

Glenarvon

Volume 1

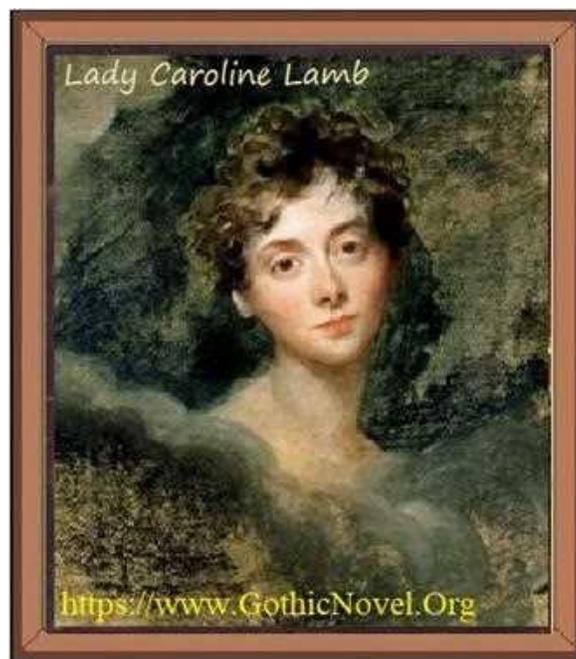
by Lady Caroline Lamb

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GLENARVON.

Volume I

CHAPTER I.



IN the town of Belfont, in Ireland, lived a learned physician of the name of Everard St. Clare. He had a brother, who, misled by a fine but wild imagination, which raised him too far above the interests of common life, had squandered away his small inheritance; and had long roved through the world, rapt in poetic visions, foretelling, as he pretended, to those who would hear him, that which futurity would more fully develop.—Camoli was the name he had assumed.

It was many years since Sir Everard last beheld his brother, when one night Camoli, bearing in his arms Elinor his child, about five years of age, returned,

after his long absence to his native town, and knocked at Sir Everard's door. The doctor was at the castle hard by, and his lady refused admittance to the mean-looking stranger. Without informing her of his name, Camioli departed, and resolved to seek his sister the Abbess of Glenaa. The way to the convent was long and dreary: he climbed, therefore, with his lovely burthen to the topmost heights of Inis Tara, and sought temporary shelter in a cleft of the mountain known by the name of the "Wizzard's Glen." Bright shone the stars that night, and to the exalted imagination of the aged seer, it seemed in sleep, that the spirits of departed heroes and countrymen, freed from the bonds of mortality, were ascending in solemn grandeur before his eyes;—the song of the Banshees, mourning for the sorrows of their country, broke upon the silence of night;—a lambent flame distinguished the souls of heroes, and, pointing upwards, formed a

path of light before them ;—the air resounded with the quivering of wings, as with one accord innumerable spirits arose, fanning the breeze with their extended plumes, and ascending like a flight of birds toward the heavens.

Then, for the first time, Camioli beheld, in one comprehensive view, the universal plan of nature—unnumbered systems performing their various but distinct courses, unclouded by mists, and unbounded by horizon—endless variety in infinite space! Then first he seemed to hear the full harmonious cadences of the angelic choirs—celestial music, uttered by happy spirits in praise of the great Author of Existence, as directing their flight onwards from sphere to sphere, from world to world, they felt joyful in themselves, and rejoiced in the wonders and variety of creation.

From visions so wild, yet delightful, the soft sweet voice of his child awoke him.—“ How cold and dreary it is, dear

father ; how lone these hills. I am weary unto death, yet I fear to sleep.”—
“ My comforter, my delight, my little black-eyed darling,” said Camioli (enveloping his child in his long dark mantle),
“ why do I thus sully the purity of your nature by leading you to the abode of misery, and shewing you the haunts of men ! They are but as the flowers that blossom and wither, or as the clouds that pass along to shade for a moment the brightness of the heavens :—all here on earth is desolation and woe. But I will soon take you, my lovely one, to a place of safety. My sister, the Abbess of Glenaa, lives in the valley beneath the mountain : she will protect my Elinor ; and, in her mansion, my child shall find an asylum. I shall leave you but for a short time ; we shall meet again, Elinor ;—yes, we shall meet again.—Continue to live with St. Clara your aunt : obey her in all things, for she is good : and may the God of Mercy avert from you the heaviest

of all my calamities, the power of looking into futurity." — He spoke, and descending the rugged mountain path, placed his Elinor according to promise, under the protection of his sister the Abbess of Glenaa, and bidding her farewell, walked hastily away.

The morning sun, when it arose, shone bright and brilliant upon the valley of Altamonte—its gay castle, and its lake. But a threatening cloud obscured the sky, as Camioli raised his eyes and turned them mournfully upon the ruined priory of St. Alvin, and the deserted halls of Belfont.—“Woe to the house of Glenarvon!” he said. “Woe to the house of my patron and benefactor! Desolation and sorrow have fallen upon the mighty. Mourn for the hero who is slain in battle. Mourn for the orphan who is left destitute and in trouble. . . . Bright shone the sun upon thy battlements, O Belfont, on the morn when the hero bade thee a last adieu. Cold are thy waters, Killarney; and many

a tree has been hewn from thy rocky bosom, thou fair mountain Glenaa, since the hour in which he parted. But not so cold, nor so barren is thy bosom, as is that of the widow who is bereft of every joy. . . . Mourn for the house of Glenarvon, and the orphan who is destitute! No mother — no companion of boyish sports and pleasures yet lives to greet him with one cheering smile.—There is not left one tongue to welcome him to his native land; or, should he fall, one friend to shed a tear upon his grave!”

Thus sung the Bard, while the red deer were browsing upon the hills, and the wind whistled through the arches and colonades of the Castle of Belfont, as if in hollow murmurs for times which were long past.—“Woe to the house of our patron,” said the frenzied old man, as with bitter tears he departed:—“even in this moment of time, the fairest star of Belfont sets for ever: the widowed Countess of Glenarvon is dead—dead in a fo-

reign country; and strangers hands alone perform her obsequies." He spoke, and looked, for the last time, upon the land that he loved, then turned from it for ever...Previous, however, to his departure from Ireland, Camioli again sought his brother, (who was then an inmate in the family of the Duke of Altamonte,) for the purpose of commending Elinor to his care.

Castle Delaval, the property of that nobleman, was situated in a valley sheltered from every keen blast by a dark wood of fir and elm. The river Elle, taking its rise amidst the Dartland Hills, flowed through the park, losing by degrees the character of a mountain torrent, as it spread itself between its rich and varied banks in front of the castle, till it joined the sea beyond the Wizzard's Glen. The town of Belfont stands close upon the harbour, and from one of the highest cliffs, the ruins of the convent of St. Mary, and a modern chapel may yet be

seen, whilst Heremon and Inis Tara, raising their lofty summits, capped with snow, soar above the clouds.

The abbey of Belfont, and the priory of St. Alvin, both the property of the Glenarvon family, were now, in consequence of the forfeiture of the late Earl of that name, transferred to Lord de Ruthven, a distant relation. The deserted priory had fallen into ruin, and Belfont abbey, as yet unclaimed by its youthful master, and pillaged by the griping hand of its present owner, exhibited a melancholy picture of neglect and oppression.—No cheerful fires blaze in its ancient halls; no peasants and vassals feast under its vaulted roofs.—Glenarvon, the hero, the lord of the demesne is dead:—he fell on the bloody field of Culloden:—his son perished in exile:—and Clarence de Ruthven, his grandson, an orphan, in a foreign land, has never yet appeared to petition for his attainted titles and forfeited estates.—Of relations and of friends he has never heard.

Where are they who claim kindred with the unfortunate? Where are they who boast of friendship for the orphan that is destitute and in trouble? The Duke of Altamonte, whose domains were contiguous, and whose attachment extended to the son of his ancient friend, had oftentimes written to his sister enquiring into the fate of the child; but Lady Margaret had answered her brother's letters with coldness and indifference.

CHAPTER II.

It is the common failing of an ambitious mind to over-rate itself—to imagine that it has been, by the caprices of fortune, defrauded of the high honours due to its supposed superiority. It conceives itself to have been injured—to have fallen from its destination; and these unfounded claims become the source of endless discontent. The mind, thus disappointed, preys upon itself, and compares its present lowliness with the imaginary heights for which it fancies itself to have been intended. Under the influence of these reflections, the character grows sullen and reserved, detaches itself from all social enjoyments, and professes to despise the honours for which it secretly pines. Mediocrity, and a common lot, a man of this disposition cannot bring

himself to endure ; and he wilfully rejects the little granted, because all cannot be obtained, to which he once aspired.

In this temper, the Duke of Altamonte had retired from public affairs, and had quitted the splendour and gaiety of the court, to seek in retirement that repose which, of all men, he was the least calculated to appreciate or enjoy. In the society of the duchess, he found all that could sooth his wounded spirit. In Mrs. Seymour, the duchess's sister, he welcomed a mild and unobtrusive guest ; and the project of uniting the Lady Calantha Delaval, his only daughter, to her cousin William Buchanan, heir presumptive to the Dukedom of Altamonte, and son of his sister Lady Margaret Buchanan, for some time occupied his hours and engrossed his attention.

To forward this favourite object, he communicated to them both, that they were destined for each other ; and by employing them in the same occupations,

instructing them in the same studies, by the same masters, and in every way contriving that they should be continually together he hoped that early habits, and the first affections of childhood, might unite their hearts in indissoluble bonds. But how short-sighted, how little founded in a right knowledge of human nature, was this project! Habituated to the intimacy which subsists between near relations, was it probable that love, when the age of that passion arrived, would be content with objects thus familiar; and that the feelings of the heart would quietly acquiesce in an arrangement which had been previously formed upon the calculations of interest and family pride?—On the contrary, the system pursued in their education, accustomed them to give way to their violent tempers, without restraint, in their intercourse with each other; and the frequent recurrence of petty quarrels, soon produced sentiments, which bordered on dislike; so that

at the moment, when the Duke exulted most in the success of his project, he was painfully undeceived.

Happily, a new event which occurred at this time in the family of the Duke of Altamonte, soon turned his thoughts from the failure of his present system of education, the superintendence of which he relinquished with as much readiness, as he had once shewn anxiety to undertake it.—The Duchess, after a long period of ill health, was pronounced by her physicians to be once more in a situation to realize her husband's most sanguine hopes.—“If I have a boy,” he cried, “from the hour of his birth all I possess shall be his. Give me but a son, ye powers who rule over destiny, and I am content to yield up every other claim, privilege and possession.”—The wish was heard, and at the appointed time, the Duchess of Altamonte, after a few hours illness, was delivered of a son and heir. It was in vain for the Duke, that until this event

he said to himself daily as he arose from his stately bed, that none other was his rival in wealth or power;—it was in vain that friends surrounded him, and flatterers attended upon his least commands:—until this unexpected, and almost un-hoped for event, he could not be said to have enjoyed one hour of felicity, so unwisely did he blind himself to every other blessing which he possessed; and so ardently solicitous did he suffer his mind to become, for that one boon which alone had been refused to his prayers. But since the birth of his son, he looked around him, and he had nothing left to wish for upon earth; his heart became agitated with its own satisfaction; and the terror of losing the idol upon which every feeling and affection was fixed, rendered him more miserable than he was even before the fulfilment of his wishes.

The education of the lady Calantha and William Buchanan was now entirely laid

aside ; the feuds and tumults in the adjacent countries were disregarded ; and he might be said to live alone in those apartments where, robed in state, and cradled in luxury, the little infant lay helpless and unconscious of its honours and importance. Not a breath of air was suffered to blow too rudely upon the most noble and illustrious Sidney Albert, Marquis of Delaval. The tenants and peasantry flocked, from far and near, to kneel and do him homage, gazing in stupid wonder on their future Lord. The Duchess feebly resisted the general voice, which encouraged an excess of care, hurtful to the health of him, whom all were but too solicitous to preserve. Yet the boy flourished, unaffected by this adulation, the endless theme of discussion, the constant object of still encreasing idolatry.

Without delay, the Duke resolved to intimate to his sister, Lady Margaret Buchanan, who was at Naples, the change

which had taken place in her son's expectations. He felt the necessity of softening the disappointment by every soothing expression ; and, as he loved her most sincerely he wrote to urge her immediate return, with all the warmth of fraternal affection ;—informing her at the same time of the circumstance which at once occasioned his delight, and her disappointment. With what fond overweening vanity did he then flatter himself, that she, who was the next dearest object of his affections, would share his present joy ; and forgetful of the entire ruin of her fondest hope, doat like him upon the child who had deprived her son of all his expectations ! He knew not Lady Margaret :—less than any other, he knew that fierce spirit which never yet had been controuled—which deemed itself born to command, and would have perished sooner than have endured restraint.

At this very period of time, in the pro-

secution of her sudden and accursed designs, having bade adieu to brighter climes and more polished manners, with all the gaiety of apparent innocence, and all the brilliancy of wit which belong to spirits light as air and a refined and highly cultivated genius, she was sailing, accompanied by a train of admirers, selected from the flower of Italy, once again to visit her native country. With their voices and soft guitars, they chased away the lingering hours ; and after a fair and prosperous voyage, proceeded, with their equipages, horses and attendants, to Castle Delaval.

Lady Margaret was received with delight at the house of her father, in her own native land. A burst of applause hailed her first appearance before the wondering crowd assembled to behold her. Fond of admiration, even from the lowest, she lingered on the terrace, which commanded the magnificent scenery of which Castle Delaval was the central ob-

ject,—leaning upon the arm of the Duke and bowing gracefully to the people, as if in thanks for their flattering reception. Buchanan alone met his mother without one mark of joy. Cold and reserved, from earliest childhood, he had never yet felt attachment for any other being than himself; and fully engrossed by the splendour with which he was at all times surrounded, he looked with indifference on every event which did not promote or prevent his own personal amusements. He saw many new guests arrive without experiencing the slightest accession of pleasure; and when those departed whom he had been in the habit of seeing around him, it seldom cost him even a momentary regret. He had so long and so frequently been informed that he was heir of the immense possessions now belonging to his uncle, that he was overpowered by the sense of his greatness; nor did the commiseration of his attendants, on his disappointed hopes, awaken him to the

conviction of the great change which had occurred since the birth of the Marquis of Delaval. Indeed he seemed as indifferent on this occasion as on all others. Yet whatever his errors, he was at least in person and manner all that Lady Margaret could wish. She was also much pleased with Calantha, and thought she traced, in her radiant countenance, some resemblance to her own.

The Duchess of Altamonte had, in mind and person, won the affections of all who approached her. She had a countenance in which languor and delicacy added sensibility and grace, to beauty,—an air of melancholy half veiled in smiles of sweetness,—and a form soft and fragile as the bright fictions of a poet's dream; yet a visible sadness had fallen upon her spirits, and whilst she appeared alone to sooth and bless every other heart, she seemed herself in need of consolation. Lady Margaret's beauty irresistibly attracted; her wit enlivened; and her manners fasci-

nated—but the dreadful secrets of her heart appalled!

Lady Margaret was not much liked by Mrs. Seymour, nor by many other of the guests who frequented the castle. Her foreign domestics, her splendid attire, her crafty smiles and highly polished manners,—all were in turn criticised and condemned. But neither prejudice nor vulgarity received from her lips the slightest censure. She did not even appear to see the ill-will shewn to her. Yet many thought the discords and disasters which occurred after her arrival in Ireland, were the fruits of her intriguing spirit, and all soon or late regretted her presence at the castle, till then, the seat of uninterrupted harmony and almost slumberous repose,

CHAPTER III.



LADY Margaret Delaval, only surviving sister of the Duke of Altamonte, was born in Ireland, where she remained until her marriage with Captain Buchanan. She then established herself at Naples; the fleet in which her husband served being stationed in the Mediterranean sea. After the birth of her son William, she immediately sent him to Ireland, there to receive, under her brother's tuition, an education more fitting the heir of Altamonte, and the future husband of Lady Calantha Delaval.

Freed from the last tie which had bound her to one feeling of honour or of virtue, she, without remorse, gave way during the absence of her child and husband (who accompanied the boy to Ireland) to a life of extravagance and

vice, ensnaring the inexperienced by her art, and fascinating the most wary by her beauty and her talents. The charms of her person and the endowments of her mind were worthy of a better fate than that which she was preparing for herself: But, under the semblance of youthful gaiety, she concealed a dark intriguing spirit, which could neither remain at rest, nor satisfy itself in the pursuit of great and noble objects. She had been hurried on by the evil activity of her own mind, until the habit of crime had overcome every scruple, and rendered her insensible to repentance, and almost to remorse. In this career, she had improved to such a degree her natural talent of dissimulation, that, under its impenetrable veil, she was able to carry on securely her darkest machinations; and her understanding had so adapted itself to her passions, that it was in her power to give, in her own eyes, a character of grandeur, to the vice and malignity, which afforded

an inexplicable delight to her depraved imagination.

While she was thus indulging her disgraceful inclinations, her heart became attached with all her characteristic violence to Lord Dartford, a young English nobleman, who had accompanied the Countess of Glenarvon to Naples, and who, after passing some months in her society, had already made her the offer of his hand. He no sooner, however, beheld Lady Margaret than he left that object of his first attachment; and the short-lived happiness of guilty passion was thus enhanced by a momentary triumph over a beautiful and unfortunate rival. — Lady Glenarvon lived not to lament it: the blow which was given by the hand she loved, went straight as it was aimed; it pierced her heart; she did not long survive.

Her son, already advancing towards manhood, she committed to the care of

the Count Gondimar, the only being who, amongst the numerous attendants in the hours of her prosperity, had remained with her in this last trying scene, and received her dying wishes.—“ He has no father,” said she, weeping in remembrance of the gallant husband she had lost; “ but to you I consign this jewel of my heart, the dear and only pledge of my true and loyal love. Whatever crime I have committed since the loss of Glenarvon, my only protector, let not a shade of it be cast upon my son, to sully the bright splendor of his father’s fame! Promise a dying mother to protect her child, should he be restored to his grandfather’s titles and fortunes. To you, to you I entrust him. Ah! see that he be safely conducted to his own country.”

The Italian Count promised all that Lady Glenarvon desired; and wept as he kissed the faded cheek of the English boy. But no sooner was the momentary

interest which he had conceived for the unhappy sufferer at an end—no sooner had Lady Glenarvon expired, than, disregarding her last request, he sought only to render himself useful and necessary to her son. For this purpose he eagerly assisted him in all his pursuits, however criminal, and whilst he lived upon the sums which were regularly sent from Ireland to supply the necessary expences of his charge, he lost no opportunity of flattering Lord de Ruthven, the present possessor of the estate, and conniving with him in the means of detaining Glenarvon in Italy, and thus depriving him of a great share of his property. Gondimar's lessons were, however, unnecessary; Glenarvon soon emancipated himself from his tuition; and the utmost the base Italian could boast, was that he had assisted in perverting a heart already by nature, but too well inclined to misuse the rare gifts with which it had been endowed.

Glenarvon passed the first years after his mother's death, in visiting Rome and Florence. He, after this, expressed a wish of entering the navy; and having obtained his desire, he served under the command of Sir George Buchanan. He even distinguished himself in his new profession; but having done so, abruptly left it.

Love, it was said, was the cause of this sudden change in Glenarvon's intentions.—Love for the most beautiful woman in Florence. Young as he then was, his talents and personal attractions soon gained the object of his pursuit; but a dreadful tragedy followed this success. The husband of Fiorabella revenged the stigma cast upon his wife's fame, by instantly sacrificing her to his vengeance; and, since that fatal deed, neither the chevalier nor Glenarvon had ever again appeared in Florence.

Some said that the unhappy victim had found an avenger; but the proud and

noble family of the chevalier, preserved a faithful silence concerning that transaction. Glenarvon's youth prevented any suspicion from falling upon him; and the death of Giardini was ascribed to another, and a more dangerous hand. Strange rumours were also circulated in Ireland, after this event; it was every where affirmed that Glenarvon had been secretly murdered; and Lady Margaret, then at Naples, had even written to apprise her brother of the report.

CHAPTER IV.

ABOUT the time of the disappearance of Glenarvon, Captain Buchanan died; and Lady Margaret expected that Lord Dartford would immediately fulfil his engagement, and reward her long and devoted attachment to himself by the offer of his hand. Count Gondimar was with her at the time. In all companies, in all societies, the marriage was considered certain. One alone seemed eager to hear this report contradicted — one who, dazzled by the charms and beauty of Lady Margaret, had devoted himself, from the first hour in which he had beheld her, entirely to her service. The name of the young enthusiast was Viviani. A deep melancholy preyed upon his spirits; a dark mystery enveloped his fate. Gondimar had, with some coldness, intro-

duced him to Lady Margaret. He was the friend of the lost Glenarvon, he said, and on that account alone he had strong claims upon his affection. Lady Margaret received the stranger with more than common civility: his ill state of health, his youth, his beauty, were powerful attractions. He confided his sorrows to her bosom; and soon he dared to inform her that he loved.

Lady Margaret was now more than usually attentive to Lord Dartford: the day even for her intended nuptials was fixed. "Oh give not that hand to one who values not the prize," said the young Count Viviani, throwing himself before her; "let not Dartford call himself your lord; his love and mine must never be compared." "Go, foolish boy," said Lady Margaret, smiling on her new victim: "I can be your friend as readily when I am Lord Dartford's wife as now." Her young admirer shuddered, and rose from the earth: "You must be mine

alone :—none other shall approach you.”
“ The disparity of our ages.” “ What of that?” “ Enough, enough. I will give my hand to Dartford ; my heart, you know, will still be at your disposal.” A deep blush covered the pale cheeks of Viviani, he uttered one convulsive sigh, and left her to ruminate on his hopeless fate ; for every thing, he was informed, was prepared for the approaching nuptials.

But they knew little of the nature of man, who could conceive that Lord Dartford had even a thought of uniting himself to Lady Margaret by any lasting ties. On the contrary, he suddenly and secretly, without even taking leave of her, departed for England ; and the first letter which she received from him, to inform her of his absence, announced to her, likewise, his marriage with a lady of fortune and rank in his native country.

Lady Margaret was at dinner with a numerous company, and amongst them

the young count, when the letters from England were placed before her. The quivering of her lip and the rolling of her dark eye might have betrayed, to a keen observer, the anguish of a disordered spirit; but, recovering herself with that self-command which years of crime and deep dissimulation had taught her, she conversed as usual, till it was time for her to depart; and only when in her own apartment, closing the door, gave vent to the fury that opprest her. For some moments she paced the room in silent anguish; then kneeling down and calling upon those powers, whose very existence she had so often doubted: "Curse him! curse him!" she exclaimed. "O may the curse of a bitter, and deeply injured heart, blast every promise of his happiness; pursue him through life; and follow him to the grave!—May he live to be the scorn of his enemies, the derision of the world, without one friend to soften his afflictions!—May those, whom he

has cherished, forsake him in the hour of need; and the companion he has chosen, prove a serpent to betray him!—May the tear of agony, which his falsehood has drawn from these eyes, fall with tenfold bitterness from his own!—And may this blooming innocent, this rival, who has supplanted me in his affections, live to feel the pangs she has inflicted on my soul; or perish in the pride of her youth, with a heart as injured, as lacerated as mine!—Oh if there are curses yet unnamed, prepared by an angry God, against offending man, may they fall upon the head of this false, this cold-hearted Dartford!”

She arose; and gasped for breath. She threw up the sash of the window; but the cool air, the distant lashing of the waves, the rising moon and the fine scene before her, had no power to calm, even for one moment, a heart torn by guilt and tortured by self-reproach. A knock at the door roused her from her meditations. It was the fair Italian boy,

he had followed her ; for, at a glance, he had penetrated her secret. With a smile of scorn he upbraided her for her weakness.—“ What ! in tears lady !” he said : “ is it possible ? can a marriage, a disappointment in love, overpower you thus !” Lady Margaret affecting a calmness, she could not feel, and opposing art to art, endeavoured to repel his taunting expressions. But he knew her thoughts : he saw at once through the smiles and assumed manners which blinded others ; and at this moment he watched her countenance with malignant delight. It was the face of an Angel, distorted by the passions of a Dæmon ; and he liked it not the less for the frailty it betrayed.

It happened, however, that he had just attained the means of turning the tide of her resentment out of its present channel, and, by awakening her ambition—her ruling passion, of at once quenching the dying embers of every softer feeling. “ You have read I per-

ceive," said he, "but one of the epistles with which you have been favoured; and I am already before hand with you in hearing news of far greater importance than the loss of a lover."—The Duchess of Altamonte. "What of her?" "After a few hours illness," continued Viviani, drawing one of the English papers from his pocket, "the Duchess of Altamonte is safely delivered of a son and heir." The blood forsook Lady Margaret's lips: "I am lost then!" she said: "the vengeance of Heaven has overtaken me! where shall I turn for succour? Is there none upon earth to whom I can apply for assistance? Will no one of all those who profess so much, assist me? Shall Dartford triumph, and my son be supplanted? Revenge—revenge me, and I will be your slave."

If the name of love must be given alike to the noblest and most depraved of feelings, the young Viviani loved Lady Margaret with all the fervor of which

his perverted heart was capable. She had made him the weak instrument of her arts; and knowing him too well, to place herself in his power, she had detained him near her, by all the varying stratagems of which she was mistress.—He now knelt before her, and, reading in her fierce countenance her dreadful wishes, “I will revenge thee,” he said, “yes it shall be done!” “Blood—blood is the price!” said Lady Margaret. “Seal the compact thus:—be mine but for one hour:—let me fancy myself blest—and:” “My son must be Duke of Altamonte,” returned Lady Margaret, deeply agitated.—“He shall.”—“Swear it, my loveliest, my youngest friend!”—“By the living God of Heaven, I swear it.”—“Ah! but your courage will fail at the moment: your heart, intrepid as I think it, will shudder, and misgive you.—Say where, and how, it can be done with safety.” “Leave that to me: keep your own counsel: I will do the rest.” He spoke, and left her.

When they met again, the following day, not one word was uttered upon the dreadful subject of their former discourse: the compact between them was considered as made: and when once again the Count Viviani spoke of his passion, and his hopes, Lady Margaret reminded him of his vow; and a fearful silence ensued. Revenge and ambition had urged her to a determination, which a sentiment of prudence inclined her to retract. Viviani unconscious of her wavering resolution, enjoyed a momentary triumph. "Is not this extacy?" he exclaimed, as he viewed the woman he now considered as entirely bound to him. "Is it not rapture thus to love?" "Revenge is sweet," she answered. "Will you give yourself to me Margaret? Shall I indeed press you to my burning heart! say — can you love?" "Aye, and hate too," she replied, as, convulsed with agony, she shrunk from the caresses of her importunate admirer.

From that hour he courted her with un-

remitting assiduity : he was the slave of every new caprice, which long indulgence of every selfish feeling could awaken. But the promised hour of his happiness was delayed ; and his passion thus continually fed by hope, and yet disappointed, overcame in his bosom every feeling of humanity, till he no longer cherished a thought that did not tend to facilitate the immediate gratification of his wishes.

CHAPTER V.

It was not long after Lady Margaret's arrival at the castle that Count Gondimar, who had accompanied her to Ireland, prepared to return to Italy. A few evenings before he quitted her, he sought the secret habitation of his friend Viviani who had likewise followed Lady Margaret to Ireland, but in order to facilitate his designs, had never openly appeared at the castle. "How strong must be the love," said Gondimar, addressing him, "which can thus lead you to endure concealment, straits and difficulty! return with me: there are others as fair: your youthful heart pictures to yourself strange fancies; but in reality this woman is little worth you. I love her not, and it is but imagination, which thus deceives you." "I will not leave her—I cannot go," said

Viviani impatiently: "one burning passion annihilates in my heart every other consideration. Ah! can it merit the name of passion, the phrenzy which rages within me! Gondimar, if I worshipped the splendid star, that flashed along my course, and dazzled me with its meteor blaze, even in Italian climes, imagine what she now appears to me, in these cold northern regions. I too can sometimes pause to think whether the sacrifice I have made is not too great. But I have drained the poisoned cup to the dregs. I have prest the burning fire-brand to my heart, till it has consumed me—and come what may, now, I am resolved she shall be mine, though the price exacted were blood." Gondimar shuddered.

It was soon after this, that he returned to Italy. Before he departed, he once more in secret affectionately embraced his friend. "She has deceived me," cried Viviani; "months have glided by

in vain attempts to realize her depraved wish. She evades my suit. But the hour of success approaches:—to-morrow:—nay, perhaps, to-night...If thou, Gondimar—oh! if thou couldst believe: yet wherefore should I betray myself, or shew, to living man, one thought belonging to the darkest of human hearts. This alone know—I dare do every thing; and I will possess her. See, she appears—that form of majesty—that brow of refulgent brightness. The very air I breathe speaks to me of her charms. What matters it to me, whilst I gaze entranced upon her, if the earth shake to its foundation, and rivers of blood were streaming around me!—Pity me, Gondimar.—Pardon me.—Farewell!

Hurried on by mad passion, Viviani, who constantly visited Lady Margaret, was now upon the eve of fulfilling her wishes. Yet once, in the hope of dissuading his savage mistress from her

bloody purpose, he placed the infant in her arms, and bade her take pity on its helpless innocence. "See thy own—thy brother's image in those eyes—that smile," he whispered; "ah! can you have the heart?" But Lady Margaret turned from the child in haughty displeasure, thrusting it from her as if afraid to look on it; and, for many days, would not vouchsafe to speak to the weak instrument of her criminal ambition. Yet he, even he, whose life had been one continued course of profligacy, who had misused his superior talents to the perversion of the innocence of others, and the gratification of his own ungoverned passions, shuddered at the thought of the fearful crime which he had engaged himself to commit!

His knowledge of human nature, and particularly of the worst part of it, was too profound to depend upon any personal or immediate aid from Lady Margaret: he, therefore, conceived a project

which, by any one but himself, would, in every view of it, have been considered as altogether desperate and impracticable. It was, however, a maxim with Viviani, which his practice and experience had justified, that nothing is impossible to a firmly united league of time, money and resolution. Alone, he could have accomplished nothing; but he had a satellite long trained in his service, who possessed every quality which fitted him to assist the designs of such a master. The name of this man was La Crusca. In spite of a seeming wish to conceal himself, in conformity, perhaps, with his master's designs, this man was known at the castle to be a servant to the count, and by his flattery and the versatility of his genius, had become familiar with a few of its inhabitants; but shortly after his arrival, he had been dismissed, and it was now three months and more since his departure.

One evening, according to custom,

Viviani having secretly entered the castle, sought Lady Margaret in her own apartment; his face was fearfully pale; his hand trembled. He found her in company with her son, Buchanan, and Calantha. Alarmed at his manner and appearance, the latter concealed her face on the white bosom of her aunt, nor guessed by what storms of fierce passion that bosom was disturbed. Viviani mistook the brilliant hue which heightened Lady Margaret's complexion for a softer feeling; he approached her, and, gently removing the child, whispered vows of ardour and tenderness in the ears of his mistress, and urged his suit with every argument he could devise to overcome any remaining scruple. But when he looked, in expectation of a favorable answer, he sprung back with terror from her; for it seemed as if the fiends of hell were struggling in her eyes and lips for looks and words with which to express their horrid desire, already without the

aid of words, but too sufficiently manifest! At length, breaking silence, and rising in scorn from her seat: "Have I not promised myself to you?" she whispered indignantly, "that you thus persecute me for the performance of a voluntary vow? Do you think your protestations can move, and your arguments persuade? Am I a timid girl, who turns from your suit bashful or alarmed? Or am I one grown old in crime, and utterly insensible to its consequence? — Nothing, you well know, can make me yours but my own free will; and never shall that will consign me to such fate, till the sickly weed is destroyed, and the fair and flourishing plant restored to its wonted vigour and due honors. See there, there is the image of my brother, of all that is glorious and lovely." As she spoke, she pointed to Buchanan. . . . "Lady, the deed is already done! This night," said the Italian, trembling in every limb, "yes, on this fearful night, I claim the performance of

thy vow!" He spoke with an emotion she could not mistake.—"Is it possible?" said she, "my beautiful, my beloved friend:" and his hand trembled as he gave it her, in token of his assent.—Fearing to utter another word, dreading even the sound of their own voices, after such a disclosure, she soon retired.

Was it to rest that Lady Margaret retired?—No—to the tortures of suspense, of dread, of agony unutterable. A thousand times she started from her bed:—she fancied that voices approached the door—that shrieks rent the air; and, if she closed her eyes, visions of murder floated before her distracted mind, and pictured dreams too horrible for words half suffocated by the fever and delirium of her troubled imagination. She threw up the sash of her window, and listened attentively to every distant sound. The moon had risen in silvery brightness above the dark elm trees; it lighted, with its beams, the deep clear waters of Elle

The wind blew loud at times, and sounded mournfully, as it swept through the whispering leaves of the trees, over the dark forest and distant moors. A light appeared, for one moment, near the wood, and then was lost, Lady Margaret, as if palsied by terror, remained fixed and breathless on the spot;—a step approached the door;—it was the step of one stealing along, as if anxious no one should hear it pass. Again, all was silent:—so silent that the grave itself had not been more tranquil, and the dead could not have looked more pale, more calm, more still, than Lady Margaret!

But how was that silence broken? and how that calm disturbed?—By the shrieks of an agonized parent—by the burning tears of a heart-broken father—by the loud unrestrained clamours of the menial train; and that proud mansion, so lately the seat of gaiety, whose lighted porticos and festive halls had echoed to the song of joy and revelry, presented

now a scene of lamentation, terror and despair.—The heir of Altamonte was dead—the hope so fondly cherished was cut off—the idol, upon whose existence so many hearts were fixed, lay in his gilded cradle and costly attire, affording a lesson impressive although every day repeated, yet unheeded although impressive,—that it is the nature of man to rest his most sanguine expectations upon the most frail and uncertain of all his possessions.

The women who had been employed to attend upon him were weeping around him. His nurse alone appeared utterly insensible to his fate,—her eyes were fixed,—her lips motionless,—she obeyed every command that was given; but, when left to herself, she continued in the same sullen mood. Some called her hard and unfeeling, as in loud accents they bewailed the dire calamity that had fallen on their master's house; but there were others who knew that this apparent

insensibility was the effect of a deeper feeling—of a heart that could not recover its loss—of a mind totally overthrown.

She had arisen that morning at her accustomed hour, to take to her breast the little infant who slept in the cradle beside her ;—but lifeless was that form which, a few hours before, she had laid on its pillow, in the full enjoyment of health. Spasms, it was supposed, had seized the child in his sleep ; for his face was black and dreadfully disfigured. All efforts to recover him were fruitless. Physician nor medicine could avail,—the hand of death had struck the flower,—the vital spark was extinguished.

It was in vain that the distracted mother, pressing his cold lips to hers, declared, in the agony of hope, that they still retained a living warmth.—It was in vain that she watched him till her eyes deceived, fancied that they saw a change imperceptible to others—a breath of life restored to

that lifeless breathless form. It was in vain :—and floods of grief, with the sad rites of a pompous funeral, were all which the afflicted Duke and his sorrowing family had to bestow.

The tenants and peasantry were, according to an ancient custom, admitted to sing the song of sorrow over the body of the child : but no hired mourners were required on this occasion ; for the hearts of all deeply shared in the affliction of their master's house, and wept, in bitter woe, the untimely loss of their infant Lord.—It was thus they sung, ever repeating the same monotonous and melancholy strain.

Oh loudly sing the Pillalu,

And many a tear of sorrow shed ;

Och orro, orro, Olalu ;

Mourn, for the master's child is dead.

At morn, along the eastern sky,

We marked an owl, with heavy wing ;

At eve, we heard the benshees cry ;

And now the song of death we sing ;

Och orro, orro, Olalu.

Ah ! wherefore, wherefore would ye die ;
Why would ye leave your parents dear ;
Why leave your sorrowing kinsmen here,
Nor listen to your people's cry !

How wilt thy mother bear to part
With one so tender, fair and sweet !
Thou wast the jewel of her heart,
The pulse, the life, that made it beat.

How sad it is to leave her boy,
That tender flowret all alone ;
To see no more his face of joy,
And soothe no more his infant moan !

But see along the mountains side,
And by the pleasant banks of Larney,
Straight o'er the plains, and woodlands wide,
By Castle Brae, and Lock Macharney :

See how the sorrowing neighbours throng,
With haggard looks and faltering breath ;
And as they slowly wind along,
They sing the mournful song of death !

O loudly sing the Pillalu,
And many a tear of sorrow shed ;
Och orro, orro, Olalu ;
Mourn, for the master's child is dead.

Thus singing they approached the castle, and thus amidst cries and lamentations, was Sidney Albert, Marquis of Delaval, borne for ever from its gates, and entombed with his ancestors in the vault of the ancient church, which, for many hundred years, had received beneath its pavement the successive generations of the family of Altamonte. Heartfelt tears, more honourable to the dead than all the grandeur which his rank demanded, were shed over his untimely grave; while a long mourning and entire seclusion from the world, proved that the sorrow thus felt was not momentary, but lasting as the cause which had occasioned it was great.

CHAPTER VI.

As sickness falls heaviest on those who are in the full enjoyment of health, so grief is most severe, when it comes unexpectedly, in the midst of happiness.—It was from this cause, that the Duke, more than any one in his family, gave vent to the sorrows of his heart; and murmured at the irrecoverable loss, by which he had been afflicted. The Duchess in vain attempted to share, and lessen the regret of her husband:—he had that haughtiness of mind which disdains all confidence, and flies from all consolation. But of her far keener suffering, for the loss she had sustained, little shew was made; for real misery delights not in reproaches and complaints. It is like charity and love—silent, long suffering and mild.

There are virtues which admit of no description—which inspire on the first mention of them but little interest. Great faults and heroic qualities, may be portrayed; but those milder merits which contribute so much to the comfort and happiness of life—that sweetness of disposition, to which every hour that passes by, bears an approving testimony, can be only felt, enjoyed and regretted. Benevolence that never fails, patience under the heaviest calamities, firmness in friendship under every trying change—these are among its characteristic features; and these were all possessed by the Duchess of Altamonte, who seemed to live for no other purpose than to endear herself to those who surrounded her.

With this consideration for others, and forgetfulness of self, she had apparently endured the loss of her son with greater fortitude, than had been expected: indeed she sustained it with a degree of firmness which religion alone could have

inspired : she murmured not ; but submitted to the trial with the meek spirit of pious resignation.—“ My dear, dear boy, my pretty Albert” would sometimes escape her, and a few tears would wait upon the exclamation ; but her whole study was to share the disappointment, and lighten the sorrows of her husband ; as well as to check the intemperate complaints, and soothe the more violent agitations of Lady Margaret.

But while the soul of the Duchess rose superior to the ills of life, her constitution, weakened by a long period of ill health, and by the agitations of extreme sensibility, was not in a state to resist so great a shock ; and though she lingered upwards of a year, the real cause of her death could not be mistaken :—an inward melancholy preyed upon her spirits, which she combated in vain.—“ Many have smiled in adversity,” she would say ; “ but it is left for me to weep in prosperity :—such

is the will of Heaven, and I resign myself as becomes me, to that power, which knows when to give, and when to take away."

On her death-bed, she said to the Duke: "This is a hard trial for you to bear; but God, who, when he sends trials, can send strength also, will, I trust, support you.—You will pursue your career with that honour and dignity, which has hitherto distinguished it—nor would my feeble aid assist you in it; but I, on the contrary, like a weak unsupported plant, must have drooped and pined away, had I lived to survive the tender and faithful friend, who has guided and sustained me. It is far better, as it is. You will be a guardian and protector to my Calantha, whose quickness and vivacity, make me tremble for her. I could not have watched over her, and directed her as I ought. But to you, while she smiles, and plays around you, and fills the space which I so soon must leave,—to you, she

will prove a dear and constant interest. Never, my dearest Altamonte, ah ! never suffer her to be absent, if possible, from your guiding care :—her spirits, her passions, are of a nature to prove a blessing, or the reverse, according to the direction they are permitted to take. Watch over and preserve her—are my last words to you.—Protect and save her from all evil—is the last prayer I offer to my God, before I enter into his presence.”

Calantha ! unhappy child, whom not even the pangs of death could tear from the love, and remembrance of thy mother,—what hours of agony were thine, when a father’s hand first tore thee from that lifeless bosom,—when piercing shrieks declared the terror of thy mind, oppressed, astonished at the first calamity, by which it had been tried,—when thy lips tremblingly pronounced for the last time, the name of mother—a name so dear, so sacred and beloved, that its very sound awakens in the heart, all that it can feel

of tenderness and affection ! What is left that shall replace her ? What friend, what tie, shall make up for her eternal absence ? What even are the present sufferings of the orphan child, to the dreary void, the irreparable loss she will feel through all her future years. It was on that bosom, she had sought for comfort, when passion and inadvertence had led her into error. It was that gentle, that dear voice, which had recalled her from error, even when severity had failed.—There is, in every breast, some one affection that predominates over the rest—there is still to all some one object, to which the human heart is rivetted beyond all others :—in Calantha's bosom, the love of her mother prevailed over every other feeling.

A long and violent illness succeeded, in Calantha, the torpor which astonishment and terror at her loss had produced ; and from this state, she recovered only to give way to a dejection of mind not less

alarming : but even her grief was to be envied, when compared with the disorder of Lady Margaret's mind. — Remorse preyed upon her heart, the pride and hardness of which, disdained the humility of acknowledging her offence in the presence of her Creator.

The great effort of Lady Margaret was to crush the struggles of passion ; and when, at times, the agony of her mind was beyond endurance, she found it some relief to upbraid the wretch who had fulfilled her own guilty wishes.—“Monster!” she would exclaim, “without one tender or honourable feeling, take those detested and bloody hands from my sight :—they have destroyed the loveliest innocent that was ever born to bless a mother's wishes :—that mother now appears in awful judgment against thee :—out, out, perfidious wretch !—come not near—gaze not upon me.”—Viviani marked the wild expression of her eye—the look of horror which she cast upon him ; and a deep

and lasting resentment succeeded in his breast, to every feeling of attachment. Seizing her hand, which he wrung in scorn: "What mean you by this mockery of tardy penitence?" he fiercely cried.— "Woman, beware how you trifle with the deep pangs of an injured heart:—not upon me—not upon me, be the blood of the innocent:—it was this hand, white and spotless as it appears, which sealed his doom:—I should have shewn mercy; but an unrelenting tigress urged me on.—On thee—on thine, be the guilt, till it harrow up thy soul to acts of phrenzy and despair:—hope not for pardon from man—seek not for mercy from God.—Away with those proud looks which once subdued me:—I can hate—I have learned of thee to hate; and my heart, released from thy bonds, is free at last:—spurn me,—what art thou now? A creature so wretched and so fallen, that I can almost pity thee.—Farewell.—For the last time, I look on thee with one sentiment of love.—

When we meet again, tremble:—yes—proud as thou art, tremble; for, however protracted, thou shalt find the vengeance of Viviani, as certain, as it is terrible.

“Is it possible,” said Lady Margaret, gazing upon that beautiful and youthful countenance—upon that form which scarcely had attained to manhood,—“is it in the compass of probability that one so young should be so utterly hardened? Viviani smiled on her and left her.—Very shortly after this interview, he quitted Ireland, vainly endeavouring in the hour of his departure to conceal the deep emotion by which he was agitated at thus tearing himself from one who appeared utterly indifferent to his hatred, his menaces, or his love.

CHAPTER VII.

THE habit of years, though broken and interrupted by violent affliction or sudden prosperity, fails not in the end to resume its influence over the mind; and the course that was once pursued with satisfaction, though the tempest of our passions may have hurried us out of it, will be again resumed, when the dark clouds that gathered over us, have spent their fury. Even he who is too proud to bow his mind to the inevitable decrees of an all wise Creator,—who seeks not to be consoled, and turns away from the voice of piety, even he loses sight at length of the affliction, upon which his memory has so continually dwelt:—it lessens to his view, as he journies onward adown the vale of life, and the bright beam of

hope rises at last upon his clouded spirits and exhausted frame.

From a state of despondency and vain regret, in which more than a year had been passed, the inhabitants of Castle Delaval, by slow degrees, revived; and the Duke, wearied of a life so gloomy and solitary, summoned, as before, his friends around him. Lady Margaret, however, was no longer the gay companion of his morning walks, the life and amusement of his evening assemblies. The absence of Viviani filled her with anxiety; and the remembrance of her crimes embittered every hour of her existence. If she turned her eyes upon Calantha, the dejected expression of that countenance reproached her for the mother whose life she had shortened, and whose place she vainly exerted herself to fill; if upon the Duke, in that care worn cheek and brow of discontent, she was more painfully reminded of her crime and ingratitude; and

even the son for whom so much had been sacrificed, afforded her no consolation.

Buchanan estranged himself from her confidence, and appeared jealous of her authority.—He refused to aid her in the sole remaining wish of her heart ; and absolutely declined accepting the hand of Calantha. “ Shall only one will,” he said, “ be studied and followed ; shall Calantha’s caprices and desires be daily attended to ; and shall I see the best years of my life pass without pleasure or profit for me ? I know—I see your intention ; and, pardon me, dearest mother, if I already bitterly lament it. Is Calantha a companion fitted for one of my character ; and, even if hereafter it is your resolve to unite me to her, must I now be condemned to years of inactivity on her account. Give me my liberty ; send me to college, there to finish my education ; and permit me to remain in England for some years.

Lady Margaret saw, in the cool deter-

mined language of her son, that he had long meditated this escape from her thralldom:—she immediately appeared to approve his intention—she said that a noble ambition, and all the highest qualities of the heart and mind were shewn in his present desire; but one promise she must exact in return for the readiness with which she intended instantly to accede to his request:—provided he was left at liberty till a maturer age, would he promise to take no decisive step of himself, until he had once more seen Calantha after this separation? To this Buchanan willingly acceded; his plans were soon arranged; and his departure was fixed for no very distant period.

The morning before he left the castle, Lady Margaret called him to her room; and taking him and Calantha by the hand, she led them to the windows of the great gallery. From thence pointing to the vast prospect of woods and hills, which extended to a distance, the eye could

scarcely reach, "all are yours my children," she said, "if, obedient to parents who have only your welfare at heart, you persevere in your intention of being one day united to each other. Ah! let no disputes, no absence, no fancies have power to direct you from the fulfilment of this, my heart's most fervent wish:—let this moment of parting, obliterate every unkind feeling, and bind you more than ever to each other. Here, Buchanan," continued she, "is a bracelet with your hair: place it yourself around Calantha's arm:—she shall wear it till you meet." The bracelet was of gold, adorned with diamonds, and upon the clasp, under the initial letters of both their names, were engraved these words: "*Stesso sangue, Stessa sorte.*" "Take it," said Buchanan, fastening it upon the arm of Calantha, and remember that you are to wear it ever, for my sake."

At this moment, even he was touched, as he pressed her to his heart, and re-

membered her as associated with all the scenes of his happiest days. Her violence, her caprices, her mad frolics, were forgotten ; and as her tears streamed upon his bosom, he turned away, least his mother should witness his emotion. Yet Calantha's tears were occasioned solely by the thought of parting from one, who had hitherto dwelt always beneath the same roof with herself ; and to whom long habit had accustomed, rather than attached her.—In youth the mind is so tender, and so alive to sudden and vivid impressions, that in the moment of separation it feels regret, and melancholy at estranging itself even from those for whom before it had never felt any warmth of affection.—Still at the earliest age the difference is distinctly marked between the transient tear, that falls for imaginary woe, and the real misery which attends upon the loss of those who have been closely united to the affections by ties, stronger and dearer than those of habit.

CHAPTER VIII.



THE accomplishment of her favourite views being thus disappointed, or at least deferred, Lady Margaret resolved to return to Italy, and there to seek for Viviani. Her brother, however, entreated her to remain with him. He invited his friends, his relations, his neighbours. Balls and festivities once more enlivened the castle : it seemed his desire to raze every trace of sorrow from the memory of his child ; and to conceal the ravages of death under the appearance at least of wild and unceasing gaiety.—The brilliant *fêtes*, and the magnificence of the Duke of Altamonte and his sister, became the constant theme of admiration ; from far, from near, fashion and folly poured forth their victims to grace and to enjoy them ; and Lord and Lady Dart-

ford naturally found their place amidst the various and general assemblage. To see Lord Dartford again, to triumph over his falsehood, to win him from an innocent confiding wife, and then betray him at the moment in which he fancied himself secure, this vengeance was yet wanting to satisfy the restless fever of Lady Margaret's mind; and the contemplation of its accomplishment gave a new object, a new hope to her existence; for Lady Margaret had preferred enduring even the tortures of remorse, to the listless insipidity of stagnant life, where the passions of her heart, were without excitement, and those talents of which she felt the power, useless and obscured. What indeed would she not have preferred to the society of Mrs. Seymour and her daughters?

The Duchess of Altamonte had possessed a mind, as cultivated as her own, and a certain refinement of manner which is sometimes acquired by long in-

tercourse with the most polished societies, but is more frequently the gift of nature, and, if it be not the constant attendant upon nobility of blood, is very rarely found in those who are not distinguished by that adventitious and accidental circumstance.

Mrs. Seymour had many of the excellent qualities, but none of the rare endowments possessed by the Duchess; she was a strict follower of the paths of custom and authority; in the steps which had been marked by others, she studiously walked, nor thought it allowable to turn aside for any object however praiseworthy and desirable. She might be said to delight in prejudice—to enjoy herself in the obscure and narrow prison to which she had voluntarily confined her intellects—to look upon the impenetrable walls around her as bulwarks against the hostile attacks by which so many had been overcome. The daughters were strictly trained in the opinions of their mother.

“ The season of youth, she would say,” is the season of instruction;—and consequently every hour had its allotted task; and every action was directed according to some established regulation.

By these means, Sophia and Frances were already highly accomplished; their manners were formed; their opinions fixed, and any contradictions of those opinions, instead of raising doubt, or urging to enquiry, only excited in their minds astonishment at the hardihood and contempt for the folly which thus opposed itself to the final determination of the majority, and ventured to disturb the settled empire and hereditary right of their sentiments and manners.—“ These are *your* pupils,” Lady Margaret would often exultingly cry, addressing the mild Mrs. Seymour—“ these paragons of propriety—these sober minded steady automats. Well, I mean no harm to them or you. I only wish I could shake off a little of that cold formality which petri-

fies me. Now see how differently *my* Calantha shall appear, when I have opened her mind, and formed her according to *my* system of education—the system which nature dictates and every feeling of the heart willingly accedes to. Observe well the difference between a child of an acute understanding, before her mind has been disturbed by the absurd opinions of others, and after she has learned their hackneyed jargon: note her answer—her reflections; and you will find in them, all that philosophy can teach, and all to which science and wisdom must again return. But, in your girls and in most of those whom we meet, how narrow are the views, how little the motives, by which they are impelled. Even granting that they act rightly,—that by blindly following, where others lead, they pursue the safest course, is there any thing noble, any thing superior in the character from which such actions spring? *I* am ambitious for Calantha. I wish

her not only to be virtuous; I will acknowledge it,—I wish her to be distinguished and great.

Mrs. Seymour, when thus attacked, always permitted Lady Margaret to gain the victory of words and to triumph over her as much as the former thought it within the bounds of good breeding to allow herself; but she never varied, in consequence, one step in her daily course, or deviated in the slightest degree from the line of conduct which she had before laid down.

Sometimes, however, she would re-monstrate with her niece, when she saw her giving way to the violence of her temper, or acting, as she thought, absurdly or erroneously; and Calantha, when thus admonished, would acknowledge her errors, and, for a time at least, endeavour to amend them; for her heart was accessible to kindness, and kindness she at all times met with from Mrs. Seymour and her daughters.

It was indeed Calantha's misfortune to meet with too much kindness, or rather too much indulgence from almost all who surrounded her. The Duke, attentive solely to her health, watched her with the fondest solicitude, and the wildest wishes her fancy could invent, were heard with the most scrupulous attention and gratified with the most unbounded compliance. Yet, if affection, amounting to idolatry, could in any degree atone for the pain the errors of his child too often occasioned him, that affection was felt by Calantha for her Father.

Her feelings indeed swelled with a tide too powerful for the unequal resistance of her understanding:—her motives appeared the very best, but the actions which resulted from them were absurd and exaggerated. Thoughts, swift as lightening, hurried through her brain:—projects, seducing, but visionary crowded upon her view: without a curb she followed the impulse of her feelings; and

those feelings varied with every varying interest and impression.

Such character is not uncommon, though rarely seen amongst the higher ranks of society. Early and constant intercourse with the world, and that polished sameness which results from it, smooths away all peculiarities; and whilst it assimilates individuals to each other, corrects many faults, and represses many virtues.

Some indeed there are who affect to differ from others: but the very affectation proves that, in fact, they resemble the ordinary mass; and in general this assumption of singularity is found in low and common minds, who think that the reputation of talent and superiority belongs to the very defects and absurdities which alone have too often cast a shade upon the splendid light of genius, and degraded the hero and the poet, to the level of their imitators.

Lovely indeed is that grace of manner, that perfect ease and refinement which

so many attempt to acquire, and for which it is to be feared so much too often is renounced—the native vigour of mind, the blush of indignant and offended integrity, the open candour of truth, and all the long list of modest unassuming virtues, known only to a new and unsullied heart.

Calantha turned with disgust from the slavish followers of prejudice. She disdained the beaten tract, and she thought that virtue would be for her a safe, a sufficient guide; that noble views, and pure intentions would conduct her in a higher sphere; and that it was left to her to set a bright example of unshaken rectitude, undoubted truth and honourable fame. All that was base or mean, she, from her soul, despised; a fearless spirit raised her, as she fondly imagined, above the vulgar herd; self confident, she scarcely deigned to bow the knee before her God; and man, as she had read of him in history, appeared too weak, too trivial to inspire either alarm or admiration.

It was thus, with bright prospects, strong love of virtue, high ideas of honour, that she entered upon life. No expence, no trouble had been spared in her education; masters, tutors and governesses surrounded her. She seemed to have a decided turn for every thing it was necessary for her to learn; instruction was scarcely necessary, so readily did her nature bend itself to every art, science and accomplishment; yet never did she attain excellence, or make proficiency in any; and when the vanity of a parent fondly expected to see her a proficient in all acquirements, suited to her sex and age, he had the mortification of finding her more than usually ignorant, backward and uninstructed. With an ear the most sensible and accurate, she could neither dance, nor play; with an eye acute and exact, she could not draw; with a spirit that bounded within her from excess of joyous happiness, she was bashful and unsocial in society; and with the germs of every virtue that com-

mands esteem and praise, she was already the theme of discussion, observation and censure.

Yet was Calantha loved — dearly and fondly loved; nor could Mrs. Seymour, though constantly discovering new errors in her favourite, prevent her from being the very idol of her heart. Calantha saw it through all her assumed coldness; and she triumphed in the influence she possessed. But Sophia and Frances were not as cordially her friends: — they had not reached that age, at which lenity and indulgence take place of harsher feelings, and the world appears in all its reality before us. To them, the follies and frailties of others carried with them no excuse, and every course that they themselves did not adopt, was assuredly erroneous.

Calantha passed her time as much as possible by herself; the general society at the castle was uninteresting to her. The only being for whom she felt regard,

was Sir Everard St. Clare, brother to Camioli the bard, and late physician to her mother, was the usual object of ridicule, to almost all of his acquaintance. Lady St. Clare in pearls and silver; Lauriana and Jessica, more fine if possible and more absurd than their mother; Mrs. Emmet a Lady from Cork, plaintive and reclining in white sattin and drapery; and all the young gentlemen of large property and fortune, whom all the young ladies were daily and hourly endeavouring to please, had no attraction for a mind like Calantha's. Coldly she therefore withdrew from the amusements natural to her age; yet it was from embarrassment, and not from coldness, that she avoided their society. Some favorites she already had:—the Abbess of Glenaa, St. Clara her niece, and above all Alice Mac Allain, a beautiful little girl of whom her mother had been fond, had already deeply interested her affections.

In the company of one or other of

these, Calantha would pass her mornings; and sometimes would she stand alone upon the summit of the cliff, hour after hour, to behold the immense ocean, watching its waves, as they swelled to the size of mountains, then dashed with impetuous force against the rocks below; or climbing the mountain's side, and gazing on the lofty summits of Heremon and Inis Tara, lost in idle and visionary thought; but at other times joyous, and without fear, like a fairy riding on a sun beam through the air, chasing the gay images of fancy, she would join in every active amusement and suffer her spirits to lead her into the most extravagant excess.

CHAPTER X.



Love, it might be conjectured, would early shew itself in a character such as Calantha's; and love, with all its ardour and all its wildness, had already subdued her heart. What, though Mrs. Seymour had laid it down as a maxim, that no one, before she had attained her fourteenth year, could possibly be in love! What, though Lady Margaret indignantly asserted, that Calantha could not, and should not, look even at any other than him for whom her hand was destined! She had looked; she had seen; and what is more, she believed the impression at this time made upon her heart was as durable as it was violent.

Sophia Seymour, Mrs. Seymour's eldest daughter, in a month, nay in a week, had already discovered Calantha's

secret:—the same feeling for the same object, had given her an acuteness in this instance, with which she was not at all times gifted:—She herself loved, and, therefore, perceived her cousin's passion. Calantha's manner immediately confirmed her in her supposition. She entered one morning into her room;—she saw the unfinished drawing;—she could not mistake it—that commanding air—that beaming eye—there was but one whom it could resemble, and that one was Henry Mowbray, Earl of Avondale. She taxed Calantha bitterly with her partiality; “But he thinks not of you,” she said, and haughtily left the room.

Admiral Sir Richard Mowbray was an old and valued friend of the Duke of Altamonte. He had served with Sir George Buchanan, brother-in-law to Lady Margaret. He had no children; but his nephew, the young Earl of Avondale, was, next to his country, the strongest and dearest interest of his heart. What happi-

ness must the Admiral then have felt when he beheld his nephew; and found that, in mind and person, he was distinguished by every fair endowment. He had entered the army young; he now commanded a regiment: with a spirit natural to his age and character, he had embraced his father's profession; like him, he had early merited the honours conferred upon him. He had sought distinction at the hazard of his life; but happily for all who knew him well, he had not, like his gallant father, perished in the hour of danger; but, having seen hard service, had returned to enjoy, in his own country, the ease, the happiness and the reputation he so well deserved.

Lord Avondale's military occupations had not, however, prevented his cultivating his mind and talents in no ordinary degree; and the real distinctions he had obtained, seemed by no means to have lessened the natural modesty of his cha-

racter. He was admired, flattered, sought after ; and the strong temptation to which his youth had thus early been exposed, had, in some measure, shaken his principles and perverted his inclinations.

Happily a noble mind and warm uncorrupted heart soon led him from scenes of profligacy to a course of life more manly and useful:—deep anxiety for a bleeding country, and affection for his uncle, restored him to himself. He quitted London, where upon his first return from abroad he had for the most part resided, and his regiment being ordered to Ireland, on account of the growing disaffection in that country, he returned thither to fulfil the new duty which his profession required. Allanwater and Monteith, his father's estates, had been settled upon him ; but he was more than liberal in the arrangements he made for his uncle and the other branches of his family.

Many an humbler mind had escaped

the danger to which Lord Avondale had, early in life, been exposed ;—many a less open character had disguised the too daring opinions he had once ventured to cherish! But, with an utter contempt for all hypocrisy and art, with a frankness and simplicity of character, sometimes observed in men of extraordinary abilities, but never attendant on the ordinary or the corrupted mind, he appeared to the world as he really felt, and neither thought nor studied whether such opinions and character were agreeable to his own vanity, or the taste of his companions ; for whom, however, he was, at all times, ready to sacrifice his time, his money, and all on earth but his honour and integrity.

Such was the character of Lord Avondale, imperfectly sketched—but true to nature—He, in his twenty-first year, now appeared at Castle Delaval—the admiration of the large and various company then assembled there. Flattered, per-

haps, by the interest shewn him, but reserved and distant to every too apparent mark of it, he viewed the motley groupe before him, as from a superior height, and smiled with something of disdain, at times, as he marked the affectation, the meanness, the conceit and, most of all, the heartlessness and cowardice of many of those around him. Of a morning, he would not unfrequently join Calantha and Sophia in their walks; of an evening, he would read to the former, or make her his partner at billiards, or at cards. At such times, Sophia would work at a little distance; and as her needle monotonously passed the silken thread through the frame to which her embroidery was fixed, her eyes would involuntarily turn to where her thoughts, in spite of her endeavours, too often strayed. Calantha listened to the oft-repeated stories of the admiral; she heard of his battles, his escapes and his dangers, when others were weary of the

well-known topics ; but he was Lord Avondale's uncle, and that thought made every thing he uttered interesting to her.

“ You love,” said Alice Mac Allain, one day to her mistress, as they wandered in silence along the banks of the river Elle, “ and he who made you alone can tell to what these madning fires may drive a heart like yours. Remember your bracelet — remember your promises to Buchanan ; and learn, before it is too late, in some measure to controul yourself, and disguise your feelings.” Calantha started from Alice ; for love, when it first exists, is so timid, so sacred, that it fears the least breath of observation, and disguises itself under every borrowed name. “ You are wrong,” said Calantha, “ I would not bend my free spirit to the weakness of which you would accuse me, for all the world can offer ; your Calantha will never acknowledge a master ; will never yield her soul's free and immortal hopes, to any earthly affection ;

Fear not, my counsellor, that I will forsake my virgin vows, or bow my unbroken spirit to that stern despot, whose only object is power and command."

As Calantha spoke, Lord Avondale approached, and joined them. The deep blush that crimsoned over her cheek was a truer answer to her friend's accusation than the one she had just uttered.—“ Heremon and Inis Tara have charms for both of you,” he said, smiling :—“ you are always wandering either to or from thence.” “ They are our own native mountains,” said Calantha, timidly ;—“ the landmarks we have been taught to reverence from our earliest youth.” “ And could you not admire the black mountains of Morne as well,” he said, fixing his eyes on Calantha,—“ my native mountains ?”—they are higher far than these, and soar above the clouds that would obscure them.” “ They are too lofty and too rugged for such as we are,” said Calantha. “ We may gaze at their height and wonder ; but

more would be dangerous." "The roses and myrtles blossom under their shade," said Lord Avondale, with a smile; "and Allanwater, to my mind, is as pleasant to dwell in as Castle Delaval." "Shall you soon return there, my lord," enquired Calantha. "Perhaps never," he said, mournfully; and a tear filled his eye as he turned away, and sought to change the subject of conversation.

Lady Margaret had spoken to Lord Avondale:—perhaps another had engaged his affections:—at all events, it seemed certain to Calantha that she was not the object of his hope or his grief. To have seen him—to have admired him, was enough for her: she wished not for more than that privilege; she felt that every affection of her heart was engaged, even though those affections were unreturned.

CHAPTER XI.



To suffer the pangs of unrequited love was not, in the present instance, the destiny of Calantha. That dark eye, the lustre of whose gaze she durst not meet, was, nevertheless, at all times fixed upon her; and the quick mantling blush and beaming smile, which lighted the countenance of Lord Avondale, whenever her name was pronounced before him, soon betrayed, to all but himself and Calantha, how much and how entirely his affections were engaged. He was of a nature not easily to be flattered into admiration of others—not readily attracted, or lightly won; but, once having fixed his affections, he was firm, confiding and incapable of change, through any change of fortune. He was, besides, of that affectionate and independant character,

that as neither bribe nor power could have moved him to one act contrary to his principles of integrity, so neither danger, fatigue, nor any personal consideration could have deterred him from that which he considered as the business and duty of his life. He possessed a happy and cheerful disposition,—a frank and winning manner,—and that hilarity of heart and countenance which rendered him the charm and sunshine of every society.

When Lord Avondale, however, addressed Calantha, she answered him in a cold or sullen manner, and, if he endeavoured to approach her, she fled unconscious of the feeling which occasioned her embarrassment. Her cousins, Sophia and Frances, secure of applause, and conscious of their own power of pleasing, had entered the world neither absurdly timid, nor vainly presuming:—they knew the place they were called upon to fill in society; and they sought not to

outstep the bounds which good sense had prescribed. Calantha, on the other hand, scarce could overcome her terror and confusion when addressed by those with whom she was little acquainted. But how far less dangerous was this reserve than the easy confidence which a few short years afterwards produced, and how little did the haughty Lady Margaret imagine, as she chid her niece for this excess of timidity, that the day would, perhaps, soon arrive when careless of the presence of hundreds, Calantha might strive to attract their attention, by the very arts which she now despised, or pass thoughtlessly along, hardened and entirely insensible to their censure or their praise !

To a lover's eyes such timidity was not unpleasing ; and Lord Avondale liked not the girl he admired the less, for that crimson blush—that timid look, which scarcely dared encounter his ardent gaze. To him it seemed to disclose a heart new

to the world—unspoiled and guileless. Calantha's mind, he thought, might now receive the impression which should be given it; and while yet free, yet untainted, would it not be happiness to secure her as his own—to mould her according to his fancy—to be her guide and protector through life!

Such were his feelings, as he watched her shunning even the eyes of him, whom alone she wished to please:—such were his thoughts, when, flying from the amusements and gaiety natural to her age, she listened with attention, while he read to her, or conquered her fears to enter into conversation with him. He seemed to imagine her to be possessed of every quality which he most admired; and the delusive charm of believing that he was not indifferent to her heart, threw a beauty and grace over all her actions, which blinded him to every error. Thus then they both acknowledged, and surrendered themselves to the power of love.

Calantha for the first time yielded up her heart entirely to its enchantment; and Lord Avondale for the last.

It is said there is no happiness, and no love to be compared to that which is felt for the first time. Most persons erroneously think so; but love like other arts requires experience, and terror and ignorance, on its first approach, prevent our feeling it as strongly as at a later period. Passion mingles not with a sensation so pure, so refined as that which Calantha then conceived, and the excess of a lovers attachment terrified and overpowered the feelings of a child.

Storms of fury kindled in the eye of Lady Margaret when first she observed this mutual regard. Words could not express her indignation:—to deeds she had recourse. Absence was the only remedy to apply; and an hour, a moment's delay, by opening Calantha's mind to a consciousness of her lover's sentiments and wishes, might render even this

ineffectual. She saw that the flame had been kindled in a heart too susceptible, and where opposition would encrease its force;—she upbraided her brother for his blindness, and reproached herself for her folly. There was but one way left, which was to communicate the Duke's surmises and intentions to the Admiral in terms so positive, that he could not mistake them, and instantly to send for Buchanan. In pursuance of this purpose, she wrote to inform him of every thing which had taken place, and to request him without loss of time to meet her at Castle Delaval. Mrs. Seymour alone folded Calantha to her bosom without one reproach, and, consigning her with trembling anxiety to a father's care, reminded him continually, that she was his only remaining child, and that force, in a circumstance of such moment, would be cruelty.

CHAPTER XII.

LADY Margaret insisted upon removing Calantha immediately, to London ; but Lord Avondale having heard from the Admiral the cause of her intended departure, immediately declared his intention of quitting Ireland. Every thing was now in readiness for his departure ; the day fixed ; the hour at hand. It was not perhaps till Lord Avondale felt that he was going to leave Calantha for ever, that he was fully sensible how much, and how entirely his affections were engaged.

On the morning previous to his departure, Calantha threw the bracelet, which Lady Margaret and her cousin had given her, from her arm ; and, weeping upon the bosom of Alice, bitterly lamented her fate, and informed her friend that she never, never would belong to Buchanan.

—Lord Avondale had in vain sought an opportunity of seeing her one moment alone. He now perceived the bracelet on the floor of the room she had just quitted ; and looking upon it, read, without being able to comprehend the application of the inscription, “ *Stessa sangue, Stessa sorte.* ”—He saw her at that moment :—she was alone :—he followed her :—she fled from him, embarrassed and agitated ; but he soon approached her :—they fly so slowly who fly from what they love.

Lord Avondale thought he had much to say—many things to ask :—he wished to explain the feelings of his heart—to tell Calantha, once at least before he quitted her, how deeply—how dearly he had loved,—how, though unworthy in his own estimation of aspiring to her hand; the remembrance of her should stimulate him to every noble exertion, and raise him to a reputation which, without her influence, he never could attain : — he thought that he could

have clasped her to his bosom, and pressed upon her lips the first kiss of love—the dearest, the truest pledge of fondness and devotion. But, scarcely able to speak, confused and faltering, he dared not approach her:—he saw one before him robed in purity, and more than vestal innocence—one timidly fearful of even a look, or thought, that breathed aught against that virtue which alone it worshipped.

“I am come,” he said, at length, “forgive my rashness, to restore this bracelet, and myself to place it around your arms. Permit me to say—farewell, before I leave you, perhaps for ever.” As he spoke, he endeavoured to clasp the diamond lock;—his hand trembled;—Calantha started from him. “Oh!” said she, “you know not what you do:—I am enough his already:—be not you the person to devote me to him more completely:—do not render me utterly miserable. Though not entirely understanding her, he scarcely

could command himself. Her look, her manner—all told him too certainly that which overcame his heart with delight.—“She loves me,” he thought, “and I will die sooner than yield her to any human being:—she loves me; and, regardless of fears—of prudence—of every other feeling, he pressed her one moment to his bosom. “Oh love me, Calantha,” was all he had time to say; for she broke from him, and fled, too much agitated to reply. That he had presumed too far, he feared; but that she was not indifferent to him, he had heard and seen. The thought filled him with hope, and rendered him callous to all that might befall him.

The Duke entered the room as Calantha quitted it.—“Avondale,” he said, offering him his hand, “speak to me, for I wish much to converse with you before we part:—all I ask is, that you will not deceive me. Something more than common has taken place:—I observed you

with my child." "I must indeed speak with you," said Lord Avondale firmly, but with considerable agitation. "Every thing I hold dear—my life—my happiness—depend on what I have to say." He then informed the Duke with sincerity of his attachment for Calantha,—proud and eager to acknowledge it, even though he feared that his hopes might never be realized.

"I am surprised and grieved," said the Duke, "that a young man of your high rank, fortune and rising fame, should thus madly throw away your affections upon the only being perhaps who never must, never ought, to return them. My daughter's hand is promised to another. When I confess this, do not mistake me:—No force will ever be made use of towards her; her inclinations will at all times be consulted, even though she should forget those of her parent; but she is now a mere child, and more infantine and volatile withal, than it is possi-

ble for you to conceive. There can be no necessity for her being now called upon to make a decided choice. Buchanan is my nephew, and since the loss of my son, I have centered all my hopes in him. He is heir to my name, as she is to my fortune ; and surely then an union between them, would be an event the most desirable for me and for my family. But such considerations alone would not influence me. I will tell you those then which operate in a stronger manner:—I have given my solemn promise to my sister, that I will do all in my power to assist in bringing about an event upon which her heart is fixed. Judge then, if during her son's absence, I can dispose of Calantha's hand, or permit her to see more of one, who has already, I fear, made some impression upon her heart."

Lord Avondale appeared much agitated. —The Duke paused—then continued—
“ Granting that your attachment for my child is as strong as you would have me

believe—granting, my dear young friend, that, captivated by your very superior abilities, manners and amiable disposition, she has in part returned the sentiments you acknowledge in her favour,—cannot you make her the sacrifice I require of you?—Yes.—Though you now think otherwise, you can do it. So short an acquaintance with each other, authorizes the term I use:—this is but a mere fancy, which absence and strength of mind will soon overcome.

Lord Avondale was proud even to a fault. He had listened to the Duke without interrupting him; and the Duke continued to speak, because he was afraid of hearing the answer, which he concluded would be made. For protestations, menaces, entreaties he was prepared; but the respectful silence which continued when he ceased, disconcerted him. “You are not angry?” said he: “let us part in friendship:—do not go from me thus:—you must forgive a father:—re-

member she is my child, and bound to me by still dearer ties—she is my only one.” His voice faltered, as he said this:—he thought of the son who had once divided his affections, and of whom he seldom made mention since his loss.

Lord Avondale, touched by his manner and by his kindness, accepted his hand, and struggling with pride—with love,—“I will obey your commands,” he at length said, “and fly from her presence, if it be for her happiness:—her happiness is the dearest object of my life. Yet let me see her before I leave her.”—“No,” said the Duke, “it is too dangerous.” “If this must not be,” said Lord Avondale, “at least tell her, that for her sake, I have conquered even my own nature in relinquishing her hand, and, with it every hope, but too strongly cherished by me. Tell her, that if I do this, it is not because I do not feel for her the most passionate and most unalterable attachment. I renounce her only, as I

trust, to consign her to a happier fate. You are her father:—you best know the affection she deserves:—if she casts away a thought sometimes on me, let her not suffer for the generosity and goodness of her heart:—let her not.”—He would have said more, but he was too deeply affected to continue:—he could not act, or dissemble:—he felt strongly, and he shewed it.

CHAPTER XIII.

AFTER this conversation, Calantha saw no more of her lover : yet he was very anxious to see her once again, and much and violently agitated before he went. A few words which he had written to her he gave into Mrs. Seymour's own hands ; and this letter, though it was such as to justify the high opinion some had formed of his character, was but little calculated to satisfy the expectations of Calantha's absurdly romantic mind ; or to realize the hopes she had cherished. It was not more expressive of his deep regret at their necessary separation, than of his anxiety that she should not suffer her spirits to be depressed, or irritate her father by an opposition which would prove fruitless.—
“ He does not love you Calantha,” said Lady Margaret, with a malicious smile, as

soon as she had read the letter—(and every one would read it):—“when men begin to speak of duty, they have ceased to love.” This remark gave Calantha but little consolation. Lord Avondale had quitted her too, without even bidding her farewell; and her thoughts continually dwelt on this disappointment.

Calantha knew not then that her misery was more than shared,—that Lord Avondale, though too proud to acknowledge it, was a prey to the deepest grief upon her account,—that he lived but in the hope of possessing the only being upon earth to whom he had attached himself,—and that the sentence pronounced against both, was a death stroke to his happiness, as well as to her own. When strong love awakes for the first time in an inexperienced heart it is so diffident, so tremblingly fearful, that it dares scarcely hope even for a return; and our own demerits appear before us, in such exaggerated colours, and the su-

perior excellence of the object we worship arises so often to our view, that it seems but the natural consequence of our own presumption, that we should be neglected and forgotten.

Of Admiral Sir R. Mowbray, Calantha now took leave without being able to utter one word:—she wept as children weep in early days, the hearts' convulsive sob free and unrestrained. He was as much affected as herself, and seeking Lady Margaret, before he left the castle and followed his nephew who had gone straight to England, began an eager attack upon her, with all the blunt asperity of his nature. Indeed he bitterly reproached himself, and all those who had influenced him, in what he termed his harsh unfeeling conduct to his nephew in this affair.—“And as to you, madam,” he cried, addressing Lady Margaret, “you make two young people wretched, to gratify the vanity of your son, and acquire a fortune, which I would

willingly yield to you, provided the dear children might marry, and go home with me to Allanwater, a place as pretty, and far more peaceful than any in these parts: there, I warrant, they would live happy, and die innocent—which is more than most folks can say in these great palaces and splendid castles.

A smile of contempt was the only answer Lady Margaret deigned to give.—Sir Richard continued, “you are all a mighty fine set of people, no doubt, and your assemblies, and your balls are thronged and admired; but none of these things will make the dear child happy, if her mind is set upon my nephew. I am the last in the world to disparage any one; but my nephew is just as proper a man in every point of view as your son; aye, or any body’s son in the whole world; and so there is my mind given free and hearty; for there is not a nobler fellow, and there never can be, than Henry Avondale:—he is as brave a sol-

dier as ever fought for his country ; and in what is he deficient ?” Lady Margaret’s lips and cheeks were now become livid and pale—a fatal symptom, as anger of that description in all ages has led to evil deeds ; whereas the scarlet effusion has, from the most ancient times been accounted harmless. “ Take Lady Calantha then,” exclaimed Lady Margaret, with assumed calmness, while every furious passion shook her frame ; “ and may she prove a serpent to your bosom, and blast the peace of your whole family.” “ She is an angel !” exclaimed the Admiral, “ and she will be our pride, and our comfort.” “ She is a woman,” returned Lady Margaret, with a malicious sneer ; “ and, by one means or other, she will work her calling.” Calantha’s tears checked Sir Richard’s anger ; and, his carriage being in readiness, he left the castle immediately after this conversation.

CHAPTER XIV.

It may easily be supposed that Lady Margaret Buchanan and Mrs. Seymour had a most cordial dislike for each other. Happily, at present, they agreed in one point: they were both desirous of rousing Calantha from the state of despondency into which Lord Avondale's departure had thrown her. By both, she was admonished to look happy, and to restrain her excessive grief. Mrs. Seymour spoke to her of duty and self controul. Lady Margaret sought to excite her ambition and desire of distinction. One only subject was entirely excluded from conversation: Lord Avondale's name was forbidden to be mentioned in Calantha's presence, and every allusion to the past to be studiously avoided.

Lady Margaret, however, well aware

that whosoever transgressed this regulation would obtain full power over her niece's heart, lost no opportunity of thus gaining her confidence and affection.

Having won, by this artifice, an easy and favorable audience, after two or three conversations upon the subject the most interesting to Calantha, she began, by degrees, to introduce the name, and with the name such a representation of the feelings of her son, as she well knew to be best calculated to work upon the weakness of a female heart. Far different were his real feelings, and far different his real conduct from that which was described to her niece by Lady Margaret. She had written to him a full account of all that had taken place ; but his answer, which arrived tardily, and, after much delay, had served only to increase that lady's ill humour and add to her disappointment. In the letter which he sent to his mother he openly derided her advice ; professed entire indifference to-

wards Calantha ; and said that, indubitably, he could not waste his thoughts or time in humouring the absurd fancies of a capricious girl,—that Lord Avondale, or any other, were alike welcome to her hand,—that, as for himself, the world was wide and contained women enough for him ; he could range amongst those frail and fickle charmers without subjecting his honour and his liberty to their pleasure ; and, since the lady had already dispensed with the vows given and received at an age when the heart was pure, he augured ill of her future conduct, and envied not the happiness of the man it was her present fancy to select :—he professed his intention of joining the army on the continent ; talked of leaden hail, glory and death ! and seemed resolved not to lessen the merit of any exploits he might achieve by any want of brilliancy in the colouring and description of them.

Enraged at this answer, and sickening

at his conceit, Lady Margaret sent immediately to entreat, or rather to command, his return. In the mean time, she talked much to Calantha of his sufferings and despair; and soon perceiving how greatly the circumstance of Lord Avondale's consenting to part from her had wounded her feelings, and how perpetually she recurred to it, she endeavoured, by the most artful interpretations of his conduct, to lower him in her estimation. Sarcas- tically contrasting his coldness with Buchanan's enthusiasm: "Your lover," said she, "is, without doubt, most dis- interested!—His eager desire for your happiness is shown in every part of his conduct!—Such warmth—such delicacy! How happy would a girl like my Calan- tha be with such a husband!—What filial piety distinguishes the whole of his be- haviour! — "Obey your father," is the burthen of his creed! He seems even to dread the warmth of your affection!— He trembles when he thinks into what

imprudence it may carry you!—Why, he is a perfect model, is he not? But let me ask you, my dear niece, is love, according to your notions and feelings, thus cool and considerate?—does it pause to weigh right and duty?—is it so very rational and contemplative? “Yes,” replied Calantha, somewhat piqued. “Virtuous love can make sacrifices; but, when love is united with guilt, it becomes selfish and thinks only of the present moment.” “And how, my little philosopher, did you acquire so prematurely this wonderful insight into the nature of love?” “By feeling it,” said Calantha, triumphantly; “and by comparing my own feelings with what I have heard called by that name in others.”

As she said this, her colour rose, and she fixed her animated blue eyes full upon Lady Margaret’s face; but vainly did she endeavour to raise emotion there; that countenance, steady and unruffled, betrayed not even a momentary

flash of anger: her large orbs rolled securely, as she returned the glance, with a look of proud and scornful superiority. "My little niece," said she, tapping her gently on the head, and taking from her clustering locks the comb that confined them, "my little friend is grown quite a satirist, and all who have not had, like her, every advantage of education, are to be severely lashed, I find, for the errors they may inadvertently have committed." As she spoke, tears started from her eyes. Calantha threw herself upon her bosom. "O, my dear aunt," she said, "my dearest aunt, forgive me, I entreat you. God knows I have faults enough myself, and it is not for me to judge of others, whose situation may have been very different from mine. Is it possible that I should have caused your tears? My words must, indeed, have been very bitter; pray forgive me." "Calantha," said Lady Margaret, "you are already

more than forgiven ; but the tears I shed were not occasioned by your last speech ; though it is true, censure from one's children, or those one has ever treated as such, is more galling than from others. But, indeed, my spirits are much shaken. I have had letters from my son, and he seems more hurt at your conduct than I expected :—he talks of renouncing his country and his expectations ; he says that, if indeed his Calantha, who has been the constant object of his thoughts in absence, can have already renounced her vows and him, he will never intrude his griefs upon her, nor ever seek to bias her inclinations : yet it is with deep and lasting regret that he consents to tear you from his remembrance and consign you to another."

Calantha sighed deeply at this unexpected information. To condemn any one to the pangs of unrequited love was hard : she had already felt that it was no light suffering ; and Lady Margaret, see-

ing how her false and artful representations had worked upon the best feelings of an inexperienced heart, lost no opportunity of improving and increasing their effect.

These repeated attempts to move Calantha to a determination, which was held out to her as a virtuous and honourable sacrifice made to duty and to justice, were not long before they were attended with success. Urged on all sides continually, and worked upon by those she loved, she at last yielded with becoming inconsistency; and one evening, when she saw her father somewhat indisposed, she approached him, and whispered in his ear, that she had thought better of her conduct, and would be most happy in fulfilling his commands in every respect. “Now you are a heroine, indeed,” said Lady Margaret, who had overheard the promise: “you have shewn that true courage which I expected from you—you have gained a victory

over yourself, and I cannot but feel proud of you." "Aye," thought Calantha, "flattery is the chain that will bind me; gild it but bright enough, and be secure of its strength: you have found, at last, the clue; now make use of it to my ruin."

"She consents," said Lady Margaret; "it is sufficient; let there be no delay; let us dazzle her imagination, and awaken her ambition, and gratify her vanity by the most splendid presents and preparations!"

CHAPTER. XV.

CALANTHA'S jewels and costly attire—her equipages and attendants, were now the constant topic of conversation. Every rich gift was ostentatiously exhibited; while congratulations, were on all sides, poured forth, upon the youthful bride. Lady Margaret, eagerly displaying the splendid store to Calantha, asked her if she were not happy.—“Do not,” she replied addressing her aunt, “do not fancy that I am weak enough to value these baubles:—My heart at least is free from a folly like this:—I despise this mockery of riches.” “You despise it!” repeated Lady Margaret, with an incredulous smile:—“you despise grandeur and vanity! Child, believe one who knows you well, you worship them;—they are your idols; and

while your simple voice sings forth romantic praises of simplicity and retirement, you have been cradled in luxury, and you cannot exist without it."

Buchanan was now daily, nay even hourly expected:—Lady Margaret, awaited him with anxious hope; Calantha with encreasing fear. Having one morning ridden out to divert her mind from the dreadful suspense under which she laboured, and meeting with Sir Everard, she enquired of him respecting her former favourite: "Miss Elinor," said the doctor, "is still with her aunt, the abbess of Glanaa; and, her noviciate being over, she will soon, I fancy, take the veil. You cannot see her; but if your Ladyship will step from your horse, and enter into my humble abode, I will shew you a portrait of St. Clara, for so we now call her, she being indeed a saint; and sure you will admire it." Calantha accompanied the doctor, and was struck with the singular beauty of the portrait. "Happy

St. Clara, she said, and sighed:—your heart, dedicated thus early to Heaven, will escape the struggles and temptations to which mine is already exposed. Oh! that I too, might follow your example; and, far from a world for which I am not formed, pass my days in piety and peace.”

That evening, as the Duke of Altamonte led his daughter through the crowded apartments, presenting her to every one previous to her marriage, she was suddenly informed that Buchanan was arrived. Her forced spirits, and assumed courage at once forsook her; she fled to her room; and there giving vent to her real feelings, wept bitterly.—“ Yet why should I grieve thus?” she said:—“ What though he be here to claim me? my hand is yet free:—I will not give it against the feelings of my heart.”—Mrs. Seymour had observed her precipitate flight, and following, insisted upon being admitted. She endeavoured to calm her; but it was too late.

From that day, Calantha sickened:—

the aid of the physician, and the care of her friends were vain:—an alarming illness seized upon her mind, and affected her whole frame. In the paroxysm of her fever, she called repeatedly upon Lord Avondale's name, which confirmed those around her in the opinion they entertained, that her malady had been occasioned by the violent effort she had made, and the continual dread under which she had existed for some time past, of Buchanan's return. Her father bitterly reproached himself for his conduct; watched by her bed in anxious suspense; and under the impression of the deepest alarm, wrote to his old friend the admiral, informing him of his daughter's danger, and imploring him to urge Lord Avondale to forget what had passed and to hasten again to Castle Delaval.—He stated that, to satisfy his sister's ambition, the greater part of his fortune should be settled upon Buchanan, to whom his title descended; and if, after this arrangement, Lord

Avondale still continued the same as when he had parted from Calantha, he only requested his forgiveness of his former apparent harshness, and earnestly besought his return without a moment's loss of time.

His sister, he strove in vain to appease:—Lady Margaret was in no temper of mind to admit of his excuses. Her son had arrived and again left the castle, without even seeing Calantha; and when the Duke attempted to pacify Lady Margaret, she turned indignantly from him, declaring that if he had the weakness to yield to the arts and stratagems of a spoiled and wayward child, she would instantly depart from under his roof, and never see him more. No one event could have grieved him so much, as this open rupture with his sister. Yet his child's continued danger turned his thoughts from this, and every other consideration:—he yielded to her wishes:—he could not endure the sight of her misery:—he had from infancy never refused her

slightest request:—and could he now, on so momentous an occasion, could he now force her inclinations and constrain her choice.

The kind intentions of the Duke were however defeated. Stung to the soul, Calantha would not hear of marriage with Lord Avondale:—pride, a far stronger feeling than love, at that early period, disdained to receive concessions even from a father:—and a certain moroseness began to mark her character, as she slowly recovered from her illness, which never had been observed in it before. She became austere and reserved; read nothing but books of theology and controversy; seemed even to indulge an inclination for a monastic life; was often with Miss St. Clare; and estranged herself from all other society.

“Let her have her will,” said Lady Margaret, “it is the only means of curing her of this new fancy.”—The Duke however thought otherwise: he was greatly

alarmed at the turn her disposition seemed to have taken, and tried every means in his power to remedy and counteract it.— A year passed thus away; and the names of Buchanan and Lord Avondale were rarely or never mentioned at the castle; when one evening, suddenly and unexpectedly, the latter appeared there to answer in person, a message which the Duke had addressed to him, through the Admiral, during his daughter's illness.

Lord Avondale had been abroad since last he had parted from Calantha; he had gained the approbation of the army in which he served; and what was better, he knew that he deserved it. His uncle's letter had reached him when still upon service. He had acted upon the staff; he now returned to join his own regiment which was quartered at Leitrim; and his first care, before he proceeded upon the duties of his profession, was to seek the Duke, and to claim, with diminished fortune and expectations, the

bride his early fancy had chosen.—“I will not marry him—I will not see him:”—These were the only words Calantha pronounced, as they led her into the room where he was conversing with her father.

When she saw him, however, her feelings changed. Every heart which has ever known what it is to meet after a long estrangement, the object of its first, of its sole, of its entire devotion, can picture to itself the scene which followed. Neither pride, nor monastic vows, nor natural bashfulness, repressed the full flow of her happiness at the moment, when Lord Avondale rushed forward to embrace her, and calling her his own Calantha, mingled his tears with hers.—The Duke, greatly affected, looked upon them both. “Take her,” he said, addressing Lord Avondale, and be assured, whatever her faults, she is my heart’s pride—my treasure. Be kind to her:—that I know you will be, whilst the enthusiasm of passion lasts: but ever be kind to her,

even when it has subsided :—remember she has yet to learn what it is to be controuled. “ She shall never learn it,” said Lord Avondale, again embracing Calantha : “ by day, by night, I have lived but in this hope :—she shall never repent her choice.” “ The God of Heaven vouchsafe his blessing upon you,” said the Duke. —“ My sister may call this weakness ; but the smile on my child’s countenance is a sufficient reward.”

CHAPTER XVI.



WHAT Lord Avondale had said was true. —One image had pursued him in every change of situation, since he had parted from Calantha ; and though he had scarcely permitted his mind to dwell on hope ; yet he felt that, without her, there was no happiness for him on earth ; and he thought that once united to her, he was beyond the power of sorrow or misfortune. So chaste, even in thought, she seemed—so frank and so affectionate, could he be otherwise than happy with such a companion ? How then was he astonished, when, as soon as they were alone, she informed him that, although she adored him, she was averse to the fetters he was so eager to impose. How was he struck to find that all the chimerical, romantic absurdities, which he most

despised, were tenaciously cherished by her; to be told that dear as he was, her freedom was even dearer; that she thought it a crime to renounce her vows, her virgin vows; and that she never would become a slave and a wife;—he must not expect it.

Unhappy Avondale! even such an avowal did not open his eyes, or deter him from his pursuit. Love blinds the wisest: and fierce passion domineers over reason. The dread of another separation inspired him with alarm. Agitated—furious—he now combatted every objection, ventured every promise, and loved even with greater fondness from the increasing dread of again losing what he had hoped was already his own.—“Men of the world are without religion,” said Calantha with tears; “Women of the world are without principle. Truth is regarded by none. I love and honour my God, even more than I love you; and truth is dearer to me than life. I am not

like those I see :— my education, my habits, my feelings are different ; I am like one uncivilized and savage ; and if you place me in society, you will have to blush every hour for the faults I shall involuntarily commit. Besides this objection, “ my temper—I am more violent—Oh that it were not so ; but can I, ought I, to deceive you ?” “ You are all that is noble, frank and generous : you shall guide me,” said Lord Avondale ; “ and I will protect you. Be mine :—fear me not :—your principles, I venerate ; your religion I will study—will learn—will believe in.—What more ?”

Lord Avondale sought, and won that strange uncertain being, for whom he was about to sacrifice so much. He considered not the lengthened journey of life—the varied scenes through which they were to pass ; where all the qualities in which she was wholly deficient would be so often and so absolutely required—discretion, prudence, firm and steady

principle, obedience, humility.—But to all her confessions and remonstrances, he replied :—“ I love, and you return my passion : — can we be otherwise than blest ! You are the dearest object of my affection, my life, my hope, my joy. If you can live without me, which I do not believe, I cannot without you ; and that is sufficient. Sorrows must come on all ; but united together we can brave them.— My Calantha you torture me, but to try me. Were I to renounce you—were I to take you at your word, you, you would be the first to regret and to reproach me.” —“ It is but the name of wife I hate,” replied the spoiled and wayward child. —“ I must command : — my will.” —“ Your will, shall be my law,” said Lord Avondale, as he knelt before her : “ you shall be my mistress—my guide—my mistress—and I, a willing slave.” —So spoke the man, who, like the girl he addressed, had died sooner than have yielded up his freedom, or his independence to

another ; who, high and proud, had no conception of even the slightest interference with his conduct or opposition to his wishes ; and who at the very moment that in words he yielded up his liberty, sought only the fulfilment of his own desire, and the attainment of an object upon which he had fixed his mind.

The day arrived. A trembling bride, and an impassioned lover faintly articulated the awful vow. Lord Avondale thought himself the happiest of men ; and Calantha, though miserable at the moment, felt that, on earth, she loved but him. In the presence of her assembled family, they uttered the solemn engagement, which bound them through existence to each other ; and though Calantha was deeply affected, she did not regret the sacred promise she had made.

When Lord Avondale, however, approached to take her from her father's arms—when she heard that the carriages awaited, which were to bear them to

another residence, nor love, nor force prevailed. "This is my home," she cried: "these are my parents. Share all I have—dwell with me where I have ever dwelt; but think not that I can quit them thus. No spirit of coquetry—no petty airs, learned or imagined, suggested this violent and reiterated exclamation—I will not go." I will not—was sufficient as she imagined, to change the most determined character; and when she found that force was opposed to her violence, terror, nay abhorrence took possession of her mind; and it was with shrieks of despair she was torn from her father's bosom.

"Unhappy Avondale!" said Sophia, as she saw her thus borne away, "may that violent spirit grow tame, and tractable, and may Calantha at length prove worthy of such a husband!" This exclamation was uttered with a feeling which mere interest for her cousin could not have created. In very truth, Sophia loved Lord Avondale. And Alice Mac

Allain, who heard the prayer with surprise and indignation, added fervently:—
“that he may make her happy—that he may know the value of the treasure he possesses—this is all I ask of heaven.—
Oh! my mistress—my protectress—my Calantha—what is there left me on earth to love, now thou art gone? Whatever they may say of thy errors even those errors are dearer to my heart, than all the virtues thou has left behind.”

CHAPTER XVII.



IT was at Allanwater, a small villa amidst the mountains, in the county of Leitrim, that Lord and Lady Avondale passed the first months of their marriage. This estate had been settled upon Sir Richard Mowbray, during his lifetime, by his brother, the late Earl of Avondale. It was cheerful, though retired; and to Calantha's enchanted eyes, appeared all that was most romantic and beautiful upon earth. What indeed had not appeared beautiful to her in the company of the man she loved! Every one fancies that there exists in the object of their peculiar admiration a superiority over others. Calantha perhaps was fully justified in this opinion. Lord Avondale displayed even in his countenance the sensibility of a warm, ardent and generous character.

He had a distinguished and prepossessing manner, entirely free from all affectation. It is seldom that this can be said of any man, and more seldom of one possessed of such singular beauty of person. He appeared indeed wholly to forget himself; and was ever more eager in the interests of others than his own. Many there are, who, though endowed with the best understandings, have yet an inertness, an insensibility to all that is brilliant and accomplished; and who, though correct in their observations, yet fatigue in the long intercourse of life by the sameness of their thoughts. Lord Avondale's understanding, however, fraught as it was with knowledge, was illumined by the splendid light of genius, yet not overthrown by its force. Of his mind, it might be truly said, that it did not cherish one base, one doubtful or worldly feeling. He was so sincere that, even in conversation, he never mis-stated, or exaggerated a fact. He saw at a glance the faults of others;

but his extreme good nature and benevolence prevented his taking umbrage at them. He was, it is true, of a hot and passionate temper, and if once justly offended, firm in his resolve, and not very readily appeased ; but he was too generous to injure or to hate even those who might deserve it. When he loved, and he never really loved but one, it was with so violent, so blind a passion, that he might be said to doat upon the very errors of the girl to whom he was thus attached. To the society of women he had been early accustomed ; but had suffered too much from their arts, and felt too often the effects of their caprices, to be easily made again their dupe and instrument. Of beauty he had oftentimes been the willing slave. Strong passion, opportunity, and entire liberty of conduct, had, at an early period, thrown him into its power. His profession, and the general laxity of morals, prevented his viewing his former conduct in the light

in which it appeared to his astonished bride ; but when she sighed, because she feared that she was not the first who had subdued his affections, he smilingly assured her, that she should be the last—that no other should ever be dear to him again.

Calantha, in manner, in appearance, in every feeling, was but a child. At one hour, she would look entranced upon Avondale, and breath vows of love and tenderness ; at another, hide from his gaze, and weep for the home she had left. At one time she would talk with him and laugh from the excess of gaiety she felt ; at another, she would stamp her foot upon the ground in a fit of childish impatience, and exclaiming, “ You must not contradict me in any thing,” she would menace to return to her father, and never see him more.

If Lord Avondale had a defect, it was too great good nature, so that he suffered his vain and frivolous partner, to com-

mand, and guide, and arrange all things around him, as she pleased, nor foresaw the consequence of her imprudence, though too often carried to excess. With all his knowledge, he knew not how to restrain ; and he had not the experience necessary to guide one of her character : —he could only idolize ; he left it to others to censure and admonish.

It was also for Calantha's misfortune, that Lord Avondale's religious opinions were different from those in which she had been early educated. It was perhaps to shew him the utility of stricter doctrines, both of faith and morality, that heaven permitted one so good and noble, as he was, to be united with one so frail and weak. Those doctrines which he loved to discuss, and support in speculation, she eagerly seized upon, and carried into practice ; thus proving to him too clearly, their dangerous and pernicious tendency. Eager to oppose and conquer those opinions in his wife, which

savoured as he thought of bigotry and prudish reserve, he tore the veil at once from her eyes, and opened hastily her wondering mind to a world before unknown. He foresaw not the peril to which he exposed her:—he heeded not the rapid progress of her thoughts—the boundless views of an over-heated imagination. At first she shrunk with pain and horror, from every feeling which to her mind appeared less chaste, less pure, than those to which she had long been accustomed; but when her principles, or rather her prejudices, yielded to the power of love, she broke from a restraint too rigid, into a liberty the most dangerous from its novelty, its wildness and its uncertainty.

The monastic severity which she had imposed upon herself, from exaggerated sentiments of piety and devotion, gave way with the rest of her former maxims—She knew not where to pause, or rest; her eyes were dazzled, her understand-

ing bewildered ; and she viewed the world, and the new form which it wore before her, with strange and unknown feelings, which she could neither define, nor command.

Before this period, her eyes had never even glanced upon the numerous pages which have unfortunately been traced by the hand of profaneness and impurity ; even the more innocent fictions of romance had been withheld from her ; and her mother's precepts had, in this respect, been attended to by her with sacred care. Books of every description were now, without advice, without selection, thrown open before her ; horror and astonishment at first retarded the course of curiosity and interest :—Lord Avondale smiled ; and soon the alarm of innocence was converted into admiration at the wit, and beauty with which some of these works abounded. Care is taken when the blind are cured, that the strong light of day should not fall too suddenly

upon the eye ; but no caution was observed in at once removing from Calantha's mind, the shackles, the superstitions, the reserve, the restrictions which overstrained notions of purity and piety had imposed.

Calantha's lover had become her master ; and he could not tear himself one moment from his pupil. He laughed at every artless or shrewd remark, and pleased himself with contemplating the first workings of a mind, not unapt in learning, though till then exclusively wrapt up in the mysteries of religion, the feats of heroes, the poetry of classic bards, and the history of nations the most ancient and the most removed.—“ Where have you existed, my Calantha ?” he continually said :—“ who have been your companions ?” “ I had none,” she replied ; “ but wherever I heard of cruelty, vice, or irreligion, I turned away.” “ Ah, do so still, my best beloved,” said Lord Avondale, with a sigh. “ Be ever

as chaste, as frank, as innocent, as now.”
“ I cannot,” said Calantha, confused and grieved. “ I thought it the greatest of all crimes to love :—no ceremony of marriage—no doctrines, men have invented, can quiet my conscience :—I know no longer what to believe, or what to doubt :—hide me in your bosom :—let us live far from a world which you say is full of evil :—and never part from my side ; for you are—Henry you are, all that is left me now. I look no more for the protection of Heaven, or the guidance of parents ;—you are my only hope :—do you preserve and bless me ; for I have left every thing for you.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THERE is nothing so difficult to describe as happiness. Whether some feeling of envy enters into the mind upon hearing of it, or whether it is so calm, so unassuming, so little ostentatious in itself, that words give an imperfect idea of it, I know not. It is easier to enjoy it, than to define it. It springs in the heart, and shews itself on the countenance; but it shuns all display; and is oftener found at home, when home has not been embittered by dissensions, suspicions and guilt, than any where else upon earth. Yes, it is in home and in those who watch there for us. Miserable is the being, who turns elsewhere for consolation! Desolate is the heart which has broken the ties that bound it there.

Calantha was happy; her home was

blessed ; and in Lord Avondale's society every hour brought her joy. Perhaps the feelings which, at this time united them, were too violent—too tumultuous. Few can bear to be thus loved—thus indulged : very few minds are strong enough to resist it. Calantha was utterly enervated by it ; and when the cares of life first aroused Lord Avondale, and called him from her, she found herself unfit for the new situation she was immediately required to fill. When for a few hours he left her, she waited with trembling anxiety for his return ; and though she murmured not at the necessary change, her days were spent in tears, and her nights in restless agitation. He more than shared in her distress : he even encouraged the excess of sensibility which gave rise to it ; for men, whilst they love, think every new caprice and weakness in the object of it but a new charm ; and whilst Calantha could make him grave or merry—or angry or pleased,

just as it suited her, he pardoned every omission—he forgave every fault.

Used to be indulged and obeyed, she was not surprised to find him a willing slave; but she had no conception that the chains he now permitted to be laid upon him, were ever to be broken; and tears and smiles, she thought, must, at all times, have the power over his heart which they now possessed. She was not mistaken:—Lord Avondale was of too fine a character to trifle with the affections he had won; and Calantha had too much sense and spirit to wrong him. He looked to his home therefore for comfort and enjoyment. He folded to his bosom the only being upon earth, for whom he felt one sentiment of passion or of love. Calantha had not a thought that he did not know, and share: his heart was as entirely open, as her own.

Was it possible to be more happy? It was; and that blessing too, was granted. Lady Avondale became a mother:—She

gave to Avondale, the dearest gift a wife can offer—a boy, lovely in all the grace of childhood—whose rosy smiles, and whose infant caresses, seemed even more than ever to unite them together. He was dear to both; but they were far dearer to each other. At Allenwater, in the fine evenings of summer, they wandered out upon the mountains, and saw not in the countenance of the villagers half the tenderness and happiness they felt themselves. They uttered therefore no exclamations upon the superior joy of honest industry:—a cottage offered nothing to their view, which could excite either envy or regret:—they gave to all, and were loved by all; but in all respects they felt themselves as innocent, and more happy than those who surrounded them.

In truth, the greater refinement, the greater polish the mind and manner receive, the more exquisite must be the enjoyment the heart is capable of obtain-

ing. Few know how to love :—it is a word which many misuse ; but they who have felt it, know that there is nothing to compare with it upon earth. It cannot however exist if in union with guilt. If ever it do spring up in a perverted heart, it constitutes the misery that heart deserves :—it consumes and tortures, till it expires. Even, however, when lawful and virtuous, it may be too violent :—it may render those who are subject to it, negligent of other duties, and careless of other affections : this in some measure was the case of Lord and Lady Avondale.

From Allenwater, Lord and Lady Avondale proceeded to Monteith, an estate of Lord Avondale's, where his Aunt Lady Mowbray and his only sister Lady Elizabeth Mowbray resided. Sir Richard and Lady Mowbray had never had any children, but Elizabeth and Lord Avondale were as dear to them, and perhaps dearer than if they had been their own. The society at Monteith was large. There

pleasure and gaiety and talent were chiefly prized and sought after, while a strong party spirit prevailed. Lady Monteth, a woman of an acute and penetrating mind, had warmly espoused the cause of the ministry of the day. Possessed of every quality that could most delight in society, — brilliant, beautiful and of a truly masculine understanding, she was accurate in judgment, and at a glance could penetrate the secrets of others ; yet was she easily herself deceived. She had a nobleness of mind which the intercourse with the world and exposure to every temptation, had not been able to destroy. Bigotted and prejudiced in opinions which early habit had consecrated, she was sometimes too severe in her censures of others.

At Castle Delaval, the society was even too refined ; and a slight tinge of affectation might, by those who were inclined to censure, be imputed to it. Though ease was not wanting, there was a polish

in manner, perhaps in thought, which removed the general tone somewhat too far from the simplicity of nature; sentiment, and all the romance of virtue, was encouraged.

At Monteith, on the contrary, this over refinement was the constant topic of ridicule. Every thought was there uttered, and every feeling expressed:—there was neither shyness, nor reserve, nor affectation. Talent opposed itself to talent with all the force of argument.—The loud laugh that pointed out any new folly, or hailed any new occasion of mirth, was different from the subdued smile, and gentle hint to which Calantha had been accustomed. Opinions were there liberally discussed; characters stripped of their pretences; and satire mingled with the good humour, and jovial mirth, which on every side abounded.

She heard and saw every thing with surprise; and though she loved and admired the individuals, she felt herself

unfit to live among them. There was a liberality of opinion and a satiric turn which she could not at once comprehend; and she said to herself, daily, as she considered those around her—"They are different from me.—I can never assimilate myself to them: I was every thing in my own family; and I am nothing here." What talents she had, were of a sort they could not appreciate; and all the defects were those which they most despised. The refinement, the romance, the sentiment she had imbibed, appeared in their eyes assumed and unnatural; her strict opinions perfectly ridiculous; her enthusiasm absolute insanity; and the violence of her temper, if contradicted or opposed, the pettishness of a spoiled and wayward child. Yet too indulgent, too kind to reject her, they loved her, they caressed her, they bore with her petulance and mistakes. It was, however, as a child they considered her:—they treated her as one not arrived at maturity of judgment.

Her reason by degrees became convinced by the arguments which she continually heard; and all that was spoken at random, she treasured up as truth: even whilst vehemently contending and disputing in defence of her favourite tenets, she became of another opinion. So dangerous is a little knowledge—so unstable is violence. Her soul's immortal hopes seemed to be shaken by the unguarded jests of the profane, who casually visited at Monteith, or whom she met with elsewhere:—she read till she confounded truth and falsehood, nor knew any longer what to believe:—she heard folly censured till she took it to be criminal; but crime she saw tolerated if well concealed. The names she had set in her very heart as pure and spotless, she heard traduced and vilified:—indignantly she defended them with all the warmth of ardent youth:—they were proved guilty; she wept in agony, she

loved them not less, but she thought less favourably of those who had undeceived her.

The change in Calantha's mind was constant—was daily: it never ceased—it never paused; and none marked its progress, or checked her career. In emancipating herself from much that was no doubt useless, she stripped herself by degrees of all, till she neither feared, nor cared, nor knew any longer what was, from what was not.

Nothing gives greater umbrage than a misconception and mistaken application of tenets and opinions which were never meant to be thus understood and acted upon. Lady Mowbray, a strict adherent to all customs and etiquettes, saw with astonishment in Calantha a total disregard of them; and her high temper could ill brook such a defect. Accustomed to the gentleness of Elizabeth, she saw with indignation the liberty her niece had assumed. It was not for her to

check her; but rigidity, vehemence in dispute, and harsh truths, at times too bitterly expressed on both sides, gave an appearance of disunion between them, which happily was very far from being real, as Calantha loved and admired Lady Mowbray with the warmest affection.

Lord Avondale, in the mean time, solely devoted to his wife, blinded himself to her danger. He saw not the change a few months had made, or he imputed it alone to her enthusiasm for himself. He thought others harsh to what he regarded as the mere thoughtlessness of youth; and, surrendering himself wholly to her guidance, he chided, caressed and laughed with her in turn. "I see how it is Henry," said Sir Richard, before left Ireland,—“you are a lost man; I shall leave you another year to amuse yourself; and I fancy by that time all this nonsense will be over. I love you the better for it, however, my dear boy;—

a soldier never looks so well, to my mind, as when kneeling to a pretty woman, provided he does his duty abroad, as well as at home, and that praise every one must give you.

CHAPTER XIX.



THE threatening storm of rebellion now darkened around.—Acts of daily rapine and outrage alarmed the inhabitants of Ireland, both in the capital and in the country: all the military forces were increased; Lord Avondale's regiment, then at Leitrim, was ordered out on actual service; and the business of his profession employed every moment of his time. The vigorous measures pursued, soon produced a favorable change; tranquillity was apparently restored; and the face of things resumed its former appearance; but the individual minds that had been aroused to action were not so easily quieted, and the charms of an active life were not so readily laid aside. Lord Avondale was still much abroad—much occupied; and the time hanging

heavy upon Calantha's hands, she was not sorry to hear that they were going to spend the ensuing winter in London.

In the autumn, previous to their departure for England, they passed a few weeks at Castle Delaval, chiefly for the purpose of meeting Lady Margaret Buchanan who had till then studiously avoided every occasion of meeting Lady Avondale. Buchanan had neither seen her nor sent her one soothing message since that event, so angry he affected to be, at what, in reality, gave him the sincerest delight.

Count Gondimar had returned from Italy, and was now at the castle. He had brought letters from Viviani to Lady Margaret, who said at once when she had read them: "You wish to deceive me. These letters are dated from Naples, but our young friend is here—here even in Ireland." "And his vengeance," said Gondimar, laughing. Lady Margaret affected, also, to smile:—"Oh, his vengeance!" she said, "is yet to come:—

save me from his love now ; and I will defend myself from the rest."

Lord and Lady Dartford were, likewise, at the castle. He appeared cold and careless. In his pretty inoffensive wife, he found not those attractions, those splendid talents which had enthralled him for so long a period with Lady Margaret. He still pined for the tyranny of caprice, provided the load of responsibility and exertion were removed : and the price of his slavery were that exemption from the petty cares of life, for which he felt an insurmountable disgust. From indolence, it seemed he had fallen again into the snare which was spread for his ruin ; and having, a second time, submitted to the chain, he had lost all desire of ever again attempting to shake it. Lady Dartford, too innocent to see her danger, lamented the coldness of her husband, and loved him with even fonder attachment, for the doubt she entertained of

his affection. She was spoken of by all with pity and praise: her conduct was considered as exemplary, when, in fact, it was purely the effect of nature; for every hope of her heart was centered in one object, and the fervent constancy of her affection arose, perhaps, in some measure from the uncertainty of its being returned. Lady Margaret continued to see the young Count Viviani in secret:—he had now been in Ireland for some months:—his manner to Lady Margaret was, however, totally changed:—he had accosted her, upon his arrival, with the most distant civility, the most studied coldness:—he affected ever that marked indifference which proved him but still too much in her power; and, while his heart burned with the scorching flames of jealousy, he waited for some opportunity of venting his desire of vengeance, which, from its magnitude, might effectually satisfy his rage.

Lord Dartford saw him once as he was

retiring in haste from Lady Margaret's apartment; and he enquired of her eagerly who he was.—“A young musician, a friend of Gondimar's, an Italian,” said Lady Margaret. “He has not an Italian countenance,” said Lord Dartford, thoughtfully. “I wish I had not seen him:—it is a face which makes a deep and even an unpleasant impression. You call him Viviani, do you?—whilst I live, I never shall forget Viviani!”

Cards, billiards and music, were the usual nightly occupations. Sir Everard St. Clare and the Count Gondimar sometimes entered into the most tedious and vehement political disputes, unless when Calantha could influence the latter enough to make him sing, which he did in an agreeable, though not in an unaffected manner. At these times, Mrs. Seymour, with Sophia and Frances, unheeding either the noise or the gaiety, eternally embroidered fancy muslins, or, with persevering industry, painted upon

velvet. Calantha mocked at these innocent recreations. "Unlike music, drawing and reading, which fill the mind," she said;—"unlike even to dancing which, though accounted an absurd mode of passing away time, is active and appears natural to the human form and constitution."

"Tell me Avondale," Calantha would say, "can any thing be more tedious than that incessant irritation of the fingers—that plebian, thrifty and useless mode of increasing in women a love of dress—a selfish desire of adorning their own persons?—I ever loathed it.—There is a sort of self-satisfaction about these ingenious working ladies, which is perfectly disgusting. It gratifies all the little errors of a narrow mind, under the appearance of a notable and domestic turn. At times, when every feeling of the heart should have been called forth, I have seen Sophia examining the patterns of a new gown, and curiously noting every fold of

a strangers dress. Because a woman who, like a mechanic, has turned her understanding, and hopes, and energies, into this course, remains uninjured by the storms around her, is she to be admired?—must she be exalted?” “It is not their occupation, but their character, you censure:—I fear, Calantha, it is their very virtue you despise.” Oh no!” she replied, indignantly: “when real virtue, struggling with temptations of which these senseless, passionless creatures have no conception, clinging for support to Heaven, yet preserves itself uncorrupted amidst the vicious and the base, it deserves a crown of glory, and the praise and admiration of every heart. Not so these spiritless immaculate prejudiced sticklers for propriety. I do not love Sophia:—no, though she ever affords me a cold extenuation for my faults—though through life she considers me as a sort of friend whom fate has imposed upon her through the ties of con-

sanguinity. I did not—could not—cannot love her; but there are some, far better than herself, noble ardent characters, unsullied by a taint of evil; and I think, Avondale, without flattery, you are in the list, that I would die to save; that I would bear every torture and ignominy, to support and render happy.” — “Try then my Calantha,” said Lord Avondale, “to render them so; for, believe me, there is no agony so great as to remember that we have caused one moment’s pang to such as have been kind and good to us.” “You are right,” said Calantha, looking upon him with affection.

Oh! if there be a pang of heart too terrible to endure and to imagine, it would be the consideration that we have returned unexampled kindness, by ingratitude, and betrayed the generous noble confidence that trusted every thing to our honour and our love. Calantha had not, however, this heavy charge to

answer for at the time in which she spoke, and her thoughts were gay, and all those around seemed to share in the happiness she felt.

Lord Avondale one day reproved Calantha for her excessive love of music.—“You have censured work,” he said, “imputed to it every evil, the cold and the passionless can fall into:—I now retort your satire upon music.” Some may smile at this; but had not Lord Avondale’s observation more weight than at first it may appear. Lady Avondale often rode to Glanaa to hear Miss St. Clare sing. Gondimar sung not like her; and his love breathing ditties went not to the heart, like the hymns of the lovely recluse. But for the deep flushes which now and then overspread St. Clara’s cheeks, and the fire which at times animated her bright dark eye, some might have fancied her a being of a purer nature than our own—one incapable of feeling

any of the fierce passions that disturb mankind ; but her voice was such as to shake every fibre of the heart, and might soon have betrayed to an experienced observer the empasioned violence of her real character.

Sir Everard, who had one day accompanied Calantha to the convent, asked his niece in a half serious, half jesting manner, concerning her gift of prophecy. “Have not all this praying and fasting, cured you of it, my little Sybel?” he said.—“No,” replied the girl; “but that which you are so proud of, makes me sad:—it is this alone which keeps me from the sports which delight my companions:—it is this which makes me weep when the sun shines bright in the clear heavens, and the bosom of the sea is calm.”—“Will you shew us a specimen of your art?” said Sir Everard, eagerly.—Miss St. Clare coloured, and smiling archly at him, “The inspiration is not on

me now, uncle," she said ; " when it is, I will send and let you know."—Calantha embraced her, and returned from her visit more and more enchanted with her singular acquaintance.

CHAPTER XX.

As soon as Lord and Lady Avondale had quitted Castle Delaval, they returned to Allanwater, previous to their departure for England. Buchanan, as if to mark his still-continued resentment against Calantha, arrived at Castle Delaval, accompanied by some of his London acquaintance almost as soon as she had quitted it. He soon distinguished himself in that circle by his bold libertine manners, his daring opinions and his overbearing temper. He declared himself at utter enmity with all refinement, and professed his distaste for what is termed good society. It was not long, however, before Lady Margaret observed a strange and sudden alteration in her son's manners and deportment:—he entered into every amusement proposed; he became more than usually

condescending; and Alice Mac Allain, it was supposed, was the sole cause of his reform.

Alice was credulous; and when she was first told that she was as fair as the opening rose, and soft and balmy as the summer breeze, she listened with delight to the flattering strain, and looked in the mirror to see if all she heard, were true. She beheld there a face, lovely as youth and glowing health could paint it, dimpling with ever-varying smiles, while hair, like threads of gold, curled in untaught ringlets over eyes of the lightest blue; and when she heard that she was loved, she could not bring herself to mistrust those vows which her own bosom was but too well prepared to receive. She had, perhaps, been won by the first who had attempted to gain her affections; but she fell into hands where falsehood had twined itself around the very heart's core:—she learned to love in no common school, and one by one every principle

and every thought was perverted; but it was not Buchanan who had to answer for her fall! She sunk into infamy, it is true, and ruin irreparable; but she passed through all the glowing course of passion and romance; nor awoke, till too late, from the dream which had deluded her.

Her old father, Gerald Mac Allain, had, with the Duke's permission, promised her hand in marriage to a young man in the neighbourhood, much esteemed for his good character. Linden had long considered himself as an approved suitor. When, therefore, he was first informed of the change which had occurred in her sentiments, and, more than all, when he was told with every aggravation of her misconduct and duplicity, he listened to the charge with incredulity, until the report of it was confirmed from her own lips, by an avowal, that she thought herself no longer worthy of accepting his generous offer,—that to be plain, she loved another, and wished never more to

see him, or to hear the reproaches which she acknowledged were her due. "I will offer you no reproaches," said Linden, in the only interview he had with her; "but remember, Miss MacAlain, when I am far away, that if ever those who, under the name of friend, have beguiled and misled you, should prove false and fail you,—remember, that whilst Linden lives, there is one left who would gladly lay down his life to defend and preserve you, and who, being forced to quit you, never will reproach you: no, Alice—never.

"Gerald," said Lady Margaret, on the morning when Alice was sent in disgrace from the castle, "I will have no private communication between yourself and your daughter. She will be placed at present in a respectable family; and her future conduct will decide in what manner she will be disposed of hereafter." The old man bent to the ground in silent

grief; for the sins of children rise up in judgment against their parents. "Oh let me not be sent from hence in disgrace," said the weeping girl; "drive me not to the commission of crime.—I am yet innocent.—Pardon a first offence." "Talk not of innocence," said Lady Margaret, sternly: "those guilty looks betray you.—Your nocturnal rambles, your daily visits to the western cliff, your altered manner,—all have been observed by me and Buchanan—" Oh say not, at least, that he accuses me. Whatever my crime, I am guiltless, at least, towards him." "Guiltless or not, you must quit our family immediately; and to-morrow, at an early hour, see that you are prepared."

It was to Sir Everard's house that Alice was conveyed. There were many reasons which rendered this abode more convenient to Lady Margaret than any other. The Doctor was timid and subservient, and Count Gondimar was al-

ready a great favourite of the youngest daughter, so that the whole family were in some measure, in Lady Margaret's power. Her ladyship accordingly insisted upon conveying Alice, herself, to Lady St. Clare's house; and having safely lodged her in her new apartment, returned to the castle, in haste, and appeared at dinner, pleased with her morning's adventure; her beauty more radiant from success.

It is said that nothing gives a brighter glow to the complexion, or makes the eyes of a beautiful woman sparkle so intensely, as triumph over another. Is this, however, the case with respect to women alone? Buchanan's florid cheek was dimpled with smiles; no sleepless night had dimmed the lustre of his eye; he talked incessantly, and with unusual affability addressed himself to all, except to his mother; while a look of gratified vanity was observable whenever the absence of Alice was alluded to. He had been pleased

with being the cause of ruin to any woman; but his next dearest gratification was the having it supposed that he was so. He was much attacked upon this occasion, and much laughing and whispering was heard. The sufferings of love are esteemed lightly till they are felt; and there were, on this occasion, few at the Duke's table, if any, who had ever really known them.

CHAPTER XXI.

TIME which passes swiftly and thoughtlessly for the rich and the gay, treads ever with leaden foot, for those who are miserable and deserted. Bright prospects carry the thoughts onward; but for the mourning heart, it is the direct reverse:—it lives on the memory of the past; traces ever the same dull round; and loses itself in vain regrets, and useless retrospections. No joyous morn now rose to break the slumbers of the once innocent and happy Alice: peace of mind was gone, like the lover who had first won her affections only, it seemed, to abandon her to shame and remorse.

At Sir Everard's, Alice was treated with impertinent curiosity, tedious advice and unwise severity. "I hate people in

the clouds," cried the Doctor, as he led her to her new apartment. "Who would walk in a stubble field with their eyes gazing upon the stars?—You would perhaps, and then let me say, nobody would pity you, Miss, if you tumbled into the mire." "But kind people would help me up again, and the unkind alone would mock at me, and pass on." "There are so many misfortunes in this life, Miss Mac Allain, which come unexpectedly upon us, that, for my life, I have not a tear to spare for those who bring them on themselves." "Yet, perhaps, sir, they are of all others, the most unfortunate." "Miss Alice, mark me, I cannot enter into arguments, or rather shall not, for we do not always think proper to do what we can. Conscientious rectitude is certainly a valuable feeling, and I am anxious to preserve it now: therefore, as I have taken charge of you, Miss, which is not what I am particularly fond of doing, I must exe-

cute what I think my duty. Please then to give over weeping, as it is a thing in a woman which never excites commiseration in me. Women and children cry out of spite: I have noticed them by the hour: therefore, dry your eyes; think less of love, more of your duty; and recollect that people who step out of their sphere are apt to tumble downwards till the end of their days, as nothing is so disagreeable as presumption in a woman. I hate presumption, do I not Lady St. Clare? So no more heroics, young Miss," continued he, smiling triumphantly, and shaking his head:—"no more heroics, if you value my opinion. I hate romance and fooleries in women: do I not, Lady St. Clare?—and heaven be praised, since the absence of my poor mad brother, we have not a grain of it in our house. We are all downright people, not afraid of being called vulgar, because we are of the old school; and when you have lived a little time with us, Miss, we shall, I

hope, teach you a little sound common sense—a very valuable commodity let me tell you, though you fine people hold it in disrepute.”

In this manner, Miss Mac Allain's mornings were spent, and her evenings even more tediously; for the Doctor, alarmed at the republican principles which he observed fast spreading, was constantly employed in writing pamphlets in favour of government, which he read aloud to his family, when not at the castle, before he committed them to the Dublin press. Two weeks were thus passed, by Alice, with resignation; a third, it seems was beyond her endurance; for one morning Sir Everard's daughters entering in haste, informed their father and mother that she was gone. “Gone,” cried Lady St. Clare! the thing is impossible.” “Gone,” cried Sir Everard! “and where? and how? The maids were called, and one Charley Wright, who served for footman, coachman and

every thing else upon occasion, was dispatched to seek her, while the doctor without waiting to hear his wife's surmises, or his daughter's lamentations, seized his hat and stick and walked in haste to the castle.

His body erect, his cane still under his arm, the brogue stronger than ever from inward agitation, he immediately addressed himself to the Duke and Lady Margaret and soon converted their smiles into fear and anger, by informing them that Alice Mac Allain had eloped.

Orders were given, that every enquiry should be made for the fugitive; and the company at the castle being informed one by one of the event, lost themselves in conjectures upon it. Lady Margaret had no doubt herself, that her son was deeply implicated in the affair, and in consequence every search was set on foot, but, as it proved in the event, without the least success. Mr. Buchanan had left Castle Delaval the week before, which confirmed

the suspicions already entertained on his account.

Lady Avondale was in London when she was informed of this event. Her grief for Alice's fate was very sincere, and her anxiety for her even greater; but Lord Avondale participated in her sorrow—he endeavoured to sooth her agitation; and how could he fail in his attempt: even misery is lightened, if it is shared; and one look, one word, from a heart which seems to comprehend our suffering, alleviates the bitterness.

Though Lady Avondale had not seen Buchanan since her marriage, and had heard that he was offended with her, she wrote to him immediately upon hearing of Alice's fate, and urged him by every tie, she thought most sacred and dear—by every impression most likely to awaken his compassion, to restore the unfortunate girl to her suffering father, or at least to confide her, to her care, that she might if possible protect and save her

from further misfortune.—To her extreme astonishment, she received an answer to this letter with a positive assurance from him that he had no concern, whatever in Miss Mac Allain's departure; that he was as ignorant as herself, whither she could be gone; and that it might be recollected he had left Castle Delaval some days previous to that event.

Lady Dartford who had returned to London and sometimes corresponded with Sophia, now corroborated Buchanan's statement, and assured her that she had no reason to believe Buchanan concerned in this dark affair, as she had seen him several times and he utterly denied it. Lady Dartford was however too innocent, and inexperienced to know how men of the world can deceive; she was even ignorant of her husband's conduct; and though she liked not Lady Margaret, she doubted not that she was her friend:—who indeed doubts till they learn by bitter experience the weakness of confiding!

CHAPTER XXII.



THE whole party, at Castle Delaval, now proceeded to London for the winter, where Lord and Lady Avondale were already established in the Duke's mansion in.....Square.

A slight cold and fever, added to the anxiety and grief Lady Avondale had felt for her unhappy friend, had confined her entirely to her own apartment; and since her arrival in town, Count Gondimar was almost the only person who had been hitherto admitted to her presence.

He and Viviani now lodged in the same house; but the latter still concealed himself and never was admitted to Lady Margaret's presence except secretly and with caution. He often enquired after Calantha; and one evening the following

conversation took place respecting her between himself and the Count:

“ You remember her,” said Gondimar, “ a wild and wayward girl.” Is she less, do you suppose, an object of attraction now in the more endearing character of mother and of wife—so gentle, so young she seems, so pure, and yet so passionately attached to her husband and infant boy, that I think even you Viviani would feel convinced of her integrity. She seems indeed one born alone to love, and to be loved, if love itself might exist in a creature whom purity, and every modest feeling seem continually to surround.

Viviani smiled in scorn. Gondimar, this Calantha, this fair and spotless flower is a woman, and, as such, she must be frail. Besides, I know that she is so in a thousand instances, though as yet too innocent to see her danger, or to mistrust our sex. You have often described to me her excessive fondness for music. What think you of it? She does not hear it as the

Miss Seymours hear it, you tell me. She does not admire it, as one of the lovers of harmony might. Oh no; she feels it in her very soul—it awakens every sensibility—it plays upon the chords of her overheated imagination—it fills her eyes with tears, and strengthens and excites the passions, which it appears to soothe and to compose. There is nothing which the power of music cannot effect, when it is thus heard. Your Calantha feels it to a dangerous excess. Let me see her, and I will sing to her till the chaste veil of every modest feeling is thrown aside, and thoughts of fire dart into her bosom, and loosen every principle therein. Oh I would trust every thing to the power of melody. Calantha is fond of dancing too, I hear; and dancing is the order of the night. This is well; and once, though she saw me not amidst the crowd, I marked her, as she lightly bounded the gayest in the circle, from the mere excess of the animal spirits of youth. Now Miss Sey-

mour dances; but it is with modest dignity: her sister Frances dances also, and it is with much skill and grace, her side-long glance searching for admiration as she passes by; but Calantha sees not, thinks not, when she dances:—her heart beats with joyous pleasure—her countenance irradiates—and almost wild with delight, she forgets every thing but the moment she enjoys. Let Viviani but for one night be her partner, and you shall see how pure is this Calantha. She boasts too of the most unclouded happiness, you tell me, and of the most perfect state of security and bliss; they who soar above others, on the wings of romance, will fall. Oh surely they will fall. Let her but continue in her present illusion a few short years—let her but take the common chances of the life she will be called upon to lead; and you, or I, or any man, may possess her affections, nor boast greatly of the conquest. In one word, she is now in London. Give but Viviani one

opportunity of beholding her: it is all I ask.

Gondimar listened to his young friend with regret. "There are women enough, Viviani," he said mournfully; "spare this one. I have an interest in her safety." — "I shall not seek her," replied Viviani proudly: "please your own fancy: I care not for these triflers—not I."

CHAPTER XXIII.



To that heartless mass of affectation, to that compound of every new and every old absurdity, to that subservient spiritless world of fashion, Lady Avondale was now for the first time introduced. It burst at once upon her delighted view, like a new paradise of unenjoyed sweets—like a fairy kingdom peopled with ideal inhabitants. Whilst she resided at Monteith and Castle Delaval, she had felt an eager desire to improve her mind; study of every sort was her delight, for he who instructed her was her lover—her husband; one smile, from him could awaken every energy—one frown, repress every feeling of gaiety, for every word he uttered amused and pleased; she learned with more aptness than a school-boy; and he who wondered at the quickness

of his pupil, forgot to ascribe her exertions and success to the power which alone occasioned them—a power which conquers every difficulty and endures every trial.

Arrived in that gay city, that fair mart where pleasure and amusement gather around their votaries,—where incessant hurry after novelty employs every energy, and desire of gaiety fills every hour, every feeling and every thought, Calantha hailed every new acquaintance—every new amusement; and her mind unpolished and ignorant, opened with admiration and wonder upon so new, so diversified a scene. To the language of praise and affection, she had been used; to unlimited indulgence and liberty, she was accustomed; but the soft breathing voice of flattery, sounded to her ear far sweeter, than any other more familiar strain; though often, in the midst of its blandishments, she turned away to seek for Lord Avondale's approbation.

Calantha was happy before; but now it was like a dream of enchantment; and her only regret was that her husband seemed not to partake as much, as she could have wished in her delight. Yet he knew the innocence of her heart, the austerity with which she shrunk from the bare thought of evil; and he had trusted her even in the lion's den, so certain was he of her virtue, and attachment. Indeed, Lord Avondale, though neither puffed with vanity, nor overbearing with pride, could not but be conscious, as he looked around, that both in beauty of person, in nobility of parentage, and more than these, in the impassioned feelings of an uncorrupted heart, and the rich gifts of a mind enlightened by wisdom and study, — none were his superiors, and very few his equals; and if his Calantha could have preferred the effeminate and frivolous beings who surrounded her, to his sincere and strong attachment, would she be worthy, in such case, of a single

sigh of regret or the smallest struggle to retain her!—No:—he was convinced that she would not; and, as in word and deed, he was faithful to her, he feared not to let her take the course which others trod, or enjoy the smiles of fortune, while youth and happiness were in her possession.

The steed that never has felt the curb, as it flies lightly and wildly proud of its liberty among its native hills and valleys, may toss its head and plunge as it snuffs the air and rejoices in its existence, while the tame and goaded hack trots along the beaten road, starting from the lash under which it trembles and stumbling and falling, if not constantly upheld.— Now see the goal before her. Calantha starts for the race. Nor curb, nor rein have ever fettered the pupil of nature—the proud, the daring votress of liberty and love. What though she quit the common path, if honour and praise accompany her steps, and crown her with

success, shall he who owns her despise her? or must he, can he, mistrust her? He did not; and the high spirits of uncurbed youth were in future her only guide—the gayest therefore, where all were gay—the kindest, for excess of happiness renders every heart kind. In a few months after Lady Avondale's arrival in London, she was surrounded, as it appeared, by friends who would have sacrificed their lives and fortunes to give her pleasure. Friends!—it was a name she was in the habit of giving to the first who happened to please her fancy. This even was not required: the frowns of the world were sufficient to endear the objects it censures to her affection; and they who had not a friend, and deserved not to have one, were sure, without other recommendation to find one in Calantha. All looked fresh, beautiful and new to her eyes; every person she met appeared kind, honourable and sincere; and every party brilliant; for her heart, blest in itself reflected its own sunshine around.

Mrs. Seymour, after her arrival in town was pleased to see Calantha so happy. No gloomy fear obtruded itself; she saw all things with the unclouded eye of virtue; yet when she considered how many faults, how many imprudences, her thoughtless spirits might lead her to commit, she trembled for her; and once when Calantha boasted of the extacy she enjoyed—"long may that innocent heart feel thus," she said, "my only, my beloved niece; but whilst the little bark is decked with flowers, and sails gaily in a tranquil sea, steer it steadily, remembering that rough gales may come and we should ever be prepared." She spoke with an air of melancholy: she had perhaps, herself, suffered from the goodness and openness of her heart; but whatever the faults and sorrows into which she had fallen, no purer mind ever existed than hers—no heart ever felt more strongly.

The affectation of generosity is common; the reality is so rare, that its con-

stant and silent course passes along unperceived, whilst prodigality and ostentation bear away the praise of mankind.— Calantha was esteemed generous; yet indifference for what others valued, and thoughtless profusion were the only qualities she possessed. It is true that the sufferings of others melted a young and ardent heart into the performance of many actions which would never have occurred to those of a colder and more prudent nature. But was there any self-denial practised; and was not she, who bestowed, possessed of every luxury and comfort, her varying and fanciful caprices could desire! Never did she resist the smallest impulse or temptation. If to give had been a crime, she had committed it; for it gave her pain to refuse, and she knew not how to deprive herself of any gratification. She lavished, therefore, all she had, regardless of every consequence; but happily for her, she was placed in a situation which prevented

her from suffering as severely for her faults, as probably she deserved.

Two friends now appeared to bless her further, as she thought, by their affection and confidence—Lady Mandeville, and Lady Augusta Selwyn. The former she loved; the latter she admired. Lord Avondale observed her intimacy with Lady Mandeville with regret; and once, though with much gentleness, reproved her for it. “Henry,” she replied, “say not one word against my beautiful, though perhaps unfortunate friend: spare Lady Mandeville; and I will give you up Lady Augusta Selwyn; but remember the former is unprotected and unhappy.

Mrs. Seymour was present when Lord Avondale had thus ventured to hint his disapprobation of Calantha’s new acquaintance.—“Say at once, that Calantha shall not see any more of one whom you disapprove:—her own character is not established. Grace and manner are prepossessing qualities; but it is decorum

and a rational adherence to propriety which alone can secure esteem. Tell me not of misfortunes," continued Mrs. Seymour, with increasing zeal in the good cause, and turing from Lord Avondale to Calantha. "A woman who breaks through the lesser rules which custom and public opinion have established, deserves to lose all claim to respect; and they who shrink not at your age, from even the appearance of guilt, because they dread being called severe and prudish, too generally follow the steps of the victims their false sentiments of pity have induced them to support. Lord Avondale" continued she, with more of warmth than it was her custom to shew—"you will lament, when it is too late, the ruin of this child. Those who now smile at Calantha's follies will soon be the first to frown upon her faults. She is on the road to perdition; and now is the moment, the only moment perhaps, in which to check her course. You ad-

wise :—I command. My girls at least, shall not associate with Lady Mandeville, whom no one visits. Lady Avondale of course is her own mistress.”

Piqued at Mrs. Seymour's manner, Calantha appealed to her husband: “and shall I give up my friend, because she has none but me to defend her? Shall my friendship—” “Alas Calantha,” said Lord Avondale, “you treat the noblest sentiment of the heart as a toy which is to be purchased to-day, and thrown aside to-morrow. Believe me, friendship is not to be acquired by a few morning visits; nor is it to be found, though I fear it is too often lost, in the crowd of fashion.” He spoke this mournfully. The ready tears trembled in Lady Avondale's eyes. —“I will see no more of her, if it gives you pain. I will never visit her again.”— Lord Avondale could not bear to grieve her.

A servant entered with a note, whilst they were yet together :—a crimson blush

suffused Calantha's cheeks. "I see" said Lord Avondale smiling, as if fearful of losing her confidence,—“it is from your new friend.” It was so:—she had sent her carriage with a request that Lady Avondale would immediately call upon her.—She hesitated; looked eagerly for a permission, which was too soon granted; and, without making any excuse, for she had not yet learned the art, she hastened from the lowering eyes of the deeply offended Mrs. Seymour.

CHAPTER XXIV.

LONG as she had now been known to Lady Mandeville, she had only once before seen her at her own house. She now found her reclining upon a sofa in an apartment more prettily than magnificently ornamented:—a shawl was thrown gracefully over her; and her hair, in dark auburn ringlets, half concealed her languishing blue eyes. Lady Mandeville was at this time no longer in the very prime of youth. Her air and manner had not that high polish, which at first sight seduces and wins. On the contrary, it rather was the reverse, and a certain pedantry took off much from the charm of her conversation. Yet something there was about her, which attracted. She seemed sincere too, and had less of that studied self-satisfied air, than most

women, who affect to be well informed.

“ I am glad you are come, my loved friend,” she said, extending her hand to Calantha when she entered. “ I have just been translating an Ode of Pindar:—his poetry is sublime: it nerves the soul and raises it above vulgar cares;—but you do not understand Greek, do you? Indeed to you it would be a superfluous acquisition, married as you are, and to such a man.”

—Lady Avondale, rather puzzled as to the connection between domestic happiness, and the Greek language, listened for further explanation;—but with a deep sigh, her lovely acquaintance talked of her fate, and referred to scenes and times long passed, and utterly unknown to her. She talked much too of injured innocence, of the malignity of the world, of her contempt for her own sex, and of the superiority of men.

Children as fair, and more innocent than their mother, entered whilst she was yet venting her complaints. A husband

she had not;—but lovers. What man was there who could see her, and not, at all events wish himself of the number! Yet she assured Lady Avondale, who believed her, that she despised them all; that moreover she was miserable, but vicious; that her very openness and frankness ought to prove that there was nothing to conceal. The thought of guilt entered not at that time into Calantha's heart; and when a woman affirmed that she was innocent, it excited in her no other surprise, than that she should, for one moment, suppose her so barbarous, and so malevolent, as to think otherwise. Indeed there seemed to her as great a gulph between those she loved, and vice, as that which separates the two extremes of wickedness and virtue; nor had she yet learned to comprehend the language of hypocrisy and deceit.

Though the presence of the children had not made any difference, the entrance

of three gentlemen, whom Lady Mandeville introduced to Lady Avondale, as her lovers, gave a new turn to the conversation ; and here it should be explained, that the term lover, when Lady Mandeville used it, was intended to convey no other idea than that of an humble attendant,—a bearer of shawls, a writer of sonnets, and a caller of carriages. “ With Lord Dallas you are already acquainted,” she said, sighing gently. “ I wish now to introduce to you Mr. Clarendon, a poet : and Mr. Tremore, what are you ? speak for yourself ; for I hardly know in what manner to describe you.” “ I am anything, and everything that Lady Mandeville pleases,” said Mr. Tremore, bowing to the ground, and smiling languidly upon her. Mr. Tremore was one of the most unsightly lovers that ever aspired to bear the name. He was of a huge circumference, and what is unusual in persons of that make, he was a mass of rancour and malevo-

lence — gifted however with a wit so keen and deadly, that with its razor edge, he cut to the heart most of his enemies, and all his friends. Lord Dallas, diminutive and conceited, had a brilliant wit, spoke seldom, and studied deeply every sentence which he uttered. He affected to be absent; but in fact no one ever forgot himself so seldom. His voice, untuned and harsh, repeated with a forced emphasis certain jests and bon mots which had been previously made, and adapted for certain conversations. Mr. Clarendon alone seemed gifted with every kind of merit:—he had an open ingenuous countenance, expressive eyes, and a strong and powerful mind.

The conversation alternately touched upon the nature of love, the use and beauty of the greek language, the pleasures of maternal affection, and the insipidity of all English society. It was rather metaphorical at times:—there was generally in it a want of nature—an at-

tempt at display : but to Calantha it appeared too singular, and too attractive to wish it otherwise. She had been used, however, to a manner rather more refined—more highly polished than any she found out of her own circle and family. A thousand things shocked her at first, which afterwards she not only tolerated, but adopted. There was a want of ease, too, in many societies, to which she could not yet accustom herself ; and she knew not exactly what it was which chilled and depressed her when in the presence of many who were, upon a nearer acquaintance, amiable and agreeable. Perhaps too anxious a desire to please, too great a regard for trifles, a sort of selfishness, which never loses sight of its own identity, occasions this coldness among these votaries of fashion. The dread of not having that air, that dress, that refinement which they value so much, prevents their obtaining it ; and a degree of vulgarity steals unper-

ceived amidst the higher classes in England, from the very apprehension they feel of falling into it. Even those, who are natural, do not entirely appear so.

Calantha's life was like a feverish dream:—so crowded, so varied, so swift in its transitions, that she had little time to reflect; and when she did, the memory of the past was so agreeable and so brilliant, that it gave her pleasure to think of it again and again. If Lord Avondale was with her, every place appeared even more than usually delightful; but, when absent, her letters, no longer filled with lamentations on her lonely situation, breathed from a vain heart the lightness, and satisfaction it enjoyed.

It may be supposed that one so frivolous and so thoughtless, committed every possible fault and folly which opportunity and time allowed. It may also be supposed, that such imprudence met with its just reward; and that every tongue was busy in its censure, and every gossip in exag-

gerating the extraordinary feats of such a trifler. Yet Calantha, upon the whole, was treated with only too much kindness; and the world, though sometimes called severe, seemed willing to pause ere it would condemn, and was intent alone to spare—to reclaim a young offender.

CHAPTER XXV.



How different from the animated discussion at Lady Mandeville's, was the loud laugh and boisterous tone of Lady Augusta Selwyn, whom Calantha found, on her return, at that very moment stepping from her carriage, and enquiring for her. "Ah, my dear sweet friend," she cried, flying towards Calantha, and shaking her painfully by the hand, "this fortuitous concurrence of atoms, fills my soul with rapture. But I was resolved to see you. I have promised and vowed three things in your name; therefore, consider me as your sponsor, and indeed I am old enough to be such. In the first place, you must come to me to-night, for I have a little supper, and all my guests attend only in the hope of meeting you. You are the bribe I have held out—you

are to stand me in lieu of a good house, good cook, agreeable husband, and pretty face,—in all of which I am most unfortunately deficient. Having confessed thus much, it would be barbarous, it would be inhuman you know to refuse me. Now for the second favour,” continued this energetic lady: — “come alone; for though I have a great respect for Mrs. and Miss Seymour, yet I never know what I am about when their very sensible eyes are fixed upon me.”—“Oh you need not fear, Sophia would not come if I wished it; and Mrs. Seymour”—“I have something else to suggest,” interrupted Lady Augusta:—“introduce me immediately to your husband: he is divine, I hear—perfectly divine!” “I cannot at this moment; but”—“By the bye, why were you not at the ball last night. I can tell you there were some who expected you there. Yes, I assure you, a pair of languid blue eyes watching for you—a fascinating new friend waiting

to take you home to a *petit souper très-bien assorti*. I went myself. It was monstrously dull at the ball:—insupportable, I assure you; perfectly so. Mrs. Turner and her nine daughters! It is quite a public calamity, Mrs. Turner being so very prolific—the produce so frightful. Amongst other animals, when they commit such blunders, the brood is drowned; but we christians are suffered to grow up till the land is overrun.”

“Heigho.” “What is the matter? You look so *triste* to-day, not even my wit can enliven you. — Is’nt it well, love? or has its husband been plaguing it? Now I have it:—you have, perchance, been translating an Ode of Pindar. I was there myself this morning; and it gave me the vapours for ten minutes; but I am used to these things you know child, and you are a novice. By the bye, where is your cousin, *le beau capitaine, le chef des brigands*? I was quite *frappé* with his appearance.” “You

may think it strange," said Calantha, "but I have not seen him these eight years—not since he was quite a child." "Oh, what an interview there will be then," said Lady Augusta: "he is a perfect ruffian."

Are you aware that we have three sets of men now much in request?—There are these ruffians, who affect to be desperate, who game, who drink, who fight, who will captivate you, I am sure of it. They are always just going to be destroyed, or rather talk as if they were; and every thing they do, they must do it to desperation. Then come the exquisites. Lord Dallas is one, a sort of refined *petit maître*, quite thorough bred, though full of conceit. As to the third set, your useful men, who know how to read and write, in which class critics, reviewers, politicians and poets stand, you may always know them by their slovenly appearance. But you are freezing, *mon enfant*. What can be the matter? I

will release you in a moment from my visitation. I have ten thousand things to say. — Will you come to my opera box Tuesday? Are you going to the masked ball Thursday? Has Mrs. Churchill sent for you to her *déjeûné paré*. I know she wishes, more than I can express, to have you. Perhaps you will let me drive you there. My ponies are beautiful arabians: have you seen them? Oh, by the bye, why were you not at your aunt Lady Margaret's concert? I believe it was a concert:—there was a melancholy noise in one of the rooms; but I did not attend to it.—Do you like music?"—I do; but I must own I am not one who profess to be all enchantment at the scraping of a fiddle, because some old philharmonic plays on it; nor can I admire the gurgling and groaning of a number of foreigners, because it is called singing.

“They tell me you think of nothing but love and poetry. I dare say you

write sonnets to the moon—the chaste moon, and your husband. How sentimental !” “ And you,” — “ No, my dear, I thank heaven I never could make a rhyme in my life. — Farewell — adieu — remember to-night, — bring Lord Avondale — that divine Henry : though beware too ; for many a lady has to mourn the loss of her husband, as soon as she has introduced him into the society of *fascinating* friends.” “ He is out of town.” “ Then so much the better. After all, a wife is only pleasant when her husband is out of the way. She must either be in love, or out of love with him. If the latter, they wrangle ; and if the former, it is ten times worse. Lovers are at all times insufferable ; but when the holy laws of matrimony give them a lawful right to be so amazingly fond and affectionate, it makes one sick.” “ Which are you, in love or out of love with Mr. Selwyn ?” — “ Neither, my child, neither. He never molests me, never

intrudes his dear dull personage on my society. He is the best of his race, and only married me out of pure benevolence. We were fourteen raw Scotch girls—all hideous, and no chance of being got rid of, either by marriage, or death—so healthy and ugly. I believe we are all alive and flourishing somewhere or other now. Think then of dear good Mr. Selwyn, who took me for his mate, because I let him play at cards whenever he pleased. He is so fond of cheating, he never can get any one but me to play with him. Farewell.—*A revoir*.—I shall expect you at ten.—*Adieu, chère petite.*” Saying which Lady Augusta left Calantha.

CHAPTER XXVI.



CALANTHA imagined, and was repeatedly assured, that her husband neglected her: the thought gave her pain: she contrasted his apparent coldness and gravity with the kindness and flattery of others. Even Count Gondimar was more anxious for her safety, and latterly she observed that he watched her with increasing solicitude. At a masked ball, in particular, the Italian Count followed her till she was half offended. Why do you thus persecute me as to the frivolity and vanity of my manner? Why do you seem so infinitely more solicitous concerning me than my husband and my relations?" she said, suddenly turning and looking earnestly at him. "What is it to you with whom I may chance to converse? How is it possible that you can see imperfections

in me, when others tell me I am faultless and delightful?" "And do you believe that the gay troop of flatterers who now follow you," said a mask, who was standing near the Count, "do you believe that they feel any other sentiment for you than indifference?" "Indifference!" repeated Calantha, "what can you mean? I am secure of their affection; and I have found more friends in London since I first arrived there, than I have made in the whole previous course of my life." "You are their jest and their derision," said the same mask.— "Am I," she said, turning eagerly round to her partner, Lord Trelawny, "am I your jest, and your derision?" "You are all that is amiable and adorable," he whispered. "Speak louder," said Lady Avondale, "tell this Italian Count, and his discourteous friend, what you think of me; or will they wait to hear, what we all think of them." Gondimar, offended, left her; and she passed the night at the

ball; but felt uneasy at what she had said.

Monteagle house, at which the masquerade was given, was large and magnificent. The folding doors opened into fine apartments, each decorated with flowers, and filled with masks. Her young friends, Sophia and Lady Dartford, in the first bloom and freshness of youth, attracted much admiration. Their dress was alike, and while seeming simplicity was its greatest charm, every fold, every turn was adapted to exhibit their figure, and add to their natural grace. If vanity can give happiness to the heart, how must theirs have exulted; for encomium and flattery was the only language they heard.

Lady Avondale, in the mean time, fatigued with the ceremonious insipidity of their conversation, and delighted at having for once escaped from Count Gondimar, sought in vain to draw her companions into the illuminated gardens, and

not succeeding, wandered into them alone, followed by some masks in the disguise of gipsies, by whom she was soon surrounded; and one of them whom she now recognised to be the same who had spoken to her with Gondimar, now under the pretence of telling her fortune, said to her every thing that was most severe. "What," said he, turning to one of his companions, "do you think of the line in this lady's hand? It is a very strange one: I augur no good from it." The dress of the mask who spoke was that of a friar, his voice was soft and mournful. "Caprice" said the young man, whom he addressed: "I read no worse fault. Come, I will tell her fortune.—" Lady, you were born under a favoured planet,"—"Aaron,"—interrupted the first gipsy, you are a flatterer, and it is my privilege to speak without disguise. Give me the hand, and I will shew her destiny. After pausing a moment, he fixed his dark eyes upon Calantha, the rest of his face being

covered by a cowl, and in a voice like music, so soft and plaintive begun.—

The task to tell thy fate, be mine,
To guard against its ills, be thine;
For heavy treads the foot of care
On those who are so young and fair.

The star, that on thy birth shone bright,
Now casts a dim uncertain light:
A threatening sky obscures its rays,
And shadows o'er thy future days.

In fashion's magic circle bound,
Thy steps shall tread her mazy round,
While pleasure, flattery and art,
Shall captivate thy fickle heart.

The transient favorite of a day,
Of folly and of fools the prey;
Insatiate vanity shall pine
As honour, and as health decline,
Till reft of fame, without a friend,
Thou'lt meet, unwept, an early end.

Lady Avondale coloured; and the young man who had accused her of ca-

price, watching her countenance, and seeing the pain these acrimonious lines had given her, reproved the friar "No, no," he cried "if she must hear her destiny, let me reveal it."

The task to tell thy fate, be mine,
And every bliss I wish thee, thine.
So heavenly fair, so pure, so blest,
Admired by all, by all carest.
The ills of life thou ne'er shalt know,
Or weep alone for others woe.

"For the honour of our tribe, cease Aaron" said a female gipsey advancing: "positively I will not hear any more of this flat parody. The friar's malice I could endure; but this will mar all."—Whatever the female gipsey might say, Aaron had a certain figure, and countenance which were sufficiently commanding and attractive. He had disengaged himself from his companions; and now approached Calantha, and asked her to allow him to take care of her through the crowd. "This is abominable trea-

chery," said the female gipsey:—this conduct is unpardonable: good faith and good fellowship were ever our characteristics." " You should not exert your power" answered the young man, " against those who seem so little willing to use the same weapons in return. I will answer for it that, though under a thousand masks, the lady you have attacked, would never say an ill natured thing" " Take care of her goodnature then," said the gipsey archly:—it may be more fatal."

The gipsey then went off, with the rest of her party; but Aaron remained, and, as if much pleased with the gentleness of Lady Avondale's behaviour, followed her. " Who are you?" said she. " I will not take the arm of one who is ashamed of his name" — " And yet it is only thus unknown, I can hope to find favour." " Did I ever see you before?" " I have often had the happiness of seeing you:—but am I then really so altered?" said he turning to her, and looking full

in her face, "that you cannot even guess my name?" "Had I ever beheld you before," answered Lady Avondale, "I could not have forgotten it." He bowed with a look of conceit, and Lady Avondale coloured at his comprehending the compliment, she had sufficiently intended to make. Smiling at her confusion, he assured her he had a right to her attention—" *Stesso sangue, Stessa sorte*"—said he in a low voice.

Calantha could hardly believe it possible:—the words he pronounced were those inscribed on her bracelet. "And are you my cousin?" said she: "is it indeed so? no: I cannot believe it." Buchanan bowed again. "Yes," said he; "and a pretty cousin you have proved yourself to me. I had vowed never to forgive you; but you are much too lovely and too dear for me to wish to keep my oath." A thousand remembrances now crowded on her mind—the days of her infancy—the amusements and occupa-

tions of her childhood ; and she looked vainly in Buchanan's face, for the smallest traces of the boy she had known so well. Delighted with her evening's adventure, and solely occupied with her companion, the masquerade, the heat and all other annoyances were forgotten, till Lady Dartford being fatigued, entreated her to retire.

She had conversed during the greater part of the evening with Lord Dartford. The female gipsey to whose party he belonged, and who had attacked Lady Avondale, was Lady Margaret Buchanan. He had asked Lady Dartford many questions about himself, to all of which she had answered with a reserve that had pleased him, and with a praise so unaffected, so heartfelt, and so little deserved, that he could not but deeply feel his own demerit. He did not make himself known, but suffered Lady Margaret to rally and torment his unoffending wife ; asking her repeatedly, why so pretty, and

so young, Lord Dartford permitted her to go to a masquerade without a protector. "It is," replied Lady Dartford innocently, "that he dislikes this sort of amusement, and knows well, that those who appear unprotected, are sure of finding friends." At this speech Lady Margaret laughed prodigiously; and turning to the Friar, who, much disguised, still followed her, asked him, if he had never seen Lord Dartford at a masquerade, giving it as her opinion, that he was very fond of this sort of amusement, and was probably there at that very moment.

In the mean time, Calantha continued to talk with Buchanan, and eagerly enquired of him who it was who, thus disguised, had with so much acrimony attacked her. "I do not know the young man," he answered:—"my mother calls him Viviani:—he is much with her; but he ever wears a disguise, I think; for no one sees him; and, except Gondimar, he seems not to have another acquaintance in England."

It has been said that the weak-minded are alone attracted by the eye; and they who say this, best know what they mean. To Calantha it appeared that the eye was given her for no other purpose than to admire all that was fair and beautiful. Certain it is, she made that use of her's; and whether the object of such admiration was man, woman, or child, horse or flower, if excellent in its kind, she ever gave them the trifling homage of her approbation. Her new-found cousin was therefore hailed by her with the most encouraging smile; and how long she might have listened to the account he was giving her of his exploits, is unknown, had not Frances approached her in a hasty manner, and said, "Do come away:—the strangest thing possible has happened to me:—Lord Trelawney has proposed to me, and I—I have accepted his offer." "Accepted his offer!" Calantha exclaimed, with a look of horror. "Oh, pray, keep my

secret till we get home," said Frances. "I dare not tell Sophia; but you must break it to my mother."

Lord Trelawney was a silly florid young man, who laughed very heartily and good humouredly, without the least reason. He wore the dress, and had been received in that class of men, whom Lady Augusta called the exquisites. He had professed the most extravagant adoration for Lady Avondale, so that she was quite astonished at his having attached himself so suddenly to Frances; but not being of a jealous turn, she wished her joy most cordially, and when she did the same by him,—“Could not help what I’ve done,” he said, looking tenderly at her through a spying-glass:—“total dearth of something else to say:—can never affection her much:—but she’s your cousin, you know:”—and then he laughed.

Lady Avondale prevailed on Frances to keep this important secret from her mother till morning, as that good lady had

not long been in bed, and to arouse her with such unexpected news at five o'clock had been cruel and useless. The next morning, long before Lady Avondale had arisen, every one knew the secret; and very soon after, preparations for the marriage were made. The young bride received presents and congratulations: her spirits were exuberant; and her lover, perfect and delightful. Even Lady Avondale beheld him with new eyes, and the whole family, whenever he was mentioned, spoke of him as a remarkably sensible young man, extremely well informed, and possessed of every quality best adapted to ensure the happiness of domestic life.

CHAPTER XXVII.

FROM the night of the masquerade, Lady Avondale dared hardly confess to herself, how entirely she found her thoughts engrossed by Buchanan. She met him again at a ball. He entreated her to let him call on her the ensuing day:—he said he had much to tell her:—his manner was peculiar; and his eyes, though not full of meaning in general, had a certain look of interest that gratified the vainest of human hearts. “I shall be at home till two,” said Calantha. “I shall be with you at twelve,” he answered.—Late as the hour of rest might appear to some, Calantha was up, and attired with no ordinary care to receive him, at the time he had appointed. Yet no Buchanan came.—Oh! could the petty triflers in vanity and vice, know the power they

gain, and the effect they produce by these arts, they would contemn the facility of their own triumph. It is ridiculous to acknowledge it, but this disappointment encreased Calantha's anxiety to see him to the greatest possible degree: she scarce could disguise the interest it created.

Gondimar unfortunately called at the moment when Calantha was most impatient and irritable. "You expected another," he said sarcastically; "but I care not. I came not here in the hope of pleasing Lady Avondale. I came to inform her."—"I cannot attend now." "Read this letter," said Gondimar. Calantha looked carelessly upon it—it was from himself:—it contained an avowal of attachment and of interest for her; in proof of which he asked permission to offer her a gift, which he said he was commissioned to bring her from Italy. Lady Avondale returned the letter coldly, and with little affectation of dignity, declined the

intended present. It is so easy to behave well, when it is our pleasure to do so, as well as our duty. Gondimar, however, gave her but little credit for her conduct. “ You like me not ? ” he said. “ Do you doubt my virtue ? ” she replied eagerly. “ Aye, Lady—or, at all events, your power of preserving it.”

Whilst Gondimar yet spoke, Buchanan galloped by the window, and stopped at the door of the house. His hands were decorated with rings, and a gold chain and half-concealed picture hung around his neck :—his height, his mustachios, the hussar trappings of his horse, the high colour in his cheek, and his dark flowing locks, gave an air of savage wildness to his countenance and figure, which much delighted Calantha. He entered with familiar ease ; talked much of himself, and more of some of his military friends ; stared at Gondimar, and then shook hands with him. After which, he began a vehement explanation of his con-

duct respecting Alice; assuring Calantha upon his honour—upon his soul, that he had no hand in her elopement. He then talked of Ireland; described the dreadful, the exaggerated accounts of what had occurred there; and ended by assuring Gondimar that the young Glenarvon was not dead, but was at this time at Belfont, concealed there with no other view than that of heading the rebels. The accounts which the Duke of Altamonte had received, in part corroborated Buchanan's statement.

Calantha listened, however, with more interest to the accounts Buchanan now gave; and as he said he was but just returned from Dublin, even Gondimar thought the news which he brought worthy of some attention. "Send that damned Italian away," said Buchanan in a loud whisper—"I have a million of things to tell you. If you keep him here, I shall go:—my remaining will be of no use." Unaccustomed to curb herself in the

least wish, Calantha now whispered to Gondimar, that she wished him to leave her, as she had something very particular to say to her cousin ; but he only smiled contemptuously upon him, and sternly asking her, since when this amazing intimacy had arisen—placed himself near the piano-forte, striking its chords with accompaniments till the annoyance was past bearing.

Buchanan consoled himself by talking of his dogs and horses ; and having given Calantha a list of the names of each, began enumerating to her the invitations he had received for the ensuing week. Fortunately, at this moment, a servant entered with a note for Gondimar. “ Does the bearer wait ? ” he exclaimed with much agitation upon reading it ; and immediately left the room.

Upon returning home, Count Gondimar perceived with surprise, in the place of the person he had expected, one of the at-

tendants of the late Countess of Glenarvon, —a man whose countenance and person he well remembered from its peculiarly harsh and unpleasant expression.—“Is my young Lord alive?” said the man in a stern manner. “Count Gondimar replied in the negative.” “Then, Sir, I must trouble you with those affairs which most nearly concern him.” “Your name, I think is Macpherson?” said Count Gondimar. “You lived with the Countess of Glenarvon.” The man bowed, and giving a letter into the hands of the Count, “I am come from Italy at this time,” he replied, “in search of my late master—La Crusca and myself.” “Is La Crusca with you?” said Gondimar starting. “The letter will inform you of every particular,” replied the man with some gravity. “I shall wait for the child, or your farther orders.” Saying this, he left the Count’s apartment; and returned into the anti-chamber, where a beautiful little boy was waiting for him.

On that very evening, after a long conversation with Macpherson, Count Gondimar again sought Calantha at her father's house, where, upon enquiring for her, he was immediately admitted. After some little hesitation, he told her that he had brought her the present of which he had made mention in his letter; that if she had the unkindness to refuse it, some other perhaps would take charge of it:—it was a gift which, however unworthy he was to offer it, he thought would be dearer in her estimation than the finest jewels, and the most costly apparel:—it was a fair young boy, he said, fitted to be a Lady's page, and trained in every cunning art his tender years could learn. "He will be a play mate;" he said smiling, "for your son, and when," added he in a lower voice, "the little Mowbrey can speak, he will learn to lisp in that language which alone expresses all that the heart would utter—all that in a barbarous dialect it dares not—must not say."

As he yet spoke, he took the hat from off Zerbellini's head, and gently pushing him towards Calantha, asked him to sue for her protection. The child immediately approached, hiding himself with singular fear from the caresses of the Count. "Zerbellini," said Gondimar in Italian, "will you love that lady?" "In my heart;" replied the boy, shrinking back to Calantha, as if to a late found but only friend. Sophia was called, and joined in the general interest and admiration the child excited. Frances shewed him to Lord Trelawney, who laughed excessively at beholding him. Lady Margaret, who was present, looking upon him steadfastly, shrunk as if she had seen a serpent in her way, and then recovering herself, held her hand out towards him. Zerbellini fixed his eyes on Calantha, as if watching in her countenance for the only commands which he was to obey; and when she drew him towards her aunt, he knelt to her, and kissed her hand

with the customary grace and courtesy of an Italian.

From that day Calantha thought of nothing but Zerbellini. He was a new object of interest:—to dress him, to amuse him, to shew him about, was her great delight. Wherever she went he must accompany her: in whatever she did or said, Zerbellini must bear a part. The Duke of Myrtlegrove advised her to make him her page; and for this purpose he ordered him the dress of an Eastern slave. Buchanan gave him a chain with a large turquoise heart; and as he placed it around the boy, he glanced his eye on Calantha. Presents, however, even more magnificent were in return immediately dispatched by her to the Duke, and to Buchanan.

Count Gondimar read the letters Calantha had written with the gifts; for she had left them, as was her custom, open upon the table. All she wrote, or received, were thus left; not from ostentation, but

indifference and carelessness. "Are you mad," said the Italian "or worse than mad?" "I affect it not," replied Lady Avondale. "I conclude, therefore that it is real." Indeed there was a strange compound in Calantha's mind. She felt but little accountable for her actions, and she often had observed that if ever she had the misfortune to reflect and consequently to resolve against any particular mode of conduct, the result was that she ever fell into the error she had determined to avoid. She might indeed have said that the spirit was willing but the flesh was weak; for whatever she resolved, upon the slightest temptation to the contrary, she failed to execute.

CHAPTER XXVIII.



“ I AM astonished my dear Gondimar,” said Viviani one day, addressing him, “ at the description which you gave me of Lady Avondale. I have seen her since we conversed together about her, more than once; and there is not, I think, much trace left of that excessive timidity of manner—that monastic rigidity in her opinions and conduct, of which you made mention in one of your letters from Castle Delaval.” “ I was wrong, utterly wrong,” said Gondimar, “ and you may now rank this model of purity, this paragon of wives, this pupil of nature, whom I have so often praised to you, on a level with the rest of her fellow mortals.” “ Not on a level—not on a level,” replied Viviani with gravity; “ but falling as I fear, far beneath it.”

The Count then repeated in a solemn tone the description of Rome which Lucian has placed in the mouth of Nigrinus applying the enumeration of vices, temptations and corruptions, attributed to the fairest capital of the world, to London; and then asked of Gondimar, if it were possible for one like Calantha to sojourn long amidst such scenes, without in some measure acquiring the manners, if not falling into the errors to which the eyes and ears were every hour accustomed? He spoke of her with regret, as he thus pronounced her on the verge of ruin: — “ a prey,” he said indignantly, “ for the spoiler—the weak and willing victim of vanity.” “ The courts of her father are overrun with petitioners and mendicants,” said Gondimar: “ her apartments are filled with flatterers who feed upon her credulity: she is in love with ruin: it stalks about in every possible shape, and in every shape, she hails it:—

woe is it; victim of prosperity, luxury and self indulgence."

"And Avondale," said Viviani." Lord Avondale," replied the Count, "knows not, thinks not, comprehends not her danger or his own. But the hour of perdition approaches; the first years of peace and love are past; folly succeeds; and vice is the after game. These are the three stages in woman's life. Calantha is swiftly passing through the second:—the third will succeed. The days and months once glided away in a dream of joy, dangerous and illusive—in a dream, I repeat; for all that depends on the excess and durability of any violent passion, must be called a dream. Such passion, even though sanctioned by the most sacred ties, if it engrossess every thought, is not innocent—cannot be lawful. It plants the seeds of corruption which flourish and gain strength hereafter. This is the climate in which they will soonest ripen:

—this is the garden and soil, where they take the most rapid, and the deepest root.”

“And think you, that Calantha and Avondale, are already weary of each other? that the warm and vivid imagination of youthful love is satiated with excess? or that disappointment has followed upon a nearer view?” “All passion,” replied Gondimar—falling back and impressively raising his hand—all “passion is founded on” “Friend,” said Viviani, “thy prate is unmercifully tedious,” — “I half believe that thou art thyself in love with this Calantha; but for an explanation and detail of that master passion, I know not why I applied to you: Calantha is the object of your pursuit not mine.” “Of my pursuit! in truth I believe you feel more interest in her conduct than I do, I am old and weary of these follies; life is just opening upon you; Calantha is your idol” “No,” replied Viviani, with a smile of scorn. “It is not that party

coloured butterfly, which ranges ever from flower to flower, spreading its light pinions in the summer breeze, or basking in the smiles of fortune, for which my life is consumed, my soul is scorched with living fire, and my mind is impaired and lost! Oh would to heaven that it were! No arts, no crimes were then required to win and to enjoy. The pulse of passion beats high within her, and pleads for the lover who dares to ask. Wild fancy, stimulated by keen sensibility and restless activity of mind, without employment, render her easy to be approached, and easy to be influenced and worked upon. Love is the nature of these favourites of fortune: from earliest infancy—they feel its power! and their souls enervated, live but upon its honied vows. Chaste—pure! What are these terms? The solitary recluse is not chaste, as I have heard; and these, never—never.”

“ Yet Lady Margaret you say is un-

moved." "What of Lady Margaret?" interrupted Viviani, while bitter smiles quivered upon his lip. "Do you mark the pavement of stone upon which you tread? Do you see the steel of which this sabre is composed—once heated by the flames, now hard and insensible?—so cold,—so petrified is the heart, when it has once given full vent to passion. Marble is that heart which only beats for my destruction. The time is not yet arrived, but I will dash the cup of joy from her lips; then drink the dregs myself, and die." "Mere jealous threats," said Gondimar. "The curse of innocent blood is on her," replied Viviani, as his livid cheeks and lips resumed a purple dye. "Name her no more." "Explain yourself," cried his astonished friend. "You frequently allude to scenes of deeper guilt and horror, than I dare even suffer myself to imagine possible." "The heart of man is unfathomable," replied

Viviani;—"that which seems, is not:—that which is, seems not: we should neither trust our eyes nor ears, in a world like this. But time, which ripens all things, shall disclose the secrets even of the dead."

A short time after this conversation with Gondimar, Viviani took leave of him. He informed him fully of his projects; and Lady Margaret was also consulted upon the occasion. "What is become of your menaced vengeance," she said, smiling upon him, in their last parting interview. He laughed at the remembrance of his words. "Am I the object now of your abhorrence," she said, placing her white hand carelessly upon his head. "Not absolutely," replied the young Count, shrinking, however, from the pressure of that hand. "Touch me not," he whispered more earnestly, "it thrills through my soul.—Keep those endearments for Dartford: leave me in

peace." Immediately after this he left London; and by the first letter Lady Margaret received from him, she found that he was preparing to embark.

CHAPTER XXIX.

FRANCES SEYMOUR's marriage with Lord Trelawny was now celebrated, after which the whole family left London for Ireland.

Sophia, previous to her departure, reproved Calantha for her obstinacy, as she called it, in remaining in town. "I leave you with pain," she said: "forgive me if I say it, for I see you have no conception of the folly of your conduct. Ever in extremes, you have acted as I little expected from the wife of Lord Avondale; but I blame him equally for giving you such unbounded freedom:—only the very wise and the very good know how to use it." "Sophia," replied Calantha, "I wish not for reproaches:—have confidence in me:—we cannot all be exactly alike. You are a

pattern of propriety and virtue, and verily you have your reward:—I act otherwise, and am prepared for censures:—even yours cannot offend me. Lord Avondale talks of soon returning to Ireland: I shall then leave this dear delightful London without regret; and you shall find me when we all meet for the spring at Castle Delaval, just the same, as when I entered it. Never the same, thought Sophia, who marked, with astonishment, the change a few months had made.

They were yet speaking, and taking a cold farewell of each other, when a thundering rap at the door interrupted them, and before Sophia could retreat, Mr. Fremore, Count Gondimar and Lady Mandeville were ushered in. A frozen courtesy, and an austere frown, were the only signs of animation Sophia gave, as she vanished from their view; for she seemed hardly to have energy sufficient left, to walk out of the room in an ordinary manner.

“ You have been ill,” said Lady Mandeville, accosting Calantha. “ It is a week since I have seen you, Think not, however, that I am come to intrude upon your time: I only called, as I passed your door, to enquire after you. Mr. Fremore tells me you are about to visit the Princess of Madagascar. Is this true? for I never believe any thing I hear? “ For once,” said Calantha, “ you may do so; and on this very evening, my introduction is to take place.” “ It is with regret I hear it,” said Lady Mandeville with a sigh: “ we shall never more see any thing of you. Besides, she is not my friend.” Calantha assured Lady Mandeville her attachment could endure all sorts of trials; and laughingly enquired of her respecting her lovers, Apollonius, and the Greek Lexicon she was employed in translating. Lady Mandeville answered her with some indifference on these subjects; and having said all that she could in order to dissuade her

against visiting the Princess, took her leave.

That evening, at the hour of ten, Lord Avondale and Mr, Fremore being in readiness, Calantha drove according to appointment to visit the wife of the great Nabob, the Princess of Madagascar. Now who is so ignorant as not to know that this Lady resides in an old-fashioned gothic building, called Barbary House, three miles beyond the turnpike? and who is so ignorant as not to be aware that her highness would not have favoured Lady Avondale with an audience, had she been otherwise than extremely well with the world, as the phrase is—for she was no patroness of the fallen! the caresses and *petits mots obligeants* which dropt from her during this her first interview, raised Lady Avondale in her own opinion; but that was unnecessary. What was more to the purpose, it won her entirely towards the Princess.

Calantha now, for the first time, con-

versed with the learned of the land:— she heard new opinions started, and old ones refuted; and she gazed unhurt, but not unawed, upon reviewers, poets, critics, and politicians. At the end of a long gallery, two thick wax tapers, rendering “darkness visible,” the princess was seated. A poet of an emaciated and sallow complexion stood beside her; of him it was affirmed that in apparently the kindest and most engaging manner, he, at all times, said precisely that which was most unpleasant to the person he appeared to praise. This yellow hyena had, however, a heart noble, magnanimous and generous; and even his friends, could they but escape from his smile and his tongue, had no reason to complain. Few events, if any, were ever known to move the Princess from her position. Her pages—her foreign attire, but genuine English manners, voice and complexion, attracted universal admiration. She was beautiful too,

and had a smile it was difficult to learn to hate or to mistrust. She spoke of her own country with contempt; and, even in her dress, which was magnificent, attempted to prove the superiority of every other over it. Her morals were simple and uncorrupt, and in matters of religious faith she entirely surrendered herself to the guidance of Hoiaouskim. She inclined her head a little upon seeing Lady Avondale; the *dead*, I mean the sick poet, did the same; and Hoiaonskim, her high priest, cast his eyes, with unassuming civility, upon Calantha, thus welcoming her to Barbary House.

The princess then spoke a little sentence—just enough to shew how much she intended to protect Lady Avondale. She addressed herself, besides, in many dialects, to an outlandish set of menials; appointing every one in the room some trifling task, which was performed in a moment by young and old, with surprising alacrity. Such is the force of fa-

shion and power, when skilfully applied. After this, she called Calantha: a slight exordium followed then a wily pointed catechism; her Highness nodding at intervals, and dropping short epigrammatic sentences, when necessary, to such as were in attendance around her. "Is she acting?" said Calantha, at length, in a whisher, addressing the sallow complexioned Poet, who stood sneering and simpering behind her chair. "Is she acting, or is this reality?" "It is the only reality you will ever find in the Princess," returned her friend. She acts the Princess of Madagascar from morning till night, and from night till morning. You may fall from favour, but you are now at the height: no one ever advanced further — none ever continued there long,"

"But why," said Lady Avondale, "do the great Nabob, and all the other Lords in waiting, with that black hord of savages" — "Reviewers, you mean, and

men of talents." Well, whatever they are, tell me quickly why they wear collars, and chains around their necks at Barbary House?" "It is the fashion," replied the poet. "This fashion is unbecoming your race," said Lady Avondale: "I would die sooner than be thus enchained." "The great Nabob," quoth Mr. Fremore, joining in the discourse, "is the best, the kindest, the cleverest man I know; but, like some philosophers, he would sacrifice much for a peaceable life. The Princess is fond of inflicting these lesser tyrannies: she is so helplessly attached to these trifles—so overweaningly fond of exerting her powers, it were a pity to thwart her. For my own part, I could willingly bend to the yoke, provided the duration were not eternal; for observe that the chains are well gilded; that the tables are well stored; and those who bend the lowest are ever the best received." "And if I also bow my neck," said Calantha, will

she be grateful? May I depend upon her seeming kindness?" The Poet's naturally pale complexion turned to a bluish green at this enquiry.

Cold Princess! where are your boasted professions now? You taught Calantha to love you, by every petty art of which your sex is mistress. She heard, from your lips, the sugared poisons you were pleased to lavish upon her. You laughed at her folies, courted her confidence, and flattered her into a belief that you loved her. Loved her!—it is a feeling you never felt. She fell into the mire; the arrows of your precious crew were shot at her—like hissing snakes hot and sharpened with malice and venomed fire; and you, yes—you were the first to scorn her:—you, by whom she had stood faithfully and firmly amidst a host of foes—aye, amidst the fawning rabble, who still crowd your doors, and laugh at and despise you. Thanks for the helping hand of friendship in the time of need—

the mud and the mire have been washed from Calantha; the arrows have been drawn from a bleeding bosom; the heart is still sound, and beats to disdain you. The sun may shine fairly again upon her; but never, whilst existence is prolonged, will she set foot in the gates of the Palace of the great Nabob, or trust to the smiles and professions of the Princess of Madagascar.

CHAPTER XXX.



“AND what detains you in town?” said Gondimar, on the eve of Mrs. Seymour and Sophia’s departure. “Will this love of gaiety never subside. Tell me, Lady Avondale, do you believe all that the Duke of Myrtlegrove, and your more warlike cousin have said to you?—What means the blush on your indignant cheek? The young duke is more enamoured of the lustre of his diamond ring and broach, than of the brightest eyes that ever gazed on him; and though the words glory and renown drop from the mouth of Buchanan, love, I think, has lost his time in aiming arrows at his heart. Has he one?—I think not?” But who has one in London?” “You have not assuredly,” said the Count: “and, if you knew the censures that are every where passed upon

you, I think, for Lord Avondale's sake, you would regret it." "I do; but indeed—"

The entrance of Buchanan put a stop to this conversation. "Are you ready?" he cried. "Ready! I have waited for you three hours: it is five, and you promised to come before two." "You would excuse me, I am sure, if you knew how excessively ill I have been. I am but this moment out of bed. That accursed hazard kept me up till ten this morning. Once, I sat two days and nights at it: but it's no matter." "You take no care of yourself.—I wish for my sake you would." The manner in which Calantha said this, was most particularly flattering and kind: it was, indeed, ever so; but the return she met with (like the lady who loved the swine). "Honey," quoth she, "thou shalt in silver salvers dine:" "Humph," quoth he) was most uncourteous. "Truly I care not if I am knocked on the head to-morrow," replied Buchanan. "There

is nothing worth living for in life: every thing annoys me: I am sick of all society, Love, sentiment, is my abhorrence.” “ But driving, dearest Buchanan,—riding,—your mother—your—your cousin.” “ Oh, d . . n it; don't talk about it. It's all a great bore.”

“ And can Lady Avondale endure this jargon?” “ What is that Italian here again?” whispered Buchanan. “ But come, let's go. My horses must not wait, they are quite unbroke; and the boy can't hold them. Little Jem yesterday had his ribs broke; and this youngster's no hand. Where shall we drive?” “ To perdition,” whispered Gondimar. “ Can't wait,” said Buchanan, impatiently: and Calantha hurried away.

The curricl was beautiful; the horses fiery; Buchanan in high spirits; and Calantha—ah must it be confessed?—more elated with this exhibition through the crowded streets, than she could have been at the most glorious achievement.

“ Drive faster,—faster still,” she continually said, to shew her courage. Alas ! real courage delights not in parade ; but anything that had the appearance of risk or danger, delighted Calantha. “ Damn it, how Alice pulls.” “ Alice !” said Calantha. “ Oh hang it ; don’t talk of that. Here’s Will Rattle, let me speak to him ; and Dick, the boxer’s son. Do you mind stopping ? ” “ Not in the least.” Saying which they pulled in, as Buchanan termed it ; and a conversation ensued, which amused Calantha extremely. “ How soon shall you be off ? ” said Will Rattle, as they prepared to drive on.—“ It’s a devilish bore staying in London now,” replied Buchanan : “ only I’ve been commanded to stay,” saying which he smiled, and turned to Lady Avondale, “ or I should have been with my regiment before this. The moment I am released, however, I shall go there.—Hope to see you to-night, Will. Mind and bring Charles Turner.—There’s a new play.

Oh I forgot :—perhaps I shan't be let off ; shall I? “ No,” replied Calantha, extremely pleased at this flattering appeal. Will bowed with conceit, and off they galloped, Buchanan repeating as they went, “ A damned strange fellow that—cleverer than half the people though, who make such a noise. I saved his life once in an engagement. Poor Will, he's so grateful, he would give all he has for me,—I'll be d d if he would not.” Let this suffice. The drive was not very long ; and, the danger of being overturned excepted, utterly devoid of interest.

Lady Dartford had returned to town. Perhaps no one ever heard that she had left it : like the rose leaf upon the glass full of water, her innocent presence made not the slightest difference, nor was her absence at any time observed. She, however, called upon Calantha, a few moments after Buchanan had taken her home. Lady Avondale was with her lord, in the library when she came.

“Why did you let her in?” she said rather crossly to the servant; when another loud rap at the door announced Lady Mandeville and Lady Augusta Selwyn. Calantha was writing a letter; and Lord Avondale was talking to her of the arrangements for their departure. “I wish I ever could see you one moment alone,” he said; “Say I am coming—or shall not come,” she replied; and during the time she remained to finish the conversation with her husband, she could not help amusing herself with the thought of Lady Dartford’s alarm, at finding herself in the presence of Lady Mandeville, whom she did not visit. “You do not attend at all,” said Lord Avondale; “you are of no use whatever;” Alas! he had already found that the mistress of his momentary passion, was not the friend and companion of his more serious thoughts. Calantha was of no use to any one. She began to feel the bitter-

ness of this certainty, but she fled from the reflection with pain.

Eager to amuse Lady Dartford, Lady Augusta, who knew her well, entertained her till Lady Avondale joined them, with a variety of anecdotes of all that had taken place since her departure; and, having soon exhausted other subjects, began upon Calantha herself. "She is positively in love with Captain Buchanan," said she. "At every ball he dances with her; at every supper he is by her side; all London is talking of it. Only think too how strange, just as he was said to have proposed to Miss Mavicker—a fortune—twenty thousand a year—a nice girl, who really looks unhappy. Poor thing, it is very hard on her.—I always feel for girls. "Come," said Lady Mandeville, "last night you know, they did not interchange a word: he talked the whole evening to that young lady with the singular name. How I detest

gossiping and scandal. Calantha deserves not this." " Bless us, how innocent we are all of a sudden," interrupted Lady Augusta ! have you any pretensions, dearest lady, to that innoxious quality? Now are you not aware that this is the very perfection of the art of making love—this not speaking? But this is what always comes of those who are so mighty fond of their husbands. Heavens, how sick I have been of all the stories of their romantic attachment. There is nothing, my dear, like Miss Seymour, or making one sick. She always gives me the vapours."

" Where do you go to-night?" said Lady Dartford, wishing to interrupt a conversation which gave her but little pleasure. " Oh, to fifty places ; but I came here partly too in the hope of engaging Lady Avondale to come to me to-night. She is a dear soul, and I do not like her the worse for shewing a little spirit." " I cannot," said Lady Mande

ville, “ think there is much in this; a mere caprice, founded on both sides in a little vanity. After seeing Lord Avondale, I cannot believe there is the smallest danger for her. Good heavens, if I had possessed such a husband !” “ Oh, now for sentiment,” said Augusta: “ and God knows, if I had possessed a dozen such, I should have felt as I do at this moment. Variety—variety! Better change for the worse than always see the same object.” “ Well, if you do not allow the merit of Henry Avondale to outweigh this love of variety, what say you to Mr. Buchanan, being her cousin, brought up with her from a child.” “ Thanks for the hint—you remember the song of

“ *Nous nous aimions dès l'enfance
Tête-à-Tête à chaque instant.*”

and I am certain, my dear sentimental friend, that

“ *A notre place
Vous en auriez fait autant.*”

Then going up to the glass Lady Augusta bitterly inveighed against perverse nature, who with such a warm heart, had given her such an ugly face. “Do you know,” she said, still gazing upon her uncouth features, addressing herself to Lady Dartford—“do you know that I have fallen in love myself, since I saw you;—and with whom do you think?” “I think I can guess, and shall take great credit to myself, if I am right. Is not the happy man an author?” said Lady Dartford.—“You have him, upon my honour—Mr. Clarendon, by all that is wonderful:—he is positively the cleverest man about town.—Well I am glad to see my affairs also make some little noise in the world”.—“I can tell you however,” said Lady Mandeville, “that he is already engaged;—and Lady Moun-teagle occupies every thought of his heart.”

“Good gracious, my dear, living and loving have done but little for you; and

the dead languages prevent your judging of living objects.—Engaged! you talk of falling in love, as if it were a matrimonial contract for life. Now dont you know that every thing in nature is subject to change:—it rains to day—it shines to-morrow;—we laugh,—we cry;—and the thermometer of love rises and falls, like the weather glass, from the state of the atmosphere:—one while it is at freezing point;—another it is at fever heat.—How then should the only imaginary thing in the whole affair—the object I mean which is *always purely ideal*—how should that remain the same?

“ Lady Mandeville smiled a little, and turning her languid blue eyes upon Lady Dartford, asked her if she were of the christian persuasion?” Lady Dartford was perfectly confounded:—she hesitatingly answered in the affirmative. Upon which, Lady Augusta fell back in her chair, and laughed immoderately: but fearful of offending her newly made ac-

quaintance, observed to her, that she wore the prettiest hat she had ever seen. "Where did you get it?" said she.—The question was a master key to Lady Dartford's thoughts:—caps, hats and works of every description were as much a solace to her, in the absence of her husband, as the greek language, or the pagan philosophy could ever have been to Lady Mandeville, under any of her misfortunes.—"I got it," said she, "brightening up with a grateful look, at the only enquiry she had heard, that was at all adapted to her understanding, at Madame de la Roche's:—it is the cheapest thing you can conceive:—I only gave twenty guineas for it:—and you know I am not reckoned very clever at making bargains." "I should think not," answered Lady Augusta, adverting only to the first part of the sentence.

Calantha entered at this moment. "Oh my sweet soul," said Lady Augusta, embracing her, "I began to despair of seeing

you.—But what was the matter with you last night? I had just been saying that you looked so very grave. Notwithstanding which, Lord Dallas could think, and talk only of you. He says your chevelure is perfectly grecian—the black ringlets upon the white skin; but I never listen to any compliment that is not paid directly or indirectly to myself. He is quite adorable:—do you not think so, hey?—no—I see he is too full of admiration for you—too refined. Lady Avondale's heart must be won in a far different manner:—insult—rudeness—is the way to it.—What! blush so deeply! Is the affair, then, too serious for a jest? Why, *mon enfant*, you look like Miss Macvicker this morning.—And is it true she will soon be united to you by the ties of blood, as she now seems to be by those of sympathy and congeniality of soul?"

The eternal Count Gondimar, and afterwards Buchanan interrupted Lady Augusta's attack. New topics of discourse

were discussed:—it will be needless to detail them:—time presses. Balls, assemblies, follow:—every day exhibited a new scene of frivolity and extravagance;—every night was passed in the same vortex of fashionable dissipation.

CHAPTER XXXI.



THE spring was far advanced. Calantha's health required the sea air; but her situation rendered a long journey hazardous. Lord Avondale resolved to await her confinement in England. The birth of a daughter was an additional source of happiness: Anabel was the name given to the little infant. Harry Mowbray was now in his second year. The accounts from Ireland were more satisfactory. Mrs. Seymour wrote constantly to Calantha regretting her absence. Weeks, however, flew by, in the same thoughtless vanities: months passed away without regret or care.—Autumn was gone:—winter again approached.—London, though deserted, by the crowd, was still gay. Calantha lived much with her Aunt Margaret, Lady Mandeville, and the Princess of

Madagascar. The parks and streets, but lately so thronged with carriages, were now comparatively lonely and deserted. Like the swallows at the appointed hour, the gay tribe of fashionable idlers had vanished; and a new set of people appeared in their place:—whence, or why, nobody could guess.

One day Zerbellini, Calantha's little page, had just returned with a note from Buchanan; a french hair dresser was cutting her hair; milliners and jewellers were displaying upon every table new dresses—caps—chains—rings—for the ensuing winter; and Calantha's eye was dazzled—her ear was charmed—when her aunt Margaret entered.—“ God bless your Ladyship, God preserve you,” said a woman half starved, who was waiting for an answer to her petition.—“ *Mi Lady; ne prendra-t-elle pas ce petit bonnet?*” said Madame la Roche. “ Yes, every thing, any thing,” she answered impatiently, as she got up to receive her aunt.—She

was unusually grave. Calantha trembled; for she thought she was prepared to speak to her about Buchanan. She was extremely relieved when she found that her censures turned solely upon her page. "Why keep that little foreign minion?" she said, indignantly. "Is the Count Viviani so very dear, that any present of his must be thus treasured up and valued?" "The Count Viviani?" said Calantha astonished: who is he?—"Well, then, Gondimar," replied Lady Margaret. "Calantha—as a favour, I request you send back that boy."—Lady Avondale's prayers were at first her sole reply; and like Titania, in her second, when Oberon demanded the trusty Henchman, she boldly refused. Lady Margaret left her immediately:—she was calm, but offended. She was then going to Castle Delaval. Calantha told her they should join her there in the course of the next month. She only smiled, with a look of incredulity and contempt; asking her, if her beloved Henry would

really be so cruel as to tear her away at last from London? and saying this she took leave.

Lord Avondale and Calantha had been conversing on this very subject in the morning. He was surprised at her ready acquiescence in his wish to return to Ireland. “You are then still the same,” he said affectionately.—“I am the same,” she replied rather fretfully; but you are changed:—“every one tells me you neglect me.” “And have they who tell you so,” said he with a sigh, “any very good motive in thus endeavouring to injure me in your opinion? If I attended to what every one said, Calantha, perhaps I too should have some reason to complain.—Business of importance has alone engaged my attention. You know I am not one who assume much; and if I say that I have been employed, you may depend on its being the case. I hope, then, I am not wrong when I have confided myself, and every thing that is dearest to

me, to your honour and your love.”—

“ Ah no :—you are not wrong,” she answered ; but perhaps if you confided less, and saw more of me, it would be better.

Before marriage, a woman has her daily occupations : she looks for the approving smile of her parents :—she has friends who cheer her—who take interest in her affairs. But when we marry, Henry, we detach ourselves from all, to follow one guide. For the first years, we are the constant object of your solicitude :—you watch over us with even a tenderer care than those whom we have left, and then you leave us—leave us too, among the amiable and agreeable, yet reprove us, if we confide in them, or love them. Marriage is the annihilation of love.

“ The error is in human nature,” said Lord Avondale smiling—“ We always see perfection in that which we cannot approach :—there is a majesty in distance and rarity, which every day’s intercourse wears off. Besides, love delights in gaz-

ing upon that which is superior :—whilst we believe you angels, we kneel to you, we are your slaves ;—we awake and find women, and expect obedience :—and is it not what you were made for ?” — “ Henry, we are made your idols too—too long, to bear this sad reverse :—you should speak to us in the language of truth from the first, or never.—Obey—is a fearful word to those who have lived without hearing it; and truth from lips which have accustomed us to a dearer language, sounds harsh and discordant. We have renounced society, and all the dear ties of early friendship, to form one strong engagement, and if that fails, what are we in the world ?—beings without hope, or interest—dependants—encumbrances—shadows of former joys—solitary wanderers in quest of false pleasures—or lonely recluses, unblessing and unblest.”

Calantha had talked herself into tears, at the conclusion of this sentence ; and

Lord Avondale, smiling at a description she had given, so little according with the gay being who stood before him, pressed her fondly to his bosom; and said he would positively hear no more. “You treat me like a child—a fool,”—she said:—“you forget that I am a reasonable creature.” “I do, indeed, Calantha:—you so seldom do any thing to remind me of it.” “Well, Henry, one day you shall find your error. I feel that within, which tells me that I could be superior—aye—very superior to those who cavil at my faults, and first encourage and then ridicule me for them. I love—I honour you, Henry. You never flatter me. Even if you neglect me, you have confidence in me—and, thank God, my heart is still worthy of some affection.—It is yet time to amend.” Calantha—thought it had been—as she took in haste a review of her former conduct—of time, how neglected!—friends, how estranged!—money lavished in vain!—and health

impaired by the excess of late hours, and endless, ceaseless dissipation.

London had still attractions for Calantha; but the thought of fresh air, and green fields recurring, she was soon prepared for the journey. She passed the intervening days before her departure in taking leave of her friends. Lady Mandeville, in bidding adieu to her, affirmed that the interchange of ideas between congenial souls, would never be lessened, nor interrupted by absence. She would write to her, she said, and she would think of her; and, seeing Calantha was really sorry to part with her, "You have none of the philosophy," she said, "which your cousin and your aunt possess, and every trifle, therefore, has power to afflict you:—you scarcely know me, and yet you are grieved to leave me. Promise ever to judge of me by what you see yourself, and not through the medium of others; for the world,

which I despise from my soul, has long sought to crush me, because I had pride of character enough to think for myself."

If any thing had been wanting to strengthen Calantha's regard, this boast had been sure of its effect ; for it was one of her favourite opinions, not indeed that the world should be despised, but that persons should dare to think, and act for themselves, even though against its judgments. She was not then, aware how this cant phrase is ever in the mouths of the veriest slaves to prejudice,—how little real independence of character is found amongst those who have lost sight of virtue. Like spendthrifts, who boast of liberality, they are forced to stoop to arts and means, which those whom they affect to contemn, would blush even to think of. Virtue alone can hope to stand firm and unawed above the multitude. When vice assumes this fearless character, it is either unblushing effrontery and callous indiffe-

rence to the opinion of the wise and good, or at best, but overweening pride, which supports the culprit, and conceals from the eyes of others, the gnawing tortures he endures—the bitter agonizing consciousness of self-reproach.

CHAPTER XXXII.

LORD Avondale was desirous of passing the winter with his family at Monteith, and in the spring he had promised the Duke of Altamonte to accompany Lady Avondale to Castle Delaval. Lady Mandeville and Lady Augusta Selwyn were invited to meet them there at that time. The wish of pleasing Calantha, of indulging even her very weaknesses, seemed to be the general failing of all who surrounded her:—yet what return did she make?—each day new follies engrossed her thoughts;—her levity and extravagance continually increased; and whilst with all the ostentation of generosity she wasted the fortune of her husband upon the worthless and the base,—he denied himself every amusement, secretly and kindly to repair the

ruin—the misery—the injustice her imprudence and wanton prodigality had caused.

During a long and melancholy journey, and after her arrival at Monteith, Calantha, with some astonishment, considered the difference of Lord Avondale's views, character and even talents for society and conversation, as compared with those of her former companions. Lord Avondale had no love of ostentation—no effort—a perfect manliness of conduct and character, a real, and not feigned, indifference to the opinion and applause of the vain and the foolish ; yet with all this, he was happy, chearful, ready to enter into every amusement or occupation which gave others pleasure. He had not one selfish feeling. It was impossible not to be forcibly struck with the comparison.

Calantha, with her usual inconsistency, now made all those sensible and judicious remarks which people always make, when they have lived a life of folly, and sud-

denly return to a more tranquil course. She compared the false gaiety which arises from incessant hurry and vanity, with that which is produced by nature and health. She looked upon the blue sky and the green fields; watched the first peeping snow-drop and crocus; and entered with delight into all the little innocent pleasures of a rural life: nor did even a slight restlessness prevail, nor any erring thoughts steal back to revisit the gay scenes she had left. In very truth she was more adapted, she said, to her present course of life than to any other; and, however guilty of imprudence, she thanked God she had not heavier sins to answer for; nor was there a thought of her heart, she would not have wished her husband to know, unless from the fear of either giving him pain or betraying others.

At length, however, and by degrees, something of disquiet began to steal in upon the serenity of her thoughts:—her mind became agitated, and sought an ob-

ject:—study, nay, labour she had preferred to this total want of interest. While politics and military movements engaged Lord Avondale almost wholly, and the rest of the family seemed to exist happily enough in the usual course, she longed for she knew not what. There was a change in her sentiments, but she could not define it. It was not as it had been once: yet there was no cause for complaint. She was happy, but her heart seemed not to partake of her happiness: regret mingled at times with her enjoyments.

Lady Mowbray spoke with some asperity of her late conduct; Lady Elizabeth enquired laughingly if all she heard were true; for every folly, every fault, exaggerated and misrepresented, had flown before her: she found that all which she had considered as merely harmless, now appeared in a new and more displeasing light. Censures at home and flattery abroad are a severe trial to the vain and the proud. She thought

her real friends austere ; and cast one longing glance back upon the scene which had been so lately illumined by the gaiety, the smiles, the kindness and courtesy of her new acquaintance.

Whilst the first and only care of Lord Avondale, every place was alike delightful to Calantha ; for in his society she enjoyed all that she desired ; but now that she saw him estranged, absent, involved in deeper interests, she considered, with some feelings of alarm, the loneliness of her own situation. In the midst of hundreds, she had no real friends :—those of her childhood were estranged from her by her marriage ; and those her marriage had united her with, seemed to perceive only her faults, nor appreciated the merits she possessed. To dress well, to talk well, to write with ease and perspicuity, had never been her turn. Unused to the arts and amusements of social intercourse, she had formerly felt interest in poetry, in music, in what had ceased to

be, or never had existed ; but now the same amusements, the same books, had lost their charm : she knew more of the world, and saw and felt their emptiness and fallacy. In the society of the generality of women and men she could find amusement when any amusement was to be found ; but, day after day, to hear sentiments she could not think just, and to lose sight of all for which she once had felt reverence and enthusiasm, was hard. If she named one she loved, that one was instantly considered as worthless : if she expressed much eagerness for the success of any project, that eagerness was the subject of ridicule.

Oh I am changed, she continually thought ; I have repressed and conquered every warm and eager feeling ; I love and admire nothing ; yet am I not heartless and cold enough for the world in which I live. What is it that makes me miserable ? There is a fire burns within my soul ; and all those whom I see and hear

are insensible. Avondale alone feels as I do ; but alas ! it is no longer for me. Were I dead, what difference would it make to any one ? I am the object of momentary amusement or censure to thousands ; but, of love, to none. I am as a child, as a mistress to my husband ; but never his friend, his companion. Oh for a heart's friend, in whom I could confide every thought and feeling ; who would share and sympathize with my joy or sorrow ; to whom I could say, " you love me—you require my presence ;" and for whom in return I would give up every other enjoyment. Such friend was once Lord Avondale. By what means have I lost him ?

Often when in tears she thus expressed herself. Her husband would suddenly enter ; laugh with her without penetrating her feelings ; or, deeply interested in the cares of business, seek her only as a momentary solace and amusement. Such, however, he seldom now found her ;

for she cherished a discontented spirit within her ; and though too proud and stubborn to complain, she lived but on the memory of the past.

Calantha's principles had received a shock, the force and effect of which was greatly augmented by a year of vanity and folly ; her health too was impaired from late hours and an enervating life ; she could not walk or ride as formerly ; and her great occupation was the indulgence of a useless and visionary train of thinking. She imagined that which was not, and lost sight of reality ;—pictured ideal virtues, and saw not the world as it is. Her heart beat with all the fervour of enthusiasm ; but the turn it took was erroneous. She heard the conversation of others ; took a mistaken survey of society ; and withdrew herself imperceptibly from all just and reasonable views. Ill motives were imputed to her, for what she considered harmless imprudence ; she felt the injustice of these opinions ;

and, instead of endeavouring to correct those appearances which had caused such severe animadversion, in absolute disgust she steeled herself against all remonstrances. Every one smiles on me and seems to love me—the world befriends me—she continually thought; yet I am censured and misrepresented. My relations—the only enemies I have—are those who profess to be my friends. Convinced of this, she became lonely. She had thoughts which once she would have mentioned as they occurred, but which she now concealed and kept solely to herself. She became dearer in her own estimation, as she detached herself from others, and began to feel coldly, even towards those whom she had once loved.

CHAPTER XXXIII.



It is dangerous to begin life by surrendering every feeling of the mind and the heart to any violent passion—Calantha had loved and been loved to such an excess, that all which followed it appeared insipid. Vanity might fill the space for a moment, or friendship, or charity, or benevolence; but still there was something gone which, had it never existed, had never been missed and required. Lord Avondale was perhaps more indulgent and more affectionate now, than at first; for a lover ever plays the tyrant; but even this indulgence was different; and that look of adoration—that blind devotion—that ardent, constant solitude, when, without a single profession, one may feel certain of being the first object

in life to the person thus attached,—all this was past.

Such love is not depravity. To have felt it, and to feel it no more, is like being deprived of the light of the sun, and seeing the same scenes, which we once viewed brilliant beneath its beams, dark, clouded and cheerless. — Calantha had given up her heart too entirely to its power, ever more to endure existence without it. Her home was a desert; her thoughts were heavy and dull; her spirits and her health were gone; and even the desire of pleasing, so natural to the vain, had ceased. Whom was she to wish to please, since Avondale was indifferent? or what to her was the same, absent and preoccupied.

Such depression continued during the gloomy wintry months; but with the first warm breeze of spring, they left her; and in the month of May, she prepared to join the splendid party which was ex-

pected at Castle Delaval—as gay in heart herself as if she had never moralized upon the perishableness of all human happiness.

Upon a cool and somewhat dreary morning in the month of May, Calantha left Monteith, and, sleeping one night at Allenwater, hastened to Castle Delaval, where blazing hearths and joyous countenances, gave her a cheering welcome. Lady Mandeville and Lady Augusta had, according to promise, arrived there a week before, to the utter consternation of Mrs. Seymour. Calantha perceived in one moment, that she was not extremely well with her or with her cousins upon this account. Indeed the former scarcely offered her her hand, such a long detail of petty offences had been registered against her, since they had last parted. It was also justly imputed to Calantha that Lady Mandeville had been invited to the Castle. A stately dignity was therefore assumed by Sophia and Mrs. Seymour on this occasion: they scarce

permitted themselves to smile during the whole time Lady Mandeville remained, for fear, as Calantha concluded, that Satan, taking advantage of a moment of levity, should lead them into further evil. The being compelled to live in company with one of her character, was more than enough.

“ I am enraptured at your arrival,” said Lady Augusta, flying towards Calantha, the moment she perceived her. “ You are come at the happiest time: you will be diverted here in no ordinary manner: the days of romance, are once again displayed to our wondering view.” “ Yes,” said Lady Trelawney, “ not a day passes without an adventure.” Before Calantha enquired into the meaning of this, she advanced to Lady Mandeville, who, languidly reclining upon a couch, smiled sweetly on seeing her. Secure of the impression she had made, she waited to be sought, and throwing her arm around her, gave her kisses so soft and so tender, that

she could not immediately extricate herself from her embrace.

Lady Augusta, eager to talk, exclaimed — “Did you meet any of the patrole?” “I was reading the address to the united Irishmen,” said Calantha, who could hear and think of nothing else.” “Are you aware who is the author?” “No; but it is so eloquent, so animated, I was quite alarmed when I thought how it must affect the people.” “You shock me, Calantha,” said Mrs. Seymour. “The absurd rhapsody you mean, is neither eloquent nor animating: it is a despicable attempt to subvert the government, a libel upon the English, and a poor piece of flattery to delude the infatuated malcontents in Ireland. Lady Augusta winked at Calantha, as if informing her that she touched upon a sore subject. “The author,” said Lady Trelawney, who affected to be an enthusiast, is Lord Glenarvon.”

“I wish Frances,” said Mrs. Seymour, “you would call people by their right

names. The young man you call Lord Glenarvon, has no claim to that title; his grandfather was a traitor; his father was a poor miserable exile, who was obliged to enter the Navy by way of gaining a livelihood; his mother was a woman of very doubtful character (as she said this she looked towards Lady Mandeville); and this young man, educated nobody knows how, having passed his time in a foreign country, nobody knows where, from whence he was driven it seems by his crimes, is now unfortunately arrived here to pervert and mislead others, to disseminate his wicked doctrines amongst an innocent but weak people, and to spread the flames of rebellion, already kindled in other parts of the Island. Oh, he is a dishonour to his sex; and it makes me mad to see how you all run after him, and forget both dignity and modesty; to catch a glimpse of him."

"What sort of looking man is he, dear aunt?" said Calantha. "Frightful—mean,"

said Mrs. Seymour. "His stature is small," said Lady Mandeville; "but his eye is keen and his voice is sweet and tunable. Lady Avondale believe me, he is possessed of that persuasive language, which never fails to gain upon its hearers. Take heed to your heart: remember my words,—beware of the young Glenarvon. Gondimar, after the first salutation upon entering the room, joined in the conversation; but he spoke with bitterness of the young Lord; and upon Lady Trelawney's attempting to say a few words in his favour, "Hear Sir Everard on this subject," said the Count—"only hear what he thinks of him." "I fear," said Sophia, "that all these animadversions will prevent our going to-morrow, as we proposed, to see the Priory." "Nothing shall prevent me," replied Lady Augusta. "I only beg," said Mrs. Seymour "that I may not be of the party, as the tales of horror I have heard concerning the inhabitants of St. Alvin Priory, from

old Lord de Ruthven, at Belfont Abbey, prevent my having the smallest wish or curiosity to enter its gates."

Count Gondimar, now coming towards Calantha, enquired after Zerbellini. At the request of every one present, he was sent for. Calantha saw a visible change in Lady Margaret's countenance, as he entered the room. "He is the living image"—she murmured, in a low hollow-tone—"Of whom?" said Calantha eagerly.—She seemed agitated and retired. Gondimar in the evening, took Calantha apart, and said these extraordinary words to her, "Zerbellini is Lady Margaret and Lord Dartford's son: treat him according to his birth; but remember, she would see him a slave sooner than betray herself: she abhors, yet loves him. Mark her; but never disclose the secret with which I entrust you." Astonished, confounded, Calantha now looked upon the boy with different eyes. Immediately his resemblance to the family of Delaval struck

her—his likeness to herself—his manner so superior to that of a child in his situation. The long concealed truth, at once flashed upon her. A thousand times she was tempted to speak upon the subject. She had not promised to conceal it from Lord Avondale: she was in the habit of telling him every thing: however she was now for the first time silent, and there is no more fatal symptom than when an open communicative disposition grows reserved.

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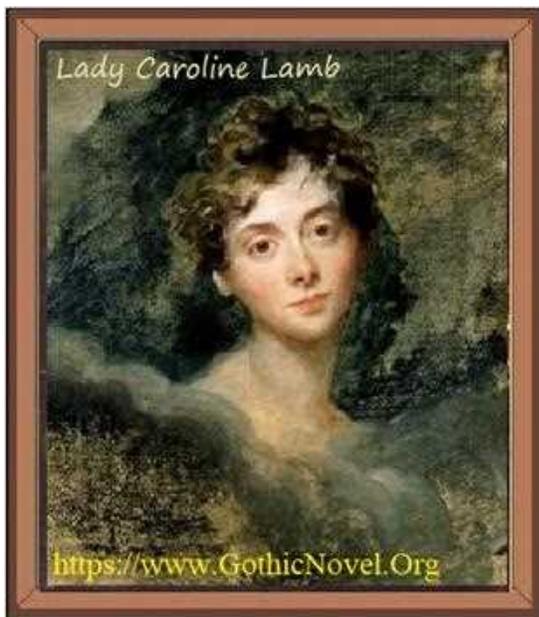
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