

Glenarvon

Volume 2

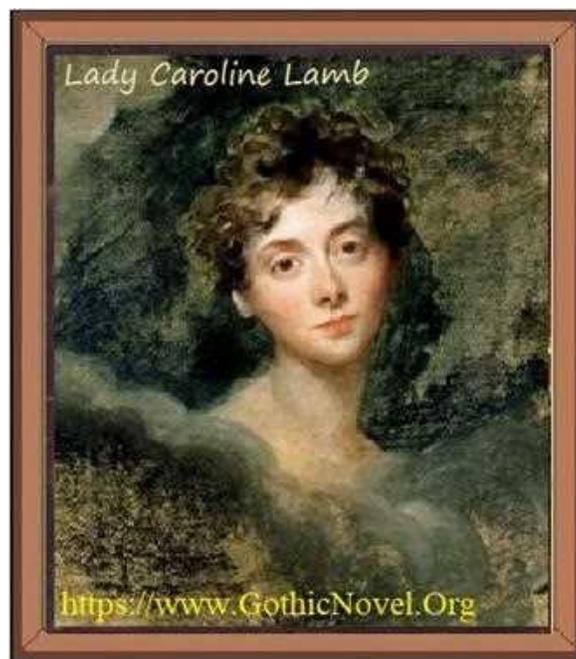
by Lady Caroline Lamb

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GLENARVON.

Volume 2

CHAPTER I.

IN the morning Calantha beheld crowds of discontented catholics who thronged the outer courts waiting to see her father. Petitions for redress were thrown in at the windows; and whilst they were at breakfast, Sir Everard entering, without even waiting to see who was present, asked eagerly if the Duke were at home: he, at the same moment gave a huge paper closely written, into the hands of one of the servants, desiring it to be instantly delivered to the Duke; "and tell him, sir," vociferated the doctor, "it is my case written out clear, as he commanded—that which I had the honour to present to him t'other day, when he had not leisure to look upon it:" then turning round,

and seeing Calantha, "By my soul," he exclaimed, "if here ain't my own dear Lady Calantha; and God be praised Madam, you are come amongst us; for the devil and all is broke loose since you've been away. Let's look at you: well, and you are as tall and handsome as ever; but I—Oh! Lady Calantha Delaval, begging your pardon, what a miserable wretch am I become. Lord help me, and deliver me. Lord help us all, in unmerited affliction."

Calantha had not heard of Sir Everard's misfortunes; and was really afraid to ask him what had occurred. He held her hand, and wept so audibly, that she already saw some of those present turning away, lest they should not be able to conceal their laughter: his strange gestures were indeed a hard trial. "Be pacified, calm yourself my good Doctor," said Mrs. Seymour, giving him a chair: "Heaven forfend," said Sir Everard: "Nature, Madam, will have a vent. I am the most

miserable man alive: I am undone, you well know; but Lord! this dear child knows little if any thing about it. Oh! I am a mere nothing now in the universe." Gondimar, with a smile, assured Sir Everard that could never be the case, whilst he retained, unimpaired, that full rotundity of form. "Sir, are you here?" cried the Doctor fiercely: "but it is of small importance. I am no longer the soft phlegmatic being you left me. I am a wild beast, Sir—a dangerous animal.—Away with your scoffs.—I will fight, Sir—murder, Sir—aye, and smile whilst I murder."

There was something in these words which turned Lady Margaret's cheeks to a deadly pale; but the Doctor, who had sought for forcible expressions alone, without the least heeding the application, continued to storm and to rage. "I'm a man," he cried, "accustomed to sufferings and to insult. Would you credit it dear Lady Calantha: can you comprehend

it?—that lawless gang—those licentious democrats—those rebellious libertines, have imposed on the inordinate folly of my wife and daughters, who, struck mad, like Agave in the orgies of Bacchus, are running wild about the country, their hair dishevelled, their heads ornamented with green cockades, and Lady St. Clare, to the shame of her sex and me, the property of a recruiting serjeant, employed by one of that nest of serpents at the abbey, to delude others, and all I believe, occasioned by that arch fiend, Glenarvon.”

“ Oh!” cried Gerald Mac Allain, who was in attendance at the breakfast table, “ saving your honour’s pardon the young Lord of Glenarvon has been the cause of my two brave boys being saved from the gallows. I will rather lose my life, than stand to hear him called an arch fiend.”

“ He is one, old Gerald, whether you or I call him so or no. Witness how, the other night, he set the rabble with their

torches to burning Mr. O'Flarney's barns, and stealing his sheep and oxen and all his goods." "Och it's my belief the Rector of Belfont, when he comes, will speak a word for him thoft," returned Gerald Mac Allain; "for, save the presence of the Duke, who is not here to hear me, he has been our guard and defence all the while his grace's honour has been out of the kingdom." "Curses light upon him and his gang," cried Sir Everard, furiously. "Are not Miss Laura and Miss Jessica after him at this very time, and my pretty niece, my young, my dear Elinor, and Lady St. Clare, more crazy than all, is not she following him about as if he were some god?"

"The whole country are after him," cried Gerald Mac Allain, enthusiastically: "Tis a rage, a fashion." "Tis a phrenzy," returned the Doctor,— "a pestilence which has fallen on the land, and all it is my belief, because the stripling has not one christian principle, or habit in him:

he is a heathen." "If it is the young Glenarvon," said Gondimar, approaching the irritated Doctor, "he is my friend." "Do not I beseech you, bring any of your knock me down arguments to me, Sir. His being your friend, only gives in my opinion," a blacker shade to his character, "Sir, I hate personal attacks." "A blow that hits, Count, and a cap that fits, are sure to make the sufferer look foolish, excessively foolish: I never believed in baseness and malignity till I knew the Count Gondimar." "Nor I in arrogance and stupidity, till I knew Sir Everard." "Count, you are the object of my astonishment." "And you, Sir, of my derision." "Italian, I despise you." "I should only feel mortified, if Sir Everard did otherwise." "The contempt, Sir, of the meanest, cannot be a matter of triumph." "It is a mark of wisdom, to be proud of the scorn of fools." Passion makes me mad." "Sir, you were that before."

“ I shall forget myself.” “ I wish you would permit me to do so.”

“ A truce to these quarrels, good doctor,” said the Duke, who had entered the room during the latter part of the discussion. “ I have been reading some papers of a very serious nature; and I am sorry to say it appears from them that Sir Everard has very great cause for his present irritation of mind: he is an aggrieved man. This Lord Glenarvon, or whatever the young gentleman styles himself, has acted in a manner not only unjustifiable, but such as I am afraid will ultimately lead to his entire ruin. Count Gondimar, I have often heard you speak of this unfortunate young man, with more than common interest. Could not you make use of your friendship and intimacy with him, to warn him of the danger of his present conduct, and lead him from the society of his worthless associates. He seems to be acting under the influence of a mad infatuation.” Gondimar

assured the Duke that he had no sort of influence with the young Lord. "Read these papers, at your leisure," said the Duke: "they are statements, you will find, of a number of outrages committed by himself and his followers, on people highly respectable and utterly defenceless. For the common follies of youth, there is much excuse; but nothing can palliate repeated acts of licentious wickedness and unprovoked cruelty. I am inclined to believe these accounts are much exaggerated; but the list of grievances is large; and the petitioners for redress are many of them my most worthy and long-tried servants, at the head of whom O'Flarney's name is to be found."

"No, my Lord,—mine is at the head of the list," cried the doctor; "and in every other part of it, no injuries can be equal to mine. What are barns, pigs, fire-arms, compared to a father's wrongs—a husband's injuries. Ah, consider my case first. Restore Miss St. Clare, and I will

be pacified. Why do I raise laughter by my cry? It is my niece, my favourite child, who has been taken from me.”

“ Pray explain to me seriously, Sir,” said Lady Augusta, approaching the doctor, with much appearance of interest, “ how came your family to fall into the unfortunate situation to which you allude?”

“ How came they,” said the Count? can you ask, when you see Sir Everard at the head of it?”

“ Madam,” said the Doctor with equal solemnity, “ this momentous crisis has been approaching some time. St. Clara, as we called her, my most lovely and interesting Elinor’s affections have long been seduced. We all knew, lamented and concealed the circumstance. The old lady’s conduct, however, was quite an unexpected blow. But since they took to their nocturnal rambles to St. Mary’s, St. Alvin’s, and all the saints around, their sanctity has not been much mended that

I see, and their wits are fairly overset. My own disgrace I can easily support: but oh my Elinor!

“What nocturnal meetings have taken place at St. Mary’s and St. Alvin’s?” said Lady Trelawney, with a face of eager curiosity. “The discontented flock together in shoals,” said the Doctor, indignantly, “till by their machinations, they will overturn the State. At Belfont, opposite my very window,—aye, even in that great square house which Mr. Ochalavan built, on purpose to obstruct Lady St. Clare’s view, have they not set up a library? The Lord help me. And was it not there I first saw that accursed pamphlet Lord Glenarvon wrote; which rhapsody did not I myself immediately answer? Lady Calantha, strange things have occurred since your departure. General Kennedy, commander of the district, cannot keep his men. Cattle walk out of the paddocks of themselves: women, children, pigs, wander after Glenarvon;

and Miss Elinor, forgetful of her old father, my dear mad brother, her aunt, her religion, and all else, to the scandal of every one in their senses, heads the rabble. They have meetings under ground, and over ground; out at sea, and in the caverns: no one can stop the infection: the poison is in the fountain of life; and our very persons and estates are no longer in safety. You know not, you cannot know, what work we have had since you last left us," Sir Everard paused, and then taking a couple of pamphlets from his pocket, entreated Calantha to peruse them. "Cast your eye over these," he said: "I wrote them in haste; they are mere sketches of my sentiments; but I am going to publish. Oh! when you see what I am now going to publish. It is intituled a refutation of all that has or may be said by the disaffected, in or out of the kingdom.

CHAPTER II.

THE party at the castle had postponed their visit to St. Alvin Priory till the feast of St. Kathereen and St. Mary, which in that neighbourhood was always celebrated with much observance. A fair was held upon the downs in honour of these two martyrs. The rocks near which the ruins of the convent stood, were called the Black Sisters, and it was there and in the Wizard's Glen, which stretched from the top to the foot of the mountain, that the meetings of the discontented had been held. The day proved fair; and at an early hour the carriages and horses were in attendance. Mrs. Seymour and many others declined being of the party; but Lady Margaret took Gondimar's arm with a smile of good humour, which she could at times put on.

Buchanan drove Calantha in his barouch. Sir Everard rode by Calantha's side on a lowly white palfrey, as if to protect her. Lady Mandeville was with her ; and Lady Trelawney took Sophia and Lady Augusta Selwyn in her carriage. The rest of the gentlemen were some on horseback and some in curricles.

The whole country smiled around. There were ringers, and pipers, and hurlers upon the down. The cliff, towards the sea, was covered with booths and tents. Flocks, herds and horses had been brought from far for sale, ornamented with ribbands ; green being the favourite colour. Scarcely ever was witnessed a scene more gay. This, and the vessels laden with fish, crowding into the harbour below, and the high mountains beyond, struck even the Italian, whose eyes had been accustomed to all that nature can produce of picturesque and majestic. The beauty of the girls, with their long blue mantles thrown aside

from their shoulders, their dark hair fastened behind with a knot of ribband, was the subject of discussion. Comparisons of the difference of form between one nation and another arose. All descended from their carriages and horses. Lady Mandeville repeated poetry; Gondimar became sentimental; Buchanan looked at the horses, enquired their prices, and soon joined the hurlers, in whose combat he grew so much interested, that no one could draw him from thence until the moment when they left the fair, where they remained till they were all much fatigued.

“What are you laughing at so immensely?” cried Lady Augusta Selwyn, approaching Lord Trewlawney, who was nearly enclosed in a circle of some hundreds. The moment Lady Augusta approached, with a courtesy seldom seen but in Ireland, the crowd made way for her. “I am listening,” he said, “to a preacher—a most capital preacher, whom

they call Cowdel O'Kelly. Only observe him : what a rogue it is, with that hypocritic mildness of manner, that strait black hair, that presbyterian stiffness and simplicity." " But what is he saying ?" enquired Lady Augusta. The preacher, standing upon a cart, was delivering an exhortation in a very emphatic manner, to a vast concourse of attentive hearers. The presence of the party from the Castle had no effect upon him : he was inveighing against the insolence of his superiors in rank, and pleading in favour of the rights of man.

When he had concluded his discourse, the crowd dispersed, some laughing at him, and some edified by his discourse. O'Kelly looked after them :— " That is the way of the world," he said : " it gets all it can from a man, and then it leaves him ; but all that is, is for the best ; therefore, amen, your honours ; so be it." Lord Trelawney laughed to an excess. " Your name," he said, " I take it, it is Cow-

del O'Kelly." "If you take it to be my name, your honour can't be any ways wrong in calling me by it; but I call myself citizen Wailman." "And why the devil, my honest friend, do you call yourself so?" "To please myself, and trick my master." "And pray who is your master?" "When I know that I'll let you know." "What! not know your master?" "Why what master knows his servant? There's nothing extraordinary in that, my Lord." "But pray, my good citizen Wailman, where do you live, and where does your master live?" "I live where I can, your honour; and as to my master, every one knows he lives under ground, in the family vault."

"Is he dead then, or what can he be doing under ground?" said Lady Trelawney. "Looking for friends, Miss, I believe; for he has none, that I see, above board." "I am sure this is a rebel in disguise," whispered lady Trelawney. Her Lord laughed.

A beautiful little boy now pushing his way through the crowd, plainly pronounced the words, "O'Kelly, come home ; I am very tired." The man, hastily descending from the cart, called him his young prince — his treasure ; and lifted him up in his arms. "He is about the same age as Harry Mowbrey," said Calantha, "and very like him." What is your name, my pretty child ?" "Clare of Costolly," said the boy ; "and it should by rights be Lord Clare—should it not, O'Kelly ?" As he spoke, he smiled and put his little rosy hands to O'Kelly's mouth, who kissed them, and making a slight bow would have retired. "What, are you going ? will you not stay a moment ?" "I fear I intrude too much on your honour's time." "Not in the least—not in the least, good Mister Wailman ; pray stay a little longer." "Why, fair and honest, if I don't intrude too much on your time, my Lord, you do on mine ; and so your servant."

“ I really believe he belongs to the abbey,” said Lady Trelawney, who had re-entered her barouche, and was driving with the rest of the party towards St. Alvin Priory. “ See how he steals along by the cliff in the same direction we are going.” “ It was a lovely child,” said Lady Augusta, “ but to be sure no more like Harry ; only Lady Avondale is always in the seventh heaven of romance.” “ Look, pray look,” interrupted Frances : “ I assure you that is Sir Everard St. Clare’s wife, and Lauriana and Jessica are with her. I am certain of it,” she continued, throwing herself nearly out of the carriage to gaze upon them. Lord Trelawney was extremely diverted. “ And there is the recruiting serjeant : only observe the manner in which they are habited.” The two unhappy girls, drest in the most flaunting attire, singing in chorus the song of liberty, both covered with green ribbands, were walking in company with a vast number of young

men, most of them intoxicated, and all talking and laughing loudly. Calantha begged Buchanan to stop the carriage, that she also might see them pass: which they did, marching to the sound of the drum and fife: but her heart sickened when she saw the beautiful recluse of Glenaa amongst them. Elinor came near: she raised her full black eye, and gazed with fearless effrontery upon Calantha.

It was the same face she had seen a few years back at the convent: but alas, how changed;—the rich and vivid crimson of her cheek, the deep dark brown of the wild ringlets which waved above her brow, the bold masculine manners and dress she had assumed, contrasted strongly with the slender beauty of her upright form. She was drest in uniform, and walked by the side of a young man, whose pale and thoughtful countenance struck every one. Elinor appeared desperate and utterly hardened: her pre-

sence inspired Calantha with a mixed feeling of horror and commiseration, which Lady St. Clare's ludicrous figure, and Jessica and Lauriana's huge and clumsy personages turned into disgust.

“ Oh did you behold her?—did you see my poor deluded Elinor?” cried Sir Everard, riding up to Calantha, as she still gazed from the open carriage upon the procession: “ did you see my unfortunate girls?” “ I did, indeed,” said Lady Avondale, the tears springing into her eyes: “ I saw them and stopped; for it occurred to me, that, perhaps, I might speak to them—might yet save them.” “ And would you have condescended so much? Oh! this is more than I dared to ask or hope.” Saying which, the Doctor wept, as was his custom, and Buchanan laughed. “ You are so good,” continued he, “ you were in tears when you saw your former playmates disgracing themselves, and their sex; but in the rest of the carriages I heard

nothing but jesting and loud laughter. And oh! would you credit it, can you believe it, Lady St. Clare had the audacity to drop me a courtesy as she passed."

"Was the tall young man, who was walking by the side of Elinor, Cyrel Linden?" "It was the same," cried the Doctor—"gone mad like the rest, though they tell me it is all for the love of Miss Alice; and that since her loss, he is grown desperate, and cares not what becomes of him. They'll be hang'd, however; that is one consolation—Lady St. Clare, as well as the rest. Indeed," cried he, drawing closer, "I am credibly informed that the officers of justice have an eye upon them, and wait only for further evidence of their treasonable practices, before they secure them." During this discourse, the carriage drove slowly up the hill; but soon proceeding at a brisker pace, the Doctor was obliged to draw in his steed and retire. The party now entered the park.

CHAPTER III.

BELFONT Abbey and St. Alvin's ruined Priory appeared in view. The ivy climbed around the turret; and the grass grew upon the paved courts, where desolation and long neglect prevailed. At a distance from the convent, a ruin, a lonely pile stood upon the cliff in solitary grandeur. Not a tree, nor any appearance of cultivation was seen around: barren moors, the distant mountains, and the vast ocean, every where filled the eye. The servants rang at the bell of the outer gate: it resounded through the vaulted passages with a long repeated echo.— A boy immediately answered the summons; and with a look of stupid astonishment, waited in expectation of their commands.

Buchanan enquired of the boy, if they

might see the Priory. "I suppose so," was his reply. And without further preamble, they alighted. "It must be rather melancholy to live here during the winter months," said Calantha to the boy, as she passed him. "And summer too," he answered. "We are told," said Frances, "that this Priory is haunted by ghosts: have you ever seen any?" He shook his head. "I hears them sometimes, an' please your honour," he said; but I never meddles with them, so they never comes after me as I see." Are you going to shew us the house?" cried Sir Everard advancing; or, if not, why do you keep us waiting in this dark passage? go on; we are in haste." The boy, proceeding towards an inner apartment, knocked at the door, calling to the housekeeper, and telling her that there was company below who wished to take the round of the castle. The old dame courtesying low, in a mysterious manner,

led the way: the boy immediately retreated.

Calantha was much tired; her spirits had undergone a severe shock; and the sight of Linden and St. Clara, as she was still called, made an impression upon her she scarcely could account for. The gaiety of the dresses, the fineness of the evening, the chorus of voices laughing and singing as they marched along, indifferent apparently to their future fate—perhaps, hardened and insensible to it—all made an impression which it is impossible the description of the scene can give; but long it dwelt in her remembrance. Unused to check herself in any feeling, she insisted upon remaining in front of the Castle, whilst the rest of the party explored its secret mysteries and recesses. “I am sure you are frightened.” said Lord Trelawney; “but perhaps you will have more cause than we: it looks very gloomy without, as well as within.”

They went, and she remained upon the

cliff, watching the calm sea, and the boats at a distance, as they passed and repassed from the fair. . . "And can a few short years thus harden the heart?" she exclaimed, "was St. Clara innocent, happy, virtuous? Can one moment of error thus have changed her? Oh! it is not possible. Long before the opportunity for evil presented itself, her uncontroled passions must have misled her, and her imagination, wild and lawless, must have depraved her heart. Alice was innocent: he who first seduced her from peace, deceived her; but St. Clara was not of this character, I understand—I think I understand the feelings which impelled her to evil. Her image haunts me: I tremble with apprehension. Something within seems to warn me, and to say that, if I wander from virtue, like her, nothing will check my course, all the barriers, that others fear to overstep, are nothing before me. God preserve me from sin! the sight of St. Clara fills me with alarm. Avondale,

where art thou? save me. My course is but just begun: who knows whither the path I follow leads? my will—my un-governed will, has been hitherto, my only law.”

Upon the air at that moment she heard the soft notes of a flute. She listened attentively:—it ceased. There are times when the spirit is troubled; when the mind, after the tumult of dissipated and active life, requires rest and seeks to be alone. Then thoughts crowd in upon us so fast, that we hardly know how to bear them; conscience reflects upon every former action; and the heart within trembles, as if in dread of approaching evil. The scene around was calculated to inspire every serious reflection. The awful majesty of the ruined building, ill accorded with the loud laugh and the jests of the merry party now entering its walls. Once those walls had been, perhaps, inhabited by beings as thoughtless and gay: Where were they now? had

they any memory of the past? knowledge of the present? or are they cold, silent, and insensible as those deserted scenes? how perishable is human happiness! what recollection has the mind of any former state? in the eye of a creator can a mite, scarcely visible, be worth either solicitude or anger? "Vain the presumptuous hope," said Calantha to herself. "Our actions are unobserved by any but ourselves; let us enjoy what we can whilst we are here; death only returns us to the dust from whence we sprung; all hopes, all interests, all occupations, are vain: to forget is the first great science; and to enjoy, the only real object of life. What happiness is there here below, but in love."

So reasoned the unhappy victim of a false judgment and strong passion. I was blest; I am so no more. The world is a wilderness to me; and all that is in it, vanity and vexation of spirit.... Whilst yet indulging these fallacious opinions—whilst gazing on the western

turret, and watching the shadows as they varied on the walls, she again heard the soft notes of music. It seemed like the strains of other times, awakening in the heart remembrances of some former state long passed and changed. Hope, love and fond regret, answered alternately to the call. It was in the season of the year when the flowers bloomed: it was on a spot immortalized in ancient story, for deeds of prowess and of fame. Calantha turned her eyes upwards and beheld the blue vault of heaven without a cloud. The sea was of that glassy transparency—that shining brightness, the air of that serene calm that, had it been during the winter months, some might have thought the halcyon was watching upon her nest, and breathing her soft and melancholy minstrelsy through the air.

She endeavoured to rouse herself. She felt as if in a dream, and, hastily advancing to the spot from whence the sounds proceeded, she there beheld a

youth, for he had not the form or the look of manhood, leaning against the trunk of a tree, playing at intervals upon a flute, or breathing, as if from a suffering heart, the sweet melody of his untaught song. He started not when she approached:—he neither saw nor heard her—so light was her airy step, so fixed were his eyes and thoughts. She gazed for a moment upon his countenance—and she marked it. It was one of those faces which, having once beheld, we never afterwards forget. It seemed as if the soul of passion had been stamped and printed upon every feature. The eye beamed into life as it threw up its dark ardent gaze, with a look nearly of inspiration, while the proud curl of the upper lip expressed haughtiness and bitter contempt; yet, even mixed with these fierce characteristic feelings, an air of melancholy and dejection shaded over and softened every harsher expression. Such

countenance spoke to the heart, and filled it with one vague yet powerful interest—so strong, so undefinable, that it could not easily be overcome.

Calantha felt the power, not then alone, but evermore. She felt the empire, the charm, the peculiar charm, those features, that being must have for her. She could have knelt and prayed to heaven to realize the dream, to bless the fallen angel in whose presence she at that moment stood, to give peace to that soul, upon which was plainly stamped the heavenly image of sensibility and genius. The air he had played was wild and plaintive: he changed it to one more harsh. She now distinctly heard the words he sung:—

This heart has never stoop'd its pride
To slavish love, or woman's wile;
But, steel'd by war, has oft defy'd
Her craftiest art and brightest smile.

This mind has trac'd its own career,
Nor follow'd blind, where others trod;
Nor, mov'd by love, or hope or fear,
E'er bent to man, or worshipp'd God.

Then hope not now to touch with love,
Or in its chains a heart to draw,
All earthly spells have fail'd to move;
And heav'n's whole terrors cannot awe:

A heart, that like some mountain vast,
And cold with never-melting snow,
Sees nought above, nor deigns to cast
A look away on aught below.

An emotion of interest—something she could not define, even to herself, had impelled Calantha to remain till the song was ended: a different feeling now prompted her to retire in haste. She fled; nor stopped, till she again found herself opposite the castle gate, where she had been left by her companions.

While yet dwelling in thought upon the singular being she had beheld—

whilst asking herself what meant this sudden, this strange emotion, she found another personage by her side, and recognized, through a new disguise, her morning's acquaintance, Wailman the preacher, otherwise called Cowdel O'Kelly. This recontre gave an immediate turn to her thoughts. She enquired of him if he were an inhabitant of Belfont Abbey? "No, madam," he answered, "but of St. Alvin Priory." She desired him to inform her whether any one resided there who sung in the manner she then described. "Sure, then, I sing myself in that manner," said the man, "if that's all; and beside me, there be some who howl and wail, the like you never heard. Mayhap it is he you fell in with; if so, it must have moved you to tears."

"Explain yourself," said Calantha eagerly. "If he is unhappy, it is the same I have seen and heard. Tell me what sorrows have befallen him?" "Sorrows! why enough too, to plague any

man. Has he not got the distemper?" "The distemper!" "Aye, Lady? for did he not catch it sleeping in our dog-kennel, as he stood petrified there one night, kilt by the cold? When my Lord found him, he had not a house to his head then, it is my belief; but now indeed he's got one, he's no wiser, having, as I think, no head to his house." "Och! it would surprise you how he howls and barks, whenever the moon shines bright. But here be those who fell on me at the fair. In truth I believe they be searching for the like of you."

CHAPTER IV.

THE party from the castle now joined Calantha. They were in evident discomfiture. Their adventures had been rather less romantic than Lady Avondale's, and consequently had not given them such refined pleasure; for while she was attending to a strain of such enchanting sweetness, they had been forcibly detained in an apartment of the priory, unwillingly listening to very different music.

The housekeeper having led them through the galleries, the ladies, escorted by Count Gondimar, Lord Trelawney and Sir Everard, turned to examine some of the portraits, fretted cornices and high casements, till the dame who led the way, calling to them, shewed them a large dreary apartment hung with tapestry, and requested them to observe the

view from the window. "It is here," she said, "in this chamber, that John de Ruthven drank hot blood from the skull of his enemy and died." A loud groan, at that moment, proceeded from an inner room. "That must be the ghost," said Lord Trelawney. His Lady shrieked. The dame, terrified at Lady Trelawney's terror, returned the shriek by a piercing yell, rushed from the apartment closing the heavy door in haste, which fastened with a spring lock, and left the company not a little disconcerted.

"We are a good number, however," cried Frances, taking fast hold of her Lord, who smiled vacantly upon her. "We certainly can match the ghost in point of strength: but it is rather unpleasant to be confined here till that old woman recovers her senses. Groans most piteous and terrible interrupted this remark—groans uttered as if in the agony of a soul ill at rest. Sophia grasped Sir Everard St. Clare's hand. Sir Everard

looked at Lady Margaret. Lady Margaret disdainfully returned the glance." "I fear not," she said; "but we will assuredly have this affair examined. I shall speak to my brother the moment I return: there is possibly some evil concealed which requires investigation." "Hark! I hear a step," said Frances. "If I were not afraid of seeing a ghost," cried Lord Trelawney, "faith, I would climb up to that small grated window."

"I fear no ghosts," replied Count Gondimar, smiling. "The sun has not set, therefore I defy them thus.—Only take care and hold the stool upon the table, that I may not break my neck." "What do you see?" "A large room lighted by two candles:—would it were but a lamp." "Truly this is a fair beginning.—What is the matter now?—why what the devil is the matter?—If you come down so precipitately I cannot support you. Help! the Count is literally fainting." It was true. "A sudden dizziness—a palpita-

tion"—He only uttered these words and fell ; a ghastly paleness overspread his face ; the cold damps stood upon his forehead.

“ This is the most unfortunate confirmation of the effects of terror upon an evil conscience,” exclaimed Sir Everard, “ that ever I beheld. I’ll be bound there is not an Irish or Englishman here, that would have been so frightened.” “ It is a dizziness, a mere fainting fit,” said Gondimar. “ Let me feel his pulse,” cried Sir Everard. “ Well Doctor,” “ Well, sir, he has no pulse left :—give him air :” “ I am better now,” said Gondimar, with a smile as he revived. “ Was I ill enough for this ?” Sir Everard called in. Lord Trelawney’s curiosity engaged him to climb to the grated window ; but the candles had been extinguished, probably, for all beyond the window was utter darkness.

Whilst some were assisting the Count, the rest had been vainly endeavouring to

open the door. A key was now heard on the outside ; and the solemn boy entering, said to Lady Margaret, " I am come to tell your honour that our dame being taken with the qualms and stericks, is no ways able of shewing you any further into the Priory." " I trust, however, that you will immediately shew us out of it, Sir," said Gondimar. " It not being her fault, but her extrame weakness," continued the boy : she desires me to hope your honours will excuse her." " We will certainly excuse her ; but," added Lady Margaret, " I must insist upon knowing from her, or from some of you, the cause of the groans we heard, and what all those absurd stories of ghosts can arise from. I shall send an order for the house to undergo an immediate examination, so you had better tell all you know."

" Then, indeed, there be no mischief in them groans," said the boy, who appeared indifferent whether the house were

examined or not. "It's only that gentleman as howls so, who makes them queer noises. I thought ye'd heard something stranger than that. There be more singular noises than he makes, many's the time." "Sirrah, inform me who inhabits this d——d Priory?" said Count Gondimar. "What, you're recovered from your qualms and stericks, I perceive, though the old dame is so ill with them?" "No jesting, Sir Everard. I must sift this affair to the bottom. Come, Sir, answer straitly, who inhabits this Priory?" "Sure, Sir, indeed none as can get a bed in the Abbey." "You evade, young one: you evade my enquiry: to the point: be plain." "That he can't help being," said Lord Trelawney. "Proceed, Sir, lead us as fast as possible out of these cold damp galleries; but talk as you go." "Like the cuckoo." "Lord Trelawney, your jests are mighty pleasant; but I have peculiar reasons for my enquiries." "And I for my jokes." "Come,

Sirrah, proceed : I shall say no more at present." "Do you like being here?" said Lady Trelawney, taking up the question. "Well enough," returned the stupid boy. "I hear," continued Frances, "there are some who play upon the harp in the night, and sing so, that the country people round, say they are spell-bound." "Oh musha ! there be strange things heard in these here old houses : one must not always believe all one hears."

Count Gondimar and Lady Margaret, were engaged in deep discourse. "I can hardly believe it," she said. "It is most true—most terribly true," said Gondimar. "I will question the boy myself," she cried ; "he is subtle with all that appearance of clownish simplicity ; but we shall gather something from him. Now, Lady Trelawney, give me leave to speak, and do you lead these gentlemen and ladies into the fresh air. Lady Augusta says she longs to behold living objects and day-light. I shall soon overtake

you. Come here : I think, from what I have gathered, that St. Alvin Priory has not been inhabited by any of the Glenarvon family since the year **** : in that case, who has had charge of it ?” “ None but Mr. Mackenzie and Dame since the old Lord de Ruthven’s and his son the young Colonel’s time. There’s been no quality in these parts till now ; but about three years and better, the young Lord sent some of his friends here, he being in Italy ; and as they only asked for the auld ruin, and did not wish to meddle with the castle, they have done their will there. The steward lets them bide.”

“ Have they been here above three years ?” “ Indeed then, that they’ve not, your honour ; for sometimes they’ve all been here, and sometimes there’s not a soul alive : but since last Michaelmas, there’s been no peace for them.” “ Can you tell me any of their names ?” “ All, I believe ; for isn’t there one calls himself Citizen Costolly, whom we take to be the

master, the real Lord ; but he cares not to have it thought : only he's such a manner with him, one can't but think it. Then there's Mister O'Kelly, he as calls himself Citizen Wailman—the wallet ; and there's another as sings, but has no name, a female ; and there's a gentleman cries and sobs, and takes care of a baby ; and his name, I think, is Macpherson ; then there's the old one as howls ; and Mrs. Nelly O'Grady ; and St. Clara, the Prophetess ; besides many more as come to feast and revel here." " And what right have they to be here ?" " Why to be sure, then, they've not any right at all ; that's what we are all talking of ; except them letters from my Lord ; and they all live a strange wicked life underground, the like of thaves ; and whatever's the reason, for some time past, that young gentleman as was, is disappeared : nothing's known as to what's gone with him—only he's gone ; and the child—och ! the young master's here, and the

only one of 'em, indeed. as looks like a christian." "Is his name Clare of Costoly?" "Ah! sure your honour knows him."

Having reached the front porch, by the time the boy had gone through his examination, Lady Margaret perceiving O'Kelly, sent for him, and tried, vainly, to make him answer her enquiries more satisfactorily; which not being able to accomplish, she set forth to return home, in an extreme ill humour. Lord Trelawney rallied her about the ghost. Casting an angry glance at him, she refused positively to return home in either of the carriages; saying, she was resolved to walk back across the cliff, the short way. Some of the gentlemen proposed escorting her; but she haughtily refused them, and desired permission to be a few moments left to herself. They, therefore, re-entered their carriages, and returned without any further event.

Calantha was tired and grave during

the drive home; and, what may perhaps appear strange, she named not her adventure. "It is himself—it must be," "Who?" said Lady Mandeville. Confused at having betrayed her own thoughts,—“Young Linden,” she cried, looking out of the carriage; and then feigned sleep, that she might think over again and again on that countenance. that voice, that being, she had one moment seen.

CHAPTER V.



LADY MARGARET walking hastily off, had arrived near the Convent of St. Mary, as the last ray of the setting sun blazed in the west, and threw its golden light over the horizon. Close to the convent, is built the chapel where the young Marquis and all the family of Altamonte are interred. It stands upon a high barren cliff, separated by a branch of the sea from the village of Belfont, to which any one may pass by means of the ferry below. To the north of the chapel, as far as the eye can trace, barren heaths and moors, and the distant view of Belfont and St. Alvin Priory, present a cheerless aspect; while the other side displays the rich valley of Delaval, its groves, gardens and lake, with the adjacent wood.

At this spot Lady Margaret arrived, as has been said, at sun-set. She thought she had been alone; but she heard a step closely following her: she turned round, and to her extreme surprize, beheld a man pursuing her, and, just at that moment, on the point of attaining her. His black brows and eyes were contrasted with his grizzly hair; his laugh was hollow; his dress wild and tawdry. If she stopped for a moment to take breath, he stopped at the same time; if she advanced rapidly, he followed. She heard his steps behind, till passing near the convent he paused, rending the air with his groans, and his clenched fist repeatedly striking his forehead, with all the appearance of maniac fury, whilst with his voice he imitated the howling of the wind.

Terrified, fatigued and oppressed, Lady Margaret fled into the thickest part of the wood, and waited till she conceived the cause of her terror was removed. She soon

perceived, however, that the tall figure behind her was waiting for her reappearance. She determined to try the swiftness of her foot, and sought with speed to gain the ferry:—she durst not look behind—the heavy steps of her pursuer gained upon her:—suddenly she felt his hand upon her shoulder, as, with a shrill voice and loud laugh, he triumphed at having overtaken her. She uttered a piercing shriek; for on turning round she beheld. . . .

His name cannot at present be declared; yet this may be said: it was terrible to her to gaze upon that eye—so hollow, so wild, so fearful was its glance. From the sepulchre, the dead appeared to have arisen to affright her; and, scarce recovering from the dreadful vision, with a faltering step, and beating heart, she broke from that grasp—that cold hand—that dim-fixed eye—and gained with difficulty the hut of the fisherman, who placed her in safety on the other side of the cliff.

The castle bell had already summoned

the family; dinner awaited; and the duke having repeatedly enquired for Lady Margaret, was surprised to hear that she had returned home alone and after dusk. The servant, who informed him of this circumstance, said that her ladyship appeared extremely faint and tired; that her women attendants had been called; that they apprehended she was more ill than she would acknowledge. He was yet speaking, when with a blaze of beauty and even more than her usual magnificence of dress, she entered, apologised for the lateness of her appearance, said the walk was longer than she had apprehended, and, taking her brother's arm, led the way into the dining room. But soon the effort she had made, proved too great:—her colour changed repeatedly; she complained that the noise distracted her; she scarcely took any part in the conversation; and retiring early, sought a few hour's repose.

Mrs. Seymour accompanied her

whilst the rest of those whose curiosity had been much excited in the morning, narrated their adventures and enquired eagerly concerning Lord Glenarvon's character and mode of life. At the mention of his name, the colour rushed into Calantha's face. Was it himself she had seen?—She was convinced it was. That countenance verified all that she had heard against him: it was a full contradiction to all that Lady Trelawney had spoken in his favour; it expressed a capability of evil—a subtlety that led the eye of a stranger to distrust; but, with all, it was not easily forgotten. The address to the people of Ireland, which Lady Avondale had read before with enthusiasm, she read now with a new and undefinable sensation. She drew also those features—that countenance; and remembered the air he had sung and the tones of his voice.—She seemed to dive into the feelings of a heart utterly different from what she had ever yet observed; a sort of

instinct gave her power at once to penetrate into its most secret recesses; nor was she mistaken. She listened, with eager curiosity, to every anecdote narrated of him by the country esquires and gentry who dined at the castle; but she felt not surprised at the inconsistencies and absurdities which she heard repeated. Others discredited what was said: she believed the worst; yet still the interest she felt was undiminished. It is strange; she loved not—she admired not that countenance; yet, by day, by night, it pursued her. She could not rest nor employ her mind in her customary occupations; yet the fear of again seeing that countenance, was greater than the desire of doing so. She felt assured that it was Lord Glenarvon:—there was not a doubt left upon her mind respecting this circumstance. Mrs. Seymour saw that Calantha was pre-occupied: she thought that she was acquainted with the secret which disturbed Lady Margaret—that horrid secret which maddened and destroyed her: for, since her

adventure at the Priory, Lady Margaret had been ill.

But it was not till after some days retirement, that she sent for Calantha, and when she visited her in her own apartment, she found her silent and trembling. "Where is your boy?" Lady Margaret said. "He sleeps: would you that I should bring him you?" "I do not mean your son: I mean that minion—that gaudy thing, you dress up for your amusement—that fawning insect, Zerbellini." Calantha shuddered; for she knew that a mother could not thus speak of her child without suffering acutely. "Has my pretty Zerbellini done any thing to deserve such unkind words from you? If so, I will chide him for it. Why do you frown? Zerbellini haste here: make your obeisance to Lady Margaret." The boy approached: Lady Margaret fixed her eyes steadily upon him: the colour rushed into her cheeks, then left her pale, as the hue of death. "*Oimè si muoja!*" exclaim-

ed Zerbellini: "*Eccellenza si muoja*;" and he leant forward to support her; but Lady Margaret moved not.

Many moments passed in entire silence. At last, starting as if from deep reflection, "Calantha," she said, "I know your heart too well to doubt its kindness:—the presence of this boy, will cause the misery of your father." "Of my father!" "Do you not guess wherefore? I read his feelings yesterday: and can you, my child, be less quick in penetrating the sentiments of those you love? do you not perceive that Zerbellini is of the very age and size—your lost—and—lamented brother would have been? . . . and certainly not unlike the duchess." She hesitated—paused—recovered herself. "I would not for the world have you suggest this to a human being. I would not appear to have said—what you, out of an affectionate regard might—should—have considered."—"I am astonished: you quite amaze me," replied Calantha: yet she too well guessed her feelings.

You heard your father, yesterday, say how necessary it was for him to attend the general meeting at Belfast: he flies us to avoid this boy—the likeness—in short, oblige me, place him at the garden cottage, or at the Rector of Belfont's—he will attend to him. I am told you mean to leave your children with Mr. Challoner: if so, he might likewise keep this boy. His strong resemblance—his age—his manner—have given me already the acutest pain.—My brother will never demand any sacrifice of you;—but I, Lady Avondale,—I solicit it.—“ Shall I be refused?” “ Dearest aunt, can you ask this? Zerbellini shall be immediately sent from the castle.” “ Oh no: such precipitate removal would excite curiosity.” “ Well then, allow me to place him, as you say, under the care of the Rector of Belfont and his wife — or—” “ But how strange—why—did you never observe this before?”

“ Calantha,” said Lady Margaret in

a hollow tone, "it is the common talk; every one observes it: every eye fixes itself upon him, and seems to—to—to—reproach—to-morrow—morn—to-morrow morning, I must quit this place—business of importance calls me away—I hope to see you shortly: I shall return as soon as possible—perhaps I shall not go.—The trifle I now suggest, is solely for my brother's sake.—If you mention one word of this to any one, the sacrifice I ask will lose its value. Above all, if the Count Gondimar is made a confidant." "Fear not: I shall request as of myself, that Zerbellini may be placed with my little son: but you cannot think how much you surprise me. My father has seen the boy so often; has spoken so frequently with him; has appeared so perfectly at his ease."

"The boy," said Lady Margaret, "is the living picture of—in short I have dreamt a dreadful dream. Shall I confess my weakness, Calantha: I dreamt last night,

that I was with a numerous and brilliant assembly, even in this very castle; and of a sudden, robed in the white vestments of an angel, that boy appeared—I saw his hand closely stealing behind—he had a dagger in it, and coming towards me—I mean towards your father—he stabbed him. These phantasies shew an ill constitution—but, for a short time, send the child away, and do not expose my weakness, do not love. I have many sorrows, my nerves are shattered—bear with me; you know not, and God forbid you should ever know, what it is to labour under the pressure of guilt—guilt? aye—such as that brow of innocence, that guileless generous heart, never can comprehend. “My aunt, for God’s sake, explain yourself.” Lady Margaret smiled. “Oh not such guilt either, as to excite such looks as these: only I have suffered my heart to wander, child; and I have been punished.”

Calantha was less surprised at this con-

versation, from remembering the secret Gondimar had communicated, than she otherwise must have been; but she could not understand what had given rise to this paroxysm of despair at this particular moment. A singular circumstance now occurred, which occasioned infinite conjecture to all around. Every morning, as soon as it was light, and every evening at dusk, a tall old man in a tattered garb, with a wild and terrible air, seated himself in front of the Castle windows, making the most lamentable groans, and crying out in an almost unintelligible voice, "Woe, on woe, to the family of Altamonte." The Duke was no sooner apprised of this circumstance, than he ordered the supposed maniac to be taken up: but Lady Margaret implored, entreated, and even menaced, till she obtained permission from her brother to give this wretched object his liberty.

Such an unusual excess of charity—such sudden, and violent commiseration

for a being who appeared to have no other view than the persecution and annoyance of her whole family, was deemed strange ; but when they no longer were molested by the presence of the fanatic, who had denounced their ruin, they ceased to converse about him, and soon the whole affair was forgotten. Calantha indeed remembered it ; but a thousand new thoughts diverted her attention, and a stronger interest led her from it.

CHAPTER VI.

THE Rector of Belfont had willingly permitted the little Zerbellini to be placed under his wife's care. The distance from thence to the Castle was short; and Calantha had already sent her children thither for the benefit of sea-bathing. On returning one day from thence, she called upon Gerald Mac Allain, who had absented himself from the castle, ever since Mr. Buchanan had appeared there. She found him mournfully employed in looking over some papers and drawings, which he had removed to his own habitation. Upon seeing Lady Avondale he arose, and pointed to the drawings, which she recognized: "Poor Alice," he said, "these little remembrances tell me of happier days, and make me sad; but when I see you, my Lady, I forget my

sorrows." Linden's cottage was at a short distance from Gerald Mac Allain's. Calantha now informed him that she had met young Linden at the fair, and had wished to speak to him: but that she did not immediately remember him, he was so altered. Gerald said "it was no use for her to speak to him, or for any one else, he was so '*desperate-like*;' and," added he, "Alice's misconduct has broke all our hearts: we never meet now as formerly; we scarce dare look at each other as we pass."

"Tell me, Gerald," said Calantha, "since you have spoken to me on this melancholy subject, what is the general opinion about Alice? Has Linden no idea of what has become of her?—had he no suspicion, no doubt of her, till the moment when she fled?" "Oh yes, my Lady," said the old man, "my poor girl estranged herself from him latterly; and when Linden was obliged to leave her to go to county Leitrim for Mr.

O'Flarney, during his absence, which lasted six weeks, he received a letter from her, expressing her sorrow that she never could belong to him. Upon his return he found her utterly changed; and in a few weeks after, she declined his further visits; only once again consenting to see him. It was on the very morning before my Lady Margaret conveyed her away from the Castle."

"But did you never suspect that things were going on ill before?—did Linden make no attempt to see her at the Doctor's? It seems strange that no measures should have been taken before it was too late." "Alas! my dear young Lady, you do not know how difficult it is to suspect and chide what we love dearly. I had given up my child into other hands; she was removed entirely from my humble sphere; and whilst I saw her happy, I could not but think her deserving; and when she became otherwise, she was miserable, and it was not the moment to

shew her any severity. Indeed, indeed, it was impossible for me to mistrust or chide one so above me as Alice. As to young Linden, it turned his mind. I walked to his father's house, ill as I was, just to shake hands with him and see him, as soon as I was told of what had passed. The old gentleman, Cyril's father could not speak. The mother wept as soon as she beheld me; but there was not one bitter word fell from either, though they knew it would prove the ruin of the young man, their son, and perhaps his death."

"From that time till the present," continued Gerald, "I seldom see Linden; he always avoids me. He altered very much, and took to hard drinking and bad company; his mind was a little shaken; he grew very slack at his duty; and listed, we suppose, with that same gang, which seduced my two poor boys from their allegiance and duty. He was reprimanded and punished by his commander;

but it seems without effect, for Mr. Chaloner was telling me, only a few days since, that in the last business there with Squire Flarney, Linden was taken notice of by the justice. There's no one can save him, he seems so determined-like on his own ruin; and they say its the cause why the old father is on his death-bed at this present. There is no bitterness of heart like that which comes from thankless children. They never find out till it is too late, how parents loved them:—but it was not her fault—no—I don't blame her—(he knit his brow)—no—I don't blame her.—Mr. Buchanan is no child of our own house, though he fills the place of that gracious infant which it pleased the Lord to take to himself. Mr. Buchanan is the son of a strange father:—I cannot consider him as one of our own so arbitrary:—but that's not the thing.”

“Gerald,” said Calantha, you are not sure that Buchanan is the culprit: we

should be cautious in our judgments.”

“ Oh, but I am sure, and I care not to look on him ; and Linden, they say menaces to revenge on the young lord, my wrongs and his own ; but his old father begs him for God’s sake to be peaceable. Perhaps, my Lady, you will look on the poor gentleman : what though ’ tis a dying man—you’ll be gratified to see him, there is such a calm upon his countenance.”

“ Must he die ?” “ Why, he’s very precarious-like : — but your noble husband, the young Lord Avondale, is very good to him—he has done all a man and a soldier could do to save him.” “ I too will call,” said Calantha, to hide from Gerald how much she was affected ; “ and, as to you, I must entreat as a favour, that you will return to the castle : to-morrow is Harry’s birth-day ; and it will not be a holiday, my father says, if you are not as you were wont to be, at the head of the table with all the tenants.” “ I will come,” said Gerald, if it were only on

account of my Lord's remembering me : and all the blessings of the land go with him, and you, and his noble house, till the end of time, and with the young Lord of Glenarvon beside, who saved Roy and Conal from a shameful death—that he did.”

“ But you forget,” said Calantha, smiling, “ that by your own account, he was the first to bring them into danger.” “ By my heart, but he's a noble spirit for all that : and he has my good wishes and those of many beside.” As he spoke, his eye kindled with enthusiasm. Calantha's heart beat high : she listened with eager interest. “ He's as generous as our own,” continued he, “ and if he lets his followers take a pig or two from that rogue there, Squire Flarney, does not he give half he has to those in distress ? If I could ever meet him face to face, I'd tell him the same ; but we never know when he's among us ; and aint there St. Clara the prophetess, why he went to see her

once, they say, and she left her aunt the Abbess, and the convent, and all the nuns, and went off after him, as mad as the rest. Och ! you'd bless yourself to see how the folks crowd about him at the season, but they're all gone from these parts now, in hopes of saving Linden I'm told; for you know, I suppose that he's missing, and if he's deserted, its said they are sartain to shoot him on account of the troubles."

"Three times there have been meetings in that cleft there," continued Gerald, pointing towards the Wizard's Glen : " it was that was the first undoing of Miss St. Clare : for they tell me she's all for our being delivered from our tyrants ; and she prophecies so, it would do you good to hear her. Oh, they move along, a thousand at a time in a silence would surprise you—just in the still night, and you can scarce hear them tread as they pass ; but don't I know well, when they're coming, aye, and indeed is there one of us who live here about the town, would betray them

though the reward offered is very stupendous."

"But see, here are some of the military coming."... "That officer is General Kennedy," said Lady Avondale, approaching towards him: "he is not a tyrant at least:" as she said this, she bowed to him, for she knew him well. He often dined at the castle. He was saying a few words to her upon common uninteresting topics, when, a soldier beckoning to him, two horsemen appeared.—"He's found, Sir," said one: "there is no doubt of his guilt; and twenty other names are on the list." "I trust in God it is not Linden, of whom you are speaking," said Calantha. General Kennedy made no answer: he only bowed to her, as if to excuse himself; and retired.

Calantha observed a vast number of people assembled on the road, close to the village. Gerald Mac Allain could scarcely support himself. She enquired

what they were waiting for. "To see the deserters," they answered. It was women, children, parents who spoke: some wept aloud; others stood in silent anguish; many repeated the name of him in whom they took deepest interest, asking if he were of the number. Linden's she heard most frequently. "Ill luck to the monsters!—ill luck to the men of blood!" was vociferated the whole way she went. "This will kill the old man," said Gerald: "it will be his death: he has been all night fearing it, ever since Linden has been missing."

The crowd, seeing Calantha, approached in all directions. "Oh beg our king, your father, to save them," said one: "Jesus reward you:" and they knelt and prayed to her. She was too much affected to answer. Some of the officers approached her, and advised her to retire. "The crowd will be immense," they said: "your Ladyship had

better not remain to witness this heart-breaking scene. "Twenty names are on the list," continued the officer, "all deserted, as soon as Linden did. Mercy, in this instance, will be weakness: too much has already been shewn."

CHAPTER VII.



CALANTHA returned home with a heavy heart; and spoke to Lord Avondale and her father. They both intreated her not to interfere. The moment indeed was alarming and eventful; whatever measures were necessary, it was not for her to judge; and while enthusiasm in the cause of liberty beguiled some, it was, she felt it was, the duty of a woman to try to soften and conciliate every thing; but as Linden's fate was peculiarly unfortunate, Lord Avondale generously interested himself for him. Had money been able to purchase his release, there was no sum he would not have offered. They soon heard however, though with the deepest regret, that it was a case where mercy could not be shewn, without apprehending the most fatal effects from it. Lin-

den and Seaford had together entered the militia not above three years back. Linden, an only son, was now in his twentieth year, and Seaford, was scarce eighteen. Their example was deemed the more necessary for the general safety, as so many in the same regiment had deserted upon hearing of their disaffection. In the month of December last, they had all taken the treasonable oaths; and their rash conduct and riotous proceedings had already more than once rendered them liable to the severity of the law.

All intercessions were utterly fruitless; they were tried, found guilty and condemned. Linden was so much beloved by his companions, that several attempts were made, to rescue him from the hands of justice; but he disdained to be so released; and when he heard of the tumult his condemnation had excited, he asked his captain's permission to be spared the last bitter conflict of walking through his own native town. The request was denied him.

On the 18th of May, at the hour of four, the time appointed to assemble, twenty-three men, who had taken part in the riot, were called out. The regiment, after this, slowly advanced in solemn procession through the town, followed by the cavalry, and all the horse artillery. The streets were thronged—the windows were crowded—not a word was spoken; but the sobs and cries of friends, parents and old acquaintance, who came out to take a last farewell, were heard. After passing through Belfont, they turned to the high road, and continued the march until they reached the plains at the foot of Inis Tara, about two miles from the town.

Linden and Seaford were then brought forward with a strong escort. They continued silent and firm to the last. Just as the pause was made, before the command was given that they should kneel, the mother of Linden, supported by Mac Allain, forced her way through the

crowd, and implored permission to take a last farewell of her son. The officer desired that she might pass; but the crowd was so great that it was with difficulty she could arrive at the spot:—when there, she only once shook hands with the young man, and said she had brought him his father's blessing:—he made no answer, but appeared very deeply affected. He had shewn the most deliberate courage till that hour. It now forsook him, and he trembled excessively.

“Thank God I am spared this,” said his companion: “I have no mother left.” The signal was immediately given to fire; and the party prepared to do their duty. A troop of horse at that moment, in the green uniform of the national guards, appeared from an ambush, and a desperate struggle ensued. The mutineers set up a terrible yell during the combat. The inhabitants, both of the town and country, joined them in every direction.

Lord Avondale and many other officers present came up to the assistance of General Kennedy's small force, and soon restored order. The party of horse were put to flight. The colonel of the regiment immediately ordered a court-martial; and three prisoners, who were taken, were with Seaford and Linden, executed on the spot.

In the skirmish, the young man who headed the party of horse, and had exposed himself most eagerly to rescue Linden, was wounded in the left arm: his person was described; the circumstance was mentioned; and a high reward was offered for his head. It was supposed by many that he was Lord Glenarvon.

The severity of these proceedings struck an immediate panic throughout the disaffected. The inhabitants of the town of Belfont arrayed themselves in black. A long and mournful silence succeeded; and few there were who perceived through the veil of submissive ac-

quiescence, the spirit of rebellion and vengeance, which was preparing to burst forth. Gerald Mac Allain, forgetful of his wrongs, appeared at the castle ; Lady St. Clare wrote the most penitent letters to Sir Everard ; and with her two daughters Jessica and Laura, entreated permission to return. Every one of the tradesmen and farmers, of any respectability, erased their names from the new club which had been established opposite to Sir Everard's house ; and a sort of mournful tranquillity and terror seemed to reign throughout.

A few days after this melancholy transaction, Linden's mother died ; and as Calantha was returning from Belfont, she met the crowd who had followed her to the grave. They all passed her in silence, nor gave her one salutation, or smile of acknowledgment, as on other occasions ; yet they were her father's own tenants, and most of their countenances she remembered from childhood.

When she mentioned this circumstance at the castle, she was informed that Lord Avondale's having taken an active part against the party, who had come forward to save the deserters, was the cause of this, their unusual deportment.

To such height at this time, was the spirit of party carried that the whole kingdom, was in a state of ferment and disorder. Complaints were made, redress was claimed, and the people were every where mutinous and discontented. Numerous absentees, it was popularly said had drawn great part of the money out of the country; oppressive taxes were continued; land was let and sub-let to agents and stewards to the utter ruin of the tenants.

Some concessions were now granted in haste—some assurance of relief given; but the popular spirit of indignation, once excited, was not to be allayed by the same means which had, perhaps, prevented its first rise. The time for

conciliation was past. A foreign enemy lost no opportunity of adding to the increasing inward discontent. The friends of government had the power of the sword and the weight of influence on their side; but the enemies were more numerous, more desperate, more enthusiastic. The institution of political clubs, the combination of the United Irishmen, for the purpose of forwarding a brotherhood of affection, a communion of rights, amongst those of every different persuasion, even the establishment of a military force was now attempted; and the constant cry of all the inhabitants of either town or country was a total repeal of the penal statutes, the elective franchise, reform of parliament, and commutation of tythes.

Whilst, however, the more moderate with sincerity imagined, that they were upholding the cause of liberty and religion; the more violent who had emancipated their minds from every restraint

of prejudice or principle, did not conceal that the equalization of property, and the destruction of rank and titles was their real object. The revolutionary spirit was fast spreading, and since the appearance of Lord Glenarvon, at Belfont, the whole of the county around might be considered in a state of actual rebellion.

CHAPTER VIII.

GLENARVON seemed, however, to differ in practice from his principles; for whilst many of those who had adopted the same language had voluntarily thrown off their titles, and divided their property amongst their partizans, he made a formal claim to the titles which his grandfather had forfeited; and though he had received no positive assurance, even that his right would be recognized, he called himself by that name alone, and insisted on his followers addressing him in no other manner. This singular personage of whom so many, for a long period, had heard the strangest reports, whom some imagined to be dead, and who seemed, whenever he appeared, to make no light impression upon all those with whom he conversed, had passed his youth in a foreign country,

and had only twice visited the abode of his ancestors until the present year.

It was amidst the ruins of antient architecture, and the wild beauties of Italian scenery, that his splendid genius and uncommon faculties were first developed. Melancholy, unsocial, without a guide he had centered in himself every strong interest, and every aspiring hope. Dwelling ever in the brilliant regions of fancy, his soul turned with antipathy from the ordinary cares of life. He deeply felt the stigma which had been cast upon his family in the person of his grandfather, who, from the favourite of the lawful prince, had become the secret accomplice of a bloody conspiracy. The proofs of his guilt were clear; his death was a death of shame; and the name of traitor was handed down with the coronet to which his only surviving heir so eagerly aspired.

By his nearest friends he was now

called Glenarvon ; and so jealous did he appear of his rank, that he preferred disguise, straits and difficulties, to a return to his own country without those titles, and that fortune, which he considered as his due. One object of interest succeeded another ; a life of suspense was preferred to apathy ; and the dark counsels of unprincipled associates, soon led one, already disloyal in heart, to the very brink of destruction.

He had embraced his father's profession, wherein he had distinguished himself by his courage and talent ; but to obey another was irksome ; and the length of time which must elapse before he could obtain the command of a ship, soon disgusted him with the service. He quitted it, and returned to Italy—there amidst the luxurious dissipation of Rome or Florence, he gave up his days and nights to every fierce excess ; and soon the high spirit of genius was darkened,

the lofty feelings of honor were debased, and the frame and character sunk equally dejected under the fatigue of vigils and revels, in which reason and virtue had no share. He had been wronged and he knew not how to pardon. Many had deceived him and he existed henceforward but to mislead others. The victim of his first attachment had fallen a prey to the revengeful jealousy of an incensed husband; but her death was not more sudden, more secret, than that of the tyrant who had destroyed her. Every one knew by whose hand the fair and lovely Fiorabella had perished; but no eye bore witness against the assassin, who, in the depths of night had immediately revenged her loss. The murderer and the murdered were both alike involved in the impenetrable veil of mystery. The proud and noble family who had been injured, had neither the power, nor the inclination to seek redress. Lord Glenarvon was seen no more at Florence · he had been

the cause of this tragic scene. It afflicted his generous heart when he reflected upon the misery he had occasioned; but not even his bitterest enemy could have suspected him of deeper guilt. His youth was untainted by the suspicion of crime, and the death of Giardini had, with greater show of justice been attributed to another, and a more dangerous hand.

Fascinated with the romantic splendour of ideal liberty, and intent upon flying from the tortures of recollection, he had visited Ireland in the spring of the year , and had remained there some months, unknown even to his adherents, who flocked around him, attracted by his eloquence, and won by his address. One only victim returned with him in his voluntary exile from his native land. One only miserable enthusiast devoted herself to his fortunes, and accompanied him in his flight. O'Kelly, the son of a tenant of his father, recognized his

youthful lord, and early ingratiated himself into his favour.

With this sole attendant, and the unhappy girl who had renounced her country and her virtue for his sake, he departed; nor was seen again at St. Alvin Priory till the present year.

Indeed the report of his death was so often affirmed, that when he again presented himself, so changed in manner and in form, before his adherents, they questioned one with another whether he was in reality their lord. "I am not what I seem," he would frequently say; "I am not him whom you take me for."

Strange things were rumoured of him. There was a man in his service who had returned with him, who spoke to none, who answered no enquiries, who had never before been seen with him in his former visits. It was said that he knew many things if he durst but utter them. All feared and avoided this man. His name was Macpherson,

the same whom Gondimar had seen in town; but all felt irresistibly attracted by his youthful master. Glenarvon's projects—his intentions were now but too generally suspected;—it was a critical moment; and his motives for visiting Ireland in such a conjuncture could not be misinterpreted nor mistaken.

CHAPTER IX.



IN this his second visit to his native country, Glenarvon desired his servant, O'Kelly, to find a person of respectability who would take charge of a child, then only in his second year. Clare of Costolly was his name; but whether the boy was the son of Lord Glenarvon, or some little favorite who, for the moment, had excited his interest, none knew, nor durst enquire.

Indeed, the impenetrable mystery which surrounded Lord Glenarvon was involved in a deeper shade of concealment at this time, than at any former period; for scarce had he set foot in his new habitation when a singular and terrific inmate appeared also at the Priory—a maniac! who was however welcomed in with the rest of the strange assemblage, and a room

immediately allotted for his reception. In vain the affrighted nurse remonstrated; the maniac's eyes were fixed upon the child, with frantic wildness; and Glenarvon, deaf to her entreaties, permitted Clare to attend upon the unwelcome stranger and saw him in his arms without alarm.

Even in his most dreadful paroxysms, when all others were afraid of approaching him, Glenarvon would calmly enter into his chamber, would hear his threats unawed,—would gaze on him, as if it gave him delight to watch the violence of misguided passion; to hear the hollow laugh of ideotsy, or fix the convulsed eye of raving insanity.

That which was disgusting or terrific to man's nature, had no power over Glenarvon. He had looked upon the dying and the dead; had seen the tear of agony without emotion; had heard the shriek of despair, and felt the hot blood as it flowed from the heart of a murdered

enemy, nor turned from the sickening sight—Even the storms of nature could not move Glenarvon. In the dark night, when the tempest raged around and the stormy ocean beat against the high impending cliffs, he would venture forth, would listen to the roaring thunder without fear, and watch the forked lightening as it flashed along the sky.

The rushing winds but seemed to sooth his perturbed spirit ; and the calm of his brow remained unaltered in every changing scene. Yet it was the calm of hopeless despair, when passion, too violent to shew itself by common means, concentrates itself at once around the heart, and steels it against every sentiment of mercy.

Who had dared to enquire of that eye the meaning of its glance ? or who had trusted to the music of that soft voice, when it breathed forth vows of tenderness and love ? or who, believing in the light

of life which beamed upon that countenance, had considered the sportive jests of fancy—the brilliant sallies of that keen wit as the overflowing testimony of a heart at rest? None—none believed or trusted in Glenarvon.—Yet thousands flocked around and flattered him; amidst this band of ruffians, this lawless unprincipled gang, the recluse of Glenaa—the lovely, but misguided Elinor was now too often seen. She was the spirit and soul of the tumultuous party: her wit enlivened; her presence countenanced; her matchless beauty attracted. Scarce in her sixteenth year, the pride of her family, the wonder and ornament of the whole country, she forsook her solitude and hopes of heaven—she left the aunt, who had fostered and cherished her from childhood, to become avowedly the mistress of Glenarvon. On horse, or on foot, she accompanied him. In the attire of a boy she unblushingly followed

his steps! his former favorites were never even named, or alluded to—his present mistress occupied all his attention.

When St. Clara described the sufferings of her country, every heart melted to compassion, or burned with indignation; but when her master, when Glenarvon played upon her harp, or sung the minstrelsy of the bards of other times, he inspired the passions which he felt, and inflamed the imagination of his hearers to deeds of madness—to acts of the wildest extravagance. Crowds followed upon his steps; yet it was melancholy to see them pass—so fair, so young and yet so utterly hardened and perverted. Who could behold St. Clara and not compassionate her fate? What was to become of her when Glenarvon had ceased to love; and did he love?—Never: in the midst of conquests, his heart was desolate; in the fond embrace of mutual affection, he despised the victim of his art,

Of all the friends, flatterers and followers, he had gained by his kindness, and lost by his caprice, not one remained to fill, in his bosom, that craving void which he himself had made. Wherever he appeared, new beauty attracted his worship, and yielded to his power: yet he valued not the transient possession, even whilst smiling upon the credulous being who had believed in his momentary affection. Even whilst soothing her with promises and vows, which he meant not for one hour to perform, he was seeking the means of extricating himself from her power—he was planning his escape from the thralldom of her charms? Was he generous? Aye, and prodigal by nature; but there was a part of his character which ill accorded with the rest: it was a spirit of malignity which, if irritated, never rested, till it had satisfied its vengeance. An enemy, he could have pardoned and have loved; but he knew not how to bear with or forgive a friend.

His actions appeared the immediate result of impulse ; but his passions were all subject to his controul, and there was a systematic consistency even in his most irregular conduct. To create illusions, and raise affection in the breasts of others, has been the delight of many : to dispel the interest he had created was Glenarvon's care. Love he had studied as an art : he knew it in all its shades and gradations ; for he had traced its progress in his own and many another breasts. Of knowledge and wisdom, he had drunk deep at the fountain head, nor wanted aught that could give liveliness and variety to his discourse.

He was, besides, a skilful flatterer, and knew in what weak part, he best might apply his power. But the sweetness of his praise, could only be exceeded by the bitterness of his contempt—the venomed lash of his deadly wit.

That in which Glenarvon most prided himself—that in which he most excelled,

was the art of dissembling. He could turn and twine so near the truth, with, more than Machiavelian subtlety, that none could readily detect his falsehood; and when he appeared most frank and unguarded, then he most deceived. Falsehood and craft were stamped upon his countenance, written upon his brow, marked in his words, and scarce concealed beneath the winning smile which oft times played upon his lips.

“ If I could but see him once,” said Lady Augusta, “ I should be satisfied; but to hear his name from morning till night—to have every fault, folly, nay even crime attributed to him by one party, and every virtue, charm and fascination given him by the other,—it is enough to distract women in general, and me in particular. Is there no mercy for curiosity? I feel I shall do something absurd, extremely absurd, if an interview it not contrived.” “ Nothing can be more easy,” said the Duke: “ you shall

dine with him, at the next public day. I have already sent him a card of invitation." "Under what title?" "To Captain de Ruthven." "He will assuredly not come," said Lady Trelawney. "That I think probable," said the Duke, laughing. "The malicious affirm that his arm is in a sling; and if so, his appearance just at present would be unwise." The conversation soon took another turn; and Lord Avondale entering, informed Calantha that he had a letter from Sir Richard, and must immediately join him at Cork.

CHAPTER X.

ADMIRAL BUCHANAN and Sir Richard Mowbrey had, in the month of January, returned to England, where they had received the thanks of Parliament for their distinguished conduct on the memorable 1st of June. They were now appointed to command upon the Cork station, with a considerable force, as serious apprehensions were entertained lest the enemy should attempt a descent in the south of Ireland. The enthusiasm with which the heroes were greeted on their return, did honour to the feelings of the Irish nation. They were invited to every house in the neighbourhood; and *fêtes* and balls were given to shew them respect. The Duke and Lord Avondale went forward to receive them.

Commodore Emmet, an old acquaint-

ance of theirs who resided at Cork, sent to offer his house, not only to them, but to the whole party at Castle Delaval; if they determined to accept Sir George's invitation, and dine on board the Royal William on the 1st of June, in commemoration of that day and its success. There were few, if any, of those invited who refused; but none accepted the invitation with so much enthusiasm as Calantha. The letter from Sir George Buchanan to Lady Margaret was as follows:—

Cork, May 28th. 1796.

“ My dear Lady Margaret,

“ In answer to a letter which I received this morning, dated May 26th, ult., I request the honour of your Ladyship's company on board the Royal William, now in harbour at the Cove. The Duke and the rest of his family and party have already promised me this favour, and I am not prepared to accept from yourself any denial on account of those circumstances

to which you allude, and which, I entreat you sincerely to believe are, on my part, utterly forgotten. Let me request you, then, to banish from your memory every trifling disagreement, and to meet me, upon an occasion so flattering as is the present to my feelings and those of our friends, with the good-will and kindness you will ever find in the heart of your Ladyship's most obedient and affectionate brother and servant,

“ GEORGE BUCHANAN.”

In consequence of this invitation, Lady Margaret and the rest of the Duke's family set out on the morning of the 31st, and arrived about the hour of dinner at Commodore Emmet's—a large brick building about a quarter of a mile beyond the town of Cork. The Duke and Lord Avondale, and their loquacious host, had been awaiting them some time. The latter gave to each

the most cordial welcome; boasted that he could lodge them all; talked incessantly, as he shewed them to their apartments; entreated them not to dress, as dinner awaited; and left them, assuring them all, that they were the exact image of the Duke, whom he concluded to be, like the Patriarchs of old, the father of the whole company. His voice murmured on as he descended the stairs, whilst Cassandra and Heloise, his daughters, appeared to offer their services in his place.

The dining-room was small; the guests were numerous; the table was crowded with huge pieces of meat: the Commodore talked incessantly; his children, his servants, his brother, seemed all gifted alike with the same spirit of activity: it was incessant bustle, hurry, noise and contrivance. Music, cards, and tricks of every kind were displayed during the evening; and in the morning, long before the sun had arisen, carpen-

ters, mechanics, ship-builders and cooks, awoke the guests by the noise of their respective pursuits.

Sir George Buchanan had sent to request the Duke's company at an early hour on the morrow. The day proved fair, the boats were ready, and they set forth on their expedition in high spirits. Many ships and smaller vessels were spread over the harbour; and bands of music played as they passed. The beauty of the Cove of Cork, the trees bending to the water side, the fortress, and the animated picture which a mercantile city presents,—delighted all. But feelings of enthusiasm kindled in every heart, when they approached the Royal William, and beheld its venerable commander. The sea was rough, and the spray of the waves was at times blown over the boat. The Miss Emmets thought of their new dresses; Sophia of danger; and Calantha of the glory of thus proudly riding over the billowy ocean.

Lady Margaret, though silent, was more deeply agitated:—her mind recurred in thought to scenes long past. She was now to behold, after a lapse of many years, her husband's brother, whom she had treated with the most marked indignity, and for whom she had vainly attempted to feel contempt. He had ever conducted himself towards her with courteous, though distant civility; but had yet shewn the most decided disapprobation of her conduct. When she had last beheld him, she was in the full splendour of youth and beauty, surrounded by an admiring world, and triumphant in the possession of every earthly enjoyment. Time had but little changed the majesty of her form; but something worse than time had stamped upon her countenance an expression never to be effaced; while her marked brow assumed an air of sullen pride and haughty reserve, as she ascended from the boat into the ship; she gazed upon the long forgotten features of

her brother; and she seemed to be deeply affected. Age had bleached his once dark locks; but he was still unimpaired in mind and form. He bent lowly down to receive her: she felt him clasp her to his bosom; and overcome by this unexpected kindness, her tears streamed upon his hand:—he, too, could have wept; but recovering himself, with a commanding air, he came forward to receive his other guests.

The ship was in the highest order; the feast prepared was magnificent; and when the Duke stood up and bowed with grace to drink the Admiral's health, the sailors cheered, and the toast was repeated from the heart by every individual. But he, though greatly affected and pleased at the homage shewn him, bowed to the Duke, returning him the compliment; and afterwards, drinking the health of Sir Richard Mowbrey, said, that he owed every thing to his assistance—that, in the glorious action of the 1st, his ship

had conferred new honours on the British Navy, and that he had received the warmest commendations of their great Commander and famed Admiral Howe!..

At that name, every individual arose. The name of Howe was repeated from mouth to mouth with an expression of exalted admiration; his applauses were spoken of by every tongue; and many an eye that had never shewn weakness, till that moment, filled with tears at the name of their venerable, their dear commander. Captain Emmet, during this scene, was employed in eating voraciously of whatever he could lay hands on. Miss Emmet, who thought it a great honor to converse with a lord, had seated herself by the side of Lord Avondale, narrating her own adventures, freely stating her own opinions, and pleased with herself and every one present; while her father likewise talked at the other end of the table, and Admiral Buchanan laughed

heartily, but good humouredly at his friend's oppressive eloquence.

Suddenly Lord Avondale turned to Calantha and asked her if she were ill? She knew not, she could not define the sort of pain and joy she felt at that moment. Her eyes had long been fixed upon one who took no part in this convivial scene—whose pale cheek and brow expressed much of disappointed hope, or of joyless indifference. He had that youthful, nay boyish air, which renders this melancholy the more singular.—It was not affected, though his manner had in it nothing of nature, but the affectation was rather that of assumed respect for those he cared not for, and assumed interest in topics to which he hardly attended, than the reverse. He even affected gaiety; but the heart's laugh never sounded from his lips; and if he uttered a sentence, his eye seemed to despise the being who listened with avidity to his observation. It was the same,—oh! yes,

it was, indeed, the same, whom Calantha had one moment beheld at St. Alvin Priory.

His face, his features, were the same, it is true, but a deeper shade of sadness now overspread them; and sorrow and disappointment had changed the glow of boyish health to a more pallid hue. What! in a month? it will be said.—A day might, perhaps, have done it. However, in the present instance, it was not as if some sudden and defined misfortune had opprest the soul by a single blow: it was rather as if every early hope had long been blighted; and every aspiring energy had been destroyed. There was nothing pleasing to gaze upon: it was mournful; but it excited nor sympathy, nor confidence. The arm was in a sling—the left arm. There could be no doubt that he was the hero who had risked his life to save young Linden. Was it, indeed, Lord Glenar-

von whom Calantha beheld? Yes, it was himself. Sir George Buchanan had long since known, observed, and distinguished him in his profession, and the firm friendship of the seaman, would not be deterred by any rumours, however current or however unfavourable, from paying him that respect, which he knew to be due not more to his rank, than to his merit and prowess. Glenarvon had availed himself of the invitation, and face to face Calantha now stood before him, and gazed with eager curiosity upon him.

Never did the hand of the sculptor, in the full power of his art, produce a form and face more finely wrought, so full of soul, so ever-varying in expression. Was it possible to behold him unmoved? Oh! was it in woman's nature to hear him, and not to cherish every word he uttered? And, having heard him, was it in the human heart ever again to forget those accents, which awakened every interest, and quieted every apprehension? The

day, the hour, that very moment of time was marked and destined. It was Glenarvon—it was that spirit of evil whom she beheld; and her soul trembled within her, and felt its danger.

Calantha was struck suddenly, forcibly struck; yet the impression made upon her, was not in his favour. The eye of the rattle-snake, it has been said, once fixed upon its victim, overpowers it with terror and alarm: the bird, thus charmed, dares not attempt its escape; it sings its last sweet lay; flutters its little pinions in the air; then falls prone before its destroyer, unable to fly from his fascination. Calantha bowed, therefore with the rest, pierced to the heart at once by the maddening power that destroys alike the high and low; but she liked not the wily turn of his eye, the contemptuous sneer of his curling lip, the soft passionless tones of his voice;—it was not nature, or if it were nature, not

that to which she had been accustomed;—not the open, artless expression of a guileless heart.

Starting from the kind of dream, in which she had for one moment been wrapped, she now looked around her, and with a sudden affectation, to which she had hitherto been a stranger, assumed a new manner, in order to conceal the interest which she felt, and which she feared she was betraying.

Lord Glenarvon was the real object of her thoughts, yet she appeared alone to be occupied with every other. She laughed with Lord Trelawney; talked to the Miss Emmets; examined with interest every part of the ship, carelessly approaching the very edge of it; yet once she met that glance, which none ever, who had seen, could forget, and she stopped as if rivetted to the earth.—He smiled; but whether it was a smile of approbation, or of scorn, she could not discover: the upper lip was curled, as

if in derision; but the hand that was stretched out to save her, as she stood on the brink of the vessel, and the soft silvery voice which gently admonished her to beware, lest one false step should plunge her headlong into the gulph below, soon re-assured her.

It was late before the Duke took leave of the admiral, who promised to breakfast with the Commodore the ensuing day. The guns once more were fired; the band played as for their arrival; but the music now seemed to breathe a sadder strain; for it was heard softened by distance, and every stroke of the oars rendered the sounds more and more imperfect. The sun was setting, and cast its lustre on the still waves: even the loquacity of the Emmets was for a few moments suspended; it was a moment which impressed the heart with awe; it was a scene never to be forgotten. The splendour of conquest, the tumult of enthusiasm, the aged veteran, and more than

all, perhaps, that being who seemed early wrecked in the full tide of misfortune, were all fixed indelibly in Calantha's memory. Future times might bring new interests and events ; magnificence might display every wonderful variety ; but the impression of that hour never can be effaced.

CHAPTER XI.



CALANTHA could not speak one word during the evening ; but while Miss Emmets sung—indifferently, she listened and even wept at what never before had excited or interest, or melancholy. At night, when in sleep, one image pursued her,—it was all lovely—all bright: it seemed to be clothed in the white garments of an angel ; it was too resplendent for eyes to gaze on :—she awoke. Lord Avondale slept in the inner room ; she arose and looked upon him, whilst he reposed. How long, how fondly she had loved those features—that form. What grace, what majesty, what beauty was there ! But when those eyes awake, she said, they will not look for me. That heart is at peace, and thou canst sleep, Henry, and my sorrows are not known

or heeded by thee. Happy Avondale:— Miserable, guilty Calantha! when the mind once cherishes a discontented spirit, every event that occurs tends to strengthen it in the delusion it loves to indulge. Calantha only thought herself neglected. To her perverted eyes every thing appeared in a false light. Thus she accused Lord Avondale when in fact she herself was alone to blame.

At an early hour the ensuing day, Captain Emmet proposed a drive to Donallan Park, which he said was a fair domain, fully deserving the attention of the Duke of Altamonte. Cassandra and Eloise clamorously seconded this proposal. In this energetic family, Mrs. Emmet alone gave the eye and the ear a little repose. Stretched upon a couch in languid, listless inactivity, she gazed upon the bustling scene before her, as if entirely unconnected with it: nor seemed to know of greater suffering than when roused from her reveries, by the acute

voices of her family, to the bustle and hurry of common life. To the question of whether she would accompany them to Donallan Park, she answered faintly, that she would not go. A fat and friendly lieutenant, who fondly hung over her, urged her to relent, and with some difficulty, at length, persuaded her.

Every one appeared much pleased with their excursion, or possibly with some incident during their drive, which had made any excursion agreeable. Of Donallan Park, however, Calantha remembered little: this alone, she noted, that as they walked through a shrubbery, Lord Glenarvon suddenly disengaging himself from Miss Emmet, who had seized upon his arm, gathered a rose—the only rose in bloom (it being early in the summer) and turning back, offered it to Calantha. She felt confused—flattered perhaps; but if she were flattered by his giving it to her, she had reason to be

mortified by the remark which accompanied the gift. "I offer it to you," he said, "because the rose at this season is rare, and all that is new or rare has for a moment, I believe, some value in your estimation." She understood his meaning: her eye had been fixed upon him with more than common interest; and all that others said and Miss Emmet affected, he thought, perhaps, that she could feel. There was no proof she gave of this, more unequivocal, than her silence. Her spirits were gone; a strange fear of offending had come upon her; and when Lady Trelawney rallied her for this change, "I am not well," she said; "I wish I had never come to Cork."

On the ensuing morning, they returned to Castle Delaval. Previous to their departure, Admiral Buchanan had a long interview with Lady Margaret, during which time Lord Glenarvon walked along the beach with Calantha and Sophia.

“ Shall you be at Belfont again this year ?” said Miss Seymour. “ I shall be at Castle Delaval in a few days,” he answered, smiling rather archly at Calantha, she knew not wherefore. But she turned coldly from him, as if fearing to meet his eyes. Yet not so was it her custom to behave towards those whom she sought to please, and what woman upon earth exists, who had not wished to please Glenarvon ? Possibly she felt offended at what he had said when giving her the rose in Donallan garden ; or it may be that her mind, hitherto so enthusiastic, so readily attracted, was grown callous and indifferent, and felt not those charms and the splendour of those talents which dazzled and misled every other heart.

Yet to fly, to feel embarrassed, to scarcely dare to look upon the person who addresses us ? Are these such very marked signs of indifference ? It is not probable that Lord Glenarvon thought

so. He appeared not to hate the being who was thus confused in his presence, but to think that he felt what he inspired were presumption. With all the wild eagerness of enthusiasm, her infatuated spirit felt what, with all the art of well dissembled vanity, he feigned. She quitted him with a strong feeling of interest. She, however, first heard him accept her father's invitation, and agree to accompany Sir George Buchanan in his promised visit to Castle Delaval.

CHAPTER XII.

ON their return thither, they found the guests they had left in a lamentable state of dullness. Lord Glenarvon was the first subject of enquiry. Is he arrived?—have you seen him?—do you like him?—were repeated on all sides. “Who?—who?” “There can be but one—Lord Glenarvon!” “We all like him quite sufficiently, be assured of that,” said Sophia, glancing her eye somewhat sarcastically upon Calantha. “He is a very strange personage,” said Lady Margaret. “My curiosity to see him had been highly excited: I am now perfectly satisfied. He certainly has a slight resemblance to his mother.” “He has the same winning smile,” said Gondimar; “but there all comparison ceases.” “What says my Calantha?” said Lady

Mandeville, "does her silence denote praise?" "Oh! the greatest," she replied in haste, "I hope, my dear girls," said Mrs. Seymour, rather seriously addressing her daughters, "that you will neither of you form any very marked intimacy with a person of so singular a character as is this young lord. I was rather sorry when, by your letter, I found he was invited here." "Oh, there is no need of caution for us!" replied Lady Trelawny, laughing: "perhaps others may need these counsels, but not we: we are safe enough; are we not, Sophia?"

Lord Glenarvon, the object of discussion, soon appeared at the castle, to silence both praise and censure. There was a studied courtesy in his manner—a proud humility, mingled with a certain cold reserve, which amazed and repressed the enthusiasm his youth and misfortunes had excited. The end was as usual:—all were immediately won by this un-

expected demeanour:—some more, some less, and Mrs. Seymour the last. But, to Calantha's infinite amusement, she heard her speaking in his defence a few hours after his arrival; and the person she addressed, upon this occasion, was Sir Everard St. Clare, who vehemently asseverated, though only in a whisper, that the Duke must be mad to permit such a person to remain at the castle in times like the present.

Sir Everard then stated, that Lady St. Clare and her daughters were returned to Belfont, and so eager to be again received into society, that if they dared hope that any of the Duke's family would accept their invitation, they intended to give a concert on the night of the great illumination for the Admiral's arrival at Belfont. Mrs. Seymour smiled in scorn; but Lady Margaret kindly promised to go; and as soon as Mrs. Seymour heard that it was merely in a political light they were to counte-

nance them, she was satisfied. For the present terror of all those who upheld the government, was lest the rebels should prove superior, and murder them for their opinions

It is unnecessary to relate what Lord Glenarvon said to Calantha very shortly after his arrival at the castle; it was made up of a thousand nothings; yet they were so different from what others had said: they shewed her so marked a preference; at least they seemed to do so; but it was not a preference that could alarm the most wary, or offend the most scrupulous. Such as it was, however, it flattered and it pleased; it gave a new interest to life, and obliterated from her memory every long cherished feeling of bitterness or regret.

It chanced one day, that, when seated at dinner, by Mrs. Seymour, to whom he paid no little attention, he enquired of her concerning Mac Allain, who waited upon that occasion behind the Duke's

chair. "Why looks he so miserable?" he said. "Why turn his eyes so incessantly towards Mr. Buchanan?" Mrs. Seymour hesitated, as if fearing to allude to a transaction which she never thought of without horror and dislike; but she no sooner pronounced the name of Mac Allain, than Lord Glenarvon's countenance altered: he started! and, watching Buchanan with a look of loathing antipathy, exhibited such a variety of malevolent passions, in the space of a few moments, that Sophia, who sat near Calantha on the opposite side of the table, asked her, as she read countenances so well, to tell her what her new friend's expressed at that instant? She raised her eyes; but met Glenarvon's. He saw he was the object of attention: he smiled; and the sweetness of that smile alone being considered: "I know not," she said, in some confusion; "but this I believe, that the hand of Heaven never impressed on man a countenance so

beautiful, so glorious!" "Calantha!" said Sophia, looking at her. Calantha sighed. "What is it even so?—Heaven defend us!" somewhat confused Calantha turned to the Count Gondimar; and, talking with affected spirits, soon appeared to have forgotten both the smile and the sigh.

"You once, when in London, gave me permission to warn you," said the Count, who observed every thing that was passing, "when I thought you in danger. Now," continued he,—“now is the moment. It was not when dancing with Mr. Clarendon, or playing the coquette with Buchanan and the Duke of Myrtlegrave, that I trembled for you. Lord Avondale was still dear, even in those days—but now—O! the inconstancy of the human heart. You, even you, are changed.” “Not I,” she replied; “but alas! that time is arrived which you predicted: he cares no more for me; but I can never forget him.

See," she continued, "how utterly indifferent he appears, yet I would die for him." "That will be of little service: you will prove his ruin and misery. Mark my words, Lady Avondale; and, when too late, remember what I have dared to say."

"Every woman complains," she continued, smiling, "therefore, let me prove an exception. I have no reproaches to make Lord Avondale; and, except in your suspicious mind, there is no evil to apprehend." "Tell me, candidly; if the trial were made, if the hour of temptation were to come, could you, do you think—could you have strength and courage to resist it?" "Could I! Can you ask! It will not be accounted presumption to affirm, that I feel secure. But possibly this arises from my conviction, that there can be no temptation for me: I love my husband; there is no merit then in being true to what we love."

As she yet spoke, Zerbellini approached and asked her, in Italian, to read a note Lord Glenarvon had sent her. It was written with a pencil, and contained but few words: it requested her to speak no more with the Count Gondimar. He saw the manner in which the paper was delivered, and guessed from whom it came. "I told you so," he cried. "Alas! shall I affect to offer you advice, when so many nearer and dearer friends are silent—shall I pretend to greater wisdom,—greater penetration? Is it not inordinate vanity to hope, that any thing I can suggest will be of use?" "Speak," said Calantha; for the subject was interesting to her; "at all events I shall not be offended." "The serpent that is cherished in the bosom," said Gondimar, fiercely, "will bite with deadly venom—the flame that brightly dazzles the little wanton butterfly, will destroy it. The heart of a libertine is iron: it softens when heated with the fires of passion, but

it is cold and hard in itself. As whirlwinds they are strong and irresistible; but when they subside, the calm of insensibility will succeed. Remember the friend of thy youth; though he appear unkind, his seeming neglect is better worth than the vows and adulation of all beside. Oh! Lady Avondale, let one that is lovely, and blest as you are, continue pure even in thought."

Calantha looked up, and met Gondimar's eyes: the fire in them convinced her that love alone dictated this sage advice; and none ever can conceive how much that feeling had been increased by thus seeing a rival before him, whom he could not hope to render odious or ridiculous.

On the following day Lord Glenarvon took his leave. The Duke appeared desirous of conciliating him; Lady Margaret was more even than usually brilliant and agreeable; Mrs. Seymour relaxed something of her frigidity; and the rest

of the ladies were enthusiastic in their approbation.

From that time Calantha spoke much and often apart with Gondimar. Every thought of her heart seemed concentrated on the sudden in one dark interest; yet it was not love that she felt: it could not be. By day, by night, one image pursued her: yet to save, to reclaim, to lead back from crime to virtue—from misery to peace, was, as she then apprehended, her sole hope and view. Were not all around alike infatuated? Was not the idol of her fancy a being to whom all alike paid the incense of flattery—the most lowly, the most abject?

“Let them pursue,” she cried: “let them follow after and be favoured in turn. I alone, self-exiled, will fly, will hide myself beneath every concealment. He shall hear their words and believe in their adulation; but never, whilst existence is allowed me, shall he know the interest with which he has inspired

me." Resolved upon this, and dreading her own thoughts, she danced, she rode, she sang, she talked to every one, sought every amusement, and seemed alone to dread one instant of repose—one single moment of time devoted to self-examination and reflection. Ceaseless hurry, joyless mirth, endless desire of amusement varied the days as they flitted by, "Oh, pause to reflect!" said Gondimar. But it was vain: new scenes of interest succeeded each other: till suddenly she started as if already in the dark labyrinth of sin, and shuddering on the very edge of the bottomless chasm, which opened before her feet.

CHAPTER XIII.



LORD GLENARVON was now a favoured guest at the castle. He came, he went, as it suited his convenience or his humour.—But every time he came, the secret interest he had excited was strengthened ; and every time he went, he left apparently deeper marks of regret.

Sir Richard Mowbrey and Sir George Buchanan were at this time also at the castle. Sir Everard, forgetful of his wrongs, and his Lady of her projects for the emancipation of her countrymen, kept open house during their stay ; Lady St. Clare, in pursuance of her plan of restoring herself to society, assisted with her daughters, at a concert in the great assembly-rooms at Belfont, given in honour of the Admiral's arrival,

On the eventful evening, the whole party at the castle resolved to make a most wonderful *éclat*, by their brilliant appearance and popular condescension. The Duke addressed himself to every individual with his accustomed affability. Lord Avondale attended upon his uncle, who amused himself by walking up and down that part of the room which was prepared for the dancers, bowing to all, shaking hands with all, and receiving those compliments which his brave conduct deserved. Pale, trembling, and scarcely heeding the scene, Calantha watched with breathless anxiety for one alone; and that one, for what cause she knew not, spoke not to her.

“Where is he?”—“Which is he?”—Was whispered now from mouth to mouth. The Admiral, the Duke, the concert were forgotten. One object appeared suddenly to engage the most boundless curiosity. “Is that really Lord Glenarvon?” said a pretty little woman

pushing her way towards him. "Oh let me but have the happiness of speaking one word to him:—let me but say, when I return to my home, that I have seen him, and I shall be overjoyed." Calantha made room for the enthusiastic Lady:—she approached—she offered her hand to the deliverer of his Country as she called him. He accepted it with grace, but some embarrassment. The rush was then general: every one would see—would speak to their Lord—their King; and the fashionable reserve which affectation had, for a moment, taught the good people of Belfont to assume, soon vanished, when nature spoke in their bosoms: so that had not the performers of the grand *concerto* called to order, Lord Glenarvon had been absolutely obliged to make his retreat. The mystery in which his fate appeared involved, his youth, his misfortunes, his brave conduct, and perhaps even his errors awakened this interest in such as beheld him. But he turned

form the gaze of strangers with bitterness.

“ Will you allow me to seat myself near you ?” he said, approaching Calantha’s chair. “ Can you ask ?” “ Without asking, I would not. You may possibly stay till late : I shall go early. My only inducement in coming here was you.” “ Oh ! do not say, what I am well assured is not true.” “ I never say what I do not feel. Your presence here alone makes me endure all this fulsome flattery, noise, display. If you dance—that is, when you dance, I shall retire.”

The concert now began with frequent bursts of applause. Suddenly a general murmur proclaimed some new and unexpected event :—a young performer appeared. Was it a boy ! Such grace—such beauty, soon betrayed her : it was Miss St. Clare. She could not hope for admittance in her own character ; yet, under a feigned name, she had promised to assist at the performance ; and the known popularity

of her songs, and the superior sweetness of her voice, prevented the professors from enquiring too much into the propriety of such an arrangement

Messieurs John Maclane and Creighton had just been singing, in Italian, an opera buffa. The noise they had made was such, that even the most courteous had been much discountenanced. A moment's pause ensued; when, without one blush of diffidence, but, on the contrary, with an air of dauntless and even contemptuous effrontery, the youthful performer seized her harp—Glenarvon's harp—and singing, whilst her dark brilliant eyes were fixed upon him alone, she gave vent to the emotions of her own bosom, and drew tears of sympathy from many another. The words were evidently made at the moment; and breathed from the heart. She studied not the composition, but the air was popular, and for that reason it had effect.

If to lose all that love thee, should e'er be thy lot,
By the world, that now courts thee, contemn'd or forgot ;
When thy own fickle heart has all others estranged,
Then remember St. Clara, who never had changed.

Who had followed thy steps, though in sickness and sadness,
More firm to the last than the foes who upbraid her ;
Who had followed thy steps, though to death and to madness,
Then mourn o'er the grave where thy falsehood has laid her.

Ah, say not ! Ah, think not ! she e'er can recover,
The blow never fails from the hand of a lover ;
Fall home it was struck, and it fell on a breast
By remorse and unkindness already deprest.

A smile oft, in death, may illumine each feature,
When hope, fondly cherished, for ever is past ;
And the heart that is noble and high in its nature,
Though deserted and scorn'd, will be firm to the last.

The admiration for the young enthusiast was checked by the extreme disgust her shameless ill conduct had occasioned. The tears, too, of Sir Everard, who was present, and audibly called upon his cruel ungrateful niece, excited a strong feeling of sympathy and indignation. She retired the moment she had ended her song, and the commotion her presence had excited subsided with her departure.

The heiress of Delaval, decked in splendid jewels, had not lost, by comparison, with the deserted Elinor. She was the reigning favourite of the moment: every one observed it, and smiled upon her the more on that account. To be the favourite of the favoured was too much. The adulation paid to her during the evening, and the caresses lavished upon her had possibly turned a wiser head than her's; but alas! a deeper interest employed her thoughts, and Glenarvon's attention was her sole object.

Calantha had felt agitated and serious during Miss St. Clare's performance. Lord Glenarvon had conversed with his customary ease; yet something had wounded her. Perhaps she saw, in the gaze of strangers, that this extreme and sudden intimacy was observed; or possibly her heart reproached her. She felt that not vanity alone, nor even enthusiasm, was the cause of her present emotion. She knew not, nor could define the motive; but, with seeming inconsistency, after refusing positively to dance, she sent for Buchanan and joined in that amusement; and, as if the desire of exercise had superseded every other, she danced on with an energy and perseverance, which excited the warmest approbation in all. "What spirits Lady Avondale has!" said one. "How charming she is!" cried another. She herself only sighed.

"Have you ever read a tragedy of Ford's?" whispered Lady Augusta to Ca-

lantha, as soon as she had ceased to exhibit—" a tragedy entitled *The Broken Heart.*" " No," she replied, half vexed, half offended. " At this moment you put me vastly in mind of it. You look most woefully. Come, tell me truly, is not your heart in torture? and, like your namesake Calantha, while lightly dancing the gayest in the ring, has not the shaft already been struck, and shall you not die ere you attain the goal?" She indeed felt nearly ready to do so; and fanning herself excessively, declared, that it was dreadfully hot—that she should absolutely expire of the heat: yet while talking and laughing with those who surrounded her, her eye looked cautiously round, eager to behold the resentment and expected frowns of him whom she had sought to offend; but there was no frown on Lord Glenarvon's brow—no look of resentment.

" And are you happy?" he said, approaching her with gentleness. " Per-

haps so, since some can rejoice in the sufferings of others. Yet I forgive you, because I know you are not yourself. I see you are acting from pique: but you have no cause; for did you know my heart, and could you feel what it suffers on your account, your doubts would give way to far more alarming suspicions." He paused, for she turned abruptly from him. "Dance on then, Lady Avondale," he continued, "the admiration of those for whose society you were formed—the easy prey of every coxcomb to whom that ready hand is so continually offered, and which I have never once dared to approach. Such is the respect which will ever be shewn to the object of real admiration, interest and regard, although that object seems willing to forget that it is her due. But," added he, assuming that air of gaiety he had one moment laid aside, "I detain you, do I not? See Colonel Donallan and the Italian Count await you." You mistake me," she said

gravely; "I could not presume to imagine that my dancing would be heeded by you: I could have no motive." "None but the dear delight of tormenting," he replied, "which gave a surprising elasticity to your step, I can assure you. Indubitably had not that impulse assisted, you could not thus have excelled yourself." "If you knew," she said, "what I suffer at this moment you would spare me. Why do you deride me?" "Because, oh Lady Avondale, I dare not—I cannot speak to you more seriously. I feel that I have no right—no claim on you. I dread offending; but to-morrow I shall expiate all; for I leave you to-morrow.—Yes, it must be so. I am going from Ireland. Indeed I was going before I had the misery of believing that I should leave anything in it I could ever regret." What Calantha felt when he said this, cannot be described.

"Will you dance the two next dances with me?" said Colonel Donallan, now approaching. "I am tired: will you ex-

cuse me? I believe our carriages are ordered." "Oh, surely you will not go away before supper." "Ask Lady Mandeville what she means to do." "Lady Trelawney and Miss Seymour stay." "Then, perhaps I shall." The Colonel bowed and retired.—"Give me the rose you wear," said Glenarvon in a low voice, "in return for the one I presented you at Donallan Park." "Must I?" "You must," he said, smiling. With some hesitation, she obeyed; yet she looked around in hopes no vigilant eye might observe her. She took it from her bosom, and gave it tremblingly into his hands. A large pier glass reflected the scene to the whole company. The rose thus given, was received with transport. It said more, thus offered, than a thousand words:—it was taken and pressed to a lover's lips, till all its blushing beauties were gone, then it was cast down on the earth to be trampled upon by many. And had Calantha wished it, she might have read in the

history of the flower, the fate that ever attends on guilty love.

And was it love she felt so soon—so strongly!—It is not possible. Alarmed, grieved, flattered at his altered manner, she turned aside to conceal the violent, the undefinable emotions, to which she had become a prey:—a dream of ecstasy for one moment fluttered in her heart; but the recollection of Lord Avondale recurring, she started with horror from herself—from him; and, abruptly taking leave, retired.

“Are you going?” said Glenarvon. “I am ill,” she answered. “Will you suffer me to accompany you?” he said, as he assisted her into her carriage; “or possibly it is not the custom in this country:—you mistrust me—you think it wrong.”—“No,” she answered with embarrassment; and he seated himself by her side. The distance to the castle was short. Lord Glenarvon was more respectful, more reserved, more silent than

before he had entered the carriage. On quitting it only he pressed her hand to his heart, and bade her feel for the agony she had implanted there. None perhaps, ever before felt what she did at this instant.

CHAPTER XIV.

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If any indifferent person approach us, it either is disagreeable, or at least unimportant; but when it is a person we love, it thrills through the heart, and we are unable to speak or to think. Could she have imagined that Lord Glenarvon felt for her, she had been lost. But that was impossible; and yet his manner;—it was so marked, there could be no doubt. She was inexperienced, we may add, innocent; though sufficiently prepared to become every thing that was the reverse. Yet in a moment she felt her own danger, and resolved to guard against it. How then can so many affirm, when they know that they are loved, that it is a mere harmless friendship! how can they, in palliation of their errors, bring forward the perpetually repeated excuse

that they were beguiled! The heart that is chaste and pure will shrink the soonest from the very feeling that would pollute it:—in vain it would attempt to deceive itself: the very moment we love, or are loved, something within us points out the danger:—even when we fly from him, to whom we could attach ourselves, we feel a certain embarrassment—an emotion, which is not to be mistaken; and, in a lover's looks, are there not a thousand assurances and confessions which no denial of words can for a moment disguise?

Lord Glenarvon had denied to Calantha the possibility of his ever again feeling attachment. This had not deceived her; but she was herself too deeply and suddenly struck to the heart to venture to hope for a return. Besides, she did not think of this as possible:—he seemed to her so far above her—so far above every thing. She considered him as entirely different from all others; and, if not su-

perior, at least dissimilar and consequently not to be judged by the same criterion.

It is difficult to explain Calantha's peculiar situation with respect to Lord Avondale. Yet it is necessary briefly to state in what manner they were situated at this particular period. They were dearer to each other perhaps, than any two who had been so long united in marriage. They loved each other with more passion, more enthusiasm than is often retained; but they were, from a thousand circumstances, utterly estranged at this time; and that apparently by mutual consent—like two violent spirits which had fretted and chafed and opposed each other, till both were sore and irritated.

In the course of years, they had said every thing that was most galling and bitter; and though the ardent attachment they really felt, had ever followed those momentary bursts of fury, the veil had

been torn aside—that courtesy, which none should ever suffer themselves to forget, had been broken through, and they had yielded too frequently to the sudden impulse of passion, ever to feel secure that the ensuing moment might not produce a scene of discord.

Calmness and deliberation had vanquished Calantha; violence could not. When provoked, Lord Avondale was too severe; and when he saw her miserable and oppressed, it gave him more suffering than if he had himself been subdued. There are few spirits which cannot be overcome if dexterously attacked; but with the fierce and daring, force will generally be found useless. It should be remembered that, like madness, these distorted characters see not things as they are; and, like martyrs and fanatics, they attach a degree of glory to every privation and punishment in the noble cause of opposition to what they

conceive is unjust authority. Such a character is open and guileless; but unhappily, the very circumstance that makes it sincere, renders it also, if it turn from the right course, desperate and hardened. Hypocrisy and falsehood, however disgusting, are perhaps less dangerous symptoms than that fearless openness. The former at least proves a sense of shame, and whilst this exists all virtue is not extinct.

During the first years of their marriage, these tumultuous scenes but strengthened the attachment they felt for each other; but when Lord Avondale's profession absorbed his mind, he dreaded a recurrence of those quarrels and reconciliations which had once so entirely engrossed his thoughts. He left Calantha, therefore, to the guidance of that will, which she had so long and pertinaciously indulged. Absent, pre-occupied, he saw not, he heard not, the

misuse she made of her entire liberty. Some trifle, perhaps, at times, reached his ear; a scene of discord ensued; much bitterness on both sides followed: and the conviction that they no longer loved each other, added considerably to the violence of recrimination. They knew not how deeply rooted affection such as they had once felt, must ever be—how the very ties that compelled them to belong to each other, strengthened, in fact, the attachment which inclination and love had first inspired; but, with all the petulance and violence of character natural to each, they fled estranged and offended from each other's society.

Lord Avondale sought, in an active and manly profession, for some newer interest, in which every feeling of ambition could have part; and she, surrendering her soul to the illusive dream of a mad and guilty attachment,

boasted that she had found again the happiness she had lost; and contrasted the indifference of her husband with the ardour, the devotion, the refined attention of a newly acquired friend.

CHAPTER XV.



O BETTER had it been to die than to see and hear Glenarvon. When he smiled, it was like the light of heaven; and when he spoke, his voice was more soothing in its sweetness than music. He was so gentle in his manners, that it was in vain even to affect to be offended; and, though he said he never again could love, he would describe how some had died, and others maddened, under the power of that fierce passion—how every tie that binds us, and every principle and law, must be broken through, as secondary considerations, by its victims: he would speak home to the heart; for he knew it in all its turnings and windings; and, at his will, he could rouse or tame the varying passions of those over whom he sought to exercise dominion. Yet, when by every

art and talent he had raised the flames of love, tearing himself from his victim, he would leave her, and then weep for the agony of grief by which he saw her destroyed.

Had he betrayed in his manner to Calantha that freedom, that familiarity so offensive in men, but yet so frequent amongst them, she would yet have shuddered. But what was she to fly? Not from the gross adulation, or the easy flip-pant protestations to which all women are soon or late accustomed: but from a respect, at once refined and flattering—an attention devoted even to her least wishes, yet without appearing subservient—a gentleness and sweetness, as rare as they were fascinating; and these combined with all the powers of imagination, vigour of intellect, and brilliancy of wit, which none ever before possessed in so imminent a degree; and none ever since have even presumed to rival. Could she fly from a being unlike all others—

sought for by every one, yet, by his own confession, wholly and entirely devoted to herself.

How cold compared with Glenarvon, was the regard her family and friends affected! Was it confidence in her honour, or indifference? Lord Glenarvon asked Calantha repeatedly, which it most resembled — he appealed to her vanity even, whether strong affection could thus neglect, and leave the object of its solicitude? Yet, had she done nothing to chill a husband and parent's affection—had she not herself lessened the regard they had so faithfully cherished?

Calantha thought she had sufficient honour and spirit to tell her husband at once the danger to which she was exposed; but when she considered more seriously her situation, it appeared to her almost ridiculous to fancy that it was so imminent. If upon some occasion, Lord Glenarvon's manner was ardent, the ensuing morning she found him cold,

distant and pre-occupied, and she felt ashamed of the weakness which, for one moment, could have made her imagine she was the object of his thoughts. Indeed, he often took an opportunity of stating, generally, that he never could feel either interest or love for any thing on earth; that once he had felt too deeply and had suffered bitterly from it; and that now his sole regret was in the certainty that he never again could be so deceived.

He spoke, with decision, of leaving Ireland, and more than once repeated, emphatically to the Duke, "I shall never forget the kindness which prompted you to seek me out, when under very unpleasant circumstances; I shall immediately withdraw my name from the directory—my sentiments I cannot change; but you have already convinced me of the folly of spreading them amongst the unenlightened multitude."

Sir Everard, who was present, lifted up

his hands at such discourse. "He is a convert of mine, I verily believe," he cried; "and Elinor"—"Miss St. Clare," whispered Glenarvon, turning to the Doctor, "has long been admonished by me, to return to an indulgent uncle, and throw herself on your mercy." "My mercy!" said Sir Everard, bursting into tears,— "my gratitude. Oh! my child, my darling." "And believe me," continued Lord Glenarvon, with an air which seemed haughtily to claim belief, "I return her as innocent as she came to me. Her imagination may have bewildered and beguiled her; but her principles are uncorrupted." "Generous young nobleman!" exclaimed Sir Everard, ready to kneel before him—"noble, mighty, grand young gentleman! wonder of our age!" Lord Glenarvon literally smiled through his tears; for the ridicule of Sir Everard did not prevent his excellent and warm feelings from affecting those who knew him well. "And will she

return to her poor uncle?" "I know not," said Lord Glenarvon, gravely: "I fear not; but I have even implored her to do so." "Oh, if you fail who are so fair and so persuasive, who can hope to move her?" "She may hear a parent's voice," said Glenarvon, "even though deaf to a lover's prayer." "And are you indeed a lover to my poor deluded Elinor?" "I was," said Lord Glenarvon, proudly; "but her strange conduct, and stubborn spirit have most effectually cured me; and I must own, Sir Everard, I do not think I ever again can even affect a feeling of this sort: after all, it is a useless way of passing life." "You are right," said the Doctor; "quite right; and it injures the health: there is nothing creates bile, and hurts the constitution more, than suspense and fretting:—I know it by myself."

They were standing in the library during this discourse. Lady Avondale entered now: Lord Glenarvon approached

her. They were for a few moments alone :—he leant over her ; she held a book in her hand ; he read a few lines ; it is not possible to describe how well he read them. The poetry he read was beautiful as his own ; it affected him. He read more ; he became animated ; Calantha looked up ; he fixed his eyes on hers ; he forgot the poem ; his hand touched hers, as he replaced the book before her ; she drew away her hand ; he took it and pressed it to his lips. “ Pardon me,” he said, “ I am miserable, but I will never injure you. Fly me, Lady Avondale : I deserve not either interest or regard ; and to look upon me is in itself pollution to one like you.” He then said a few words expressive of his admiration for her husband :—“ He is as superior to me,” he said, “ as Hyperion to a satyr :—and you love him, do you not ?” continued he, smiling. “ Can you ask ?” “ He seems most attached, too, to you.” “ Far, far more than I deserve.”

“ I can never love again,” said Glenarvon, still holding her hand: “ never. There will be no danger in my friendship,” he said, after a moment’s thought: “ none; for I am cold as the grave—as death; and all here,” he said pressing her hand upon his heart, “ is chilled, lost, absorbed. They will speak ill of me,” he continued rather mournfully; “ and you will learn to hate me.” “ I! never, never. I will defend you, if abused; I will hate those who hate you; I—” He smiled: “ How infatuated you are,” he said, “ poor little thing that seeks to destroy itself. Have you not then heard what I have done?” “ I have heard much,” said Calantha, “ but I know—I feel it is false.” “ It is all too true,” said Lord Glenarvon carelessly:— “ all quite true; and there is much worse yet: but it is no matter,” he continued; “ the never dying worm feeds upon my heart; I am like death, Lady Avondale; and all beneath is seared.”

Whilst the conscience wakes, and the blush of confused and trembling guilt yet varies the complexion, the sin is not of long standing, or of deep root; but when the mind seeks to disguise from itself its danger—when, playing upon the edge of the precipice, the victim willingly deludes itself, and appears hard and callous to every admonitory caution, then is the moment for alarm; and that moment now appeared to realize Calantha's fears.

Attacked with some asperity by her numerous friends, for her imprudent conduct, she now boldly avowed her friendship for Glenarvon, and disclaimed the possibility of its exceeding the bounds of the strictest propriety prescribed. She even gloried in his attachment; and said that there was not one of those who were admonishing her to beware who would not readily, nay, even gladly fill her place. Calantha had seen their letters to him: she had marked their ad-

vances; she imagined that all others, like herself, were enamoured of the same idol; and in this instance she was right:—the infatuation was general: he was termed the leader of the people, the liberator of his country, the defender of the rights of Ireland. If he wandered forth through Belfont, he was followed by admiring crowds; and whilst he affected to disdain the transient homage, she could but perceive that he lost no opportunity by every petty artifice of encreasing the illusion.

CHAPTER XVI.

At this crisis the whole party at the castle were disturbed by the unexpected arrival of the Princess of Madagascar at Dublin. A small fleet had been seen approaching the coast: it was rumoured that the French, in open boats, were preparing to invade Ireland; but it proved, though it may sound rather ludicrous to say so, only the great Nabob and the Princess of Madagascar. Their immense retinue and baggage, which the common people took for the heavy artillery, arrived without incident or accident at Belfont; and the couriers having prepared the Duke for the reception of his illustrious guest, they awaited her arrival with considerable impatience.

During the bustle and noise, this little

event occasioned, Lord Glenarvon came to Lady Avondale and whispered in her ear, "I shall walk this evening: contrive to do so too, as I have something of importance to tell you." He gave her a ring. It was an emerald with a harp engraved upon it—the armorial bearing of Ireland: "let us be firm and united," was written under. "I mean it merely politically," he said smiling. "Even were you a Clarissa, you need not be alarmed: I am no Lovelace, I promise you."

The princess was now announced, fifty-three attendants and twenty-four domestic friends, were her small and conscientious establishment, besides a cook, confectioner and laundress, to the total discomfiture of Irish hospitality. The high priest in the dress of the Greek Church, ever attended her, and eagerly sought to gain adherents to the only true established church, at whatever house he occasionally rested. The simplicity of Hofouskim,

his eagerness, his abilities and information, added much to the rational pleasure of the society at Castle Delaval.

But neither the presence of the Nabob nor the caresses of the Princess, who cast many a gentle glance upon Glenarvon, could for one moment detach his thoughts from Calantha. On the contrary he answered her with distant reserve and appeared eager to shew to every one the marked distinction he felt for the woman he loved. "Oh! he is really sincere," she thought, as he left them all to attend to her. "I amuse, I soothe him," the hope rendered her blest and she felt indifferent to every consequence.

"You are not as handsome as Sophia," said Glenarvon, looking on her; "but I admire you more. Your errors are such as you have frankly confessed; but you have others which you wished me not to perceive. Few have so many faults; yet how is it that you have wound yourself already round this cold, this

selfish heart, which had resolved never again to admit any inmate. You love your husband, Lady Avondale: I respect you too well to attempt to change your affection; but if I wished it, your eyes already tell me what power I have gained:—I could do what I would.” “No, no,” she answered. “You are too vain.” “None ever yet resisted me,” said Glenarvon: “do you think you could?” Calantha scarce knew how to answer; but while she assured him she could resist any one and had no fear for herself, she felt the contrary; and trembled with mixed apprehensions of joy and sorrow at her boast—when others approached, he did not change his manner to Calantha: he discontinued his conversation; but he still looked the same: he was not fearful as some would have been, or servile, or full of what might be said: he seemed in all respects careless or desperate. He laughed, but his laugh was not the heart’s laugh: his wit enlivened and dazzled

others; but it seemed not the effect of exuberent spirits.

It was not unfrequently the custom at Castle Delaval, during the fine summer evenings, to walk after dinner, before cards or music. The flower gardens, and shrubbery were the most usual places of resort. Lady Augusta smilingly observed to Lady Mandeville and Sophia, that, for some evenings past, Lady Avondale had taken more extensive rambles, and that Lord Glenarvon and she were oftentimes absent till supper was announced. The Count Gondimar, who overheard the remark, affected to think it malignant, and asked with a sarcastic sneer, whether Lord Avondale were with her on these evening excursions? "Little Mowbrey seems a great favourite of Lord Glenarvon's," said Lady Augusta; "but I do not fancy his father is often of the party, or that his being Lady Avondale's child is the cause of the partiality: the boy has a sprightly wit. We must not draw

unfair conclusions : last year Mr. Buchanan gave us alarm ; and now it is quite natural we should all fall in love with Lord Glenarvon. I have myself ; only he will not return my advances. Did you observe what an eye I made him at breakfast ?.... but that never was a love making meal. Place me but near him at supper, and you shall see what I can do."

Gondimar suddenly left Lady Augusta, who was walking on the terrace. He had caught a glimpse of Calantha as she wandered slowly by the banks of Elle :— he hastened to the spot ; he saw her ; he penetrated her feelings ; and he returned thoughtful and irritated to the Castle. Snatching a pen he wrote for some time. Lady Trelawney and Lady Augusta, observing him, approached and insisted upon being made acquainted with his studies. " It is an ode you are inditing, I am certain," said the latter, " I saw you struck by the God as you darted from me." " You are right," cried Gondimar,

I am composing a song." "In English too, I perceive." "What if it be English? you know one of my talents can write even in that damn'd language: so criticise my rhapsody if you dare. At all events Lady Avondale will admire it; for it is about a rose and love—most sentimental. And where is she? for till her return, I will not shew it you."

If that question where is Lady Avondale must be answered, it is with sorrow and regret that such answer will be made:—she was walking slowly, as Gondimar had seen her, by the banks of the river Elle: she was silent, too, and mournful; her spirits were gone; her air was that of one who is deeply interested in all she hears. She was not alone—Lord Glenarvon was by her side. It was their custom thus to walk: they met daily; they took every opportunity of meeting; and when in their morning and evening rambles she pointed out the beautiful views around, the ranging mountains

and the distant ocean,—he would describe in glowing language, the far more magnificent and romantic scenery of the countries through which he had passed—countries teeming with rich fruits, vineyards and olive groves ; luxuriant vales and mountains, soaring above the clouds, whose summits were white with snow, while a rich and ceaseless vegetation adorned the valleys beneath. He told her that he hated these cold northern climes, and the bottle green of the Atlantic ;—that could she see the dark blue of the Mediterranean, whose clear wave reflected the cloudless sky, she would never be able to endure those scenes in which she now took such delight. And soon those scenes lost all their charms for Calantha ; for that peace of mind which gave them charms was fast departing ; and she sighed for that beautiful land to which his thoughts reverted, and those Italian climes, to which he said, he so soon must return.

CHAPTER XVII.

It was upon this evening, that, having walked for a considerable time, Lady Avondale felt fatigued and rested for a moment near the banks of Elle. She pointed to the roses which grew luxuriantly around. "They are no longer rare," she said, alluding to the one he had given her upon their first acquaintance at Donallan: "but are they the less prized?" He understood her allusion, and pulling a bud from the mossy bank on which it grew, he kissed it, and putting it gently to her lips asked her, if the perfume were sweet, and which she preferred of the two roses which he had offered her? She knew not what she answered; and she afterwards wished she could forget what she had then felt.

Gondimar passed them at that mo-

ment:—He observed her confusion; he retired as if fearful of encreasing it; and, but too conscious that such conversation was wrong, Calantha attempted once to change it. “I will shew you the new lodge,” she said turning up a large gravel walk, out of the shrubbery. “Shew me!” Glenarvon answered smiling. “Trust me, I know every lodge and walk here better than yourself;” and he amused himself with her surprise. Some thought, however, occurred, which checked his merriment—some remembrances made this boast of his acquaintance with the place painful to him. There was one, whom he had formerly seen and admired, who was no longer present and whom every one but himself appeared to have forgotten—one who, lovely in the first bloom of spotless youth, had felt for him all that even his heart could require. She was lost—he should never see her more.

A momentary gloom darkened his countenance at this recollection. He

looked upon Calantha and she trembled ; for his manner was much altered. Her cheeks kindled as she spoke :—her eye dared no longer encounter his. If she looked up for a moment, she withdrew in haste, unable to sustain the ardent glance : her step tremblingly advanced, lingering, but yet unwilling to pause or to retreat. Her heart beat in tumult, or swelled with passion, as he whispered to her *that*, which she ought never to have heard. She hastened towards the castle :—he **did** not attempt to detain her.

It was late : the rest of the company were gone home. Thither she hastened ; and hurrying to the most crowded part of the room, flushed with her walk, she complained of the heat, and thought that every eye was fixed upon her with looks of strong disapprobation. Was it indeed so ? or was it a guilty conscience which made her think so ?

Lady Mandeville observing her distress, informed her that Count Gondimar,

had been composing a song, but would not sing it till she was present. She eagerly desired to hear it. "It is about a rose," said Gondimar, significantly glancing his eye upon the one in Calantha's bosom. The colour in her cheeks became far redder than the flower. "Sing it," she said, "or rather let me read it... or... but wherefore are you not dancing, or at billiards? How dull it must be for Clara and Charlotte" (these were two of Lady Mandeville's children). "You never thought of Lady Mandeville's beautiful children, and our state of dullness, while you were walking," cried Lady Augusta, "and last night you recollect that when you made every one dance, you sat apart indulging vain phantasies and idle reveries. However, they are all gone into the ball-room, if dancing is the order of the night; but as for me, I shall not stir from this spot, till I hear Count Gondimar's song."

"I will sing it you, Lady Avondale,"

said the Count, smiling at her distress, "the first evening that you remain at your balcony alone, watching the clouds as they flit across the moon, and listening, I conclude, to the strains of the nightingale." "Then," she said, affecting unconcern, "I claim your promise for tomorrow night, punctually at nine." He approached the piano-forte. "Oh not now—I am engaged,—I must dance." "Now or never," said the Count. "Never then, never," she answered, almost crying, though she affected to laugh. Lady Augusta entreated for the song, and the Count, after a short prelude, placed the manuscript paper before him, and in a low tone of voice began:—

(To the air of "*Ils ne sont plus.*")

Waters of Elle! thy limpid streams are flowing,
Smooth and untroubled, through the flow'ry vale:
O'er thy green banks once more, the wild rose blowing,
Greets the young spring, and scents the passing gale.

Here 'twas at eve, near yonder tree reposing,
One still too dear, first breath'd his vows to thee:
Wear this, he cried, his guileful love disclosing,
Near to thy heart, in memory 'of me.

Love's cherished gift, the rose he gave, is faded;
Love's blighted flower, can never bloom again.
Weep for thy fault—in heart—in mind degraded:
Weep, if thy tears can wash away the stain.

Call back the vows, that once to heaven were plighted,
Vows full of love, of innocence and truth.
Call back the scenes in which thy soul delighted:
Call back the dream that blest thy early youth.

Flow silver stream, tho' threatening tempests lower,
Bright, mild and clear, thy gentle waters flow;
Round thy green banks, the spring's young blossoms
flower;
O'er thy soft waves the balmy zephyrs blow.

—Yet, all in vain; for never spring arraying
Nature in charms, to thee can make it fair.
Ill fated love, clouds all thy path, portraying
Years part of bliss, and future of despair.

Gondimar seemed affected whilst he sung; and Calantha felt nearly suffocated with every sort of feeling. Lady Augusta

Waters of Elle thy limpid streams are flowing.

Smooth and untroubled o'er the flowery vale;

On thy green banks once more the wild rose blowing.

Greets the young spring and scents the passing gale;

Greets the young spring and scents the passing gale.

pretended not to understand it, and hastened with Calantha into the adjoining room. Lord Glenarvon followed and approached Lady Avondale: "Remember me in your prayers, my gentlest friend," he whispered. "Even in the still night let some remembrance of Glenarvon occur. Think of me, for I am jealous even of thy dreams." The angry glance of Gondimar interrupted the conference.

Calantha could not sleep that night. A thousand fears and hopes rushed upon her mind. She retired to her room: at one time seized a pen, and wrote, in all the agony of despair, a full confession of her guilty feelings to her husband; the next she tore the dreadful testimony of her erring heart, and addressed herself to heaven for mercy. But vain the struggle. From childhood's earliest day she never had refused herself one wish, or one indulgence. She knew not, on the sudden how to allay the fierce and maddening fever that raged within. "I am lost,"

she cried, "I love—I worship. To live without him will be death—worse, worse than death. One look, one smile from Glenarvon, is dearer than ought else that heaven has to offer. Then let me not attempt, what I have not power to effect. Oh, as his friend, let me still behold him. His love, some happier, some better heart shall possess." Again she started with horror from herself. "His love!" she cried, "and can I think of him in so criminal—so guilty a manner! I who am a wife—a mother! Let me crush such feelings even now in their birth. Let me fly him, whilst yet it is possible; nor imagine the grief, he says my absence will cause, can exceed the misery my dishonourable attachment will bring upon both! And did he dare to tell me that he loved me? Was not this in itself a proof that he esteemed me no longer? Miserable, wretched Calantha; where shall I fly to hide my shame? How conceal from a lover's searching eyes that he is too dear?"

With such thoughts she attempted to close her eyes; but dreadful dreams disturbed her fancy; and the image of Glenarvon pursued her even in sleep. She saw him—not kneeling at her feet, in all the impassioned transports of love; not radiant with hope, nor even mournful with despondency and fear; but pale, deadly, and cold: his hand was ice, and, as he placed it upon hers, she shrunk as from the grasp of death, and awoke oppressed with terror.

CHAPTER XVIII.

No one had apparently observed Lady Avondale's feigned indisposition that evening—feigned, indeed, it was not; no one soothed her during her sleepless night; and in the morning when she awoke, at an early hour, Lord Avondale asked her not the cause of her disquiet, deeply grieved at her altered manner—too proud to seek the confidence he perceived that he had lost—disappointed in the character and conduct of the woman he had chosen as a companion and solace, he watched not her actions, he penetrated not her feelings, but finding that his presence was distasteful to her, he avoided her: he even thought that he no longer loved one who in every point had acted in the manner he least approved. Some there are whose affections

change with their esteem and good opinion. Unhappily for Lord Avondale this was not his nature. Long habit had rendered Calantha dear. He thought that he had become indifferent, but he knew not that the empire with which she seized over his heart. She arose and descended upon the terrace:—her steps involuntarily led her to the banks of the Elle. The flowers, fresh with dew, sparkled in the sunshine, and scented the soft morning air. She hurried on, regardless of the distance. The flower Glenarvon had given her was faded: but its leaves were preserved by her with fondest care.

Whilst yet she walked, at a little distance she perceived Gondimar, and was in consequence preparing to return, when he abruptly accosted her; and with a manner too little respectful, rudely seized her hand. "Have you not slept?" he cried, "my charming, my adored young friend, that you are thus early in

your walk ; or did you imagine that others, beside myself, would wander upon these banks, and await your fairy step ? O suffer one who admires—who loves, to open his heart to you—to seize this opportunity.” “ Leave me, approach me not. What have I done to deserve this from you ? ” she exclaimed. “ Why seize my hand by force ? Why press it—oh Heavens ! to those detested lips ? Leave me, Count Gondimar : forget not the respect due to every woman.” “ Of virtue ! ” he replied, with a scornful smile. “ But tell me, has Lady Avondale never suffered such insults from some who have no better claim ? Has she still a right to this amazing mockery of respect ? Ah ! trust me, we cannot command our love.” “ Neither can we command our abhorrence—our disgust,” she exclaimed, breaking from his grasp and hastening away.

As Calantha re-entered the Castle, she met Lady Margaret and Glenarvon, who

appeared surprised and disconcerted at seeing her. "Has Count Gondimar been speaking to you upon any subject of importance?" said Lady Margaret in a whisper, trying to conceal a look of suspicion, and some embarrassment. Before Calantha could answer, he had joined them; and explaining fully that their meeting had been entirely accidental, they both walked away together and in earnest discourse, leaving Lord Glenarvon and Lady Avondale together. Calantha's heart was full, she could not speak, she therefore left him in haste and when alone she wept. Had she not reason; for every indignity and grief was falling fast upon her. She could not tell what had occurred to Lord Avondale: he had a proud and dangerous spirit; and to Glenarvon she would not upon every account. Glenarvon awaited her return with anxiety. "I was surprised to see you with my aunt," she said, "what were you saying to her." He

evaded the question, and tenderly enquired of her the cause of her uneasiness and tears. He loved beyond a doubt—at least he convinced Calantha that he did so.

Confused, perturbed, she, more than ever felt the danger of her situation: trembling she met his eyes, fearing lest he should penetrate her secret. Confident in her own strength: "I will fly," she said, "though it be to the utmost extremity of the earth; but I will never yield—never betray myself. My fate is sealed—misery must, in future, be my portion; but no eye shall penetrate into the recesses of my heart—none shall share my distress, or counsel me in my calamity." Thus she reasoned, and struggling as she thought, against her guilty passion, by attempting to deceive the object of her devotion, she in reality yielded herself entirely to his power, self deluded and without controul.

How new to her mind appeared the

fever of her distracted thoughts ! Love she had felt—unhappy love, she had once for a time experienced ; but no taint of guilt was mingled with the feeling ; and the approach to vice she started from with horror and alarm.* Lord Glenarvon had succeeded too well—she had seen him—she had heard him too often ; she fled in vain : he read his empire in the varying colour of her cheeks ; he traced his power in every faltering word, in every struggling sigh : that strange silence, that timid air, that dread of beholding him — all confirmed, and all tempted him forward to pursue his easy prey. “ She is mine,” he cried exultingly.—“ mine, too, without a struggle : this fond wife, this chaste and pure Calantha. Wherever I turn, new victims fall before me — they await not to be courted.”

But Lord Glenarvon had oftentimes said, that he never again could feel affection for any woman. How then was

the interest he shewed Calantha to be accounted for? What name was he to give it? It was the attachment of a brother to the sister whom he loved; it was all devotion—all purity; he would never cherish a thought that might not be heard in heaven, or harbour one wish detrimental to the happiness of his friend. This was said, as it often has been said: both felt that it was false; but both continued to repeat, what they wished to believe possible. His health and spirits had much declined; he looked as if sorrows, which he durst not utter, afflicted his heart; and though, in the presence of others he affected gaiety, when alone with Calantha he did not disguise his sadness. She sought to console him: she was grave—she was gentle, she could be both; and the occasion seemed to call for her utmost kindness.

He spoke much to her; and sometimes read as Lord Avondale once had done;

and none ever but Lord Avondale read as well. His tears flowed for the sorrows of those whose poetry and history he repeated. Calantha wept also; but it was for Glenarvon, that she mourned. When she had ended the tale of love and sorrow, his eyes met hers and they spoke more—far more than words. Perhaps he generously resolved to contend against his own feelings; even at times he warned her of her danger.—But, when he bade her fly him, he held her hand, as if to detain her; and when he said the passion he cherished would cause the misery of both, he acknowledged that her presence alleviated his sufferings, and that he could not bear to see her less.

CHAPTER XIX.

THERE are scenes of guilt it would be horrible to paint — there are hours of agony it is impossible to describe ! All sympathy recedes from triumphant vice, and the kindest heart burns with indignation at the bare recital of unpunished crime. By night, by day, the tortures of remorse pursued Lady Avondale. In a husband's presence, she trembled ; from a parent's tenderness she turned with affected coldness ; her children, she durst not look upon. To the throne of heaven, she no longer offered up one prayer : upon a sleepless bed, visions of horror distracted her fancy ; and when, at break of day, a deep and heavy slumber fell on her, instead of relieving a weary spirit, feverish dreams and maddening apprehensions disturbed her rest. Glenarvon

had entirely possessed himself of her imagination.

Glenarvon had said, there was a horrid secret, which weighed upon his mind. He would start at times, and gaze on vacancy; then turn to Calantha, and ask her what she had heard and seen. His gestures, his menaces were terrific. He would talk to the air; then laugh with convulsive horror; and gazing wildly around, enquire of her, if there was not blood upon the earth, and if the ghosts of departed men had not been seen by some.

Calantha thought that madness had fallen upon his mind, and wept to think that talents such as his were darkened and shrouded over by so heavy a calamity. But when the fierce moment was passed, tears would force their way into his eye, and placing her hand upon his burning head, he would call her his sole comforter, the only hope that was left him upon earth; his dearest, his only friend;

and he would talk to her of happier times; of virtues that had been early blighted; of hopes that his own rashness and errors had destroyed.

It was one day, one dark and fatal day, when passion raging in his bosom, and time and opportunity at hand, he suddenly approached her, and seizing her with violence, asked her if she returned his love. "My friendship is ruin," he cried; "all alliance with me must cast disgrace upon the object of my regard. But, Calantha, you must be mine! May I not even now call you thus? Shall they ever persuade you to abandon me? Vain is all attempt at disguise," he continued; "I love you to madness and to distraction—you know it too well. Why then suffer me to feel the tortures I endure, when a word—a look from you could relieve me. You are not indifferent: say then that you are not—thou, who alone canst save me. Here even, in the presence of heaven, I will open my whole

heart before you—that heart is seered with guilt; it is bleeding with venomous wounds, incurable and deadly. A few short years, I have perhaps yet to linger: thou mayest accelerate my fate, and plunge me still lower, whilst I cling to thee for mercy; but will you do it, because you have the power?"

Calantha scarce could support herself. After a moment's pause, he continued, "You shall hear me.—Never, since the hour of my birth, never—I make no exception of either the living, or, what is far dearer and more sacred to me, the dead—never did I love with such mad and frantic violence as now. O seek not to disguise it; that love is returned. I read it even now in thine eyes, thy lips; and whilst, with assumed and barbarous coldness, you would drive me from you, your own heart pleads for me; and, like myself, you love."

Faint and trembling, Calantha now leant for support upon that arm which

surrounded her, and from which she, in vain, attempted to shrink. It was a dreadful moment. Glenarvon, who never yet had sued in vain, marked every varying turn of her countenance which too well expressed his empire and her own weakness. "I cannot live without you.—Mine you are—mine you shall ever be," he said, "whilst this heart beats with life." Then, with a smile of exultation, he seized her in his arms.

Starting, however, with all the terror which the first approach to guilt must ever cause, "Spare me," she cried, terrified and trembling: "even though my heart should break in the struggle, let me not act so basely by him to whom I am bound."—"Say only, that you do not hate me—say only," he continued, with more gentleness, and pressing her hand to his lips—"say only, that you share the tortures of agony you have inflicted—say that which I know and see—that I am loved to adoration—even as I love you."

With tears she besought him to spare her. "I feel your power too much," she said. "All that I ought not—must not say, I think and feel. Be satisfied; your empire is complete. Spare me—save me; I have not power to feign." Her tears fell now unrestrained. "There is no need of this," he said, recovering himself; "you have sealed my fate. A moment of passion beguiled me: I am calm now, as when first I met you—calm and cold, even as yourself. Since it is your wish, and since my presence makes your misery, let us part.—I go, as I have often said; but it shall be alone. My country I leave without regret; for the chain of tyranny has encompassed it: friends, I have none; and thou, who wert as an angel of light to me—to whom I knelt for safety and for peace—mayst thou be blest: this is all I ask of heaven. As for me, nothing can increase the misery I feel. I wish you not to believe it, or to share it. This is no lovers despondency—no sudden and violent paroxysm occa-

sioned by disappointed passion. It is uttered," he continued, "in the hopelessness of despair : it is the confession, not the repining of a heart that was early blighted and destroyed."

Calantha now interrupted him. "I alone am guilty," she replied, "talk not of leaving me ; we may still be friends—we must never be more." "Oh ! promise that we shall never be less." Glenarvon looked on her with kindness. "Let no fears dissuade you until I shew myself unworthy of the trust. Forsake not him, whose only happiness is in your affection. I was joyless and without hope, when first I met you ; but the return, to loneliness and misery, is hard to bear. Be virtuous, and, if it may be so, be happy." "That I never more can be," she answered. "You are young in sin yet," said Glenarvon ; "you know not its dangers, its pleasures, or its bitterness. All this, ere long, will be forgotten." "Never forgotten," she replied, "oh never !"

CHAPTER XX.

GLENARNON wandered forth every evening, by the pale moon, and no one knew whither he went, and no one marked but Calantha how late was his return. And when the rain fell heavy and chill, he would bare his forehead to the storm ; and faint and weary wander forth, and often he smiled on others and appeared calm, whilst the burning fever of his blood continued to rage within.

Once Calantha followed him, it was at sunset, and he shewed when he beheld her, no mark of surprise or joy. She followed him to the rocks called the Black Sisters, and the cleft in the mountain called the Wizzard's Glen ; there was a lonely cottage near the cleft where St. Clara, it was said, had taken up her abode. He knocked ; but she was from

home: he called; but no one replied from within. Her harp was left at the entrance of a bower; a few books and a table were also there. Glenarvon approached the harp and leaning upon it, fixed his eyes mournfully and steadfastly upon Calantha. "Others who formerly felt or feigned interest for me," he said, "were either unhappy in their marriage, or in their situation; but you brave every thing for me. Unhappy Calantha! how little do you know the heart for which you are preparing to sacrifice so much."

The place upon which they stood was wild and romantic; the sea murmured beneath them; distant sounds reached them from the caverns; and the boats passed to and fro within the harbour. The descent was rugged and dangerous. Calantha looked first upon the scene, and then upon Glenarvon: still he leant upon the harp, and seemed to be lost in melancholy remembrances.

"Sing once again," she said, at length

interrupting him—"Ah! sing as I first heard you:—those notes reached the heart." "Did they?" he cried, approaching her, as his lips pressed, upon hers, one ardent kiss. The blood rushed from her heart in alarm and agitation:—she trembled and turned from him. "There is no cause," he said, gently following her:—"it is the first kiss of love, sweet one; the last is full of bitterness."

"Sing to me," she said, confused and terrified, "in mercy, approach me not—I am alone—I fear you." "I will sing," he said, "and check those fears," saying which he began. It was not like a song, but a sort of soft low murmur, with an air of such expression and empasioned feeling, that every note said more than words: it vibrated to the soul.

"Farewell."

Ah! frown not thus—nor turn from me,
I must not—dare not—look on thee;
Too well thou know'st how dear thou art,
'Tis hard but yet 'tis best to part:
I wish thee not to share my grief,
It seeks, it hopes, for no relief.

“Farewell.”

Come give thy hand, what though we part,
Thy name is fixed, within my heart ;
I shall not change, nor break the vow
I made before and plight thee now ;
For since thou may'st not live for me,
'Tis sweeter far to die for thee.

“Farewell ”

Thou'lt think of me when I am gone,
None shall undo, what I have done ;
Yet even thy love I would resign
To save thee from remorse like mine ;
Thy tears shall fall upon my grave :
They still may bless—they cannot save.

“ Sing no more,” said Calantha, “ let us return home. I know not what I say, or do. Judge not of my feelings by those which predominate in your presence. I may be weak, I acknowledge your power, I am lost irretrievably if you are resolved upon it.” “ Calantha”, said Lord Glenarvon firmly, “ you may trust implicitly to my honor.—These are the last guilty words, I will ever suffer to pass my lips. Henceforward consider me only as your friend—as such accept my hand.” He smiled in scorn as he said this.

all beloved in name, I go unloved and alone.

know it now that thou art the bard, but yet tis best to part with off

think now turn from me, I must not dare not look on thee, too well thou

Fare—well, ad Signa ma

Andante Almo.

At that moment they were interrupted; a bark from Inis Tara approached the shore, and O'Kelly, Lord Glenarvon's servant, and two other men descended from it. "To avoid observation, I will join my friends one moment," he said, "if you will walk gently home, I can overtake you,—but, perhaps you will await my return." "I will go home: it is late," said Calantha. He appeared much vexed; "Well then I will await your return," saying this Calantha descended with him the rugged path down the cliff, and watched the lessening bark, and heard the distant shouts from some of his followers who were assembled in the cavern, as they hailed his approach to land: after which a long silence prevailed, alone interrupted by the rippling of the waves. The meeting was apparently over: there were whole parties returning from below, in different directions.

Whilst yet awaiting Lord Glenarvon's return, Calantha heard the same air re-

peated which he had so lately played. It seemed as if the wind, as it blew along the wooded shores, had struck upon the chords. It was strange ; for Glenarvon was gone. She turned in haste, and from above beheld a young man. Ah no—it was St. Clara. Too soon she saw that it was her. Her ear had caught the last murmurs of Glenarvon's song, and her hand feebly repeated the strain. But, soon perceiving Calantha, she gazed with wild alarm one moment upon her, then throwing the plumed hat aside, with a grace and ease peculiar to herself, she struck the full chords, and her clear voice ascended upon the air in soft impassioned numbers. Lady Avondale heard the words of her song as it murmured along the breeze.

(To the air of, "*Hear me swear how much I love.*")

By that smile which made me blest,
And left me soon the wretch you see—
By that heart I once possess'd,
Which now, they say, is given to thee—
By St. Clara's wrongs and woes—
Trust not young Glenarvon's vows.

By those lays which breathe around
 A poet's great and matchless art—
 By that voice whose silver sound
 Can soothe to peace th' imprisoned heart—
 By every bitter pang I prove—
 Trust not young Glenarvon's love.

Each brighter, kinder hope forsaking,
 Bereft of all that made life dear ;
 My health impaired, my spirit breaking,
 Yet still too proud to shed one tear :
 O! lady, by my wrongs and woes,
 Trust not young Glenarvon's vows.

And when at length the hand of death
 Shall bid St. Clara's heart be still—
 When struggling with her latest breath,
 His image shall her fancy fill,
 Ah trust to one whose death shall prove
 What fate attends Glenarvon's love.

Lady Avondale eagerly attempted to approach her. “ Beautiful, unhappy St. Clara, I will be your friend—will protect you. She ran forward, and climbed the steep ascent with ease: but the youthful harper arose—her dark sunny ringlets waving over her flushed cheek and eyes: she slightly bowed to Calantha as if in

derision ; and laughing as she upheld a chain with an emerald ring, bounded over the rocks with an activity, which long habit had rendered familiar.

Calantha beheld her no more : but the distant shouts of applause re-echoed as at first among the caverns and mountains ; and the bark with Lord Glenarvon soon re-appeared in sight. She awaited his return. As he approached the beach, a loud murmur of voices from behind the rock continued. He joined her in a moment. His countenance was lighted with the ray of enthusiasm :—his altered manner shewed the success his efforts had obtained. He told Calantha of his projects ; he described to her the meetings which he had held by night and day ; and he spoke with sanguine hope of future success—the freedom of Ireland, and the deathless renown of such as supported her fallen rights. “ Some day you must follow me,” he cried : “ let me shew you the cavern beneath the rock, where I

have appointed our meeting for the ensuing week."

"I will walk no more with you to Inis Tara:—the harp sounds mournfully on those high cliffs:—I wish never more to hear it." "Have you seen St. Clara?" he said, without surprise. "She sings and plays well, does she not? But she is not dear to me: think not of her. I could hate her, but that I pity her. Young as she is, she is cruelly hardened and vindictive."—"I cannot fear her: she is too young and too beautiful to be as abandoned as you would make me think."—"It is those who are young and beautiful you should fear most," he said, approaching her more nearly.—"I may fear them," she replied, "but can you teach me to fly them?"

It was now late: very little more passed: they returned home, where they were received with considerable coldness. But Lady Mandeville, perceiving the state of suffering to which Calantha had reduced

herself, generously came forward to sooth and to assist her. She appeared really attached to her; and at this time more even than at any former period, shewed her sincere and disinterested friendship. And yet she was the person Mrs. Seymour distrusted; and even Glenarvon spoke of her with asperity and disdain. "Adelaide! though an envious world may forsake thee, a grateful friend shall stand firm by thee to the last." Such were Calantha's thoughts, as Lady Mandeville, languidly throwing her rounded arm over her, pressed her to her bosom, and sighed to think of the misery she was preparing for herself.—"Yet, when I see how he loves thee," she continued, "I cannot blame, I will not judge thee."

That evening Glenarvon wrote to Lady Avondale. His letter repeated all he had before said; it was ardent: it was unguarded. She had scarce received it, scarce placed it in her bosom, when Lady Margaret attacked her. "You

think," she said, "that you have made a conquest. Silly child, Lord Glenarvon is merely playing upon your vanity." Lady Augusta whispered congratulations: Sophia hoped she was pleased with her morning walk; Sir Everard coldly asked her if she beheld his niece, and then, with a sneer at Lord Glenarvon, said it was vastly pleasant to depend upon certain people's promises.

All this time Calantha felt not grieved: Glenarvon had said he loved her: it was enough: his attachment was worth all else beside; and Lord Avondale's increasing neglect and coldness steeled her heart against the crime of inconstancy.

Before supper, Glenarvon took an opportunity of speaking to her. "If you accept my friendship," he said frowning, "I must be obeyed:—you will find me a master—a tyrant perhaps;—not a slave. If I once love, it is with fervor—with madness. I must have no trifling, no rivals. The being I worship must be

pure even in thought ; and, if I spare her, think not that it is to let others approach her. No, Lady Avondale ; not even what appears most innocent to you, shall be endured by me. I shall be jealous of every look, word, thought. There must be no shaking of hands, no wearing of chains, but such as I bestow, and you must write all you think and feel without reserve or fear. Now, mark me, fly if you have the power ; but if you remain, you already know your fate.

Calantha resolved to fly : yes, she felt the necessity. To-morrow, she said, she would go. That to-morrow came, and she had not strength. Glenarvon wrote constantly : she replied with the same openness. " Your letters chill me," he said, " call me your friend, your lover : call me Glenarvon—Clarence if you will. All these forms, these regulations are odious amongst those who are attached. Say that you love, beloved Calantha : my own heart's friend, say it ;

for I see it, and know it." There is no greater crime in writing it than in feeling it. Calantha said it too soon—too soon she wrote it. "My dearest Clarence, my friend, my comforter:" such were the terms she used. Shame to the pen, the hand that dared to trace them. Days, and days passed, and soon Glenarvon was all on earth to her; and the love he felt or feigned, the only hope and happiness of her existence.

CHAPTER XXI.



LORD AVONDALE now looked more and more coldly on Calantha : but all others courted and flattered her. The Princess and many others had departed. Mrs. Seymour alone appeared to watch her with anxiety. In vain Calantha affected the most thoughtless gaiety : remorse and suspense alternately agitated her mind. One evening she observed Lord Glenarvon and her aunt, Mrs. Seymour, in earnest discourse—she knew not then that she herself was the subject. “ She is pure, she is innocent,” said Mrs. Seymour : “ her spirits wild and thoughtless, may have led her into a thousand follies ; but worse, never — never.” — “ Fierce passion burns in her eye,” said Glenarvon, scornfully : “ the colour in her cheeks varies—I love her as well as you

can," he continued, laughing; "but do you think she does not love me a little in return?"—"Oh! even in jest, do not talk thus of Calantha," said Mrs. Seymour: "you alarm me."—"There is no occasion," replied Glenarvon: "calm yourself. I only said, that were I to attempt it I could succeed; she should be ready to leave you, and Lord Avondale, her dear husband and her babes, and her retinue, and all else; and I could make her follow me as St. Clara did; aye verily; but, in truth, I will not." Mrs. Seymour was angry; she coloured; she was hurt. "You could not," she replied with warmth: "O I know her well and know you could not. Whatever her faults she is so pure, so chaste even in thought."—"She loves me."—"It is false," said Mrs. Seymour, still more eagerly. "Even if she had any foolish romantic liking to another than her husband, Buchanan is the favourite."—"Buchanan!" said Lord Glenarvon with a sneer. "I will make her heart ache for this," after which he retired.

Calantha knew not then one word of what had passed ; the next morning she was informed by Mrs. Seymour that Lord Glenarvon was gone. “ Gone ! where ? ” she said rather in surprise, and agitated. “ I know not,” replied Mrs. Seymour, coldly enough. “ I conclude to Belfont : his uncle Lord de Ruthven, is arrived there. But, indeed, I am glad he is gone : —you have not conducted yourself well. I, your aunt, have no doubt of you ; but others who know you less, Calantha blame you more.”

A letter was now delivered to Mrs. Seymour : she opened it : it was from Glenarvon ; she was dreadfully agitated upon reading it. It contained these words : —“ As you seem to doubt the confidence and attachment with which your niece, the Countess of Avondale, has honoured me, I enclose you one of her own letters, that you may see my vanity alone did not authorise me in the conclusion that she was attached to me. Her duplicity to me can scarcely justify the means I take of open

ing an aunt's eyes ; but the peculiar circumstances of my situation will, I hope, excuse it.

“ Your most obedient servant,

“ GLENARVON.”

This letter enclosed one of Lady Avondale's — one which, however, she had not blushed to write. She read it with terror when Mrs. Seymour placed it in her hands. Cruel Glenarvon ! could he have the heart thus to betray me—to my own aunt too.—Oh ! had that aunt been less indulgent, less kind, what had been my fate ?

“ You are innocent yet, my child,” said Mrs. Seymour, placing her arms around her ; “ and the early conviction of the meanness and wickedness of him for whom you were preparing to sacrifice so much, will render it easy to reclaim yourself from your present errors, and to be less hasty in reposing confidence hereafter.”—“ Never, never, will I pardon

him," cried Calantha with indignation. "I will not hate; that were too flattering to his vanity: I will not fly; that were a proof that there was cause for it: but, lowered to the dust as I ought to feel—humbled to the earth (and whilst she spoke, she looked and felt more proudly, more vainly than ever), even I can despise him. What are superior talents, if he who possesses them can act thus? Oh! I had rather die in torture, than ever pardon this."

"Be less violent," said Mrs. Seymour, with a look of heart-broken tenderness and affection: "that stubborn spirit must be subdued." — "I will revenge——"
"Be calm, Calantha: think what you are saying: how unfeminine and how puerile! Put off these frowns and this idle rage, and look reasonably upon your own conduct, not upon his." — "Shall you ever permit him to enter these doors again?" — "Had I the power, assuredly never." — "Oh, let him return; I care

not; I can see him with the scorn, with the indifference he deserves. Do not look thus, my dearest aunt: dry your tears: I am not worth one single tear now; but I will act in future so as to silence even these too just reproaches."

"Do you repent, Calantha?"—"Do not talk of repentance: I cannot feel it: my sin is light compared with his."—"Towards your husband."—"Oh! Lord Avondale, he is happy enough: he cares not."—"Indeed he does, my child. I tremble for you: every hour of your life is a continual warfare and peril. One danger no sooner ends than another arises. Will you never consider the duties of your situation, or the character you have to form and to preserve?"—"Who is more loved than I am? On whom does even the world smile with greater kindness? Beauties, wits, the virtuous—can they cope with me? I am every one's friend, and every one loves, even though they blame Calantha." As

she said this, she smiled and threw herself on her aunt's bosom.

But all this Calantha did but to cheer her aunt. Though not false, she dreaded any one's seeing the real state of her mind: at this moment she thought Mrs. Seymour too gentle, and of too tender a nature to bear the violence of her headstrong character: she knew it would cause her misery were she to read her heart's secret, and she smiled therefore and spoke with levity, whilst her soul was in torture. But the very moment Mrs. Seymour had left her, Calantha gave way to the rage of fury, and the despondency she felt. To have lost Glenarvon, was at this time the real source of her regret;—to speculate upon the cause of his sudden cruelty and treachery her sole occupation.

At the hour of dinner Mrs. Seymour again entered her room; but without a single reproach. She had been crying—her eyes were swollen and red; but she

affected scarcely to remember what had passed, and urged Calantha to accompany her to dinner, as her absence on the day of Lord Glenarvon's departure, might appear strange. But Lady Avondale stubbornly refused, and would not speak. She even appeared sullen, that her aunt might not see she was miserable. She even affected more anger, more violence than she felt against Glenarvon, that she might disguise from herself and her aunt the pang his loss had given her. She relented however when she saw her aunt's grief; and, struggling with tears which never come till passion is over, and which she thought it weak to display, she dressed and appeared at dinner. It was alone to please Mrs. Seymour she had done so; and, solely engrossed with the past, and utterly indifferent to the mortifying remarks her melancholy and silence occasioned, Calantha hated those who had the unkindness to censure and judge her, and regarded her own conduct without compunction or condemnation.

Towards evening Lord Avondale came to her, and said kindly enough that she looked ill. Then her heart smote her, and affecting a pettish ill temper, which she did not, could not feel, she replied that she was well, and took up a book, as if to read. May none ever experience the torture Calantha felt, when, instead of being offended, he gently pressed her hand. She had rather he had struck a dagger into her heart.

Upon retiring to rest, Lady Avondale sent for Zerbellini, and asked him respecting Lord Glenarvon. The boy was a constant favourite and playmate of his: he carried notes and flowers, from each to the other; and artless as he was, he already felt delight in the eager interest so much mystery and secrecy required.—He told Lady Avondale a thousand anecdotes of Glenarvon; but he had told them so often that they failed to please. He then showed her the presents he had received from those who formerly professed to like her. “And did you ever shew

them to Lord Glenarvon?" said Lady Avondale! The thought occurring that this might have offended. "I did," said Zerbellini, with a shrewd smile.—"And was he angry?"—"Oh, not in the least: only the more kind; and he did question me so:" and then the boy repeated a thousand things that he had asked, which shewed Calantha too well, how eager he was to ascertain, from other lips than her's, every minute detail of follies and errors she had committed. There was no need for this.

Lady Avondale felt indignant; for there was not a thought of heart she desired to conceal from him, or alas from any one. What she had done wrong, she herself had confessed without reserve; and to be thus distrusted, deeply grieved her. She thought too, it lessened her regard; it gave her a worse opinion of Glenarvon; and this god—this idol, to whom she had bowed so low, sunk at once from the throne of glory upon which her ima-

gination had raised him. "If I pardon this," she cried, as she sent Zerbellini away, and hastened to bed,—“if ever I waste a tear, or sigh, or thought, on him, again, may I suffer what I deserve.—But the thing is impossible.”

Lady Mandeville at this time was all kindness to Lady Avondale. She was going from the castle; and, as she parted, she gave her this advice: “Never place yourself in the power of any man: love of this sort is apt to terminate in a wreck; and whoever puts most at stake will be the sufferer.” Lady Augusta also departed.

CHAPTER XXII.



FROM that day, Lady Avondale grew more calm: a degree of offended pride supported her; and she resolved, cost what it might, to continue firm. She saw, that private communications were taking place between Lady Margaret, her father, and even her aunt and Glenarvon. He had already contrived to interest every individual in the castle in his affairs.—Lord Avondale often spoke of him with praise; Sir Richard, though he said he was a comical personage, admired him, and the female part of the society were all eager and enthusiastic on the subject.

Lady Avondale experienced every feeling that can be imagined during this short period; and received the half concealed taunts of her acquaintance with

becoming fortitude—even their commiseration for his having left her. She heard their boasts too of what he had written to them, without once repining; but envy, rancour, malice, hatred, rage and regret—all, more or less, arose and subsided in her breast, till she heard one morning, with a sort of trepidation, that Lord Glenarvon was in the adjoining room. Mrs. Seymour immediately came to her. “Tell me truly,” she said, “have you any objection to his dining here?” “Quite the contrary, said Calantha, with indifference; and she waited till she heard the sound of the horses galloping from the outer court; she then looked from the window, and her heart told her too well that she was not yet entirely recovered from her infatuation.”

At dinner they were to expect him; and 'till dinner Lady Avondale could think of nothing else. Mrs. Seymour watched her with anxiety.—She strove anxiously to disguise what she felt, and

she succeeded better than before, for habit now rendered the effort less painful. But Lady Margaret whispered maliciously in her ear, that every thought and feeling was more strongly exhibited by her, with all her attempts to hide them than by most others, when they wished them to be seen. "And I know," she added, unkindly enough, "you would give any thing on earth to be friends with him again." "With whom?" "See he appears," she said, "shall I name him?"

Lady Avondale had resolved to be firm. There is a degree of dignity, which every proud mind can assume. To have forgiven so much treachery and cruelty, had been contemptible. She felt it, and prepared for the encounter. "He will do every thing to regain you," said Mrs. Seymour, "but I have confidence in your present feelings. Shew him, that you are not what he imagines; and prove to me, that I may still be proud of my

child." Lady Avondale had taken Glenarvon's ring from her finger, she had placed upon her neck a row of pearls her husband had given her, upon the eve of her marriage, and thus decorated, she thought her heart had likewise returned to its ancient allegiance.

Lady Avondale entered the dining-room. Lord Glenarvon passed her at the moment; he was in earnest conversation with Lady Margaret, and slightly bowed to her. She was surprised, she had expected kindness and contrition. She was, however, resolved to act up to the very strictest bounds which decorum prescribed. With some haughtiness, some appearance at least of dignity, she seated herself as far from him as he could desire, and by addressing herself calmly but entirely to others, she sought to attain that look of unconcern, which he had so readily assumed.

Dinner was no sooner over than unable any longer to conceal her vexation,

Lady Avondale retired to her room to compose herself. Upon returning, the large society were employed either with billiards, cards, or work—except a few of the men, amongst whom she perceived Lord Glenarvon. Had he refrained from speaking to her, she could have borne it,—had he even looked as grave, as ill as usual; but an unusual flow of spirits—a peculiar appearance of health, had taken place of that languor, to which he was at times subject.

The evening and the supper passed without his saying one word in apology for his unkindness, or in the least attending to her increasing irritation. Lady Avondale affected unconcern as well as she could, but it looked like any thing else; and in the morning she awoke but to suffer new humiliations. She saw him smile as he named her in a whisper to Lady Trelawney. She heard him talk to others upon subjects he had once spoken of only to herself. Imme-

diately upon this apparent rupture, new hopes arose; new claims were considered; and that competition for his favour, which had ceased, began again. Lady Trelawney laughed and talked with him; at times turning her eye triumphantly towards Calantha. Sophia confided her opinions to his breast; affected to praise him for his present conduct, and the tear of agony, which fell from Calantha's eye, excited at least as much indignation as it deserved.

“ I have sacrificed too much for one who is heartless,” she said; “ but, thank Heaven, it is yet time for amendment.” Alas! Lady Avondale knew not, as she uttered these words, that there is no moment in which it is so difficult to act with becoming dignity and firmness, as that in which we are piqued and trampled upon by the object of our devotion. Glenarvon well knew this, and smiled at the pang he inflicted, as it proved his power, and exhibited its effects to all. Lady

Avondale summoned to her aid even her faults—the spirit, the pride of her character, her very vanity; and rested her hopes of firmness upon her contempt for weakness, her abhorrence of vice. She looked upon him, and saw his attempts to wound, to humiliate, to grieve; and she despised the man who could have recourse to every petty art to torture one for whom he had professed so much. If he wished to expose her weakness to every eye, too well he had succeeded.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Few women know how to conceal successful love; but none can conceal their doubt, resentment and jealousy. Men can do both, and both without a struggle. They feel less, and fear more. But this was not the case with Lord Glenarvon, nor did he wish to appear indifferent; he only wished Calantha to feel his power, and he delighted in the exhibition of it. In vain she had formed the best resolutions, they were now all rendered useless. Lord Glenarvon had forestalled her wise intention, no coldness—no indifference she could assume, had equalled that, which he either affected or felt.

Upon the bosom of Mrs. Seymour, Calantha wept for her fault; it was infatuation, she said, she was cured: the

lesson, though somewhat harsh, had not been fruitless. Again, she made every promise, which affection and repentance could suggest. She heard the name of her husband pronounced, and longed to throw herself before him, and commend herself to his mercy. I do repent, indeed I do, said Calantha, repeatedly in the course of the day; and she thought her penitence had been sincere. Humbled now, and gentle, she thought only of pleasing her aunt, Lord Avondale, and her friends. She was desired to play during the evening: to shew her ready obedience she immediately obeyed. Lord Glenarvon was in an adjoining room; he entered when she began: springing up, Lady Avondale left the harp; then, seeing Lord Avondale surprised, she prepared to tune it.

Lord Glenarvon approached and offered her his hand, she refused it. "Will you play?" he said—and she turned the key with so much force that it broke the

chords asunder. "You have wound them too tight, and played upon them too often," he said. "Trifle not with me thus—I cannot play now," she replied. "Leave me, I entreat you." "You know not what you have done," he replied. "All I ask—all I implore is, that you will neither come near me, nor speak to me more, for I am mad." "Women always recover from these paroxysms," said he, gaily. Calantha attempted to play, and did so extremely ill, after which she went to bed, happier, it must be owned, for she had seen in Lord Glenarvon's manner that he was not indifferent, and this rendered it more easy for her to appear so.

The next morning Lady Avondale went out immediately after breakfast, without speaking to Lord Glenarvon. He twice attempted it, but with real anger, she refused to hear him. It was late in the day, when, having sought for her before dinner, he at length found her

alone. His voice faltered, his eyes were filled with tears. "Lady Avondale—Calantha," he said, approaching her, "forgive me.—I ask it of you, and more, if you require it, I will kneel—will sue for it. You can make me what you please—I am wholly in your power." "There is no need for this," she said coldly.

"I will not rise till you forgive me. If you knew all—if. but can you indeed believe me indifferent, or cold? Look at me once: raise your eyes and behold him, who lives but in you." "All this is useless, you have grieved me; but I do not mean to reproach; the idle complainings of a woman are ever useless." "To think that she suffers," said Glenarvon, "is enough. Look once—once only, look upon me." "Let us part in peace," she replied: "I have no complaint to make, I have nothing to forgive." "Raise your eyes, and look—Calantha, look once on me."

She turned to him, she saw that face whose every feature was engraved deep in her very heart—that smile of sweetness—that calm serenity, she had not power to speak—to think ; and yet recovering from this strange enchantment,—“ How could you betray me ?” she said. I judge you not, but I can never feel either interest, or friendship again.” “ Yet,” said Glenarvon gravely, “ I need both at this time, for I am miserable and ill too, only I do not wish to excite your compassion by these arts, and I had rather die unforgiven, than use any towards you.”

“ Wherefore did you betray me ?” “ Can you ask ? I was deeply wounded. It is not enough for me that you love me, all must and shall know it. I will make every sacrifice for you—run every risk ; but every risk and every sacrifice must be shared.” “ Whatever my feelings may be,” she answered coldly, “ you shall never subdue me again. I may be

infatuated, but I will never be criminal— You may torture me as you please, if you have the power over me which you imagine, but I can bear torture, and none ever yet subdued me.”

“ Calantha,” said Lord Glenarvon, taking her hand firmly, and smiling half scornfully, “ you shall be my slave. I will mould you as I like; teach you to think but with my thoughts, to act but with my feelings, you shall wait nor murmur—suffer, nor dare complain—ask, and be rejected—and all this, I will do, and you know it, for your heart is already mine.” “ If I forgive you,” she cried. “ If you do not,” he said, approaching nearer. “ I never will.” “ And ’till you do, though your whole family should enter, I will kneel here—here, even at your feet.” “ You think to menace me.” “ I know my empire. Take off those ornaments; replace what I have given you: this too you shall wear,” he said, throwing a chain around her.

“Turn from me if you can: the heart that I have won, you cannot reclaim; and though the hand be thus denied me, if the heart be mine of what avail? I love you to madness, he said, and you distract me. Trust yourself entirely to me, it is the only means of safety left. Yes, Calantha, I will do for you, what no man ever did before. If it destroy me, I will never lead you to guilt, only rely upon me, be guided by me.” “You ran the risk,” she said, “of our being separated for ever, of making my aunt miserable. Of——.” “Nonsense, child, I never risk any thing, it was necessary your aunt should know; and the fear of losing you entirely will make her readily consent to my seeing you more than ever.” “Oh Glenarvon, what guilt! Think not that my attachment is such as to bear it.” “It shall bear all things,” said Glenarvon; “but if you sacrifice what I desire, I will conquer every wrong feeling for your sake. Our friendship will then be innocent.” “Not

absolutely indeed I fear it ; and if——.” “ Ah ! leave these gloomy thoughts. If love should triumph—if you feel half for me, what I feel from my soul for you, then you shall accompany me from hence. Avondale may easily find another wife, but the world contains for me but one Calantha.”

Lady Avondale felt happy.—Shame on the guilty heart that dared to feel so ! but alas, whilst Glenarvon thus addressed her, she did feel most happy. In a moment, the gloom that had overshadowed her future hopes, was dispelled. She saw her lover—her friend, more than ever united to her. He consented even to respect what remaining virtue she had left, and from his gentle, his courteous words, it was not her wish to escape. Yet still she resolved to leave him. Now, that peace was again restored, that her irritated mind was calm, that her vanity was flattered, and her pride satisfied, now the admonitions of her aunt recur-

ed; and even while her heart beat fondest for him, she pronounced her own doom, and declared to him that she would tear herself away from him for ever. "Perhaps this must be," he said, after a moment's pause; "but not yet, Calantha: ah! not yet." As he spoke his tears fell upon her hand.—Oh! had he not thus wept, Calantha had not loved him. Struggling with his feelings for her, he generously resolved to save, to spare her. "Remember this," he said, "when they condemn me—remember, Calantha, what I have done for you; how I have respected you; and let not their idle clamours prevail."

Lady Avondale was too happy to feel vain. Glenarvon loved, as she never had been loved before, every hour—every moment of each passing day he seemed alone intent, and occupied with her; he wrote his minutest thoughts; he counselled, he did not command. He saw that power, ambition, was her

ruling passion, and by affecting to be ruled, he completely mastered her—in word, in look, in thought, he was devoted to her. Other men think only of themselves; Glenarvon conquered himself a thousand times for her. What is a momentary, a degrading passion to the enjoyment she felt in his society? It only lowers the object of its fancy, he sought to raise her even in her own esteem. “Forgive her, pity us,” he said, addressing Mrs. Seymour, who saw in a moment, with alarm, their reconciliation. “Drive us not to despair, I will respect her—will preserve her, if you do not attempt to tear her from me; but dread the violence of madness, if you reduce us to the last rash step. Oh dread the violence of a mad and incurable attachment.

Calantha's sole attention was now to hide from those it might grieve, the change which a few days had again wrought. She appeared at dinner, she

seated herself opposite to Glenarvon. There was no look of exultation in his countenance, his eyes met her's mournfully. The diamond bracelets that adorned her arms, had been given her by him; the chain and locket, which contained his dark hair, had been placed around her neck in token of his regard; the clasp that fastened the band around her waist, was composed of the richest jewels brought by him from distant countries; and the heart that was thus girt round and encircled with his gifts, beat only for him, regardless of every other tie. "Oh my child! my child!" said Mrs. Seymour, gazing on her in agony. "I will never reproach you, but do not break my heart. You are ill in mind and health, you know not what you say or do; God forgive and pardon you, my unhappy Calantha?" "Bear with me a few moment's," said Lady Avondale much agitated: "I will part from him; only give me time. Fear me not: I will neither leave you nor

act wickedly; but if you seek too hastily to sever us, oh my aunt, you may be the means of driving two desperate minds to misery and madness."

It may appear strange, but all this time the world and friends appeared more fond of Calantha than at any other: they courted, they flattered her—they no longer feigned that Glenarvon was insincere—and they seemed to gaze with new intent, new admiration upon the object of his attention.—Never was she apparently so beloved, so sought after—in particular by the Princess of Madagascar, her party and her followers.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A FEW days previous to this quarrel and reconciliation, Sir Everard St. Clare had been thrown from his horse in consequence of a tumult, in which, having beheld his niece, a dimness came over his eyes, and he was no longer able to support himself. The fall, it was feared, had injured his spine. He was confined to his own room; but no one could prevail upon him to lie upon his bed, or admit Lady St. Clare, who sat continually sobbing at his door, lamenting her conduct and imploring his pardon.

Whatever were the sufferings of Lady Avondale's mind at this time, she yet resolved to visit this afflicted family, as she had a real regard for the doctor in spite of his singularities. She was preparing therefore the ensuing day, to call upon

him, when a servant informed her that a young gentleman below desired to speak with her. Her heart beat upon hearing the name Clarence of Costolly: but upon entering the room she soon discovered, in the personage before her, the doctor's unhappy niece, Elinor, upon whom every counsel was lost—every menace and punishment powerless.

Elinor had entered the castle with a look of bold defiance; yet her lips trembled, as she twice vainly attempted to address Lady Avondale, who moved forward to enquire the cause of her visit. "I am come," said Miss St. Clare with haughty insolence, "to ask a favour of you—tell me shall it be granted? My uncle is ill: he has sent to see me. This may be a mere feint to draw me into his power. I will trust myself with no one but you:—if you will engage for me, that I shall not be detained, I will go to him; if not, come what will, I will never more set foot into his house." "Your

having listened to the prayers of Sir Everard," answered Lady Avondale eagerly, "is a proof to me that you have a kind heart, and you are so young, that I feel sure, oh most sure, that you will return to a more virtuous course." "To virtue!" said Elinor with a smile of scorn, "never—never."

As she spoke, a letter dropped from her bosom. Lady Avondale saw from the superscription—the name of Glenarvon. Her heart sickened at the sight; she tried to conceal her emotion; but she had not yet learned sufficiently how to dissemble. Elinor, with ill suppressed rage, watched Lady Avondale: she could scarcely stand the fury of her glance, when in a voice, nearly choked with passion, "Take it," she said, throwing the letter to her. "Yes, you shall give it him—give it to your lover. I would have hated you, I would have injured you; but I cannot. No wonder he admires you: I could myself; but I am misera-

ble." Lady Avondale raised her eyes: every fierce expression had left Elinor's countenance: with a subdued and mournful air, she turned aside as if ashamed of the weakness she had shewn; then, taking a little miniature and chain from her neck, "He sent for this too," she cried. "He sent for all he gave me, to offer to his new idol. Take it then, Lady; and tell him, I obeyed his last command."

A tear dimmed her eye for a moment; but recovering herself, "He has not power," she cried, "to break a heart like mine. 'Tis such as you, may die for love—I have yet many years to live." Lady Avondale sprang forward to return the picture—the letter; but St. Clare, with a precipitancy she was not prepared for, had left her; Lady Avondale arrived at the door of the Castle only in time to see her gallop off.

While she was yet holding the letter and picture in her hand, Glenarvon was

announced. He looked at both without exhibiting any symptom of surprise, and having read the letter, shewed it to Calantha. It greatly shocked her. "I am so used," he said smiling, "to these scenes, that they have lost all power with me." "Unhappy Elinor," said Lady Avondale. "In good truth," said Glenarvon, "you may spare your pity, Calantha: the lady has spirit enough: it is her lover who ought to claim compassion. Now do not frown, or reproach, or torment me about her. I know it was wrong first to take her with me—it was wrong to see her since; but never more, you may rely upon it, shall I transgress; and if you knew all, you would not blame me. She absolutely forced herself upon me. She sat at my door, and wept when I urged her to return home. What could I do? I might have resisted.—Calantha, when passion is burning in every vein—when opportunity is kind—and when those who from the modesty

of their sex ought to stand above us and force us from them; forget their dignity and sue and follow us, it is not in man's nature to resist. Is it in woman's?" he continued smiling archly.

"I blame you not," she replied; "but I pity her. Yet wherefore not shew her some little kindness?" "A look, a word would bring her back to me. She misrepresents every thing: she deceives herself." "Love is ever apt to do so." "Oh! my adored Calantha, look not thus on me. You are not like this wretched girl: there is nothing feminine, or soft, or attractive in her; in you there is every charm." "You loved her once?" said Calantha. "It was passion, phrenzy, it was not love—not what I feel for my Calantha." "As you regard me, be kind to her." "I was very kind once, was I not?" "Oh not in that manner—not so." "How then, my soul? explain yourself; you shall instruct me." "Counsel her to repent." "From the

lips that first taught her to err, how will such counsel prevail?" "Why take your picture from her?" "To give it to the only friend I have left." "I shall send it her again." "She will only laugh at you." "I had rather be the cause of her laughter, than of her tears." "Fear not: she is not prone to weeping; but perhaps," he continued in a tone of pique, "you would wish to give *me* back also, as well as the portrait." "Oh never—never." This was Lady Avondale's answer; and Lord Glenarvon was satisfied.

CHAPTER XXV.

LADY AVONDALE sent the portrait to Miss St. Clare, and vainly endeavoured to restore her to her uncle's protection. She again spoke of her to Glenarvon.

“Cannot I yet save her?” she said; “Cannot I take her home, and sooth her mind, and bring her back to virtue and to peace?” “Never more,” he replied: “it is past: her heart is perverted.” “Is there no recall from such perversion?” “None, none, my friend.” His countenance, whilst he spoke, assumed much of bitterness. “Oh there is no recall from guilty love. The very nature of it precludes amendment, as these beautiful, these emphatic lines express, written by the Scottish bard, who had felt their truth:

'The sacred lowe o'weel-plac'd love,
Luxuriantly indulge it;
But never tempt th'illicit rove,
Tho' naething should divulge it:
I wae the quantum o' the sin,
The hazard of concealing;
But och! it hardens a' within,
And petrifies the feeling.'

“Is it indeed so! Alas! then, what will become of me?” “Calantha, your destiny is fixed,” he cried, suddenly starting as if from deep thought; “there is a gulph before you, into which you are preparing to plunge. I would have saved you — I tried; but cannot. You know not how to save yourself. Do you think a momentary pause, a trifling turn, will prevent the fall? Will you now fly me? now that you are bound to me, and the fearful forfeiture is paid? Oh turn not thus away:—look back at the journey you have taken from innocence and peace: and fear to tread the up-hill path

of repentance and reformation alone. Remember when a word or look were regarded by you as a crime—how you shuddered at the bare idea of guilt. Now you can hear its language with interest: it has lost its horror: Ah soon it shall be the only language your heart will understand. Shrink not, start not, Calantha; the road you pursue is that which I have followed. See and acknowledge then, the power I hold over your heart; and yield to what is already destined. You imagine, when I speak of guilt, that you can shrink from me, that you can hate me; but you have lost the power, and let me add, the right: you are become a sharer in that iniquity—you must be a sharer in my fate. The actual commission of crime still excites horror; but do you remember when you shuddered at every approach to it? And cannot he who has triumphed thus far gain all, think you, if it were his desire? Yes, you are mine—a being wholly relying

upon a wish, a breath, which I may chuse to kindle. Avondale's peace—your honour, are in my hands. If I resign you, my heart will break in the struggle; but if I give way. . . .”

“Oh then,” she cried, “then are we ruined for ever and for ever. Do not, even were I to consent, O! do not lead me to wrong. What shall ever remunerate us for the loss of self-approbation? He smiled bitterly. “It is,” he said, “a possession, I never yet cared greatly to retain.” “And is self-approbation the greatest of all earthly enjoyments? Is man so independent, so solitary a being, that the consciousness of right will suffice to him, when all around brand him with iniquity, and suspect him of guilt?” He paused, and laughed. “Let us be that which we are thought,” he cried, in a more animated tone. “The worst is thought; and that worst we will become. Let us live on earth but for each other: another country will hide us from the cen-

sures of the prejudiced ; and our very dependence upon each other, will endear us more and more." Calantha withdrew her hand—she looked upon him with fear ; but she loved, and she forgot her alarm.

CHAPTER XXIV.

STRANGE as it may appear, a husband, unless his eyes are opened by the confession of his guilty partner, is the last to believe in her misconduct; and when the world has justly stamped disgrace upon her name, he shares in his wife's dishonour, for he is supposed by all to know, and to connive at her crime. But though this be a painful truth, experience every day confirms, that a noble and confiding husband is too often, and too easily deceived. In the marriage state there is little love and much habitual confidence. We see neglect and severity on the part of the man; and all the petty arts and cunning wiles on the side of his more frail and cowardly partner. Indifference first occasions this blindness; infatuation increases it; and in proportion as all in-

terest is lost for the object who so deceives, such husband lives the dupe of the wife, who despises him for his blindness, and dies in the same happy illusion, in which he has so long passed away his life. He even presses to his heart, as he leaves them his possessions, the children of some deceitful friend, who, under the mask of amity to himself, has fed upon his fortunes, and seduced the affections of his wife.

Disgusting as such picture may be thought, is it not, unhappily for us, daily exhibited to the public view? and shall they who tolerate and see it, and smile in scorn at its continued and increasing success, affect to start with horror from Calantha's tale? or to discredit that Avondale was yet ignorant of her guilt? He was besides oftentimes engaged with the duties of his profession—nor thought that whilst risking his life in the service of his country, the woman he loved and confided in, had betrayed him. How different

was he in mind, in person, and heart from other men ! His very nobleness of soul prevented him from conceiving what some perhaps had soon observed, and wounded pride estranged him from a woman who now appeared avowedly to shun his society.

His cheeks were red with the hue of health ; his eyes shone bright with sparkling intelligence ; he laughed the loud heart's laugh at every merry jest, and slept with unbroken slumbers, the sleep of the righteous and the just. Calantha looked upon him as we look afar off upon some distant scene were we once dwelt, and from which we have long departed. It awakens in our memory former pains and pleasures ; but we turn from it with bitterness ; for the sight is distressing to us.

Harry Mowbrey loved his father and followed him ; the baby Anabel held out her arms to him when he passed ; but Calantha assumed a stern coldness in his

presence, and replied to his few enquiries with all the apparent insensibility of a proud and offended mind : yet such is the imperfection of human nature, that it is possible Lord Avondale cherished her the more for her very faults. Certain it is, that he felt proud of her, and every casual praise which, even from the lips of strangers, was bestowed on Calantha, gave him more delight than any profession, however flattering, that could have been made to himself. To see her blest was his sole desire ; and when he observed the change in her manner and spirits, it grieved, it tortured him :—he sought, but in vain, to remove it. At length business of importance called him from her. “ Write,” he said, at parting, “ write, as you once used. My presence has given but little satisfaction to you ; I dare not hope my absence will create pain.” “ Farewell,” said Lady Avondale, with assumed coldness. “ There are false hearts in this world, and crimes are enacted,

Henry, at home oftentimes, as well as abroad. Confide in no one. Believe not what your own eyes perceive. Life is but as the shadow of a dream. All here is illusion. We know not whom we love."

How happy some may imagine—how happy Calantha must have felt now that Lord Avondale was gone. Far from it. She, for the first time, saw her conduct in its true light. His departure filled her with gloom: every little act of kindness he had once shewed her recurred; all his manly virtues: his open unsuspecting nature:—it was as if her last hope of safety were cut off; as if her good angel had for ever abandoned her; and with a reserve and prudence, which in his presence, she had failed to assume, she now turned with momentary horror from the near approach of crime. The thought of leaving her home and Lord Avondale, had not indeed ever seriously occurred, although she constantly listened to the proposal of doing so, and acted in

a way to render such step necessary. She had seen Lord Avondale satisfied, and whilst Lord Glenarvon was near her, only momentary fits of remorse obtruded—no lasting fear occurred—she formed no view for the future. To die with him, or to live but for that moment of time, which seemed to concentrate every possible degree of happiness, this was the only desire of which she had felt capable. But now, she shuddered—she paused:—the baseness of betraying a noble, confiding husband, struck her mind, and filled it with alarm; but such alarm appeared only to accelerate her doom. “If I can resist and remain without deeper guilt, I will continue here,” she cried; “and if I fail in the struggle, I will fly with Glenarvon.”—This false reasoning consoled her. A calm, more dangerous than the preceding agitation, followed this resolve.

Glenarvon had changed entirely in his manner, in his character; all art, all

attempt at wounding or tormenting was passed. He seemed himself the sufferer, and Calantha, the being upon whose attachment he relied, he was as fearful of vexing her, as she was of losing him. On earth he appeared to have no thought but her; and when again and again he repeated, "I never loved as I do now,—oh never." It may be doubted whether that heart exists which could have disbelieved him. Others who affect only, are ever thoughtful for themselves; and some plan, some wary and prudential contrivance frequently appears, even in the very height of their passion. The enjoyment of the moment alone, and not the future continuance of attachment, employs their hopes. But Glenarvon seemed more anxious to win every affection of her heart; to fix every hope of her soul upon himself; to study every feeling as it arose, sift every motive, and secure his empire upon all that was most durable, than to win her in the usual

acceptation of the word. And even though jealous that she should be ready to sacrifice every principle of honour and virtue, should he demand it, he had a pride in saving her from that guilt into which she was now voluntarily preparing to plunge.

Day by day, the thought of leaving all for him appeared more necessary and certain.—She no longer shuddered at the mention of it. She heard him describe their future life—the countries they should visit; and it even pleased her to see that he was sincere in his intentions. No disguise was now required: he called not the fire that burnt in his heart by the name of friendship and of interest: “it is love,” he cried, “—most guilty—most unconquerable. Hear it, mark it, and yet remain without alarm. Ah! think not that to share it alone is required; your soul must exult, that it has renounced every hope beyond; and Glenarvon’s love must

entirely fill your affections. Nay more, you shall sue for the sacrifice which is demanded of others. Yourself shall wish it ; for I will never wrest from you that which, unless freely given, is little worth. Perhaps, even when you desire to be mine, I, even I shall spare you, till maddening with the fierce fires that devour us, you abandon all for me."

He now opened to her the dark recesses of his heart; deeds of guilt concealed from other eyes, he now dwelt upon to Calantha with horrid pleasure. "Shrink not ! start not!" he exclaimed, when she trembled at each new confession. "Proud, even of my crimes, shalt thou become, poor victim of thy mad infatuation ; this is the man for whom thou leavest Avondale ! Mark me, Calantha,—view me as I am, nor say hereafter that Glenarvon could deceive." "And do you never feel remorse?" she said.—"Never." "Do you believe?—"

His countenance for one moment altered. "I know not," he said, and he was grave. "Oh must I become as hardened as wicked," she said, bursting into tears. He pressed her mournfully to his bosom. "Weep," he replied, "I like to see your tears; they are the last tears of expiring virtue. Henceforward you will shed no more."

Those who have given way to the violence of any uncontrouled passion know that during its influence, all other considerations vanish. It is of little use to upbraid or admonish the victim who pursues his course: the fires that urge him on to his ruin, prevent his return. A kind word, an endearing smile, may excite one contrite tear; but he never pauses to reflect, or turns his eyes from the object of his pursuit. In vain the cold looks of an offended world, the heavy censures, and the pointed,

bitter sarcasms of friends and dependants. Misfortunes, poverty, pain, even to the rack, are nothing if he obtain his view. It is a madness that falls upon the brain and heart. All is at stake for that one throw; and he who dares all, is desperate, and cannot fear. It was phrenzy, not love, that raged in Calantha's bosom.

To the prayers of a heart-broken parent, Lady Avondale opposed the agonizing threats of a distempered mind. "I will leave you all, if you take him from me. On earth there is nothing left me but Glenarvon.—Oh name not virtue and religion to me.—What are its hopes, its promises, if I lose him." The fever of her mind was such, that she could not for one hour rest: he saw the dreadful power he had gained, and he lost no opportunity of encreasing it. Ah did he share it? In language the sweetest,

and the most persuasive, he worked upon her passions, till he inflamed them beyond endurance.

“ This, this is sin,” he cried, as he held her to his bosom, and breathed vows of ardent burning love. “ This is what moralists rail at, and account degrading. Now tell them, Calantha, thou who didst affect to be so pure—so chaste, whether the human heart can resist it? Religion bids thee fly me,” he cried: “ every hope of heaven and hereafter warns thee from my bosom. Glenarvon is the hell thou art to shun:—this is the hour of trial. Christians must resist. Calantha arise, and fly me; leave me alone, as before I found thee. Desert me, and thy father and relations shall bless thee for the sacrifice: and thy God, who redeemed thee, shall mark thee for his own.” With bitter taunts he smiled as he thus spoke:

All day,—every hour in the day,—every instant of passing time Glenarvon

thought but of Calantha. When near him, she felt ecstasy; but if separated, though for one moment, she was sullen and desponding. He felt, he saw, that the peace of her mind, was gone for ever, and he rejoiced in the thought.

CHAPTER XXVI.



ONE night, as she retired to her room, Gondimar met her in the passage, leading from Mrs. Seymour's apartment. "Lost woman," he cried, fiercely seizing her, "you know not what you love;—look to his hand, there is blood on it! That night was a horrid night to Calantha; she slept, and the dream that oppressed her, left her feeble and disordered. The ensuing day she walked by the shores of the sea: she bared her forehead to the balmy gales. She looked upon every cheerful countenance in hopes of imbibing happiness from the smile that brightened theirs, but it was vain.

Upon returning, she met Glenarvon. They walked together to the mountains: they conversed; and half in jest she asked him for his hand,—“not that hand,”

she said, "give me your right hand; I wish to look upon it." "I believe I must refuse you, your manner is so strange," he replied. "Do if you please, for the reason I wish to see it is more so. It was a dream, a horrid dream, which made me ill last night. The effect, perhaps of what you told me yesterday." "I should like to hear it. Are you superstitious?" "No; but there are visions unlike all others, that impress us deeply, and this was one. I almost fear to tell it you." "I too have dreamt," he said, "shall I repeat my dream?" "Not now, I am too sad for it: but mine, if indeed you wish it, you may hear."

"I dreamt (but it is absurd to repeat it) that I was in some far distant country. I was standing by the sea, and the fresh air blew gently upon me, even as it does now; . . . it was night. There was a dirge sung as in monasteries, and friars passed to and fro, in long procession before me. Their torches now and then

lighted the vaults, and the chaunt was mournful, and repeatedly interrupted—all this was confused.—That which was more striking, I remember better. A monk in black stood before me; and whilst he gazed upon me, he grew to a height unusual and monstrous: he seemed to possess some authority over me, and he questioned me as to my conduct and affections. I tried to disguise from him many thoughts which disturbed me; I spoke in a hurried manner of others; I named you not. He shook his head; and then looking fiercely at me, bade me beware of Clarence de Ruthven (for so he called you). I never can forget his voice. “All others you may see, you may converse with; but, Calantha, beware,” he said, “of Clarence de Ruthven: he is a . . . he is a . . .” “A what?” enquired Glenarvon eagerly. “I dare not continue.”

Glenarvon, however, insisted upon hearing this. “I never, never can tell,”

said Calantha, for you look so much offended—so serious. After all, what nonsense it is thus to repeat a dream.”

“That which seems to have made no little impression upon Lady Avondale’s mind, cannot fail of awakening some interest in mine. It is a very strange vision,” he continued, fixing his eyes on her. “These idle phantasies are but repetitions of the secret workings of the mind. Your own suspicions have coloured this. Go on, let me hear all.”

“Indeed I forget;—it was confused. I seemed in my dream to doubt his words. Only this I remember:—he bade me ask you for your hand—your right hand; he said there was a stain of blood on it; and in a low solemn tone, he added, ‘he will not give it you; there is a mark upon it; he dare not give it you;’ and I awoke.”

“To think me every thing, however bad, that your monk may chuse to make me out. Well foolish dreamer, look at

my hand: say, is there a mark on it?" The laugh which accompanied this question was forced. Calantha started back, as she observed that almost demoniac smile. His eyes glared upon her with fierce malignity; his livid cheeks became pale; and over his forehead, an air of deep distress struggled with the violence of passion, till all again was calm, cold, and solemn, as before. She was surprised at his manner; for although he made light of it, he was certainly displeased, and much moved by this foolish occurrence.

Glenarvon continued absent and irritable during the whole of the walk; nor ceased enquiring oftentimes that day respecting what she had said. It appeared to her less extraordinary, when she remembered the circumstances concerning Linden: yet he had so often acknowledged that event to her,—so often spoke of him with pity and regret, that had he merely thought she alluded to such

transaction, he had been proud of the effort he had made to save him, and of the blood he had shed upon that account. Whatever then occasioned this strange perturbation ;—however far imagination might wander, even though it pictured crimes unutterable,—under Glenarvon's form, all might be forgiven. Passion, perhaps, had misled its victim, and who can condemn another when maddening under its trying influence ! It was not for Calantha to judge him. It was her misfortune to feel everything with such acute and morbid sensibility, that what in others had occasioned a mere moment of irritation, shook every fibre around her heart. The death of a bird, if it had once been dear, made her miserable ; and the slightest insult, as she termed it, rendered her furious. Severity but caused a desperate resistance, and kindness alone softened or subdued her. Glenarvon played upon every passion to the utmost ; and when he beheld her, lost beyond all recall he seemed to love her most.

How vain it were to attempt to paint the struggles, the pangs, the doubts, the fears, the endless unceasing irritation of a mind disordered by guilty love. Remorse had but little part now: passion soon absorbed every feeling, every hope; and to retain Glenarvon was there anything his weak and erring victim had refused? Alas! the hour came, when even to leave all and follow him appeared incumbent. The very ruin such conduct must occasion to Calantha, engaged her more eagerly to agree to the proposal.

Lady Margaret was now, at times, engaged with him in secret discourses, which occasioned much apparent dissention between them; but Calantha was not the subject. "He has the heart of a fiend," Lady Margaret would often exclaim, as she left him; and Calantha could perceive that, with all her power of dissimulation; she was more moved—more irritated by him, than she ever had been before by any other. He also spoke of

Lady Margaret with bitterness, and the asperity between them grew to such height, that Calantha apprehended the most fatal effects from it. Still, however, the Duke wished to conciliate a dangerous and malignant foe; and though his visits to the Castle were short, compared with what they had been, they were as frequent as ever.

CHAPTER XXVIII.



It happened one morning that Calantha, having been walking with Lord Glenarvon, upon her return entered the library rather unexpectedly, and perceived Zerbellini with the Count Gondimar and Lady Margaret. They all seemed in some confusion at her entrance. She was however too deeply occupied with other thoughts to enquire into their strange embarrassment; and looking at Glenarvon, she watched the varying expression of his countenance with anxious solicitude. At dinner, that day, he seated himself near her. Mrs. Seymour's eyes were filled with tears. "It is too late," he said, in a low whisper: "be firm: it makes me mad to see the arts that are used to separate us. Speak only to me—think only of me. What avail their frowns?"

their reproaches? I am dearer, am I not than all?"

Dinner being over, Calantha avoided her aunt's presence. She perceived it, and approaching her, "My child," she said, "do not fly me. My unhappy Calantha you will break my heart if you act thus." At that moment Lady Margaret joined them; "Ask Calantha," she said, "now ask her about the pearl necklace."

The pearl necklace in question was one which Lord Avondale had given her on the eve of her marriage. She was now accused of having given it to Lord Glenarvon. It is true that she had placed in his hands all the jewels of which she was mistress, that his presents might not exceed in value such as she had power to offer; they had been too magnificent otherwise for her to receive; and though only dear because they were his gifts, yet to have taken them without return had been more pain than pleasure:

one smile of his were worth them all— one approving look, far dearer. This gift of Lord Avondale's, however, she had considered as sacred, and neither Lord Glenarvon's love, nor her own perversion, had led her to touch it. She had received it when innocent and true; it was pain to her even to look upon it now; and when she heard the accusation made against her, she denied it with considerable warmth; for guilt but irritates the mind, and renders the perpetrator impatient of accusation. "This indignation is rather ill-timed however," said Lady Margaret, sarcastically: "there are things more sacred than pearls thrown away; and if the necklace has not been given, it is, I believe, the only thing, retained."

Such unpleasant conversation was now interrupted by Sophia, who entered the room.—"The necklace is found," she said; "and who do you think had taken it?" "I care not," said Calantha

proud and offended at their former suspicions. "Zerbellini!" "Oh impossible!" "Some of Lady Margaret's servants first suggested the possibility," said Sophia. "His desk and wardrobe were consequently examined, and scarce giving credit to the testimony of their sight, the lost prize was discovered in his silken vest." Calantha indignantly resisted the general belief that the boy was the real culprit. Every one left the room, and eagerly enquired into the whole affair. "If ocular proof be necessary to convince you," said Lady Margaret, returning to Calantha and leading her from the billiard room, accompanied by many others, "you shall now have it; and see," she cried, pausing as she entered the boy's apartment, "how soundly criminals can sleep!" "Aye, and how tranquil and innocent they can appear," continued Gondimar smiling as he stood by the side of the page's bed. Glenarvon's countenance, rendered more terrible by

the glimmering of the lamp, changed at these words.

There, sleeping in unsuspecting peace, lay the youthful Zerbellini, his cheeks blooming, his rich auburn hair flowing in clusters about his face, his arms thrown over his head with infantine and playful grace. "If he be guilty," said Calantha, looking earnestly at him, "how much one may be deceived!" "How much one may be deceived!" said the Duke turning back and glancing his eye on the trembling form of his daughter. The necklace was produced: but a look of doubt was still seen on every countenance, and Lord Glenarvon, sternly approaching Gondimar, asked him whether some villain might not have placed it there, to screen himself and to ruin the boy? "I should be loath," replied the Italian, with an affectation of humility, "very loath to imagine that such a wretch could exist." A glance of bitter scorn, was the only reply vouchsafed.

“ We can see the boy, alone, in the morning,” said Sophia in a low whisper to Calantha ; “ there is more in this than we know of. Be calm ; fear not, and to-morrow, we can with caution discover all.” “ Do not talk of to-morrow,” replied Calantha angrily : “ an hour, a moment is too long to bear injustice. I will plead with my father.” So saying, she followed him, urging him to hear her. “ Consider the youth of the child,” she said, “ even if guilty, remember he is but young.” “ His youth but aggravates the crime,” said the Duke, haughtily repulsing her. “ When the young can act basely, it shews that the heart’s core is black. Plead not for him : look to yourself, child,” he fiercely cried, and left her. The time was past when a prayer of Calantha’s was never breathed in vain ; and struggling with a thousand strong emotions, she fled to her own room, and gave vent to the contending

passions, by which she was so greatly agitated.

That night Lord Glenarvon slept not at the Castle. Zerbellini's guilt was now considered as certain. The Duke himself awakening the child, asked him if he had taken the necklace. He coloured extremely; hid his face, and then acknowledged the offence. He was questioned respecting his motive; but he evaded, and would not answer. His doom was therefore fixed. "I will take him from hence," said Gondimar. "He must not remain here a single hour; but no severity shall be shewn to so youthful an offender."

It was at that dark still hour of the night, when spirits that are troubled wake, and calmer eyes are closed in sleep, that Lady Margaret and Count Gondimar, entering Zerbellini's room, asked him if he were prepared. "For what?" exclaimed the boy, clasping his hands together. "*Oimè! eccellenza che vuoi!*

Save me," he cried, appealing to Lady Margaret. "I will not, cannot go." "Will no one pity me? Oh Gondimar! are these your promises—your kindnesses?" "Help me to bear him away," said Gondimar to Lady Margaret. "If Glenarvon should hear us?" and force was used to bear the struggling boy from the Castle?

In the morning Calantha was informed, by Lady Margaret, of the whole transaction. She said, however, that on account of his youth, no other notice would be taken of his fault, than that of his being immediately sent back to his parents at Florence.

Calantha was unquiet and restless the whole of the day. "The absence of your page," said Lady Margaret sarcastically, as she passed her, "seems to have caused you some little uneasiness. Do you expect to find him in any of these rooms? Have you not been to Craig Allen Bay, or the Wizzard's Glen? Has the Chapel been examined thoroughly?"

A loud noise and murmur interrupted her. The entrance of the Count Gondimar, pale and trembling, supported by Lord Glenarvon and a servant, gave a general alarm.—“Ruffians,” said Gondimar, fiercely glancing his eyes around, “attacked our carriage, and forced the child from my grasp.” “Where?—how?” “About twenty miles hence,” said the Italian. “Curse on the darkness, which prevented my defending myself as I ought.” “Those honorable wounds,” said Glenarvon, “prove sufficiently that the Count wrongs himself.” “Trelawny,” whispered Gondimar, “do me a favour. Fly to the stables; view well Glenarvon’s steed; mark if it bear any appearance of recent service: I strongly suspect him: and but for his presence at these gates, so calm, so cleanly accounted, I could have staked my soul it was by his arm I received these wounds.”

“The horse,” said Lord Trelawny, when he returned, “is sleek and far dif-

ferent from the reeking steeds that followed with your carriage." Glenarvon smiled scornfully on the officious Lord: then fixing his eye sternly upon Gondimar, "I read your suspicions," he said in a low voice, as he passed: "they are just. Now, serpent, do thy worst: thou art at my mercy." "Not at thine," replied Gondimar, grinding his teeth. "By the murdered. . . ." "Say no more," said Glenarvon, violently agitated, while every trembling nerve attested the agony he endured. "For God's sake be silent. I will meet you at St. Alvin's to-night: you shall investigate the whole of my conduct, and you will not find in it aught to give you just offence." "The ground upon which you stand has a crimsoned dye," said Gondimar, with a malicious smile: "look at your hand, my lord. . . ." Glenarvon, faint and exhausted, scarce appeared to support himself any longer; but suddenly collecting all his forces together, with a

struggle, which nature seemed scarcely equal to endure, he sprung upon the Italian, and asked him fiercely the meaning of his words. Gondimar now, in his turn, trembled; Lord Trelawney interposed; and peace was apparently restored.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE scene of the morning had caused considerable speculation. The count, though slightly indisposed—appeared at dinner : after which Lord Glenarvon took a hasty leave. It need not be said what Calantha's feelings were. Gondimar and Lady Margaret talked much together, during the evening. Calantha wrote in anxiety to Glenarvon. No one was now near to comfort her. As she retired slowly and sadly to her room in dreadful suspense, O'Kelly, Glenarvon's servant, passed her on the stairs. The sight of his countenance was joy to her. " My lord waits to see you, at the back door on the terrace," he said, as he affected to hasten away with a portmanteau on his shoulder. She heard and marked the words, and watching an opportunity hastened to the

door. It was locked ; but O' Kelly awaited her and opened it. To be in the power of this man was nothing : he was Glenarvon's long tried and faithful servant ; yet she felt confused when she met his eyes ; and thought it an indignity that her secret had been betrayed to him. Glenarvon, however, had commanded her to trust him ; and every command of his she too readily obeyed. " My lord is going," said the man. " Where ?" she cried ; in the utmost agony. " From Ireland," said O'Kelly. " But he waits for you by yonder tree," she hastened forward.

" Ah speak to me," she said, upon seeing him : " my heart is tortured ; confide at least in me : let me have the comfort of believing that I contribute to the happiness of one human being upon earth ; I who cause the misery of so many." Glenarvon turned from her. " Tell me the cause of your distress." " They will tear you from me." " Never,

never," she answered. "Look not on me, frail, fading flowret," he said, in a hollow mournful tone—"ah look not on me, nor thus waste thy sweets upon a whited sepulchre, full of depravity and death. Could'st thou read my heart—couldst thou see how it is seared, thou would'st tremble and start back with horror," "I have bound myself to you," she replied, "I am prepared for the worst: it cannot be worse than the crime of which I am guilty; grieve not then for me, I am calm and happy—oh most happy, when I am thus with you."

There is a look of anguish, such as a slave might give when he betrays his master—such as a murderer in thought might shew previous to the commission of the bloody act, in presence of his victim—such a look, so sad, so terrible, impressed a momentary gloom over the beautiful countenance of Glenarvon. Yes, when she said that she was happy, at that very time he shrunk from the joy

she professed; for he knew that he had led her to that which would blast all peace in her heart for ever.

“ Calantha,” at length he said, “ let me pour out the agonies of my soul, to my only friend. I have promised your aunt to leave you: yes; for thy dear sake, I will go; and none shall hereafter say of me, that I led you to share my ruined fortunes, or cast disgrace upon your name! Whatever my wrongs and injuries, to others, let one woman exist to thank me for her preservation. It will break my heart; but I will do it. You will hear dreadful things of me, when I am away: you will learn to hate, to curse me.” “ Oh never, Glenarvon, never.” “ I believe you love me,” he continued; “ and ere we part, ere we forget every vow given and received — every cherished hope, now blighted so cruelly for me, give me some proof of your sincerity. Others perhaps have been my victims;

I, alas ! am your's. You do not know, you cannot know what I feel, you have made me insensible to every other pursuit. I seem to exist alone in you, and for you, and can you, can you then abandon me ? Go if it be your pleasure, receive the applause of the world, of friends, of those who affect the name ; and when they hear that Glenarvon has fled, a voluntary exile from his country without one being to share his sorrows, perishing by slow degrees of a cruel and dangerous malady, which long has preyed upon his constitution, then let your husband and your aunt triumph in the reflection, that they have hastened his doom. And you, wretched victim, remember, that having brightened for a few short hours my weary path, you have left me at the last more lonely, more deserted even than when first you appeared before me. Oh Calantha, let others mock at my agony, and doubt the truth of one who has but too well deserved their suspicions ; but do not you

refuse to believe me. Young as I appear, I have made many miserable: but none more so than myself; and, having cast away every bright hope of dawning fame and honor, I renounce even now the only being who stands like a guardian angel between myself and eternal perdition. Oh canst thou doubt such love? and yet believing it, wilt thou consent that I should thus abandon thee? I have sacrificed for thee the strong passions that, like vultures, prey upon my heart—fortune, honor, every hope, even beyond the grave, for thy happiness—for thy love! Ah say canst thou—wilt thou now abandon me?”

“Glenarvon,” Lady Avondale replied, weeping bitterly. “I am much more miserable than you can be; I have more love for you than it is possible you can feel for me. I am not worth half what you inspire. I never will consent to part.” “Then you must accompany me,” he said, looking her full in the face. “Alas! if I do

thus, how will yourself despise me. When society, and those whose opinion you value, brand her name with infamy who leaves all for you, where shall we fly from dishonor? how will you bear up under my disgrace?" "I will bear you in my arms from the country that condemns you—in my heart, your name shall continue spotless as purity," he replied,—“sacred as truth. I will resist every opposition, and slay every one who shall dare to breathe one thought against you. For you I could renounce and despise the world; and I will teach you that love is in itself such ecstasy, that all we leave for it is nothing to it.”

“How can I resist you?” she answered. “Allow me to hear and yet forget the lessons which you teach—let me look on you, yet doubt you—let me die for you, but not see you suffer thus.” “Come with me now—even now,” said Glenarvon fiercely;—“I must make you mine before we part: then I will trust you; but not

till then." He looked upon her with scorn, as she struggled from his grasp. "Calántha, you affect to feel more than I do," he cried; "but your heart could not exist under what I endure. You love!—Oh you do not know how to love." "Do not be so cruel to me: look not so fierce Glenarvon. For you, for you, I have tempted the dangers of guilt; for you, I have trembled and wept; and, believe it, for you I will bear to die." "Then give yourself to me: this very hour be mine." "And I am your's for ever:" "But it must be your own free act and deed. Fear not; Lady Margaret is in my power; I am appointed to an interview with her to-morrow; and your aunt dares not refuse you, if you say that you will see me. It is on your firmness I rely: be prudent: it is but of late I counsel it. Deceit is indeed foreign to my nature; but what disguise would I not assume to see you?"

O'Kelly interrupted this conference by whispering something in his ear.—

“ I will attend her instantly.” “ Whom ?” said Calantha. “ Oh no one.” “ Ah speak truly : tell me what mean those words—those mysterious looks : you smile : that moon bears witness against you ; tell me all.” “ I will trust you,” said Glenarvon. “ Oh, my Lord, for Heaven’s sake !” said O’Kelly interfering, “ remember your vows, I humbly entreat.” “ Hear me,” said Glenarvon, in an authoritative tone, repulsing him. “ What are you all without me ? Tremble then at daring to advise, or to offend me. Lady Avondale is mine ; we are but one, and she shall know my secret, though I were on the hour betrayed.” “ My Lady you are lost,” said the man, “ if you do not hasten home ; you are watched : I do implore you to return to the castle.” Lord Glenarvon reluctantly permitted her to leave him ; he promised to see her on the following morning ; and she hastened home.

CHAPTER XXX.



UNABLE to rest, Calantha wrote during the whole of the night; and in the morning, she heard that the Duke was in possession of her letter. Lady Margaret entered, and informed her of this.

She also stated that the note would soon be returned into her own hands, and that although much might be suspected from its contents, neither herself nor the Duke were of opinion that Lord Avondale should at present be informed of the transaction. While Lady Margaret was yet speaking, the Duke, opening the door, with a severe countenance approached Calantha, and placing the letter to Lord Glenarvon upon the table, assured her, with coldness, that he considered her as her own mistress, and should not interfere. Lady Margaret

without a word further being uttered on her part, left the room.

As soon as she was gone, the Duke approached his daughter. "This is going too far," he said, pointing to the letter: "there is no excuse for you." She asked him, with some vivacity, why he had broken the seal, and wherefore it was not delivered as it was addressed. With coldness he apologized to her for the liberty he had taken, which even a father's right over an only child, he observed, could scarcely authorise. "But," continued he, "duty has of late been so much sacrificed to inclination, that we must have charity for each other. As I came, however, by your letter somewhat unfairly, I shall make no comments upon it, nor describe the feelings that it excited in my mind—only observe, I will have this end here; and my commands, like your's, shall be obeyed." He then reproached her for her behaviour. "I have seen you give way," he said, "to exceeding low

spirits, and I am desirous of knowing why this grief has suddenly been changed to ill-timed gaiety and shameless effrontery? Will nothing cure you of this love of merriment? Will an angry father, an offended husband, and a contemning world but add to and encrease it? Shall I say happy Calantha, or shall I weep over the hardness of a heart that is insensible to the grief of others, and has ceased to feel for itself? Alas! I looked upon you as my comfort and delight; but you are now to me, a heavy care—a never ceasing reproach; and if you persist in this line of conduct, the sooner you quit this roof, which rings with your disgrace, the better it will be for us all. Those who are made early sacrifices to ambition and interest may plead some excuse; but you Calantha, what can you say to palliate your conduct? A father's blessing accompanied the choice your own heart made; and was not Avondale a noble choice? What quality is there,

whether of person or of mind, in which he is deficient? I think of him with feelings of pride."—"I do so, too, my father."—"Go, poor deluded child," he continued, in an offended tone, "fly to the arms of your new lover, and seek with him that happiness of which you have robbed me for ever, and which I fear you yourself never more will know. Do not answer me, or by those proud looks attempt to hide your disgrace. I am aware of all you would urge; but am not to be swayed by the sophistry you would employ. This is no innocent friendship. Beware to incense me by uttering one word in its defence. Are you not taught that God, who sees the heart, looks not at the deed, but at the motive? In his eye the murderer who has made up his mind to kill, has already perpetrated the deed; and the adulteress who"—"Ah, call me not by that name, my father: I am your only child. No proud looks shall now shew themselves, or support

me ; but on my knees here, even here, I humble myself before you. Speak not so harshly to me: I am very miserable."

"Consent to see him no more. Say it, my child, and all shall be forgotten—I will forgive you."—"I must see him once more—ah! once more ; and if he consents, I will obey."—"Good God! do I live to hear such words? Is it then to Lord Glenarvon's mercy, and to no effort of your own, that I am to owe your amendment? See him then, but do it in defiance of my positive commands:—see him, Calantha ; but the vengeance of an offended God, the malediction of a father fall on thee for thy disobedience:—see him if it be thy mad resolve ; but meet my eyes no more. A lover may be found at any time ; but a father, once offended, is lost for ever : his will should be sacred ; and the God of Heaven may see fit to withdraw his mercy from a disobedient child." The Duke, as he spoke these words, trembled

with passion, and darting an angry eye upon Calantha, left her. The door closed. She stood suspended — uncertain how to act.—

At length recovering, she seized a pen, and wrote to Glenarvon.—“ I am indeed wretched; but let me, at all events, spare you. Come not to the Castle. Write to me: it is all I ask. I must quit you for ever. Oh, Glenarvon, I must indeed see you no more; or involve all whom I love, and yourself, who art far dearer, in my disgrace. Let me hear from you immediately. You must decide for me: I have no will on earth but your's—no hope but in the continuance of your love. Do not call me weak. Write to me: say you approve; for if you do not, I cannot obey.”

Having sent her letter with some fear, she went to Mrs. Seymour, who was far from well, and had been some days confined to her room. She endeavoured to conceal from her what had passed in the

morning respecting her father. Mrs. Seymour spoke but little to her, she seemed unequal to the task imposed upon her by others, of telling Calantha that which she knew would cause her pain. She was dreadfully agitated, and holding her niece's hand, seemed desirous she should not leave her for any length of time.

Towards noon, Calantha went out for a few moments, and near the Elm wood met Glenarvon. "Oh, for Heaven's sake!" she cried, "do not come here: some one may see you."—"And if they do," he said calmly, "what of that?"—"I cannot stay now:—for your sake I cannot:—meet me to-night."—"Where?" "How?"—"At the Chapel."—"At what hour?"—"At twelve."—"That is too early."—"At three."—"I dare not come."—"Then farewell."—"Glenarvon!" He turned back. "I cannot be thus trifled with," he said. "You have given yourself to me: I was not prepared for this wavering and caprice."—"Oh, you know not what

has passed.”—“ I know all.” — “ My aunt is ill.” He smiled contemptuously. “ Act as you think right,” he said; “ but do not be the dupe of these machinations.”—“ She is really ill: she is incapable of art.”—“ Go to her, then.”—“ And you—shall I see you no more?”—“ Never.”—“ I shall come to-night.”—“ As you please.”—“ At all events, I shall be there, Glenarvon.—Oh look not thus on me. You know, you well know your power: do not lead me to infamy and ruin.”

Glenarvon seized Calantha's hand, which he wrung with violence. Passion in him was very terrible: it forced no fierce words from his lips; no rush of blood suffused his cheeks and forehead; but the livid pale of suppressed rage spread itself over every feature: even his hands bore testimony to the convulsive effort which the blood, receding to his heart, occasioned. Thus pale, thus fierce, he gazed on Calantha with disdain.—“ Weak, timid being, is it for this I have renounced so much?—Is it for such as you that

I have consented to live ? How different from her I once loved. Go to the parents for whom I am sacrificed ; call back the husband who is so preferred to me ; note well his virtues and live upon his caresses :—the world will admire and praise you. I knew how it would be and am satisfied. Then with a rapid change of countenance from malice to bitter anguish, he gazed on her, till his eyes were filled with tears : while his lips faltered as he said farewell. Calantha approached too near : he pressed her to his heart. “ I am yours,” she said, half suffocated. “ Nor parents, nor husband, nor fear of man or Heaven shall ever cause me to leave you.”—“ You will meet me to-night then.”—“ I will.”—“ You will not play upon my irritated feelings by penitential letters and excuses—you are decided, are you ? Say either yes or no ; but be firm to either.”—“ I will come then, let disgrace or death be the consequence.”

CHAPTER XXXI.

IN the course of the day, Glenarvon wrote to Calantha, "I have never sought to win you to me after the manner other men might desire," he said. "I have respected your opinions; and I have resisted more than woman's feelings can conceive. But Calantha you have shared the struggle. I have marked in your eye the fire of passion, in the quivering of your lip and changing complexion, the fierce power which destroyed you. When in the soft language of poetry, I have read to you, or spoken with the warmth I knew not how to feign, you have turned from me, it is true; but pride more than virtue, inclined your firm resistance. Every principle in your heart is shaken; every tie that ought to bind thee most, is broken; and I, who should

triumph at my success, weep only for thy fall. I found thee innocent, confiding and sincere: I leave thee—but, oh God! wilt thou thus be left? wilt thou now that thy soul itself partakes in thy guilt, wilt thou forsake me? Upon this night," continued Glenarvon, "you have given me a solemn promise to meet me in secret: it is the first time concealment has been rendered necessary. I know your nature too well, not to be convinced that you are already preparing to retract. Do so, if it be your will:—I wish you not to take one step without fully appreciating its consequences, and the crime incurred. I have never disguised to you the guilt of our attachment since the moment in which I felt assured of my own sentiments. I wished you to feel the sacrifice you were making: how otherwise could I consider it as any? my love is worth some risk. Every one knows my weakness; and did you feel half what you inspire, you would be

proud, you would glory in what you now attempt to hide. The woman I love, must see, must hear, must believe and confide in no other but me. I renounce every other for you.—And, now that I claim you as my own, I expect the fulfilment of your many professions. Shew me that you can be firm and true: give yourself to me entirely: you are mine; and you must prove it. I am preferred before every earthly being in my Calantha's heart—my dearest, my only friend. Of this indeed I have long ceased to entertain a single doubt; but now I require more. Even in religious faith—even in hopes, in reliance upon the mercy of God, I cannot bear a competitor and a rival.

“ There is a rite accounted infamous amongst christians:—there is an oath which it is terrible to take. By this, by this alone, I will have you bound to me—not here alone, but if there be a long hereafter then shall we evermore be linked together: then shall you be mine far

more, far dearer than either mistress or bride. It is, I own, a mere mockery of superstition : but what on earth deserves a higher name ? Every varying custom and every long-established form, whether in our own land, or those far distant tracts which the foot of man has rarely traversed, deserves no higher name. The customs of our forefathers—the habit of years, give a venerable and sacred appearance to many rites ; but all is a dream, the mere colouring of fancy, the frail perishable attempts of human invention. Even the love we feel, Calantha—the beaming fires which now stimulate our hearts, and raise us above others is but illusion—like the bright exhaltations which appear to mislead, then vanish and leave us more gloomy than before.”

Calantha's eyes were fixed ; her hand was cold ; no varying colour, no trepidation shewed either life or vigour ; there was a struggle in her mind ; and a voice seemed to call to her from her inmost

soul: "For the last time, Calantha, it seemed to say, I warn thee, for the last time I warn thee. Oh hear the voice of conscience as it cries to thee for the last time!—go not to thy ruin: plunge not thy soul into the pit of hell; hurl not destruction upon thy head. What is this sin against thy religion? How canst thou throw off thy faith and reliance upon thy God? It is a mere mockery of words; a jealous desire to possess every avenue of thy heart's affections, to snatch thee from every feeling of remorse and virtue; to plunge thee into eternal perdition. Hear me: by thy mother's name I call: go not to thy soul's ruin and shame"

"Am I mad, or wherefore is my soul distracted? Oh Glenarvon, come again to me: my comforter—my heart's friend, oh leave me not. By every tie thou art bound to me: never, never will I forsake thee. What are the reproaches of conscience—what the fancied pangs of remorse, to the glory, of being thine? Re-

turn Glenarvon, adored, beloved. Thy presence is the light of life : existence without thee would not be worth the purchase.—Come all the woes that may, upon me, never will I forsake Glenarvon.”

The nurse entered Calantha's room, bearing her boy in her arms. She would not look on him:—“ Take him away,” she said ; “ take him to my aunt.” The child wished to stay:—for the first time he hung about her with affection; for he was not of that character, and seldom shewed his love by infantine fondness and caresses. She started from his gentle grasp, as if from something terrible: “ Take him away,” she shrieked to the affrighted woman, “ and never let him come near me more.”

There are many whose eyes may glance upon these pages, who will regard with indignation the confession here made respecting the character of Calantha. But it is as if those who had never known sickness and agony mocked at its power

—as if those who had never witnessed the delirious ravings of fever or insanity reasoned upon their excess, they must not judge who cannot understand.

Driven to despair—guilty in all but the last black deed that brands the name and character with eternal infamy, Calantha resolved to follow Glenarvon. How indeed could she remain ! To her every domestic joy was forever blasted ; and a false estimate of honour inclined her to believe, that it was right in her to go.—But not to-night, she said. Oh not like a culprit and a thief in the midst of the night, will I quit my father's house, or leave my aunt sick and ill to grieve herself almost to death for my sake.

Preserving, during the evening, a sullen silence, an affectation of offended pride, Calantha retired early ; looked once upon the portraits of her husband and mother ; and then turned from them in agony. “ He was all kindness to me—all goodness : he deserved a happier

fate. Happier! alas he is blest: I alone suffer—I alone am miserable; never, never can I behold him more.” These were the last words Calantha uttered, as she prepared for an interview she dreaded. It was now but twelve o’clock: she threw herself upon her bed, and waited in trepidation and alarm for the hour of three. A knock at the door aroused her. It was O’Kelly; but he waited not one instant: he left a gold casket with a ring, within was a letter: “My beloved,” it said, “I wait for thee. Oh repent not thy promise!” Nothing else was written. The hand she well knew: the signature was, “Ever and thine alone, Glenarvon.”

CHAPTER XXXII.

It was past three o'clock, when Calantha opened the cabinet where the page's clothes were formerly kept, and drew from thence his mantle and plumed hat ; and, thus disguised, prepared herself for the interview. She slowly descended the stairs : the noisy revels of the servants might still at intervals be heard : in a moment she glided through the apartments and passages, till she found herself at the door which led to the terrace. It opened heavily, and closed again with a loud noise. Alarmed, lest she should be discovered, she flew with rapidity over the terrace and lawn, till she approached the wood, and then she paused to take breath, and to listen if all were silent.

Then she walked fearfully onwards. The first night on which she had met

Glenarvon the moon was bright and full, and the whole scene was lighted by its rays; but now, it was on the wane—the silver crescent shone alone, and the clouds continually passing over it, cast fearful shadows upon the grass. She found herself in the thickest part of the wood. She heard a hollow murmur: it was but the alders, waving in the wind, which made a tremulous noise, like voices whispering at a distance. She passed on, and the recollection that it was to Glenarvon that she was hastening, and that it was probably for the last time, made her indifferent to her fate, and rendered her fearless. Besides, the desperate and the guilty never fear: a deeper feeling renders them callous to all beside—a spirit of defiance deadens in them the very edge of apprehension. She proceeded to the appointed place. The sea dashed against the cliff below; and the bleak wind whistled through the ruined chapel as it came in hollow blasts over the heath.

Calantha perceived Glenarvon. He was leaning upon one of the broken rocks: he viewed, unawed, the melancholy scene before him. No superstitious terrors had power to shake his soul: misery had done its utmost to subdue him. Nor hope, nor prosperity, could afford him comfort, or remove his dejection. In the first transports of joy at seeing him, she darted towards him; but when she marked the paleness of his cheeks, the stillness of his attitude, she started back, and advanced slowly: for she feared to disturb him.

The evening breeze had blown back his dark locks, and bared his pale forehead, upon which the light of the moonbeam fell. She gazed upon him; and while she contemplated the beautiful majesty of his figure, his fixed and mournful eyes, his countenance so fraught with feeling, she approached him. "My friend, my lover," she said. "Ah! my

little trembling page, my Zerbellini, welcome to my heart," he answered: "I knew you would not fail; but I have waited for you till every bright illusion of hope has been changed into visions of despondency and fear. We meet now: but is it indeed to part no more! Glenarvon is your's, and shall never be severed from you."

"Ah! triumph over yourself and me," she cried, clasping her hands in alarm. "Ask any sacrifice but this. Do not make me contemptible to you and to myself." "Calantha, the time for safety is past: it is too late now. I have linked my soul to your's; I love you in defiance of myself; I know it to be guilt, and to be death; but it must be. We follow but the dark destiny that involves us; we cannot escape from fate. For you alone I live:—be now but mine. They tell you of misery, of inconstancy, of lover's perjuries, from the olden time; but you shall prove them false. You leave much, it is

true—rank, fame and friends, a home and the dearest ties of a mother's heart—children; but have you not embittered all that you relinquish! Say that I yield you up and fly,—to what fate shall I then consign you! to what endless repining, unjoyous solitary hours—remorse, regret, the bitter taunt of friends, the insulting scorn of strangers, and, worse than all—O! worse than all the recoiling heart can endure, the unsuspecting confidence and caresses of an injured husband, of him you have already betrayed. O Calantha, turn from these to a lover's bosom; seek for comfort here; and now, even now, accompany me in my flight.

“ I will leave all for you:—I love but you: be you my master.” Scarce had she uttered the impious oath which bound her to him, when her heart, convulsed with terror, ceased to beat. “ 'Tis but in words—oh God! 'tis but in words, that thy guilty servant has offended. No—even

in the mad infatuation of passion, the fear of thy vengeance spake terrors into her soul, and ingratitude for all thy favours was not to be numbered with her sins." But the step she had taken was terrible. She considered herself as no longer under the protection of her father, she had disobeyed his sacred command, she had broken her solemn promise; she trembled exceedingly; and fear for one moment overpowered her. Lord Glenarvon looked upon her, mournfully, as if sorry for the sin which he had cast upon her soul. "Now," he said, "you will look back upon these moments, and you will consider me with abhorrence. I have led you with me to ruin and remorse." "On me—on me, be the sin; let it fall upon me alone," she replied; "but if, after this, you forsake me, then shall the vengeance of Heaven be satisfied—the measure of my crime be at its full. It is not in my power—I cannot forsake you now: I will go with you, Glenarvon, if it were

to certain death and ruin. I am yours alone. But this night I must return home," she said. "I will not leave my father thus—I will not cause my aunt's death." "If you leave me now I shall lose you." "O Glenarvon, let me return; and after seeing them once again, I will follow you firm until death."

He placed a ring upon her finger, "It is a marriage bond," he said; "and if there be a God, let him now bear witness to my vows:—I here, uncompelled by menace, unsolicited by entreaty, do bind myself through life to you. No other, in word or thought, shall ever hold influence or power over my heart. This is no lover's oath—no profession which the intoxication of passion may extort: it is the free and solemn purpose of a soul conquered and enchained by you. Oh Calantha, beloved, adored, look upon me, and say that you believe me. Lean not upon a lover's bosom, but upon a friend, a guardian and protector, a being wholly relying on your mercy and

kindness. My love, my soul, look yet once upon me."

"Why fall our tears? Is it in terror of approaching evil, or in regret for involuntary error? My bosom's comfort, my soul's idol, look not thus coldly on me; for I deserve it not. Your will is mine: lead me as it delights your fancy: I am a willing slave." "If you abandon me," said Calantha, in tears. "May the curse of God burn my heart and consume me! may every malediction and horror fall tenfold upon my head! may frenzy and madness come upon my senses! and tortures in this world and the next be my portion, if ever I change towards you!"

With words like these, Glenarvon silenced her as she returned to the castle; and, strange as it may seem, untroubled sleep—such sleep as in better days she once enjoyed, fell upon all her senses, quieted every passion, and obliterated, for a few hours, the scenes of guilt which tortured her with their remembrance.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

To wake is terrible when the heaviness of sin is upon us!—to wake, and see every object around us the same as before; but to feel that we are utterly changed! I am still in a father's house, she thought, as late the ensuing morning she opened her eye. "My name is not yet branded with disgrace; but I belong alone upon earth to Glenarvon. Mrs. Seymour sent for her: the nurse entered with the children. But Calantha looked upon the ring and trembled.

Lady Avondale ordered her horses, and, dressing in haste, entered Mrs. Seymour's room. Never had she found it easy to deceive till that moment. To tell her the truth had been to kill her: she feigned therefore with ease, for her aunt's life required it, and she herself was desperate.

“ Have you kept your resolution, my Calantha ?” — “ Yes,” she replied, nor blushed at affirming it. “ Two days, and you have not seen Glenarvon ?” Is this possible ?—“ I thought one had killed me,” replied Calantha; “ but I look well ; do I not ?” and she hurried from her aunt’s presence.

Her horses awaited : she rode out the whole of the day : it seemed to her as if a moment’s pause or rest would have been agony unutterable. And yet, when the spirit is heavy there is something unpleasant in the velocity of motion : throwing, therefore, the reins upon her well-trained steed, she paced slowly over the mountain’s side, lost in reflections which it had been pain to interrupt.

Suddenly a horse and rider, in full speed, darting along the moor, approached and crossed upon her path. “ Whither ride you Lady, so slow ?” said Miss St. Clare, whom she now recognized, scarce reining in her swift-footed charger. “ And

whither ride you, Lady, so fast?" said Calantha, courteously returning her salute. "To perdition," cried Elinor; "and they that wish to follow must ride apace." The hat and plume of sacred green, the emerald clasp, the gift of Glenarvon, were all but too well observed by Calantha. Deeply she blushed as St. Clara, fixing her dark eyes upon her, asked her respecting him, "Is thy young lover well?" she said: "and wilt thou be one of us? He slept last night at Belfont: he could not rest: didst thou?" Saying which, she smiled, and rode away.

Oppressed with many bitter doubts, Calantha returned to the Castle; and what is strange, she felt coldly towards Glenarvon. On her return, she found letters from him far the most ardent, the most impassioned she had yet received. He spoke with grief of her unkindness: he urged her by every tie most dear, most sacred, to see him and fly with him. Yet, that night, she went not to meet

him ; she wrote not kindly ; she loved not. She retired early ; and her thoughts were painful and terrible. But such is the inconsistency of the human heart ; her coldness seemed but to encrease his ardour. She received that night, the warmest the most unguarded letters ; she even now dreaded the violence of his attachment. Remorse, she felt, had taken the place of passion in her own heart : for all within was chilled, was changed.

As she thus sat in sullen silence, unwilling to think—unable to forget, she heard a step stealing along the passage ; and in a moment Glenarvon entered her apartment. “ We are lost,” she cried. “ I care not,” he said, “ so that I but see you.”—“ For Heaven’s sake, leave me.”—“ Speak lower,” he said, approaching her : “ be calm, for think you that when you have risked so much for me, I dare not share the danger. After all, what is it ? Whoever enters must do it at their peril : their life shall pay the forfeit : I

am armed.”—“Glenarvon! how terrible are your looks: I love you; but I fear you.”

“Do you remember,” he replied, “that day when I first told you of my love? You blushed then, and wept: did you not? But you have forgotten to do either now. Why, then, this strange confusion?”—“I am sick at heart. Leave me.”—“Never! O most loved, most dear of all earthly beings, turn not thus away from me; look not as if you feared to meet me; feel not regret; for if it be a crime, that be on me, Calantha—on me alone. I know how men of the world can swear and forswear: I know, too, how much will be attempted to sever you from me: but by that Being in whose sacred eye we stand; by all that the human heart and soul can believe and cherish, I am not one of that base kind, who would ever betray the woman that trusted in me. Even were you unfaithful to me, I could not change. You are all on earth

that I love, and, perhaps what is better worth, that I esteem and respect—that I honor as above every other in goodness, purity, and generous, noble feelings. O ! think not so humbly of yourself: say not that you are degraded. My admiration of you shall excuse your error: My faithful attachment whilst existence is given to either of us shall atone for all. Look on me, my only friend ; dry up the tears that fall for an involuntary fault ; and consider me as your protector, your lover, your husband.”

There required not many words, not many protestations. Calantha wept bitterly ; but she felt happy. “ If you change now,” she said, “ what will become of me ? Let me go with you, Glenarvon, from this country : I ask not for other ties than those that already bind us. Yet I once more repeat it, I know you must despise me.”—“ What are words and vows, my heart’s life, my soul’s idol, what are they ? The false, the vain, the worldly-

mind have made use of them ; but I must have recourse to them, Calantha, since you can look at me, and yet mistrust me. No villany that ever yet existed, can exceed that which my falsehood to you would now evince. This is no common worldly attachment : no momentary intoxication of passion. Often I have loved : many I have seen ; but none ever sacrificed for me what you have done ; and for none upon earth did I ever feel what I do for you. I might have made you mine long ago : perhaps I might have abused the confidence shewn me, and the interest and enthusiasm I had created ; but, alas ! you would then have despised me. I conquered myself ; but it was to secure you more entirely. I am your's only : consent therefore to fly with me. make any trial you please of my truth. What I speak I have written : my letters you may shew, my actions you may observe and sift. I have not one thought that is unknown to you—one wish, one

hope of which you are not the first and sole object. Many disbelieve that I am serious in my desire that you should accompany me in my flight. They know me not : I have no views, no projects. Men of the world look alone to fortune, fame, or interest ; but what am I ? The sacrifice is solely on your part : I would that it were on mine. If even you refuse to follow me, I will not make this a plea for abandoning you : I will hover around, will protect, will watch over you. Your love makes my happiness : it is my sole hope in life. Even were you to change to me, I could not but be true to you."

Did Glenarvon really wish Calantha to accompany him : he risked much ; and seemed to desire it. But there is no understanding the guileful heart ; and he who had deceived many, could assuredly deceive her. Yet it appears, that he urged her more than ever to fly with him ; and that when, at length she said that her resolution was fixed—that

she would go, his eyes in triumph gloried in the assurance : and with a fervour he could not have feigned he called her his. Hitherto, some virtuous, some religious hopes had still sustained her ; now all ceased ; perversion led the way to crime, and hardness of heart and insensibility followed.

One by one, Glenarvon repeated to her confessions of former scenes. One by one, he betrayed to her the confidence others had reposed in his honour. She saw the wiles and windings of his mind, nor abhorred them : she heard his mockery of all that is good and noble ; nor turned from him. Is it in the nature of guilty love thus to pervert the very soul ? Or what in so short a period could have operated so great a change ? Till this period the hope of saving, of guarding, of reclaiming, had led her on : now frantic and perverted passion absorbed all other hopes.

Calantha had read of love, and felt it ;

she had laughed at the sickening rhapsodies of sentiment, and turned with disgust from the inflammatory pages of looser pens; but, alas! her own heart now presented every feeling she had most abhorred; and it was in herself she found the reality of all that, during her whole existence, she had looked upon with contempt and dislike. Every remaining scruple left her; she still urged delay; but to accompany her master and lover was now her firm resolve.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

GLENARVON had retired unperceived by any, on the evening he had visited her, in her apartment. The following day he appeared at the castle; they both avoided each other: she indeed trembled at beholding him. "Meet me at the chapel to night," he whispered. Alas! she obeyed too well.

They were returning through the wood: she paused one moment to look upon the sea: it was calm; and the air blew soft and fresh upon her burning forehead.—What dreadful sight is that?... a female figure passing through the thicket behind, with a hasty step approached them, and knelt down as if imploring for mercy. Her looks were wild; famine had stamped its hollow prints in furrows on her cheeks: she clasped her

hands together; and fixing her eyes wildly upon Glenarvon, remained in silence.

Terrified, Calantha threw herself for safety at his feet; and he clasping her closely to his bosom saw but her. "Oh! Glenarvon," she cried, "look, look; it is not a human form: it is some dreadful vision, sent to us by the power of Heaven, to warn us." "My soul, my Calantha, fear not: no power shall harm you."

Turning from her, Glenarvon now gazed for one moment on the thin and ghastly form, that had occasioned her terror. "God bless you," cried the suppliant. He started at the hollow sound. It seemed to him indeed that the awful blessing was a melancholy reproach for his broken faith. He started, for in that emaciated form, in that wild and haggard eye, he thought he recognized some traces of one whom he had once taken spotless as innocence to his heart,—then left a prey to remorse and disappointment. For the

sake of that resemblance*, he offered money to the wretch who implored his mercy, and turned away, not to behold again so piteous, so melancholy a spectacle.

Intently gazing upon him, she uttered a convulsive groan, and sunk extended on the earth. Calantha and Glenarvon both flew forward to raise her. But the poor victim was no more: her spirit had burst from the slight bonds that yet retained it in a world of pain and sorrow. She had gazed for the last time upon the lover who had robbed her of all happiness through life; and the same look, which had first awakened love in her bosom, now quenched the feeling, and with it life itself. The last wish of her heart, was a blessing, not a curse on him who had abandoned her: and the tear that he shed unconsciously over a form so altered, that he did not know

* See Chaucer's *Troilus and Creseide*.

her, was the only tear that blessed the last hour of Calantha's once favorite companion Alice Mac Allain.

Oh! need a scene which occasioned her every bitter pang be repeated?—need it be said that, regardless of themselves or any conclusions which their being together at such an hour might have occasioned: they carried the unconscious girl to the door of the castle, where O'Kelly was waiting to receive them. Every one had retired to rest; it was late; and one of Calantha's maids and O'Kelly alone remained in fearful anxiety watching for their return.

Terrified at the haggard looks, and lifeless form before her, Calantha turned to Glenarvon. But his countenance was changed; his eyes were fixed. "It is herself," he cried; and unable to bear the sight, a faintness came over him:—the name of Alice was pronounced by him. O'Kelly understood his master. "Is it possible?" he exclaimed, and seizing the

girl in his arms, he promised Calantha to do all in his power to restore her, and only implored her to retire to her own apartment: "For my master's sake, dear Lady, be persuaded," he said. He was indeed no longer the same subservient strange being, he had shewn himself hitherto; he seemed to assume a new character, on an occasion which called for his utmost exertion: he was all activity and forethought, commanding every thing that was to be done, and awakening Lord Glenarvon and Calantha to a sense of their situation.

Although Lady Avondale was at last persuaded to retire, it may be supposed that she did not attempt to rest; and being obliged in some measure to inform her attendant of what had passed, she sent her frequently with messages to O'Kelly to inquire concerning her unhappy friend. At last she returned with a few lines, written by Lord Glenarvon. "Calantha," he said, "you will now

learn to shudder at my name, and look upon me with horror and execration. Prepare yourself for the worst:—it is Alice whom we beheld. She came to take one last look at the wretch who had seduced, and then abandoned her:—she is no more. Think not, that to screen myself, I have neglected the means of preserving her.—Think me not base enough for this; but be assured that all care and assistance have been administered. The aid of the physician, however, is vain. Calm yourself, Calantha: I am very calm.”

The maid, as she gave this note, told Calantha that the young woman, whom Mr. O’Kelly had discovered at the door of the castle, was poor Miss Alice—so altered, that her own father, she was sure, would not know her. “Did you see her?” “O yes, my Lady: Mr. O’Kelly took me to see her, when I carried the message to him: and there I saw my Lord Glenarvon so good, so kind, doing

every thing that was needed to assist her, so that it would have moved the heart of any one to have seen him." While the attendant thus continued to talk, her young mistress wept, at having at length dismissed her, she opened the door listening with suspense to every distant noise.

It was six in the morning, when a loud commotion upon the stairs aroused her. Hurrying down, she beheld a number of servants carrying some one for air, into one of the outer courts. It was not the lifeless corpse of Alice. From the glimpse Calantha caught, it appeared a larger form, and, upon approaching still nearer, her heart sickened at perceiving that it was the old man, Gerald Mac Alain, who having arisen to enquire into the cause of the disquiet he heard in the house, had been abruptly informed by some of the servants, that his daughter had been discovered without any signs of life, at the gates of the castle. O'Kelly

and the other attendants had pressed forward to assist him.

Calantha now leaving him in their hands, walked in trembling alarm, through the hall, once more to look upon her unhappy friend. There leaning against one of the high black marble pillars, pale, as the lifeless being whom, stretched before him, he still, continued to contemplate, she perceived Glenarvon. His eyes were fixed: in his look there was all the bitterness of death; his cheek was hollow: and in that noble form, the wreck of all that is great might be traced. "Look not thus," she said, "Oh Glenarvon: it pierces my heart to see you thus: grief must not fall on one like you." He took her hand, and pressed it to his heart; but he could not speak. He only pointed to the pale and famished form before him; and Calantha perceiving it, knelt down by its side and wept in agony: "There was a time," he said, "when I could have feared to cast this sin upon

my soul, or rewarded so much tenderness and affection, as I have done. But I have grown callous to all : and now my only, my dearest friend, I will tear myself away from you for ever. I will not say God bless you :—I must not bless thee, who have brought thee to so much misery. Weep not for one unworthy of you :—I am not what you think, my Calantha. Unblessed myself, I can but give misery to all who approach me. All that follow after me come to this pass ; for my love is death, and this is the reward of constancy. Poor Alice, but still more unhappy Calantha, my heart bleeds for you : for myself, I am indifferent.

Gerald now returned, supported by O'Kelly. The other servants, by his desire, had retired ; and when he approached the spot where his child was laid, he requested even O'Kelly to leave him. He did so ; and Mac Allain advanced towards Lord Glenarvon. "Forgive a poor old man," he said in a faltering voice : " I spoke too severely,

my lord : a father's curse in the agony of his first despair shall not be heard. Oh lady Calantha," said the old man, turning to her, " lord Glenarvon has been very noble and good to me ; my sons had debts, and he paid all they owed : they had transgressed and he got them pardoned. You know not what I owe to my lord ; and yet when he told me, this night, as I upbraided the wretch that had undone my child and was the cause of her dishonor and death, that it was himself had taken her from my heart ; I knelt down and cursed him. Oh God, Oh God ! pardon the agony of a wretched father, a poor old man who has lived too long."

Calantha could no longer master her feelings ; her sobs, her cries were bitter and terrible. They wished to bear her forcibly away. O'Kelly insisted upon the necessity of her assuming at least some self command ; and whispering to her, that, if she betrayed any violent agitation, the whole affair must be made public : he

promised himself to bring her word of every minute particular, if she would for a few hours at least remain tranquil. "I shall see you again," she said, recovering herself and approaching Lord Glenarvon before she retired: "You are not going?" "Going!" he replied: "undoubtedly I shall not leave the castle at this moment; it would look like fear; but after this, my dearest friend, I do not deceive myself, you cannot, you ought not more to think of me." "I share your sorrows," she said: "you are most miserable; think not then, that I can be otherwise." "And can you still feel any interest for one like me? If I could believe this, even in the bitterness of affliction, I should still feel comfort: but, you will learn to hate me." "Never. Oh would that I could; but it is too late now. I love you, Glenarvon, more than ever even were it to death;— Depend on me." Glenarvon pressed her hand in silence; then following her, "For your dear sake, I will live," he said. "You

are my only hope, now you will not believe! how from my soul I honour you."

Calantha threw herself upon her bed ; but her agitation was too great to allow of her recurring in thought to the past, and fatigue once again occasioned her taking a few moment's rest.

CHAPTER XXXV.

WHEN Lady Avondale awoke from her slumbers, she found the whole castle in a state of confusion. Lady Margaret had twice sent for her. Every one was occupied with this extraordinary event. Her name, and Lord Glenarvon's were mentioned together, and conjectures, concerning the whole scene, were made by every individual.

At Gerald Mac Allain's earnest entreaties, the body of Alice was conveyed to his own house, near the Garden Cottage. He wished no one to be informed of the particulars of her melancholy fate. He came, however, a few days after her removal, to ask for Calantha. She was ill; but admitted him immediately. They talked together upon all that had occurred. He gave her a letter and a broach, which

had been found upon the body. The letter was addressed to Lord Glenarvon. There was also a lock of hair, which seemed, from the fineness of its texture, to belong to a child. The letter was a mournful congratulation on his supposed marriage with a lady in England, written at some former period: it wished him every happiness, and contained no one reproach. The brooch consisted of a heart's ease, which she entreated him sometimes to wear in remembrance of one, who had loved him truly. "Heart's ease to you—*mais triste pensée pour moi,*" was engraved upon it. "You must yourself deliver these," said Mac Allain looking wistfully at Calantha. She promised to do so.

Mac Allain then drew forth a larger packet which was addressed to himself. "I have not yet read it," he said. "I am not able to see for my tears; but it is the narration of my child's sorrows; and when I have ended it, I will give it to you, my dear Lady, and to any other

whom you may wish. "Oh Mac Allain!" said Lady Avondale, "by every tie of gratitude and affection which you profess, and have shewn our family, do not let any one read this but myself:—do not betray Lord Glenarvon. He feels your sufferings: he more than shares them. For my sake I ask you this. Keep this transaction secret; and, whatever may be suspected, let none know the truth.—Say: may I ask it?"

Calantha's agitation moved him greatly. He wept in bitter anguish. "The destroyer of my child," he said, "will lead my benefactress into misery. Ah! my dear young Lady, how my heart bleeds for you." Impatiently, she turned away. "Will you hear my entreaties," she said. "You may command; but the news of my child's death is spread: many are talking of it already: I cannot keep it secret." "Only let not Lord Glenarvon's name appear." Mac Allain promised to do all in his power to silence

every rumour; and, with the help of O'Kelly, he, in some measure succeeded. The story believed was, that Mr. Buchanan first had carried Alice with him to England, where she had fallen into poverty and vice. No further enquiry was made; but Lord Glenarvon himself confided to many, the secret which Calantha was so eager to conceal.

The narrative of Alice's sufferings may be omitted by those who wish not to peruse it. Lord Glenarvon desired to read it when Calantha had ended it. He also took the broach, and pressing it to his lips, appeared very deeply affected. After this for a short time he absented himself from the castle. The following pages, written by Alice, were addressed to her only surviving parent. No comment is made on them; no apology offered for their insertion. If passion has once subdued the power of reason, the misery and example of others never avail, nor would they even

were we certain of a similar fate. If every calamity we may perhaps deserve, were placed in view before us, we should not pause—we should not divert our steps. To love, in defiance of virtue is insanity, not guilt. To attempt the safety of its victims, were a generous but useless effort of unavailing interference. It is like a raging fever, or the tempest's fury—far beyond human aid to allay or restore. Calantha read, however, the history of her friend, and wept her fate.

ALICE'S NARRATIVE.

“ My dear and honoured father,

“ To you I venture to address this short history of my unhappy life, and if sufferings and pain can in part atone for my misconduct, I surely shall be forgiven by you; but never, while existence, however miserable, is prolonged, never shall I forgive myself. Perhaps even now, the rumour of my disgrace has reached you,

and added still severer pangs to those you before endured. But oh! my father, I have in part, expiated my offences. Long and severe sorrows have followed me, since I left your roof, and none more heart rending—oh! none to compare with the agony of being abandoned by him, for whom I left so much. You remember, my dear father, that, during the last year, which I passed at the castle, the attention which Mr. Buchanan had paid me, was so marked, that it occasioned the most serious apprehensions in Lady Margaret, on his account. Alas! I concealed from every one, the true cause of my encreasing melancholy; and felt happy that the suspicious of my friends and protectors were thus unintentionally misled. I parted with Linden, nor told him my secret. I suffered the severest menaces and reproofs, without a murmur; for I knew myself guilty, though not of the crime with which I was charged. At Sir Everard St. Clare's I found means to

make my escape, or rather, the mad attachment of one far above me, removed every obstacle, which opposed his wishes and my own.

“But it is time more particularly to acquaint you, my dear father, by what accident I first met with Lord Glenarvon, to whom my fate was linked—whose attachment once made me blessed—whose inconstancy has deprived me of every earthly hope. Do you remember once, when I obtained leave to pass the day with you, that my brother, Garlace, took me with him in his boat, down the river Allan, and Roy and yourself were talking eagerly of the late affray which had taken place in our village. I then pointed out to you the ruins of St. Alvin Priory, and asked you the history of its unhappy owners. That evening, when yourself and Roy were gone on shore, my brother Garlace fixing the sail, returned with me down the current with the wind: and as we passed near the banks from behind

the rocks, we heard soft low notes, such as they say spirits sing over the dead ; and as we turned by the winding shore, we soon perceived a youth who was throwing pebbles into the stream, and ever whilst he threw them, he continued singing in that soft, sweet manner I have said. He spoke with us, and the melancholy sound of his voice, attracted us towards him. We landed close by the place near which he stood. He accompanied us to the front of the castle ; but then entreating us to excuse his proceeding further, he retired ; nor told us who he was. From that day, I met him in secret. Oh ! that I had died before I had met with one so young, so beautiful, but yet so utterly lost. Nothing could save him : my feeble help could not reclaim him : it was like one who clasped a drowning man, and fell with him in the struggle : he had cast sin and misery upon his soul. Never will I soil these pages with the record of what he uttered ;

his secrets shall be buried as in a sepulchre; and soon, most soon shall I perish with them

Calantha paused in the narrative; she gasped for breath; and wiping away the tears which struggled in her eyes: "If he treated my friend with unkindness," she said, "dear as he has hitherto been to me, I will never behold him more." She then proceeded.

"All enjoyment of life has ceased:—I am sick at heart. The rest of my story is but a record of evil. To exhibit the struggles of guilty love, is but adding to the crime already committed. I accuse him of no arts to allure: he did but follow the impulse of his feelings: he sought to save—he would have spared me: but he had not strength. O my father, you know Lord Glenarvon—you have felt for him, all that the most grateful enthusiasm could feel; and for the sake of the son whom he restored to you, you must forgive him the ruin of an ungrateful child, who

rushed forward herself to meet it. Unused to disguise my sentiments, I did not attempt even to conceal them from him; and when he told me I was dear, I too soon shewed him, how much more so he was to me. For when the moment of parting for ever came, when I saw my Lord, as I thought, for the last time, you must not judge me—you cannot even in fancy imagine, all I at that hour endured—I left my country, my home—I gave up every hope on earth or heaven for him. Heaven in mercy pardon me, for I have suffered cruelly; and you, my father, when you read these pages, bless me, forgive me. Turn not from me, for you know not the struggles of my heart—you can never know what I have endured.”

Calantha breathed with greater difficulty; and paused again. She paced to and fro within her chamber, in strong agitation of mind. She then eagerly returned to peruse the few remaining pages,

written by her miserable, her infatuated friend.—“She was not guilty,” she cried. “The God of Heaven will not, does not condemn her. Oh she was spotless as innocence compared with me.”

“There were many amongst Lord Glenarvon’s servants who were acquainted with my secret. Through every trouble and some danger I followed him; nor boast much of having felt no woman’s fear; for who that loves can fear. I will not dwell upon these moments of my life: they were the only hours of joy, which brightened over a career of misery and gloom. Whilst loved by the object of one’s entire devotion—whilst surrounded by gaiety and amusement, the voice of conscience is seldom heard; and, I will confess it, at this time I fancied myself happy. I was Glenarvon’s mistress; and I knew not another wish upon earth. In the course of the three years, passed with him in England and in Italy, I became mother of a child, and Clare,

my little son, was dear to his father. But after his birth, he forsook me."

We were in England at the time, at the house of one of his friends, when he first intimated to me the necessity of his leaving me. He had resolved, he said, to return to Florence, and I was in too weak a state of health to permit of my accompanying him. I entreated, I implored for permission to make the attempt. He paused for some time, and then, as if unable to refuse me, he consented—reluctantly, I will own it; but still he said that I should go. He never appeared more fond, more kind than the evening before his departure. That evening, I supped with him and his friends. He seemed tired; and asked me more than once if I would not go to rest. His servant, a countryman of ours, by name O'Kelly, brought me a glass with something in it, which he bade me drink; but I would not. Lord Glenarvon came to me, and bade me take it. "If it were poison,"

I said fondly, "I would take it from your hands, so that I might but die upon your bosom." "It is not poison," he said, "Alice, but what many a fine lady in London cannot rest without. You will need repose; you are going a long journey, to-morrow; drink it love; and mayest thou sleep in peace." I took the draught and slumbered even whilst reposing in his arms

Oh my father, he left me. — I awoke to hear that he was gone—to feel a misery I never can describe. From that day, I fell into a dangerous illness. I knew not what I said or did. I heard on recovering, that my lord had taken another mistress, and was about to marry; that he had provided for me with money; that he had left me my child. I resolved to follow; —I recovered in that hope alone. I went over to Ireland:—the gates of the abbey were shut against me. Mr. Hard Head, a friend of my lord's whom I once named to you, met me as I stood an helpless

outcast, in my own country ; he spoke to me with kindness. I thought he had been my friend but it proved otherwise. I madly sought to enter the gates which were closed against me.—O'Kelly passed me:—I knelt to him. Was he man—had he human feelings? In mercy, oh in mercy hear me, let me behold him again. I wrote, I know not what I wrote. My letters, my threats, my supplications were answered with insult—every thing was refused me.

“It was at night, in the dark night, my father, that they took my boy—my Clare, and tore him from my bosom.
Yes, my sleeping boy was torn by ruffian hands from my bosom. Oh! take my life, but not my child. Villains! by what authority do you rob me of my treasure? Say, in whose name you do this cruel deed? “It is by order of our master, Lord Glenarvon.” I heard no more; yet in the convulsive grasp of

agony, I clasped him to my breast. "Now tear him from his mother," I cried, "if you have the heart;" and my strength was such that they seemed astonished at my power of resistance. They knew not the force of terror, when the heart's pulse beats in every throb, for more than life. The boy clung to me for support. "Save, save me," he cried. I knelt before the barbarians—my shrieks were vain—they tore him from me.—I felt the last pressure of his little arms—my Clare—my child—my boy.—Never, oh never, shall I see him again. Oh wretched mother! my boy, my hope is gone.—How often have I watched those bright beaming eyes, when care and despondency had sunk me into misery!—how oft that radiant smile has cheered when thy father cruelly had torn my heart! now never, never, shall I behold him more.....

.....
Linden had heard of my disgrace and

misery; he had written to me, but he knew not where I was.

I will sail to-morrow, if I but reach Cork.—I have proved the ruin of a whole family.—I hear Linden has enlisted with the rioters. A friend of his met me and spoke to me of him, and of you my father. He promised to keep my secret: yet if he betrays me, I shall be far away before you hear of my fate.—I grieve for the troubles of my country.—All the malcontents flock together from every side to Belfont. Lord Glenarvon hears their grievances:—his house is the asylum of the unfortunate:—I alone am excluded from its walls.—Farewell to Ireland, and to my dear father.—I saw my brother Garlace pass; he went through the court to St. Alvin, with many other young men. They talked loudly and gaily: he little thought that the wretch who hid her face from them was his sister—his own—his only sister, of whom he was once so fond. I saw Miss St. Clare too; but I never saw Glenarvon.

From my miserable Lodging, Cork,
Thursday Night.

“The measure of my calamity is at its full. The last pang of a breaking heart is over.—We sailed: a storm has driven us back. I shall leave Ireland no more. The object of my voyage is over: I am returned to die.....what more is left me.....I cannot write.....I have lost every thing.”

Sunday.

“I have been very ill.—When I sleep fires consume me: I heard sweet music, such as angels sing over the dead: there was one voice clear and soft as a lute sounding at a distance on the water: it was familiar to me; but he fled when I followed.....
Every one talks of Lord Glenarvon.—Yes, he is come back—he is come back to his own country covered with glory.—A bride awaits him, I am told.—He is happy; and I shall not grieve, if I see

him—yes, if I see him once more before I die:—it is all I ask... I am so weak I can scarcely write; but my father, my dear father, I wish to tell you all.—I will watch for him among the crowd.

.....

Tuesday night, Belfont.

“ I walked to Belfont;—and now the bitterness of death is passed.—I have seen that angel face once again—I have heard that sweetest voice, and I can lie down and die; for I am happy now. — He passed me; but oh! bitter, bitter sight to me, he turned from me, and looked upon another. They tell me it was my preserver and benefactress; they say it was Lady Avondale. He looked proud of her, and happy in himself.—I am glad he looked happy; but yet I thought he turned his eyes on me, and gazed upon me once so sadly, as if in this mournful countenance and altered form, he traced the features of her whom he had once loved so well.—But no—it could not be:

—he did not know me; and I will see him again. If he will but say, “Alice: God bless you,” I shall die satisfied.—And if my child still lives, and comes again to you, so cold, so pale—take him to your heart, dear father, and forgive his mother—I am ill, and cannot write. They watch me; my pencil is almost worn out, and they will give me no other.—I have one favor to ask, and it is this:—when I came to Dublin, I gave all the money I had to buy this broach—take it to Lady Avondale. They say she is very good, and perhaps, when she hears how ill I am, she will pardon my faults, and give it for me to Lord Glenarvon.—I shall wait for him every day in the same wood, and who knows but I may see him again.....

And Alice did see him again;—and she did kneel to him;—and she received from his hands the relief he thought she craved;—and the unexpected kindness broke her heart.—She died;—and she

was buried in the church near Belfont. There was a white stone placed upon her grave, and her old father went daily there and wept; and he had the tree that now grows there planted; and it was railed around, that the cattle and wild-goats, might not destroy it."

"Take the band from my head," said Calantha. "Give me air. This kills me....." She visited the grave of Alice: she met Mac Allain returning from it, they uttered not one word as they passed each other. The silence was more terrible than a thousand lamentations.... Lady Margaret sent for Calantha. She looked ill, and was much agitated. "It is time," said Lady Margaret, to speak to you. "The folly of your conduct,"—"Oh it is past folly," said Calantha weeping. Lady Margaret looked upon her with contempt. "How weak, and how absurd is this. Whatever your errors, need you thus confess them? and

whatever your feelings, wherefore betray them to the senseless crowd?"

"Calantha," said Lady Margaret in a hollow tone, "I can feel as deeply as yourself. Nature implanted passions in me, which are not common to all; but mark the difference between us:—a strong mind dares at least conceal the ravages the tempest of its fury makes. It assumes that character to the vulgar herd which it knows is alone capable of imposing restraint upon it. Every one suspects me, but none dare reproach me. You, on the contrary, are the butt against which every censure is levelled: they know that your easy nature can pardon malignity and the hand that insults you to-day will crave your kindness to-morrow. When you are offended, with puerile impotence and passionate violence, you exhibit the effects of your momentary rage; and by breaking of tables, or by idle words, shew your own weakness. Thus you are ever subdued by the

very exhibition of your passions. And now that you love, instead of rendering him you love your captive, you throw yourself entirely in his power, and will deeply rue the confidence you have shewn. Has he not already betrayed you. You know not Glenarvon. His heart, black as it is, I have read and studied. Whatever his imagination idolizes, becomes with him a sole and entire interest. At this moment he would fly with you to the extremity of the earth, and when he awakes from his dream, he will laugh at you, and at himself for his absurdity. Trust not that malignant and venomed tongue. The adder that slumbers in the bosom of him who saved it, recovers, and bites to the heart the fool that trusted it. Warned on all sides, beware ! and if nothing else can save you, learn at least who this Glenarvon is, what he has done. He is”

“ Lord Glenarvon,” said a servant : at that very instant the door opened, and he

entered. He started at seeing Calantha, who, greatly embarrassed, durst not meet his eyes. It seemed to her, that to have heard him spoken of with unkindness was a sort of treachery to an attachment like their's. Lady Margaret's words had wounded and grieved her; but they had not shaken her trust; and when she looked upon him and saw that beautiful countenance, every doubt left her. Before she quitted the room, she observed however, with surprise, the smile of enchanting sweetness, the air of kindness, even of interest, with which Lady Margaret received him; and one jealous fear crossing her fancy, she lingered as if reproachfully enquiring what meant these frequent visits to her Aunt. Glenarvon, in a moment, read the doubt:—"Yes," he cried, following her, "you are right: if ever I have loved another with idolatry it was thy Aunt; but be assured I loved in vain. And now Calantha, I would agree, whilst existence were prolonged,

to see her no more, sooner than cause you one hour's uneasiness. Be satisfied at least, that she abhors me."

"None of this whispering," said Lady Margaret, smiling gently, at least in my presence. "I never loved before as now," said Glenarvon, aloud. "Never," said Lady Margaret, with an incredulous and scornful smile. "No," said Glenarvon, still gazing on Calantha; "all is candour, innocence, frankness in that heart; the one I idolized, too long, was like my own—utterly corrupted." "You wrong the lady," said Lady Margaret carelessly. "She had her errors, I acknowledge; but the coldness of Glenarvon's heart, its duplicity, its malignity, is unrivalled." Calantha, deeply interested and agitated, could not quit the room. Glenarvon had seized her hand; his eyes, fixed upon her, seemed alone intent on penetrating her feelings: she burst into tears: he approached her. "You shall not tear her from me," he said, to Lady Margaret,

‘ She goes with me by Heaven ; she is bound to me by the most sacred oaths : we are married ; are we not dearest ?’
“ Have you confessed to her,” said Lady Margaret contemptuously ? “ Every thing.”

“ She loves you no doubt the better for your crimes.” “ She loves me, I do believe it, in defiance of them,” said Glenarvon, in an impassioned tone, “ and may the whole world, if she wishes it, know that by every art, by every power I possess, I have sought her : provided they also know,” he continued with a sneer, “ that I have won her. She may despise me ;—you may teach her to hate ; but of this be assured—you cannot change me. Never, never was I so enslaved. Calantha, my soul, look on me.—Glenarvon kneels to you. I would even appear humble—weak if it but gratify your vanity ; for humility to you is now my glory—my pride.”

“ Calantha,” said Lady Margaret, in a protecting tone, “ are you not vain ?”

“ This Glenarvon has been the lover of many hundreds ; to be thus preferred is flattering. Shall I tell you, my dear niece, in what consists your superiority ? You are not as fair as these ; you are not perhaps as pure ; but you are loved more because your ruin will make the misery of a whole family, and your disgrace will cast a shade upon the only man whom Glenarvon ever acknowledged as superior to himself— superior both in mind and person. This, child, is your potent charm—your sole claim to his admiration. Shew him some crime of greater magnitude, point out to him an object more worth the trouble and pain of rendering miserable, and he will immediate'y abandon you.”

Glenarvon cast his eyes fiercely upon Lady Margaret. The disdain of that glance silenced her, she even came forward with a view to conciliate : and affecting an air of playful humility—“ I spoke but from mere jealousy,” she said. “ What woman of my age could bear to

see another so praised, so worshipped in her presence. It is as if the future heir of his kingdom were extolled in presence of the reigning sovereign. Pardon me, Glenarvon. I know, I see you love her." "By my soul I do;" and look, he cried exultingly, "with what furious rage the little tygress gazes on you. She will harm you. I fear," he continued laughing, "if I do not carry her from your presence. Come then Calantha: *we* shall meet again," he said, turning back and pausing as they quitted Lady Margaret's apartment. The tone of his voice, and his look, as he said this was peculiar: nor did he for some moments regain his composure.

Lady Margaret spoke a few words to Calantha that evening. "I am in the power of this man," she said, "and you soon will be. He is cold, hard and cruel. Do any thing: but, if you have any regard for yourself, go not with him." "I know his history, his errors," said Ca-

lantha ; “ but he feels deeply.” “ You know him,” said Lady Margaret, with a look of scornful superiority: “ as he wishes you to believe him, he even may exaggerate, were that possible, his crimes, the more to interest and surprise. You know him, Calantha, as one infatuated and madly in love can imagine the idol of its devotion. But there will come a time when you will draw his character with darker shades, and taking from it all the romance and mystery of guilt, see him, as I do, a cold malignant heart, which the light of genius, self-love and passion, have warmed at intervals; but which, in all the detail of every-day life, sinks into hypocrisy and baseness. Crimes have been perpetrated in the heat of passion, even by noble minds; but Glenarvon is little, contemptible and mean. He unites the malice and petty vices of a woman, to the perfidy and villany of a man. You do not know him as I do.”

“ From this hour,” said Calantha, in-

dignation burning in her bosom, “we never more, Lady Margaret, will interchange one word with each other. I renounce you entirely; and think you all that you have dared to say against my loved, my adored Glenarvon.”

Lady Margaret sought Calantha before she retired for the night, and laughed at her for her conduct. “Your rage, your absurdity but excite my contempt. Calantha, how puerile this violence appears to me; above all, how useless. Now, from the earliest day of my remembrance, can any one say of me that they beheld me forgetful of my own dignity, from the violence of my passions. Yet I feel, think you not, and have made others feel. Your childish petulance but operates against yourself. What are threats, blows and mighty words from a woman? When I am offended, I smile; and when I stab deepest, then I can look as if I had forgiven. Your friends talk of you with kindness or unkindness as it suits their

fancy : some love ; some pity, but none fear Calantha. Your very servants, though you boast of their attachment, despise and laugh at you. Your husband caresses you as a mistress, but of your conduct he takes not even heed. What is the affection of the crowd? what the love of man? make yourself feared! Then, if you are not esteemed, at least you are outwardly honoured, and that reserve, that self-controul, which you never sought even to obtain, keeps ordinary minds in alarm. Many hate me ; but who dares even name me without respect. Yourself, Calantha, even at this moment, are ready to fall upon my bosom and weep, because I have offended you. Come child—your hand. I fain would save you, but you must hear much that pains you, before I can hope even to succeed. Only remember: *‘ si vous vous faites brebis le loup vous mangera. ’*” She smiled as she said this, and Calantha, half offended, gave her the hand for which she solicited.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Mrs. SEYMOUR was now extremely unwell, the least agitation was dreaded for her. Calantha was constantly enquiring after her; but could not bear to remain long in her presence. Yet at night she watched by her, when she did not know of it; and though she had ceased to pray for herself, she prayed for her. Could it be supposed that, at such a moment, any personal feelings would engage Calantha to add to her uneasiness. Alas! she sought in the last resources of guilt to alleviate every apprehension she might cherish; she feigned a calm she felt not; she made every promise she meant not to fulfil; she even spoke of Glenarvon with some severity for his conduct to Alice; and when Mrs. Seymour rejoiced at her escape, she pressed her hand and

wept. Lady Margaret, from the day of their quarrel, cold and stern, ever arose to leave the room when Calantha entered it, and Mrs. Seymour, seeing resentment kindling in her niece's eye, in the gentlest manner, urged her to bear with her aunt's humour.

Lord Glenarvon had not written to Calantha for some days, he had left the castle: and she laboured under the most painful suspense. The narrative of Alice's sufferings was still in her possession. At length he sent for it. "My Calantha," he said, in a letter she received from him, "My Calantha, I have not heard from you, and my misery is the greater, as I fear that you are resolved to see me no more. I wish for the narrative in your possession; I know the impression it must make; and strange as it may appear, I almost rejoice at it. It will spare you much future sorrow; and it can scarce add one pang to what I already suffer. Had you accompanied me, it

was, I will now acknowledge, my firm resolve to have devoted every moment of my life to your happiness—to have seen, to have thought, to have lived, but for you alone. I had then dared to presume, that the excess of my attachment would remunerate you, for all the sacrifices you might be compelled to make; that the fame of Glenarvon would hide, from the eyes of a censorious world, the stigma of disgrace, which must, I fear, involve you; and that, at all events, in some other country, we might live alone for each other.—The dream is past; you have undeceived me; your friends require it: be it, as you and as they desire. I am about to quit Ireland. If you would see me before I go, it must be on the instant. What are the wrongs of my country to me? Let others, who have wealth and power, defend her:—let her look to English policy for protection; to English justice for liberty and redress. Without a friend, even as I first set foot upon these shores, I now abandon them.”

“Farewell, Calantha. Thou art the last link which yet binds me to life. It was for thy sake—for thine alone, that I yet forbore. It is to save thee, that I now rush onward to meet my fate: grieve not for me. I stood a solitary being till I knew you. I can encounter evils when I feel that I alone shall suffer. Let me not think that I have destroyed you. But for me, you might have flourished happy and secure. O why would you tempt the fate of a ruined man?—I entreat you to send the papers in your possession. I am prepared for the worst. But if you could bring yourself to believe the agony of my mind at this moment, you would still feel for me, even though in all else chilled and changed.—Farewell, dearest of all earthly beings—my soul’s comforter and hope, farewell.”

“I will go with thee Glenarvon, even should my fate exceed Alice’s in misery—I never will forsake thee.”

A servant entered at that moment,

and told her that Lord Glenarvon was below—waiting for the answer. “Take these papers,” said Calantha, and with them she enclosed a ring which had been found upon Alice: “Give them yourself to Lord Glenarvon: I cannot see him.—You may betray me, if it is your inclination; I am in your power; but to save is not. Therefore, do not attempt it. . . .” The attendant had no difficult task in executing this errand. She met Lord Glenarvon himself, at the door of the library.

Upon alighting from his horse, he had enquired for Lady Margaret Buchanan; before she was prepared to receive him, the papers were delivered into his hands; he gave them to O’Kelly; and after paying a shorter visit to Lady Margaret than at first he had intended, he returned to the inn at Belfont, to peruse them. First however he looked upon the broach, and taking up the ring, he pressed it to his lips and sighed, for he remembered it

and her to whom it had been given. Upon this emerald ring, the words : “ *Eterna fede,*” had been inscribed. He had placed it upon his little favourite’s hand, in token of his fidelity, when first he had told her of his love ; time had worn off and defaced the first impression ; and “ *Eterno dolor,*” had been engraved by her in its place—thus telling in few words the whole history of love—“ the immensity of its promises—the cruelty of its disappointment.”

Calantha was preparing to answer Glenarvon’s letter : her whole soul was absorbed in grief, when Sophia entered and informed her that the Admiral was arrived. It was, she knew, his custom to come and go without much ceremony ; but his sudden presence, and at such a moment, overpowered her. Perhaps too, her husband might be with him ! she fell : Sophia called for assistance. “ Good Heavens ! what is the matter ?” she said, “ You have just kilt my lady,” said the

nurse; "but she'll be better presently: let her take her way—let her take her way." And before Calantha could compose herself, Sir Richard was in her room. She soon saw by his hearty open countenance, that he was perfectly ignorant of all that had occurred; and to keep him so, was now her earnest endeavour. But she was unused to deceit: all her attempts at it were forced: it was not in her nature; and pride alone, not better feeling prevented its existence.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

SIR RICHARD apologized for his abrupt appearance: and told Calantha that he had been with Lord Avondale to visit his relations at Monteith, where he had left him employed, as he said, from morning till night, with his troops in quelling disturbances and administering justice, which he performed but ill, having, as he expressed it, too kind a heart. He then assured her that her husband had promised to meet him on the present day at the castle, and enquired of her if she knew wherefore his return had been delayed. She in reply informed him, that he had no intention of joining them, and even produced his last cold letter, in which he told her that she might visit him at Allenwater, at the end of the month, with the children, if all continued tranquil in

those quarters. She spoke this in an embarrassed manner; her colour changed repeatedly; and her whole appearance was so dissimilar from that to which the Admiral had been accustomed, that he could not but observe it.

Sir Richard, having with seeming carelessness, repeated the words, "He'll be here this week, that's certain," now addressed himself to the children, telling Harry Mowbrey the same, "And perhaps he'll bring you toys." "He'll bring himself," said the child, "and that's better." "Right, my gallant boy," returned the Admiral; "and you are a fine little fellow for saying so." Thus encouraged, the child continued to prattle. "I want no toys now, uncle Richard. See I have a sword, and a seal too. Will you look at the impression:—the harp means Ireland: 'Independence' is the motto; we have no crown; we want no kings." "And who gave you this seal?" said Sir Richard, fiercely. "Clarence

Glenarvon," replied the boy, with a smile of proud exultation. "D——n your sword and your seal," said the Admiral. "I like no rebel chiefs, not I;" and he turned away. "Are you angry with me, uncle Richard?" "No, I am sick, child—I have the head ache." The Admiral had observed Calantha's agitation, and noted the boy's answers; for he left the room abruptly, and was cold and cross the rest of the day.

Colonel Donallan having invited the whole family and party, to his seat at Cork, Lady Trelawney and the rest of the guests now left the castle. It was possibly owing to this circumstance that the Admiral, who was not a remarkably keen observer, had opportunity and leisure to watch Calantha's conduct. In a moment she perceived the suspicion that occurred; but as he was neither very refined, nor very sentimental, it occurred without one doubt of her actual guilt, or one desire to save her from

its consequences:—it occurred with horror, abhorrence and contempt. Unable to conceal the least thing or to moderate his indignation, he resolved, without delay, to seize the first opportunity of taxing her with her ill conduct. In the mean time she felt hardened and indifferant; and, instead of attempting to conciliate, by haughty looks and a spirit of defiance, she rendered herself hateful to every observer. That compassion, which is sometimes felt and cherished for a young offender, could not be felt for her; nor did she wish to inspire it. Desperate and insensible, she gloried in the cause of her degradation; and the dread of causing her aunt's death, and casting disgrace upon her husband's name, alone retained her one hour from Glenarvon.

On the very day of the Admiral's arrival, he heard enough concerning Calantha to excite his most vehement indignation; and at the hour of dinner, therefore, as he passed her he called her by a name

too horrible to repeat. Stung to the soul, she refused to enter the dining-room; and, hastening with fury to her own apartment, gave vent to the storm of passion by which she was wholly overpowered. There, unhappily, she found a letter from her lover—all kindness, all warmth. “One still there is,” she said, “who loves, who feels for the guilty, the fallen Calantha.” Every word she read, and compared with the cold neglect of others, or their severity and contempt. There was none to fold her to their bosom, and draw her back from certain perdition. She even began to think with Glenarvon, that they wished her gone. Some feelings of false honor, too, inclined her to imagine that she ought to leave a situation, for which she now must consider herself wholly unfit.

But there was one voice which still recalled her:—it was her child’s. “My boy will awake, and find me gone—he shall never have to reproach his mother.” And

she stood uncertain how to act. Mrs. Seymour, to her extreme astonishment, was the only person who interrupted these reflections. She was the last she had expected to do so. She had read in the well-known lineaments of Calantha's face :—that face which, as a book, she had perused from infancy, some desperate project :—the irritation, the passionate exhibition of grief was past—she was calm. Sophia, at Mrs. Seymour's request, had therefore written to Calantha. She now gave her the letter. But it was received with sullen pride :—“ Read this, Lady Avondale,” she said, and left the room. Calantha never looked at her, or she might have seen that she was agitated ; but the words—“ Read this, Lady Avondale,” repressed all emotion in her. It was long before she could bring herself to open Sophia's letter. A servant entered with dinner for her. “ The Admiral begs you will drink a glass of wine,” he said. She made no answer ; but desired her maid to take it

away, and leave her. She did not even perceive that Mac Allain, who was the bearer of this message, was in tears.

Sophia's letter was full of commonplace truisms, and sounding periods—a sort of treatise upon vice, beginning with a retrospect of Calantha's past life, and ending with a cold jargon of worldly considerations. A few words, written in another hand, at the conclusion, affected her more:—they were from her aunt, Mrs. Seymour. “You talk of leaving us, of braving misfortunes, Lady Avondale,” she said: “you do not contemplate, you cannot conceive, the evils you thus deride. I know; yes, well I know, you will not be able to bear up under them. Ah! believe me, Calantha, guilt will make the proudest spirit sink, and your courage will fail you at the moment of trial. Why then seek it?—My child, time flies rapidly, and it may no longer be permitted you to return and repent. You now fly from reflection; but it will overtake you

when too late to recall the emotions of virtue. Ah! remember the days of your childhood; recollect the high ideas you had conceived of honor and purity—what disdain you felt for those who willingly deviated from the line of duty:—how true, how noble, how just were all your feelings. You have forsaken all; and you began by forsaking him who created and protected you! What wonder, then, that having left your religion and your God, you have abandoned every other tie that held you back from evil! Say, where do you mean to check your course? Are you already guilty in more than thought?—No, no; I will never believe it; but yet, even if this were so, pause before you cast public dishonor upon your husband and innocent children. Oh! repent, repent, it is not yet too late.”

“It is too late,” said Calantha, springing up, and tearing the letter: “it is too late;” and nearly suffocated with the

agony of her passionate grief. She gasped for breath. "Oh! that it were not. I cannot—I dare not stay to meet the eyes of an injured husband, to see him unsuspecting, and know that I have betrayed him. This is too hard to bear:—a death of torture is preferable to a continuance of this; and then to part, my aunt knows not, nor cannot even conceive, the torture of that word. She never felt what I do—she knows not what it is to love, and leave. . . . These words comprise every thing, the extremes of ecstasy and agony. Oh! who can endure it. They may tear my heart to pieces; but never hope that I will consent to leave Glenarvon."

The consciousness of these feelings, the agitation of her mind, and the dread of Lord Avondale's return, made her meet Sophia, who now entered her apartment with some coldness. The scene that followed need not be repeated. All that a cold and common-place friend can urge,

to upbraid, vilify and humiliate, was uttered by Miss Seymour ; and all in vain. She left her therefore, with much indignation ; and, seeing that her mother was preparing to enter the apartment she had quitted : “ O ! go not to her,” she said ; “ you will find only a hardened sinner ; you had best leave her to herself. My friendship and patience are tired out at last ; I have forborne much ; but I can endure no more. Oh ! she is quite lost.” “ She is not lost, she is not hardened,” said Mrs. Seymour, much agitated. “ She is my own sister’s child ; she will yet hear me.”

“ Calantha,” said Mrs. Seymour, advancing, “ my child ;” and she clasped her to her bosom. She would have turned from her, but she could not. “ I am not come to speak to you on any unpleasant subject,” she said. “ I cannot speak myself, answered Calantha, hiding her face, not to behold her aunt : “ all I ask of you is not to hate me ; and God

reward you for your kindness to me: I can say no more; but I feel much.”

“ You will not leave us, dear child ?”

“ Never, never, unless I am driven from you—unless I am thought unworthy of remaining here.” “ You will be kind to your husband, when he returns—you will not grieve him.” “ Oh! no, no: I alone will suffer; I will never inflict it upon him; but I cannot see him again; he must not return; you must keep him from me. I never....” “ Pause, my Calantha: make no rash resolves. I came here not to agitate, or to reproach. I ask but one promise, no other will I ever exact:—you will not leave us.” This change of manner in her aunt produced the deepest impression upon Lady Avondale. She looked, too, so like her mother, at the moment, that Calantha thought it had been her. She gave her her hand: she could not speak. “ And did they tell me she was hardened ?” said Mrs. Seymour.

“ I knew it could not be : my child, my own Calantha, will never act with cruelty towards those who love her. Say only the single words, “ I will not leave you,” and I will trust you without one fear.” “ I will not leave you !” said Calantha, weeping bitterly, and throwing herself upon her aunt’s bosom. “ If it break my heart, I will never leave you, unless driven from these doors !” Little more was said by either of them. Mrs. Seymour was deeply affected, and so was Calantha.

After she had quitted her, not an hour had elapsed, when Sir Richard, without preparation, entered. His presence stifled every good emotion—froze up every tear. Calantha stood before him with a look of contempt and defiance, he could not bear. Happily for her, he was called away, and she retired early to bed. “ That wife of Avondale’s has the greatest share of impudence,” said the Admiral, addressing the

company, at large, when he returned from her room, "that ever it was my fortune to meet. One would think, to see her, that she was the person injured; and that we were all the aggressors. Why, she has the spirit of the very devil in her! but I will break it, I warrant you."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE next morning, regardless of the presence of the nurses and the children, who were in Lady Avondale's apartment: regardless, indeed, of any consideration, but that which rage and indignation had justly excited, the Admiral again entered Calantha's room, and in a high exulting tone, informed her that he had written to hasten her husband's return. "As to Avondale d'ye see," he continued, "he is a d——d fine fellow, with none of your German sentiments, not he: and he will no more put up with these goings on, than I shall; nor shall you pallaver him over: for depend upon it, I will open his eyes, unless from this very moment you change your conduct. Yes, my Lady Calantha, you look a little surprised, I see, at hearing good English spoken to

you; but I am not one who can talk all that jargon of sensibility, they prate round me here. You have the road open; you are young, and may mend yet; and if you do, I will think no more of the past. And as to you, Mrs. Nurse, see that these green ribbands be doffed. I prohibit Lord Mowbrey and Lady Annabel from wearing them. I hate these rebellious party colours. I am for the King, and old England; and a plague on the Irish marauders, and my Lord Glenarvon at the head of them—who will not take ye, let me tell you, lady fair, for all your advances. I heard him say so myself, aye, and laugh too, when the Duke told him to be off, which he did, though it was in a round about way; for they like here, to press much talk into what might be said in a score of words. So you need not look so mighty proud; for I shall not let you stir from these apartments, do you see, till my nephew comes; and then, God mend you, or take

you, for we will not bear with these proceedings, not we of the navy, whatever your land folks may do."

"Sir Richard," said Calantha, "you may spare yourself and me this unkindness,—I leave this house immediately. I leave your family from this hour; and I will die in the very streets sooner than remain here. Take this," she said, throwing the marriage ring from her hand; "and tell your nephew I never will see him more: tell him, if it is your pleasure, that I love another, and had rather be a slave in his service, than Lord Avondale's wife. I ever hated that name, and now I consider it with abhorrence." "Your Ladyship's words are big and mighty," cried Sir Richard; "but while this goodly arm has a sinew, and this most excellent door has a key, you shall not stir from hence." As he yet spoke, he advanced to the door; but she, darting before him, with a celerity he had not expected, left him, exclaiming as she

went, "you have driven me to this : tell them you have done it".....

.....

In vain the Admiral urged every one he met to pursue Calantha. The moment had been seized, and no power can withstand, no after attempt can regain the one favorable moment that is thus snatched from fate. The castle presented a scene of the utmost confusion and distress. Miss Seymour was indignant; the servants were in commotion; the greatest publicity was given to the event from the ill judged indiscretion of the Admiral. Mrs. Seymour alone was kept in ignorance; the Duke coldly, in reply to the enquiry of what was to be done, affirmed that no step should be taken, unless, of herself, the unhappy Calantha returned to seek the pardon and protection of those friends whom she had so rashly abandoned, and so cruelly mis-

dition, every place was searched, every measure to save was thought of, and all without success.

Sir Richard then sat down with Annabel in his arms, and the little boy by his side, crying more piteously than the nurse who stood opposite encreasing the general disturbance, by her loud and ill-timed lamentations. "If my Lord had not been the best of husbands, there would have been some excuse for my Lady." "None, nurse—none whatever," sobbed forth Sir Richard, in a voice scarcely audible, between passion and vexation. "She was a good mother, poor Lady: that I will say for her." "She was a d——d wife though," cried Sir Richard; "and that I must say for her." After which, the children joining, the cries and sobs were renewed by the nurse, and Sir Richard, with more violence than at first. "I never thought it would have come to this," said the nurse, first recovering.

“ Lord, ma’am, I knew it would end ill, when I saw those d——d green ribbands. Who would have thought such a pretty looking gentleman would have turned out such a villain !” “ He is no gentleman at all,” said Sir Richard angrily. “ He is a rebel, an outcast. Shame upon him.” And then again the nurse’s cries checked his anger, and he wept more audibly than before.

“ Would you believe it, after all your kindness,” said Sophia, entering her mother’s room, “ Calantha is gone.” At the words, “ she is gone,” Mrs. Seymour fainted; nor did she for some time recover; but with returning sense, when she saw not Calantha, when asking repeatedly for her, she received evasive answers; terror again overcame her—she was deeply and violently agitated. She sent for the children; she clasped them to her bosom. They smiled upon her; and that look, was a pang beyond all others of bitter-

ness. The Admiral, in tears, approached her ; lamented his interference ; yet spoke with just severity of the offender. "If I know her heart, she will yet return," said Mrs. Seymour. "She will never more return," replied Sophia. "How indeed will she dare appear, after such a public avowal of her sentiments—such a flagrant breach of every sacred duty. Oh, there is no excuse for the mother who thus abandons her children—for the wife who stamps dishonour on a husband's fame—for the child that dares to disobey a father's sacred will!" "Sophia, beware. Judge not of others—judge not ; for the hour of temptation may come to all. Oh judge her not," said Mrs. Seymour, weeping bitterly ; "for she will yet return."

Towards evening Mrs. Seymour again enquired for Calantha. They told her she had not been heard of ; her agitation proved too well the doubt she entertained.

“Send again,” she continually said, and her hand, which Lady Margaret held in hers, became cold and trembling. They endeavoured to comfort her; but what comfort was there left? They tried to detain her in her own apartment; but the agony of her sufferings was too great;—her feeble frame—her wasted form, could ill endure so great a shock. The Duke, affected beyond measure, endeavoured to support her. “Pardon her, receive her with kindness,” said Mrs. Seymour, looking at him. “I know she will not leave you thus: I feel that she must return.” “We will receive her without one reproach,” said the Duke. “I, too, feel secure that she will return.” “I know her heart: she can never leave us thus. Go yourself, Altamonte,” said Lady Margaret.—“Let me go.” “Where would you seek her?” “At Lord Glenarvon’s,” said Mrs. Seymour, faintly. “Oh! she is not there,” said the Duke,

“She never will act in a manner we must not pardon.” Mrs. Seymour trembled at these words—she was ill, most ill; and they laid her upon the bed, and watched in silence and agony around her.

The Duke repeated sternly: I trust she is not gone to Lord Glenarvon—*all* else I can forgive.

END OF VOL. II.

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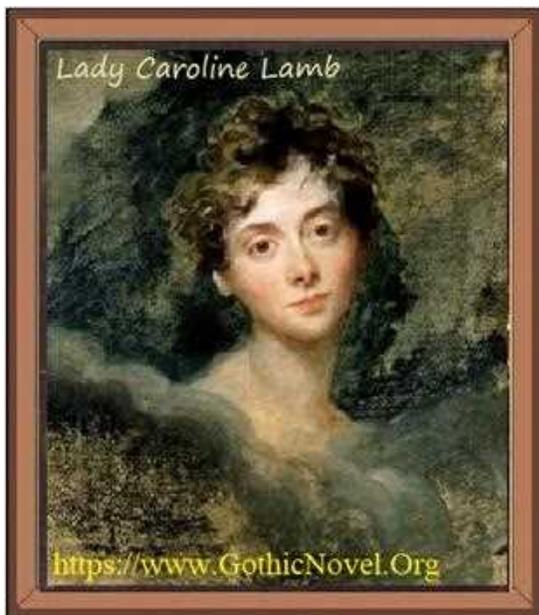
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