

143  
EDWARD WORTLEY

*London* AND *Paris*  
1830

The Exile of Scotland.

2 ——— 143  
IN THREE VOLUMES.

◆  
VOL. III.

[EXILE OF SCOTLAND.]

—  
LONDON:

PRINTED FOR DONALD MACKAY, 3, OLD BAILEY, LUDGATE HILL;  
EMERWOOD, NEELY, AND JONES, PATERNOSTER ROW; WM. BLACK-  
WOOD, EDINBURGH; AND J. CUMMING, DUBLIN.

—  
1818.



*W. Flint*

W. Flint, Printer, Old Bailey, London.



# EXILE OF SCOTLAND;

A TALE.

143



## CHAPTER I.

*Glencarn to his friend Mac Keith.*

“AT last, Mac Keith, has the miserable Glencarn found a resting place:—what did I say, a resting place? No; the wretched can never rest. But I have met with a bourne that will shield my body from the tempests of Heaven, until the Fates cut the thread of my deplorable existence;—ecstatic sentence! soon may Glencarn be summoned to his last home! soon may he rejoin his Ellen in the realms of the blessed! Haste ye withered sisters! be expeditious and release him! You ask me, Mac Keith, to give you an

lives glide on calm and unruffled as the waters of Elysium.

“ It is the eighth evening that I have spent in my solitude. Maia’s vesper breezes fantastically play on the bosom of a glassy lake on one side of me, on the other is a wood wearing the flowery ensigns of the season ; it winds its variegated train along till it loses itself among the ridges of some neighbouring mountains, in the centre of which are seen the grey fretted spires of a lonely monastery ; before me is visible, through the veil of distance, a sublime point of Mont Blanc, rising in awful grandeur and frowning contemptuously on the scene beneath. My residence is the cave of a holy father, that left this world of pain three weeks before my arrival. It is the very place that suits me ; it consist of two cells, adorned as beautifully with spars and shells as Calypso’s grotto ; but instead of a vine twining round its entrance, it has a young woodbine that opens its rubied trumpets, breathing such soft perfumes as if in pity to appease the



restlessness of Glencarn. But stop, presumptuous is the last remark ; doubtlessly they emanated the same odours round the pious man that planted their mother stem. My furniture consists of a curiously wrought chair of knotted pine tree, a table of the same ; opposite the window is an oaken pedestal, on which stand a cross and rosary ; a holy book on one side and an hour glass on the other. On shelves facing the fire place are some wooden and stone utensils for eating and cooking, and two stone vases ; in one of them is a faded bouquet of roses and violets ; I forbore to remove them : I feel a sacred veneration for these dried relics, and for the hand of the good man that placed them there : he was fond of flowers, —so was I when in Scotland. On descending three steps from the cave is a gravel path, which after a few paces breaks into two distinct branches, the one leading towards the east and the other to the west ; the first mentioned conducts to a little fence of lattice, in the middle of which springs a fountain pure as the spirit of innocence ; beside

it are a stone slab and another wooden crucifix almost clothed with ivy ; the western path leads to a garden which encloses a fountain laid out with taste and neatness. But stop, the bell of the monastery tolls, it strikes upon my forlorn soul with an indescribable emotion, it has told the hour of ten,—I feel fatigued, my fever is higher than usual,—I'll retire to my bed, I would it were to sleep."

*Twelve o'clock.*—"Restless and uneasy, sleep descendeth not on my feverish brow ; my parched and broken sighs reverberate in sad echoes upon my ear, all is still, dreary, and motionless ; no sound disturbs the listening night, all nature is at rest but the wretched Glencarn. Ah ! wherefore was I created ? Why was my breast endowed with feelings that serve only to wither its own repose ? Oh, that my heart was of adamant, then should I be happy : I would mock the woes of my fellow creatures, I would sneer at their sighs and laugh at their tears. Or kinder fate, had I been one of our highland clanmen, then should I have risen like

the lark from my pallet, and after the toils of the day slept sweetly on my bed of rushes. Ambition's dauntless step would not have polluted my threshold. Nobility and pageantry, twin monsters, would have shivered at its appearance, and fortune, friend to man, I should only have known by name. But what am I now? a martyr to them all, like to a tree torn up by the roots sapless and blighted! Will title make it bud again? Will gold recal its verdure? Will vassals and domains make it grow again? No;—as the earth with its teeming bosom nourishes the *tree*, so was my *Ellen* to me."

Here Glencarn broke off. His eyes were dizzy, and his heart beat high against his bosom:—he rested his head upon his hand; his fine brow, where truth and beauty sat supinely, was white as the fleecy cloud: his beautiful yellow hair, which the drops of agitation had moistened, pressed close to his temples. The last gleam of his expiring taper quivered athwart them sadly as a dying meteor on a lily bed.—Unfortunate young



man ! is no one nigh to breathe comfort to thy troubled soul ? Oh, Marion, hadst thou seen thy brother, thy gentle heart would have broken. Ah, she sleeps sweetly in the proud castle of her father. Sweetly did I say ? No ; her slumbers are broken with sickly visions ; she dreams of her exiled brother ; she screams—she awakes—she thought he was expiring in her arms—her pillow is moistened with her tears. Ah, shame ! on her haughty sire. Perdition light on thy sordid soul ! Thou seest thy children's misery, and seest it unmoved,—the one a self-willed alien from thy home, the other like a lovely twin violet torn rudely from its fellow bleeding to death.

The bell of the neighbouring monastery struck the hour of one, the moon's departing rays trembled on the lake and seemed to wish it peace for ever—when a gentle tap at his door aroused Glencarn. It was father Philip. He was journeying homeward to his monastery at that still hour. He had been ministering comfort to

a dying brother, and appeared like resignation gliding on the bosom of night. His pious prayers for the peace of the deceased were wafted to heaven, and may I say were accepted? Yes, I will say so, they were propitious. He was descending the last defile of the mountain; his dark cloak was almost obscured by the brush wood that skirted his pathway, when the sigh of Glencarn saluted his ear,—pity and humanity gave an unwonted speed to his aged feet.—He is at the entrance of his cave.

“Heavens, my son, what aileth thee?” was the holy father’s exclamation when he beheld the ghastly figure of Glencarn; yes, ghastly though beautiful. “Wherefore art thou up at this unseasonable hour?”—“Because I cannot sleep,” was the reply. “Your eyes are distorted,” resumed the father; “your brow is clammy, and your hands are cold,—I must prepare you something this instant. Unfortunate young man, what is the matter? My heart bleeds for you, though I know not the cause of your sorrows.” You

shall know," replied Glencarn, "if I live long enough to tell you." Father Philip drew a bottle of cordial from his pocket and insisted on his taking it. Insisted did I say? No; Glencarn was not obstinate, he was gentle as the lamb; a slight perspiration followed, and distilled composure through his irritated frame, and in a few moments he sunk into a calm dose. Father Philip watched over him, 'twas a striking picture. He resembled an aged saint viewing the slumbers of a discomfited angel.



## CHAP. II.

MORNING unbraided her grey locks on the mountain, and viewed her red cheeks in the lake, ere Glencarn unfolded his eyelids.—“You have slept charmingly,” observed the father. “I have indeed, thanks to your pious attention. I am fearful,” continued Glencarn, “I have been troublesome to you.”—“I never think of my trouble,” rejoined the father, “when I can do good.”—“But I am undeserving of your care, in me you have an ingrate to deal with.”—“That is impossible; there was never a man yet found possessing ingratitude, who would himself acknowledge the error.”—“You are mistaken, my good sire, there is no rule without some deviations; for instance, you are taking pains to preserve a life of which the owner cares not how soon he is bereft; what is that but ingratitude?”

—“Hush, hush, my son, talk not so callously ; your life is not yours,—it is that Being’s who bestowed it on you, then, why have you a right to trifle with it ?”—“Wherefore did he entail it on a wretch so unworthy of the gift ?”—“Be silent, my son ; youth is naturally partial to life, unless when thwarted by disappointments ; but when those casual mishaps are forgotten, all again is joy. They flit by as the storms in an April day, which leave behind them nought but hope and verdure ; the glooms that late enshrouded them are turned to smiles ; the young traveller is invigorated to renew his journey. Such is the sanguine dispositions of youth I know, and have experienced its frailties.”—“Believe me, my kind father, it is not so with me ; the tempest that disturbed my youth’s sunny hour will never be forgotten ; no, not even if I were to live (which God forbid) till second childishness enfeebled my faculties, still, still, should I remember—the dreadful carnage it has made.”—“Forbear, my son ; you must talk no more, I am your

physician, my injunctions must be observed with a sacred compliance ; we will argue no longer on a subject wherein neither can agree : frost and flowers were ever at variance. I will go and prepare your breakfast."

While father Philip is procuring a repast for Glencarn, I must inform my readers, how and where he first became acquainted with him.

When Glencarn arrived in that part of Savoy, where he now resides, at a small post town, about three miles from his present residence, he engaged lodgings till he had found out a place suitable to his wishes. In one of his solitary rambles, he accidentally encountered father Philip. They were instantly prepossessed with the appearance of each other. Chance took them by the cave of father Thomas. Glencarn was struck with its retired and romantic situation ; the scenery around it all accorded with his wishes, he expressed them to father Philip, to whom the deceased had given the disposal, and instantly became its inhabitant. The



good father generally paid a daily visit to his young tenant: he beheld with the most lively pity the ravages which sorrow had made in his youthful countenance. He clung insensibly to his heart, and the old man loved him as his child. He despised curiosity, but he felt an indescribable interest in his new friend. With admiration and sorrow, he observed the talent with which nature had so lavishly endowed him, consumed by a grief that nurtured on his vitals. Sometimes he endeavoured to surmise, in his own breast, what could have driven so young a man from his country,—but the more he considered, the more he was lost in the mazes of uncertainty. He judged some disappointment in his affections, but he never heard him drop the least hint that could authorise such a supposition. He could not insult him with a solicitation to reveal his fortune, he could only commiserate him in secret.

## CHAP. III.

By this time father Philip had got the breakfast ready ; for he observed with satisfaction that his patient looked composed, that his fever was abated, and a resigned tranquillity beamed sweetly upon his countenance. He partook of the fare he had provided with a better zest than he could reasonably have expected. But whether Glencarn really ate with an appetite I cannot vouch, for he made a hearty meal only to give pleasure to his anxious attendant. When he had finished his breakfast, he addressed the father in these words :—

“ If my good friend can have patience to listen to the sorrows of a boy, I will give him my history in as few words as I possibly can.”

The moment was at length arrived for which the father had so long in secret

wished. " Well, my son, if you have strength sufficient for the task, I can assure you of my patience." Glencarn began as follows :—

" You see in me the only son of one of the first Peers in Scotland, though under an assumed name. I pass here as an ordinary individual, the knowledge of which I beseech you to confine to yourself ; even were I dead, you must not reveal it." The father bowed assent, and Glencarn proceeded.—" I returned from the completion of my studies at the age of nineteen ;—my father seemed proud and satisfied with my improvements, as consistent with his expectations both as his heir and representative. My mother, tender soul ! gazed on me with rapture as her son and the brother of Marion. My sister beheld me with delight as the sweet companion of her tender years returned, after a tedious and painful separation, and exclaimed with ecstasy as I embraced, her, ' Now, now, Alexander, I shall be happy indeed !'

" But there was another that looked on



me with a different emotion :—the quivering lip and colourless cheek when she welcomed me home told me the extatic truth I long had sighed to hear—that I was beloved by Ellen. She was the daughter of my father's deceased chaplain, my mother had adopted her at his death, and brought her up as the foster sister of Marion. We passed the delightful season of childhood together, and Ellen, Marion, and Alexander were the happiest of the happy. My mother beheld our harmony with pleasure, it repaid her in some measure for the cold indifference of her lord.

During the summer months, after repeating our lessons for the day, we used to wander hand in hand on the romantic borders of the lake which skirted the extensive pleasure grounds that surrounded our castle ; sometimes gathering garlands from its sides, which we twisted in playful negligence among our hair ; and when we were thus fancifully adorned, we either angled in its bosom, or tried our dexterity with the bow, till the shades of evening obscured in mist the turrets of our lofty

castle, then would we frequently miss our way, and wander till we were weary among the uncertain mazes of the lake, till the anxious voice of our mother guided the little tenants in the true road. Now does her benignant figure glide upon my imagination, as she faintly appeared through the vapours of the night, chiding us tenderly for our protracted stay ; or at times, when the atmosphere was clear, I can see her from the top of the little watch tower, that stood on the drawbridge, waving her white handkerchief as the beacon for return :” Here the recollection of his mother prevented his utterance ;— he thought of her and of her alone ; he recalled the mild expression of her soft blue eyes, beaming with tenderness and maternal love ; still did he feel the pressure of her delicate hand ; yet did he fancy her farewell sigh trembled on his ear ; and breaking out in agony, he cried, “ O, Heaven ! why didst thou deprive me of such a parent ?” while the tears of filial regret chased one another down his pallid cheeks.

The anxious father beheld with feeling admiration this tribute paid to the sacred memory of his mother ; he threw his eyes up to that Heaven where rested his soul's good hope of a happy hereafter, where we meet again those dear objects of our love never more to be divided. Glencarn was going to resume the thread of his history, when he was again interrupted by the appearance of Saville, the ostler of the inn where he formerly lodged, with a packet ; he snatched it with convulsive precipitancy ; it was from Scotland, and directed by Mac Keith. It contained letters from himself and Marion—the first seal he broke was that of his sisters.

March 1st.

*Oh ! my wretched brother !*

“ Come to your Marion. Can the importunities of your disconsolate sister be unavailing ? are you still inexorable ? will you never return to Scotland ? Ah ! stay, stay your wandering steps, and heal the wounds of your Marion ; those



wounds inflicted by your absence. O ! my Alexander, be not cruel ; leave me not to die, for die I certainly shall if you come not to me. What a dismal age does it appear to me since your fatal journey to London. O, Fate ! why didst thou not tell my unconscious heart when I pressed your cheek in the elm walk that it was for the last time ; had I known it, not all the powers of earth should have torn me from you. I would have followed you in all your ramblings ; I would have walked bare-footed beside you from country to country ; I would have shed tear for tear and answer'd sigh for sigh ; I would have watched your slumbers, and comforted your wakings. Here I must stop—I cannot see for weeping.”

March 2d.

“ I am now writing from the little blue room in the western wing. Oh, how dismal is its appearance. In one corner lies my harp neglected and unstrung ; I shall never play on it again. Opposite to

that is your flute dangling in doleful silence against the wall ; and as it waves dismally with the breeze that rises from the lake, seems to tell me its master will never breathe on it more. And there is the harpsicord still as death, by which our sainted mother used to sit and listen with delight to our little concerts. I can neither play, draw, walk, nor read, I can only sit alone in this dear sad room. I eat all my meals in it—I never quit it, but for my loathsome couch.—It is the hapless shell that used to contain all I loved on earth.—Here I stay all day and view the sun's shining splendour with despair, and shrink when I behold it sink below the horizon. The lake reminds me of all my departed joys ; yet still does it glide peacefully though Marion is forlorn. The white canoe continues to float on its bosom, it is battered by the waves and driven by the gale ; no friendly pilot steers it to a safe harbour ; it rides neglected and forsaken like myself. Its parted sails are rudely tattered by the keen cutting winds of March, though the little

embroidered banner floats triumphantly on the stern, and seems to defy the rudest blast. How often do I recal that day when Ellen and myself completed our long and tedious task of adorning it ; how our dear mother laughed at our awkwardness in rigging our fragile vessel. Ah ! that happy time is gone for ever.—My mother, my Ellen, and my Alexander are all entirely divided from me, Mac Keith alone remains. The draw-bridge is this moment raised, the courier is dispatched to ———. His figure is now obscured by the mists that rise from the lake—yet still do I hear the sound of his bugle—it dies upon my ear—my heart sinks within me ; perhaps he may return with letters from you. I can write no more.—Mac Keith waits for mine. Farewell my brother.”



## CHAPTER IV.

SOON as the first smiles of the morning gilded the tall turrets of the castle, Lady Marion arose from her couch, and fled with trembling anxiety to the watch-tower on the draw-bridge and there waited the return of the courier. Her gentle heart throbs at the appearance of every horseman; a cold chill runs through her veins, and a loathsome sickness overpowers her when she finds not the object of her solicitude, and she quiveringly sighs out alas! he will never come. At length the sound of a bugle alarms her, she turns her head and beholds the haughty earl mounted on his milk-white courser;—he is surrounded by his clanmen and lords, they are going to the chace. He bends his stern brow as he passes his daughter, and coldly wishes the lady Marion good morning; she returns his salutation with as much

courtesy as she could, when the thoughts of his proud insensibility shivered her soul, and she involuntarily exclaimed, my brother ! followed by a feeble scream and fell. The earl stopped his steed ; he deliberately descended and retraced his steps to the castle.

The frown of self-reproach sat upon his brow, but he was too proud to relent ; the tender ejaculation of his daughter appalled him at the moment ; but the impression was transient, and ere he had reached the inmost portico, it was totally erased ; and meeting Hilda, the attendant of Lady Marion, he imperiously commanded her to attend her lady. Then returning to his comrades, he rallied his clanmen, and pursued with alacrity his journey to the chace. But whether he really did take that interest in the sports of the day, as he pretended to, I cannot possibly aver, or was it rather to repel the probings of contrition, which in spite of himself, now and then annoyed his haughty bosom ;—but true it is, that he frequently out-rode his companions ; and when aware of

his absence he fretfully retraced his route, and with fresh vigour would again call on his dogs and men in defiance of the workings of nature. Night arrived, he returned fatigued and dissatisfied; the banquet was spread, but he could not partake of its viands. A phantom stood before him, it was his son that haunted his imagination. The bowl was briskly circulated, and in its noxious charms alone could the mighty earl find an antidote to allay that fiend which for ever pursued him. But here I must leave him and refer to Glencarn and his letters. The next he unclosed was from his friend.

*Mac Keith to Glencarn.*

My dear Alexander,

“ Could the sighs of a man, whose heart bleeds for you at every pore, controul the Fates, your sorrows would be healed, and I should again fold in my arms the friend of my soul, and the brother of my Marion. Perdition seize all such sordid wretches as the earl. Heavens, if he were



not the father of your sister, I would this moment summon him to the field, and nobly revenge your wrongs, or sacrifice my life in the contest. I wish the three ugly witches, whom the poets feign to rule the destinies of man, had this hour completed their task, and despatched his ghost to wander with sinners like himself on the black shores of the rivers of darkness. I should have been with you ere this, had it not been for my old phlegmatic father. But then he is very good, and now another impediment retards me. Death has run away with the old Steward in the Isles, and I must go to regulate the affairs. Trust me I shall settle them in a pretty expeditious way. Oh, I wish they were now all sunk a hundred fathom in the sea ; that is, before they had been inhabited. But I am too random. Oh ! Glencarn, when I reflect on thy injuries, my brain whirls, and I am mad. Gods ! when I gaze on that soulless idol, surrounded by his scraping minions, presiding with all the pomp of a Jupiter Ammon at his sumptuous

board, and revert my eyes to the lovely Marion, retired in one of the corners of the hall to avoid the glare and dazzle of the beholders, looking like an almost fading lily that is fearful to lift a leaf lest the splendour of the ardent sun should destroy its purity. By my soul I could stab him, nor accuse myself of guilt."

In continuation.—

"I have just been with Marion for her letters; she appears so pale, that she frightens me; you will break her heart, and then I shall shoot myself.—Reflect, my dear Alexander, on your sister and friend. Return, for Heaven's sake, return. O, Glencarn, in imagination I now embrace you. Could this spirit leave its tenement, it would be with you at this moment. I look to that period when I shall embrace you with extatic emotion. O, July, how I long for the month to come, when I shall press to my bosom the companion of youth, and the friend of my soul.

"Farewell. Yours eternally,  
"Duncan Mac Keith."

“ July will soon be here,” exclaimed Glencarn, with breathless extacy, as he laid Mac Keith’s letter on the little pine tree table ; a gleam of transitory pleasure lit up his faded blue eyes, and the flush of delight threw its crimson on his cheek, and even at that moment Glencarn appeared as he was wont to do ; but the expression was suddenly changed, when he referred to the tender upbraidings of Marion,—something like self-reproach pressed upon his heart, when he reflected that it was he himself that occasioned her distress ; but how could he alleviate it ? to return to his country was impossible.

Father Philip watched with anxiety the different emotions that were displayed on the countenance of his young charge, when he saw they were not too violent to excite alarm. No ; he feared a relapse from their various conflicts. With that delicacy, which was the concomitant of all his actions, he withdrew, and Glencarn found himself alone ere he knew of the father’s departure. He picked up the letters of his sister and friend, breathed



over them the purest vows of affection, and putting them tenderly into the sacred deposit of his bosom, reached his hat without knowing why he did so, left the cave, and descended the rugged path that led to the lake beneath. The sun was sinking with majestic splendour towards the verge of the golden horizon; vesper breezes began to gambol amid the flowers that skirted the water; refreshing odours emanated from the wood; and the dulcet warblings of the nightingale mingled sweetly with the mellow pipe of the retiring goat-herd. Glencarn continued his ramble; his feelings were worked up to that susceptible irritation which generally follows the impressions of acute pleasure or pain, and he could not forbear thinking that the light pat of the wandering kid that crossed his path was the gentle step of Marion: the toll of the monastery acted like electricity; he startled at every sound, as if fearful of encountering some supernatural attendant. He was by this time nearly arrived at the broad pathway, that led to an ascent on the opposite side of the

lake, when raising his eyes, he beheld a gentleman of prepossessing appearance, on whose arm hung a young female of the softest demeanor, she was attired in the simple habiliments of her country ; a thin muslin jacket and petticoat fastened to her waist by a sash of pale yellow ribbon ; her fine brown hair hung in playful ringlets on a forehead white as ivory, from which shone a pair of eyes, that beamed love and good will towards all mankind. On her arm, which was disengaged, hung her little round hat which she had substituted for a frail, and had filled with flowers that she had gathered by the road. On their coming down to Glencarn, the knot slipt by which it was confined, and its flowery contents strewed the pathway ; with a politeness that was natural to him, he assisted her in picking them up, and replacing them ; as he did it, the crimson of confusion suffused her cheeks ; and in broken and embarrassed terms, she endeavoured to mutter out her acknowledgements. Delamere (which was the name of her father) divested of the awkwardness

of his daughter, expressed, in better terms, his sense of the obligation, accompanied with an urgent invitation that Glencarn would return with them to his cottage, and give them the pleasure of his company at supper. Adelaide was silent whilst her father was talking, but her eyes spoke as plainly as eyes could speak, that she wished the invitation accepted by the stranger: but Glencarn declined it, and they separated, but not before a promise was extorted from him by Delamere, that he would attend them at breakfast the following morning. Glencarn turned his head to gaze after them, he thought he discovered something in the contour of Adelaide that resembled Marion, the affinity lay in the shape of the shoulders, and form of the waist. While he was thus looking at her, she cast her eyes back, but on encountering his gaze, withdrew them in an instant. Glencarn felt conscious of the confusion he occasioned her, and redoubled his steps to the cave, where he was met by father Philip, to whom he would cheerfully have resumed his history; but



that good man repressed the curiosity his relation had excited, lest he should be fatigued ; and after feeling his pulse, and bidding him retire early to bed, wished him good night, assuring him, at the same time, he would be with him again in the morning. Though Glencarn would not have willingly disobeyed the injunctions of the father, yet he felt no inclination for rest; an unusual depression came over him, he pictured to himself the figure of his sister, and getting his pen and ink wrote the following letter.

*To Marion.*

“ Ah, my beloved and tender Marion, do you call your unfortunate brother cruel ? yet, you have justly titled him, he is both cruel and ungrateful, for he occasions the rose of health to fly from the cheek of his sister.—Detested wretch that I am, I will tear my ungrateful heart from my bosom, since it only gives life to a being that renders the amiable unhappy. Forget me, Marion ; I only live for myself ; I desire

not thy love ; Glencarn is unworthy of so sweet a pledge. Kill me not, my sister, with your petitions for my return to Scotland, it is impossible. I find my disease increasing daily, I am journeying fast to that bourne where the wretched are at rest. I will be thy guardian angel, I will ward off the evils that hang over thy devoted head, I will follow thee invisibly in all thy rambles, I will lead thee safely through all the thorny mazes of this hateful world ; and when thy pure spirit leaves its probationary tenement, I will guide it triumphantly to the regions of the blessed. In short, dear Marion, I will be unto thee what my Ellen now is to me. I see her soft form glide on the beams of the morning, and again I behold her on the misty wings of the evening. I hear the plaintive tones of her voice mingling with the breeze of the mountain, and in the fluttering of the zephyr from the valley : —she protects my uncertain steps in my noon day walks ; and when weariness assails my feeble limbs, she leads me back to my threshold, and dispels their listless-

ness. When despondency weighs my sad heart, and sleep flies from my restless pillow, I hear her in the still hour of the night whispering sweetly in my ear. "Glencarn, it will not be long ere thou wilt be happy, not happy for hours, for days, for months, but happy for ever."—Here for a moment I must drop my pen.

"Tell my father I forget the injuries he has done me. Recollect, my Marion, he is the author of your being ; treat him with that love and reverence which nature demands of you. I pity him, poor man ; he was mistaken in his mortal plans, as we all are. Heaven has furnished me with a friend that will attend my last moments with pious solicitude, and will drop the tear of regret (if Mac Keith come not in time) on this sapless trunk when it is untenanted. Write to me often, Marion ; it is my only consolation to hear from you and Duncan, but reproach me not. Let the bloom of health again light up your countenance ; remember, poor Mac Keith, you are the life of his soul ;—forget not my request, assure me of your convales-



cence, the tidings of which will beam like the star of evening in the dark hemisphere of my benighted heart, and light me calmly to the grave ;—yes, to the grave ; there lies my hope of future peace. I write not to Duncan, because of his journey to the isles. Tell him not to irritate his generous breast on my account :—the sorrows of Glencarn will soon be overwhelmed in the waters of oblivion ; Time's dusky wing will insensibly brush them from the cognizance of the living, and all will be again as though he never had been. Remember him of his promise of visiting me in July ; the very idea animates my whole frame ;—I shall see him again, he will hear my last sigh to Marion ; I shall grasp yet once more the hand of my friend, and die composed. The hour of midnight is approaching ; may the spirits of peace flit round thy pillow, may thy slumbers be soft as the repose of the flowers that close their fair heads on the borders of thy native lake. The harbinger of affection flies from my bosom ; its tissue wings are laden with wishes for the future hap-

piness of Marion. It will reach her, ere she lifts her raven locks from her couch, —she must send it back again fresh burthened with kisses ; dispatch it quickly that it may arrive with the dews of the evening, before night darkens its way.

“ Farewell, my sister.”

## CHAPTER V.

THE early song of the mountain goat-herd reverberated in wild echoes through the windings of the valley. The bell of the monastery called the fathers to their morning prayers, and seemed to reproach Glencarn for still pressing his pillow : he arose refreshed from the repose of the night, and though he did not gather strength, he certainly gained tranquillity. The wild ebullitions of his grief had subsided, and settled into a tranquil melancholy. He could behold the beauties of nature without recoiling at their sweets, and began diligently to adjust the little garden of father Thomas, which had been so long neglected. He tied up those flowers that had been pressed and stifled by the weeds, that so cruelly mutilated their delicate heads, and viewed their opening tints with a delight to which he had long been a stranger.



He was thus employed, when a gentle tap aroused him from his reverie ; it was Delamere, who delicately reproached him for not coming to breakfast. Glencarn looked abashed, he had forgotten his promise, he endeavoured to apologize. Delamere continued, " Adelaide and myself are quite angry with you." " That is my misfortune," interrupted Glencarn ; " I generally am ungrateful to my friends." The remark seemed ambiguous, and Delamere forbore to reply. There was, if I may be allowed the term, a kind of awe inspiring expression in the deportment of Glencarn since his disappointments, that could hardly be termed mortal. Delamere felt it forcibly.—He regarded him with a tenderness that was not consistent with their infant acquaintance, he enquired after his health, and pensively observed that he looked paler than on the preceding evening. He requested to feel his pulse, facetiously remarking, at the same time, that he was half a doctor himself. Glencarn complied with his desire, while a faint smile lit up his fine blue

eyes, and seemed to assure him that it could be of no service. Delamere observed it as he took his hand, and was going to rally his new acquaintance on his want of faith; but the sentence died on his lips when he felt the parching palm of Glencarn. "Good God," cried Delamere, "you have a most terrible fever."—"It is higher than usual," rejoined Glencarn. "this morning; but after I have steeped my hands in water, it will abate."—"And is that your only remedy?" replied Delamere with impatience. "I am fearful it is but a temporary one, but that is all I can expect." Here he was interrupted by the appearance of Lisette, who had brought his chocolate. Delamere withdrew at her entrance, but not without a fresh assurance from Glencarn that he would come and see him in the evening; she laid the bowl upon the table, and while a smile of self-importance sat upon her brow, she exhorted Glencarn to make a good breakfast; for she very well knew that the chocolate was the best in the world; and it could not be made better than she had made it.

“I make no doubt of its excellency, my good woman, and I will try my best to assure you that I am sensible of your superior cooking.” Lisette bridled her head, and pouted her lip with self approbation at the compliment: but alas! Glencarn did not make that execution in the chocolate as she thought sufficiently verified its goodness; and with a snort of disdain she flung the bowl from the table, observing, as she did it, that he had not made half a breakfast; she would not give a thank ye for a hundred such people; and protesting, at the same time, if it were not for her, he would famish himself to death. Glencarn smiled at the old woman’s petulancy; and with all the calmness of a philosopher promised to behave better another time. Lisette said she did not believe him; but fancying she been rather too sharp (as she styled it,) with the young gentleman, clapped him on the shoulder, and told him it was not well to dandle with sick persons, for she knew its consequences; she had had experience, she had been a nurse this



twenty years. At this moment father Philip broke in upon her harangue; but it was only a successful opportunity for the old woman to display her deep erudition in lingering distempers (as she nominated them,) and she was well assured that nothing in this world would hunt them away but good eating and drinking. In fact, poor Lisette, in the heat of her discantation, would have entirely forgotten that any dinner was necessary for her patient that day, for she would fairly have talked till sunset, if the father had not, by a gentle hit of humour, reminded her that good eating and drinking were requisite in lingering distempers.

Here, perhaps, it might be expedient to acquaint my readers who and what this Lisette was, lest they should think she sprang from nothing, and came, in reality, possessed of a local habitation and a tongue. She was the sister of a neighbouring goatherd; who, in her youth, was taken by a travelling French lady in her tour through Savoy as her waiting woman. Lisette was a smart girl, and acquit-

ted herself with credit in her new avocation ; she never left the employ of her mistress till her death ; at which period she was rewarded for her faithful services with a little stipend for life, which was increased by her attendance on sick persons. Father Philip procured her for Glencarn, who paid her handsomely by the week for providing his meals, making his bed, and preparing his linen ; most of which she did at her own cottage (which lay about a hundred yards distant,) the cave being deficient in conveniencies. Now leaving Lisette to scold and to clean the utensils for Glencarn's dinner, I will again refer to him and father Philip ; to whom he resumed the continuation of his history in these words :—

“ It was the pleasure of my father that I should remain at the castle till after I had attained my one-and-twentieth year ; which event he intended to celebrate with all the splendour and pomp, that he thought consistent to display on the birthday of the future heir of his house, and the successor to his title and dignities. I was then to make the tour of the Conti-

ment, and return, at the expiration of three years, in order to be one of the candidates for ———. My days glided on from the period I returned home, to the expiration of the time when I was to embark, in superlative happiness ; but that happiness would have been augmented, had my father been a different man. I respected him as the author of my being ; I endeavoured to love him with the same adoration as I did my mother ; but his stern rigidity forbade the expansion of that pulse, which nature had planted in my heart. I exerted all my energies to cherish it ; true, it existed, but never flourished. He discovered no affection for his children ; his affinity to them was only cemented by pride ; and that pride arose from their being the descendants of his house, and possessing the greatest fortunes in Scotland. We seldom saw him but when surrounded by company, or when the weather kept him from the chase, in which was the only thing he participated pleasure : his soul was incapable of social enjoyments ; it was invol-



nerable to the soft impressions of domestic love ; he loved for himself alone. It was in the delightful society of my mother, my sister, and Ellen that my happiness consisted, but in that of the latter I was blessed ; she seemed the light of my soul ; I looked on her as the chosen being with whom I wished to pass the residue of my life : but that wish was distracted, when I reflected on the disposition of my father. I endeavoured to conceal an attachment that increased hourly ; and succeeded in the attempt so far as to blind Marion. It was not the outward figure and beauty of Ellen that bound my heart to her alone ; it was the graces of her mind which suppressed the natural vanity of her sex, tempered with that irresistible softness that characterises the woman. Our's was not the shallow unity of general endearments : our's was the affinity of souls. When I saw her tender eye beam with pity's drop for the distress of a fellow-creature, or heard her sweet voice ameliorating the frailties of humanity, then would I whisper to my

heart and tell it that Ellen was its queen.

“I generally passed my mornings in reading to my mother, who took particular interest in that amusement; while Marion and Ellen either sat at their painting or embroidery; and the evenings in walking and riding amid the wild and romantic scenery of the castle, or in making aquatic excursions on the lake; in the middle of which is a little island, about half an acre in circumference, and this spot we were determined to cultivate with all possible taste. Mac Keith, who lived at a short distance, enlisted in the undertaking with alacrity. After clearing it of the brambles, and brushwood that concealed its surface, we arranged and cut out the walks, and we unanimously agreed that they should be shaded only by young poplars, from their speed in growing, and this circumstance naturally gave it the name of the Isle of Poplars. While Mac Keith and myself were employed in planting the trees, Marion and Ellen were busy in setting flowers, and adorning with moss, smolt and shells a small grotto that was

erected in the centre of the plantation, affording a most picturesque appearance from the four cardinal points of the island, in an oblique view :—at the termination of each of the principal walks, where, on a little white stone obelisk, at the entrance of each, was inscribed the name of the proprietor ;—there was Ellen's walk, Marion's walk, Alexander's and Duncan's. We got one of our clanmen to procure us a couple of white kids, as the inhabitants of the favourite Isle ; we took the greatest pains to domesticate them, and succeeded so well in a little time, that they instantly came at the mention of their names, would carry our handkerchiefs, and a thousand other antic tricks, to the surprise of all that witnessed their gambols. Marion gilded their horns, and Ellen embroidered, each a blue collar ; their appearance, when on the island, accorded with the bewitching fantasies of fairyhood. We devoted our summer months to beautifying our isle. The winter came, and we regaled ourselves with music ; each evening, we held a little concerto. Ellen, though no



proficient, touched the harp with taste. Marion excelled on the harpsichord ; Mac Keith was tolerable on the violin ; and I myself blew the flute ; my mother was an excellent judge, and used to sit the mentor of the choir. It was at these assemblies that I first observed the impression the innocent Marion had made on the heart of my friend. The fine tones of her voice when she sang solo seemed to kindle delight in his eyes, and if he handed her her music book, or mentioned her name, the crimson of passion dyed his dark cheek, and gave new lustre to his manly countenance. He composed stanzas in celebration of her virtues ; she set music to airs of her own composition, and unconsciously warbled the praises of herself. My mother saw and understood ; she admired the generous disposition of Mac Keith ; and had it not been for a certain ardour of temper, she knew not a being whom she would have preferred for a son-in-law. ‘ But we cannot have perfection, you know, Alexander,’ said she to me one day, when only Ellen was pre-

sent. ‘You cannot indeed, mother,’ said I, with quickness. ‘I have no objection if the earl be agreeable. I think for him to be otherwise would be impossible.’—‘But it is time enough to settle these preliminaries,’ continued my mother; ‘Marion is yet too young, and Duncan has made no advances, except with his eyes,’ laughing as she made the last remark.

I felt so panic struck at this observation, lest the penetration of my mother should have discovered any thing in my countenance that could testify my predilection to Ellen, that I turned my head towards the window, and gave a trivial turn to the conversation, by observing, with great eagerness, that the pear trees were in blossom. ‘And have you not observed that before, my son?’ no, was the simple remark. I trembled for fear my emotion should betray the secret I had so long endeavoured to hide; but Marion entering the dialogue was dropped, and the criminal escaped detection. ‘And am I always to be the wretch, I now am?’

Wherefore should I basely endeavour to conceal the adoration I feel for a being endowed with every virtue that can render man happy? No; I will candidly lay open my heart to my mother; and nobly demand the consent of my father. I possess fortune sufficiently independent of him to support her in all the elegancies of life; and marry I will in spite of the Fates. Why should I wantonly tamper with my own felicity, since Heaven has blessed me with the independence of choice?' " I was here interrupted by the appearance of Mac Keith.

" 'Why, what the deuce is the matter with you, Alexander?'—'I have a slight headache,' said I, negligently; and taking his arm, proposed a walk in the park. In this ramble I discovered the real state of my heart to my friend; I told him the dread I had of my father's consenting to my union with Ellen; and the perplexities in which I should involve my mother if I ran counter to his wishes; for she had always instructed us to observe his decrees with the strictest reverence; I knew well



I should wound her benignant breast in the severest manner if I married without his consent. 'Is your mother aware of your attachment?' interrupted Mac Keith. 'No; I have always endeavoured to conceal it from her.'—'And do you suppose that was possible?'—'You have no reason to believe it impossible.'—'I have the greatest' replied my friend. 'How, or by what means?' said I, with alarm. 'Be not frightened,' said Mac Keith; 'no supernatural agent has been at work; but I have observed her eyes fixed upon you, when your's were fast rivetted on another person; I will forfeit my existence, that she is acquainted with every pulse of your heart that beats for Ellen.' 'Then she pities me, I will be ingenuous, I will lay my secret before her; but that's the circumstance I most dread; she will advise me not to think of Ellen; I cannot be ungrateful to such a parent; I am doomed to carry the thorn in my bosom till it probes it to death!'—'Nonsense,' said my friend; 'ingratitude to a parent to consult your own happiness! I know

this, that your mother's peace depends on the future felicity of her children.'—

‘What, Mac Keith, would you advise me to do?’—‘To marry Ellen by all means; you have a fortune independent of your father; by your marriage you cannot make him more indifferent to your mother than he already is; and I can vouch for this truth, that if you are happy she cannot be miserable.’—‘Ah, Mac Keith, you reason from yourself; there are no impediments in your prospect of attaining Marion; you view my fate in an easy light, by comparing it to your own.’—‘True; but if my situation were yours, I know how I should act; I should follow the law of God and nature, by taking, in spite of consents, the woman of my choice. Good God! is your future life to be ever blighted by such systematic injunctions? Consider, Alexander, the world is but a chaos, beset by pains and disappointments, unless your journey is brightened by the mild sun of domestic enjoyment.’ Here Marion appeared; and Mac Keith was by her side ere I

could reply ; but his last words still vibrated in my ear ; ‘ unless brightened by the mild sun of domestic enjoyment : ’ I will follow thy advice, Mac Keith ; I will seek my mother this instant. So saying, I turned my steps towards the castle. I met Hilda, my mother’s waiting woman in the gate way, who told me her lady was alone in her dressing-room, my heart beat violently as I turned the bolt of the door—I pushed it open—my mother was sitting opposite to it,—she was reading on my first entrance, but on my advancing in the room she raised her eyes from the book ; I felt annihilated by their gaze : they seemed to penetrate my very soul : she observed my emotion, and exclaimed, with alarm, ‘ Why, my dear boy, what is the matter ? ’—‘ Nothing. Why, I am very well—I shall be better presently. ’—‘ You are very well, my son,’ said my mother ; ‘ and yet you will be better presently ; come, come, I must know all about this. ’ The door was opened ; I looked fearfully towards it ; Ellen appeared, my face was crimsoned. ‘ With-



draw, my honey,' said the Countess, 'I will join you in half an hour.' The door was again closed, and she continued: 'now tell me candidly, Alexander, is not Ellen the cause of this 'very well,'—'I shall be better presently?' I could not speak. It is an old remark; though I believe a very true one, that silence is assent; do you deny its authenticity, Alexander?' I here endeavoured to speak, and after one or two unsuccessful attempts attained composure sufficient to lay my whole heart before her. She heard me with patience, a tear swam in her lovely eye, and every line of her fine countenance declared commiseration. When I concluded, she thus resumed:—'You certainly have disguised your attachment with a fortitude that I have long admired and pitied; I, myself, am the only person that ever perceived any predilection; sometimes I thought myself in an error in harbouring a thought of the kind, I believed and disbelieved it ten times in a day. Ellen is an incomparable girl, but I see no prospect of your ever

possessing her in a manner I should wish my son to claim the future partner of his life ; rouse up the energies of your soul to conquer an attachment, which will inevitably plunge us both in the most unpleasant perplexities : I know well the disposition of the Earl, and trust the son of my hopes will recoil at a union in disobedience to his wishes.'

" I here interrupted her with an unusual warmth. ' Are virtue, worth, and all the qualities humanity is capable of possessing not to be considered ? Why are we taught by the dull lessons of morality to revere and observe their divine injunction ; yet, if not crested by fortune we must cease to adore them ?'—' Hush, hush, my son,' rejoined the Countess ; ' I am sensible of the truth of your remarks, but can I consent to a measure that will create an everlasting feud between my husband and my son, my only son ; you are yet young, and absence will quell the effervescent propensities of youth ; in the diversities of travel you will cease to remember Ellen ; or at least only reflect on her, as the

beloved sister of Marion : it is only three months till your birth day ; you will then leave the castle ; it will be dangerous to remain longer in it ; three years is an age to a lover ; your passion will gradually subside ; and you will then listen to reason and your mother.’—‘ No, Madam, the attachment I bear to Ellen will only expire with my life. I can never cease to adore her, but it shall be in secret : I will not involve you in perplexities.’

“ My mother was melted at my emotion ; she took my hand and moistened it with her tears. ‘ Upbraid not, Alexander, a parent that would lay down her life to serve you.’—‘ Verify the divine assurance,’ said I, in breathless anxiety, ‘ by giving me Ellen for a wife !’ She was terrified at my vehemence, and rejoined ‘ look not so wildly, my son ; let us drop the subject ; I will do all in my power after your return from the Continent.’—‘ Heavens, what did I hear ?’ said I in ecstasy ; ‘ repeat those words again, my mother, and your son is blessed !’—‘ Compose yourself,’ interrupted the



Countess, with perturbation ; ‘ talk not so wildly ; I will do my utmost to promote your happiness ; be not sanguine ; my power is finite ; let things remain as they are at present, if it be only for the peace of your mother, till after your return. Mark me, my son, put the same constraint on your actions that you have hitherto done ; and recollect, as I have observed before, that my power is finite.’ Here she left me.”—“ And here,” said father Philip, “ I must insist on your taking something to refresh you ; or you will be certainly overpowered by this unusual exertion ; and in truth, you look already exhausted.” Glencarn complied with the good man’s request, and afterwards continued.—

“ The assurances of the Countess seemed to remove every obstacle that before precluded my happiness : I already, in imagination, was the husband of Ellen ; fancy painted the most bewitching visions ; and distrust darkened not with her baneful hues the crystal prospect of my future felicity. The close of my minority was fast approaching ; preparations were mak-

ing in all quarters : no expence was to be spared to perpetuate the occasion. My mother entered into the cause with alacrity ; and Marion thought nor talked of anything else. It was agreed that she and Ellen should be the sole directresses of the *fête* in the plantations, and my mother was to revise within.

“ Every face within and without the castle seemed to participate in this joyful festival. I myself was the only stoic in the cause ; to me it appeared as a thing of no account. I would gladly have dispensed with the parade ; and turned that money, which I considered thrown uselessly away, to the benefit of some of my indigent brethren.

“ The day at length arrived ; the proud banners of my forefathers waved their sanguinary arms high on the towers of the castle, and seemed to mutter to the passing breeze, the dark black deeds of distant days : Time’s cankering tooth had mutilated their splendour ; and their tattered foldings, as they dismayfully rode on the gale, displayed an impressive memento of the

frailties of man, and told the reflecting mind that all was vanity and vexation of spirit. A volley of cannon announced the hour of revelry ; the court-yard was crouded with horsemen, and equipages ; the wide gates were alike extended for the baron and his vassal, the traveller and the beggar : and the delicate hand of Marion poured the horn of plenty into the lap of the poor and hungry highlander ; the chambers of state resounded with the wild music of my country ; the brow of my father appeared relaxed ; and the fine countenance of my mother beamed with a benignity that alone was her's ; and when she received the congratulations of the day, she replied, while the smile of maternal pride shone in her eye, ‘ you do me honour ; I am indeed proud of my son ! ’ Night came, and the taste of Marion and Ellen was displayed in the fanciful arrangements of the transparencies and lamps that blazed in all parts of the plantations : but the isle of poplars was reserved for the grand *coup d'œil* ; the sides of the lake were plained, and on them were erected



a number of Persian tents, which were composed of white muslin, decorated with the most beautiful wreaths of roses and evergreens, while round the cupola of each was extended a chain of purple and amber lamps: these were for the accommodation of the guests while they contemplated the beauties of the isle, whose trees blazoned with innumerable lustres of every colour; and on each side of the grotto appeared a transparency appropriate to the day: all was silent as enchantment; nothing was visible on the island but the kids skipping in playful negligence from avenue to avenue, when on a sudden the sprightly tones of the pipe, tabor, harp, and bagpipe emanated from invisible musicians, and a white canoe was launched on the water, with cordage of azure and flowers, which Marion and Ellen, attired like Naiads, were rowing to the island; a burst of applause broke from the astonished spectators as they landed on their fairy kingdom, from whence they discharged an innumerable collection of the most fanciful fire works. It is impossible to describe the beauty

and novelty of the scene ; it continued about three hours, when dancing concluded the sports of the day, and with it my happiness for ever."

Tears strolled down the cheeks of Glencarn, and he stopped a few moments to recover himself, and thus went on :—

" Morning arrived, we all assembled at the breakfast table, waiting the arrival of the Countess and Marion, who always attended her in dressing ; when a piercing shriek assailed our ears, and my sister rushed into the room, and falling at my father's feet, and screaming as she fell, cried, ' my mother, my mother is dead ! ' Terror gave wings to my feet ; I was by her side in an instant. My senses were petrified on beholding the inanimate form of the Countess ; her countenance was deadly pale ; and those lips which but a few hours before smiled love on all around were contracted, and distorted with the last agonies of approaching dissolution. I lifted up her insensible head, and placed it with frantic despair on my bosom. I called wildly on her name, she heard me

not ; my agony was unutterable. The Earl felt her pulse, and instantly sent for advice ; he said they still beat ; a cry of joy broke from the lips of Ellen, it disturbed my mother ; she opened her languid eyes, but instantly closed them again ; we watched with terrified anxiety every movement of her face ; animation appeared to make feeble advances, and in a little time she heaved a deep sigh, and faintly exclaimed ‘ where am I ? ’ The Earl placed her on a couch ; I supported her head ; and Marion chafed her feet ; she revived, and turning her head on all sides of the chamber, as if searching for some one, Marion fearfully enquired, my mother whom would you have ? ‘ Your father, my child,’ was her reply. ‘ He is by your side,’ said the Earl, with softness ; she appeared gratified at the discovery, he seized her hand with a tenderness that made me at that moment adore him ; I could have placed my head passively beneath his feet, even had they spurned it away. A divine animation at the same instant illumined the late distorted counte-



nance of my mother ; aglow more than earthly rested upon her cheek ; a supernatural energy pervaded her frame ; we gazed at her with a sacred awe ; she appeared already immortal. We spoke, we moved not, lest a breath should have polluted her pure spirit ; and have made it dissolve from the pestiferous cognizance of mortal corruption. She thus broke the entranced silence in a voice as emphatic as a commissioned Seraph. ‘ In me, my husband and children, you behold an awful instance of the fallacy of all our mortal expectations. I arose but yesterday from my bed in vigour both of mind and body, looking forward with anxiety to the plans and events of future years ; and ere the sun departs again, I shall rest for ever. It has pleased my God to call me to his presence with all my imperfections on my head ; I fly to him as to an indulgent Parent. When he created us he knew well the propensities of the frail machinery ; and from him alone shall we receive the rewards either of our virtues, or our vices. You are, my children, only as

ephemera flitting, as it were, for a moment in the long day of eternity, and in the duration of your little span, endeavour to assist your fellow flutterers, heal the wounds they have received in the way, and remove, if it be in your power, the impediments that obstruct their farther progress ; raise the oppressed, and lead the helpless ; let not the littleness of pride retard you from your duty—remember you are all alike the creatures of God. He beholds the prince and the beggar with the same protecting eye, he overlooks the pallet of straw as he does the couch of crimson. The glorious sun ripens the lowly garden of the vassal with the same generous rays, as it does the spacious crops of his Lord ; when either are parched, the rains of heaven descend and refresh them both. Though you, my children, are surrounded by the titular dignities of this little world, let not their glittering lure eclipse from your veiled eyes the beautiful figure of virtue, and the gentle statue of humanity, let them be your directresses ; they are the chosen hand-maids of that

God, whose penetrating, and effulgent eye darts from side to side of this pigmy sphere, and either frowns or smiles at the proceedings of its inhabitants. To you, my Lord, I commend the future protection of my children ; and may they ever regard you with that reverence I have always endeavoured to instil into their youthful minds when they accosted the author of their being ; chide them with tenderness, and combine the solicitude of the mother, with the pride of the father. Soon, my Lord, will the sounds of your Matilda's voice cease to vibrate in your ear ; but may you never forget the last wishes that will escape from her breast ; nay, you must promise to perform them for the future peace of her soul ; and that is, if the happiness of your son depends on his union with Ellen, join and bless their hands ; and reflect when you are doing it, that you are fulfilling the dying request of your wife.' She held out her hand to receive his, he gave it to her, and said he would solemnly abide by her will ; she leaned her head on his bosom, a tear stood in his



eye—she raised it no more. Marion, clasped her hands in agony and called upon her name in the shrill and frenzied tones of despair, they shivered the frame of the Earl; he placed the body of my mother on the couch, and tottered towards his distracted child, he could not proceed, and overpowered by his feelings, he leaned against the wainscot; Ellen kneeled by the corpse, and shed upon it the tears of unutterable anguish. I stood motionless, a mazy insensibility came over me; my eyes grew dark, and I fell on the inanimate frame of my departed mother.” Here Glencarn gave vent to his feelings, and wept bitterly. The good father would have consoled him, but he knew nature must have her vent; and stood a pitying spectator of his emotion; the burst of passion subsided and Glencarn continued:—“I must pass over the agonizing tumult that preceded the obsequies of my sainted mother. Her remains were deposited with all the parade and pageantry that accorded with the ruling passion of my father: he presided at the ceremony with a

composure that petrified my soul ; and when the lone tone of the chapel bell told me she was gone for ever, I tore myself from the disgusting pomp that so ill accorded with the grief that pressed upon my heart, and wept her loss in silence."

## CHAPTER V.

“Two months had elapsed since the interment of the Countess, when sitting one evening with Marion and Ellen, a message from my father required my immediate attendance. I entered his closet; some letters lay on the table, which he told me were from his brother. Political reasons prevent my wishing you to embark to the Continent till next spring; my brother, Lord Dunreath, has informed me of the ill state of health of the member for C—, and in all probability he will not survive the winter; it will therefore be expedient for you to prepare for London early to-morrow morning, and there wait the issue of the event. Our conference was here concluded, and I repaired again to Ellen and Marion with the intelligence. They were surprised, but ejaculated both



in the same voice ; ‘ it is not so bad, Alexander, as going to the Continent, and we can write to each other often, which will be almost the same as talking together.’ I plainly saw that they were both hiding their chagrin under an assumed cheerfulness ; and we parted for the night each dissatisfied with the other. I arose early the following morning, and was surprised to find my father up before me ; he received me with a tenderness that affected me ; he breakfasted with me, and affectionately wished me a safe journey. The horses were put to the travelling carriage, the rattle of the wheels was heard on the draw bridge. I watched the countenance of Ellen vary as the sound approached, first red and then pale ; she laid down her cup and retired to the window ; my heart was sick, I followed her with my eyes, I could have gazed at her for ever. When the Earl entered and told me every thing was ready for my departure, Marion arose from the breakfast table, and said she would walk down the avenue with me. ‘ Ellen, will you accompany me ?’ inquired

my sister, as she tied on her bonnet. 'No,' replied Ellen, 'I will remain here.' —I unstrapped my portmanteau and pulled up my boots in hopes that my father would leave the room; still he remained; I was irresolute what to do; to go, and not bid farewell to Ellen, was impossible. I stepped across the room towards the place where she stood; the Earl observed to what object I was going, and pettishly exclaimed, 'Come, come, are you going?' I seized her hand in tribulation, and falteringly said Adieu! She raised her eyes fearfully in my face; her lips moved, but she said not a word; I darted from her, and taking the hand of Marion, was in the avenue in a moment, the carriage was at the foot; I embraced my sister, and bowed to my father; my soul was full, I could not articulate farewell—the postillions drove off, I turned my head, and saw the white handkerchief of Marion waving in the portico—a turn in the road obscured her figure, and I lost sight of her for ever. By this time the carriage had reached the borders of the lake; the Isle

of Poplars was in view ; I thought it looked ominously beautiful ; it brought to my mind the sacred remembrance of my mother ; and the many happy days I had passed there with Ellen in adorning it ; a sickness overpowered me, and I fell back on my seat ; a flood of tears relieved me, yet still a foreboding sadness oppressed me ; I reflected on the dying request of the Countess, and the solemn promise the Earl had made to his departing wife ; surely, thought I, he can never be so callous as to forfeit his word to the dead ? I endeavoured to compose myself but it was a superfluous attempt.—I pursued the first fifty miles of my journey without any adventure ; but at the end of the second days' stage, the carriage was overturned, and my arm broken by the accident : fortunately it was only three miles from the town of ———, where I was conveyed to an inn, and the fracture set with all possible haste ; my surgeon told me I must not think of proceeding under three weeks at the least. I did not think it worth while to acquaint my father of my mis-



adventure till my arrival in London ; and to tell Marion would be only making her unhappy. It was now the third week of my detention ; I felt anxious to proceed ; and my attendant said I might follow my desire of setting off immediately, without the smallest danger. I retired to bed early, in order to begin my journey by times in the morning ; on my going upstairs I heard the rattle of a chaise in the yard ; a rough voice from within enquired of the ostler if they could be accommodated with horses to go to the next stage, he was answered in the negative, and the man at the disappointment broke into a volley of imprecations ; I heard no more ; or at least was got out of hearing. I had scarcely put out my light, and got into bed, when I heard the new travellers coming up the stairs ; I could plainly distinguish in the bustle that one was a female that had been taken ill on the road, and was quite incapable of ascending the stairs. In a little time all was still, and I soon after fell asleep and slept soundly for some time, for when I again awoke, my repeater

told me that the last hour was four ; I was going to compose myself, when I thought I heard a deep sigh usher from the adjoining apartment ; I listened with more attention, and could plainly distinguish the broken sobs of a woman, apparently in great anguish ; the lamentations of the poor sufferer came weaker and weaker ; and at length totally ceased. I concluded that sleep had overtaken her, and was happy to think the unhappy creature was composed ; in a few moments I began to dress, and rallied my servant, and desired him to put the horses to the carriage, and ordered my breakfast. By the time I had eaten my repast, and settled all the little preliminaries preparatory to our starting, it was nearly six o'clock. I was standing by the window waiting for my trunk to be strapped, when I observed a female concealed in a plaid roquolaire and long black veil passing by me ; she appeared to walk feebly ; for on coming opposite to my vehicle she tottered, and would have fallen, if a man who was behind her had not received her into his

arms ; I instantly raised the sash, and begged to know if I could render him any assistance ? He churlishly replied, he wanted no assistance ! I felt piqued at this harsh reply, and said nothing more ; the female appeared entirely lifeless ; another man followed him, and they placed the poor invalid in a chaise and four ; and stepping in afterwards, desired the postillions to drive on quickly ; they obeyed the mandate, and beating their horses, galloped off at a furious rate. I felt a sympathy for the female, and questioned the waiter concerning her. He said that he had heard the preceding night from the driver, that the lady had run off from her father's house with a young midshipman ; that he had pursued and overtaken her ; and they were now going to Leith, which was her native place. I heaved a sigh for the fate of the poor girl, and stepped into my carriage without stopping to hear the remarks, &c. of the waiter ; and pursued my journey to London without any further impediment, from whence I dispatched a letter to my father and



Marion, with one for Ellen in her envelope ; a month elapsed without receiving any replies from either of the parties ; at length one came from the Earl. He expressed, in a formal manner, his commiseration for my misfortune at ——— and concluded with remarking that the lady Marion was in good health. I immediately replied to his, and wrote again to Marion and Ellen ; three weeks passed away—nay, five were gone, I was almost distracted, and was determined to repair instantly to Scotland and investigate the mystery of their silence, when I had an answer from my father, in which he remarked that his daughter was gone to spend three weeks with her uncle, at Dunbarton, but no mention of Ellen ; I naturally concluded that she had accompanied Marion : my anxiety was dissipated under this expectation, and I instantly dispatched a letter to my sister ; three weeks brought me a tender reply from Marion, expressing her alarm at the silence of Ellen, for she had not heard from her, though she had frequently written to her

since she left the castle ; and likewise that she had hinted her surprise in one or two letters to the Earl, but he had not yet condescended to reply. I concluded she must be ill ; and was determined to leave London that night in spite of my father's commands to the contrary. I was equipping myself when my servant entered with a note ; it was Mac Keith's writing, and requested my immediate attendance at his hotel ; it appeared written in a flurried manner, I was alarmed, I knew not what to conjecture ; a thousand frightful images rushed upon my mind ; he came with news of Ellen. I reached my hat with perturbation, and was at his lodging in a few moments. I opened the door of the room where he was sitting : he looked excessively pale and hardly spoke when I entered ; he seized my hand with eagerness, and pressed it affectionately to his bosom ; ' For Heaven's sake, my dear Mac Keith, what is the import of all this. Is Ellen, is Marion, is my father ill ? ' — ' Marion and your father are both well,' he falteringly replied.

‘O, Heavens! then what can be the matter with Ellen?’—‘Nothing is the matter with her’—‘You will drive me mad, Mac Keith; be more explicit.’—‘She is gone to India,’ was his reply. ‘To India,’ cried I, in agony; ‘how, in what manner; with her own consent?’—‘Not with her own consent, I believe,’ said my friend. I smote my forehead in dismay, and threw myself on a seat in all the anguish of despair; then suddenly rising I vowed, by all the powers of heaven, to embark that instant. ‘Stay, stay,’ said Mac Keith, seizing my arm, and hear me out. ‘Ellen left the castle three weeks after your departure to London; it was a mysterious affair; Marion knows not of it.’—‘Detain me not, inhuman man; I must, I can, I will follow her.’ My friend conjured me to be calm, and to let him tell all. ‘Go, go on,’ added I, bursting into an agony of tears. ‘Hilda told me that the evening of the day in which Marion set off for Dunbarton two strangers came in a chaise to the castle; and that Miss Ellen was taken away by them, and that she threw off her



mourning and put on a white gown and long plaid cloak, and her black veil; and that the coachman told her she was put on board a vessel at Leith bound to India.'—'O, Heavens!' cried I, in all the bitterness of despair, 'kill me with thy thunders, dash me to atoms; I saw Ellen in the inn at ———, I heard her sighs, I beheld her torn from me for ever, and yet I fled not to rescue her.'—I broke from Mac Keith, and ran wildly out of the room into the street; I called madly on the name of Ellen; a crowd encompassed me: Mac Keith pursued me, and forcibly dragged me back to the hotel. I upbraided him as a villain and a monster, and swore he should not deter me from following her; living or dead she was mine; and living or dead I would pursue her; and again ran to the street door. Mac Keith entreated me to stay one moment; he had something else to tell me, which I must listen to. At this I suffered him to lead me back passively to the room. 'O! tell me, my friend, and forgive me.' A flood of tears again relieved me, and I re-

clined on his bosom—he was still silent. ‘ Ah, Mac Keith, what was it more you had to say ? you are cruel to detain me from her ! ’ — ‘ You can never overtake her, Alexander, she is —— . ’ — ‘ Heavens ! what, is she married ? ’ — ‘ No, no ; she is —— she is, dead ! ’ I heard no more, and I fell insensible at my friend’s feet ; a delirium succeeded ; and for three months I was a total lunatic.

“ The solicitous attentions of Mac Keith at length restored me to reason, and to a sense of my own misery. The turpitude of my father appalled me ; it was he that trepanned the jewel of my soul, he bribed her uncle with two thousand guineas to protect her to India, where he was to dispose of her to the first wretch that bartered at the shrine of beauty for a wife ; but heaven was merciful to the innocent victim of pride and needy pelf, and she died before she lost sight of land.

“ Bereft of all I adored on earth, England was become insufferable to me ; Scotland I looked on as the deadly sepulchre of all my past delights ; I quitted the name of my ancestors, and became a houseless wander-

er ; I held no conference with man ; I flew from his threshold as from the den of a tyger ; and, till fate directed my sojourning feet to you, I have not exchanged a sentence with my species. From the time I bad adieu to Mac Keith, I pursued my long and tiresome tour through France alone and on foot. I slept but little, and when I did, it was in the day, beneath some tree that shaded my pathway.

“ The tumult of my brain gave artificial strength to my body. I seldom or ever felt fatigue, and should probably have continued my uncertain ramblings (uncertain I call them), for I was in pursuit of nothing ; I had no object in my eye, no wished for port to gain, no home to journey to ; the world was all the same to me ; but you broke the spell, and pointed my weary feet to a goal, where I shall patiently remain till death commands me again through realms unknown to rise.”

As Glencarn concluded, father Philip resumed. “ Your sorrows, my young friend, have been severe ; but they are not more heavy than suffering humanity is



compelled to sustain. Let this hope revive you ; the God that chastens the souls of his creatures can heal the wounds he inflicts, in a way only known to himself. Sooth yourself with this truth ! disappointments are necessary for man ; they refine his heart, which is but crudely carved before ; they are as the last polish of the sculptor, which alone makes perfect his work ; and renders it complete and beautiful. Man, too happy man, roving at large in this paradise below, clogged in sweets, would become insensible, if no cloud engloomed the meridian of his day ; if no thorn obtruded its venom on his path, the road to virtue would be too easy of access ; the callous would pursue, and gain the prize as easily as the worthy ; and her treasures would not appear so valuable and so lovely, if purity was not beset with trials and temptations. The laurels of fame and honour would be plucked alike by the dastard and the wise ; and the flowers of art and science, without this emulation, would wither where they grew. There must be a stimulus to stir the in-

nate powers of the soul, and rouse its energies to action, and make it deserving of that after bliss which the virtuous alone can enjoy." Lisette entered and the father ceased ; he enquired of Glencarn if he intended to accept the invitation of Delamere. By all means was the reply. Father Philip expressed the satisfaction he felt at the occasion, and at the same time remarked that the walk would be of service to him, and after wishing him a good appetite to his dinner, joyfully bade him farewell.

Here I must remark that the father thought more of this visit than he chose to declare to Glencarn ; he could not divest himself of the idea, that some good would arise from it ; and was in great hopes that the virtues and attainments of Adelaide would in some measure efface the remembrance of Ellen. The good old man, in plans of future happiness for Glencarn, forgot his present miseries ; and in the pleasing perspective that his imagination had depicted, beheld him already as the happy husband of the daughter of Delamere.

“ He can never possess a lovelier,” exclaimed the father ; “ and I can vouch, that a more amiable one never existed. Heaven grant that I may live to see the day ; I am sure fate must have ordained them for each other.”—He pronounced the last sentence so loud, and with such an energetic warmth, that one of the holy fathers, whom he at that instant encountered, enquired with alarm what was the cause of his perturbation. A thing of moment, added father Philip ; but here the solemn toll of the bell for mid-day prayer interrupted him, and putting his arm within that of his comrade, he entered the gateway. Here we will leave them at their devotions ; but I can say with truth that father Philip at that time, thought more of mercantile speculations than Heavenly affairs ; let me not throw an illiberal shade over the purest form of earthly mould that cassock ever covered.



## CHAP. VII.

GLENCARN was exhausted by his exertion, he, however, enjoyed a good dinner. Lisette was highly satisfied with the execution he had made, and joyfully clapping her hands together, exclaimed, in the most fervent manner, "that she believed him for once."—"In what, my good woman?" enquired Glencarn in the mildest manner possible. "Why," replied Lisette, "that you have enjoyed a good dinner for once." Here the good old woman (and good in truth she was, though rather tiresome) ran on in her usual style; namely, exhorting her patient to eat heartily; and that good cooking was better than all the doctor's stuff in the world, till Glencarn was compelled to acquaint her that he had a visit to make that evening. The hint was taken, and Lisette paid her parting compliments in perfect

good humour. Glencarn looked at his stop-watch, it told him it was time to depart. The sun was intensely warm, though the shades of approaching vesper, had in some measure abated its brilliancy, yet he felt fatigued when he arrived at the bottom of the mountain ; but he was there refreshed by the invigorating breeze that arose from the lake. He ascended the opposite hill, examining carefully each side of the hedge for the little white gate that Lisette told him led to the habitation of Delamere ; but with all his scrutiny, he had passed it, or was not yet come up to it ; but that was impossible, it lay only about two hundred yards from the lake ; and he had, on a moderate calculation, gone at least half a mile ; he was determined to proceed no farther, and with all possible speed retraced his steps ; he had not returned more than fifteen minutes, when he was met by the grandchild of Lisette ; the sun burnt cheeks of the little Nimrod sparkled with pleasure at the sight of his benefactor. “ Come, come, my bonny fellow, and show me the way to

the cottage.”—“ Oh ! la, that I will, grandmother sent me on purpose, for she thought you would not find it.”—“ She surmised very true,” said Glencarn, smiling ; “ how far am I out ? ”—“ Oh ! a great, great way,” added the child. Glencarn was vexed at the intelligence ; but it was but a transitory chagrin ; for by this time they were come in sight of the little invincible white gate. It lay about six yards out of the pathway, and was nearly obscured by two immense large elms that stood on each side, whose thin venerable boughs formed a portico, which a Nero might have revered.

Glencarn, bidding his little guide farewell, unclosed the gate, and found himself in a complete grove of box-wood, intermingled so closely, that the rays of light were but here and there perceptible ; and where they were, they resembled the temperate beams of a midnight moon. The path was only wide enough to admit one person a breast ; but cropped so closely, that not a simple branch obtruded itself to the annoyance of the passenger ;—at length



the wood terminated at the commencement of a small gothic arch way, which led to the court within ; and here Glencarn was rivetted immoveably by the chains of wonder, blended with those of admiration. The front of the cottage was enclosed within a wall of six feet in height, entirely clothed with China roses, in the most luxuriant blossom, intermingled with the flowers of the passion-vine, and innumerable buds of myrtle, that unfolded their delicate petals with fearful apprehension, amid the ruby flames of countless budding geraniums. The roof of the cottage was low, and spotted with quantities of tame pigeons, the front was concealed in the same manner as the wall ; the porch consisted of lattice, in which recess appeared the sylphid figure of Adelaide, anxiously adjusting a spray of roses that had escaped their prison fetters. Glencarn seemed in a dream ; the scene before him resembled the habitation of Poesy ; and its fair inhabitant as the genius of that celestial art, culling a fairy chaplet to bind the brows of her favourite votary.

How long Glencarn would have remained in his trance, I cannot presume to affirm ; till midnight, probably, had not the voice of Delamere from within roused him from his stupefaction, with, “ Why, Adelaide, I think our guest will never arrive ? ” “ Nor do I, papa, indeed.” In saying these words, she accidentally turned her head towards the arch-way, and there beheld the object of their solicitude ; she felt confused ; but her father, observing him at the same moment, relieved her from her embarrassment by giving his visitor a good rallying for his punctiliousness, in making him wait such a long while for his tea ; and after the usual compliments, agreed to show him his garden on the other side of the house, while Adelaide prepared it ; “ and if,” continued Delamere, “ you do not applaud mine and my daughter’s taste for being the finest in Europe, I shall pronounce you an insensiblist.” Glencarn took the pleasantry of his good host, as he evidently intended he should, namely, a benevolent artifice to shake from him that distressing

despondency, which, in spite of himself, was portrayed in every movement both of his face and figure ; and if he smiled, he distressed you, for it appeared, as it really was, only the languid endeavour of a broken heart, which was yet emulous of not being thought ungrateful.

While Delamere and his guest were in the garden, Adelaide was busy in preparing their repast within ; a gentle tremor pervaded her whole frame : and a brighter glow rested on her cheek, as, with trembling hands, she adjusted and re-adjusted the fruit baskets. In clearing the coffee, she scalded her fingers, and then blushed at her own weakness. She felt, and she knew not why, a desire to please. And why, thought she to herself, should I wish to appear more amiable to this stranger, whom I have seen but once, than to my beloved papa, who is every day, nay, every hour along with me ? O fie ! Adelaide, art thou not ashamed of thyself ? In uttering these words, she summoned up all the energy of her benignant soul ; a frown of self-reproach thwarted her mild brow ; and



for once in her life-time, Adelaide appeared unlovely, but it was only for a moment ; for hearing the voices of Glencarn and her father, who were already in the parlour, and waited her attendance, she calmly entered, and placing herself at the tea-table, began to pour out the coffee. “ Why, what have you done with your hand, my love ? ” exclaimed her father with anxiety, as she laid hold of the coffee-pot. “ I have scalded it,” she replied, with as much composure as she could command. Glencarn prescribed a remedy ; and Delamere fled to procure it. Adelaide lifted not an eye ; the idea of her own folly confounded her ; but her father quickly returned, and with him his dog Pilot. The beauty and extraordinary size of the animal became the topic of conversation ; and Adelaide was again herself.—The evening was spent in the most agreeable manner on all sides. The condition of Delamere, combined with his poetic imagination, made him, at the same time, both an object of reverence and admiration ; the abstruse labyrinths of the one were so

lighted with the glowing splendours of the other, that while he instructed you, he likewise amused you. The easy and copious flowings of his boundless eloquence, like the waves of the Nile, made flowers spring, and young verdure rise, where nought but the teemless sand and barren rock appeared. But it was not here alone this good man shone ; he could descend from the highest pinnacles of intellectual knowledge, down to the most trivial minutiae of domestic occurrences ; and would adjust a bow on the bonnet of Adelaide with as much anxiety as he would arrange the lines of one of Euclid's Problems ; and would display as much care in adorning and discovering the defects in a bough-pot, as he would in examining a Newtonian apparatus. Then can we be surprised at Glencarn, who was his counterpart in every thing (excepting the knowledge of the world, and the fascinating diffidence of youth) being delighted in the company of such a man. It was late before he departed ; and when he did, it was with regret.

Though disappointments and disease had almost reduced this amiable and unfortunate young man to the rigid opinions of a misanthropist ; yet, in his way home from the cottage to the cave, in reflecting on the generous qualifications of Delamere, and the retiring graces of his daughter, rendered doubly interesting to him from her proximity to his beloved and only sister, he found, to his surprise, that society was still amiable to man.

On his opening the door of his habitation he was agreeably astonished by seeing a packet lying on the table ; it was, as he supposed, from Scotland ; and contained letters from Marion ; they ran in their usual tender style, but less sad than any of her preceding ones ; she assured him of her complete convalescence ; and told him that Mac Keith intended to set out for Savoy in a fortnight ; and concluded, with a lively anticipation of his returning with his friend. Glencarn perused, and reperused the beloved epistles ; he pressed them fervently to his lips and to his bosom ; and in imagination's airy dream, already held to his



heart the friend of his youth, the generous Mac Keith. “ Is it possible I shall again behold him, again gaze on his manly and expressive countenance ?—again hear the sonorous tones of his well-known voice ?—O, Glencarn ! thou art too happy ! ” In such like agitation did Glencarn pass the remainder of the night ; and when at last he pressed his pillow, sleep descended not upon his brow ; the vigils of delight rested there in his stead ; and with their gentle flutterings, scared the popped wings of Somnus from alighting on his couch.

## CHAPTER VII.

GLENCARN spent the night in a state of restlessness, and Adelaide passed it in that of discomposure; the figure of the stranger was still present to her imagination; the tone of his voice yet vibrated on her ear; that voice which she could not hear with indifference; it was both dangerous and bewitching; at least to the youthful and susceptible like Adelaide. Secluded from the world as she was, holding no converse with man, seeing none of the opposite species, save the hoary fathers of the neighbouring monastery, and the rusticated goatherd of the surrounding mountains, is it to be wondered that her heart, which was the tablet of sensibility, should be perturbed at encountering such a being as Glencarn, whose appearance was always engaging, and now rendered doubly irresistible by that carroding despondency which shaded

every line of his expressive countenance. Her prepossession for him was augmented by the rhapsodies which her father was continually denouncing in favour of his new and accomplished friend ; and Adelaide thought what, or whom, her parent applauded, it was her duty to admire : she revered, she adored her father ! No child was ever more dutious than was Adelaide ! No look, no movement, of Delamere's was unheeded by this amiable girl ! If he was cheerful, she was happy ; if he was sad, she was miserable ; and in conversation, if any difference arose with those with whom she conversed on the opinions of her father, she would confute them with a firmness that was unnatural to her gentle nature ; and proudly exclaim, " It was my father said so." But not to Delamere alone did the amiable disposition of Adelaide render delight ; it was extended to the exhausted pilgrim and the houseless sojourner ; for she would bind the feet of the one, and refresh him again to pursue his journey, and comfort the sorrows of the other, and shelter his battered head



from the pitiless elements. With the most solicitous care, would she attend the death-bed of the pious fathers and the storm-beaten goatherd; and while her pure spirit renewed its faith from the serene departure of these holy men, she would, like an angel of light, illuminate the darkness of the others. O, reader; who ever thou art! whether enthusiast or stoic, hadst thou met this fair creature climbing the rugged brows of her native craigs, seeking for the cell of the unfortunate; thou wouldst have taken her for the mild figure of young benevolence, when first she left the regions of paradise to administer comfort to a bleeding world! Her name long continued probervial in the neighbourhood where she had lived, by the holy appellation of the good young lady of the mountain. But as I have introduced a fresh object, in a no less wretched person than Glencarn, to call forth the commiseration of the gentle Adelaide, need I remark, that while his broken heart received the sweetest comfort from the tender care of his new and beloved sister,

as in time he styled her, so she was daily imbibing a passion which was to destroy the peace of her's for ever. No doubt my readers are by this time anxious to know something of the parent stock from whence sprung this mountain rose, or this fair lily of the valley ; and if they be patient, I will satisfy their curiosity in the next chapter.

## CHAP. VIII.

“ARCHIBALD Cleveland was the second son of a Scotch clergyman, that inhabited a beautiful cottage in the romantic neighbourhood of the Grampians. It was early one fine summer’s morning, after receiving his parental benediction, and placing his portmanteau under his arm, that Archibald set out on foot to the nearest post-town; from whence he was to proceed to the hospitable roof of Sir Arthur Campbell, the benevolent friend and patron of his father; to whose grandson our young traveller was appointed to the important task of private tutor. Possessing a heart of the most exquisite sensibility, which bled at every fibre for his suffering fellow-creatures, spurning the specious prudence, and low-minded avarice of the sordid worldlings of this nether sphere; his youthful soul was animated by the noble fires of independence; and though



humbly pacing on foot, with his little bundle under his arm, he considered himself as great as the crested peer, whose lofty turrets frowned on his pathway. Patiently pursuing his journey, he was suddenly overtaken by a shower, and quickening his pace, hastened towards a chestnut-tree, whose broad and verdant leaves glowed with new vigour from the passing storm. On coming up to it, he found that a gentleman and his servant, together with their horses, had availed themselves of the shelter before him. "Why what does the fellow want?" proudly exclaimed the first, as Cleveland placed himself beside him. "Why what do I want?" haughtily retorted Cleveland, and a glow of indignation rested on his intelligent cheek; "I am sorry you are so dull as to need an explanation, since you yourself are partaking of the same shelter which I consider myself to have an equal right to."—"What, or who are you?" fiercely demanded the stranger, whose face, though youthful, was metamorphosed into age by the lines of pride and derision which that

moment disguised it. "Why what," sarcastically rejoined Cleveland, "your imbecility increases ; I am what I am, one of God's noblest works, a man."—"Unhang the horses, Donald," ejaculated the stranger, as his lips quivered with rage, and turning on his heel, left the friendly covert of the chestnut, though the rain still pelted with violence. The servant, in obeying the mandate of his master, contrived to pass on that side on which Cleveland stood ; and, eying his portmanteau with an impertinent sneer, quickly rejoined, "Why, you did not know as that was a Lord, did you ?" A smile of contempt, or rather pity, beamed from the fine eyes of Cleveland, as he was preparing to answer this lace-bedecked ape of folly and pride, who, alarmed lest he should incur the displeasure of his imperious Lord, with an unmanly sneakishness, was already at his side. And so much for nobility, thought Cleveland to himself, as he watched the receding figures of this haughty lordling and his pitiful minion, which a turn in the road soon obscured

from his view ; and at the same time the sun, emerging with sudden splendour from the drifting clouds that concealed his rays, tempted our hero to renew again his journey. No fresh adventure diversified the common place routine of a stage coach conveyance ; and, at the close of the second day's ride, he was set down at the lodge-gate that led to the ancient portals of Loch Pine, warring with those blended emotions, reluctance, hope, and dependence, that agitated his bosom. Cleveland doubted whether Sir Arthur was at home, or whether he had received his letter, announcing the day he intended to be with him ; and with tardy steps, proceeded up the avenue of dark pine trees that led to the venerable mansion of his worthy benefactor, shrinking like a sensitive leaf at every being whom he met in his way thither ; for he naturally concluded, that they all must be as wise as himself in relation to his business there ; and that they certainly must know he was coming to be the tutor of the young Lord William.

There is something in the sensitive



breast that shivers at the idea of its first becoming a pensioned dependent on another's country. Worldlings may style it pride, but I firmly deny the charge. It is an indescribable sensation, which reason has never yet given name to. At least Cleveland thought so, as with palpitating heart he lifted the massy knocker of the great entrance-door. "You had better go to the back door," exclaimed a little squeaking voice, as he raised the first stroke. Cleveland turned his eyes; they rested on the identical servant whom he had encountered the day before under the goodly chestnut. Our hero's face was crimsoned over from different emotions, as he passively descended the steps, and followed the injunctions of his guide, who pointed to the passage which led to that part of the house which is accessible to the servants and their visitors. Cleveland's heart turned sick, as he was demanding a second admission, when he was kindly requested to enter by Mrs. Alice, the young lady's waiting woman, who as kindly conducted him to what is generally styled the housekeeper's

room, where that important lady received him with all the indifference people of that cast generally display to those who, whether good or bad, old or young, are ushered in the back way.

“What is your business, Sir?” said she, eying him negligently, as she wiped a jelly glass, which the moment before she, had took up from the side table. “My business is with Sir Arthur,” coldly replied Cleveland. “I am afraid you are come in a bad time to see him,” added Mrs. Weston (for that was the housekeeper’s name.) “Master has not set his foot out of the drawing-room since his last attack of the gout.”—“Will you have the goodness to present Mr. Cleveland’s respects to Sir Authur, and inform him he is now arrived!”—“Certainly,” said Mrs. Weston, drawing up her chin; and at the same time calling on Villars, the first footman, desiring him to deliver the message to Sir Arthur. In a few minutes, he returned, and with him a little rosy cheeked boy, whose head was covered with a profusion of auburn ringlets, and who cross-

ing Villars in the passage, cried out in a voice animated as young cheerfulness, "Stop, stop, I will tell him myself, Villars;" and running into the room, seized the hand of Cleveland, and while his eyes sparkled with pleasure, said "Sir, grand-papa will be happy to welcome you in the drawing-room." Cleveland felt instantly prepossessed in behalf of his pupil; for it was no other than the little Lord William that conducted him into the presence of Sir Arthur. The door suddenly opened, the room blazed with light and company, all eyes rested on the uncovered brow of our hero, where Adolescence sported in all her soul-subduing graces; and those graces, heightened by the timidity he experienced at so unexpectedly encountering such a brilliant host. But he was in some measure relieved by the friendly salutations of Sir Arthur, who had already hobbled, with the assistance of his crutch, from the opposite side of the room, in order to welcome his expected guest. After having enquired after the health of his father, and expressed the satisfaction he



experienced at his arrival, he pointed for him to fill a vacant chair that stood near, and repaced back to his seat. Cleveland was going to place himself in the chair, when it was suddenly occupied by a gentleman whose back was towards the door at the time Cleveland entered : and he felt confounded in the extreme on discovering it to be same that so grossly accosted him the preceding day. An unfeeling giggle from some ladies that occupied a sofa on his left side, increased to a distressing height the embarrassment of Cleveland ; when a little light figure, simply arrayed in green satin, whose blushing cheeks were shaded by the luxuriant foldings of her fine yellow hair, darted like a sylph across the room, and led our hero to a seat ; it was lady Clara, the sister of Lord William, as well as the earl of Glenmurry, who so barbarously had chagrined poor Cleveland. This pantomime was performed before the good Sir Arthur regained his easy chair, and directing the chief of his conversation to Cleveland, who was now beginning to collect himself, and between

the pauses of his dialogue with Sir Arthur had already compiled a little article to lady Clara, in which was expressed our poet's gratitude to the commiserating charms of lovely woman ! The last line was nearly completed, when Sir Arthur, touching his elbow rather impatiently, " And is it possible, Archy, that your father has cut down my favourite elm next the gate ?"—" He is in perfect health, Sir : was never better in his life !"—" Why what is the boy talking about ?" exclaimed Sir Arthur, laughing loudly. " O ! but you are a genius, and can hear double." Cleveland blushed at his absence ; and was going to blunder out an apology, when he was interrupted by the Earl of Glenmurry coming up to pay his parting compliments to Sir Arthur, as he intended to depart early the next morning, to the no small delight of Cleveland. Supper was soon after announced, the guests departed, and our hero was shown to his chamber. Cleveland pressed his pillow, it is true, but sleep rested not on

his brows ; his eyes were prevented from closing by a phantom that kept continually sailing before them ; not one of puny form, nor goblin hideous, but one of airy shape, clad in pale green, with folding locks of amber bright.



## CHAPTER IX.

IF the transitory rencontre with the lady Clara the preceding night had not been sufficient to disturb the tranquil peace of the very susceptible Cleveland, he would have stood but a poor chance the succeeding morning, when she greeted him in the breakfast room ; and, with an angelic sweetness, handed him his chocolate ; enquired how he had passed the night ; and if he was recovered from the fatigue of his journey. It was then that the philosophical Cleveland first sighed for trifling gold, and still more for trifling title.

Such, feeble man, is thy erring nature, whether stoic, clown, philosopher, or hero, when all subduing passion curbs thy changeful soul, say, saving woman, where is thy boasted greatness ? Thus love, thus powerful love subdued the fallible Cleve-

land, and ere nine months had expired it drove him a self-willed alien, from the threshold of his worthy friend, defenceless and unprovided, to meet the jarring strife of this little world in search of needy pelf. The struggle had long agitated his bosom ; when I say struggle, I mean the war between gratitude and passion, inclination and self-denial ; and, perhaps, when he had worked up his courage to that height which he himself concluded nothing on earth could vanquish, and exclaimed to himself, as he unclosed his chamber-door in the morning, (for trust me it was only in the night that poor Cleveland could make his resolves,) “ well, this shall be the last day that I will behold her ; and go I must, ere again my feeble heart yields to the sweet temptation of remaining any longer beneath the same roof with the being whom honour bids me not to love.” And perchance at this moment Cleveland would meet on the stairs the innocent object of all his pain, who, in one of the sweetest voices in the world, would wish him good morning ; or re-

mark that he looked but sadly, and enquire if he were well. Then, alas ! Cleveland was again unhinged, and he was determined not that day to make known his intention of quitting Loch Pine. Surely another night cannot possibly render me unworthy of the friendship and confidence of the benevolent Sir Arthur ? Thus would Cleveland resolve and resolve ; and would probably so have continued during another nine months, had not the following incident decided his fate, and made him determine to quit Loch Pine for ever.

In the month of October, in a dejected state of mind, Cleveland was taking his accustomed ramble, with the little Lord William in his hand, whose innocent and engaging prattle both amused and delighted him, when he made towards a seat that lay under the drooping branches of a hoary yew, his favourite retreat, and was going to repose himself on it in order to watch the retiring rays of the setting day ; but it was occupied, and occupied by Lady Clara !—She appeared nearly fainting ; Cleveland rushed to her,—he was



unguarded ; he pressed her vehemently to his bosom ; and fearfully enquired what was the matter. O ! dear Cleveland ! leave me, for God's sake ! I have only been frightened by cattle. The sound of her voice rallied him to a sense of his impropriety : he placed her again on the seat ; and was in a moment out of her sight. He precipitately fled to his own chamber, threw himself violently into a chair, and cursed his own weakness ; he began, before he knew what he was about, to pack up his things, and afterwards to indite a letter to Sir Arthur ; in which he expressed in an almost unintelligible manner, the gratitude he should eternally owe him ; and, without giving any reason why he did so, deplored his destiny for compelling him to forsake his protection. He sealed it ; laid it on the dressing table ; and instantly left the house ; having first instructed Villars to forward his trunk by the next day's coach.

Self bewildered, and not caring where he directed his steps, Cleveland pursued his route up the high road that led from

Loch Pine. He had ascended the first hill that would conceal it for ever from his eyes,—where he stood to take his last look, and last farewell of the venerable mansion which contained the beloved object of his soul's first choice. His eyes instinctively rested on the chamber window of Clara. There was a light in it, and a figure was seen pensively reclining against the wainscot. His heart told him it was her—nay, he could not be deceived by the long white veil that fell on her shoulders. A bell was rung—it was the well remembered sound that used to call the absent Lady Clara to Sir Arthur.—She instantly disappeared—and as the last rays of the taper which she carried in her hand became invisible to the lingering gaze of Cleveland, he seemed like one bereft of every hope which could make detested life desirable. Mournfully turning his desponding steps, he halted not till he entered a little village just as its church clock told the hour of ten. He stopped at the sorry inn, where the joyful sounds of music from within proclaimed, as

he thought, the celebration of some rustic merriment. He entered, and found that the strains proceeded only from the violin of a poor blind Highlander. Disappointment, age, and famine, had reduced his bending figure almost to a skeleton, as it was thinly covered by the tattered foldings of his faded plaid. Cleveland, ever awake to the feelings of humanity, put a piece of silver in his hand. The old man thanked him ; and as if impelled by instinct, left the sprightly air he was then playing for one of those soul inspiring lays so peculiar to his country, it was one that Lady Clara used frequently to sing at her harpsichord ; it was too much for the heart of Cleveland, and he leaned overpowered, against a little worm-eaten settle that fronted the fire-place. The musician ceased ; and Cleveland, without saying a word, flew out of the house.



## CHAP. X.

THE cold rays of the waning moon beamed pensively on the straw covered roofs of the little hamlet as our wanderer left its peaceful arms ; and, with anguished steps, pursued the time-beaten pathway. No sound disturbed the tranquil repose of all slumbering nature, save the foot-falls of the unhappy Cleveland, who, at length, oppressed with fatigue and agitation, was compelled to rest himself under the humble covering of a ruined shed that stood by the side of his lonely way. 'Twas there the bewildered Cleveland distended his weary limbs ; 'twas there, on a little mound of mouldy straw, he found a pillow for the night. The last rays of the moon trembled on his cheek ; they departed, but left in their stead the watch lights of peace to guard the slumbers of the benighted traveller. Say, were they faithful to their trust ? Did

Cleveland sleep? Yes, sweetly till the dews of morning bepearled his brows. He arose refreshed from his lowly bed; and with renovated strength again renewed his journey. The sound of an approaching horseman attracted his attention; and through the grey light of the dawn, he discovered him to be the courier from Loch Pine; his heart felt a painful throe as he passed by; he stopped, sighed, and gazed after him; and turning onwards, quiveringly said, "He will see the Lady Clara to-day, and I shall behold her no more."

By the hour of nine, Cleveland arrived at the principal inn of the post-town of ———. He entered the room assigned for stage passengers; and felt something like joy on finding it empty; threw himself on the window-seat in order to wait for the coach that ran to ———; from whence he intended to proceed to London.—The waiter brought in some breakfast, and while he was endeavouring to eat a little, the landlord entered, and enquired his name. He gave it. "Then, Sir,"

rejoined the man, "there is a trunk, which came by last night's coach, for you." Cleveland desired to have it brought to him. On examining it, he found a small packet tied to one of the handles. He hastily unfastened it; and broke open the seal; it contained only a letter from Sir Arthur, who, in the most affectionate manner, expressed the regret he experienced at his abrupt departure; and, in the most pressing terms, entreated his return at the present time, or at any convenient period; "and if," continued Sir Arthur, "that be, as you say, impossible, my good wishes attend you every where. I have enclosed you your salary; and if ever you are in want of money, drop me a line, and my purse is yours."

The generosity of the worthy Sir Arthur stung to the quick the self-upbraiding Cleveland; and, after pondering a few minutes, he had made up his mind to return immediately to Loch Pine; when, taking up the letter to have a second perusal, he caught hold at the same time of the envelope which was lying under it,



and something of substance fell from it on the table. He instantly took it up, in order to examine it, when, on unfolding the paper which concealed it, he discovered, to his utter astonishment and delight, a jewel which Lady Clara always wore on her neck ;—his hands trembled with excessive emotion, as he contemplated it, an emotion he never felt before ; his eyes at last caught a scrap of paper which was pinned on the chain that supported his treasure ;—he unfolded it with precipitancy, and found on it these lines. “ Will Mr. Cleveland accept of this bauble, as the pledge of a friend, who will always remember him with interest ? ” — “ And is it possible that she loves the insignificant Cleveland ? Yes, yes, it must be,” as he pressed the jewel to his heart, and tears of ecstasy at the same time glistened in his eyes ; but to return now would be impious ; I must proceed, but happiness now will be the partner of my route. The coach was announced ; and Cleveland, with a light heart, obeyed the mandate,

## CHAP. XI.

IGNORANT of the chicanery of the world, and unpracticed in the arts of the great city, Cleveland, in three months' time had expended in charities, advertisements, and the like the whole contents of his little purse ; he was already in arrears for his lodgings ; and yet was unemployed, nor was he in the least likelihood of procuring any situation. He had written but once to his father, since his departure from Loch Pine, and that was on his first arrival in London ; intimating that he should hear from him again when he was got into employ ; in which he assured him, he had but little doubt of soon succeeding to the utmost of his sanguine wishes. But in that poor Cleveland was deceived. Reduced to his last shilling, and likewise in debt, he fled to the unfortunate's last resource, namely, the

pawn shop ; his watch he produced at this stall of imposition ; and for which he concluded he should, at least, get fifteen guineas, having cost twice that sum. It was presented to him by Sir Arthur only six months before ; and was not the worse for wear. His heart smote him when he had made up his mind to part with this memento of his worthy friend. Yet what is there that necessity, dire necessity, will not compel us to do, when exposed to the barbarous insults of the low and needy ? Cleveland entered the shop, and producing his watch to a little iron featured disciple of avarice, timidly demanded what was its worth. The man, after knitting his brows, and putting on all the important airs of his extortionate profession, coldly informed him, that five guineas was the utmost he could possibly advance for it. Cleveland felt awe-struck, it was not sufficient to satisfy the demands of his unfeeling hostess, exclusive of his journey to Scotland ; for it was his intention to repair immediately to his father. What was to be done ? He had no alternative, but to



part with the jewel given him by Clara. But that was impossible. While these thoughts were crossing his mind, a five guinea note was laid on the counter ; and the man interrupted his cogitations, by enquiring if he was willing to pledge it for that sum. Cleveland knew not how to barter, took up the money, and receiving his ticket, was going out of the shop, when he was stopped at the door by a woman entering. He looked in her face, and, to his utter amazement, encountered the sparkling black eyes of Mrs. Alice. Cleveland was confounded at the idea of being discovered in such a situation ; and to increase his mortification, his clothes were getting rather shabby. For some minutes he was incapable of replying to the joyful salutation of the delighted Alice ; at length, he recovered himself so far as to enquire for the health of the good Sir Arthur. He would fain have asked for Lady Clara, but his tongue faltered. “ Then you have not heard,” said Alice, shaking her head mournfully, “ that our poor dear master is dead ! ” — “ Dead ! ” re-

joined Cleveland, in the utmost agitation. —“ Yes, indeed, he died about a month ago,” sorrowfully added Alice, “ and my Lady Clara is now come again to live with the Earl of Glenmurry. Poor lady ! she has not been like herself ever since, and is not likely to get any better, as long as she stays with her crab of a brother. Ah ! Mr. Cleveland, I do know what I do know ; she has not been like the same since you left Loch Pine ?”

Cleveland, at the last remark, felt annihilated ; he pressed the hand of Alice, and left the shop ; and, in a few moments was at the door of his little lodgings ; where, overpowered with excessive emotion, he threw himself into the first chair he came to, but here he remained not long ere the gruff and unsonorous voice of his landlady demanded admittance ; and eagerly enquired, if he could give her the ten pounds. “ I can produce you five,” said Cleveland ; “ and if you will have patience for me to write to my father, I will faithfully pay you the whole sum.” — “ Wait for you to write to your father, in-

deed ! I am not to be palmed off with that story. If you can't pay me now, I plainly see you never will ; for I can tell this, you are getting worse in the world every day."—"Unfeeling woman," exclaimed Cleveland, as he was preparing to leave the room in order to give up the jewel. "Unfeeling wretch !" vociferated his enraged hostess, as she placed her huge arms before the door way ; "Know this, young man, you are not going to leave this house till I have got my money."—Cleveland broke from her, and ran into the street with an intention of going again to the pawn-shop, when a cry of "stop thief !" arrested his ears. Judge what was his horror, when, on turning his head, he found himself the object of pursuit ; he was instantly encompassed by a mob, and dragged forcibly back to his brutish landlady, who immediately had him arrested, and from thence conveyed to the Marshelsea prison. Lost and bewildered by the various and tumultuous occurrences of the last half hour, Cleveland was conducted into a little dirty room, which the



turnkey told him he might keep to himself, if he paid for it. Recollecting the five guineas, Cleveland agreed, and the next moment found himself alone at leisure to ponder on his own wayward and untoward fate ; and at last concluded, that the only probable means of getting out of his present dilemma, was to write immediately to his father. But how could that be effected ? he had neither pen, ink, nor paper ; but comforting himself with the idea, that the turnkey would not refuse him these conveniences, if he gave him the money to procure them : after making these arrangements in his mind, Cleveland paced his little chamber with all the composure his agitated nerves would allow. Hour succeeded hour in all the leaden listlessness attendant on deferred expectation, still no turnkey appeared. The hour of midnight drew nigh, and the discordant din of muffled voices, that resounded from all sides of the prison, ceased to annoy the listening ears of Cleveland. Fain would he have slept, but he found it impossible ; at length a tap was heard

at the door ; it was opened by the turnkey, who enquired if he was provided for the night. " Can you possibly procure me a light, with some pens, ink, and paper ?" The man answered him in a voice, whose intinidity seemed tempered by the honey of humanity, that he had some in his own apartment. Cleveland for some months had not heard such sounds, excepting those of the kindly Alice, and met them in a place where he least expected to find them ; they acted like electricity upon his heart, and seizing the hand of the turnkey, he thanked him with animation.

Cleveland being thus happily and unexpectedly provided with materials for writing, indited a letter to his father ; in which he begged, that he would enclose him twenty pounds, which sum would be sufficient to clear him of some trifling embarrassments, and enable him to return to his paternal roof, where he would, with honour to himself, explain the mystery that urged him to quit Loch Pine, and earnestly entreated an answer by the return of post.

Cleveland, after having written his letter, felt more composed, put out his light, and repaired to rest. His perplexities, since he had made them known to his father, in the prospectus hope had drawn out, were already surmounted; and he thought only of Lady Clara, and the sudden decease of the worthy Sir Arthur, till the opiate power of forgetfulness lulled his senses.



## CHAPTER XII.

THREE weeks, three long and lingering weeks elapsed, yet no letter arrived to ease the anxiety of the almost distracted Cleveland. "And is my father too inhuman? Is he deaf to the supplications of his child? No, no, it is impossible—he must be ill." His five guineas were nearly exhausted; nay, he had only a solitary ten and sixpence remaining,—what resource had he? None.—He had no friend in the great world:—Sir Arthur, the good Sir Arthur, was no more; his father heard him not! but there was Lady Clara, and in London too, but how could he apply to her, and on such an occasion! No, he would sooner die. He thought of compiling a little book of sonnets, but these could not be printed without money; and, alas! he had only

one half-guinea. Thus was the frantic Cleveland exclaiming to himself, when the turnkey opened the door of his prison, and produced his bill of expences for the week. Cleveland's knees trembled when he received it ; his heart-strings quivered, as he perused it ; the amount was one pound ten shillings and six-pence. " O, my God," cried he, " what, what, shall I do ?" He put his hand into his bosom, and drew from thence the jewel of Clara, he looked on it for a moment ; his tears dimmed its lustre ; he pressed it to his lips, and turned himself round in order to deliver it to the man, but he was not there ; —the door at that instant unclosed, and he again entered, and held a letter in his hand. Cleveland seized it convulsively, it was from Scotland, and directed by the hand of his brother ; his heart beat apprehensively at the discovery ; he knew well the disposition of Hamilton—he broke open the seal. His brother coldly informed him, that his father expired three days before the arrival of his letter ; that he was elected in his stead to the

living of ——— ; and that with the expences of the funeral, and other things, he had no cash to spare for the vagaries of a silly boy, who, through caprice, had thrown himself out of a good situation, and was now running about the world in search of wonders.

The sudden death of his father, and the inhumanity of his brother, petrified the soul of the unfortunate Cleveland ; and striking his forehead in dismay, he threw himself on his chair. The turnkey continued in the room, while Cleveland read the letter ;—his stout heart melted at the despair of the poor young man, as he called him ; he fled from the room, and procured a glass of brandy and water, which, after much entreaty, and exhorting him to take comfort, he persuaded him to drink, and withdrew. The effects of the grief, together with those of the liquor, combined to stupify the senses of poor Cleveland ; and overpowered by drowsiness, his head rested insensibly on the little round oaken table.—————

“ Sleep on, Cleveland ! dream not of



danger, a cherub of pity watches thy slumbers; her blue eyes are bedimmed with the tears of commiseration, they stain her cheek; even now they alight upon thy brows—yet thou art insensible to their pressure—Softly, Cleveland, her white hand seizes thine; she presses it to her lips.”

Cleveland unclosed his eyes; they beheld the form of the Lady Clara. “O, Cleveland! what, what, is the matter? My life, my fortune, are your’s; say what shall I do to serve you?” Cleveland fixed his eyes immoveably on her; the sound of her voice seemed only like the lure of some direful syren, who was only come to mock his woes, and make his despair more visible. “O, heavens! Cleveland, you will drive me mad,” frantically exclaimed Lady Clara, as he still continued to gaze on her. Her agony brought him back to recollection, and falling on his knees before her, he vowed eternal love, veneration, and, gratitude, to his lovely benefactress, who along with the faithful Alice, lent a pitying ear to

the tale of his mischances, mingled their tears with his in deploring his father, and in her turn, explained, in a few words, the mystery of their sudden appearance; and pulling the watch of Cleveland from her pocket, gave him to understand that Alice had traced the clue, which led them to a discovery of his wretched situation.

## CHAPTER XIII.

THE next day beheld Cleveland the joyful husband of the Lady Clara, who, though a minor, was amply provided with funds, from the bounty of her grandfather, to commence her flight; and ere the star of even had shed his last rays in the sea, they entered the harbour of Calais. Attended only by Alice, they left London in the disguise of gipsies; for, had their route been discovered, the life of Cleveland would have been forfeited to the laws of his country; for the chancellor was the guardian of Lady Clara; and every precaution was necessary till she became of age, a period of three years; should he be inactive, there was every thing to dread from the vigilance of the haughty relentless Earl of Glenmurry. Our adventurers continued their route, till they



arrived at the province of Languedoc, where, in one of the flowery valleys of Montpellier, they inhabited a beautiful cottage in happiness and obscurity. It was there their little Adelaide first saw the light, and it was there the blissful days of Cleveland and his Clara expired. Sitting one evening in their fairy garden, under the spreading shades of a young olive, contemplating, with all a parents raptures, the charms of their sleeping infant, Lady Clara observed a stranger pass the garden three different times; who eyed the cottage with a scrutiny that alarmed her. Cleveland observing her change colour, tenderly enquired if she was well. She pressed her finger on her lips to enjoin secrecy. The man disappeared; and she then explained her fears to Cleveland. He rallied her out of her terrors, by some smart hit of humour, led her immediately back to the house, and taking up his flute, endeavoured to divert her mind with those well loved sounds, that never failed of effect. Nothing occurred to excite farther alarm:

and the residue of the evening was spent in the accustomed round of all those blissful endearments which none but the virtuous know. The following day arrived; evening again approached, and tranquillity was perfectly restored. Clara advanced, with all a mothers fondness, to a small couch of blue satin, with some silver net fringe of her own making, for her little Adelaide, whose ruddy cheek slumbered sweetly on the bosom of Alice. "Now, now, Alice," said Lady Clara, with delight, as she broke off her last needle full, "come and lay her gently on it, that I may see how the darling looks! O! beautiful," exclaimed the enraptured parent, as she pressed the lips of her sleeping babe. "Run, run, Alice, and call Cleveland to come and see her before she awakes!"—"He is already here," cried Cleveland, stepping softly into the room, and coming up to the couch, contemplated with those transports none but a father feels, the charms of his lovely child, and seizing the hand of his no less lovely wife, raised his in-

spired eyes to that Being, from whom his blessings sprung ; and indeed at that moment he thought himself too happy.

A loud rapping at the door broke the delightful calm that ensued;—it was opened by Alice ; and a stranger entered, who, advancing instantly to Cleveland and Lady Clara, exclaimed, “ You are my prisoners,” taking out of his pocket at the same time a couple of warrants from the French Government; one for Cleveland, which was to carry him to the Bastile ; and the other for Clara, who was to be detained at Paris, till the arrival of the Earl of Glenmurry. Cleveland clenched his hands in agony, as he turned his distracted eyes towards his wife, who, pale and speechless, sunk powerless on the couch. Alice screamed aloud, as she beheld the despair of her beloved master and mistress ; when the latter rising with firmness, made towards the officer, who was standing near, and falling on her knees before him, ejaculated, in a voice that would have melted the Fates,—“ Art thou a husband ? Art thou a father ? Art



thou a man? Hast thou a heart? If so, canst thou deny my suit?" The man gazed at the beautiful petitioner; and his heart melted as he exclaimed, "any thing that is consistent with my duty, lady, I will not deny you."—"Then thy duty is humanity; spare, spare my Cleveland, and my child;—and I am your willing prisoner?" The officer was preparing to reply, but grasping his hand, she interrupted him. "Nay, deny me not; hundreds, thousands, shall be your's; any thing you desire;" and, taking a cross of brilliants from her neck, desired him to keep it, until she could ransom it with specie: its value was two thousand guineas. The man accepted the pledge; but enjoined Cleveland to abscond directly: for, should it be known, his life would be sacrificed for betraying his trust. "For Heaven, for mine, and our child's sake, take care of your own safety; it is only ten short months, and we shall all be united again;" in saying these words, Lady Clara flew out of the room, and returning in a few minutes, was with Alice

equipped ready for her journey. Heroism seemed to have kindled the fires of her lovely blue eyes, as she darted to the couch, and bringing her still sleeping infant to the arms of its father, she said in tones that echoed the energy of her soul, "Accept her from thy Clara, my Cleveland, as a hostage of her constant love and fidelity, till happier fate puts her again in thy arms. Thy life is preserved, my husband; I go, and go happy!" Then pressing a hasty kiss on his, and her Adelaide's cheeks, triumphantly gave her hand to the officer, whose heart being interested for the happiness of this amiable pair, he proposed a method for their correspondence, again charging Cleveland to depart that night from Montpelier, and repair to the seclusion of the Pyrenees, where, at Colioure, he would direct his letters; handed his prisoner to a chaise and four, and drove off immediately.

Though restored, as it were, from the jaws of inevitable death, Cleveland rejoiced not at the restoration of life, since the soul of that life was departed with his

Clara; and it was only when he gazed on his little Adelaide, that he thought it still worth preserving. “But let me hope for the best,” sighed the desponding father; “it will be only ten short months, ere I shall place her again blooming with new graces on the lap of her mother.”



## CHAPTER. XIV.

AT the still hour of midnight, unattended and alone, Cleveland was prepared to commence his solitary journey. Wrapping his little Adelaide warmly in his roquelaure, and pressing her closely to his aching bosom, he pursued, with painful steps, his secret and uncertain route.

The innumerable stars that hung their crystal lamps in the blue watch tower of heaven, and strewed their glimmering raylets on the quivering waves of the Mediterranean, became totally extinguished by the conquering fires of the God of Day. As Cleveland passed by the beach that led from the town of — he beheld a small yacht laden with figs and olives unmooring from the cove, he hailed the helmsman, and enquired their destination. The

man replied Colioure. It was miraculously fortunate, being the identical town to which his letters were to be forwarded, besides its contiguity to the Pyrenees. He directly agreed with the man for his passage ; and stepping into the long boat, was in a few moments at the side of the vessel, which, sailing before a prosperous wind, soon lost sight of the harbour—and by day break the next morning entered Colioure, in which place Cleveland remained, till he discovered a seclusion suitable to his wishes. At length he succeeded. It was at the cottage of a Pyrenean huntsman and his wife, situated in a valley, verdant as Eden, that fantastically mazed round the foot of one of the smaller mountains. Lima and Gabriel, for those were the names of his host and hostess, exerted all their endeavours to render their accommodations comfortable to the good strange gentleman, as they styled Cleveland. Lima tried all her skill in dressing and seasoning the game, which Gabriel killed in abundance, to invite the good gentleman to an appetite ; and if in this

Cleveland failed, poor Lima was almost in despair. She was a most faithful nurse to the little Adelaide; whom she had now taught to go alone. What a sight was this to the enraptured father! to behold his cherub faltering towards his knee to gain the offered fig, or orange! What a pang at those moments would rush through his heart, when he thought of his absent Clara! Those throes were generally observed by the attentive Lima, who, nodding her head sagaciously at Gabriel, would whisper, that all was not well with the poor gentleman. Cleveland had been two months in his solitude, and yet he had not once heard from Clara. He dispatched Gabriel constantly each day to Colioure; but, alas, he returned not with the wished for intelligence. Day succeeded day in this horrible suspense, and Cleveland became inconsolable. He thought of setting out to Paris; but how could he leave his Adelaide? And besides, the greatest danger attended the rash enterprize. Should he meet with his death, what then would be the agony



of his Clara? Surely, thought Cleveland, Heaven will protect the virtuous! I shall yet see her again! I shall yet be happy! While these ideas occupied his mind, he left the cottage, leading his little Adelaide by the hand, who had now learnt to lisp the endearing, the sacred name of father, and to which he was endeavouring to add the softer, the sweeter sound of mother, when his attention was arrested by a man coming towards him in the habit of a sailor. Cleveland was rather staggered at his appearance. It was unusual to see any individual, excepting the huntsmen that occupied the different cottages in the valley; he fearfully turned his steps, and repaired by a short obscure path that led instantly back to the habitation of Gabriel, cautiously gazing backwards, to see if the stranger pursued him! He did, and beckoned him to meet him. Cleveland was petrified with terror;—the man was now almost up with him—to retire was impossible.—He stood motionless, and raising his eyes to Heaven, fervently exclaimed, “Gracious God! pro-

tect my child!"—"Fear me not," ejaculated the sailor, who was by this time at his elbow. Cleveland looked in his face, and beheld, to his relief and astonishment, the officer that arrested him at Montpelier. "I bring tidings from Lady Clara," continued the man; "and should you doubt my veracity, here is the symbol of my fidelity," producing a signet, which Cleveland knew to be his wife's. "She is well, and by this time in Scotland, but closely watched by the Earl, who confines her at Loch Pine; his emissaries are still at Paris, all on the alert. An order is left with the post-master to intercept every letter that comes to or from her. She exhorts you, as you value her life, not to think of either coming or writing to Scotland, till the expiration of her minority. God's peace be with you," said the officer, taking the hand of Cleveland, "and may you never cease to remember the faith of Louis Brabant." Cleveland was going to embrace him, but he was gone.

Cleveland, between the surprise, doubt, and perplexity of the scene he had under-

gone, seemed as one that had been awakened from a fearful sleep. He had heard of his Clara, it is true ; but she was a prisoner, and at a frightful distance ; she was exposed to the cruelty of a barbarous brother ; she had no friend near her. “ O, fate ! why dost thou hold me from her ? ” Tears accompanied the expression, and taking his little Adelaide into his arms, he pressed her wildly to his heart.







## CHAPTER XV.

THE last rays of an autumnal vesper danced on the faded foliage, and for a while dressed it with lustre, but it was only transitory, like the fainting remembrance of joys that are flown ;—cold night winds arose ; they blew rudely the cloak of a poor highland harper, that was climbing the heights of a birch which covered the mountain that sheltered Loch Pine ; he arrived at the stately door, and taking his harp from his shoulder, trilled a merry lay that youths and maidens were wont to hear with glee. Thrice did he string his harp ; but, alas ! no maid or youth appeared.

“ Again he tried his skill, and touched a little doleful air,

That fain would pierce the heart of Lady fair,  
Or lordling proud.

But sooth, they nought could hear.”

Hopeless and weary, the despairing minstrel took up his harp, and departed; but ere he had paced ten steps, he fell exhausted at the foot of a young poplar; its leaves could have been numbered; a rude gale came and swept the rest away; they alighted on the brows of the poor wanderer; softly they descended—they woke him not;—the sylphs that guard the virtuous, tempered their rustlings. O! spirits of peace! waft your downy pinions oer his head; bind up his wounds and make them bleed no more! But, ah! footsteps approach, a female bends over him, and clasping her hands together, exclaimed in astonishment,—“Good God! it is my master!” It was the voice of Alice that roused the disguised Cleveland, who had wandered thus far to behold his Clara. Desperation urged him to quit the cottage of Gabriel; it made him resign his child to the care of the tender Lima; it compelled him to brave the laws of his country; but, ah! he finds her not; death,—insatiate death, spared not youth, nor beauty, love, nor

affection ; yes, yes, the Lady Clara was dead. What tidings for one to hear, that loved so well ! But, Cleveland, thou must bear them for thy sweet child's sake—thy darling, thy helpless Adelaide ! Alice wept aloud, while she told the direful story ; she was now the only inhabitant that cheered the dreary walls of forsaken Loch-Pine ; a deadly silence pervaded every part of the lonely mansion, as the faithful creature conducted her beloved master over the moss-covered stones that led to the little chapel, where reposed in silence the remains of Clara. Cleveland's soul shivered as he descended the steps that led to the eastern aisle. The grey twilight beamed sadly through the glass painted window ; a newly erected tomb became visible, that stood beneath the drapery of some tattered tapestry ; Cleveland arrived at the base ; his senses faltered ; he groaned convulsively ; and bending his head on the cold urn of his Clara, sobbed aloud. The rays of young Hesper trembled on the mourner ; the queen of night looked pensively on him ;



morning shot her arrows through the sky, and still he was there. But day came and drank the tears that the wretched Cleveland had shed on the tomb of his adored Clara. The ties of nature are powerful; the thoughts of his child spurred him to action; and when night again enshrouded the hills of Loch-Pine, he pressed the hand of Alice, and departed; and after a toilsome journey through France, arrived again on the threshold of Gabriel. On his entering, Lima almost screamed with joy, but pensively remarked, that he looked very, very sadly. "Tell me not of myself, good Lima, where, where is my Adelaide?"—"O! she is gone for an airing on the mountain, with Gabriel; if I had but known of your coming, I would have put on her pretty pink frock; she always looks so nicely in that." Cleveland threw himself on a little unplanned bench, and attempted not to interrupt the loquacious Lima. His heart was bursting, he should see his child: he should see her motherless. Lima took a horn, and going to the door

blew it loudly ; it was the way she always called the absent Gabriel home ; the echoes resounded amid the mountains, and soon reached the ears of her husband ; and, in less than twenty minutes, he was at the door of his cottage ; and putting his little burthen down at the door, bid her go carry her roses to Lima. Tottering towards her with her pretty offering, her eye caught Cleveland, as he reclined on the bench, and throwing her flowers on the ground, clapped her little hands with joy, ran to his knees and tried to climb them, crying as she made the effort, “ papa, papa’s come home ! ” Cleveland could hold no longer, and bursting into an agony of tears, folded the cherub to his bosom ; the gentle pressure of her innocent cheek, seemed to recal composure to the distracted breast of her father. She was now the soul of his existence ; he could not suffer her to depart an instant from his doating sight ; he lived, he breathed, he existed only when she was by. Since his return from Scotland, he had taken an insurmoun-

table disgust to the seclusion of the Pyrenees; it proceeded from the idea that, when he first entered their shades, he should leave them only to behold again his beloved wife. This thought preyed upon his heart; and Cleveland conceived he could be more contented in some other place; and he was determined to quit them. To settle in France was his abhorrence; he had there been happy with Clara. If he returned to his own country, his child would be considered illegitimate; it gave birth, and still contained the tyrant that murdered his felicity; he would forget its name for ever. He had some thoughts of Spain, but the climate he was fearful would be injurious to Adelaide. At last Savoy occurred to his imagination, and to Savoy he was resolved to go. There, in its wilds, I shall live secluded from annoyance of any kind, I shall exist only with and for my child. In a few days he took an affectionate farewell of the good huntsman and his wife, whose simple and genuine grief at his departure both pleased and



affected him ; and once more making the little Adelaide the partner of his solitary route, arrived safely the following spring on the frontiers of that Duchy ; where, taking apartments in the monastery of Saint Benedict, under the name of Delamere, the succeeding summer he erected the cottage he now inhabits. The sorrows of his early youth had never escaped the profundity of his own heart. Adelaide knew not of them, and when he first greeted Glencarn, he recognized him not as a countryman ; though interested as a father for the welfare of this young man, he never touched on his story, though he fain would have been his confidant ; yet, in that case, he must in honour, have unfolded his own history, but the secrecy of this he never meant to divulge to man, because of the birth of his daughter.

## CHAPTER XVI.

JULY, the long wished for July, came and expired, but no Mac Keith arrived. The sick and scorching rays of the red dog star, burnt alike the green herbage of the mountain, and the painted floweret of the valley, but not less than they did the enfeebled frame of Glencarn shrink at their oppressive influence. Yet still to him did they appear mild and congenial, in comparison to the feverish sadness of his protracted hopes. "And must I die before I see him? Ah, Mac Keith, thou comest not to bear my last sigh to Marion; thou wert cruel to promise, but I will not reproach thee." The very visible change in the health of their new friend, and that change so visibly for the worse, was a source of immutable grief to the amiable inhabitants of the

cottage. He paid them a visit constantly each day. But at last it became such an excessive toil, that he was obliged to rest several times in descending the mountain, and in returning he at length became so feeble, that the arm of father Philip was requisite, or he evidently would have fainted in the attempt. While he was thus ascending the pathway to the cave, Adelaide would fly to her lattice, and watch with fearful eye the receding figure of Glencarn. If he stopped by the way she breathed not till he moved again, lest he should be worse ; and when his fading form departed from her painful gaze, she would sigh, as if she should behold him no more ; and then such an overpowering sickness would rest at her heart, that life, and all its joys, she would willingly have given up to have been journeying to Heaven beside him. Every morning Delamere and his daughter invariably went to the cave to enquire how he had passed his nights. In one of these visits he went unattended by Adelaide, who staid a few minutes behind to gather some



mulberries. It was a fruit Glencarn had for some time wished for. Adelaide had picked as many as were ripe, and was laying the last bunch she could find in her little basket, when Nimrod came running in, and told her she need not go to the cave, for the gentleman was coming himself to eat them. "Is he better or worse," exclaimed Adelaide, with excessive emotion. "Oh, he is a great deal worse," said the child bursting into tears; "but he laughed for all that, when I told him that you were picking mulberries for him." Adelaide kissed the boy, and pressed him to her heart, and thought at that moment she could have held him there for ever, for the tears he had shed for Glencarn. Then suddenly recollecting that he smiled at the mention of the mulberries, she laid the child down, and taking up the most beautiful bunch, the one she concluded Glencarn would fix on first, carried it to her lips, and raising her eyes to Heaven, doubtlessly breathed on it a prayer for his recovery, and left the room. She fled to her window, and saw them nearly at the

bottom of the mountain ; her eyes instantly rested on Glencarn, he appeared excessively ill, he was almost carried by her father, and father Philip. Lisette was walking behind at a small distance apparently weeping.

“ Oh heavens, he is much worse,” and a cry of agony broke from her lips, and at the same instant sinking on her bed, was almost overpowered by her feelings, when remembering the mulberries, she arose and exclaimed, “ he shall, he shall, receive them from me.” In saying these words she rushed out of the room, and met him at the door. Glencarn seemed almost lifeless. His pale cheek rested on the dark gown of father Philip, as with the assistance of Lisette he dragged him to the sofa. Adelaide at the sight before her, forgot the decorum of her sex. She fled to Glencarn, she seized his hand, she pressed it to her bosom, and faintly articulated, “ O ! Glencarn, are you dying ?” At the sound of her voice, he raised his humid eyes full in her face ; their gaze abashed her, she shrunk at the idea of her

own misconduct, and looking self-degraded round the room, she found her father was absent, she felt relieved at the discovery, and bursting into tears, retired to the window.

Father Philip saw, pitied, and admired the agitation of the gentle Adelaide, and feelingly observed, “ my good young lady, our patient is exhausted, had you not better prepare him something? we must nurse him with care.”—“ Indeed we must and will,” falteringly rejoined Adelaide as she closed the door. The good old man watched her receding figure with pain, a tear, spite of himself, trickled upon his cheek as he sighed, “ alas! sweet victim, is it come to this!” Glencarn here appeared restless, and wished to change his position. Delamere soon after returned, followed by Adelaide, with some jelly and wine. Glencarn partook of each, and soon became invigorated; he enquired for the mulberries, she produced them, and though her white hand trembled as she handed him the basket, her heart felt a thrill of delight, as he fixed upon the iden-



tical bunch, which had been the subject of her recent devotion. .

The benevolent Delamere, in his anxiety for promoting the health and comfort of Glencarn, saw not the imminent danger of his daughter ; he saw not that, by his thus facilitating an intercourse with a being whose heart, though purely amiable, was incorrigible to all the soft impressions of youth and innocence : he knew that his child possessed a soul sensitive, and susceptible in the fondest extreme, yet he reflected not that he should endanger her peace by his tender hospitality to the unfortunate Glencarn. disinterested and beneficent, he thought of every one but himself, and with the solicitude of a father, insisted on his going no more to the cave, but to make his cottage his home. “ I will be your doctor, and Adelaide shall be your nurse.” Glencarn with his natural delicacy persisted in refusing the invitation of Delamere ; he spoke of the trouble he should give to him and his foster sister, and when his strength would not let him

proceed, his eyes started immutable scruples, but his host was positively bent on his continuing with him, and conveyed his wishes in a manner that even the diffident Glencarn could not resist.

By the united attentions of Delamere and his daughter, Glencarn, after his residence at the cottage, found himself insensibly roused from that horrid despondency that usually oppressed him ; yet his health was certainly fast on the decline ; though his disease was so variable, that one day he would be so well, that he could accompany Delamere in his rambles over the mountains, listen to the reading of Adelaide, or assist her in arranging and copying her paintings. In which beautiful art, nature had evidently bestowed on her a talent to excel ; yet perchance on the morrow, he would again be so faint and ill, that the sounds of their voices would almost distract him. He was subject to the most violent paroxysms of the head ache ; and when these were upon him, silence was necessary to preserve his intellects from being injured by

their excruciating tortures. While they lasted, which was generally for twelve hours, neither Delamere nor Adelaide ever left him ; the former, with parental fondness, used to hold his parched and burning palm in his own, in order to produce perspiration ; and his daughter, with steps light as a fairy, would fly to hold his distracted temples ; or bind round them, with trembling anxiety, bandages dipped in acids, which often proved successful in procuring ease : and when she did these little offices of tenderness for him, if he imprinted on her soft hand the grateful kiss of brotherly affection for her kindness, the thrills that darted through her ductile frame, convinced him that she loved him with all the fondness of a woman, yet her heroic soul would spurn the avowal, and even at those moments, she would have smiled, and have smiled tranquilly, to have seen him blessed with the faith of Ellen. She had heard her story from his own lips, she had joined in the praises of her whom he adored. She had wept her wrongs, and had conquered the



frailty of her nature, so far as to make herself believe, that the happiest instance in her life would be, to see him possessed of his early choice, and that her affection for Glencarn, was nothing more than it would have been for another of equal virtue, under the same afflictions. Amiable enthusiast, thou knowest not thy own weakness. But here let me drop the subject.

## CHAP. XVII.

THE yellow leaf waved sadly amid her verdant fellows, and told the inhabitants of the cottage that summer was about to depart, and where late her flowery banners rode on the hurried gale, autumn's desponding colours hung on the rude blast. Adelaide hailed the drooping season with a saddened joy; it seemed to accord with her soul's mild sorrow. To Glencarn it was most welcome. Its chilly atmosphere made him breathe more lightly, and kindly made the latter remnant of his life less laborious; but to Delamere it appeared heart dividing and unlovely.—The faded cheek of his daughter alarmed him; but he imputed it not to the right cause. He concluded it arose from the fatigue she experienced in attending on Glencarn, and while he

exhorted her to be careful of her own health, the idea that she injured it in so benevolent a cause as that of comforting the sick bed of the unfortunate, reconciled this most amiable man to the apparent alteration in the appearance of his child. He concluded the scene would soon close which occasioned the lassitude of his Adelaide, and then he fondly hoped convalescence would again light on her cheek accompanied by her usual vivacity. And can I prohibit her tender and beneficent exertions to promote the comfort of an isolated being trembling on the brink of eternity; labouring under the mortal probings of a broken-heart; and one who needs, and one that deserves the congenial and soft condolence of commiserating woman? No, my Adelaide, I cannot chide thee; nay, I applaud thee. Thou art only fulfilling the law of heaven and man.— Thus would Delamere argue with himself, after he had made his usual observations to his daughter; “as, my love, you look pale this morning;” or, “your eyes are heavy, I am fearful you sat up too late



last night." "No indeed, papa," she would reply, "I am very well," and her own animating smile always accompanied these assurances, that soul-delighting, that deceiving smile, that ever gave transport to her father's heart, and seduced him into the belief that all would be well again.

It was after one of these tender rencontres, when Delamere had just unloosed the hand of his daughter, and was going on with his usual avocation of clearing and adjusting his little garden, when the shrill and terrified voice of Lisette from within the lattice, summoned his immediate attendance. Delamere let fall his spade with precipitancy, and breathlessly enquired if Adelaide were ill? "Oh! no; not she, but the poor young gentleman is dead;" a flood of tears accompanied this expression; for Lisette too had a heart. When I say a heart, I mean one that can feel.

Delamere had by this time unclosed the door of the parlour; and found Glen-carn not absolutely dead, but in violent

convulsions; they were evidently occasioned by some intelligence which he had received from Scotland; for the cover of a packet was lying on the table, and a letter torn, apparently in agony, was beside him on the couch. "Poor, poor, young man, what new calamity has fate inflicted on thee?" ejaculated Delamere as he pressed his black and contorted face to his bosom, with all the tenderness of his nature. "Where, where is Adelaide?" enquired he of Lisette!—"Miss Adelaide is gone to the monastery, but father Philip is coming up the court."—"Speed, speed, my good woman, and desire him to come in a moment."—"Yes, yes, that's what I will, I would do any thing for the poor dear young gentleman now he is not dead, even if it were to walk barefoot from one side of Savoy to the other, although the roads are so rough." In saying the last words, she drew up her head and gave one of herself approving bridles. "For God's sake," pettishly exclaimed Delamere, "make haste or we shall have him die indeed!" Lisette departed, and

ere she returned with the father, Delamere had the heart felt satisfaction of seeing Glencarn become more tranquil; and, in a few moments, he seemed quite composed; but it was a composure that was both awful and unnatural. Its sullen and ambiguous expression assured his anxious attendants, that the lacerated being, whose wounds it seemed to bind, (for in truth they now had ceased to bleed), would in a little, a very little time, be unconscious of their probings. He gave the letter of Marion to Delamere. It contained but a few distracted lines from her, in which she told him that her father had been thrown from his horse, in one of his hunting excursions, down a precipice, and died a few hours after his return to the castle. She exhorted him, in the most vehement manner, to return instantly to Scotland, and only signed with her initials.

When Delamere had concluded the letter, his eye caught the seal, on examining the arms, his face became deadly pale, and on some trivial occasion, he left the



room. In a few minutes he returned, and discovered no farther emotion, and what he had was observed by none. The other letter was from Mac Keith. He passionately beseeched Glencarn to return to his country, and assume his family dignities and possessions ; and by doing so, cement the lasting happiness of himself and Marion, whom he feared to leave yet for Savoy, and that he should wait for his reply before he commenced his journey thither.

The packet had evidently been detained on the road ; for it was dated July, and it was now the middle of November. The letter of Mac Keith, Glencarn gave not to Delamere, because it spoke of his family and title, which circumstance he wished not to be known to his worthy and disinterested friends.

Though he informed him of the other contents, and of his intention not to come to Savoy till after he had heard again from him, Delamere instantly wished to reply to Mac Keith, and intreat him to set out

immediatly. "You may do it, my good friend," said Glencarn, pensively shaking his head at the same time, as much as to say, it will be too late.

Delamere seemed not to comprehend him, and directly commenced writing. While he was thus employed, a gentle slumber stole softly on Glencarn; And Adelaide, who was returned from the monastery, taking her work on her lap, sat opposite to the sofa. She scarcely allowed herself to breathe lest she should disturb him! and each time that she drew through her needle, the thread rested on her delicate fingers, while a prayer was lifted to heaven for his soul's best interest, or a look was directed towards his pallid and disfigured countenance, in which was depicted the angelic and tempered affection of her devoted heart; a tear, in spite of her heroism would moisten the darkened lashes of her lovely eyes, but brushing it off with precipitancy, she would endeavour to follow her work with the same avidity, till an uneasy sigh from Glen-

can would again arrest her attention.—  
It was only in these moments of softness  
that Adelaide was mistrustful of her own  
faith.



## CHAPTER XVIII.

IT was now the the third day since Glencarn had received the intelligence of his father's death. The shock was decisive, it rent the fragile chords of his shattered frame; the last hold was balanced by every breath, and seemed speedily to yield its languid thread, that feebly connected his vital and corporeal existence. The bleak and joyless moans of a November blast wound dismally athwart the dismantled valley, a loathsome vapour arose from the lake, and obscured with its sickening mist the chilly and desponding rays of an almost expiring sun. The dried leaves that strewed the pathway of the pensive goatherd rustled dismally on his ear, accompanied by the lamentations of the cheerless bird that inhabited the craigs of the broken mountains. The hour of prayer arrived, the bell of the monastery

called the holy fathers to their vesper devotions—every stroke shivered the soul of the devoted Adelaide as she held the clammy brow of the dying Glencarn. Father Philip was kneeling at his feet reading in a low yet impressive voice a prayer, that saints might again repeat in heaven, for the repose of his beloved son. Delamere was beside him on the couch ; his eyes alternately wandering from Glencarn to Adelaide, from Adelaide to Glencarn. The blanched brow of the latter, where trembled the drops of expiration, was smooth and unruffled as the Parian marble, waiting with confidence and resignation the decree of fate, that almost made Delamere envy the approach of death, and at that moment he wished to have been Glencarn ; but that wish became extinct when again he reverted to his lovely daughter. The mild rays of inspiration that illumined her placid countenance, the luxuriance of her loosely flowing fine dark hair, again made life appear desirable. Had Guido been there he would have painted her for Devotion. But here the scene was

disturbed. The eye-lids of Glencarn fell, a stifled shriek burst from the quivering lip of Adelaide, her head fell on his face; her emotion again roused him; a heavenly smile still lingered on his mouth; he seized her hand with unnatural vigour, pressed it ardently to his bosom and exclaimed aloud, "Ah, my sister, why did you call me back?" Here the door of the parlour was opened, a female attired in deep mourning darted into the room, screaming wildly as she rushed towards the couch, and clasped in her arms, with convulsive agony the spare form of Glencarn.—It was Marion! It was his sister! She was followed by Mac Keith, who, overpowered by his feelings, staggered to a chair.—Oh! hapless, yet fortunate Marion! Art thou arrived at this lone hour to watch the last struggles of thy dying brother? Alas! sweet sufferer, didst thou for this speed swift as wind o'er thy toilsome journey? Was it for this, that thou exposed thy delicate frame to the night's chill air? and, speedful as the roe, climb the mazes of the stranger



mountains ? Yes, Fate urged her footsteps ; sympathy aided her with her wings, she arrived in time. Softly—speak not—move not—his last sigh now quivers on her gentle bosom—await, kind reader, here awhile—sooth I will not tarry long.—

## CHAPTER XIX.

I SHALL pass over the succeeding four weeks, only observing that the remains of Glencarn were deposited, according to his desire, in the monastery of St. Benedict beneath a simple grey slab, bearing only the initials of his assumed name. The expiration of the above period brings us to that juncture when lord and lady Mac Keith were about to bid a sad and lasting adieu to the wilds of Savoy. The grief of Marion was desperate and unrestrained. Not so the gentle Adelaide. No distortion spoiled the serenity of her still placid countenance ; no frantic gesture of body told you of the anguish that preyed on her youthful heart, and still would you have been ignorant that a canker destroyed its peace, had it not been that she was visibly shrunk. It was only in the secrecy of her own chamber, that Adelaide dared

indulge the sorrows of her tender soul ; and not even there in the glare of day ; the light seemed to unhallowed to witness their sacred breathings. It was when her innocent head pressed her pillow that this amiable victim ever unswathed the wounds that lacerated her spotless bosom. Lady Mac Keith's incessant importunities for Adelaide to accompany her to Scotland were unavailing, though Delamere urged them as warmly as he could, yet still she persisted with a firmness that surprised him. " Your health, my dear child, will be renovated by the journey." " My health papa, is uninjured ; and though I love lady Marion sincerely, and would do any thing to oblige her, yet I would not leave you for the world's wealth !" " Not, my love," rejoined Marion, " if your papa were to accompany us ?" " Say the word my Adelaide," added Delamere with quickness, " and lady Mac Keith will defer her journey a few days until we equip ourselves." " Oh, no, no," said Adelaide, " I shall die if I go from Savoy." " Ah ! my sweet incorrigible sister," rejoined



Marion, "why are you so cruel?" and tears of anguish accompanied the expression. "Oh say not so, I would die to serve you, but indeed, I cannot come to Scotland," and falling on Marion's bosom she sobbed aloud. Delamere looked distressed and withdrew, and lady Mac Keith tenderly rejoined, "as we go not till to-morrow we will drop the subject." At this moment Lisette came into the room, and pulling from under her apron a little deal box laid it on the table, pensively remarking as she did it, "That it was just a month since the dear young gentleman died; and on this very day I promised him to give it to Miss Adelaide, and I am sure I would not be worse than my word for the world," and laying the key upon the lid, the good woman turned on her heel and was out of the room in an instant. The thoughts of the dear young gentleman had brought tears into her eyes, and she was eager to conceal them. But they were observed by Marion who instantly caught the infection. The name of her beloved brother harrowed

afresh the sluggish grief that still clouded the tranquillity of her brow, and sobbed convulsively. Adelaide's heart beat high ; a death-like sickness pervaded her whole frame, and she tottered to a seat in order to hide her emotions, which, in spite of herself, were delineated in every line of her varying countenance. "Open the box, my Adelaide," said lady Mac Keith, who had now in some measure recovered the shock her feelings had sustained. "Do you hear me, my love?" again added Marion, in one of the softest voices in the world ; sympathy told her of the innate throbbings of Adelaide, and as such she revered them. "Pardon me," falteringly rejoined Adelaide, "you must do it for me."—"No ; that would be impious," retorted Marion, and tears added lustre to the dimmed radiance of her fine dark eyes. "You, and you alone must uncloze it," in saying these words she put the box and key into her lap. With a trembling hand Adelaide unlocked it ; and turning towards Marion, discovered that she had left the room. She

raised the lid, and found that it contained a parcel directed in a large hand to Delamere, with an express in one corner that it was to be opened by his daughter. Adelaide carried it to her lips; a benediction quivered from them; she turned her eyes upwards, as much as to say, Glencarn I am grateful for thy gift. Drops of resignation bedewed her cheeks as again she reverted to the box. There was nothing more in it than a small red morocco casket, twisted round with a narrow green ribband, on which was penned a label, expressing these words, "To my beloved foster sister, I commit this sacred deposit; may she give it a place in her bosom. It was the only treasure I possessed on earth, and to her I consign it, as a being whom gratitude binds me to love and reverence here and hereafter." She pressed the spring, the cover flew open and discovered to her the features of a most lovely woman. Her heart told her it was Ellen. A ray of pleasure animated her eye; a glow of triumph darted across her cheek; but it was but for a moment. The



expression was suddenly changed, and she fell back insensible on the sofa.

She had not been long in this situation ere Lady Mac Keith knocked at the door, and gently demanded admittance. Alarmed at the silence within she unclosed the door, and there beheld the inanimate form of Adelaide. "Oh! Heavens," she wildly exclaimed, and rushed towards her, and in so doing stumbled over the open casket which had fallen on the floor. She saw the well remembered lineaments of Ellen. She knew that they had occasioned the agitation of Adelaide, she seized the miniature with avidity, then, rushing to the sofa, pressed her to her bosom, shrieking loudly for assistance. Lisette entered quickly followed by Delamere, who had heard the alarm in the garden. "Oh, my poor child," said he, and a cry of pain accompanied the expression. "What, what is the cause of this?"--- "Why, what is the cause," replied Lisette, with her usual importance, "love, love to be sure, I always saw it."---"Drive me not mad, woman, with your prate," fran-

tically retorted Delamere, as he eagerly drew her into his arms. "Rest on thy father's bosom. O God, O God, she hears me not! O wretched, wretched man, what, what will become of thee now?" The anguished tones of her father's voice roused the insensible Adelaide; she opened her eyes and breathed loudly. "Heaven! I thank thee," fervently ejaculated Delamere, turning his eyes upwards. Lady Mac Keith proposed removing her to bed. Her father approved of the proposition, and carried her to her chamber; he laid her gently on her pillow, and resting himself beside her, watched, with a distressing anxiety, every breath that issued from her parched and feverish bosom. Marion sat pensively weeping at the foot of the bed, anxiously gazing at the picture before her. She beheld that amiable father, that devoted child, and shivered at the consequence. When the voice of Mac Keith on the stairs startled her, she fled to him. He appeared distressed. "A dispatch is arrived at the next town, and we must quit our friend this moment."

—“ And his daughter so ill,” falteringly said Marion. “ What is the matter ? ” Mac Keith seemed to evade an answer. “ Deceive me not, my life,” retorted his wife ; “ know I must.”—“ Your aunt is taken dangerously ill at Paris.”—“ Then go indeed we must.”

They both entered the room, and in a few words acquainted Delamere of the message. They fell on his neck and embraced him. They shed tears of regret on the burning cheeks of the still sleeping Adelaide. They invoked heaven with prayers for her recovery, and in a few moments departed from the threshold of the hospitable Delamere.

Their journey was pursued with the utmost velocity ; the heart of Marion was divided. One part of it still lingered by the bed of her darling Adelaide ; the other rested at Paris with her beloved and injured aunt. Duty compelled her to go, and duty bade her stay. The one she thought it was ungrateful to leave, the other she longed, yet dreaded, to behold. Mac Keith, with compassionate sorrow,



witnessed the agitation of his beloved wife ; fain would he have soothed her, but it was not in his power.

Delamere, in his anxiety for his adored child, regretted not the departure of his guests. Her fever was increased to an alarming height. Her languid pulsation frightened him beyond measure ; and he trembled at the approach of a disease, one of the most dreadful that attacks our suffering nature. She still continued to dose, but her sleep was broken and uneasy. Father Philip was sent for, whose knowledge and skill in medicine was preferable to his own. The good father, on coming to the bed side of Adelaide, stood aghast. Delamere watched his countenance, and though he knew the decree that was to blast his ears, yet he had hopes till it was pronounced ; an inflammation on the brain was the malady that oppressed his child :—what a moment was this ! he felt paralysed at every pore. But that transitory suspension of suffering vanished, when that child with a sudden start unclosed her eyes, those eyes but late so

mild and beautiful, glaring with the terrific fires of madness, and screaming with such shrill and terrific tones on the name of Glencarn, that seemed to rend the very centre of the cottage, and pierced the heart's core of those that heard her. How dreadful to those that had been accustomed to the sonorous music of her all soothing voice ! How appalling to her father ! but I can say no more. He had left her bed side, and was leaning against the pillar of the fire place, in all the anguish and distraction of a most tender and affectionate parent. When he arrested the attention of his disordered child. She instantly rushed out of her bed ; for still she knew him, but, tottering ere she reached him, fell on the floor—she made an effort to rise, but, falling in the attempt, struck her temple against the corner of the dressing table and made it bleed copiously.

This sight was too much for Delamere ; he staggered towards her, but could not proceed. Father Philip raised her in his arms, and carried her to the bed, but this she obstinately refused to enter, and fierce-

ly tearing the bandages which he and Lisette endeavoured to bind round her wound, presented the most ghastly spectacle of mental derangement. Her features were almost obscured with the blood that issued from her forehead ; her hair, clotted and dishevelled, had half escaped from the confinement of her tottered night cap ; her long and delicate arms were totally divested of their coverings, and besmeared in the same horrible manner ; and she resisted, with supernatural violence, the efforts of those who vainly endeavoured to compose her. Her resistance in a little time became less vigorous, her screams not so frequent and more feeble, at length entirely ceased ; and the poor lost sufferer at last passively reclined her disfigured head on the shoulder of father Philip. The loss of blood, together with the exertion she had undergone, rendered the exhausted maniac, who but a few minutes was as ungovernable as the infuriate tygress, tractable as the feeble lamb. Her face was washed from the blood, the bandages were left un-



molested on her languid brow, and she suffered them to place her feeble and now almost inanimate body quietly on her bed. And, had it not been for a ghastly smile that still curled her unclosed lips, you would undoubtedly have taken her for the corpse of the once agile Adelaide.

A death like stillness pervaded the late tumultuous chamber. No sound obtruded on the horrid silence, but the sighs of the disconsolate parent, as by the sickening light of the midnight taper he watched the almost imperceptible breathings of his only child ; that child, who but a little time, a very little time before, was all his doating soul could wish for ; so good, so dutiful, and so lovely, was now extended before him mangled and distorted ; and those eyes, that could expound the inmost workings of his soul, and anticipate every desire that rested at his heart, were now rolling in frightful vacancy, unconscious and regardless of him and every thing.

As he thus contemplated the beautiful wreck of all he loved on earth, Delamere

smote his bosom in dismay, and cursed the day he first sheltered the unfortunate Glencarn. He accused himself as the murderer of his child in blindly exposing her to the danger of imbibing a passion which would now, in all probability, deprive him of her for ever.—“Oh! my poor martyred Adelaide, victim of too tender a heart! 'tis I, 'tis I alone have destroyed thee: 'Tis the imprudence of thy culpable father that robbed thee, O, my God! of the light of reason.” It was thus that the distracted Delamere poured forth the torturing anguish of his harrowed soul.

## CHAP. XX.

THRICE the tame pigeon tapped at the lattice, but no white hand appeared strewing crumbs to invite him ; a truce, pretty nestling, thy mistress sleeps and hears not thy invocations. It was the petting of Adelaide. Delamere, through the musky rays of the damp and cold morning, beheld the fluttering wings of the pretty petitioner. It brought painful reflections to his heart, and with hasty and perturbed steps he paced the chamber. It was the ninth night of his watching, and father Philip, alarmed lest the want of rest should deprive this anxious parent of that health which the distressing state of his child now so doubly needed, secretly conveyed into a cup of coffee an opiate, which kindly procured that forgetfulness distracted nature withheld.

Adelaide, since the raging paroxysms of



the first attack, had sunk into a state of apathised silence, which was only varied by short and broken slumbers. She had just fallen into one of these, when father Philip led the reluctant Delamere to his bed, and had the pleasing satisfaction of seeing him sink unconsciously into the arms of sleep, and softly drawing his curtains hastened with all possible speed back to the chamber of Adelaide. But what was his surprise on finding the door open and the bed unoccupied. His knees trembled with apprehension, as he lifted the latch of a little closet, being the only place of concealment in the room. She was not there. He flew down stairs in order to enquire of Lisette, but suddenly recollecting that he had dispatched her on an errand to the monastery, went into the parlour, and from thence to the garden; but alas! the object of his search was not there to be found. The lake occurred to his mind. He shivered at the idea, lest he should there behold floating on its hurried bosom some of the well known habiliments of the ill-fated Adelaide. He was without the archway in an instant,

and bursting open the wicker gate at the extremity of the wood, something white on the ground attracted his attention. It was a handkerchief, one that Adelaide doubtlessly had dropped in her flight, for in picking it up he plainly discovered the print of a small naked foot. It could be none but hers ; with breathless scrutiny he traced it until its impression was rendered invisible by the high grass that bordered the water. The horrid doubt now appeared in all probability realized. He stood aghast, and smiting his aged breast in agony, uttered a soul piercing cry of despair. It reached the ear of a goatherd who was running with precipitancy down the mountain, crying as he flew " That he had seen the ghost of the lady Adelaide." " O ! where ? where ? " exclaimed the father. " O Lord ! O Lord ! running up the mountain," replied the man nearly fainting with terror. " Heaven be thanked," rejoined the pious father, as he left the affrighted peasant ; and immediately ascended the pathway up the mountain, and in a short time arrived in sight of the forsaken habitation of Glencarn, where,

through the drizzling mist of a chilly rain, he plainly discovered the figure of Adelaide devoutly kneeling at the foot of the little oaken crucifix, her figure at the same time commanded both pity and veneration, her long white night dress, entirely wetted by the misling atmosphere, clung closely to her fragile frame, which disease had reduced to a supernatural spareness ; her beautiful hair was completely concealed by the bandages that encircled her wounded forehead. Her eyes and hands were lifted upwards, and her teeth dismally chattered with the raw and piercing cold, though she herself appeared insensible to its influence. She resembled a phantom of air, which the sighs of a disturbed fancy had created ; and the father, entranced by the fetters of adoration, moved not, spoke not, lest a breath should dispel the painful, though beautiful fiction. A groan from the lovely spirit dissolved the charm, and rising at the same time from her knees, she exclaimed in a plaintive and sweet voice, " Glencarn, I shall come before sunset to-morrow."



Here father Philip could contain himself no longer. He caught her in his arms, and held her with a trembling grasp to his bursting bosom. A ray of returning reason at that moment alighted on the brain of the lost Adelaide. " Pray let us make haste home ; my poor father will be frightened. How came I here ? " and instantly attempted to walk ; but crying out at the same time, " Oh ! what is the matter with my feet ? I can't put them to the ground ? " The father examined them ; they were bleeding from the incisions they had received in the rough and flinty pathway to the cave ; the sight was most piteous. " Why what are you looking at ? " said Adelaide, with a horrid laugh ; " why sore as they are, I must walk to Glencarn before sunset to-morrow ? " " And is that beam of blessed light departed ? " despairingly ejaculated the father, as he bore her in his aged arms towards the cottage. She gave no resistance ; and laying her head languidly on his bosom, said not another word, till he placed her again in the bed.

## CHAPTER XXI.

THE prediction of the poor sufferer proved prophetic ; for with the last beams of the succeeding day, her pure spirit departed to flit in the realms of the blessed——.

O, destiny ! direful power ! thy decree fell heavy on the defenceless head of the devoted Delamere. Fain would I tell thee, reader, of his sorrows ! but the unhallowed tongue of mortality shrinks nerveless from the task ; and thou must picture them as thou thinkest fit.

I will only pourtray to thee that sad, sad evening, when the muffled bell of the hoary monastery called to its narrow home the mortal remains of the youthful Adelaide. The virgin rays of the wan crescent beamed mournfully beauteous on the sorrow-bleached head of the distracted father ; they discovered him pale and mo-

tionless standing at the grave of his only child ; the hollow reverberations of the coffin, when the earth was strewn upon it, aroused him ; he staggered, and fell back into the arms of a female, who held him with a convulsive grasp to her bosom ;—it was Clara, his beloved and long lost Clara, whom Fate, as an angel of pity, had kindly restored to bind up those wounds her own iron hand had inflicted ; it was no other than the aunt of Marion and Glen-carn, and the mother of Adelaide. It was error spread her death ; it was the villainy of the ruthless Glenmurry.



## CHAPTER XXII.

THE labyrinths of Fate are dark, perplexed, and inscrutable ; and though the poor pilgrim be sorely probed and lacerated by the venomed thorns that fence the trackless mazes of his uncertain way, yet if he have faith in his friendly star, whose rays are often hid by darksome mists and impenetrable fogs, it will lead him on to peace. Heaven is ever merciful to man. Thus was poor Cleveland, as we again shall call him, redeemed from the darkest fathoms of despair, whose sullen waves threatened to overwhelm him for ever, and raised again to life and joy !—Though he mourned his child, deeply and sadly mourned her, yet the soothing pity of his faithful Clara, aided by the gentle Marion, and the generous Mac Keith, wore away insensibly the poignancy of his first desperate grief ; and tranquillity,

though in saddened state, descended on his brow. In a month's time he could composedly listen to the adventures of his wife, who before had refused to unfold them, lest she should by retailing her own sorrows, make bleed afresh those of her beloved Cleveland. As it was stipulated that they should not leave Savoy till the following spring, she had time to relate them at leisure, abridging, for the sake of her husband, the most distressing parts in the following terms:—

“Nothing worth reciting occurred on her journey from Montpelier to Paris. On her stepping into the vehicle which was to convey her to that city, the heroism with which she separated from her husband and child departed, and left in its stead all the grief and terror of her situation. Alice sat a silent spectatress of the sorrows of her beloved lady. Fain would the faithful creature have consoled her, but, alas! that was not in her power. On their stopping at the hotel in Paris, the door of the carriage was opened by the Earl of Glenmurry; a sullen moroseness

clouded his haughty brow, as he extended his hand to assist the lady Clara to alight. He conducted her in silence to an apartment up stairs, which, on their entering, he turned and closed the door with violence in the face of the poor abject Alice, who had fearfully followed her lady; then throwing himself on a sofa, with a smile of savage contempt, sarcastically congratulated his sister on the disgrace with which she had tarnished the house of Glenmurry. The crimson of indignant pride glowed on the cheek of the till then pale lady Clara, as, with a firm and unfaltering voice, she thus replied :—

“ I have only added lustre to the glory of my ancestors by marrying a virtuous and intelligent man ; and know this, my lord, (while her liquid blue eyes eloquently spoke derision) you have no authority to controul me.” The earl at this arose from his seat, and advancing towards her deliberately, bent his towering head and loudly exclaimed, “ remember, Madam, if the earl of Glenmurry possess not power to restrain your infamous proceedings, the



law of his country have, and with the last drop of his illustrious blood will he aid them to bring to the bar of public justice this miscreant, this base-born wretch, whom you dare to call by the name of husband, whose artifice has as yet eluded the vigilance of the officer ; but with fresh vengeance will I pursue him, if it be to the farthest extremity of the globe." A piteous shriek broke from the lips of the terrified Clara, all fortitude forsook her when the life of her Cleveland was threatened, and falling abject at the feet of her ruthless brother, she twined her white arms round his knees, and sued for mercy.

Did the tyrant listen to the suppliant's suit ? Did his granite heart not feel one throe of pity ? No—he spurned her from him, and desired her to lay aside her womanish airs, and prepare to proceed for Loch-Pine by day break the next morning. In saying these words, he slowly walked out of the room. Alice instantly entered and fled to the assistance of her almost insensible lady. She led her to a

window, but her terrors were only increased, by perceiving the court yard filled with armed soldiers. The air and the scene before her contributed to re-animate the Lady Clara. There was no hope of escaping; and falling on her knees, she piously commended her husband and child to the care of heaven, and arose with new strung fortitude, to defy the ills of fate. She desired Alice to endeavour to procure her pen, ink, and paper, but she assured her it was only endangering the safety of her beloved master, for she had heard, when she was down stairs, that the postmaster had received an order from the French government to open all letters that were directed either to him, or herself. "O! What shall I do?" despairingly ejaculated Lady Clara, and an agony of tears bestrewed her cheeks. "My Cleveland will go distracted."—"Have courage, my dear lady," said the anxious Alice, affectionately taking her hand; "God will comfort him." "I will endeavour to think so," mournfully rejoined her lady. At this moment,

the door of the apartment was cautiously opened, and a woman of masculine stature entered, she approached Lady Clara, who, to her astonishment, beheld the officer that had conducted her from Montpelier. He put his finger to his lips to enjoin secrecy, and taking a pencil from his pocket, wrote on a scrap of paper, these words.—“ Put down your wishes, lady, on the opposite side, and I myself will carry them to your husband ; but no written document.” With a trembling hand Clara obeyed his injunctions, and taking a ring from her finger, put it into his hand with the scrawl, dropped on her knee, and thanked him in silence. The officer hastily read it over ; and afterwards, throwing it into the fire, left the room in an instant. Lady Cleveland followed him with her eyes ; and when the door closed upon him, it seemed as though her good genius had forsaken her ; and, raising her tearful eyes to Heaven, she invoked the Father of Mercies to load him with blessings. Then, taking the hand of Alice, repaired to her chamber.



Her good angel guarded her slumbers, and she dreamt of her Cleveland and her child. She thought she held her darling to her heart; she was devouring her with kisses, when the voice of the Earl dispelled the airy charm, and she awoke to weep her absence. Yet fancy, kind enchantress to the wretched, still made her think the ruby-died treasures lingered on her lips; still did she taste the honey of their dews. After an unsavoury breakfast, the now passive Clara stepped into the carriage, followed by the Earl and Alice. They proceeded to Calais, from thence to Dover, and so on till the walls of Loch-Pine were in view. During their long and toilsome route, the haughty Glenmurry, in silence and apathy, watched his weeping captive unmoved, his iron soul beheld her sorrows, but her faithful Abigail numbered her tears.

- On their entering the portals of Loch-Pine, the demeanour of the Earl suddenly changed, and leading the Lady Clara into the breakfast room, he thus addressed her, “ You suppose me, Lady Clara, your ene-

my, but in that you are mistaken, though I confess, my outward deportment sanctions your suppositions ; publicly I side with the Chancellor, but rest satisfied, the Earl of Glenmurry is your real friend ; and after the expiration of your minority, he will feel happy to acknowledge Mr. Cleveland as his brother." Lady Clara took his hand and pressed it to her lips ; but answered him not, she was overpowered by her feelings, which the Earl observing, rang the bell for Alice and left the room.

Did the ingenuous Clara heed the avowal of the wily Glenmurry ? She did at the moment ; but before Alice obeyed her summons, suspicion thwarted the belief ; and ere she entered the room, her faith was completely dissolved ; and ordering some chocolate, she retired to her chamber and the remainder of the night was passed in tears and lamentations for her Cleveland and her child,

## CHAPTER XXIII.

ON the flight of Lady Clara being discovered, the Earl of Glenmurry displayed to his friends all the rage and chagrin which was concomitant with his haughty character ; though, in the depth of his heart, which the eye of a Cynic could not penetrate, he inwardly rejoiced at the occurrence ; for, in the first place, if he arranged matters well, he could have an easy access to her immense possessions (rendered doubly desirable by the bountiful bequests of Sir Arthu Campbell,) which he had long in secret sighed for ; and in the next place he could have his full and ample revenge on Cleveland, whom he had never forgiven for his supposed insults under the chestnut tree. It was a propitious chance for the wily lord to bring to perfection those long wished for schemes, which for



some time past had disturbed his rest. Now, in spite of the world, for even the mighty Glenmurry feared the world, he could triumphantly grasp his twin loved darlings, revenge and gold.

He instantly dispatched spies in all parts of England ; but being unsuccessful, he ordered them to explore all France ; and, after a weary and fruitless search, again returned without discovering their desired prey. Montpellier never came once within their scrutiny. Hirelings are never so faithful as their masters, and the disappointed Earl was determined to search every part of the continent himself, and at last discovered the objects of his route.

After succeeding so far in his plot, as to have the Lady Clara in his fangs, though he was foiled in that of Cleveland, and she being the golden prize, he thought it expedient to throw off his natural disposition, and seek shelter under the mask of hypocrisy, and thereby declared himself her friend ; and had almost seduced the guileless Clara into a belief of his pro-

fessions, which to her were doubly sanctioned, by his never so much as questioning her respecting the retreat of Cleveland.

No.—Glenmurry, ever cautious and wary, was determined to finish well one undertaking, before he commenced another. And as for the simple Alice, to use her own expression, she called herself one of the wickedest creatures in the world, for ever speaking or thinking ill of the Earl. After staying three weeks at Loch-Pine, which was now the home of Lady Cleveland, the Earl proposed taking her to Glenmurry Castle, situated in the highlands, in order to present her to his Countess, whom she had never seen. It was two days easy travelling from Loch-Pine, but a third commenced, and they were not yet arrived in sight of the Castle. Lady Clara expressed her doubts as to the postillions missing their way: but the Earl quelled them, with assuring her they were in the right, and that their tardiness only proceeded from the increased roughness of the roads. Lady Clara was going to reply, but an insurmountable drowsi-

ness came over her, and she at last sunk into a profound sleep, and opened not her eyes again till she found herself on one of the heights of Loch Diurness, in which was floating a ready rigged sloop to convey her to the dreary shores of the joyless Rona. Stupified by the powers of an opiate, which her specious brother had given her on the road, she made no remark. Her eyes were open it was true, and though she made use of her feet, she seemed insensible to every object that was before her, and the motion of the vessel again lulled her to sleep.

By sun-rise the following morning, the sloop was moored under the rocky heights of the foggy Rona, which was to be the future residence of the captive Clara. On one of its highest points, stood a delapidated watch-tower. The red beams of the morning had painted its tempest-worn head with flaming crimson, where perched the screaming gannet, and the solitary sea eagle. No tree shaded its sides, which were thinly bearded by some russet weeds, and still defied the at-



tacks of all conquering time. No verdure green, at its feet ; but the waves of the mighty deep dashed rudely against its stony base. O earth ! why didst thou not swallow it in thy gaping bosom ? Or kinder ocean ! why didst thou not overwhelm it with thy waters ? And still more pitying Heaven ! why not shiver it with thy fires ! But, ah ! it stands, and proudly stands, to be the lasting prison of the lovely, the wretched, the innocent Clara.

A loud blast from the bugle of Glenmurry aroused a flight of gulls, that pierced with their screams the very centre of the rocks ; again he sounded it, and a highlander appeared descending from a flight of broken steps that led from the tower to the sea ; it was one of his clanmen, that had been instructed for the occasion ; he hit well upon his minion ; his face was savage as the height on which he stood ; and his broad and gigantic shoulders seemed to have been nurtured by the prowling wolf, rather than the breast of woman. On his coming to the bottom of the steps, he untacked a little

pinnacle, and rowed it immediately to the sloop, into which was placed the still unconscious Clara, whom the Earl of Glenmurry there left, and instantly repaired back to his own Castle, artfully reported the sudden death of his sister; and had her supposed remains deposited, with all funeral pomp, in the family chapel at Loch-Pine.

Clara, on coming to herself, found that she was lying on a low hard bed in a little unfurnished chamber. Amazed and bewildered, she turned her eyes on all sides to enquire where, or in what place she was; they encountered a young woman that was sitting on the farthest side of the bed; and upon another survey, discovered her to be Jessy, one of her waiting women, that used to attend her at Loch-Pine. On being observed by Lady Clara, she burst into tears, and begged her dear lady not to think that she had any hand in bringing her to this frightful place. “O, heavens! In what place then am I?” screamed the affrighted Clara. “Lord, then, my dear sweet lady, don’t you know

that you are confined in this old dismal tower, that stands on the heights of Rona; and where my wicked, wicked uncle, brought me three weeks ago, to attend, as he said, upon some grand lady, that was out of her mind? I am sure, I have never shut my eyes since I came here.”—“ Father of Mercies !” exclaimed the distracted Clara, as she rose up in her bed, “ am I never to behold again my Cleveland and my child ?”—A pause of several minutes succeeded, while her eyes were fixed in a soul piercing gaze on a little window that stood at the bottom of the bed. “ Be comforted, sweet lady,” said the weeping Jessy; the sound of her voice, broke the horrible silence of Lady Cleveland, who awakened to a thorough knowledge of her wretched situation; shrieked loudly with dismay, and tearing her beautiful hair, called woefully on her husband and her Adelaide; and then exclaimed against her brutal, her ruthless, her sordid brother.

Thus passed, in all the frenzy of confirmed despair, the first weeks of her cap-



tivity ; and rarely could the affrighted Jessy persuade her to partake of the least nourishment. After she had remained there for some months, she was so composed as to think in some measure of escaping ; and though it was a vain, a fruitless hope, yet it diverted her mind from giving up to those severe paroxysms of grief, which she did on her first imprisonment. She had a thought of petitioning Malcolm to become her friend ; but, alas ! she had no gold to bribe him ; and to solicit him would be fruitless. But if she could attract the notice of some ship perchance she should succeed. She communicated her ideas to Jessy ; for Jessy was a faithful creature, and entered into all her lady's schemes, with the eagerness of a simple and ingenuous soul.

One day, as they were conversing on the subject nearest to their hearts, they agreed to hang a white badge at the window of the chamber that looked next to the sea, and thereby could not be discovered by the watchful Malcolm ; and

every morning the veil of Lady Clara was extended, and again sorrowfully taken down at night. Her favourite and almost constant retreat, was reclining over the grey southern battlement, because it fronted that spot of earth, where still she hoped her Cleveland and her child existed. Her stedfast and immoveable gaze would almost pierce the horizon, while the breezes of old ocean, as if attracted by the captive beauty, would wanton amid the ringlets of her yellow hair. Ere the golden rays of morning were shed on the clouds, she would lift her head from its noisome pillow, and sorrowing seek her lonely tower ; there would she stay, till tired evening laved her tresses in the sea.

One day as she was thus sitting, she was in ecstasy at the sight of a little bright spot, which she discerned upon the waves, as she concluded it was some vessel, and was going to call aloud upon Jessy, when she saw the frightful Malcolm parading the strand, with his shouldered musket, on the same side on which she was sitting ;

it was therefore evident that he had seen the speck as well as herself ; she quietly descended the broken stair-case that led to her little chamber, in order to impart the joyful tidings to Jessy, who eager to behold the delightful sight, returned in an instant with her lady to the tower, where they waited with almost breathless anxiety the event. In a little time the vessel became visible ; its white sail glittered in the sun beam ; Clara and Jessy waved their handkerchiefs, the invitation was observed by the crew, for a small boat was put out and triumphantly cut the billows towards the dreary Rona. It arrived at the foot of the watch tower. Lady Cleveland could hold no longer—liberty or eternal captivity was now to be her lot, and uttering a piercing shriek, she frantically begged for succour. The man that rowed the boat was a Norwegian ; he seemed not to comprehend her, and endeavoured to draw nearer under the battlement, but by this time, the watchful Malcolm was at the foot of the steps, and pointing his loaded musket at the bosom of the sailor, threat-



ened him with instant death, if he did not immediately depart. The man, alarmed at his menaces, was fearful of his life, and retreated, without heeding the despairing cries of the distracted Clara.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

AFTER this event, days, weeks, months, nay years of misery succeeded, and left the wretched captive in hopeless despondency. Tears followed tears, and yet as many tears remained; sigh followed sigh, and still as many sighs were there to come. The howling tempests of the blackened north, during seventeen long winters pelted her prison. The rays of as many tedious summers peeped into her joyless window, but still no comfort came. The roses that bloomed in her gladsome youth, now no longer rested on her cheek. And the lustre of her azure eye, alike had sunk in dimness. She was resigned, patient, and melancholy. She had forsaken her station on the battlement, and would now sit for hours together in her bed-room, gazing on the miniature of her Cleveland, and her child; they were

now her only consolations in her solitude, and even had you seen her at these moments, you would have conceived her to have been happy. Sometimes she would accompany Jessy to gather fuel for their fires, and cull shell fish on the sands for their mid-day repast.

While she was thus employed, attired in her dark and loose robe, that displayed the dazzling brightness of her fine yellow hair, waving like a sun-beam on the brow of a storm, she resembled the forsaken genius of the desolate isle, or rather some beautiful sprite, who, bewildered and forlorn, was wandering among its treeless wilds.

One morning, as they were thus occupied, the sound of a bugle pierced the ear of the terrified Clara. Why tremblest thou, poor captive, life and liberty now await thee? Dress thy pale cheek with roses, thy blue-eyes with lustre.

Lady Cleveland turned round her head to see from whence the sound issued, and beheld approaching her a youth beauteous as Telemachus conducted by the towering Malcolm. He held out his hand to greet



the astonished Clara, but as she drew near him his lips quivered and he leaned his head on the broad shoulder of his guide. Recovering his composure he raised it again, and said "Lady Cleveland, my name is Mac Keith. In me you behold the husband of the innocent Marion, the daughter of the Earl of Glenmurry, whom Heaven has summoned from earth with all his impieties on his head ; on his death-bed he confessed his crimes and your captivity."—"Peace be to his soul," ejaculated the pious Clara, as she reclined, overpowered, on the bosom of Jessy, from whence she would have sunk to the ground ; but for the support of her nephew's arm. He led her to the ruined watch tower. His noble soul wept womanish tears as he beheld the dismal prison of his injured aunt. By mid-day they were ready to depart, assisted by the joyful Jessy, and the generous Mac Keith. Lady Cleveland was placed in the shallop, and soon lost sight of the barren shores of the inhospitable Rona. They arrived safely at the castle of Glenmurry, where Marion

was waiting the arrival of Mac Keith to accompany her to Savoy, in hopes of enticing back to his country the self-exiled Lord Fitzallen. Lady Cleveland joined them to Paris, eager to attain some information of her husband and her child. Her first step was to apply to the police for her old friend, Louis Brabant; but being there informed that he had for some years past resided at Grenoble, she instantly dispatched a letter to him; and, after anxiously waiting three weeks for his reply, received her own letter back, which had been opened by the post-master, who intimated that the person of that name had absconded from that city some months, and no one could tell whither. This intelligence was a thunder bolt to the hopes of Lady Cleveland, and brought on her a most alarming malady; and a dispatch was instantly forwarded for the immediate attendance of Marion and Mac Keith, who arrived just as the disorder had taken a favourable turn, and in a few days entirely forsook her, when, hearing of the amiable Delamere and his only daughter, named

Adelaide, a vague idea crossed her mind that they might be the objects of her tender and painful solicitude ; on the strength of this supposition, she instantly sped back with her niece and nephew to Savoy, and arrived just in time to shed the tear of maternal regret in the grave of her only child.



## CHAP. XXV.

As I have given my readers an account of Lady Cleveland's captivity, I must now take a peep at the proceedings of the cottage. O! what a fortunate incident to hit upon; the very moment when Clara, having finished the recital of her adventures, and while a smile of saddened remembrance lit up her faded blue eye, she reclined her head on the bosom of her beloved Cleveland. Marion was wiping off the tears that watered her pensive cheek, which Mac Keith observing, he pressed her hand in secret. No sound disturbed the delightful calm that succeeded; till Lisette, tapping at the door, enquired if they were ready for supper, urgently remarking at the same time, that the pigeons were done to perfection. Clara sadly smiled and assured her, that the whole company were prepared. Li-

sette was now in her element, and throwing open the door, began to make the customary preparations with all her usual importance, and triumphantly placing the birds at the head of the table, sorrowfully remarked, at the same time, that the wing of the smallest was rather scorched, but that was no fault of hers. "No, no, my good woman," said Mac Keith, smiling, "undoubtedly it was the fire's." Lisette, though not perfectly pleased, condescended to simper.

The following week, Mac Keith, with a trembling hand and sick heart, unfolded the packet, which the amiable and unfortunate Lord Fitzallen had directed to Cleveland. It contained a disposal of that property which he possessed independent of his father. Three thousand pounds was bequeathed to his compassionate friend Delamere, and the same sum to father Philip, with a handsome annuity to Lisette and Nimrod. On the contents being imparted to Cleveland, he made over his portion to the monastery of Saint Benedict.

## CHAP. XXVI.

WHEN the inhabitants of the cottage breathed their farewell devotions on the tombs of Adelaide and Fitzallen, every eye swam in tears ; the struggle was violent to Cleveland and his Clara ; their breaking hearts received the final benediction of the good, the pious father Philip, who deeply lamented the departure of his friends, with whom he promised constantly to correspond. Their fairy cottage, which the taste of their dear departed Adelaide had so sweetly adorned, they bequeathed to the loquacious Lisette and the little Nimrod ; Marion took a most beautiful sketch of it, as well as of the cave of her beloved brother, and when she did the last, her gentle heart wept drops of blood. From Savoy our pensive travellers proceeded to Montpelier ; it was



the wish of Lady Cleveland to behold again that place, that hallowed place, where her youth's star of happiness rose brightly upon her, glittered fairly awhile, though it set dimmed in tears. Lady Marion urged it strongly ; she had been in love with Montpelier ever since the recital of her aunt's story. The desire of Clara was the will of Cleveland ; the wish of Marion the life of Mac Keith ; and they arrived at that town in the decline of one of the fairest days that ever smiled upon its orange-tree valleys. On their taking refreshment at the inn where they alighted, they enquired of the landlord respecting their former residence. He informed them that it was occupied by a poor Parisian artist and his daughter and little son ; but he believed that the poor Monsieur Le Clerc was obliged to keep out of sight ; for there were two queer looking gentlemen enquiring for him last night. " How long has he resided there ?" interrupted Lady Cleveland. " About six months, Madam," rejoined the landlord ; " and to tell you plainly,

I believe they lived too fast at Paris, for it seems but bad times with them now ; and as for Mademoiselle, she has no pupils.”—“ Does she keep school ? ” demanded Lady Clara. “ No, Madam, she teaches drawing. I have one of her cards.”—“ Pray produce it,” said Marion, with eagerness, who was dying to behold Mademoiselle Le Clerc. The card was brought, which intimated that flower painting was taught, and an assortment of bouquets and fancy-work offered for sale. After perusing it Marion hurried the party to proceed, and though she knew not a jot of the way, seized the arm of Mac Keith and led the van ; not so with Lady Cleveland, who reclining on her husband’s arm followed with tardy steps. She longed yet dreaded to behold again the place where her Adelaide first saw the light. They were arrived in sight of the well known gate that led into the little meadow that fronted the cottage. Mac Keith enquired if they were right, Cleveland bowed assent, and Marion, leaving his arm, ran up the meadow with a full in-

tention to buy of Mademoiselle as many things as she could carry back to the inn. On her coming to the garden that enclosed the cottage, she eagerly pushed open the wicker gate and was at the door in a moment. It was opened by a tall, interesting girl, attired in a faded frock of blue silk ; she was remarkably pale, though a faint blush crossed her countenance as she encountered Lady Mac Keith, who presumed that she was Mademoiselle Le Clerc, and would be obliged by her showing her some of her paintings. She modestly curtseyed in the affirmative ; and was preparing to unlock the exhibition-room, when a little boy, about six years of age, came running in, and called out " Rosalie, Rosalie, shall I come in alone, Rosalie ? " Her face was crimsoned, and pulling an orange hastily from her pocket, she said " No, no, Paul, go and play in the garden." Marion sympathetically devined the occasion of her emotion ; for the toes of little Paul were seen through his shoes. By this time Cleveland and Lady Clara were coming up the



steps, whom Marion observing, begged Mademoiselle to allow them to go round the gardens, as they had some years ago lived in the cottage and had a wish, if it were not inconvenient, to review those grounds they were once so partial to. Rosalie, with the utmost politeness, assured her they were welcome. Cleveland took the hand of his wife, and led her mechanically to the seat under the olive. The tree was increased amazingly in height, though the bark still bore the name of Clara's Bower. It had been sculptored by the knife of Cleveland, and as he pointed out the well remembered motto, his tongue faltered, and he endeavoured to hide a few officious tears ; but they were observed by Clara, and hers flowed copiously ; a charm invincible bound them to the spot, musing on all the sad, though pleasing luxury of pensive recollection, till the voice of Marion invited them in to admire her purchases. They obeyed the mandate, but, ere they had gone three steps, sympathy impelled them to go back so take one more look, one

sad and lasting farewell look, at the consecrated olive ; nay another, and a second lingering glance they gave, but Marion was impatient, and reluctantly they went. On passing through the vestibule, Clara turned into the little parlour, and breaking into an involuntary exclamation, said “ look here, dear Cleveland ! there is the niche in which our Adelaide’s cradle stood ; and here is the very spot where Louis Brabant released you.” Mac Keith, Marion, and Rosalie entered at this moment ; but the latter’s cheek, at the mention of Louis Brabant, changed colour, and approaching Lady Cleveland, she falteringly enquired, if she knew that person. “ O ! yes, yes,” rejoined Lady Clara, interrupted by her tears ; “ he was one of my dearest friends.” — “ Then,” replied Rosalie, hesitating, “ he is—he is—my father !” — “ Good Heavens !” said Cleveland, rising from the window, into which he had sunk to indulge his emotion. “ Lead me, take me to him.” Rosalie looked distressed, and seemed to be doubting whether she had done right or wrong. Lady Cleve-



land pressed her cheek, and urged her to fetch her a pen and ink. She returned with one in an instant, which Lady Clara taking from her, presented to her husband, who, drawing a piece of paper from his pocket, wrote on it these words.

“Cleveland remembers the faith of Louis Brabant, and is impatient to embrace him;” then rolling it up, he requested Rosalie to carry it to her father. She trembled as she received it, and left the room. In less than ten minutes she re-appeared; and giving her father’s compliments to Monsieur Cleveland, said, as he was indisposed, would he excuse seeing him in his chamber? Cleveland followed her upstairs, and Lady Clara ascended with them; they were conducted to his bedroom, the window curtains of which were drawn; they discovered the good officer sitting in one corner, who, on their entering, arose to greet them. Cleveland embraced him; and Clara kissed his hands, and enquired where lay his indisposition. Brabant, with his usual brevity, told her his complaint lay chiefly in his pocket.



“Then we will relieve it instantly,” said Cleveland. Louis Brabant informed him in a few words, of the condition of his circumstances ; said “that, after toiling all his life to procure an independence, which the bounty of Lady Clara almost completed, he deposited it in a bank at Grenoble, where he intended to reside, having resigned his post under government, hoping to spend the close of his days in comfort and peace ; but the bank failed about nine months ago ; and being rather involved, was obliged to abscond from Grenoble, and coming to Montpellier, he found this cottage vacant, which before had been occupied by a Venetian, who was retired to his own country, and that his sole dependence rested now on the acquirements of his daughter, whom he had liberally educated ; but, alas !” added the worthy Louis, “she meets with cold encouragement through the lack of appearances.” His story being finished, Cleveland gave him an order for two thousand pounds, which sum he would deposit in a house at Mont-

pelier ; The tear of gratitude spoke eloquent truths on the rough cheek of the silent Brabant ; and raising his eyes to Heaven, he secretly thanked his God and his friends ; and fervently grasping the hand of Cleveland, was by him conducted downstairs, and presented to Marion and Mac Keith, who joined in the general invitation, that he would come and reside in Scotland.

Rosalie's, the now happy Rosalie's eyes sparkled ; but her father preferred his own country. By this time night-fall commenced ; and the party left the cottage with a promise of taking an early breakfast there the following morning before they embarked for Colioure ; from which place they intended to proceed to the Pyrenees. Morning came, and Rosalie, with a grateful and happy heart, prepared the breakfast ; the guests soon attended ; and after partaking of a hasty repast, took a lively farewell of the worthy Brabant, his amiable daughter, and the little sprightly Paul. On the morrow, by mid-day, they arrived in sight of the green

verdant vale that led to the cottage of Gabriel, the good huntsman. Lima was sitting at the door busily employed in plucking a wild fowl ; on hearing the footsteps of the strangers she forsook her avocation and appeared in amaze at the approach of such a host, brushed the feathers off her apron, and pulled forward her bonnet. Cleveland was by this time at her side, and clapping her on her shoulder, exclaimed, " good Lima, do you remember me ? " Lima looked for some minutes in his face, and at length broke out into this exclamation, " Good God ! it is the dear good gentleman. Heavens bless you, Sir ; I never thought to see you again," wiping away, as she concluded her speech, the tears that stood in her eyes. Here the rest of the company surrounded them, and Lima observing Marion, ran instantly towards her crying in ecstacy, " this, this, is my own dear Miss Adelaide ; I know her by her eyes." This was probing the soul of poor Cleveland to the quick ; and flying into the cottage, and throwing himself on the little rough hewn bench,



he deplored with tears of agony the death of his child, where he had so many years before lamented the supposed death of his wife. Clara was at his side, and Marion and Mac Keith remained in the garden to undeceive the good Lima, who wept the decease of her sweet Miss Adelaide with unfeigned regret, and was going to fetch them one of her little red shoes, which she said she had kept ever since hung up in her blue cupboard, and to tell them the truth, neither she nor Gabriel ever looked at it without crying. She was repairing to the cottage to present it to them, when Marion detained her, telling her it would only be a painful memento to her parents. Here the footsteps of Gabriel were heard coming up the path that led to the garden. Lima ran to meet him, and imparted the joyful intelligence, that the good gentleman and his lady were come on purpose to see them ; but that the sweet Miss Adelaide was not of the number. "No, Gabriel," continued his wife, "the poor dear young creature is in heaven. But don't say a word about her."

The joy that thrilled through the frame of Gabriel at the news of the good gentleman's arrival was suddenly damped, on hearing of Adelaide's death; and going up to the cottage he was met at the door by Cleveland, who had recovered and was coming out to enquire after him. Time had made an apparent alteration in the appearance of the worthy Gabriel; autumn was departed, and the winter of advancing age had frosted with silver his once shining black hair, though his cheeks were as ruddy as ever. Cleveland pressed his hand with affection, while the simple Gabriel conveyed in nature's own eloquence the joy of his guileless heart.

After resting a few hours at the cottage, during which they were regaled with some broiled wild fowl, cold kid, and sallad, followed by a desert of dried fruits and wine, which Lima set off in her best style. At the conclusion of the repast, Cleveland and lady Clara put into their hands a handsome present, which, to use their own words, would make them happy for life. Our travellers returned to Colioure, and

after residing there a few days, proceeded through France on their way home, and without further accident arrived safely within the venerable portals of Loch Pine, where they were received by the enraptured lord William, now Earl of Glenmurry, the faithful Alice, and the joyful Jessy.

The tenantry of Lady Cleveland were assembled in the hall, and the wild music of Scotland sweetly resounded amid the walls of the long forsaken and neglected mansion.

END.