

1012

CHRISTABELLE,

THE

MAID OF ROUEN.

VOL. III.



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CHRISTABELLE,

THE

MAID OF ROUEN.

A Novel,

FOUNDED ON FACTS.

By MRS. HANWAY,

AUTHOR OF "ELLINOR," "ANDREW STUART,"  
AND "FALCONBRIDGE ABBEY."

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"You'll give me, like a friend both sage and free,  
Advice;

I'd write no more.  
Not write, but then I think,  
And for my soul I cannot sleep a wink,  
I nod in company, I wake at night,  
Fools rush into my head, and so I write."

Pope.

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IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

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*Christabelle*  
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CHAPTER I.

THE morning succeeding that which had witnessed the contest, and beheld atchieved the victory of virtue over vice, arose clear and brilliant, though some vestiges of the past tempest yet remained, serving to remind them of the dangerous storm. They were exuberant in praising Christabelle's valorous champion, admired his attractive person, his sensible conversation, and his polished manners. While they yet spoke of his apparent merit and the obligations they owed him, Rouviere announced Captain Fribourg, who, after paying with

## CHRISTABELLE.

*bonne* grace his general compliments, particularly addressed himself to Christabelle, inquired after her health, and hoped she had received no serious injury from the effects of her fright, in a voice of such insinuating tenderness, an interest so evident that it occasioned a fly glance from Harriet, and spread a vermillion tint over the soft cheek of Christabelle.

He informed them that he had seen the surgeon, whom he had sent to reconnoitre the field of action; the enemy was fled, and had carried off the dying and the dead; no trace of the recent combat remained, except some "blood gouts" staining the green sward with its sanguine hue. From this account he trusted that Gerrard's wound was not mortal, for had that been really the case, his emissaries would not have thought it necessary to have removed the body. He offered to Christabelle his congratulations, that her late foe was disabled for a time to become an active agent of evil, if not quite dispirited by his ill success.

Our supposed invalid was solicited by



Madame Wentworth to take his frugal repast of pulse and fruit at the villa. This invitation was joyfully accepted, and his feast of herbs partook of in such company, was an epicurean treat swallowed with as much *goût* by this wounded lover, as ever was a dish of callipash, by a turtle-devouring gourmand.

The adventures of the last night having reached them, brought the Latour family to offer their felicitations upon the escape of their favourite Christabelle. Captain Fribourg being introduced by Madame, as her valiant deliverer, met the warm applause his conduct merited, and received a general invitation to the *vicarage*. The *Demoiselles*, to whom such a *preux chevalier* was a rare sight, were charmed; and the lively Catharine whispered Christabelle that she believed such a pleasing companion might make even "solitude" delightful! In the evening they walked back with the party of the good *curé*, to show Captain Fribourg the grotto of the sisters, which having already described, we need not add

to a man of his elegant taste, its simple decorations was an object of real admiration. In this picturesque retirement, the fair maid of Rouen by his side, he thought, forgetting time and space, he could devote his future life to peaceful pleasures, content to know no joys but those afforded by an humble rustic seclusion, enlivened by the society of the chosen of his heart, and a well-selected collection of books, to prevent the powers of mentality from stagnation, he should be blessed, contented, and happy!

As his fervid imagination hastily sketched the delights of love and a grotto, his fine eyes were turned with melting fondness upon the beloved being that had raised the delusive phantom of rural felicity, that was thus abrogating him from all the claims, we deem the world has upon one so exalted in the scale of public confidence, as a peer of the realm! He is imperiously called upon not to desert his post, for the indulgence of a selfish passion. He is expected by those who look up to him, to fill the rank



of his progenitors with becoming eclat, to exert the powers with which Fortune and Nature have gifted him to the honour of his race, and the good of the community. Our nobles, senators, and those of large manorial possessions, ought not alone to live for themselves, but for general usefulness they must consent to sacrifice individual gratification. When their country claims their services, a Briton should

“ Readily afford his tongue, his pen,

“ His council, and his sword.”

Thus thought Lord Eversley, before love that should have expanded had narrowed his heart. His liberal sentiments, his expansive mind, that once took in the wants and wishes of his species, saw now but one fascinating object in creation. Before this ruling passion of his soul all minor considerations must bow submissive. To pass his life in an alpine cot, beside his dear enchantress, he was willing to renounce his title, his wealth, his country, and even

his venerated father! Such were the overwhelming sensations that throbbed in his heart; there was a romance in the commencement of his amour that acted as a delightful stimulus to the hitherto cold and sober ideas of Lord Eversley. It excited an impetus in his breast that had driven reason from her throne!

To Christabelle the honour was given to kindle the first flame he ever experienced; it was pure, sincere, fervent, and lasting. We have seen his struggles, and, as might be expected, witnessed the triumph of love; have beheld it banish prudence, and set the vaunts of philosophy at defiance! Those of our fair readers who have honoured by their perusal our former productions, will do us the justice to allow that like too many of our contemporaries, we have not delineated the tender passion in the hyperbolical language of romance, nor sought to warm their imaginations by glowing descriptions, nor to contaminate their hearts by pourtraying scenes to which female authors ought never to have put their

names! We avow only to give a sketch from the times in which we are fated to exist, which, alas, are strangely changed from those of our forefathers. The powerful god that subdued to his control the whiskered chevaliers and beruffled damsels of other days, who held such sovereign sway and mastery over their minds and manners, is no where to be found. The ancient Cupid, disgusted by neglect, has taken wing from our cold climate, to seek a more congenial region. The usages of the old school are no more; no trembling, blushing, pining fair-one lets concealment pale her damask cheek; no dying swain sighs responsive to the mourning willow; these obsolete feelings are laughed at by the wiser moderns!

Having once met in our intercourse through life that scarce character, a true lover of our grandmothers' days, we present him to our readers as a perfect novelty in this polished era; promising to exert for their amusement and edification all the capabilities time and circumstances have



left us, to pourtray the tramontane in the character of Lord Eversley!

Time passed rapidly with our lovers. Why should we attempt to deny the fact that Christabelle, young, susceptible, and ardent, was as far gone in the old-fashioned passion, as Lord Eversley himself! An attachment arising from gratitude might have been expected to be the result, and therefore surprised no one who witnessed its commencement and progress. He was a very fine young man, amiable in his manners, had a mind fraught with learning's lore, and a heart that overflowed with tenderest affection for her. This was discernible in every animated glance, every delicate attention. He did not tell her so in words, nor was it needful; his looks and actions spoke volumes to the sympathising bosom of our heroine.

She viewed him as her gallant deliverer, who had rescued her from the polluted grasp of the dreaded Longumain. He had represented himself as a soldier of fortune: this did not place an insuperable bar to her



hopes, for once safe in England she had a genteel sufficiency that would enable them to enjoy all the real comforts of life, in that elegant seclusion they both admired. Thus she reasoned, never supposing him so far removed in rank and riches that she might not indulge the idea of his relatives consenting to an union that was to constitute their mutual happiness; she therefore did not check the passion that daily gained strength by indulgence.

Christabelle now recollected the sensible lessons of her "*bonne mere*," addressed to Harriet and herself on the power of the insidious god of love, her resolutions made at the time, and the fervent aspirations she had offered to her Creator to give them stability, by enabling her to practise when called upon to act, what she then promised to perform. Thus retrospection nerved her purpose, and she determined to adhere to the vows she then made to guard her conduct so sedulously, that the weakness of her heart should never appear to its conqueror, until her election should be

justified by his candid avowal of an equal flame! True, she believed their passion was mutual: every eye-beam, every action warranted the conclusion; but blinded by partiality, she might deceive herself. He must therefore speak on the subject, honourably avow himself, and solicit her hand, ere she could consent he should perceive the too tender interest he had created in her breast.

Thus wisely reasoned Christabelle, while His Lordship, though he existed on her smiles, and thought the hours that were not passed in her highly-estimated society a dreary vacuum, in which he became a blank in creation, was yet so fastidiously delicate, so resolved, like Prior's Henry, to be loved for himself alone, so fearful his fond affection should only be rewarded by esteem, he thought that even the superior Christabelle might be ambitious, and he become the sacrifice to female vanity, his love be immolated at the shrine of consequence, rank, and riches. While thus he nurtured doubt, he idolised its object; he never gave his

passion utterance ; nought but his tell-tale eyes exposed its bosom's secret to its fair enslaver. Christabelle also guarded her's with such sedulous caution, that Lord Everfley sometimes flattered himself he was beloved, but oftener doubted this desideratum of all his wishes ; placing her attention, her blushes, her fascinating smiles, to grateful friendship for the man she denominated the preserver of her life and honour.

Thus, by too much scrupulosity, these true lovers became self-tormentors, creating their own misery ; from a too nice sense of the right and the proper, they experienced all the pains and penalties of love. They lived only in the society of each other, yet raised ideal difficulties to procrastinate the avowal, the knowledge of which was to complete their mutual felicity. Her sensible protectress perceived in its earliest stage their attachment ; but as the Captain did not profess himself a suitor for the hand of Christabelle, though a warm admirer of her beauty and merits ; and she being equally silent on the subject, Madame



sought not her confidence, convinced her principles might be trusted to guard her honour.

She spoke to Harriet of her suppositions, and they agreed to let matters take their course. Believing Captain Fribourg the personage he had avowed himself, she thought it would be a very proper match. Her *élève*, so particularly situated, wanted a spirited protector. He appeared to be a worthy and estimable character, though, as a younger brother, not overburthened with the gifts of fortune, while she had what in Germany would have been deemed a very good one. Madame did not therefore imagine his friends would object, merely on the supposition of her being a foundling. Each passing day she was in momentary expectation of being addressed on the subject by the Captain. Thus weeks glided swift away, without producing any eclairessment, though he was a constant and a welcome guest at the villa and the vicarage, where he shared their pleasures, and contributed his quota to their amusements.



Having procured a violin from Laufanne, he accompanied the ladies in their rural concerts, or read to them, while they worked at their embroidery frames. To vary the scene, they frequently sailed on the beautiful river; and, taking a cold collation in the boat, landed on one of those picturesque spots that abound upon its banks, spreading the viands on a flower-besprinkled sod, under the umbrageous foliage of some friendly tree, they dined with a *gout*, exhilarated by the pure and ambient air they exhaled; aided by the renovating mountain breezes, they eat with an appetite never experienced by the sated sons of wealth, at their luxurious banquets; where the eye of the epicure wanders over the well-covered table, to seek amid all the dear-bought varieties, for which the four quarters of the globe have been ransacked, to find something new to lure back his palled sense, to try to excite hunger by rich fauces, and high-seasoned provocatives. Alas! while aiming at gratification, he meets disappointment. The pampered voluptuary, after

tasting each death-dealing dish, sends away his plate, disgusted with a repast that a too sensual indulgence has robbed of all its poignancy.

Lord Everfley was desirous to return some of the numerous favours he had received, therefore he invited the two families to visit his leafy retreat. This was cordially accepted; and on the appointed day, the younger branches having made their arrangements, presented themselves, attired in the pretty peasant's dress of the Swiss cantons, determined not to appear among them as fine ladies.

Thus habited, they formed a most lovely and interesting groupe; their cheeks glowing with the natural roses of health, their spirits exhilarated by the mountain breezes; they were charmed by the beauty of the surrounding scenery. It was the time of vintage, where was heard singing by the lads and lasses, the national air the *Rans des Vaches*, while busily employed in gathering the blushing clusters, whose delicious juice was to reward their toil.

With buoyant elasticity, our graceful peasants joined the merry set, and entered with glee into all their rustic sports. Lord Everfley had, through the assistance afforded James by Rouviere and Suzette, managed to give a rural fête *champêtre*. The table was laid with much taste, and covered with every delicacy money could procure: it was spread in the open air, canopied by a knot of large trees, that were fancifully festooned with wreaths of flowers, and bunches of grapes. The party were exuberant in their praises, highly gratified by the urbanity of their hospitable entertainer, expressed their unalloyed pleasure, and rejoiced him by their approbation. Never were more happy beings, nor more genuine delight experienced by the party, than in their visit to the mountains.

After the company had dined, they retired to stroll amid the romantic scenery, while the board being plentifully replenished by more substantial viands, the vintagers were summoned to partake of the bountiful feast. James took the head of the board,



and in the old English fashion, proposed a toast: when each had filled his goblèt, rising, he gave his worthy master. The peasantry, grateful and joyous for their good cheer, drank it with acclamations that made the welkin ring. Rouviere followed his example, by proposing the ladies of Violet Villa. There were very few of the assembled groupe that had not derived benefit from their medical skill, or whose necessities had not found relief from their charity: of course, it was swallowed with enthusiasm that was reverberated from hill to hill. Nor was the excellent *curé* and his family forgotten.

Thus merry and wise, after having bountifully partaken of the feast, they cheerfully returned to their labour until evening, when to the merry tabor and pipe they concluded with a dance on the green, in which the delighted peer joined, opening this ball *al fresco* with Christabelle, but alternately footing it with the rest of the ladies, frequently with the pretty vintagers, no difference being made on this joyous occasion. All here were equal; and it might literally



be said, "the peasant trod on the heel of the noble." After mixing in their sports for a couple of hours, our party left them to their continuation, unchecked by the restraint which is naturally imposed on an inferior, while conscious of the company of his superior.

Having given a journal of the rational and pleasant manner in which our wandering lover passed his time, it will excite no surprise at his unwillingness to tear himself from the spot that contained his adulated Christabelle: yet the moment was arrived when he was called upon to do so by imperious necessity. From letters received by Madame from Sir Everard, he found his presence was required in Florence. The Baronet mentioned that he was detained in that place, waiting for the return of his friend Lord Eversley, who was making a tour of observation alone, which he supposed in compliance with the present rage, he intended, like other travelling nobles, to present to public admiration in two folio volumes, on hot-pressed paper, and fashion-

able margins ! But as he meant not to turn author, in another week he should proceed to Rome, being heartily tired of the Florentines, indeed, of every body, but the highly-estimated inhabitants of Violet Villa, whom he was most desirous of rejoining.

He went on to observe ; “ when His Lordship revisits Tuscany, he will find his *ci-devant compagnon de voyage*, the gallant Hector Sarcasm, has been propelled to make a hasty retreat, having been detected in a little affair of the heart with a young and beautiful woman, whose *caro sposo* was very cross, very jealous, very ugly, and very old ! Yet instead of being grateful for the attentive kindness of Hector, was so cruel as to shut up his lady in a moated castle, with no other companion than a duenna, the counterpart of himself, to guard the tempting fruit. This accomplished, he had time to think how to dispose of her favourite *cecisbea*.

“ His meditations terminated in employing a couple of bravos, to waylay, carbonate, and mutilate the once-frolicksome

Buffo! I fortunately heard of this bloody-minded intention, and lost no time in putting the poor fellow upon his guard, who trembling with dismay, and half dead with the idea of a punishment that his imagination realised, already he felt the stiletto of the assassins. In the most humble tones he prayed me to assist him to escape the threatened vengeance. Though I despised the pusillanimous cowardice of this once-boasting braggadocio, I was an Englishman, and could not reconcile it to my feelings, the dishonourable method adopted by this Italian husband to revenge his wrongs, by employing midnight murderers; I therefore exerted my interest, my energies, and my purse, to get him out of the Tuscan dominions in *statu quo*; and as he was too seriously frightened to suffer trifles to stop his progress, I presume he is now safe in Paris, where he meant to wait till he heard the future intentions of Lord Eversley."

As they had frequently spoke of their favourite Baronet, Madame scrupled not to read his letter aloud, nor to freely comment



on the strange absence of one of his companions, and the libertine conduct of the other, while she wished the writer was at Lausanne, that he might partake of their rural fêtes, *petite* concerts, and pleasant parties. To this a sigh of assent was wafted from the coral lips of Harriet, whose heart had never ceased to throb for the man she adored.

On hearing this epistle, the Captain bit his lips, contracted his brows, shewing evidently his chagrin at its contents. On the supposition that he knew not the parties, they could suppose it only was occasioned by fearing to meet in Sir Everard a formidable rival. His temper thus ruffled, he soon took his leave; and as he ascended to his alpine cot, revolved how he was to act in this distressing dilemma. The impatience of Sir Everard to revisit Switzerland, he was convinced, would soon bring him to the Villa. Should they meet, so unwelcome an interview would defeat all his hitherto well-conducted plans. On being recognised in his own character, the motives for his practised deception must be prematurely avowed;

he knew with Madame Wentworth's ideas of the proper usages in society, his conduct would be deemed indecorous, and he might forfeit her good opinion; indeed, should he have made an interest in the heart of his idolised Christabelle, he might probably lose it, from his views appearing problematical, or else why seek to oblivionise his intentions by a veil of mystery; for on the supposition they were honourable, would he not avow them to friends so much interested in her welfare?

Until he gave the reins to fancy, and departed from Florence on this romantic excursion, his steady principles, the undeviating line of correct conduct he had pursued through his short life, had never occasioned him to feel one mortifying retrospection, one pang of remorse, one action of which to be ashamed, nor one folly whose commission had raised a blush upon his cheek! His bosom's lord was tranquil and serene. Worldly trouble had never assailed him in any form, until he stooped to the meanness of deception, and clouded the na-

tural openness of his disposition, by practising artifice! But from the period that he assumed a false appearance, masked his own character, and descended to impose upon the trusting credulity of his friends, by stealing into their confidence, under a disguise, derogatory to his consequence, he had known no peace. Accusing conscience whispered he was acting wrong: the pleasure that ever attends the conviction of well-doing was no longer his! Vexations new, and before unfelt, had environed him, while sorrow spread his humble couch with thorns.

His thoughts had been so wholly ingrossed by one object, that it had annihilated every other: he had forgot that the letters of his father were laying at Florence unanswered; that his friend Everard, impatient at his protracted absence, meditated leaving him; that the companion of his travels, by his libertine pursuits, had brought upon him mortification and disgrace. He saw the necessity of exertion; that he must directly quit the beloved spot that contained the wo-



man, on whom he doated with all the fervid animation of a first love!

Could he consent to that, without being assured what were her sentiments in his favour? Certainly not. But to acquire that knowledge, he must honestly, candidly, and honourably avow the passion she had inspired.

Convinced, from the imperious claims on his time, that he had not a moment to waste on delicate doubts and idle scruples, he at last came to a determination how to act; but still it was to be under the assumed name of Captain Fribourg, resolved not to avow his flame in his real character, until he had revisited England, and won over the Marquis of Aronville to consent to an union that was to form the felicity of his future life. This he did not despair accomplishing, when he should himself be enabled to tell the tale of Christabelle's heroic sufferings; to paint her superior mental excellencies; the fascinating graces of her beautiful person; and lastly, when his indulgent parent should be convinced that his highly

appreciated son would be for ever wretched, unless permitted to make this estimable creature his partner for life!

Thus having, in his ascent to his humble cot, arranged how he was to conduct himself in his present dilemma, he felt a load taken from his breast: he breathed freely, having decided on all that was necessary toward putting his new scheme into immediate execution,—it was to procure an interview with his fair enslaver alone, and to pour out at her feet his hopes and his wishes. On his arrival at the cottage, to his trusty James he mentioned his intention of returning in a very few days to Tuscany, ordering him to prepare every thing for their instant departure.

Eager to seek an opportunity of conversing with Christabelle, he made an hasty dinner, and presented himself at Violet Villa, while they were taking their coffee. The blind goddess befriended him: Harriet Ancram was at the vicarage, and Madame summoning Rouviere to attend her, prepared to make her accustomed round of

visits to her poor patients and pensioners. Christabelle through the day had complained of languor and depressed spirits; therefore, though she was anxious to be her companion, her *bonne mere* would not permit her making the exertion, but, with a meaning smile, recommended to Captain Fribourg to amuse the invalid in her absence by a game of chess.

Conscious of his intention, on her departure, the lover felt awkwardly silent. His distress was natural; for was he not going to put his well-beloved to the test, his happiness to the hazard, by speaking upon the subject nearest his heart?—That heart was chilled by fear, depressed by doubt. He was indeed agitated; he was preparing to play for a great stake; no less than the pleasures of his future existence. While thus immersed in thought, an appalling stillness prevailed; he felt all the *gaucheries* of his situation, which assisted to increase his difficulties. Seeing him evidently pained by an internal conflict, his dismay communicated itself to the before-oppressed spirits



of Christabelle. To find relief from employment, she drew the chessboard toward her, and began arranging the men. Starting from his reverie, perceiving her amusement, he exclaimed,

“Do not, dear Christabelle! thus waste these precious moments, the most interesting of my life, the eventful period that must to my future nights and days produce ecstatic joy, or render them supremely miserable!”

This speech was pronounced in such impressive tones, that it alarmed his apprehensive companion, who, when the moment of explanation arrived, trembled to hear announced that passion she had so long and ardently wished to be assured of. Her fair face was covered with burning blushes, while her fine eyes sedulously sought the ground. The feelings of her lover were wrought up to agony: he experienced the alternations of hope and fear, lest, when he told his soft tale, he should not be a “thriving woer;” he was yet determined to

proceed, and that certainty should banish doubt.

He seated himself beside her on the ottoman, pressing her hand to his throbbing heart, told in language respectful, tender, and impressive, the passion that filled his whole soul; described with energetic eloquence, the sensations she had excited, from the instant when he first beheld her fainting in his arms, that had daily gained power and strength as he witnessed her wondrous merits. He concluded by soliciting that she would, with her accustomed candour and generosity, pronounce his doom, to say whether he had been so superlatively fortunate as to have acquired an interest in her gentle bosom.

After a pause, painfully awful to the sighing innamorato, Christabelle, whose sentiments in his favour have been already described, recovered her self-possession; and while an approving smile played round her dimpled mouth, she gracefully presented him the hand she had before withdrawn, her bright eyes beaming with delight. In



accents that shot through his heart, she, with an ingenuous modesty, acknowledged that the gratitude she once felt for the preserver of her life and honour was, from the contemplation of his talents, sense, and worth, so increased, that she felt no scruple in avowing her love for so estimable an object. In rapturous exultation he covered her hands with kisses, while he thanked her for her preference, and for being above the petty squeamish coquettish artifices practised by too many of her sex, to prolong their triumph, and exacerbate their lover's misery, by exciting prudish difficulties, and procrastinating their consent, until "hope delayeth maketh the heart sick."

Having brought our reasonable love scene to a happy termination, Christabelle, never suspecting her admirer to be other than he appeared, he obtained her solemn promise, that, as soon as he could gain the approbation of his father, (he represented his mother having died in giving him life,) she would consent to unite their destinies. We have seen the wily god had taught his votary de-



ception, who having once been tempted to quit the strait road of truth, to wander in the crooked path of falsehood, as he proceeded found his difficulties increase, and unable to gain the correct path from which he had wandered, he was compelled to advance in that he had chosen, though mortification and repentance were the companions of his journey.

Lord Eversley's mind was tortured with poignant regret, even at that joyful moment so fraught with felicity to the man who had done no wrong action for which he could condemn himself, to obtain the blessing of being favourably received by the woman of his election. Convinced of Christabelle's disinterested love, and having gained her consent, he now doubted being able to obtain that of the Marquis. Should he conquer that obstacle, might not the high-minded right-judging Christabelle shrink from uniting herself with a disciple of imposition; for such he would appear in her rigid ideas of propriety, who, like the grandmother of honest James, would for-

bid the committing of evil, on the fallacious plea, that good might come of it.

Such will ever be the corroding sensations of the truly good and virtuous, when, like his lordship, they are tempted to swerve from rectitude, and allow romantic passion to conquer the dictates of sober reason: like him, their bosoms will suffer the goads and stings of conscience; that monitor, who will not be lulled into forgetfulness, nor be silenced by sophistry. Tread, therefore, with caution; let prudence be your guide, for on the first false step you take in the slippery road of error, assuredly depends the colour of your future fate. To re-tread the devious way, and regain the track of truth we have forsaken, however sincerely we wish it, is not always in our power: to measure back our steps, puzzled in mazes, furrounded by difficulties, is not to be accomplished by the most wary, being ever doubtful, frequently dangerous, and sometimes impossible.

Thus too late feeling what might be the consequence of his crooked policy, he re-



solved to regain Florence with all speed, put Sir Everard into his confidence, taking his sacred promise of not making Christabelle acquainted who her lover really was, until he had seen his father, and told his own story, trusting to his parental affection to forgive his youthful frolic, and crown his happiness by consenting to his union with the fair Maid of Rouen. Having made his mental arrangements, on the following morning, at an early hour, he took the road to the villa; well knowing that Christabelle walked in the shrubbery alone, he trusted he should gain an hour's conversation with her previous to the appearance of her friends.

This he fortunately obtained, when, with real regret, he acquainted her, that he had received a summons from his father, of much moment to his future interest, requiring his presence in Germany, which he was compelled to obey. He must instantly, therefore, leave Switzerland; but he comforted himself with the hope that this enforced journey would ultimately hasten his



happiness; that he should return on the wings of love, with his parent's consent to their marriage: that ceremony performed, which would make him the most enviable of mortals, they would together repair to his paternal residence, when, with proud exultation, he should present to his father a daughter so worthy his love, so deserving his approbation.

Wholly unprepared for his departure, the intelligence went shuddering like an ice bolt through her heart, numbing the powers of vitality; a sad presentiment of future evil clouded her smiling countenance; active fancy whispered, might not Fribourg's parent withhold his consent, refuse to receive a deserted nameless foundling into his family? She had been taught to believe the Germans a race proud of their lineage, who would rather reckon heraldic quarterings as their daughter-in-law's fortune than British guineas! She mentally inquired, should this really be my fate, what then becomes of those air-built castles I have in fancy reared of superlative felicity; those domestic com-

forts, those rational enjoyments, to be derived from wedded love, when the inclinations, the pursuits, the gratifications of a married couple have but one source, one end, one aim !

On her intelligent countenance, in which might be read every sentiment of her mind, he saw her dismay ; by intuition beheld the doubts and fears which agitated her gentle bosom. His own feelings were equally acute ; but though he sometimes distrusted his success with the Marquis, he would not allow himself to wholly despair. In softened accents he soothed, he tried to reassure the sinking spirits of his idolized Christabelle, by representing his father as good, amiable, and affectionate, who would feel for youthful passion, and accede to all his wishes. Thus he comforted the fair mourner : it was agreed that he should shorten the hours of absence by frequent letters, which she promised to duly answer.

Christabelle, sincerely attached, and having avowed her affection to its object, who, she believed, truly merited her warmest



esteem, refused not to quiet his agitated spirits, by a renewal of her solemn promise to be only his, unless compelled to revoke her vow by any base or sinister conduct on his part. With this saving clause he was obliged to appear satisfied, though he dreaded its powerful effect, when what was at present enigmatical should in future be elucidated. Would it not exonerate her from fulfilling her part of the contract?

They returned to the breakfast table, where the Captain, addressing himself to Madame Wentworth, expressed his deep regret that a summons, of a nature that could not be evaded, would occasion him to instantly abdicate his quiet retreat, where he had renovated his health, and compel him to quit that charming society, in which he had, through her polite attentions, been permitted to pass the most delectable moments of his life; moments that would ever be remembered with heart-felt satisfaction, and acknowledged with gratitude, while that heart throbbed with vitality. Respectfully bowing upon her hand, he said,



“ Believe, Madame, I do not part from this estimable circle like one divested of hope ; we shall, I trust, meet again under happier auspices, and I be permitted the flattering distinction of participating in those elegant amusements, those rational enjoyments, to which I have been indebted for so much genuine pleasure.”

Madame Wentworth, in appropriate language, expressed her regret at the loss she should sustain by the absence of so agreeable, so intelligent, so sensible a companion. Evidently affected by this kind speech, he soon withdrew to prepare for his unwilling departure, but tried to extract comfort from the idea that it would eventually shorten the painful period that must of necessity elapse before he could revisit Switzerland, and in his own character claim the promised hand of his affianced bride.

The leave-taking of the lovers was solemnly sad and tenderly affecting. Christabelle was still oppressed with sorrowful presages of troubles in embryo, of persecutions yet to be endured, of disappointments

to be sustained, of misfortunes to be combated. These spectral images passed in dread array before her alarmed vision. Lord Eversley, who beheld her terrors, clasped her to his throbbing bosom, and essayed, by all the sophistry of a lover, to banish from her mind this gloomy despondency, engendered by fear and misery; painting, in all the glowing colours of a vivid imagination, those extatic joys that awaited their reunion. In a certain degree he succeeded in calming her perturbations, and hushing her cares into peace. For when did the honied accents of a favourite admirer fail to reassure the sinking spirits, to reillumine the languid eye, to reanimate the oppressed heart of his beloved object?



## CHAPTER II.

FROM those genuine effusions of a good heart, convinced it was acting wrong, that we have attempted to delineate, it may be supposed the youthful peer was not in a situation to be envied, while proceeding on his journey. Wanting that ardent impetus that induced him to make light of every difficulty when he came to Switzerland, on his return he beheld every object in a very different point of view. Vexed with himself, dissatisfied with every surrounding object, his lordship found the horses were wretched animals, the roads intolerable, the auberges detestable, and the viands execrable! Alas! it is ever thus, when the mind's diseased, the body's delicate.

Poor James would have thought his sweet-tempered master strangely altered, had he not from a fellow-feeling been enabled to account for his changed behaviour, from



experiencing similar sensations. He mentally exclaimed, "This restlessness is all occasioned by my lord's being in love with the beautiful Miss Christabelle. I should pity him, did not great folks make their own troubles; or why did he leave her behind; not so, we poor devils," sighed forth James, "that have no will of our own, we must follow where our betters lead. If I was a rich nobleman, I would marry the girl I liked, whether she came into the world without or with a father or mother, it would be all the same when she was my wife."

That universal passion, which alike governs the prince and the peasant, had rendered James quick-sighted; for he had felt its powerful influence from the blue eyes, and blooming cheeks of Madame Wentworth's *femme de chambre*, the pretty Suzette, who had made mighty inroads in the heart of his lordship's valet. He also had told his love-sick story, and found that the breast of his fair enslaver was not made of impenetrable stuff; for James was a young,

lively, handsome Englishman, and was compelled to appear in his proper character, not being able to make himself understood in any language but his own. His master announced that, wishing to acquire a facility in speaking that tongue, he had taken him into his service, and being obliged to converse with him constantly in it, he was now become an adept, as he could previously read and write it with precision.

Suzette lived a long time with an English family, and afterwards resided with them in London. Thus, in the opinion of James, she added usefulness to beauty; for except a little broken French, and a few Italian expletives picked up amid the foreign servants, having not enough of either to hold a discourse, he would have been deprived of the power of speech to urge his suit, had it not been for the acquired knowledge of Suzette. These youthful lovers had the advantage of being able to tell their tender tale, without its being understood by their hearers. Of this James failed not to avail himself, by expatiating upon the numerous



comforts to be derived in his country from active industry, and painted the pretty cottage his grandmother inhabited, that she had promised should be his when she was called to Heaven, "which God keep her long from," piously ejaculated James; "for she is a kind, worthy, good old soul!"

Suzette listened well pleased to her admirer; she loved the English, and had no objection to share the humble home of the man she had chosen for a husband. She was a great favourite with her ladies, and they had promised to take her with them, when they left Switzerland. It was therefore arranged that her lover, on her arrival in this country, should manage to give her the meeting; when, if no prudential motives hindered, they were to be united in the holy bonds of wedlock. Though both the master and man had been equally fortunate in gaining the approbation of their chosen fair ones, yet when they reflected they were parting from them for an indefinite time, each sighed responsive as they revolved the lengthening distance that divided



them from those charming creatures, for whom alone they wished to live, nor feared to die.

Though the axiom has been so often asserted, until it is universally believed, that a lover cannot keep a secret from the woman he adores, honest James proved by his conduct, the assertion to be unjust; for when with feminine curiosity, Suzette called forth all her fascinating powers to inquire into his master's fortune and connexions, he always acted with guarded caution, answered her warily, but when hard pushed, contrived to turn the discourse by praising her beauty, and rapturously describing the joys that awaited their union. This conversation adroitly managed, made her think no more of the Captain nor his race. James had sacredly promised not to disclose the disguise trusted by his lordship to his discretion, convinced that he had motives for his conduct, that though he did not comprehend them, he was sure were not evil, for he was too good, kind, and generous to do a dishonourable action. He would therefore

die, or what was worse, even lose his mistress, before he would betray the confidence of so generous a master.

We will now leave these true lovers to pursue their route to Tuscany, while we return to Violet Villa. After the departure of Captain Fribourg, the pensive silence, the frequent fits of abstraction, the long and lonely walks taken by Christabelle, gave incontrovertible proofs to her companions that she was far gone in *la belle passion*. Harriet Ancram was rejoiced that she had a companion to keep in countenance her weakness, for on the subject of love, the sensible, philosophic, strong-minded Christabelle, superior to most of her sex, had shown where the heart was concerned, that she was not invulnerable. She allowed there was some difference in their situations, for she doubtless knew herself beloved. Alas! she was not so happy; she idolised the man, who if he did not dislike her person, had never given her any reason to suppose that he preferred her to any other woman. This wounding idea to her self-love, ever drew



sighs from her bosom, and filled her eyes with tears. She wished to speak to her friend on this interesting subject, but it was evident to both Madame and herself that she shunned the topic, and they were too delicate to commence it, or urge her confidence.

Thus time was passed by the inmates of the villa in its usual routine of elegant employments. Christabelle felt a repugnance unaccountable to herself in speaking of the engagement she had entered into with Captain Fribourg, though she constantly received letters filled with the effusions of his heart, that overflowed with affection. He wrote from every town in the route through Germany. These transcripts of a genuine flame reassured her desponding hopes, and exhilarated her depressed spirits, for they were expressed in all the glowing, extatic language of ardent passion, he spoke of his constancy, faith, and truth, which distance could not weaken nor time destroy.

Those of our readers that have experienced the indescribable charm, the thrill-



ling transport such epistles received from those we love are capable of affording, can only comprehend the ineffable delight that filled the soft bosom of the Maid of Rouen on their perusal. To indulge this newborn rapture, in reperusing at leisure those precious *morceaux*, our heroine found her highest gratification in wandering alone on the margin of the lake, to comment on those interesting documents, that were so essential to her present comfort and future happiness. Her mind wholly filled by one dear object, there was no room for lesser concerns. Cupid gave his votary courage; for the safety of her person she had no fears, of her arch enemy she thought not, or if from a concatenation of ideas he was ever presented to her mind, they only helped to heighten those of her valiant deliverer in her opinion, eliciting his prowess, and the obligations she owed him for her preservation.

Might not the detestable Longuemain, from the effect of his wounds, be gone to his great account; or, if recovered, have smarted sufficiently from his last quixotic

expedition, to be in no haste to renew the attack? She had at the earnest request of her admirer, forborne to venture amid the leafy retreats of the mountains, but strolled at the side of the river, which generally of an evening was covered with pleasure-barges, filled with gay company. Surely in so public a situation no danger was to be apprehended?

Confident of security, her whole imagination devoted to her Henry, for he had announced his Christian name, she thought not of the closing evening, nor the lengthened distance from the villa. When she had casually turned her eyes on the water, they were arrested by a yacht of a large construction, that appeared stationary, while a small boat was rowed near the edge of the lake, as if following the track she was pursuing. This seemed only a common occurrence, and occasioned her no alarm; presently it started forward, and was hid from her view among the flags and over-hanging shrubs. Roused from her reverie, she perceived the sun was fast sinking, and pre-



pared to return, when she was interrupted by two stout fellows, who throwing over her a large thick cloth cloak, lifted her in their arms, maugre her ineffectual struggles, carried her on to the vessel, and laid her along the bottom. Roused to her danger, she uttered the most piercing cries, but the sound was effectually buffed by the immense envelope, that hid from view her whole figure. So adroitly had they managed, that many minutes had not elapsed, before plying their oars they made the best of their way to the yacht, when heedless of her struggles and screams, they lifted her into the cabin, and laid her on a *couche longue*.

The ruffians deeming their prey now secure, left her to reflect upon her sad situation, and to condemn herself for her false security. She could hear them busily employed in weighing anchor, and crowding all the sail they could carry. The wind blew a brisk gale, an hour since it was favourable, but had shifted, and was now right in their teeth. Fearful if Christabelle should be missed, and if pursued be easily



overtaken, they were compelled to row, but in despite of all their exertions, slow was their progress. Of this elementary disappointment she was made acquainted by the horrid oaths and blasphemous execrations vollied forth by a man upon deck, who seemed to command the rest.

A death-like shivering shook her whole frame, as listening she recognised the dreaded voice of the reprobate Longuemain. Once more in his power he would make vengeance sure; she gave herself up for lost, and offered her pious orisons to Omnipotence to strengthen and support her in this hour of trial. While yet she prayed, the noise of many voices was heard, mixed with curses, the firing of pistols, and clashing of swords. Christabelle, restored to self-possession, hope again re-illumed her prospects, she doubted not her petition had been heard, and that succour was near. She resolved to exert her energies, and appear among her friends; folding around her the cloak, she rushed from the cabin, was in a moment in the midst of a scene of carnage

and confusion. Two men, whose faces she could not discover by the uncertain light opposed to each other, combated with the most determined fury ; fire struck from the well-aimed blows given by their weapons, the wounds each received, drenched the deck with streams of blood, at length both fell from weakness.

A flambeau was brought, and Christabelle, who in the sanguinary conflict had been unheeded, now advanced, and as it glared on their agitated features, beheld with sincere sorrow, in the antagonist of Longuemain, Madame Wentworth's honest attendant, the inexplicable Rouviere ! It was long since the inmates of the villa had been reconciled to his forbidding appearance, by the rectitude of his conduct, and his marked attachment to their persons and interests. She threw herself on her knees by his side, and with a flood of tears expressed her poignant grief, that, in the vain attempt of rescuing her, he had sacrificed his valuable life. She perceived that on her being missed, he had pursued the yacht,



which the wind shifting he had been enabled to reach.

As yet he had not spoke; deep groans burst from his agonised heart. She tore the shawl from her neck, and with part of it bound up his arm; with the other she tried to stop the effusion of blood, that flowed fast from his side. In this charitable office, she met no opposition from the associates of the abandoned Longuemain, who were all busily employed, some in managing the vessel, others in conveying its commander into the small cabin, and trying to bind up his wounds, which to their affrighted fancy appeared to be mortal.

In the violence of the fray, Rouviere forgot his wonted caution; heedless of consequences, he sought but to satiate his vengeance on her ravisher, by regaining Christabelle. In the scuffle his false hair and whiskers had fallen off, and to her utter amazement she beheld, in the ambiguous servant of Madame Wentworth, Dufresne, the compassionate, humane jailor of the Abbaye! Turning upon her his languid eyes, he saw



her start of surprise. Making a faint effort to speak, he said,

“ I perceive that I am recognised ; deception now is useless ; in me, angelic being, you meet your profelyte, who from the moment I witnessed your behaviour in situations the most trying, it softened my heart, humanised my feelings, and miraculously changed my rugged nature. You had saved my soul, and I swore by the holy Virgin to devote my whole remaining life to your service ! I have kept my vow ; but as a punishment for my former transgressions, I fear the sacrifice of such a sinner will not be accepted by the *bon Dieu*.” Here becoming faint, Christabelle, thanking him for the goodness of his intentions, prayed him not to exhaust his little remaining strength by speaking. Throwing over him the cloak she wore, she sat by his side, and bathed his temples with some *eau de Cologne*, which she fortunately had about her.

The heart of Christabelle overflowed with gratitude for her poor profelyte, whose

stifled groans gave it a sensation of agony. She prayed for his recovery, but there was no help nigh. A hope flashed through her mind; she recollected that, prior to her leaving the villa, Madame had desired in the course of her walk, she would call at the cottage of one of her patients, who had received a deep cut in his leg from a scythe in mowing, and leave some bandages and a pot of ointment, of wondrous efficacy for wounds made by a sharp instrument. Lost in her pleasing reverie, she had forgot to make the visit of mercy: it was therefore at this moment in her work bag; she felt a thrill of joy at the idea that it might be useful to the suffering Rouviere. It was compounded by Madame from the healing herbs and balsamic plants in which Switzerland abounds, with whose medicinal qualities she was well acquainted, having never known it fail in numerous cases.

Her scattered ideas thus aroused, she thought only of the dying man, who had for her preservation sacrificed himself. With all that energy excited, which she ever ex-



erted on great occasions, she had torn her shawl to stop the hemorrhage; and self-collected, when surrounded by noise and tumult, she spread the dressings on lint, and prepared the bandages. Her sense of delicacy forbade her applying them, but perceiving a man who viewed the scene with looks of commiseration, she ventured to entreat that he would dress the wounds of poor Rouviere. To this he acceded, and under her directions performed his part properly; a thousand times thanking her assistant, she forgot not the gratitude she owed to the Omniscient. While the quivering lips of her poor patient breathed forth a prayer for her condescending goodness, she perceived, in her forgetting to visit the peasant, the interposing care of an overruling Providence; for had she executed her commission, it would not have been in her power to have applied this wonder-working unction, in whose efficacy she had perfect faith, to the hurts of her deliverer!

While, like the good Samaritan, the



angelic Christabelle was binding up the wounds, and pouring the oil of consolation on the ear of the suffering Rouviere, as he lay wrapped in a cloak on the deck, with a sail-cloth for his pillow, the more wretched Longuemain occupied the only bed in the cabin, and his hurts were dressed by a self-titled doctor, who had, before the new order of things in revolutionized France, been an errand-boy to a chymist; but from that eventful era, when every one designated himself, and took the title that best suited his interest, he was denominated a surgeon. The torture to which this ignorant practitioner put his miserable patient, might be gathered from the alternate groans and horrible execrations that met their ears.

Though his wicked soul trembled on the very verge of eternity, he would not hear of dying, because he dared not meet his Creator, whose commands he had disobeyed, and whose precepts his whole life had outraged. This abandoned miscreant felt no compunction for his numerous offences against society, and was so far from repent-

ing his crimes, that he breathed nothing but vengeance against the innocent object of his wrathful indignation, whom he resolved to instantly immolate to his rage, by ordering his attendants to load his pistols, and to drag Christabelle to his presence; to dispose of the *vilain bête*, who had dared lift his plebeian hand against him, by throwing him into the river, and to lash his two companions to the oar, to accelerate their flight, whom he should know how to reward on their arrival in France.

There can be no fellowship between the wicked; to them the consoling charm of friendship is unknown! No longer than their patron is able and willing to contribute to their pleasures, aid their ambitious projects, or increase their future fortune, must he reckon on the attachment of those fawning sycophants, those time-serving hypocrites. From the moment he is unable to gratify them, can he expect they will assist him! Wretches, who are alone united by interested motives, when changing fate produces poverty, it dissolves the base cement,



and they cease adhering to their late dear companion.

Like rats, they forsake a sinking ship, to offer their services to a more buoyant vessel. This truism was fully exemplified in the behaviour of Gerrard's dissolute crew, who by him had been cajoled into the belief, that by embarking in his scheme, they should share mountains of money, by assisting him to carry off a rich heiress: for this purpose he had purchased a fast-sailing yacht, and in such lawless times, there was no difficulty in manning it with a desperate set of renegadoes. These were held together by nothing but a hope of gain, that could only be realised by the life of their coadjutor. This, from the exaggerated account of his surgeon, seemed to be fast ebbing to its close, and with him would die all their high-raised expectations of reward, though not of punishment. The latter, should they be overtaken in their piratical voyage, they could only avoid by changing sides, like their superiors, and joining the other party!

Assassins as they were, to whom crimes were familiar, they did not like to commit murder for nothing ! They believed, if they managed adroitly, they might make a merit of their clemency, and thus be better paid for acting right, than if they had done wrong ; on this they called a council, where it was agreed *nem. con.* that they should go to the cabin in a body, and declare that they would not obey his sanguinary orders ! This avowal threw the invalid into a violent paroxysm of passion, at what he denominated mutiny, swearing he would order them into irons, and, as soon as he could crawl upon deck, have them all hanged like so many dogs. This exacerbated rage set his wounds bleeding afresh ; but on being told by the doctor, that if it could not be stopped, he would not live another hour, this threat silenced him, for the fear of death alone could render quiet his perturbed patient. To continue him so, at least for some hours, this son of Esculapius made him swallow fifty drops of laudanum.

He now ascended to take upon himself



the command of the vessel, and to acquire improvement in his profession by practising on Gerrard's opponent, who had received a lunge through his right side, and another in the left arm ; but as no vital part was injured, neither would have been deemed dangerous by a skilful practitioner. Advancing with a self-sufficient air, he addressed himself to Christabelle, observing, that as she appeared to be interested about her servant, he was ready to examine his hurts, and give his opinion on their appearance. This she civilly declined : his sufferings eased by Madame's balsam, he had fallen asleep : she therefore told the man of medicine, she had already caused the dressing to be applied that she had seen used with much success ; he now seemed easy, and slept quietly ; she could not, therefore, consent to have him disturbed. Provoked at her refusal, he turned from her in a rage, saying, the fellow might die and be d—d before he would set a foot to save him. Christabelle would not have thought herself justified in not accepting assistance for Dufresne, had she not heard

some of the men giving the history of this charlatan, and laughing heartily at his pretensions to surgery, observing, if the devil spared Longuemain, he would assuredly die of the doctor.

On this she determined he should not disturb, nor torment by his ignorant applications, her poor patient, who was in the hands of the *bon Dieu*, and if it was his pleasure he should live, was more likely to recover by the prescriptions of Madame Wentworth, than by those of this illiterate empiric.

Several days elapsed, when, in consequence of the crew's determination to adhere to what they denominated the cause of the heiress, at her request they had contrived to pitch up a canvas birth to accommodate Dufresne. To this he was carried; and by her direction his hurts were again dressed, which being only flesh wounds, appeared to be in a state that promised speedy convalescence. Most gratefully did her patient thank his fair preserver, most fervently offer up orisons to his Creator that she might be



restored to her friends, and most ardently entreat that, instead of bestowing all her attention upon him, she would take some care of herself, whose delicate constitution must be sacrificed to constant watching. This idea was natural, for what rest she procured was on a mattrafs spread on the deck, wrapped in her cloak, under a sort of tent, that the sailors had contrived to shelter her from the night air; fortunately the weather continued fine, and God, "who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," preserved her from danger.

The wounds of Longuemain, which were originally of a more dangerous nature than Dufresne's, from the ignorance of his surgeon, who knew not how to treat them properly, put on an alarming appearance, attended with much fever. This was accelerated by his impatience to get well enough to exercise his threatened vengeance upon his associates in crime, to whom in vain he issued his commands to bring Christabelle into his presence; fearful of his intentions against her innocent life, they positively re-

fused to comply with his orders! The marked attention, and humane commiseration she had shown to her servant, for such he had announced himself, the softness of her manners to themselves, who appeared as her oppressors, her heroic fortitude under unmerited sufferings, the patience with which she bore the deprivation of every comfort to which she had been accustomed, had made an interest for her in every heart.

She saw the pity she had excited, and tried to avail herself of it, by persuading them to return with her to Switzerland, promising them a most munificent reward, if, by doing so, they would enable her to bestow it by restoring Dufresne and herself to Madame Wentworth. They felt well inclined to comply with her desire, by seizing upon the vessel, and making Longuemain their prisoner, while they liberated Christabelle. They vacillated between hope and fear, without coming to a determination. The wind, as fickle as themselves, sprung up a favourable gale; and while yet they demurred, they rapidly approached the French



coast. It behoved them to come to an instant decision : that it might be in her favour, Christabelle, her lovely countenance bathed in tears, most earnestly intreated their pity. She could not do so in vain, who had rendered a profelyte to virtue the petrescent heart of a jacobinical jailor ! Therefore they pledged themselves to return to Lausanne, as soon as night had closed the eyes of Longuemain and his doctor in sleep, he being the only one of all the motley crew that had adhered to their base employer.

Christabelle's heart once more buoyant with hope, elated with joy at the prospect of being liberated from her dreaded persecutor, ordered Dufresne to be brought upon deck, for the benefit of air, which being done, he was stretched under her tent ; when seating herself upon the mattrass, beside her humble companion in misery, who had been so severe a sufferer from offering himself a willing sacrifice to rescue her from the worst of evils, she whispered in his ear the plan laid for their mutual restoration, which was that night to be put in execution ; bidding

him keep up his spirits, that once at the villa, by kind attention, and good nursing, he would soon regain health and strength.

Dufresne offered up his thanks to the *bon Dieu*, for this glorious intelligence, but avowed, that the balsam of Madame had been so efficacious, that his wounds were already nearly healed. She expressed her pleasure at hearing him say this, and as he was now able to speak without danger, she should be glad to hear his motives for disguise, that illness had prevented him from giving when first they met in the vessel. He bowed obedience, and thus commenced his story.



## CHAP. III.

“ALREADY, Mademoiselle, I have announced it was my fixed determination to devote to your service my whole life, to quit an employment so repugnant to the better feelings you had excited in a heart hardened by seeing crimes repeatedly committed, though I was not the perpetrator of those enormities that now I reflect upon with horror, which I then viewed with apathetic coldness, and thought the murderous warfare was just and necessary to sustain the cause of liberty, to subjugate the proud oppressors to the power of reason, and to render the world better and happier by a more equal division of its consequence, honours, and riches !

“ I had a strong energetic mind ; it was a prototype of my body, rough and powerful, but wholly uncultivated. Born a poor man's son, to labour had been my lot, con-

demned like Cain to eat my bread, procured by the sweat of my brow, uninstructed in a knowledge of society, of manners or learning, I knew nothing! I was the sort of being to be warmed by the florid representations of the more enlightened; I eagerly caught the enthusiasm of the moment, and acted from its influence, whether right or wrong I did not study. Of such materials are the men made, who take an active part in the revolutions of mighty empires.

“ It was my fate to be a sojourner in Paris at that eventful era, that was marked by the demolition of the Bastile, a name at which for ages both poor and rich had learned alike to tremble. Born in a land of freedom, having drawn my first breath in a goat-herd’s cot, on a mountain in Switzerland, I longed to enlist in her cause; while courage nerved my arm, I gloried in giving my assistance; I was ambitious of seeing my name amid the first patriots who struck a blow at tyranny and oppression! I rushed into the crowd, nor stirred from the spot, until that mighty fabric of despot-



ism was levelled with the dust, whose maffy walls had reverberated with the groans of thofe incarcerated wretches, condemned by overweening power to figh out exiftence in all the horrors of folitary imprifonment ; to writhe under the agonifing rack, or to terminate life, by the hands of the executioner !

“ My earneft endeavours had rendered me notorious ; I was noticed by the leaders of the democratic party ; my zeal in the caufe of liberty warmly applauded ; and doubtlefs, had not my want of worldly information been againft my preferment, had the intellectual powers by which nature had gifted me been properly cultivated ; in fhort, could I have played the fycophant, I might, as others of as low a clafs of fociety as myfelf, have in the new order of things afpired to raife myfelf to confequence, dignity, and honours ; but, alas ! confcious of my ignorance, I was too honeft for the times in which I lived ! Unlike my compeers, I dared not with voluble effrontery, boast of talents I did not poffefs, nor impu-

dently claim remuneration that I was conscious of not deserving! What was the result of this taciturn modesty? It was to behold the vile refuge of the *canaille*, the most egregious knaves, the scum of society, placed in offices of trust, and ornamented by the tri-coloured scarf, while poor Dufresne was not thought capable of filling any other employment in the great nation, than being made first jailor at the Abbaye prison!

“ Thus were crushed my aspiring ideas; my ambitious hopes annihilated, by the degrading situation they alone thought me fit to fill. Disappointed, mortified, I became cruel and unjust; my manners were harsh as my person, my address was repellant and morose, my heart indurated! In short, I was sinking fast into brutality, when it pleased my Creator to recal me to himself, by the voice of an angel! You appeared, Mademoiselle; a gleam of your brightness shone on my benighted reason, and my darkness was enlightened! Your tenderness to your guardian, your appeal to



me in his favour, swayed by no selfish motives, to procure comfort for him, your prayers were offered up in his behalf to the God you so fervently worshipped! Your efforts to speak peace and hope to his oppressed spirits, the affectionate conversation that passed, each strenuously exerting themselves to sustain and reassure the others, for I was an unsuspected hearer of the whole! — such wonderful goodness sunk deep into my soul; it roused all those latent particles of kindness, that once animated my breast; the cloud was dispersed; I sickened as I looked back upon my atrocities, and those I must still consent to witness, if I continued in the debasing situation in which my deluded patriotism had placed me! This fixed my resolution to abandon it, and expiate my past aggressions, by dedicating my future days to the service of the angel whose behaviour had snatched me from perdition.

“ I had some interest with many of the noisy declaimers that make themselves heard in the hall of the convention, whose bold demands are too frequently acceded to,

when modest merit would be refused a hearing. To those I applied, and told your tale of woe; I took upon me to answer for your innocence of the crimes laid to your charge by the abandoned Mignonne, and the yet more abominable Longuemain! The violent clamours of the gallery were successful, and the result was the acquittal of both yourself and Mademoiselle Ancram through my intervention, and I was relieved from a load of sorrow. I instantly resigned my disgraceful office, and thought only how to get into the service of the English lady with whom you now resided, though convinced it would not long be a place of security for you, knowing your enemies were at that time employing means to get you into their power. I knew I could counteract their plans, when near your person, by traversing their schemes.

“ I pondered over how I should manage to procure admittance into the family of Madame Wentworth; if I applied for that honour in the character of a *çi-devant sans culotte* jailor, such a personage could not



expect to gain belief that his intentions were honest, and his conduct correct ! I perceived that I must get some one in whom Madame had confidence, to recommend and vouch for me ; this I did not despair of effecting. I never lost sight of you after you were liberated ; I had my spies even in the house of your protectress ; from these I learned your meditated flight ; this increased my eagerness for an introduction to Madame, who, without a guarantee, I could not suppose would trust her person and her property with the inmate of a prison, a *fier democrat*, whose principles and whose interest would dictate the giving her up to his party.

“ In addition to this, for I was conscious of all my defects, that my address, always uncouth, was from the nature of the employment I had been placed in, increased into a fierce unbending rudeness, that in appearance rendered me a very unfit attendant to wait upon delicate, polished, well-bred females. I saw all the disadvantages I had to encounter ; but they were not sufficient

to deter me from fulfilling my vow of attending your fortunes, to watch over and preserve you from those tygers in human form, that I knew thirsted for your blood.

“ Through my spies I gained information, that Monsieur Lambert was the agent entrusted by Madame Wentworth to secretly arrange this business; to him therefore I got myself presented by the worthy physician, whom you, Mademoiselle, will recollect, I procured, at your desire, to attend the last moments of Monsieur Luneville. On him I had conferred an obligation, and now sought the only return I wished to obtain. After you left the Abbaye, my nature being wholly changed by your example and precepts, I was induced to soften the rigours of his imprisonment, and ultimately to serve him, with some of the leaders of the jacobin faction, to whom I was well known. By my exertions, and their assistance, this good man was liberated from confinement, and permitted to rejoin his now rejoicing family.

“ He had witnessed my conduct, when



you were in my power; himself had felt the blessed effects your behaviour had wrought in my once-savage breast; he therefore was the properest person to describe me truly to Monsieur Lambert. His gratitude was unbounded, and most readily he acceded to my request of introducing me to that gentleman. You well know I possessed no polished language to urge my suit; but I simply told the tale of my conversion through you, the adoration you had excited, and the solemn vow I had made; that as you had, I hoped, preserved me from the temptations of the devil, I would be your guard and protector from the machinations of his prototype on earth, Gerrard Longuemain! To do this effectually, I wished to be hired as your escort to the Cantons; for this I was well calculated, being by birth a Swiss, to whom every cross-road and every auberge was well known. Prior to the revolution, I had been employed as a carrier between the two countries.

“ Monsieur Lambert observed that there

appeared so much truth in my story, that though it might be deemed imprudent in him to put my zeal to the hazard, he was strongly tempted to make the trial. Dr. Duval, who knew my sincerity, and that my whole heart was in the business, generously offered to guarantee my integrity, and the honesty of my intentions. It was then arranged, that I should disguise myself as much as possible, that I might not be recognised by you as Dufresne. As to serve and save you was all I required, money was not my object, for I had been enabled to accumulate a sufficiency for all my humble wants. This carelessness in pecuniary matters, made my conduct appear so problematical to Madame, whom I wished to serve without fee or reward, that she would not permit it, and I was compelled to receive wages, or retire from a situation I was so desirous of retaining. Doubtless, she recounted many of our conversations, which must have appeared as strange to you, as to herself. In one instance, I nearly betrayed my sentiments; the leaven of my



old principles adhered to me, and I felt an unconquerable repugnance to wearing that badge of slavery, a party-coloured coat ! She saw my dislike, and kindly yielded to my request of being permitted to serve her in plain clothes.

“ Feeling the disadvantages I had to encounter, more from being illiterate than ignorant, I have employed all my leisure hours, which from the retired habits of the family have been many, in endeavouring to improve myself, to strengthen my mind by books, and form my behaviour from example. Sedulous attention has enabled me to rub off some of the rust by which I was encrusted, when first we met at the Abbaye ; but though I hope my heart is intendered, I am conscious that my manners are still rough, and my person very uncouth.

“ I have never lost sight of my original oath to watch over and protect you ; when you have refused my services, I have, well armed, followed at a distance your steps, convinced that the villain I have now punished would never rest until by get-

ting you into his power, he could satiate his avarice and his vengeance ! But adverse fate defeated my good intentions. When you went to the vicarage, while I was absent, transacting some business for Madame, from the note you left at your departure, of the fraud practised to get you from the *cure's*, nothing was suspected by either family, until your letter arrived in the morning, announcing your being carried off by Longuemain, and your fortunate rescue by the valour of a Captain Fribourg. While I called down blessings upon your preserver, he excited my envy ; I was severely mortified that you should owe your safety to any one but him who was pledged to the *bon Dieu*, to guard you at the hazard of his life !

“ Again my intention was defeated. I had traced your steps at a distance, whenever you took your way to the Lake, until that unlucky night when I was sent by my Lady to Lausanne, to execute a commission of some trust with her *banquier*. On my return, not seeing you in the saloon, I en-



quired of Suzette if you were taking your evening promenade, and which way you were gone ; her answer was, she supposed to your favourite walk by the water-side. It was then near dark, and alarmed, I knew not why, I flew along the margin of the flood. I saw you not, but perceived this vessel, making every exertion to get out of the river. A thousand fears filled my imagination ; my heart misgave me ; I called loudly on your name, and was answered only by the echoes of my own voice. Distracted by my terrors, I was at a loss how to proceed ; there was no time for deliberation ; I resolved to instantly follow the yacht ; but how it was to be effected, was the question.

“ While I was agitated almost to madness, a fishing-boat hove in sight. I hailed it, and eagerly told my distressing tale, promising them every thing they could ask, if they would assist me in this exigence. On hearing that it was you, who had been so kind to their wives and children, that had been carried away by ruffians, they ex-

pressed themselves eager to follow and rescue you from their grasp ! I only asked for their boat, and a couple of stout young men, insisting upon landing the fathers of families, whose existence I would not consent to endanger. Their hardy sons professed themselves ready to risk life and limb for your deliverance !

“ I accepted their services. We rowed with all our strength ; and at length, with much laborious toil, came up with those piratical depredators, who seeing only a fishing smack, heeded us not, until running close alongside, we boldly leaped upon the deck, which being small, we soon came to close quarters. Trusting to my well-tempered sabre, I gave a pistol to each of my companions. The first person that met my sight was the villainous Longuemain, whom I instantly recognised, in despite of his maritime disguise. This assured me you were again in his power ; I repeated my vow, and firmly resolved to rescue you, or die in the attempt. This I announced in a voice of thunder, calling upon him to fight



for his prize, or yield her up instantly. His answer to my challenge was the levelling a carbine at my head ; fortunately, it missed fire. I struck it from his grasp, and like an enraged lion, I attacked this foe to goodness ! Desperate was the engagement ; such our irritation, neither felt the wounds given or received, until faint and exhausted with loss of blood, both dropped at the same moment !

“ In vain had Longuemain, with the most horrible execrations, called for assistance from his hireling crew ; like all other mercenaries they kept aloof, resolved to see what would be the fate of their leader, before they interfered, and then unite with the conqueror. They, as well as my honest fellows, rested on their arms, and viewed the sanguinary conflict. When life was ebbing fast, and we could no longer contend for victory, you Mademoiselle appeared, again took the form of my guardian angel, and assisted by your humane attention, your poor lacerated servant ; for I believe, that without prompt aid, my

hurts would have proved deadly, from the ireful vengeance that directed the strokes of my antagonist. I should imagine those he received being applied with equal good will, must eventually terminate his existence.

“ The death of Gerrard will accelerate your plan, by giving you present freedom, and ensuring your future safety ; for nothing in human form, but that diabolical fiend, would seek to injure so fair and excellent a creature.”

When he terminated this account of himself, which through his recital had caused Christabelle to shed those delicious tears, that flowed from a heart overcharged with gratitude, she repeatedly thanked him for his disinterested attachment, praised his good propensities, and assured him that she should never regret being a prisoner in the Abbaye, as it had made him a profelyte to religion and virtue.

While the truly pious Christabelle was applauding the correct conduct of her penitent, and gladdening his honest heart by



avowing, that whenever she was settled, they would never part, her house should be always his home, he felt renovated by a promise that infused into his exhausted breast new life. The terrified sailors announced that a ship was bearing down fast upon them. If she proved an enemy, they were lost, for they were better calculated to run than fight, having only a couple of small swivel guns, and a few muskets, therefore could not hope to beat off so large a vessel as the one that now appeared crowding all her canvas to come up with them. They had but one chance: the yacht was a fast sailer, and they must have recourse to flight for their preservation.

The alarmed Christabelle, who again saw all her late flattering hopes about to be annihilated, with tears intreated them to make at least an attempt to escape. They were as eager as herself to shun an English prison, for by their glasses they could descry she was of that nation. They strained every nerve to avoid the foe; but vain were their endeavours. The situation of his favourite

made a very child of the athletic Dufresne, while she shuddered at the horrid blasphemies that met her ears from the reprobate Longuemain, when acquainted with their present danger.

But neither the prayers of the good, nor the curses of the bad, could stop the decrees of fate ! Their pursuers soon came up with them ; she was a new-built privateer from Bristol, well manned, carrying fifteen guns. On seeing the insignificance of her opponent, she fired a shot over her to bring her to, commanding her to instantly strike her colours to the British flag, or they would pour in a broadside that should blow her out of the water.

Convinced that they could make no effectual resistance, regardless of the oaths of their madly-enraged commander, who ordered them to fight till they died ; but preferring life, even in slavery, they hauled down the tri-coloured ensign, and prepared to acknowledge their conquerors, who soon boarded and took possession of their prize, that the tars swore was not worth powder



and shot. On the Captain making his appearance, he was surpris'd to find two wounded men, and a beautiful young creature, who address'd him in very correct English, told her sad tale, that, instigated by the worst of motives, she had been stolen from the protection of her friends, by the owner of the yacht; that her servant, who lay stretched on that mattrass, had with two honest Switzers pursued and overtaken them, in the hope of rescuing her. In the attempt he had been severely wounded, as was also the villainous Longuemain.

She continued, that long taught to admire the valour of his nation, that report announced to be merciful as brave, she therefore hoped and trusted that herself and attendant should experience from him the humane treatment that had rendered the British name proverbial among nations.

This appeal from lips that rarely sued in vain, employed in pronouncing an eulogium upon his country, while throwing herself upon his mercy, could not fail of effecting its purpose.

He gave orders for her instant removal into the Tartarus, the name of his vessel, gallantly resigned his cabin to her use, and on hearing the privations she had for several days endured, recommended her to immediately repair to bed. Before she could consent to avail herself of this comfortable offer, she intreated him to extend his kind attention to her poor servant, whose wounds had never received any assistance, but from a balsam which she happily had with her, when torn from her friends; that she had prepared the dressings, which one of the crew, with more compassion than the rest, had by her directions applied.

Captain Beaumont said he was very sorry to be compelled to refuse a request that did her so much credit, but he must receive the owner of his prize into his own ship, and having taken several others, he was quite full, and really had no accommodation for Dufresne, therefore he must remain in the yacht; but as he meant to make for the first English port, they would not be long separated, and in the mean time he would



order his surgeon to examine his hurts, and do all that was necessary, and his situation should be made comfortable by taking the birth of his antagonist.

With this arrangement she was obliged to appear contented, though she well knew Dufresne would think the greatest evil he could have encountered was to be divided from her whom he idolised and worshipped as a divinity. Impatiently she waited for the return of the doctor: his account was most favourable; he said her patient was doing well, that his wounds had never been dangerous, that her balsamic application had performed wonders, and he would soon be discharged from the sick list. Of Longue-main he gave a very different account. From being improperly treated by an ignorant empiric, a gangrene had appeared, which threatened a mortification, his fever ran high, which he increased by incessant ravings; in short, he thought his life drawing near its close.

The pious Christabelle could not contemplate the fate of her greatest enemy thus

called to his account without counting her beads, and offering up a prayer to Omnipotence for his sinful soul. While the Tartarus was beating about the Channel, in the hope of picking up a more valuable prize, a storm of wind arose, in which she parted company from the yacht. The captain flattered himself she had got into some place of safety, but great was the grief of our heroine at this intelligence: she had viewed the elementary conflict with unshaken firmness, but this account made her a very woman. In Dufresne she had lost her only friend, and was conveying a captive to a country where she knew not, nor was known to a single individual. In her purse she had about twenty Louis d'ors; when they were expended, what was to become of her until she could write to, and obtain an answer from Madame Wentworth? The provident care that had caused her to give her papers of consequence into that lady's safe keeping, situated as she was, appeared her greatest misfortune: had they now been in her possession, she might have



easily procured money to answer the exigencies of the moment.

Christabelle had been tried by severe afflictions, and had conducted herself most heroically. Young as she was, she had risen above troubles, under which age and experience might have sunk, but hitherto she had met supporting friends; now, by a strange coincidence of adverse circumstances, she was thrown wholly upon her own exertions, compelled to combat, single-handed, against adversity! The world was indeed before her, yet where on its face was an isolated individual, without knowledge of its usages, or wherewithal to purchase its favour, to find a resting-place? She had clung to her humble friend Dufresne, as one who might advise in exigency, who being attached to her from principle, would protect her from insult; but he also was divided from her, and with poignant grief she reflected, that if the yacht should be retaken, it was more than probable that Dufresne, given up to his enemies, would become a martyr to his proselitism.

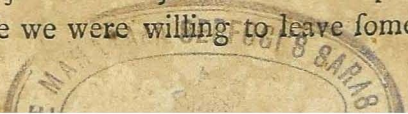
While these mournful reflections pervaded her mind, she condemned herself for daring to murmur, and arraign the wisdom of that Providence, whose miraculous interposition in her favour she had so often experienced, when all human help seemed vain! She thought with Pope, "that whatever is, is right;" for should the worst she feared have happened, his not being in the same ship with Gerrard would be a fortunate circumstance, by enabling him to tell the story to his own advantage, by saying, instead of being his foe and antagonist, he was his friend and abettor.

Thus this truly estimable young creature, instead of enervating her mind by pusillanimously yielding to despair, tried to re-assure herself by embracing hope, and to encourage its delusive flatteries. She had read over a thousand times the letters of her beloved Henry; they were in her pocket when she was spirited away by the emissaries of Longuemain. She applied this precious balsam to her lacerated bosom, while her orisons were offered for their writer: she



kissed, careffed, and wept over those transcripts of a faithful lover. Very different was the effect of the tender passion on the mind of our heroine from how it is described to act upon romantic misses: instead of emasculating her imagination, and rendering her imbecile and inactive, it roused her energies, strengthened her powers, and gave her courage to encounter those evils, those misfortunes, those disappointments, that strew the path of life!

Christabelle loved warmly, truly, fondly, but it was a reasonable, rational passion, founded upon the only firm basis for conjugal happiness, trusting confidence, perfect esteem, and affectionate friendship. In the changing busy scenes we have had to delineate, in which our heroine has been engaged since she left Switzerland, there was no time to talk of the raptures of love, to pourtray her agonies, to count her tears, or number her sighs! It is most true that we have not been so diffuse on this interesting subject as many of our contemporaries, because we were willing to leave something



to the prolific imagination of our youthful readers, who will paint the feelings of Christabelle, when torn from her affianced lord, with more animation and pathetic distress than could be expected from us, who are past the era of romance. We can aver, that the Maid of Rouen could do all things but forget, therefore failed not to pay those tributary dues that the potent god of love has exacted from his votaries for time immemorial.

Having seen our heroine in safety under the protection of British valour, we will return to our friends amid the Appennines.



## CHAPTER IV.

ON the fatal evening of Christabelle's departure, Madame Wentworth and Harriet were rather alarmed when they perceived darkness covering the earth, and that she did not appear; but on Suzette's informing them that the always-vigilant Rouviere was gone to seek and wait upon her home, they made themselves very easy, until the fishermen, according to the orders they had received, came to the villa to acquaint Madame, that her servant being convinced that Mademoiselle Christabelle was again in the possession of her enemies, they had lent him their boat, and two of their sons, to pursue the yacht, which they trusted they would overtake, and rescue the young lady, Rouviere having sworn that he would never return without her.

This intelligence was truly grievous to both, but Madame's powerful mind enabled

her better to combat misfortune : besides, she had great faith in the exertions of the trusty Rouviere, who, from whatever motive, was evidently attached to Christabelle. But Harriet, who adulated her friend, and whose heart was already intendered by a softer passion, was wholly unnerved by the shock ; without an effort she yielded to extreme sorrow. Her morbid fancy conjured up the most horrid ideas ; she saw the sister of her soul exposed to endure every personal indignity from the vile Gerard. Convinced that she would prefer death to dishonour, her terrified imagination presented her bleeding corse immolated by the dagger of the assassin ! At another moment, she beheld her take the desperate plunge into the world of waters, that was to save her from pollution ! These sick fancies haunted her through the day, and robbed her nights of rest or sleep : nor would she be comforted by all the soothing powers of religious hope, nor the lessons of philosophy urged by her *bonne mère*. Madame, feeling for the distress of all parties, became greatly alarmed



when weeks passed and no news of the absent arrived. The fishing-boat that had been set adrift by the crew on its owners boarding the yacht, had been picked up in the river, and delivered to the fathers of the youths, while their sons were bemoaned by the mothers as dead. All the consolation that money could bestow was given with a liberal hand by Madame Wentworth.

During this time several letters had arrived for Christabelle, whose seals were of course held sacred, though she had no doubt who was the writer. She therefore wished to address Captain Fribourg on the subject, but she knew not how to direct to him. To her correspondent Sir Everard she spoke diffusely of her own sorrow, and of Harriet's desponding state of mind, which was evidently sapping her constitution and destroying her health, that all her accustomed recreations were no more, their former amusements had ceased to give them pleasure; she was therefore resolved upon leaving Switzerland, that now she could only view it as the tomb of her former en-

joyments. Not being desirous of revisiting England until the time of her self-imposed banishment was elapsed, she meditated making the tour of Italy, trusting that change of place, and variety of objects, would be of service in raising the sunken spirits of the disconsolate Harriet.

Recollecting with gratitude that he had, like a courteous knight, offered to be their escort to Britain, it emboldened her to solicit that, if not particularly obliged to return to their country, he would take upon him the arduous task of being her *cecisbeo* in the intended tour. His accepting this employment would eternally oblige her; for, deprived of the services of the intelligent, active, honest Rouviere, she should find herself much at a loss when left to the mercy of strange domestics. She regretted that she knew not how to address a letter to Christabelle's admirer, such she was assured was Captain Fribourg, though, strange to say, both of them had been perfectly taciturn to her upon the subject.

Madame rejoiced that Christabelle had



not kept those papers, of so much consequence to her future establishment, about her person; for, should her persecutor convey her to England, with the intention of forcing her to give up those precious documents, she had fortunately put it out of her power to comply with so nefarious a demand, they being safely deposited in her iron chest; and conscientiously should she hold the trust, until they again met under more favourable auspices. Of this desideratum, so devoutly wished, she did not despair, resting with full confidence in the omniscient Ruler of the universe, by whose interposition this fair foundling had been so often miraculously delivered from her enemies.

Before this explanatory epistle arrived, Lord Everfley had reached Florence, just as his friend Everard was on the eve of departure. The Baronet, left to commune with his own thoughts, had begun to find, from that invariable touchstone of a lover, *absence*, that Harriet Ancram had taken full possession of his mind, and filled his whole

heart; that his future felicity would depend on her accepting his proffered hand; nor had he much fear of its being rejected, when he reflected on the flattering partiality she had always evinced for him, as a daily visitor at the villa, and the tender sensations that throbbed in her breast, which in vain she tried to suppress, on the evening he took leave of the agitated charmer; nor was he much less affected by the stifled sighs, the murmured adieu, and the kiss he contrived to steal, than herself. These circumstances had made an impression upon his imagination that time could not erase, and absence had now blown into an unextinguishable flame.

It was in vain he struggled betwixt his love for Harriet and his love of liberty; the former conquered, and he was resolved to return to the villa, explain his intentions to his good friend Madame Wentworth, and being in every acceptation of the term a free denizen, offer his hand, title, and fortune to the woman whose excellent heart, amiable manners, modest undivided



affection for himself, had prevailed over his prejudice against wearing matrimonial chains, and made him a true convert to a virtuous passion.

After greeting Lord Eversley upon his safe arrival, telling him that he expected to hear that he had levanted to England, with some Italian *principessa*, but was perfectly rejoiced he had arrived just in time to take his leave of him, as he now meditated to depart; he then with his usual honest candour avowed those sentiments which he should make the guide of his future conduct, that disgusted with French principles, and heartily tired of roving, he was on the wing for Switzerland, impatient to throw himself at the feet of his fair enslaver, the amiable Harriet Ancram, offer to become her willing votary for life, if she would consent to bind her true knight in the feathery fetters of Hymen! While thus in buoyant spirits he explained his intention, a deep-drawn sigh was emitted from the breast of Lord Eversley, who,

still under a father's control, was precluded from following so good an example.

On Sir Everard's rallying him upon his secret expedition, and claiming the promise given on his departure, of putting him into his confidence at his return, encouraged by the unreserved frankness of his friend, he prepared to lay open his whole heart to his inspection. He began by describing the sensations Christabelle had excited, when it was his good fortune to save her from being immersed in the river ; but not having seen her face at that time, absence, varied avocations, and other objects most probably would have obliterated the imperfect impression she had made on his fancy, had not the wonderful description himself had given of her exquisite beauty, her cultivated talents, her exemplary behaviour to her guardian, her heroic friendship when placed in a situation that would have shaken the fortitude of a Roman matron, awakened his dormant admiration ! As he contemplated such uncommon perfections, it roused all his dormant sensibilities, and ex-



cited in his hitherto untouched heart a most fervent uncontrollable passion for the estimable Maid of Rouen. Her image pervaded his whole mind; he could speak, could think, could dream only of her!

The romance of his disposition was brought into action, he wished to see, to hear, to be introduced to her, under a character nearer to her own rank in life, than that he was fated to fill. In short, he was desirous to gain an interest in her bosom, to be loved for himself, not to owe her acceptance of his suit to his title, consequence, and riches! He was willing to sacrifice all these adventitious gifts to her affection, but not to gratify her ambition. It was true that she had been tried in the crucible of adversity, and had come forth pure without alloy; but who could answer how she would stand the test of unexpected grandeur? Tempted by the offer of power, wealth, and a coronet, might not her exalted principles be shaken? Might she not, actuated by prudential motives, consent to bestow her hand where her heart could not

accompany the gift? The very idea of such a joyless union, chilled the warm current, that the thought of calling this fair creature his, always occasioned to flow rapidly through his breast!

To satisfy these doubts that made such inroads on his quiet, to be convinced by ocular demonstration of that merit he had been taught to estimate so highly by description, to try if it were not possible to gain for himself an interest in her heart, glowing, tender, and disinterested; he resolved upon an immediate journey to the cantons! He then proceeded to give an account of his tour, and the result so flattering to his *amour-propre*. This has been already recounted. Lord Henry summed up the whole by an avowal that if the Marquis did not consent to his marrying Christabelle, on hearing the story repeated he had then told, he could not answer for his own conduct; most unwillingly should he take a wife, in direct opposition to the commands of his worthy father, but he had a sacred vow registered in the archives of Omnipotence, never to wed another woman!



Sir Everard had patiently and without interruption listened to the prolix account of this enthusiastic lover. Well he knew that to treat so confirmed a passion either too lightly or too seriously, would be to make his friend his enemy. He therefore wisely forbore, in this delicate predicament, giving any advice, convinced that however salutary it might be, it would be a bitter potion to swallow. When pressed by Lord Everfley for his opinion on the subject, assured that like all others in a similar case, it was approbation he sought! he could only be prevailed upon to say that both Christabelle and himself possessed his esteem and friendship, and he should sincerely rejoice in seeing them united in those bonds he was going to put on! But they were differently situated; he was his own master, had only to procure the lady's consent, which he flattered himself would not be refused: "You, my dear Lord, have to combat the prejudices of an old Patrician family, who will think it a duty to oppose your wishes. I have too high an opinion of the

generosity of the Marquis, to suppose want of fortune would sway him, but he views in you the prop and hope of his house. Justly proud of his son, he will wish to see you properly matched: thus circumstanced, will the Marquis of Aronville accept a nameless daughter-in-law, who may be sprung from a low original, possibly the offspring of an illicit amour? How can this cloud be dispersed, without her parents would acknowledge her, or chance should enable you to trace her origin? Thus situated, I allow that I have my doubts you will not gain the consent of the Marquis, who, as a father, will feel it incumbent on him to prevent what he will denominate a disgraceful, ill-assorted union!"

While Sir Everard thus sensibly argued on the ungrateful topic, his frantic friend measured the room with hasty strides. The truisms he had uttered brought the conviction how much he had to fear, how little to hope. Grasping the Baronet's hand, he said, "Adieu to the agony of suspense, which I cannot longer endure; I will in-



stantly set out for England, lay my heart open to my father, and from his mouth receive my doom. Should he reject my humble suit, condemn his only child to wretchedness, he makes me an alien from that family whose false pride will fix my future fate! Never will I behold them more, nor again set foot on British ground. I will become the being whose semblance I borrowed to gain my love. By the name of Fribourg I will serve in the Austrian army, and by marrying my adulated Christabelle, under the character to which she affianced herself, I shall be the most happy, the most enviable of mortals!"

"I know your nature, dear Everard, to be too generous, your principles too honourable, to suppose for a moment you will break the promise you have given to faithfully keep my secret; I have therefore not scrupled to trust you with my future plans."

"You do me no more than justice, Lord Everley; I am incapable of betraying your confidence, however I may grieve

at your hasty decision, deplore its consequences, and arraign the madness of a conduct that even your love of an estimable woman cannot excuse in the sensible, correct, philosophical Lord Eversley, when opposed to the tenderness and affection of so kind, so indulgent a parent as you are blessed with."

"I allow, Everard, all you say is right and proper, but I am hurried forward by an impetuous passion, the master-key of my soul, that sways my conduct and turns me at its pleasure; in short, Christabelle is my fate,—I cannot exist without her! You are a happy, enviable man, you go to offer your devoirs, where you are certain they will be received with rapture. Long, very long may you enjoy connubial bliss, with the woman of your unconstrained election. Comfort, and sooth by every friendly attention my beloved Christabelle, whom the being who adores her is for a time constrained to quit; but long it cannot, must not, shall not be! I have still much dependence on the parental indulgence of the



Marquis, who never from infancy to puberty yet refused a request of mine."

He now rang for his favourite James, whom he ordered to have prepared his travelling equipage, and his baggage packed for their instant departure to England. The honest fellow's heart was exhilarated at the sound. In his lowly lot he was not disturbed by appalling doubts, he had no opposing difficulties to encounter in his *penchant* for the pretty Suzette. It will be remembered, James, like his lord, was also a lover, but his rank in the scale of existence precluded him from those cares and those fears that harrowed up the breast of his opulent master. He viewed Britain as his haven of rest, looked forward with delight to his grandmother's cottage, as his long promised inheritance, beheld by him with pleasure, as reminding him of the playful gambols of youth. In this spot, with its venerated possessor and his pretty helpmate, he expected to enjoy happiness unalloyed, amid those relative ties, those domestic comforts that endear to the poor

man his humble dwelling, and render sweet his coarse fare, procured by painful toil and honest industry, when it is shared by those loved and cherished inmates. In vain the tempest rages, the winds howl, the hail beats against their little lattice; they are not annoyed by the blustering of the storm, which only causes them to hover closer around the well-piled blazing hearth. Thus the honest husbandman, when

“ At night returning, every labour sped,  
He sits him down, the monarch of a shed;  
Smiles by his chearful fire, and round surveys  
His children's looks, that brighten at the blaze,  
While his lov'd partner, boastful of her hoard,  
Displays her cleanly platter on the board.”

To realize his flattering hopes, his ardent wishes, James exerted himself so actively, that in a very few hours he announced to his impatient lord, that every arrangement was made for their instant departure. He arose on the instant, requesting Sir Everard, who meant to remain in Florence a few days longer, to discharge all his foreign



servants and pecuniary engagements, as it would save that time, every moment of which was now become so precious, until he could reach England, and know his doom. — This being promised, he pressed with fervour the hand of his friend, again recommended to his protection his beloved Christabelle, sincerely wishing him that happiness with Miss Ancram, which his adverse fate threatened to procrastinate if not to prevent him from enjoying. Thus saying, he sprung into the chaise, and bade the postilions put the horses to their utmost speed!

Lord Everfley had not left Florence one day, when the letter of Madame Wentworth arrived, fraught with intelligence that would have driven him to madness. On its perusal, that milk of human kindness, which ever flowed in the breast of Sir Everard, occasioned him to keenly feel for and truly commiserate the distress of his friends. He would have undertaken any adventure, however dangerous, to restore Christabelle to their arms, but there was

no clue to guide his search. Horrid idea! — the vessel was described as small, in which she was conveyed away; it might be lost, or it might have reached some port in France. In the custody of such wretches, the perspective of either fate was equally dreadful!

An instant's reflection reassured his sinking hopes; Omniscience was all-sufficient, already had she been miraculously preserved; it would therefore have been a crime to distrust the goodness of Providence. A cheering ray shot across the gloom, the yacht might have been made a prize by the watchful English, whose vessels are ever hovering upon the Gallic coast; should this desirable event have happened, all might yet be well, convinced so young and lovely a creature would, from his brave countrymen, experience the utmost humanity! Thus situated, she would write to the villa, and its inmates would soon rejoin her in Britain, or by some chance she might meet her lover; though there she would not think of seeking him, believing



that he was then in Germany. These thoughts brought comfort in their train. At all events, he was right glad his friend had hastened his departure, for it had saved him from knowing a misfortune that he could not have prevented, and some intelligence might be obtained of the fate of his adulated mistress, ere the sad news reached him.

The description Madame had given of Harriet's depressed spirits, would have greatly alarmed him, had he not flattered his *amour-propre*, that his prolonged absence had some share in her regrets, and that his early presence, and the offer of his heart, would act as a sovereign restorative. Of its efficacy, he meant to instantly try the effect, by immediately proceeding to Switzerland. He merely wrote a few lines to Madame, announcing his intention; he stopped only to arrange those things entrusted to his care by Lord Eversley, which having adjusted with his usual celerity, in a very few days he followed his letter.

Love, that always gives wings to the

impatient traveller, who is flying to the feet of his mistress, aided our Baronet's speed, who, by double fees to postilions for extra haste, and to ostlers for furnishing him with the fleetest horses, managed to arrive at Violet Villa long before its inhabitants thought it possible for him to perform the journey. He was received with grateful pleasure by Madame, and with evident agitation and tremulous delight by Harriet, whose suffering mind was divided betwixt grief for the loss of her friend, and joy at the return of the man to whom every impulse of her heart was devoted. Sir Everard forgetting, or wholly careless of a third person's presence, strained her to his breast with a warm embrace; her spirits weakened, prior to his arrival, her contending emotions overcame her, and she fainted in his arms.

Frantic at beholding her fair face the emblem of death, fearing he had lost her for ever, just as he began to estimate her value, his actions were those of a madman. He called upon her by every endearing epi-



that that affection could devise, — his adored Harriet, — the friend of his heart, — the wife of his election. While thus he apostrophised, his agonised tears covered her pale cheeks, he pressed her cold lips, and prayed she would live for her Everard.

Madame, who was the dépositary of her secret sentiments in his favour, being very unlike the generality of her sex, heard with sincere delight his ardent declaration, and future intentions for her *protégée*. She comforted him by the assurance that Harriet was only in a fit, to which, from the weakness of her nerves, she had lately been much accustomed, adding, with a smile, “she will soon be restored if you do not kill her with kindness; but if you will consent to deposit your lovely burthen on the settee, and ring for Suzette, I will answer for her resuscitation — to —” “Oh dear, best, and most considerate of friends, allow me to fill up the blank by saying, to love and Everard!”

The *femme de chambre* now appeared with proper restoratives; Harriet was soon recovered from a swoon, which was occa-

fioned more by pleasure than pain. On perceiving her languid and tremulous, the prudent Madame did not leave the lovers alone, though she saw her presence could be dispensed with by the impatient Baronet, who eagerly sought an opportunity to throw himself at the feet of his charmer, and pour forth the ebullitions of a heart overcharged with tenderness. Though Madame well knew how gratifying the avowal of his honourable passion would be to Harriet, she was fearful her debilitated frame would again sink under such a flow of unexpected happiness. She therefore recommended her to repair to her own room, where rest and quiet would enable her to regain her self-possession. She obeyed, though unwilling to lose sight of her appreciated Sir Everard, for whose society she had so long sighed.

Upon her retiring, on Madame Wentworth's ear he poured his tale of love, soliciting her interest in his favour with her adopted daughter. This she readily promised; but with her usual candour told him, she was well assured that he was no



stranger to the passion he had created in the breast of Harriet Ancram before he left Switzerland, therefore did not return in the character of a despairing swain; that being the fact, her interference would be a work of supererogation! He allowed that her idea was just, but vowed he did not suspect his good fortune until the parting evening; it was then too late to avail himself of its knowledge; nor until absence had shown him the true state of his own heart, he dared not offer his hand to Miss Ancram; but that he was returning with that intention prior to the arrival of her epistle, Lord Eversley would vouch for him.

A passion so well understood by all parties, had nothing to oppose its progress. Sir Everard embraced the first opportunity of being alone with his fair one, with manly energy to urge his suit, and express those tender sensations she had inspired. He had the superlative felicity to hear his enraptured Harriet express a mutual flame; and while he encircled her fragile form in his arms,

blushing she confessed, how long she had been a despairing votary of Cupid.

Thus mutually pleased, mutually happy, why was their union to be procrastinated by unnecessary delays, too often dangerous in love? Thus reasoned the sensible Madame Wentworth; therefore, when Sir Everard intreated his Harriet to fix an early day to make him blest, she willingly seconded the motion. Harriet had nothing to urge against the wishes of her admirer; she sighed on reflecting, that while she was so favoured by Providence, what might be the fate of her unhappy friend! But soothed, and encouraged to hope they should all again meet in joy, by him whose arguments were with his beloved ever incontrovertible, she endeavoured to rally her spirits, and meet him at the altar with smiles of gratitude.

The ceremony was performed by the worthy *curé*, and his lovely daughters were their blooming bridesmaids, to whom Madame Wentworth had presented very handsome dresses for the occasion, to which Lady Ardent, as a token of her esteem and friend-



ship, added elegant pearl broaches, inclosing a plait of Madame's, and her hair intermixt. These were appended from gold Venetian chains. The bridal guests after the ceremony repaired to Violet Villa, where was prepared an excellent dinner. A collation for, and presents to the servants, were not forgot, and sincerely was it deplored that the eccentric Rouviere was not present to share their bounty. The absence of her estimable Christabelle on the happiest day of her life, a life she had helped to preserve, was deeply, sincerely regretted by the fair bride, whose bright eyes were flooded with tears, in despite of her efforts to conceal them, at a moment it must make her appear ungrateful to her generous husband! He had no such ideas, but truly sympathised in her sorrow, while he pressed her to his throbbing heart, and kissed away those precious drops of feeling, he whispered his admiration, his approval of these amiable sensibilities, that doubly endeared her to him, and did herself so much honour.

They stopped at the Villa a few days.

after their marriage, in which time no account of Christabelle arriving, preparations were made for their intended tour through the Italian states. Sir Everard, whose "love appeared to have increased, by what it fed on," was most anxious to leave Switzerland, supposing that its well-known images were calculated to depress the spirits of his adored Harriet, by constantly bringing her lost friend before her mental vision. Madame had fortunately met with the family of an English nobleman, who had been propelled to quit Paris, which being in a state of complete anarchy, no longer offered them a safe asylum. He having lived too liberally in Britain, was on a tour not of observation, but of retrenchment; driven from France, they had repaired to Lausanne, meaning to make it their place of rest.

His Lordship, having heard from his banker that Violet Villa, always picturesquely beautiful, but now much improved by the taste of its present possessor, was to be immediately disposed of, was eager to become its purchaser. Every thing was soon settled.



to their mutual satisfaction. He even hired the servants, Madame retaining none but Suzette, she being requested to consider herself the guest of the Baronet and his lady.

They did not part without a pang of retrospection from a spot that had yielded them so many pleasant hours, nor take leave of the excellent hearted La Tour without keen regret. The lively Catherine, who longed to emerge from the confines of the vicarage, which with a sigh she denominated solitary confinement, breathed an ardent wish that she was to be their "*Compagnon du voyage.*" Her Ladyship looked as if she should likewise be glad of so cheerful an associate. Sir Everard, who watched every turn of her expressive countenance to anticipate her wishes, read the friendly sentiment in her eyes, and instantly exclaimed, "If Madame and Monsieur La Tour can consent to part with their animated, laughing Catherine, I perceive the exhilarating joy it will give to the ladies, and I will promise to return their Hebe safe to their arms, either before we revisit England, or after she has seen that

country she has so often expressed a desire to behold. On whichever they shall decide, I will obey their commands."

Catherine, almost frantic with the idea of enjoying those various gratifications her active fancy had portrayed, sang, laughed, danced and cried alternately, sometimes embracing the knees of her father and mother, and folding her sisters to her agitated bosom, praying them to permit her to accept the generous offer of Sir Everard, and then arraigning herself as an ingrate, for meditating to forsake such kind, indulgent parents, such affectionate sisters! They perceived her heart was set upon seeing the world, and were not blind to the advantages that she must derive from doing so, in such estimable society.

The *curé*, most grateful for this polite offer, expressed his sincere thanks, and accepted for his child the proffered protection of the worthy Baronet. This settled, her weeping sisters lent their assistance to pack Catherine's wardrobe, whose destination in life a very few hours had astonishingly



changed, but greatly to her own satisfaction!

Monsieur La Tour was to receive all the letters that might arrive for any of the party after they had quitted Lausanne, and retain them until he heard they were stationary, when they were to be forwarded. Prior to her departure, Madame Wentworth wrote to Monsieur Lambert an account of all that had befallen herself, Harriet, and the less fortunate Christabelle, spoke of the doubtful fate of Rouviere, the honest, faithful domestic he had recommended to her service, whose behaviour had justified all, and more than he had asserted in his favour. She prayed him to make enquiries after, and set spies to watch the conduct, actions, and pursuits of the wretch Longuemain, and his vile coadjutrix, as that alone could give a clue to trace those unhappy victims devoted to their fury. If fortunate in his search, she intreated that he would neither spare trouble nor expence to deliver them from their persecutors, and to write to her

the result of his success. For this she should hold herself his grateful debtor.

Thus Madame having done every thing that wisdom, prudence, and affection could devise, to gain tidings of our poor heroine, they took leave of the La Tours, and commenced their journey with the best accompaniment to harmonize travelling, — a firm resolution not to be annoyed by trifling circumstances, but to take things as they found them, to glean pleasure from every passing object, in despite of those untoward events which will meet us at every turn, and cross the path of our peregrinations in the journey of life. Our social party, with minds thus properly prepared for happiness, we will leave to its enjoyment.



## CHAP. V.

WHILE the bridal party pursue their route to luxurious Italy, we must take a Parnassian flight to England, in pursuit of our wandering lovers. Christabelle, who had not lost the interest she had at first created in the rough but honest breast of Captain Beaumont, wanted not the scanty portion of comfort he could procure her in a privateer, that having made a successful cruize, was now crowded with prisoners. This determined the commander to make for the nearest port, to land men who were of the most desperate assortment, whom he feared might rise upon him, and after murdering himself and crew, take the vessel to France. He was justified in this idea; Longuemain, whose wound from proper treatment had put on a favourable appearance, and whose perturbed spirit was ever

active in hatching mischief, had been overheard caballing with some of his countrymen to this effect; to whom he was liberal of promises, if they would aid his project of returning to the Great Nation.

Of this plot he informed Christabelle, and his resolution of instantly tacking about for Britain. To this determination she gave added promptitude, by portraying in vivid colours, the atrocious conduct of the abandoned Longuemain, even from his boyish days: his ingratitude to his early protector, his libertine pursuits, his sanguinary character. Checked by no fears of God or man, there was no deed, however wicked, he was not capable of committing to gratify his lawless passions. As an irrefragable proof, she recounted his reiterated pursuits of herself, and the selfish motives by which he was actuated.

The honest tar, shocked at hearing such a catalogue of enormities, eagerly desirous to rid the Tartarus of such a monster of depravity, gave immediate orders to crowd all sail, and make for old England. While



this was performing, he visited his prisoners, informed them that their scheme would not take, and saw them doubly secured. Fortunately, the wind blew fair, and she cut rapidly through the water, with a favouring gale; he soon descended to the cabin, and assisted our heroine to the deck, when he gleefully exclaimed,

“ There, Miss, look about you, and bless your bright eyes with a peep at the white cliffs of Albion, that surround our dear little island, which is now the only spot of real freedom on the face of the globe! I don't speak of the savages, Miss, because they enjoy liberty, without knowing its value.”

On contemplating this object, she did indeed feel a glow of pleasure pervade her whole frame. This assertion may excite wonder, avowed of our heroine, in whose situation there appeared so little cause for rejoicing, but Christabelle had always felt an unaccountable presentiment in favour of Britain; had ever nurtured the idea, that it was there she must seek those near and dear connexions by whom she had

so long sighed to be acknowledged. She therefore greeted the sight of our friendly shores with grateful pleasure, maugre all the disadvantages under which she must be received by the natives. Her heart felt relieved of an oppressed load; her long-depressed spirits rose buoyant, and exhilarating hope warmed her breast, as the Tartarus, her white sails spread to the breeze, entered the Bristol channel.

All was now joy, bustle, and confusion, with the happy mariners; some eager to talk over, with their wives and children, their escapes from danger, and their good fortune, for they had made a prosperous voyage; others to revisit their sweethearts, and make them partakers of their luck; all were gratified and joyous, but those whom the fate of war had condemned to find their prison-house, in a land of liberty! Each of his companions in misfortune were grieved, and sorrowful, but Longuemain was most uproarious. Like a lion, taken in the toils of the hunter, he lashed himself with fury, writhed in agonies, weakened



his powers, exhausted his breath in curses and execrations on himself, and every surrounding object!

Captain Beaumont beheld his violent passions without commiseration, told him he was a base wretch, who had shown no mercy to others, therefore could expect none to be shewn him; that he did not look upon him as a fair prisoner, but as a pirate, hovering round a neutral shore, to waylay and steal its inhabitants. As such, he should report him to the officers of the *dépôt*, whom he sincerely hoped would treat him according to his deserts.

Christabelle, who had heard this sentence pronounced upon Gerrard, in tremulous accents inquired, if it was his intention to deliver her also into confinement. “No such matter, my pretty miss, you are another guess sort of a body, and I verily believe, to be as good as he is wicked; therefore, I ought to be d——d if I did. I will restore you to the freedom that vapouring mounseer meant to deprive you of. It shall never be said, that Ben Beaumont was

wanting in generosity to a woman, whether French or English. From the moment you set your feet upon British ground, you shall be your own mistress, therefore, keep snug in your birth, until I go on shore, when I will take you home to my dame; who, when she hears you tell your story, will, I dare say, take pity upon you, and treat you kindly! She is a good sort of a managing body, though a little hot-headed, and has a mortal antipathy to your country folks; for from reading in the newspapers of the execution made by their crack-neck *gillotins*, she thinks all the *parlez-vous* are downright murderers! But you speak English as well as her, and in a much softer voice; therefore, I hope you will soon become a favourite, and manage to get into present pay and good quarters with our Nance."

Perceiving Christabelle, whose heart overflowed with gratitude, for this unpolished but friendly speech, was preparing to pour forth her thanks; he would not stop to listen, but precipitately left the cabin, sing-



ing. "Rule Britannia, Britannia rule the waves."

Ere an hour elapsed, he descended, telling her he was directly going ashore, and should, according to his promise, take her with him, adding, "I know, my pretty one, you have no woman's gear to make yourself smart with; therefore, I recommend you to wrap yourself up in the cloak, that has already done so much harm, and so much good." His orders were instantly complied with, when lifting her into the boat, she was soon landed upon English ground, and found herself introduced to the Captain's lady, who resided in a neat, comfortable house in College-green. She was a high-mettled, florid, buxom, and rather a handsome woman, on a large scale. Beaumont, very much in love when he married Nance, had given into her hands the reins of government, who, conscious of their value to a wife, had with much pertinacity ever retained them; for what she wanted in knowledge, she made up in cunning!

When attacked by his nautical friends, on his allowing himself to be hen-pecked by his dashing rib, his constant answer was, "It is all very true, I was devilish fond of Nance, who was as nice a wench as heart could desire; so like as other fools have done before me, instead of starting as I meant to go on, I gave the steerage to her, and suffered her to take me where she pleased. Having once felt the sweets of governing, she found it so suitable to her disposition, she has never permitted me to guide the helm since. This is the whole truth of the matter, my hearties; and you that laugh at me now, have a care, when you are making for the coast of matrimony, you do not run upon a lee-shore, and get stranded upon the rocks of contention, by placing the rudder in the hands of a female pilot, like your friend Ben Beaumont."

To this empress of her domain, Christabelle was introduced by her honest, well-meaning helpmate, with, "Here, Nance, I have brought you a nice little companion, a roving smack, to be sure, therefore she is



not over well rigged ; worse luck for her ! She has been twice a prisoner ; first run away with by a French rogue, and retaken by a true Englishman. Her's is a doleful story, but she will tell you all about it. I am certain sure you will be kind and good to her, as I promised, and let poor *mamsel* bide here, until she can hear from her relations."

While listening to this address, Mrs. Beaumont drew up her form into what she denominated stately ; her brow contracted, and her eyes flashing angry glances, as she measured our oppressed heroine ; she answered this appeal, with, " Indeed, Captain, you are wondrous generous, and mighty free with your offers of my services ; but before you brought home your outlandish favourite, to take possession of my house, I might have been consulted. Leave is light, as they say in my country. I hope I need not now repeat what I have so often asserted, that, valiant Captain, you must content yourself with ruling the roaft aboard the Tartarus, for I am, and will be

mistress of this mansion, which no one shall inhabit but with my good liking ; and well you know, Ben Beaumont, I hate and detest the whole French nation, men, women, and children, who are not fit to be received into any christian family, for they are all *sans culottes* and jacobins, who would make nothing to get up in the night, and murder us in our beds.”

Not supposing her to understand it, Christabelle was condemned to hear this taunting harangue in silence. From its tenor, she perceived the commencement of those troubles and mortifications she was fated to encounter, in a country she had so ardently wished to visit, trusting it would to her be a haven of peace. Alas ! all was darkness and disappointment. She would have spoke, and tried to soften the wrathful indignation of this enraged Typhonne, but she feared her interposition would be deemed an impropriety, and only make matters worse. Christabelle, an adept in the Lavaterian system, had read at a glance the character of the Captain's lady. She



perceived, that however her nautical friend might rule the subjects of his wooden world, on the high seas, on *terra firma* he was no commander; that Mrs. Beaumont took that trouble upon herself, conducting the home department with despotic sway and mastery, from whose decree there was no appeal!

This wittol husband, this crouching slave in his own house, in his proper element was as courageous as a lion; a brave, honest, free-hearted fellow, would fight his vessel with an enemy, muzzle to muzzle; a very blackbeard in prowess; would face the most superior force, without flinching, oppose any thing, every thing but his precious limb, in a paroxysm of passion,—to meet this he was a very coward! Avowing, in a sea-phrase, rather than brunt that squall, he would prefer boxing the compass, in the Bay of Biscay, when the wind was boisterous enough to “blow the devil’s horns off.”

It will easily be supposed, that however the husband might, and really was desirous,

to make the asylum he had offered his pretty prisoner both comfortable and pleasant, assuredly his lady wife would prevent his wishes, if only to maintain her authority. Christabelle, accustomed to excite an interest with her auditors, exerted her powers to please ; but she soon found that she was not likely to succeed. Mrs. Beaumont listened to her eventful history in sulky doubt, hoping to catch her in two stories ; she cross-questioned her, like an Old-Bailey counsellor ; but as she never veered from the truth, her wary scrutiny was unsuccessful. Provoked at last, she said,

“ All this is mighty strange, and very wonderful, but so like them there stories that we read in those novel books, that I cannot believe a single word of it. Is it likely, any man in his senses would put himself to such expence and trouble, and venture his life twice, for the possession of a baby-faced girl ? This I cannot credit ; I am, *mamsel*, only a plain-spoken, virtuous woman, who has a character to support amid my connexions, therefore I cannot consent to



risk the keeping you in my house; and as the Captain has been so generous, he best knows why, to give you your liberty, and promise to be your protector, I dares to say he will take care to find you snug lodgings. At all events, I am resolved not to have his French miss brought home under my very nose! This night you may sleep with my cook, because you shall not say we English want humanity and hospitality, and that I turned you out of doors, though you ought never to have been brought in; but to-morrow you must trudge."

Poor Beaumont was truly shocked at the conduct of his termagant wife; he attempted to sooth her, by pleading the cause of youth and beauty in distress, a helpless prisoner in a strange country. This only made matters worse, by changing the object of her anger; on him she now poured forth the vial of her wrathful indignation. Conscious how unjustly he was accused, of meaning aught except parental kindness, in the present instance, toward the innocent Christabelle, whom he beheld

overwhelmed with grief by such cruel suspicions, his long-tried patience fled. Roused to manly exertion, by the vile sarcasms of his incensed rib, he tried to comfort the pitiable object of her malice, by an assurance that he would not forsake her; but since he could not procure her an asylum under his own roof, he would find one proper for a modest young woman to abide in, before he returned. He now departed in a violent passion, in despite of the opprobrious epithets bestowed upon him by his domestic shrew, and the earnest entreaties of the affrighted Christabelle, who prayed that she might not be the cause of contention.

Left alone to bear the brunt of Mrs. Beaumont's exacerbated rage, it was poured in a torrent upon her defenceless head. All the atrocities committed by her countrymen were recapitulated, and she made amenable for their faults, follies, and crimes. Perceiving that her accuser was too prejudiced to hear reason, too determined to believe that her husband's conduct was ac-



tuated by the worst instead of the best motives toward herself, the deserted Christabelle, folding her cloak around her, sat sad and sorrowful, nor attempted to justify her own behaviour, nor deprecate her anger, but in silence listened to the bitter threats of vulgar insolence, while the asperity of her outraged feelings sought relief in a copious flood of salutary tears.

This behaviour, which her antagonist denominated contemptuous, rendered her frantic, until her passions were exhausted by their own violence, from wanting the fuel of retort to feed the flame. Though almost choaked, she poured forth abuse in the language of a *Poissarde*, vowing, that she would instantly turn her out of doors. At the moment she was advancing, to put her threat into execution, the commander of the Tartarus made his appearance, who, while he seated his wife in her chair with one hand, with the other seized the agitated Christabelle's, exclaiming,

“ Come along, never mind what that violent woman says, her words are no scan-

dal; be of good cheer, I have procured you a snug birth, in safe moorings, and smooth water; so let's crowd all sail, my tight little frigate, to enable us to weather this blustering storm." Taking the arm of the oppressed and astonished Christabelle, he hurried out of the house, in spite of the muscular opposition of his astounded helpmate, who having never yet seen him so determined to have a will of his own, began to fear she had gone too far! She therefore resolved to try the power of an hysterical fit; but roused by her unjust accusations of himself, and her inhuman treatment of the innocent Christabelle, this last resource of a jealous wife failed of its wonted effect. Calling the maid to take care of her mistress, whom he left screaming and kicking upon the floor, he quitted the house with the affrighted Christabelle, deaf to her intreaties for him to return to Mrs. Beaumont, and leave her to her fate.

This he swore most furiously he would not do, till he had seen her in safe anchor-



age, and that she would soon be with his sister Bess, who was another guess sort of a body, than Madam High and Mighty. She had been left a widow, poor wench; her husband had been like himself, a sailor, and was wrecked on the rocks of Scilly, in a West-Indiaman, when returning from a prosperous voyage, in which every soul perished. "But such, *mamsel*, is too often the fate of us tars. He was an honest fellow, and the Bristol merchants, though they lost their ship and cargo, took pity on his wife and children, for they were a couple of boys; they made a subscription, which enabled her to purchase the lease of a house at Clifton, in which she takes lodgers and boarders; being civil and attentive, she has always plenty of the best assortment; has throve mainly, been able to educate her sons, and got them provided for, through the interest of some of the gentry who have occupied her apartments. One is a cadet, at Woolwich, and the other a midshipman in the navy, serving under the gallant Sir Sidney.

“ When madam at home got upon the high ropes, and showed off her jealous airs, I was certain sure there would be no birth for you in her house, but determined not to forsake a poor lass I had promised to protect, I bethought me of Sister Bet’s, so steered direct for Clifton, told her how the wind set at College-Green, and assured her you was an ill-used, virtuous young creature, who had been stolen from your friends, and thrown on the humanity of strangers; that I would engage she should be no loser by affording you countenance and support, until you could make your relations acquainted where you were. Therefore, cheer up, *mamsel*, having prepared my sister to receive you, with whom you will be very comfortable; she is not such a vixen as my dashing dame.”

The grateful heart of our heroine throbbed almost to bursting, on hearing the arrangement made by this worthy son of Neptune, for her proper accommodation. She could not find words to speak her sense of the obligation he had conferred;



but the tears that streamed from her beautiful eyes, spoke more eloquently, and impressed the thanks she would have uttered more forcibly on the heart of the honest tar, than could have done the most florid speech. Though thus sensible of his kindness, she politely, but positively refused to accept any pecuniary assistance. His honourable behaviour, when she became his prisoner, rendered that unnecessary. She was in possession of twenty louis d'ors; her watch, chain, bracelets, and several rings, of some but not great value: these, fortunately, ornamented her person, when carried off from Lausanne. This property, she trusted, would be sufficient to satisfy her humble wants, until she could make Madame Wentworth acquainted with her place of residence.

Her generous deliverer was mortified at her refusal, until she assured him, that should her finances fail, she would not scruple to make him her banker, until, by regaining her papers, she could be put into possession of her own fortune, which, hap-

pily for her, was lodged in the English funds.

This conversation brought them to the house of Mrs. Brownlow, to whom he introduced Christabelle, “as the nicest *mamsel* that France ever produced, who would tell her all about herself in very good English.” Then giving her a hearty shake by the hand, he said, “Now, d’ye see, you are in safe quarters, I’ll push my boat off for College-Green, for I suppose by this time Nance has hauled her wind, had her cry out, is come to her senses, and ashamed of her inhumanity to a poor emigrant.”

Mrs. Brownlow solicited him to stop and dine with them; his answer was, “No, thank you, sister, I should do little credit to your beef, for though I know I am right in the present case, and she be wrong, yet I cannot be happy until madam and I be friends, for you know she is a devilish handsome wench, and in spite of her faults I love her with all my soul, though I must allow she be sometimes a little provoking; but I generally let her have it her own way; then it is smooth



water, and we sail before the wind. I never was so angry as to-day, when she roused all the man within me, by her cruel abuse of poor *mamsel*, of whom she took it into her head to be jealous, God knows without the least cause. Good bye; I hope you will like each other. I shall steer back, and kiss Nance into good humour."

With a silent blessing Christabelle saw him depart. She found Mrs. Brownlow a good sort of woman, in the right acceptation of that indefinite term; civil, intelligent and friendly, with a suavity of manners acquired by associating with the society in which her situation had occasioned her to mix. An hour passed in conversation with our heroine, aroused all her commiseration for so lovely a young creature, torn from her home, her connexions, and country, by the machinations of a villain.

She essayed to sooth her grief by tender condolence, and offered the use of her wardrobe until one could be procured for her, observing, however she might be prejudiced against the English, by her first re-

ception from a violent individual, she would find the nation in its aggregate character humane, hospitable, and charitable, ever ready to assist the unfortunate, and do justice to the oppressed ; she gloried in being born a Briton, a land that gave freedom to the slave the moment he set his foot upon it ! that her fate had thrown her amid a people, who were equally profuse of their bounty to the sufferers of other kingdoms, as they were to relieve the wants of their own, “ even, *Ma’amfelle*, to those who have been hitherto denominated their natural enemies, though I think, as Christians, none should be so called, for you will find that when the revolution drove the French forth as wanderers upon the face of the earth, this was the spot on which they found a place of rest ! Our hearts yearned for their misfortunes, we felt for their persecutions, and all that would accept it were allowed annual stipends from the treasury.

This exulting eulogium on England, that had made Mrs. Brownlow eloquent in the praise of her countrymen, was heard with



pleasure by Christabelle, thus restoring them to that good opinion she had always nurtured in their favour. Again her bosom throbbed with the long fostered idea, that in this dear island she should yet be happy ; that here her horoscope would shed its benignant influence. She was conducted to a neat chamber, and accommodated with a change of apparel by her kind hostess.

Our poor wayfaring heroine now breathed freely ; it was the first moment of comfort she had experienced since her departure from Switzerland. Her mind was a chaos of misery, that shunned investigation. Mental terror, and bodily suffering, though it could not obliterate the passion she felt for her well-appreciated Henry, had checked its ardency, stagnated those vivid sensations, paralysed those animated hopes, those tender fears, that form the very essence of love, and are so necessary to feed that flame, which burns the brighter through tears, and lives upon a sigh, is fostered by difficulties, fanned by indulgence, nurtured

by solitude, heated by enthusiasm, and from our weakness gains strength !

Such would have been the sensations of Christabelle, had she continued in the quietude of Violet Villa ; supinely yielding to the flattering, pleasing delusions of a youthful imagination, ever portraying her beloved Henry in the vivid colours of ardent affection, such as she had beheld him at their last parting, breathing at her feet everlasting vows of constancy and truth. But, alas, this tranquil scene how changed ! and in the horrors she had been compelled to witness, affrighted love had fled before the demons of despair. Since she left the Lake of Geneva, there had been no time for tender recollections ; in her situation she was called upon for an exertion of those powers with which she was by nature wonderfully gifted.

Let us cast a retrospective view over her late severe trials ; torn from her country, her friends, her lover, through the artifices of a monster of iniquity, exposed to suffer every indignity that could shock a



delicate woman, to behold those who offered themselves victims to save her, mangled before her eyes, called upon to exert her energies in the moment of extreme peril to save her last hope from wounds and death, obliged to witness a sanguinary conflict upon a boisterous element, and on the result to find herself a second time a prisoner to a people to whose usages she was totally a stranger, and when by a recital of her sad story, she had made a friend of her captor, no sooner had she suspired the air of England, than her reception had been the most mortifying to her *amour-propre*, rejected, insulted, and driven forth as an unprincipled wanton !

Such were the novel situations in which our heroine's adverse stars had placed her, from the period of her quitting Lausanne to her finding a safe asylum with Mrs. Brownlow. In the silence of her own room, she had time to look back on the past, which she viewed as a terrifying dream. Conscious she had been supported by supernatural power, her first employment was to piously thank

her Creator, for her wonderful preservation, and intreat him to guide her faltering steps in the paths of rectitude. From her knees she arose, re-assured, confident in his mercy. As the asperity of her late sufferings subsided, the thought of her beloved Henry again claimed a place in her heart; the tender passion that had been stagnated amid the tumult of such varied miseries, in quiet solitude, claimed the dues of affection, and to be restored to its place in a heart that beat for him alone.

The evanescent hours of ardent youth, are not those of despondence. In early life our vivid ideas nurture buoyant hopes, creative fancy transforms a desert wild into a terrestrial paradise of blooming sweets; joyful period of our existence, when we behold in the scarcely probable a certainty of success! Delusive dreams of bliss, flitting enjoyments of our early dawn, alas, how short are your reign; how soon before the realities of existence vanish the fairy visions of flattering hope!

While thus Christabelle pondered over



her short but turbulent journey of life, she was summoned by Mrs. Brownlow to the dinner table. They sat down to it alone; at that time she had no boarders, the larger part of her house being occupied by a widow of fashion, who had her own establishment. Our heroine's heart, entended by the kind, nay, almost maternal attention of her hostess, with the candour of her unsuspecting nature, she recounted the eventful story of her early life, reserving only her bosom's hoarded secret, her attachment to and engagement with her beloved Henry.

Mrs. Brownlow heard the recital of such painfully trying situations, such hair-breadth escapes, sustained with so much fortitude by so fragile and gentle a creature, with amazement and admiration; while tears of pity filled her eyes, she exclaimed, 'twas strange, 'twas wond'rous strange. Viewing her escape from those perils as miraculous, she piously recommended to the youthful sufferer, to place her trust and confidence in her heavenly Father, for without his preserving arm had been stretched over her,

she could not have been saved from the destruction meditated against her by the machinations of the wicked ones of the earth. Of this truism Christabelle was well assured; her bosom was fraught with gratitude to the Omnipotent Lord of the universe, upon whose goodness and mercy she had always relied, nor ever failed to entreat his support in the hour of danger; and when surrounded by death, her fervent aspirations arose to his throne for succour; nor when rescued did she forget to asperse her humble thanks, that her petition had been heard.

Christabelle being without a change of apparel, the following day was to be dedicated to procure her that essential necessary. Under the guidance of Mrs. Brownlow, her modest wants were easily supplied, without trenching very deeply on the contents of her small purse. Her head wanted no ornament but her fine luxuriant hair, which being braided, she wound around it in the Grecian costume. Her dresses were composed of British cambric, formed into simple wraps;



but beauty, grace and dignity, such as were bestowed by nature upon our heroine, could receive no aid from fantastic fashion, nor needed the glare of costly habiliments to attract all eyes and fascinate all hearts!

Her kind hostess, to whom she was at once an object of commiseration and affection, with a sentiment worthy the most boasted philanthropist, in her forlorn condition treated her with more sedulous attention than she would have bestowed on the most great and powerful, that were rich and happy. Christabelle had claims upon her sensibility they could not make! She beheld her as a most interesting young creature, torn from her connexions, poor, and a prisoner in a strange land! Wholly unlike her sister-in-law, her innocent helplessness pleaded powerfully for her in the breast of Mrs. Brownlow, who intreated her to make herself as comfortable as she could in her present situation, as her house should be her safe asylum, until she was restored to, or heard from Madame Wentworth.

Grateful for her promised protection, she

kissed her hands, and poured forth thanks to this worthy woman, and then retired to write an account of all her romantic misadventures to her dear friends at Violet Villa, whom she flattered herself she should soon embrace in a land of freedom. In the interim, if Madame Wentworth did not deem it safe to forward the documents of her property, she requested that she would not neglect to send immediately a bill on her banker for a supply of cash, as the purchase of mere necessaries had reduced her very small stock of money, and though the considerate Mrs. Brownlow would take but one guinea a week for her board and lodging, yet this, trifling as it was, with other inevitable expences, would soon leave her without a shilling. Only the most imperious necessity could prevail upon her to part with the watch and seals, the last gift of her beloved protector. Still unaccountably shrinking from an avowal of her love for Captain Fribourg, it was only in the postscript that she could bring herself to request that any letters that might have arrived for



her since her enforced absence, should be forwarded to her address at Clifton.

In the impervious solitude of her chamber, Christabelle took a retrospective view of the past, and wondered what would be the events of her future life. We are compelled to admit that love had regained his power; it pervaded her mind, and filled her heart, but not wholly to preclude the claims of friendship. She thought of the excellent Madame Wentworth with the most respectful esteem; of the tender Harriet Ancram with warm affection, with a pleasing remembrance of the many happy hours she had passed with the estimable La Tours; and with commiseration and gratitude for the doubtful fate of the humane Dufresne, who she feared had lost his life in an effort to preserve her honour. She had inquired of Captain Beaumont what he supposed had become of the yacht, and was answered briefly, "that such a fair-weather cock-boat was little calculated to combat a rough sea; that for a certainty she had foundered in the gale in which they

parted company, and all on board were gone to Davy Jones's Locker!" At the dreadful ideas this answer aroused, her eyes filled with tears, and she trembled violently. On beholding her thus affected, the captain exclaimed,

"Don't take on so sadly, *Mamsel*, 'tis the fortune of war; I believe the Frenchman was an honest fellow, therefore the fitter to go aloft. I think it would have been better if your villainous lover had went in his stead, but he is saved to do more mischief. I sent off the rascal well secured with my other prisoners, under a strong guard, but I was such a d——d fool to let him keep possession of his cash, by which he found the way to buy his liberty. Having made his escape, he is either skulking about the coast, or more probably has returned to the *sans culottes*, by whom I hope he will soon be gillotined."

This was dreadful intelligence for Christabelle; to find her insatiable enemy was roaming at large, for from the machinations of so artful a plotter, she could not



believe any spot of the habitable globe could afford her a safe retreat. With only Mrs. Brownlow for her guard, she must not venture out to enjoy a rural ramble amid the beauties of Clifton. The brother of that lady, subjugated by the fear of his wife's anger, dared not offer to be their escort; for, to patch up an uncertain peace, he had been propelled to promise that he would not keep up any sort of intercourse with his French favourite, under the pain and penalty of her quitting him for ever.

This docile, uxorious husband, horrified at the tremendous threat, vowed implicit obedience to his imperious commander. In consequence of this imposed absence, he was only able to make one stolen visit, to bid his sister farewell, prior to his taking another trip in the good ship Tartarus, though he avowed, of all women in the world he loved Bet best, saving and excepting his own Nance.

It was in this hurried moment that he had alarmed Christabelle, by announcing the flight of Longuemain. Her late peaceful

retreat was now transformed into a prison, without affording her security. Agitated with fear, she started from her down bed, that was now changed to the couch of Procrustes; the terrific visions of the night oppressed her spirits through the day; her fancy was haunted by appalling images, that poisoned every enjoyment, and precluded every employment. Listless and inert, she sat brooding over ideal miseries, until she realised the phantoms her morbid mind had conjured up to appal her. Our ardent, high-spirited, strong-minded heroine, was fast sinking into despondence; a poor tremulous, nervous mortal, appalled at a shadow, starting at a sound, and fainting at a breeze!

Mrs. Brownlow beheld, with sincere regret, this fair flower crushed by the "pelt-  
ing of the pitiless storm," bent to its parent earth. From her residence at Clifton she had been frequently compelled to witness the ravages made by dire consumption, that disease of the English, which battens on the young and the beautiful; a distemper often



produced, and always accelerated by secret sorrow, a silent canker worm, that feeds on the damask cheek. Frequently had she beheld these drooping lilies, as a forlorn hope, sent to Bristol's renovating fount, drink the pellucid draught, bow their meek heads, and die! There the unsatiated King of Terrors holds his court, gorging his ravenous maw with whole hecatombs of lovely victims, that are daily seen dropping into his cold embrace! As this good woman viewed the change that pining care had impressed upon the countenance of Christabelle, she perceived she must be immediately aroused from that lethargy of woe, which, if indulged, would assuredly sap the springs of vitality.

Mrs. Brownlow could not boast a refined understanding, but she was eminently gifted with what is more necessary to conduct us through life with credit to ourselves and usefulness to our friends, *common sense*. However scouted this every-day virtue may be by the polished sensualist, the scientific reasoner, and the abstruse philosopher, it makes more happy mortals than can be

found in either of these classes ! We have but to look round the world, and every day's experience will bring the conviction home to our bosoms, that those possessed of what comes under that denomination behave with most propriety, act with most justice, and conduct themselves with most honour. In their intercourse with their fellow mortals, conscious they have no claims to superlative excellence, they expect not adulatory praise ; content with the heart-felt satisfaction of having properly used the talents committed to their care, to the benefit of themselves and those who would deign to accept a share of their limited knowledge. With these proper sentiments of her capabilities, Mrs. Brownlow sought not to overstep the bounds set her by nature, convinced

“ Of plain good sense our choicest joys are made ;  
With it we drive the most substantial trade.”

Her whole life was devoted to active usefulness, and her exertions were amply rewarded by the approbation of her superiors, the



respect of her equals, and the grateful prayers of the poor, who, without her saving hand, were ready to perish. Such was the character of this estimable woman, who, content to fill the station allotted her, “walked humbly with her God.”

She followed our heroine to her chamber, to use those powers we have delineated: she reasoned with her upon the folly, if not the crime of sacrificing her peace, her comfort, and her health to fancied misery; holding up troubles *in terrorem* that might never be realized, embittering the pleasure the present moment offered, by fears for the future. She urged the ingratitude to her Almighty Preserver, who had never yet forsook her, when surrounded by dangers and death; therefore, to doubt his mercy, was to merit his wrath. She tried to call forth her exertions, by reminding her of the praise-worthy fortitude she had exhibited when surrounded by enemies that thirsted for her blood! In that trying hour, when environed by real evils, firm in rectitude she stood unmoved, never lost her self-

possession, and would she now allow her courage to sink before what were merely ideal woes? Was it likely that her persecutor would risk remaining in England, subjecting himself to loss of liberty, merely to gratify his revenge on her, so unlikely to be accomplished in a country whose laws would protect her from outrage? No—it was impossible, she could have nothing to fear.

The kind consideration of her friend, her rational arguments, had their full weight with Christabelle, and she promised to exert herself to shake off the uncommon oppression that weighed upon her spirits. Mrs. Brownlow followed up her advice by active benevolence: she would not permit her to sit alone, “of her sad thoughts companions making,” but accompanied her in long walks, pointed out the beauties of the surrounding scenery, prevailed in making her take some sketches to ornament her little sitting room, took her with her on friendly visits. Thus time and her kind assiduities triumphed over ennui, and she was gratified



by seeing the roses of health again bloom on the faded cheek of Christabelle, the smile of cheerfulness play round her mouth, and hope sparkle in those eyes late so languid.

## CHAPTER VI.

**L**ORD Everfley, resolved to know his fate, pursued with the utmost rapidity his route to England : meeting with no misadventures in his journey, in due time he arrived in safety. On reaching London, he found the Marquis was at his country seat ; thither, with all the impatience of a lover, he repaired ; when, unannounced, he presented himself to his father, who was astonished at his unlooked-for appearance, without his travelling companion Sarcafm, and with no attendant but honest James. With surprise he beheld his placid features evidently agitated by contending emotions, as he flung himself into the paternal arms that opened to embrace him, while, clasped to his breast, he exclaimed,

“ Oh ! my always indulgent parent, excuse your truant boy for returning without



announcing his intentions ; but I have been propelled, by imperious circumstances, to see you without delay. I am come to bare my *heart* to your inspection, to excite your compassion, to solicit your forgiveness for all its weakness, to implore your pardon for bestowing my own upon an angel, without awaiting your consent ; but I cannot doubt your approbation, or I dared not thus have the temerity to avow my fault, and deprecate your wrathful indignation, did I not know your wondrous goodness, your parental affection, your oft-experienced leniency to all my youthful errors. Ever taught to view the tender friend in the indulgent father, I have acquired courage to throw myself upon your mercy. This determination has precipitated me into your presence, convinced that my romantic adventures will be listened to with patient forbearance, and create a tender interest for his son in the bosom of his estimable parent."

Eversley, the impetus of whose exacerbated feelings had been so volubly expressed, was obliged to stop to recover

breath before he could proceed to urge his suit. He was not interrupted by the astonished Marquis, upon whose brow a portentous cloud was gathering. He could understand nothing by his rhapsodical address, but that he had trammelled himself in an intrigue with some Italian *contessa*, whom he had induced to leave her liege lord, and become the companion of his flight to England. He was shocked and grieved that a son whom he had taken such sedulous care to educate in the strictest precepts of honour, morality, and religion, should swerve so widely from their dictates, and in so short a space of time give the rein to passion, become a libertine seducer, perhaps an unprincipled adulterer, courting notoriety, and soliciting fashionable eclat, by means that would make the estimable and worthy of his species turn from him with abhorrence.

Viewing Lord Everfley with an angry frown, the peer haughtily commanded him to quit the language of hyperbolical inflation, and condescend to be understood by



explaining what madness he had committed, that could occasion his precipitate return from the continent, before he had pursued half the tract that himself had marked out for him on the map of Europe, in the course of which he would have received both pleasure and improvement; assuring him, that if it was of a discreditable nature, derogatory to the principles he had laboured to instil on his mind from early youth, he must expect no lenity. The lax usages of the depraved era in which they lived, the example of his contemporaries, would be no excuse for one educated with the utmost care, and instructed in his moral and religious duties. Lord Eversley perceived that his ardent impetuosity had alarmed his father with fears of his having formed an illicit connexion; he was most eager to clear himself in his opinion, of a crime of which he was indeed incapable.

Having implored a patient hearing, and obtained the boon he sought, he took up the tale of our heroine, from their first meeting upon the bridge at Rouen, his

happinefs in having moft probably faved her life. In glowing language he recounted Sir Everard Ardent's recital of her romantic birth and trying adventures, in fituations the moft appalling; that when this tale had been told him by the Baronet, it had excited, in his hitherto tranquil bofom, a moft perturbed fenfation, a reftlefs curiofity to behold and converfe with fo fuperior a young creature; to judge for himfelf of the powers of that mind, thofe talents and accomplifhments, he had heard defcribed as almoft miraculous! This he had fortunately accomplifhed, and, under the travelling name of Captain Fribourg, he had again faved her from the villainous Longue-main, who had ftolen her from the protection of her friends, alike the determined deftroyer of her honour and her life.

On reftoring her to her protectrefs, he was often an invited gueft at her villa, where he found the lovely Chriftablelle exalted very far beyond even his high-raifed expectations; that to fee her charming perfon, to hear the dulcet tones of her melodious



voice, while uttering the precepts of wisdom, and not to become her willing slave, was impossible. She had made an impression that neither situation, time, nor distance could ever efface! She alone possessed his whole heart, nor could he know happiness, if master of a throne, if she did not share it with him. Warmed with his subject, he grew eloquent in her praise, and portrayed the passion she had inspired, with a tender pathos, that drew a sigh from the bosom of the Marquis, for the pain he was compelled to give by putting his *veto* upon so improper a choice, for the heir of the marquissate of Aronville.

Of this, though he feared the inutility of the attempt, he essayed to convince Eversley. He pointed out to him how wrong he had acted both to the young lady and himself, by stealing into her affections under a false character, and inducing her to accept his devoirs, on the idea that he was a free agent, filling a situation in the world, on an equality with her own expectations. This deceptive behaviour

was at once cruel and dishonourable; in respect to himself, as a parent, it was inexcusable, disrespectful, and disobedient; when he formed a serious engagement with a young woman, however meritorious had been her conduct in those trying situations he had so pathetically described, without first consulting the opinion, or soliciting the consent of such an indulgent father as he had ever proved himself.

Perceiving Everfley prepared to speak in mitigation of the angry reproofs he felt conscious of deserving, the Marquis said, "Do not interrupt me, sir, hear me to an end, for acquainted with my fixed determination upon this business, you will better know how to arrange your future plans, when convinced that all your attempts to work upon my paternal feelings will lose their wonted effect, opposed by the imperious duty I owe to the dignified race from which I sprung. In you I behold the last scion of the family tree, which I have reared with caution and cultivated with a most attentive assiduity, desirous that, through



you, it might receive no blight, but flourish fair to future generations! You would graft upon it a degenerate bough; I am called upon to prevent this degradation, therefore shall not allow the silly fondness of the father to render me forgetful of the claims of my respectable ancestors! Never, while I can prevent it, will I consent to your outraging their memories, by throwing down the pale of propriety, in uniting yourself with a catholic, a nameless foundling, thrown upon the public, deserted by her relations, doubtless an illegitimate offspring they were ashamed to acknowledge. However gifted by nature, however estimable her conduct, however to be deplored her helpless situation, yet she is not a fit object to be your wife, a proper mother for your children, nor a daughter such as I can justify myself in the world's opinion, for introducing to their notice, as the future Marchioness of Aronville."

His flushed cheeks and agitated features shewed how painful was the silence imposed upon him by his father, and that he was most

eager to be heard in vindication of his passion. Though convinced of this, the Marquis continued to address him.

“ Understand me right, Everfley, notwithstanding I am compelled to reject your suit, as clashing with my views for your settlement in life, I entertain no resentment against this poor girl, the innocent cause of your mad passion ; I should be most happy to have it pointed out how I could effectually serve her. I think her's has been a hard lot. From infancy to the present moment she appears doomed to suffer for the crimes of others ; first for the sins of her parents, and secondly for the follies of her lover ! Nay, start not, sir, you have injured her most essentially, by taking an undue advantage of her gratitude for having saved her life and honour, by stealing into her heart under the semblance of another person, though conscious you were acting against the principles of rectitude, reckless of the claims of duty you owed me as a parent, and derogatory to the conduct of a man of honour, which



forbad your engaging your hand without my consent being first obtained. Where was your accustomed candour, when you dared not avow your real rank in society to this young creature, that you were not a free denizen, therefore could not dispose of yourself without the concurrence of your parent? To have so acted would have been wise, just, and honourable!"

His Lordship was ashamed, vexed, and mortified at having his conduct so forcefully arraigned, its duplicity so strongly delineated, and its impropriety brought home to his feelings by the truly incensed Marquis. His bosom was agonised by conflicting emotions, yet with petulant pertinacity he adhered to his determination, nor would allow that he had acted wrong by his romantic tour of curiosity, whose termination had placed both Christabelle and himself in a situation that threatened to cloud with repentance and sorrow their future days. The lofty saloon reverberated his steps as he measured it in a state of dreadful agitation, that exhibited, by each

strained muscle, his distress, and made each firm nerve tremble with contending passions. He pressed his burning hands against his throbbing temples, and his manly breast heaved with ill-suppressed groans of insufferable anguish!

The Marquis, much affected, followed with his eyes this darling son as he paced the floor; he felt poignantly for the grief his refusal had created, but he would not recant; he thought he was called upon by the shades of his ancestors to be firm, to support the honour, the credit of his heir, the future representative of his illustrious race! He therefore could not consent, through partial fondness for this last scion of his family tree, to permit the contamination of its root. This he told Lord Everley, observing that he had hoped the duty he owed to him as a father, would have effectually prevented him from entering into so serious an engagement as that of marriage, without his being consulted. He therefore expected this boyish passion should be thought of no more; in that case he



should think no longer of his aberrations from propriety, being willing to overlook it, as a frolic of effervescent youth, a romantic adventure, which if not nurtured into consequence in the hot-bed of his heated brain, exhausted by its own violence would expire of itself, if not encouraged by the inflation of false hopes ! That having introduced himself to this young woman under the semblance of a fictitious character, which being nearer her own level, had raised expectations it behoved him to set at rest ; therefore he must write immediately, explain every thing, express his sorrow for imposing upon her under false pretences, lay the blame upon the love she had inspired, that in consequence you having returned to England, had laid open your whole heart to the Marquis, and avowed the engagements you had entered into, who had peremptorily refused his assent to your forming a connexion with a person unacknowledged by parents, and who was educated in a religion irrelevant to his ideas of right and proper ;” adding that he was con-

vinced if she had merited the character you had given of her, she could not fail to see the impossibility of your keeping the promises thus unwittingly made. She would therefore exonerate you from those vows, breathed in a moment of mad enthusiasm, which to fulfil would break down the pale of duty, and would bring upon you the anathemas of a once fond father, which would render you miserable for life. That so situated, you should experience no joy, even in the arms of the woman you loved."

To this advice of the Marquis, Lord Eversley had listened with the utmost impatience; but though truly grieved to act diametrically opposite to the wishes of so kind, so estimable, so good a parent; yet having placed his whole of happiness in the possession of his beloved Christabelle, he could not consent to give her up; conscious that she loved him with all the fervour of her innocent heart, that in full confidence of the rectitude of his intentions, she looked forward to the fulfilment of his honourable engagements made with her as



the ultimatum of their mutual felicity. This enabled him firmly to oppose the commands of the Marquis; and he resolved to keep his word, so solemnly pledged, whatever might be the result to himself. Truly contrite, and ashamed of the duplicity of his behaviour, in the imposition he had practised on Christabelle and her friends, under the name of Captain Fribourg, he determined upon immediately returning to Switzerland, avow his motives for assuming it, and claim her promised hand, under his own name and title.

This resolution he respectfully, candidly, but decidedly asserted to the agitated Marquis. In consequence they parted on the very worst terms, each firmly fixed on adhering to his purpose. From the powerful incitements of this new-born passion, Lord Eversley was wholly changed from the serious, steady, collected philosopher, to the ardent, impetuous, impatient lover. Blind to all the claims of duty, he saw but one dear object in creation, which to possess he was prepared to run all hazards, to

break through all ties of propinquity, to act diametrically opposite to the positive commands of a father, which he had never before disputed, and never would have done in his cooler moments, when reason re-assumed her rights, and headlong passion was under the control of judgment; it was, at that period, his pride to respect, honour, and obey; but imperious love revelled in his veins: it was the master-key to all his actions; propelled by sensations that had lain dormant until his visit to Laufanne had roused them into action. From that eventful crisis had he, like Anthony, a world at stake, he would have set it at a throw!

On quitting the presence of the Marquis, he ordered James to prepare for their instant departure. When acquainted with the place of their destination, he was as eager to set out as his lord; in the ardent hope of soon embracing his pretty Suzette, he forgot that he had not been able to visit his aged grandmother: for her he felt grateful affection; but love, imperious love, that allows



no rival near its throne, that subjugates to its control alike the prince and the peasant, made James neglect the claims of duty. So alert was he in his preparations, that in an hour he announced that all was ready. Lord Eversley employed that time in composing a letter to the Marquis, in which he entreated his forgiveness for not acting according to his wishes; requested he would believe him most desirous to do so in every action of his life, except where his honour and the happiness and peace of a lovely and innocent young creature were implicated, who depended on those reiterated promises he had made, that she should share his fortune whatever it might be. Could he do less for the woman who had generously offered her's to his acceptance?

He proceeded to say, that he should immediately return to Switzerland, throw himself at her feet, intreat her forgiveness, confess his faults, and candidly communicate the objections that his Lordship had made.

If, under all these disadvantages, she could pardon the deceptions an overruling passion had compelled him to commit, and accept his hand, he should be the happiest of mortals, as life without her would be the acme of misery ! If refused, his intention was to enter into the Austrian service under the fictitious name he had assumed ; indeed, if she listened to his suit, that would be his line of conduct, for neither himself nor Christabelle were ambitious of splendour, rank, or riches ; their *mediocre fortune* would be equal to their wants, as the appearance which would be expected from the heir to an English marquis, would not be sought for in Captain Fribourg. Which-ever way his fate was determined, he was equally a banished man ; for if rejected he would never see England more, but hope, from some friendly bullet, a termination to a wretched existence.

This epistle he ordered the major domo to present to the Marquis at his return, hearing that he had rode out as soon as they



separated. He flung himself into his travelling carriage, and, with a deep-drawn sigh, turned his eyes from the residence of his forefathers, the beloved spot where in halcyon innocence he had passed all his early years. His heart throbbed with painful affection at leaving his only parent, whose anger he had excited by what he would term ingratitude and disobedience; but in this dilemma how was he to act? Under the influence of that universal passion of the soul, more forceful than that elicited by the ties of consanguinity; he respected, he esteemed, he loved his father, but it was enthusiasm, adoration, he felt for Christabelle! To the cold dictates of prudence, the precepts of reason, he could not listen; those were conquered by the ardent, glowing warmth of this new-born, overwhelming impetus that would not be controlled. He therefore rushed upon his fate. No kind sylph whispered, that in quitting England, he was pursuing disappointment; that he was going a long, a

ventrous journey upon a forlorn hope ; that at each receding mile he was doomed to drag a lengthened chain ; and that he was flying from, not to the arms of his fair enslaver !





## CHAPTER VII.

CHRISTABELLE, re-assured by the sensible arguments of her kind friend, and her fears banished by the non-appearance of her dreaded enemy, had regained a certain degree of confidence from fancied security. Her wonted cheerfulness returned, the vivid glow of health mantled on her cheek, her bright eyes again emitted sparkling scintillations. The beauty of her face, the easy grace of her perfect form, and the dignified contour of her whole person, attracted the admiration of every beholder. On her visits to the wells, as she quaffed health from their restorative waters, her admirers imbibed large portions of love's subtle fire. The elegant *emigré*, as she was denominated, gained universal notice. Her own conduct was so guarded, aided by the cautious care of her watchful

guardian, that though numerous schemes were laid both by invalids and convalescents to get introduced to her society, they had hitherto failed of success.

Christabelle had been two months at Clifton, during which period she had wrote frequently to her friends at Violet Villa, and great was her surprize and mortification upon receiving no answer to her letters, particularly as she had described the low state of her finances, and reiterated her request to Madame Wentworth for a speedy remittance, adding that she was inevitably compelled to become a debtor to her kind hostess. Their continued silence gave her much uneasiness, which received an addition at her not hearing from Fribourg, whom she supposed to be in Germany, but from not knowing his address, she could not acquaint him how she was at present situated. Believing his feelings to be in unison with her own, she thought her behaviour must appear strange, and would consequently create him much distress. She could not for a moment harbour an idea



that friends she so esteemed and loved, could mean to neglect her when poor and a prisoner.

Time crept on, and not one line arrived. She seemed to be forsaken by all upon whom she leant for support, committed by their inattention to her pressing wants, to find a place for herself in a strange land, being thrown upon the charity of its inhabitants for the mere means of existence. Though conscious, did she possess the documents to claim it, in the English funds she had a fortune equal to her wishes, and more than adequate to all her wants.

She feared that by receiving no answers to her letters, the true tale she had told Mrs. Brownlow, were she less liberal in her sentiments, might appear a fabrication to impose upon her credulity. This determined her to immediately part with those useless baubles she fortunately possessed, which she trusted would enable her to discharge her obligations to this good woman. This settled, she would solicit her assistance to procure her a situation with some proper

lady, who might want a young woman about her person, to whom her talents and accomplishments might render her a desirable acquisition. If she were not fortunate enough to attain this, she would exert herself to gain employment in tambour-work, embroidery, or in making artificial flowers. In all of these she was an adept ; and hoped by thus dedicating her hours to useful labour, she should be enabled to support herself independently until she heard from Laufanne. Alarmed at Madame Wentworth's continued silence, fearing something very serious must have occurred to occasion it, she had lately addressed an epistle, explanatory of her distress, to Monsieur La Tour, the worthy *curé*, entreating an immediate answer, directed to her at Clifton. Thus having made in her mind the best arrangement her circumstances would allow, she explained her intentions to Mrs. Brownlow, who would not hear of her disposing of the trinkets to remunerate her, assuring her with much sincerity, that for the mere article of board and lodging she deemed



herself amply repaid by the pleasure she had derived in her society. But as it might hurt her delicate feelings to owe what she would think an obligation to a person in her humble situation of life, she would consent to be repaid when she heard from Mrs. Wentworth; convinced the reason she had not already done so, must have arisen from that lady's being on her return to England, or in those turbulent times in which they were fated to exist, her letters or the answers might have miscarried.

For this kind consideration, and trusting confidence reposed in a stranger, the heart of Christabelle overflowed with gratitude; and fearing she would be hurt at her refusal, she consented to be her creditor for the three months she had been an inmate of her hospitable dwelling, but peremptorily refused to encrease the sum, saying,

“ My dear Mrs. Brownlow, I am now restored by your sedulous attention to health and spirits, I must therefore be allowed to exert those talents by which I am very capable of supporting myself. So far from

being painful, it will to me be a source of amusement to employ my time in usefulness; it will banish ennui, and I shall experience a heart-felt satisfaction, in the consciousness of being able to maintain myself in independence, until I regain possession of those documents that will enable me to claim the generous donation bequeathed me by my late estimable guardian."

Mrs. Brownlow perceiving that her mind was made up on the subject, no longer offered any opposition, but promised to procure for her embroidery and other works of fancy from a shop at Bath, whose mistress was her particular friend. These she might execute at her leisure; but she was decidedly against her becoming the humble companion of a high bred woman of fashion, where she would be exposed to suffer the caprice of over-weening pride, endure the insolence of power, and be subjected to the degradation of domestic control, without the mitigation of pleasure, or the salvo of profit! "No, my dear Christabelle, I have too often witnessed the sufferings of those unfortunate



females, whose evil stars throw them into this miserable class, to wish you to be one of their number ; who if she is more accomplished, more witty, more sensible than her protectress, if she attracts the notice of mankind, she is a mark for envy, her doom is fixed, she is to be crushed into annihilation. Those meritorious talents that should excite admiration ever generate malice !

“ If, on the contrary, this devoted toad-eater is plain in her person, weak of intellect, spiritless from situation, depressed by insult, the ball when struck rebounds not at the stroke, she becomes the butt for satire to point her arrows at ; neglected by the servants, quizzed by their lady, and hoaxed by their guests ! As the governess of their children, would her situation be more desirable ? Certainly not. In the ‘ delightful task of teaching the young idea how to shoot,’ she has too frequently to combat with the discordant dispositions of tyrants in embryo, rendered too stubborn and petulant, from improper indulgence in infancy, to be subdued by mild treatment, to imbibe in-

struction from argument and reason, for her to perform her duty conscientiously. Her endeavours are defeated by those very parents who should assist her efforts, and who peremptorily forbid coercive measures to be used. How then are those violent passions to be subdued, whose germ, rooted in their natures, is forbidden to be checked? The instructress finds it an herculean labour to perform; for irascible tempers, if not early subdued, become unconquerable. If desirous honestly to perform the invidious task she has imposed upon herself, she has to combat at every step the prejudices, the interference, the fondness, very often the ignorance, of the parents! Children are very quick-sighted; they soon perceive the little respect shewn by their mothers to the opinions of their governess; of course the instructions she gives are powerless. They have been taught to view her in the subordinate light of an inferior, whose commands make no impression on her stubborn pupils, whose lectures are not attended to; knowing that she is forbid to punish their



delinquency, her feeble remonstrances have no effect !

“ If she presumes to complain to the higher powers, she is answered that her rigid management had spoiled their dispositions, rendered them querulous and spiritless; that they were very clever, very mild, good-natured children before she undertook to instruct them ; that she was of a saturnine cast, never entered into their little amusements, never cheered them with the smile of approval, made no allowances for the ebullitions of youth ; they were lively children, who ought to be encouraged, not crushed ; they should be coaxed into learning by gentle means, not frightened by threats, and disgusted by terror ! If the governess determines to be just, to religiously perform what she has undertaken, avows her principles, and justifies her conduct as right, proper, and necessary, she is instantly discharged by the lady-mother, as an unfit personage for the occupation she had undertaken. If, on the contrary, she allows interest to preponderate, and sits

down content with having spoken to their parent upon the subject, gives her routine of lessons, whether learnt or not is of little consequence; if the manners of her pupils are rude, their tempers cruel, their passions violent, and their minds ignorant, she contents herself by saying, ‘ This is no fault of mine: those must be answerable for it who first nurtured those propensities in their offspring, and then peremptorily forbade the means proposed for their eradication!’ ”

Mrs. Brownlow avowed this description was not exaggerated, having frequently seen it acted upon, in what is called a home-education, by mistaken and weak parents. It effectually frightened our heroine from offering herself in either situation: both appeared to her at once an arduous and ungrateful employment: from her needle she therefore resolved to draw the means of her present existence. Having derived great benefit from drinking the Bristol waters, whenever the weather would permit, she walked to this restorative fountain, accompanied by Mrs. Brownlow; but on the



morning after her arrangements were made, her friend being indisposed with a headache, and all fears of meeting Longuemain having ceased, she ventured alone to the wells.

Christabelle had not been long in the pump-room, when her eyes were appalled by a sight that agitated her nearly to annihilation ! They fell on Mignonne, the abandoned Mignonne, on whose arm leant a lady of a most interesting and impressive appearance. She looked Milton's Penfeso personified : her form fragile, her face beautiful. Her age did not appear to much exceed thirty, but the lines of early sorrow had impressed with premature decay her Madona-countenance, for "melancholy had marked her for her own." She was habited

" All in robe of darkest grey,  
" Flowing with majestic train,  
" And sable stole of Cypress lawn,  
" O'er her decent shoulders drawn."

While she gazed transfixed with horror at this object of her awakened fears, the

companion of Mignonne was surveying her with apparent interest. When first their eyes met, this elegant stranger was in the action of lifting a glass of water to her lips, but her trembling frame appeared so agitated, that it would have fallen to the ground had not Christabelle offered her assistance, attracted by an impulse for which she could not account, maugre the terror excited by the unwished-for presence of the detestable Mignonne, who instead of exultation, seemed equally terrified at their meeting, and most desirous to shorten the interview by urging the lady to retire immediately. To this she seemed to yield an unwilling compliance; nor did she consent, until in sweet and plaintive tones, she had thanked our heroine for her polite attention to a tremulous invalid; nor did she cease to view Christabelle until seated in the carriage that waited to receive them.

This was a transaction of only a few minutes, in which Mignonne had shewn no recognition of the woman whose life she had sought, who as soon as she could respire



after their departure, hurried home to depict her fears, pour out her renewed sorrows on the ever-friendly bosom of Mrs. Brownlow, and to seek her sensible advice in her present dilemma. When made acquainted with the events of the morning, she agreed that Clifton could no longer offer her a safe asylum, as undoubtedly the companion of Mignonne having come to that place in search of health, must stop a certain time before she could expect to receive benefit from the waters; of course their often meeting was inevitable, and though the artful Mignonne, from motives they could not fathom, had taken no notice of Christabelle on their first interview, she would not fail to make inquiries of how, and where she was situated; and if the wily Longuemain was still in England, she must expect to be sacrificed to their often disappointed vengeance."

With grief they perceived the plan of quiet industry must be abandoned, and Christabelle leave directly the sheltering roof of the hospitable Mrs. Brownlow; but

without friends, without money, where was she to seek an asylum, where find a place of rest? That fortitude which had hitherto sustained this persecuted young creature, at this trying moment appeared to forsake her. Even her religious confidence was fast sinking into despondence: she viewed herself as an alien from hope, devoted to misery, alike thrown from the protection of God and man! From this apathetic despair she was again aroused by the excellent arguments and kind attention of her sensible hostess, who bid her place her trust in the Almighty Ruler of the universe, who will ever eventually support those who live up to his precepts, and put their whole reliance on his mercy.

Having soothed her agitated feelings, and in some degree re-assured the spirits of the sinking Christabelle, Mrs. Brownlow retired, to commune with her own thoughts, and to reflect how, in the predicament she was placed, she could most effectually serve her. It occurred, that notwithstanding her dislike to the situation of companion to a lady,



uncomfortable as she knew it to be, it was the only one in which her young friend could be placed in safety. She had but a choice of evils; if therefore she could avoid danger, she must forego pleasure, and put herself under the protection of some one who would instantly take her from Clifton.

This idea was no sooner decided upon, than she thought it might be effected through her recommendation. Lady Maningham, who had occupied her apartments for the last three months, was to quit them in a couple of days, being advised by her medical attendants to travel for change of air, to renovate her depressed spirits, and brace the nervous system, relaxed to debility by poignant sorrow for the loss of her dear lord. These orders she was prepared to follow, because they perfectly coincided with her own opinion, meaning to scour the country, and take in routine all the water-drinking and dipping-places of fashionable notoriety! To her ladyship Mrs. Brownlow determined to apply, to make Christabelle her *compagnon de voyage*. To this election she was induced

by necessity, not choice, being conscious that her favourite would have a wearisome time with this noble dowager, who had discharged from their irksome employment no less than three devoted victims to toad swallowing, since she had been an inmate of her house.

But convinced it was only to be a temporary inconvenience that would eventually terminate on the return of Mrs. Wentworth to England, from whose silence, Mrs. Brownlow had decided was now on her journey, for that small portion of time it would be of little consequence. She thought the mild disposition of Christabelle, if it could not sweeten the acerbity of her protectress, would enable her to endure with resignation her society, until rejoined by her friends. This arranged to her own satisfaction, she communicated her plan to Christabelle, as the most feasible for her present removal: it met her perfect approbation: being impatient to quit a place that was the residence of Mignonne, she readily assented to every thing: though



well apprized of the fate of her predecessors, she did not expect either pleasure or permanence in the situation she was going to undertake!

Her case was desperate, therefore she let not trifles shake her resolution. Fortunately, there was a vacancy in this most enviable employment: a Miss Hutchinson having a few days since abdicated this post of honour, preferring the daily drudgery of being teacher in a preparatory school for fifty little boys, laborious as must be the task, to enduring the inflated pride and overbearing insolence to which she was now subjected by the capricious Lady Maningham. Mrs. Brownlow, after begging an audience, which being granted, opened her mission, by saying that a young French lady, whom she must have observed in the house, having been her boarder from the period of her Ladyship's arrival, finding she was preparing to travel without a companion, to take the troublesome part of the journey upon herself, was ambitious of the honour of attending her in

that capacity. This premised, Mrs. Brownlow took an opportunity to give a most elaborate description of the education, manners, mind, and talents of Mademoiselle Christabelle.

“ This is all mighty fine puffing, Mrs. Brownlow ; but if I were inclined to credit these superlatives, and take this young personage upon your recommendation, I must be first made acquainted who she is, from what family she sprang, what place gave her birth, and who will be answerable for her honesty ! There are such impositions practised upon our credulity, by characters given of themselves by these *emigrées*, by whom the nation is inundated through this revolutionary mania, that I cannot think of taking one of them into my service, without some person to be answerable for her good conduct.”

“ This, Madam, I am ready to do, and to make myself amenable for every thing, whatever its value, that you may place under the care of Mademoiselle, in whose society you will indeed find a treasure.



She is not one of those poor unfortunates, who have been compelled to fly their country, and leave all their property behind, having a genteel fortune of her own in our funds."

"A mighty likely story; quite fabulous; invented to impose upon you; for if true, why does she seek my protection? It will amuse me much to hear her adventures; pray, Mrs. Brownlow, favour me with a recital."

Provoked at her scepticism, she replied, "Certainly, my Lady, there is a great deal of novelty, but I dare avow without any falsity in her tale. Thus it is:—she resided at Lausanne, in Switzerland, from whence she was stolen by a vile Frenchman; when my brother, who commands the Tartarus, took the yacht in which he was conveying her away, and instead of detaining her as a prisoner, he generously gave her freedom, and recommended her to my care, until she could acquaint her friends with her situation. It is supposed, by not having received answers to her letters, that the lady

who has her papers in possession, is on her return to England ; shunning obligation, she wishes to use her talents, as a remuneration for the favour of your Ladyship's attention."

" This is a most romantic melange, which doubtless has taken by the heart you and your gallant brother, but I acknowledge I am less easily imposed upon by a pathetic fabrication. Nevertheless, as I am just now in want of a young person, to dissipate ennui, and to oblige you, I am willing to make her my companion in my meditated tour. But it will be necessary to ask what terms she will deem an adequate compensation for the honour of her society ?"

" None : — she requested me to inform your Ladyship, that she will not accept a pecuniary reward. All she wishes is, that you should guarantee to her the treatment of a gentlewoman, for which she will readily exert those powers, derived from a good education, to render herself both useful and agreeable."

Upon the termination of this conversation,



it was settled that Christabelle should be instantly introduced to Lady Maningham, whose avaricious propensities were gratified, and the natural acerbity of her temper softened, by the assertion of Mrs. Brownlow, that she would have all the advantages that might be expected to accrue from an ingenious attendant, without any reward. She received our heroine with one of those deceptive smiles she knew how to command on such occasions; and it was agreed, that she should be ready to commence her journey on the following morning.

By the mutations of fortune's wheel, Christabelle was now about to experience a new scene; fated to struggle for existence, by swallowing the bitter bread of dependence, to bear the taunts and insults offered to the daughters of poverty by overgorged greatness, when condemned to be the slaves of ill-natured caprice, whose induration of heart no mildness could soften; on whose mildewed mind, corroded by imperious jealousy, the ebullitions of sprightly wit, innocent cheerfulness, or sensible conversa-

tion, made no impression! Hitherto our readers have seen in all the varied trying situations that a train of adverse circumstances had plunged our heroine into, she had conducted herself with a consistency, a prudence, a wisdom much beyond her years: let us hope and trust she will so behave at the present moment, as not to forfeit the good opinion we flatter ourselves she has obtained from those who have followed thus far her devious footsteps through the intricate path she has been compelled to tread!

At the appointed time, Christabelle took her place beside Lady Maningham, followed by the tears, prayers, and blessings of Mrs. Brownlow's humble establishment. Her heart was oppressed, and her eyes red with weeping, at taking a tender leave of her only English friend, who had insisted on procuring for her a plain but fashionable riding-habit, of silver grey cloth, and a black beaver hat and feathers. This appearance of slight mourning was a compliment to her Ladyship, whose weeds were



only in the commencement of the fourth month of her widowhood. Mrs. Brownlow had also prevailed upon her to accept the loan of ten guineas, observing that she might repay her on the arrival of Mrs. Wentworth; for should her Ladyship's caprice render it impossible to continue under her protection, small as was the sum, it would enable her to return to Clifton, where she might assure herself of a welcome reception. Overpowered by effusions of gratitude, she could only weep her thanks on the bosom of this humble friend, from whom she was reconciled to accept an obligation, being resolved to remunerate her a hundred-fold for the disinterested, generous conduct she had shewn to a stranger, introduced to her notice under such circumstances that might have justified doubts of her being the correct character she had represented herself to be, even in the breast of the least fastidious.

Christabelle promised to be a regular correspondent, to write from every place where Lady Maningham stopped long

enough for her to receive answers, in which Mrs. Brownlow was to inclose the letters that might arrive from Switzerland. Thus, all arrangements made to restore as much composure to the mind of Christabelle as the present vexatious posture of affairs would admit, she felt that love of novelty, that curiosity, implanted in the youthful breast for the wisest and best of purposes. Stimulated by this eager desire of knowledge, she looked forward with pleasure to visiting Bath, that being the first place of their destination. She had heard and read so much of this emporium of fashion and folly, she was impatient to judge for herself of its various *agrémens*.

Her Ladyship proposed to stop there a week or ten days; this time, Christabelle hoped, would enable her to contemplate the gay scene; its site had raised her admiration, where crescent reared above crescent seemed suspended in mid air. The well-built city, viewed from these rarified regions, covered with the smoaking vapours arising from Bladud's far-famed fount, appeared like a



large cauldron of boiling water, whose relaxing steams render it incumbent on the invalid visitants to inhale the bracing breezes of Lansdown. This was the daily resort of Lady Maningham, not in pursuit of health, but to display her elegant black barouche, drawn by four high-mettled iron greys, in which she exhibited her well-varnished person in all the solemn trappings of woeful widowhood, solicitous to catch the gaze of those dashing equestrians, who, like her Ladyship, were seeking notoriety, by showing off themselves, and their blood-horses, to the best advantage!

This was a new and entertaining scene to Christabelle, a true disciple of nature, a contemplator of countenances, who delighted to read, study, and eulogize the characters of her fellow-mortals. Bath was the place of all others to gratify her inclinations, where you may meet at every turn a motley groupe, a melange as opposite in their pursuits as in their appearances. Your commiseration is excited by the orange-tinged face of the debilitated Asiatic, who has sacrificed

the evanescent days of youth, and the joys of health, to acquire that wealth which, obtained, cannot purchase him one hour's respite from bodily suffering, for

“ Disease with scorn throws back the fordid fee,  
And Death still answers, What is gold to me ?”

We turn with a sigh from the victim of riches, and our eyes meet a *bon vivant*, that “ erst could set the table in a roar,” who, by living too freely, can now be said to scarcely live at all; from debauchery dying of old age, at scarcely thirty-five, forsaken by his late joyous companions, who in his fate see a memento of their own; his shrunk legs scarcely drag his emaciated body; *O tempora, O mores!* Another object strikes our view, the rubicund fox-hunting squire, a very Nimrod in the chace, who was wont to boast he could hunt down the day, and drink down the night. He now presents himself a sad memorial to his companions, dragged about in a gouty chair, unable to move, or a cripple hobbling on.



crutches, a martyr to chronic diseases, brought on from a too free indulgence of his sensual appetites!

We have described only a few of those invalid objects, that every visitor to Bath must have met in the pump-room, or perambulating the parades by which their walks are constantly crossed. With these are commixed women, who have devoted their youth, beauty, and reputation to the midnight vigils of dissipation, who, to gratify an immoderate love of pleasure, had with avidity run the race of fashionable folly, until it terminated at the goal of vice. Behold their roses faded, their lilies withered, and their once graceful forms bent with premature decay; their dimples transformed to wrinkles; the gifts of dame nature are only estimated by their loss, when we are compelled to call upon art to supply her ill-used donations! Alas, how futile the attempt! The smile of innocence, the bloom of budding charms, the buoyant elasticity of early life, once banished, return no more. These flowers of existence know no second spring!

Hence we see those shrunk shadows of their former selves, whose gaunt figures still linger on the spot that once witnessed their triumphs, still haunt the scenes where they “were fairest of the fair;” condemned to see younger beauties bear the prize away, they hate the witty, envy the gay, and satirise the prudent. Let us leave them to the consequent punishment of the vicious, who, while tottering on the confines of their last narrow house, cannot live, and are afraid to die!

A heterogeneous mass now claims our attention, attracted by the goddess of folly, who shakes her cap and bells, and her willing votaries follow the summons. The noble mail-coachman, dashing dowagers, frivolous coxcombs, amateur actors, high-bred coquettes, Hibernian fortune-hunters, the village rustic, the romping hoyden, just emerged from a finishing establishment, fully resolved to practise all the worldly knowledge she had acquired in that initiating depot of learning, to show off all that smattering of accomplishments to gain a lordly



husband. To these, add a plentiful crop of clerical beaus, and soldiers of fortune, and you may form a pretty just idea of a season at Bath!

Our philosophic heroine was ready to exclaim with the melancholy Jaques, "let motley be your wear," as she viewed this microcosm of a world, on whose stage she was to make her first appearance, in which there was much to commiserate, much to astonish, and much to deprecate. From her aptitude to read countenances, though she was sometimes led to serious reflection upon the crimes of her species, yet from their ambitious projects, their vain pursuits, she failed not to draw ample amusement, whenever she attended Lady Maningham in her morning visits to the pump-room, her noon-day promenades or airings, her shopping parties, or the evening meetings of her select friends. Forbad by her high sense of decorous propriety, to which, however irksome the task, she avowed her determination to adhere, she did not attend the

balls at the rooms, being a mourning widow of only four months standing !

To its contemplative visitors, Bath will be found such as we have attempted to delineate it, the resort of the idle and the vain, where the mornings are lounged away by the parade stroomers, in commenting upon, and passing judgment on every new face. Christabelle could not fail to attract their notice, when having, by their rude scrutiny through their optical assistants, excited the glow of indignant modesty on her lovely cheek, she was compelled to hear drawlingly exclaimed, " An angel, by all that's heavenly, dropt from the celestial regions to astonish the natives !" Another asks, " To whom does she belong on earth ? Is she as rich as handsome ? No marrying now without a lot of money." " True, Jack," replied a third, " beauty is a most delectable treat, when gold gives a zest to the banquet !"

But no sooner was it known that the object of their admiration was a poor *emigrée*, the humble companion of Lady Maningham,



than this exalted mortal fell below the freezing point with the youthful ephemera, who scarcely now honoured her with a passing glance. Not so the aged debauchees, who thought there could be no difficulty in procuring *la belle Françoise* on easier terms than a visit to the temple of Hymen! By these votaries of pleasure she was followed and pestered with fulsome compliments, whenever she appeared, to the great chagrin of her lady patroness, who, herself eager for making conquests, could ill brook a rival near her throne.

Provoked at the notice she always excited when seen, her Ladyship began to practise an art in which she was a perfect adept — the *art of tormenting*. By this she ingeniously managed to turn into pain the pleasures Christabelle had for a few days enjoyed from contemplating the novelties by which she was surrounded, all so new to our fair recluse. It was now, for the first time, amid her various misfortunes, she had experienced the severe pangs of dependance upon an unworthy object. With

tears drawn by the insolent taunts of Lady Maningham, she acknowledged the just representation given by her friend Mrs. Brownlow, of the sufferings of a sensitive female, obliged from poverty to endure the scoffs of proud prosperity. Her high spirit, when called forth on great occasions, supported her through them with heroism; but she sunk under the minor evils of life. It is the teaser only breaks the heart!

Propelled to draw a comparison between this great lady and the kind, the humane, sensible Mrs. Brownlow, how did the former sink in the scale of existence! Yet longing to be folded in her almost maternal arms, and constantly invited to return, she feared to revisit Clifton, where she found Mignonne still continued to reside, who had been employing spies about the house, and making inquiries about her present destination of its owner, who was so well prepared to answer, that she acquired no information. In addition to this distressing intelligence, no letters had arrived from Switzerland. Her mind was a chaos of doubt and perplexity;



wherever she turned, a persecuting fate seemed to pursue her steps. Wretched as was her situation, she must continue for a season to bend her neck to the yoke, however galling to her feelings.

Having reasoned herself into the necessity of doing so, she tried to sooth Lady Manningham's irascible temper with manners the most conciliating, and by usefully employing her time, interest her avaricious propensities in her favour. For this purpose she solicited her consent to embroider a dress of white crape in black *chenille*, preparatory to her Ladyship's change of mourning. This offer was eagerly accepted, the materials instantly procured, and the performance commenced without loss of time. Christabelle possessed an elegant taste in works of fancy, and she had been supposed to execute them best of any in the convent of Poor Clares. She had fabricated a robe for Madame Wentworth, while a happy inmate of Violet Villa; it had been much admired, and she meant her present work should be of the same pattern.

Busily employed at her frame, she made it an excuse for not frequently accompanying her Ladyship in her morning excursions. This apology was accepted with avidity, conscious that she was only viewed as a foil when seated beside *la belle Dumont* ; it being decided upon her quitting Clifton, she should assume this name, for to retain that by which she had been hitherto known, would enable her enemies to recognise and pursue her with the greater facility.



## CHAPTER VIII.

THE master of the ceremonies ball now approached, and though Lady Maningham could not be seen at a public assembly until her change of mourning, she was compelled to take tickets. Christabelle had pleased her much in the design and execution of her dress, which she had finished, and presented for her approbation. It was praised and admired by her morning coterie, who sat in judgment on the performance; but even the envious and ill-natured could not find fault. Her Ladyship announced her intention, that Mademoiselle Dumont should go to the rooms on the gala night, and she would get Mrs. Trimmer to let her join her party, who she knew was engaged to *chaperon* the Misses Neverfade.

Christabelle, fearful of being seen, would have declined the intended favour, on the

plea of not having a dress proper for the occasion; but the more her Ladyship saw her indifference, the more strenuous she became in urging her suit; and to set aside all excuses, observed, that by some mistake a white crape robe, with a spangled trimming, had been packed up in the Imperial. Of this she requested her acceptance; observing she had never worn it, and they being nearly of an height, Andrews her woman could easily alter it to her shape.

This kindness and attention to her amusement was so uncommon, that she thought it would be ungrateful and impolitic to refuse any longer what was evidently intended as a favour. She therefore, gracefully thanking her, accepted the donation. Every necessary preparation was made for the night that was first to introduce Christabelle to public notice.

As our heroine is only a woman, we mean not to deny that she promised herself much pleasure in the idea of being present at an English assembly, where she should be enabled to contemplate and compare that va-



riety of characters that formed one of her highest gratifications. In addition to this, she had no objection to exhibit her graceful person in dancing, a diversion of which the French are naturally fond, and in which she had been taught to believe she excelled. When attired in Her Ladyship's present, which was really very elegant, she viewed herself in the mirror, that reflected a form and face of unrivalled beauty, and felt a glow of satisfaction, a sexual vanity, which, my fair readers, we have all experienced, therefore cannot condemn! It is an aphorism of our own, "that vanity is a very useful spur to incite us to both great and good actions, but should never be allowed to appear in front."

Christabelle wore her robe over a white satin slip, made tight to her slender shape, which showed her figure to the utmost advantage. Her long glossy hair, braided, was wound round her head in the Grecian costume; a few light curls, waving over her fair forehead, was its only ornament. When she entered the ball room, a buzz of

admiration was excited by the men, mixed with the whispers of envious women. "There she is, by all that's fortunate, the beautiful *emigrée*!" "How like a divinity she looks," exclaimed a heart-struck beau, "behold her, like Milton's Eve, advance,"

" Grace in her step, Heaven in her eye,  
In every gesture, dignity and love."

It must be allowed that Christabelle had many advantages, when placed between the Misses Neverfade, whose rigid countenances and repellent manners had long rendered them antidotes to the tender passion. Their gorgon-like features and stiff, unbending forms, that were prototypes of King Stephen in the horse-armoury, looked more likely to break than bend! This delectable pair viewed, with eyes askance, the companion that had been forced upon them by their *chaperon*, the honourable Mrs. Trimmer. That lady was a most determined card-player, and waited with the utmost impatience to get partners for both



her old and young charges, that she might repair to the board of green cloth! For this she applied to the civil Mr. King, who at one glance perceived that his task would be easily accomplished for Christabelle, while he viewed with dismay the iron countenances of those frozen pieces of virginity, the Misses Neverfade. He bowed in despair, and departed on his mission.

Perceiving to whom he had been speaking, he was instantaneously surrounded by supplicants, young, old, and middle-aged, earnestly soliciting the hand of the lovely Dumont. Unwilling to disoblige any of his powerful friends assembled that night to do him honour, the sovereign of etiquette was distressed how to act; but one way presented itself, and he announced this enviable prize must in justice be awarded to the first applicant; though all were grieved at their disappointment, none could be offended. The lot fell on Viscount Netterville, a fashionable, handsome, young man, a famous dancer, and much admired by the ladies. He followed the master of the ceremonies, and

was introduced in due form to our heroine, whom he led triumphantly to the fest just forming. She at first felt abashed at the newness of her situation, but soon recovered her self-possession. No *gaucheries* clouded the manners and address of the naturally elegant Christabelle, who having recovered the surprise occasioned by the novelty of the scene, with spirits exhilarated by the festive groups that environed her, with the light steps and graceful motion of Terpsichore, she thrived the mazy dance, to the great delight of her admiring partner. As they proceeded to display their powers, all eyes were fixed upon them; the exuberant praises of one sex drew forth, as might be expected, the sarcastic remarks of the other! The questions, "Who is she?" "Must be nobody," "Never saw her before," were answered in an audible stage-whisper by a provoked virgin, whose acid features looked as if she had just emerged from the cave of spleen, now condemned to sit partnerless on one of those benches devoted to the consequential part of the company — "I



should suppose her an opera *figurante*, from her *entre-chats*, for she dances like any thing but a lady, and doubtless the Dowager's toady had acted in that capacity, before the brutified revolution had driven the *corps de ballet* to seek a *footing* in more congenial climes."

This cruel sarcasm, as had been intended, was heard by the poor Christabelle, and did not escape the notice of Lord Netterville, who, though volatile, was good-natured. Seeing how much she was hurt, he strove by rattling on, in various remarks on the company, to take off her attention from this bevy of harpies, and by well-turned compliments upon her dancing talent, and his happiness in being her envied partner, tried to give her confidence and reassure her evidently depressed spirits!

In this well-meant attempt he had, in a certain degree, been successful, ere they arrived at the bottom of the set. Still pursued by her adverse stars, all that she had been hitherto fated to endure through this

eventful evening, from women's picque, became light as air to what awaited her, when she perceived Mignonne Luneville. A deadly ice bolt shot through her bosom and froze the genial current of life!

This unfixed female was attired in the indecent costume adopted at that period by the fashionable nudes of Paris. A flesh-coloured silk slip drawn tight over a person never slender, now *en bon point*, covered by a loose drapery of the finest Brussels lace! her arms, neck, and back most notoriously naked, ornamented by strings of large pearls clasped with diamonds, her hair fastened by a superb tiara of precious stones! She was leaning on the arm of a lady, who appeared to have long passed her grand climacteric, but yet unwilling to yield to the ravages of age, its dilapidations were supplied by every effort creative art has devised for that purpose! Her dress was almost as gossamery, as gay, and as youthful as her unblushing companion's, whose display of nature's gifts had drawn upon her all eyes! Mignonne returned their gaze



with interest; her confident bold stare awe-struck those female carpers that had shewn no mercy to our retiring modest heroine! One advantage she reaped from the appearance of her enemy, that of having taken off the edge of their satire from herself; they were too busily engaged in commenting upon and expressing their astonishment at this new object of universal attention, "all covered with jewels and gold," to bestow another thought upon the insignificant toady of Lady Maningham.

Christabelle's knees trembled, her heart palpitated with a thousand fears, she was so absorbed by the trying situation in which she was placed, from which she knew not how to extricate herself, that she heard not or answered vaguely, all the polite nothings addressed to her by her attentive partner, until aroused from her reverie by his Lordship's inquiring whether she knew the undrest fashionist, who had excited such a fermentation in the rooms. "I ask, Mademoiselle, because on you she is bending looks of recognition."

This remark made her start, when indeed she was condemned to meet fixed upon her face the basilisk glances of Mignonne. Another dance was going to commence, which saved her answering a question promptly for which she was so little prepared. To her great surprise, she now saw Mignonne led to the top of the set by Hector Sarcastm, a gentleman we have, for some time past, not had occasion to mention. It will be recollected by our readers that the person of Christabelle was not known to him; hence the deceptive trick that was mutually played off by Mignonne and himself under assumed characters. Their plot being discovered and themselves exposed, through Miss Ancram, they had parted sworn enemies; it therefore created some surprise to behold them now appear in perfect amity, more like lovers than friends. That these wily coadjutors had motives for this seeming contradiction in their actions cannot be doubted, and will not fail to be unravelled in the course of our narrative.



Often did this precious pair bend their looks upon Christabelle, of whom they seemed to be in earnest converse. She was so annoyed by their notice, so lost in thought upon the present and the future, that all her graceful exertions were no more; she merely walked through the figure, frequently so absent that her blunders were innumerable. For this wondrous change in his fair partner, Lord Netterville could not find a reasonable excuse; without knowing the cause, he felt mortified at the effect, and in his turn, grew careless. When she pleaded a severe head-ache, and expressed a desire to sit down, he led her to the seat still occupied by the Misses Neverfade, whom, maugre all the endeavours of their friends, had not been enabled to join the merry dance. Disappointment had encreased their acidity, others of the virgin train to whom the youthful beaux had been equally inexorable, had become a formidable phalanx, and now sought amusement in tearing characters and persons piecemeal. When his Lordship and Christa-

belle were seated amid this coterie, they found them dying with curiosity to know who was Mignonne, and greedily seeking to gratify it by asking leading questions of all they thought able to satisfy them upon this important point.

Christabelle was a silent listener, trusting through the assiduous endeavours of her neighbours, she might herself glean some information of a gnome that had spread, with deleterious poison, her path of life! Lord Netterville was highly diverted by their thirst for scandal, their desire of knowledge, and their fruitless efforts to feed their gossiping propensities. He resolved to give his aid and assistance, saying, "Permit me, ladies, to offer my services upon this important mission. I flatter myself it will be crowned with success. I was once known to this lady's partner, who is just returned from making declamatory speeches in the national assembly! He is one of those characters let in every where, knows every body, and spares nobody! therefore he will not withhold one atom of the birth,



parentage, and education of this notorious nude."

The dance this instant terminated, when Mignonne and her *chaperon* spoke aloud their intention of retiring, and the obsequious Sarcastm handed them out; having seen them to their chairs, he returned to exhibit himself; his partner having been the magnet of attraction, his consequence had been overlooked; he now paraded about, shook hands with all he knew, and familiarly nodded to those he did not! Proud to be recognised by Lord Netterville, he met his advances with a smile, took his arm, and they retired to a seat in apparently earnest conversation. When the coterie beheld this desideratum, hope animated their gay twinklers, and they all exclaimed, "We shall know every thing about her. But they had to experience, "'tis expectation makes the blessing dear." Time moved on leaden wings, they thought he would never return; at length he was seen approaching, when the elder Miss Neverfade taking upon her to be spokeswoman said, "How very

obliging you are, my Lord, to our sexual weakness."

"Rather say knowledge," he replied with a solemn bow; "for has not Dr. Johnson avowed, learning is only to be acquired by asking questions? This I have practised with Mr. Sarcaſm, and from his answers I have gleaned a fund of information, replete with matter of ſtrange moment." Taking his ſeat by Chriſtabelle, he thus commenced his recital.

"The lady with whom he had the honour to dance, was the very acme of beauty, taſte, and faſhion; as it was not meant to be a ſecret, he would recount the heads of her ſtrange hiſtory, but at that inſtant he was not at liberty to give the name of her family:—it was of the ancient nobleſſe, ſhe was the niece of a marquis, her father, who was the elder brother, had married privately, and was killed in a duel before ſhe was born. For this reaſon ſhe was left under the care of an accoucheur, whom the relatives of her mother thought they could put into their confidence, but they



were grossly abused, for knowing the high birth of his young charge, and the great fortune she must one day inherit, he contrived, in league with an artful sister of his who had an only daughter of the same age, to change the children in their infancy, that by educating his niece as his ward, and his ward as his niece, he should make the fortune of the latter. This deception, known only to those whose interest it was to keep the secret, was not even suspected, and he had been most munificently remunerated for the great care taken of his *protégée*.

This he apparently merited, having, under that title, given his relative the first masters, and the best education that could be procured for her in the convent of St. Clare.

“ Good heavens ! ” interrupted his curious auditors, “ what an astonishing story ; it would make a charming romance. Pray, my Lord, how was the base plot discovered and her Ladyship restored to her friends ? ”

“ Mr. Sarcastm told me this was too complicate and tedious to unravel in a

ball-room; nor had he time, having promised to sup with the ladies, but that I should soon know all, as publicity would be given to her introduction to the family honours; the tale would get into the morning papers. On my asking how the nefarious deed had been known, he answered 'through the intervention of an overruling Providence.' A woman who had nursed the doctor's niece denominated his *élève*, had been severely wounded in a scuffle with a party of the national guards, who were ordered to bring before the tribunal of justice the accoucheur and his fictitious ward. The former would have met his deserts from the guillotine, had he not died before his sentence could be executed; he was supposed to have swallowed poison. The beauty of his suppositious *protégée* so fascinated the galleries, that they were clamorous for her acquittal. Indeed it would have been a pity to have punished the poor thing for the fault of her uncle; as she had been taught to believe herself the foundling.



“ After her release from the Abbaye, she was received into the house and protected by the eccentric Mrs. Wentworth, whom being denounced for affording an asylum to the expatriated noblesse, it is supposed she made her escape to England, avowing herself the person known by the title of the Maid of Rouen ! Her nurse, Marian, when dying, feeling acute remorse for the deception she had aided, ameliorated the pangs of conscience by a full confession, to her ghostly father, of the exchange of the children, and the actuating motives for her master’s conduct, giving into his possession all the documents she had secreted, and which were so necessary to prove the young lady known by the name of Mignonne was the identical infant left under the care of her late master, the accoucheur, and hitherto announced as his niece.”

“ But were these assertions, my good Sir, sufficiently corroborative of the fact to establish her claims to the satisfaction of her relatives ?”

“ Most certainly, when she could ascertain to whom she belonged ; but that source of intelligence was unknown to the nurse, and the old fox was too cunning to betray himself, though it is supposed, before his death, he explained the artifice he had practised to Christabelle, and acknowledged their consanguinity, it being believed he had managed to place his accumulated hoards in the English funds, and that she is now in possession of a will bequeathing it to her as his heiress.

“ But this Christabelle is described as full of talent, sensible, witty, artful, and ambitious ; therefore it is not likely she will be satisfied with the savings of her uncle. Having been educated as the foundling, it is supposed she will yet present herself in that character, try to elucidate her claims, and make a struggle for consequence, rank and riches.”

“ How did the injured party acquire a knowledge to whom she belonged ?”

“ From the chapter of accidents. After the death of her supposed mother and uncle,



she was thrown upon the world to find her own place ; Luneville having made no provision for her future support, though acquainted with the confession of Marian Ange ; and the mantle and bracelet were given to her by the good priest to enable her to trace her parents. Yet seeing no clue to guide her through those difficulties, how was she to act ? Her story got air, and it recommended her to the notice of a lady who sought the luxury of doing good. Under her protection she was taken to Paris, at the period when the revolutionary fury for freedom threw open the gates of the conventual prisons, giving new life and liberty to all those so long held in durance vile. A very interesting and beautiful woman, but yet, in the midday of existence, was, like numerous others at this era driven from their peaceful retirement, turned forth without a place to lay her head. She was the victim of silent sorrow personified, far advanced in a pulmonary complaint that threatened an early grave.

“ Madame de Mittau, ever searching out

objects worthy her charity, Sister Agatha was pointed out as a person upon whom it would be well bestowed. That her assistance might be prompt, she lost no time in making her a visit in the humble lodging, where, to use her own expression, she had retired to die, unheeded and unknown. Madame was accompanied by Mignonne, who, in hopes of its leading to a discovery of her parents, constantly wore the bracelet that it was said her mother had fastened round her neck at her birth.

“ On drawing off her glove, the agitated nun gazed eagerly on her arm; intreated, in tremulous accents, leave to look upon the gem she wore: with equal perturbation it was unclasped, and presented to her, when uttering a heart-piercing shriek, the fair invalid dropped senseless on the bed upon which she was sitting: an explanation followed, proving, to the satisfaction of both parties, that Sister Agatha was indeed the mother of the delighted Mignonne. Suffice it to say, that Madame de Mittau saw the necessity of their instantly visiting Eng-



land; she made every exertion to enable them to do so, and I, my Lord, had the honour and happiness to be their escort, and the pleasure of introducing them to their noble relatives, who have joyfully acknowledged their consanguinity. But to banish all doubt, as soon as they can trace the false foundling, meant to be foisted on them by Luneville, she will be prosecuted as an impostor, and the real niece of the Marquis acknowledged. Here, ladies, ends my marvellous story of the plotting guardian and injured ward."

While this farrago of falsehoods was recounting, so speciously woven together to give it the colour of truth, the agitated Christabelle sat transfixed to her seat. Fortunately the astonishment created by assertions so unwarranted by fact, kept the animal spirits in a perturbation that prevented her fainting, thus giving her enemies a triumph. Weak intellects ever sink under small misfortunes, but strong understandings rise superior to adversity! It is in the hour of trial, when environed by difficul-

ties and exposed to danger, that, called upon by powerful exertions, real fortitude is elicited. Such unshrinking firmness was ever shown by our heroine on great occasions.

She was ardently desirous to retire from the public gaze, to revolve on the complex chain of events she had that night heard an attempt to unravel, to take council of her pillow how she should act in this new dilemma. Lady Maningham was any thing but a friend in whom she could place confidence: she was a tyrant where she could command; a simulating hypocrite when she had a point to carry. By this artful conduct she had managed to impose upon a weak credulous husband, coaxing him into leaving her all his large personal property, while an only son by his first wife had nothing but the entailed estate to support the hereditary honours of his family, and that burthened with a large jointure to his step-mother.

Her temper was vile, naturally cruel and avaricious; to have therefore some person to teaze, torment, and vent her ill-humour



upon, was with her an object of imperious necessity, without which she could not exist. Presenting herself to the world in the character of a rich widow, sighing for admiration, and eager for conquest, she hated and envied the possessors of that youth which, from her, was for ever fled, and of that beauty she could never boast. With these propensities, Lady Maningham would never have made a companion of the elegant, the charming, the accomplished Christabelle, had she not at the moment, by the desertion of Miss Hutchinson, been left without an object over which to exercise her tyranny.

But she soon perceived, if she did not relax in her system of discipline, her victim would at all hazards escape from her coercive power. Added to this, her avarice was gratified; Christabelle asked no remuneration for her labour, while cheerfully exerting her talents for her advantage; yet, though conciliating in her manners, she was not like the crouching slaves her Ladyship had been accustomed to govern with despotic sway, who flew at a nod, trembled at

a frown, ever ready to kiss the rod of castigation! No, she was composed of a different texture; she could not consent to disgrace her nature, by meanly conceding her opinions to this overbearing despot, who was in some degree awed by the keen eye of reproof and dignified composure of our heroine, whom the fear of losing had occasioned the uncommon indulgence of being permitted to make her public debut at the Bath rooms.

Christabelle, though exerting all her self-possession to conduct her through this trying evening with propriety, yet could not gain sufficient strength of nerve to comply with Lord Netterville's reiterated entreaties to rejoin the dancers, but pleading increasing illness, expressed her wish to leave the assembly; but could she do this decorously, unless accompanied by her *chaperon*? To her she was escorted by his Lordship; they found her fixed as fate at the card-table, where the fortunate holder of four honours at the moment of Christabelle's application, with a rude stare at her demand, pe-



remptorily refused to quit the rooms; observing, that she had two other young ladies under her care, the Misses Neverfade, whom it would be very improper to leave just as they had procured partners; coolly observing, there would be no danger, if she did not choose to stop, of returning to Lady Maningham's in a chair; courtesying, she turned away, determined to instantly adopt her advice. His Lordship finding her resolution not to be shaken, handed her into a sedan, assuring her, the men being well known, she was perfectly safe, regretting that he could not send a footman to attend her, as his carriage having been ordered late, his servants were not in waiting.

On her arrival in Pultney-street, she found Lady Maningham not retired, being engaged with a small whist party, composed of those whose invalid state prevented them from making of themselves a public exhibition, but whom neither age nor infirmities, nor its consequent sufferings, had power to deter from the delectable joys of the card-table. Her company was composed of a set

of mortals, of whom it might truly be said,  
to pourtray

“ A youth of folly, an old age of cards.”

Lady Maningham, at the moment of her entrance, had just lost a rubber by her partner's having made a revoke; from being nearly choaked by an asthmatic cough, who had in his agony played a diamond for a heart. By this mistake, her natural acerbity was excited, and the excuse of almost strangulation, would not have been allowed a sufficient plea, when, fortunately for Sir Toby Tremulous, Christabelle made her unlooked-for appearance, and the whole weight of her Ladyship's ill-humour was poured forth on her in querulous questions.

“ Pray, Miss Dumont, how came you to leave the ball at this early hour? I suppose you could get no one to dance with you, in spite of the elegant dress I presented you for the occasion. But the young men are too idle now to exert their talents, unless tempted by rank and riches. I hope, child, you did not show your mortification



by quitting the rooms alone ; for I am convinced the party you had the honour to go with would never think of retiring at this vulgar hour, unless my friend Mrs. Trimmer has unhappily, like myself, been losing her money, through the ignorance of others," casting a ferocious glance at the crest-fallen knight, who had thrown himself on a duchesse, and lay gasping like a salmon !

" Your Ladyship is much mistaken in your conjectures, for it was what by many might be deemed my good fortune to have the best dancer in the room, Lord Netterville, for my partner ; but I was soon taken so very ill, with a swimming in my head, and was compelled to sit down, when, on finding it increase, I applied to Mrs. Trimmer, requesting she would favour me by returning. This she peremptorily refused, recommending me to get into a chair, which would convey me home very safe. Thus distressingly situated, I knew not how to conduct myself, when his Lordship politely attended me to a sedan."

“ You are a mighty fine lady to take such airs of consequence upon yourself, merely to attract notice, like the Misses fainting at the tones of a Siddons, to draw the eyes of the young men to their box. You are too deep a manœuverer for me ; as to your illness, I never saw you look in better health ; and it excites my wonder, how you could take the liberty of asking the Honourable Mrs. Trimmer to leave her party to attend upon your whimsies. Your indecorous behaviour, in quitting your *chaperon*, will commit you to deserved censure, in which, unhappily, your protectress must be implicated.”

At this undeserved insult Christabelle rallied her spirits to answer. “ I should indeed be truly mortified if I could for a moment believe your Ladyship’s sarcastic reproofs were justified by my conduct ; but feeling that has been natural, to which I was induced by circumstances, I am perfectly reconciled to myself, and cannot be hurt by the censures of the mis-judging ;” when, taking up a night candle, and



courtesying to the company, she withdrew to her own room, soon disrobing herself of those glittering habiliments, that had literally been forced upon her acceptance by Lady Maningham, merely to have it in her power to make, as she had that evening done, a pompous display of her generosity.

She now threw herself into bed ; and as her fair cheek, bathed in bitter tears, pressed the pillow that painful reflection strewed with thorns, she revolved over the events of the night, from the minor vexation which had been excited by the envious, ill-natured remarks of splenetic women, to the always appalling sight of Mignonne, terminating the climax of misery, in being compelled to hear the false tale told by Mr. Sarcastm ; that it was fabricated with much care, and most artfully wove, to complete her ruin, was certain. Of her being indeed the infant born in his house, committed to his care, and cherished by his bounty, was in her mind an inconvertible fact ; for of the rectitude, of the honour, and unimpeachable honesty of her adulated Monsieur

Luneville, she would have thought it sacrilege to doubt!

But how, alas! was she to bring the conviction home to the bosom of a mother, who had, from the stolen documents presented to her by the base Mignonne, been deluded into a belief, that in this vile impostor she embraced a deserted, long-lost child. Under this semblance she had been presented, received, and acknowledged by great and powerful relatives, who giving credence to her story, were ready to support her cause, and bring to condign punishment the being who seemed to have usurped her place in society. From infancy she had ever been the threatened object of Mignonne's vengeance, and dreadfully had she now performed her promise.

But who was this dear mother, into whose affection she had stolen, taken her place by artifice and deception, like another Jacob, robbed her of her birthright. Ah! too surely, it was the beautiful, fragile sister Agatha, that appeared, leaning on the arm of her rival, to whose lips she had herself



lifted a glass of water. It was now she could, from the force of nature, throbbing at her heart, account for those tremulous sensations, that agitation of nerves by which she was assailed, when first she beheld the interesting invalid. Why did she seem equally affected, when their eyes met? Perhaps she had the happiness to resemble her father, and her features reminded her of her departed lord! This stamp of nature might be a happy circumstance in the struggle she was resolved to make, to verify her identity, and justify her claims, whenever she could regain those papers, so wisely planned by her guardian, to prove her the identical child committed to his protection. Documents so incontestible being obtained, she flattered herself, in a land so famed for the wisdom of its judges, the equity of its laws, justice would be awarded to an innocent sufferer, a deserted child, an alien from friends, relatives, and the country that gave her birth, brought a prisoner to its shores, with every claim upon their humanity for protection!

That hope which had supported her through all her trials, which had hitherto realised all her expectations, now animated her sinking spirits. She prayed fervently to the Omnipresent to strengthen and support her; that if her cause was just, he would enable her to prove herself the real foundling, left to the care of the good accoucheur. For the death of poor Marian, she was a sincere mourner; from the hour they were torn by lawless power from Rouen, she had lost all traces of her nurse, but not believing she was wounded, she did not yield implicit credit to the tale of her demise, nor to the confession she was said to have made. Yet that a child left at the moment of its birth might have been changed for avaricious purposes, by wicked people, emulous only of enriching and aggrandizing their own family, can and will be believed by those who knew not the parties. But at no period of the lives of Monsieur and Madame Luneville, fraught with truth, rectitude, and honour, could they be suspected of so nefarious a transac-



tion. The united voice of the citizens of Rouen would witness to their correct and estimable characters.

Mignonne Luneville was vain, ambitious, and wicked, bold and daring, prompt to commit any evil; yet she had not a head equal to fabricating so deep a scheme, as the one she had that night heard delineated. Convinced of this, Christabelle thought she saw the dreaded Longuemain directing the wires to set his puppet in motion, he must therefore be concealed in England, doubtless had spies upon all her actions, and would pounce upon his prey when she was the least prepared for so dreaded an event.

She saw the folly of exposing herself to public animadversion in the suite of Lady Man-  
ingham, who she perceived was resolved on announcing her freedom from matrimonial bondage, by exhibiting herself at all the watering-places in the kingdom, until the eagerly-desired period arrived, when, having decorously sacrificed to the etiquette of woe-  
ful widowhood, she might throw by the sable trappings of sorrow, and assume those

of splendid gaiety, joy, and love! At liberty to select from amid her sighing expectants a youthful Adonis, whom poverty had rendered avaricious, therefore, willing to sell himself for the lucre of gold, then again would she proceed to the hymeneal temple, "nothing loathe."

Therefore, to continue with Lady Man-  
ingham would be madness. The only  
chance she had of escaping her enemies  
was to seclude herself in some impervious  
solitude, where she should neither be seen  
nor heard of by them, until Mrs. Went-  
worth returned to England, whose kindness  
would protect her from their machinations,  
and whose wisdom would advise her how  
to act in her delicate situation. But could  
this be effected by a young creature, in  
a country to every part of which she was  
a stranger, with the small sum of ten  
guineas in her purse, and that the generous  
loan of the only friend she had in Britain,  
to whom she could not think of increasing  
her debt? To return to Clifton would be



most imprudent, as there she would be instantly followed by her pursuers.

It was now she wished for that safe security, which, under the old *régime* of France, the walls of a monastery would have afforded. At this moment of peril, she sighed for so correct an asylum, a thought darted through her agitated brain, that she had heard in a conversation held by some visitors of Lady Maningham's, observing, "that many of the pious sisterhood, who had by lawless power been driven from their monastic retreats and that inert quietude endeared to them by habit, finding themselves unfit to mix in a gay and bustling world upon which they were thrown, luckily escaped to a land of real freedom, had formed themselves into societies, and become occupants of ancient seats in various parts of England, most strictly, though voluntary, subscribing to all the religious usages of their several orders, fulfilling their vows as tenaciously as if they had never been liberated from their convents."

Christabelle rejoiced at this recollection ;

she believed if she could pour her tale of woe on the commiserating ear of one of those self-immolated recluses, she might be received under the protection of the Lady Abbess, until she heard from her friends, or her lover. She resolved to make an effort instantly ; but her ardour was checked by the reflection, that her contracted finances forbade the idea of a long journey. The holy sisterhood were dispersed, some at Winchester, and near Newmarket, others in Yorkshire ; but the one she had heard spoken most of, which had given rise to the conversation that had impressed her imagination, was at Amesbury, in Wiltshire.

This ancient seat had once been the chosen residence of the late celebrated Duchess of Queensberry, who has been sung by her favourite poet, as having

“ Obtained the chariot for a day, and set the world on fire.”

Her Grace was the admired beauty, the brilliant wit, the reigning toast of the courtly circle of George II., the munificent



patronefs of Gay, many of whose poetical effufions were addreffed to this diftinguifhed lady, the friend of genius, fcience, tafte, and talents.

This famous pile of gothic architecture, that during the lifetime of their late poffeffors, was the chofen retreat of the mufes, dedicated to fplendid hofpitality, “ where every ftranger found a ready chair,” alas ! wondrous indeed had been the change experienced at Amefbury, now become a *depôt* of veftal nuns, “ the world forgetting, by the world forgot,” who moved about like troubled ghofts, amid its impervious fhades, in folemn, gloomy filence.

The heir of the dukedom, in his ideas, differed widely from his progenitors ; he could find no charm in ancient ftructures, nor pleafure in perambulating through groves of druidical oaks. His gratifications were derived from a very different fource ; he preferred funning himfelf in the garifh noon of day, before a red-hot brick houfe, in Piccadilly, to contemplating the beauties of nature, in the fhades of his anceftorial

domains ! This being the taste of the present possessor, he had given permission to a community of *religieuses*, whom revolutionary fury had driven forth to wander, to set up their rest at Amesbury.

While this subject was under discussion, Lady Maningham avowed her intention, when she arrived at Salisbury, to go out of her way purposely, to see those odd bodies, who, after having been fortunately liberated from stripes, hunger, and confinement, knew so little how to value the joys of freedom, that they again committed themselves to durance ! She could compare them to nothing but foolish moths, fluttering round a flame, who, if saved from destruction by some charitable hand, defeats the purpose of their preserver, by instantly flying into the candle, and burning themselves to death !

As she lay revolving this subject, and how she should effect her escape from her Ladyship, without appearing ungrateful, was the only question. To announce her intention, would be to defeat its purpose.



While still irresolute how to act, she was summoned to breakfast. Without having closed her heavy eyes through the night, she hurried on her clothes, and descended to perform her accustomed task of pouring out her Ladyship's tea.

## CHAPTER IX.

ON her entering, she found Lady Man-  
ingham employed in perusing a letter,  
which having finished, she darted an indig-  
nant glance at Christabelle, whom she ad-  
dressed with, " Mademoiselle Dumont, I  
am sorry to inform you, I have heard from  
my friend Mrs. Trimmer, of your very  
indecorous behaviour last night, your  
marked coquetry with Lord Netterville, the  
affected airs you gave yourself to attract  
admiration: a conduct so very improper in  
a personage of your situation in life, that it  
drew forth the inquiries of the whole room,  
of who you was, and to whom you be-  
longed. The latter question answered,  
occasioned my prudence to be called in  
question, for selecting such a flirt for a  
companion. Added to this, the improp-  
riety, to use no harsher term, of your re-



treat with your lordly partner, who was not observed to re-enter the ball-room after you had left it together, at a much earlier hour, so says my note, than you returned to my house.

“ Having thus drawn upon yourself so much notoriety, after the marked kindness I have shewn, you cannot expect that I can so far forfeit my character for propriety, as to retain you about my person ! No, Mademoiselle, we must part, and that instantaneously ; I have been grossly imposed upon by that letter of lodgings, Mrs. Brownlow, who introduced you to me as a mighty superior young woman, a very *rara avis* of perfection. I ought to have doubted, for every Frenchwoman is at heart a rake. It is no matter, we cannot purchase wisdom too dear ! When I inquired what must be your pecuniary reward, I was told you were a person of independent fortune, and would accept none. I therefore dare not risk affronting a person of your consequence, by offering any remuneration for the small time you have been under my protection.”

At any other period than the present, this unfeeling, taunting, insulting dismissal would have severely vexed and mortified Christabelle; but now she rather rejoiced than grieved that she should be at liberty to depart instantly. She observed, with cutting coolness, she should not attempt justifying herself against accusations so unfounded, absurd, and malicious, which Christabelle was convinced that neither those who condemned, nor those that propagated the slander, believed one word of the tale they told! Having thus expressed her contempt, she arose with that dignified ease that never forsook her, wished Her Ladyship a more correct companion and a fortunate termination to her tour; she then quitted the room.

Repairing to her own, she packed her modest wardrobe into a small portmanteau, the gift of Mrs. Brownlow. She then made a parcel of the dress she had worn the former evening, that her contemptible patroness had meanly boasted to her company was her gift, and inclosed in it a note: —

“ Mademoiselle Dumont returns Lady



Maningham's robe, with many thanks for permitting her to wear it for one night only."

Prepared for departure, she recollected that Amesbury was said not to be far from Salisbury. She therefore concluded it would be her best plan to take the stage for that place. To gain instruction how she was to get there, after having changed her morning-dress for a riding-habit, she repaired to the library in Millsom-street, from whence her Ladyship had her new novels. She asked to look at a book of the roads; this was presented to her by a very civil young man, who perceiving, though she spoke English very correctly, it was with a foreign accent, observed, if she sought any information in which he could assist her, he should be very happy to do so. Politely thanking him, she answered that she wished to visit a friend, at the abbey of Amesbury, and wanted to know the best method she could pursue, to get conveyed nearest it by a stage. This he told her, and the inn where the coach would stop at her request, which was within two miles of the new

nunnery. He was assured he was correct, for when travelling that road, he had been led there by curiosity to behold these self-immured *religieuses*.

Upon her enquiring where was the office, he offered to send and procure her a place; for this she was most grateful, only desiring it might be by the first conveyance. The boy soon returned, saying he had obtained one in the mail, that left Bath at five o'clock. This happily arranged, she returned to Lady Maningham, requesting a porter might be procured, to convey her portmanteau to the inn. She had the pleasure of perceiving that her departure was regretted by all the domestics, upon whom her suavity of manners had made an indelible impression; for though used to witness those hasty changes in the humble companions of their lady, whom to receive and to part with were tantamount terms, yet they did hope that Mademoiselle would have made good her footing: this they told her, and that wherever she went, they wished her health, success, and happiness.



It was yet early day, and some hours must elapse before she could quit Bath. How was she to bestow them, to keep from the sight of those curious loungers, that infest every walk of that gay city? She had formed no acquaintances whither she could repair; the milliners and dress-makers, to whom she had accompanied her Ladyship, to give orders, were of too tonish a description, too much the resort of those who, amid the occupations to kill precious time, find shopping a necessary auxiliary in accomplishing this arduous task. To have entered one of those haunts of the dissipated, the frivolous, and the idle, would have been to have met all whom it was incumbent upon her to shun.

It cannot excite surprise, that her spirits were deeply depressed, as she pondered over that mass of miseries, which appeared to increase so rapidly, that she despaired, single-handed, of combating them with effect. She felt herself deserted by all her friends, her lover, and her parent, thrown from their hearts, a sorrowful outcast on an un-

feeling world! Her naturally energetic mind was subdued by this accumulation of troubles; *it again* yielded to a situation, it will be allowed, might have appalled age and experience. Absorbed, she wandered on, unconscious where her devious footsteps strayed, until stopped by a stile that impeded her progress, she found herself in the fields, “far from the busy hum of men.”

She looked around for some one to inquire where she was, but no object met her eyes, except the sheep cropping the herbage. She proceeded forward; it was a fine autumnal morning; all appeared chearful; the birds carolled merrily: “Happy songsters,” sighed our poor wanderer, as she contemplated the scene, exclaiming, “all nature smiles, and nought is sad but me. But am I not committing a crime? Would not the sensible Mrs. Wentworth, the worthy Mrs. Brownlow arraign my impatience, my sceptical doubts of the goodness of Omnipotence, by whose support I have hitherto safely trod the intricate paths of life? No, I will never despair; I will not forsake my



self ; I am an innocent victim, the child of misfortune only, therefore I ought to be grateful that I am not stained with the crimes of my persecutors. Why, then, should I sorrow like one without hope?"

While thus she religiously tried to reason herself into enduring patiently these new afflictions, she perceived a cottage at no great distance ; finding herself weakened by those contending emotions she had endured for nearly twenty-four hours, having swallowed only one cup of chocolate within that time, exhausted nature demanded some refreshment. This, she thought, might be procured beneath the humble roof in view.

Summoning courage, thither she repaired. A neat, middle-aged woman, whose face exhibited traits of good-humour, answered her gentle tap ; when, on Christabelle's simply informing her, that she had lost her way, was faint with fatigue and hunger, and would thankfully repay her for any food, however coarse, she could bestow, she exclaimed,

" God bless you, pretty lady, zure

enough you do look main tired. Pray come in, and take a seat, you shall be heartily welcome to all my poor place can produce." On saying this, the good dame, without stopping to make any gossiping inquiries, how such a fine miss should be walking out alone, instantly bestirred herself to relieve her wants, covered her well-scoured table with a clean, though coarse cloth, placed upon it a Bath cream-cheese, a pat of butter, just drawn from the churn, part of a gammon of that bacon for which Hampshire is so justly famous, and a brown loaf, of her own making; then putting some new-laid eggs into the skillet, desired miss to say how long she liked they should boil. Thus, in a very few minutes, a most excellent dinner of country fare was placed before our grateful heroine, of which she was pressed to partake with all the eager zeal of unadulterated hospitality!

Thankful for a meal she so little expected to have met with, Christabelle delighted her honest hostess by praising her viands, which she declared were excellent. She felt



amply rewarded, at seeing her appear to eat with an appetite; but felt quite mortified that miss would not taste her gooseberry-wine, saying, "Lord lovee, my sweet child, how be ye to walk back to city, upon only a mug of water?" On inquiring the distance, she found she had strolled near three miles from Bath, and did not know a step of the road to return. This she observed to her kind entertainer, and that she feared she should miss the mail, in which she had a place taken for that evening, and it was to her of the utmost consequence.

"Goodness me, zure enough you will be too late, tired as you be. I be sorry to zee you do look zad and mallancholly; come cheer up, Miss, you be too handsome, and too young for the black ox to have tredded upon your feet already, so do'nt ye be down-hearted."

Conscious no time was to be lost, Christabelle begged to be instructed what road she was to pursue?

"Never think about that; my good man be gone to market, but I will send our Bill

to show the way to yee. I have hallowed to-en, and he be going to clean himself a bit."

Christabelle impatient to be gone, desired he would use no ceremony with her, as he would do very well as he was.

"Then as you be in such mortal haste, he shall only wash his feace and honds."

This having done, a lad of about sixteen entered, exhibiting a fine open, handsome countenance. On his forehead fell golden locks in natural curls; over his head his mother threw a clean smock frock, bidding him bide with Miss until the coach was fairly off; she then dropped her courtesies, with many hearty wishes for her safe journey. Our heroine charmed with her kindness, was very desirous to remunerate the good soul for her nice rustic entertainment; to do this, she drew forth the purse that contained her all of worldly wealth, when the dame, perceiving her purpose, coloured with honest affronted pride. Putting it from her with her hand, she said,

"Noa, Miss, that shall never be; I did



not ask you to take a mouthful of our fare to be paid for it; though we be poor folk we beant beggars, but can afford to give a morsel of bread and butter, and a couple of eggs, to a tired traveller, without taking money for it! I suppose, Miss, you have heard a bad character of farmers; zure enough the great ones be a greedy assortment, and grind the feace of us little ones; yet, thank God, we have still hearts that can feel for our fellow-creatures, and be willing to share our mite with those who be in want."

Christabelle perceiving the dame was really hurt by her attempt to reward her hospitality, put up her purse, begged her pardon, and pressing her bronzed hand to her grateful heart, again thanked her for the kindness she had shewn to a way-worn stranger. She now took her leave, accompanied by blushing Bill and his mother's blessing, who commanded him in an audible whisper, if he valued her anger, not to take any thing of young madam, because it was

the bounden duty of a Christian to put those who were going wrong into the right path.

As she and her blooming guide pursued the shortest road with all the speed of elastic youth, Christabelle could not avoid comparing the kind friendship she had always found in that rank the proud patricians denominate the *cannaile*; how did the former sink on the comparison, from whom she had experienced haughty, overbearing, insolent treatment, while the latter had soothed her with tender affection, and served her with zealous warmth, to the utmost limits of their power.

“ Oh !” she mentally exclaimed, “ the good dame from whom I have just parted is in her ideas assuredly right. Poverty intenerates the heart, while riches render it petrescent. All the woes, all the joys of life spring from comparison with those more happy or more miserable than ourselves. We cannot pity what we never experienced. Those who possess buoyant health, hear with careless indifference the querulous complainings of the sick, view with frigid apathy the



excruciating pains they never felt; they can form no adequate notion of their sufferings, therefore it is good for man to be afflicted. Behold the votary of wealth quicken his pace, and with averted head, turn from the distressful tale of the half starved, shivering mendicant. He cannot be moved by a description of woes his situation has precluded him from enduring: no, we must suffer in our individual selves the pangs of sickness and sorrow, the goading stings of false friends, the loss of real ones, the deprivation of fortune, "the proud man's contumely, and the law's delay," before we can truly appreciate the wants we are called upon to relieve, and the variety of troubles we are expected to commiserate!"

Thus to our young philosopher, plunged in a reverie, the time appeared short that brought her to Bath. She repaired instantly to the inn, found her small trunk safe, and the mail nearly ready to set out; after pulling a veil round her face, she took her place in the vehicle, thanking her com-

panion for the trouble she had given him. He to an iota attended to the orders of his mother, taking his post at the steps of the carriage, saying, "He would nay go until coach drove away."

She now pressed him to accept of a new dollar under the term of a keepsake. "Noa, Miss, I thank ye all the same for that, for your good will be nevertheless, but I was'ent to be paid for taking a bit of a walk with such a nice lady."

Finding both parent and child were equally determined against accepting any remuneration for the trouble she had given, she drew off her glove, and presented her hand to the delighted rustic, who more gratified by her condescension than he would have been by her money, shook it with a hearty good will, exclaiming, "God be wee ye, wherever you do go, and be ye zure Bill will never forget the nice walk he have taken this day."

Jehu now mounted the box, and gathered up his reins with a celerity that might have created envy in the breasts of his right



noble compeers, rattled precipitately over the stones of a city, that had afforded so much occasion for the study of human character to the thinking mind of Christabelle; and within the space of a very few hours, a source of new mortifications occurred, which promised to terminate in future trouble, and again compelled her to become a wanderer.

One fat elderly gentleman was her only fellow-traveller. He appeared possessed of more than a common portion of that phlegm with which the inhabitants of our cold island are stigmatized. Having drawn himself up into a corner, he seemed more inclined to sleep off the port he had swallowed after dinner, than to converse with the “charmer, charm she ever so wisely.” Thus totally unheeded, she had full time to digest her plan formed on the spur of necessity. She resolved to wait upon the *superieure* of Amesbury Abbey, tell as much of her story as would insure a reception into her house, until she was enabled to hear from her friends, or they should return to England,

at which period she should be able amply to reward her for the protection she had afforded to an unfortunate female, who like herself was compelled to seek a place of rest amid a land of strangers ! She thought this was a plea that must have due effect, even upon a breast hardened by a life of rigid penitence, and unsocial seclusion ; precluded from tasting the joys of society, all the tender ties of wedded love, of the dear relatives of wife and mother, which soften our nature, charm our existence, and make us feel we have a heart !

As night spread her impervious veil over the wide spreading landscape, the loud snores of her taciturn companion disturbed her cogitations, while they precluded her from indulging those slumbers her heavy eye-lids appeared to demand, after so long and painful a watching as she had endured for more than forty hours ; but his nasal organ, sonorous and incessant, banished thought, and frightened away gentle sleep.

The bodily fatigue Christabelle endured, aided by an agitated mind, by the time the



coach stopped at the inn, she had the additional misfortune of finding herself very ill. She hoped could she gain repose, it would quiet her spirits, and renovate her strength; to effect this she ordered some wine whey, though it was early evening, and instantly repaired to bed. Her delicate frame quite exhausted for want of natural rest, she soon fell into a profound slumber, from which she waked after some hours quite restored to convalescence. She undrew her curtains, a pitchy darkness pervaded her room: she did not immediately remember where she was; but memory, faithful to her trust, brought to her recollection all the disagreeables of her situation, and the necessity of losing no time in seeking a more correct asylum than a public inn, the resort of travellers of every description. Eager to put her well-digested plan into execution, she struck her watch; it repeated three. Not reckoning upon how soon she had retired, she exclaimed, "Yet so early; what an inconceivably long night!"

She thought the tardy day would never appear. Her active mind would not allow her to sleep again; at length Aurora unbarred the gates of light, and ushered in the morn. At six o'clock she arose, dressed herself, and explored her way to the parlour that she had been shewn into upon her entrance. After ringing repeatedly, a rosy-faced country girl made her appearance, stretching, yawning, and looking very cross at being disturbed so early. She asked in no very pleasant tones, what she would be pleased to want so soon. She hoped as how it was not breakfast, as Molly Cook nor Will Waiter were not up yet, and there was no fire in the kitchen; for her part, if she was a fine lady, by gosh she would lie a-bed till noon. She verily believed the rich would have no earthly thing to do, if it was not to rout out and plague poor servants.

Christabelle, who really felt for all that depended upon the caprice of their superiors, thought with the girl it was cruel to disturb the repose of those who had pur-



chased rest by bodily labour, apologised for having done so herself, in tones so dulcet, as might have “softened rocks, and bent the knotted oak.” In these she expressed her sorrow for disturbing her. To be thus addressed by her betters, was to the chambermaid so very new, so uncommon, that it won her warm heart: her ill-humour vanished, and she exclaimed, “God bless your beautiful feace, fartin zure no body would grudge early or late to do any thing for so nice, pretty spoken a young lady. How can Betty sarve you? Only speak the word, it shall be done in a giffy.”

“Nothing further, my good girl, than to inform me the nearest road I must take to reach the abbey of Amesbury.”

At these appalling words Betty started: the colour fled her cheeks. “Lord lovee, Miss, zure you beant a going to shut yourself up in that molloncholly, doleful old place, to be made a new nun of. I zeess some of their queer bodies sometimes, a walking among the trees, by peeping through the gates; their heads all covered

in black, stalking about as dismal as so many yews; and well they may, for they do no earthly thing all the day long, but fast, pray, and sing psalms; ah! and all night too, or they be much belied."

"Thank you, Betty, for your fears on my account, but I have no intention of taking the veil. I think I knew some of the sisterhood before they came to this country, and am desirous of being convinced by ocular demonstration."

"Of what?" cried Betty. "Be you zartin zure that some *hocular monstration* be all you wants? I am sadly afeard," looking pitifully in her face, "for all your beauty, you ave bin crost in love by some false, deceitful sweetheart. Lord, how you do colour, Miss: you need not be asheamed: I dares to zay it's not your fault, ill-luck to him if it be so, zays I; but the men be all aloike, gentle and simple, when once they have vegled a young woman's affections, and stolen into her heart, they don't care how zoon they break it by forsaking her." Here Betty heaved a deep sigh, and brush-



ed off a few chryſtal drops that had ſtrayed over her crimſon cheek ; a ſtrong proof ſhe ſpoke feelingly on the tender ſubject.

Chriſtabelle, much amused by the artleſs effuſions of this uncultivated child of nature, believing with the maid of the inn, that “ men were deceivers ever,” ſhe unconſciouſly re-echoed her ſigh, as revolving over thoſe delicious hours of truſting confidence, paſt with her beloved Henry in faithful vows of tender paſſion, and conſtant love, that fled on downy pinions, perhaps to return no more ! Simple Betty had roused a train of painful ideas ; and ſhe felt the pangs of abſence, the doubts of conſtancy, and the aspirations of hope renewed, while each varied ſenſation agitated her throbbing boſom to agony.

But convinced ſhe ought not at ſuch a moment to encourage enervating thoughts, ſhe aroſe to depart, which Betty perceiving, ſaid, “ Ma’am I ſhan’t be wanted for a good bit, becauſe the houſe be empty ; and if you will deſcend to accept my company, I will juſt fetch my bonnet and cloak, and ſhow

you the nearest way, for zartin zure you'll never find it by yourself; for the lanes be quite buried in old trees; and should you be lost, you may wander about all day, and not meet a fingle soul to put you right."

This civil offer was thankfully accepted, and they began their walk. In its progress, Betty, whom it has been shown, from her amenity of manners, had taken a great fancy to Christabelle, made her the confidante of her affection for a neighbouring young rustic, who, it appeared, like his betters, had told his tender tale to two rural nymphs at the same time. But when his hypocrisy was discovered, and this gay deceiver urged to make his choice of one, being resolved to leave both, he had taken a great fancy to a red coat, and thought he should look killing in a grenadier's cap. To acquire these desirables, he had enlisted with a recruiting party at Salisbury.

They were now arrived within sight of what Betty called the horrid old nunnery; but within its precincts no arguments could persuade her to venture, for fear all the



stories she had read and heard of their forcing young women to become nuns, and if they refused, shutting them up to starve between four stone walls, should be realised in her own person ! As they approached the grand entrance, with evident terror impressed on her countenance, she, shuddering, announced, “ There it be, Miss, the nasty mollycholly place, which Will Waiter says, and he be a cute one, must be a heaven upon earth, for there be neither ‘ marrying nor giving in marriage.’ ” Christabelle looked serious at the wicked wit of Will the Waiter.

Convinced that the prejudices of the weak are ever adhered to with pertinacious obstinacy, she saw the futility of an attempt to combat them with simple facts, therefore allowed her guide to return, whose good-natured loquacity had beguiled her of sad thoughts. She presented her with half a crown. Betty took her leave with many courtesies, and good wishes that she might get safe out again ! She now tried to rally her spirits, and proceeded to ring the bell at the

great gate. Its solemn knell vibrated to her heart : its sound had disturbed a raven upon an adjacent tree ; and this bird of ill omen croaked its dire notes, and flapped its sooty wings over the head of our poor wanderer.

Conventual superstition had *once more* gained dominion on her mind : she felt an oppressive faintness stealing over her senses, and wished she had not visited Amesbury, that she feared augured her no good ; but it was now too late to retreat, for she saw the portress of this pious sanctuary approaching, with slow and measured steps. In repellant accents she demanded, with whom she wished to speak. The *superieure*. — She was at her devotions in the chapel, but she might wait in the parlour, to which she showed the way, telling her when matins were over the lady abbess should be made acquainted, who would send one of the sisters, or come herself. Ever and anon she turned with a steady gaze to take a view of this new guest, that she might give a



description of her person to the inquisitive *religieuse*, who, dead to every other sense, still retained that sexual one, curiosity!

Such an object of admiration as our heroine, did not often pass under the Gothic gates of this pious depositary. Habited in an English riding dress, a white beaver, over which floated a plume of ostrich feathers, adorned her head. The morning air had given additional freshness to the natural roses of her cheek, that beautifully blended with the lilies of her transparent skin, made her look angelic. The portress mentally announcing her charming, presented a chair, and departed, into which Christabelle flung herself, her mind oppressed with fears lest her appeal to human feelings should meet disappointment. This she had so often experienced within a very few months, that to make any new essay, chilled the warm pulses of her susceptible heart. True, she had embarked on a voyage of discovery without a pilot, yet she flattered herself with being able to steer clear of those quicksands that

had so often threatened to wreck her fragile bark on the ocean of life ! At Amesbury she trusted her tempest-tost vessel might anchor in safety.





## CHAPTER X.

JUST as she had pressed this flattering unction to her bosom, steps approached, when a nun entered unannounced. Supposing her to be the *superieure*, Christabelle arose, and respectfully advanced to meet her. She threw back her veil; their eyes met; mutual was their surprise; for in the *religieuse* she beheld her vindictive foe, the abbess of the Poor Clares, who presided over that seminary during the period of Christabelle's education; the woman at whose accusation her life had been endangered. Immediately she perceived this was for her no place of rest, and sincerely wished herself safe from a spot of eminent peril, where she might be destined as a punishment to take those vows she had once promised to perform. These terrifying ideas passed rapidly through her throbbing brain, while

the astounded mother viewed, with a stare of astonishment, in the fine young creature the portress had described, her once docile pupil, the Maid of Rouen !

Christabelle, feeling it was incumbent to explain the cause for which she had been summoned, thus addressed her : “ It is evident, Madame, this meeting has given equal surprise to us both. I was not prepared to behold, in the abbess of Amesbury, the *çi devant supérieure of St. Clares*, nor you to see in Britain the persecuted Christabelle. My visit here was of a nature, that I am fearful cannot now be effected ; it is therefore unnecessary to enter into an explanation of its purport. With expressing my sorrow for the trouble I have given, I will take my leave.”

“ Why should you do so, *ma chere amie*? I am indeed all wonder, but very glad to see my pretty Christabelle increased in stature and beauty, and I doubt not in understanding ; nor can I consent to part from her so soon. I perceive your mistake : you suppose that I preside over this establishment ;



alas! I am not so fortunate. Fallen by my adverse fate from my high calling, in me you only greet one of the humble sisterhood of this abbey. When the revolutionary tyrants drove us forth from our pious retreats, and forced us upon a profane world, they robbed us of all that could procure us a place in it, the sacred relics of the saints, the hoarded gifts of the righteous, even the small pittance saved from the revenues of the convents, to support their inmates in age and sickness. Those holy women, who had religiously devoted their lives to the service of their God, were left without resource; the accumulation of years was by the sacrilegious hands of an abandoned soldiery, and their atheistical leaders, appropriated to assist their libertine pleasures!

“ Well may you shudder, *ma chere enfant*. Dreadful was our situation, our property stolen, our altars stripped, our chastity reviled, and we turned forth to seek a place of rest, without the means to purchase that blessing! The young flirts, nuns only in name, joyfully availed themselves of this

new-born liberty, and oh! shame to our holy faith, abrogated their vows, by becoming wives and mothers! Fortunately some good Christians still remained in this land of iniquity. Though compelled to do good by stealth, they assisted a chosen few of the expatriated priests and wandering sisters to “flee from the wrath to come,” and seek an asylum in this precious land of real liberty. Amid those who were fortunate enough to effect their escape was myself, and several of your former associates among the Poor Clares. Upon our arrival in England, we met many stragglers from other monasteries. An assembly of the holy was convened; and it was agreed that we should form ourselves into communities, retiring to different parts of the kingdom, and uniting the little we had been enabled to save at the sacking of those religious houses where we were members, and dedicate our individual property to the good of the whole.

“The *superieure* of Amesbury is a most excellent woman, of a placid disposition, amiable manners, and a zealous Christian.



She is a native of this country, but from a disappointment of the heart, her lover having been killed in battle at the head of his regiment, she quitted it before she was twenty, repairing to Paris, and in the monastery of St. Cyr, took the vows that shut her from all the vanities of life. Her rank is noble, and her connexions of the first consequence for power and riches. On her arrival in Britain, they earnestly solicited her to once more mix with the world, but she had quitted it from choice, and now refused again to enter within its vortex. Finding her resolution not to be shaken, her relatives settled upon her a very handsome annuity; at the same time, the possessor of this ancient seat, so admirably calculated for solemn seclusion, offered its loan as an asylum to those devoted to the service of their God! Here, then, the scattered flock of the blessed Virgin have formed themselves into a community, and Sister Angelique, who disinterestedly gave her whole fortune for the general good, was chosen abbess of this nunnery, to support which each sister adds her mite, and

employs her time in works of taste and fancy, that are eagerly purchased by those visitors, who are curious to witness the usages of an establishment unknown in modern Britain.

“ Thus I have given a description of our present situation. We live peacefully and comfortably; it cannot be expected I should say happily, torn from our friends, our country, and our altars! In the solitude of this chosen retirement, we have time to commune with our own hearts, and without molestation devote our hours to the service of our Creator. Thus, *ma chere enfant*, I have simply told the reason we now meet at Amesbury. May I not, in return, expect you should be equally communicative in giving your motive for visiting this place, and why on seeing me your expressive face shewed chagrin, and your desire to hastily leave it, without explaining why you came.”

Thus, in honied accents flowed the words of the *çi-devant* abbess of St. Clare, now known as sister Isabella. In despite of all



she had suffered from her former duplicity, yet accustomed to look up to her in infancy as her *bonne mere* and the first of women, to listen to her precepts as oracular, to let her guide all her actions, to view her as her spiritual director, Christabelle could not hear a recapitulation of her late sufferings unmoved. She sincerely pitied her present degradation. "Fallen, fallen from her high estate," her once haughty spirit subjugated to the control of another, must be a situation most humiliating to one used to command, accustomed to see those she swayed fly at a nod, and tremble at a frown! A mean revengeful mind would have rejoiced on beholding her enemy thus humbled, thus degraded, thus punished; not so felt the generous Christabelle: she knew what it was to be afflicted, to be thrown upon the wide world, her best intentions misrepresented, her character stigmatised unjustly, deserted by her friends, forsaken by her lover. Her heart was softened toward the holy mother, she gave a tear of com-

miseration to those woes she could not alleviate !

When Sister Isabella perceived her moved by the representation she had given of the suffering sisterhood, who were driven forth like chaff before a tumultuous soldiery, and scattered over the face of the earth, to seek, like Noah's dove, a resting place, she advanced, folded her in her arms, kissed her cheeks, and sought her pardon for those evils she had occasioned her to suffer, throwing the whole fault on the wicked counsels of Madame Luneville. Christabelle cheerfully awarded her forgiveness, and entered into as much of her past sufferings, and her present distress, as she deemed necessary to induce Sister Isabella to plead her cause with the lady abbess, that she might receive her as a boarder at Amesbury, until she heard from her friend Madame Wentworth, which could not be long, when she would amply remunerate the convent for affording her an asylum. In the interval, she was most desirous to exert her talents in instructing the young pensioners, or in employing her



time in those varied works, in which she was *au fait*, for the benefit of the community.

She had been heard by Sister Isabella with the utmost attention. She appeared to feel poignantly for her deserted situation, and promised instantly to lay her request before the *superieure*. Taking her hand, she led her to the refectory, introducing her to the assembled sisters as a favourite pupil of her's at St. Clares, who was desirous of joining their community. They received her with much kindness, and invited her to partake of their breakfast.

Sister Isabella had drank deep of the cup of mortification. By distress she had been taught the lesson of humility; from policy she had subdued her haughty spirit; but all she had endured could not conquer the force of habit: the love of money, and the love of sway, were still the predominant passions of her soul. No longer able to acquire them by force, she sought their indulgence by cunning! The wary, hypocritical friend is ever more dangerous, more sedulously to

be guarded against, than the open, avowed enemy ! Of the former description was the artful woman, who had imposed by specious blandishment, and an appearance of ingenuous candour, on the innocent, unsuspecting Christabelle.

She had been informed that Monsieur Luneville, with all the caution of age, had secured a handsome fortune in the English funds, and bequeathed it to his beloved *protégée*. This would be a noble prize, could she be persuaded to quit the world, and take those vows she had once consented to perform, thus endowing the community with the accoucheur's wealth. Could she succeed in this scheme, it would be performing a meritorious action, saving a soul from Satan, and enriching the Abbey of Amesbury. True, it would be attended with some difficulty in this land of freedom, where, though professing and acting upon the tenets of a different religion, they had been received with hospitality, and cherished by kindness ; therefore they dared not outrage its laws by forcing any of their pupils



to become nuns, nor in a Protestant country would their vows be binding ; but if they were coaxed into an apparent contract, and avowed it to be a free-will offering of themselves to God, the legislature would not interfere.

Having with promptitude arranged her plot, and well satisfied with herself ; leaving her devoted victim in the refectory, she repaired to the apartments of the lady abbess, who was indeed the estimable character that she had described her. The amiable sister Angelique listened with apparent interest to the romantic story of the Maid of Rouen, but, to her astonishment, did not applaud the Machiavelian scheme of the *gig-devant* abbess of St. Clare, only coolly saying, if this persecuted young creature wished to leave a world that appeared to have offered her few joys, and to devote herself to the service of God, she should be happy to receive her, but would not consent to any glozing arguments being used to persuade her to do so, merely to enrich their establishment, which was already endowed with

a sufficiency for all their wants ; therefore so to act would be derogatory to her character, and in diametrical opposition to her principles ! Amesbury-abbey, while she presided over it, should always be an asylum to the distressed ; its gates should never be closed against the houseless wanderer ; but no art should be practised to detain them within its precincts one instant longer than they wanted its protection ! Liberty was the birth-right of the English. No sooner did a slave set his foot upon these shores, than he was emancipated from thralldom ! Her roof should be held equally sacred to its inmates : freely should they enter, and freely depart, whenever to do so was their interest, or their inclination !

The abbess, having thus expressed those exalted sentiments that did so much honour to her head and heart, rang her bell, and desired the young lady who had inquired for her in the morning to favour her with her company. Sister Isabella, who was not invited to the conference, rose to depart, vexed and mortified at having her good in-



tentions arraigned, and her prudent advice slighted. She felt her bosom throbbing with those violent bursts of anger that had once been the terror of her fawning dependents. Conscious to give it vent would only injure her more in the opinion of the correct, placid mind of the lady abbess, she took her leave, declaring, she was sorry her zeal to serve their order had been misunderstood. She commanded herself to say thus much, convinced to exhibit passion where she was powerless to control, would be very impolitic.

Christabelle, most anxious to know her fate, obeyed the welcome summons. Her appearance was ever a letter of recommendation. Beauty speaks with most miraculous organ to the senses of all; this, aided by the sweet tones of her voice, and her elegant address, made an indelible impression in her favour, while the polished manners, and affectionate behaviour of the *superieure*, gained an equal interest in the mind of Christabelle. She believed she could deposit her sad story in the bosom of

one who had felt the sorrows of the heart ; of herself she had not much to speak, finding sister Isabella had given a transcript of her early years, adding what she had that day unfolded, which was merely the heads of her sufferings since she left the Poor Clares ; that being stolen from her friends in Switzerland, by the abandoned Longuemain, the yacht in which he was conveying her to France was captured by an English privateer, in which she had been brought to Bristol, where the captain had generously given her freedom, but her persecutor having made his escape, fearful she might again fall into his hands, she had journeyed from thence to Amesbury, to throw herself upon the charity of the holy community, until the arrival of her friends, who would settle all pecuniary obligations.

Christabelle, impressed by a countenance that beamed heavenly love, threw herself at the feet of the abbess, soliciting her blessing, who raised, saluted, and assured her of safety and protection, within the domain of Amesbury, until she was reclaimed



by her friends. After her character was better understood, if she had sufficient confidence to relate her history, which must have been full of wonderful adventures, her confidence would be highly gratifying. This wish was not elicited by idle curiosity, but from a desire to do her service, which, when her story was properly understood, as her relations were great and powerful, she might be able to accomplish.

Expressing her gratitude for so generous a reception, she promised, as soon as the *supérieure* could give attention to her sad tale, she would pour her sorrows on the ear of commiseration. Christabelle having at length found a secure haven, we will leave her to enjoy, in the society of the amiable abbess, the performances of her religious duties, and to strengthen her mind with philosophic wisdom, amid the impressive shades of Amesbury, trusting she will find in seclusion that peace which the world cannot give.

## CHAPTER XI.

WHOLLY employed in following the quick transitions of our heroine's fortune, we have scarce had breathing-time to pay attention to those other characters, that have hitherto performed conspicuous parts in our drama of life. To the good and estimable we now return with pleasure, because bating those foibles from which none are exempt, those little mistakes of the heart to which erring mortals have ever been subjected,

“ Since the first man by disobedience fell,  
An easy conquest to the powers of hell,”

perfection must not be expected in this sublunary sphere. We left Lord Eversley, though deaf to the calls of duty, faithful to



the claims of love, pursuing with a rapid course the road to Switzerland. In despite of the well-meant remonstrances of the attentive James, he could not be prevailed upon to allow himself time for necessary food or rest; thus he journeyed onward, not satisfied with his own conduct, offended with his father's, and doubtful his behaviour would not be approved by the correct Christabelle, who thought so properly, and reasoned so justly, on what a man of principle owed to his relative duties. His mind was a distracting chaos of doubts and difficulties,—but he was now going to act candidly, to regain his character for rectitude, honour, and truth: at her feet to confess his faults, to lay his heart open to the inspection of his adored Christabelle. Convinced of her pure affection, he trusted love would plead his cause, and extenuate the errors passion had occasioned.

As each receding mile brought Lord Everfley nearer Laufanne, he revolved how he was to act. To appear at once in his proper person would be to give his fair one

a premature alarm ; no, — he must assume his former disguise, as Captain Fribourg, tell his tale, deprecating her indignation, and, as Lord Eversley, throw himself upon her mercy. Thus resolved, he once more, and for the *last* time sat down to his toilet, to resume the appearance that had occasioned him to feel such alternations of joy and sorrow ! Impatient to know his doom, he thought the horses, though their drivers excited by interest put them to their utmost speed, would never reach Violet Villa.

At length that elegant retreat where he had passed the most delicious moments of his life, met his eager gaze. He longed to behold, yet dreaded to meet the bright eyes of the fair Maid of Rouen. While yet he trembled between fear and hope, James, no less desirous of seeing the pretty Suzette, had rang a loud peal at the gate. It was answered by a footman in livery. This gave a new cause of alarm. Where was the ever attentive Rouviere ? But who shall paint the astonishment, disappointment, and mortification that was portrayed in the face of



Lord Eversley, when informed that Madame Wentworth had quitted Switzerland, and the villa was now occupied by *his* lord.

Who that lord was he never stopped to inquire, but ordering the postillions to drive to the *cure's*, he threw himself back in the carriage, being convinced that Mons. La Tour was the most likely person to give that information he panted to obtain. On reaching this abode of peaceful seclusion, he leaped out, and entered *sans ceremonie*, when “Madame, Captain Fribourg is returned, was announced by the rejoicing Grizette.” This family of love instantly crowded round to welcome their well-appreciated guest: his agitation was so great, it was with difficulty he could utter his thanks for their kind reception. This performed, he tremulously inquired for Madame Wentworth and her charming *élèves*. Too soon, alas! was he made acquainted with the sad recital of Christabelle’s being carried away, and it was feared she was now in the possession of Longuemain! Of the supposed fate of the faithful Rouviere,

who had, with two other Switzers, pursued the vessel, with an intention to rescue her from this determined enemy, they were ignorant; but the boat that conveyed them returning empty, it was feared they were sacrificed to their humanity!

At this period Sir Everard Ardent revisiting Switzerland to offer his hand to Miss Ancram, which she having accepted, Madame Wentworth, being no longer able to inhabit the villa, when robbed of the society of her friends, had disposed of it to Lord Rentless. Prior to their return to England, the happy couple were making a tour of the Italian states, accompanied by Madame and their daughter Catherine, to whom they had kindly given an invitation, to gratify her curiosity to see the world!

Interrupting the verbose *curé*, Lord Eversley, distracted at all he heard, frantically asked, “Had no letters arrived since their departure that might assist to throw some light upon this dreadful subject!”

“Assuredly, *Mons. le Capitaine*, but they had been desired not to send them



until the travellers should stop long enough in one place to ensure their safe delivery."

"Pray give me leave to look at the directions, for if any of them should be from Mademoiselle Christabelle, they may be of the utmost importance, and require an immediate answer." The necessity of the case, he thought, would justify Monf. La Tour in opening them; indeed he should make no scruple of doing so himself, that he might be enabled to save and serve her."

"I wish, *mon ami*," replied the good *curé*, "I had viewed the matter in the light in which you have placed it, but I dared not take that liberty, though I often pondered on the subject, for my daughters assured me that several of the English letters were from the dear child, that had been torn from us by ruffian violence. The poor girls ardently wished to break the seals that they might know her fate, and be able to address an account to her friends, despairing of her return, having left the cantons. But I peremptorily forbid it, holding a letter committed to my care as a sacred deposit,"

that it would be equally criminal to open and steal its contents, as it would be to force the lock of a strong box trusted to me in confidence."

Mentally arraigning those rigid principles, that under any other circumstances would have acquired his admiration, Lord Eversley pettishly said, "This in general, my dear friend, would be perfectly correct; but you must allow there are cases, like the present, when it would be justified by necessity; therefore favour me with a sight of those epistles, and I will act upon that idea without scruple."

"That," replied Madame La Tour, "we cannot do, for yesterday we sent off a large packet to Rome, where the party mean to stop some weeks, to view all that city offers to gratify the scientific curious traveller."

At this appalling disappointment the very moment he flattered himself with being, through the intelligence her letters contained, made acquainted where to seek the woman on whom his soul doated, with a love so fervent, so pure, so faithful, and so



honourable, that rarely will its prototype be found in this dissipated era ! his face became ashy pale, his lips quivered, and he seemed nearly sinking from his chair. The *curé* made him swallow a glass of wine, while the ladies rubbed his hands and temples with *eau de luce*. By the application of these restoratives he recovered his self-possession, but he was still evidently disordered. Madame La Tour, as she pressed his pulse, pronounced fever revelled in his veins.

Nor can this be wondered at, on reflecting upon the precipitance of his travelling : the little attention he had paid to the imperious demands of nature, and the shock he had sustained at his arrival, was too great a trial for a constitution never robust. On avowing his intention of proceeding immediately to the papal see to join the party of Sir Everard Ardent, the kind matron entreated he would stop with them, at least one night, to recruit his exhausted strength, before he commenced so long a journey.

His increasing indisposition drew from

him an unwilling consent. A bed was prepared, to which, by the advice of his hostess, he instantly retired. Being well read in the nature of simples, she administered a cool, composing draught, calculated to quiet his perturbed nerves, but before morning his frightened servant knocked at the *cure's* chamber door, announcing that his dear master was quite out of his mind. He instantly arose, as did Madame. They found their guest in a brain-fever: he raved incessantly of his beloved Christabelle, his dear father, the Marquis of Aronville, and the villain Longuemain; while he invoked the pardon of the former for his duplicity, he vowed to immolate the latter to his vengeance, if he had dared to injure the chaste, virtuous, estimable creature, that he meant should directly become Lady Everfley.

Alarmed at his situation, and wondering at his conversation, which they supposed arose from the ebullition of his heated imagination, for they never doubted he was the Captain Fribourg he had first announced himself to be, whom they had ever admired as a



most meritorious character, and sincerely deplored the loss of his intellectual powers. Monsieur La Tour, that no time might be lost in procuring immediate assistance, ordered his horse to be saddled, rode himself to Lau-fanne, and soon returned accompanied by a physician eminent for his professional skill. Introduced to the sick chamber, he observed the paroxysm was very strong, and though doubtless there was much to apprehend, yet he was not without hope that his youthful patient would struggle through it. He wrote for him, and desired his medicines might be given regularly, his room to be darkened, and the house kept profoundly quiet, observing that a perfect attention to his orders could not be dispensed with.

Madame guaranteed they should be complied with, and he took his leave, promising to return on the following morning. The philosophic Jeannette La Tour offered to be his nurse; and his faithful James, during his whole illness, no selfish inducement could prevail upon to quit the bedside of his excellent master. While his life was in dan-

ger, he thought not even of his Suzette. Lord Everfley's sufferings were severe, and his recovery doubtful. Fearful that he would die, he thought the Marquis ought to be made acquainted with his situation. The poor fellow knew not how to act; should his Lord become convalescent, he might be very angry at what would appear officiousness in a servant. On the contrary, should he expire in a strange country, and his father not be informed of his illness, would he ever forgive him, could he forgive himself? Certainly not!

In this dilemma, he wished to advise with Monsieur La Tour; but entrusted with his master's secret, which in that case must be revealed, would it not be a breach of confidence? Thus grieved and perplexed, worn out with watching and sorrow, James was nearly in as deplorable a state as his adulated Lord Everfley, who had laid nine days, fluctuating between life and death. Hope was dead in every breast, when his disease took a favourable turn, and on the tenth morning, the physician pronounced



him safe. His trusty James was nearly frantic with joy : he hugged the doctor, kissed the hands of Madame, sung and danced alternately, much too happy to be coldly correct.

Lord Everley now slowly, but assuredly, advanced to convalescence ; conscious of the unremitting care of this worthy family, to whose unwearied attention, and that of his faithful servant, he was convinced, next to Omnipotence, he owed his restoration. He gratefully poured forth his thanks to those good Samaritans. His constitution unvitiated, by having passed a regular and correct youth under the eye of a sensible parent, he recovered strength rapidly, and announced his intention of following the friendly baronet to Rome. He sighed to pour his complaints on the ear of commiseration, and seek his counsel in the delicate dilemma in which he was placed.

From Madame Wentworth he should acquire a clue to the present residence of Christabelle ; that it was England, the postmarks of her letters proved. Had she

reached it in company with Longuemain? how was she disposed of? were questions that puzzled him. His hope led nearly to the fact, that the vessel of the piratical Gerrard had been captured by some of his brave countrymen; but this idea chilled the warm pulses of his heart, as active fancy represented her a prisoner amid strangers, without acquaintance, friends, or money, deprived of the very means of existence, her delicate form compelled to endure every want, suffer every indignity. Oh! the thought was horrible! Doubtless, her letters to Madame Wentworth were an application for pecuniary assistance, who, he was well acquainted, was in possession of those papers that would have enabled her to draw the interest of her fortune from the British bank. These epistles, from a train of adverse circumstances, had never been received.

He was therefore resolved to pursue his intention of following the travellers; and having once ascertained where to find his charming Christabelle, he would instantly revisit the land of his forefathers; firmly



believing, should he be fortunate enough to introduce her to the Marquis, she would not fail to make an impression in her favour upon the heart of one who knew so well how to appreciate a character of such superiority to the rest of her sex; then he would no longer refuse his consent to what alone could constitute his terrestrial happiness.

Once more animated by delusive hope, after a month's residence in the parsonage, he took an affectionate leave of its inmates, with the assurance they should meet again, under more flattering auspices. He proceeded to the papal dominions, more soberly than he had speeded to Switzerland; having acquired, by woeful experience, the knowledge that by over eagerness in any of our pursuits through life, we too frequently defeat the purpose it was meant to accelerate. He therefore prudently listened to the warning voice of Madame La Tour, not to travel too rapidly, lest he should exhaust the little portion of strength that he had regained after his very serious illness,

of which, without attention, he might expect a relapse.

Meeting no uncommon adventures, he arrived at Rome in safety, and drove direct to the hotel of Sir Everard. Again he encountered disappointment. He was informed by his late *valet de place* that *mi Lord Anglois* had received letters from England, which obliged him to pursue his route to that country direct, and he had departed six days since for that purpose. The mortified Lord Everfley heaved a deep-drawn sigh. An adverse fate seemed to follow him at the heel, while himself pursued a phantom that eluded his grasp! What was now to be done? Again compelled to trust the deceptive *ignis-fatuus*, that had hitherto misled his steps, and sported with his distress. No kind *genii*, friendly to lovers, had whispered, Quit not Britain, it contains the cherished object of your adoration!

He viewed his present sufferings as a just punishment for flying from the best of fathers with an inexcusable precipitancy.



He condemned himself for not having given time for the anger of the Marquis to have cooled. He should have renewed his intreaties, tried the efficacy of reasonable argument, and the success of perseverance. These efforts might have crowned his wishes. He would follow the route of the travellers; and as it was unlikely they would make their journey with the celerity of a lover, he should have some chance of overtaking them. Again James was ordered to speed their departure, who was equally desirous to leave this emporium of the arts, without walking round St. Peter's, as was his Lordship. James felt more joy in the hope of again embracing the pretty Suzette, than in beholding the finest procession of the Romish church. Eager to see and accompany her to his country, which he trusted would soon be her's, the best horses that could be procured being put to the travelling carriage, with renovated hopes the lovers continued their chace after happiness!

Sir Everard Ardent and his party had

made the tour of the Italian states ; stopping at every spot which looked green in song, they enjoyed all that rational pleasure to be derived from contemplating whatever was curious. All that remained of those arts that the perusal of ancient history had taught them to expect, would excite their admiration. While they trod classic ground, and feasted their eyes, they were led to moralize over the delapidations made by ruthless time upon those vast structures, planned and executed by mighty monarchs, ages since mingled with the earth, on whose site those buildings were reared, which, like their projectors, had toppled to decay, covering its surface with a mass of ruins : a sad memento, that in this nether world there is no stability, where “ all things must pass away.”

Thus drawing instruction from each object they surveyed, reasoned the sensible, right-judging Madame Wentworth, who, well read in whatever had been written on the subject of what she now saw, was enabled to comment, compare, and enjoy, with



the *gout* of a connoisseur, all that now met her eyes. Her remarks were pertinent, and her conclusions just, which made her a delightful companion in this tour of observation. It was not until they reached Rome, where they meant to give a month to taking a minute view of all the wonders it presented to the curious, studious, and scientific observer, that, become stationary, they wrote for their letters from Switzerland. On their arrival, how were they shocked at the disappointment and distress of mind, their protracted silence must have inevitably occasioned Christabelle !

The affectionate Lady Ardent was conscience-struck, on reflecting, that while she had been enjoying all the pleasures this sublunary world could afford, she must appear ungrateful to have forgot her beloved friend, who was exposed to suffer every deprivation and misery. Over the epistle addressed to herself, descriptive of all she had endured, her tender heart shed floods of tears. Sir Everard, who loved his Harriet

with all the enthusiasm of his character; who was a most uxorious husband; used every argument fondness could suggest, to sooth her perturbed spirits. It had been decided for her Ladyship, who was happily advanced in that state which promised him an heir, that they should return to England prior to her *accouchement*.

It was now determined they should set off immediately, without revisiting Lausanne, as on their speed might depend the comfort of the distressed Christabelle; for the safety of a letter could not always be depended upon in those turbulent times. This wise resolve had occasioned their premature removal from Rome, meaning to reach Britain by the way of Leghorn. Lady Ardent had obtained the consent of her parents to take the delighted Catherine La Tour with her, who thought she had only dozed away the seventeen years of her existence at the parsonage, and that she had never lived before; she was in perfect raptures at the thought of remaining with her dear Lady Ardent, to whom she archly



whispered, she had a strong presentiment that England would be to her the “land of promise.”

Sir Everard was forced from kindness peremptorily to check the rapidity his lady wished to travel with; fearful, in her delicate situation, it might be injurious to her health. They therefore proceeded onward by easy stages, while his Lordship, pursuing their route with more celerity, gained fast upon them, but he did not come up with the party until he reached Leghorn. A few days rest being thought necessary, prior to their embarkation, the ladies were in the balcony, when, on perceiving an English post-carriage drive up to the door, their curiosity was excited, to see if the travellers were known to them: a sensation that is ever experienced by us all, while wanderers on a foreign shore!

“*Mon Dieu!*” exclaimed the lively Catherine, “it is Captain Fribourg. What terrible intelligence have we to give him of our dear Christabelle; for I am sure they were true lovers, though they never said so.”

Sir Everard sprang down stairs, to give his friend the meeting, at once surprised and rejoiced to see him, but shocked to behold his sickly and shadowy appearance. He kissed the offered hands of the ladies. Madame Wentworth, grieved at seeing his altered person, expressed her hopes that his old wounds had not broke out afresh. At this serious address, Sir Everard could not repress a burst of laughter, that coloured the pallid cheeks of Lord Eversley. To turn the conversation, he described his multiplied disappointments, his late severe illness, and the never-to-be-forgotten kind attentions he had experienced from the whole family of the estimable La Tours, whose obliged guest he had been for a month. In some degree recovered, he had taken the road to Rome, hoping to join the present party: his unfortunate horoscope prevailed: he had missed them by a few days, but at last he had the happiness of paying his devoirs, for which he was most grateful, and meant, with their good leave, to visit England in their suite.



After this explanation he withdrew with the Baronet, to whom he unboomed himself of all his hoard of sorrows, and learnt from him all those that had been endured by his Christabelle. He was frantic at the idea at what so delicate a creature must have suffered in those trying situations in which she had been placed, since last they parted. To reflect upon it was madness: deprived of money to procure the common means of existence, fervently he thanked Omnipotence that had shielded her from the worst of evils, snatched her from the grasp of the villainous Longuemain, and raised her humble friends in Captain Beaumont and his amiable sister. He feelingly deplored those malignant planets, that seemed to equally shed their baleful influence over himself and Christabelle.

Sir Everard essayed to speak comfort, and to re-assure him, by the flattering expectation that all would yet be well, that tried by misfortune, they would be rewarded for well sustaining their afflictions, and

their future happiness be increased by reflecting on their past privations.

“ Ah! my good friend, assuredly the exemplary Christabelle will and must; she has not deserved to encounter those troubles she has had to struggle against. But by turning from the straight path of rectitude, to follow the mazes of deception, I am properly punished. Advise me how I shall act; I am covered with shame at the part I have performed, and am anxiously desirous to throw off all disguise; for this purpose I have travelled so many tedious leagues, determined, whatever might be the consequence, to appear before the too-long deceived Christabelle, in my real character. I blush with conscious shame, under the penetrating glances of Madame Wentworth, who must directly know me for what I am.”

“ I cannot hear you thus severe on your past conduct; you can never be wrong, when you give fair play to your superior understanding, and your judgment is not blinded by headlong passion; the fault for



which you so severely censure yourself, was committed under the influence of youthful effervescence, the romance of the imagination, in which an intention to swerve from the paths of honour and rectitude was never meant, therefore is very pardonable. Believe your confidence in me was held sacred, never whispered, even to my Harriet. I rejoice to hear you mean to throw off all disguise to friends who esteem you as Captain Friburg, and will not love you less as Lord Eversley." Laughing, he asked, "while you return to your toilet, to assume your natural complexion, and divest yourself of those fierce mustachoes, and that sable brutus, I will open the case to the ladies; and depend upon it, I will plead the cause of curiosity and love, with all my oratorical powers, trusting that my exertions will be crowned with more success than they *always* meet in St. Stephen's."

Lord Eversley pressed the hands of the good-natured Baronet, whom he repeatedly thanked for undertaking to prepare his friends, by his partial representation, to view

his faults and follies with lenity. On returning to the saloon, his now fair face covered with the blushes of honest shame, he perceived by the smiles of the ladies, Sir Everard had effectually performed his promise. Overcome by self-reproach, he gracefully threw himself at the feet of Madame Wentworth, saying, he dared not meet her intelligent glances until she pronounced a pardon for his late behaviour, and an assurance that she would become his advocate with the woman he must ever adore, his beautiful affianced bride, whom he dared flatter himself would be awarded to him by the Marquis of Aronville.

So well had the Baronet succeeded in his mission, that Madame Wentworth raised her suppliant, assured him that upon her arrival in England, she would exert all her powers of persuasion to soften the rigid resolves of his father; and if his repugnance could be conquered, all must end well. With Christabelle she would leave him to plead his own cause, on the supposition he would not find her a very rigid judge, for



lovers ever look with leniency on those faults that are committed through love!

Thus re-assured by friendship, Lord Everfley recovered his self-possession. He respectfully kissed the offered hands of Lady Ardent and Madame Wentworth, while with brotherly affection he embraced the good-humoured Catherine, who was in ecstasy at the idea of seeing her favourite Christabelle a lady! Buoyant in spirits, encouraged by the kindness of all around her, she was ever sprightly, ever cheerful, and always amusing. The once-romping rustic was evidently improved in mind and manners, by her association with polished society; her person by the attention of Madame Wentworth, divested of its *gaucheries*, was very charming, her flaxen ringlets playing over a neck of snow, her large blue eyes animated by the natural roses that bloomed on her downy cheek, presented a dangerous object to a heart not pre-occupied. She possessed piquant wit, mixed with a vein of poignant irony, that rendered her a delightful companion; by her pertinent remarks,

and lively fallies, she effectually banished *ennui* from the party.

When the servants were withdrawn, and the *dessert* put on the table, Catherine, essaying to look grave, addressed Sir Everard, saying, she was most desirous to obtain the consequence, fame, and emoluments, to be derived from the pursuits of literature; therefore, since through his kindness she had become *bonâ fide* a traveller, she had resolved, in imitation of her compeers, to favour the world with the result of her profound observations, upon what she had heard, seen, and thought, during her continental tour; believing, by good management, when eked out with copious notes, aided by fashionable margins, and enriched by comments on the past and the present, she might contrive to fill a couple of quarto volumes, and gain as much eclat as her contemporaries!

“Bravo, Catherine,” exclaimed the laughing Baronet, “I admire your idea, which assuredly will meet with success; verbose travellers are the order of the day,



and a large book is no longer thought a great evil, therefore proceed, and doubt not your endeavours must be crowned with success!"

"Oh! thank you, dear sir, for thus encouraging my writing mania; but with sexual versatility, within the last few hours I have changed my mind, fearing the market may be overstocked with those ponderous compositions of post-haste journeyers! On reflecting, that romances and novels are the studies of each sex, and every age, I shall gain more celebrity by fabricating the former, as I happily possess materials for a most marvellous story, which I shall denominate 'a Helvetian Romance; or the surprising adventures of a modern Orondates, and the fair Maid of Rouen.'"

The company were much diverted, and Lord Eversley, amused by the sportive vivacity of the pretty Catherine, told her she had his full consent to make him the hero of her tale, for which he would furnish documents rare and genuine, if she would guarantee it should end in the accustomed

pages of works of that description — a happy wedding! This, she archly replied, would depend upon the lady.”

To gratify the impatient lover, who thought every moment an age, until he was at the feet of his adulated Christabelle, preparations were made, and the following morning fixed for their departure from Leghorn. The heavens smiled propitiously on the voyagers, and with buoyant spirits and hearts exhilarated by expectation, they embarked for old England. We cannot accompany the party; our plot thickens, and we must precede them, and unravel to our readers scenes that at present are “puzzled in mazes and perplexed with errors.”

END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.