lead to misery. Clanmar did not then tell me all the conversation which had passed between his friend and him. If he had, I never again would have listened to him. He has since told me that Lord Dunallan tried first to convince him of his ingratitude and cruelty in attempting the ruin and misery of an innocent girl, whose ignorance and childishness made her an easy prey; and who had so anxiously seconded her aged parent in his kindness and hospitality; and many other things he said which my Clanmar ought not to have disregarded. He promised to intercede with Clanmar's father for his forgiveness if he married me—but Clanmar told me none of this. I shall pass over what followed. Nothing can excuse my consenting to leave my kind and gentle parent when so old and dependent on me. I deserved all I have since suffered for that cruel and selfish step. Clanmar persuaded me to leave my peaceful home with him, and I have known little peace since. He persuaded

me, that a vow he made to me, and gave me in writing, was all that was necessary to constitute marriage in his country. I had been happy while Clanmar spent his days with me at my grandfather's. I then thought, that to be always with him would be happiness enough to compensate for every other thing, but I could not still the voice of conscience. Clanmar's love could not make me forget my aged parent, whose happiness had depended on me. We talked of sentiment and feeling, but I could not help regarding myself as the most unfeeling and selfish of human beings. Clanmar devoted himself to me. For a month we continued travelling from place to place, partly for concealment, and partly to view that beautiful country. At the end of this month, while we were one evening seated together at an open window of a beautiful residence which Clanmar had hired in a charming valley many miles distant from my home, and endeavouring to persuade ourselves that we were happy, while each anxiously regarded the melancholy expressed in the countenance of the other; Clanmar became suddenly as pale as death,

“ ‘ I is he himself ! it is Dunallan ! ’ exclaimed he, starting up. I instantly fainted, and fell lifeless in his arms. When I recovered, Clanmar was supporting me, while Lord Dunallan stood

in silence near us, his eyes fixed on me, and expressive only of the deepest pity. I started from Clanmar, and involuntarily knelt before Lord Dunallan, and pronounced the name of my grandfather.

“ ‘ I left him well in health, Annette, but you know he must be miserable.’

“ His voice was so gentle, I burst into tears, and sunk still lower on the ground. He turned to Clanmar,

“ ‘ What a change is here ! Clanmar. But I do not mean to reproach—I have no title to reproach any one. I will tell you the promise I have made. I must fulfil it, or your grandfather, Annette, will sink into the grave.’

“ I shuddered. “ Only tell me what I must do,” exclaimed I.

“ Clanmar would have raised me from the ground. “ No,” said I, “ Clanmar, I am unworthy to stand in Mr. Dunallan’s presence.”

“ Lord Dunallan looked at me for a moment, then said, ‘ Annette, I would willingly take your load of guilt instead of my own. Rise, unfortunate girl. Why should one guilty being be thus humble before another ?’ He raised me with an air of authority which I could not resist.

“ ‘ Annette,’ continued he, ‘ I have promised either to bring yourself back to your grandfather,

or a written positive proof that you are Clanmar's wife. Your grandfather will be satisfied with the last, and the hope of seeing you before you leave Switzerland.'

"I shall give him that," exclaimed I, "and does he forgive me?"

"Mr. Dunallan's countenance brightened; he turned to Clanmar,

"'Am I not deceived, Clanmar? can I have those proofs?'

"Clanmar hesitated——. "Oh yes," exclaimed I, "you shall have those proofs, and Clanmar will again take me home."

"Mr. Dunallan did not regard me, but looked at Clanmar for an answer.

"'Mr. Dunallan,' said Clanmar at last, 'I know not what entitles you thus to interfere in my concerns. I really must request that I may no farther be dictated to. I know not how to brook such officious interference.'

"Dunallan's countenance changed; he turned to me, 'I see, Annette, you are deceived, there is no marriage. Do you consent to return with me if it is so?'

"Oh it is not so!" exclaimed I, producing Clanmar's written vow.

"Clanmar snatched it from me. 'Do you allow of his insolent interference, Annette?'



“ ‘Clanmar,’ said Mr. Dunallan, firmly, ‘I see you have deceived this innocent girl. Annette, what has led you to suppose a marriage has taken place?’

“ ‘Annette, I command you not to reply,’ exclaimed Clanmar, his eyes flashing fire.

“ ‘I ask you, Annette, in the name of your only surviving parent,’ said Mr. Dunallan, calmly, ‘the name of husband only is more sacred.’

“ I threw myself on my knees. ‘I believe, before heaven, that I am Clanmar’s wife; he has given me a written vow. Ah! Mr. Dunallan, can you believe it otherwise? Can you think your friend so wicked!’

“ ‘A written vow!’ repeated Mr. Dunallan, looking at Clanmar. He was silent—indeed he had assumed an appearance of anger to conceal his real feelings, as he confessed to me afterwards.

“ ‘Annette,’ said Mr. Dunallan solemnly to me, ‘this is no marriage—you see Clanmar does not say it is. It would be a marriage in no country. You have supposed it so, and therefore you are still guiltless. Return to your parent. He still loves you, and will do whatever you wish to conceal your innocent misfortunes from the world. If you remain longer here you must be guilty.’

“ I looked at Clanmar.

“ ‘ Will you leave me, Annette?’

“ ‘ Never, Clanmar; but have you deceived me?’

‘ I love you more, Annette, than all else that the world contains——.’

“ ‘ And yet deceives you,’ interrupted Dunallan. ‘ Oh, Annette, how can you believe him? It is self he loves. Clanmar, how can you deceive a being so devoted to you?’

“ ‘ Mr. Dunallan, I beg you will no longer interfere. You see it is Annette’s choice to remain with me.’

“ ‘ Is it, Annette?’

“ ‘ No. Oh Clanmar! I must leave you—you allow you have deceived me—am I not your wife? Speak! you will not be questioned by a proud friend, but answer me. You know I will believe you. Am I really not your wife, Clanmar?’

“ He turned away—I followed him. ‘ Whisper it to me, Clanmar. I will believe a word from you.’ I clasped my hands in agony, and knelt before him. Clanmar is of a gentle nature. He was overcome.

“ ‘ What proof do you wish for, Mr. Dunallan?’ said he, haughtily.

“ ‘ To see the ceremony performed myself be-

fore proper witnesses, that I may bear their testimony to Mr. Wietzmar.'

"Clanmar hesitated for a moment, then said, 'You shall have your wish, Dunallan; and afterwards I hope we never more shall meet.'

" 'Annette is perhaps not aware of the reception she may meet from your friends, Clanmar. She possibly might choose rather to return to the peaceful, and still really innocent state from which you took her, than subject herself to their contempt.'—'I speak plainly, Annette,' said he gently to me, 'because you ought to know the truth.'

" 'My wife shall never meet contempt!' exclaimed Clanmar, haughtily. Ah! how little truly! Mr. Dunallan staid till he saw the marriage ceremony performed in the presence of the mayor of the neighbouring town, whom he induced to attend, and several other witnesses. He then returned to my grandfather; and kindly remained in his neighbourhood until he saw that he had, in some degree, recovered the shock he had received from my ingratitude. In some weeks I returned to my home. My grandfather was again happy; we remained with him until I had my first little boy. I soon lost him. I never really knew grief till then. Clanmar too grieved deeply. My grandfather soon followed my baby

to the grave; but I had the consolation to think I had made his last days happy. We then came to England, where I was indeed received with contempt. I have succeeded in doing this contempt in part away; but Clanmar feels that I deserve it. Oh! how often have I wished myself laid in the grave beside my indulgent parent and my sweet baby. But now I have learned not to repine. I can now say, 'It has been good for me to be afflicted.' I have been taught to place my hopes of happiness where alone they can be realized. But I will return to speak of Mr. Dunallan. When we came to England, we found the most unjust reports were believed respecting him, which he had never contradicted. Clanmar was received more kindly than he expected by his friends, because they believed the marriage had been made by the 'crafty Dunallan,' as they called him. I attempted to defend his character, but only made matters worse. Clanmar still retained his angry feelings till about a year ago, when Lord Dunallan came to him, and I know not what passed; but Clanmar was convinced of his injustice. He has been far kinder to me ever since—he has told the exact truth to his own family, and now loves Lord Dunallan more than ever. But I am forgetting to tell you, my dear Lady Dunallan, how unhappy Clanmar

was, while without Lord Dunallan's friendship. Lord Dunallan wrote many letters to Clanmar, which he never answered. He wished to believe his friend had injured him. 'What title had he to interfere in my concerns?' he would often say; but then he would become thoughtful, and recall all Dunallan's kindness to him, and his noble and amiable qualities. One day I agreed in saying, that nothing but friendship for him, and pity for me, had given him any title to interfere. 'Ah, Annette,' replied he, 'you would not say so if you knew all. Dunallan, the very first day I saw you, warned me against the danger of indulging the admiration with which you had inspired me. I laughed at his fears, and he then declared that, as he had introduced me into your family, (for your grandfather was so occupied with Dunallan, he quite overlooked me,) he considered himself the protector of your innocence. I only laughed at his knight errantry; but he again and again repeated this.' Clanmar told me also, that Mr. Dunallan had not ceased to follow us from place to place, declaring he would never give up his search until he found, and at least attempted to rescue me from a state of guilt and misery, to which he considered himself in some degree accessory. Ah, Lady Dunallan, what cause of gratitude I have to him! Will you express what

I feel for me to him, for I have not courage.” Catharine tenderly embraced her humble and amiable young friend.

“ My dear Mrs. Clanmar, you require no courage to say all you wish to Dunallan; he feels for you the kindness of a brother, and the greatest esteem.”

“ Esteem ! Ah, who can feel esteem for me, a poor uneducated foreigner, ignorant of all your customs, and of the information and accomplishments suited to my station? If you knew the pains I have taken to acquire your language and your manners, that I might not disgrace my husband; but I have not succeeded. Clanmar is kind to me, but I see it is from pity; few of his friends visit me. Oh ! how often I pray to be removed to a happier state, and make room for one who would be worthy to fill my place, and would make Clanmar’s home what it should be—only I would take my little William with me.”

Catharine wept with her friend. “ My dear sister,” said she, affectionately, “ I shall never regard you as a more distant relation. You are younger than I?—”

“ I am nineteen.”

“ Well, you are younger—my younger sister, my dear Annette, regard me as such. I think you may look for happier days. It is not your

fault that you are not regarded with the esteem you deserve. It is the fault of your husband's friends. I will not say your husband; but they are ill judged, as well as cruel, in this. Let us convince them they are so, my dear Annette. You are far too humble. I do not mean in the sight of heaven. Humility there is the road to perfection; but you set too high a value on the opinions and attainments of others. Trust your own judgment, dear Annette; guided by such piety as yours, it will lead you far more right than those to whom you bend. But we shall assist each other, my dear friend. I shall ask Dunallan to attempt to persuade Mr. Clanmar to come this summer to his estate near Arnmore. We shall always be together. You shall teach me to be humble and lowly like you; and I shall attempt to assist you in supporting your own opinions and place in society. Dunallan will second me."

Mrs. Clanmar threw herself on Catharine's bosom. "Dear, kind Lady Dunallan!"

Catharine pressed her warmly to her heart. "Sweet, amiable creature! I shall love you too much."

Clanmar entered just as Catharine said this. He looked surprised, but greatly pleased.

"Mr. Clanmar," said Catharine, "if any thing

could reconcile me to Dunallan's illness, it would be the acquisition of this dear friend and sister. We have adopted each other for such without your leave. Will you confirm the relation by your consent?"

"Ah! you are too condescending, too good," began Mrs. Clanmar. Catharine put her hand upon her lips.

"Annette is highly honoured," said Clanmar, looking affectionately at his wife.

"Then I look upon it you allow of our being sisters, Mr. Clanmar, so good-bye my beloved sister," said she, kissing Mrs. Clanmar's hand, and then hurrying away to her still dearer relation.

Dunallan received her with even more than his usual delight. He soon observed she had been in tears, and anxiously inquired the cause.

"They were tears of pleasure, Dunallan. I have been listening to an account of the humanity, and courage, and goodness of a very dear friend."

"What happy friend was this?" my Catharine. "The best, and kindest, and dearest I have on earth," replied she, tears again starting into her eyes. "Dunallan, why did you not at least tell me of your having risked your life to save that child? You too can deceive, I see. You wished me to believe I knew all your history, and



here is a part of it, which, if you had really wished me to love you, surely would not have been concealed.”

Dunallan smiled. “Your sex, my Catharine, set an undue value on such exertions. A man would be a monster who could see a woman almost distracted from the loss of her child, and make no effort to save it.”

“But when the other men made no effort—and when you were told you would only lose your own life, Dunallan!”

“Had I been married then, Catharine,” replied Dunallan, smiling, “I might have hesitated perhaps.”

Catharine went over part of Mrs. Clanmar’s story, and described her piety, and humble opinion of herself.

Dunallan was affected, and entered warmly into her wishes respecting her young friend. He thought Clanmar would willingly consent to reside near Arnmore, provided he could free himself from his political engagements. “For I find,” said Dunallan, “that he has involved himself with some political demagogues, who will only make a tool of him.”

“What is it you see to love in Clanmar, my dear Dunallan?” asked Catharine. “But forgive me—what a question respecting a friend!

Do not answer me." She blushed at her own thoughtlessness.

"Ask what you will, my own Catharine," replied Dunallan, smiling, "I am not surprised at this question. I can scarcely tell why I love Clanmar. He is one of those people every body loves without knowing why, unless it is perhaps because he is always keeping one uneasy about him. Nothing but religion will ever preserve him from the endless errors to which a character like his is exposed. A steady ever-present powerful principle is absolutely necessary for him, but he is yet almost a stranger to this."

"And what is any one without it?" said Catharine.

"True, my Catharine, but I mean even for respectability in the eyes of the world. Clanmar requires this internal guide to prevent his having twenty different opinions on the same subject in as many hours. Your amiable and humble friend, will, I hope, become more known and respected, and then she may perhaps have influence with Clanmar, who at present regards her as an ignorant child, though he does love her. Indeed, he is most affectionate in his dispositions. But, my Catharine, it is late——."

"And you wish us to read together. Does nothing ever make you forget your first duties, Dunallan?"

He smiled. "Do you wish to become my confessor, Catharine?"

"For once I do wish it."

"Well then, I do not often forget such a duty as this, because the hour returns and reminds me of it; but I have sometimes passed it over, and would probably, when engaged as I now am, do so still, if I had not learned that remorse, and the consciousness of ingratitude, are such very painful feelings, and so much more painful on every new offence, that I dread them more than I can confess to you, unless I should lay open the long series of struggles between conscience and temptation, and hopes and fears, and happy hours, and dark and painful ones, which have brought me the little way I am on my pilgrimage,—and now, my sweet partner on this journey, shall I confess you?"

"Oh no, Dunallan."

"And when are we to become so completely one, my Catharine, as to be perfectly frank on every subject—on this particularly?"

"We have not time to-night, and my heart is in a sad confused state," replied Catharine.

"You must not delay then, my love, to examine and bring it back to its lawful owner. All our blessings will only end in miseries if they come between us and Him."

He found a passage for her to read so suited to recall her wandering thoughts, that Catharine was soon in tears; and a conversation followed, in which Dunallan drew from her, without her perceiving his intention, the exact state of her mind and feelings on the subject on which they talked; and while they conversed, mingled those advices which his superior knowledge and experience enabled him to give, so kindly, so tenderly, that Catharine felt this deep interest in her best concerns bound her affections more closely than ever to Dunallan, while his feelings for her, during this conversation, seemed even painfully anxious and tender.

## CHAPTER V.

DUNALLAN now recovered rapidly. Dr. Vernon allowed him to leave his apartment, but though it was now the second week of May, the weather was still too cold to admit of his going out.

Catharine's heart was full of gratitude to heaven—and of happiness, when, in his usual dress, he again with her, joined their friends the first evening in the drawing room. He looked thin, but well and animated; and Catharine's countenance expressed the delight she felt, when she named him to Miss Morven, and saw in her looks the impression his appearance and manners made on her. Mrs. Clanmar was also present, and expressed her pleasure on again seeing him, only by her looks and gentle attentions. Clanmar was not present. Walderford, however, soon joined the party, who were all too happy to talk very rationally. Walderford only had it not in his nature to be playful; but he smiled when others were so: and particularly enjoyed Mrs. Clanmar's simplicity, her timid playfulness, and broken language.

“ Who do you think has arrived in London, Lady Dunallan ?” said Miss Morven.

“ Who ?” asked Catharine.

“ Mrs. Lennox and her daughter.”

“ Rose ! I rejoice to hear it. You remember her, Dunallan ?”

“ Perfectly. Walderford, you must guard your heart. Miss Lennox is exactly what you have told me you admire in woman. Walderford, that blush is ominous.”

“ If I do lose my heart,” said Walderford, “ is there no hope. Is Miss Lennox already engaged? or do you mean to infer the little chance I should have of making myself agreeable ?”

“ Oh, certainly not—but I expect when you do give up your heart, that it will be with a reluctant and desperate struggle. I hope I shall witness your efforts to withhold it.”

Walderford shook his head, “ You are mistaken, Dunallan, I on the contrary long to dispose of it.”

“ Well,” said Catharine, “ do not form your opinion of Rose too hastily. She requires only to be known to win any heart, I think ; but she is too modest like my sister Annette. But, my dear Miss Morven, what has induced Mrs. Lennox to come to London ?”

“ A strange story is told. I cannot vouch for the truth of it. Mrs. Lennox, you know, has become a very fashionable lady. One requisite, in her opinion, to that character is, to make a great marriage for her daughter.”

“ Alas !” said Walderford.

“ Well,” continued Miss Morven, smiling, “ you do not know, perhaps, Mr. Walderford, that at Edinburgh the beaux consist chiefly either of grave gentlemen of the law, who can never afford to marry younger than fifty, and who are not held in high estimation by the young ladies on first coming out ; or of young professional men, too poor to marry ; or of young men, perhaps of good fortune, who are sent there to attend the university. So in fact, the only gentlemen who can marry, are either above fifty, or under twenty, unless, perhaps, a stray Nabob may appear for a wonder, and they too are generally a little old. Amongst the young gentlemen last winter, the most captivating, or in other words, the one who possessed the largest fortune, was a young Englishman, a Mr. Dudley, who was reported to be immensely rich.”

“ From what part of England was he ?” asked Walderford.

“ From Hampshire, I believe.”

“ My own cousin,” said Walderford, laughing, “ I do not believe there is a sillier fellow in England.”

“ That was Rose’s opinion, I imagine,” said Miss Morven, “ but Mrs. Lennox’s was different ; and indeed all the mammas agreed in courting young Mr. Dudley by the most flattering attentions ; and Mrs. Lennox had the happiness and triumph to see that Rose had very soon attracted the attentions of this charming youth. Rose, however, seemed to find those envied attentions very irksome, and avoided them with a degree of care, which only excited Mr. Dudley’s desire to be more assiduous. Mrs. Lennox and Rose were continually differing about him, and George Lennox joined his sister in thinking him singularly deficient in every engaging quality. Rose, thus supported by her brother, gently expostulated with Mrs. Lennox, on the impropriety of encouraging his attentions ; but her mother would not listen to her, and continued her flattering kindness to the gentleman, but played her cards so ill, that a summons arrived for the young lover to return home immediately, his friends having other views for him. He in vain attempted before his departure to make his sentiments known to Rose. She knew she would displease her mother beyond forgiveness by rejecting his



addresses, she therefore never gave him an opportunity to say a word on the subject. It is said however, that Mrs. Lennox and the young man came to an explanation, and that Mrs. Lennox has brought Rose to London, where he now is, in the hope, that when absent from her brother, she may be induced to consent to her wishes." Just as Miss Morven finished her story, the door of the apartment was thrown open, and Miss Lennox was announced.

"Ah! I thought so," said Miss Morven.

Rose was soon in Catharine's arms, "My dearest Lady Dunallan, I could not be near you a whole day without seeing you. Do I intrude?" added she, blushing on perceiving Dunallan.

"No, my dear Rose, you cannot intrude."

Mrs. Clanmar and Rose met like sisters.

"You must regard Dunallan as an old friend also, Rose," said Catharine.

Rose smiled, and held out her hand to him. "I believe, my Lord, you will value my friendship less now."

"No indeed, my dear Miss Lennox," replied Dunallan, kissing her hand, "you must not think me so ungrateful, nor find any excuse for withdrawing your friendship from me in my prosperity."

“What does all this mean!” asked Catharine, smiling.

“It means, my dear Catharine, that at one time when I was very sadly treated by you, and every one else, and in very melancholy circumstances indeed, Miss Lennox had the generosity always to treat me so humanely, that I could not resist expressing my admiration and gratitude to her on that morning, which I believe you then regarded as the most miserable of your life.”

“*Then!*” repeated Catharine, smiling.

“Allow me, Miss Lennox,” said Dunallan, “to introduce my friend, Mr. Walderford, to you.”

Rose turned to Walderford. There was an expression of archness and meaning in Dunallan’s look at his friend, when he introduced him to Rose, which she did not see, but which called a blush into Walderford’s countenance, and an air of embarrassment, very unlike his usual self-possessed, and composed manner. Rose also blushed, and Dunallan turned to Catharine to conceal a smile he could not suppress. Walderford for some time could not overcome his confusion sufficiently to join in the conversation.

Catharine inquired particularly about Elizabeth. “I hope I shall soon see her now,” said she.

“Do you mean to leave London immediately?” asked Rose, anxiously.

“Dr. Vernon says we may perhaps venture to travel in a week.”

Rose sighed deeply.

“Doctors,” said Walderford, “always mention a much earlier time than they mean, to please their patients.”

“I cannot wish that to be the case now,” said Rose, “though I shall feel in a strange land indeed when all my friends go away.”

Rose seemed in very bad spirits, and soon took leave, saying she *must* go, though she seemed really reluctant to leave a party so unlike that to which she must return at home. When she was gone, Dunallan smiling, asked Walderford his opinion of her.

“I shall certainly not tell you,” replied Walderford, laughing, “and I shall not long remain unrevenged.”

“It will not be easy, Walderford, to take revenge on me now. I care not how much you suppose I am in love.”

Catharine, when Walderford was gone, after expressing the pleasure it would give her to see Rose removed from her mother’s persecution, into the care of such a man as Walderford—“But why, Dunallan,” said she, “did you embarrass your friend by your looks?”

“ I cannot tell why, my Catharine—I was amused by his solemn air. Walderford’s happiness would be more increased by having some one to love and to love him, than any one’s I know except myself. I only wish him to be as happy as I am.”

For several succeeding evenings Dunallan joined his friends in the drawing room. He had been allowed to go out also ; and nothing seemed now likely to detain him in London above a few days longer. Catharine looked forward to their return to Arnmore with delight ; but with Dunallan she was happy anywhere. His usual vivacity, and powers of conversation returned with his returning strength. He was the life of all around him, while at the same time he always contrived to lead the conversation to subjects which are generally thought little suited to increase the cheerfulness of society.

“ Why should we ever do, or think, or say, what is improper to be done, or thought, or said, in the presence of heaven ?” said he one evening when the usual little party were assembled. “ There is nothing in religion which forbids innocent gaiety of heart. Indeed, I now wonder how any heart can be gay without it ; and I really never feel at ease in conversation, until something has been said to remind us all in whose pre-

sence we are. Oh! how those people mistake who think religion gloomy. What ignorance of its nature!"——

Clanmar entered while he spoke.

"Ah Dunallan!" said he, "I wish I knew that secret of happiness which you seem to possess."

"Every one may know it, my friend, but you do not give yourself time to become acquainted with it. Have you now disengaged yourself completely from your political friends, or does something still remain to be done?"

"Oh, I cannot disengage myself. I wish I could from my soul, but it is impossible. My honour is pledged, I find. I cannot go to Scotland."

"Your honour pledged, my friend, what do you mean?"

"I promised to support them during an election which is coming on. I must support them through every stage of its progress, and I do not care one straw who gains it."

"My friend, how can you be so weak! tell the truth. Plainly tell your friends that you have undertaken what you feel you cannot perform; and that you think it your duty to your country, first to learn its constitution, before you attempt to interfere in electing its governors. Tell them with equal plainness, that until you are conscious

of being competent in some measure to the task, you will not again appear to take any part, and that you do not then pledge yourself to any set of opinions. You need not conceal, my friend, that you are aware you have been deceived."

"I cannot, Dunallan—I may perhaps write."

"No, that will not do. My dear Clanmar, what do you shrink from? Is the displeasure of these designing men as much to be feared as the contempt of your country, and the disapprobation of your own conscience? Which of your party do you dread most to offend?"

"Mr. F——."

"Well, my friend, and why so? just because in some points he is really respectable. Go to him, Clanmar, and let him convey your sentiments to the others."

Clanmar laid his head in deep and painful thought, on his crossed arms on the table. Dunallan stooped down and earnestly addressed him for some moments, in a voice too low to be heard by the others.

"I will, my friend!" exclaimed Clanmar at last, hastily starting up, and instantly quitting the room.

Dunallan attempted to converse, but was absent, and anxiously thoughtful till Clanmar's return. At last he entered.

“ It is done, my friend ! Mr. F. did not blame me. He is to make my sentiments known. He confessed he disapproved of my having been left ignorant of many things. I am free ! My dear Annette, we shall go to Scotland ! ” He seemed in complete joy.

Mrs. Clanmar wept with pleasure. Walderford and Rose had been conversing apart, but now all joined in Clanmar’s happiness, it seemed so heartfelt ; and it was soon agreed that all the party should in a few weeks join Dunallan and Catharine at Arnmore.

Several days passed away after this, yet Dunallan fixed no day for setting out. His doctor had pronounced his recovery complete, and Catharine began to dread that something unpleasant detained him in London. He frequently appeared extremely thoughtful and uneasy.

“ My dear Dunallan, ” said Catharine to him, at last, may I ask what now detains us in London ? I am anxious that you should again breathe the pure invigorating air of Arnmore. ”

Dunallan hesitated——

“ I shall not ask if you do not wish to tell me, Dunallan. I do not even wish to know, believe me ; while I am with you I shall be happy anywhere. ”

“ My love, it is for your sake I do not wish to call your attention to the cause of our delay—now I believe you must know—it cannot be much longer concealed. It is possible, my Catharine, that I may be called to attend the trial of St. Clair. I must remain because it comes on immediately, and I cannot remain without you—at least, I cannot be so little selfish.”

“ Oh no, I only wish to go on your account, Dunallan.”

“ And for me, my Catharine, where you are, is my earthly happiness.”

Next day Dunallan told Catharine that St. Clair’s trial would come on the day after, and that he was called to attend as a witness. He seemed extremely uneasy.

“ What do you fear, Dunallan ?” asked Catharine. “ Did you not assure me that nothing serious was likely to be proved against St. Clair ?”

“ Yes, my love, and so I then thought ; but I find that during my illness all the truth was not imparted to me. I still hope, however, that my recovery may prevent any bad consequences to him, as to the charge respecting the duel ; but his bribing my servant, and so many of the people at the post-office on the coast, to detain my letters, will, if proved, be considered, I fear, as a very serious affair ; and indeed might have done very



great injury to the business that took me abroad, by delaying my instructions, some of which were in fact from government, and were not of a proper nature to be made public at the time.”

“ Will the cause of his doing this be brought forward on his trial, Dunallan ?” asked Catharine, anxiously.

“ Probably, my love, the cause will be urged in palliation of his guilt. You shrink from this, Catharine ; you need not : my presence in the court will prevent any thing being said which ought to alarm your delicacy—that, my Catharine, is now the peculiar charge of your husband ; and the feelings of this relation are so well understood, and so perfectly respected, that you have not the slightest cause for uneasiness.”

Catharine, however, could not overcome this, and other causes of still greater uneasiness. Dunallan’s health was not yet sufficiently re-established to make it safe for him, in her anxious opinion, to spend a whole day in a crowded and heated court. He only smiled at this fear ; and still more when she expressed her apprehensions at the idea of his again seeing St. Clair.

“ He has proved himself so revengeful, so desperate,” said she ; “ you smile, Dunallan, but I

do not think it so very foolish to have this dread of St. Clair.”

“ Oh my Catharine, how I love such foolishness ! But this solicitude, so sweet to me, gives you pain ; and believe me, there can be no cause for it. I wish that miserable St. Clair were as safe. How mixed are the feelings of our happiest moments ! Now, when I thought all promised so fair—so delightful—here is a cloud—a weight upon my breast, which even your presence cannot wholly remove.”

Dunallan took an early leave of Catharine next morning. He wished to have some conversation with a lawyer, a friend of his, before he proceeded to the court. Catharine held his hand in hers, after he had repeatedly and tenderly taken leave. She still found something more to say. He saw her unwillingness to part from him, and assumed a gaiety of manner, she perceived he did not feel.

“ I shall leave the court, my love, the moment my presence is no longer required.”

“ Dear Dunallan, adieu. God be with you.”

He turned again to look at her as he left the room, and smiling, raised his hand to heaven,—

“ The very hairs of our head are all numbered there, my Catharine.”

He then left her.

Catharine went to the window of her dressing room which looked to the street. She saw him get into his carriage, and received his smile and bow. He was then driven rapidly away, and she remembered her last separation from him, at the door of her friend, Elizabeth's house, and all that followed. She reproached herself for her ungrateful want of trust in heaven, after having already experienced such mercy. "Oh that I had no will but that of God!" exclaimed she. "I shall only know happiness then." She spent the hour that still remained, before she should be called to meet Mrs. Clanmar, who had offered to be with her, in earnestly praying for Dunallan—for herself—and for the wretched St. Clair. When she met her friend, she found that Clanmar had also gone to the court.

In a short time Mrs. Clanmar and Catharine were joined by Rose, who astonished them by the information, that Mrs. Lennox had just set out with Mrs. St. Clair, who had determined to be present at the trial of her son.

"Impossible!" exclaimed Catharine, "it surely will not be allowed. The charges against him are of a nature too serious."

"Every means," replied Rose, "were attempted to prevent Mrs. St. Clair's going, but in vain. She said, that whatever Arthur had to suffer in

this world, she would share it with him if it was possible. She persists, in *saying*, at least, that she believes him completely innocent; and said she was going to witness his triumph over envy and calumny. She has laboured with the most unremitting ardour to interest in his behalf every person in power to whom she could gain admittance. She has even condescended to implore Lady Fitzhenry to exert her influence over Sir Henry Moncton in St. Clair's behalf, because Sir Henry is supposed to be a favourite in a very high quarter."

Catharine rose and turned to the window at the last part of Rose's speech. She continued.

"Mrs. St. Clair came to mamma last night to ask if she would accompany her to-day to the court. Mamma hesitated, and Miss Morven, who was with us, attempted to dissuade Mrs. St. Clair from going, offering herself to be present, and to inform her faithfully of all that passed. But Mrs. St. Clair was not to be dissuaded; and there was something so touching in her affection for her unfortunate son, that, when no entreaties would prevail on her to give up her intention of being present, Miss Morven offered to accompany her, and then mamma also consented. Lady Fitzhenry too had proposed accompanying Mrs. St. Clair, who, proud as she is, did not decline

her offer, because she had exerted herself so much in St. Clair's behalf. Miss Morven was greatly annoyed on hearing that Lady Fitzhenry was to be of the party, but whispered to me, that at such a time she could not attend either to appearances, or to her own feelings."

"And is Lady Fitzhenry really gone to be present?" asked Catharine, with as much composure as she could assume.

"She really is," replied Rose. "She called on her way, and mamma went with her. Miss Morven had gone before with Mrs. St. Clair."

Catharine's anxiety was greatly increased by this piece of information. She feared that Dunallan might see Lady Fitzhenry, and feel her presence excite emotions too powerful for a scene so public.

"My dear Lady Dunallan," said Rose, after for some time watching her friend's thoughtful, and disturbed countenance; "are you displeased at your friend, Miss Morven, having accompanied Mrs. St. Clair? She thought you would not, or she never would have offered."

"Displeased! my dear Rose, certainly not. I wish from my heart I could in any way serve poor Mrs. St. Clair."

"Mrs. St. Clair's brother, and another gentleman are to be with St. Clair," continued Rose,

“and several gentlemen offered to accompany Mrs. St. Clair, but, excepting a sister of her own, who is in bad health, she has no female friends in London.”

Catharine’s uneasiness now increased every moment. She sent two of Dunallan’s servants to attend in the court, as near as they could get to their master. She flew to the window whenever she heard a carriage approaching, in the hope that it might contain Dunallan himself. But the day passed on, and no one appeared from the court. Mrs. Clanmar and Rose attempted to amuse Catharine’s thoughts from the subject of her fears; but finding they did not succeed, they then tried to convince her of the justice of St. Clair’s sentence, should it even prove a severe one; and when Catharine at last betrayed the real cause of her anxiety, they attempted to prove that her fears were groundless, though Mrs. Clanmar herself began, as the evening advanced, to betray some alarm.

At last a carriage drove rapidly to the door and stopped. It was Mrs. St. Clair’s.

“Ah!” exclaimed Rose, “it must be over, and St. Clair acquitted, or Mrs. St. Clair would not come here.”

Miss Morven alighted from the carriage, and Catharine hurried down stairs to meet her.

“What has happened, Miss Morven? Is St. Clair acquitted? Where is Dunallan?”

“I will tell you all I know, dear Lady Dunallan. The trial is not nearly over. Poor Mrs. St. Clair could remain no longer; but do not let us stand here.”

They entered the drawing room, and Miss Morven, quite pale, and completely exhausted, threw herself on a sofa, and burst into tears.

Catharine stood by her as pale as death, dreading to hear what she should first say. Miss Morven struggled to recover herself, and soon succeeded so far as to be able to speak.

“Lord Dunallan is now apparently quite well, my dear Lady Dunallan——.”

“Now! Miss Morven, was he unwell?”

“At first he seemed overcome, but now he appears quite recovered; but I shall tell you every thing. Poor Mrs. St. Clair! It is her distressed situation which has so overpowered me. Such a scene! Unfortunate woman!”

Miss Morven, with difficulty, regained sufficient composure to proceed.

“You know we went to the court very early. I wished to place Mrs. St. Clair in some unobserved situation, from whence we could easily retire, should the circumstances of the trial become too painful; but, from some cause, which I

cannot comprehend, Lady Fitzhenry chose the most conspicuous situation in the place, and from whence we were perfectly seen by poor St. Clair, and those who were called as witnesses. Mrs. St. Clair also preferred this situation. Poor woman, she trusted too much to her affection and strength of mind. The court was soon excessively crowded; and from the conversation which I imperfectly overheard around me, I perceived that the public opinion was very strongly against St. Clair. I saw that his unfortunate mother heard some of the remarks which were made near us, and I longed for the arrival of the judges, and of the unfortunate St. Clair, though I dreaded the effect his appearance might have on his mother.

“ At last the judges and their attendants entered the court, and very soon after St. Clair. His appearance seemed to make a very favourable impression. A murmur of admiration and pity followed his entrance. You know he is strikingly handsome. He walked with a firm composure of manner to his place, then turned his dark eyes on the crowds that surrounded him, with looks of haughty indifference. Poor Mrs. St. Clair perceived the impression her son’s appearance had made, and it produced a softness of feeling which, combined with his presence in such circumstances,



had nearly overcome her. However, she struggled for composure, and after some effort succeeded. When the preliminary forms were over, Lord Dunallan was called as a witness respecting the letters which St. Clair was accused of having intercepted. I perceived by the bustle and anxiety to see him, which prevailed in the court, that he was an object of great interest. When he approached there was instantly the most complete silence. St. Clair regarded him with looks which are still before me. I never saw a countenance express so much malevolence. Lord Dunallan seemed to avoid looking at him. Mrs. St. Clair apparently participated in her son's feelings. She said in a voice of suppressed indignation, 'Specious hypocrite!' At that moment, for what cause I cannot conceive, Lady Fitzhenry chose to rise and stand forward in her already conspicuous situation. This movement attracted the attention, for a moment, of every one. Lord Dunallan also looked to the spot, and, I suppose, he perceived Mrs. St. Clair, for he instantly became deadly pale, and turned away his eyes with an expression almost of anguish; and seemed, for a moment, scarcely able to recover himself. 'He is still unwell,' was whispered by those around me. 'He has not recovered from his wound. He is unable to bear

the heat. What an interesting countenance! He was requested to be seated, and windows were thrown open; but he declined sitting down, and declared himself perfectly able to proceed. While giving his evidence, you cannot conceive the deep melancholy which his countenance expressed. Even his voice was affected by it, and was low and sad. While he spoke, the court was so still a whisper might have been distinctly heard; and all he said was so expressed as to give the most favourable construction possible to St. Clair's intentions in stopping his letters. The audience seemed so much alive to this generosity, that each of his mild extenuating answers was followed by a murmur of applause; and he so far succeeded that, at the close of his evidence, I believe every person present felt more pity for, than inclination to condemn St. Clair. His mother's countenance brightened, and she looked around her, as if a weight had been removed from her spirits, but said nothing. The next witnesses were people from the Post Office. They were very particularly examined, and their evidence was long and complicated. On the whole, however, it went very much to criminate St. Clair. After this, his own servant was called. On being asked at what time he had entered St. Clair's service, or some such question, he detailed very

fully the means taken by St. Clair to induce him to leave Lord Dunallan's and enter into his service. He also entered warmly into praise of his former master. During this part of his evidence St. Clair's lawyers interfered, and desired the man to keep to the point, and answer only the questions which were put to him. These answers, however, became more and more disgraceful to St. Clair, and as they agreed completely with the evidence which had gone before, the impression against St. Clair seemed every moment to increase, and very strong expressions were used by those around us. Mrs. St. Clair became very pale, but succeeded in suppressing every other appearance of emotion. I soon observed, however, that she trembled, and breathed very quickly, though she attempted to overcome her agitation. I entreated her to leave the court, on account of the heat and pressure, but still she refused, though she could scarcely articulate. I expected she would faint, and even hoped she would, that she might have been conveyed from such a scene. Every new discovery implicated St. Clair still more in meanness and guilt. Lord Dunallan will give you particulars. I was too much occupied in watching Mrs. St. Clair's looks to hear distinctly what passed. St. Clair's own countenance now began to betray some emotion.

At times he became pale. Lord Dunallan had retired. I had not seen him after he gave his evidence. At last the examination of St. Clair's servant respecting the intercepted letters was closed; and after some business which I did not understand about the second charge, which however was connected with the first, he was called on to give his evidence regarding the meeting at —— Farm. Mrs. St. Clair, however, by that time looked so shockingly ill, that I could scarcely attend in the least to what passed. Lady Fitzhenry joined me in imploring her to leave the court. She scarcely seemed to hear us, but sat with her eyes fixed on her son. The expression of his countenance seemed to regulate her feelings, for I do not think she distinctly heard, or understood what passed. The people around us seemed to have at last discovered the deep interest she felt in the poor criminal, and no longer made any remarks, but very humanely attempted, by opening a window, and other attentions, to assist our efforts to render her as easy as possible. At last I heard St. Clair's servant desired to repeat the expressions made use of by his master respecting Lord Dunallan, the evening previous to their meeting at —— Farm. He answered that, on that evening, St. Clair had called his servants, and said to them, 'I mean to go abroad

immediately. I wish two of you to accompany me. I shall positively leave England as speedily as I possibly can after to-morrow morning.' He had said also on turning away, and supposing he was left alone, 'Dunallan shall not live. This time I shall be able to secure revenge—revenge which will be felt by you too, Catharine.' 'Shocking!' was murmured through the court. St. Clair became very pale. Two other servants confirmed this part of the evidence. Mrs. St. Clair drew her breath long and deeply two or three times, and after a violent struggle with her emotion, sobbed convulsively aloud; then uttering a piercing scream, put her hand to her head, and starting from her seat with a look of frenzy, stretched out her arms towards her son, and in a wild and loud voice exclaimed, 'Arthur! my son! save him, save him!' The whole court became confused. Some officers of justice approached, and placed themselves near St. Clair, who had started up on hearing his mother's voice. It was with the greatest difficulty that several gentlemen succeeded in carrying Mrs. St. Clair to her carriage. When we got near the door I saw Lord Dunallan, who kept off the crowd, but did not approach. I suppose he feared Mrs. St. Clair would recognise him. When Mrs. St. Clair reached her own house she was

quite delirious. A doctor was immediately sent for, who has ordered her to be kept perfectly quiet. I wished to remain with her, but she did not know me, and screamed dreadfully whenever I approached her. She continues to talk without a moment's pause. The doctor hopes she will wear herself out, and fall asleep; but should she awake to the full sense of her son's situation, I fear she will again relapse into the same dreadful state."

Miss Morven, with difficulty, finished her account of what she had witnessed. Catharine listened, pale, and trembling, and terrified. She attempted to speak, but could not, and all continued silent for a few moments.

"There is but one way of regaining composure of mind," said Miss Morven. "God alone can give us right views of his providence at such times. This unfortunate mother! But he is wise, and just, and good in all his ways, however dark and awful they may appear to his ignorant creatures."

"Wretched mother! wretched St. Clair!" exclaimed Catharine. "What do you think will be the end of this trial, Miss Morven?"

"Oh! I cannot bear to look forward. Let us trust every future event to God," replied Miss Morven. "May he have mercy on that

unhappy hardened being! Had you seen him to day—how haughty his looks! at least during the first part of his trial, for they were greatly changed before I left the court; though still he attempted to look defiance and contempt on all around him.”

“When will it be over?” asked Catharine.

“It is impossible to say.”

“Did Dunallan seem perfectly well when you last saw him?”

“Perfectly so. He looked mild and calm as an angel, though much shocked, and very sad.”

The evening passed on. Ten o'clock, eleven, twelve, and Dunallan did not appear. Catharine's anxiety became almost overpowering. She had sent one servant after another to inquire whether the trial was over. The last messenger did not return, though he had been much longer absent than necessary. She now sent another, and herself watched at an open window for the approach of every carriage or sound of footstep on the now almost deserted streets. Sufficient time for the return of the last messenger passed away, but he did not appear. Miss Morven entreated Catharine to be composed, representing the impossibility of St. Clair having it in his power at such a time to injure Dunallan.

“ You do not know St. Clair,” was Catharine’s only reply,—while she stood listening, almost in a state of distraction, to the sound of carriages which rolled past at a distance.

At last one seemed to approach rapidly. It entered the square. Catharine flew down stairs, followed by her friends. The street door was opened by a servant, who had also been watching below. The carriage stopped, and Dunallan instantly pushed open the door, and jumped out. On perceiving Catharine he stopped abruptly. She rushed forward.

“ Ah, Dunallan ! You are safe. My God, I thank thee !”

He clasped her closely to his heart, but hurriedly and in silence. She felt, as he supported her on the stairs, that he trembled violently. They entered the drawing room together. Catharine looked at Dunallan. He was very pale, and an expression almost of horror was on his countenance.

“ Dunallan ! What has happened ? Is St. Clair——.”

He shuddered, and turned away.

Catharine followed him. “ What dreadful event has happened, Dunallan ?”

“ My Catharine, are you prepared ? No, you cannot ! How shall I——. He clasped his hands in agony.”



“ Oh, merciful Father, make us feel thy presence—support us—give us to believe in thy unerring wisdom and justice.” He stopped.

“ We cast ourselves on thy compassion, Oh Lord—reconcile us to thy will. Bring good out of this dreadful event——.”

Catharine trembled violently. Dunallan prayed in short and hurried sentences, but he became more calm as he proceeded. At last he prayed for pity on the unhappy parent who had so suddenly, so dreadfully, been deprived of her wretched son.

“ What do you mean, Dunallan! What did you say !”

“ My dearest Catharine, you are prepared for something very shocking. The unhappy St. Clair is no more.”

“ No more! Is he dead, Dunallan !”

“ He is, my love. Be composed, my Catharine.”

“ But how, Dunallan! Ah, I guess——.” She put her hand on her forehead. Dunallan was alarmed. He soothingly drew her into his bosom, and in the gentlest terms attempted to raise her thoughts to the all-wise Ruler of events.

“ Well, my dear Dunallan, tell us all. I shall imagine every thing dreadful till I know the truth.”

“You shall know every thing, my dearest Catharine. After Miss Morven left the court with the unfortunate Mrs. St. Clair, the servant proceeded in giving his evidence. Each interrogation produced an answer more fatal to St. Clair than the preceding. I fear he really intended the worst that was suspected. Wretched ! miserable being !” Dunallan, with difficulty, proceeded. “Clanmar, Cameron, and myself were examined. I thank heaven that my evidence in neither case went to criminate him. That, however, was of no avail. The evidence given by his servants too clearly proved his guilt. After all the witnesses were examined, St. Clair was informed that then was the time to offer his defence. He then rose, and said he wished to put one question to me. I was requested to return into the court. St. Clair’s lawyers would have come forward, but he himself stood up, and for a moment looked round on the crowd. There was something wild and irresolute in his look. Several of the attendants of the court stood near him. He waved his hand impatiently for them to stand off, and the judge, in pity of his apparent embarrassment, motioned to them to obey, and they left him quite unguarded. He then fixed his eyes on the judge, and said in a low and deep tone of voice,

“ My Lord, I have a defence to make which will free me from all disgrace——.” He then turned to where I was. “ My Lord, this is my defence.” He, in an instant, put his hand to his breast—drew a pistol which he fired at me—and before he could be stopped, put the muzzle of another into his mouth, and fell into the arms of those who had rushed forward to seize him. All was over in a few dreadful moments. The ball fired at me entered the wall behind me—no one was hurt.”

“ Oh God, I thank thee !” exclaimed Catharine, in the deepest tone of gratitude, while her countenance remained pale, and expressive of the utmost horror.

Mrs. Clanmar, Miss Morven, and Rose were equally shocked. Mrs. Clanmar inquired for her husband.

“ He has gone with Cameron to Mrs. St. Clair’s, to inform her friends of this dreadful event.”

Clanmar soon appeared. Mrs. St. Clair, he said, still continued quite delirious, raving incessantly about her son.

Rose now expressed some anxiety respecting her mother. “ Are you sure, Miss Morven, that she was to call here for me ?”

“Yes, quite so. But she promised not to leave Lady Fitzhenry, who was dreadfully shocked by Mrs. St. Clair’s illness.”

Dunallan started—“Shocked! how did it affect her, Miss Morven?”

“Unfortunate creature!” replied Miss Morven, “even I could not help feeling for her, though Mrs. St. Clair’s situation was so dreadful. When we went to Mrs. St. Clair’s house, we found Lady Fitzhenry had arrived there before us, for she had shrunk from going in the same carriage with the poor sufferer. Mrs. St. Clair seemed pleased when she approached her, though she addressed her in the wildest terms. Lady Fitzhenry, however, seemed in horror when we proposed her remaining with poor Mrs. St. Clair, till some of her own friends should come to her. ‘For heaven’s sake do not ask me!’ exclaimed she—‘I should soon be in the same situation—I feel it!—I feel it!’—and she clung to me in such terror, I dreaded she was right, and hurried her to a distance from the painful scene. I attempted to sooth her, and she soon burst into tears, and turned away from me, saying—‘Forgive me, Miss Morven, I know you feel my presence pollution.’ Mrs. Lennox just then entered; Lady Fitzhenry entreated her to accom-

pany her home—‘ I cannot spend this day alone !’ said she, shuddering.

“ Mrs. Lennox hesitated—and named Sir Henry Moncton—‘ you distract me by mentioning him at this moment !’ exclaimed she, wildly. I entreated Mrs. Lennox to accompany her. Perhaps she supposes you are gone home, Rose ; or they may have heard——”

“ They must have heard what has happened,” said Dunallan. “ Oh ! if this dreadful event should awaken”——he stopt—and Miss Morven and Rose soon after thought themselves obliged to take leave.

When Catharine was alone with Dunallan, he again sought consolation from Heaven, and thus succeeded in calming his own and her spirits. After having conversed over all that had passed, and Catharine had entreated Dunallan to tell her every particular,—

“ What a day you have spent !” exclaimed she, “ I dread its effects, my dear Dunallan. How much misery one guilty being can produce !”

Dunallan sighed deeply, but remained silent. “ Oh, Dunallan, how much happier would you have been had you never known me ! I have only been the occasion of one misery after another to you.”

“ You, Catharine ! you are my first earthly blessing. I would not exchange your sweet affection—your dear confidence—for all else that the world contains. I only wish I was deserving of your tenderness, my too, too partial love.”

“ Partial ! Dunallan.”

“ If you thought of me as I deserve, Catharine, you would not feel thus kindly for me. But God has this day awfully reminded me of my unworthiness, and of his mercy.”

“ How, my dear Dunallan ?”

“ When, my love, I rose to witness against another, who do you think stood exactly opposite to me ? The guilty, unhappy Aspasia ! She wished me to see her, and to feel all the misery at that moment which she knows her continued guilt occasions me. Had she seen my heart she would have been satisfied. Oh how my sins returned upon me at that moment in all their most guilty colours ! I felt as if those around me meant to mock me by their respect and attentions, while the invisible Searcher of hearts seemed to be calling to my remembrance, that he against whom I stood up to witness, was, at least in his sight, no more guilty than I had been. The same awful voice that pronounced, amidst surrounding terrors, ‘ Thou shalt do no murder,’

immediately added, ‘Thou shalt not commit adultery.’ Oh! had the prayers for St. Clair, which my heart poured out to heaven, while my lips witnessed against him—had they been heard! but all—all must be best.”

Catharine and Dunallan next morning determined to set out for Arnmore as soon as they possibly could. Dunallan himself went at an early hour to inquire for Mrs. St. Clair.

“She is now quiet,” replied he, on his return, to Catharine’s inquiries; “but the doctors have a bad opinion of her case. She is not ill in health, but deranged in intellect. Her brother and sister are with her. I saw the former. He thanked me for the manner in which I had given my evidence. He lamented the fate of his unhappy nephew; but seemed to have been little acquainted with him: and appeared more anxious about the disgrace he had brought on his family than any thing else. He seemed to hope the manner of his death would, in some degree, do this away,—so differently do men of the world judge from the word of God.”

“And now, my Catharine,” added Dunallan, “we may leave this London.”

During the day Catharine took leave of her friends; but only for a short time. They all promised to follow her to Scotland, and visit Arn-

more in less than a fortnight; even Rose Lennox could make this promise with her mother's consent. Miss Morven accounted for this by saying, that she had informed Mrs. Lennox that Mr. Walderford was also going to Scotland, and by some other means Mrs. Lennox had ascertained that Mr. Walderford's fortune was even greater than that of his cousin, Mr. Dudley.

In the evening all was in readiness, and Catharine, when again shut into the carriage with Dunallan, and rapidly hastening from the scene of her late terror and misery, felt her heart became less burdened every moment. Dunallan participated in her feelings.

“How beautiful! how charming!” exclaimed Catharine continually, when, clear of the town, they proceeded through a delightful country, now clothed with all the luxuriance of the first days of summer. The evening was very fine, and its balmy air, and the glories of the setting sun, excited feelings in Catharine's breast more than usually powerful, from their long suppression while confined to a sick-room in a melancholy street.

“Oh who would live in a town!” exclaimed she; “half our feelings, our most pleasurable feelings, are lost!”



Yet the recollection of the miserable St. Clair soon overcame these feelings of rapture. He, too, had been exquisitely alive to the beauties of nature—to the glories of such scenes as she now beheld. What now were his ——! She made an effort to banish him from her thoughts, but in vain. Dunallan, too, sat in deep and apparently most painful thought.

They travelled on in the long and calm twilight. At length the moon rose, and softened by its pale light all the surrounding scenery. Its soft influence soothed Catharine's disturbed feelings to perfect peace. For some time Dunallan remained silent. Catharine did not disturb him. Her thoughts, however, were of him. She pictured in her imagination the happiness she should see him enjoy when the present dark cloud had passed away,—when he might devote his whole life to the service of that Being who possessed the first place in his affections, without those miserable feelings, arising from the dread that he was the cause of rendering any one unhappy,—when he should feel himself surrounded by those only who loved him. She pictured herself sharing in his happiness. Arnmore, with all its romantic beauties, was present to her imagination,—her favourite walks,—Dunallan would now be

there with her,—they would pursue all their plans,—all their most serious pursuits,—all their pleasures together. She pictured Mrs. Oswald's joy on their return,—she saw the children again in Dunallan's bosom, she knelt beside him at prayer. A deep sigh from Dunallan interrupted her dream.

“Why do you sigh so deeply, my dear friend? I think such a scene as this ought to inspire only peaceful, pleasurable feelings.”

“Tell me what your feelings are then, my Catharine, for I cannot force my thoughts from the dreadful scene of last night. The contrast of this soft and glorious light produces feelings in me more deeply melancholy than I can express. Where were your thoughts, Catharine?”

“At Arnmore.”

She drew a picture of the future so charming, that she gradually won Dunallan's thoughts from their gloomy subject; and when they stopt for the night, his conversation had, in some degree, regained its usual vivacity.

Each day brought the travellers nearer Arnmore, and seemed to leave their late misery at a greater distance.

At last Catharine's dream was realized. They arrived at Arnmore on a beautiful evening.

The scenery appeared to her even more magnificent than when she had first beheld it. Mrs. Oswald's joy was still greater than she expected.

“ My beloved Catharine !” she exclaimed, as she pressed her again and again to her bosom ; “ dear nurse, wife, every thing ! You now feel for Dunallan as I knew you would. My happy nephew !”

“ Your happy niece ! you ought to say, my dear aunt,” replied Catharine tenderly.

“ My aunt is always right,” said Dunallan, around whose neck the children were fondly clinging.

“ Ah, I did not know you were listening,” said Catharine. “ You little ungrateful things,” added she, joining him in fondling the children, “ you always forget me when he is present.”

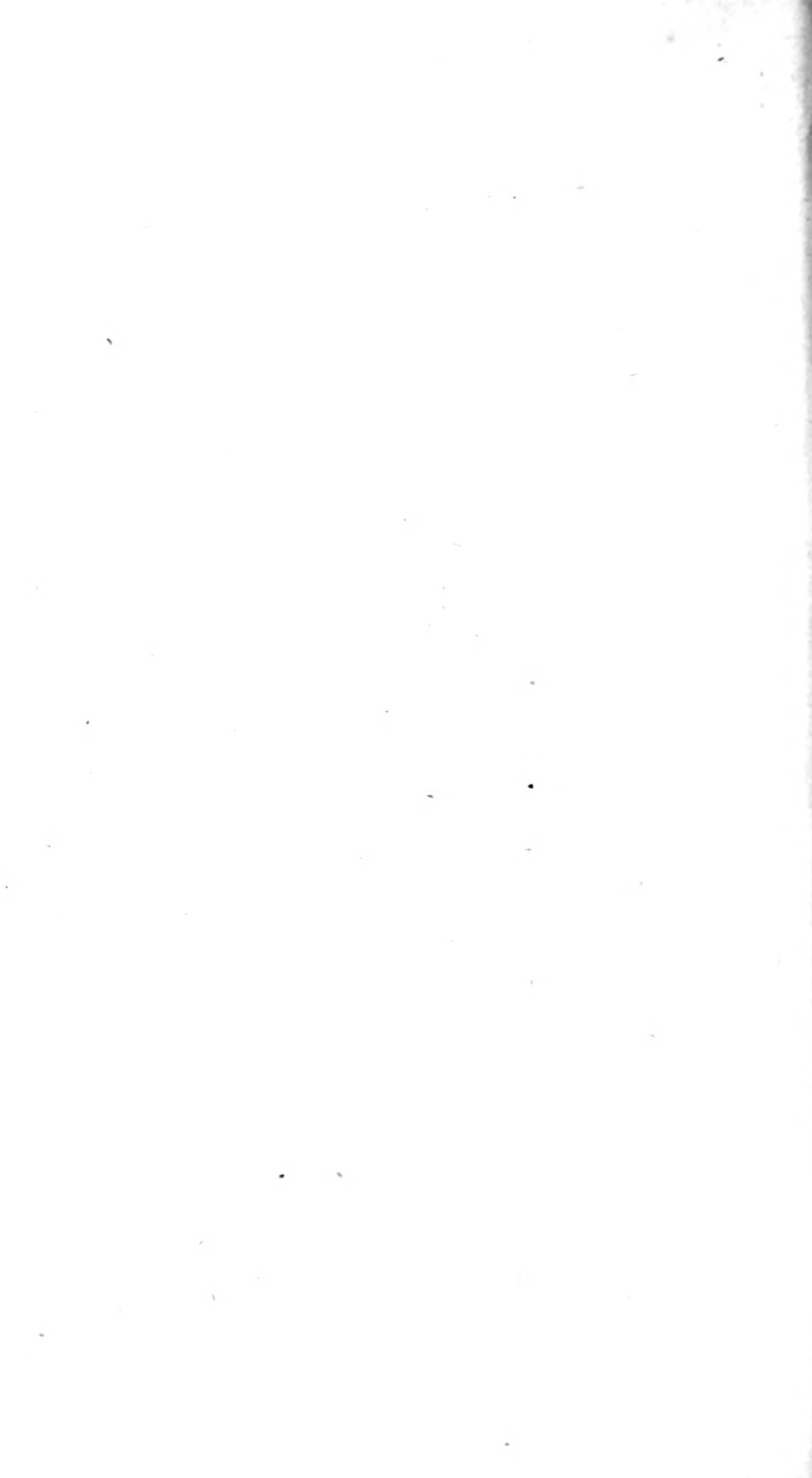
They clasped their little arms around her neck also. “ Dear, dear Aunt Dunallan !”

Catharine's dream was still more completely and happily realized, when she again knelt beside Dunallan, while, surrounded by his delighted family, he offered his grateful thanksgivings to Heaven, and implored those blessings and graces for all, necessary to fit them for the duties of

life ; and that renovation of soul which should prepare them for the holy joys of an immortal abode in heaven.

THE END.











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