

CANTERBURY TALES.

Sarajee Rajah 1827

VOLUME THE SECOND.

585



BY SOPHIA LEE.

And sure there seem of human kind
Some born to shun the solemn strife?
Some for amusive tasks designed
To soothe the certain ills of life?

SHENSTONE.

THE THIRD EDITION.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR G. AND J. ROBINSON,
PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1803.



YOUNG LADY'S TALE.

THE TWO EMILYS.

Unaw'd by piety, who, led by will,
Dares boldly to retaliate ill for ill,
Too late, in bitterness of soul, shall own,
Judgment, and vengeance, are with God alone.

SIR EDWARD ARDEN was the chief surviving branch of an Irish family of that name, lineally distinguished for birth, and for many generations very highly allied. He had early married a Scots lady, who

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ranked kings among her ancestors; and her prejudices had confirmed his own, in favour of the rights of the expelled house of Stuart. Perhaps in this opinion he only indirectly flattered the pride that told him his children might hope much, did a monarch reign to whom they could claim affinity. Pride has been justly ranked among the first of human foibles; but it has one advantage over the rest—it is generally single in the mind. A proud man demands so much of himself, that if his heart is not the seat of virtue, it must be from his reckoning among his wants, understanding. Sir Edward Arden had no other failing than pride: with bounded means he often contrived to be munificent; and with many immediate claims on his feelings, he had yet a stock of sympathy ever ready for the unfortunate. Not doubting that he should meet a counterpart in his sister, Lady Lettingham, whom he had not seen for many years,

years, he quitted Ireland in the year 1744, with two children whom the preceding one had left motherless; resolving to commit these treasures to the care of his sister, and follow the fortunes of Charles Stuart.

Lady Lettingham was not without her brother's failing: though pride in her took not the rich colouring of virtue. Distinguished for beauty, she had early married advantageously, and passed her whole life within the chilling circle of a court. The great satisfaction she expressed at finding her little nephew and niece exquisitely handsome, was soon lost when she understood from their father that they were to become her charge, while he was going to embark in a desperate scheme; the event of which the courtiers prognosticated, while the prospect filled them all with horror. The arguments used by Lady Lettingham to detain her brother, were so ill calculated

to act on a high and generous spirit, that he only lamented he had exposed himself to hearing them; or sought for his children a guardian so worldly and narrow-minded. The two so dear to him were yet, however, but children; and he thought that he should certainly return soon enough to prevent their being contaminated greatly, either by their aunt's precepts or example. Finding every effort to change Sir Edward's resolution ineffectual, Lady Lettingham exacted one compliance, which even her brother thought not unwise—to assume the family name of his wife, in taking up arms, that his own might be saved from disgrace, if he failed. Having acceded to this, Sir Edward took a long leave of all dear to him,—for he was among the butchered prisoners, after the battle of Culloden.

Lady Lettingham consoled herself with thinking the evil ended there. She wore

no mourning, paid her devoirs to the triumphant duke, and ere long got her young nephew recommended to his protection; whose little hand innocently took, from that stained with the blood of his father, a commission. Her beauty yet gave Lady Lettingham influence; and a nobleman, distinguished for his wit, politeness, and general acceptance, undertook to give the young Sir Edward Arden some of those diabolical worldly precepts, which he perpetuated in his letters to his son.

Lady Lettingham having thus, to her own admiration, acquitted herself of her promise to her brother, in taking care of his son, now turned her whole attention towards his daughter. Nature had been lavish to the young lady of the dangerous grace of beauty; and her aunt well knew, if the mind could be disposed in a certain manner, *that* might procure the possessor every other

advantage. She had once been near supplanting the Countess of Yarmouth herself; and there would be more kings, as well as more favourites. Anxiously therefore did she practise on a most delicate complexion, by delicate cosmetics; anxiously form to every fantastic twist of fashion, Miss Arden's rich profusion of auburn hair: now would she fadden, by chicken gloves, to an insipid whiteness, those white hands tinted within, by the bounty of nature, with the hues of the rose and the hyacinth; and now check the agile grace of youth, that the drawing-room step, and haughty bend, might early become habit, and a due consideration of the rank of the person spoken to, be always taken into view in the civilities of salutation. All this was at length done to Lady Lettingham's satisfaction; and Miss Arden, at the age of fifteen, became as cold-hearted, supercilious, and ignorant, as even her aunt herself. But she had

had beauty, manner, fashion; and, in the glow of intoxication which universal admiration excites, sunk on her admirers all her inward deficiencies.

Thus to have formed her niece could alone console Lady Lettingham for the misery her nephew brought on her. Sir Edward Arden had, most unluckily, his father's failing, pride; therefore knew not how to accept a favour, far less to sue for one. He had another failing, equally incompatible with success in life,—sincerity. He had been known to treat Lord C's opinion with contempt; and even to mention openly many other noblemen as knaves or fools. To add to his aunt's affliction, he had warm passions, and gave a boundless loose to them. Hardly less lovely in person than his sister, he was surrounded with rich young women, among whom he might have commanded his own fortune, had he not been

for ever raving over a dice-box, or masquerading with some kept mistress. Want of money, which makes so many men villains, alone made Sir Edward Arden rational, or good. The generous spirit of his father would then revive in him; and he disdained to be lavish at the expence of other people.

The beauty of Miss Arden soon drew to her aunt's house the amorous, the gay, the dissipated. Lady Lettingham played well, and high: nay, it was thought she thus half supported her splendid establishment. Those who knew this, often chose to purchase the honour of flirting with the beautiful Miss Arden, by a sacrifice of their superfluous cash; while spendthrifts, new to life, imputed those immense losses to love, which they should rather have ascribed to ignorance.

The race of life, however, in the higher circles,

circles, is soon run : bounded minds, like sickly appetites, are subject to satiety ; and it is not so necessary the object, or the dish, should be superior to the former, as new. Miss Arden with astonishment saw one train of lovers disappear ; but another succeeded, and her astonishment was forgotten. Lady Lettingham had found such a harvest in the attraction of her niece, that she was in no hurry to marry her ; and it was not till Miss Arden became a deposed toast, that she ever guessed her sovereignty was doubted. Disappointment embittered a mind not without pride, though without any power to turn that to a generous use. In this frightful conjuncture she cast her eyes upon the few admirers who had not yet deserted, to see if among them she could choose a husband that might save her vanity—her heart she had never thought it necessary to consult. But now, her condescension was not less fatal to her views than her insolence had formerly been.

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The man who understood the proud beauty meant at last to marry him, found so many reasons to avoid the chain, that Miss Arden soon saw herself without a lover. To be a departed beauty at twenty-one, was beyond all endurance ;—she arraigned her aunt for bringing her out a mere child—the men for liking the mere children better than had come out since—and the whole world for not doing justice to her charms. Taste, however, she had not lost ; and that, happily displayed, might have the effect of novelty. Milliners were worn out ; mantua-makers' brains racked ; but, however singular—however elegant—the Arden robe, the Arden bonnet, no more became the rage ; and Miss Arden was obliged to be overlooked, or to follow the whim of some other Miss, who had no advantage over her but that of not having yet palled the public eye.

Her mother's prayer-book continually
reminded

reminded Miss Arden she was only twenty-four, when, in the world of beauty and fashion, she saw too clearly that she was a dead letter. If a young country baronet presumed at an assembly to use his own eyes, and cry out, that there was not a woman so handsome as Miss Arden present, the opera glass of *ton* was instantly levelled—"Ah, Miss Arden! poor Miss Arden! yes, she *has* been handsome;—I *remember* her a toast." The stranger stood corrected, and often was ashamed to have given a judgment in which no man of his own age joined.

Life is not life on terms like these to an acknowledged beauty; and Miss Arden was continually considering how to change to advantage her sphere of action, when the death of Lady Lettingham ascertained her fate. The high style of that lady's establishment made her debts exceed all
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she left behind ; and the beautiful Miss Arden suddenly beheld herself without a lover, a friend, a fortune, or a home.

Sir Edward Arden, on whom, in the helplessness of an unformed mind, his sister threw herself, felt now, even to the extent, the evils of thoughtlessness and self-indulgence. The little fortune he had inherited was already gone—the beauty he eminently possessed already faded—the friends mere kindness might have secured to him, offended by his excesses, or chilled by his neglect, were all withdrawn ; and he had now to support and guard a young woman, spoiled by the idolatry of that world by which she was already forgotten ; and without one resource in her own mind against its insults or its evils.

It is among the many advantages which men possess over women, that they may, if
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they will, know themselves ; and perhaps to that alone may be ascribed their superiority of judgment in all the great contingencies of life. Women breathe, as it were, in an artificial atmosphere ; and what hot-house rose can bear without shrinking even the genial gales which bring the garden plants to perfection ? Yet, let not the men, therefore, impute to themselves the power of escaping the universal charm of flattery :—on the contrary, from its very novelty, it has on them, in some instances, such a wonderful effect, that a well-imagined or well-timed compliment, from a fair lady, has, perhaps, ere now, deposed a king, or made one.

During a country visit to a lady whom Sir Edward Arden prevailed on to invite his sister, while she mourned for her aunt, it occurred to them all, that India was a soil rich in wealth, and as yet unpeopled
with

with beauties ; where a young woman, with merely a tolerable person and reputable introduction, seldom failed to make her fortune. What then might not the highly born, highly bred, beautiful Miss Arden promise herself ? The Governor, who was soon to depart for that country, was among those *bon vivants* whom Sir Edward termed his *friends*. Mr. Selwyn had already brought home an immense fortune from the East, and was now to return in a high style. Several ladies availed themselves of his patronage and protection, and were to partake his accommodations ; but to Miss Arden all gave way : and Governor Selwyn always presenting her his hand, and the first place, she found, even in her humiliating voyage, a pre-eminence which gratified a mind at once arrogant and weak.

Governor Selwyn was one not less favoured

voured by fortune, than slighted by nature. He was more than ordinary,—disgusting. Courage and cunning had, at his outset in life, supplied the place of virtue and fortitude: he therefore had brought back to England rank, wealth, reputation. He lived for some years magnificently; not because he was generous, but luxurious; and he speculated in the Alley, only to multiply those riches which already were more than he ought to have possessed, or knew how to enjoy. The consequence is obvious. A single error undid him. His substantial wealth vanished, but the name of it still remained; and, to impose on his own circle, he even increased that high style of living which he had no just means of maintaining. But Governor Selwyn had already lived long enough to know, that the only way to get money is not to appear to want it. He now assured his circle, all things in the East were going
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to rack and ruin for want of him ; nor could he longer resist the kind urgency, and splendid offers of his friends, to take once more upon him the irksome office which he thought he had given up for life. A word was sufficient to make the first tradesmen in London wait on him for orders ; and the Governor embarked in all the pomp of Eastern luxury, and surrounded with fair Europeans.

Miss Arden was so naturally beautiful and elegant, and so anxious ever to appear to advantage, that the Governor, having trifled in secret with two or three pretty light coquets, who laughed at his ugly face, and his superannuated gallantry, now resolved to devote himself to this lofty charmer. He already knew that she had no other aim than the other Misses—to make her fortune ; and that she would
value

value him but as she thought that might be ascertained : yet still he devoted himself to her. He was certain she was ignorant of the change in his circumstances ; and he had cheated his own sex so often, that it appeared a mere amusement to cheat a woman. Miss Arden listened to his gallantry like a well-bred lady, who knew exactly how to appreciate it. He soon saw that a rich or handsome rival might step in, and at least puzzle her choice. He therefore became more passionate, more importunate : and lest any doubt, on the score of fortune, should induce her to hesitate, he offered to sign a deed, obliging himself to settle the whole of his, on her and her heirs. Miss Arden paused. This was the best offer she had for a length of time had. The Governor might always interfere with her views, if rejected. She could have no more than *all* of any man's fortune. She forgot he was old and ugly, in the remembrance

that he was rich: and having allowed him to make a will, as the most secure and immediate method of ensuring to her his property, Miss Arden yielded; and the ship's chaplain married her to Governor Selwyn. As each had suppressed their motives in the match, love and reason could hardly have given to matrimony more apparent happiness: but, alas! all our enjoyments are uncertain, and this was absolutely fleeting. Governor Selwyn died almost immediately on reaching land. His disconsolate relict forgot neither the forms of her situation, nor its rights: but judge of her mortification and amazement, when she discovered that she was little richer than at her embarkation. She however adroitly availed herself of the example by which she had been duped. The fame of possessing a large fortune is almost equal to the possession of it, if the feelings are not nice. Governor Selwyn was embalmed in great state;

state; and his lovely widow again set sail for England, with all his train of black slaves, Indian canopies, gold services, and magnificent china.

Sir Edward Arden had, at her desire, procured his widowed sister a sumptuous dwelling; and she celebrated the obsequies of her "dear, dear generous Governor" with a grandeur that drew all eyes upon her.— "How lovely is Mrs. Selwyn in her weeds!" cried those who could not recollect Miss Arden in her simple mourning for Lady Lettingham. Her doors were besieged, and when it became her to open them, lovely, lovely Mrs. Selwyn was again the *ton*. Once more her name appeared in the newspaper—once more her face was at every print-shop: and all the world bowed at the feet of the rich widow.

But Mrs. Selwyn now knew the world in all its ways; and had no time to lose in

fixing some man of rank and fortune, as yet unversed in them. In her parties sometimes appeared the young Duke of Aberdeen. Through the avarice and partiality of his father, he had lived till near eight-and-twenty with little more information or acceptance than his steward; when a surfeit, taken at a public feast, carried both his father and elder brother out of the world, leaving him sole master of a large fortune, and distinguished by high rank. He rolled up to London immediately, with that prodigal splendour incidental to persons suddenly enriched; and then had good sense enough to discover that he wanted every thing but money to qualify him for superior society. The elegant manners of Sir Edward Arden attracted his notice. The beauty of his sister seized on his heart. Hardly able from *mauvaise honte* to reply to her graceful address to him, the noble rustic yet adored her for the very ease he wanted: and Mrs. Selwyn was in possession of
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of the Duke of Aberdeen's heart, ere the younger coquettes had woven the light chains by which they meant to enthrall it. Mrs. Selwyn soon saw in the constant visits of her lover, and the increasing awkwardness of his address, her power: but the great advantages of such a match easily led her to overlook the little defects of his mien.

Time, however, shewed her, that this unformed Duke had not only strong passions, but strong sense; and, however easy it might be to bias the first to her purpose, to act on the last required most refined address. She therefore grew more reserved in her conversation, though more impassioned in her manner. Whenever marriage was hinted at, she sunk into a tender rêverie; and sometimes, on her raising her eyes, the Duke saw those fine eyes flooded with tears. The indistinct alarm such a conduct caused,

increased his affection. He importuned her to confide to him the care that preyed on her heart, and blighted the happiness which she allowed him to hope for. Having wrung from her a promise of revealing the secret, she appointed him to come to her house the next evening, when the door should be closed on all but himself. The Duke saw, in this flattering distinction, a full assurance of success, and passed the tedious interval in revolving every possible cause for the distress of his beautiful widow, without once dreaming of the real one.

Mrs. Selwyn saw her fortune now at the point of a moment, and omitted no art of the toilette to improve her natural beauty. Her apartment was scented with the rich odours of the East; gauze shades softened every light: a gold muslin robe was girt to her graceful waist with a purple sash, and fell

fell in the luxurious drapery of a Circassian slave: while her heart, throbbing now with hope and now with fear, gave to her character what it naturally most wanted—sensitivity and interest. The Duke of Aberdeen, unused to the world, and to women, felt a strange and exquisite delight, when mysteriously conducted to such a Mahometan paradise. No sooner were they alone, than, falling at her feet, he implored her full, her promised confidence. She now entreated his pardon for having given him reason to expect it, but found herself so utterly unable to avow a circumstance which might rob her for ever of him, that she in vain resolved to be sincere. The anxious lover now found fear wrought up to agony: his conjectures over-did, as she meant they should, the reality: in fine, when at length he discovered that Mrs. Selwyn had nothing to give him but her heart and her hand, the Duke felt a transport so

great, that all the factitious part of her conduct and character was overlooked. A special licence was obtained the next day; and Sir Edward Arden was summoned to give the hand of his sister to the Duke of Aberdeen. She had influence enough over her husband to prevail on him to keep a secret now mortifying to both; and his fortune was too ample to render the payment of her debts a matter of any consequence.

Elevated almost beyond hope, the Duchess of Aberdeen had now only one wish ungratified; it was to mortify by her magnificence, overbear by her rank, and humble by her beauty, the whole circle with whom she once mixed. But the Duke had no taste for this kind of amusement; and to indulge the passion she had inspired, entreated her to retire to his seat in Scotland, in terms so strong, that she knew not how to avoid complying. Her brother took oc-
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caſion to point out to her the neceſſity of ſhewing her gratitude and affection to the Duke, by other means than a perpetual ſelf-indulgence. To rid herſelf of a troubleſome Mentor, and weary her huſband of his own plan, the Duchefs at length conſented to ſet out, with a magnificent ſuite, for her baniſhment. That her ſpleen might have an object, when it overpowered her reſolutions, the Duchefs, however, ſelected as a companion an humble couſin, of the name of Archer, who was thrown by family derangements on the bounty of Sir Edward and his ſiſter. Miſs Archer had had the ſingular advantage of engaging the regard of all who ever knew her; and for a very ſimple reaſon—neither nature, nor fortune, permitted her to rival any body. Her features had every diſadvantage of ugleneſs, but that of being remarkable; her figure was ſmall, her articulation imperfect. Accompliſhments would have been
been

been unnoticed in Miss Archer, and she had good sense enough to forbear displaying those which she indulged herself in acquiring. She had, however, a mind strong by nature, and improved by literature; a just and refined taste, and a sweetness of temper few women can boast. These advantages are of so little estimation in polished society, that Miss Archer had reached five-and-twenty without having it in her power to gratify any passion, in either accepting, or rejecting, a single lover. She had the additional vexation of being always a selected person to assist at the nuptials of her young friends; and became the universal confidante of other people's love affairs and griefs, because she had none of her own to burden them with in return, while she shewed patient sweetness in hearing, as well as advising. Such a friend might have been the first of blessings to the Duchess of Aberdeen, had she sought by rational

tional means rational happiness: but no sooner had that lady convinced herself that the Duke's magnificent domains contained not one person worth either charming or fretting, than she sunk into *ennui*. Even her beauty no longer engaged her care; and when the Duke insinuated any displeasure at her utter neglect of herself, and him, she petulantly asked, if he would have her dress for the owls and the daws; and that if he meant to see her what she used to be, he must let her mix again with those whom she was used to mix with. Miss Archer's gentle hints she treated with superlative contempt; and the Duke of Aberdeen felt his heart was already thrown back on his hands.

In the friendship of Sir Edward Arden, both yet found a solid good, and an equal satisfaction. The generous assistance of the Duke had enabled the Baronet to visit his
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native country, and pay off a mortgage on his patrimony, without which it would have been added to the estates of the Bellarney family. The Earl being lately dead, his vast fortunes were vested in his only child and heiress, Lady Emily Fitzallen; who was now first brought out at the Castle, and the beauty of the day. Sir Edward Arden saw her there, nor was he himself unseen. Beauty, symmetry, polished manners, and a most winning address, soon made him a universal favourite among the ladies; and the gentle Lady Emily amply repaid him for the admiration he gave her. The old Countess of Bellarney declared herself unwilling to give up a mortgage so very advantageous, as that of Sir Edward's estate. Many conferences ensued, at which Lady Emily was sometimes obliged to be present; when at length the Countess, to her infinite surprise, far from keeping Sir Edward's estate, understood that Lady Emily

Emily was ready to bestow on him all those which she inherited. The old lady's consent was unwillingly wrung from her; and Sir Edward suddenly found himself possessed of a most lovely and tender bride, with half a principality as her fortune. Time had corrected his love of dissipation, and every other foible, which bounded fortunes, and boundless wishes, had produced in him, during the early period of youth: and his high spirit, glowing heart, and refined character, so completely endeared him in a few months to Lady Bellarney, as well as to her daughter, that his will became no less a law with one than with the other. Sir Edward constantly corresponded with the Duke; and, in the description of his domestic felicity, often sharpened the pang of disappointment in his brother-in-law's heart. Yet in the hope of an heir the Duke found his affection revive; and as Lady Emily gave Sir Edward the same hope, it
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was gaily agreed between the husbands, that the lady who was first enough recovered to travel, should come to the other. The delicacy of Lady Emily's habit made her a severe sufferer for some months, when she became the mother of a sweet little girl. Great was the delight of the young mother, but, alas! brief. A cold taken by quitting her room too early brought on a fever, which so delicate a subject could not struggle through; and the distracted Sir Edward lost at nineteen the idol of his soul. So acute was his grief, that his health severely suffered. The scene of a happiness so dear became odious to him; he staid only to assist with the old Countess at the baptism of his daughter, whom he called by the beloved name of Emily, and, bathing her with tears, committed her, with all her vast fortune, to the charge of her grandmother, and resolved to seek, in the society of his sister and the Duke, for

for the peace he despaired even with them to find.

And well might he despair, for peace was already wholly banished from the seat of the Duke of Aberdeen. Born to love and hate with vehemence, that nobleman no sooner found that his wife took no pleasure in exciting the first passion, than she exposed herself to become the object of the last. Yet the impassioned heart will have some object, and none was within reach of the Duke but Miss Archer. She had no attraction save mind; yet, in the tyranny of a beauty, that was first brought to light. The Duke soon studied her convenience, soothed her wounded pride, found her necessary to his happiness, and well knew how to make himself so to hers. Exquisitely susceptible of gratitude, Miss Archer perceived not the danger of indulging its emotions, nor how fine that fibre of the human heart.

heart is by which the passions communicate. Hers were all awakened by the Duke, who better knew how to calculate his own influence than she did. Honour, feeling, every right principle, bade him spare the young woman who had no other good than the one which he might rob her of: but Miss Archer loved him, she alone loved him; and, in giving her up, he must destine himself to know only a chilling existence. He ventured, in a moment of loneliness, a mark of partiality; and surprised at a novelty like that of being beloved, a fearful kind of pleasure caused an exclamation from Miss Archer, but ill calculated to check a lover: the Duke felt his power, and soon won her. The bitterness of her remorse even in yielding, the excess of her tenderness, the reproaches she lavished on herself, and the anxiety with which she sought to keep alive in his heart even the passion she arraigned, all acted upon a
strong

strong character like the Duke's, and bound him wholly to her.

Tired of the constraint both were under in the house with the Duchess, the Duke often importuned Miss Archer to quit it, for a hunting lodge he had at a little distance, which was accordingly elegantly fitted up for her; but the boundless passion she had for him, made her rather choose to endure all the humours of his wife, than lose that portion of his society which she must have given up, had she accepted this disgraceful, though safe, home. Yet the situation she soon found herself in, shewed that was a measure she must ere long yield to.

The pregnancy of the Duchess caused a public joy, while that of Miss Archer gave a secret one, to her lover. He passionately desired a son; and therefore, as

far as possible, indulged the whims of the Duchess, while soothing more tenderly her guilty rival. A delicacy of mind which Miss Archer still cherished, made her anxiously conceal her situation; nor had the Duchess the least suspicion of it, when one day, the dessert being on the table, both ladies cast a longing look on a peach of singular beauty and size. Both at one moment reached out a hand to take it; but the Duchess, as the nearest, succeeded. Miss Archer struggled for a little while with her sense of disappointment, when, after changing colour many times, she fainted away. The exclamation of the Duke, his suddenly starting from his chair, his manner of caressing the guilty insensible, together with her person, on which the Duchess fixed her eyes, in one moment unfolded to that weak and furious woman the whole truth. The frenzy of her passion could not be controuled; she exhausted

hausted herself in reproaching her husband; and, seeing her wretched cousin beginning to revive, reviled her in the most opprobrious terms. The only effect of this ill-judged rage was to make the Duke throw aside all regard to decorum: he avowed the guilt she charged him with, but bade her find in herself his excuse; and soothing the unfortunate and silent Miss Archer, admonished his wife to imitate at least that part of her cousin's conduct. The Duchess, exasperated beyond all utterance, threw herself into violent fits; and the Duke, ordering the servants to convey her to her own apartment, led Miss Archer to hers himself; and leaving at the door several domestics, he charged them, at their peril, neither to admit the Duchess beyond that threshold, nor any of her peculiar attendants. He now went to visit his wife, who refused to see him; and having

given orders to her maids no less carefully to guard her, he withdrew.

The weak and guilty Miss Archer, who had against her better knowledge sacrificed her virtue, recovered from insensibility only to sink into despair. The Duke found her in its extremity, and spared no effort to reconcile her to herself, and those indignities and sufferings from which he could not save her. He solemnly vowed, that, as soon as the Duchess should have given him an heir, he would separate for ever from her; and in the interim her own safety should be assured by her going immediately to the lodge, already prepared for her reception, whither he meant to retire, till his wife came to reason. The physician he had sent for now arrived, who, finding Miss Archer had strong symptoms of premature labour, ordered her not
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to be removed. The Duke having reinforced his injunctions concerning her being unmolested, to the servants in charge, mounted his horse, and rode to the lodge, to meditate more at leisure.

The Duchess of Aberdeen, who had no complaint of the heart, was not long a sufferer. She no sooner understood that the Duke had quitted the house, than, notwithstanding her situation, she flew to Miss Archer's apartment, to thunder in her ears the flaming indignation with which she was yet bursting. The servants posted at the door resolutely opposed her entrance; and, after threats and prayers, she was obliged to retreat, that she might study a revenge proportioned to such insults. The suffering Miss Archer sent many humble letters, and messages, expressed in the most penitent and moving terms, to her cousin; but these only added fuel to the fire. The

Duchefs exhausted language to compose her answers, without finding any words bitter enough to express her feelings.

It was at this trying crisis that the melancholy widower, Sir Edward Arden, landed from an Irish bark on the shores of Scotland, and rather chose to be his own harbinger, than have notice given of his approach. Confused and astonished at sight of a guest so unexpected, the servants, by their eyes, referred Sir Edward from one to another, when he enquired for the Duke. Wholly occupied with his late loss, and his own sufferings, the Baronet now conceived the idea that his sister had ended her days in the same miserable manner with his youthful Emily, when he suddenly heard the voice of the Duchefs in not a very harmonious key. He flew to her arms, and remained long there (for he fondly loved her) lost in affliction and tears :

tears: those she shed, he for some time imputed only to sympathy for his loss; but observing, at length, that they redoubled when he named the Duke, while her cheeks burnt with anger, he considered what had past more dispassionately. He saw in her disordered dress, indignant features, and, when he named her Lord, broken accents, some grief beyond a common occasion; and he fondly entreated her to confide her soul's inmost care to a brother who adored her. The haughty imprudent Duchess gave way at once to all the frenzy of her jealousy; she related the past scene with every aggravation that her fancy suggested; while all the faulty part of her own conduct was unmentioned.

Having represented Miss Archer in a light sufficiently odious to exasperate even Sir Edward, the Duchess implored him to assert an authority which she had not;

and after he had turned the Duke's servants from the door of Miss Archer, then employ his own to expel her from the mansion, into which she had first brought guilt and misery ; declaring this the only satisfaction his brotherly interference could give her. Sir Edward felt even to the utmost the unworthy conduct of the Duke, and the representations of his sister ; but his generous nature revolted at the idea of thus insulting a wretched woman, who might be more unfortunate, than culpable ; nor would he promise to be guilty of inhumanity, however worthless the object. After pausing, he required of his sister a little time to prepare his mind and regulate his conduct ; then pressing her hand, fondly assured her, that she might safely entrust her cause to his care, since he would either restore or revenge her.

Sir Edward walked out to ruminate on
this

this strange *éclaircissement*, and form some eligible plan for removing Miss Archer, as the primary step to reconciling the married people. By the account of the Duchefs he in fact believed his cousin to be the sole aggressor, and of course the just object of punishment. He beheld the bark that brought him over yet moored in a little creek; it was manned by some Irish fishermen, whom an extraordinary payment would easily persuade to go to France; and his valet might by the same means be won to take charge of Miss Archer, and lodge her in a convent, where his own interest, and liberality, he was sure, would confine her.—This appeared a safe and eligible plan, if he could get the imprisoned lady to adopt it voluntarily. Yet he could hope to win her compliance only by one method—the idea that it was the proposal of the Duke; who had chosen this way, that he might avoid further exasperating

exasperating his wife, or endangering her own safety.

Sir Edward had received many letters from the Duke, and he past part of the night in counterfeiting his hand : which at length he thought himself sufficiently improved in to write a billet to Miss Archer.—He informed her, that, having heard Sir Edward Arden was arrived, he was doubly unhappy about her safety ; he advised her to escape, ere his imperious sister should have enraged him by her story ; adding, that, to secure her from pursuit, he had sent a small vessel to wait, with a woman to accompany her.—She had only to steal in the dusk of the evening alone to the garden gate, nearest the beach, where she would find that woman and a mariner attending to guard her to the bark. Early in the morning Sir Edward Arden confided his plan to his valet, who

who readily undertook its execution; and having charged him to fix on some woman capable of assisting Miss Archer, should the pains of child-birth seize her, together with every accommodation a person in expectation of them required, Sir Edward thought he had thus acquitted himself of the duties of humanity, as well as of his promise to his sister,

The frail Miss Archer had a little recovered from her pains, when the news of Sir Edward's arrival almost caused her to relapse. The quiet that succeeded lulled her into a false security; and his letter, which was delivered to her in great secrecy, as from the Duke, seemed a comfort sent her from heaven itself. Without once reflecting on the improbability of the Duke's being awed by the arrival of any one into a mysterious underhand proceeding in his own house, Miss Archer waited impatiently
for

for the appointed hour which was to enfranchise her. When that approached, she desired to pass the servants, who were placed only to guard, but who had no authority to imprison her; and stealing through the garden, blessed the moment that put her into the power of those whom she found waiting for her. Sir Edward's valet sent him, when the vessel set sail, the glad news of her having voluntarily, and unobserved, embarked. Sir Edward hastened to his sister, and without speaking of his arrangements, told her that she had for ever got rid of her troublesome and formidable rival; when the Duchess, subject to extremes, in a transport of gratified revenge, fell into labour, and soon gave birth to a fine boy. This event caused a jubilee in the family: the servants vied who should fly first with the news to the Duke, and Miss Archer was in a single hour forgotten.

In the time he had been obliged to spend in solitude, the Duke had reviewed his past conduct; and, even giving all the weight self-love could to the faults of his wife, he had not been able to acquit his own heart. Miss Archer, however tender her claim to compassion, escaped not her share of blame; and not all his understanding could reconcile interests so opposite, or fix on the point of morality, without sacrificing feeling and honour. He had half resolved to abide by his duty, even though he should for ever renounce Miss Archer, when he was informed of Sir Edward's unforeseen and unwished arrival. In the expectation of a challenge, the Duke relinquished all idea of conceding to his wife; and he found, with astonishment, a whole day passed away, without either brother or sister taking any step in which he was a party. This moderation on the part of Sir Edward the Duke considered as a favourable omen; when

when the amazing news that Miss Archer had by her own choice quitted his house, and that the Duchess had brought him an heir, at the same moment reached him. Convinced that no force could have removed Miss Archer, the Duke imputed her withdrawing only to the good offices of his brother-in-law, and called for his horses, impatient to return home. He was, however, met on the way by Sir Edward, whose face conveyed to the Duke the tenor of the conversation which he wished to hold with him. The servants retiring, Sir Edward haughtily enquired if the Duke was returning to atone for the wrongs he had done his helpless wife. The Duke replied, he considered the question as a challenge, and demanded his pistol. A word must have made them friends or foes, and to be the latter was their choice. They passed behind a thicket, and dismounting, the Duke stood the fire of Sir Edward;

Edward; then gallantly and firmly returned it. Sir Edward's second ball grazed the shoulder of his antagonist, who, throwing down the remaining pistol undischarged, cried out, " You have had your revenge, Sir Edward; and now, without attaching to myself an odious imputation, I may own I have erred. Forget that error, and let this embrace renew a friendship, which will, I hope, end only with our lives."

Who could resist so generous an enemy? —Sir Edward embraced the Duke, and felt that his sister must have been wrong, though he knew not how. The servants saw them return unhurt, and arm in arm, with a joy which they dared not express, and knew not how to dissemble. Sir Edward desired permission to hasten on, and prepare his sister to receive her husband. With infinite tenderness he imparted to her the whole proceeding; assuring her,
if

if he had the least knowledge of the human heart, gentleness and affection would for ever bind the Duke's. If, therefore, she prized her present or future happiness, she would never recall the idea of Miss Archer for one moment to his mind; but, by cherishing his tenderness towards herself and child, strive to make that unfortunate woman forgotten.

The Duchess's present situation had subdued her turbulent passions. She thanked her brother affectionately for his counsel, which she promised to follow. Sir Edward now conducted the Duke to her bedside, and left them together. The Duchess never looked more lovely than in the maternal character, and she was quite the mother. She held out one hand to her husband, and, with the other, pointed to the fine babe who lay sleeping beside her. A thousand tender and hitherto unknown sensations

sensations rushed through the frame of the Duke. He sunk on his knees, and now kissing the hand of his wife, and now the infant, entreated her to pardon, and rely on him. Tears were the general conciliators; and, from this time, the Duke and Duchess of Aberdeen began mutually to concede, and live well together. Sir Edward enjoyed the happiness he had made, and gave his own name to the young Marquis of Lenox, whose baptism was celebrated with princely magnificence.

The Duke, from time to time, vainly hoped Sir Edward would unfold to him the destination of Miss Archer; but, as her name never escaped his brother's lips, the Duke determined to rely on his honour, in having properly provided for her, and to shew his sense of the generosity by silence. Sir Edward himself was not so easy. The

time that had elapsed ought to have brought back his valet, yet he came not. He wrote to France—Miss Archer had never been heard of:—he then enquired for the fishermen, and their bark, at Bellarney; but, alas! the former had never returned: and Sir Edward, after many vain enquiries, was obliged to conclude that the unfortunate woman, whose fate he had ventured to decide, had found in the ocean a premature grave, together with the infant she was on the point of bringing into the world. Melancholy was so much the habit of his life since the death of Lady Emily, that even this gloomy impression added little to it. Time—together with the good consequences resulting from the sending away Miss Archer—and other contingencies, at length wore from Sir Edward's mind the painful recollection of her sad, and untimely fate.

The

The limited understanding, and advanced age of Lady Bellarney, together with the infancy of his daughter, made Ireland a melancholy, and unpleasant residence to Sir Edward. Both the Duke and his sister delighted in his society; and, save those periodical visits to his Emily, which the tender remembrance of her mother exacted from Sir Edward, he passed many years with relatives so beloved. The little Marquis, growing thus under the eye of his uncle, became his dearest care, and the sole object of his affection. Delighting to instruct the lovely boy, Sir Edward made the office of preceptor almost a sinecure to the gentleman entrusted with it. Nor was his fondness for his nephew to be termed partiality. The Marquis of Lenox joined to a beauty not less striking than his mother's, manly grace and mental energy, together with insinuating address, and polished manners. When Sir Edward left this beloved

youth, to visit the blossom blowing in the wilds of Ireland, how would his soul melt over the gentle image of his heart's dear Emily. Miss Arden already blended enchanting softness of manners with a frankness in which her father delighted. It was much, though vainly, his wish to educate her in England, and insensibly lead her heart towards that of the youth whom he fondly thought he could at any time lead towards her. This project by degrees took possession of his whole soul. He suggested it to the Duke and Duchess, who, seeing in Miss Arden the sole heiress of two great families, and an immense property, adopted the idea with all the facility her father could desire. The gentle Emily heard so much of her accomplished, her beautiful cousin, that all the vague indistinct attachment her early feelings allowed, followed the bent of her father's; who, triumphing in the soft blush which the name of the Marquis now always

ways called into her cheek, saw, in the ardour of his soul, its darling project already realised. Sir Edward had not, however, calculated all the prejudices he might have to contend with. The Marquis of Lenox, born to the first rank, an immense estate, great natural, and, in time, acquired, advantages, felt a haughty independence of mind which neither of his parents ventured to over-rule. He had from his birth been such a general concern — so inexpressibly dear — that to find himself irremediably bestowed in the most important of all points, shocked and offended him. That constraint at which all young minds revolt, appeared to him a peculiar hardship, and the little rustic in the wilds of Ireland a most unsuitable wife for a nobleman, who, all the family flatterers declared, might choose, and reject, in any house in England. His mistaken parents, and fond uncle, increased his disgust, by reckoning

on his prepossession; and the health of his little wife was at length a matter of ridicule to himself and his young companions. As time ripened his judgment, he recollected this *little wife*, this *early betrothed*, was the daughter of Sir Edward—that uncle, whose indulgence for him knew no bounds:—still she was a mere rustic, and a bride imposed on him. Therefore, to avoid seeing her, and break this tie, involuntary on his part, became the sole object of all his plans. Miss Arden and her cousin were eighteen, and Sir Edward had made many unsuccessful attempts to carry the latter over to Ireland. Now he was sick—now engaged in a shooting party—now obliged to appear at court—or, when all other excuses failed, the Marquis had but to assert his influence over his weak mother, and she would declare, that her death must be the certain consequence of his leaving her a single month. A little
piqued

piqued at delays which he could no longer misunderstand, Sir Edward departed, at length, without even inviting his nephew; having been much pressed to visit Ireland by an anxious, alarming letter from his daughter. On arriving at Bellarney, he found, a very common effect of dotage, that a young woman, who had been reared and educated by the bounty of the Countess as the humble companion of Miss Arden, had, through the indulgence of her aged benefactress, of late assumed to herself an authority and consequence very mortifying to a creature too gentle to check the insolence she suffered by. Emily Fitzallen, for this upstart was Lady Bellarney's god-daughter, had, by perpetual attention, and mean adulation, almost shut out the young heiress from the confidence and society of her grandmother, who became persuaded by this cringing assiduous friend, that Miss Arden was wanting in both affection and duty.

The concessions Sir Edward recommended to his daughter, as the most likely way to recover her influence, and displace the encroaching favourite, were, by her means, treated as mean and servile in Emily, whose life would have been without hope or happiness, had she not early imbibed the fond impression which her father had so often sought to give her, of the young Marquis. She languished to visit England, that she might improve the partiality she had been taught to believe mutual, and judge of the truth of the representation made of his charms and graces. She had asked for his picture, which her father had brought to her; but, though the Marquis never demanded hers in return, she was too new to life to see the slight, and contemplated his likeness every hour with increasing partiality. Finding how little the old Countess valued her society, Miss Arden had sometimes obtained leave of absence to visit
her

her mother's relations; but, even for that, was obliged to humble herself to her former companion.

Miss Emily Fitzallen was not less distinguished for either natural or acquired advantages than Miss Arden herself. Though of too low a birth to choose to have her origin investigated, she had a graceful and majestic mien, which often made her mistaken for the heiress of Bellarney. Miss Arden had blue eyes, long fair hair, and an air of the most exquisite feminine delicacy; the eyes of Emily Fitzallen were dark, penetrating, and impressive. Her complexion was of the white rose tint; and she strove to blend with a haughtiness of countenance, that sweetness which was foreign to her nature, though the genuine expression of her fair companion's.

In a little excursion which Miss Arden was permitted to make, with a neighbouring young lady newly married, it was proposed that the party should cross the channel in a pleasure-bark on the estate, and surprise the sister of this lady by an unexpected visit. Miss Arden alone interfered with the execution of this plan: yet who so much desired it? To breathe the same air with this irresistible cousin—to have but a chance of meeting him unknown—romantic thought! what girl of eighteen could reject it? Despairing to obtain Lady Bellarney's permission to quit Ireland, which her father had often vainly solicited, Miss Arden suggested, that, by taking another name, it might never be known she was one of the voyagers. The idea charmed them all: they vowed profound secrecy, and the anxious Miss Arden thus came at once upon her fate.

This

This scheme was not, however, quite so unstudied as it appeared. The two married sisters had agreed to convene a large party of the young, the gay, and the agreeable; and those who headed it, well knew that the two betrothed lovers would come across each other, though the Marquis would not be aware of his own predicament.

An individual excites little attention in a large party; but the consummate, though simple, grace of Miss Arden attracted universal observation. Her young heart beat without ceasing, when she found she was really going to see at last this cousin, on whose perfections she had been taught to dwell; but he, unapprised of the anxious expectation he excited, loitered by the way; and the masquerade, which was to be the last amusement, came without the Marquis of Lenox: yet still he was hourly expected. Never had the lovely Emily found it so
hard

hard to arrange her dress. In this solitary situation she had little variety, and no resources; but true beauty never appears more conspicuous than when thus thrown upon itself. In the habit of an Italian peasant, her neck and shoulders half covered with her rich profusion of fair hair, a mandoline in her hand, and the light air of a Grace in every step, Miss Arden appeared more captivating than if arrayed in all her mother's jewels. A buzz in the pavilion when she entered, informed her that a knot of young men, whom she now first saw, were the persons newly arrived, and a glance, that one of the dominos must be the Marquis. Her heart instantaneously made its election, and "Oh if that should not be my cousin!" sighed Miss Arden. Yet with the anxiety of the moment no mortification was blended. Accustomed to consider the husband elected for her as the being on earth whom she would have chosen for herself,

self, the gentle Emily knew not the revolting spirit that man often thinks virtue. Surrounded by a crowd of uninteresting admirers, Miss Arden studied in silence how to attract the notice of the elegant stranger, whom she learnt, by the flying whisper of her friend, to be the right person. That very notoriety she shunned, proved in reality the allurements by which the Marquis was drawn. "Who is that graceful Italian peasant, with the redundant locks of fine fair hair?" was his enquiry often repeated, and always in vain. "The fair stranger," was the general reply. *Fair*, indeed, thought he, if her face answers to that light and delicate figure. He hovered near awhile. Emily forgot the crowd that surrounded her. He spoke, and she heard in the whole busy circle only the voice of the Marquis. He lamented his loss in not seeing her face, or rather, he added, he ought to congratulate himself, as his fate would then have been
for

for ever fixed. The timid air with which this interesting stranger answered gallantry so general, something surpris'd him; but imputing her embarrassment to being unused to these meetings, he still followed, still flattered her. An irresistible something in the tone of her voice fascinated him: yet all it uttered bespoke a mind so sweetly formed—a soul of such sensibility—that he felt afraid to treat her as a common character. She is no masquerader, cried he to himself; now let me address her more respectfully: and, to convince her that no impertinence is meant, I will shew my own face. That beautiful face, so highly expressive of sense and sweetness, caught the eyes of Miss Arden, and impressed itself for ever on her imagination. The fine flush of agitation, hope, and a full room, heightened every glowing charm. His gay and pleasant air, the variety of his manner, in answering such numerous addressees as the
freedom

freedom of the place authoris'd, and the delicate way in which he interposed between this unknown charmer, and every light speech made to her, more than delighted, fix'd Miss Arden. But, dare I hope to gain such a creature? sigh'd she: or even if I do, dare I think it possible to keep him? They were now in an illuminated walk, leading from the pavilion to the house. The Marquis had distanced her masqued admirers, and the saving her from falling, when she accidentally slip'd, left him in possession of the softest whitest hand in the world. He now address'd her at once with more tenderness, and more rationality. The delicacy and justness of her replies enchanted him. This is indeed a creature to share one's life with, thought he; and Miss Arden felt that he more passionately grasped the hand which she was not prude enough to draw from him. Love insensibly became the subject of their discourse; he found the little white hand tremble:

tremble: good! thought our young man, I would have it do so—but before he had sufficiently recollected himself, Miss Arden again was mistress of her mind: “No, my Lord,” said she, with a gay raillery, in return to some fond avowal of his partiality, “I will never be a receiver of stolen goods; and when I tell you it has been whispered to me your heart was allotted ere you knew that you had one to give, you will not be surprised at my doubts of my own power over you.”—Emily now drew her hand from him, and was lost in a brilliant crowd. And who are you, cried the Marquis, pursuing her with his eyes, who know so well the foolish bargain made for me? I must follow and render the knowledge mutual.—In a moment the Marquis was once more at the side of Emily, with whom he gaily trifled, till the crowd dispersed.—Never will I part with my fair Italian, cried he, grasping her hand as if he then felt it to be his own for
life,

life, till she does more justice to my sensibility than to suppose that I shall ever deign to take a wife chosen by others, and to my taste than to conclude that a little unpolished rustic bred in the wilds of Ireland, and my perpetual ridicule, would be that wife.—The Marquis ceased to speak; but how was Miss Arden to reply?—To raise the curtain between human nature and eternity, could hardly astonish a doubting anxious wretch, more than these words did the hearer. “He hates, he despises me!” exclaimed she mentally: “the Marquis of Lenox, my betrothed husband, the man whom of all men I alone can love, loathes the wife imposed on him; and have *I* been so imposed? Oh unfortunate Emily! undone by too much kindness.”—Finding the charmer replied not, the Marquis pursued his discourse: “You, whoever you are, who know me so well, need not perhaps be told that I have never seen this

redoubtable, troublesome, uncouth cousin of mine ; need I add that I never intend so to mortify my eyes ?"—“ Never, never, shall you,” sighed to herself the afflicted, yet incensed, Emily. To him she spoke no more ; but replying to the indiscriminate compliments of the many who hovered about her, took the first opportunity to quit the masquerade, and hasten to her own apartment. Alone, tearful, mortified, dejected, she threw aside her mandoline, and hastily tearing off the gay paraphernalia assumed for conquest, sat down to quarrel with the lovely face which her glass reflected. “ Yes, no doubt,” sighed she, “ I have always been flattered : if my father is blinded by my fortune, and his own partiality, well may the mean, and the interested, deceive me. I am, I dare say, the uncouth wild Irish rustic, this insolent irresistible Lenox so frankly calls me ; and, but for him, I had never known it. Yet ah ! why
came

came I in pursuit of affliction? Why invited I the odious sincerity? Why did I ever see, or, in seeing, why did I not hate in turn, my capricious, charming cousin—the allotted of my early days?—Oh! why, in the erroneous choice of my father, did this weak heart find, or fancy, the most perfect of human beings? I will not, however, be as unjust as himself. *He* is certainly all he would be; and I can only lament that I have not the same superiority over my own sex, he so eminently possesses over his.”

Emily now cast her eyes on the elegant dishabille, which her maid had laid ready for the morning. “What! to appear again before this cousin—repeat the mortifying scene under the scrutinising eyes of a large company, many of whom know both the relationship, and the engagement? No, that I can never, never submit to,”

sighed Miss Arden :—" to fly home is yet in my choice. The Marquis knows not the insult he has offered me; and if he knows, may hate her he now only scorns. The bark is at my command, and I may sail for Ireland with the next tide. There, unnoticed and unknown, let the little rustic wither. Yes, dear Lenox, this way I may shew a generous regard, which will one day ensure me thy esteem. Be from this hour master of thy own resolves; find the happy woman who may give thee happiness; nor ever learn that thou hast thus humbled, and afflicted a creature whose dearest hope has long been that of becoming thy choice."

Emily flew to the apartment of her hostess, to impart the strange incident of the evening,—and implore a general secrecy as to her name,—after which she declared the magnanimous resolution she had form-

ed of quitting the party. But this had no sooner the sanction of her friend's approbation, than a strange kind of regret, a secret ill-humour, made poor Miss Arden sensible that she had hoped to be entreated to stay. Alas! she might never more see the Marquis, and how was she sure that when he knew, he would disdain her? But *if* he should, that tremendous *if*, ever so conclusive in a delicate and virtuous mind, at once made Emily impatient to be gone. Orders were sent to the mariners to be ready at sun-rise, and Miss Arden retired; to walk about her chamber, meditate, wonder, wish,

“resent, regret,
Conceal, disdain, do all things but forget.”

The Marquis of Lenox, in the interim, wholly unconscious of the malice of his stars, was something surprised and perplexed, at suddenly missing the fair Italian,

but naturally imputed her withdrawing to heat, fatigue, and the lateness of the hour. Having enquired her name, and being told the one she assumed, he threw his head on his pillow, to dream of the face that to-morrow morning was to present to him in all its beauty.

The sun arose too soon for Miss Arden's wishes ; and the sailors had sent notice the tide served at that hour. Impatient to be at home, they came for the trunks, and urged her to hasten to the beach : it was only two hundred yards below the gate of the garden. All was dead silence—the variegated lamps in the walks, late so crowded, were yet burning ; but

“ ’Gan to pale their ineffectual fires.”

So general had been the fatigue, as well as enjoyment, that hardly could the servants of the family open their eyes to unbar the
gates

gates for the fair, the early traveller : those gates which were perhaps for ever to shut her from the object of her tenderest contemplations : even at the moment of renouncing him, the sad pleasure of her life—by the most grievous occurrence become so dear, at the very point of time that assured her of his loss. Emily lingered—she sighed—nay, she wept—It is true, she insisted to her maid, that her feet were wounded by the pebbles ; for hardly to herself would she own the wound to be in her heart. Seated, at length, on the deck of the bark, Miss Arden once more wistfully surveyed the hospitable mansion which she had perhaps too hastily quitted. The beams of the rising sun burnished all the windows, but the shutters were universally closed ; and Emily saw the idol she sought there, only in her heart. “ Thank heaven ! he knows me not, however,” repeated she to herself ; and though this grateful exclamation re-

curred every moment, her own soul told her all it knew of comfort was the recollection, that should the Marquis be *very* inquisitive, many of the company could inform him who it was had thus excited his curiosity.

The cause of the perpetual delays made by the Marquis, as to visiting Bellarney, was now too clearly explained—too fully understood. “Why, why, my father, would you then dupe me?” sighed Miss Arden: “why studiously bias my heart towards a young man, by whom you knew it slighted—scorned? Yet, alas! my father might, like myself, be deceived, and the dupe of his own wishes. To complete her mortification, she then discovered it must be among her chagrins to explain to Sir Edward the insult to which he had involuntarily exposed her.

Such

Such were for many a long day the contemplations of the melancholy heiress of Bellarney, as she wandered, spiritless, heartless, through that domain which the increasing infirmities of her grandmother would soon make entirely her own. The chilling air of Miss Fitzallen, now the chosen and perpetual companion of the old Countess, and the fretful questions of the invalid, made the gentle timid Emily often retreat from both, as if she felt herself an intruder. In the solitude of the woods of Bellarney she, however, found nothing repelling, though the sound of the "wilds of Ireland" yet rang in her ears; nor could she now even survey the fair face her glass reflected, without recalling the idea of the "little unpolished rustic." Yet, by one means or another, it is certain that she passed almost the whole of her time in thinking of a man, who, it was plain, thought too little of her, either under her own name,

or

or the one she had assumed, to cross a safe, and very short passage in pursuit of her.

In this she was, however, mistaken. The Marquis had risen, on the morning of her departure, at an earlier hour than usual. He had been more studiously elegant in his undress than his valet had ever known him, and was pacing in a saloon, where a magnificent breakfast was prepared for the whole party, long ere a creature appeared. Convinced that his Italian could neither hide her luxuriant fair hair, nor lose her graceful mien, he watched the entry of each lady, till the signal was given for breakfast, without being able to discover, in the gay group, one whom he could mistake for the charmer. He now ventured a faint enquiry for her. "She sailed for Ireland at break of day," half a dozen ready voices answered.—"Sailed for Ireland!" returned the lover, in a tone of dismay,

dismay, "while I was stupidly dreaming of her whom I should have attended ! But are you sure she is gone?" The beaux, as in malice, conducted him to a telescope, which shewed him the vessel, though it was hardly visible to the naked eye. Ardour of heart, and impetuosity of temper, characterised our young man ; and it was happy for those allied to him, that he had hitherto been too rational greatly to desire many things, for those he did desire he never knew how to deny himself : and, to prevent even his wishes, had been from his infancy the study not only of his parents, but of every one around him. The breakfast, the party, the modes of life, vanished at once from his mind, and he hastened through the garden to the beach, where a group of fishermen sat warming themselves in the sun, and leisurely mending their nets, while their ready boats, now plucked from, and now thrown towards the shore, invited

invited them to try the fortune of the day, The Marquis hastily demanded, if it was possible to reach the vessel which sailed with the tide of the morning. "What, with the pretty young lady?" cried one of the men, with an arch smile, and scratching his head. "You saw her then?" returned the eager lover. "Saw her! aye, to be sure, we saw her, sure enough; and so might you, if you had opened but half an eye; for she did look back many's the time and often, and examine all the windows of the great house. I warrant she thought somebody would have been stirring with the lark this morning."—"Ah! could it be for me she looked?" thought the Marquis, while a faint blush reproved the vanity—"no—for then she would have staid—at least, a few hours. Hoist your sails, however, my honest fellows, and follow; here is gold to encourage you."

Already

Already was the boat prepared—already the Marquis had leaped into it, and his servants were hastening to embark with his trunks, when a signal was made which stopped the fishermen; and a man on horseback appeared, whom the domestics of the Marquis knew to belong to the Duke. He waved to them to stop, and presented to the young Lord letters from his father and uncle, informing him that the Duchess had had a paralytic seizure, so alarming, as to leave her half motionless, and quite without speech. Even in this state, she by signs continually demanded her son, who must hasten to her without delay, or lose the consolation of softening her last moments.

Never was son more fondly, though to weakness, beloved:—never was mother regarded with more affectionate devotion. The power of nature overwhelmed that of passion,

passion, and the fair Italian was no longer remembered. Actuated by the same impetuosity, however distinct the occasion, the Marquis mounted the horse which had brought the servant, and flew towards home, leaving his suite to follow, for to overtake him was not possible. The Duchess had still some remains of recollection, when her son took her in his arms; but it seemed as if she had struggled to retain her last sigh only to breathe it on his bosom.

For a considerable time the generous, affectionate heart of the Marquis mourned a loss which he felt the more sensibly, observing how little impression it made on his father; in whom he soon discovered a coldness towards himself never till that period apparent. In truth he had been the first bond of union between his parents, and he had long been the only one. The indulgence of the Duke to his son had been
merely

merely habit, and diminished daily, as it interfered with that he thought it justifiable now to grant to himself. Neither apathy nor sensuality withdrew however from the Marquis the sympathy or indulgence of Sir Edward Arden, who, though he often greatly blamed, had always fondly loved his sister, and now joined with her son in deeply lamenting her. The youth whom she had a thousand times recommended to his parental care and attention, became doubly dear as her representative; and the Marquis felt his attachment to this generous uncle so augmented by the tears they daily shed together, that when the cherished remembrance of the fair Italian presented itself, he rejoiced he had been prevented from following her; since to have been known to visit Ireland without paying his devoirs to Miss Arden, would have wounded Sir Edward to the soul; nor could the meditated trip have been concealed,

ceased, had the boat his father's groom stopt, once put from the shore with him. The Marquis was of an age when the impressions of one week efface those of the last; and he found it a much easier task to give up all thoughts of the fair stranger, than to encounter the formidable heiress to whom he had been so long affianced.

To avoid seeling by word, or deed, the compact, till increase of years, or other circumstances, should make him master of his own resolutions, was now the single object with the Marquis; and this he thought might best be effected by making the grand tour. He therefore daily found it advisable to discover deficiencies in himself, not obvious to any other person; and declared nothing but a more general knowledge of men and manners could qualify him for the rank to which he was born. The Duke had been too sensible, in his
own

own person through life, of the disadvantage of a contracted mode of education ; and nothing but the ill-judged fondness of the Duchess had kept her son so long in his own country. Since her death, the Duke had likewise made another discovery—that his son was grown a man, while he found himself in some respects yet a boy ; and that both the Marquis, and his rational, correct uncle, were terrible drawbacks on the use of that liberty which he now began again to enjoy to licentiousness. The choice of the Marquis being applauded by his father, Sir Edward found his opposition would be vain. Yet mortal was the chagrin he felt at seeing this darling nephew, with a heart glowing and unfixed, formed by nature to charm, and disposed to be charmed, ready to plunge into the gay world, where he might so soon be lost, ere yet his Emily had been allowed the chance of attaching him to whom she was betrothed.

Perfectly aware of all the seductions to which an ingenuous open nature exposes a young man of condition, Sir Edward could not, to the one in question, insist on what, by implying weakness of character, often mortally offends self-love. Nor did Sir Edward Arden fail to appreciate duly the advantages of his daughter, although he forbore to urge them. He well knew that the Marquis, seeing him live within the narrow bounds of a scanty patrimony, could form no judgment of the high style of life which his daughter's birth demanded, and her fortune accustomed her to; yet, how, in the calculation of her rights and her merits, could a proud spirit bring forward advantages merely accidental, though often decisive in their effects in the grand computation of human happiness? On mature reflection, the fluctuating father gave up the project of bringing the young people together for the present, and
resolved

resolved to accompany the Marquis in his tour. The enthusiastic joy of the young man, when informed of his uncle's kindness, well rewarded that uncle.

Due preparations having been made, the Marquis, and Sir Edward, were ready to set out for the Continent, when a courier from Ireland stopped the latter. Miss Arden conjured her father to hasten over immediately, as Lady Bellarney was pronounced beyond all hope, and she had reason to fear that she should be unprotected, in case of her death; perhaps insulted by the overbearing Miss Fitzallen; who now assumed rights, which the death of her patroness would either wholly assure to her, or rob her of. Sir Edward requested the Marquis to delay the tour, till he could fulfil a duty so important; and having vainly waited to hear his nephew offer to accompany him, suppressed as much as

possible the bitter chagrin which so mortifying a coldness could not but occasion; and, leaving the Marquis in London, hastened to Bellarney, attended only by his valet, and a groom.

It was not without reason that Miss Arden dreaded being in the power of Lady Bellarney's upstart favourite; by whose means she had long been excluded from the fortune, as well as favour, of the Countess. Miss Fitzallen having infinite address, in childhood obtained an ascendancy over a weak mind, since subdued by infirmity and age, to imbecility, and by fondness to dotage. The patrimony of Miss Arden was, in right of her mother, secure, and immense; but the old lady had great fortunes which she could bestow by will, together with the mansion of Bellarney,—a family honour that it ought not to have been in her power to alienate :

alienate : this, and all in the old Countess's own gift, she had often declared she should certainly bequeath to her *dear girl*, her *tender nurse*, her *young friend*, her *God-daughter*, and *namesake*, Emily Fitzallen. It is true there were some among her neighbours, who would insinuate that this young person had a claim beyond those alleged ;—that the old lady had been a *gay widow*, and this girl, christened after her, *resembled her very much*. It was certain the Countess never would allow the origin of her protégée to be questioned ; and the haughty Miss Fitzallen latterly always threw at a distance those who presumed to treat her with less distinction than the heiress.

How uncertain are ever the resolutions of a weak mind, and tenacious temper ! Lady Bellarney had indeed made a will wholly in Miss Fitzallen's favour, and was in so infirm a state as to make her exist-

ence very precarious ; when, in a luckless hour, this favourite, against the choice of her benefactress, joined a party going to some races, and who only invited her from knowing the consequence she would shortly have a right to. The peevishness of age, increased by loneliness, aggravated this little selfish indulgence into a heinous fault. The old Countess suddenly began to bewail the loss of her own dear Emily, her darling daughter, long laid in the grave. The poor orphan she had left, now came across her mind ; but that girl was cold, inattentive—no matter, she was better than nobody ; and Miss Arden, to her great surprise, was summoned to keep her grandmother company. Long admitted as the visitor of a moment only, to pay her duty, and superseded in every right of affection, Miss Arden had felt, and appeared a cipher. It was otherwise now. She encountered no insolent competitor,
and

and soon saw how she might greatly conduce to the personal ease, and mental amusement of Lady Bellarney. Astonished to find such tenderness, skill, and readiness, in a young creature whom she had been taught to think wholly occupied with herself, the old Countess relaxed at once. During the evening, she confessed to Miss Arden her bountiful bequest to Miss Fitzallen; and, finally, shewed her a copy of the will. Miss Arden returned it respectfully, observing only that Lady Bellarney could never give her favourite any thing she grudged her like her affection; nor could she live on terms with herself, if she had lost that distinction by any voluntary failure in duty, gratitude, or tenderness. So mild and sweet a reproof had full weight with the capricious Countess; and when Emily knelt, as she nightly did, for her blessing, the invalid, throwing her arms round her grandchild, hastily committed

to the flames the unjust will, made in a moment of mistaken fondness: vowing, that if she lived to the morning, she would dictate one in favour of her own Emily; and if she did not, all would by law devolve to her. This important change in her resolution kept Lady Bellarney awake almost the whole night; and finding herself, of course, weaker and worse, her lawyer was hastily sent for. He, in a summary, but regular manner, assured to Miss Arden all the possessions of her grandmother; who, with an almost equal injustice, left unnamed, and unprovided for, the young woman whom she had raised so far above her condition; and who had, from childhood, been subjected to all her whims. Till this unlucky hour, she had, indeed, sacrificed every pleasure of youth, and principle of honour, to soothing and working on the weak woman, who had repeatedly assured her of an ample fortune. Miss Arden,

Arden, it is true, knew that it would rest with herself to secure the discarded favourite a competence ; but vainly tried to have it done in the properest manner,—as the act of the obliged.—So inflexible are the resentments of age, so fluctuating the determinations of dotage.

The whole family loved Miss Arden too well, to inform Miss Fitzallen, when she returned, of what had been done in her absence ; while, to the astonishment of Miss Arden, her grandmother once more yielded to habitual subjection ; and in the servile solicitude, and fulsome flattery of her favourite, wholly forgot her sudden sense of affinity, feeling, and regard to herself. It was impossible to guess what might be the *last* will of a woman, who hardly seemed to have any ; and when Lady Bellarney expired, poor Emily Arden knew not, but that she should find herself to be an intruder in the mansion of her fathers.

Miss

Miss Fitzallen, who was ignorant of any will, but that in her own favour, assumed to herself the necessary powers of directing; and lamented with all the dignity of the heiress of Bellarney. Her mourning was made exactly similar to Miss Arden's, and as for a mother. With civil enquiries for that young lady's health, she requested to know whether Sir Edward would arrive, to attend the opening of the will, and the funeral, *if he chose it*: in the mean while, she had given orders to the servants, to shew every *proper attention* to Miss Arden. Hearing that Sir Edward was hourly expected, Miss Fitzallen convened not the family circle, exulting in the thought, that by having the will read in his presence, she should effectually mortify a high-spirited man, whose keen eye had often rebuked hers.

To be the object of impertinent politeness, from one born in a manner to wait
on

on her, was a great trial of Miss Arden's temper. Yet, as it was possible that she might have the power of retribution too amply in her own hands, Emily deigned not to appear offended. On the day appointed for the reading of the will, the two ladies accidentally met in a narrow gallery; and Miss Fitzallen taking Sir Edward's daughter by the hand, assured her, that she took her *behaviour very kindly*; then with a haughty conscious air added, that she should *find her account in it*; for though the library, with every thing else, was willed to *her*, that should be her *present* to Miss Arden.

At this extraordinary juncture Sir Edward stopt at the gate, nor knew whether he should take the horses from his carriage, or deign to set foot in a house which he could doubt to be his daughter's. Miss Arden hastened to entreat that he would
 shew

shew her grandmother the last respect of following her to the grave. The grave opened for Lady Bellarney contained his angelic wife, and Sir Edward yielded. But Miss Arden had greater difficulty to prevail on him to listen to the reading of the will. The high and peremptory air with which Miss Fitzallen had announced herself to be sole executrix, and heiress, of the old Countess, left no doubt among the remote relations of her being indeed so; and though Sir Edward thought it possible that a will was extant in favour of his daughter, he thought it merely possible: so bad was his opinion of the artful Miss Fitzallen. The relations and friends of the family who had attended the funeral awaited the reading of the will; and the self-named heiress, overwhelmed with modesty, gratitude, and tears, swept her long mourning robes through the whole train of sycophants, to an upper seat

seat in the room.—Miss Arden, distinguished by simplicity, and sweetness, took the place which she had always filled in her grandmother's lifetime: and Sir Edward, not deigning to mingle with the set, rested his arms upon his daughter's chair, as ready to lead her out, the very moment any word that offended his ears reached them. What was then the confusion of the mean train who had bowed to Miss Fitzallen, when they heard Emily Arden pronounced, both by nature, and choice, sole heiress, and executrix of Emily, Countess of Bel-larney.—Miss Fitzallen remained for a few moments speechless—convulsed—in a manner distorted.—She then outrageously discredited the will; called it a forgery—a base fabrication of Sir Edward Arden, who had ever, she said, hated, and insulted her.—But the reign of arrogance ends with the means. This wretched creature found hers was already over.—No eye now paid her

her homage.—No ear now heard a word she uttered. All parties united to overwhelm Miss Arden with gratulations, which, knowing their true cause, she despised: and feeling even for the insolent by whom she had suffered, she alone spoke to Miss Fitzallen.—The latter, in bitter agitation, implored, entreated, to be suffered to look at the will.—“What makes this young woman so troublesome?” was the chilling exclamation of those persons who but an hour ago had thought her born to grace her fortune.—Again agitated beyond utterance, Miss Fitzallen sunk into a seat, to which Sir Edward’s generous daughter kindly advanced.—“Recollect, my dear Emily,” said she, mildly, “how patiently I have borne, during my whole life, my grandmother’s partiality for you; nor thus repine that she has at her death duly considered an affectionate, unoffending child.—Let me lighten your affliction, not add

add to it—I am not yet by law empowered to say *here* I will provide for you; but be assured that the proportion of fortune I shall offer you, if I live to be mistress here, shall not disgrace your education, or my own; nor shall you ever have reason to think yourself forgotten by Lady Bellarney, while Emily Arden represents her.”—Dashing with superlative insolence the hand of Miss Arden from hers, the disappointed Miss Fitzallen arose from her seat—the natural majesty of her form dilated by passion to an almost fiendlike grandeur—her large dark eyes flashing with supernatural brightness, and all the rage of her heart burning in scarlet tints on her cheeks.—“Who could mislead you so far, Miss Arden,” cried she, when words came to her assistance, “as to make you believe that I would ever owe any thing to Sir Edward Arden’s daughter? Since he has taught you how to step between me, and the pro-
vision

vision long mine by promise, keep it all—
dear to you may one day be the acquisition
—your whole fortune could not buy off
my hatred, nor could the empire of the
world buy off my revenge.”—Rushing
through the astonished train of gaping re-
latives, Miss Fitzallen passed the gates of
Bellarney, nor once recollected, till they
were closed on her, that she had not where-
on to lay her head ; or one friend in the
world anxious to soothe, serve, or receive
her. In a neighbouring cabin, gold how-
ever procured her a temporary home, till
her maid could pack up her cloaths, with
some jewels, and other valuable presents of
the old Countess.

On the mind of Sir Edward, the un-
matched insolence of Miss Fitzallen had
made such an impression, as doubly en-
deared to him the daughter whom he found
so unlike her. That amiable young lady,
at

at the age of nineteen; mistress of herself, the magnificent feat of her maternal ancestors, and immense wealth, thought so generously; and acted so wisely; that Sir Edward groaned under the secret sense of her cousin's injustice: that cousin whom she seemed born to make happy! New hopes and plans again took possession of his mind. No duty now bound Miss Arden to move in the narrow circle of her maternal connexions; and her father thought it advisable to carry her to England, with a suite and establishment proper for her birth and fortune: resolving himself to present her at Court; he fondly hoped the Marquis could not know his Emily, without blushing at his own coldness and injustice; and, being led by the lovers she must necessarily attract, to avow his prior claims, and endeavour to win her heart. As it was not possible at once to arrange all Miss Arden's newly devolved fortunes, Sir Edward was

obliged, however, to pass some time in acting the guardian, as well as the parent; and often adverted to the brilliant *entrée* she would make under his auspices, in the gay world. Coldness, silence, dejection, always followed, on the part of Emily. "No—she had not the least taste for the world; and would rather, if her father pleased, pass the whole time of his absence at Bellarney." The vexed father now sighed to himself, "*Both—both* infatuated alike!—what can be done with them?"

In renewing the leases, and other negotiations with the tenants and dwellers round Bellarney, Sir Edward learned a hundred tales of the selfishness, meanness, and overbearing disposition of Emily Fitzallen, who still remained at the cabin she had at first retired to, languishing in a fit of sickness. To Miss Arden's proposal, of giving her a handsome fortune, Sir Edward absolutely refused

refused his concurrence; nor could Emily dispose of aught considerable without his knowledge, after having made him her guardian, as he ever had been trustee. An annuity just sufficient to save this wretched young woman from want and ignominy, Sir Edward thought as much as she merited. To this Miss Arden could only add her own jewels, which were indeed a fortune. With these she sent a kind letter, assuring her former companion, that nothing but her inability to act for herself could have made her appear deficient in generosity or feeling. The jewels sent she should desire to redeem, when she became of age, at the price of a proper provision for Lady Belarney's favourite friend; and, if she died in the interim, she entreated Miss Fitzallen to consider them as her own.

Unaltered in mind, though humbled in fortune, Miss Fitzallen returned the bond

of annuity, jewels, and letter, with sovereign contempt, and without a line, into the hands of Sir Edward Arden: who treated his daughter's generosity as mere weakness of temper. He soon converted it into an argument in favour of his own plan of carrying her to England. From arguments he came to injunctions; and finally hinted, that, if she remained without a male protector in her own country, she would be carried off by the first fortune-hunter who had half the courage, or assurance, of Emily Fitzallen. This conclusion appeared so unfair and humiliating to Miss Arden, that she burst into tears, and declared her fate very hard. Sir Edward would know, in what it appeared so. "I shall offend—nay, I shall, I fear, pain you," sighed the gentle Emily, "if I am candid." Still Sir Edward insisted on the truth.—"Pardon me, then, my father," resumed she, "if, weak of character, lowly of mind, as you think your daughter,

daughter, she should have pride and spirit enough to shun for ever the Marquis of Lenox." Sir Edward started angrily, and gazed intently. "Why shun him, Emily?" was all he could utter. "He hates me, my dear father—he ridicules, he despises me." "And who dared tell you this?" returned Sir Edward, in a tone which admitted the truth of what she said, though his eyes struck fire at the indignity. "Alas! I could not doubt, Sir:—it was from his own lips this mortification reached me.—Controul your passion, and learn the whole story. I do not suppose, that had he known, my cousin would have insulted me:—we met in masks, nor does the Marquis guess, to this hour, the wound he gave to a heart he might have won. Alas! it has been my misfortune to be imposed on him: had he thought himself unfettered, I might have had a chance of winning him. He is now lost. Under these circumstances, to *force*

myself on his notice—infirm on the poor advantages I should in turn despise him if he valued me for—would for ever disgust a heart which it would yet be my pride to convince, my pleasure to win. The little merit I possess would be lost, under the pomp and splendor of my rights in life; which he no doubt concludes the family reason for making him wretched. And could a cold compliance with his engagement fail to make me so? No—rather would I waste the rest of my life in this seclusion, bewailing for ever the want of his heart, for whom,” faltered the sweet girl with encreasing confusion, “I had wholly, I will confess to my father, reserved my own.” Sir Edward hid her ingenuous blushes in his bosom, and fondly prayed to Heaven “yet to unite those hearts so equally dear to him.” — “I have not told you,” resumed Miss Arden, in the same timid tone, “that I even now despair, if you
will

will permit me to execute a plan I have meditated ever since I found myself at liberty to quit my native country. My wayward cousin is, I must first inform you, still a stranger to my features; nor knows he that it was Emily Arden he cruelly humbled in the description of herself. Unless you betray me, I may yet appear before him in any character I choose to assume; and I have a romantic fancy afloat in my brain, which I cannot execute without your concurrence. Return, my dear father, to England, alone: urge, persecute the Marquis, to visit me in Ireland: and, while he, of all human beings, detests this troublesome overbearing heiress, might he not, on some obscure spot of his father's estates, frumple on a simple rustic, with just such a face as mine, and perhaps love her with his whole heart? Dennis, my silver-headed foster-father, may not unaptly personate my real one; and be a protector. Think of the delight we should

both feel, if the poor Marian, in a plaid jacket, should step before your rich Emily, covered with diamonds.—If, on the contrary, I make this effort in vain, let it be a last one. To Bellarney let me fly undiscovered: nor ever allow the Marquis to know that he has personally slighted the daughter of a man to whom he has been long endeared by a parental affection.”

Age had not yet so chilled the heart of Sir Edward, but that he caught in a degree the glow of his daughter's. The romance was simple — was safe; — if he discharged his groom (for he could trust his valet) — practicable. — During the time Emily had been thus sweetly insinuating wishes and views so consonant with his own, Sir Edward had considered the soft and unassuming grace of her figure, the delicate turn of her beauty, and the artless eloquence of her voice. He now fancied her in a straw hat,

hat, with her fair locks playing round her face, and now adorned for a birth-night; and he plainly perceived that she might lose, but could not gain, a charm, by splendor or fashion. Her plan every moment grew upon his imagination. He saw his prudent Emily, even in her romance, had guarded both his pride, and her own. He well knew that he could not brook to have his daughter, as herself, refused, even by this darling nephew; yet he never recollected the mortal coldness, and probably eternal alienation, such a procedure might occasion, without a feeling almost amounting to horror.

After a long silence, Sir Edward, embracing his apprehensive daughter, told her, that the proposed experiment had not only his sanction, but warmest approbation; nor would he omit calling on the Duke, to aid the malicious persecution
meditated

meditated against her lingering lover, the more fully to prepare his heart, by the agitation of dislike, for the reception of a more pleasing passion. The delight expressed by Emily called forth the power of her soul, and the more dignified graces of her mien, till Sir Edward half rejected the scheme, in the firm persuasion that she could not fail to charm, as herself : but having won his consent, Emily bound him to his word.

How pleasing was her employment, while preparing all things for her obscure departure, and instructing Dennis, and her nurse, in the parts they were to act. When the cot should be ready, Sir Edward was to inform his daughter ; who could then embark for Scotland from her own estate.

Nor was Sir Edward without his share of delightful hopes and recollections. To
know

know the fate of the two beings most dear to him on earth, so near a crisis that promised to be happy, gave his heart those sweet pulsations, which have all the charm and softness of passion, without its danger.

And now, what became of the Marquis? Why, he devoutly wished the old Countess "an earthly immortality." But, finding that her soul had made its escape without his permission, he heartily prayed he could make his, ere Sir Edward returned to London: for that he would bring with him this odious Irish heiress, was, the young man thought, too certain. At the moment Sir Edward's carriage drove to his father's door, he was coming out of it: and, what a relief was visible in his features, when he observed that it contained not a female. How cordial were now their greetings! The Duke, however, not having the same objection to Miss Arden's company,

company, enquired why her father had not, at last, brought her over to England. Sir Edward very naturally answered, that he had fully meant to do so; had not some of Miss Arden's romantic female friends in the interim insinuated to her, that it would be a high indecorum in her to seek the Marquis of Lenox; and, from the moment that whim had taken root in her mind, he found every effort vain to remove it. Fixed as the arrangements had long been for the tour abroad, he added, that he imagined it would have been irksome to his nephew, had he then proposed the visit to Ireland. A female, of advanced years, and due consideration, had therefore been found to give propriety to Miss Arden's remaining at her own seat, till the tour, which they must now necessarily shorten, should be made; after which he hoped the Marquis would be as ready as himself to attend on his bride elect.

The

The Marquis, finding the evil day of insipid courtship once again deferred, was no longer in such haste to commence his tour; and heard that law affairs must detain his uncle for some time in town with great satisfaction. This conduct made Sir Edward enjoy, almost to malice, the meditated attack on him, which he meant should shortly come from his father.

In hours of loneliness, Sir Edward recounted to the Duke his daughter's little history of the flight she had borne, and the effort she now meant to make to engage the affections of the Marquis: but the natural delicacy of his mind made him represent the plan to have been his own, and one to which she had with some difficulty consented;—resolving, if this failed, no longer to sacrifice her claims in society, to an ungrateful relation who despised her. The Duke was a matter-of-fact man, and easily

easily followed the idea presented to him ; nor failed to lecture his son on the disrespect shewn to Miss Arden ; which was not only calculated to rob him of all hopes of her heart, but to induce her to carry into another family the immense fortune she inherited ; while that he was born one day to call his own, was already insufficient for two men, neither of whom was old enough to give up his tastes, nor young enough to be controuled in them. It is true, the love, respect, and confidence, which the Marquis once had for his father, had declined from the day of his mother's death ; but he had not yet learned to act in opposition to his will. Indeed, till this moment, he had never known it asserted. The important cause was argued, and re-argued ; and Sir Edward, by turns, appealed to, as the judge. He had always the address to avoid so odious an office ; yet his nephew thought he could perceive that

that it would be easier to work on his mind, than the cold, worldly, selfish one of his father. How grievous was it to feel that he had such a father, and to recollect that his mother brought no fortune into the family, nor had he a claim to a guinea during the life of the Duke !

The arrangements in Scotland were now made for the establishing of Emily there ; and the feelings of the Marquis wrought up to a high pitch of vexation, when the two fathers found out that his signature, ere he went abroad, would be essentially necessary to some family deeds, which must be executed in Scotland. The recollection of the vicinity of the castle to Port Patrick, made the Marquis very unwilling to go, lest his father should drag him to the feet of Miss Arden ; yet he ventured not to hint the fear, as that might lead to the determination.

Sir Edward having no need of an English groom on the Continent; easily parted with the one who had attended him in Ireland: thus was there not a single domestic in the suite of the family party, who had ever seen Miss Arden. Arrived within a bow-shot of the cot where she had taken up her abode, whole days passed away without Sir Edward's daring to set foot in it, or even to see his daughter, lest suspicion should follow. He could not persuade himself that it was possible she should conceal her birth, of which her deportment was so expressive; or avoid, on seeing the Marquis, the deep confusion which implies design. On full deliberation, Sir Edward resolved to break in upon her by accident; and in taking a morning's ride with his nephew and the Duke, affected to be seized with a vertigo, and almost fell from his horse. The Marquis and grooms lifted him off, and assistance

was

was hastily demanded from the adjacent cot, whence came the silver-headed Dennis ; soon outstript by a wood-nymph so exquisitely animated and lovely, that, to the astonished Marquis, the Graces seemed all embodied in a rustic of Scotland. The disguised Marian, alarmed with the sudden attack of Sir Edward, forgot that the Duke would be a spectator, remembered not the Marquis, even when their looks met ; but sensible only to filial anxiety and affection, fixed her dark blue eyes on Sir Edward, and gave to herself the first, and dearest charm in humanity,—the having forgotten she had one. A wicker chair was now brought, and Sir Edward placed in it ; the white hands of Marian assiduously sprinkled his forehead with cold water, while drops, more vivifying than art, or nature ever otherwise prepared, fell from her cheek to his. How sweet was this moment to a father so tender ; to find

that love itself was lost in the sense of his imaginary danger. Placed on the humble bed of Dennis, a valet opened a vein in his arm. Marian, the ready Marian, prepared, and fixed the bandage, her hand alike administered the cordial, nor till all that could be done, was done, did she suddenly find herself standing before those who were to decide her fate; the single object of their attention. In the looks of the Duke she discovered that he knew, and, knowing, approved her. In those of his son she discerned a restrained, but boundless admiration; a something, that passing from his heart to hers, seemed to bind them sweetly together, by an unseen, but indissoluble ligament. Sir Edward cast his eyes from one to the other, and had his full share in a feeling, which made the humble hut of Dennis appear a paradise to every being it contained.

The Duke had sent for his coach to convey the invalid home. The Marquis desired to accompany his uncle; and the carriage was no sooner in motion, than each fell into a distinct rêverie, though in both the same object caused it. The Marquis at length broke silence; and not having yet had experience enough to observe that the thing a person first speaks of, after a long meditation, has generally been its subject, exclaimed, "how beautiful, how redundant, her fair hair! once only"—Sir Edward, not more cautious, subjoined, "and the softest hand in the world—would it were now bathing these burning temples."—"I can fetch her in a moment, uncle"—said the impetuous youth, attempting to open the coach door, and glad of an excuse for returning. "Not for the world, my dear boy—she is young—not ordinary—I would neither trust your father, nor his dissipated servants:—were I

to cause her innocence a risk, I should never forgive myself." The Marquis put up his lip in silence: could Sir Edward think so superior a creature could listen to the servants—or be bought by his father? Sir Edward read this in his face, and saw, in the contempt which the Marquis ventured not to avow, the interest Marian had already gained in his heart.

The Marquis now again was in no hurry to commence his tour:—he, therefore, less lamented his uncle's illness, though it kept him almost wholly in his apartment—where he often revolved the means of establishing an interest in the heart of this lovely creature, who alone, of all he had ever seen, reminded him of the fair-haired Grace, who, as an Italian peasant, appeared, as it were, to enchant, and vanished to bewilder him.—After many contemplations on the subject, he put
twenty

twenty guineas in a purse, and having wandered doubtfully for some hours round the cot of Dennis, faintly rapped at the door.—Marian herself opened it: but Sir Edward being no longer near, to mark, or to divide her attention, so rich a blush mantled on her fair cheek, as might give the most modest of men a hope that he had not been unnoticed by her. The Marquis, with a varying complexion, and timid air, enquired for her mother.—The aged dame rose from her spinning-wheel, and the silver-headed Dennis from reading the Bible: while each depositing a pair of spectacles in the case, remained standing to receive the commands of the young Lord.—To behold thus in the light of subjection his charmer, and the venerable old people, strangely distressed the Marquis.—Had Marian not been there, his situation would have been less oppressive.—With much

hesitation, he gave them to understand, that Sir Edward Arden had made him the bearer of his acknowledgments for their benevolence. He then put into the mother's hand the purse, and its glittering contents.—“No, no, my lord,” cried the respectable Dennis, “that can never be.—Wife, give his honour back the purse. Sir Edward sent his own valet yesterday evening with a present of two new guineas, fresh from the mint, for our Marian.” The Marquis was dumb at what he thought the meanness of his uncle.—To affront the charmer of his soul, with the paltry gift of two guineas!—sent by his valet too!—He turned to apologize to Marian, but she had disappeared: no wonder, when she heard herself, and two guineas, spoken of together. “Well, my good old friend,” said the Marquis, “my uncle might do the odd, mean thing you say, for he has been delirious,

delirious, and raves often of your assiduous Marian.—But he is now in his senses, and better knows how to respect himself, and your daughter. I have no mind to drive him into a frenzy again, by taking back the little mark of his gratitude.” Having thus said, he laid down the purse, and ran out of the cot. Perceiving in a field very near, the plaid dress of Marian, he was at her side in a moment ;—spoke of her generous sympathy—the illness of his uncle—the wild beauty of the scenery around,—any thing, every thing, that might prolong the exquisite pleasure he found in being for one minute the sole object of her attention, the engrosser of her thoughts, and conversation ; yet Marian seldom spoke, and always said the least she could ; nor did she often raise her dark blue eyes to meet the impassioned glances of the Marquis. Still a sympathetic charm never to be defined told him that she was

not insensible to his presence—not willing to bid him farewell.

Neither in the sick chamber of Sir Edward, nor in the saloon with the Duke, did this Grace of the woods ever become the subject of discourse ; yet both the fathers were well informed, that the Marquis hovered anxiously, early and late, near the cot of Dennis, well rewarded if he obtained but a word, a glance from Marian.—Sir Edward did not find it convenient to recover immediately ; and never did his nephew think it possible till now, that he should dread seeing him leave his chamber : but to be dragged out of the kingdom ere he had time to win on the affections of the charmer he adored, or to bind her to him by mutual vows, almost distracted him. The Duke easily perceived his distress, and agitation ; but as the two fathers had agreed that the fear of losing her would
best

best secure the attachment of the Marquis, by rendering her the perpetual object of his thoughts, they would not consent to her avowing herself.

Nothing but the dread of separation, and the necessity of employing the short time the lovers were able to pass together in conversations respecting the future, could have kept the Marquis in ignorance of the past; for his mind was often filled with a vague idea of something mysterious in the situation of Marian; as well as of superior elegance in her language, and manners.—But who, thinking every look he gives to her he loves may be the last, can press for details of remote occurrences?

Sir Edward was now ready to depart: the happiest of fathers to know that his Emily had conquered;—that she reigned
in

in the ardent heart of the young nobleman, who had in secret solemnly affianced himself to the choice of his parents,—the once dreaded, hated Emily Arden. — Often, when she saw him at her feet, the glowing exultation of secret triumph so heightened her beauty, that the delighted lover wondered in vain at its suddenly acquiring so celestial a charm.—It was now the precise moment for tearing him from her; and both fathers again proposing the tour to the Continent, any delay, on the part of the Marquis, would, he easily saw, have led to a discovery of his motive. Every leisure moment he flew to Marian, to lament his untoward fate, and execrate the cold nature of those who thought it possible that he should find in the overbearing Irish heiress, a creature who could dispute his heart with Marian.—This name, so humble, so rustic, now was music to the ear of Sir Edward's daughter; for under it

it she had given, and received, vows, which no time, no circumstance, could ever annul.

Sir Edward now suddenly seemed to recollect how proper it would be for him to make his personal acknowledgments to the daughter of Dennis, and chose to have the company of his nephew. The cottagers received the visit with joy and gratitude. Sir Edward very gravely exhorted them to guard so lovely a creature as Marian from the attacks of the Duke, or the humiliation of marrying one of his servants. The Marquis, and his charming mistress, exchanged souls in a glance, not unseen by the watchful Sir Edward. He concluded this exhortation with informing the old people, that whenever they found a suitable match for their daughter, they might apprise him, and he would portion and patronize her. Ah ! uncle, will you really do

do this when a *suitable* match occurs? said the intelligent eyes of the Marquis.

Sir Edward settled upon the cottagers an annuity of twenty pounds a year, and departed overwhelmed with blessings: unable himself to utter one of the many his heart poured on his Emily. The Marquis no sooner saw his uncle again in his own apartment, than he flew back, to reiterate, under a more flattering and tender form, the same cautions to Marian. He made her again promise, vow, solemnly swear, to live for him, and him alone. What laws in return did he not impose on himself! how impossible did it appear to him that he should ever find a charm in another woman; or ever breathe to a second object a vow like that he now blended with his parting kiss, his long farewell. The interesting Marian left on his cheek, the seal of true love, in a tear; and had the resolution

tion to see him depart in the full conviction that he spoke only as he thought, and that all their present pains would eventually complete their mutual wish.

“ Ah ! happy error in the good and just,

“ Whose upright natures never know distrust !

“ Distrust, which is itself almost a sin,

“ And often marks the villain wrote within.”

With the embarkation of the Marquis, Miss Arden's disguise ended. She accompanied the Duke of Aberdeen to London, where a lady was already engaged to sanction her living in his house. When presented at court, the admiration she excited, procured her high offers of marriage, though many lovers sighed in silence, as her engagement with the Marquis was universally understood. Surrounded with her own friends, and suite of attendants, Miss Arden had no motive for anxiety but the absence of her beloved ; yet as that only could prove the truth and strength of his attachment,

attachment, which the most impassioned letters daily confirmed, she had very little cause to complain of her fate.

And now the Marquis and his uncle were for the first time in Paris; plunged into that busy vortex, the world, where the virtues are often at once ingulphed; and if they ever rise again, it is in fragments, hardly resembling their first state. Yet such a guard, on a noble nature, is a true and tender passion, that the Marquis found not the love of pleasure lead to licentiousness, nor that of distinction, to corruption of soul. The strongest emotion of vanity he felt, when the object of universal attention, was a faint wish that the charmer of his heart could know its value, by seeing how many were willing to dispute it with her. But what an enviable fate was Sir Edward Arden's! enabled, unsuspected, to trace to its inmost recesses the emotions

emotions of the heart he best loved ; to
 see all that was generous and amiable in
 nature point to one object, and that one
 object his own dear Emily ! Not a letter
 did the trembling hand of the Marquis
 tear open from her, that the glow of his
 cheek, the triumph of his soul, did not
 announce to his watchful guardian ; who,
 thus satisfied that he was relieved from his
 charge, gave the young man up to his own
 pursuits, and followed those himself which
 were more adapted to his period of life.
 And if the father thus exulted, how must
 the lover, who found in those letters of his
 fair rustic, a delicacy, softness, and refine-
 ment, which he in vain sought in the rest
 of her sex ; for, however cautiously Miss
 Arden veiled, in her correspondence, the
 high polish of her education, the feelings of
 her heart alone gave them a charm pecu-
 liar to herself ; while the confiding tender-
 ness

ness they breathed, was the dearest of all claims on the faith of him she addressed.

Sir Edward, who had ever a turn for study, and the fine arts, introduced his nephew, with himself, into the society of all persons eminent in literature and science.—The Marquis had a taste for drawing, in which his uncle excelled. As both proposed taking views of the scenes that most should please them, the young nobleman engaged an eminent master, under whose instruction he made a rapid progress; and, ere long, obtained almost as much knowledge as might perpetuate to his soul a pleasure that otherwise fades on the eye. The season now was at hand, when Sir Edward and his nephew proposed following the course of the Loire in their travels. The drawing-master, one day, while they were enlarging on the labours they should embark

embark in, suggested how irksome it ever is to fill up the outline which we delight to throw off the fancy; and that he had, among his less fortunate pupils, a youth whom it would be an act of benevolence to employ: that he was an orphan in narrow circumstances, but of very superior talents; who, having no hope of future provision, except by improving and exerting them, would think himself well rewarded in the protection and patronage of two men of taste, provided he might be allowed to employ part of his time in studying the immortal models they must necessarily visit in Florence and Rome. The Marquis, it is true, loved drawing, but he was of an age to love his ease; and this proposal united those advantages. He appointed a time to see the youth; whom, in the interval, he proposed to his uncle as an addition to their little suite. Sir Edward agreed, that if the boy's talents

equalled the account of them, to take him, would be an act of kindness to themselves, as well as to that unfortunate orphan.

When the drawing-master presented the young man by the name of Hypolito, the son of an Italian painter, his extreme youth and pallid looks (for he seemed hardly sixteen, and consumptive) struck Sir Edward, who, with unusual abruptness, urged that objection. The modest lad shrunk back. Tears rushed into his eyes, and the wild air of distress was blended, on his languid countenance, with unmerited humiliation. The Marquis took an interest ever in the unfortunate; and, having cheered Hypolito, sat down with him to draw. The youth applied himself to a piece which the Marquis was finishing; and at once proceeding with rapidity, while he touched all parts with elegance, shewed that he was indeed a treasure to travellers,

travellers, and a master in his art. Sir Edward was now no less charmed than his nephew. "Nor is drawing his only talent," said his introducer, handing to the youth the flute on which the Marquis played in a capital manner. Hypolito breathed on it, and it seemed to have the charm of the lute of Orpheus, on all but the person who held it; for he, sinking back in a chair, almost fainted. On reviving, the poor lad with blushes accounted for the illness, by confessing that he had not tasted food the whole day. Immediate succour was given him. The Marquis caressed him like a brother. From that hour he cast off the mean garments of poverty for some of his younger patron's own cloaths—by care, and good living, soon recovered his looks, and became the constant companion, in all elegant and scientific pursuits, of the Marquis of Lenox. The world had given him every good but a

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friend,

friend, and that he found in Hypolito.— While Sir Edward saw with delight his nephew filling up his life with so rational a pleasure, many a time did he shiver on the water, or broil on the land, without complaining, if he found their ardent natures bent on perpetuating the scene before them. Sir Edward himself played on the violincello; and seldom did they rest at a town, or village, where they could not add a performer, or two, to the concert, and thus inspirit the evening.

Enchanted with the gay scenery, the romantic pleasures of Italy, the Marquis wanted only his Marian to share the delight; and well could he have been pleased to pass his whole life there. But it had not this charm for Hypolito. From the moment they quitted France, urbanity of manners vanished. In the petty states of Italy, the little souls of the nobles contract

tract into a very narrow circle what they are pleased to call society. Not all the advantages Nature can lavish—not all the acquirements Genius can attain, give acceptance, among that arrogant body, to a man born without a positive rank in life, or at least an affluence which bestows on him the appearance of rank. How, then, can he who supports himself by the exertion of talents hope to be received by those who make it their pride to be superior to such distinctions? Sir Edward and his nephew mixed, as they were every way entitled to do, in the first circles; but a deep sense of the solitary situation of poor Hypolito, who was in that middle state which made it as impossible he should associate with the domestics, as be countenanced by their lords, often drew towards home the heart, and not unfrequently the feet, of the Marquis; for seldom found he a companion he liked so well.—The gratitude

and affection of Hypolito induced him to exert every talent and grace, to endear himself to his condescending patron; and, as there is no charm so fascinating to the young mind as that of giving at once distinction and pleasure, the Marquis grew daily more attached to the humble Hypolito. So marked a friendship drew the observation of the Italian noblemen, although they wished not to know more of the merit that caused it; yet every day produced a new banter among the set, who, by rudely staring at the youth, marked a strange doubt of his sex.

Sir Edward now began, after passing a year in Italy, to bend his thoughts towards home; and proposed their return to his nephew. The unpleasant recollection of Miss Arden, however, damped the tender one of Marian; and the Marquis found it easier to live without the latter, than to encounter

encounter the former; for to marry her came not within his calculation of things. Till the heiress should have disposed of herself, he knew it would be vain to hope he should prevail on either his father or uncle to approve his humble bride; and he resolved to travel to the Antipodes, if Miss Arden persisted in waiting his return.

Sicily, the land of fable, was yet unvisited by the travellers. The Count Montalvo, a nobleman of that island, with whom Sir Edward, and his nephew, were in habits of intimacy, offered to ensure their safety, and become their Cicerone in visiting the many monuments of art and history that celebrated spot abounds in. Hypolito was urgent for the tour, as well to escape the observation of a circle with whom he had no pretension to mix, as to indulge his natural taste. The Count had a bark of his own, which, shortly after,

conveyed him, with a large party of friends, to Messina. During this little voyage, it was impossible for Hypolito to be wholly invisible; yet the Marquis was hardly less disgusted with his Italian friends, than his *protégé* declared himself. The rude inquisitive eyes, and broken observations, of the ill-bred grandees, made both youths happy to be once more on land. The Marquis had another reason for avoiding the sea; he was always a severe sufferer by the indisposition it very commonly occasions. When, therefore, the party proposed visiting the Lipari isles, the Marquis excused himself, and remained with Hypolito at the palace of Count Montalvo, who accompanied Sir Edward. The Prince, then Governor of Messina, ordered a splendid entertainment, to which the English strangers were universally invited; nor could the Marquis decline going, though not accustomed to attend these parties, and very unwilling

unwilling to leave his Hypolito, for whom his attachment had been daily increasing in a manner very surprizing even to himself. They had ridden together in the morning, which proved so sultry, as to have heated the blood of the Marquis, before he went to the palace of the Prince. A very little excess in wine acted powerfully on a constitution already feverish with violent exercise; and he quitted the Governor's party ere the masqued ball began, with which the entertainment was to conclude. The day was not closed when he came home; but Hypolito, who was drawing, had already called for lights. As the Marquis entered the magnificent suite of rooms allotted to himself and friends, his eye was led through them all, to the last, where he saw Hypolito deeply engaged with his subject. Shades over the wax-lights softened the glare, and gave the most feminine delicacy to the youth's naturally delicate complexion. His
dark

dark locks broke in redundant curls over the fairest forehead in the world, and played upon his throat and neck, the heat having obliged him to throw open his shirt collar. Suddenly he took the piece he was drawing, and, holding it behind the light, to survey it, the Marquis could not avoid observing the whiteness and smallness of his hands. "For your own credit and mine," cried the Marquis, gaily seizing his young favourite by the shoulder, "row, ride, drive, dig—do something to get rid of this white skin, and those delicate hands; for I cannot long stand the raillery I have encountered for this month past; and you must make up your mind to be considered as a woman in future, unless you contrive to get something more the look of a man." It was only by chance that the Marquis removed his eye from the landscape he had taken from Hypolito, to raise it to his face; but, dropping the drawing from his hands,

hands, it there became in a manner rivetted. That beauty, always too delicate for a man, had now the softest charm of woman, a mantling suffusion, a downcast grace.—The dangerous silence that followed, was at length, in a faltering voice, broken by Sir Edward's nephew. "And what embodied angel, then, are you," cried he, "dropt from the skies surely to guide and guard me?"—The Marquis spoke in the most winning voice; yet the charmer replied not; but, sinking on his shoulder, as he knelt at her feet, hid there her blushes, and communicated her tremblings.—Let no one vaunt fidelity, who avoids not danger.—The Marquis, already fevered by wine, found the intoxication now passing into his soul. The fair, the pure image of the distant Marian vanished from his memory; and he saw, heard, thought of, only this nameless, trembling, charmer. That she had followed him by choice,

choice, was very obvious;—for his sake had endured inconvenience, indignity, fatigue, and even servile degradation. The entreaties he redoubled to extort her secret, bewildered more and more, every moment, a head and heart already confused and impassioned; nor were the tears she now profusely poured forth, wanting to confirm her influence over the surprized, delighted lover. How, then, were his feelings awakened, when she at length avowed herself the slighted, detested daughter of Sir Edward Arden!—who, hopeless of ever conquering in her own character the inveterate prejudice he had conceived against her, and resolved that he should never be master of her hand from any motive but choice, had, ere her father and the Marquis left England, quitted Ireland to assume this disguise, and wait their arrival at Paris; hardly hoping to escape the keen eye of her father, but convinced, that,

if

if he should recognize her, his pride would make him conceal what he would never have authorized. Happily, however, he had not lived enough with her to have the same quick recollections other parents have of their children. And, far from being discovered by him, she had found herself so long overlooked by the Marquis, though beset by most of his Italian friends, that it was her full intention, the first safe opportunity, to quit Messina, and give up all thoughts of a man, who, whether as Miss Arden she sought a lover in him, or as Hypolito a friend, knew not how to distinguish or value her.

But this was a charge she knew her own injustice in making ; the eyes of the Marquis now dwelt enamoured on her beauty ; his eager ear carried to his heart the comprehensive, though implied tenderness, which her words conveyed. Too well he recollected

recollected the slights he had shewn Miss Arden; to atone for them, he knelt, implored, repented, vowed; *would* be forgiven: in fine, he was so. In the impassioned conversation that ensued, nothing transpired which could enlighten the Marquis: he found this impostor as familiar with his family,—its relations, feelings, secret occurrences, and future prospects, as Miss Arden herself; and, wholly unsuspecting of the possibility of any deception, indulged the ardour of his nature, and urged her to give him, as the pledge of her forgiveness, that very moment, the precious hand which alone could ensure it to him. To surprize Sir Edward on his return, appeared to his nephew a most happy device: the glowing cheek of the fair one contradicted her words, when she insisted on waiting the consent of her father. “Why, why should we?” cried the eager Marquis; “has he not, from the
hour

hour of your birth, bestowed you on the favoured Lenox? Ah! wherefore sacrifice happiness to form? Now, this very moment, give yourself, my Emily, to a husband, who will add the remembrance of this generous condescension to all your virtues and your charms." She urged the indelicacy of being married in her disguise.—It was the only way they could be married at all, the lover insisted; and they were in a place where love wore many a disguise. Once let the priest join their hands, and he pledged his honour to leave her full liberty to give decorum to her situation, by allowing her to resume the habit of her sex. Her denials became every moment fainter; and the Marquis, half inebriated with pleasure, as well as wine, more importunate. In fine, they stole from the palace to the great church, where Emily informed him her confessor officiated; and as that priest already knew her

her

her secret and its motives, from him no painful objection would he made respecting her disguise. The priest was found ; two more joined in the secret as witnesses, and the mistaken, impassioned Marquis was solemnly, regularly, married to Emily. —The name of Arden was not mentioned necessarily in the ceremony ; and the bridegroom read not the certificate he signed, or he would have seen that of Fitzallen subjoined ; for it was, indeed, that fiend in human shape, who had thus accomplished the deep revenge which she had so bitterly vowed on Sir Edward and his daughter.

Never, for one moment, had Emily Fitzallen lost sight of the persons whom she was determined to persecute. She followed and discovered the little delicate artifice by which Miss Arden sought to win the affections of her betrothed husband.

Thus

Thus the name and condition which the gentle Emily thought it wisdom to give up, the vindictive Emily saw she had the power of assuming: and finding, when his constant companion, that in her own person she might not have influence enough to decide the fate of the Marquis, she resolved to avail herself of the rare advantage of Sir Edward's absence, to borrow his daughter's name: and the unfortunate youth, as if willing to second her views, and destroy his own, had that day allowed his judgment to be weakened, and his constitution inflamed with wine. The priest who performed the marriage ceremony, had been previously prepared to attend at a moment's notice, as well as forewarned to be cautious in rendering it full, authentic, and duly witnessed.

The new married pair found, on entering the Count's palace, that some of his do-

messengers were already arrived, to notify the intended landing of the voyagers that evening. The Marquis felt it a respect due to his bride, to allow her leisure to resume her own dress, as he had promised; and the increased agitation of mind in which she appeared, claimed this consideration from him.

It would have been much more agreeable to the Marquis, as well as the bride, had the return of their friends been a little deferred. However, as that must happen when it would, the lover was anxious to find Sir Edward, ere he reached the palace of the Count Montalvo; as well to apprise him of the recent ceremony, as to prepare him to avow a previous knowledge of his daughter's disguise. Wandering, with this view, through those beautiful groves that on all sides border the shores of Messina, the pure air insensibly calmed the spirits, and sobered the

the brain, of the Marquis. He half wished that he had waited the return of Sir Edward, ere he wrested from him his daughter; and turned towards the walk on the quay; where he anxiously looked out for the bark of the Count. The grandeur and beauty of the view never struck the Marquis so sensibly: behind him arose the magnificent natural semicircle, with the lofty columns of the Palazzata; before him appeared the celebrated strait, once sung by all the Muses; and the elegant fictions were yet present to his mind. Blending, in an hour and situation so singular, the romance of poetry with that of love, he threw himself on a marble seat by the fountain of Neptune, and repeated, as he gazed, the verses of Homer. The blue strait, hardly dimpled by a breeze, was half covered with gaudy galleys, and the boats of fishermen; the fires of the light-house were reflected in glowing undulations on the waves;

heavy black clouds, tinged with a dun red, seemed to seek support on the rocky mountains of Calabria; and the winds, after a wild concussion, subsided at once into a horrible kind of stillness. The rowers, whose laborious and lively exertions animate the sea they people, now made vain, though more vigorous efforts, to take shelter in the harbour. Suddenly the atmosphere became murky and oppressive; the clouds, yet more swollen and dense, sunk so low, that they almost blended with the waters. Not a bird ventured to wing the heavy and unwholesome air; and the exhausted rowers could not catch breath enough to express, by a single cry, the agonizing fear that caused cold dew to burst from every pore. A tremendous sense of impending evil seemed to suspend all vital motion in the crowd late so busy around the Marquis; who impulsively partook that sick terror of soul, to which no
name

name has ever yet been given. This awful intuitive sense of the approaching convulsion of nature was, however, only momentary. A tremendous shock followed, of which the Marquis felt all the danger, and tried to arise, but the earth rocked beneath his feet. The marble fountain, near which he rested, was cloven in twain instantaneously; and hardly could he escape the abyss which he saw close over a number of miserable wretches, who, but a moment before, were standing beside him. Columns of the Palazzata, and other surrounding buildings, fell with a crash, as if the universe were annihilated. The horror yet raged in all its force, when the sudden rise of the earth he stood on, threw the Marquis, and a crowd around him, towards a wall, which must have dashed their brains out, but that, weak as they were, the wall was yet weaker, and fell before them in a cloud of dust. Oh! God, what it was to hear the agonizing

shrieks of suffering humanity, blended with the thunders of desolation, and the deep internal groans of disjointed nature! when, to complete the calamities of Messina, the sea, in one moment, burst its bounds; and boiling, as it were, by subterraneous fires, rolled forward, with horrible roarings, a mountainous deluge. As quickly the billows recoiled, bearing away a train of bruised and helpless wretches; and among them, that youth who was so lately the gayest of the gay, the happiest of the happy, —the unfortunate Marquis of Lenox.

Recollection was too fleeting, life too dubious, too fluctuating in the Marquis, when first he found that he yet existed, for him to connect his ideas, or utter any found but sighs and groans. He soon perceived that he was in a small, but miserable place, encompassed with persons whom he had never beheld till that moment, while
hoarse

hoarse voices resounded in his ear, equally unknown to him. Alas ! the only eye he could have seen with pleasure, dared not meet his ; the only voice which he could have found comfort in hearing, uttered not a word, lest the agitation, even of pleasure, should, in so weak a state, be death to him. Yet watching every breath the unfortunate youth drew, ready to echo every groan that burst from him, sat, hid by a curtain, his anxious, his affectionate uncle, Sir Edward Arden : and that the Duke of Aberdeen had yet a son, was rather owing to the Baronet's natural sensibility, than his immediate affection.

On the memorable evening of the earthquake at Messina, Sir Edward, the Count Montalvo, and two other Sicilian noblemen, were making the harbour ; as the sailors had predicted foul weather, though no one suspected the immediate and awful danger im-

pending. In one moment the experienced mariners, by expressive cries and gestures, made the noblemen comprehend that a singular and frightful motion of the vessel was not natural. Now, as gravitation were, by a strange inversion, removed to heaven, it was drawn at once back and upward, then thrown impetuously down into the dark abyss of the waters, and again in one moment caught upward, with a reeling, convulsive trembling, as if the timber had a vital sense, and felt the fears of those who would have worked it, had human art availed against the struggles of disjointed nature. Yet, tremendous as was the state of those on the sea, it was safety, compared to the situation of the sufferers on land; which the vessel so often approached, that the horror-struck passengers could see the victims collected upon the beach lift up their hands one moment to heaven for pity, and the next sink into the burning abyss that yawn-

ed

ed at their feet. As no power could steady the vessel, nor direct its course, the Count and his friends knew not whether they, with the helpless mariners who yet contended hard for life, were to have a watery, or a flaming grave. Nor was the concussion and entanglement, with other vessels in the same tremendous predicament, the least of their danger; though, when thrown out to solitary suffering, that danger appeared yet more horrible. At this fearful crisis every evil was increased, by one of the prime sailors falling from the mast which he was climbing, into the sea. His comrades, with the bold humanity incident to their profession, made the most strenuous efforts to recover him: and one of the sailors fancying, imperfect as the unnatural light was, that he saw the body, leaped overboard with a rope tied under his arms, and was as hastily drawn up, clasping a half-drowned wretch, who, it was soon discovered,

covered, was not his lost comrade. Having disengaged this man from the plank he convulsively embraced, and which had, in reality, saved his life, on finding him a mere stranger, they would perhaps have abandoned him to his fate; but that the fineness of his linen, and a rich watch-chain, attracted their notice; in a moment they stript and plundered the insensible sufferer; and the surgeon of the vessel alone saved a being from perishing by neglect, who had thus wonderfully escaped the wreck of nature. It is true his humanity was quickened by the recollection, that a man of so delicate an appearance, and who had been as delicately drest, might one day well recompense those who preserved his life. Thus, by a strange ordination of things, unknown and unnoticed, in the poor cabin of the surgeon, lay, with hardly a symptom of existence, the Marquis of Lenox; and there, so precarious was his situation, he might

might perhaps have expired, but that the sailors, who had possessed themselves of his valuables, burnt to convert them into money. Interest is often the last, as well as first principle, in vulgar minds. Hardly had the vessel got out enough to sea to promise safety, or the elements subsided sufficiently for the compass to guide, before a calculation of the plunder was made; and the watch-seals, and other ornaments of the Marquis, handed among the domestics of the noblemen for sale. What was the astonishment and horror of Sir Edward's valet, when he saw to whom they had so lately belonged! Far from guessing the fact, he only concluded the man on whom they were found, to be the murderer of the Marquis, thus overtaken at once by the justice of heaven. Instantly he rushed into the cabin where Sir Edward, and the noblemen, yet remained, stunned as it were with fear and horror. The earthquake was however forgotten

forgotten by the Baronet in his agony for his nephew; and not forming the harsh conclusion of his valet as to the stranger, he demanded to see him, that such care might be taken as would preserve his life, and enable him to give all the account in his power of the unfortunate Marquis of Lenox.—Ah! what tender anguish overwhelmed Sir Edward, when, wounded, wan, insensible, wrapt in coarse and dirty linen, he beheld the dearest object of all his cares, the sole delight of his remaining life—the darling son of his darling sister!

From the surgeon Sir Edward understood, that, beside a great number of bruises, the Marquis had a contusion on the head, attended with a high fever, nor, if it once flew to his brain, could human art save him. The sense of his own danger yet not over—the dreadful images of the horrors he had witnessed—all, all, was
lost

lost in the impression made by the beloved object before Sir Edward.—The Marquis was immediately removed to the best bed the small vessel afforded; every comfort, as well as medicine, anxiously administered: yet many, many, miserable days, and sleepless nights, did Sir Edward pass, before he was sure his own life would be prolonged, much less that of an invalid, in so weak a state.

The fever of the Marquis was at length enough subdued, for Sir Edward to appear by his bedside—faint ideas of affinity, and tenderness, indistinctly floated in the aching head of the youth, when his eyes wandered over the features of his uncle, and in a weak inward voice he murmured out “Hypolito.”—Sir Edward spoke not, but raising his eyes to heaven, and letting his hand fall, implied by this action, that the youth was no more.—Intense faintings,

ings, and convulsions, seized the Marquis. The relapse was so alarming, that he had been many days in a palace at Naples, and attended by the Embassador's physician, before he was allowed again to behold a face, that might once more confuse those faculties on which it was plain his existence depended.—Yet no sooner did the interesting affectionate eyes of his uncle meet his, than he again sighed out, "Oh! Sir, Hypolito!"—"That we have life ourselves, my dear Lenox," returned Sir Edward, "is little less than a miracle:—to preserve yours, you must be patient, silent, submissive—need I say, that you have not a wish I would not anticipate—a feeling I would not spare? Imagine every thing said you would have said—every thing done you would have done."

Alas! of the most generous assiduity the Marquis was well assured, and this it was

was struck so deep a despair through his heart. The sad history of the relation which he supposed the lost Hypolito stood in to Sir Edward, was yet in the bosom of her lover; and no other being knew at what an interesting moment the impostor was so awfully inhumed.—In the delirium which attended his fever, Sir Edward had, with great surprize, heard his nephew now call for Hypolito, now for Emily—now for Marian—now urge the disguised fair one to an immediate marriage; and smile at the scruples she made to decide her fate without her father's being present, when “it would make Sir Edward so happy to find her a bride.” These vague rhapsodies applied so exactly to the romance, the passion, and the secret situation of the Marquis with Sir Edward's daughter, that the only conclusion drawn by the tender father from these complicated wanderings and feelings was, that Emily had, in spite
of

of all her promises, betrayed her own disguise to her lover. How sad and dear then was the delight of thinking, that even in delirium she continued to be the only object who existed to that lover.

Time, however, strengthened the intellects, and improved the health, of the Marquis; who soon learnt the melancholy detail of the almost destroyed Messina, by that earthquake, which, throwing him into the sea, had in fact preserved his life. He dared not flatter himself that his bride had alike escaped; for, alas! was it not sure that she would have eagerly fought her father and her husband; and how should he be able to disclose the tremendous secret? Should *he* afflict the generous uncle who lived but in his looks, by telling him, that the very moment which accomplished his wishes had snatched away the dearer object of them? Ah! no; better was it
that

that Sir Edward should still suppose Miss Arden living in Ireland, and waiting their return.

The Marquis was at an age, when the spirits make great efforts to rise above the calamities of life. However strong the impression made by the lovely disguised fair one, however tender and sacred the tie that bound her to her lover, the impression was sudden, the tie incomplete. Sir Edward judged it wise to assume a general cheerfulness, that might renovate his nephew's spirits; and the attempt insensibly wore off the gloom and horror that for some time hung about the young man. The soft, the soothing remembrance, of the fair, the gentle Marian, aided in reviving him. Marian yet lived—lived too for him: nor would ever know his generous infidelity—an infidelity the grateful affection he felt for his uncle almost sanctified;

and which, having swayed him to fulfil a dear and sacred duty (for thus frail mortals daily extenuate to themselves their lapses), no longer obliged him to forego the cherished choice of his heart. During the term of his nephew's sickness and convalescence, Sir Edward had kept back many of the letters of Marian, which now were delivered to her lover in a packet; and the Marquis drew thence a renovating power, that not even the pure air of Naples could afford.

In the long leisure of a sick chamber, the Marquis had often pondered over the extraordinary situation from which he had so miraculously escaped with life; and though there remained not a hope that Hypolito survived (for why, in that case, did he not appear?), an ardent wish lived in the mind of the widower bridegroom once more to re-visit the memorable scene
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of his marriage—to learn if possible the manner and moment of the death of the disguised fair one—to see at least the priest who had, in an hour teeming with horror and evil, united their hands—to shed with him some tears of generous anguish—and, in the great church of Messina, to consecrate the memory of the unfortunate Emily, by a magnificent monument.

The danger of re-visiting Sicily had now for some time been over; and when Sir Edward found his nephew strenuous in the wish of going, he no longer opposed, though he did not choose to accompany him. A bark was engaged by the melancholy Marquis; who, passing by many a scene of desolation, at length sailed into the almost-choaked-up harbour of Messina; an awful memento of the vain labours of man, and all the little pride of human magnificence.—The half-fallen

pier—the tottering Palazzata—the solitary strand, and the indistinct streets, through which crawled a few mangled wretches who lived only to envy those whom the earth had wholly swallowed up, made the very soul of the Marquis recoil within him, before he reached the great church, and convent adjoining. An enormous mass of ruins alone marked the spot where they had stood. Of the priest he sought, not a trace remained. The whole brotherhood had vanished, either into a premature grave, or in search of a remote, but safe home. The bare walls of the palace of Count Montalvo, though injured, had not fallen, but it was plundered of the magnificent furniture, nor inhabited by a single domestic. In fine, no being remained in Messina whom the Marquis had ever seen there, nor was the unhappy stranger he enquired for known, either by description or name. How could an individual

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be remembered in a place where society was become an echo, and the grandeur of ages annihilated by a single convulsion in nature? The Marquis again slowly, and sadly, ascended his bark, and, casting his eyes over the ravaged glories of Messina, "Ah! why, my Emily," sighed he, "when I have so awful a proof how vain is the busy pride of mortality, why should I attempt to raise a monument to thee? The God who at such a moment, and in such a manner, claimed thee, has made Messina thine!" Then turning appalled from the enormous mass of splendid ruins, he hastily cut through the green waves, on which the evening sun still played with undiminished, unaltered beauty.

Once more in Naples, the Marquis, though silent and melancholy, was not inconsolable. During his convalescence, he had rather felt, than seen, his boundless

influence over his uncle; which it was now his first wish to increase; that, whenever the day came when he should acknowledge the humble choice his heart had made, he might act on a nature so generous, in favour of his lovely, his interesting Marian. It was, however, the subject of great surprize to him, that Miss Arden's fate was yet a secret to her father: but, as Sir Edward had long forborne to mention her from prudence, and the Marquis always avoided it from choice, this was not a moment to lead to so painful an enquiry, by a single question. Too soon would it be, whenever a father so tender learnt her melancholy fate. It would then become *his* duty and choice alike to soothe and to console his uncle. Perhaps, when the bitterness of grief was assuaged, and Sir Edward was informed of the sacred rite which brought them still nearer in affinity than nature had, that generous man might
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in turn be brought to adopt, and second, the only feeling that could induce him to take another bride.—But why should he prolong his banishment? His own country now contained not the once-dreaded Miss Arden, while in that country lived for him, and him alone, his Marian.

After an apparent weariness, and constraint, the Marquis one day abruptly proposed to his uncle, returning to England. The keen, but delighted eye of Sir Edward, seemed to pierce his nephew's very soul, yet vainly he sought to account for the cloud that immediately succeeded on his brow, or a kind of stifled compassion for himself that followed the proposition. No possible objection, however, occurred on the part of the uncle: on the contrary, it produced a gay flow of spirits, extremely embarrassing and distressing to the young man, who found himself almost

unable to keep the dreadful secret; and seeing, from that moment, in all the gay scenes of Italy, only the grave of Sir Edward's lovely and affectionate daughter, he could not controul his increasing impatience to depart, and urged his weak health as rendering it necessary he should travel very leisurely, a mode which he knew his uncle detested. Having settled their route, and appointed to wait in Switzerland, he left Sir Edward behind to fulfil some excursive engagements, and set out, attended by only his servants.

Gentle exercise, pure air, the variety of simple scenes, and objects, around him, gradually invigorated, as he went, the health of the Marquis, and made him delight to linger in Switzerland. Ah! who would not delight to linger in Switzerland? Who would not wish the soul now to dilate into grandeur, and now, with
sweet

sweet compression, to contract into content, as simple or majestic nature takes its turn to act upon it?—In that wild region our traveller found all the fervour of romantic passion rekindled in his soul. He walked till he could walk no longer;—he rested only to gain strength to walk again:—and, if fatigue caused him to sleep, he carried into the torpor which was necessary to repair exhausted nature, rich and fanciful visions, not less delightful than those he cherished when awake. Nevertheless, a carriage and led horse accompanied our pedestrian; for such had been the orders of his father.—The carriage he was often pleased to fill with tired and rosy vintagers, on whose gratitude he made no demand. His horse often lightened the way to the sun-burnt veteran, who fought,

“ When all his toils were past,

“ Still to return, and die at home at last.”

While

While the Marquis thus generously employed his superfluous advantages, he would delight to linger behind; resting under the shadow of some grotesque mountain, and listening to the dashing of some distant waterfall, while his mind now solemnly paused upon the past, now fondly mused, on the uncertain future.

After a day passed in this luxurious manner, night so suddenly surprized the Marquis, at a solitary but beautiful valley, a few miles from Lausanne, that, had not his servants, apprehending him to be too ill, or too much exhausted, to come on, returned with the carriage, he must have slept on the grass. Once seated, he indulged the slumber which fatigue occasioned, and had been well shaken by his valet, ere he could be sufficiently roused, to understand that his chaise was stopt by another, which was overturned, and so broken,

broken, that a lady and her maid were hopeless of reaching Laufanne, unless some benevolent traveller would either assist to repair the mutilated equipage, or accommodate them with his own. The poor Marquis, still a little cross at having so comfortable a nap interrupted, did not find himself in the humour to alight. Nevertheless, he sent in his own name a polite offer of his carriage, and did not think the stranger too complaisant in immediately accepting it. However, he had no choice but to spring out, and shew his involuntary knight-errantry. The hills on each side were covered with high trees; which, meeting over the road, added darkness to the night. Having got his chaise safely past the broken one, the Marquis with great gallantry handed in two trembling females, who seemed hardly able to thank him; and having given the postillions strict charge of them, returned to survey

survey the shattered chaise; his valet being provided with phosphoric matches, by which he had now lit a taper. After various proposals to tie it together, the Marquis thought its appearance so unsafe, that, tired as he was, he chose to mount a horse, and follow his own carriage, which was not yet out of hearing. He was near enough to the inn when the strangers got out, to have offered his assistance; but, a little disgusted with the want of consideration on their parts; and perceiving, by the lights held at the door, that his hands and cloaths were covered with dust, he thought it a respect due to himself, rather than the stranger, to rectify his appearance. To dress never took the Marquis much time; and to his request to enquire after the lady's health, an immediate permission was accorded. As he had sent in his name, the landlord stood ready with lights to precede "*Milor Anglois*" into the apartment

apartment of the stranger. As the Marquis glanced his quick eye forward, he saw, leaning one arm gracefully on a low old-fashioned chimney-piece, and with the other caressing a beautiful Italian greyhound, a female, at once so slight, graceful, and dignified, as to rivet his attention, and give a strange, wild, prophetic pulsation to his heart. This elegant traveller had the air of high rank, affluence, and fashion. She was wrapt in a riding robe of black velvet, lined with white satin, and girt to her waist by a cord of silver. A pale blue velvet hat, with a plume of white feathers, was thrown carelessly on one side, yet tied under her chin by a white and silver handkerchief. Over the black velvet robe fell, in vast profusion, rich curls of fair hair, from which the Marquis, by a kind of intuitive conviction, seemed to recognize his fair Italian; while the whole graceful figure announced to him his Marian. Nor did

did he err in either instance; the charmer turned towards him, and he saw,—not the humble daughter of Dennis, though every feature of Marian. Ah! no, this was, and was not, Marian;—an elegant, conscious, high-bred beauty, now stood before him: yet, in the chastened delight with which her eye surveyed him, he read the triumph of his own. How new—how tumultuous were his emotions! how exquisite, yet agonizing, the embrace she denied not! That Marian was distinguished, her lover plainly saw—that she might be infamous, he severely felt. Yet, such is the contrariety of human emotions, that the tears his eyes swam in, sprang more from perceiving her to be independent of himself, than a juster cause. The air of this irresistible charmer, however, was not more tender, than it was innocent. She blushed, it is true; but it seemed to be only for the distress she occasioned; since

she

she hardly knew how to interpret the agitation which the Marquis attempted not to controul. "I have surprized you, my Lord," faltered she; then, sweetly smiling, added, "and I too have been in turn surprized."—"The meeting with my Marian," replied her lover, again fondly clasping her, "would be a pleasure past all speaking; *but*"—"But what, my Lord?"—"To find her *thus*!"—the Marquis cast his eye over her dress.—"Oh! is that all your distress?" cried she, with a glow of triumphant pleasure; "I will not be my own historian, positively, when there is a better at hand: let Sir Edward Arden be summoned to expound the mystery."—"Sir Edward Arden, my angel, is far from hence; and my Marian must, in pity of the heart wholly her own, expound this mystery herself."—"Nay, my Lord," playfully and in exultation returned the charmer, "I may hazard much with *you* in the avowal of my name; but nothing with

with Sir Edward Arden, by demanding in his arms a welcome for his wandering daughter."

The concussion of nature that swallowed up the impostor Hypolito, could alone equal that which now shook the mental system of the Marquis. Yet a single thought was conclusive; a single impulse conviction. Yes, the gracious, the graceful creature, now bending benignly to raise him from the earth on which his misery had laid him, was, could be, only the angel daughter of Sir Edward; the being, formed and finished, "the cunning'st pattern of excelling nature:" who, whether she appeared as a masqued Italian Grace, a rustic maid, or a high-bred beauty, was intuitively adored by him, and claimed in his heart, whatever shape she wore, a rightful sovereignty. But whence then came the arch-fiend to whom he had at Messina plighted his hand? No doubt,
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from the hell that opened to swallow her, ere yet the sin was consummated.—How, how, unless endued with supernatural knowledge, could she have discussed with him the many secret domestic occurrences, not more familiar, as it appeared, to his mind, than hers?

And well might this bewilder the ideas of the unhappy Marquis; who had never been enough a party in the little history of Miss Arden, to learn that a creature, like Emily Fitzallen, even existed;—still less that this companion of her youth had ungratefully supplanted her; and then vowed a bitter revenge, which she had, alas! too successfully executed.

That delicate pride which nature makes one of the first charms of woman, was a little wounded in Emily Arden, on observing a revulsion of soul so singular in the

Marquis. Yet it was plain he suffered much; so deadly a paleness lived on his cheek, so melting a sadness marked his voice, that, unintelligible as the cause remained (for he answered not to her fondest entreaties), the tenderness of her heart, which was solely engrossed by the lover at her feet, made her lose every other care in that of consoling him. Too true was the sympathy for her to attempt it in vain; formed for each other, they were, without a single vow, united. Hypolito, in a moment so dear, as completely vanished from the thoughts of the Marquis, as if the impostor had never existed. Sir Edward Arden was no longer missed by his daughter; and two whole happy hours elapsed in endearment and protestation, ere Miss Arden remembered she was faint for want of food, or the Marquis that he was dying with fatigue, when they met. But was ever repast more delicious than the humble

ble one they sat down to, when mutual love, thus graced, and blest, the board? How playfully did the Marquis arraign the inflexibility of the fair one, who commanded him to recover his good looks by the morning, when from the table she early past to a chamber; where the sweet consciousness of rewarded virtue, hallowed the slumbers of the amiable Emily.

Ah! not alike pure and unbroken was the rest of the Marquis; so strange, so singular, was his situation, so inexplicable his recollections, that he found it impossible to calm his spirits. To his distempered fancy the chamber rocked with the earthquake of Sicily one moment, and the next was illuminated with the visible presence of a guardian angel, in the form of his adored Emily: nor were his slumbers more peaceful; marriage and death, by turns, seemed to demand him as a victim;

and glad was he to see that day break, which restored to his eyes and heart the beloved object, who alone could chase away each painful thought.

But what a day of delight arose to Miss Arden ! At last to be thus worshipped ! at last to see herself the sole hope of the man who ruled her very fate ! Now no longer shunned, dreaded, abhorred, the remembrance that she once had been so, only gave sweet confirmation of her power, and exalted happiness into triumph. She was told that her father was coming to meet her ; and though well she knew the share he would take in her felicity, she felt it most perfect without him. Safe in her lover's protection, she enjoyed the fond pleasure of solely depending on him.

The Marquis, on the contrary, counted the hours till his uncle should arrive ; for
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from his hand alone could he hope to receive that of Miss Arden: and dear as was the heart she gave him, he felt it to be only part of an invaluable treasure, wholly destined for himself.

A very simple train of circumstances had produced this romantic meeting of the lovers. After the awful escape of the Marquis at Messina, he long remained in a state of such danger, that Sir Edward could not conceal it entirely from the Duke; though he forbore, as long as possible, the communication, in hopes of some favourable turn. The Duke, impetuous as his son in all his feelings, forgot how acutely Miss Arden would sympathize, and almost killed her with the dreadful recital given by her father. To fly to the beloved of her heart, to watch over, cherish, soothe, recover, or perish with him, was Emily's first thought, and indeed

her only one. The alarm of the Duke left her without a doubt of his setting out on the arrival of the next letter; and hardly could the afflicted Emily breathe till it came. That letter, however, brought better accounts of the Marquis; and the Duke coolly left him to the care of his uncle, and thought, from that moment, once more only of himself and his libertine indulgences. Plunged in grief, shut up from company, yet disgusted with her home, Emily soon was shocked with discovering it to be an improper one. The Duke was either less attentive than usual to the respect due to Miss Arden, or she found her perception quickened by the desire she felt to be gone; but it became impossible for her to misunderstand the terms on which the Duke, and the widow lady engaged to give propriety to Miss Arden's residence in his house, now lived. The disgust and shame of such an affront, however,

however, was soon lost in the recollection, that it authorized Emily to follow her own inclinations, and seek her father. She hinted her dissatisfaction at the conduct of the *lady*, without seeming to include the Duke in the censure ; and announced her intention of availing herself of the return of Sir Edward's valet, who might with her own suite conduct her to Italy. The Duke took no pains to investigate, much more over-rule, a resolution which left him peaceful possession of his mistress, and his own mansion, but allowed Miss Arden to stay or go as she should think most eligible. Thus, upon mature deliberation, the delicate Emily found (so fallacious are our reasonings where the heart is impressed) that to run over the Continent in search of her father,—for she never allowed her lover to appear a part of her consideration,—was absolutely an act of discretion, and accordingly took leave of the Duke.

When once on the road, the impatience which Miss Arden could not restrain, shewed too plainly the tender motive of her journey. Having agreed to rest in Switzerland, merely till Sir Edward's valet should notify her approach, that she might not abruptly rush upon her lover, she had sent the man forward only one day, when the breaking down of her chaise prevented her passing, in the dark, the person whom alone she sought.

The delightful rambles of two lovers through that delightful country, may easily be imagined. Sir Edward lost no time, from the moment his valet reached him, in seeking his daughter; wondering much at every town that he found her not.—But where could it be such happiness to find her, as leaning, with frank affection, on the arm of his nephew, while the glad eyes of both hailed him as the author, the partaker of their felicity? This was, indeed,

deed, all of joy a father can know:—to see his Emily, at last, sweetly conscious of absolute power, yet using it only to give delight:—to hear the nephew, whom he had ever loved with parental fondness, implore absolution from him, for the secret sins of ingratitude and perverseness, while both, with tender anxious eyes, demanded from his hand each other; Ah! where could three beings be found so much to be envied? Yet, of these three, the father knew, perhaps, the most exquisite felicity; for he had known the most cruel doubts.

The Marquis, impatient in all things, was for being married immediately; but this, Sir Edward urged, was, from a variety of causes, impossible. Miss Arden would then be too much in the Duke's power; who, perhaps, loved himself well enough, poorly to leave his son, during a
life

life that promised continuance, dependent on his wife. So mortifying an idea silenced the Marquis, but made him urgent to set out for England, where all these arrangements could most expeditiously be made. And now the gentle Emily became the objector; she could not, truly, leave unseen the beauties of Italy, nor was troubled with the least fear for her fortune. All necessary points might, she observed, be settled without their presence: in short, her father at length comprehended that Miss Arden feared, in returning unmarried, she should be exposed to the ridicule of having come abroad to seek a tardy lover; or rather, that she veiled, under this idea, the same determination with the Marquis; and both were alike ready to be united. Sir Edward, therefore, once more dispatched his valet to England, with such proposals to the Duke as he thought eligible; and only required

required of the lovers to accompany him to Naples, where, on the arrival of the settlements, they could be publicly married in the chapel of the English Embassador; after which Emily might, without impropriety, visit Rome. The Marquis was perfectly easy on every point, but the tedious time which must necessarily elapse: as Sir Edward, however, during the journey, almost always chose to ride his nephew's horse, and give up his seat in the chaise to him, the lovers contrived to pass the interval pleasantly enough.

The reason which Sir Edward had given for delaying the marriage was so prudent, that it easily imposed on the Marquis, but not on Miss Arden. She had penetrated too deeply into her father's character, not to perceive that pride was his foible; and, by the refinement of his nature, she was become his pride. Born
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to give way to his nephew himself, it was only by holding Miss Arden high, that he could render it obvious that she was not elevated by marrying her cousin. In the splendour of the union, the fond father studied to give an addition to happiness;—the hearts of the lovers told them that was not to be given,

The valet, dispatched to England to await the drawing up due settlements under the auspices of the Duke, could not so soon return, but that the party had ample leisure to visit the classical scenes around Naples, in all the intoxication of youth, love, curiosity, and pleasure. Yet fits of absence and gloom, wholly unintelligible to his fair mistress, frequently came over the Marquis; and the name of Hypolito often trembled on his lips, although it never passed them. Ah! how should he resolve to debase himself so far, as to tell his
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adored Emily, that an impostor, infamous for aught he knew, had so successfully assumed her name and character, as to seize on his heart, and decide his fate? or even, if he might venture to rely on her forgiveness, was it possible he should acknowledge to Sir Edward that he had been so egregious a dupe?

Sir Edward understanding too well one cause of his nephew's melancholy and abstracted air, now apprized his daughter of the history and deplorable fate of Hypolito :• whom he spoke of so partially, that Emily wept for the loss which the Marquis must long feel of an accomplished, attached associate. Warned by her father, that to appear to know the sorrow of her lover, would be to cherish it, she employed all the charms which she well knew how to render successful, to inspirit the Marquis; nor would ever suffer the conversation

versation to turn toward Sicily, or an earthquake. Yet, in the exquisite sense of power and passion, she sometimes envied the lost Hypolito, even in the grave, his influence in the heart where she would exclusively have reigned.

A palace and establishment, suitable to her fortune, having been provided in Naples for Miss Arden, her father, and the Marquis, contented themselves with their former home. The lady of the English Embassador was distantly allied to the Bel-larney family, and soon circulated the reason of the obvious difference in Sir Edward's mode of living and his daughter's. She introduced Miss Arden at court, who was thought so irresistible, that hardly had the Marquis a friend, who was not secretly his rival. Sir Edward exulted in the admiration his Emily excited; but she loved too truly not to blush at pleasing

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ing any man, except him whom it was her duty, no less than choice, to please. Often did she sigh at the vain parade of her almost empty palace, when she saw its gates close every evening on her father and her lover; nor had she any consolation for the tedious etiquette by which she was enslaved, except that of knowing the arrival of the courier from England would end it.

Sir Edward's valet at length returned, and the Marquis had the gratification of finding that his uncle had not been just in the idea he had insinuated of his father. The Duke of Aberdeen very liberally assigned to his son, during his own life, a third of the estates which he would wholly inherit; and to Miss Arden he united with the Marquis in making over, for the term of hers, all her own possessions, settling them on the younger children of the marriage, to be allotted at the joint pleasure

pleasure of the father and mother. To this the Duke added letters equally kind and polite, with the promise of a splendid set of jewels to the bride, which was now preparing.

There appeared no longer a cause for delay, and the evening of the next day was fixed for the nuptials, which the English Embassador claimed the honour of witnessing, with his lady, in his own chapel; nor would he excuse the party from supping *al fresco* in his gardens.

The happy day at length arrived; and the Marquis, having ordered a gay *divertissement*, came to the hotel of Miss Arden to breakfast. The performers were all stopt in the hall, and the lover only admitted to the garden; where, as by magic, had arisen a straw-roofed cottage, in which appeared, in the simple garb of Scotland,

Scotland, the affianced bride; while, by her, in a habit humble as that of Dennis, stood her real father. The repast was in the same plain style; and had not the fragrant tuberoſe, and flowering orange, ſcented the air, the delighted Marquis would have thought himſelf ſtill in his native ſhades, — thoſe ſweet ſolitudes, where firſt his heart expanded to love and happineſs.

The more brilliant entertainment of muſic, which the lover had prepared, was given afterwards; but, to the maſquers, was added the fair-haired Italian peaſant, whoſe light fingers once more ſwept the mandoline with inimitable grace: that pleaſure paſt, Emily again vaniſhed, but ſoon to return in the chaſte elegance of her bridal dreſs. Long robes of white muſlin, ſpangled with ſilver, were girt to her waſt by a zone of purple, claſped with rich diamonds. The redundance of her fair locks was a lit-

tle confined, by part of them being braided with glowing purple, and strings of pearl, without any other ornament. Several bracelets of pearl encircled her polished and snowy arms, the beauty of which never was so obvious, as while her father holding one hand, and her lover the other, conducted her up through the portico of the Ambassador's palace. On the steps, the party were met by the noble owner and his lady, who ushered them through a magnificent gallery to the chapel. It was splendidly illuminated, and so gaily decorated with festoons of roses, as to appear, indeed, the temple of Hymen. Sir Edward Arden, in the fullness of delight, now fixed his eyes on those of his beloved nephew, and now on the downcast lids of his daughter, and saw, in the arrival of this moment, every wish he had ever formed, accomplished. The chaplain began the solemn service; and Sir Edward, taking the hand so dear to him, in
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the presence of God and man, joined the pair whom he once thought no time, no chance, would ever unite. In the gardens of the palace, a splendid collation was soon after served, and an invisible concert prolonged the tedious evening to the Marquis, who watched the glance of Sir Edward's eye, to lead home his Emily,—his own dear Emily. During the interval, the palace had been universally illuminated, and a great crowd had assembled on the steps of the portico. Emily, distressed at becoming in such a moment the object of attention, stumbled; the bridegroom, concluding that some one had trod on her robe, turned hastily round to disengage it, and fixed his eye on Hippolyto. — Yes, the ghastly smile in the very same boyish face he had worn when the Marquis laid her in her tomb: and, oh! fatal memento of their tremendous meeting, and yet more tremendous parting, held up in full view the ring, the fatal ring, with

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which

which the Marquis had wedded the fair, the fascinating impostor. It had been one given to him by his mother, and hastily applied, however unsuitable, to this purpose; but it was too remarkable to be mistaken; nor could the wretched gazer doubt its identity. The exquisite vision of love, hope, and happiness, faded at once from the soul of the agonized bridegroom; and he sunk, a corpse in appearance, at the feet of the trembling daughter of Sir Edward Arden.

The portico resounded with the cries of the sorrowful and astonished spectators. The miserable Marquis was carried into the nearest apartment, and a physician immediately lance the wound. — Wan as though an corpse, the lover at length opened his eyes, and wildly glancing them around, no longer allowed them to dwell on her so lately their sole object; but, hardly permitting the surgeon time

time to bind up the orifice, sprang with the strength of a lunatic from those who encircled him, to fly through the arcade—traverse the chapel—the illuminated galleries—from thence, in the desperation of sudden frenzy, he rushed down the steps of the portico—but too certain, at length, that the object of his search was no longer to be seen, he struck his head against a marble pillar with such force, as to stun himself. Sir Edward Arden, hardly less frantic at an agony so wholly unintelligible, directed his servants to lift his nephew, while yet insensible, into his coach, and carry him back to the hotel they both inhabited. A trembling hand seized the arm of Sir Edward; and the pale face of his Emily anxiously explored his, while repeating, “The Marquis, my father, has now a house of his own—it is your Emily who must henceforward entreat for a home with him.”—

Conscious of she knew not what violation

of decorum in thus asserting her claim, she sweetly shrunk from his glance, and blushed: yet in a moment

“A thousand innocent flames

“In angel whiteness bore away those blushes.”

Pressing his tender Emily to his bosom, Sir Edward dropt on hers, tears of infantine softness and affection. “Sweetest of creatures,” cried he, “hardly can this unhappy young man be termed thy husband.” — “Have I not even now called on heaven and man, my father, to witness the vow which long, long since, wedded my soul to his? Yes, Edward, beloved Edward,” cried she, turning with a gush of tears to the still insensible bridegroom, “I am thine — for ever thine. Whether thou art sick or well, happy or miserable, thy Emily feels it the dear, sad duty of her life, to watch over, soothe, sustain thee. The grave alone, perhaps not even that, can sever from thine
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the soul now repeating the fond, unalienable vow, to him who is, alas! no longer able to return it."

Sir Edward made no further opposition to the wish of his daughter; and the bridal hours were past by the tender, agitated Emily in anxious watchings. A raging fever followed the horrible convulsion of mind which the Marquis had undergone: in its paroxysms the affrighted bride a thousand times heard him renounce, abhor, the vow of marriage, "by which he had allied himself to perdition." Starting up with fearful glaring eyes, he would command her to quit his sight—never, never more, to appear before him. The frenzy, then, would be illumined with a ray of reason; he suddenly beheld in her a benignant angel, descended to save him from the horrors of his own soul. He then would, with that tenderness which was ever so successful, implore

her *never* to quit his bed-side—*never* once to take from his eyes those charming ones which alone could soften his sufferings; and now pressing her hand to his throbbing temples, and now to his burning bosom, seem to think it quieted each dangerous pulsation, and thus, at intervals, lulled himself into the stupefaction which gave him strength again to struggle. From the imperfect slumbers which her fondness sometimes soothed him into, he would once more start with convulsive shudderings—infirm that the room rocked with an earthquake; that the sun was turned into blood—heap dreadful curses on an Emily, “loathsome to his eyes, and fatal to his honour”—demand in wild transports “the ring, the fatal ring, with which *the fiend had enchained his very soul*,”—and, when the agonized daughter of Sir Edward Arden hastily drew off the one with which he had so lately wedded her, to present it to him, he would
gaze

gaze mournfully on that, and mysteriously on herself — then cry, “No, no” — wander through faint recollections, and, gently replacing the bond of dear affiance, draw fondly towards him the heart-broken Emily, and deluge her bosom with his tears.

Sacred is the bond of calamity, when thus the visitation comes from heaven. Could Emily in the arms of the Marquis have known so dear a tenderness as that she felt when hovering near his sick-bed, conscious that he existed but by the love that would willingly have made him immortal? Ah! when did any pleasure of sense equal that with which the almost expiring lover took from her eyes, and from her hand, the daily portion of prolonged existence?

Sir Edward shared in the assiduities of his daughter, as soon as the Marquis began
to

to recover. Yet a strange apprehension, in spite of his better reason, arose in the father's mind, that Emily knew not: he saw, or fancied he saw, that as the strength and spirits of the Marquis returned, he found their company an oppression. Alas! the tender parent was not mistaken. What tortures of mind succeeded the sufferings of body from which the miserable Lenox at last escaped! He knew the only good on earth his soul desired, to be his own, yet found himself not the richer. Could he, under the fatal circumstance in which he stood, dare to sully the purity of his angel Emily? Too well he knew that the ring she wore gave him no claim to her endearing tenderness—would convey no inheritance to her children—nay might, by the malice of a fiend, be taken from her finger. To the fury of fever, and frenzy, now succeeded a sullen, settled, deep despair. If he appeared at all, his eyes were haggard, and
his

his hair dishevelled: he hardly sat a moment at the table—forgot that he had been invited to eat—and, strangely departing from all the civilities of life, no less than its social feelings, would rush from the room, to shut himself up again in his own apartment. Nor was that apartment any longer accessible to the miserable Emily. Yet hours and hours she waited anxiously in the ante-chamber, while he paced irregularly in the one within. Alas! the sighs and groans that at intervals escaped him, pierced her very soul.

Sir Edward Arden now in sad solitude too sensibly felt, how incompetent we are to judge of what we so boldly demand of heaven as happiness. A thousand times the Marquis had, with the energetic delight of a lover, told him that he adored his daughter: he could not but see that she lived in the looks of his nephew. It had
been

been the pride, the pleasure of his life, to give them to each other, yet not one of the three found, in the accomplishment of this only wish, felicity.

Not from his daughter, however, could Sir Edward draw a breath of complaint. It was her wan cheek, when she was no longer permitted to watch over her husband,—it was the faint flutter, and delicate glow, that tinted her complexion, when he appeared,—it was the tears which she stifled in his presence, but which flooded her eyes whenever he vanished, that alone told to her fond father the painful sense she had of so deep an unkindness. A thousand times Sir Edward resolved to enquire into the motives of his nephew's extraordinary estrangement—as often the apprehensive Emily left him nothing to complain of, by taking on herself the reserve; and insisting that time, and time only, would

would enable her to recover the shock and fatigue of so long an attendance on so alarming a malady—confess an obligation to the Marquis for returning her kindness, in allowing her to do as she pleased; and finally, with a delicate address conveyed through her father this to her husband. What was her grief and astonishment, when she observed that this information contributed more to tranquillize his mind, than all her cares! The fatal idea, that she had been from the first deceived, and that he had married her from some other motive than choice, then suddenly sunk into her soul: no sooner did the Marquis begin to ride abroad, and resume his usual habits of life, than the deserted Emily shut herself up in her own apartment, and almost died at so marked, so cruel a neglect.

Ah! could she have known the employment—the sole employment of the man
whom

whom she distrusted!—every moment of his absence was spent in searching for that fiend, whom once found, he hoped to soothe, or bribe, to allow of the annulling of a marriage certainly incomplete, but which only her acknowledgment could prove so. Should he accomplish this point, he meant to throw himself at the feet of Sir Edward's lovely daughter; and, by confessing the whole truth, prove, what appeared to be his fault, was in reality his virtue—the daring to shun the bride whose tenderness he returned with adoration.

The search, the enquiries of the hapless husband, availed not: this fearful phantom, at whose presence virtue and happiness at once vanished, having completed that object, seemed ever to sink into the hell that alone could have engendered her. After a thousand struggles to reconcile his feelings

feelings with his conscience, the Marquis found that he must still shun his Emily, and, by returning immediately to London have the advice of the civilians there on the possibility of annulling the first marriage, and making the second valid.

But the latter object, it soon seemed probable, the Marquis need not strive so assiduously to attain: it appeared to himself, as well as to the distracted father, a dreadful doubt, whether Emily would live to see England again. A grief, too acute for medicine to relieve, had already made deep ravages on the delicate constitution of the Marchioness. Her heart, thrown back upon her hands, chilled the pure bosom it returned to. The hours usually devoted to rest were almost wholly spent by her in vain conjectures concerning her husband, to whom she naturally imputed some other attachment. Yet still, by some incom-

incomprehensible feeling, she observed in company that his eyes were ever fixed on her with a dying fondness, though he sought her not at any other time. Determined to fulfil her duty, even in the extreme, Emily yet exhausted herself in efforts to please, or to amuse him. She played, she drew enchantingly. She charmed all who came within her circle, and often saw, in the pride the Marquis felt when she was admired, that fond appropriation of herself, wholly irreconcilable with his painful neglect.

The physician having declared the Marchioness in too precarious a state of health to venture a long journey, proposed her leaving Naples, for a more retired situation. A villa was easily procured; and her afflicted father, unable to endure the inexplicable vexation, made an excursion to Rome, to endeavour to beguile, in the
society

society of the wise and lettered men of that city, a deep chagrin of which he saw no probable end.

Sir Edward had the little relief of shortly after hearing, from Emily, that the sweet spot she lived in, revived her spirits, and amended her health. Each letter gave him more cheerful accounts. Not only his daughter, but the Marquis, at length implored him to return, and both joined in assuring him that his presence, his paternal presence, alone was wanting to their happiness. This assurance had too often reached Sir Edward's ears, while only misery was before his eyes, for him to give much credit to it; but the anxious desire he had, to know whether his daughter's health was really amended, made him at length risk visiting the infatuated pair, whom wedlock, as it seemed, alone could alienate. But they were alienated

no longer; every trace of vexation and sickness had so entirely vanished, that it was only by his memory that Sir Edward could assure himself either had existed. In perfect harmony with each other, the married lovers diffused over the beautiful spot they inhabited the charms of paradise itself: for what were they but innocence, and love?—Ah! was the Marquis then innocent? fain, fain, would he believe so. The angel Emily, that lived *for*, lived *with* him, and was perhaps too charming always to be withstood. Her image so wholly occupied his soul, that the horrible one of Hypolito became at length faint, indistinct, ærial — it was the interest of the hapless lover to convince himself, that the heart-harrowing form, holding the ring on the steps of the Embassador's palace, was shaped by his fancy merely: and the variety of frightful visions which had impressed his brain in the progress of his
his

his fever, assumed figures so various and distorted, that well might he doubt, whether fear had not previously conjured up the formidable phantom which thus shook his nature. So fruitless too had been his after-search, that at length he fondly flattered himself the object of it no longer existed; and it was not the dead, but the living, whom the unhappy Marquis was born to dread.

Yet nothing but a favourable judgment from the civilians in England could ultimately relieve the mind of the nominal husband; for while one doubt remained in it, that he might yet bring affliction on his Emily, the dear delight of living with her must ever be imperfect pleasure. Their return home was once again in contemplation, when a new cause of delay occurred to the tender father, bringing with it the dearest hope in human nature.—Sir

Edward was suddenly struck with the same delicacy of complexion, and uncertainty of appetite, that had fore-run the birth of his Emily, in herself: and by continually recalling the beloved remembrance of her mother, the Marchioness became doubly endeared to him.—How exquisite was the pleasure he gave her husband in the hint! Both agreed to leave to the timid Emily the time for disclosing a secret so pleasing to all three; and both with tender studious care promoted her every wish, nay sought in silence to anticipate them all.

Retirement was no longer necessary to the restoration of the Marchioness; but from the delicacy of her nature it now became her choice; and she formed too entirely the happiness of her husband, and father, for either to wish to change the scene.—How indeed, when three informed, and united hearts devoted every power to pleasing

ing each other, could the enlargement of the party have improved it?—Sir Edward among his studies pursued that of botany, and Emily delighted in drawing plants, in which she excelled.—It became the favourite employment of her father, and husband, to discover in their rides, and walks, new subjects to amuse her mind, and engross her delicate pencil.—She was engaged one evening in perpetuating a very perishable flower, while the Marquis was walking backwards and forwards in the saloon, trying on his flute, from whence he drew most melting music, a thousand desultory strains, as they floated through his memory.—One struck Emily; but busied with her pencil, she hastily asked him, without raising her eye, where he had learnt that passage.—The Marquis paused, and, in the fluttered tone that to worldly observers would have announced insincerity, replied, that he could not re-

collect; though too well he remembered it was from Hypolito he learnt—it was with Hypolito he had often played it.—After a period of hesitation, the Marquis ventured in turn to enquire if she had ever heard it before.—“Certainly, my Lord,” replied Emily, gaily smiling, and half raising her eyes—“it is a stray of my own; composed when I was a mere rustic, wandering in the woods, and wilds of Ireland, and thinking of my obstinate charming cousin:—it seemed something odd thus to hear the echo of my heart from your lips, especially as I never gave the air to more than one human being, and she was not likely to fall in your way.”

A strange cold tremor ran through the frame of the Marquis—Ah! God, thought he, who then was that *one human being*?—Yet to discover even the object of our fear, is among the invariable, though painful propensities

propensities of human nature. — Almost breathless, he faltered out, at last, an enquiry. — The Marchioness replied, in the same gay, careless tone, “ I detest Ireland so thoroughly from its having given you an unfavourable impression of your poor little wife, and Emily Fitzallen so much for having made my paternal mansion a miserable home to me, that I never willingly think of, much less mention, either one or the other.” — “ And who,” said the Marquis in an impressive manner, “ is this Emily Fitzallen ? ” — “ Nay,” cried his lady, “ it is your own fault if you do not know ; for she has made no small figure in my little history. I wonder my father never told you the extraordinary scene we had, when my grandmother’s will was opened, with her upstart, insolent favourite. The proud, passionate wretch, no sooner found herself thrown on my mercy, — though well she knew she might

have trusted it,—than the fury glared at once through the veil of her consummate beauty. I think even now I see, and hear her, solemnly vowing a revenge on me, which happily it will never be in her power to execute; or hardly heaven could save me;—so vindictive do I know her.”

The Marquis raised his hands and eyes, in an agony too mighty for expression; and rushed out of the saloon, ere his groans should lead to the mysterious sorrow struggling at his heart, the yet happy daughter of Sir Edward. Thrown at his length in the garden, he tore his hair, and gave way to the frenzy of instantaneous, horrible conviction. “Oh! Emily,” exclaimed he, “adored, unfortunate Emily, didst thou know how successful this fiend has already been, what but death could follow?—Alas! that is, perhaps, only for a little while delayed,
and

and we shall both become her victims. The minute, inexplicable informations of that deliberate destroyer, that smiling Hypolito, are now accounted for: too well do I perceive, that the fiend yet walks this earth, vanishing at intervals, only to seduce me into such exquisite guilt, as shall give her, when she again appears, a yet more exquisite power of torturing. That I should, till the moment I fell into the snare, have been ignorant of the existence of this serpent,—and that I should *now—now* first learn it! Oh! just, yet killing punishment!—blind, arrogant, wilful, I would not obey the voice of duty, or of gratitude. Alas! my heart's dear Emily, had I fought thee, as any other man would have been proud to do, in the house of thy ancestors; had I shewn thee but the common respect due to Sir Edward Arden's daughter, this monster of iniquity would have been known to me; and, never,
never

never could she thus fatally have accomplished the vengeance, which hardly yet has a place in the apprehension of my beloved."

From the moment of this accidental explanation, which made no impression on the mind of the Marchioness, peace and rest fled from her unhappy husband. The sad sense of an impending uncertain calamity, from which no human care could guard him, together with the painful consciousness of error, poisoned the dear delight of calling Emily his own, and wore him down to a skeleton,

"He withers at his heart; and looks as wan,
"As the pale spectre of a murder'd man:
"Nor, mix'd in mirth, in youthful pleasure shares,
"But sighs when songs and instruments he hears,
"Uncomb'd his locks, and careless his attire,
"Unlike the trim of love, or gay desire,"

Yet impelled by a tender restlessness,
continually to add to the knowledge that
killed

killed him, whenever the Marquis entered into conversation at all, it was to win, indirectly, from either Sir Edward or Emily, more minute informations and recitals, concerning this detested impostor.—The strange singularity of her excelling on the flute was at once accounted for by his wife, who informed him that it had been the peculiar instrument of the master who taught both the ladies at Bellarney; and the bolder genius of Miss Fitzallen, she added, ever pursued what struck her fancy, without a thought of the proper or improper. Thus had she been accustomed, in playing, always to accompany Emily Arden; and in every accomplishment kept pace with her,

The more the Marquis ruminated on the fatal rite which was the perpetual subject of his thoughts, the more he became convinced that, though a sudden re-
 solve

solve on his part, it was not so on that of the seducing Hypolito; nor had it been imperfectly solemnized. The witnessing priests, no less than the one who married him, were all men high in consideration; and too well he knew the impostor had cautiously secured documents of the ceremony, which he now plainly perceived no wealth could purchase, no agonies win her to give up. Never did he lift his eyes to the still unsuspecting Marchioness, without finding them ready to overflow upon the lovely wretch, who knew not yet that she was so.

The wan cheeks, the wild and haggard looks of the Marquis, could not, however, be guarded from the observation of Sir Edward Arden, who saw too plainly some deep-seated sorrow in his soul, which it was his only employment to hide from his Emily,—the beloved of both. In
hours

hours of kindness and confidence, when they were alone, Sir Edward often sought to lead his nephew to a disclosure of his grief; but the effort generally produced vague transports, threatening either despair or madness; and glad was the afflicted father to retreat again into ignorance, so that he could soothe to peace pangs wholly unintelligible.

A love thus steeped in tears, is, however, too trying a fight for a father. Sir Edward, now again unable to endure a state of total retirement, hinted to Emily that it would be advisable to return to Naples. She readily consented, from the idea that the melancholy she perceived yet lurking about the Marquis, and now, she feared, infecting her father, might proceed from the sacrifice both made of society for her sake. At Naples she should, at least, feel that they were independent of her;

her; nor would it be necessary for her to mix with them in its gay circles.

Ah! hapless Emily, couldst thou have known the misery awaiting thee at Naples, to the extremity of the earth wouldst thou have flown to avoid it!—A few days after her return, the Marchioness was persuaded, by her husband and father, to drive on the Corso. Before her was an equipage, which they all perceived to be English. The slow parade of its motion made the servants of the Marquis pass it abruptly; and curiosity, to see who of their own country it might contain, caused all the party to lean forward. A lovely face did the same in the other carriage; and with a power, scarce inferior to the fabled one of the Gorgon, transfixed, in a manner, a trio, who, at that moment, had not a single thought of Miss Fitzallen. It was herself—that fair fiend, gay, triumphant,

phant, elegantly attired, and sumptuously attended. Her face was too strongly impressed on Sir Edward's memory, to be mistaken; to his daughter it was familiar as her own; to the Marquis it became a vision of guilt and horror. Ah! had either of his companions instantaneously turned towards him, words would not have been wanting to tell the cause of all his silent struggles, his embittered enjoyments:—his heart died at once within him, thus to find his worst fear verified.

Emily, suddenly recollecting that to the Marquis this fatal face was unknown, turned to account to him for the astonishment which it had excited in herself and her father. She saw him sunk lifeless and low in the carriage; and snatching his hand, found on it the chill of death. Miss Fitzallen was no more remembered; the whole world vanished from the eyes of the
agitated

agitated wife; and prognosticating a second attack of the Marquis's fearful fever, she hastened home to call medical assistance, and use every possible precaution. Happily the common methods for alleviating the diseases of the body, are the only ones that can lessen the anguish of the mind. Loss of blood, abstinence, and solitude, misery requires no less than fever. The last of these prescriptions gave this unfortunate husband the painful privilege of shutting his chamber door on all the world,—even on his adored Emily. Once more alone, he would have regulated his ideas; but thought was chaos. He would perhaps have died, had he not known that he must alike kill the wife he adored. Alas! he could only rend his hair, and groan, till exhausted nature relieved herself by stupefaction.

To address with supplication the heart
base

base enough to lead him on to guilt, the Marquis saw, as soon as he could reflect, would be a vain attempt; and only shew the infamous Miss Fitzallen the extent of power she had acquired. To threaten, might lead her to assert it.—Whence, too, came she? How had she escaped the horrors of the earthquake? how acquired the splendour with which she was surrounded? and under what name and character had she been received in society? Ah! where was he to gain self-command and patience enough to pursue these minute and odious enquiries? Yet, if they should ultimately tend to break the tie so abhorred, and render Emily happy, was it not his duty to sacrifice every feeling to that great one?

Under this impression, the Marquis again resolved to dissemble what was passing in his heart; and, by mixing with

the gay nobles of the Neapolitan court, trace out the whole secret history of this striking stranger. What was his astonishment, when he returned into that circle, to understand that she was no stranger there!—that, while he was vainly seeking her in the character of Hypolito, without any disguise, and in her own name, Miss Fitzallen had inhabited Naples, almost from the day he left it; where she was considered as a beautiful Irish heiress, enchanting in her manners, and careless in her habits! A woman who dares affect this character, has all the male sex at once on her side. Not an associate of the Marquis who did not profess himself of her train; yet not one impeached her conduct, although it was by all considered as very equivocal. To his other cruel chagrins, the Marquis now added that of knowing, if this woman once dared to assert her marriage, and the laws sanctioned it,

it, she would bring on him, in her own person, indelible infamy; since it was sufficiently obvious that she could have no wealth which vice did not procure. Yet so well are disgraceful secrets usually kept, that it might be for ever out of his power to prove the guilt he in a manner witnessed.—But was it for him to attempt proving guilt on any other human being? Did he not crawl upon the earth, the abhorred of his own soul, and endure existence but for the sake of that angel, whom his adoration alone had sullied? Such was the beginning, such the end, of the daily, nightly meditations, of the Marquis of Lenox.

Time, however, crept on; and no material change in the situation of any party occurred. Emily Fitzallen, occupied with herself, her lovers, and her gallantries, seemed not to mean any further to annoy

the Marquis. Sir Edward, and his daughter, knew not that they were to fear, and soon became used to see her. Could the miserable Lenox, therefore, have compounded with his conscience, he might yet have called his own every happiness, which love, friendship, and fortune, in rare union, sometimes lavish on humanity. Oh ! most acute of miseries, to remember that by himself alone the cup of felicity could have been poisoned !

But it was not the fate of the Marquis long to enjoy even the respite which doubt now gave. The Duke of Aberdeen had at length sent over to his daughter-in-law the splendid jewels promised on her marriage. They were the first set in the manner, since become so fashionable, called transparent. Emily's natural delicacy made her decline appearing at court, as her person now shewed her situation ; but
these

these beautiful diamonds became so much the subject of discourse, that the Queen sent to desire the Marchioness would entrust them to her jeweller, to alter some of her ornaments by. The jewels were committed to his care, and the cause of their not being worn by their owner, thus became public. As any trifle will amuse the great, the jeweller's house was immediately the resort of every lady who had, or thought she had, a right to either jewels or fashion. Nor was Miss Fitzallen wanting to her own consequence on the occasion. What was the situation of the Marquis, when, an hour after her visit there, this billet was put into his hands!—"Hypolito is charmed with the jewels; in three days' time they must be sent, or you abide the consequence." The incensed and haughty soul of the Marquis would have abided any consequence, but for the peculiar, the interesting, condition of his

Emily. The mere fact, without the least aggravation, would be death to her : but with the colourings this malignant fiend might give it, madness would, perhaps, fore-run some tremendous catastrophe. After the most desperate struggles with himself,—an anguish past all description,—the wretched Lenox tried to unfold a fabricated tale to Emily ; and saw, in the alarm that instantly shook her, what the truth would infallibly have produced in so delicate a creature. How sweet was the relief that glowed on her countenance, when she at last wrung from his labouring heart a confession, that he had incurred a debt of honour, beyond the utmost amount of the money at his immediate command, nor could payment be delayed. “ The jewels alone ”—Emily suffered him not to conclude the sentence :—“ Take them at once, my love ; take any, or all of my fortune—Oh ! that the whole
of

of it could restore colour to those bloodless cheeks, or peace to that beloved bosom ! well indeed then would it be employed :

“ For never shouldst thou lie by Portia’s side,
With an unquiet soul.”

Who would not have endured a daily martyrdom for such a creature ?—Miss Fitzallen had the jewels she demanded. The only one the gentler Emily wished for, the heart of the Marquis, was wholly her own.

It happened, a short time after, that an English nobleman gave a *fête* ere he quitted Naples, to which of course the Marquis, his lady, and Sir Edward, were invited. The Marquis always declined to partake any pleasure Emily retired from ; and she no longer mixed in company. Sir Edward, either from thinking the absence of the whole family would be an affront to

their countryman, or a latent taste for gaieties which he was not yet too far advanced in life to enjoy, accepted the invitation ; though he joined not the party till late. Among the masqued dancers, he suddenly perceived one who appeared to him to be adorned with the unworn jewels of the Marchioness. Yet this was so unlikely, that her father drew near—rather to satisfy himself that they were not the same, than from the belief that they were. It was not possible to doubt their identity. Neither would the wearer allow hers to be doubted ; for, as Sir Edward approached, Miss Fitzallen took off her masque, and, holding it carelessly in her hand, surveyed the incensed father with an exulting malignant smile, as though she bade him drink to the dregs the deadly poison of conviction.

Almost frantic with wrath and indignation,

nation, Sir Edward rushed from the ball-room, and in one moment would have rendered the two beings most dear to him miserable for ever, but that their better angel had bade them retire early, and escape the storm.

Though the fever of passion raged the whole night in Sir Edward's bosom, reason at intervals endeavoured to counteract it. In England, he recollected, that it was not unusual for assuming people to hire, at an extravagant price, additions to their own diamonds, on occasions of parade. The same custom might prevail at Naples; and the Queen's jeweller have availed himself of the confidence reposed in him, to make a temporary advantage of ornaments which he knew the owner would not be near to recognize. This was possible, and only possible; for Sir Edward hardly could persuade himself, that

that any jeweller would venture to entrust diamonds so valuable at a masquerade ; or that any person would choose to hire those so singular in their taste, as to prove they could belong only to one lady. There was yet another remote idea came to his relief (for it was death to him to think but for a moment, that her husband had thus plundered and insulted his daughter)—Emily herself might have been acted upon by this artful mean creature, and have given her now a princely fortune in her diamonds. He remembered her having presented to Miss Fitzallen, when she so insolently quitted Bellarney, all the jewels she then possessed (for the bounty had been haughtily and ungratefully returned into his own hands): Emily might not, in the fervour of her feelings, have either taken into view the vast difference in the value of the benefaction, nor the disgrace which must result either to herself, or her lord, in allowing a woman

woman of a character at the best dubious, publicly to appear in ornaments prepared for, and only suitable to, a Duchefs.

Morning, however, at length came; and though prudence had imposed present silence on Sir Edward, he was not the less determined to trace to its source this extraordinary incident. When an hour of loneliness gave him opportunity to try how far his daughter was concerned, he turned, as if accidentally, the conversation on the jewels. Emily blushed, sighed, and strove, by beginning on another subject, to wave that. Though this too plainly proved that her diamonds were gone, yet, in the painful state of the father's mind, he was obliged rather to wish the egregious folly of giving them away might be proved upon his daughter, than a cruel doubt remain, that her husband had been guilty of ingratitude and baseness. Sir
Edward

Edward was on the point of reproving Emily for thus unworthily bestowing the magnificent present of the Duke of Aberdeen, when his native pride prevailed; and, by his not deigning to utter the name of Miss Fitzallen, his alarmed daughter understood all he applied to that base woman as referring to the Marquis, for it never occurred to her, that she could be suspected, by a human being, of having given to any creature but her husband such valuables. In her perplexity she betrayed, without designing it, how she had disposed of them; but, shocked at the obvious change in Sir Edward's face, extorted a promise of secrecy from him, by the offer of unreserved confidence. That promise was so necessary to his learning all she could tell him, that her father did not hesitate to comply. She then imparted the specious tale of the Marquis's loss at the gaming-table, and expressed the
sweet

sweet relief which her heart found in taking from his the disgraceful weight of a debt of honour. To smooth the deepening furrows on her father's brow, Emily ventured to vouch that this debt was single in its kind, and generously called on Sir Edward to rejoice that the first went to such an extent, as would, in a rational mind, prevent a folly from becoming a habit. Sir Edward, though perhaps not more satisfied than at the beginning of the explanation, saw such merit and tenderness in Emily's conduct, that he yielded to her entreaties, and promised never to mention either the jewels, or the debt of honour, to the Marquis. On his own part, he carefully concealed from his nephew the painful knowledge he had thus accidentally acquired; resolving, by future watchfulness to fathom his heart, if the fault lay so deep, and to admonish him, if it should only influence his conduct.

Time,

Time, however, past on ; and the tender lovers, inseparable in their pleasures, gave no cause to the most watchful parent for dissatisfaction. Sir Edward had almost forgotten his cause of distrust ; when, in a moment of hilarity, it not only revived, but became indelibly impressed. In a meeting of the dissolute part of the Neapolitan nobles, with the gay travellers who wander from England, to disseminate the bad habits of their own country, and bring home those of all they visit, Sir Edward found Miss Fitzallen the subject of very light discourse, which began with her being toasted by an Italian after the Marchioness, and rejected by an Englishman, as not a fit association. The sprightly sallies of gallantry and admiration this creature excited in her defenders, would have been ill borne by Sir Edward, had he not taken a strong interest in her conduct, from the desire he still had to learn
the

the means by which she had obtained his Emily's jewels. He now began artfully to unbend; and the company with eagerness listened to authority so indubitable, when Sir Edward recounted all he knew of her history: he concluded with an obvious desire to benefit in turn by their communications, and a marked wonder at the high style of her establishment, since he knew her without any inherited resources. A laugh, that proved he had shewn ignorance where he might have been supposed to have information, embarrassed Sir Edward; who, struggling to conceal his anxiety, redoubled his address, fully to develop those truths which he almost trembled to know. Without hesitation, the thoughtless party spoke of a variety of lovers as favoured by Miss Fitzallen, and lavishing their wealth on her: but the most profuse, they all admitted, was Count Montalvo, who *first took her from*

from the Marquis of Lenox. Sir Edward Arden thought his senses failed him; or rather, that apprehension shaped into words the workings of his fancy. The conversation, however, was pursued.—Those who had named the Marquis, rather treated him as one who had formerly followed, than who now paid her homage. Sick, sick at heart, the fond father smiled; though on his lips the smile stiffened almost into a convulsion, that still he might hear: and hear he did. The name of Hypolito at length was mentioned; and the start of Sir Edward shewed this, as applied to Miss Fitzallen, to be a discovery. He now was obliged to encounter their raillery on his own blindness, and had the vexation of hearing that almost every one around him had discovered this favoured youth to be a woman, who had thus disguised herself to deceive the uncle, and make the nephew happy.

And

And now, to the jaundiced sight of Sir Edward, the whole horrible truth stood revealed in its most odious colours. In this nephew, so beloved, admired, esteemed, he suddenly beheld a man capable of licentiousness and hypocrisy in the first instance—baseness and ingratitude in the last. He now could recollect, that the features of this feigned Hypolito had from the first struck him as not new to his eye: still they caused no suspicion; confiding, as he did at that time, in the Marquis, and almost inseparable from both. When he saw in the impostor the talents, mien, and manners, of a youth, how was it possible that he should surmise her sex? Yet well he remembered, long after the earthquake at Messina, the agony of the Marquis when Hypolito was named; and he bitterly reproached himself for not reflecting, that the feeling of man for man never produced so pungent a pang.

That the Marquis, at Messina, either by the calamity, or her own choice, had lost the worthless wanton, was, to the erroneous judgment of Sir Edward, obvious: that he never bestowed a thought on Emily Arden till that moment, seemed equally obvious. It is true, that when he met, he condescended not to hate the gentle creature who lived in his looks; nay, he even deigned to marry her. But no sooner did the beautiful impostor appear, in the new charm of her own shape, than she resumed her full empire over the ungenerous Marquis; and he not only sacrificed to her his fortune and his honour, but feeling, nay even decency. “And such, then, is the husband whom I have a thousand times implored heaven to bestow upon my innocent, my noble-minded Emily!” groaned forth the afflicted father.

One only hope of happiness remained to
them

them all, in the judgment of Sir Edward, and that was a hope horrible to humanity. A single lover might not be able to attach Miss Fitzallen; a single fortune certainly could not support her; and if once the Marquis discovered that he only shared her heart, her reign would be over. Sir Edward had pledged himself to endure the scene before him with patience, and he determined that he would do so; though his secret soul misgave him, that the fair fiend, if she ruined not the husband by her extravagance, would sooner or later destroy the wife by her malice,

The favourite and trusted valet of Sir Edward, knew his master too well not to understand something of the cares that preyed on his peace. From that domestic, Sir Edward had the additional vexation of hearing, that every servant in the family had, from the first, suspected the sex of the

feigned Hypolito; but that they all concluded it to be a love affair of the young Lord's, which his uncle would not see. He, too, confirmed the opinion of his master, that, in the earthquake at Messina, this disguised favourite vanished: and the affliction her lover long shewed, proved he believed her to have been among the victims.

By means of his valet, Sir Edward now had a strict watch kept on the wanderings of the melancholy Lenox; but, from these, malice itself could have drawn no conclusion against him. No being could point out the moment which he passed not in lonely misery, save those he beguiled in the society of Emily and her father. Yet the latter no longer fought, still less condescended, to soothe him. Each had his own sad secret to guard; and the Marchioness became soon the only link between

tween two hearts, that once preferred each other to the whole world.

Nor was even Emily without a latent fear,—a buried sorrow. Among her insipid Italian female visitants, one had been found capable of shocking her with the information of who now possessed, and affectedly displayed, those rich baubles, that seemed to have been sent only to torment her: and though it was possible that the winner of the immense debt, which the jewels were appropriated to pay, might gratify Miss Fitzallen with them, it was likewise possible that the Marquis himself might have been the donor. The long absences which he rendered every day longer, perplexed and afflicted his wife; who, more and more confined from her situation, had ample leisure for conjecture. Had she too set a spy on the Marquis, well would she have known, that the pe-
riods

riods when he no longer gladdened her sight, were always spent by him in the deepest shade of some convent garden, in solitude, penitence, groans, and anguish,

The days that passed rapidly to the fearful Emily, seemed to creep to the Marquis; who expected, with more than a lover's impatience, with more than a father's anxiety, the one which would render her a mother: as her recovery would leave him at liberty to hasten to England, where alone he could satisfy his mind as to the predicament the laws of that country would place him in. By those of Italy, he knew himself condemned, unless Miss Fitzallen consented to prove the marriage incomplete. This was an enquiry too delicate to intrust to any human being; nor dared he on paper commit himself. Every day, every hour, he ardently repeated with what impatience he should

should hasten, when able, to England; and even Sir Edward, not knowing how to reconcile this lively anxiety to return, with the charm which he still fancied Italy contained for the Marquis, now gave him credit for reviving virtue, and now despised him for consummate hypocrisy.

Sir Edward foreseeing how little Emily would like to mix in the Neapolitan society, and quite convinced that it was necessary, in her condition, to take exercise and amusement, had resolved to surprize her with a useful present. He had, therefore, ere she left the country, employed his grooms to break a set of beautiful Spanish horses; and procured a light, low, elegant kind of carriage, which ladies often safely drive. The rides round Naples are beautiful, but not contiguous; and thus was the Marchioness to be seduced into exploring them. The sweetly fancied carriage no

sooner was seen, than, like the diamonds, it became the object of universal attraction. Miss Fitzallen was among those whom it captivated;—to admire, and to appropriate, was, with her, always the same thing. The success of her first bold demand ensured her whatever else she might require of the Marquis; and another peremptory billet from her almost overset his reason. The little equipage in question had not been *his* gift; it had no comparative value; nor could human ingenuity invent a mode of obtaining it from the generous owner, that would not wound her to the heart. Yet, oh! too sure the fiend must be silenced. A day and night of exquisite torture, on the part of the Marquis, announced to Emily another impending affliction; when her tender importunity wrung from his sad soul an insincere confession, that he had, in an hour of accidental inebriation, wantonly staked her little favourite carriage and horses;

horses; which having lost, he found, to his unspeakable chagrin, that no equivalent would be accepted, nor any thing on earth but the simple stake. The tender Emily listened, but it was no longer with an implicit reliance on his honour and veracity. Neither could she find, in this recital, however agitated his manner, that openness or probability, by which his actions had been heretofore characterized. Yet it was certain, whatever the cause, that he greatly desired the beautiful trifle in question; and it was still her duty, as it had always been her pleasure, to comply with every wish of his. She faintly hinted a fear of offending her father; but bade the Marquis honourably acquit himself to his inexorable opponent: nor could she account for the burning drops which her cheek the next moment imbibed from that of her husband, as with a long embrace he strained the generous charmer to his heart.

Perhaps

Perhaps rather to please her father than herself, Emily had shewn a singular delight in this little carriage; and he had fully felt the delicacy of her gratitude. She now continually made excuses for staying at home, which Sir Edward sometimes yielded to, and at others sought to overrule; urging her health as his motive. His daughter became chagrined and embarrassed. A secret consciousness that she had not wholly relied on the account of the Marquis, as to the disposal of her father's present, made her hesitate to repeat it. She therefore slightly answered, that she found the Spanish horses were too spirited. Sir Edward was hastening to talk to the grooms on that subject, when his daughter, with increasing embarrassment, stopt him, by saying, that the alarm she had taken, had made her resolve to put it out of her own power to risk so dangerous an indulgence in future, by desiring the Marquis to change
the

the carriage with one of his friends, who was urgent to get such another. The simplicity of this account, though he might have thought his little gift too slightly valued, would, at another time, have entirely satisfied Sir Edward; but, watchful as he was now become, and sweetly ingenuous as he had ever found his Emily, it was impossible but he must perceive that she veiled the fact, if she was too upright to falsify it.

To accord, however, with her father's wish, as far as was in her power, the Marchioness ordered her coach to be made ready; and, attended by her woman, drove to the Corso. What a spectacle awaited her there! Miss Fitzallen, in all the influence of exultation, seated in the beautiful carriage, so lately Emily's, was driving the same horses in the English style, to the admiration of a set of Italian nobles, by whom she

she was surrounded. Hardly could Sir Edward's gentle daughter suppose even her vindictive spirit capable of an outrage so gross: but her woman could not forbear confirming the fact; by an exclamation of disdain. At that moment the gay, insulting fiend, perceiving by the livery, who was approaching, made her coursers fly as close as she dared to the coach of the Marchioness; who, lifting her tearful eyes to heaven, pressed her white hands on the heart that had betrayed her peace, in adoring, as she believed, a worthless object, and sunk back in a swoon.

The proud career of Miss Fitzallen was something checked, however, by her meeting, in the way, Sir Edward Arden on horseback. His indignant eye suddenly fell from herself to the well-known horses: again it was pointedly raised to her face, and again, with contempt and fury, glanced
upon

upon the carriage. A look informed him, that the base woman who had, through the Marquis, thus poorly plundered his daughter, wanted the decency to expunge from her acquisition, even the arms of Lenox. Sir Edward stopped his horse a moment, as dizzy and stupefied; but recovering himself, turned the animal round, and was presently by the side of Miss Fitzallen; who felt not quite easy at finding he meant to accompany her. She slackened the reins, and summoned all her resolution, when she saw him alight at the same moment she did, and abruptly follow her into her own hotel. Passing into the first apartment, from a something of fear she could not controul, she threw herself into a seat; and, with her usual dauntless air, demanded to know to what extraordinary occasion she was to impute the extraordinary intrusion of Sir Edward Arden. "The intrusion is so extraordinary to himself," returned that gentleman, "when

"when he considers the person whom he has joined, that he will speak to the point, and spare discussion:—all other feelings are lost in those of the father. I come not, Madam, to *ask* aught. I come to *command* you to efface, from the beautiful bauble you have just quitted, the arms of the Marquis of Lenox. Though he may empower you to destroy the peace of his wife, it remains with her father to guard her honour."—"Have a care, Sir Edward," returned the lady, suffering all the Fury to glare over her fine features,—“have a care how you venture a *command* to me. If ever your daughter carries a point in which I am concerned, it must be by very different means.”—"Weak, insolent, wanton woman!" cried Sir Edward, with increasing bitterness, "do you mistake me for the worthless young man, over whom you tyrannize with a power so absolute? Do you think it possible that *I* should ever level his
mistress

mistress with his wife?"—"Address to your own daughter," retorted the lady with a smile of diabolical triumph, "those gross terms, misapplied when lavished on me. *Command her* to efface from her carriage the arms of the Marquis of Lenox. Bid her lay down *my* title; and when you henceforth speak of the mistress of your nephew, think of Emily Arden; when you mention his wife, remember only *me*."

Too powerful was the emotion of Sir Edward's nature at this assertion, incredible as the fact appeared, for him to utter a single syllable. — Miss Fitzallen, after a pause, resumed—"I can easily guess what weight my claim would have, did it depend only on my own word, or your idolized nephew's honour. But I have full, authentic documents, which prove me the wife of the Marquis, months ere he in idle pageant gave that name to your daughter:
and

and here," cried she, opening a locket which hung at her bosom, and taking from it the witnessed certificate, which she spread before the miserable father's eyes,—“is one irrefragable proof, which will convince even you, that my marriage with him was solemn, regular, and valid.”

Sir Edward Arden's quick eye, rendered even more quick by disdain, saw (and feeling recognized) the hand-writing of Padre Anselmo; with whom he had once held a literary correspondence: nor were the names of the witnessing priests unknown to him. Wrung as he was to the last gasp of suffering nature, the dignity of his mind did not desert him. With that lofty obedience which is rather a respect paid to ourselves, than the object before us, Sir Edward in silence admitted the claim, however insolently made, and hastily withdrew: while in his pallid countenance too plainly

plainly appeared the deep, the uncontrollable anguish of his soul.

Nor was it anguish alone which the insulted father felt—unconquerable indignation, burning rage, strung every nerve, and the storm burst only with more dreadful violence for his having allowed it to collect with a deceiving stillness. — Calmly mounting his horse, he rode home, and there giving it to his groom, returned as usual to his own apartment. — Having taken thence a pair of pistols, he always kept in high order, and ready loaded, he resorted to a convent-garden, which his spy had informed him was among the favourite haunts of the lonely, melancholy Marquis.

Sir Edward was too successful in his research.—In the most retired spot of the sacred ground, where a deep shade extended

over a fainted oratory, thrown at his length, upon a stone seat near the entrance, and lost in mournful meditation, was the interesting object of Sir Edward's fury.—There had been a time when so to have seen his darling nephew would have melted Sir Edward to the weakness of childhood.—The waste of his graceful form was never more visible. His wild and hollow eyes now scanned heaven impatiently, and now sunk heavily to the ground.—No sense of pleasure—no flow of youthful vigour, was now apparent in the unhappy Lenox.—Yet did not his countenance bespeak the perturbation of guilt. A silent, fullen, impenetrable sorrow lived there; which, hoping nothing, demanded nothing: but draining as it were the sap from the tree, left it without life, though it fell not.

Yet who can wonder, that, in the deep sense of present injury and outrage, Sir Edward

ward Arden lost for a moment the acute sensibility, nay even the humanity, of his nature? Fiercely approaching, without deigning a word, he offered to the unfortunate youth, who hastily started up on seeing his uncle, one of the pistols, and waved to him haughtily to take his ground. Acceptable from any other hand would have been the tendered death which the Marquis dared not give himself; but from his uncle!—the father of his Emily!—He gazed on the friend he never more must call so, in mute misery. With the pistol he caught in fond agony the hand that held it, which he kissed in silence: it was the hand that had cherished his infancy—the hand that gave him the sad invaluable blessing he knew not even now how to part with. Sir Edward snatched it from him with a fury that almost threw him backwards. “Coward too are you, as well as villain?” cried he with almost inarticulate passion. “Double your infamous per-

jury—swear to me that you are not married to Miss Fitzallen—that you did not deliberately dishonour”—his native pride would not allow him to finish the sentence. In a tone even yet more choaked, he resumed, waving with his pistol the due distance to the Marquis, “Take your ground, Sir; keep your guard; worthless as you are, I would not be your murderer.”

The youth had arisen, and a faint flush, at the personal insult of his uncle, gave a wild indignant charm to his natural beauty: but he spoke not—moved not—nor, though he held the pistol, did he lift it. Sir Edward observed him no more; but, conforming to the modes of duels, retreated properly, and turning, impetuously fired,—alas! with but too sure an aim. In one moment he beheld his nephew in the agonies of death. Passion expired—human resentment and injury were at once forgotten—and he who had killed the wretched
young

young man, hung lamenting over him, even like a fond father by some unforeseen stroke rendered childless. The Marquis perhaps accelerated his own fate, by a fruitless effort he again made to seize and kiss his uncle's hand. After a dreadful convulsion, he at length found voice to cry, "Fly, save yourself.—Oh God! save Emily: leave me to"—life now flitted from him, and Sir Edward remained a monument of horror,

And it is thus we daily arrogate to ourselves the bloody right of adding crime to crime, and call it honour—justice! an impious law, by which proud man lives to himself alone, and defies his maker!

In the Neapolitan government, as well as many other Italian ones, justice is lame as well as blind; and he must be a lagging criminal indeed, who cannot escape so tardy

a pursuer. Hot and impetuous spirits have therefore often presumed to right themselves, and personal vengeance is become an almost licensed evil in civil society. The safety of Sir Edward was not endangered, as he well knew, by a duel; but the spot on which it had taken place was hallowed; he could not, being a protestant, claim sanctuary with the monks, therefore knew himself liable to be seized for sacrilege. In the situation of Emily this would be consummate ruin; and for her sake only did he think it necessary to guard himself from being stopt in retreating from the garden. The loaded pistol he was sensible would enable him to command his freedom; and, approaching again the lifeless body of his nephew, he took it from his hand, dropping the fatal one which he had himself fired. What cruel pangs seized upon his heart, as, kneeling, he fondly gazed on the wan visage of the Marquis, and groaned forth
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the name of his sister! Each feature seemed moulded by death to a yet stricter resemblance of those long buried in the grave.— Again Sir Edward returned; again he wept; again he smote his breast; and willingly would he have laid down his own life, to restore that which he had so rashly taken.

The part of the convent-ground in which the Marquis had fallen, was at certain hours open to all visitants; nor did Sir Edward, either at entering or retiring, meet a single being. Not daring to risk one look from his widowed daughter, he retreated to an hotel, and sent for his valet; a rational man, in middle life, on whose conduct and fidelity he could fully rely. Having hastily and imperfectly imparted to this trusty domestic the fatal fact, he bade him think, if possible, how it could be for a time concealed from the unfortunate

Emily; and how she could be wrought upon to remove from the terrible scene of her husband's death, ere she knew she had lost him.

Sir Edward's valet, who had long seen some heavy evil brooding in the three bosoms, was less surprized than shocked at the present one. After pausing a moment, he called to his master's recollection, that in the bay, lay prepared, for a little voyage to the neighbouring isles, a small pleasure-bark, the Marquis had purchased. This might in a few hours be ready to put to sea, and was the only way by which a lady in the condition of the Marchioness could venture to travel, as well as a secure mode of avoiding either following couriers, or accidental intelligence. He offered immediately to wait on her, and by a partial communication of the truth, prevent her from a more close enquiry. She
would

would easily, he thought, be persuaded to embark, if informed that her husband and father had both been engaged in a duel, in consequence of which, though unwounded, they had been obliged to quit Naples abruptly. In the interim, he promised to keep so strict a guard at home, that no alarm should reach the ear of the Marchioness, till she was again in her father's protection : but not as easy for his master's safety, as Sir Edward himself appeared, he exhorted him to mount his horse ; and, posting through the Neapolitan dominions, make the utmost speed to gain those of the Pope.

The distracted state of Sir Edward's mind caused him at once to acquiesce in those minute arrangements which he had hardly power to comprehend, much less make. His horses were soon ready ; and, as motion seems always a temporary relief

lief to an overcharged soul, he involuntarily complied with the advice of his faithful domestic, in hastening towards Rome, which he reached without attracting any observation.

The faithful valet of Sir Edward felt all the weight of the office which he had undertaken, when he learnt that the Marchioness had been brought home from the Corso in fits, and was now shut up in her chamber. From her woman, however, he heard not any thing that implied a knowledge of the truth; and, having dispatched orders to the mariners to be ready to sail in two hours, he imparted to the servants Sir Edward's directions to get immediately together whatever might be necessary for their lady's accommodation, when she should be disposed to go on board. While this was doing, he underwent the most painful apprehension, lest the body of the
unfortunate

unfortunate Marquis should be brought home for interment, with the rude train of an unfeeling mob. The hours, however, passed on, and nothing alarming occurred. The abrupt and broken manner in which Sir Edward had spoken of the rencounter, marked not the place where it had happened, nor dared the prudent valet risk any enquiry, lest he should shew prior information.

The bark was now ready ; and the servants, having made due preparations, Sir Edward's valet desired to be admitted to Emily, whom he found lying on the bed, weak, dejected, and tearful : but she in a moment started hastily from it, on being told that her husband and father were obliged to fly, and implored her to hasten after them. The sad circumstances she was in, so much to others the object of consideration, as to detain the whole family

mily for months at Naples, vanished at once from the mind of the impassioned wife—the affectionate daughter. Ah! could an unborn child engross a thought, when the life of the father was in question?

The bark of the Marquis was one of a number which the nobles of Naples keep in the bay for parties of pleasure; and those who saw Emily carried into it, annexed no idea to her departure but that of amusement: and indeed the season was so favourable, and the shore so lovely, as to render this a very natural conclusion.

The widowed interesting Emily, as yet unconscious of her own misfortune, was no sooner off the shore of Naples, than a sudden lightness seized her heart. Its tormentor was left behind, and surely would not venture to pursue the Marquis, to whom

whom she fondly supposed herself hastening. The duel, she immediately concluded to have been between the Count Montalvo and her husband; the former being generally spoken of as the favoured lover of Miss Fitzallen, and the latter but too probably as his rival. She questioned the valet of Sir Edward: but he, who in reality was informed of very little, would not repeat that little, and only insisted, that he knew Sir Edward and the Marquis went out together.

Ah! if they were indeed yet so, and in harmony with each other, might not this rencounter have the happiest consequences, in removing from the eyes of the Marquis that film which an illicit love had spread over them? With what facility does the heart adopt every idea that favours its feelings! The fancy of Emily now sweetly pictured her husband returning to her in confidence

confidence and love. She saw his amiable penitence—she heard his vows of future unalienable faith—she enjoyed the fond delight she should find in forgiving his errors, the endeared charm she might obtain in his eyes, by forgetting them. The most balmy slumbers followed contemplations so innocent and affectionate; and, when the Marchioness awaked in the morning, she found herself in better health and spirits than she had known for a long time.

The little voyage was, by the management of Sir Edward's valet, ingeniously prolonged, though the Marchioness knew it not, that his master might have time to prepare for her reception at Frescati, where Sir Edward had some time since procured a villa, as an occasional residence for himself, to which it had been settled his hapless daughter should be conveyed. When
the

the agreed time had elapsed, the bark put in at Cività Vecchia, where a litter, with some domestics of Sir Edward's, was in waiting. The interesting Marchioness, supported by the energies of mind, against the weakness of sex and situation, lost not a moment in rest at the port, but hastened to Fiescati; impelled by a generous hope which she was not permitted to realize, that she should speak peace and consolation to one, or both, of those whom she believed to be waiting for her.

Like a worn wretch, who had never known quiet or rest since she saw him last, stood at the gate to receive her Sir Edward Arden: but, dear as he was, her heart demanded one yet dearer; and she cast her eyes anxiously round the saloon into which her father led her, in impatient silence. The swell of pride, which grief had a little allayed in her absence, burst out again in

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all its violence, when Sir Edward cast his eyes on his dishonoured child, ready to bring into the world a memento of perpetuated ignominy. All other considerations vanished from his mind; and, when Emily, in faltering accents, demanded her husband, the indiscreet indignant father clasped her in his arms, and, in a haughty tone, exclaimed—"Unhappy girl, you have no husband; you never had one; the wretch, who, under that name, dishonoured you, was already married to Miss Fitzallen: but he has expiated his crimes against us both with his life." Emily, who had made a violent effort to sustain herself, lest the truth should not be allowed to reach her ear, at these dreadful words with almost supernatural strength sprang from her father's arms, and turning on him a look of mute repulsive horror, staggered to a couch, where, throwing herself on her face, she shut out with recollection,

collection, for a time, the deep sense of incurable anguish,—utter despair.

Sir Edward, sensible too late that he had risked, by this abrupt avowal, incurring a second misfortune, not inferior in magnitude to that he was lamenting, summoned her women to Emily, and warned them to be tender and careful of her. Long, long was it ere they could recall her to life—Ah! what was life to Emily?

“Why should she strive to catch convulsive breath,

“Why know the pang, and not the peace of death?”

Existence was perhaps only prolonged in her, by the agonizing effort which nature obliged her to make to bestow it. After a few hours of acute suffering, the nurses put into the arms of the exhausted widowed mother, a poor little girl.—By what fine working of the human soul is it,

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that we sometimes extract rapture from agony, and sweetness from shame? The first cry of the babe was a claim on the mother's affections, which time could never weaken; and, under all the sad circumstances attending the infant's birth, Emily was proud to hold in her arms a daughter of the Marquis of Lenox.

Far otherwise were the feelings of Sir Edward; nature made him wish to preserve his own child, but in the bottom of his wounded heart lived a faint hope that the offspring of so many sorrows would not survive, merely to become a grievous record of them. The joy which the arrival, and promise of continued life in the little stranger, gave to his domestics, shocked and offended him; nor did he less offend or shock all the females of his family, by peremptorily refusing to see the infant,
and

and forbidding them even to mention it in his hearing, unless an enquiry came from him.

Torn as Sir Edward was by grief and remorse, his pride still prompted him to guard against the persecuting fiend, whose machinations, any more than her rights, might not end with the life of the Marquis. But the passions of powerful minds take so high a tone from the understanding, that it is not easy for common observers to discriminate between their faults and their virtues. Actuated by that dignified pride, which, daring to humble itself to the dust, leaves the mean, or malignant, without any power of humbling it at all, Sir Edward Arden immediately resolved that his daughter should not appropriate aught, that any human being had a right to take from her. Calling therefore together her domestics, and his

own, he ordered the former to throw off the liveries of the Marquis of Lenox, and expunge his arms from her carriages; concluding with a stern command to the astonished circle, never more to mention the name of his nephew in his hearing, or call his daughter by any other than that which he himself bore. His tone shewed he would be obeyed: and he was so.

This grievous effort being made to provide against the future attacks of the infamous Miss Fitzallen, Sir Edward resolved never more, if possible, to see, certainly never more to exchange a syllable with her, whatever steps either to soothe, or to exasperate him, or his daughter, she might hereafter take.

The morose humour in which Sir Edward had long been, together with the solitary life he now affected, co-operated with

with this singular and severe command, to give the servants an idea that his senses were touched by the death of the Marquis; which the daily, nightly lamentations of the miserable Emily, soon circulated in the family. It was whispered, universally, that the unfortunate youth had shortened his own days; which, though it occasioned much sorrow among the domestics, gave them little surprize. In fact, they had long apprehended that his wasting health, and deep melancholy, would have that horrible termination.

This report soon became no less general at Rome; and Sir Edward found, to his own astonishment, that the tremendous secret of who ended the life of the Marquis, was confined to his own bosom, and that of the valet, to whom he had himself confided it.

Cardinal Albertini, a prelate of the first rank and merit at Rome, who had long been in habits of particular friendship with Sir Edward, and who much admired and esteemed the Marquis, now, with sympathetic tenderness, conveyed to the former a regular account of the melancholy fate of his nephew, as transmitted to the holy college by the superior of the convent, where the body had been found. It expressed, without any doubt, that the unknown young man must have been his own executioner, as only one pistol had been found lying by him ; and two balls, which were lodged in his side, had been indisputably discharged from that pistol.

Sir Edward now remembered, with mute horror, having taken from the lifeless hand of his nephew the loaded pistol ; though, in so doing, he only sought to secure his
own

own departure from the convent, not to veil his act.

He resumed the letter. The fathers of the convent were ignorant of English; and all the letters and papers found on the body, were unfortunately in that language. The disgrace of having had their holy precincts stained with blood, made them so cautious who they called in as a translator, that some time past ere they could be sure that the miserable victim of his own rashness was identically the Marquis of Lenox. A faithful brother was then dispatched in search of his uncle, Sir Edward Arden; but through a singular and unlucky chance, he was just gone by sea, with his daughter, on a party of pleasure to Frescati. The melancholy duty of interment admitting, as must be obvious, of no delay, the Marquis was buried with the utmost privacy, and the whole as yet

had been kept a secret in Naples. It was now submitted to the Holy Father of the church, to judge of their proceedings ; and give such instructions for informing the young nobleman's relations, as he in his piety and wisdom should see fit.

So extraordinary a circumstance as that of having, by mere accident, escaped the odious stigma attending a duel with his nephew, was matter of perpetual astonishment to Sir Edward. But it is not in the secrecy of its fault, a noble mind finds any mitigation of suffering : the specious palliations, the extenuating pleas, which self-love boldly urges against the censures of the world, an ingenuous nature dares not bring before the secret tribunal of conscience, where man sits sole judge of his own actions on this side of the grave. At that awful tribunal, Sir Edward Arden every day, every hour, pronounced his own condemnation ;

condemnation; and the image of his bleeding, dying nephew, fondly striving to clasp the unrelenting hand which had struck at his life, was for ever present to his eyes.

Ah! how is it that our deep sense of a past fault, prevents not the commission of a new one? Had compunction operated to amendment, Sir Edward would, with endeared fondness, have soothed the daughter he had widowed, and have kept in his "heart of hearts" the babe whom he had made fatherless. But his impetuous nature was unequal to sorrowing for more than one object; and, while he lamented the dead without ceasing, he shunned, nay almost hated, the innocent causes of his crime.

That Emily should shrink from her father's sight, was, in her weak and melancholy situation, too natural. The little sensibility

sensibility he had shewn for her, in abruptly disclosing her loss, with its mortifying and calamitous occasion, was never absent from her mind. The harsh and cruel sound of his fine-toned voice, when pronouncing, "*you have no husband—you never had one*"—rang like the knell of death for ever in her ears; nor did her ignorant attendants leave her unacquainted with the humiliating command given by Sir Edward, that she should be called in future Miss Arden only: thus marking with opprobrium the precious infant that once was to inherit the highest hopes,—superior rank,—immense fortunes. When life had thus lost every charm to the widowed Emily, the recollection, that in the grave she should escape from the authority of this inexorable father,—that the killing tone of his voice could no more wither there her heart,—that she should, at last, sleep in peace with the

Marquis

Marquis of Lenox,—made that cold retreat, which human nature commonly shrinks from, to her a dear and desirable asylum. To the poor infant, when the nurses put it into her arms, Emily would fondly whisper,—“Thou, my beloved innocent, wilt grow up, as thy mother never did, under that severe eye, which will, perhaps, deign to beam tenderness on thee, when I can offend no more. Thou wilt not shudder at the sound of that decisive voice; for the destruction of thy happiness it may never announce: thou art among the few, the very few, to whom the loss of parents is ultimately a blessing.”

Feelings and lamentations like these might well, in the reduced state of Sir Edward's daughter, urge on the fate she implored. A slow fever seized her; and, having first robbed the babe of its natural nourishment, finally left the mother
hardly

hardly power to receive any to recruit her strength. Dr. Dalton began to be alarmed, and apprized Sir Edward of the precarious state in which he thought the lady. Her father started, as from a dream, and almost envied the fate she was threatened with. Her danger increased; and as Sir Edward was one day gloomily ruminating on its probable termination, he suddenly recollected, that in the singular predicament his daughter was placed in, by this disputable marriage, her child's right to the immense inheritance vested in herself, might one day be contested, perhaps with success, by the remote heirs of the Bellarney family; unless (as Emily was turned of twenty-one) she made a will, clear and unequivocal, in favour of her daughter. To suggest so mortifying, as well as alarming a measure, to a young creature almost on the verge of the grave, required all the firmness of Sir Edward: but he calculated

calculated his own feelings at so high a rate, as to fancy he imposed on himself, in seeing the mother and a child whom he abhorred, and discussing this odious and painful necessity, a suffering quite equal to that of Emily.

If to see his daughter was an effort to Sir Edward, to receive his visit was almost death to Emily: she no sooner heard the sound of his feet at the chamber-door, than she shrunk trembling into the arms of her attendants, and fell into fainting fits. The horrible remembrance of his last abrupt disclosure, made, however, all that he could now say, more trying in the apprehension than reality. His assertion might be too true, that the unhappy child, were her legitimacy undisputed, could not inherit the entailed estates of the Lenox family; and Sir Edward himself had only a competence to give. The estates of the
Earl

Earl of Bellarney alone could be rendered its ample provision ; and to prevent future law-suits with her heirs on the maternal side, Emily must, Sir Edward said, by will secure all her inheritance to the infant.

The tender mother, and obedient daughter, gave no other reply to her father's discourse, than that she submitted to his judgment the right and proper, and should fulfil this last duty to him and to her child, whenever he should command her.

But what a trying duty did it prove to the poor Emily, when the moment came when she was obliged to hear read, in the presence of the necessary witnesses, this legal instrument. Conscious, through the whole term of her existence, only of generous tenderness, of hallowed obedience, of every pure and virtuous feeling, which softens or elevates humanity, the innocent
daughter

daughter of Sir Edward, the chaste wife of the Marquis of Lenox, was obliged to hear herself ignominiously recorded as Emily Arden; while the fatherless babe at her bosom, was not allowed to derive even a name from the noble family of her husband, but alike termed Emily Arden, as the only mode of securing it from poverty. Yet was not Sir Edward's proud and embittered spirit less overwhelmed; he seemed almost frantic.

The sweet faint, who was the more immediate sufferer, with pale composure desired to be lifted and supported in her bed; and bending solemnly over her child, raised her hands awhile, in earnest, though silent supplication to heaven; then meekly kissed and blessed the smiling cherub — "Dear child of misfortune, memento of misery," sighed she, "become not its sad inheritor. Be the last pangs of thy father, the daily anguish

anguish of thy mother, in the sight of God, sweet babe, a merit to thee! and, through his mercy, whatever name the pride of man may give or take from thee, may'st thou ripen into a blessing to all who cherish thy little being, an honour to him who bestowed it!"—Emily then signed the memorable will; and duly delivering it, inclined towards her kneeling father with touching dignity, as bending for his blessing; but finding it only in his sobs, turned in silence, and waved thence all the spectators; as though her life had been closed by this act of Christian grace and sad submission.

That lively remembrance of the past, which made Sir Edward Arden's days a burden to him, recurred with additional force after this severe trial of his feelings. He found too sensibly that he could never become a comfort to his unhappy daughter;

ter; and he felt she was a caustic to the wound ever bleeding in his heart. He therefore changed the scene awhile, and sought, by mixing in the lettered circles of Rome, to diversify his thoughts which, in solitude, dwelt ever on a single object.

Among the grievous and odious necessities of Sir Edward's situation, had been that of giving information to the Duke of Aberdeen, of his son's early, and dreadful catastrophe.—Unwilling to avow the act of passion which he was ashamed to conceal, he had forborne addressing the childless duke, till Cardinal Albertini sent to him the simple record of the Neapolitan monks.—A copy of this he could remit, and not implicate himself, and in his own narration he only included the account of the Marquis's fixed attachment to Miss Fitzallen, and the gross insults that followed towards his wife;—the arrogant

assertion by that worthless woman of her legal rights, and his carrying from Naples his daughter in consequence of this discovery.—He concluded with describing, in bitterness of soul, the decided manner in which he had obliged his daughter to recede from a disgraceful contest, by laying down the title of the Marquis; and called upon the Duke to bewail with him the birth of a grand-daughter, who could only become a grievous memento to both, of the crime of the father, and the misfortune of the mother.

It is ever in the power of virtuous and enlightened minds to pour balm into the deep wounds of human calamity.—Sir Edward Arden's friends at Rome well knew the heavy visitations in his own family, which had shaken his character, and preyed upon his peace: all, with unremitting kindness, sympathized in his sorrows, till
insensibly

insensibly their severity abated.—The venerable Cardinal Albertini manifested a particular interest in them, and hardly more for Sir Edward's own sake than his nephew's. The sweetness of temper, elegance of manners, and frankness of heart, that always characterized the Marquis of Lenox, caused him to leave an impression on the minds of those to whom he was known, not common for young noblemen of his age to make, when on their travels.—It was therefore sensibility, and not curiosity, which actuated the Cardinal, to learn if possible from Sir Edward, the unknown cause of the deep despair, which had, in the young man, so fatal a termination, as that described by the Neapolitan monks' memorial.

There are moments when the furcharged heart cannot resist the secret workings of unmerited kindness.—In one of these the

afflicted father disclosed all of his distressful story, but the sad truth that his hand had shortened the days of his nephew.—He amplified on the joy he took in the birth of the Marquis—on the love he had ever borne him—described the mortal chagrin which his nephew's coldness towards the bride proposed to him, in his own daughter, had often given him; and passing from thence to the history of Emily, described her innocent predilection for her cousin, her successful little romance, and the peace all parties enjoyed, when he, and his nephew, quitted England.—Sir Edward now came upon the imposture of Miss Fitzallen, and the fatal success of the diabolical artifice.—But it was not possible for him to trace the infamous means by which she had kept her hold on the Marquis, and urged him to injure, and insult, that amiable creature whose honour she had at last sullied, by claiming her husband,

husband, and whose days she would as certainly shorten in having caused so horrible a catastrophe.

Hardly could a stoic have heard a father tell his own sad story thus impressively, without emotion: the venerable Cardinal was all sympathy and sorrow. The affecting pause was at length broken by that prelate's enquiring, in what manner Sir Edward had been convinced of the prior marriage? When told, again he paused: Padre Anselmo, of Messina, was not unknown, either as a lettered or a pious man, in Rome; and the Cardinal was struck with chagrin to learn that he had been the officiating priest at the fatal ceremonial. Another long silence followed — again broken by the Cardinal, who, in a more animated manner, enquired of Sir Edward if he was sure Padre Anselmo had survived the earthquake? It was a question

that had never occurred to the passionate father: yet, oh! how comprehensive was the possibility!—the Marquis again lay bleeding at his feet,—killed without sufficient provocation, perhaps; and his knees knocked together. The Cardinal, seeing in his agitation only anxiety, and wholly unsuspicious of his self-accusation, assured Sir Edward that there were records in the College of all who had perished in the convulsions of nature in Sicily; and he had a wandering recollection of having seen Padre Anselmo numbered among those swallowed up; but he would be assured on this point ere they met again. The wary prelate took the further freedom of advising Sir Edward to be very guarded as to any step that he might take respecting his daughter's nuptials, and the consequent claims of the Marquis's child by her; since it appeared to him almost impossible for the base Miss Fitzallen to authenticate

thenticate her marriage; and nothing but her doing that in the clearest and most unequivocal manner could affect the rights of a lady of the Marquis's own rank in life, regularly united to him in all the rights of his and her own country, in the presence of her father, and with the full sanction of his.

And now, what became of Sir Edward, who saw, that, had he advised with but one calm, rational, affectionate friend, he might perhaps have escaped whole years of anguish, and a life of conscious guilt? Now, that he might be able to endure his own existence, he almost wished all enquiry on the painful subject stopt. It was some mitigation of misery and horror to believe the Marquis the greatest criminal. Ah! what would become of the wretched father, if he should be obliged to feel himself the only one?

The beneficent Cardinal knew how to sympathize in sorrows which he had never personally felt; and saw, in the fair unfortunate Marchioness of Lenox, a motive that quickened his diligence. The next day he hastened to confirm to Sir Edward the supposition he had formed. Padre Anselmo, with most of the fraternity, *had* been swallowed up with the great church, or buried in its ruins: and, to all human probability, even if the rite of marriage had been regularly solemnized between the Marquis and Miss Fitzallen, it was now become impossible for her to establish any claim to his name or fortune; nor would the church of Rome recognize or support the assumptions of a worthless woman, only because she called herself a member of it, against honour, justice, and the rights of an infant, born, as it was obvious, either to all that can disgrace, or all that gives distinction in society.

The

The wildest frenzy of soul preyed in silence, as his friend spoke, on Sir Edward Arden : he—he himself then had eventually, as it appeared, become but the most decisive implement of Emily Fitzallen's vengeance ; for had he not killed his nephew, and defamed his only child, merely to accomplish those views she never, without the aid of his blind passions, could have accomplished ?

From this horrible contemplation on the ruin with which he had surrounded himself, Sir Edward was roused by the Cardinal's proposing to visit Frescati, and comfort the youthful mourner with the intelligence that neither she, nor her daughter, need shrink from that world where their rights were yet unquestionable. But here, again, by an error of judgment, Sir Edward interfered. He represented Emily, as she really was, in a very precarious state—

state—reconciled to her fate and the will of God, in its present form: but, as the discovery now made carried not conviction till confirmed by cautious enquiry, to awaken a hope, or quicken a pang in her bosom, might only tend to shorten the days which his benevolent friend wished to make long, and peaceful. On the contrary, he thought it highly advisable, that they should both remain profoundly silent concerning the painful but important subject, for the present: while he, who had no use for life but to serve or save his daughter, would immediately embark for Messina; where, by every enquiry ingenuity could devise, both among the monks, and the domestics of Count Montalvo, he would inform himself of such particulars as should ascertain the future rights of Emily and her infant, and prepare him to cope with the vindictive fiend whom he daily expected again to encounter.

The

The Cardinal assured him Rome was not the place Miss Fitzallen would be likely to choose for the scene of another exploit ; since the estimation in which Sir Edward was held among the first circle of learned men there, and the rank and merit of his unfortunate daughter, would make it more probable that she should be sentenced to a dungeon as a licentious woman, than sanctioned in bringing forward any claim to the name or fortune of the Marquis, were she daring enough to announce that intention. The purposed voyage of Sir Edward his venerable friend, however, approved ; as well as the reasons he assigned for not communicating to the Marchioness the apparent prospect of her re-assuming rights so dear to herself, so important to her child.—Alas ! this was the reasoning of man, and man only would thus have reasoned ! The tender heart of woman would have told her, that the
bleeding

bleeding one of a lover might break, while cool calculations of the future were thus making.

Sir Edward, on returning to Frescati, found the fair mourner still invisible from debility—an alien still to comfort. Dr. Dalton, however, assured him, that the symptoms of present danger had disappeared, and it was possible she might recover. This news enabled the anxious father to prepare for his voyage with less reluctance. In the projected enquiry was comprehended a hope soothing to his pride on Emily's account, though killing to his peace on his own. Yet, at whatever cost to himself, he felt it his duty to invest her again, if he had a conviction of no prior claim that could be established, with the title he had so madly robbed her of. Could he once effect this, he intended immediately to set out with his whole family for
England ;

England; where, placing Emily under the Duke of Aberdeen's protection, as the Marquis's widow; and, having seen her child acknowledged as the heiress of both, he fully purposed to leave them; and, returning to Naples, expiate his sin, by mourning eternally on the grave of the Marquis.

The bark that had conveyed the Marchioness to Civit  Vecchia was still lying there, and soon made ready to sail with Sir Edward Arden to Messina. Ah! could he have known how ineffectual the enquiries made by his unfortunate nephew on the same occasion had proved, never would he have visited the scene where all his miseries originated.

In sailing near the beautiful shore of Naples, how often was the self-reproaching Sir Edward tempted to land; and, on
the

the spot where he had left the victim of his wrath, the beloved son of his beloved sister, weltering in his blood, to pour forth vain lamentations — eternal compunction:—but he conquered the powerful impulse, resolving first to fulfil every duty to the living; when his embittered soul told him that he should consecrate all his future existence to bewailing the dead.

It seemed as if the air that Sir Edward breathed, had conveyed poison and death to his miserable daughter; for, from the day he quitted Frescati, her fever decreased. Emaciated, and dejected, she long continued; but her complaints no longer threatened to undermine her existence. With the dear increasing fondness of a mother, she watched over the last memorial of a husband whom she still adored; and the cares necessary for her own preservation,

fervation, she could only be prevailed upon to take, by its being urged to her, that they were essential to the welfare of her daughter.

The villa Sir Edward had taken was not large, but the grounds and gardens belonging to it enclosed variety of natural beauty, together with marble fragments of some vanished but memorable building, once seated on nearly the same spot. These gardens, though in a neglected disordered state, abounded with the rich and beautiful plants natural to the soil, and cherished by the softness of the climate. In this solitary domain Emily suddenly found herself sole sovereign, and explored its limits with a melancholy pleasure which the grand contention of glowing nature with majestic yet mouldering art, never fails to produce in a reflecting mind. The myrtles, vigorously emerging
between

between narrow lines of fallen columns, and shedding their uncherished blossoms over the perishing works of man, brought home a thousand sad monumental ideas to the sick heart of Emily, and made it sometimes pause upon its sorrows. Amid this splendid wilderness, those sorrows acquired an influence doubly dangerous, as they now kindled into romance.

In the deepest shades, and by the cooling fountains which the gardens abounded with, antique statues, saved from the ruins still scattered around, were fancifully disposed; some of them were invaluable for the design, no less than the execution. There is something in sculpture inconceivably touching to the mind of sensibility, when deeply sunk in sorrow. The almost breathing statue, by uniting the chilling effect of death, with all the energetic graces of life, diffuses a fearful holy
kind

kind of delight, that, with a charm incomprehensible to ourselves, blends the distinct feelings peculiar to each state, dilates our nature, and lifts the admiring soul beyond the narrow bound of mortal breath, and mere existence.

These saddening contemplations aided the tender workings of Emily's heart, where still the Marquis reigned, though he lived no longer. Fancy, at intervals, almost gave motion to solidity, body to ideal objects. It is only those who have loved, and loved even unto death, who find a freezing pleasure in calling for ever the mouldering tenant of the tomb before them: and when the painfully rational consciousness that he can no more revisit earth will obtrude, it is such only who "turn their eyes inward, and behold him there."—No fear finds place where perfect love has been; and, once more to behold

her Edward, was, in the depth of midnight, no less than the blaze of noon, at every hour, and in every place, the wish, the prayer, the sole desire of Emily.

From loathing Italy, and, above all, Fiescati, the wild and sublime melancholy that had now seized on the fair visionary, made her partial to both. "Let him return to England by himself," cried she often to her own heart, while she wandered: "here remains all left on earth of my Edward. The world has still something for the proud nature of my father; for me it has nothing but the child of my Lenox, and his ashes. Here, then, will I fix my abode, and pass all my days in lamenting my love; till, sinking into his grave, I assert a right which no one there will dispute with me."

Emily, with her lovely infant, now almost

most lived in the romantic and shady solitudes of Frescati; where her lonely rêveries at times broke into invocation; and her domestics began to apprehend, that her mind, too highly wrought, was preying on itself, and melancholy was but too near taking the distorted form of madness. Her musical instruments were often laid in her way; but that once favourite science she now, with a kind of horror, rejected. Melody was become to her but the echo of vanished pleasure; creative fancy had, however, supplied her one, not less soothing, in poetry; and to that internal music, Emily began insensibly to adapt the tender effusions of an overcharged heart.

The servants, thus gloomily employed in watching over and commenting upon their lonely lady, found a contagious kind of horror insensibly creep over themselves. It was not long settling to a fear, which

Emily could not but perceive: they dared not, after evening closed, venture over the threshold; and, even in traversing the villa, usually moved in a body. The neighbourhood of Rome is not sufficiently secure for a lady to wander alone, after night falls, in solitary gardens: and as Emily now found that the aversion of her domestics to guarding her nocturnal rambles, had become avowed, universal, and unconquerable, she was obliged to retire, when the day closed, to her own apartments; where listening to the wind as it agitated the surrounding foliage, she caught, through the breaks, imperfect glances at the ever-varying moon, and addressed to that the passionate elegies, which she passed whole nights in composing.

It was soon whispered through the busy train of domestics, and fully credited, that their lady had at midnight a constant visitation

sitation from the spirit of the Marquis; and some were so daring as to affirm that they had heard his voice. Credulity is no less the characteristic of the vulgar Italians than Irish, and of these two nations was the household composed. It is true the former added superstition to credulity, and the latter soon resorted to it. Beads and reliques became the reliance of all the servants in their hours of retirement; and liberal potations enabled them to hold out while in society with each other. As they all knew that their lady never took either of these modes of keeping up her spirits, they agreed one evening over their cups, that, unless they ingeniously devised some way of diverting her thoughts from the moon and the dead, she would soon be lost to all the purposes of existence. They recollected how fond she had formerly been of music; and as she always sat now with her windows open, they resolved magna-

nimously to venture in a body into the colonnade her apartment was over, to cheer her with a lively strain. Some of the men were tolerable proficient; but the terror they were under, and the ignorance of the rest, made the concert a most hideous performance. Yet their gentle mistress saw so much kindness in an effort, which she knew made the whole train of musicians tremble, that she had not the heart to shew her sense of displeasure, in any other way than by softly shutting her windows, whenever the miserable dissonance began. An intimation so delicate would not, however, have induced the servants to discontinue a practice, which gave them importance with themselves, if not with their lady, when a hint of another kind not only silenced them for ever, but drove them into the house, almost over each other's backs, to apply to their beads, reliques, and Pater-nosters.—A low and heavenly

heavenly melody suddenly issued from a dell in the garden, not very remote, and entranced the listening Emily. The strain, although wild as the winds, was harmonious as the spheres; eccentric, awful; the spot from whence too it appeared to come, was romantic and singular: the ground in that part of the garden sunk, with sudden yet beautiful inequalities, into a deep dell, rich with bold rocks, and shaded with lofty trees. In its hollow, a translucent fountain sprung playfully up, and fell as playfully again; upon the farther side, on the rise of the velvet margin, was happily placed an antique statue of a Faun, who seemed surveying himself in the water, while he played on a pipe. The workmanship was exquisite; and the charmed eye almost could believe the graceful figure moved its arms, and gave breath to the pipe on which its light fingers rested.

Eagerly did Emily wait for the following morning; when she impatiently issued out to trace, if possible, the nocturnal warbler. From a light Grecian temple on the boldest of the brows overhanging the dell, where Emily often passed whole days, she could with ease survey the whole lovely scene. Her eye, however, found in that no change. The beautiful Faun touched his marble pipe with his usual grace; but from it no sound issued. The fountain still dimpled with a pleasing murmur the pool it formed; but no human foot was imprinted on its margin. All that day, and many a following one, did Emily pass in this favourite temple, without seeing, or hearing a living creature; save the servants, who, with fear and trembling, brought her at noon a light repast. As evening came on, she would lift her beloved infant from its downy bed, and retire to her own apartment, there to wait, with

with reverential awe, for the nocturnal visitation. Nor did it ever fail. Night after night, irregular, but entrancing melody, soothed her sense, and sunk into her soul. The grand enthusiasm of her nature blending the hallowed charm of another world with the wild visions of this, which the nursery leaves on every mind, led her at times almost to believe that her prayers were heard, and heaven had granted to her sorrowful soul this visionary intercourse with him, whom it no longer permitted her to behold. Yet much she languished to know if mortal sense might not be allowed to discern the ærial harmonist, thus veiled in night.—To venture through the shades alone, was, however, more than she dared do; not that fear withheld her: it was a solemn awe, which she thought it impiety to over-rule. Bending from the window, she often fondly exclaimed, as to the spirit of her husband:

“ Oh !

" Oh! vanished only from my sight,
" While fancy hovers near thy urn,
" And midnight stillness reigns, return;
" But no ethereal presence wear;
" In the same form, so long belov'd, appear;
" Each woe-mark'd scene let me retrace,
" And fondly linger o'er each mortal grace:—
" Oh! strike the harp of heav'n, and charm my ear
" With songs, that, worthy angels, angels only hear!"

Yet even thus invoked, no vision floated before that sense which she often strained to penetrate the thicket leading to the dell. The servants, forming as usual their own premises, and drawing their own conclusions, had, in full assembly, agreed, that this strange music proceeded from the pipe of the Faun; and that for a very convincing reason—since it was certain there was nothing alive in the garden, and the Faun was the only musical performer, even in marble. That he was formed of no better materials, they did not attempt to deny, when their gentle lady urged the conviction; but accounted for their own opinion,

nion, by in turn asserting, that the devil reigned, ever since the creation, from midnight to the break of day; and, during that interval, it was plain, he animated the marble Faun, notwithstanding all the Aves and Pater-nosters they were constantly repeating: though, to their own pious diligence in that respect, they imputed his remaining still stationary. That they might for ever continue in the same state of ignorance, as to whether the midnight musician was, or was not, the marble god, at the very first harmonious sound they heard in the dell, as at the stroke a house-clock announcing the hour of rest, they all, with one consent, hastened to their beds; and tucking their heads under the cloaths, past there the whole time of the solemn serenade: had the Faun walked into the house, he might have walked over and out of it, without being seen by a single creature, save Emily; who, ever at her window, listening,

listening, wondering, and weeping, pondered frequently on exploring this interesting solitude by herself. But, alas! though she knew not how to fear any inhabitant of a better world, this yet contained one whom she was born to dread;—and Miss Fitzallen, too, excelled on the flute. Ah! if, by indiscreet curiosity, she should put herself into the power of that eternal foe of her peace, and rob her Edward's child of a last parent, (for that was often the only, and ever the predominant consideration with Emily) how, how, should she be acquitted to God and the precious infant?

Yet the servants appeared to their lady to be in the right, in asserting not only that the music came from the dell, but from the precise spot where the statue stood. There were moments, however, when she fancied that it approached her; and

and others, when, with sweet languishment, it sunk, as if mixing with the clouds, into silence.

So deep a hold had this melancholy, visionary delight, taken on Emily, that the days hung heavily with her ; and a restless impatience for night became the habit of her mind : which, then, no less eagerly awaited the mysterious indulgence. Its period was as regularly announced by the wan faces, and trembling steps of her domestics, as by her own high-raised fancy and beating heart. One night, of peculiar beauty, when the moon, with a more pure and radiant lustre than usual, sailed through the deep blue of a clear Italian sky,

“ When not a Zephyr rustled thro’ the grove,

“ And ev’ry care was charm’d but guilt and love,”

Emily, as had long been her custom, was

at

at her window, in fond expectation of the ærial music,—it broke at once upon her ear as very, very near her. She started, and turned round, as thinking it in the room; it was not behind her; she leaned over, to seek it in the colonnade; it was not below. — From those vague, grand, and uncertain strains, which she had been used to hear, the nocturnal musician suddenly wandered into one, dear to her heart, familiar to its beatings. She sprang up, and leaned from the window, with wild and increasing energy,—wrung her white hands, and called upon the invisible power of harmony, to stand revealed before her; for this, she cried,

“ This is no mortal visitation, nor no sound

“ That the earth owes.”

Irresistibly impelled to trace the visionary charmer, she snatched the taper, and descending to the saloon, threw open the door,

door, and found herself alone in the colonnade. Glancing her quick eyes around, she saw only the long range of white marble pillars, half shaded, and half shewn by the trees and the moon. The music became more remote, low, faint, and, to her idea, ethereal; it seemed to retire towards the dell, and woo her thither. "It is, it is the spirit of my Edward!" sighed Emily, resting her forehead on her arm, and that against a pillar, to save her from falling. "How often have I called thee from the grave, my love!" cried she: "and shall I fear to follow thee even thither?"—She tottered, her heart beating high, to the winding path, which, breaking the descent, led safely to the hollow glen. Bright as the moon shone, it had hardly power to penetrate the thick foliage of the lofty trees, beneath which the trembling Emily lingered. No step, however, could she hear; no form could even her fluttered imagination

imagination fashion ; yet still the music, with more melting sweetness, invited, and she fearfully followed. On a point near the depth of the dell, the shade suddenly broke away, and disclosed the fountain, quivering to the moon which it reflected. Faintly, though she knew not why she feared, Emily turned her eyes towards the statue of the Faun. Ah, God ! what were her sensations, when she fancied she beheld two resembling figures, one half shading the other ! A quickened second glance convinced her this was no error of her sense ; struck with terror, she tried to save herself from falling, by grasping a tree, but fell lifeless at its root.

From this temporary suspension of her powers, Emily recovered, at the soft sound of a voice, that, to her impassioned mind, " might create a soul under the ribs of death." The murmuring whisper of known endearment,

endearment, seemed to her the sweet tone of the Marquis. The arms, that with fond familiar pressure supported her from resting on the damp earth, could, to her apprehension, be only those by which alone she had ever wished herself encircled. She dared not unseal her eye-lids, lest the dear, the cherished delusion, should vanish, and some hideous form, either living or dead, again harrow up her nature. Yet fondly urged to look up, by many a whispered prayer and soft entreaty, she at length timidly lifted her eyes to—Gracious God! could it be?—her husband?—the Marquis himself! to her the single being in creation! Invigorated in a moment, she sprang up with ethereal lightness, and the enraptured embrace, mutually given and received, repaid these unfortunate lovers for all the miseries which had marked their union. Too mighty was the ecstasy to waste itself in words: again

they gazed, again embraced ; they could only gaze, sigh, weep, and murmur.

“ Lives then my love ? ” cried Emily, at length : “ and has my cruel father, in wanton power, thus tortured me even to the extremity ? ” — “ That I live, soul of my soul,” replied the Marquis, “ your father neither knows, nor ever must know. Oh ! Emily, *to* you, *for* you alone I live ; be gracious then and hear me : allow me at last to pour forth all the secrets of my heart ; to you, as to him who created us, will I be sincere, and then shall my beloved decide my fate and her own. But this is a dangerous place for long discourse ; the dews of night might prove fatal to so delicate a frame : — my Emily is much changed, since we parted, by sickness and by sorrow.” — “ And you too, Edward ” — Emily could not add — “ are not less altered.” A gush of tears explained

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ed her meaning, and she hid the wan face her nature melted over in her bosom. Recovering herself, she took his hand:—"Come to my apartment, my love, nor fear that any eyes, save mine, will observe you; terror, at this hour, closes all others in my house."—"Nor would seeing induce your domestics to follow me," replied her husband; "since, to win you to seek, and oblige them to shun me, was alike my object, in assuming a disguise that might yet, perhaps, startle my Emily, unless she coolly and collectedly surveys it." Emily cast her eyes in fond certainty over his figure, as though in no disguise could it ever shock or startle her; yet felt that his tender precaution was not unnecessary. He was clothed in a white vest, fitted close to his graceful form, and exactly resembling the Faun; the mask, which covered his whole head, with his flute, painted alike white, he held in his hand.

When, at her desire, he put the artificial head-piece on, it was sufficiently clear he might encounter her whole family, and not be known to any one of them for a being of this world.

Conducted by his wife through the saloon to her apartment, the Marquis there removed the mask; and Emily, still unsatisfied with gazing, fixed on him again her fond eyes with deep intentness, as even then doubting whether the blessedness of the moment were not a vision, or the dear hand she clasped, might not, while yet she held it, become marble.

During this affecting silence, each lover too visibly perceived what it was to have lost the other. The Marquis, pale, even to lividness, from the effusion of blood in his duel, was still debilitated by the half-healed wound, which obliged him to lean
to

to the right side. Emily soon discovered this new claim upon her tenderness; and abhorring the necessary disguise, felt it as a great relief, that she had hoarded, among the treasures sacred to his memory, a part of his wardrobe, which she had often kissed and sprinkled with her tears. She refused to hear a word till she had seen him comfortably arrayed, and resting his aching side on a sofa; then taking the posture in which he had implored her to allow him to pour forth his soul, the tender Emily threw herself on her knees by the couch, and filled up the pauses, pain and fatigue occasioned in his narration, by prayers and devout ejaculations to the God who had graciously preserved, and thus miraculously restored him to her.

The Marquis now required not a moment to methodize his recital; for he had no past thought to conceal, no wish to

leave untold. He began the detail, that sunk into Emily's soul, from the memorable period when the persecuting fiend first gained his pity and protection at Paris. His wife heard the name of Hypolito with comparatively little emotion; for she was now fully assured of her own boundless empire over a heart, which she ever, till this moment, believed she had divided with that youth and Miss Fitzallen; for only now did she understand that they were one and the same person. He described the talents and tastes of the impostor, so naturally consonant and studiously adapted to his own; and the influence which the feigned youth gained in his affections. The ingenuous nature of Emily, made her admit that it must be almost an impossibility for any man to escape so secret and near an attack from a lovely woman, unrestrained in the pursuit of her object, by either virtue or feeling.

He,

He, in the most natural manner, painted the discovery made of her disguise at Messina; and bewailed the wandering, both of his senses and his reason, by the fever of wine and passion. But, oh! how the gentle Emily started and wept, lamenting, too late, her own innocent romance as the daughter of Dennis; when she learnt that, and that only, could have enabled her ingenious and base enemy to add, to her own dangerous allurements, the assumption of her name, character, and rights in life. How strange did it appear to Emily, to find that the Marquis had married, or meant to marry, her in the person of another. She was lost in horror at the awful catastrophe of the earthquake; though her heart was more lightened than she chose to own, at finding that it prevented the Marquis from consummating his mistaken and miserable marriage. The agony he felt at the supposed

deplorable fate of the fair impostor; his subsequent and sorrowful researches, for the dear ashes of the daughter of Sir Edward Arden, all, all appeared natural, touching, and hardly questionable, to the generous spirit he was now appealing to.—Emily's own heart now took up the tale. The moment of their meeting in Switzerland, the gay discovery of herself, she then meditated; and the shock it appeared to give him, when she announced herself as the daughter of Sir Edward Arden, Emily well remembered. The hours of unalloyed pleasure that followed, till the hapless one arrived when their hands were united, she never could forget. The frenzy that then seized him, he fully explained, in representing to her the impressive spectre that extended to him the ring, on the steps of the portico, and annihilated, at once, their bridal happiness. The scene lived with equal force before
Emily's

Emily's eyes, while she read, in the wild glances of his, the eternal impression made on his mind by that horrible moment. But, oh! how generous, how noble, how pure, appeared to her informed judgment, the mysterious coldness and constraint, which, at the time, had so shocked, — perhaps offended her. She now again interrupted him, nor would longer allow him to be the historian; her delicate nature made her anxious that he should avoid all further mention of Miss Fitzallen; who, hard and self-loving, had, it was obvious, wrung from him, through the medium of his fears, those rich baubles which she in the exultation of malice every where displayed — nor doubted the generous Emily, but that her little favourite carriage, was obtained by the same insolent exaction.

But, oh! much yet remained for Emily

to

to feel, when the Marquis, straining to his heart the generous creature who would not allow him to accuse himself, and fondly melting under the sad blessing of her tearful forgiveness, faintly uttered—
“ Oh ! Emily, adored of my soul ! had your harsh father thus treated me—I should perhaps in bitterness of spirit have shed at his feet my own blood, and spared him the horror of having poorly satisfied his vengeance by stretching me there.”—
This was a thought with which the tender wife had not ventured to trust her own soul :—the idea spread at first through the family, that in a fit of phrenzy the Marquis had rashly ended his sufferings, had by means of her woman impressed Emily : and, horrible as such a fate must be, it was less so than the faintest apprehension that her father had shortened his days, while she should be for life compelled to implore a blessing from the hand yet crimson

son

son with her husband's blood, or claim protection from the heart, hard enough to render her a widow, and her unborn babe fatherless.—The further intelligence from Naples, sent by Cardinal Albertini, the valet of Sir Edward had officiously circulated in the family; and Emily dared not trust herself to make any minute enquiry on the agonizing subject, nor needed an exact account, to figure to herself all the horrors of his fate.

She in turn described to the Marquis the sudden manner, and the means, by which she had been decoyed, as it were, from Naples—and her memorable meeting with her father at Fiescati; when, in the ungoverned state of his feelings, he appeared incapable of reflexion, and insensible to pity.—She repeated, in all the force in which the words dwelt on her mind—
"You have no husband—you never had one;"
 and

and her convulsive shudder proved too plainly that Sir Edward lost at that moment the affection of his daughter.—The haughtiness with which he had afterwards ordered, without her consent, that she should be deprived of the name of the Marquis, lived no less in her memory; and finally the severe justice by which he had outraged every feeling, in obliging her to provide for her innocent babe in case of her own death, by a will which stigmatized the infant's birth, was too wounding to be unmentioned.—That nice sense of female delicacy, which speaks even in silence, made Emily by intuition convey to her husband's heart a deep resentment at the indignity, while both overlooked the mortifying necessity, nor could allow the father to be an equal, perhaps, as the proudest of the three, the greatest sufferer.—This union of grievances strengthened every other, and the hearts of the only
two

two beings on earth whom Sir Edward Arden really loved, agreed, at the moment when they renewed to each other the sacred vow of eternal tendernefs, and faith, in fhutting him entirely out, and utterly rejecting him.

After an interval, the Marquis refumed his narration—"Left in the garden of the convent, drowned in my own blood, and to all human appearance dead, or even your father, incensed as he was, would not fo have left me, many hours muft have elapfed ere any of the monks wandered that way. I faintly recollect, that it was torch-light when the pain I felt in their lifting me on a mattrrefs, to convey me to the convent, caufed me for a moment to open my eyes.—Delirium, and impending death were long, long, my portion, in the lonely cell where the benevolent brotherhood attended me with unremitting care ;

care; one of them, who had been an eminent surgeon, dressed my wound with tender skill:—nor in the intervals of my delirium, when the agony of my mind made that of my body forgotten, did the pious fathers omit all those holy attentions, so comforting to the wretch in this world, so necessary to prepare him for a better.—I easily understood by the tenor of their consolations, that they regarded me as a frantic man, who with rash hand had sought to end my own calamities.—I found a gloomy pride in saving my inhuman uncle from obloquy, and never gave any other answer to the enquiries which the superior ventured, as soon as he saw me likely to recover, than that the fatal catastrophe had been caused by my own despair: and that, unless they meant to drive me to the same extremity a second time, they would conceal from every human being, even my nearest relations, or
tendereft

tenderest friends, my continued existence ; on this condition, and this condition only, would I promise to endure my miserable fate.

“ In the deplorable state of my health, and the frantic irritation of my mind, the benignant brotherhood held it wise to yield to every request that might conciliate my feelings, or mitigate those complicated sufferings which were perhaps an ample punishment for my sin, great as I own it—and by this indulgence was I won still to suffer.

“ I soon learned that my uncle had quitted Naples with you, nor doubted, as the monks assured me no enquiries had been made for me, that you had been wholly governed by his impression of my conduct, and turned from my very grave with abhorrence. Oh ! misery, never to be

be understood but by the wretch who has like me felt it; to see all the sacred ties which reason, fancy, feeling, can form, and mutual choice sanctify, burst with a force that throws you a solitary sufferer to the utmost limit of creation! When I remembered Emily was mine no more—no more wished to be mine—it would have been happiness indeed to die.—My infant too—my dear unborn—the cruel Sir Edward could not teach *that* to shrink from my embrace—to close its little ears to my lamentations. But that too was torn from me; and I stood alone in the universe, My embittered spirit for a time revolted at all soft impressions; and the deep gloom of my abode co-operated to lead my thoughts only to monastic seclusion. By annihilating myself in a manner, and yet enduring the sufferings I had brought on my own head, I thought I might in a degree expiate my sin against my Emily and
her

her father, and perhaps obtain the pardon of heaven. But, with the least improvement of my health, silence, solitude, La Trappe, disappeared from my eyes—love, and Emily, still throbbed at my heart, and incurable tenderness was blended there with a grief no less incurable.—Alas ! had I not cause to apprehend a resentment on her part at least equal to that of her inexorable father, though she would not shew it in the same bloody manner ? I often seemed to feel myself sinking into the grave, under the curses of both. Yet there were moments when her angel form appeared before me with all that softness which renders her sway so absolute.—I sometimes beheld her sweetly mourning for the very wretch who had marked her days with ignominy and affliction, and clasping to her snowy bosom with increased fondness, because springing from me, the infant inheritor of both. Re-

turning strength (though I was still very weak) impressed with more force this cherished idea. I resolved, the moment I was able, to venture into the country where my adored Emily had fixed her abode, and there meditate on the mode by which I might acknowledge, even to the extent, my offences against her, and make her judge, sole judge, in her own cause.

“ I had not patience to wait till my wound was healed ; crawling, only half alive, as yet, on the face of the earth, I assumed the habit of a common labourer, and found a neighbouring peasant, with whom I could abide. I told him, my employment was that of a mason, and the hurt in my side was occasioned by the sudden fall of a fragment, as I was hewing marble : that the weakness it brought on had threatened a consumption ; and, now I was able to get abroad, I had been advised

vifed

vifed to try whether the pure air of Frefcati would not remove the alarming fymptoms. I might have added, that if not, in this place fhould I end my days. Alas ! I had reafon to think their termination at hand, when firft I had the mifery to be told that my wife had again taken the name of Mifs Arden ; and the infant ſhe cheriſhed in her arms, was not allowed to bear that of its father. Yet, oh ! that precious infant lived ; it was mine, my Emily, no leſs than yours ; I languiſhed to behold you both ; and to claim my fond, fond right, in our mutual treafure. Night after night did I paſs, in wandering round the confecrated abode of my Emily, and pondering upon the poſſibility of conveying a letter to her. Yet a ſingle indiscretion might be ruin, even if I ſhould excite her compaſſion. Sir Edward would not, it was true, again ſtrike at my exiſtence in my own perſon ; but, alas ! he had it in

his power even more effectually to do it, in the person of his daughter. In my cruel predicament the right of a father was lost to me : that of a husband, I dared not claim. It was only the gentle heart of Emily which would grant me either, and to that heart I felt I must appeal, or die. In exploring the limits of the wilderness, I one day found a little aperture ; through which, the following night, I made my way, and boldly passed into the garden. My sick soul seemed to revive, when I breathed the same air with my Emily ; and these nocturnal rambles became a dear indulgence. To account to my host for such long and late absences, I owned a love affair with one of your domestics, and escaped all suspicion of having any other object in view. Never shall I forget one night venturing so near the house, as to see my uncle walking about in his chamber, and sometimes standing
at

at the window: the lights were behind him, and I plainly discerned his figure—never, never can the strange, the complicated feeling escape my memory—that form, always so natural to my eyes—once so dear, so very dear to my heart! how could that heart resist it?—A frantic kind of emotion came over me; I felt ready to cry out—to demand—to extort his pity—perhaps to undo myself—and not only to lose for ever my Emily, but to rob her of the little peace my fatal love had left her.—That I might no more risk so exquisite a temptation, I withdrew to Rome, till Sir Edward should depart.

“ While wandering, as I often did, whole days among the colossal fragments of ancient magnificence, a fallen and mutilated statue of a Faun drew my eye, and recalled to my mind the one by the fountain. The strange thought of procuring,

under the idea of wearing it at a masquerade, a habit exactly resembling the statue, then occurred to me. I had often apprehended meeting some of your domestics, whom curiosity or love might lead to wander at the same hour in the garden ; but, if thus disguised, I was sure of having it all to myself. This habit being prepared, I again housed with my peasants ; and, such is the energy of even a remote hope, was flattered by them on my improved looks. —Sir Edward Arden was at last gone ; and his lovely daughter, whom they touchingly termed the melancholy lady, left alone. Now then, or never, I must obtain the sight of my Emily ; and, a month ago, when the moon shone with the same blessed brightness it does at this moment, I assumed my disguise, and hid my own cloaths in the grotto in the wilderness ; then, without fear, sought the deep dell, to survey my fellow sylvan. How exquisitely
beautiful

beautiful appeared the silent scene! The temple, hanging on the rude brow above, had then the windows thrown open. I made no doubt, but that my beloved had been sitting there. I wound through the shady path, and, after listening intently, finding all was solitude, ventured in. Ah! think of the melting softness that seized my heart, on beholding the sofa which my love had so lately quitted; and when a basket of her work yet remained! I knelt, and worshipped, as if the fair form I adored were still reposing there. On the ground I saw scattered flowers, which, as perishing, she had cast from her bosom. I gathered them up, as devout pilgrims do holy reliques, and thrusting them into mine, bade them thus return to Emily!

“An emotion, new—sacred—eternal, yet remained for me to experience, when I cast my eyes on a large wicker basket

quilted with down, and covered with a mantle. Softly I raised that covering, as though the jewel were enshrined within it. Ah ! no ! the cradle was empty. Yet, on the pillow, still remained the dear, the soft impression of my infant's tender cheek. That inanimate pillow was wet with the first tears of a father—greeted with his kisses—consecrated by his blessings. I remained riveted to a spot enriched with such interesting local remembrances. I could not resolve to quit it ; and, in that sanctuary of innocence, the basket, resolved to hide, for my Emily's observance, some known memorial of our plighted love ; when a sound that suddenly reached me, of "riot, and rude merriment," suggested a better mode of attracting her. I guessed this rustic serenade to be some mode of amusement your servants had found for themselves ; and they had repeated their discordant strains several evenings ere I discovered

discovered that they meant to entertain you. I then coloured my flute to correspond with my dress; and, in the depth of night, silenced the savages with my lonely pipe. At intervals I paused, to learn whether curiosity had brought too near my retreat, any of my auditory. Not a step could I ever hear: not a whisper reached me.

“ Night after night, I pursued my wild symphonies, always apprehending, that some one of the domestics, bolder than the rest, would pierce the thicket to descry my haunt: but convinced no second person would ever venture near it. All your people were, however, equally timorous; and this beautiful solitude, I now feared, would ever belong only to my brother sylvan, and myself. Fully convinced that I had put all my vulgar hearers to flight, I soon became bolder, and ventured from
behind

behind the marble Faun. Sometimes I could catch your shadow in your dressing-room—sometimes knew it could be only you at the window. Yet, one incautious word might have betrayed me; and I almost despaired of wooing you into the garden, when, this evening, I suddenly called to mind that little air which your tender heart so feelingly acknowledged, Ah! God! when I saw the effort successful — when the light disappeared from the room above, and faintly began to illumine that under it—when I found that love, stronger than death, could win my Emily to follow even my supposed phantom, my heart no longer feared hers.—Alas! it feared only the alarm which it was impossible to spare her, ere she could be again encircled in those arms that never, never more, will resign her.”

In discourse like this, whole ages might
have

have elapsed, unheeded by the Marquis; but Emily, exquisitely alive to his danger, now saw with affright, that day had unobserved stolen upon them, and it was impossible for him, disguised or otherwise, to return through the garden. The Marquis made light of his stay, or departure; for, if she approved the former, who should object? but, on the soul of Emily, the fear of her father was now incurably impressed: and all their future views were too uncertain, and indistinct to both, for her husband to urge a rash discovery. He therefore permitted her to conduct him through her own apartment to that of Sir Edward; where, having fastened the door at the extremity, she insisted on his endeavouring to recruit his emaciated frame by needful rest, and, locking the intermediate door, retired to repair her own strength and spirits with a balmy slumber. How different was this day from the last
when,

when, on waking, she felt happiness once more possible. The husband whom she adored, ever faithful, though apparently otherwise, was for life her own. With light elastic footstep, a hundred times in the course of the day did she visit the door that divided them. As often did she softly pace back again, and fearfully shrink from the indulgence of even looking upon him. Once, and once only, did she unlock it, and impatiently wait to see him partake of some refreshments she had carried him.

The approaching evening, Emily meant, should afford to the Marquis a dear pleasure hardly more desired by him than herself—the sight of their infant. Affecting an alarm, she took it from the charge of the nurse, to place it for that night in her own bed. Let those who have borne a child to an absent husband, tell the soft
exultation

exultation which nature makes powerful enough, to compensate the pang that renders them mothers, when they lift the mantle which shelters the sleeping innocent, to shew to the returning father the little features where each tender parent, by a magic of mind, discerns only the likeness of the other, combined with the pure charm peculiar to infancy!—Sorrow—sickness—the past—the future—all was forgotten by the Marquis and Emily, when, with sweet contention, kneeling together, they blessed and kissed this dear little third in their union.

Who can fail to lament, that a nature so generous and susceptible as Sir Edward Arden's, should have lost, by one moment of ill-judged passion, the dear delight of sharing a bliss which it had been the single object of his life to ensure to the two so exquisitely endeared to him?—Alas! occupied

cupied wholly by gloomy reflexions, and a hopeless pursuit, Sir Edward was wandering, without one social bosom in which he could confide a thought, through the scenes in Sicily most afflicting to his remembrance ; nor had he been able to gather any further information concerning the monks, who were parties in the ceremony of the Marquis's marriage, than that Padre Anselmo had certainly perished ; but it was doubtful in what quarter of the world the others might now be seeking means to rebuild a part of their convent.

Hours, days, and months, fly swiftly to those who love, and love happily. In the nocturnal interviews which they still mysteriously carried on, the Marquis and Emily had ever so much to say of the past and present, that both, as by tacit agreement, threw as far off as possible the more important and immediate consideration of the future.

future. The full confession, and explanation of the Marquis, had removed every fear of impropriety in her present conduct from the mind of Emily. It was to her sufficiently clear, that nothing but the pride and ungovernable fury of her father had prevented the previous ceremony that had been read to the Marquis and Miss Fitzallen (since it was a mere ceremony), from being, when submitted to ecclesiastical discussion, declared, if not informal, certainly invalid; while her own marriage, celebrated in the face of the world, and by every rite of her own church, had the full confirmation of her having borne a child, whom it would be impossible to deprive of legitimacy, when its claims were duly made. It was no new vow, therefore, on the part of Emily, to follow her husband through the world; but she exacted, in consideration of this concession, that

that he should allow her to do it in her own way.

The Marquis, who had long found his love for his uncle on the wane, now felt all fear of him vanish. He was fully sensible that Sir Edward had no authority over his daughter's person, if once she could be brought to assert a will of her own, and abide by her marriage. He sometimes almost wished that accidental circumstances would, by betraying their secret correspondence, oblige her to a decision, which he found it a vain attempt to urge her to fix. Nothing, he was assured, would so soon induce her to avow her sentiments as the dread of their separation; and were his visits once known, she would have no choice but to fly with him, and thus compel her father to second their views, by annulling in the Romish church the former
detested

detested ceremony. Yet, delicately as Emily was situated—delicately as she ever felt—to *force* her to any thing would be so ungenerous a procedure, that the Marquis suffered time to steal on, without forming any fixed plan for the future.

Time, however, had a consequence at once so favourable to his views, and so gratifying to his heart, that he rejoiced he had never, by word or thought, grieved his Emily. Terrified—pale—dying in a manner with fear, she threw herself one evening into his arms, and whispered, “that the child he was holding to his bosom, was not the only one it might be her misfortune to bring him.” To all his soothing endearments, she only cried out in agony—“How, how should she ever face her father? He, who had already, when she was in the same state, killed her with an eye-beam, would now wound her with a sense of shame, even while she

was unconscious of any guilt, too humiliating to be endured. Never, never, could she again encounter, thus circumstanced, the severity of her father." The Marquis, softened with the occasion of this anguish—shocked at seeing its excess—and ever yielding to her wishes—entreated, conjured her to compose herself; solemnly vowing, that, whatever line of conduct would give most ease to her mind, should be that he would implicitly abide by, as the only atonement he could make, for having a single moment exposed her, in the most interesting of all situations, to any indignity from the looks of her father.

"Never, never, will I again encounter such a hateful feeling, my Edward," cried she with increasing affliction, "while there is either a spot to be discovered on the earth in which to hide this wretched head, or a grave to be found beneath it. I have
sometimes

sometimes pondered upon—yet that would be very difficult—imposes on you whole years,—perhaps a life of seclusion—total annihilation of our rights—shall I, poorly to save my own feelings, bury with me, while yet living, the heir of high rank, splendid fortunes? the man distinguished by every charm, and talent, that shall make him a grace to his equals, a blessing to his dependants?”

“Emily,” returned the Marquis, with a sweetly sad solemnity, “I am yours—as we are circumstanced, yours only: no duty can come in competition with that I owe the angel whom my love has unhappily humbled, but never could elevate. Imagine then my impatience, and tell me all that those intelligent eyes are full of.”

“I have only a few valuables, and no money,” continued Emily, as if thinking

aloud, rather than speaking to any body.—

“Sold, as they must be, to a disadvantage, I could hardly hope they would produce more than three thousand pounds.”

“Sell your ornaments, love?” returned the Marquis, in a tone of chagrin, as well as surprize:—“what for?—I have money to the amount you mention.”

“Ah! Edward, we shall want that too,” cried his wife, surveying him with a mournful steadiness, as doubting whether she had influence to bend the pride of his nature to the humble purpose of her heart.

“And what,” cried the Marquis, with some quickness, “can my Emily want so large a sum for?—to endow an hospital?”

“No!” replied she, in a firm voice,
and

and with a dignity of mien that gave her new charms in the eyes fondly fixed on her. "All we can both gather, will be hardly enough, perhaps, to maintain us during the life of my father. You have bound yourself, my Lord:—thus must it be, if I am again yours. Dare you, on these terms, confirm your vows? Dare you take this hand, and swear on it, never, never to risk the little peace we now enjoy, by putting it in his power again to tear us asunder? Poor man! I am not without pity, any more than you, for his future fate; yet am I only going to take from him what he has shewn me to be without value in his eyes—my wretched self."

"Oh! Emily," returned her husband in tender agitation, "think well, think often, ere you finally determine on a point so important. You will not, in this, accuse me of the indelicacy of considering myself.

I am a man; ever retired in my taste, nor expensive in my pleasures. I could easily reconcile myself to the inconveniences of humble life, did I not feel acutely for you: but, born as you are to immense fortunes, bred on the bosom of luxury, yourself the most fragile and tender of nature's productions, can you endure to inhabit an humble home; and perhaps be hardly able, even by severe economy, to keep that? How will you bear to see your little ones, entitled to every advantage, confined to a narrow spot and bounded education?"

"There was a time, my love," returned Emily, bitterly weeping, "when, vainly exulting in the advantages of nature and fortune, we both thought, that among the many modes of being happy, each of us might make a choice. Already that vision has vanished, and all the option that now remains to either, is what kind of suffering

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ing we can best bear. It is my fixed determination never to endure that of meeting my father: nor," sobbed she, throwing herself into his arms,—“parting with you.”

The Marquis pressed her to his heart, but was not collected enough to reply. —Emily continued:

“And why, Edward, should we think ourselves poor with the sums mentioned? Fear not but that I can descend to minute attentions without murmuring; for I have feelingly learnt that the splendour of an equipage relieves not the repining heart—the gaudy drapery of a dress dries not the tearful eye. In waving, for a time, our claims in life, we neither renounce them for ourselves nor our children. The day will come when the Duke of Aberdeen may recover a son; it is Sir Edward Arden,” faltered she, bursting anew into a

passion of tears, "who, by lifting his hand against your life, and embittering mine,—it is he who has for ever lost a daughter."

The Marquis saw, with tender sorrow, the turn Emily's mind had taken; but to oppose her in her present delicate state, it was plain, would endanger, perhaps shorten, her life. Yet, as a man, he calculated at a higher rate than his retired, his gentle wife, the advantages they mutually inherited; and felt that to partake them, was, from the hour of their birth, the right of his children. One bold struggle with Sir Edward Arden would fix their fate. Could Emily be won from a fear and delicacy so erroneous, the moment that her father knew she had confirmed the rights of her husband, and meant to pass her life with him, that very pride, which had disgracefully torn them asunder, would act for their wishes, and

and urge him to assist the process which should establish their marriage. The Duke too, though not a tender parent, had never been an unkind or ungenerous one. To deprive him of natural ties, and the hope, always so dear to those declining in life, of seeing posterity around him, was painful to his son. Yet all these rational considerations faded from his mind, whenever he discussed this point with Emily; and the single one, that she might die, while her father and he were struggling how to reconcile their modes of making her great and happy, rendered him unable to oppose a fancy, which he daily became more certain was not new to her thoughts, but the long cherished object of them.

Many concurring circumstances, however, could alone enable Emily to execute the extraordinary project of vanishing for ever from her father's eyes; while a very
simple

simple event would render it totally abortive—his suddenly returning to Frescati; which appeared to both the lovers equally probable, and obliged the fearful Emily to resolve on founding the two persons whom she had, in her mind, fixed on as confidants and auxiliaries. The first of these was her own woman. Mrs. Connor had waited on Lady Emily, ere she married Sir Edward Arden; had affectionately watched her in the sickness that laid her early in the grave, and remained in sole charge of the heiress of Bellarney, till ripened youth allowed Emily to feel her power of acting for herself. From that moment the servitude of Connor was of her own choice. Not being, however, entitled to rank among Miss Arden's friends, and quite unable to live without some share of her society and regard, the worthy creature had preferred attending on her lady, to the kind offer made by her of independence and her own way.

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These humble friends are among the peculiar blessings the Irish may boast; as if the high polish of cultivation gave hearts so very smooth a surface, that every object slid over them; while, in those more rough, there remained an adhesive power, which fixed whatever it once attracted. Natures of this cast have too often a generous defect in their coarse, but strong perceptions of the injuries offered to those whom they love, which to the sufferer magnifies evils, reflexion would otherwise diminish. Let no persons say that they are proof against this insensible operation of mind on mind. The wise would be wise, indeed, were they not liable to be biased by the weak; but it requires a great effort to silence the voice of kindness, even if you think the speaker not wholly competent to his subject. Connor had all this secret and insensible influence over her lady; and a horror of the lofty character of Sir Edward Arden, which
made

made her give the most chilling interpretation to his words, the most irritating one to his actions. She had been among those to whom he gave the "imperial" (as she termed it) command, to call the wife of the Marquis of Lenox, Miss Arden. He had not thought it proper, or necessary, to assign his reason for this; and, had he commanded Mrs. Connor to lay down her own existence, she could not have been more determined never to comply; till the gentle Emily, with tears, requested her father might be obeyed. From that moment, Mrs. Connor persisted in it, that he would be the death of his angelic daughter; nor did she fail to execrate the day when he again set foot in Bellarney, and carried away its heiress to become a martyr to his whims, and know only sickness and sorrow. If any thing had been wanting to complete her detestation of Sir Edward, he would have supplied it, when he refused to see the

"dear

"dear jewel," his grand-daughter, on the sad day of her birth. All these erroneous opinions of a woman, really worthy, were, however, from the danger of Emily, lost and swallowed up in her fears. No mother could have been more watchfully tender; and, perhaps, but for even her unrefined affection, Sir Edward Arden's daughter had never survived her sickness at Frescati. As her lady amended, by slow degrees Connor discharged her mind of all its chagrins, which sunk into the already wounded soul of Emily, and produced the deepest horror of her father.

How dangerous is it for parents, in any station, to make over the care of their children, from an early age, to others. Of the tie, so important to both parties as they advance into life, nothing then remains, even in minds well turned, but a sense of mutual duty. The melting look that cherish-

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ed an infant virtue, the tear that cured an infant fault, has never been rivetted on the fond remembrance of the child. The sweet endearments, the soft concessions, which made every fault forgotten, the gay delights of unfolding nature, live not in the doating recollection of the parent. But when children have fortunes and rights in life, independent of their parents, it becomes peculiarly necessary for those parents to fix that influence, by early and unremitting kindness, which even the most insensible will lament the want of, whenever the younger party is entitled to judge and act.

Little did the Marquis suspect the great influence of Connor with Emily, or that she was meditating to commit to her sole charge the second dear treasure of her life. But the person she thought it most important to embark in her views, she knew, as yet, only from the friendly sensibility with
which

which he soothed her sorrows; while, with exquisite professional skill, he had perhaps saved her life.

Dr. Dalton had, to oblige Sir Edward, broken through the rule he had laid down, when he took up his abode in Rome, never to practise, but for the benefit of those unable to reward him. This gentleman was beyond the middle of life, easy in his own fortune, and married to a lady of a still ampler one. His taste for the fine arts had made him abandon his own country, to fix his residence in the centre of the ancient world; the venerable reliques of which formed his only pleasure. A man of this character could not but be courted by strangers; and Sir Edward Arden had made so favourable an impression on him, that he took pleasure in being his *cicerone*. Such a friend, with medical knowledge, was

was a treasure to the afflicted father, in the desperate contingency that followed Emily's arrival at Frescati. Her bitter grief, her exquisite loveliness, the disposition she shewed to be grateful for his generous exertions to continue an existence which she valued not, had interested Dr. Dalton's feelings; and urged him to improve the predilection, by bringing his lady to wait on her. But in the melancholy and humbled situation of Emily, the deep dejection of her mind, and the weakness of her health, the good Doctor wondered not at her shrinking even from kindness: and when he found his medical assistance unnecessary, he had no choice, but, sighing, to retire from the interesting young widow. Sir Edward had, however, before he left Rome, obtained his promise, that, if summoned to Frescati, he would still have the kindness to attend on his daughter.

The present situation of Emily rather inclined her to shun than seek Dr. Dalton's presence; for her loveliness was never more obvious. To herself, therefore, she could not summon the person she most desired to see. The infant Emily was a cherub in beauty, and in the full glow of health; and to trouble a man of independence, with making a visit to two of her servants who complained of illness, seemed too great a liberty: yet rendering their poverty an excuse to his benevolent mind, she risked entreating a visit at Frescati.

Dr. Dalton obeyed the summons, and congratulated his fair patient on having recovered a higher degree of health, than he thought she ever did or could possess. Her beautiful child delighted him; and he assured her that he could not any longer contend with the impatience of his wife to see both. Emily smiled, but no longer waved

the compliment. The Doctor returned, however, from visiting the servants, with an air of gravity; and not moving from a window remotely situated, enquired if she had ever had the small-pox. Emily replied, that it was ever a disputed point between Connor and her grandmother; but the former could be called, and give him her reasons for thinking she had had it. "A simple proceeding will spare a long detail," said the kind physician. "Even if *you* have had this disorder, your little angel has not; and she must not remain here a moment. Your two servants have taken the small-pox, and no human care can prevent its running like wild-fire among your Italian domestics. I shall, therefore, wave Mrs. Dalton's waiting on you, Madam, and fulfil my promise to Sir Edward, by insisting on your company to Rome. My house is pleasantly situated,—the gardens are large,—your babe will be safe, if she has not already

ready

ready received the infection, and anxiously attended if she has. This is a contingency when ceremony must be given up, and the old-fashioned thing, called prudence, only govern us."

A thousand thoughts fluttered at the heart of Emily, and varied her complexion every moment. Could she have guessed at the danger, she might have previously apprized the Marquis; but to go without his knowledge, was impossible. To keep her darling, however, within the reach of infection, and the dread of death, she could not answer to herself. To the kind urgency of her medical friend, she replied, that some very particular concerns rendered it impracticable for her so suddenly to quit Frescati; but the babe, dearer to her than life, she would tear from her own arms and commit to his care, as a pledge that she would follow to-morrow. Dr. Dalton or-

dered a horse to be made ready for himself; and Connor, with the infant Emily, drove immediately off in his carriage.

For a time, the tender mother felt as if stunned. She ran from room to room seeking the babe whom she knew she could not find; and half fancying that she should never see it more. A new and pleasing idea then suddenly took total possession of her mind; and she past the interval, ere she could greet the Marquis, in collecting and packing all her valuables; appreciating each jewel, as she enfolded it, with a miser's eye. That done, she measured the room for hours, dreading that some accident had happened to her dear nocturnal visitant; though her watch assured her it was yet too early for his appearance;—not but he might safely have ventured; for the nature of the malady which had seized the sick servants, threw the deepest dismay over those yet in health,

health, infomuch that each fancied himself walking about the house in a dying state; nor failed to conclude that the memorable music of the marble Faun, had been a solemn warning of the approaching mortality in the family.

When Emily apprized the Marquis of the danger that had obliged her to part with her child, his perturbation equalled her own. A moment, however, impressed him with a conviction, that this removal would involve them both in much inconvenience. Dr. Dalton, he perceived, was, by this hasty confidence, rendered of necessity a party in all their future prospects and fluctuating plans. "What, my dearest," cried he, impatiently pacing the chamber, "could induce you so suddenly to impose restraint on yourself and me? If you will not consent to my appearing, how can you reside at Dr. Dalton's house? What

will you do there?"—"Die, perhaps," returned Emily: "I would not, my love, be understood literally; yet to be thought dead is my only chance for passing my life with you: and without the aid of a character, as respectable in itself, and as highly estimated by my father, as Dr. Dalton's, vainly should I attempt an imposition of that kind."—"How improbable then is it that you should persuade such a man to sanction so strange a fraud, and one, which many occurrences in life may betray!"—"I know not any, save choice, that can betray us, my Lord," sighed Emily; "and I will rather die in reality, than ever again endure the severe controul of my father. I have well digested my plan, in which I do not ask your aid; grant only your concurrence; and this, if I am indeed dear to you, I may claim. The circumstances I am in, are very interesting and peculiar; I am a wife, a mother; if robbed by an inhuman father of the
first

first title, the last would only double my misery. In human life, the least must yield to the greater duty. Reason, nature, law, make me yours for ever; nor can even the power of a parent break the tie which his voice hallowed. A mind so generous and dispassionate, as Dr. Dalton's, will surely see, that, in thus disappearing from society, I rather seek to guard from another bloody contention, two fiery spirits, who each claim so dear a right in me, that, to one or the other, I should be every moment in danger of falling a victim, than to indulge a bold and romantic passion."—"Emily," solemnly repeated the Marquis, "I am yours—for ever yours; the miseries I have caused you to endure, entitle you to judge for both of us. Greatly have I erred; may I alone err! Use the power I so fully give you, more wisely than I have used mine."

Morning carried away the anxious Marquis, no more to haunt the beloved shades of Frescati. Noon set down Emily at the house of her friend; who welcomed her with the happy news, that her babe appeared to have escaped the infection. Mrs. Dalton took the mother to her bosom, with as kind a greeting as she had already given the infant; and, conducting her to an elegant apartment, entreated her to be there entirely at home.

The first few hours were spent by all parties in those ingratiating attentions, which insensibly remove the impression of novelty from a scene, or acquaintance. As evening came on, Emily began to be painfully sensible of the task she had taken on herself, when she engaged to interest absolute strangers in her fate, and her feelings, even at the moment when she had unwarily deprived her heart of its dearest adviser,

vise, support and consolation. Her tears flowed in silence; and Mrs. Dalton, moved by her extreme youth, and her deep mourning, found so natural a grief but too infectious,

Dr. Dalton sought to divert the thoughts of both ladies from sorrowful ideas, by interesting them in the account he gave of a young Englishman, who had, without a regular introduction, applied to him for advice, and won him to regard. He expressed great impatience for the morning, when the stranger had promised him a more full knowledge of his situation, both as to fortune and feelings; which his dignity of mien, and intelligent countenance, made matter of great curiosity. A vague kind of agitation seized on Emily; she faintly enquired if the stranger was pale, and had been wounded? Dr. Dalton assented; dwelling anew on his air of distinction,

“that

“that noble kind of physiognomy which an enlightened mind alone can give even to correct beauty.” The flutter of Sir Edward’s daughter increased; and Dr. Dalton wistfully surveyed her fair cheeks, on which, in spite of the efforts of her reason, glowed the tender alarms of her heart; while her ingenuous eyes, ever ready to convey its meaning, escaped those of her observing friend, only by seeking the ground. “You are, perhaps, Madam,” said the Doctor, after a pause, “already acquainted with this interesting stranger?” Emily shook her head, sighed, but trusted not her lips with a syllable. He again paused; then continued his discourse. “It is, I dare say, impossible to be much with you, and think of any thing distinct from yourself. I can no otherwise account for the singular idea that haunts me, of a striking resemblance between my unknown visitor and Sir Edward Arden. Yet, the youth’s complexion
is

is not so dark, and his hair a bright auburn: it is the form of his face—a certain keen turn in his black eyes—something in the tone of his voice—but, above all, the lofty grace of his manner, that seemed to give the very man to my mind.”

Emily clasped her hands in silence at the imprudence of the Marquis, whom she recognized in every particular Dr. Dalton dwelt on, but remained determinately silent: and her tears might well be imputed to painful recollections, that had no reference to the stranger. He would have vanished from the mind of Dr. Dalton, had not a billet been brought, half an hour after, to Emily.—“Proceed and prosper,
 “ my beloved: I could not resist my racking
 “ desire to see this friend, on whom you have
 “ made me dependant; and find in his coun-
 “ tenance that prepossessing benignity his
 “ voice confirms. Act on his feelings with
 “ your

“ your best speed, that you may become
“ wholly his, who knows not how to live a
“ day without you. All my objections to
“ your proposed deception vanished the mo-
“ ment I saw you no longer. Early in the
“ morning, I will send for your answer :
“ would we were, till then, with the
“ Dryads at Frescati.”

The surprize which Dr. Dalton and his lady felt at finding their lovely guest, whom they supposed to be without one friend or connexion in Rome, already greeted by a correspondent, increased greatly on perceiving Emily's agitation. When her eye glanced on the superscription, hardly could her trembling fingers break the seal—her overflowing eyes connect the words—or her perturbed mind conceive their purport. Yet, her native ingenuousness told her in a moment, that the smallest reserve, the least hesitation, might give her new friends a humiliating

humiliating impression of her conduct. She therefore folded the billet, and, with a dignified tenderness kissing it first, put it into her bosom, offering an immediate explanation of the mystery it implied.

So touching, though simple, was her little history, that it hardly needed the graces which her drooping youth, exquisite beauty, and tearful sensibility, gave it to her hearers. The forms of life at once were swallowed up in its feelings. Already were Dr. Dalton and his lady embarked in the fate of Emily, joyed in her joys, suffered in her sufferings; glowed with her indignation at the recital of Sir Edward's harshness, and finally shrunk with her horror, when she told them that he had cruelly struck at the life of her husband. They vowed to renounce, hate, abhor, the tyrant father; while to the fair, unfortunate daughter, they

they promised unalterable friendship, paternal affection.

At this crisis in Emily's narrative, the nurse brought in the babe for the evening blessing of her tender mother; who intuitively knew how to heighten every generous sensibility she had excited, by taking it, and dismissing the woman. This simple effect of a delicate tenderness awakened the most lively sympathy for the Marquis, of whose prolonged existence she was about to speak. Enlightened by one word, as to the visitor of the evening, Dr. Dalton deeply regretted not having known the truth before the stranger withdrew. It was needless for Emily to plead the cause of her beloved: his pale and anxious countenance was yet before the eyes of Dr. Dalton, and had already so prepossessed him, that the worthy man declared it would have been impossible for any human being, so painfully circumstanced,
to

to have avoided his error; though few would have made so ample an atonement for it. Far, he added, from approving Sir Edward Arden's conduct, he applauded that of his daughter, and should receive the husband with the same cordiality he had the wife; nor would he hesitate to assist in any measure proposed for perpetuating the union of a pair so formed for each other. The tears of apprehension were yet undried on the cheeks of Emily, when those of transport washed them away:—her beauty assumed almost a celestial charm, when lighted up by gratitude.

The warm heart of Dr. Dalton made him now regret that he knew not where to find the Marquis; for then would he have hastened to add him to the little party: "so should no one heart in it be ill at ease."—Alas! good man! had he been twenty years younger,

younger, well would he have guessed that he need not look far for a lover so anxious; who past half the night in wandering near the house that contained his treasure. It is possible that Emily could have quickened her friend's perception, if she had not had a task to execute, which would not admit of an abrupt avowal that the Marquis yet existed. In the exhausted state of her spirits, it was a great effort to communicate to Connor, the secret history of the midnight musician at Frescati. — The ungovernable joy it caused in her humble friend, was almost more than Emily could support: yet was she obliged to make a further exertion, that she might talk down to rationality the delighted creature. Even at last Emily was reduced to keep her for that night in her own apartment, lest, in the intoxication of the moment, the important secret of the disguise of the Marquis should circulate

circulate through a train of servants, who did not now know he was in existence.

With all her sensibility thus afloat, it was impossible for Emily to find repose. If a momentary slumber came over her, she seemed to hear the well-known strains of her nocturnal harmonist, and starting abruptly up, paused—listened—sighed at being undeceived, and wished herself again at Frescati.

The morning at length came, and with it the messenger for Emily's letter.—Her joyful summons bade the Marquis assume any name but his own, and be a welcome visitor to Dr. Dalton.—Mr. Irwin was in a moment announced; and received by that gentleman as a friend long known, and newly recovered. The melting sensibility which so many concurring feelings

and kindneſſes muſt neceſſarily call forth in the refined, and generous ſoul of the Marquis, made him, in the eyes of all the party, the moſt charming, and intereſting of human beings.

In a very ſhort time Emily acquired ſo unlimited an influence over the mind of Dr. Dalton, that, whatever her opinion might be on any ſubject, he had a ſingular facility in perſuading himſelf that it had been firſt his own.—He therefore ſoon became convinced that it would be meritorious to aſſiſt the Marquis to run away with his own wife. Sir Edward might then diſcover at leiſure how to reconcile himſelf to the re-union; as well as how to annul the ceremony of the marriage in Sicily. Having thus far carried the point of fully embarking the Doctör in her cauſe, Emily choſe a moment when ſhe was alone with him, to dwell upon the horrors
that

that had almost precipitated her into a premature grave at Frescati; and seeing the strong impression which her description made on the worthy man, she represented how probable it was that some dreadful catastrophe might again attend the meeting of her father, and husband.—By slow degrees she reached the meditated point; and suggested her being supposed dead as the only sure way of avoiding the dreadful contingency.—Would Dr. Dalton but sanction the belief, that she had taken the malady now raging among her servants at Frescati, it would be no reflexion on his skill to have it reported that even his exertions could not prolong her life. On the fidelity of her woman she could depend; and in Rome the interment of protestants was even more than private—absolutely secret.—A corpse might be substituted; and if Sir Edward on his return should choose to see it, in a disorder like

the small-pox, a parent would vainly seek to identify a child. As, however, it was her fixed intention to leave not only her daughter, but all her fortune, and personal effects behind, Sir Edward would not have a doubt that he had thus lost her.—Could she escape by this plan at once from his power, and the horrors which tormented her when she thought of his meeting her husband, they might, without incurring the disgrace of an elopement, steal unobserved away together, and, in some obscure but happy home, pass those years, which heaven might yet please to give her father.

Dr. Dalton listened, in mute astonishment, to this well-arranged, extravagant project. He saw, at once, that it would involve his character, perhaps endanger his safety, were it ever to be known; yet observing how Emily's apprehensive heart quivered

quivered on her lips, he loved her too affectionately to reject her proposal, or treat it with ridicule. The utmost power he had over himself, when she was concerned, was to point out the perpetual danger to which she would be exposed by her interesting loveliness, and the youth of the Marquis. But the confidence she had in her own prudence, and the full reliance she placed in the honour of her husband, made her treat these objections lightly. The inconveniences, which, as he hinted, he might bring upon himself, Emily more fully considered and answered. It had been Sir Edward's intention, when he left Frescati, she assured the Doctor, to set out for England immediately on his return; and when, on coming back, he should find himself charged with the sole care of her child, the journey would rather be hastened than retarded. Should, therefore, any unforeseen occurrence (though that appeared

to her impossible) betray to Sir Edward that she was yet in existence, it must be when he was far from Rome and Dr. Dalton : for whose honour and safety she owned herself deeply concerned. Her warmth had an effect in favour of her cause which she did not foresee : a strange apprehension that she thought him selfish, if not timid, crossed Dr. Dalton's mind ; and to avoid incurring her contempt, he risked deserving that of her father. He therefore dropped suddenly all opposition to her plan. This doubtful success was more than Emily had dared to promise herself ; and on perceiving the Marquis approach, she left the gentlemen together. The conversation had been so singular, that Dr. Dalton communicated it as news to the Marquis ; but found himself obliged to re-consider the proposal more seriously, when he learned that the husband, whom Emily, with sweet feminine affection, almost

most implicitly obeyed, had not been able to remove from her mind this cherished project. The manly character of the Marquis, however, instantly gave it another complexion. He could not agree with Dr. Dalton, in seeing the fraud in so serious a light. It rather appeared to him a means of chastening the heart of a fond, though mistaken, father, from the pride and prejudice that had already destroyed his own peace, as well as the happiness of the two persons most dear to him. As her husband, he well knew that he could claim Emily, in despite of her father, would she allow him to assert his influence; but as the bare idea of a struggle between persons almost equally dear, always half killed her, he foresaw that the return of Sir Edward would, even against her choice, subject her to his will. The project in question did not necessarily lead to ill consequences: quite the contrary,

since, in the grief of supposing his daughter to be for ever lost, Sir Edward would more candidly review his own conduct towards her. Perhaps he might then take the infant whom now he loathed to his bosom ; and cherishing in his noble heart all its native elevation, gradually expunge thence the only littleness it ever knew. A friend, as kind as Dr. Dalton, would find a generous pleasure in aiding the workings of an ingenuous nature ; and might easily guide, towards his daughter, the sorrowful heart of a mistaken but affectionate parent. On his own part, every influence, both of reason and tenderness, should be employed, to bring back, to the wonted habits of filial affection and duty, the beloved creature who was willing, for her husband, to become an impoverished wanderer. A temporary alienation, thus managed, might perhaps re-unite the whole family in an affection, the more tender and lasting, as

it would be free from human prejudice, and refined by human suffering. The character of Dr. Dalton would be, the Marquis added, as it ever ought, always in his own keeping : since it would pain alike the two whom he obliged, were he to incur a censure, even from himself, to serve either. The Doctor would always, therefore, be at liberty not only to avow the deception, but his own motive for joining in it ; which, perhaps, as nearly concerned the happiness of Sir Edward, as that of his children. Further to engage the Doctor's sympathy, the Marquis ventured to communicate to him the tender secret of his wife's present condition ; and nothing hitherto urged was half so influential. The fragile form of Emily had, even in the care of Dr. Dalton, almost sunk into a premature grave ; nor did he think it possible that she should, in the same perilous situation, survive, if terror of mind

were

were again to accompany those sufferings, from which no kindness could save her. The tender husband, on hearing this, applauded himself for having implicitly indulged a creature, whose fate might so easily become precarious. Reasoning was now, with him, out of the question ; and feeling alone determined the future. Emily had, in the interim, engaged a powerful coadjutor in Mrs. Dalton ; and the league was too strong for the Doctor to resist ; though still his conscience secretly revolted at consenting to sanction a fraud of any kind, or from any motive.

News arrived the next morning from Frescati, that one servant was dead, and several more had sickened, with the small-pox. All communication with that part of Sir Edward's family was therefore entirely prohibited, and the Marquis seriously began to make arrangements for the flight
of

of Emily; who now thought it prudent to impart her views to her humble friend Connor: and well she knew how hard would be the task of reconciling her to them.—How to the gross of soul can delicate minds explain that acute sensibility, which, when once awakened, binds heart to heart by a power discriminating as reason, yet impulsive as sensation,—or, when once wounded, throws each in a moment to the utmost limit of creation?—It knows not how to qualify—descends not to contention—disdains to be soothed—given to dignify existence, even though it entails sadness on those who have it—a good never valued, because never understood, by those who have it not.—No human eloquence could have persuaded Connor, that a being born to ride in her own coach need ever know misery; or a daughter inheriting a fortune independent of her father need shrink from a power which it was

was at her option to acknowledge.—How great then was the poor woman's astonishment, when Emily informed her that, instead of maintaining her own pleasure against Sir Edward, she was determined to fly from him; and not only to fly, but to leave her behind. "So, after all her services, all her love, her dear young lady chose to live without her!" In vain did Emily represent that she was obliged to leave her child to her father, and how could she trust the treasure to any other woman's care? All the power which a rational affection can exercise over a weak one, Emily often tried before she could at all influence Connor; who, though she had learnt to dread Sir Edward Arden's lofty spirit, knew not how to respect it: and always urged her lady to consider only herself and child.—Wearied out at last by the tender importunity, and nervous agitations of Emily, the good woman reluctantly

luctantly took solemn charge of the child : consenting to confirm the account of the mother's suppositious death to Sir Edward, and for her sake endure what she termed "all his humours."

The Marquis had never been long enough in Rome to be generally known, yet he was too much distinguished by nature, as well as by rank, to venture to appear in the day : and the humiliation of continually stealing to his friends and wife made him, when once Emily was fully resolved on her project, impatient for its execution. Dr. Dalton purchased a travelling carriage ; and his lady secretly made every necessary preparation for the travellers.

Emily now secluded herself in her own apartment ; and the alarm of her having taken the small-pox, was circulated through the whole family.—Her infant therefore remained

remained shut up in a remote part of the mansion; and the domestics, save Mrs. Connor, were prohibited access to the chamber of the visitor.—Dr. Dalton, and his lady, with that favourite humble friend, were all who had permission to enter it: and the servants had too great a horror of a malady already so fatal at Frescati, to be tempted to break through the strict injunction. Convinced that even when the Marquis, as well as herself, had gathered together all the limited wealth which they could, so circumstanced, command, they still would be poorly provided for the uncertain future, Emily carefully collected her jewels, and other valuables, to secrete them among the few common habiliments which she chose to carry away with her.—The yet untarnished bridal vestments she, with a sigh, saw packed to remain behind; that no visible deficiency in her effects might awaken a doubt of her death

death in the mind of her father.—Within her jewel-case she enclosed a letter in her own hand, signifying that all the rich diamonds which it once contained she had herself appropriated ; nor was any human being to be charged with purloining aught.—This done, she locked the empty casket, and affixed on it her own seal, subjoining a written address to her daughter : whom she exhorted not to break that seal till she should be eighteen.—There was something so melancholy in these indispensable arrangements, each of which produced a new lamentation from Connor, that poor Emily often felt ready to sink under the task she had imposed on herself.—Yet she had only to recollect her increasing size, and fancy that she saw the indignant eye of her father flash upon her, to return with fresh vigour to her painful employments. Dr. Dalton observed her pale cheeks, and high irritation, with great alarm ;

alarm; and, dissatisfied as he was with her plan, often fairly wished her voluntary decease to be announced, lest she should die in reality.

On the appointed night all was ordered within the house to favour the departure of the interesting fugitives; and the Marquis, an hour before break of day, came in the chaise to the door.—When by her orders the child was brought, Emily sunk half fainting in the arms of Connor: yet when her friends again proposed staying, her resolution instantaneously returned.—She saw in imagination the husband of her heart stretched lifeless at her feet; and the voice of her father again sounded fearfully in her ears. “Farewell, farewell then awhile, my infant blessing!” cried she, folding the unconscious smiler to her bosom:—“for thy father, for thy beloved father only, would I for one hour abandon thee!—

thee!—But it will be thy happy fate to soften the heart of mine :—when he looks in thy innocent face, he will not see aught of the wretch now hanging fondly over thee, but rather the likeness of the nephew once so dear, so inexpressibly dear to him :—to you he will strive to atone for his past severity to both of us ; nor will bitterness mingle in the love which you may bear each other.”—Dr. Dalton saw nature was too highly wrought in a creature so delicate, and gave a sign to the Marquis ; who rather bore than led her to the carriage, which rapidly carried them from the dearest ties both of nature and choice.

It was soon circulated through Rome that the daughter of Sir Edward Arden was dead of the small-pox : she had never been seen there, and of course this was the news only of a day. The ladies spoke the following one of her infant daughter, as

the heiress of two great families ; and on the third both mother and child were forgotten.

Dr. Dalton, who had only consented to countenance, not promised to support the fraud, chose to absent himself from home, that he might avoid all embarrassing enquiries ; he therefore with his lady went on a tour among their friends. Hardly had they quitted Rome ere Sir Edward Arden arrived there, and having, when he set out for Naples, left his daughter in the charge of Dr. Dalton, made choice of that gentleman's house as the most proper one to alight at. A strange and painful feeling seized him at suddenly seeing a servant of Emily's, who as suddenly vanished.— That he was in black, did not surprize Sir Edward, who had not yet changed his own mourning. After he had, however, waited for some time, a servant of Dr. Dalton's came,

came, only to inform him of the absence of his friends : but the regret he was expressing he no longer remembered, when he perceived Connor enter the room ; who, throwing open a mantle of black crape, discovered to his anxious eyes the fairest sleeping cherub that ever graced mortality. —It was the first moment in which Sir Edward could be said to behold the interesting offspring of an unhappy love. — Ah ! how forcibly did nature assert her rights over him ! — He eagerly snatched the miniature of his Emily, and looked wildly around for herself. — “ Ay, prize that jewel,” cried the incautious Connor : “ it is the only one which you can now call your own.” — A horrible sense of unexpected calamity weighed down the father : he turned, disgusted, and afflicted, from the savage who thus announced the completion of his misfortunes ; still fondly

clasping his darling babe, his infant Emily—alas! now his only Emily.

His valet aided his recovery; and having in the interim learnt the ingenious fabrication of the death of the Marchioness, imparted it to his master; adding that the family at Frescati were still far from well.—There was nothing in a recital and catastrophe so simple, to awaken suspicion, or lead to enquiry.—Sir Edward relied on the tale, and wept—alas! he could only weep:—in Emily the Marquis died to him a second time; and it was his hard fate to blend the horrors of the past, with the misery of the present loss.

A packet from the Duke of Aberdeen, which had been lying for some weeks at Rome, was now delivered to Sir Edward. Hardly had he power to break the seal:
for

for what could it contain likely now to interest his feelings? The whole universe could not, to him, supply a woe, like either of those which he must for life bewail. The letter proved to be in answer to one of his own, recounting the outrage offered to Emily by the Marquis, whose prior marriage, and supposed suicide, formed its whole subject. The Duke of Aberdeen, never rigid, but always coarse and worldly, began his epistle with reprobating Sir Edward's interference between the young people, when once they were united: nor did he less censure the listening to an idle, and, as far as he was empowered to judge, unsupported assertion of a worthless wanton, that the Marquis had married her. Had his son, in reality, twenty such supernumerary wives, it would not be possible for any of their claims to interfere with those of a lady of Miss Arden's consequence in life, regularly, and with the approba-

tion of the parents on both sides, espoused to the Marquis of Lenox. As the only wife of that thoughtless youth, he was impatient to greet her : and she might rely on his ever regarding her child, or children, as entitled to all he could bestow. Nor was this strange interference, on the part of Sir Edward, the Duke added, his only or his greatest oversight. The frantic passion that had induced him to dispossess his daughter of the name and title of her husband, was more likely to render the legitimacy of her child disputable, than the improbable assertions of those light ladies, whom the Marquis might be weak enough for a time to prefer to her. In fine, he exhorted Sir Edward immediately to restore Miss Arden to her rank and acceptance as wife to the Marquis of Lenox ; and if she was sufficiently recovered to undertake the journey, to hasten with her to England ; where she and her daughter would be fully
acknowledged

acknowledged, and all their rights legally established. The Duke concluded with observing, that he could have pardoned a fond girl of Emily's age, for quarrelling with her husband about giving away her diamonds and carriages; but for her father to expatiate on such baubles, was unworthy both his experience and sex. He desired she might be told, a more magnificent set of jewels was preparing for her; and he requested her to forget those, which it would be an impropriety for her now to appear in, even if it were possible to recover them. As to the Marquis, he did not pretend to judge of his past conduct; but he supposed that he would, in the end, prove no worse than other people's sons; and after he had run about the world for a year or two, and spent all the money he could get, he would return to Emily in his penitentials; who, if she was as sensible and gentle as she appeared

to be, might live better then with him than she ever yet had.

The letter dropped from the hands of Sir Edward! A new light broke upon the deep gloom of his soul, which seemed shot from heaven to make his sorrows supportable. "The Duke then thought his son alive!—Ah! why, if he was not so?" Well he remembered, that the idea could never have been gathered from the letter of his, this epistle answered. To avoid owning, or denying, the deed which for ever clung to his conscience, he had simply enclosed the testimonial of the Neapolitan monks, which even detailed the interment of the Marquis. Yet not by one word did the father refer to that affecting record.

Oh! how did Sir Edward wish that the heart, so powerfully bounding in his bosom, could have borne him instantaneously to

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to England! for to doubt was to die.— Again he read the letter; again assured himself that no father would so have written, who was not convinced of his son's existence. Another pointed conclusion followed; the Marquis was admitted to be gaily wandering with some woman;— who could it be but Emily Fitzallen? Ought then the father of his wife to lament that she was in the grave? With a head crowded with conjectures, and a heart overflowing with variety of passions, poor Sir Edward cast his eyes around, and felt himself alone in the world;—without one being to counsel with, one friend to comfort him. Suddenly he recollected Cardinal Albertini; and, at the same moment, that the truth, whatever it was, must rest in his bosom: since, though monks might fabricate a tale to deceive other persons, they would not venture an imposition on one of their own body. Wild with impatience,

patience, Sir Edward demanded his carriage; ranged like a madman through the house and garden till it was ready, creating new fear and astonishment in Connor, and the domestics; then rapidly threw himself into it, and bade the postillions drive to the villa, where the Cardinal usually passed the summer. Hardly allowing a moment for the greeting of friendship, the agitated Sir Edward gave that prelate the letter of the Duke; and, as he slowly perused it, watched, in silent agony, its effect upon him. The Cardinal read, and re-read, remaining long thoughtful; till Sir Edward, worn out with expectation, snatched his hand, and almost inarticulately cried, "lives he or not?" The acuteness of misery was in his voice, the horrors of frenzy in his eye. "I know not," gravely, though kindly, replied the Cardinal, "whether I ought to own, that even when I, in compliance
with

with your nephew's wishes, sent you the attested account of his death, the true record, lodged in the College, informed me he was recovering." A violent start which Sir Edward Arden gave, the glare of melancholy joy that shot over his care-worn countenance, shocked the pious prelate.—Spreading wide his hands, and wildly surveying them—"they were not then dipt in his vital blood?" groaned he; "this heart is not blackened with the eternal consciousness of involuntary guilt? this brain, this bursting brain, may discharge, in tears, some of its anguish; and in those tears I may yet find virtue,—consolation! Now may I venture to visit the grave of my Emily, nor fear even her ashes will shrink, as she herself did, from the murderer of her husband. I am now then only miserable;—for this mitigation of suffering, let me, oh! God! bow to thee! —only, only, miserable!" —The alarm
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and astonishment with which the Cardinal heard Sir Edward impute to himself the guilt of shortening his nephew's days, gave way to that of learning the fair, unfortunate young Marchioness, was really in her grave: for he doubted not but grief had destroyed her. He reproached himself for having complied with the wishes of the wounded Marquis, conveyed through the monks, in ascertaining his death to his family: yet, as not one word, in either account transmitted, threw a shadow of guilt on Sir Edward, it was impossible to foresee of how much consequence to his peace, the disclosure of the truth would be. In all Sir Edward had at first imparted, the Cardinal had seen only an injured, aggrieved parent's feelings; he thence concluded, that time, and time alone, could allay the keen sorrows separately preying on the hearts of all parties: and he was impatiently watching

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ing for the moment of general reconciliation. That moment, it now was obvious, would never come. Most severely did he censure himself for veiling the truth, even from benevolent motives.

In the uncontrollable restlessness of a wounded mind Sir Edward was now eager to fly to Frescati; whither his venerable friend insisted on accompanying him. In the way thither, the latter first learned the malady yet among the servants, to which the young lady was concluded to have fallen a victim. It was some relief to the Cardinal, to find that a natural, and not a mental calamity, had thus early subjected Emily to the stroke of mortality.

Alas! what a state is his, who feels a deep sense of unkindness to an object still exquisitely dear, though for ever vanished! The tear that would have melted the beloved

loved heart, then drops like a udder on your own; the groan, re-echoing affection would have impatiently replied to, then rings unanswered on your ear; and the deep solitude of the soul, even amidst all the distracting tumults of an ever busy, ever fluctuating world, becomes an awful punishment, even before the final audit.

Sir Edward now stood on the threshold of his villa at Frescati: still was the sad moment present to his mind, when he came there to receive the lovely, unfortunate Emily, ere yet she knew the misery he had brought upon her youth. Again she threw herself into his paternal arms, as certain of pity, protection, fondness; his secret soul told him that she found not these poor alleviations of irremediable calamity. Again she seemed, in the agony of conjugal love, to spring from those arms, as though a single

single word had snapt the weaker chord of nature: and starting—he felt himself childless.—He vainly wept; vainly he smote his bosom; blending all the misery of a late repentance, with the keen pangs of parental anguish.

The Cardinal interrogated the servants, who were visible sufferers by the malady, which was said to have deprived Emily of life; and from them he gathered such particulars, as he hoped would lighten the affliction of the father. They all agreed that she had recovered health and bloom before she left Frescati; and even her melancholy had considerably abated; that she removed to guard her child from infection, and not as fearing it herself. To this information, the Cardinal added his own just remark, that, by going to Dr. Dalton's, she had taken the best chance for life; since, if skill or kindness could have prolonged hers,

hers, she would not have died beneath his roof.

"He talks to me, who never had a child," sighed poor Sir Edward to himself, — his was gone, for ever gone; repentance, sympathy, sorrow, no more could soften, soothe, conciliate Emily. The mansion he was once so fond of, now appeared a dungeon to him. Her works, her musical instruments, her drawings, yet scattered about in all the apartments, gave various forms to the unceasing sentiment of sorrow. The Cardinal, lest his friend should sink into stupor, ventured the hazardous experiment of recalling his nephew to his mind, as one who must yet more lament for Emily. — "Ah! yes, he must indeed lament her," sighed the father; "for he has purchased, by a crime, the sad pre-eminence in suffering." Well now could Sir Edward calculate the excess of that passion, which
stamped

stamped with horror the hours of bridal felicity. His generous heart by a greater blow recovered its spring, and bade him again receive the solitary sufferer to his affection; so might they lighten to each other a loss, which to either no time could repair. But how was he to trace this husband, more miserable than even himself? how make him sensible of his absolute forgiveness, his anxious sympathy, his eternal regret?—One link of the many that once bound them together, alone remained;—it was the little orphan Emily. Motherless before she had known the cherishing warmth of a parental embrace; surely the father could not forget the tie that bound the grandfather?—Yes, the Marquis would one day assert his right in the darling child; and thus, most certainly, should he be discovered. But so fearful was Sir Edward become of losing her, by the strong desire his nephew might have to make her wholly his

own, that he hardly would trust her out of his sight. As Emily had predicted, her daughter soon gained all the indulgence which her father had denied to herself.

In turning over his papers at Frescati, Sir Edward laid his hand on the will, which he had so wrung both his daughter's heart, and his own, to obtain. It was, at last, of no use, if the marriage was not contested; and only a new cause of eternal chagrin. In observance, however, of the rational advice of the Duke, the Lenox arms he had again painted on the carriage of his granddaughter; and she was committed, as the heiress of both families, to the strict charge of Mrs. Connor, to whom Sir Edward assigned a liberal stipend, and the sole authority over the establishment of Lady Emily Lenox. He was not without a secret hope that the Marquis, even then, kept a strict watch on his conduct; which thus, indirectly,

rectly, was calculated to convince him that the afflicted father felt tenderly disposed to a union of sorrows and interests. Cardinal Albertini insisted on his residing with him, as Dr. Dalton was absent; for whose return Sir Edward indeed waited, to inform himself of such particulars respecting Emily, as he deigned not to enquire of servants: after which,—if in the interim the Marquis did not appear,—it was always his full intention to set out once more for Naples, there to seek the treasure which he had learned, by suffering, duly to value. But long might Sir Edward have waited for Dr. Dalton, who had quitted Rome with a fixed determination, never to re-visit it while the father staid: for whom his regard had entirely ceased. He answered to Sir Edward's letter, by a cold condolence on his great loss, but entered no farther on the interesting subject: and spoke of his own return as an indifferent matter, wholly un-

certain. Sir Edward, piqued and chagrined at such an alteration of conduct in a man whom he esteemed, and who had conferred a great obligation on him, remitted not proper attentions, but hastily removed Lady Emily, and her suite, to the purified mansion at Frescati; after which he eagerly set out for Naples.

Dr. Dalton now returned home, and was not long in visiting Frescati: where he learned, with a deep shock and surprize, the rational conduct and manly grief of Sir Edward Arden; the just consequence he had given to his infant grand-daughter, and the boundless fondness he expressed for her.—Connor, engrossed by the importance and honour of her new situation, which gave her the full command of all her vanished lady's rights in life, could not find as much leisure, as formerly, to lament that premeditated delusion, which Dr. Dalton
every

every moment more heavily reproached himself for having become a party in. From whatever cause Sir Edward had again absented himself, not to meet him became a relief to the worthy man, as he flattered himself daily with the arrival of letters from the dear travellers; whose home he should then know, and might urge them to an immediate disclosure of their reunion, which, it was very obvious, could have no ill consequence now to any party.

Day after day, week after week, however, elapsed, without bringing one line from either the Marquis or Emily. Vague fears, and alarms, often came across their kind friends; who now made every enquiry on the road, that could be made without naming the parties: but so many travellers had passed since the fugitives, that no account could be gathered of them. Dr. Dalton too well remembered hearing Emily say that she

had packed up valuables with their common baggage: and the painful possibility that her anxiety might lead the postillions to suspect this, and thus expose them to fall into the hands of banditti, haunted him for ever. Yet it was possible the lovers had, from motives not to be guessed, changed their route; nay, even taken shipping. Whenever the idea that they ungenerously meant to ensure his silence, by leaving him in eternal ignorance of their retirement, crossed his mind, he hastily rejected it, however horrible the fear that sprung up in its place.

And where then were these lovers, so anxiously dwelt on by the few to whom they were known? Alas! in a very public and humble spot, where they were passed, and repassed, by a variety of travellers, without exciting in a single one an emotion of curiosity. Such is commonly the
case

case with persons who travel in a leisurely manner, and unattended by a suite of servants: who, in reality, attract attention much more than those whom they wait on. The morning soon broke on the Marquis and Emily, after they left Rome, and gave to their glad eyes each other, now most truly wedded, since without any equal claim or feeling, to clash with a mutual, a fond affection. The hand of Sir Edward Arden can never more be lifted against the life of the Marquis, murmured Emily; and she gladly compounded for all the drawbacks attending this certainty. Never can my uncle again tear his daughter from me, thought the Marquis, and turned, with contempt, from all he had resigned for her sake. Incapable of personal fear, a secret one that Sir Edward was even now seeking means to annul the marriage of his daughter, had always poisoned the pleasure of being forgiven and beloved by

Emily to her husband. In the idea that she was dead (for well he knew Sir Edward would soon learn *he* was not so) it was possible his uncle might sacrifice his resentments to the good of that child whom his pursued indignation would render illegitimate. Thus might a few years, either by the death or marriage of Miss Fitzallen, and the united forgiveness of their parents, render his appearance, with Emily in his hand, equally the wish of all parties. Occupied with thoughts like these, and a sweet sense of happiness, unknown to each till the hour of their flight, the fugitives passed unobserved. Emily had never changed her deep mourning; and the Marquis, to avoid observation, assumed the same dress. They affected no consequence, but spoke of themselves as having attended a young lady in a consumption to Naples, whence, having buried her, they were now returning to their own country. Conscious of the value

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lue of their baggage, and afraid of others suspecting it, Emily affected severe economy in her travelling expenses; and found that a sure way of being overlooked. Whether the spirits or constitution of Emily had suffered more than either could bear, or heaven frowned on her flight from her father, cannot be determined: but, four days after she left Rome, she was obliged, however unwillingly, to own to the Marquis, that she was too ill to proceed.—A few hours convinced her, that she should not then give brother or sister to the dear babe whom she had left behind. Too late did her husband regret acceding to a plan, which his opposition, if determinate, would certainly have ended: nor knew he how to procure her medical advice, or the least domestic comfort.—She bore her situation very patiently, and making the best of it, declared herself in a few days able to pursue her journey, the fatigue of which she supported better

better than her lord expected. They beguiled the time till they reached the foot of that stupendous natural barrier, the Alps, which they must necessarily pass in their way to Switzerland. In the visionary world lovers form for themselves, happiness and Switzerland have become almost synonymous terms.—The Marquis and Emily might well think them so.—Still was the hour fresh in the memory of each, when they romantically crossed each other near Lausanne.—The days that followed were the brightest in the lives of either. Though their hands had long been united, and their beings blended, time had not yet taken any thing from the charms which they then found in each other.—To Switzerland it had therefore been their choice to retire. They meant to quit the traveller's usual track, and seek some sequestered scene, where all the agitations they had struggled so long with, might subside into
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the sweet transports of confiding love, and mutual sensibility. Dreams as ærial and delusive as these were absolutely necessary to render endurable, to those highly born, and delicately bred, the odious inconveniences of Italian inns: where even the most distinguished travellers vainly demand the necessary comforts, for which they are exorbitantly charged.—The Marquis, and Emily, with all their natural and acquired graces, often found it impossible to inspire that deference in these sordid wretches, which they only pay to the courier who precedes, the horses who draw, and the servants who follow their guests.

The little inn had nothing to keep the lovers within doors: but nature invited them abroad in a manner not to be resisted.—Over the deep and woody glen in which the house was seated, impended an enormous mountain; on whose aged head
hung

hung tresses of snow, that threatened to enter the hamlet, with every blast that blew:—beyond, and around, far as the eye could reach, his numerous, and ancient brethren, of different heights, and hideous aspects, with grotesque yet chilling beauty, gave elevation to the mind, while they compressed the nerves. It was a solemn heavenly solitude, where the children of fancy must delight to linger. Emily wandered through the wilds the whole day, and playfully made the Marquis, touching his flute, give voice to the echoes of the mountains.—Their vile supper had been waiting till quite spoiled, yet exercise and pleasure gave it a relish. The chamber, like many which they had been obliged to tolerate, disgusted them both—it appeared close and humid, if not noxious—they hastened in the morning to breakfast under an arbour in the little garden, where the Marquis gently remonstrated with the host for giving them

so unpleasant a room.—The man turned to his wife, and chid her for not having had the bed-cloaths washed, or the room aired.—The following altercation too plainly proved that a young person had only the day before been taken out of that chamber, who had died in it, of the small-pox. A dreadful faintness, and nausea, seized Emily—excruciating head-achs followed, with other symptoms, which convinced her that she had received the loathsome infection.—To attempt, while this was a doubt, to cross the Alps, would have been madness: yet to remain in this miserable unlucky inn, appeared no less detestable, than hazardous. It was a lone house; and every traveller either way, must stop there. The increasing illness of Emily soon, however, rendered it impossible for her to venture over the mountains.

In these contingencies men learn all the
value

value of that foresight, and firmness, which even-handed nature bestows on rational women, to compensate for the personal courage she has not granted to them. Emily soon obtained from her penitent landlady the best accommodation the house afforded; and having ordered her baggage to her chamber, calmly retired thither, as to her tomb; after she had engaged the two daughters of the host to nurse, and attend upon her.—In the fond apprehensiveness of a mother, Emily had, from the moment she became one, endeavoured to inform herself on every malady that might affect the welfare of her babe; happily, therefore, she had some judgment in her own case. She entreated the Marquis, if she should lose, as it was too probable she might, the power of enforcing her directions, carefully to guard her from all mistaken kindness; and that she might not fall a victim to an ignorant nurse, or village

large practitioner, she obliged him to commit to paper what it would be vain to hope that he could, thus circumstanced, remember; requesting him to abide by her judgment, whatever the consequence.

The Marquis on his knees vowed implicit obedience: and having received, and recorded her injunctions, took the keys of her trunks, and medicine chest, preparing on his part to fulfil the sad but tender duty of watching by the sick bed of her, who had so often, and so unremittingly, watched over his. In a few days the delicate skin of Emily was covered by the eruption. In a few more it became confluent. Her beautiful eyes were sealed up; and hardly dared her agonized husband hope ever again to see them open. Delirium followed; and only the voice of the Marquis, which still she knew, which still she heard, in whispers as fond as those in the days of bridal felicity, could have saved her

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her from the grave: but never did she speak that he was not impatient to answer—never did she extend a feverish hand which his did not fondly receive, and cherish—never breathe a sigh, his tender heart did not fearfully echo!

Three weeks elapsed in this miserable manner before the wretched Lenox could promise himself even the life of Emily; and, oh! what a ravage had that short time made in her beauty!—The Emily whom his boyish heart worshipped, it was plain he never more would behold.—Those fine features, that skin more “smooth than monumental alabaster,” no more would charm his sight; but the pure, the elevated, the generous soul, to which in ripened manhood his own was inviolably plighted, still survived the wreck of human beauty, and diffused over the ruin celestial sweetness. A piety, and patience, so exemplary marked the days of Emily’s suffering, that never,
never,

never, was she more adored, than during her convalescence: the only pleasure she found in recovered vision was to gaze on him, more dear than aught on earth; and had not the appearance of her arms told her what that of her face must be, she might have thought its loveliness improved, so delighted were the looks of her husband at seeing only recovered animation in it.

During this severe trial to the Marquis, he had a thousand times lamented being out of the reach of Dr. Dalton; on whose professional skill he had great reliance: but never once could he resolve to write to him. Ah! how could he be certain that the ingenious tale of Emily's death, fabricated to veil her flight, would not be a sad certainty before his letters could reach Rome?—Nor would he afflict a faithful friend in telling him that they

were overtaken by a calamity when out of his reach, which he could so materially have lessened had they remained within it.

Emily, though very weak, was now able to leave her chamber; nor could her husband any longer conceal from her the cruel change made in her features, to all eyes but his own:—the conviction shocked her very sensibly; and she anxiously sought to learn his real sentiments and feelings on so trying an occasion.—He frankly owned, that, had he not been the daily, hourly, witness of her sufferings, he might have been struck with the change; but when he expected every moment to lose the gem, he heeded not the casket that contained it: and since he still had his Emily, he should delight through his whole life to convince her that sense, and self, were weak ties compared with those which for-

row,

row, and sensibility, had formed between them.—A certain noble reliance Emily ever had on the few whom she could love, made her, when thus generously assured of her influence, disdain to mourn such perishing advantages as mere feature, and complexion, and by exerting the charms of her mind, as well as the softness of her temper, she daily made a large compensation to the husband by whom she was adored.

Ere she attempted the severe passage of the Alps, Emily thought it right to try the milder atmosphere of the valley; and whenever she could induce the Marquis to hunt, or course, for the benefit of his health, she would lean on the arm of her young nurse Beatrice, and creep to a shady seat where a streamlet fell near the roadside: this had been as yet the extent of Emily's walk; and having with great fa-

tigue one fine morning reached it, she was resting, when an equipage, magnificently appointed, drove by towards the inn which she had quitted.—A loud laugh told her that the company had been tempted by the beauty of the spot to alight, nor could she possibly escape their eyes.—To complete her distress, she perceived Miss Fitzallen leaning on the arm of Count Montalvo. — Yet her astonishment surpassed her confusion when she saw the Count, after pointing his glass towards her, drop it carelessly; while the lady, glancing her quick eye from a face she no longer knew, to a habit which only attracted her attention from being English, turned alike away, as if she had regarded an absolute stranger.—Altered as Emily supposed herself, it had never occurred to her, till this moment, that she should be wholly unknown to her acquaintance: yet the painful chill of this conviction was lost in the happy

happy idea that followed it.—How did she rejoice, when the Marquis returned, at the singular good luck which had caused him to be absent.—Nay, their having been detained at this poor inn became at once a subject of congratulation, since otherwise this worthless pair, who were set out to make, as their servants had published, the tour of Switzerland, would infallibly have disturbed their repose, before they could have breathed in their chosen asylum.

The Marquis in wrath knew not now, he exclaimed, where to look for a peaceful retreat—"Say not so, my love, for I can point out a safe and pleasant one," cried Emily; "let us avail ourselves of my misfortune, and since my features are altered past recollection, let us at least escape for ever the woman who yet might find means to embitter our fate.—There is one spot

where we may learn from day to day, and year to year, without a single enquiry, or confidant, all that interests our feelings: my cruel malady, to my deeper thought, seems sent by heaven to ascertain our peace.—No eye shall henceforward know Sir Edward Arden's daughter, save yours—no heart acknowledge her—those native wilds I without you detested, with you I shall find paradise; nor will Bellarney appear in your eyes now a cheerless scene.—The mansion will be wholly deserted during the infancy of our Emily, for my father never since he lost my mother set foot within it voluntarily.—At the bottom of the hill it is seated on, a wild romantic river winds to the sea;—on its banks are many cabins beautifully situated: some one will surely bear improving. There, untitled and unknown, may we fix our home, and wait the course of time, contented tenants to our own sweet Emily.”

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The glow of mind which the Marchioness ever threw over her projects, the heart of her husband had been used to catch: if they must bury themselves, no place was indeed so eligible. The Marquis well knew that she might appear as a stranger, even on her own domains; and he had never set foot on the shore of Ireland. Bellarney had not only the advantage of being the spot where they could, without difficulty, learn all that they wanted to know, but the only one where they were sure of never being sought for. Above all, it was the residence which Emily preferred; and to make her happy, was so entirely the wish of her husband, that he would hardly, to his own heart, admit it to be a duty. How, how could he ever merit, or return, the sacrifices that she had made for him? For him she had quitted for ever her father; nay, for him awhile left even her child! for him, with-

out a murmur lost her beauty ! for him resigned a splendid fortune, and a favourite home. When he discovered how inherent the love of that home was, well could he calculate the value she set on those goods, of which this was the least : well, too, could he estimate his own consequence with her ; since he had ever been the only equivalent she desired. Nor did she desire in vain. The refined and generous nature of the Marquis rendered her, in a love that never swerved, a faith till death unbroken, the return, the sole return, which the tender Emily would have accepted.

Whenever they were out of Italy, to write to Dr. Dalton the Marquis thought would be absolutely necessary : but this did not seem a prudent step to Emily. She found such a sense of safety in having wholly escaped, and had so strong an idea that to keep up, in a retired spot in Ireland,

land, a correspondence in Italy, would sooner or later betray them, that she from day to day persuaded him to withhold the promised information ; in the belief that the reasons she urged, would always make their peace with a true friend. It, however, occurred to Emily, that the alteration of her features might one day make it difficult to identify herself, even among her domestics. She, therefore, thought it a prudent precaution to take Beatrice with them, as a witness, at any future period, that, at this very time and place, she had been so changed by the cruel malady. Nor would this step lead to any discovery, as the young Italian spoke no language but her own ; nor could know more of them than they were pleased to impart. Beatrice had attached herself greatly to Emily ; and, as the prospect of seeing the world is always pleasant at sixteen, the girl gladly consented

consented to abandon her parents, and her native mountains, with the travellers.

And now what became of poor Sir Edward Arden ; when, on his arrival at Naples, he found every thorn, yet rankling at his heart, sharpened, by learning, from the monks who had preserved his nephew, how generously that young man screened him from the odium of the duel, and how tenderly he had ever mentioned him? Yet, by their account, the Marquis was very unfit for a journey when he left the convent, nor was there a clue by which he might afterwards be traced. If, as was probable, the news of Emily's death had reached him, while in a weak state of mind and body, it was but too likely that the heart-broken husband should, as the priests surmised, have entombed himself in La Trappe, or some other monastery. Again
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was the disappointed heart of Sir Edward Arden without a resting-place :—after, therefore, a thousand times visiting the scene of his guilty fury,—a thousand times sprinkling, with his tears, the sod where the beloved victim fell,—he found no alternative but once more to return to Rome, and entreat Cardinal Albertini to use his influence, in exploring the Carthusian, and other monasteries, where it might be likely his melancholy nephew had taken refuge. On reaching Rome, a new shock however awaited him ;—the worthy Dr. Dalton had expired suddenly of an apoplexy ; and Mrs. Dalton had left that city for Montpelier, from whence the Doctor married her. At Fiescati, he, however, found his grand-daughter well, and daily improving in strength and beauty. Letters from the Duke were again lying at Rome for him, which he now tore open with agonized impatience. He found only a condolence on the death of the Marchioness,

chionefs, and a very fevere cenfure of her husband, as the fupposed caufe, by previous unkindnefs towards her. Again the Duke exhorted Sir Edward to lofe no more time in seeking a young libertine, whom they fhould both fee too foon, whenever he appeared, unlefs there was a great change in his conduct; and, for his fatisfaction, enclosed the only letter he had ever received from the Marquis. It confifted of a few hasty lines, recommending his adored Emily, and her babe, fhould it furvive the mifery it was now fharing with its haplefs mother, to the tender care of his father. He further entreated him to reconcile the mifjudging Sir Edward Arden to himfelf; and finally implored all three to pity, and forget for ever, the unfortunate Lenox. Alas! how did this billet, which had no effect on the father's heart, make that of the uncle bleed! The date, no lefs than the uneven writing, and incoherent diction, proved that it was fent while the
young

young man was still fluctuating between life and death : yet, though writhing under the wound, no mention was made of it in the whole letter.

From the arrival of this billet, till his banker notified to the Duke that his son had at Naples drawn for some thousands, through the medium of the bank of Genoa, that nobleman added he had heard no more of the Marquis ; nor did he suppose he should, till he wanted money again. The letter concluded with another exhortation to Sir Edward, to bring Lady Emily without delay, to England, and explain, at large, the obscure business of the prior marriage ; that, by the sudden and decisive steps which they should jointly take, the rights of the heiress of Bellarney might descend, without disgrace or diminution, to her daughter.

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But of heirships, bankers, and bills, Sir Edward thought not;—his bleeding heart demanded still his nephew: nor could he resolve to quit Italy while there was one monastery unexplored, or one chance unstudied, by which he might be found. Cardinal Albertini exerted all his influence to relieve the mind of his friend; and priests were dispatched to enquire, in every possible direction, for the suffering and melancholy fugitive.

Connor, who now found that the Marquis was known to be alive, laboured with the interesting intelligence that Emily was with him; but she stood in too much awe of Sir Edward and Dr. Dalton, to impart it to the first, without the concurrence of the latter: when the news of the sudden death of that worthy friend, made her the sole depository of the important secret. Doubtful whether she might not for ever
lose

lose the love and confidence of her lady, if she avowed the truth without her consent, and always apprehending the severity of Sir Edward, Connor, after many struggles with her conscience, resolved to maintain her promised silence. Nor was it possible for her to guess in what part of the world the Marquis and his lady had sought refuge; or whether, indeed, they still inhabited it: for Dr. Dalton had often discussed with her his various and melancholy conjectures on so long and singular a silence; these conferences left a mind always weak and superstitious, rather disposed to conclude them both murdered, than thus deliberately dumb.

The journey to England, by land, with so young a child, appeared in all respects hazardous to Sir Edward. He, therefore, resolved rather to endure the tediousness of a passage by sea; and having engaged a vessel

vessel at Leghorn, provided with suitable comforts and accommodations, he took a kind leave of the venerable Cardinal; and setting out for that port, embarked with the little Lady Emily for England.

The amiable young man, whom Sir Edward so vainly sought, was now travelling peacefully, and pleasantly, with the beloved of his heart, through such high roads in France as were least frequented by the English, for the port of Havre: from which, as one of mere business, they thought it most safe to cross the Channel. Having there procured a vessel to themselves, they landed in Suffex; and crossing England to Holyhead without stopping in any large town, they were soon and safely set on shore in Ireland. Here Emily breathed freely; and indulging herself with only a few days of rest, she guided the Marquis through that wild and beautiful

tiful country, to the seat of her maternal ancestors,—her own Bellarney. It was the close of a summer evening, when they arrived at the well-known spot; doubly pleasant to its owner, since gilt not only by the sun, but the rich beams of early remembrance. In dear luxurious silence Emily paused upon its

“ Deep’ning glooms, gay lawns, and airy summits,”

while her lord imbibed from her a sense of pleasure, which the active soul of man is not so exquisitely alive to, as the more passive, but not less enlivened, nature of woman. That sex, destined in a manner to become stationary in the world, is by wise heaven endued with such tastes, as shall, well considered, make pleasures of their duties. It is theirs to reign at home, —with varying elegance to improve the spot on which they are to dwell, and by bountifully dispensing around the bless-

ings they inherit, or obtain, they perhaps enjoy as perfect a delight, as moving in the enlarged circle of power or politics, can give the man they are to share existence with. Who has not known the vague, but boundless joy, of re-treading the spot which recollection first marks in the mind? Those hours and places, when the soul knew not sorrow, the happiest delight to look back to, the most miserable recall with a suspension of suffering: the roses that then bloomed before our eyes, the tree that then lent us its shade, will have, for fond fancy, a charm which the richest scenery must ever want, when the heart sickens with oppressive knowledge, or the eyes are dimmed with continual weeping. This spot of our birth, this little country of the heart, so dear, so inexpressibly dear to universal remembrance, might well affect the tender soul of Emily; since, though to the vulgar sense impoverished, she

she had brought back to the estate which she dared no longer appropriate, as her own,—her own for life, the only treasure she ever sighed for,—the beloved Marquis of Lenox.

The little rural inn where the pair now put up, the heiress of Bellarney had been too great a person ever to be permitted to enter; yet she recalled the comely face of the landlady to her mind, as one of the auditors at the chapel of the mansion, where Lady Bellarney had always ordered regular service. An enquiry, made by Emily, into the cause of her mourning gown, brought out a simple, but touching eulogium on herself, which made the fine eyes of the Marquis swim in tears of tenderness: for how could the good woman guess at her hearers? All the tenants of the estate had, it seems, made it their choice, alike “to mourn for the young,

the lovely Lady of Bellarney, cut off so in her bloom as it were."

Hardly could luxury have invented a more refined enjoyment, than Emily and her lord found in the voluntary privation of her inherited rights. They passed whole days in wandering through the park, the woods, the green solitudes of Bellarney; while Emily marked to her delighted Edward, each fairy walk, by the little incident that had impressed it for ever on her own memory. And often, when the gay idea glowed full upon her soul, she would turn to him with sweet exultation, and cry, now, now only was it enjoyment:—for only now had she been accompanied by him, who made the happiness which he so fondly shared.

In these long rambles, they met many rustics, whom Emily was ready to greet with

with kind remembrance; but not one who recognized her. She became thus assured that she should not risk discovery, if she ventured to shew the Marquis the gardens and mansion of Bellarney. So little of the fortress remained, that it was hardly entitled to the name of a castle, though it was termed so. Many and various had been its modifications, through a long line of noble possessors; insomuch that it was now only an irregular, grand, and venerable dwelling. The towers, long since converted into turrets, were half embosomed in rich woods, that were the pride of the country. On the east and north, those woods had grown to an almost savage wildness and grandeur; but, on the south and west, were gracefully broken with light plantations and variegated shrubberies, to the bottom of the knoll, on which the building stood. The sea almost flowed up to the hill, and bathed

the green oaks with every tide; while a little creek, with beautiful indenture, formed a secure harbour for the vessels of the family, and a new object of beauty from the house.

The gardens were chiefly on the south side, when the descent was, at length, abruptly checked, by a projection of rocks, crowned with fox-glove and wild plants, which fancifully impended over a mountain torrent, called by the natives a river, — wholly unnavigable from its rude course and stony bed, which often threw up crags, resembling curled and half-burnt volumes of enormous size; between, and over which, the pure waters rushed and foamed, with ever beautiful variety; till taking suddenly a bold sweep, the stream smoothed to polished crystal, ere it discharged itself into the sea. Here, through a tuft of willows and poplars,

peeped

peeped the white cabin of a ferryman, who led not a life of idleness; for across that river was the nearest way to the next market-town. At some little distance, nearer to the sea, appeared the yard of a boat-builder, enriching the scene with the busy charm of human labour and ingenuity. The land beyond was cloathed with a verdure, rarely seen so close to the beach; and a quarter of a mile further, half sheltered by woods, was seated the house of the boat-builder; for that was above the rank of a cabin. Before it, with graceful undulation, wandered the high road; while the smooth and beautiful sands offered a cool and delightful ride in calm weather, the rich and wild woods, that every where fringed the swelling shore, promised safety when the winds of winter should rage. Such was the near prospect from the mansion of Bellarney: before which the sea, with bold expansion, and all

its grand varieties of surface, supplied, to the reflecting mind, images yet more impressive,

To cross this well-known ferry, and drink tea at the boat-builder's house, had once been the extent of Emily's wishes; and lucky seemed the hour when Lady Bellarney would allow her the satisfaction of gathering, in those more remote woods, worse strawberries than she found at home. The novelty that had first formed the pleasure, was for ever vanished; but the sweet remembrance of it still lived at her heart, and made this ferry, and this dwelling more pleasant to her eyes and to her soul, than any other. The name of poor Kerry, who used to inhabit the house, was on her lips, when, checking herself, she asked the attending gardener to whom it belonged, and who lived there? "God knows," cried the man, "who it will belong

belong to now ; but the little Lady, they say, is to have all : and as to *living*,—I know a poor honest fellow who is almost starving there. Jack Crosby was head-man to poor Mr. Kerry, who was killed by the fall of a piece of timber in the yard, and his widow soon found that he was worse than nothing. What does Jack do but take to the business, because he was *ingenus* ; and now the bailiffs, they say, will take to Jack, unless he is *ingenus* enough to keep out of their way. We used to have such fine boats, and vessels, on the stocks there, it was a pride and a pleasure to look at them. Now you see there is hardly any timber to work upon ; and the little there is, our steward says he is not paid for. Had our poor young lady not gone beyond seas, she might, please God, have lived ; and she had a kind heart : so things would have gone otherwise at Bellarney. Now I suppose all our
fine

fine oaks, that are the pride of this county, and the next to it, will be felled, to float off in cash to England, like all the rest of our neighbours' woods ; for nobody will live at Bellarney till little Madam is a lady grown, they say, but servants."

While the gardener was thus simply engaging the thoughts of Emily and the Marquis, the eyes of the latter were eagerly contemplating the prospect. The near scene attracted him as being at once wild and domestic, retired and busy : nor was the yard of the boat-builder the least striking feature in the beautiful whole. They now descended with the gardener (whom Emily could alike have guided had she dared) through woodwicks, to the bottom of the hill ; where, stopping on the brink of the river, the Marquis raised his eyes to the scene they had left, and, on comparison, found that which he beheld hardly
less

less to his taste. The elevated and irregular rocks they lately stood on, impended now over their heads, and shook the wildly streaming garlands of summer above them, with an interesting charm, which confined scenery alone can supply : while the river, with many a rude fall, the eye could trace along a deep glen, softening its roar as it approached, expanded at their feet into grandeur ; and, through its translucent waters, gave to view the rocky inequalities of its bed. An aged ferryman, on seeing the strangers waiting to pass, rushed so hastily from his cabin to convey them, that he spared not a moment to cover his venerable locks ; which, while he pushed off with his pole, fantastically caught the wind, and the beams of the setting sun, as, dipping his golden orb into the sea, he threw his long radiations even to the shore.—Again was Emily going

going to hail the well-remembered old ferryman, and again she checked herself.

Having crossed the romantic stream, the Marquis, and his beloved, wandered slowly towards the boat-builder's house ; ever and anon turning to review the beautiful scenery of Bellarney, and then, with new wonder, gazing on the ever-fluctuating waves of liquid gold.

“ Oh ! well my Emily knows how to choose her home,” fondly whispered the Marquis, pressing the arm that, with such sweet content, hung within his ; “ poor as she is, she has yet the power of stretching forth her beneficent hand, to save the industrious and unfortunate tenant of that little mansion, which her taste and her tenderness will so exquisitely embellish.” The full heart of Emily allowed of no other

other reply, than returning the affectionate pressure.

And this became the happy home of the Marquis of Lenox and his Emily.

To the poor young man who had rashly embarked without a capital in his master's business, Mr. and Mrs. Irwin seemed dropped from heaven. They paid his little debts, allowed him to be one of their family, and employed his ingenuity to repair and beautify the little mansion. Emily, knowing the ready channel to every elegant accommodation, by applying, as Mrs. Irwin, to the tradesmen in Dublin whom she used to employ at Bellarney, soon obtained such furniture, as united simplicity and taste at a very moderate expense. The refinement of her mind made her sparing in all she provided for herself: a harp, and a spinning-wheel,

formed

formed almost the whole of her exclusive possessions. For the Marquis, Crosby fitted up a large and retired parlour as a study; where soon were arranged such a collection of books, as secured the mind from stagnation; together with a telescope, and whatever else might assist the study of astronomy, a science for which the Marquis had ever shewn a decided taste.

Poor Crosby was not convinced, by his own failure, that boat-building might be an unprofitable employment. He became urgent with the Marquis to make a fortune, by purchasing the stock, and leaving him the active part of the business. This, upon reflexion, appeared to the fugitives a measure of prudence; since nothing but an ostensible occupation could prevent them from soon becoming objects of curiosity in the country: and it was more dangerous to be supposed rich than poor. The lease
of

of the premises was, therefore, made over to Mr. and Mrs. Irwin, and the timber-yard once more abounded in the oaks of Bellarney. Crosby, proud to deserve the trust of his master, shewed at once such capacity, ingenuity, and industry, that the Marquis found amusement in improving that young man's little knowledge in the mathematics, and in learning from him mechanics, exercise: as well as that in both instances he felt himself relieved from the lassitude which a liberal mind must always feel, when conscious that circumstances have made it a cold blank in the circle of society it was meant to animate.

Such was the humble fate, such the simple pleasures, such the active pursuits of the Marquis of Lenox, on the day that made him two-and-twenty; a day which he celebrated with his Emily, in the bowers of Bellarney, where, as mere tenants of
the

the estate, they had almost sole possession.

—Life had much earlier opened upon him than on most men, and sorrow had prematurely ripened reflexion. — Of all which fortune in the insolence of abundance once offered to him, able to grasp only a single good, his sense of its value was quickened by the perpetual fear of losing it, occasioned by so many trials. — Emily had long been the sole object to her husband, and if she could have wanted a charm, the situation he soon saw her in would have made his wishes wholly concentrate in herself, save the fond one he now and then sent towards his daughter. — The hearts of both were however awakened to their other ties, when, upon the steward's tendering the lease to Mr. Irwin to sign, the Marchioness heard her daughter termed Emily Lenox, the lady of Bellarney. — Her sense of her father's cruelty and injustice, in depriving her of a name with
which

which his pride thus capriciously invested her child, revived with all its force; and in the bitterness of recollected sorrow, she secretly applauded her own resolution in quitting him for ever. — To the Marquis on the contrary the name of Emily Lenox was a dear acknowledgment of his paternal right in the little angel, and a sure proof that no steps had been taken to annul that marriage, by which he yet hoped one day to claim all his rights, as well as his daughter. This only subject on which the pair did not think alike, was, however, by delicacy of mind, entirely sunk between them, and they lived wholly isolated from society, (save of the poor and grateful rustics, whom they liberally assisted) like the first pair in paradise, when they had only God to look up to.

Ah! what cannot an active and intelligent mind do when once it resolutely

adopts, and pursues, an idea? Never did Emily appear so interesting as while regulating her little household, and preparing, without one querulous word, for the hour that was to give her both a care, and a pleasure, in another dear babe. — The Marquis had now become almost as diligent, and expert as Crosby himself in boat-building; and promised Emily, on recovering, a gallant little vessel to sail about the coast in: an indulgence which she much desired. — The mornings were thus, by mutual consent, passed separately by the married lovers, save when Emily, fearing that it was too hot, or too cold, would risk alternately either danger herself, to walk to the river-side, that she might know whether the Marquis was taking proper care of himself; or he, finding a new moss, shell, or plant, hastened home to amuse with the simple diversification of objects the elegant pencil of Emily. — The evenings were beguiled

guiled now in music, and now in deep contemplation of those unnumbered worlds which hung in majestic silence over the heads devoutly raised to view them; while a thousand rich and solemn thoughts, chastened from the little cares, or hopes, of mortality, the beings who dared to look for happiness beyond it.

Nor was winter without its peculiar pleasures.—The stormy ocean had its sublimity, the cheerful fire-side its indulgence.—Never did the hands of Emily look so white as when employed on the spinning-wheel—never did her air seem so graceful as when she was tuning the harp:—if the Marquis issued from his study impatient to share with her the delight of a favourite passage in a favourite author, never would Emily appear to recollect it; for the voice, and the taste, ever made it new to her heart, melodious to her ear.

To fill up every thought, and moment, a son was born to the Marquis, and his Emily. Never fond parents contended to embrace one more lovely: sighing, yet rejoicing, they named the babe Edward.

Nor was the young stranger a joy to the parents alone. Beatrice, who had found a vague disappointment in quitting her solitude at the foot of the Alps, for even a more sequestered situation in Ireland, was invested with the office of nurse, under Emily, and found a strange kind of pride and fondness suddenly awakened; with a certain consequence peculiar to those new in office. Crosby, when he saw her thus intrusted, felt some regret that he was not a woman to contest for the employ with her; if, indeed, he could have contested any thing with the lively little Italian, whom he had vainly tried to teach English (totally unconscious of the brogue that rendered it impossible),
till

till he had learned another much more universal language of her — that of the eyes. Nor was Jack so bad a linguist but that Beatrice understood, and approved him. — She suddenly ceased to lament Italy; — forgot “her father’s dear little dwelling at the foot of the Alps,” and became of importance to herself. The Marquis, and Emily, saw with pleasure the love that made the happiness of their own lives, thus extending through their little household. — A cabin near the timber-yard was repaired by Crosby, and furnished by his bountiful employers; who gave him all the profit of boat-building, though he was to appearance only a servant: to Beatrice they allotted the timber as a portion. Crosby soon carried his bride to his own little home; but as Beatrice could neither live without her mistress, nor the little Edward, the latter passed his life pretty nearly in be-

ing carried from the house to the cabin, and from the cabin to the house.

Few young creatures born to wealth had ever reflected so deeply on human life as Emily. She was persuaded that happiness was a good which we often tread under our feet, while we look for it in the clouds ;—that natural affections, early cherished, and innocently indulged, bring with them those natural duties, and busy pursuits, which guard the heart from a coldness and languor, that, if it does not produce vice, engenders discontent—the worm that never dies.—The voluptuary cannot long find pleasure unless he restricts his appetites; and the man of reason must bound his wishes to obtain that chaste felicity which alone can be lasting. Thus did Emily think—thus did she live—the happiest of the happy.

It seemed as if heaven, to compensate for the beauty which it had taken from Emily, gave her a superior power of bestowing it. — Her little Edward was soon so strikingly handsome that she pronounced him the very image of his father; while that fond father saw in his darling boy the most marked resemblance of his own mother, the beautiful Duchess of Aberdeen.

The pleasure-bark was at length built, and gaily ornamented. With her child, Beatrice, the Marquis, and Crosby, Emily spent a great part of her time on the sea, of which she grew very fond. Her husband now found that it is only to the indolent of body, and listless of mind, life stagnates. — When the affections have full play in the heart, and generous sensibilities call us frequently out of ourselves, to assist others, while the general duties of existence make incidental claims on our

time, the year revolves almost before we know it—in such happiness has each day escaped us. Another lovely boy came to record to the lovers the progress of time. The fond parents baptized him Vincent; and while his hair, fair, and playful as Emily's own, curled over his rosy cheeks, his mother, with soft and voluntary error, would sighing press him to her bosom, and call him Emily; in dear remembrance of the sister whom he much resembled.

Not thus, alas! did Sir Edward Arden's years pass on. Obligated to leave Italy without being able to trace the retreat of his nephew, a fond hope had sprung up in his heart, that the Marquis had only out-travelled him, and he should find the unfortunate beloved young man in London.—When, on the contrary, he was there told that the Duke had never heard more of him than by the letter which he had transmitted

mitted to Rome, a deep though silent remorse preyed upon Sir Edward that made society insupportable.—The guilty are often oppressed with the sense of being haunted by the dead; perhaps the delicate mind hardly feels less, that is haunted by the living.—To know there exists a being to whom you are odious, whom you in a manner annihilate, yet whom your heart demands incessantly, and languishes to soothe, and satisfy, is a refined, and exquisite affliction beyond all complaint—beyond all consolation.

The Duke of Aberdeen, astonished ever at what he called the strange flights, and lofty fancies of Sir Edward, always composedly looked to his banker for news of his son; and, when year after year passed without a demand for money in his name, coolly concluded that the young man had, in some Italian intrigue, got a stab with a
filleto,

filetto, and been secretly interred, either to conceal his condition, or because he was not known. — Lady Emily was now his heiress, of whom he became dotingly fond. The sweet child was not less, though more rationally, endeared to her maternal grandfather; who, to protect her, and form her infant mind, constantly resided at a seat on Windfor Forest. Here, day after day, year after year, did Sir Edward image to himself his nephew appearing in all shapes and forms; while still he fought, by boundless love to the early orphan, to win her father to avow himself, if within reach of his own family. — Sometimes he supposed that the Marquis, who had once desired a commission, had, in disgust to his own country, engaged in foreign service: yet this he hardly thought possible without his being discovered: — sometimes, that he had sailed for the Indies, and there married: — much oftener, that he was now almost his neighbour,

bour, though determined to be ever, to the man who would have murdered him, invisible.—Thus were his days filled up with anxious surmises,—his nights with melancholy personifications; nor had he any probable termination for either but his life.

Crosby was in such habits of intimacy with all the domestics at Bellarney, that the happiness of the young Emily, in being protected and beloved by both her grandfathers, was well known to her parents.—A third boy being born to them, they now no longer hoped for another daughter. In caressing her sons the tender mother often felt a sigh, and sometimes a tear, follow the silent blessing which she morning and evening breathed for her girl; although she was unable to add the kiss that the boys contended for.

It is a happiness in our nature that the common tie of offspring, which in some respects dilates, in others circumscribes our views. Even well-informed parents, anxious to fulfil their duties, have always much to learn; and sweet is the study that has such a motive. The Marquis missed no longer the bustle, or the pleasures of the gay world, but was as busy at five-and-twenty in acquiring the kind of knowledge which should enable him to lighten the dear delightful task of Emily, in instructing their boys, as if he had reached his grand climacteric.

The mother had a quicker source of information in her own heart. She had been herself in early youth the victim, in turn, of each turbulent temper connected with her, and always concluded that this was because no maternal influence had been used to soften the bolder character of man. To
her

her boys therefore in infancy she supposed herself as important as their father would afterwards become. In her progress through life she had been led to conclude that equanimity of character is rarely attained after the season of childhood is past: but, while the unripened mind, yet feeble and unpoised, is now putting forth, and now drawing in its uncertain powers, as passion, or caprice induces; the wise, and well-governed soul of a mother has a full command over it, through the medium of the affections, ere example can operate; and that at this period only, all the regulated virtues, so important to society, may be implanted, till confirmed with our growth into rational habit, they rather assume the form of our pleasures than our duties. So, when the tyrant passions press with destructive fury to the heart, they shall ever find it firmly guarded by temper, and by conscience, which set limits to their ravages:

vages : in the soul of her son, to his last hour, may live endeared the image of the mother, who loves him so wisely, and rules his infancy so well.

Thus to employ the hours that fly so fast, and never can return, was now the first object of Emily's life ; and that, in giving this important bias, she might be assured just modes of thinking regulated her own decisions, she began with a deep examination of herself, and a severe consideration of whatever she meant to inculcate. Justly is it said, that,

“ — but to wish more virtue, is to gain.”

Emily's own nature, at once refined and elevated by the softening sense of her duties, blending with the matron dignity of her mind, formed, even in youth, so rare a character, as rendered her to her husband the object of a love so devoted, tender, and
true,

true, that to both ever blessed was the day when they withdrew from all other ties; since in no other way could their souls have ripened to such corrected knowledge, such simplicity of manners, such hallowed endearment.

As the three lovely boys grew (for Emily, after an interval of four years, gave up the hope of ever being blest with another daughter), the tender mother saw she had indeed judged rightly in thinking herself the best tutor of their early days. Edward, the elder, had, with strong intellect, enchanting beauty, and grace, but impetuous passions, and that intuitive pride which marked the Arden family.

When therefore his mother had fully impressed Edward with reverence for her understanding, and a due feeling of her boundless tenderness, she would, by occasionally

sionally yielding to him, with an air of coldness and compassion, make him painfully sensible of his own childish weakness, and violence,—thus checking the gratification he would have found in indulging his passions, by making him feel that he was too unimportant to act on those of any one around him,—till the desire of recovering his usual influence at length taught him to subdue his temper. Vincent and Alleyne, though there was only a year between any of their ages, had, neither in mind nor body, a proportion of vigour like their elder brother. With exquisite flexibility, and a cherub sweetness, these little charmers would climb the knees of either parent, and press their rosy lips upon the ready cheek, whenever they had erred; while the melting heart, so addressed, sanctified, by a silent blessing, the little fault, thus touchingly atoned.

Whole hours would these two little creatures stand at their mother's side, each claiming, as his own, the hand nearest to him; and fixing on her, with sweet and silent seriousness, their beautiful eyes, imbibe the admonitions she often gave them to love and respect their elder brother, as the immediate representative of his father, and, even in infancy, their protector. Edward, that he might deserve this pre-eminence, became in turn the organ of her will: often was he obliged to yield to his brothers the indulgence he most desired, and practise the hardest, therefore the first of human virtues, self-denial. Thus by the magic of mind, the Marquis saw, with dear delight, the purest harmony breathed early into the tenacious bosoms of mere babes, and owned that his Emily wanted not yet his assistance. To give strength and freedom to their limbs, a thousand sports were invented by Crosby, whose employment it

became at those hours to guide and guard them.

Resting on the arm of her lord, the happy Emily often stood to contemplate, in their plays, the graceful children; who owed to the voluntary seclusion of their parents, advantages, which high rank, and unlimited fortune, far from giving, would infallibly have robbed them of; since a thousand real or imaginary claims on the time of either father or mother, must then have driven out of their presence the darlings, in whose improvement they were most interested, to whose failings they were most sensible.

When reflecting minds once seek in their children an exercise of their powers, it is astonishing to how great a degree those powers can be engrossed by them: and oh! how sweet is the hallowed approbation of themselves,

themselves, which parents so employed must ever feel! To become the organ through which the Divinity speaks wisdom and virtue to little beings, who would otherwise owe to us only that coarse and common existence, which is almost as often a curse as a blessing, is indeed, an employment worthy man; and the only one calculated to fill his whole heart: for all his other pursuits have no positive end, however great his attainments.

The three boys had just arrived at the turbulent ages of eight, seven, and six years, when an unexpected blessing was added to the family, in an infant daughter.—She became another happy means of impressing Emily's lessons to her boys; and they soon vied with each other in tenderness to the little stranger.

On rising in the morning, it was ever

the custom of Emily to fly to her chamber window, where a telescope had been fixed, through which she could not only discern her sons in the care of Crosby, playing in his ground, but their individual employments. In his cabin, Beatrice always superintended the plain meal which they earned and relished, by activity. Pleasant to the eyes of a fond mother, was the column of smoke that ascended from the happy cot.—One morning, the Marquis having rested very ill, Emily forbore to steal from his side till a much later hour than common, lest she should break his slumbers: as usual, she immediately resorted to the telescope. The sun was high, and the smoke that announced the children's first meal, had now subsided.—The landscape, freshened by a shower that yet spangled the leaves of the trees, revived the soul through the eyes. The tide was full in the river, and the two younger boys

boys were poised at each end of a plank, in Crosby's yard, to which the elder now and then gave motion, and at intervals, threw himself into an attitude of grace which Praxiteles might have borrowed. Beatrice, with the infant Mira in her arms, stood carefully by as if to guard them. Touched by this sweet assemblage of interesting objects, Emily stole to the bed-side of her husband, to share it with him by description: but he was still asleep, and she indulged, in silence, the soft and affectionate emotion.—Again she returned to gaze through the telescope, when an object, unseen before, astonished her faculties — arrested her attention — “Can it be?” — “yes!” — it was a small vessel moored in the creek of the castle, where none but those of the family ever had harbour.—Its gay streamers seemed all hoisted, as in joy, and playfully dipt in the full tide.—To the entranced Emily it appeared

to be the very bark that bore her from Scotland, home again, after she had been so cruelly overlooked by the Marquis.—Time stood still while imagination acted; and hardly could fight satisfy her that she was in the room with her beloved, now a tried and faithful husband; or that the graceful creatures whom she beheld employed in chasing each other on the sands, were all his, no less than her own—the sacred treasures of their blended existence.—Self, however, almost instantaneously gave way to a new, a complicated feeling.—That vessel could no more bring home Emily Arden.—Ah! whom then had it brought?—Perhaps her daughter.—Sweet was the revulsion of soul that followed this idea.—Panting, speechless, she tottered to the bed, and waked the Marquis by the tears and kisses with which she covered his hand.—He felt that something extraordinary must have happened.—She could only

only point to the window, and sinking on her knees, prayed heaven to bless with happiness the surprize of the moment.—The Marquis, in turn, remained in deep silence at the telescope. — The flashes thrown up in almost every room of the castle, — the sailors busily employed in landing baggage,—the air of hurry in the country people, bespoke surprize and pleasure.—In a moment he saw, though he could not stop, Crosby, who leaped into the ferry-boat with his youngest son in his arms; while the two elder joyfully sprang after him: and Beatrice could hardly still the cries of the little Mira, so impatient was she to be of the party.—A strange impulsive conviction that their little ones were thus unconsciously rushing into the presence of the only persons to whom they themselves could be dear, gave a suffocating throb to the hearts of both parents, which made them fall into each other's

arms, as though their all were for ever snatched from them. — The entrance of Beatrice shortly afterwards ended their doubt—the vessel in sight, had indeed, on a sudden, and without any notice, brought over the little Lady of Bellarney, with both her grandfathers. All the tenants were flocking to see them; and the whole neighbourhood, she added, was in a joyful confusion.

But who could be in such a confusion as the pair to whom Beatrice never turned her eyes?—Taken thus by surprize, the Marquis and Emily had no longer recollection enough to consider the present, much less to ponder on the past, or regulate the future.—It was their utmost effort to endure the mysterious throbs of nature, now so powerfully drawn back to those, to whom they owed their being, and now so fondly impelled towards those to whom they

they had given it!—Oh! moments of rare and exquisite enjoyment—when reason becomes almost visionary, sensation almost sublimed!

Neither parent could have told how the interesting interval passed ere the ferryman re-landed their precious boys; who, far outstripping Crosby, flew panting into the arms of their mother.—As soon as they had regained breath, all with one voice exclaimed, that they had seen the little Lady of Bellarney, and she was *so* good, and *so* pretty—and she had given them these,—shewing in their hats, roses of pink and white ribbon, in honour of the May-day. The parents, all eye, as they had been before all ear, now gazed on their own living roses, which these garlands so sweetly embellished; when Edward, well recollecting it to be his duty to shew that his mother's lessons had not been lost on him

him, plucked the knot from his hat, and for a kiss gave it to Mira.—Emily, more than recompensed the dear self-denying boy, in the fond embrace she bestowed on him.—The Marquis at length found voice to ask faintly, “if they saw no one—no creature else.”—“Oh! yes,” they cried, “they saw a great Duke so portly—but very good-natured notwithstanding; and there was a pale, thin, grave old gentleman, who laid his hand on Edward’s head, and bade them come, and bring their parents with them, to Lady Emily’s feast to-morrow.”

Was ever pleasure like the tearful pleasure with which Emily and her lord recognized, in the innocent detail of their children, each a parent, and felt that they themselves had thus, by representation, stood once more in the presence of those who thought them long since inhabitants
of

of another world?—The boys, who had vainly waited to know whether they were to accept the kind old gentleman's invitation, now impatiently cried out, "and shall we not go to the feast, mamma, and see the heiress?"—"Yes, my precious children," sighed Emily, folding them to her heart, with a smile of significant tenderness to their father, "you shall see the heiress—and go to the castle to-morrow."

At Bellarney all was rejoicing, hurry, and delight, while those for whom the feast should have been preparing, silent, agitated, and thoughtful, remained shut up at home.—The Marquis, still determined to have, in this instance, no will but Emily's, sought through her ingenuous eyes to explore the meaning of her soul.—It had always been her intention to absent herself, with her whole family, on the first intimation of the two fathers coming

coming to Bellarney ; but taken thus un-
awares, she found that plan more likely to
excite suspicion, than remaining on the
spot. Her sons, the Duke, and Sir Ed-
ward, had already seen, nor was it possi-
ble, that little creatures so gifted by na-
ture, so polished by assiduity, should escape
a strict observation. And then her Emily
—her dear first-born, the child of many
sorrows—the lovely memorial of a thou-
sand, thousand, affecting remembrances—
could her mother fly her?—Ah no! the
heart which gave her being, made such a
powerful claim in the bosom of Emily,
that even the fear of Sir Edward yielded
to the wish of once more embracing her
daughter.

Thoughts like these made rest that night
almost unknown to Emily, and her lord.
A slumber in the morning was necessary
to enable them to undergo the probable
agitations

agitations of the day. Again was the sun high when Emily threw up her chamber window, and looked through the telescope.

What a prospect awaited her there!—Crosby had, in honour of the heiress, cleared out the little pleasure-bark of his master, and gaily decked it with all its streamers: he was putting it from shore when Emily looked: while holding the rudder, or rather leaning on it with infantine majesty, stood her young Edward. Above over the yards playfully hung the two agile Cupids, his little brothers. On the deck sat Lady Emily, unpacking a little basket of fruit, to share among the children:—while, oh! yet more impressive, by her stood two gentlemen, in mute contemplation of the lovely sea-boys.—In that small space, and the room she occupied, was comprehended, to Emily's eyes,

eyes, the whole world.—Sir Edward, she observed, though time had a little bent him, still preserved the grace of his fine person; and the “pale cast of thought” in his cheeks, took not even yet from the fire and intelligence of his black eyes; which, eagerly scanning the unknown charmers, every moment turned to consult those of the Duke. — That nobleman was not so unchanged;—coarse and worldly in his ideas, a voluptuary in all his pleasures, he appeared to be grown older than his years;—his face was swollen, and red;—his figure corpulent, and gouty.

Again did Emily awaken her lord—but to how great a trial!—In the glow, as he yet was, of youth, and ever alive to the most pungent feelings—from a dead sleep the Marquis rushed into a rapid torrent of tumultuous emotions.—Emily, in whom
maternal

maternal fear was the most powerful of impulses, implored him to let her again look if the young ones had been taken from their hazardous situation on the yards; and her husband resigned to her the telescope: the cherubs were still swaying about, regardless of Crosby; and Emily forgot even her father; till, having seen them leap safely into the arms of their guardian, she eagerly turned towards the Marquis—but he was no longer by her side:—the assemblage of affecting objects, that had so suddenly greeted his eyes, had been too trying to his heart; and he had buried himself, and them, in the thick woods that spread so beautifully above the beach. He remained some hours there, striving to master his highly-wrought sensibility, and unconscious of that lapse of time, which cruelly distressed his wife.—Alas! he was alike unconscious that the fever of his brain was passing into his blood.

blood. When at length he returned, his wild and heavy eyes, inflamed cheeks, frequent shiverings, and continual thirst, at once announced malady; while Emily soon sadly convinced herself that his pulse was beating even faster than his heart: this he considered as the effect of agitation merely; but she thought otherwise, and she was right: the fever in a few hours rose to an almost desperate height, and the doctor sent for, ordered every process that could reduce it; strictly enjoining that the chamber of the patient should be kept quiet, and his mind entirely calm:—Emily could accomplish the first command by shutting out every creature save herself; but how, how could she compose the mind, when in that the malady originated? On the contrary, the Marquis soon became delirious—fancifully imagined now her father by him, now his own; and sometimes imploring from both
a blessing

a blessing on himself, and sometimes in the most moving manner bestowing one on his children, he would conjure Emily to shut them all from that moment out, and allow him to expire in peace in her arms.

A thousand times did the agonized wife meditate sending for both their fathers, in the hope of giving even a temporary relief to the mind of the Marquis : but yet, the miserable state in which she found herself, and the dangerous one she witnessed, made it an effort almost beyond human strength to venture the important disclosure.—Nay, might she not by mistaken tenderness surround the bed of her husband with those whose importunate affection would aggravate the disease, and accelerate his death?—The injunctions of the physician were at each visit repeated; and silence, with peace, the only chance, he insisted, that she had for saving her beloved.

Shut up in a sick chamber, watching with unclosed eyes every painful breath which the Marquis drew, did Emily pass the days when all the country assembled to the festivities at Bellarney.

Crosby, with Beatrice, attired in their best, conducted, according to Sir Edward's invitation, the three sweet boys to the castle ; who, little innocents, were yet too young to share their mother's tears, or judge of her cause for them. Emily had, alas ! no longer leisure to think of either parents, or children. Her husband occupied her wholly.

Sir Edward Arden had with much reluctance resolved to visit Bellarney, on the letters of the steward having alarmed both himself and the Duke, with the idea that the heirs at law were all at once agitating, as a question, their grand-daughter's right
to

to possession.—How grievous to the feelings of Sir Edward were the various recollections comprehended in this question!—To treat it with apparent contempt was the measure of prudence, but to weigh all its extent he felt to be indispensable.

It was true that he knew himself still in possession of the legal instrument by which he had obliged his unfortunate daughter to secure to her infant her own rich inheritance, but so sacred to him was now become the memory of that daughter, so dear her honour, as to make it a distressful alternative to his heart whether to allow the heirs at law to assert a doubtful claim to the estates of the Earl of Bellarney, or to unfold the domestic sufferings and misfortunes of his family, by producing and establishing the memorable will.

The sight of the mansion, where he had

once known such perfect conjugal felicity, combined with his present motive for visiting that place to depress the spirits of Sir Edward; while the more immediate image of the lost Marchioness of Lenox, who still seemed to embellish the scene, from which he thought her for ever vanished, would have wholly dejected him, but for a vague and exquisite pleasure he suddenly felt on beholding the three little strangers; in the elder of whom he could not be persuaded that he did not trace a strong likeness to the Duchess of Aberdeen, though the Duke was not struck with it.—He became impatient to see their parents, and naturally expected them at the feast.

When the children, however, appeared, though the parents came not, Sir Edward overlooked their absence, in the mysterious delight which melted his nature, and almost brought back the long-forgotten
flows

flows of youthful sensibility.—He enquired their degree — admired Edward with a fond distinction — spoke of offering to take, educate, and promote him, and wondered why Crosby should shake his head, as implying that his father would not give him so great an advantage; since he seemed to be of a rank to make the offer flattering.

In the little plays of the younger party, invented to amuse Lady Emily, she was commanded to sing, and instantly complied: commanding in her turn Edward to do the same.—The child paused a moment—said he did not know a song—but having whispered with his brothers, they began a little Italian trio which their fond mother had amused herself with teaching them during the summer days as they sailed about with her: when their father, softly touching his flute, would fill up

each little pause, and regulate the time.— It was only a trifle, but one that spoke refinement, — feeling, — fancy. — Sir Edward started — he thought his sense deceived him — to hear three wild lovely Irish children breathe, in the nicest harmony, a delicate piece of music, and in another language — it appeared absolute enchantment ! — He called them to him, and eagerly demanded who had taught them ? They all, with one voice, answered, “ their mother ! ” — “ Their mother ! — and who could that mother be, so exquisitely accomplished ? ” — Again he thoughtfully examined the lineaments of Edward, who, with the intuitive discernment of childhood, found himself a favourite, and adhered to his grandfather’s side. — Again Sir Edward pondered on the possibility of his being the son of the Marquis, although, alas ! not of his daughter. — Yet to suppose that his nephew should fix on
Ireland

Ireland to conceal himself in, and, above all, the neighbourhood of Bellarney, seemed too extravagant an idea to be admitted. The Duke thought it so, and dismissed it with a cool air, as one of the many romantic visions he had often seen poor Sir Edward troubled with.

The three boys early in the evening took leave of the party at Bellarney—but never during the whole night did they quit Sir Edward:—every look, every motion, recurred to his memory; and, above all, their sweet little musical performance. He longed for the morning, that he again might see them; and the little Lady Emily, not less fond of her new companions, caught her grandfather going to take his early walk, and conjured him “to bring home the little Irwins.”

On descending the hill, Sir Edward per-

ceived those whom he sought catching the pure breath of the morning on the sands: he then turned towards the poor home inhabited by their parents. Nothing could be more improbable than that the only son of the Duke of Aberdeen should have chosen such a dwelling, or become for subsistence a boat-builder.—Yet he determined to see its master, and end all his doubts.—At the ferry the three delighted cherubs awaited him; and, while Edward readily agreed to be his guide to their house, the two younger ones playfully ran races before them.

In the distressed state of Emily's mind, she had preserved only recollection enough to charge Crosby to take the tenderest care of the children, without permitting them to approach the spot where their little innocent sports might disturb their suffering father. On suddenly hearing
their

their voices close to the door, she felt offended at Crosby's inattention, and abruptly appeared there. — What was her astonishment, when surrounded with her children, she fixed her eyes on her own father. Unable to speak, she lifted a finger to quiet the two younger boys, and waving to the eldest to come to her, bent her trembling knees with reverence to Sir Edward, and, hastily tottering into the parlour, fainted away,

Sir Edward, perceiving in the mother of these interesting children, a person quite a stranger to him, and, as her retiring curtsy shewed, willing still to be so, had in politeness no choice but to retreat. Crosby met him by the ferry, and informed him of the sudden and desperate attack of Mr. Irwin, which had thrown his wife into despair, and the whole neighbourhood into a consternation. — Sir Edward pardoned to
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an unhappy wife a want of civil regard, and bade Crosby hasten to offer her in his name any accommodation which Bellarney could afford the sufferer; and to entreat that he might have charge there of the sweet boys till her domestic anxieties should be lessened.

The agitated Emily had hardly recovered breath when Crosby arrived; and fearing that another abrupt visit from her father might render her as much an invalid as the Marquis, she acceded to the invitation: only desiring Crosby to bring her children home once a day.

A thousand dismal thoughts filled up the tedious nights which Emily passed by the bed of the Marquis.—It seemed to her as if again the presence of her father were to annihilate her happiness: and bitterly did she regret not having quitted
the

the country with her young ones, the moment she saw the vessel moored off Bel-larney.—The morning after she had thus parted with her children, she heard their little voices with that of Crosby, and flying down to receive and bless them, clasped suddenly in her arms her Emily—her own dear little Emily—who had asked to join the boys in the walk.—A gush of tears sweetly maternal fell from the cheeks of the elder Emily on those of the other; who, fair as herself at the same age, soft and endearing, wept readily with her.—The tender mother now withdrew her arms, but it was only in fond admiration to survey the well-known features, formed and improved by growth;—to mark the turn of her graceful person;—to delight in her gentle manners—her air of sensibility.—The boys, so very dear, suddenly found themselves almost overlooked by their mother; but each caught a hand, which their
sister,

sister, smiling through her tears, readily held out to them.—Edward told his mother, that “Lady Emily *would* come to see her, and offer to nurse papa; for she could do it very well, as she often nursed her grandfather.”—“And does thy tender heart act thus early, my little angel?” cried the fond mother, again caressing her.—The young Emily kissed in soft silence the arms that enfolded her, and wondered why the pressure was so sweetly endearing,—so unlike Connor’s.

In the precarious state of the Marquis, his wife dared not allow him the exquisite indulgence of seeing his daughter; who, something surprized, though highly delighted, with her mother’s tearful fondness, asked why she wept. Emily, in a faltering voice, uttered, though mysteriously, the simple truth, in telling her that she recalled to her mind a precious daughter
she

she had long lost.—“ And it is so long since I lost my mamma,” returned the engaging child, “ that I have quite forgotten her ; but methinks I should like to be called your Emily, and have all these dear little boys for brothers.”—The full heart of the mother allowed not one syllable in answer.

Lady Emily returned home, eager to expatiate upon the endearing reception she had met with ; and Sir Edward Arden, actuated by an unconquerable curiosity, or rather an unconscious interest in the fate of the strangers, hastened to interrogate the steward concerning them. He soon learned that the Irwin family had long excited the same curiosity in all around them ; but, either from choice, or chance, were no more known, than on the first day of their arrival : that they certainly came from abroad, as they brought only a
foreign

foreign maid-servant with them, who could not at that time speak English;—that they never mentioned any relations, nor were known, in many years, to write or to receive a letter. The employment of boat-building, the steward added, Mr. Irwin pursued at once for his own amusement, the support of Crosby and the accommodation of the poor fishermen, to whom on all other occasions he and his wife were beneficent beyond what their own bounded expenses would make probable; that whenever they wanted money, Mr. Irwin drew for it, through the medium of himself; and he had taken an opportunity to enquire of the Dublin banker, but found he had no other knowledge of the strangers than that his trust gave him.

A pair so nobly-minded and exquisitely accomplished, standing thus alone in creation,

tion, must, Sir Edward thought, have some extraordinary reason for their conduct. — The time of their settling in Ireland, was very nearly that, when the Marquis disappeared. To behold Mr. Irwin, though but for a moment, would have ended all his suspense—yet how was he to press a visit, when he had seen the mistress of the house, without her thinking it necessary to invite him in?—He tried to busy himself in the affairs of the estate; but only found rest from the trouble of his own soul, when surrounded by all the dear, the playful children, who now daily brought him better accounts of their suffering father.

Sir Edward, however, was not the only surprized or inquisitive person in the family.—Mrs. Connor, infirm and old, had lost her hearing; but her sight was still good, and it convinced her that the babe, whom

whom Beatrice brought in her arms one morning to the castle, was the very image of Lady Emily, when her lovely mother was carried, at Rome, into the chaise by the Marquis. After puzzling herself for a day or two with conjectures, and then every one else, with enquiries that brought no conviction, poor Connor resolved to encounter Sir Edward's wrath, and at last discharge her conscience of the treasured secret.

How great was Sir Edward's astonishment—how extreme his indignation at the long silence, the late confession of the poor woman! His Emily alive!—with the Marquis!—both hating—both shunning him alike—What a perpetual source of bitterness and sorrow! Far from supposing the doting old woman right in turning his eyes towards this secluded pair, he became assured by her own information,
that

that he had no interest in them : for the wife he had seen, and she was not his Emily. Thus to have approached a felicity destined to melt in his grasp, aggravated all his past griefs, and disappointments, to poor Sir Edward Arden.

Connor, as decided in her opinions as Sir Edward himself, refused to credit any eyes but her own ; and having astonished the Duke with the same story, obtained his leave to go immediately and “ see these Irwins.”

Emily had waited impatiently, till the Marquis should be enough recovered to be removed to a camp-bed which she had prepared for him in the study, as the largest and coolest room in the house. She had hardly seen him in this comfortable situation, when a most unusual sound, the approach of a carriage, caused her to hasten

into the parlour, and shut the intermediate door. Emily perceived it to be the coach of the Duke. Perturbed as her mind must be, she could not forbear smiling, to find that it had brought poor Connor only; who had been growing so great a person while she had herself been shrinking to a little one.

Connor immediately perceived that she greeted a stranger; and Emily, at the same moment, discovered that she was not in danger of being known by her voice; which she had always feared would betray her. Mrs. Connor was not in a humour to be too condescending, and seemed to doubt whether she should, by sitting down, authorize this obscure person's doing so in her company. Cold thanks for Mrs. Irwin's civilities to Lady Emily, with an invitation to Bellarney, terminated the visit; and Connor ascended her splendid vehicle
in

in the full conviction, that it was not here the fugitives would be found; nor did she fail to regret risking the dislocation of her bones, by the execrable road which she had rumbled through to no purpose.

And here would have ended all enquiry, had only the Duke of Aberdeen and Mrs. Connor been concerned; but here it did not end with Sir Edward, in whose soul every powerful feeling was again afloat.—Hope, pleasure, passion, throbbed there with all the energy of youth. Oh! might he be blest enough to find the two so long loved, so long lamented—to find them surrounded with such a beautiful race of children—at once to multiply treasures so unhopèd—it was a happiness too exquisite to trust his imagination with—a thousand times he execrated the fidelity of the old crone, and the connivance of Dr. Dalton. Had one word been dropt by either, he could instantly

have followed, and should certainly have traced the beloved fugitives, who would not then have known long years of comparative poverty; nor he of unremitting remorse. In going over the past, it suddenly glanced across his mind, that his Emily was said to die of the small-pox; and that the mother of these interesting boys was certainly much marked by it. It had then been his daughter whom he had greeted—she shrunk from him!—Ah! why, if she knew him not?—The sweet persuasion played before his eyes, in all the forms which eager affection could give it, till the morning, when Connor annihilated that fond belief, by assuring him, that the story of the small-pox had been wholly a fiction, as her lady left Rome with the Marquis, in all the bloom of youth and beauty; and that Mrs. Irwin was not in the least like her, “for she had seen that person with her own eyes.”

Again

Again was Sir Edward in despair; yet he wandered down towards the ferry; and having crossed the river, threw himself on a rustic seat near it, to meditate on the least unpolite means of gaining a view of the sick Mr. Irwin.—Beatrice saw him from her cabin, and approached with Mira in her arms, to invite him to repose there as a safer place. Her foreign accent at once struck him—he availed himself of the lucky chance that had brought her in his way, and spoke to her in Italian. Her native language she delighted in, and he soon requested her to inform him where she had first met with Mr. and Mrs. Irwin.—“Gracious! where should she meet with them, but at her father’s?”—“But where might her father’s be?”—“Did he speak Italian, and not know her father’s at the foot of the Alps?” She described, and Sir Edward remembered well, the inn—presumptions grew strong—hope again throbbed in wild

pulsations at his heart.—As if to amuse the child whom he had taken in his arms, he drew from his bosom a miniature of his daughter, set in the back of her mother's picture.—Beatrice looked sharply at it, and crossing herself, cried—"Holy Virgin! kiss it, Miss—it is your own mamma's."—Sir Edward trembled, and could hardly avoid dropping the babe—"Yet, no it is not your mamma's either—but it was hers before that cruel small-pox so altered her.—Ah! when she stepped out of the chaise at our door, she was as like it as two peas to one another—but we must think it a mercy she ever left the house alive."

And now what a torrent of emotions convulsed the bosom of Sir Edward Arden! —It was more than happiness obtained—it was happiness recovered—it was a fullness of satisfaction that made him exult in so resigning the life which he felt in a manner

fleeting

fleeing from him.—Beatrice ran for water, and offered him salts—he feebly and silently arose—pressed her hand, and eagerly tottered towards the retreat, where he was, as by resurrection, to find his long-lost son and daughter.

The weather was still warm, and the Marquis so sensible of the additional oppression, that not only the door of the room, but that of the house, had been set open, to circulate the air. The poor Emily, worn out with intense fatigue and fearful tenderness, having disposed all things for the Marquis to take a little repose, sat down in the adjoining parlour, and resting her head on her hand, fell into a languid slumber herself. There was a desolation in her appearance, an utter disregard of self, that, when the effect of true sensibility, affects the heart beyond the most delicate attire.—Her fair hair, which still remained in all its

beauty, had almost escaped from the cap which was meant to confine it.—Her wrapping-gown shewed the unaltered grace of her form; and on her left arm, which hung down as she slept, were three small moles, that would as fully have identified her to her father, as all the charms she had lost.

Fancy carried the weary sleeper to Fescati—dreaming she was in the cool shade by the fountain, she suddenly heard the marble Faun breathing forth strains as sweet as those of the Marquis.—While listening with entranced delight, by a strange extravagance, common to the disturbed slumbers of the unhappy, she thought that the statue leaped from its pedestal, and came towards her—she faintly struggled—half groaned—opened her eyes, and—fixed them on her father.—Yes! it was Sir Edward himself, hanging passionately over her—his wan counte-

nance

nance expressing at once the tenderest emotions, and a full conviction of the truth. She clasped her hands piteously, but had neither power nor time to utter one word, for her imperfect cry had awakened the Marquis, who called to her in a voice of agony, to come and let him see her.—That voice, that well-known voice, more dear than any thing on earth to Sir Edward, seemed to arise from the grave—he rushed impetuously towards the inner room—made but one step from the door to the bed, and falling on it, faltered out—“Now let me die, since I have seen thy face, because thou art yet alive.”

The softness of a daughter, blending with that of a wife, threw Emily in a moment at the feet of Sir Edward;—and fondly conjuring the Marquis to support himself under a trial, to which he was so unequal, she caught a hand of each,—uniting
 them

them with kisses and tears, she pressed them with transport to her bosom. Oh! what an embrace was that which her father gave her!—it seemed to bury for ever all remembrance of suffering and of sorrow.—To the Marquis he was even more tender, for to him he struggled to subdue his feelings—never had he seen that much-loved face since he left it convulsed in death in the convent garden. Still was it pale, but no longer lived there the traces of unutterable misery. Affection, gratitude, a thousand complicated softnesses wandered through each feature. Sir Edward sunk on his knees by the side of his nephew, and the tears that he then dropt, sealed in heaven, and on earth, his pardon.

These are the pure and elevating points of being, when even the passions, sublimed by virtue, seem to partake of immortality. Precious white-winged moments! which, foaring

soaring out of the dark wreck of human existence, still hover over, and illumine it with celestial glory, even as it sinks into eternity!

A silence so exquisite followed the transport, that it seemed as if the happy three lived by looking:—it was interrupted by the lovely head of Edward shewing itself at the door. On seeing his father awake, he crept softly to the bed-side, and kneeling, kissed his hand. Sir Edward fondly caught the tender boy to his bosom, energetically repeating “my own!”—The astonished child turned to his mother, who bade him honour, in the kind stranger, her father. Crosby, who was within hearing, caught the news, and was ordered to convey it to the Duke. Fleeter than the wind, with all the train of lovely boys, ran Crosby towards Bellarney: but, unable to controul his own transport,

transport, he lost the merit, perhaps the reward, of first imparting the discovery. The ferrymen, the fishermen, the gardeners, the grooms, all had caught the news from the eager messenger; and twenty voices at once proclaimed to the Duke, that Sir Edward had found the Marquis of Lenox, and the Lady of Bellarney!

Crosby, again as rapidly on the wing to return, met Lady Emily, and, still accompanied by her brothers, bore her in triumph over the ferry. — At the presence of his daughter, the Marquis indeed revived: — a thousand, thousand times, he kissed, and blest her. — To see her again encircled in the arms of her mother, appeared to the father the summit of human felicity. — The tender little Emily fondly clasped by turns her lovely brothers; while their rosy cheeks were doubly suffused, thus to
be

be caressed by the heiress, whom they had never dared to treat with the least familiarity.

Hardly crediting the extravagant report, came more slowly the Duke of Aberdeen; and, not without some displeasure, greeted his son:—examined with indelicate attention the altered face of Emily:—acknowledged the race of lovely children; but immediately assured Lady Emily, that, should there be twenty more, he would never love one as well as he did her.—He then with contempt surveyed the humble home which love alone could have embellished, and remained astonished at its having been the choice of his only son, and Sir Edward Arden's only daughter, to pass the best years of their lives in this dismal dwelling, when the sumptuous one of Bellarney was quite unoccupied.

To the blind of body, human art can sometimes give perception: to the blind of soul, it never yet was given. The Marquis and Emily therefore attempted not to explain the motives of their conduct to the Duke; and it is possible that Sir Edward Arden would not have been better understood, had he informed that nobleman why he requested the Marquis to remove neither bush, nor stone, table, nor chair, from this blessed little home, when the lovers should quit it for Bellarney: since "where he had first found the happiness which he had vainly sought for many years, he was determined henceforward to live, and to die; chastening thus in his own soul its pride, and its passions, and preparing it for the better world he must be now fast approaching: till, on that bed where now lay his beloved son, and in the dear arms of those who encircled it, he should breathe his last."—The Duke shrugged his shoulders

at

at this flight:—that two young people might fancy an Arcadia of their own making, he thought among the strange possibilities of life; but for Sir Edward, in his old age, to turn a grey-headed shepherd, and solicit the reversion of this delectable possession, appeared to him curious enough!—too much so for discussion.

Bold in character, impetuous of soul, the Irish find pleasure always transport, anger fury. The romantic story of the Lady of Bellarney, interred alive on her own estate, circulated rapidly, and caused a commotion of joy in the country. All ranks and descriptions of people waited impatiently to hail the resurrection of the married lovers: and as only Crosby and his wife knew even the outline of their history, they, and their cabin, soon grew into great notoriety.—Feasts and visitations now occupied the Duke, and the dwellers at the castle, whither

her all the world resorted. — To Sir Edward, and his daughter, that world was comprized in the sick chamber of the Marquis: which the father would no more leave than the wife. In the fond jealousy of an equal affection, they contended who should most anxiously attend on him; yet sweet was it to Sir Edward to observe that it was Emily his nephew would ever have — Emily whom he always looked for, with eyes full of tenderness, and gratitude. — When sighing over the ruin of her beauty himself, how could a fond father fail to adore the generous husband who found it all in her heart?

It was at length safe to remove the Marquis, and at Bellarney he now took possession, with the rightful Lady. Service was ordered next Sunday, in the chapel of that mansion; where the lovers prepared to offer up their grateful effusions for the protection

tection of that God, who thus, the storms of life overblown, assembled themselves, their parents, and their children, in their happy home.—Had the little chapel been a cathedral, it would have been filled.—Emily, simply attired, with her fair locks, so long hid, once more flowing over her graceful shoulders, was led to the seat which she had always occupied by the Duke of Aberdeen. The Marquis, yet feeble and interesting, followed; having, in his right hand, his elder daughter; and, in the other, his son Edward. His uncle, in speechless exultation, came behind, with the younger boys; who gazed, now on him, and now on each other, as if they knew not yet how they had gained this sudden grandeur. Beatrice, though a Catholic, shared, with the faithful Crosby, the happiness of that day; and truer prayers never ascended to heaven than those offered up in the chapel of Bellarney.

The appearance of Emily with her lord, and her children, terminated the enquiries of the heirs to her estates; and she continued there a while to make arrangements on her own domains, ere she should accompany the Duke to visit his. — The parade of being presented at court, and all the vain shews of life, Emily never delighted in, and now retired from; as wholly incompatible with the great duties of a wife, and a mother. Yet she already found how difficult it would be, in re-assuming her rank, to act up to her own sense of right, in watching over her young ones; and once to withdraw from that important employ, was to make vain the labour of her youth. — She felt nevertheless that the Duke had a right to claim his son for a while, and it was a point of respect, for her to follow with her family.

In Scotland new festivities succeeded; and,

to the happy children, life seemed all holiday. — Their parents found it not wholly so. The Duke had discussed with the Marquis his strange indifference to the business, and the honours of the great world: urging so strongly his appearance in London that he knew not how to refuse. — Emily would not influence him, but decided for herself; and entreated that she might remain with her family.

If it was a trial to the Marquis to quit for a short time the dear domestic circle in which for ten years he had wholly moved, what must it be to his wife to see him depart? — He who must ever be, to her, happiness or misery, was now associated with a libertine father, and going to be impressed with a high sense of his own advantages: even if his heart should stand the test, and remain wholly uncorrupted, and unalienated, how could she be sure that ambi-

tion would not seize on him? She had learnt to dread those dangerous enchantments,—power, and politics.—Yet must she boldly venture all: for never can we call the blessing our own, which we are in daily fear of losing. One only good did she solicit her lord to add to that he would bring back in himself:—a wife and well-governed mind, to take from them both the charge of their sons' actual tuition.—Crosby was still to continue the inventor, the guardian, of their sports.

It is much more difficult to change our tastes than to fix them; and this it is which makes right habits of such importance in youth.—Circumstances had early guided the heart of the Marquis of Lenox to true and tender feelings; busy and pleasant duties. Thus the delights which he could not share with Emily, and his children, faded before the recollection of those he must
daily

daily loss in his painful, but necessary, absence from them. Nor was it in the house, or circle, of his father, that he could ever become indifferent to the virtuous, or rational happiness his own afforded. An expensive establishment formed of persons who cared not whether the prodigal master lived, or died,—a luxurious table, no faithful or scientific friends surrounded,—a licentious arrangement with some painted nymph of St. James's Street, who came into, and went out of, the house, with the fashion, was not likely to win to the corrupt modes of polite life a man, who saw that he could always maintain there his natural consequence; while in his purer conduct, and simpler manners, he must ever rank higher in the scale of society.—The trial was over.—The Duke gladly escaped for ever from the observing eye of his son, and Emily found herself again in the arms of the husband she adored; who

vowed never more to undergo the penance of living without her, and the dear young ones now contending for the "envied kifs."

Sir Edward Arden had not been insensible to the danger that might arise to his daughter's happiness from allowing the Duke full power to act on his son, yet he applauded in his heart the magnanimity of mind, and sacred consciousness of desert, which induced Emily to risk the trial. By remaining with her, and her children, he at once gave her due protection, and the Marquis boundless freedom.—How fully did he share the delight of that reunion which made the endeared circle his own for life !

And now the Marquis prepared to conduct his whole family to Bellarney, where they purposed chiefly to reside. It was an unexpected

unexpected gratification to find that the Duke meant to be for a time of their party. The fond mother naturally imputed the distinction to his partiality for her Emily, as it was with much reluctance he had resigned that darling to the Marchioness, who would not allow any other woman to form the mind of her daughter. Had the Marquis considered his father's character, he might have better understood the cause of the compliment : for he alone knew, that the Duke on leaving town had dismissed a worthless extravagant mistress ; whose place he secretly meditated to fill with the innocent wife of Crosby. — To the son, Beatrice had only appeared a worthy good girl, devoted to his Emily, and tender of his children — it remained for the father to discover that she had expressive black eyes, a smart figure, and a little Italian coquetry, with which she often contrived to keep Crosby on the

fret; though hardly to himself would he own that he was jealous.—From the moment the Duke first saw Beatrice, he had taken this idea into his head; and in consequence made her occasional presents, so suited either to her wants, or her wishes, that she had not the prudence strictly to scrutinize his motive for offering them.—The tender billets with which they were accompanied, he always had the address to write in Italian, thus making poor Crosby bear his own sentence, without being able to decipher one word of it. With this base and selfish view only did the Duke accompany a pure and virtuous pair, rejoicing in the ripening age of their young ones, to whom they had promised a last gala on the day which should make Emily eleven years old.

However happy the anniversary, that memorable day which actually called the
child

child into existence, was too deeply impressed on the mind of the Marchioness not to make her mingle seriousness with endearment, when she gave the blessing, and embrace of the morning.—Her gravity, however, was soon forgotten, and the gay innocents engrossed every thought of the happy elders.

In sitting down to dinner, Emily cast her smiling eyes over the table, and saw it encircled with every being in creation who interested her heart.—On her right hand sat the father of the Marquis—on her left, her own : opposite to her, the husband so beloved, and on his right hand their darling Emily, the lady of the day.—The dear boys made their claim ; and even Mira was for once allowed a place, while Beatrice entreated to attend on the least of her ladies. During the dessert Sir Edward called on the three boys for their
sweet

sweet Italian trio; and the pleased Marquis had ordered his flute, to guide their little voices justly, and fill up each pause, when Crosby coming hastily in, spoke in a low voice to the Marchioness:—a deadly paleness came over her—she struggled to speak—could not utter a word, but reaching out her hand, at once silenced the children and summoned their father. No sooner however did his arms enfold her, than with a groan, as if her soul were separating from her body, she sunk into a swoon.—The whole astonished circle environed her in a moment.—The Marquis was too intent on her recovery, to enquire what had caused her fainting: but Sir Ed-Edward angrily turning to Crosby, who stood like a culprit though unconscious of a fault, commanded him to repeat whatever he had said to his lady—"Lord, Sir," cried he, "it could not be what I said that struck the life out of my lady, as it were.

were. I wish I had let the poor dying creature die outright, rather than see such a frightful consternation on Lady Emily's birth-day.—I only came to humour a sick body the housekeeper took in from pure compassion; and just to enquire of my lady if she pleased we should let her have an old coffer, that she says is in the chapel.—Lord knows she may be light-headed, and I should not wonder if there is no old coffer there at all.—It is not likely a poor vagabond should have any trunk in our house.”—A tale so wholly trifling, and uninteresting, engrossed not any ear. The Duke, and Sir Edward, imputed the attack merely to the powerful scent of a melon which had stood very near Emily. The anxious soul of the Marquis told him she had never so yielded to mere constitutional weakness, and that the groan she had given could have no common cause.—When life returned, Emily indulged a
gush

gush of tears so profuse, and so bitter, that all around her remained in dismayed silence. — Her husband, pressing her yet more tenderly in his arms, ventured to draw aside the handkerchief from her eyes; but saw such an expression of agony, and terror, that eagerly he hid her face on his bosom.—As soon as she could muster strength, she arose, and leaning, through feebleness, as well as fondness, on the arm of the Marquis, waved from her both their fathers; while, with a sweet maternal grace, she invited towards her, the whole affrighted race of little ones, who gladly flew to clasp her knees, and those of their father. — “Come to me, my precious babes,” sighed she, striving to encircle them all—“It is yours early to embark in the sorrows of your parents—Oh! Edward, the hour is come—the fearful heavy hour of renewed persecution—the avenging fiend yet haunts us, and our innocent

nocent children. This visitation comes too in the moment of security.—But my mind has now claims upon its fortitude that will enable it to meet my fate.—Feel not thus fearfully my pulse, my father—that may fluctuate, but my mind is steady.—Poor Crosby! he knew not what he asked for! I, only I, could tell, that the coffer demanded is the property of Emily Fitzallen; and no human being, save herself, could have known such a trust remained in this house.”—“ You shall never more see her, Emily,” cried Sir Edward fiercely:—“ Pardon me, my father,” meekly returned the Marchioness, “ if a greater duty than the one due to you makes me break through that.—Encompassed thus by my children, protected by my husband—sanctioned by our parents, and supported by my God, I feel that it becomes not me to falter, and I will know now—even now, the end of all my miseries.”—

ries."—The meek and matron dignity of his daughter at once silenced, and awed, Sir Edward:—to the Marquis she clung, that no transport of his might interfere with her purpose; and having desired Crosby would guide them all to the stranger, Emily and her lord followed with the family through long galleries, to a remote apartment adjoining the nurseries.

At the electrifying sound of Emily Fitzallen's name, imagination had presented her to the whole group, in the very form in which they last beheld her—gay, glowing, beautiful, imperious; savagely exulting in her power over the unfortunate, and appearing only to torment. The daughter of Sir Edward felt that she was now come with the same invincible malignity, to wrest from her, if possible, a title doubly endeared, and hallowed, by its importance

importance to her children. But what a revulsion of soul did the whole family experience, when they suddenly surveyed a miserable object, in whom they were hardly able to trace the vindictive beauty, who had poisoned the promised happiness of their former years. Almost without power to move, ghastly, and livid, as if already in the grave; a surgical and bloody bandage encircling her temples, lay the living spectre of Emily Fitzallen—opening her hollow eyes, upon which seemed to hang the films of death, they wandered, without recollection, over the whole company, who remained silent and horror-struck.

The gentle and generous Marchioness felt all sense of her own sufferings at once evaporate from her mind, on thus beholding the companion of her childhood, the misery of her youth, the victim of the world!—by some incomprehensible means
thus

thus brought back to the roof that first sheltered her, and the circle she had injured, to repent, as it should seem, and die. The expiring wretch, having tried to clear her dim sight, demanded of the servant attending her, who all these persons were.—“This, infamous woman,” cried the Marquis, in a voice almost inarticulate through passion, and pressing the hand of Emily to his heart, “is my wife; and all these little ones our children.”—Her deep-sunk eyes glared yet more horribly—she turned appalled from him whom she had so basely injured, and seemed as though she would, if possible, have ceased to hear.—“Oh! dear mamma,” cried the young Emily, who stood nearest to the bed, “pray send for another doctor; I am afraid this poor woman will bleed to death, and you will not let any one die on my birth-day, surely.”—“You are then another Emily Arden,” cried the expiring

piring wretch, abruptly turning to gaze on the tender child, who shrunk from her: "you have her every feature—and would *you* save my life? poor child!—I came here only to disgrace you—but who stands by your side?"—"Her mother," answered the Marchioness firmly, "who, though changed in features, has still a heart disposed to forgive the penitent—a hand ready to assist the wretched. A just and powerful God has, by some strange ordination, brought you, at this awful hour, and in this fearful situation, to the very house, nay to the very chamber, where you first knew recollection; to awaken in your own breast, compunction for your sins—in ours, compassion for your sufferings. I bless the power he has granted me of forgiving you, as only by that means, could you implore his pardon."—"And can you, even you, breathe thus a blessing on me," groaned the wretch, in

a hollow tone, "cut off, as I am, in the moment of a new sin meditated against your little one? for I knew not that you yet existed.—An hour ago, to steal into the grave unknown, as I too surely must unlamented, was all I wished;—for could I hope such angelic goodness was to be found on earth? How I have injured you both, needs not be repeated—how God has avenged you, I would have you see;" she lifted a gown that was lightly laid over her neck and arms, and shewed the skin, once so exquisitely white and delicate, now frightfully discoloured with bruises, and black with mortification. This, and the bloody bandage on her forehead, marked, too plainly, the premature death that had overtaken her. Emily, sickening, turned to weep in the arms of her husband, who, even yet, could hardly deign a look towards the wretch who had destroyed his early happiness; nor would he

he have endured to stay, had he not felt his presence to be a support to his trembling wife.

“ I shall not have life, nor perhaps intellect,” resumed, after a pause, the dying Miss Fitzallen, “ to relate my whole story—nor need I shock the pure beings, who thus condescend to speak comfort to my soul, with a repetition of all my errors :—that they have not been as fatal as I supposed, alleviates a little my sufferings :—to the weak, yet bountiful Lady Bellarney, I owe my first fault.—She early encouraged me to be vain of my natural advantages : yet every hour told me that I must never rank with her grand-daughter. Envy thus became my first sin, and malice soon grew out of it.—I began to over-rate my own understanding, when I found myself able at once to play on the weaker one of my benefactress, and overbear the meek nature

of Miss Arden: till, in the insolence of limited power, I invented a diabolical amusement, in practising on the temper, and undermining the comfort, of the rich heiress whom others supposed I was born to yield to.—As my reflexion ripened, I became yet more alive to the importance of those external goods which I insolently supposed to be Miss Arden's only advantages over me: While conscious of boundless influence with Lady Bellarney, and assured that she had made me her heiress, I suffered not my evil views to go further: but when at her death I found a youth of fervility had been lost, I became yet more desperate in my projects—yet more inveterate towards Miss Arden. I knew that she had sought her cousin—I knew too that he had slighted her;—to rob her of this plighted and admired lover, and cross Sir Edward Arden's views, became the first object of my heart. I thus launched

into

into life an unprincipled adventurer ; resolved on vengeance, wealth, and rank, if human art, or any sacrifice, could attain them ; and to fortify my resolution, I ran over, in my brain, the many of my sex, whom the same boldness had exalted to the highest situation. I traced from that moment the steps of Miss Arden,—understood the delicate motive of her disguise, and instantly availed myself of the same advantage. In the one I assumed, I was not actuated by any predilection for the Marquis.—A handsome Italian friend of his, however, soon won my heart ; yet was I resolved to marry Sir Edward's nephew, and him only.—My sex was guessed at by all around me, but those two who were most likely to suspect it.—Signor Gheraldi, to satisfy his doubts, ordered some men to attack me, when he was my companion ; and without attempting to draw my sword, I fainted away.—My

fears for his safety, when I recovered, shewed him that he was not only master of my secret, but my heart; and he urged me to quit the Marquis. Finding I was fixed on some project in which that youth was comprehended, not all my protestations could convince Gheraldi love was not my inducement. Agitated with contending passions, at the moment when I had almost resolved to give up the Marquis, fortuitous circumstances made him in my power for ever. Hardly had we pledged the fatal vow, when the news of Sir Edward's abrupt landing perplexed me. In a week he had been most welcome.—Hoping he would not yet arrive, I resolved to assume the habit of my sex, and be at once acknowledged as the wife of the Marquis, but hardly had I dressed myself, ere Gheraldi, in a transport of jealousy, rushed in, determined to tear me from his rival for ever. My refusal, and
the

the flutter which so complicated a situation must cause, confirmed him in his purpose; he solemnly vowed reluctance or delay would cost the lover who induced it, his life: two trusty villains being now in waiting either to escort me and my baggage to the bark, ready to put to sea; or, if the Marquis should cross the threshold while I was deliberating, to strike their stilettos into his heart, and lay him a corpse at my feet.—As the least of two horrible evils, and not at that moment the act of my choice, I yielded to my frantic lover, and embarked for Baia, where Gheraldi had a beautiful villa. The savage looks of my conductors chilled my blood; but all other fears soon gave way to that of the earthquake. I saw that I had, by a strangeness in my fate, owed my life to my jealous lover; nor could suppose it possible for my husband to survive the wreck of Messina. Yet, even at that mo-

ment, I exulted in the triumph I should have over Sir Edward and his daughter, in the certificate I treasured in my bosom, which I had taken care should be ample and unquestionable. Arrived at the villa, Gheraldi bade me be mistress alike over that and his heart: but alas! I soon found what it was to throw myself wholly into the power of a man whom I so little knew. I saw him the victim, by turns, of every passion, yet uniformly jealous, revengeful, and implacable: no kindness could soothe, no protestation satisfy him. By a singularity in my fortune, the only man I ever really loved, was the single one whom I could not persuade of my tenderness.—Even the solitude and secrecy Gheraldi kept me in, could not convince him I was wholly his own. He saw lovers and letters in every look; plots and elopements in every gesture. The veriest wretch who ever bathed in tears the chain
of

of matrimony, was not more completely enslaved than that high spirit which had broken all the laws of religion and morality, only to remain free. Every extravagance of every passion, Gheraldi nevertheless expected me to impute, as he did, to love; and if he deigned to offer this excuse, I was neither permitted to revert to the past, nor to guard against the future. Yet, thus cruelly circumstanced, I found that I was not forgotten. More than one lover discovered means to offer me liberty; and perhaps only my own fears prevented my escaping from the tyrant: but I had not, for some time, raised a cup to my lips without the idea that it might be poisoned; or dropt into a slumber, from which I did not expect to be roused by the stab of a dagger; nor knew I ever but that my next breath would be my last. In those beautiful eyes, where I had looked away the quiet
of

of my life, I now saw only a mean and sinister expression. My tenderness was soon converted to horror and disgust. To have been discovered in attempting to escape, would have ensured my death; for no human eloquence would have convinced my tyrant his own vile temper had reduced me to the necessity. That temper, however, gave me a sudden release. A fit of passion, at a gaming-table, left the beautiful Gheraldi a dead man, and Count Montalvo hastened to protect and conduct me to Naples. I had many rich presents from my tyrant, which his brother did not dispute with me, and I insisted on being mistress of myself in a hired hotel at Villa Reale. To my astonishment, I there understood that the Marquis of Lenox not only survived the earthquake, but was to be married in great splendour to Miss Arden. The step I then took, I will not dwell upon. When
I afterwards

I afterwards knew the Marquis to be wholly in my power, by the interesting situation of his wife, I used that power most basely. But the love of evil is as apt to grow into habit as the love of good; and even after I thought the parents dead, I meditated to disgrace their innocent child.

“ From the moment I had reigned, by the weak indulgence of my benefactress, in this mansion, I had set my heart on possessing it. The many palaces I have dwelt in since, never had the same charm; and making it my object to amass wealth enough for the purchase of the Bellarney estates, I well knew, that I could render this a condition with the heirs at law, ere I supplied them the proofs that might bastardize the grand-daughter of Sir Edward Arden, who, thus disgracefully circumstanced, must evacuate the estate.

“ I will

“ I will not detail scenes of vice and extravagance, painful to remembrance; yet, keeping my object ever in view, I had secured wealth enough to hint a year ago my intention, and my power of purchasing, to the heirs of Emily Arden. I was courted, immediately, to visit Ireland, and assured of all I wished here. I quitted the Continent with immense property; and resolving to land on the estate which I had already appropriated, engaged a vessel to myself and servants. It is only four days ago that the vessel cast anchor in sight of this well-known mansion; and while the sailors were getting a boat out to land me, I stood on the deck, surveying, with delight, the remembered scenes of many a childish pleasure. Through my mind suddenly passed the painful recollection, that I had quitted this spot an insulted beggar. It gave place to the haughty consciousness, that I returned in
the

the bloom of life and of beauty—with wealth enough to command my wishes, and power to expel, with obloquy, the young heiress of Bellarney.—Alas! even in this moment of full-blown arrogance and guilt, the hand of heaven impended invisibly over me, and a single stroke laid me once more on the threshold of that mansion, as very a beggar, and a wretch, as I left it!

“Accustomed to command, and unused to the common concerns, or meaner interests of life, it had never occurred to me, that, in choosing to have a vessel to myself, I should be totally in the power of the persons I hired. My Maitre d’Hotel and two female servants had been about me for years; nor had I a doubt of their attachment: but how little can we depend on any tie which virtue forms not? These wretches, apprized of the value of my
baggage,

baggage, in which, besides other riches, I had brought the magnificent jewels I wrested from the Marquis at Naples, with many more equally valuable, leagued together at once to plunder me. When the boat was declared to be ready, I saw with surprize, that it was empty; and ordered my baggage to be put in, ere I would descend. What was my astonishment and rage, to hear all my servants declare, that every thing on board was their own, save a small portmanteau with a little raiment! The master, four sailors, and a boy, were, probably by confederacy, collected near me. Incensed at a fraud so gross, I forgot my danger, and threatened, not only my base domestics with punishment, but the crew. This imprudent passion, perhaps, first determined them on brutality: but with a torrent of oaths, they swore to throw me overboard; and finding my resistance violent, they beat and bruised me

as you have seen, nor could all my efforts prevent their lifting me, at last, over the side of the vessel. In lowering after me the little portmanteau, either by accident or design, they let it fall, and with so good an aim, that it struck me this mortal blow on the temple. I sunk into the bottom of the boat, nor ever recovered recollection till I opened my eyes in the very chamber in which they first opened. The villains had, as I was told, landed me, at a fisherman's cabin below, inhabited only by a woman and some children, then hastily rowed off, to fetch, as they assured her, assistance, but in reality, never to return. The charity of your steward induced him to order me to be brought up to Bellarney, where a surgeon was summoned, who having dressed my fractured head, applied emollients to this mortifying flesh.

“ When

“When loneliness, and misery, obliged me to ponder upon the awful and extraordinary incident which thus concludes my worldly career, my nature, hard as it has long been, felt it: but I had neither power, nor will, to make a right use of the infliction. Pride, alas! survives every other passion. It was some relief to find I knew not one of the surrounding servants; nor did they recollect me. I might therefore steal into the grave unknown; as, too surely, I should otherwise be unpitied. The surgeon, yesterday morning, tenderly hinting to me that I could not survive, requested to be informed who I was, and what friends of mine he should address.—I answered, with a bitter fullness, that I never knew who I was myself,—never belonged to any human being,—nor had one friend in the whole world:—all I requested was to be left to die.

“When

“ When the rejoicing of the servants, in the evening, announced the return of the family, I shrunk into myself, but ventured not an enquiry. In my lonely ruminations I suddenly called to mind a coffer where Lady Bellarney had deposited a written account of my birth, but which I had never demanded, as she herself had often related the story to me. That no memorial of me might remain, I just now asked for it, as a thing without value; meaning to destroy only the writing.—Ah! how could I foresee the blessed consequence of this request?—I knew not that the Marquis, and his Emily, lived at all: still less could I suppose that they lived at Bellarney:—lived to commiserate a dying sinner, to whom heaven, at their intercession, may yet, perhaps, extend its mercy. With an almost purifying power, the meltings of humanity rushed even now into my guilty heart, when that ministering angel so

sweetly said it was yet possible that she might forgive me."

The wretched woman now made an effort to raise her hands to heaven, and those around her, but sunk back as helpless:—an awful example that human charms, and powers, even in their extent, may fail to accomplish the views of the wicked in this life;—the hardest nature be unable to resist the horrors of that which is to come.

The pious and gentle Emily, drawing the Marquis after her, while every little innocent intuitively followed the blessed example, knelt around the bed of the penitent sinner; where she offered up prayers so fervent, and benignant, that no eye could withhold those drops, which, while they prove the weakness of our nature, sanctify it.—Then pressing the hand of the
Marquis

Marquis to her heart, his wife made him a party in the solemn forgiveness she audibly pronounced. Sir Edward, hanging over his angel daughter, answered her imploring eye only by an imperfect Amen.

The Duke of Aberdeen, who had been a surprized spectator of this memorable scene, merely because he felt it impossible to retreat, now approached Emily; and, being seconded by her father, would have led her out of the room; when, throwing the door suddenly open, Crosby appeared, with another man, carrying the coffer demanded, covered with dust and cobwebs.—The languid sufferer, lost in more momentous considerations, bade them take it away again; but recollecting herself, —“no,” cried she, —“open it.—I ought to have no pride if I am truly penitent:—let those then who thus witness the manner of my death, know too the extraordinary manner of my birth.”—

Crosby, who was burning with impatience to see what this coffer could possibly contain, had brought a hammer in his hand, and struck off at once the old lock. A written packet lay on the top, which he handed to the sick lady, while he hastily drew forth the faded, but valuable, garments of a woman; which would have engrossed the attention of all the servants, had not the fall of the Duke, in a kind of fit, obliged them to raise and recover him. Sir Edward Arden, too, abruptly wrung the hand, and threw himself in disorder on the shoulder, of the Marquis. Emily on seeing this became utterly regardless of the servants, who were unfolding for her notice a rich, and remarkable Indian shawl. Her father again glancing his eye fearfully on it, as hastily turned away. "Put it out of my sight," cried he, in a low, shocked voice, to his nephew: "that shawl unfolds a tale, my son, best understood by the Duke, and myself.—

myself.—Alas! the mysterious ordination of heaven, deeply involves me in the guilt of that creature—and now can I account for the severe visitation on me, and mine.—“Wretched libertine!” added he, gazing contemptuously on the yet insensible Duke—“is the hour then come for thee to feel?”—Grasping the Marquis yet closer, he whispered, “Let your father be taken out of the room:—that wretch is his daughter—his own child—by Miss Archer.—Oh! Lenox, she is your sister:—and even earthquakes, in the wonder-working hand of heaven, can, to individuals, become mercy!”

Sir Edward now eagerly led his Emily away: and the Marquis accompanied his father. The dying sufferer requested the chaplain to satisfy all around, by reading aloud a letter, inscribed—“To be opened by my god-daughter, Emily Fitzallen, whenever she reaches woman’s estate.”

“ Our days being all numbered, I may
“ never live, my dear girl, to see you the
“ good, and accomplished, woman, I hope
“ you will be. As, however, rich, or poor,
“ we all like to know who we belong to,
“ I will give you what account I can of
“ your parentage; though that, God knows,
“ is not much.

“ After the untimely death of my poor
“ dear daughter, I found myself very sad,
“ and lonely, at Bellarney: so all my kin-
“ dred made it a point to have me a visiting
“ among them. Poor Emily Arden was so
“ little a baby, that I was of no use to her,
“ nor she company for me. I staid a while
“ at Sir Arthur Gore’s seat; where you long
“ after, I remember, so admired, and drew,
“ the rocks. Poor child! you little knew
“ how dear they had cost you.

“ Lady Gore had many good qualities,
“ but

" but was a woeful manager of children.
 " Four such rude boys, as her's, I never
 " met with in my whole life. They were
 " always in some mischief, or other:—now
 " scouring the country on vicious horses:
 " —now floating out to sea in little skim-
 " ming pleasure-boats:—for my part, I
 " thought they would all be, sooner or
 " later, brought home with broken bones,
 " or drowned carcases: but children, and
 " fools, they say, are the care of provi-
 " dence; and, when I think how these
 " young tigers became the means of fav-
 " ing your little life, I cannot but think
 " so.

" One windy October there came, on a
 " sudden, such a tempest as I never saw.
 " I really thought the crazy old house of
 " Kirkalty would have been blown about
 " our ears; while the sea rolled on moun-
 " tains high, and lashed the shore with

“ fearful roarings : — but all the storm
“ without, was nothing to that we had
“ within doors, as soon as Lady Gore
“ found her ungovernable boys had put off
“ at early tide with an old fisherman they
“ paid handsomely. All night, and all
“ day, the tempest raged ; and my poor
“ cousin’s grief would have melted a heart
“ of stone. We all gave the boys up for lost,
“ though we did not tell her so ; and the
“ fisherman’s wife made as bad an outcry
“ in the kitchen, at Kirkalty, as ever we
“ had in the parlour. At noon, next day,
“ the wind fell, and the sky cleared ; but
“ no sign of the boat could we espy ;
“ though we looked, and looked, as long
“ as there was a blink of light. At mid-
“ night, lo ! the tide brought in the boat ;
“ and the voices of the boys resounded, as
“ usual, through the house, and now almost
“ killed their poor mother with joy. Such
“ chafing, as we had, of their chilled limbs ;
“ — such

“ — such cramming of their empty sto-
 “ machs; for they had had a starving,
 “ and a perilous, time of it, you may ea-
 “ sily imagine. Arthur, who had the most
 “ feeling, and sense, of the four, staid at
 “ home all next day; and kept looking,
 “ and looking at me, as if he had some-
 “ thing on his mind. Lady Gore, between
 “ anger and joy, fell sick, and took to her
 “ chamber. Well, in the evening, Master
 “ Arthur taps at mine, and muttered some-
 “ thing about a secret, if I would hear him
 “ with patience: and such a surprizing se-
 “ cret did it prove, that I thought the boy
 “ was romancing; which, to say truth, they
 “ all could to perfection.

“ It seems the storm had driven them
 “ very far out to sea; and the two men said
 “ if the boat had been either bigger, or
 “ heavier, they should never have weather-
 “ ed it. They were all employed in emp-
 “ tying

“ tying the water, that every moment
“ broke over their heads : — thus they
“ passed the night. At peep of day the
“ men found they were driving fast to St.
“ Peter’s Nose, a famous, and dangerous
“ rock. Again they gladly got out to sea;
“ for, if it had been dark half an hour
“ longer, the men swore they could never
“ have escaped the rock. About noon,
“ fortunately, the weather changed; and
“ now they were as glad to get to St. Peter’s
“ Nose, as they before were to shun it. As
“ they neared, they saw a wreck stuck fast,
“ and ready every moment to go to pieces :
“ they hailed her, but not a soul answered;
“ and, after going round, as doubting what
“ they should do, they boarded her. She
“ proved, by their account, a poor little
“ vessel, with a cabin they could hardly
“ stand up in. Having removed the dead
“ lights, they saw that every thing had
“ been rummaged, and all the chests and
“ lockers

“ lockers were wide open, and mostly emp-
 “ ty; so they agreed that the poor men had
 “ taken for safety to the boat, and were all
 “ returning to their own, when the cry of
 “ a baby amazed them:—they at last
 “ looked into a bed, where they saw a wo-
 “ man in a dying state, with a young child
 “ in her arms:—she seemed like one new-
 “ ly lain in:—mighty weak, and quite
 “ speechless. Nothing but cold water had
 “ they to give her, but they hoped she
 “ would revive with that, and tell them who
 “ she was, and how she came to be left in
 “ this melancholy way: though that, they
 “ guessed, was only because she could not
 “ bear moving, as all her cloaths were ly-
 “ ing by her, and the baby very well drest:
 “ —how they managed the poor soul I
 “ cannot tell:—whether they killed her
 “ with their cold water, or she was dying
 “ before:—but die she did, in half an
 “ hour, and without power to utter a word;
 “ but

“ but clasping you, my poor child, for you
“ was this unfortunate baby, to her bosom
“ to the very last. The fisherman, God
“ forgive him, wanted to leave you behind,
“ but the boys would not consent to that,
“ bad as they were. You must have been
“ rarely nursed among them all the rest of
“ the day; however, as they came home,
“ they dropt you at the fisherman’s cabin,
“ till they had consulted what should be
“ done with you. I must confess I was
“ studying, while Master Arthur told me
“ this story, which of his companions (for
“ my cousins were too young for me to
“ impute such a fault to them) had set him
“ on to get his base-born child taken care
“ of by me; but I could not fix on any
“ body, and all four boys told exactly one
“ tale: so in the morning I walked with
“ them down to the fisherman’s cabin, and
“ there first saw you; as thriving a little lass
“ as I ever set my eyes on. The man told
“ the

“ the same story with the boys; but I was
“ so uneasy at their having left the poor
“ woman, that I offered the men money,
“ if they would fetch her, and the empty
“ trunks, in hopes either the directions, or
“ some letters, might inform me of your
“ parentage; but they returned with the
“ melancholy news that there was no sign
“ of the wreck now:—so your wretched
“ mother (though, I doubt, she was an ill
“ one, or God, and man, would not so have
“ forsaken her) had found, in the interim,
“ a watery grave. My anxiety made the
“ fisherman's wife come, and bargain to
“ let me have the poor woman's cloaths,
“ which, it seems, her husband had bundled
“ up for himself, while the boys were star-
“ ing at you, if I would give her more than
“ their value. I was willing to have them
“ on any terms; and, must say, when I saw
“ them, I found the unhappy creature must
“ have been above the common degree:—

all

“ all I got I have had packed up with this
“ letter, not that I could hope such mere
“ trifles would ever lead you to any disco-
“ very, but only I thought it might be a
“ melancholy satisfaction one day to you to
“ have all I could save for you.

“ A few days after, we heard that the
“ bodies of several sailors, and one woman,
“ had been washed ashore, and buried at
“ a village some miles on: most likely
“ those who took to the boat, and left
“ your poor mother to expire alone.

“ I would not leave a poor babe to
“ perish, or depend on the charity of
“ school-boys; so I sent you privately,
“ with one of my own maids, to Bellar-
“ ney, and forbade her ever saying how I
“ came by you, telling my inquisitive
“ little cousins you was dead. — When,
“ some months after, I returned, I found
“ you

“ you a brave girl, and much stouter than
“ Emily Arden, who doated on you. I
“ then had you christened by my own
“ name, and have always loved you both
“ alike. May you deserve that love, is the
“ prayer of your unfailing friend,

“ E. BELLARNEY.”

The spectators satisfied, though not by this letter informed, joined in solemn prayers for the departing spirit.

To the only person whom it could inform, the chaplain afterwards conveyed it. Sir Edward Arden, however, wanted not this simple proof of the parentage of Emily Fitzallen, which the shawl had at once ascertained. Rich, and very remarkable in pattern, it had been among the costly presents of Governor Selwyn to his bride; who, when Duchess of Aberdeen, bestowed it on Miss Archer. Well did Sir Edward remember

remember seeing it wrapped round her, to conceal her enlarged figure, as she feebly tottered through the garden, to a bark that eventually became her tomb.

Softened by this recollection, to a full forgiveness of the wretched woman's guilty daughter, Sir Edward now returned to her chamber, lest the agitation they had all been in, might have added to the horrors of her mind: but he had no sooner cast his eyes on her, than he saw that human joy, or sorrow, would never more affect her. Delirium and stupefaction had come rapidly on, from the moment they retired; and only the glorious benignity, and firmness of Emily's mind, had given the erring wretch the poor chance of a death-bed repentance and pardon.

But if Sir Edward thus accused himself, how did the Duke settle with his own conscience;

science ; since it was plain that the shawl explained the painful truth, no less to him than to his brother. The frank and liberal soul of the latter induced him to seek the father of this miserable woman ; and disdaining to conceal his own share in the well-meant plan, the Duke had no sooner perused the authentic memorial of the old Countess, than Sir Edward avowed the share he had taken in the removal of Miss Archer, and the wounding reproaches which his own soul had long made him, when he found the unhappy woman had been by some strange means lost. A generous or feeling mind, would have silenced the man who thus imputed to himself a sin, white in comparison with the one that led to it ; but the Duke was incapable of so delicate a sensation ; and relieved from the sense of his past fault, by viewing Sir Edward's through the magnifying medium of his own representation, he at once made the Marquis painfully

fenfible of the difference between his father and his uncle. The *eclairciffement*, however, put the Duke on good terms again with himfelf; and had any other perfon in the houfe been able to be at eafe, he would not have found himfelf otherwife.

To recover a little from the horror of thefe exhausting fcenes, Emily, and her lord, with their race of little ones, had wandered to a ruftic feat, on a brow commanding the river, and the boat-builder's houfe. There, with endeared remembrance, the amiable pair reviewed their paft lives, and the happy years they had fpent in that fweet fequeftered home: then worfhipped the heaven which hallowed, even from the hour it had taken place, their marriage, by the affinity of the Marquis and the other Emily: thus leaving not a doubt of the legitimacy of their children. Without an anxiety but for
thofe

those around them, the married lovers, as evening closed, returned home; when the Marchioness anxiously enquired if the wretched woman had yet recovered her senses. The surgeon ventured to inform her that he had never hoped it, and rather thought it a miracle that they had remained at all.

They found Sir Edward traversing the saloon; still exquisitely alive to the pang of the moment; and always picturing to himself Miss Archer trepanned by his emissary, and both thus consigning themselves to a watery grave. The Duke, on the contrary, was sitting, coolly answering his letters from London;—regretting the purgatory he was enduring, and assuring his friends that he should hasten to join them at some public meetings now approaching. When the supper was announced, Sir Edward retired, on the plea of indisposition. The Marquis and his

P p 2

lady

lady sat down to table, but the Duke alone could enjoy the splendid entertainment which Emily hardly remembered having ordered in honour of the birth-day of her daughter. Her grandfather, however, made a voluptuous meal; and the lovers hastened, as soon as they decently could, to the bed-side of Sir Edward; whom they found so nervous, that both insisted on sitting by him.

The Duke, now necessarily alone, and obliged to reflect, used all his customary address to veil from a heart always selfish, and by his vicious intercourse with the world, now almost callous, an uneasy sense of error which the refined Sir Edward had left there. Ingenious in palliating his own faults, he soon almost fancied his brother the only culpable person, and himself the aggrieved one. What had Sir Edward Arden to do with his little gallantries?—he should have taken good care both of
the

the mother and the child, without any sentimental interference. As to this girl, it was not very likely that she should recover; but if she did, he would give her a handsome annuity. Above all, he would get out of the dungeon of Bellarney, the moment that he could make his little arrangement with Beatrice. Under this agreeable impression, the Duke fell into as sound a sleep as if the wretched being whom his vices had called into existence, and who was now dying within a hundred yards of him, had never been born at all.

But though the extraordinary events of the day had not acted very sensibly on the feelings of the Duke, they had seized on his constitution; and the blood had strangely ebbed and flowed in his veins, without his observing it. Repletion was at such a moment dangerous, and his profound sleep very far from a wholesome one.

one. Suddenly he dreamt that Miss Archer, wrapt in the shawl that had been so lately displayed before his eyes, and holding in her hand her daughter, changed to a negro blackness, stood at his bedside. The shock of seeing them was doubled, when the mother, in a voice of thunder, told him that they were come to claim their own; and gasping, with a single stroke, his bosom, they joined to pluck forth his heart, yet spouting with blood, and quivering with life. The exquisite torture of mind and body waked him; or rather, perhaps, corporeal agony had caused the mental delusion: for he felt the gout had at that instant flown into his stomach, and the rack of pain was insupportable. From the chamber of Sir Edward, whom they had soothed into a sweet slumber, Emily and her lord were hastily summoned to that of one, who never was to sleep more. Short but intolerable was the torture of the Duke;
attended

attended with a delirium which realized his dream, and presented the tremendous phantom of Miss Archer for ever to his eyes.—At the very hour, nay, almost at the very moment, under the same roof, expired the Duke of Aberdeen, and his guilty, but unfortunate daughter—an awful warning to all the survivors.

Miss Fitzallen was, by the orders of Emily, privately interred at the feet of Lady Bellarney, and the secret of her affinity to the Marquis was never circulated.

The remains of the Duke were sent to Scotland to join those of his ancestors.

Sir Edward Arden, purified from his only fault, and eminent for his many virtues, by the temperance of his habits, and the unremitting cares and tenderness of his children and grand-children, had the peculiar happiness to reach a very late period
of

of life, without suffering, in any great degree, its infirmities.

Virtue and sweetness, personified in Emily, formed the centre of a wide circle—their mingled beams diffusing a glowing happiness over her own immediate family,—a warm interest towards her friends,—and an affecting benevolence among her dependants; while supplying, in her regulated mind, now an example to her father and husband, and now to her children, she had the rare felicity of seeing that not one of the many was ever tempted, through the course of her long life, to diverge from the sphere of so dear an attraction.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.