THE ENGLISH BROTHERS;

OR,

ANECDOTES

OF THE

HOWARD FAMILY.

1279

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

Sogni, e favole, io fingo.

——And give to airy nothing,
A local habitation, and a name. SHAKESPEAR.

VOL. I.

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THESE Volumes are dedicated to the most exemplary of Women, and the best of Parents.

1279

"Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart, untravell'd, fondly turns to thee."

Yes, most beloved and revered Mother! from the soft shores of Italy, from the sombre regions of Germany, that heart has flown to you; has found its consolation through the sad vicissitudes of life, from the remembrance of the happy, innocent days of early youth; which, like a guardian angel, you watched over.—If in this little work, now offered to you, you find any

thing to approve, it is your own; it is drawn from the rich treasures of your mind. Do not disdain the trifling present I make—

" The leaves, the flowers, the fruits, to thee belong;
Who form'd the poet, well may claim the song."

My feeble pen has not gratified me in portraying either paternal or filial affection; but who can paint with colours vivid enough, your maternal feelings? And in vain should I seek for language to express the fond love, the gratitude, and the admiration, that have through life filled the heart of her, whose proudest boast is—that she is—your Child.

THE AUTHOR.

THE

ENGLISH BROTHERS.

CHAP. I.

"Hail wedded love, mysterious law!
By thee, adulterous lust was driv'n from man,
Among the bestial herds to range; by thee,
Founded in reason, loyal, just, and pure,
Relations dear, and all the charities
Of father, son, and brother, first were known."

MILTON.

IN the year 180—, in a fine evening at the latter end of June, were assembled before the door of an elegant mansion on the coast of Hampshire, a most interesting group—Mr. Howard, with Lady Gertrude his wife, and their two children, Henry, a young man of seventeen, and Caroline his sister, five

years younger. A groom was holding two horses, one of which Henry was going to mount. The moment was arrived that must long divide him from his tender parents and his beloved sister. A friend of his father's had appointed him to a situation in India, that promised to make his fortune; he had delayed his departure to the last moment, and now had not one to lose. He had stayed to celebrate his sister's birthday, who had just attained her twelfth year. With forced cheerfulness, and an aching heart, he tore himself from the embraces of these dear relations. He adored his mother; he last pressed her to his bosom, and then leaping on his horse, rode off with tears in his eyes, kissing his hand to those beloved objects, as long as they were visible. Mr. Howard and Lady Gertrude bestowed a thousand benedictions on their amiable Henry, and Caroline

wept in bitter agony the loss of her loved companion; she was almost suffocated with her sobs, and Lady Gertrude suppressed her own feelings to sooth her child's.

Mr. Howard, taking a hand of each, led them back to the house, and tenderly embracing Lady Gertrude, told her, she was a pattern for her sex; then drawing Caroline to him, and placing her on his knee, he said, "My beloved child, you frighten me; I should be miserable to see you devoid of feeling, but this excessive sensibility terrifies me for your future happiness. You have cause to be grieved for the loss of your brother; but, Caroline, you shew selfishness in this grief; you see your mother, and myself, suffer severely, and in silence, and yet you think only of your own loss. Look at your mother's pale cheek and trembling frame, and then

tell me, do you wish to make her worse by this violence?"

Caroline had been near going into hysterics; but this calm reproof from her father brought her to herself, and starting from his knee, she first threw herself into his arms, then into her mother's, crying, "O papa, mamma, your Caroline loves you dearly, dearly; she knows how cruel it was not to think of you, but then I was so sorry for poor Henry" (and here the tears traced each other down her innocent face), "that I forgot every thing else; but I will try to comfort you, and to stand in Henry's place, and to do for you what he did—But I can't do that now, I think," cried she with sobs; "I can't make you laugh as he did; I can't read to you as he did, or play as well on the harp as he did on the flute.—I know I can't do all this, but I will try to please you as well as I can; indeed I will, dear mamma.

Papa, believe how good I shall be, and I hope you will try to make me as like Henry as you can."

"I will, my child," replied her father, kissing her cheek. "Gertrude, my love," said he, turning to his wife, "will you take a walk? it will be of use to you; and Caroline may come if she pleases."—"I will, dear papa" (still sobbing); "and you shall find I will be all you wish as long as I live."

Mr. Howard had many uneasy moments on this charming child's account; he dreaded her exquisite sensibility being a source of misery to her through life; but he also knew, were it turned into a proper channel, and not suffered to take the lead in every thing, it would make her a most delightful woman, and a blessing to all around her.

Caroline Howard's disposition was naturally sweet; her affections, strong and steady; her mind, delicate and fe-

minine; and in the education of such a creature, and at such an age, there was much to think of.

"And is Mr. Howard any body?" asks the reader; "and who is Lady Gertrude?"—Mr. Howard was a branch of the Norfolk family; he was now in his fortieth year, had had the best education England could afford, was amiable in his character, and handsome in his person. He lived on his estate in Hampshire, which brought him about two thousand a year; this place was very pretty, and by long residence endeared to him and Lady Gertrude. She was only child to the Earl of Bellengen, an Irish peer, and had given great offence to her family by marrying Mr. Howard. Her father wished to force her into an union with a gentleman, whom, though extremely amiable, and an excellent match for her, she could not like, and she married Mr. Howard clan-

destinely. Lord Bellengen was enraged, Mr. Howard offended, and Lady Gertrude was unfortunately prevented from throwing herself at her father's feet to implore his forgiveness, which she anxiously wished to obtain. An unpleasant letter was delivered to Mr. Howard from the angry Earl. He carried his wife to Hampshire, withdrew her entirely from her own family, and never received a single shilling of her fortune. Lord Bellengen at that time was not a rich peer; he had but a few thousands a year, with so magnificent a place, that half his income was nearly expended to keep it up.

Lady Gertrude grieved at being thus cut off from her friends; she was extremely fond of her father, who, independent of a little obstinacy and violence of temper, had many agreeable and amiable traits in his character, and was, in reality, a worthy man. Lady Ger-

trude was very young and very beautiful; she retired with her husband most willingly into Hampshire, and had no wish to mix in the great world, as she had not fortune to support her rank, should she attempt to do so; and she wisely gave up what she could not attain with ease. She adored her husband, she doated on her children, and she rendered her place in Hampshire a little paradise. They had an agreeable neighbourhood, and lived in rural elegance and ease. She and Mr. Howard educated their children themselves. Their son was sent to Cambridge for some time before he went to India. Mr. Howard's own understanding and acquirements told him that a good education was of the utmost consequence in any situation of life.

When Henry sailed for a foreign country, half their happiness was lost; and their chief occupation, and greatest pleasure, was to watch the growing

beauties and opening mind of their daughter, and to unite their endeavours to bring them to the utmost perfection.

Lady Gertrude's health had always been delicate, and now appeared to decline. Mr. Howard was alarmed. Change of scene, and a warmer climate, were recommended by an able physician; and the affectionate husband was not slow to follow the prescription. Our short peace was concluded with France about a year after Henry's departure; and Mr. Howard set out with his wife and daughter for that country; and finding that gentle exercise, and change of place, were of considerable benefit to Lady Gertrude, he was in no hurry, nor did he wish to drive post through the country. Caroline, though so young, must reap great advantage from all she saw; and he wished her to get a fluency in speaking the French language before they reached the capital of France.

Arrived at Paris, they were chiefly employed in seeing every thing worthy notice, and they procured the first masters for Miss Howard. Never was a female form, or mind, cast in a happier mould than hers; but she was too young at that period, for us to give a description of either; both must unfold their beauties by degrees: suffice it to say, that having passed a year at Paris, and at a villa they had hired near it, her parents determined on carrying her to Italy to finish her education.

Lady Gertrude in early life had resided some time at Florence, and having a fine genius for music, she delighted in that land of harmony; and Mr. Howard thought the climate, and being in a country that must give her agreeable ideas, by recalling the scenes of her youth, would assist in re-establishing her health. To Italy they were then determined to proceed, but stopped some

time at Lyons, that city so interesting to those who travel through the south of France.

While they remained at Lyons, Mr. Howard met by chance on one of the public walks, an old college friend of his; his name was Lindsey, a most worthy and amiable man of his own age. He had a handsome fortune in Derbyshire, where he had been settled some years; and Mr. Howard was not a little surprised at meeting him now in the south of France. Mr. Lindsey informed him he had suffered much since they met; that about two years before, he had lost a wife extremely dear to him, and soon after, a fine boy of eight years old, his only child: that these misfortunes had greatly impaired his health, and that his friends had in turn forced him to spend weeks and months at their different country-houses: that the Duke of Cathmore, one of his most

sincere and attached friends, had insisted on his spending a great deal of time with him at Woodland Castle; and on his telling him that he had some thoughts of travelling, to divest himself, if possible, of that load of ennui and gloom that hung upon his spirits, the Duke encouraged him to do so.

"I advise you, my dear Lindsey," said he, "to make the tour of Europe: you can even receive more gratification from it at your time of life, than you could have done in early youth. When at the first entrance into the world a young man's passions are afloat, he generally hears, and sees, through a false medium; he flies through a country, without noticing what is most worthy of observation: in a town he sees nothing but the theatre, public places of every description, and handsome women. But still youth ought to travel; for, should they even not make the advantage that might be

wished, something must still remain; and the taste will be improved, even without pains being taken for that purpose: our immortal poet has truly said,

'Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits.'

My good friend," continued the Duke, "I know your attachment to me, and I will give you a proof of mine to you. I wish to send both my boys to travel; you know them; will you allow of their going with you? will you undertake the care of these dear sons of mine? I cannot myself leave England, and I wish them to remain abroad for a year or two. Without compliment, Lindsey, you are the only person in the world I should wish to trust them to. Hired tutors I have a dread of: for their own interest, they undo their pupils; they either indulge all their vices, to secure their situation, or they lay them under such cruel restraints, and are in general so

morose and so pedantic, that the unfortunate youth committed to their care, is rendered a hundred times more vicious than if solely abandoned to his own guidance. I can myself well remember," said the Duke laughing, "what I suffered with a travelling tutor: he tormented me, but I think I returned the compliment; I despised, ridiculed, and tricked him most completely; and his ill humour, starched manners, and insufferable pride and conceit, often made me spend the hours when I could shake h off, in pleasures to which I am ashamed to have any retrospect. Had he been a man of amiable and agreeable manners, and known how to lead, instead of driving, I should have spent my time with him, received more advantages from my tour than I unfortunately did, and avoided some unpleasant scenes in which I became an actor in France and Italy."

"My intimacy with the Duke," continued Mr. Lindsey, "had given me an opportunity of knowing his sons: they were fond of me from childhood, and I loved them; they are good young men, and have excellent sense. There cannot be a worthier or plainer man than the Duke. The Duchess is a good wife and mother, but has too much pride of family and haughtiness in her character, to be very pleasing on a near acquaintance to those who are not as proud and haughty as herself. I always treat her with the respect to which she attaches so much value: we are on very good terms: by keeping my distance, I look upon it that she must always keep hers, and that I have greatly the advantage of her, by her not being able to throw me into the back-ground. Her character is not an ideal one in the great world—a woman of high rank and unsullied reputation: if she is narrow-minded, and

her education has been neglected, she in general avails herself of her birth, pride of family, and hauteur of character, to impose herself on the world as a superior being. What plebeian shall dare to lift the veil of fashion that half-conceals her, and discover faults that would be unpardonable in a lower order of beings? My good friend, you know the world as well as I do, and will agree with me, that we should not be too fastidious. It is as hard for a man, or woman, bred up from the hour of their birth in the greatest luxury, indulged in all their wishes, nay in all their whims, having the flattering sounds of their rank, their great consequence, their beauty, their talents, continually poured into their ears by the hirelings that surround them—it is as difficult, I say, for these beings to remain uncorrupted, as the Scripture says it is for a camel to go through the eye of a needle. Judicious treatment of

youth may administer an antidote to this poison, that in their early years is instilled into the great; but it must be applied by a skilful hand.—This was the good Duke's opinion, he was pleased to say, when he entreated me to undertake the care of his sons while abroad. I have an independent spirit, and willingly accepted the charge, as I have too good a fortune to lay myself under any pecuniary obligation. The Duke gives an unlimited allowance for his sons; but it is left to my discretion, to prevent all improper extravagance."

During this conversation, or rather this account of his situation which Mr. Lindsey was giving Mr. Howard, the two friends approached a clump of trees in a retired part of the walk, and placing themselves on a seat beneath them, from whence they had a view of the surrounding country, they gave each other the history of their lives from the time

that marriage, different pursuits, and a distant residence, had parted them. Sweet moments, when friends meet; when good and sensible hearts, long attached, possessing kindred virtues and kindred tastes, after a lapse of years, meet with the same warmth of friendship, with the same disinterested and affectionate feelings, that possessed them in youth, uncorrupted by the world, unsullied by vice. Such friends were Mr. Howard and Mr. Lindsey. In being again united, they had nothing to blush for. If in early youth their hearts had been laid open to each other, there was now no necessity to be more reserved. They had much to relate. They had neither of them come to their present time of life free from sorrow. Mr. Lindsey was still smarting under his misfortunes, and it required all his philosophy and his religion to support them. Mr. Howard had not led a life of perfect

happiness, but he had great present blessings, in his wife and children.

Two or three hours passed unperceived by those amiable men; for, totally absorbed by each other's interesting little story, they took no note of time. Mr. Lindsey was first awakened from this friendly reverie by the approach of two fine young men arm in arm, and the eldest saying, "My dear Sir, we have been hunting for you all over Lyons, and almost feared that you were tired of us, had given up your troublesome charge, and flown to England: but now that we have caught you, you will not so easily escape." This was said with an air of gaiety and a sweet smile.—"My dear boy," answered Mr. Lindsey, starting from his seat, "is it possible you have been so long in search of me?" Taking out his watch, and looking at it with surprise, he turned to Mr. Howard: "Dear Howard, how strong is the power

of real friendship! Never since my sorrows commenced, have the hours passed so swiftly. You have beguiled me of myself, and I have really enjoyed the morning." Mr. Howard pressed his hand affectionately; the young gentlemen politely saluted him, and Mr. Lindsey said, "Howard, I must present you to the Duke of Cathmore's sons, the Marquis of Beaumont, and Lord William Hume. This, my dear boys, is Mr. Howard, my oldest and best friend: we have not met for years; and when once you are acquainted with him, you will not wonder that I have given him the morning, and forgot every thing but the pleasure I enjoyed in his company."

Civilities having passed on both sides, Lord William said, "We have been in search of you, Mr. Lindsey, to know if you will accompany us to the theatre to-night. We hear a famous actress makes

her appearance. Perhaps Mr. Howard will also give us the pleasure of his company?"

Mr. Howard replied, "When such gay young gentlemen condescend to request the company of elderly folks, there is no resisting the temptation." But on one condition only, would he agree to attend them to the theatre—What was it? they both asked at once. "That with my friend you will both honour me with your company at dinner, at my hotel, where I shall have the pleasure of introducing Lady Gertrude Howard to you, and I think she will have no objection to join the evening party." The invitation, so kindly given, could not be rejected, and the gentlemen parted, the brothers and Mr. Lindsey to dress, and Mr. Howard to prepare his wife for the reception of her unknown guests.

Gentle reader, we must here take breath. We have come a great way in a

short time, have crossed the sea, travelled to Paris, from thence to Lyons, without stopping. Yes, we did stop a whole year at Paris: I had forgotten it—I believe we were touched by a torpedo; we know nothing of what passed there, we heard nothing, saw nothing worth relating—no matter; many a traveller is in our situation. We shall, perhaps, be there again in the course of our peregrinations; and if we recover sight and hearing, we may be able to recount something that has been, or has not been.—*Bon repos.* Reader,

"Thou art inclin'd to sleep; 'tis a good dulness,
And give it way—I know thou canst not choose."

CHAP. II.

Mr. Howard, on returning to his hotel, told his amiable wife of the unexpected and agreeable meeting he had had with one of his dearest friends; also on what account Mr. Lindsey was travelling. He added, that he had engaged him, and the Duke of Cathmore's sons, to dine with them, and had promised that she would accompany them to the theatre in the evening. "As to Caroline," said he, "I suppose she will want little persuasion to be of the party; and though she is so young, I think she is much safer in our company, and under our guidance, than shut up with a half-gentlewoman governess, till fashion prescribes the moment for her being launched into the gay world."

"Caroline must be of the party if I make one," replied Lady Gertrude.

"You know, my dear Edward, that it has ever been my opinion, that the present mode of education is the worst possible for girls. Kept in a nursery till eighteen, for fear of rivalling mamma, they live most of their time with a governess who is ignorance itself; but if she speaks French, and can teach Miss to dress, it is quite sufficient: the poor girl is condemned to her irrational conversation from morning till night, except when she is bored to death by a music and drawing master, when, perhaps, she has not the least genius for either accomplishment. Frivolous books are put into her hands, not above the capacity of a child of five years old—abridgments of history, that stuff her head with a few facts, which she jumbles together, without, in reality, knowing any thing accurately. The best English poets, which, if read, would form her taste, her governess knows nothing about.

there may be something to object to in many of their productions, and for this reason they are not suffered in her little cabinet of silly books. Novels are absolutely forbidden, without even the severe scrutiny that Cervantes makes the Priest in Don Quixote give the romances of his time. They are altogether forbidden books, and I have no doubt I should be much condemned for allowing our Caroline to peruse that beautiful novel, The Children of the Abbey, or that instructive and interesting one, Santa Sebastiana, whose heroine might be taken for a model by the first girl of fashion in Great Britain. How I pity the poor creature that is thus shut up, and only sees her parents an hour in the day, when she is afraid to express her opinion or feelings on any one subject! While she remains in London she is a prisoner: a walk in the Park, with her governess and a footman, is all that can be expected be-

tween the hours of her masters. In the country she sees little of the beauties of nature, condemned still to walk only at stated hours, and not beyond the pleasure-grounds. I am sure we have known girls of fashion, that, spending three parts of the year in the country, did not know an oak from a beech. The poor creature's mind is crippled as well as her limbs: instead of blooming with the beauty of a rose, she becomes pale and sickly, grieves and pines to see and to be seen, and reckons every minute till she is eighteen, when, to emancipate herself from this woful life, is all her wish, and she is dying for the first man that tells her she is adorable, and offers to free her from her splendid prison. The end of the education I describe, may be seen every day in Doctors Commons. Let us, my dear Edward, by a different mode, endeavour to make Caroline a reasonable being. We must not

expect perfection: few are exactly what they ought to be; but there are deep shades of difference in mind and manners, merely from education. I am anxious for our daughter's being accomplished in those arts for which he has a genius, but much more anxious that her mind should be stored with useful knowledge. I hope we are pursuing the right path, and that you, my dear Edward, approve my little plans."

"I must ever approve all you do," answered her affectionate husband. "I only pray that our child may equal you in every accomplishment and every virtue. From the first hour I knew you, Gertrude, you have risen in my opinion—were men blessed with such wives as you, the world would be a Paradise,

"The resort of love, of joy, of peace."

Thinking of this charming woman's delicate state of health, Mr. Howard's

eyes filled with tears, and he mentally prayed that he might never know the misery of losing her. Fearful of betraying his agitation, with a tender embrace he said, he must leave her to prepare for the reception of his guests; with great liveliness Lady Gertrude replied, "Well, Edward, this is very delicate flattery, and you know flattery is grateful at any time of life. You are determined to keep me in good humour, and prevent my looking with an evil eye on the great grown girl, that will, in a year or two, be so much superior in beauty, to what mamma could ever pretend to; you shall see how I will manage Miss, and make her fly at my nod, and tremble at my approach."—"Do your worst, dear Gertrude, I am satisfied." The charming subject of their conversation just entered the room, and heard, with delight, that she was to go to the theatre in the evening.

Caroline Howard was now near fifteen; she was tall of her age; and, like a

fine rich carnation, was just bursting into beauty; but not exactly knowing what her appearance was at this age, we shall wait till she is full grown, to give a description of her person.—The mind and understanding comes sooner to its standard than the form; hers shewed very early what they were. She was born with a sweet temper, tender feelings, and strong affections. Her sensibility was uncommon; her understanding was excellent, more solid than showy; she had no wit, and never gave a pert answer in her life; but she easily comprehended all she was taught, had a retentive memory, a quick perception, and as fine a taste as any one could be possessed of. She inherited her mother's genius for music; and her voice, even in speaking, was enchantment. She was now going where she could be perfected in her accomplishments, and she herself had a strong desire for improvement of

every kind. Hitherto her tutor and governess had been Mr. Howard and Lady Gertrude; they had, indeed, given her the best masters in Paris for music, dancing, and drawing: her wish to learn, and their instructions in the absence of these masters, had accelerated the great progress she made. Their chief study was her mind; they endeavoured to weed out every fault, and tenderly to foster the growth of every virtue and excellence.

Few were more capable of educating youth, of teaching "the young idea how to shoot," and of giving the mind and manners the highest polish. Mr. Howard was not only a sensible man; he was accomplished, elegant, and well bred. Lady Gertrude, who was three years younger than her husband, was still most lovely and attractive in her appearance, though her pale cheek, and a transient cast of sorrow in her countenance, betrayed some secret grief,

and that she was not always at peace with herself.—

"O happiness! where art thou to be found?
I see thou dwellest not with birth, or beauty;
Nor dost thou, it would seem, with virtue dwell,
Else had this gentle lady miss'd thee not."

We have not leisure at present to investigate the cause of this uneasiness in the mind of Lady Gertrude; we shall elucidate it hereafter: at present the arrival of company puts an end to our researches.

A loud knock at the door announced Mr. Lindsey and his young friends. Mr. Howard presented the strangers to his wife and daughter. Lady Gertrude, perfectly well bred, and always an agreeable companion, soon set every one at ease; and the Marquis and Lord William entered into conversation with as much gaiety as if the party had all been on an equality of years with themselves.

They were both very fine young men; had been bred at Eton, and were also

some time at Cambridge. The Marquis was twenty, his brother nineteen; they were strongly attached to each other, though very different in temper and disposition. The Duke their father, knowing their fondness, did not wish to separate them, but sent them to travel together. They were both extremely sensible, had good hearts, and were perfectly honourable. They had gone through their school education with great credit, and, had a profession been necessary to either of them, they would have been an ornament to any they had entered into. Their father, the Duke of Cathmore, had no child but those two sons, and could provide most nobly for Lord William, which precluded the necessity of his doing any thing for himself: his inclination led him to the army, but the Duke would not hear of it at present.

Besides the company already mentioned, the Comtesse de Rivole was

of the party. She was a pretty French woman of fashion, a widow of about six-and-twenty, with a very large fortune, and descended from one of the first families in France: though noble, they had joined the republican party at the revolution, and by so doing had preserved the greater share of their property.—Madame de Rivole had shewn Lady Gertrude much civility during her stay at Paris, and meeting the Comtesse at Lyons, she had called on her in the morning, and invited her to dinner.—Madame de Rivole was a true French-woman, a pretty brunette, very affected, with a good deal of grace in her manner; was smart and animated, and had much quickness and repartee in her conversation. She had spirited black eyes and white teeth; and though both were too large to be in unison with the rest of her features, she was so entirely satisfied with herself, she thought they were ir-

resistible. This opinion caused a constant appearance of good humour, that was not perfectly natural to her character—but when a female wishes to captivate, how can she transform herself!—Madame de Rivole came to dinner, elegantly dressed, all smiles, graces, and liveliness; and her animation and desire of pleasing were not lessened, by seeing, on entering the saloon, two such fine young men as Lord Beaumont and his brother.

Dinner was soon announced. The Marquis and Lord William took their seats on each side Lady Gertrude; Mr. Lindsey sat next Mr. Howard, at the bottom of the table, and Madame de Rivole flew to place herself next the Marquis. Lord William felt pleased, that, instead of the fashionable Comtesse, the modest, blushing, and interesting English girl occupied the chair next his. Our guests were not inclined to make a

slight repast; and as, in that case, there can be little conversation during the first course, we shall employ our reader's leisure moments in taking a view of our two young Lords. Who can be interested for a person of whose appearance they have no idea? I cannot agree, even with our immortal bard, in the assertion he makes, that

——"There is no art
To find the mind's construction in the face."

In general, if carefully inspected, if watched in unguarded moments, it will most truly betray the secrets of the heart. Often do we deceive ourselves in the opinion we form of others; we see them through a medium of our own making, and it is a chance that it is a true one. At present we have an agreeable picture to present; two young noblemen of distinguished birth, well educated, brothers, and loving as brothers should do, never having known sorrow, and just

entering on the great stage of the world. It is a beautiful picture, but to a contemplative mind an awful one—

"For see how all around them wait
The ministers of human fate,
And black Misfortune's baleful train!
Ah, shew them where in ambush stand,
To seize their prey, the murd'rous band;
Ah, tell them they are men!"

But I forget that my fair readers may vote me a bore if I moralize, and I see they are impatient for a description of the brothers.

The Marquis of Beaumont (for we must begin with the first in rank) had a tall fine figure, rather large, and more graceful than elegant; his face was strikingly handsome, his forehead high, very dark hair and eyebrows; his eyes black, bright, quick, and animated to the greatest degree; his look was so ardent and penetrating, that the person who met it, almost felt it; his countenance, expressive of good humour,

was also indicative of violent passions not to be controlled; his mouth was charming, and his teeth fine; he had an air of grandeur, and something about his person that awed his beholders, though his manners were perfect.—Lord William Hume was not so tall as his brother; he was little more than the middle size; but what he lost in grandeur of appearance, was made up in elegance and fashion. His complexion, for a man, was uncommonly fine; his eyes of the deepest blue, with very dark long eyelashes, and rather large eyebrows; his hair much lighter, almost chesnut; his face in fine proportion, his mouth so infinitely graceful, that when he spoke he fascinated those whom he addressed. Though in general lively and animated, he often had a languor in his eyes and in the expression of his countenance, that went to the soul. If interested in any conversation, his face became almost divine.

Benevolence, sweetness, and spirit, were happily blended in the expression of his fascinating features. But it was necessary to live with him, to be acquainted with the charms both of his person and character, for he had nothing obtrusive in his nature. Lord William adored his brother, and would have sacrificed his life for him; and met with an equal return.

We enter the eating-room with the dessert, and find our little party so much pleased with each other's conversation, that they scarcely remembered their engagement at the theatre; and the lively widow chatted, laughed with, and ogled the Marquis. She made use of all her arts to captivate: her coquetry would have been sufficient to induce her to do so, had the object she was placed next, been only an ordinary man; but here was a very fine young man, a future Duke, with an immense fortune—what a prize! it was worth winning, and win it she

would, if possible. She ventured, however, now and then to send a few expressive glances to Lord William across the table: should one brother prove insensible, the other might have more understanding, and think so charming a woman, with no despicable fortune, a good party for a younger brother.

To do Madame de Tivole justice, she was very engaging, though full of airs and affectation; and whatever her principles might be, she had hitherto maintained an unsullied character. Vain, self-sufficient, and enterprising in the extreme; she was also obstinate in a great degree, and ardently pursued any plan she had adopted till it became quite hopeless: she was so very entertaining, that the Marquis paid a good deal of attention to her, though at times during the repast his conversation with the pretty brunette was interrupted

by the sounds of a voice so harmonious that they arrested his attention, when the fair one close to him was exerting all her talents for entertaining. A few simple words seemed to be possessed of magic her studied phrases were divested of; and with a slight degree of wonder she saw Lord Beaumont's eyes turned with surprise and ardour on the innocent and artless Caroline, who sat at the opposite side of the table.

Madame de Rivole, though she saw Caroline's opening beauties, was not in the least afraid of them; she said to herself, "She is a mere child; it is quite nonsense for her parents to bring her into company so early—ridiculous certainly—a thing not thought of in the world of fashion." Lord William scarcely knew that Madame de Rivole was in the room: he paid his attentions to Lady Gertrude, and occasionally conversed with Caroline; he was not a little sur-

prised to find her understanding so much beyond her years; her timidity was natural to her time of life, and only rendered her most interesting.

The hour approached for going to the theatre; the company seemed to have forgotten it, till Miss Howard said to her father, "I thought till now, papa, you always wished to see the beginning of a play."—"I thank you, my dear Caroline," answered Mr. Howard, "for your gentle hint:" then turning to the ladies, "We are, I believe, all ready to attend you." Madame de Rivole shrugged her shoulders, as much as to say, How Gothic to go so early! and Mr. Lindsey declared, he thought Miss Howard was the only person who had shewn any taste; they had all heard that the most famous actors from Paris were to perform, and no one had expressed a wish but she, to be in time for the opening of the piece: then

turning to the blushing Caroline he said, "Never, my dear child, let fashion corrupt you; be always the natural, innocent creature you now appear, and you will carry about with you a charm stronger than we are told the cestus of Venus possessed."

Mr. Howard laid his hand with an affectionate pressure on his friend's, which was just opening the lid of his snuff-box. Madame de Rivole smiled ineffable contempt, and whispered the Marquis some nonsense, to divert his attention. Poor Madame de Rivole!—the attempt was fruitless; his eyes were fixed on Miss Howard, who, much embarrassed, was rising from her chair, when Lord William, who had, for an instant lost in thought, placed his hand across his eyes, rose also, and, taking her hand, offered to conduct her to the carriage, which was in waiting. The Marquis gave his arm to Lady Gertrude;

and the Comtesse, not quite pleased, found herself under the necessity of allowing Mr. Howard to be her escort. Not to be too troublesome to my gentle readers, who cannot attend five minutes to the same thing, I will refer them to the next chapter for what passed at the play.

CHAP. III.

"What picture 's yonder, loosen'd from its frame?
Or is 't Austuria, that affected dame?
The brightest forms through affectation fade
To strange new things, which nature never made.
Frown not, ye fair!—so much your sex we prize,
We hate those arts that take you from our eyes."

YOUNG.

OUR party arrived at the theatre before the play commenced, and were escorted into it in the order they left the hotel: they had the best places in the house; but Madame de Rivole was quite restless; she did not know where to sit; the lights would be offensive in such a situation; in this she could not see, in another she could not be seen. Lady Gertrude, standing during this indecision, begged she would take her choice. At last the gay coquette, seizing Lord

Beaumont's arm, said, "I think this place will do," pointing to him to take his seat next her. This place, so agreeable, was behind the rest of the company, and the Marquis could not be so ungallant as to refuse the fair widow's invitation: she diverted him with her affectation and originality, and he willingly placed himself next her. Lord William sat between Lady Gertrude and Miss Howard.

Soon the curtain drew up, and the brilliant appearance of the stage and the actors, attracted every one's attention. The play was Racine's Phedra; the acting was worthy of the author, and the piece was capitally performed: the part of Phedra was done to perfection; and during her finest speeches not the smallest disturbance was to be heard in the house, except from Lady Gertrude's box. The Comtesse declared she was quite ennuied; she had seen

this piece performed a hundred times at Paris, in a much superior style; she yawned, then laughed at herself for doing so, and whispered the Marquis a thousand nothings, loud enough to be very disagreeable to those around her; and at last succeeded in forcing him to attend to her instead of the play. The party who sat below her was highly gratified. Caroline was all attention; she heard, she saw nothing, but the performance; and when they came to the scene where Phedra accuses Hippolitus to Theseus, she wept most bitterly. Lord William, who had fixed his eyes oftener on her than on the stage, said, "Miss Howard, were Racine alive, how would he be gratified by your admiration of his work, and your pity for his Phedra!" Caroline waited till the scene was over to make a reply, and then said, "I do indeed admire Racine's beautiful poetry, and cannot help being af-

fected by it; but I don't pity Phedra."—"You don't pity Phedra? have you no compassion for one so deeply in love?"—"No," answered Caroline with the greatest naïveté: "she is not in love, she is wicked; one must hate, not pity, such a woman." Lord William looked astonished, delighted, and charmed; and with the greatest softness of voice and manner he said, "If you do not think Phedra in love, Miss Howard, what can be your opinion of that passion?"—"I don't know," answered Caroline, deeply blushing, "that I can give any opinion on the subject; but I should imagine that real love led to every thing that was good; that it exalted the mind, instead of debasing it: I sincerely hope I never may know any thing of it, if it be so fell a passion as is represented to-night." Fearing she had said too much, she was in great confusion. Lord William gazed at her with an expression not to

be defined; his countenance shone with ineffable delight. At that moment the Marquis leaned forward to ask Miss Howard how she was entertained; he also wished to see her beautiful eyes, when weeping. Lord William repeated to him their conversation and her opinion. The Marquis was struck with her delicacy of sentiment, and as he gazed ardently at the innocent girl, his eyes darted fire, and his whole face was in a glow. Madame de Rivole, who heard every word, tapped Caroline on the shoulder with the end of her fan, saying, "*Petite folle, vous ne savez rien.* As to me, I pity Phedra, poor thing! more than I can express: sacrificed to such an old fellow as Theseus, what could she do, but fall in love with that charming mountaineer Hippolitus? he was undoubtedly a little savage not to return her passion."

Lady Gertrude, though no prude, did

not think the conversation exactly what she should wish continued, and soon gave it the turn she chose. When the play was over, she invited the company to sup at her house; all seemed pleased with the invitation, and when they had reached her drawing-room, the Comtesse still continued to play off her airs and graces to the Marquis: she turned the tragedy they had been at into ridicule, took off all the performers, which she completely burlesqued, and highly entertained all the gentlemen. During the course of the evening she proved herself an excellent actress; but, with all her ingenuity, she could but transiently engage the attention of the brothers. Lord William's whole soul was in his eyes; they were continually turned towards the lovely Caroline, and he could only think of what an enchanting woman she would make.

Whenever the Marquis could emanci-

pate himself from the fascinations of the entertaining brunette, he approached Miss Howard, leaned over her chair, addressed some lively conversation to her, looked at her with admiration, and it might be said—

"He watch'd the early glories of her eyes,
As men at daybreak watch the eastern skies."

The evening closed cheerfully, and an appointment for the next morning to see the curiosities of Lyons took place. Madame de Rivole wanted the party to meet in the evening at her apartments; but Lady Gertrude excused herself on the score of delicate health, and her fear of being out at night; but said, "I hope you will all give me your company, and I will have a little music." Every one agreed to the proposal, and Lady Gertrude sent invitations to some gentlemen and ladies of her acquaintance then at Lyons, and also to a few French in the

town, and collected about twenty people of fashion and taste, to her *petite soupé*.

The morning was given to the examination of what was worth seeing, and Madame de Rivole secured Lord Beaumont's attention, by requesting he would allow her to lean upon him, or she must lose the happiness of accompanying them in their tour, as she had sprained her foot the night before, so that she could not now walk without a *little* assistance. Of course the arm was given, and the fair enchantress was gracefully lame; the beautiful little foot, with the most elegant shoe and stocking, was often held out, was often looked at, and must be admired. She sometimes hung back with the Marquis, on account of her lameness, or to examine more accurately some fine building, picture, or statue. In this manner the handsome coquette contrived to turn Lord Beaumont's attention entirely to herself. It was

impossible not to be diverted with her sprightly, odd conversation and manners, and they seemed quite given up to each other the whole morning; though it must be owned, when Caroline Howard approached them, the Marquis forgot that the Comtesse depended on his arm for support, and gazed with such seeming pleasure at the lovely girl, that Madame changed colour, either from the pain she felt in her foot, from a false step just made, or from a degree of vexation at finding she was not the sole object of his attention.

When the morning amusement was over, the gentlemen conducted the ladies to their hotels, and proceeded to their own, to prepare for the evening; the brothers, arm in arm, entered their apartment, and, talking over the morning, Lord William said, "Beaumont, I scarcely know how you liked all we have seen so-day; for you and the Comtesse

kept aloof from the rest of the company."—"We did so, without my wishing it," replied the Marquis; "she is certainly very agreeable, but I should have been better pleased, had she not required my assistance; she prevented me the pleasure of conversing with Lady Gertrude, and that heavenly creature, her daughter."—"I don't think," answered Lord William with quickness, "Madame de Rivole's conversation could have compensated for that loss." The words were scarcely uttered, till he wished they had not passed his lips. He gave an involuntary shudder, and Lord Beaumont said, "My dear William, you and I can never have but one opinion on any subject. Lady Gertrude is a most charming woman, and her heavenly daughter will be still more charming than she ever was; never have I seen so captivating a creature! in another year how dangerous will she be!

and her mind seems to promise as much perfection as her form; what pure, what unaffected sentiments fell from her lips last night! In looking at her, I thought I beheld an angel, and should not have been astonished to have found her a fair vision!"

While the Marquis was speaking in this extravagant and enthusiastic manner, Lord William felt excessively unhappy: he wished his brother to be pleased with Miss Howard, but he was hurt in hearing such warm praise from his mouth, and, with a half-stifled sigh and a quivering lip, he said, "Miss Howard certainly promises to be very charming; she is now scarcely more than a child, and will, as you say, be one day dangerous. But, brother, tell me something about your fair Comtesse; you have absolutely made a conquest of her; she seems caught, I assure you."

—"I hope not," answered the Marquis,

drily; "she may divert me for a morning; she seems an odd creature, very pretty, and very extraordinary; but I give you my word, brother, very little to my taste: I detest such forward dames; though I may treat them with the civility and attention an agreeable woman is always entitled to from men that have either feeling or politeness."—"Well, Beaumont, you will not, surely, dislike Madame de Rivole for being partial to you; every one must allow it a proof of her good taste, and, to say the truth, I think she seems over head and ears in love."—"I hope not, William; she will meet with a bad return," said the Marquis, smiling. "You will not be so ungallant as not to shew your gratitude in some way?" answered Lord William. "O yes, I intend to be very grateful for her partiality, without the least intention of subjugating myself to her dominion; love is out of the question in this quarter,

I promise you ; to speak the truth, William, I don't look upon myself prone to love ; I am too fastidious, I fear, for a woman must be a wonder to captivate me ; she must have the face of an Houri, the form of a Venus, every grace of mind and person that ever was in woman ; to nothing less will your brother surrender his heart. When such a phœnix comes across him, tremble for his fate, it will be fixed for ever."

Lord William trembled ; he could not define his own feelings ; he was leaning against the chimney-piece, his eyes fixed on his brother, who made this rhapsody, standing in the middle of the room ; when, suddenly turning his quick, bright eyes on Lord William, he said, " For Heaven's sake, what makes you so grave ? I believe, in my soul, you are jealous of the charming Madame de Rivole's giving the preference to your dashing brother ; come, come, I promise

you, I will yield her to you, if you wish it."—"Keep your conquest, I beseech you," returned Lord William; "I only think the better of her for her partiality to you."

In this way the amiable brothers conversed, till they were summoned to dinner, where Mr. Lindsey joined them; by his judicious choice of conversation, he ever made it an agreeable meal, where much instruction was conveyed, without the appearance of its being intended. He had an excellent soil to cultivate, and was equal to the task.

The hour appointed for their appearance at Lady Gertrude's arrived, and they met an agreeable party already assembled. The Comtesse was bewitchingly dressed; she had

"Repair'd her smiles, awaken'd every grace,"

and was determined on conquest. On the entrance of the brothers, she rose

from the sofa on which she sat, but soon sunk in a languid attitude on the arm of it, declaring she had nearly dislocated her foot by the effort : but she supposed the pain would soon subside. She entreated the Marquis, who approached, to give her a smelling-bottle she had let fall. He did so ; she touched his hand as she received it, cast her eyes down, sighed, then raised them to his face, and smiling (though she gave her countenance at the same time the expression of pain), said, " You are too kind; I am ashamed to be so troublesome to my friends; but you Englishmen are so extremely good-natured, it renders you quite delightful. If you have not the gaiety of the French, you have more intrinsic and solid merit. Who can be insensible to it ?" cried she, in a low, soft voice, turning her eyes languishingly on the Marquis. He was not unconscious of the meaning conveyed both in the voice and look ;

youthful vanity was pleased, and, taking her hand, unseen by the company, he raised it to his lips.

At the other end of the room a little concert had begun; but Madame de Rivole, by her conversation, prevented the Marquis listening to it. In a few moments his ears were assailed, as he thought, by celestial sounds, and, starting from the sofa on which they sat, without the least ceremony, he left the Comtesse, and flew towards the sounds that so forcibly attracted him. He found a French nobleman at the piano-forte; Lady Gertrude at the harp, accompanying her daughter in a beautiful Italian air. Caroline's voice, though not come to perfection, was yet delightful; her taste and her execution, as far as she was suffered to go, perfection; from her infancy she was taught by her mother, who was a perfect musician. Young and bashful as she was, she was so

accustomed to sing and play, that she did so without embarrassment, though with the greatest modesty. Every one who heard her was charmed, and foretold her future excellence. Lord Beaumont was in raptures; he could not applaud her performance sufficiently—but every note sunk on Lord William's heart; he said little, but leaning on the back of a chair, where she stood, he seemed rivetted to the spot, and his eyes, with melting softness, were fixed on the youthful songstress. Towards the conclusion of the air, Madame de Rivole had contrived, notwithstanding her lameness, to get near the group, and the Marquis found his arm gently pressed by the gay Frenchwoman.

"So, you inhuman creature, drawn by the magic of sweet sounds, you have had the cruelty to leave me sola on the sofa. I should have died of ennui, had I remained there; so I have limped

towards the music. Miss Howard has a pretty voice; she will be a tolerable performer in a few years; it is a pity to strain the child's voice now." This was said only to the Marquis, and in a low tone: the instruments, she thought, prevented every other person hearing her. Lord Beaumont looked at her with a vacant eye, as if he was thinking only of the music, and then said, "Be a tolerable performer in a few years! Miss Howard is wonderful now; very shortly, indeed, will she be the most perfect work of nature."

Madame de Rivole's foot then pained her dreadfully; she declared she was ready to faint, and entreated the Marquis, if he did not wish to see her sink, to lead her back to the sofa she had just quitted. Common politeness obliged him to do so; and when there, by her soft arts, she induced him to abandon the music, and seat himself by her. They

soon entered into a sportive, and rather amorous conversation, while the rest of the company were employed in singing, and in performing several beautiful pieces of music. Lord William, who played very well on the flute, accompanied Lady Gertrude and Caroline in some English and Italian songs. He could not quit Miss Howard's side, during the intervals of the music; he conversed with her, and his thoughts were every moment more and more perplexed.

The next day was fixed for their departure from Lyons. What made him regret that it was so? His heart answered, he could wish to see more of Caroline.

Lady Gertrude was not inattentive to what was passing at the other end of the room; the Comtesse was not the woman she had supposed, nor one that on acquaintance pleased her; but politeness

prevented her breaking in on a tête-à-tête. Mr. Howard was not quite of his wife's humour; provoked at the little attention that had been paid to his wife's and daughter's delightful performance, and at her having evidently prevented Lord Beaumont's listening to what he seemed so much to admire, he was determined to make her ridiculous; and, going up to where she sat, he said, with a sly and meaning look, "My dear Comtesse, though your sprained foot prevents your stirring from the sofa, it shall not prevent our having the satisfaction of hearing your performance on the harp; I will bring it to you: my wife and daughter have tired themselves and the company; you must relieve them, and enliven us with a French air." There was a good deal of malice, mixed with archness, in Mr. Howard's fine face, while he addressed Madame de Rivole; but her insufferable vanity pre-

vented her perceiving it, and, after some slight efforts to excuse herself from complying with his request, and some pretty doubts with respect to her own performance, she was prevailed upon to take the harp, and accompany it with her voice. Her execution was violent, harsh, and false; a hoarse and discordant voice was strained beyond its powers, and grated on, or disappointed the ear. Most of the company were silent, but Mr. Howard applauded her to the skies, thanked her for the pleasure she had given him, and declared that no one but a Frenchwoman could acquit herself as she had done. Lady Gertrude was in amaze at her husband; she did not think she had ever seen him ill-natured before (Mr. Howard was the only person who had overheard what the Comtesse said of Caroline to the Marquis). So perfectly had he satisfied her vanity, that she sat down to supper in

the highest spirits; and though she could not do away the ridicule that attached to her musical talents, she rendered herself very diverting by her eccentric conversation.

At supper it was announced that Mr. Howard's party were to leave Lyons, on their way to Italy, in the morning; and Mr. Lindsey declared his intention of going to Vienna, saying, "My dear Howard, I think, if the present times will allow us, we shall join you next year at Naples. I believe we have interest enough to get passports, and remain abroad, should we even continue at war."—"I trust you have," replied Mr. Howard, "and that we shall meet soon; a warm climate is too necessary to Lady Gertrude's health, to allow of my thinking of going north, while I can have interest to remain unmolested abroad."

Madame de Rivole declared to-morrow would be a sorrowful day; that, for

her part, she thought life too short to spend a moment as one did not like; she could not endure the idea of parting with such friends as those around her; it was equal to her what city she inhabited, and she was determined on visiting both Vienna and Naples before the year was out. Lady Gertrude made no reply, and changed the conversation.

Lord William was depressed; he sat by Caroline, told her he should look with pleasure to the hour that would bring him to Naples, and he hoped he should sometimes hear of them from Mr. Lindsey. He had not the power to withdraw his eyes from her face. The gentlemen told Lady Gertrude, they would attend her breakfast-table, to wish her a good journey. Madame de Rivole excused herself, as she did not rise early. "Dear friend," cries she to Lady Gertrude, "you may be certain of seeing me at Naples." Her Ladyship smiled;

and, with a civil bow, wished her a good night.

In the morning, Mr. Lindsey and his young friends assisted at Lady Gertrude's breakfast-table; but their meal was by no means a gay one. Mr. Howard and his friends were troubled to part so soon after their pleasant and unexpected meeting. The Marquis was not satisfied; he would willingly have relinquished Vienna for Naples; and Lord William, in beholding Caroline, wished to spend his life near her: that he thought would be perfect happiness. What passed in Caroline's heart, is hard to define: she was too young to know herself; she thought however, that, next to her brother, Lord William was the most delightful person she had ever seen, and she wished him Henry's friend.

Little was said during breakfast: the carriage was announced; kind wishes were interchanged; the ladies were

handed to the coach. Mr. Howard, affectionately shaking his friends' hands, stepped in after them, and it drove away. The brothers gazed at it till it was out of sight. "What charming people!" cried the Marquis. Lord William turned to the house, and asked Mr. Lindsey if he was ready for his journey? He answered in the affirmative, and an hour saw them on the road to Germany.

CHAP. IV.

"——Weep'st thou, old man?
Ha, speak! thou venerable mourner, speak
Thy cause of anguish! Hadst thou not a daughter,
Wise like Minerva, like the morning fair,
And once thy dearest comfort?—hath she left thee?"

"WHAT a dreadful peal of thunder!" cried Mr. George Bellengen, as he paced the spacious saloon in Castle Bellengen, the residence, for ages, of the Bellengen family. This magnificent mansion was situate on the sea-coast, in the south of Ireland, about twelve miles distant from Cork. It had a full view of its fine harbour, and was surrounded by the most picturesque country. Nature and art had combined, to render the Castle and its environs enchanting. Green Erin smiled around, in all its beauty,

and could scarcely boast of finer scenery than was visible from every window of the old Castle. How many are thy enchanting scenes, O Erin! how little art thou known! how falsely represented! how woful is thy fate! Torn by contending parties, traduced, calumniated, a prey to civil discord; neglected, abandoned, betrayed by thy own sons, thou art lost among the nations. Thy rich lands, thy magnificent rivers, thy capacious harbours, thy heavenly scenery, avail thee not; civil discord renders thy green shores a desert. O country! endowed by nature with every blessing that Heaven can give, may we yet see thee in peace, may we see thee happy!

Again a loud peal of thunder shook the Castle, the wind blew, the rain poured in torrents; vivid flashes of lightning illumined the saloon where Lord Bellengen sat, near a great turf fire, with his gouty foot in flannels. The sea

lashed its waves against the shore, and the spray reached the windows of the Castle. "It is a dreadful and tremendous night," cried Mr. George Bellengen. "Curse the night, and you too," retorted the Earl; "you know I cannot endure a storm, and you will continue talking of it; can't you sit down, and be damned to you? you keep pacing the room as if you were mad."

"I believe, brother," returned Mr. Bellengen, stopping short, and casting a fierce and hagard look on Lord Bellengen—"I believe it is you that are out of your senses, to address me in the way you do. How could it offend you to say the storm was most violent? It is dreadful beyond any thing I ever heard"—and then, raising his hypocritical eyes to heaven, he cried, "I pray for mercy on all poor sinners; what must their feelings be, in such a tremendous crash of the elements?"—"Again I say, damn

you, your pity, and the storm," cried Lord Bellengen, striking his cane, that was near him, most violently against the ground. He then, as if exhausted, threw himself back in his chair, and, taking a silk handkerchief that lay across his knee, he wiped the damp from his forehead which his passion had caused, and threw it completely over his face. Mr. George Bellengen, thinking his gout was returning, said, in rather a softer tone, "Brother, I hope you are not ill, nor angry with me; I did not intend to offend you." The Earl answered not.

The storm became more violent. At every peal of thunder, at every sudden and loud gust of wind, he groaned aloud. Mr. Bellengen did not venture now to question him on the subject of his uneasiness; he took his chair to the opposite side of the fire, and sat down.

If we could look into this gentleman's heart, we should not better our opinion

of human nature: his person, indeed, was not calculated to prepossess you in his favour: it was large, and cast in nature's coarsest mould; his cheek was pale, his brow scowling, and his eye malignant. He was natural brother to Lord Bellengen, and a few years younger. He was the son of a low woman, who died while he was an infant; and his real birth being known by chance to Lady Bellengen, who was a charming and most amiable woman, instead of rage at her husband's frailty, she went to her Lord, told him, as the miserable mother was dead (and that, without any curiosity on her part, she had been made acquainted with the birth of the boy, and the relationship he stood in to him), she would bring the child to the Castle, and be a mother to it. Lord Bellengen, charmed with such goodness, embraced her with tenderness, declared his repentance of past follies, and then prayed

Heaven to deal with him, as he in future should behave to such a woman. From that period they were the happiest couple in the kingdom, and Lord Bellengen never had a wish beyond his delightful home, where, he used to say, an angel in the person of a woman presided.

Young George had as great pains taken in his education as could be bestowed on any one; but who can entirely counteract nature? In his person he had no trace of the beauty of his father's family; he had the coarseness and vulgarity of his mother's, and his mind was still uglier than his face. This he in part concealed. He had a good understanding, great art and cunning, and the talent of dissembling to perfection; haughty to those he thought beneath him, he could frown, and cringe, and shew perfect submission to those he found it his interest to gain. The Earl his father never liked him; he would have

given him a fortune, and sent him from the Castle when he came to be a man; but Lady Bellengen begged he might remain, as he appeared greatly attached to her son; for he had contrived to gain the affection of the young Lord. At his death, the Earl left him five hundred a year, and his brother added to it fifty acres of land, and a pretty house contiguous to his park, making it over to him for ever, and telling him, he gave it that he might have the pleasure of his living near him. How he repaid this generosity, we shall see in the sequel.

The storm was now abated; the lightnings no longer glared, and the thunder was only heard at intervals, rolling at a distance. The heavy waves no longer lashed the shore with such violence, but retired within the bosom of the main. Lord Bellengen, removing the handkerchief from his eyes, stretched his hand to the bell, and rang it violently. It was

immediately answered. "Bring lights; put on more turf," said the agitated Peer to the servant that entered; and as he was closing the door, "Do you hear? let me have a bottle of claret and some toast directly."—"Brother, will you have any supper?"—"I can eat nothing to-night, but pray order what you choose."—"I will only take a glass of wine with you," replied George. "Very well," cries the Peer; "here 's a charming fire; we will drink our bottle, and then go to bed. I have a twinge in my stomach, and must endeavour to keep the gout out of it."—"By all means," cried George, endeavouring to appear alarmed at the attack in Lord Bellengen's stomach. "Don't make yourself unhappy, George; I know it is nothing: I put myself in a passion, *that* was the cause. I ask your pardon, brother; here is my hand; let us be friends: it was not with you I was angry at the

time I cursed. My rage was with myself; I have been wrong, brother, very wrong. I hope God will give me time to make up for my follies."

By this time the wine and the lights were brought, a table was set at the fire, between the two gentlemen, and George endeavoured to compose his countenance, and give it a melancholy good-natured cast, as if he took a sincere part in his brother's uneasiness. "Let your anger proceed from what cause it may, my dear Lord," said George, "it is unnecessary for you to make me any apology; I ever bear a part in your distress, and I only grieve to see you so greatly agitated; what, in the name of wonder, has been at work in your brain this evening?" The Earl drank a glass of claret without replying. George did the same in silence. At last, Lord Bellengen said, "I cannot endure a storm; it shakes my nerves to pieces. Don't you remember,

George, it was such a night as this, when the tempest raged, when the heavens were on fire, and the sea rose mountains high, that I lost my child, my Gertrude, that she deserted me; that she fled with Howard from her father's house, from her father's arms? Do you think I have nerves to stand such a night as this, when it so unfortunately brings to my remembrance my lost treasure?"

"You are very wrong to consider things in so serious a light, brother; were I you, I would make myself perfectly easy, for I promise you I never should have grieved as you do, for an ungrateful girl that deserted me, and could not be lured back by such kindness as yours. I should 'whistle her 'off,' and enjoy myself, without thinking more of the matter."

This answer did not serve to compose the Earl. "What do you mean, George?" cried he, with anger flashing

from his eyes. "What is your advice? Forget my child for ever! Whistle her off, did you say? Damn your advice! But why should I be put in a passion by your strange ideas, and still stranger speeches? You talk to me, who never had a child!"

The Earl again, throwing himself back in his chair, shut his eyes, and appeared absorbed in thought. Mr. Bellengen, rather discomposed, fidgetted on his chair, took a pinch of snuff, raked the fire, and, filling himself a fresh glass of wine, with a hem or two, he said, "I don't see, brother, what good you can do your health by your present agitation; you are really grown very peevish of late. I hope you are convinced how sincerely I am attached to you: I do all in my power to please you, and you flout me on account of a set of worthless people, that have acted a shameful part towards you."

"I know it, I know it," cried Lord Bellengen, rising from his recumbent posture; "and it is that which hurts my temper. You are very good, George; you did all you could to settle matters; it is not your fault I am so unhappy."

"I am glad you think so," returned George; (the last words of the Peer had taken a great weight from his mind; and he mentally thanked his stars that his brother was so short-sighted.) "I am glad you do me justice, Lord Bellengen, and lay the sins of the offender at the right door. You well know the violent message Howard returned to you, when you sent me to him, and the shameful manner in which Gertrude behaved, when you were so willing to accommodate matters, both before and after her elopement. As to me, I put self out of the question: I have got nothing but unkind words on the subject from both parties. I am determined never to

burn my fingers more in the business: so, brother, here is your health; if you would take my advice, you would endeavour to forget the past, try to enjoy yourself in the company of your friends and those that love you. Here now, you have lately got a large estate by your old aunt Ormond—God rest her soul for leaving it to you! Invite company to the Castle; give a dance or two to your tenants, and drive away care."

"All this is easier said than done," replied the Earl. "This new acquisition of fortune is what gives me uneasiness. You know I was a poor Peer when Gertrude forsook me. This place, my title, and three thousand a year annexed to it, devolve to her, when I am no more, whether she is dutiful or not. Now I have in my own power, by the death of my aunt, estates to the amount of nine thousand a year, and also a very beautiful mansion, on the Lake of Kil-

larney. I am without a will ever since that girl fled, and I cannot bring myself to make one, either to enrich Howard, or to cut her off."

George sat erect in his chair, and, making an effort to suppress his emotion, he said, "Lord Bellengen, you should not be without a will: no man can answer a moment for his life: make one, and consider in it those that you have reason to love, and that love you; I have never done any thing to distress, and make you wretched."—He stopped, and looked full in the honest face of the Peer, in the hope of reading his thoughts. "That is just what I have been thinking of," said Lord Bellengen. "I must consider those who have never offended me." George applauded him: it was just what he ought to do; and for a few minutes he was certain, should a kind fit of the gout carry off his brother, he was secure of a great part of his property.

But the amiable George's golden dream did not last long: after the reflection of some moments, Lord Bellengen resumed his discourse, by saying, "Gertrude and her husband have mortally offended me; but she has two children, of whom I hear a charming account: a boy, gone to India, to make his fortune; and a fine girl, who promises to be both handsome and amiable."—"And from what quarter had you this information?" This was said in a tone of voice that ill concealed his disappointment and vexation. "From a quarter," replied the Peer, "that I can depend upon."

George was afraid to ask another question; he was thunderstruck, having no idea that Lord Bellengen could have any information respecting his daughter, but through him. It was an unexpected blow, and he could not well bear it: disagreeable truths might come out; he must guard against them. A little re-

flection was necessary to provide against the failure of his schemes. Ringing for his great coat and hat, he wished his brother a good night, saying, as it was fair now, he would walk home across the park. "Come to breakfast, George; be sure not to disappoint me: I want to consult you about my will."—"I shall not fail to be here," answered George, opening the door of the apartment in a hasty manner, and letting it clap after him. "What the devil ails the man?" said Lord Bellengen, for he felt the clapping of the door in his gouty foot; but, recollecting himself—"I am really very ill-tempered to poor George; it was undoubtedly the violence of the wind that banged the door in that manner.—John, come and assist me up to bed. Oh! how terrible to be ill, and deprived of the comfort of a child, to smooth one's pillow! Cruelly as you have used me, I will still bless you, Gertrude." Saying

this, Lord Bellengen laid him down in bed, and, in a peaceful slumber, forgot his worldly cares, and dreamed not of the villainy and ingratitude of a brother, who so ill repaid the benefits he had heaped upon him.

CHAP. V.

"I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me." MACBETH.

LAST night we were in a storm, that shook Lord Bellengen's old magnificent Castle to its foundations, and rent the heart of the noble owner, by bringing with force to his remembrance the early happy, and the subsequent sad events of his past life. We are now at sunrise in his bed-chamber. The Peer having drawn back the curtain of his bed, ordered Patrick, his favourite seryant, to open the large Gothic casement that looked to the Cove of Cork. The sun had just got above the horizon; the sky was clear, except here and there some scattered fleecy clouds; the winds were hushed: the refreshing, balmy

breath of morning only was to be felt. The sea, from the late hurricane, was still agitated; but this unquiet appearance added to the beauty and wonder of the scene; for, as the sun rose from its watery bed, and threw its increasing light upon the ocean, the splendour of the waves, and the enchantment of the prospect, could only be conceived by those who have been accustomed to such views. The birds saluted the early morning; the trees were hung with gems; and the gale of fragrance that was exhaled from the pleasure-grounds, beneath the Castle windows, ascended to Lord Bellengen's apartments.

"What a heavenly morning!" said his Lordship as his valet opened the window close to his bed, and from which was to be seen the enchanting prospect,

"Hill above hill, in gay theatric pride."

"O Nature!" exclaimed the Earl,

" how wonderful is thy influence on man! Last night my bosom was in unison with thee; I felt a whirlwind within. To-day, my mind partakes of thy softness; my stormy passions are at rest, and I feel as if I should yet pass some happy days. Patrick, make haste! I will rise; I shall be able, I find, to put my foot to the ground. I will not lose 'this hour 'of prime' in bed. Let breakfast be got ready; I expect my brother: I have some matters to regulate."—" Hum!" says Patrick, as he turned the foot of his Lord's stocking, to put it on. " What are you saying to yourself, Patrick?" cries the Peer. " Nothing, my Lord; I was not spaking, I was only thinking; and you know, my Lord, that 's nothing of a crime."—" Patrick, I know you too well not to be assured you have something in that wise noddle of yours, you don't choose I should know."—" Lord bless your Honour, how can you think

so? By St. Patrick, my namesake, I never had a thought I won'd care a pin's point if the Devil knew, or if Mr. George Bellengen knew; and that would be worse."—"What do you mean, you numskull, to couple my brother and the Devil together?"—"Nothing, my Lord; Paddy manes nothing when he talks, though he knows well enough what he says."

Here Patrick gave a heavy sigh, but went on dressing Lord Bellengen with great quickness and cleverness (he was an excellent servant, and truly attached to his Lord).—"What can be the matter with you, Patrick, this morning?" said Lord Bellengen again; "are you ill?"—"Nothing ails me at all, at all, my Lord."—"You gave a heavy sigh, Patrick; what was that for?" Patrick was silent; he hung down his head, but went on with his business. "I will know what you are thinking of;" and

the Peer looked angry. Patrick, perceiving this, said, "It was the morning, my Lord, I was thinking of; upon my sowl it was; of this fine, lovely, beautiful morning, so like the sweet saint, whose day it is;" and he again sighed heavily. "Oh! are you at your saints? I suppose your priest has imposed some penance for your sins: have you been making love, Patrick, to a pretty girl? Have you deceived her, Patrick, or has she deceived you, that you sigh so?"—"No, my Lord," replied the honest creature; "I never desaved a girl in my life, nor never will. I was, by the mass, thinking of a sweet saint as ever lived; and I think of her, this day every twelvemonth, and every hour in the day." And saying this, with the sleeve of his coat he rubbed off a tear.

Lord Bellengen then positively insisted on knowing his thoughts, and what gave him so much uneasiness. Patrick,

stammering, said, "I hope your Lordship will not be angry; but the truth is, I was thinking what a shocking thing it is, that my sweet young lady, as she was when she left this, should not be in her own Castle on her birthday, and such a lovely day too, as it is, so like her own sweet self: the bright sun there is not more beautiful than she was, when she went away."

The Earl was thunderstruck; he remembered it was Gertrude's birthday; and, notwithstanding his anger against her, he felt hurt that a domestic should remind him of it. He had been adjusting his neckcloth; his hand dropped on his knee; he hung his head, and said, in a low voice, "It is too true, it is my Gertrude's birthday, and she is not here, and no festivity marks it. She is now thirty-seven; how she must be altered since I saw her last!" He fell into a fit of musing; and at length, for-

getting his gout, and hobbling to the window, he said to himself, "I will not endure this any longer; I must, I will see her." Patrick heard this: his heart leaped for joy; he entreated his Lord to dress himself, and not to stand so long; and while he was finishing his hair, he again began, as was sometimes his custom, to mutter to himself; but, on a command from his Lord, he was, a second time, obliged to speak out. "Plase your Lordship, I was saying, I don't, God forgive me, give entire credit to our noble St. Patrick's having rid poor little Ireland of every venomous thing in it. I could swear he left some bad enough behind him; *that* he did: things that have as much venom as English toads. (You know we have no toads here, thank St. Patrick.) But since your Lordship desires me to spake, I must say, that I do believe, that as our Saint blessed this island so much, he thought it would be

chating the Devil not to have him a few pickings in a corner, here and there: that was all I was thinking, my Lord; I hope no offence."

Lord Bellengen smiled at the odd simplicity of his servant, and ordered him to finish his dress as quickly as he could, as he expected his brother. Patrick crossed himself. His Lordship perceived it, but said nothing. He was struck, for the first time, with his servant's dislike of Mr. Bellengen: but, looking on it as one of Patrick's oddities, he passed it over; and, as soon as he was dressed, repaired to his morning's sitting-room, and ordering breakfast, took his seat near a glass door that opened into a pleasure-ground, which sloped down to the water edge.

At a little distance from this part of the Castle stood a very small building, in form of an ancient temple: it was perfectly simple, built of a grey marble

that is found in the county of Kilkenny, in Ireland. The situation of the temple was beautiful, and a good deal above the level of the sea, and took in the views most to be admired in the surrounding country. It had been Lady Gertrude Bellengen's favourite spot; and there she was accustomed to read, work, and play upon the Irish harp for hours. Since she left the Castle, her father had never entered the building, and generally, when in the walk that led to it, turned his steps to another part of the grounds.

This morning, the first object that struck him, was the temple. The sun's beams, as he rose in glory, darted on its grey pillars; and some fine sycamores, on a hill behind, formed a back-ground that added to the beauty of the picture. Lord Bellengen's eyes were rivetted to the spot, just at the moment that Mr. George Bellengen entered the room.

This gentleman came, not in a very happy state of mind. The reader may remember he flung the door after him, when the night before he quitted the Castle. He crossed the park to his own house, on foot. The storm was past, but the night was gloomy and cold, though the twentieth of May. It accorded, however, with his sullen, disordered mind, dreading the past, and doubtful of the future. With hasty strides he reached his own home; where, by the light of a single lamp, he paced his gloomy apartment for an hour, considering how he should further the schemes he had in view. His night was sleepless; or, if he dozed, the beautiful figure of Lady Gertrude, when she was seventeen, flitted before him: it mildly looked reproach, and he started from his uneasy pillow. With the early dawn he arose; and in perfect uncertainty what his future conduct should be, he turned

his steps towards the Castle. His entrance roused Lord Bellengen from his reverie, who just nodded to him; and, seeing the servants preparing breakfast, said, "Carry every thing to the temple; the morning is so fine, I will breakfast there." The servants obeyed. Patrick, with delight in his countenance, briskly assisted. Mr. Bellengen looked astonished: "What do you mean, brother? are you mad, to go into the damp temple? have you a mind to get a return of the gout, and kill yourself; and also bring back unhappy ideas to your mind?" Then, turning to the servants who were carrying off the breakfast-things, he stopped them. "Do as you are ordered," cried the Earl in an angry voice: "cannot I breakfast where I like?"—There was no more to be said. Quick as lightning, Patrick had all the necessary apparatus carried to the temple, and returned to assist his Lord.

Mr. Bellengen shrugged his shoulders, and shewed signs of great disapprobation; but he dared not contradict the Earl, who said to him, in a mild accent, "Thank you for your care, George; but I have an uncontrollable desire to go to the temple; it may be damp, as you say: should it be so, we need not stay long."—"Your Lordship will not find it damp," said Patrick, on whose arm he was leaning. George scowled at him, and followed Lord Bellengen, in evident ill temper. The group, could one have read their hearts, were interesting figures. Patrick's good-humoured, animated face, was lit up by hope; Lord Bellengen seemed in search of something, that to find would gratify him; and Mr. George's countenance was expressive of disappointment, spite, and anger.

Arrived at the temple, the Earl, before he mounted the steps that led to

it, turned to view the lovely prospect before him. "How unfortunate," said he, "that human beings know so little what content is! What folly, caprice, and bad taste, govern the proprietors of this beautiful, but unfortunate island! The Irish gentlemen seek, in another land, the beauties and the comforts that their own produces in greater abundance. They give up such scenes as these, their native soil, their own consequence, to make, as they think, a figure in London. Mistaken men! your fortune, your consequence, is nothing there; you are lost in the crowd. Some of you, inheriting superior worth, and being gifted with superior talents, may be singled from the common herd, be approved, respected, and loved, though this is rare. In general, you are laughed at, despised, and often your acquaintance shunned; and for these mighty advantages, you ruin your families, and impo-

verish your country, by wasting your estates in a land, where, one may well say, all things are forgotten. Be wise in time, ye fugitives: return to your own lovely native shores: try to cultivate the minds of your numerous peasantry, instead of 'wringing from their hard 'hands vile trash,' and turning the sweat of their brows into gold, to dissipate in vice in our sister country, and spend in fashionable folly in its overgrown metropolis. Return, I say; and by good conduct, redeem your characters, and be rewarded by the blessings and the improvement of your country."—"By St. Patrick, you have said the truth of these gentry," cried the honest valet. "Very impertinent truly," muttered George.

The good Earl ascended the steps of the building; and, on entering, started back, at seeing it in the most perfect order, and every thing arranged as it had been, while Lady Gertrude lived at the

Castle. Her music-books were lying on a marble table, her harp in its place, with the seat on which she sat; also two inlaid cabinets, with transparent looking-glass doors, with keys in them: they were filled with a small, but elegant collection of books, in different languages. In another small amber cabinet, that stood on a stand, was a work-bag; a pocket-book, on the outside of which was embroidered, in letters of gold, 'Gertrude Bellengen;' also a manuscript book, filled with poems, copied by her own hand. The floor of the temple was covered with a mat, over which was laid a beautiful carpet, to imitate a Roman pavement, and worked by Lady Gertrude. The temple was adorned with orange-trees, and many fragrant plants in pots, all arranged in the nicest order.

The Peer advanced a few steps into the building: he looked round; his

heart swelled. "How happens this?" cried he: "is it magic, or do my eyes deceive me? Who has the care of this temple? I thought it was totally neglected, and left to chance. I say again, who has the care of it?"—"I have, my Lord," replied Patrick, with timidity: "I begged the steward to give me the key, and leave the care of it entirely to my poor self. I hope your Lordship is not offended?" Lord Bellengen did not answer; but as he was leaning on his servant, he did more to express his feelings at the time, than he could have done by words: he gave him a most affectionate squeeze on the arm that he held by. George, finding his brother silent, was certain of his disapprobation; and, turning to Patrick, told him he had acted shamefully, very wrong indeed, and that Lord Bellengen ought to send him off instantly, for presuming to bring to his remembrance an ungrateful child, who

had used him so cruelly. The Peer, giving him a very fiery glance, said, "Have done, Sir; never let me hear my Gertrude spoken of in such a way again: she is my child; and for one only fault I have cruelly punished her. But, O Gertrude," cried he, turning his eyes to heaven, "I have severely punished myself: it is time you should be forgiven." George started as if he had been shot. Patrick, in a low voice, prayed to St. Patrick, and all the saints, to bless him.

"Breakfast!" cried the Peer, in a hasty tone, and seating himself in an easy chair that had been brought from the Castle, for the purpose. "Come, brother, I think my walk has got me an appetite; I hope yours has done the same?" Saying this with a more placid smile and a more cheerful countenance than he had had for years, he ate heartily of what was set before him. Patrick,

who stood behind him, saw, with pleasure, that he frequently looked at all in the room that had belonged to his daughter, and that he particularly cast his eyes on the little cabinet that contained the work-bag, pocket-book, and manuscripts. George was very grave; he ate little, said he was very cold: he wondered what pleasure there could be breakfasting in a damp room, when every thing was so comfortable at the Castle. "Have your breakfast there, if you will," said Lord Bellengen. "You are in so ill a temper, there is little satisfaction in your company. I have not been so well these twenty years, as I am to-day. Do you hear, John? Send the groom to Sir Charles O'Sullivan's, and to Mr. Maxwell's, and bid him tell them, I request their company at dinner to-day, as I want to try some of the finest claret in the kingdom, and I will take no excuse. Tell him to deliver the

message exactly. As you go by the offices, send the steward to me. Don't stop a minute; and bid him make haste." George stared: "What," thought he, "can all this mean?"

While Lord Bellengen was expecting his steward, he sat looking round him, and every object reminded him of his daughter. "Here," he mentally said, "have I seen her a hundred times, at her music, her work, or with a book; never idle: no, never!" He perceived some verses under a small piece of glass, and framed by a common carpenter, hanging against one of the pillars: he desired Patrick to bring it to him: he obeyed. The lines, in the hand-writing of Lady Gertrude, were as follow:—

"O sacred Solitude! divine retreat!
Choice of the prudent! envy of the great!
By thy pure stream, or in thy waving shade,
We court fair Wisdom, that celestial maid.

Here, from the ways of men laid safe ashore,
We smile to hear the distant billows roar;
Here, bless'd with health, with business unperplex'd,
This life we relish, and ensure the next."

"My pretty soul!" cried Lord Bellengen, looking with tenderness at the writing, "your mind was always a religious one."—"How easily we can deceive ourselves," answered George, "you will see! She was not safe from the ways of men, though she could write such fine stuff to deceive you, should it come in your way."—"Must I be for ever subject to your ill-natured remarks, George? Damn me, if I think the girl ever had a deceitful thought in her life." Here the entrance of the steward put a stop to any further altercation.

"What does your Lordship wish?" said the venerable Winterton, as he entered the temple. "I wish," said the Peer, "to give a great dinner to-day."—"Well, my Lord, so you may; we

are prepared: if your Lordship has company, I believe they could not, in the county of Cork, have hit on a better, or more plentiful stocked larder."—"Winterton, my larder would be of little use in the feast I want to give."—"Let your Lordship say what you wish, and I will do the best I can: it is now but seven o'clock; we can have, in a few hours, as much fish and fine meat as would feed an army."—"That is exactly the thing," cried Lord Bellengen; "send word to my tenants: bid them all come, with sons, wives, and daughters, and in their best trim, by three o'clock, to dine on the lawn; and let there be plenty of whiskey and strong beer; and make old O'Donnel the harper, and Morgan the piper, be sure to attend the feast. Order instant preparations to be made on the lawn; lay all the tables in front of the house, that I may see them, without fatigue."

"What in the name of Heaven are you at, brother?" said George.—No answer. "My Lord," replied Winterton, "if you could give us a little time for this feast, we could have every thing complete: the notice is very short, and to-day I have the labourers particularly employed. I never shall get the ground near the sea in order, if I undertake any business till it is finished; and every thing is coming so thick upon me, that I scarcely know how to turn myself."

"Winterton, I don't care a fig for the ground near the sea, in comparison of what I wish to do to-day. Winterton, do you forget my Gertrude?"—(George started, and changed colour.)

"Forget her, my Lord!" said the good old man. "No, no; I never have, never shall forget the dear child that I so often carried in my arms, while my daughter nursed her, and who, when she grew up, would make me go into

the fields, and over the mountains, and through the woods with her, and get me to tell her the names of all the trees and plants ; and then she was so fond of the country, I used to say she would make an excellent farmer."

The old steward would have expatiated for an hour on Lady Gertrude's perfections ; and Lord Bellengen would have felt the greatest satisfaction in listening to him ; but he feared the loss of time, and broke in upon Winterton's speech, by saying, " Winterton, as this is Gertrude's birthday, I wish to keep it; and as she is lady of the manor, her tenants must meet to drink her health, and that of her family." George, then almost staggering towards the Earl, again addressed him, with a face as pale as death, to know what he was about: but still received no answer, except by a slight frown, and a nod of the head, that

seemed to say, "It does not concern you; don't ask questions."

When the old steward heard that the rejoicings were meant to celebrate Lady Gertrude's birthday, his countenance was animated with pleasure; and, making a low bow, while his eyes were dancing in his head, he said, "Your Lordship shall soon see I am not unmindful of your orders: with joy I will call off the workmen from their daily labour; we shall work double tides at the ground near the sea. Thank God, thank God, I see this happy day! May I see my sweet Lady before I die! God bless you, my Lord, for this. I will make all the haste possible; it 's near seven o'clock—that will do." He walked towards the door; then, turning and looking at his Lord, with a doubtful eye, he said, "I hope your Lordship is not making a jest of a poor old man, that has been so long in your service.

May I hope you are in earnest, my Lord?"—"I am more in earnest, Winterton, than I ever was in my life. Why should you doubt it?"—"I don't, I don't," cried the good old steward, hurrying away as fast as he could; but not before he had given Mr. George Bellengen a sly glance, and shook his hoary locks.

The Earl, looking at his watch, said, "Yes, there will be time enough. Come, brother, let us return to the house; we have a fine day, thank God. Here, Patrick, carry that little cabinet, with my poor Gertrude's things in it, to my bedroom; and don't hurt it, or I will play the devil with you." And away he hobbled, not minding his gout, and leaning on Patrick, who walked by his side, as proud as a Lord. George followed, biting his lips, cursing his evil stars, himself, but most of all, Lord Bellengen, who, he inwardly muttered, was

doating, and would slip through his fingers.

We shall now leave the Island of Saints; allow the good steward to prepare the feast for the tenants; give the Earl and Mr. Bellengen time to settle their future operations; and, while all is bustle and preparation at the Castle, avail ourselves of the hours between seven in the morning and three at noon, to take a peep at our friends near Naples. No matter how we make our journey; by land, by water, or through the air, go we shall.

"I drink the air before me, and return,
Or ere your pulse beats twice."

CHAP. VI.

"But one admirer has the painted lass;
Nor finds that one, but in her looking-glass.
To deck the female cheek he only knows,
Who paints less fair, the lily, and the rose."
YOUNG.

GENTLE reader, as I see you are not fatigued with your journey to Naples, you may wish, perhaps, before you view the treasures of that enchanting spot; to know how it fares with Mr. Howard and his family. Look yonder, and you may behold the villa they inhabit on the Bay; a situation reckoned more salubrious than any other for Lady Gertrude: here the sea-breeze prevented her suffering from the heat of the climate. The beauty and grandeur of the surrounding objects, was a constant source of enter-

tainment to her; and, with such an elegant scholar as Mr. Howard, she delighted to tread this classic ground. At a short distance appear the spires of a convent dedicated to the Virgin: the site is beautiful, on an eminence above the Bay; the building is elegant, and embosomed in a grove of citrons and orange-trees: it faces to the west, and has all the glories of the setting sun.

In this convent Mr. Howard placed his daughter, on their arrival at Naples. The Mother Abbess, sister to the Duke of Parma, had presided over it for the last six years. She was a woman, not only of high birth, but of great talents and extreme beauty, for her time of life; she was now forty, and highly revered at Naples: it was thought the greatest happiness to be admitted as a boarder at Santa Maria. The Duke, her brother, who was acquainted with Mr. Howard, had advised him to finish Miss Howard's

education in this convent. "As to the difference of religion," said the Duke, "you can yourself regulate your daughter's; it will not be interfered with. I shall write to my sister, if you wish it, to shew her every attention possible: Beatrice (for I must call her by the name she has assumed) is one of the first characters in this country; when you see her, you will be charmed with her, and wonder at the force religion had over her mind, for her to devote herself, at the age of twenty-six, to a cloister. She was then superior, in every thing, to any woman I ever knew; and much did I grieve at her determination; but she was not to be moved by the prayers of her friends, not even by those of a husband who adored her. She relinquished all worldly cares. For some time before she took the veil, a fixed melancholy had taken possession of her, which no effort of ours could remove. She was

afterwards placed at the head of the community, more from her great merit than her high rank. She has a sweetness of disposition, that will accord with your daughter's temper; and in no place can her talents be brought to greater perfection; and her manners will acquire the highest polish from the intercourse she will have with my sister, and the first nobility of this country."

Such a tempting offer was not to be rejected: Mr. Howard and Lady Gertrude thankfully accepted a letter from the Duke to his illustrious sister; and when they reached Naples, took the earliest opportunity of going to the convent to present it. They were charmed with its appearance on entering the gates; and delivering their letter to a nun who came to inquire their business, they were shewn to a private apartment, where the Mother Abbess entered, with the letter in her hand; and, accosting

them with the utmost politeness, assured them, she should be happy to gratify the wishes of the best of brothers; that his recommendation was sufficient to make her receive Miss Howard with delight; and she begged to see her the next morning. She then conversed for some time with ease and grace. They were delighted with her refined manners, with the beauty of her face, and the grandeur of her figure.

The vesper bell rang; the Mother Abbess rose from her seat, and excused herself from any further conversation at present, as it was the hour of prayer.—She sighed heavily; her eye seemed to be in search of something: but, recovering herself, she begged to see Miss Howard soon. "I love young people," she said; "I think myself happier when surrounded by them; I look upon their innocence as a charm to draw down blessings on my house." She then

retired, and Mr. Howard and Lady Gertrude resumed their way to Naples.

"What a majestic woman the Mother Abbess is!" said Mr. Howard; "and how fine her face! What a beauty she must have been in early life!"—"She certainly was," replied Lady Gertrude; "and, from her brother's account, must have been extremely amiable. I should like to know her history: for it strikes me she must be very wretched. Did you perceive how she started and turned pale, at a little noise in one of the cloisters? and I could not but think, that two or three times, while she was conversing with us, her countenance expressed a degree of horror that was frightful, and the pale hue of her complexion turned almost livid."—"She has had, I presume," said Mr. Howard, "some dreadful misfortune, to cause her, at so early an age, to resign the world, and quit an affectionate hus-

band. How false an idea it is, to suppose merit in a life of seclusion, where you can be of so little use. The really good Christian will, by a virtuous resignation, endeavour to combat or overcome misfortune, and not fly to a life of indolence and apathy, to shield him from it. Different religions, and different climates, give different feelings to the human mind; and it is the part of all good persons to see the failings of their neighbours in the best light, and to keep a strict guard on themselves, not to fall into the same folly."

Lady Gertrude smiled at the serious turn their conversation had taken, and at their translating the Abbess's looks, when they had not passed an hour in her company. "My dear Edward," cried she, "there is one folly I can never fear falling into—that of quitting you, to pass my life in a convent."

On their return, Miss Howard was

informed that every thing was settled for her admission at Santa Maria. As it was a very short distance from the villa they were about taking, and she could see her father and mother whenever she pleased, Caroline was delighted that she could give herself up, without interruption, to those studies and accomplishments, that, if not formed in early life, are afterwards most difficult to attain. She had a genius that greatly soared above mediocrity, and she was never tired of acquiring knowledge. The morrow came, and saw her in her new abode. The Abbess was infinitely pleased with her appearance, and she met in the convent some young ladies of the first families in Italy, and of the most amiable dispositions.

Nothing of the least consequence, or worth repeating, passed for near a year and a half. Lady Gertrude was visibly better in health, from the softness of the cli-

mate. Mr. Howard ventured to leave her for a few months, and returned to England on business: an English frigate brought him back, and he had the comfort of finding his amiable wife improved in health and looks; Miss Howard, in person and accomplishments, beyond his most sanguine expectations. To an accurate observer, the alteration in a girl's appearance, from fifteen to seventeen, is sometimes wonderful; but it is generally at that time of life that the understanding makes its greatest progress, and the person and face attain their perfection. Caroline was now almost seventeen, and, without regular features, an incomparable beauty. Her form was above the middle size; her face had an expression of sweetness and sensibility, scarcely ever equalled; her large black eyes, shaded with long dark eyelashes, were bright to a degree—but their look was the softest and most beautiful in the

world; their movements were slow, and they appeared the index of a heart alive to all the softer passions: her hair was dark brown; her skin transparent, and of a lovely white (it could not be called fair, there was so much animation in it); her colour was the deep blush of a rose; her mouth was rather full, and, when she spoke, it had a thousand dimples, and she displayed a set of teeth perfect ivory. In the various colours of her face there was a richness and softness beyond belief; her neck was finely turned, and her bosom could not be more perfectly formed; her limbs were in due proportion, round and full; and her figure most graceful. Nothing could give a more exact idea of her, than that line of Virgil—

"And by her graceful walk the Queen of Love was known."

Her mind assimilated with her person. Caroline had no art, no littleness in her

composition. One might say, that the richness of her mind (if the expression may be made use of) surpassed that of her form: candid, sincere, noble in her nature, she was truth itself. Sensible that her appearance was captivating, she thought beauty of little value, except

"The mind keeps the promise we have from the face."

She did not spend her whole time in acquiring outward accomplishments: she was in the habit of constantly giving up some hours in the day to studies regulated by her father; so that, at her early age, she had more real knowledge than falls to the share of most women at an advanced period of life. Experience was to come; so it must to every one: it is not to be gained in any great degree from others.

Mr. Howard gave his wife and daughter an account of their friends in England, and of their beautiful residence in

Hampshire. He told Caroline, she would find her garden (through the care of the old gardener) as much improved as she was; "and I think, Caroline, those trees keep pace with your growth." Mr. Howard was at that moment contemplating her wonderful beauty, and the brilliant colour of her eyes and cheeks: the latter presented new-blown roses to his imagination; and, looking at her, lost in thought, he secretly prayed he might be able to protect such innocence and beauty from all ill. Lady Gertrude interrupted his meditation by saying, "But, dear Edward, heard you nothing of Henry? how can he give his mother's heart such anxiety, by not writing?"—"Cease, my dear Gertrude, too great anxiety: he is well. The reason for his silence has been a bad one; but it was well intended, and we must forgive him."

Lady Gertrude looked unhappy, and

waited with impatience for the remainder of Mr. Howard's speech; which Caroline hastily interrupted by saying, while her cheek assumed a deeper glow, "Surely Henry could do nothing wrong." —"Caroline," replied Mr. Howard, "your feeling carries you too far; I hope you will always, in your cool moments, allow a child to do wrong, that disobeys a good father." Miss Howard felt the reproof, and hung her head; and Mr. Howard, to relieve Lady Gertrude's visible uneasiness, said, "Dear Gertrude, don't make yourself miserable: Henry is well: I have had a letter from him. I think he has not acted wisely, though he has done nothing to hurt his character." (Caroline smiled through her tears.) "Henry, as a writer," continued Mr. Howard, "was secure of making his fortune in India, when he took it into his head, that his rank in life was lowered by this sort of

drudgery; and about a year and a half since, he gave up his situation, and went into the Company's service. Promotion there is slow; and though he knew it was so, it did not change his determination, or his passion for a red coat. However, he has been fortunate, Gertrude: a friend of your father's, who has resided many years in India, met with him by chance; hearing that he was your son, and taking, I suppose, a liking to his handsome person (for you know how like he is to you), he removed him from the Company's service, got him a commission in the King's troops, and the worthy man has made him a present of a quantity of valuable things, and faithfully promised him his friendship and protection through life. He is now living in this gentleman's house. Here is his letter for you; and you will see by it his mother has not lost ground in his affections."

Poor Lady Gertrude was ready to faint: joy overcame her; she took the letter, kissed it, called him her dear boy; and then said, with a heavenly smile, "And it was a friend of my beloved father's that has been so kind to my child! I am happy that it is so. Oh! my father! my dear father!" This was said in a low voice; tears fell from her eyes. The letter lay unopened on her lap; her whole thoughts, her spirit, were at Castle Bellengen. In idea she beheld her father. But should this vision be realized! Would he ever see her more? Would he be reconciled to her? Could she flatter herself with such happiness? She had sincerely repented having offended him; and was determined, when she should return to England, to make another effort for a reconciliation. Her husband was aware of her cause of grief; he could not endure to see her suffer; but he found himself so ill used by the

Earl, that he feared his amiable wife's sorrow could never be removed. Mr. Howard was neither a harsh nor obdurate man; a reconciliation was not in his power, nor within his hope. When he married Lady Gertrude Bellengen, they had done every thing possible to soften the angry Earl. They had written the most humble and dutiful letters, and had received the most cruel and insulting answers; but Lady Gertrude, not believing that her father could resolve to throw her off for ever, for marrying a man he knew was so amiable as Mr. Howard, and that he had once been so fond of, she again renewed her entreaties for forgiveness; assuring him, that she and her husband would willingly devote their whole lives to make him happy, but never could be perfectly so themselves, while they laboured under his displeasure. In place of a letter from Lord Bellengen, an

answer came from Mr. George Bellengen, by order, he said, of his ill-used brother, to assure them he never would see them more, never receive another line from Lady Gertrude; and, if she persisted to write again, he should return the letters unopened. This epistle ended with Mr. Bellengen's grief for the necessity he was under of obeying his brother, by writing it: time, he hoped, would soften matters; he would be constantly on the watch to seize the happy moment when he might bring his brother to think of her with less severity; she and her husband might depend on his good offices, and he would write when he could give any hope. Years passed away; now and then a few lines came from George, to bid them hope something from his exertions in their favour, or to lament their want of efficacy. Again Lady Gertrude wrote to her father, begging he would see her

children, if not herself, and requesting his blessing. Her letter was returned unopened, with a positive injunction, if she did not wish his malediction, never to write again. Still was Mr. Bellengen's grief expressed, for being obliged to give her such an answer.

This was the deadliest blow of all: Lady Gertrude paused, trembled, and acquiesced: from that moment she gave up hope: she grieved in secret, and her health declined: she was silent: she would not torment an affectionate husband with a sorrow he could not remove: but he knew her too well not to appreciate her feelings. The first time he had mentioned her father to her, for years, was on the present occasion. A ray of hope brightened her future prospects, when she found a friend of her father's had taken her son under his protection. Lord Bellengen was likely to see Henry on his return to Europe; and should

that happen, would he not be proud to acknowledge such a child? Her eyes then fell on the lovely Caroline, and she wished her placed before the Earl, as she then stood before her. "Oh!" said she, mentally, "though you have banished *me*, my father, you could not resist the charms of my Caroline; were you once to behold her, you would give her the place her mother has forfeited in your affections; let me but see her occupy it, and I think I could die contented."

Lady Gertrude's face assumed so melancholy a cast, that her husband was uneasy, and roused her from her reverie by saying, with a cheerful countenance, he should like to see Henry in his uniform, and hoped to do so soon, as he was informed his regiment was coming to England. Lady Gertrude's face cleared, and Caroline was truly happy. The day ended with satisfaction to our little group, and they looked forward with

hope; which is, perhaps, one of the greatest pleasures that mortals meet with in this vale of tears: for the present moment is seldom, if ever, enjoyed without alloy.

A little longer time was spent at Naples; when Mr. Howard, thinking their situation was by no means a safe one (though they had passports and liberty to travel, on account of Lady Gertrude's health), determined to return to England, when he could obtain his passage in an armed vessel, either from Italy or Sicily. They had every security for their persons they could obtain by great interest, should they choose to return by land; but Mr. Howard did not wish to carry his wife and daughter through countries the seat of war, and was determined on a voyage, when a good opportunity should offer.

There was in the convent of Santa Maria a young lady of quality, the only

daughter of a German Baron of high rank: her mother had been very intimate with the Mother Abbess at Rome; and, after her death, the young Baroness Teresa Issindorffe was sent to finish her education at the Convent of the Virgin. The lovely Teresa had imbibed a strong affection for Miss Howard, and they had now been companions for near two years. She was very handsome, though not equal to Caroline: her complexion was delicately fair; her hair pale brown, very beautiful; her eyes were those of the dove, and expressed the softness of her nature, and the amiable disposition of her heart: like the Germans, she promised to be large. She was graceful in her manners and carriage, and her person was noble. She had an excellent understanding, and great modesty. She was sensible she had not the extraordinary beauty of her friend, but she neither envied her, nor loved her the less,

for her superiority; and she often said, could she come within a thousand degrees of the perfection of Caroline Howard's mind, she would willingly forgive her excelling her in loveliness. The young Baroness was a great favourite with the Howards, and generally accompanied Caroline, when she spent a day at the villa.

One morning, as the *partie quarrée* were rationally entertaining themselves, they were surprised by a carriage driving to the door, and seeing the gay Madame de Rivole jump from it: she flew into the saloon, and embracing Lady Gertrude, and shaking hands with Mr. Howard, she threw herself, almost out of breath, on the sofa, without condescending to take the least notice of the young ladies.—"Well, my dear friend, how have you been this age? I am quite transported to see you, you dear soul, with all your English quietness!

here I find you, in a retired villa, after an absence of near two years. *O Ciel!* what an age! You look wonderfully well; better, much better, than when we parted at Lyons—quite young and handsome. I have been rambling the whole world over; you find me a fright, don't you, my dear friend?" and she turned her eyes to a large mirror nearly opposite to where she sat.

Madame de Rivole was, as usual, most elegantly attired; but, not to swerve from truth, two years had been of no advantage to either her face or person, though they were still above mediocrity, and, notwithstanding her apparent modesty, rated very high in her own estimation. She wore so enormous a quantity of rouge, that the glare of it gave an intolerable fierceness to her eyes, and which she considered herself was brilliancy. She had such a flow of language, and talked so uninterruptedly, that her

auditors could scarcely find room for a word, or time to shew her the civilities they wished. She began again: "My dear friend, I am so happy to see you! I shall stay the whole day with you; I have a thousand questions to ask, a million of things to inform you of. Such a life as I have led! Don't, however, think me vain, when I assure you I have been the idol of the Court of Vienna!" Here she laughed violently. "You know all that sort of thing is fashion—nothing more in any country. But, bless me! who do I see there? sure it is not possible I could overlook Miss Howard? I left her quite a child; that is the reason." Then, rising from the sofa, where she had thrown herself, in a becoming attitude, she approached Caroline to embrace her. "Wonderfully grown indeed! and not awkward in the least! Very like you, Lady Gertrude." Then, making a slight curtesy

to the Baroness, and viewing herself, notwithstanding her vanity, with a dissatisfied eye, in the looking-glass, she said to Lady Gertrude, in a loud whisper, "Not another daughter of yours, surely? One is quite enough."—"No, Madam," replied Lady Gertrude, "the Baroness Issindorffe is not my daughter; I wish to heaven I might hope to call her so."

Madame de Rivole tittered, looked incredulous at Lady Gertrude, tapped her with her fan, saying, "True English, my dear; never satisfied without a million of children! I should consider them the greatest plague in nature; all their wants, and their wishes, and their whims——" "As to that, my dear Madam, we have our wants, our wishes, and our whims; and perhaps they are more ridiculous than young people's." The *we*, from a person so much older than herself, did not please Madame de Ri-

vole, and she resumed her usual becoming smile and ogle, though she had only opposite the image of her pretty self—she certainly did not turn her eyes with much complacency on the young ladies. She was self-invited for the day; and Mr. Howard and Lady Gertrude were too well bred, not to receive her with politeness, and seem pleased with her visit. Dinner was announced, and Mr. Howard, leading her to the most commodious seat, placed her opposite the Baroness and Caroline; and if she had not always an excellent appetite, she might have lost it in contemplating such beauty.

Dinner nearly half over, and very little conversation taking place, the Comtesse, turning suddenly to Lady Gertrude, said, "Who do you think will be here in a few days? Those charming men we all liked so much, the Duke of Cathmore's sons; for as for Mr. Lind-

sey, my good Mr. Howard, though he is your friend, I will not call him a charming man, poor prosing old soul, always advising, instructing, and tormenting." She said this so archly, that Mr. Howard only smiled, and did not defend his friend from her accusations, as he thought her opinion of small importance. "Well, Madame de Rivole, tell us something of those men, to whom you give the appellation of charming; I see my poor friend has not the happiness of being in your good graces."—"As to that, Mr. Howard, he is just that sort of dull soul I never think of; he is neither in nor out of favour. Lord Beaumont and his brother have made great advantage of their travels; they were highly spoken of at every Court they visited; I was interested for them, of course," said she, holding down her head, and blushing; "I was extremely happy at their success." She looked up, and seeing Ca-

roline and the Baroness speaking softly, and smiling, she changed colour; but her embarrassment was soon over, and she entered into a detail of many things that had passed in the company of the brothers, and gave Lady Gertrude to understand, that the Marquis was not indifferent to her, nor she to him.

Mr. Howard then asked her, what the gentlemen intended by coming at such a time to Naples?—"Oh!" cried she, "to entertain themselves; what do people live for else? They have passports, and leave to go where they like, unmolested; and I hope they will make use of these privileges, and stay here while they can; I love this heavenly country, and shall endeavour to make the Marquis as fond of it as I am myself," blushing and twirling her fan as she said this. "I sincerely hope you will never succeed," returned Mr. Howard: "I am certain Mr. Lindsey will

persuade his young friends to return to England; this is no time for Englishmen to be idle. We have too much at stake to give our lives solely to pleasure; they may yet have their native country to defend, and should prepare for it."—"You are a perfect Goth, Mr. Howard; I am a citizen of the world; I follow pleasure where it flies, and shall find my country where it fixes its abode." Mr. Howard did not know whether to laugh or frown; but he thought the Comtesse too silly to make him angry, and therefore allowed her to continue the conversation in the tone most agreeable to her. He was not, however, so well pleased when she announced her intention of being a constant visitor, or of, perhaps, taking a villa close to theirs.

In the evening, Caroline and Teresa returned to their convent; Mr. Howard attended them to the gates; and, during their walk, took care to impress on the

minds of these young and lovely creatures the little comfort such characters as Madame de Rivole's could find in a more advanced age, having given her youth up to folly and pleasure, and let her mind run wild, while she only cultivated trifling accomplishments and exterior graces. "My dear children," continued Mr. Howard, "every man of sense must think, though few will be able to express their thoughts in the beautiful language of Addison—

'Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover,
'Fades in his eye, and palls upon the sense.'

Unaccompanied by virtue and mental accomplishments, it must ever do so; united to these, it is the gift of Heaven, that they who possess should be thankful for, and feel it their duty to turn to the best account."

Caroline and Teresa were gratified by Mr. Howard's mild instruction, which was given in a way to have its full effect.

They parted at the gate of Santa Maria, mutually pleased with each other. Never did sacred walls enclose two purer beings than then entered them; nor did a father ever more sincerely thank Providence for the blessing of a child, than did Mr. Howard.

Madame de Rivole staid late at the villa, and returned to Naples in no very happy disposition of mind. She had followed, or run before, to every town, and every court, where she hoped to meet the Marquis of Beaumont and his brother. The Marquis was the person she wished to captivate. She saw, from the beginning, that Lord William would evade her power. Her great fortune procured her admittance every where; and she had it in her power, more than once, to introduce the gentlemen to distinguished society; her acquaintance was universal; she was assiduous, in the greatest degree, when she could be of the

least use to them; and they, of course, shewed her great attention. She insinuated to all her acquaintance, that Lord Beaumont was desperately in love with her, and that, perhaps, she might at last be persuaded to listen to his suit. All this appeared natural, and was credited. But Madame de Rivole, though she could deceive others, was not deceived herself: she knew she was of no consequence to either of the brothers, but as a pleasant acquaintance: she hated and feared Mr. Lindsey, who had never shewn her more than common civility, for all her attentions to him. Hitherto her vanity had made her think herself so superior to the rest of her sex, that she feared little, even from the most beautiful; she could easily find some flaw, she could at least turn them to ridicule; and who will not, she thought, sink under well-directed ridicule?

The Comtesse to-night found herself

not perfectly at ease, as her horses conveyed her to Naples. She was not so secure of conquest as she had been in the morning, when, with a light heart, she took the road to the villa. She now remembered how Lord Beaumont's eyes were fixed on Caroline at Lyons, though then she treated her as a child; her uncommon beauty, which she could not help herself acknowledging, gave a pang to her heart. What power might it now have! it would overturn, perhaps, all her castle-building. She could have cried with spite, when she thought how a glance might undo her; and she retired to her apartment the moment she entered her house, in order to frame some plan to avoid, if possible, the destruction of her hopes.

CHAP. VII.

"Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase
\- - - - - - - - - - - - - -
I love thee not; therefore pursue me not.
Hence, get thee gone! and follow me no more.
\- - - - - - - - - - - - - -
O, I am out of breath in this fond chase!
The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace."

SHAKESPEAR.

THE morning dawned in the chamber of the Comtesse before she had enjoyed the smallest repose. She was entirely occupied with the terrible idea of being deserted for a younger beauty: she could not flatter herself with success against such a rival as Miss Howard, or even the young Baroness, might be; and all her wishes were now turned to the preventing, if possible, the effect that the sudden appearance of so many

charms might produce on the brothers. To watch their arrival, and to pay constant attendance at the villa, was now her scheme; and she only awoke from a short and disturbed slumber, to put it in execution. As soon as her toilet was made, she hurried to Lady Gertrude, whom she found confined by a slight cold; and she made that her pretence for remaining unasked. To her great annoyance, the young ladies spent most of their evenings at the villa, and every hour made her dread them more and more. Two or three days passed in this way, and Lady Gertrude was still confined to the house.

About the middle of the third day Mr. Lindsey and his young friends arrived at Naples, and stopped at the first inn of note, to take some refreshment: they ordered dinner, dressed, and determined to pay a visit in the evening to the Howards. Mr. Lindsey knew

where the villa lay that they inhabited, and proposed walking there. "I long to see them all," replied the Marquis, with quickness; "but before we pay *them even* a visit, I must go to the Convent of the Virgin, where the Duke of Parma's sister presides: it is impossible we can for a moment neglect the commands of Baron Issindorffe to see his daughter, and deliver her the letters committed to our care."—"We ought certainly to pay our devoirs to the young Baroness," replied Lord William: "it would be a bad return for the civilities we have received from her father, not to be as early as possible the bearers of the many agreeable things we have to relate of her family; we owe them much for their attention and services."—"And you hope to repay it by attachment to the daughter?" said Mr. Lindsey, archly. "Take care; you can't both be successful."—"Certainly not," answered the

Marquis; "but we can be candid with each other; and in that case we shall defy all the beautiful faces in Naples to make mischief." Lord William's cheek assumed a hectic glow for a moment, but it was transient. "You are right, my friends; I join you both in thinking the first visit is due to Teresa," said Mr. Lindsey; "and old as I am, I long to see her, having heard so much in her praise from all her acquaintance at Vienna. I will attend you to the convent, and afterwards we can spend the evening with the Howards. I sincerely hope we may escape that eternal plague Madame de Rivole; I pray Heaven she may have turned her steps far from Naples."—"You are severe on the pretty Comtesse," replied Lord Beaumont; "she certainly was of great use to us; and the flattering reception we met with in many places, was owing to her influence. Now, my dear Sir, tell truth;

is she not agreeable?" Mr. Lindsey smiled: "To you, Edward, she may be so, as she is violently in love with you; to me her vanity is insufferable; and I detest a woman who plays the part of a man, by making the first advances."—"Poor Madame de Rivole!" cried Lord William; "I am convinced, Edward, when you listen to her, she thinks it is something more than politeness that influences you."—"Upon my soul, when she makes downright love to me, I cannot help feeling somehow grateful to her; though, I honestly confess, I often feel happier without her company."—"It must ever be so," replied Mr. Lindsey, "when women pass the bounds of decorum; when the passions are silent, the woman is despised."

In such discourse the trio passed their time till the hour of setting out for the convent. The Marquis took charge of the packet for the fair German, and they

proceeded along the sea-shore, where every object delighted them, and they were struck with admiration at the scenery that surrounded them. The evening was enchanting; every gale breathed fragrance; the orange-trees perfumed the air: the great expanse of water, the city rising above it in an amphitheatre; the wonderful Vesuvius, the terror and the boast of Italy; the dark volume of smoke ascending from it, so grand, so awful in its appearance, and so perfect a contrast to the gaiety of the scene below, struck forcibly on the minds of the beholders, and they could not avoid expressing their astonishment that the inhabitants of Naples should live so contentedly, while they were conscious the tremendous mountain might, in a moment, blot them from the creation.

At last, leaving the shore, and ascending a beautiful eminence, clothed on every side with trees and flowering

shrubs, they discovered the convent they were in search of; approaching its gate, they rang; and, on giving in their names, were quickly admitted to the grate of the parlour by a lay sister. The Abbess entered, and paid her compliments with her accustomed politeness. She seldom condescended to see any but guests of rank. When she had spoken to Lord Beaumont and his brother, and inquired for the Duke of Cathmore, whom she had formerly known, she turned to speak to Mr. Lindsey; when, changing colour, and nearly fainting, she said, "Mr. Lindsey, we met in happier days; I perfectly recollect you, and hope to see you before you quit Naples. At present excuse me; I feel very ill." She leaned on one of the nuns; she hid her face in her veil: horror and melancholy were depicted on it. Her fine form shook; and, supported by her attendants, she slowly quitted the room.

Mr. Lindsey was much affected ; he little thought to see in the Abbess of Santa Maria, a Princess he had known twenty years before, and at whose palazzo he had spent some time when she was married to her first husband, with whom he had a sincere friendship ; from the time of his death, he had heard but little of his widow. Teresa now entered the parlour, accompanied by Caroline and the Mother Abbess, and her abrupt departure was soon forgotten.

Mr. Lindsey put his hand through the grate, to take hold of Caroline's ; he called her his dear child, and was charmed at seeing her. With unaffected pleasure she renewed her acquaintance with him, the Marquis, and Lord William, and introduced the young Baroness to them. Amazement kept the brothers almost silent. The Marquis forgot that he had come to the convent to see Teresa, and deliver letters from

her family: his senses were confused; he did not expect to find Miss Howard within its walls. He was dazzled: it could not be she, he thought for a moment; it must be an angel; and a sudden and violent passion took possession of him.

Lord William was not less moved, but his wonder did not operate in the same way. He had never, for a moment, forgotten Caroline: her features, her figure, had been engraven on his heart: young as she was when they parted, without knowing it, she was in possession of his heart. How was he charmed to find her now what he had foreseen she would be! His whole soul was in his eyes; and their expression, while they dwelt on her face, was inexpressibly tender, and his voice assumed the softest tones. Caroline spoke with ease to Mr. Lindsey and Lord Beaumont. There was something of timidity in her air, as

she addressed Lord William, and a beautiful glow overspread her face. But this scene could not last long: the visit was to Teresa, and meeting with Miss Howard was chance. The Marquis presented the packet to the Baroness: she received it with delight, and was highly gratified with his account of her father, and the rest of her family, and the praises bestowed on them; and half an hour's conversation had fully impressed the innocent and artless Teresa with all the Marquis's merits.

Mr. Lindsey was obliged to remind his young friends that they were to spend part of the evening at the villa. "We shall meet you then," said Caroline; "we go there almost every evening." A nun just then informed her that Mr. Howard was waiting at the gate for her and Teresa. The gentlemen took their leave, and the fair friends left the parlour, to inquire for the Mother Abbess,

whom they both loved, and then to prepare for their evening walk. On the outside of the convent Mr. Lindsey and the brothers found Mr. Howard, who was no less pleased to meet them, but could not imagine, till it was explained, what brought them there. He entreated them to pass the evening with him, saying, he had just left his wife with their friend Madame de Rivole. The brothers smiled at Mr. Lindsey, who declared he feared it would be so, and that they were fated never to get rid of her. "I believe she is my evil genius; I trust she will not follow us to England, where I hope we shall all soon be." Mr. Howard, seeing his daughter and Teresa ready at the gate of the convent, went to receive them from the nun that attended them, and at the bottom of the hill they were met by the rest of the party, and had a delightful walk to the villa. The gentle Teresa asked the Marquis a thousand

questions respecting her family, and received the most agreeable answers; and he could not but own to himself, that, next to Caroline, she was the most interesting girl he had ever seen.

Lord William, happy to occupy Miss Howard's attention, designedly hung back, and repeated to her many interesting things that had passed within the two last years. He could not resist shewing her, by his conversation and his looks, that all that related to her had made a strong impression on his mind: he talked of the play they had been at at Lyons, of the concert at her house, of their farewell, even of Madame de Rivole; and he gave a most entertaining account of her conduct in all the places she had been at. "I am certain she hates me," said Miss Howard; "she has always shewn it."—"Heavens!" cried Lord William, "hate you! can there be such a monster?" These words

brought them to the entrance of the villa, which was situated in a romantic and beautiful spot, on the declivity of a hill, near the Carthusian convent. Between the villa and the convent was a deep valley, with a clear stream running through it, and the rising grounds on either side were covered with olive, orange, and citron trees. A long and broad terrace, shaded with trees on one side, and taking in almost every beauty round Naples, stretched under the villa, along the rising ground on which it was built. The sitting-rooms opened with French windows on the terrace; and Lady Gertrude generally, when the evening invited, ordered her tea equipage to be placed there. An Englishwoman can, in no country, forego the luxury of tea in the evening. Here then the party from the Convent of the Virgin found her, accompanied by Madame de Rivole, who was at that moment completely

ennuied with the conversation of the insipid Englishwoman, as she often called her in her absence. Lady Gertrude was rejoiced to receive again, in her hospitable mansion, her husband's friend, and the young noblemen, who had so greatly interested her at Lyons. The pleasure was reciprocal, and the visible improvement in her health gave infinite pleasure to her friends. Madame de Rivole also shared their civilities.

The evening was serene, the views from the terrace charming; the trees gave the most delightful shade, and Lady Gertrude proposed to remain out of doors, and to bring out their musical instruments, and have a little concert. Mr. Lindsey requested they would first spend an hour in chat round the tea-table. "Not," said he, laughing, and looking full in Madame de Rivole's face, "that I have the least wish for the company of the foul fiend that is reported

generally to haunt a tea-table; she will not dare to approach the magic circle the present company forms; she must fly far from these sweet witches" (taking the hands of Caroline and Teresa, and pressing them to his lips). Mr. Lindsey had a quick perception of every thing lovely, both in form and mind; and he was charmed to find his prognostics of Caroline were verified; he was also infinitely pleased with the appearance of the young Baroness. He hated Madame de Rivole, and perceived her designs on Lord Beaumont. Having adjusted the tea-table to his mind, he seated himself by Lady Gertrude, saying, the young people should sit together.

The brothers had many interesting things to repeat to Teresa, with whose family they had lived so much; and Caroline listened with pleasure to what so nearly concerned her friend. The Comtesse had no resource but the con-

versation of Mr. Howard; which, when addressed to her, was sometimes dry, and not very flattering. She told him her intention was to return shortly to Paris; he advised her by all means to do so, and that without loss of time.—"Heavens!" cried she, "how little politeness belongs to the English character! a Frenchman would have declared himself miserable at losing my society."—"An Englishman, Madam, prides himself on his sincerity; he is ashamed to utter what his heart must give the lie to."—"Then you, Mr. Howard, think your nation perfection, and all others to be despised, in comparison with them; now, give me leave to tell you I am of a contrary opinion: I reverse the picture." Mr. Howard, making her a bow, assured her a comparison had never entered his thoughts, and he took her compliment as she meant it. In this sparring conversation they

continued till tea was over, and they were then all drawn to the extremity of the terrace by the beauty of the scene. The evening was shut in, and what appeared in daylight as a column of smoke from the mountain, now shewed as a pillar of fire. The moon, rising over the Bay, threw its soft light across the valley,

"Gilding mountain, hill, and dale."

The orange-blossoms sent forth their odours. All nature reposed. Sometimes the silence of the night was interrupted by the dashing of a distant oar, or by the songs of the Lazzaroni from the town, which at intervals reached the terrace.

Lord William reminded Lady Gertrude, that she had promised them music. The instruments were brought. He had a fine bass voice, and joined Miss Howard and the Baroness in the vocal part. Mr. Howard, Lady Gertrude, and the Marquis took different

instruments. Teresa was an excellent musician: she played and sung to such perfection, that at the convent the Mother Abbess often requested her to lead the choir. Her voice was sweet and melodious, but not so powerful, deep-toned, or clear, as her friend's, who surpassed all praise. Teresa pleased, Caroline astonished.

"So sweet, so shrill, so variously she sung,
That the groves echo'd, and the vallies rung."

Mr. Lindsey was in raptures; the Comtesse's looks were full of rage and envy, and she was silent. Often did the brothers turn their eyes on Caroline; if her beauty dazzled them, it was not that only that won their hearts: the heavenly character that appeared in all she said and did, had more power to attract their love, than her incomparable form.

The hours passed delightfully. The night, in Italy, is the time for enjoyment. Refreshments were brought to

the terrace, where the young people walked and chatted during the intervals of music. Lord William attached himself entirely to Miss Howard, and took every opportunity (while his brother conversed with Teresa) delicately to hint his admiration, his devotion; he also ventured to tell her how often, in absence, she had occupied his thoughts, and with what pleasure he made his journey to Naples. Not a word was lost on Caroline: she blushed, listened, and was silent; she supposed he flattered her, but the flattery was expressed too delicately to offend. She could not own to herself that she was pleased; but her cheek assumed a deeper blush, and her soft black eyes appeared, if possible, more divinely bright.

Teresa was occupied by the Marquis: to him she gave her ear; to him the innocent Teresa gave her heart; she was unconscious of it: she believed only

that she felt a friendship for him at first sight, occasioned by his having been so recently an inhabitant of her father's house, and his appearing so attached to her whole family. Poor Teresa! she deceived herself; love was already an inmate of her bosom. Lord Beaumont appeared to her the most perfect of beings; she was satisfied in seeing him, in conversing with him; she wished for nothing more; and who could see Teresa without admiration, without paying her every attention due to her? The Marquis was infinitely pleased with her. Caroline had his heart; but he believed he could love Teresa as a sister. Alas! who can command the heart? Love, all-powerful love, knows no control; wisdom sinks before it. The greatest mind is often

"Betray'd to love, and all its little follies."

Rapidly passed the evening to all but Madame de Rivole, who retired dis-

gusted and provoked. When she had withdrawn, their return to England was discussed, and it was determined by Mr. Howard and his friend, that they should all go together in the first ship of war on its return, if possible to procure a passage. Their plan was first, to view every thing worthy notice in and about Naples. Mr. Howard saying he would inform the Mother Abbess that Caroline was to leave the convent in a few days, Teresa burst into tears, and entreated that they might not be separated till it was absolutely necessary. "I shall," said she, smiling through her tears, "return in a few weeks to Germany: the Marquis has brought me a letter from my father, which says, my brother is to come for me in less than a month." "Then I hope," cried Caroline, "that we shall bid adieu to Naples at the same time. Dear Teresa, how dreary even this charming country would ap-

pear to me, if you were gone!" Mr. Howard restored tranquillity to the young friends, by assuring them there was no chance of his being able to leave Naples sooner than a month; that while he remained, he did not intend to withdraw Caroline from the convent, except occasionally, when he thought it would be an improvement to her, to see the different places he intended to visit; "and at all times, Lady Teresa, we shall think ourselves flattered by your being of our party. I sincerely wish your friendship with my daughter may last through life."—"It must do so," cried Caroline, embracing her friend; "it can only end with ourselves: dry your eyes, sweet Teresa; we have still a month to be together." She said this tenderly, taking the hand of the Baroness; and all were charmed with the affection of the two lovely girls.

Could young women know what

charms they possess, while in the spring of life their candid minds feel real friendship, while free from malice, envy, and jealousy, they can contemplate the beauty and excellency of other females, they would never suffer the world to contaminate them; they would never suffer those baleful passions to distort their fine features; and, like the transformed Medusa, impress the beholders with horror, instead of delight. Innocence, truth, and sensibility, restrained within proper bounds, will render most young women captivating. What must they do, when joined to an enchanting form! Those who contemplate such will say,

"There's in you all that we believe of heav'n;
Amazing brightness, purity, and truth;
Eternal joy, and everlasting love."

As usual, Mr. Howard accompanied his daughter and her friend on their return to the convent, where they were

always allowed to enter before the midnight mass was over. Teresa was of the reformed church, and neither of them were desired to attend the religious ceremonies. Mr. Lindsey and his young friends also escorted them in their walk, and an excursion was planned for the next day. It would only fatigue the reader to accompany our party through every day of the month they remained at Naples, and to describe scenes and places that have been so often and so ably described before. All who know any thing, have heard and read of the beauty of Naples and its environs; of its tremendous mountain, its picturesque scenery, of its enchanting Bay, where

> "Sleek Panople, with all her sisters, play
> Upon the level brine."

Suffice it to say, that the days glided swiftly on. Love, ever present, though unsuspected and unseen, did not prevent this accomplished group from making

advantage of all they found worthy inspection. Portici was traversed with wonder; the mountain was ascended; to Virgil's tomb due honours were paid: they approached it with reverence; Miss Howard said she could almost suppose it the tomb of Dryden also, as their names were linked together. "Then," said Lord William, "you must be highly pleased with Gray, for so exactly describing the fire of your favourite poet's genius, by his lines:

"Behold, where Dryden's less presumptuous car
Wide o'er the fields of glory bear
Two coursers of ethereal race,
With necks in thunder cloth'd, and long-resounding pace."

"Yes," replied Caroline;

"But ah! 't is heard no more."

"Never in my life," cried Mr. Lindsey, "did I hear such stuff. Don't you think so, Madame de Rivole? I am convinced you must. (She was of the

party this morning, against Mr. Lindsey's wish.) Here now are these boys and girls in their high flights, not considering that all this nonsense is out of fashion. I hope you will have more sense than to talk in London as you do at Naples. A London belle, or a Bond-street lounger, would shrug their shoulders at Virgil or Dryden, quite exploded authors, growing musty on a shelf; while the true, instructive, interesting species of writing, a modern novel, is ever to be found on the toilet and the breakfast-table of the fair. Don't you know, children, for such I must call you, that a modern novel is above all price, of infinitely greater value than all your fine poets put together? For instance, what did Milton's works sell for? Twenty-three pounds. For what now do towers, castles, lakes, exiles, witches, recluses, and caverns sell? For more than ten times that sum. This is an enlight-

ed age; people will not throw away their money in folly. The world is full of taste; London the centre of it. I bring as a proof, the theatres: those old, musty, out-of-fashion folk, such as Shakespear, Otway, Congreve, &c. &c. &c. are either sent about their business, or their dull scenes and stupid speeches so lopped off, or so replaced, that happily you cannot recognise the stupid old fellows, when you chance to meet with them. But how gratifying is it to find in their room, light, airy, gay, fantastic performances, magnificent scenery, splendid dresses, modest dances, and bewitching pantomimes? What is the power of obsolete language and obsolete sentiment, compared to these? At our theatres now, the eye of beauty is never dimmed with a tear; the excellent fashionable custom of our belles never entering the playhouse till the third or fourth act (even should a Siddons or a

Jordan exert their powers), relieves the fair from the trouble of stretching their understandings too far. Not having heard the beginning of a play, one cannot be expected to understand, or have much interest in the conclusion."—"True, true, my good friend," cried Mr. Howard, "you have reason in all you say; yet I think our young people will set a better example to those that can be influenced by it."

Madame de Rivole did not understand a word of what Mr. Lindsey said; she believed he was turning her to ridicule: she grew sulky; and finding that all her charms could not fix Lord Beaumont ten minutes to her side, she pretended indisposition, and returned home, to consider what plan she should next pursue, and cursing her unlucky stars for throwing these chits in her way, to cross all her schemes. She thought, could she draw Lord Beaumont to her

house, independent of the rest of the party, she might still have some chance. Vain woman! she might for a time entertain, she could never interest, such a man as Lord Beaumont.

The opportunities that the brothers had, during their little excursions, of studying Miss Howard's character, had only rivetted their chains: they both adored her; they were both silent to each other; and the Marquis saw not Lord William's partiality: his ardent temper overlooked every thing that could have enlightened him on the subject. He would have been surprised if his brother had not paid attention to Miss Howard; and while Lord William was completely occupied by Caroline, the Marquis often gave his hours to Teresa, without knowing how to avoid it. Lord William, more tranquil in his temper and manners, quietly pursued his course, and was constantly at Caroline's side. Neither

of the brothers had yet ventured to declare his sentiments. Lord William sought to win Miss Howard's heart: his could not be satisfied without the entire possession of hers; he must at least believe he had some share in her affections before he ventured to declare his own. Real love, cautious and timid, fears, and hopes, and doubts by turns. In such a state was Lord William: he knew his brother's ardent disposition, and he feared it. He saw his marked attention to Miss Howard, his sparkling eye, his flushed cheek when he approached her; but he was also attentive to the lovely German: he addressed her with softness, and in all their little parties he was always near her. But Lord William never reflected that his own constant assiduities towards Caroline, and his continually placing himself near her, prevented even the attentions of his brother. Madame de Rivole, too, in-

terposed; and, by the arts well known to coquettes, obliged the Marquis to give her much of his time. Lord William was obdurate; his attentions were only common ones. Mr. Lindsey would scarcely have noticed her, had her life been at stake. Mr. Howard hated her, and avoided her conversation. She however intruded herself on all their parties, and they allowed it, on account of former civilities. What, then, could Lord Beaumont do, when her little distresses required his help? Sometimes she could not walk without leaning on his arm; she was often obliged to stop and rest herself on a rustic seat, or lean against a tree, till she got strength to follow people so accustomed to every sort of exercise. She could not remain alone; she feared every thing. "Lord Beaumont, will you have the excessive goodness to stop a few moments for a poor soul they have almost murdered?"

When she had him by himself, tender looks, sighs, and almost upbraidings for his neglect, filled up the time. The Marquis began to fear her; he had no wish to avail himself of her kindness; but how to extricate himself, he knew not: the idea of soon leaving Italy occurred; he hoped, by little attentions, and not seeming to understand her hints, or the tendency of her conversation, they should part good friends. The cunning Comtesse perceived his drift; her jealous eye saw his growing passion for Miss Howard; and she was determined, cost what it would, to make an effort to secure him hers, whether she had his heart or not. She feigned indisposition for a day or two, and would not even admit Lady Gertrude.

One evening, that the Marquis had staid at his lodgings at Naples, to write some letters to England, and that Lord

William had gone to the villa, a servant of the Comtesse's brought him the following note :—

" MY DEAR FRIEND,

" As you are so soon to quit Naples, and it may be long before I have the consolation of again seeing you, I hope you will give this evening to friendship. My nerves have been severely attacked, and I am weak and low, which prevents my enjoying the charming society at the villa to-night; for I fully intended to be there; but spasms seized me, and I did not wish to pain that excellent woman, Lady Gertrude. It will be a charity in you, dear Marquis, to give up an hour to amuse a sick friend, who will ever look back with melancholy pleasure to the time she has for two years spent in your delightful society.—I can take no excuse. Your

conversation will relieve my terrible ennui.

"Eternally your devoted friend,

"MARIA DE RIVOLE."

On reading this note, Lord Beaumont felt a little flattered by the friendship of the Comtesse; and though his heart led him to the villa, he thought politeness required that he should attend her summons; and he returned for answer, by her messenger, that he should wait upon her the moment he had dispatched his letters. Madame de Rivole congratulated herself on her success, and hoped every thing she wished. In a most elegant and becoming undress, on a luxurious couch, with the jealousies of the windows half down, and in an apartment that breathed perfume, and was furnished and ornamented in the most perfect taste, she received her destined prey. Lord Beaumont's senses were

assailed the moment he entered the room. To confess the truth, the pretty Frenchwoman never looked so fascinating: she sent a tender glance to the door, as the Marquis entered, saying, "My shattered nerves won't allow me to rise; forgive the incivility, and sit down by me." Lord Beaumont, at that moment, wished he had refused the invitation. The contrast between the Comtesse and the innocent Caroline and Teresa, struck him most forcibly. He did not like his situation, but he determined to come off with honour. Madame de Rivole, accustomed to read the hearts of men, guessed what was passing in his. Still she had hope: she said to herself "*Qui n'a peur de rien, doit triompher de tout.*" After the first compliments were over, she rang for tea, fruit, and liqueurs, and entered into a general conversation, that she sometimes wilfully suffered to languish. The Mar-

quis was *distrait*, and often gave wrong answers to her questions. Then, gently pressing his arm, she cried, "How kind! how good, your coming this evening! Is it true that you leave Naples soon?" Hesitatingly he answered, "Yes, in a very few days."—"In a few days!" cried she, and hung her head. "Have you, Madam, any commands to England? I shall be happy to execute them."—"Barbarous man!" she cried, bursting into tears, "can you ask such a question, and that so coolly? is all your attention, all your tenderness come to this? have I deserved to be left thus, to be neglected, forsaken, for a baby?" And she sobbed aloud.

The Marquis was astonished: for a moment he doubted if he was not in a dream; but, recollecting himself, he said, "Dear Madame de Rivole, why those tears? Let me go to the end of the world, I shall ever have a sincere

friendship for you, and a grateful sense of the kindness you have shewn my brother and myself. Friends cannot always expect to remain together: I hope we shall meet again; I shall rejoice, and so will my family, to shew you every kindness, should you choose to visit England when the war is at an end."—"Oh! Lord Beaumont, how cold-hearted you are, to talk to me in this manner, when you see my heart breaking (putting her handkerchief to her face); when you see me a suppliant for that love I had formerly flattered myself you had for me! Vain dreams of happiness!" cried she, weeping. "I thought to be yours, and that my immense fortune was too little, was indeed nothing, to bestow upon you. Take it, Lord Beaumont; take my devoted self, that cannot exist without you, or seal my doom this instant." Then, leaning her head on the arm of the sofa, she burst into a fresh flood of

tears. The Marquis was amazed, confounded; he started from his seat, and paced the room without answering. A conduct so disgusting, so indelicate, allowing that the love was sincere, was revolting. Had his heart been free, and she possessed of ten times the beauty and riches she could boast, he could not have bestowed it upon her.

"You do not answer," said the Comtesse; "I am on the rack! speak kindly to me, or you kill me."—"I would, Madam, speak kindly to you, if I could venture to do so. I am shocked to find that you have put an interpretation on my words and actions that they do not deserve, and that you have mistaken for love the common attentions due from every man to a pretty and amiable woman. By mine, nothing was meant but friendship."

The Comtesse's frame shook with rage; but still, hiding her face on the

arm of the sofa, she answered in the softest voice she could put on, "Cruel, unkind Lord Beaumont! you know not the value of the heart you relinquish: think, before you reject it, how it adores you; think also of the splendour I can surround you with; your father, the Duke, may live many years; my fortune will support you in the utmost luxury, and myself be devoted to your wishes. The husband of the Comtesse de Rivole, I may say without vanity, ought to be a happy man."—"I am perfectly of your opinion, Madam," replied the Marquis, while he stood in the middle of the room, gazing at her. "Even for that reason, Madam, I must decline the honour of your hand, with great esteem for you;" (and he could scarcely pronounce the word esteem). "Were I to accept your offer, I should not be a happy man: there are many impediments to such an union: my father must wish to see me

marry a native of my own country, a woman younger than myself, of the same religion: it is a very serious matter an English Nobleman marrying a woman of a different religion." Starting from the sofa, and clasping her hands together, in a supplicating manner, the Comtesse cried, "Hear me, Lord Beaumont: for you I disclaim my country, I renounce my religion: you shall be my idol: no prayers will I address, but to my Edward."

The Marquis stood for a moment petrified with horror: then, regaining his presence of mind, he said, "Renounce your religion, blaspheme your Maker! What a dreadful being is a woman without religion! The loss of virtue may be palliated: men can pity, and forgive, the frailty of the sex; but a woman an Atheist, is the worst of her species! Defend me, Heaven, from such a wife!"—"Monster!" returned the Comtesse,

trembling with passion and disappointment, "is it for you to upbraid me, who are the cause of my crime? A tiger would pity the sufferings of a woman like me, first drawn into love by your wiles, and then thrown from you like a poisonous weed!"

Still the Marquis stood astonished, when she approached him with a softened and an humbled air, fell at his feet, entreating him to listen to her, and to believe that she could not, would not survive his departure; she would either die on the spot, or follow him to the extremity of the earth. The Marquis endeavoured to raise her, to appease her apparent agonies, and bring her to reason. It was in vain: still she insisted, if he did not promise to make her his wife, she would kill herself. Lord Beaumont loosened her hold, and advanced to the door: "I beseech you, Madam, have some regard for both our charac-

ters." She rose quickly from her suppliant posture: "I have gone too far," cried she, "to recede. You have abandoned me for an insipid fool; but this shall stamp your future hours with remorse." She then flew to the table; and, seizing a sharp knife, struck it into her side. Lord Beaumont, almost out of his senses with terror, struggled to take it from her, and succeeded. He was going to ring for her attendants; when she held him fast, and, with great emotion, again renewed her suit: "You see," cried she, "what I am capable of: the wound is slight that I have given myself; but I will tear it open, and you will have to answer for my death."—"I cannot, Madam, marry you, were my own death to be the consequence of my refusal. I entreat, I beseech you, to put an end to this ill-requited passion; allow me to call your domestics, and let us part friends."—"Dare to stir," cried

she, "and I will accuse you of an intent to murder me; I have friends, and some power here, and you shall not escape me. Stir at your peril."

This vile conduct roused the Marquis, and placed Madame de Rivole's real character before him. He felt not the smallest compunction in breaking from her. Darting through the antechamber, he called one of the domestics to attend her lady, and instantly quitted the house. When he had got clear of it, he stopped a few moments, to consider what he should do. He had no fears for the Comtesse: he saw she was playing a part, and he mechanically bent his steps towards the villa. On his arrival, he found only Mr. Lindsey and Lady Gertrude: Mr. Howard and Lord William had walked to the convent, for the young friends. Mr. Lindsey, perceiving the agitation of Lord Beaumont's manner, inquired the cause. He gave them

an account of the disagreeable scene he had had (omitting the Comtesse's jealousy of Miss Howard); and he expressed his fear of Madame de Rivole's persecution of him continuing. Lady Gertrude was greatly alarmed; but Mr. Lindsey laughed at her uneasiness. "The only inconvenience, my dear Madam," said he, "is, that Lord Beaumont ought to leave Naples immediately, and get beyond the reach of this fiend, who, to detain him, may accuse him of an assault; and perhaps the French women may think as little of assassination as the Italian."

The Marquis declared he had no fears for his personal safety: he was, indeed, concerned to find Madame de Rivole such a woman. Vain and odd as she was, he had always thought her agreeable, and in some respects amiable. He was entertained by her conversation; and her little ill-humours and caprice he

attributed to the momentary vexation she might feel at being outshone in charms and talents by younger beauties. I had not," continued he, "a bad opinion of her heart, though I honestly confess I had not the smallest wish to make any impression on it. What has shocked me most in Madame de Rivole, is her impiety."—"My dear boy," replied Mr. Lindsey, "I am happy to find your sentiments what they are. A woman that throws off her religion, that dares be an unbeliever, will dare any thing; she does not fall gradually; she makes hasty strides towards vice, and in the end there is no crime she is not ready to commit. The common frailties of her sex are innocence, to what she is capable of. She is an object for the detestation of the whole world, and her society should be shunned, as dangerous and contagious. A poor fallen female often returns to

virtue, and Magdalen's tears will wash out Magdalen's sins: but a woman Atheist hardens as years increase, and sinks into the grave, inwardly doubting the truth of what she has boldly advanced, abandoned by her God, and the horror of all around her. Never, Lord Beaumont, be drawn into the snares of such a woman; never connect yourself for life with one in whom you find not unaffected piety: I mean not that ostentation of religion, sometimes displayed in forms and words; but that true religion, which is certain to reguluate every action of a woman's life, and points out to her, that without fulfilling the duties of a wife, a mother, and all those domestic obligations that nature has imposed upon her, the value of her beauty, talents, and all external accomplishments, however great, is, if not totally lost, sunk almost to nothing; she is shorn of half her beams, and a few years, with the wane of her beauty,

obliterate all her perfections, and she is no longer an object of affection or admiration; the virtues of the heart are wanting, which would have shed a lustre on her latter years, bright as the departing rays of a setting sun, after a cloudless and brilliant day."

Just as Mr. Lindsey finished his speech, Mr. Howard, with the young people, entered the room. "I wish," said Lady Gertrude to her daughter and the Baroness, "you had been here five minutes sooner, to have heard our good friend Mr. Lindsey contrast the female character. My loves, you have lost much instruction."—"They lose nothing while they enjoy your society," returned Mr. Lindsey; "you, and those innocent beings, were in my contemplation, when I drew my picture."—"Dear Mr. Lindsey," said Lady Gertrude (in almost a whisper, her eyes filling with tears), "I have no right to your

praise; I have not fulfilled all my duties; I have dreadfully failed in one essential one: may I live to repair it!" Mr. Howard heard her; and, taking her hand, said, with the utmost affection, "My beloved Gertrude, don't thus agitate yourself: when we return to England, I will supplicate, condescend, do any thing, to bring peace to your heart." She looked the gratitude she felt, and then turned the conversation.

When Lord Beaumont's adventure with Madame de Rivole was made known, Teresa became as pale as death. "O!" said she, "what a terrible woman! and yet I pity her." The last words inadvertently uttered, a rosy blush succeeded to the paleness of her cheek. Mr. Lindsey laughed: "She wants not your pity, Lady Teresa: the vacuum in her heart will soon be filled

up by some other handsome man, no matter to what nation he may belong."

Lady Gertrude observed that Caroline and Teresa were both very melancholy; and was informed that the day following the next they were to part; that her brother, the young Baron Ernest Issindorffe, was come to Naples for her. "I found him at the convent grate," said Mr. Howard, "and have requested he will make our house his the short time he remains here: he has promised me to do so, and we may expect him in a few minutes." The Baron soon arrived; and the meeting between him, Lord Beaumont, and Mr. Lindsey, was attended with mutual pleasure.

The Baron was a handsome, good-humoured, unaffected man, quite a German, and very honest and open in his character. Teresa presented him to Lady Gertrude. He had seen Caroline at the convent, and he told her

mother, had he not been married, he should have left his heart at the grate. He expressed himself highly gratified by his sister's improvement. "As to that angel" (pointing to Caroline), "I don't know how I shall reconcile my sister to parting with her."—"You must bring Lady Teresa to visit us in England," said Lady Gertrude; "on no other terms shall she leave us."

Seeing the Marquis out of spirits, the Baron asked him, was he ill? This brought on the history of Madame de Rivole. He at first seemed astonished; and then, bursting into a hearty laugh: "I vow to Heaven, Frederick, I think the pretty coquette made a good choice; you were devilish cruel to so fine a woman; you forget, I suppose, how she was admired at Vienna, and how much you abused me for not being pleased with her? I don't wonder the wily Comtesse believed she had caught you."

Teresa could not conceal her confusion. "Caught me! it was impossible she could ever have entertained such an idea."—"Well, well," said the Baron (again laughing heartily), "there is no harm done; I have no doubt the wound in her side and her heart will soon be healed. You were worth trying for, Beaumont; I commend her taste. But as you are such a brute to reject so lovely a woman and so immense a fortune, you had best avoid the chance of assassination, or the being accused of an intention to murder. Come with me to Vienna; Teresa and I have room enough for you in our coach. I will not pay you foolish compliments, on the pleasure I shall have in your company; you know what a favourite you are with my father, and even with my wife; and come you must. When you are tired of us, you have passports to carry you to England.—What say you, Teresa? Won't you join

me in this request?" Teresa blushed, and stammered out, that she hoped he would accompany them, and avoid Madame de Rivole's vengeance.

"I cannot leave you," said the Marquis, looking at Lady Gertrude and Caroline; "I must accompany you both in your voyage and journey."—"You must not, indeed," replied, Mr. Lindsey; "I am accountable to the Duke your father, for your safety. Give offence to a woman at Naples, who is rich enough to pay for her vengeance, and there is no security: I beseech you to accept the Baron's friendly offer; with him you will travel securely, and you will have a good chance of being in London before we shall." At first Lord Beaumont was averse to this plan; but his objections were overcome by his friends; for, though his heart dictated to him to remain near Caroline, his reason suggested the prudence of avoiding the

Comtesse. At last he consented to accompany the Baron; and every thing being settled, this amiable group spent their evening as happily as they could do, considering their approaching separation.

The Baron, who was lively and easy in his manners, was soon acquainted with the Howards: he annoyed the Marquis a little by his raillery; and Madame de Rivole's passion for Lord Beaumont was a fund of entertainment to him the whole evening. Turning to Teresa, he said, "You must beg your good Mother Abbess to allow me, before we depart, to express my gratitude to her for her care of you. I wish once more to behold her. This is the country of fine ruins, and she the finest in it: she fascinated me to-day. I fear I gave her offence, by looking so earnestly at her; for she appeared uneasy at it."—"That is her way," said Teresa; "she

is not offended: but I believe it terrifies her; for if you look earnestly at her, she generally changes colour."

"I think with you, Baron," said Mr. Lindsey: "she is one of the finest ruins in the world. About eighteen years ago, I remember her the most perfect beauty I ever beheld: she was then married to the Marchese di Lucca; he was my dear friend, and as amiable a man as ever breathed. He doted on this lady; she was regarded as a pattern of excellence. I spent a good deal of time at their palazzo near Rome. She and I never were very intimate, as her manners were reserved, at least to me. I admired her extremely, notwithstanding; and imagined she had some uneasiness of mind, as I often saw traces of tears on her face, when I knew her husband studied to make her happy. I heard she was in violent affliction for his death, though she soon got over it, and married, in

about a year, one of the first and most amiable noblemen in Italy. From that time I lost sight of her, and was not a little surprised when I recognised her in the Abbess of the Convent of the Virgin. She seemed much affected when we met. I have called three or four times since at the convent, to inquire after her health, but have not been honoured with her presence. She has not, however, failed to send a nun with apologies and very flattering messages."—"She is very unhappy at times," replied Caroline; "and I only wonder she survives the severe penances she inflicts on herself, to whom she is cruel in the extreme; but tender, gentle, and kind to all besides. You know, my dear Teresa, what we have seen her suffer in those dreadful fits that come upon her so suddenly."—"O yes!" cried Teresa, "never shall I forget the day that you and I were alone with her, when she fell

into one; and when we recovered her, how she embraced and blessed us; how devoutly she prayed that we might never be led into crimes, and what excellent advice she gave us for our conduct through life."—"I am convinced," cried Caroline, "if she has ever acted wrong, her repentance has been greater than her crime."—"I hope so," said Mr. Howard; "but from all this, I fear she has a sad weight upon her heart." Before the party separated for the night, it was agreed not to mention the departure of the Marquis till the time arrived.

The next day Teresa took a most affectionate leave of the Mother Abbess and the whole community. The Baron made handsome presents to the nuns. The Abbess would accept of nothing but a lock of Teresa's hair, and made her a present of a superb diamond cross.—"Take this, my Teresa," cried she: "wear it for my sake. I wore it in the

days of innocence and happiness; if you are ever tempted to do wrong, look at this cross, Teresa, and remember what the unhappy owner now tells you, to guard you against error; that one dreadful, guilty moment destroyed the happines of a, till then, blameless life; and if her deep repentance is not accepted, has sunk her to perdition." In an agony of tears the Abbess fondly embraced Teresa; and then, rushing from the apartment, left her to bid adieu to the nuns, who surrounded her in sorrow at losing so sweet a companion.

Shocked at the distress of the Mother Abbess, and concerned to part from her and the kind sisters, Teresa returned to the villa, her heart oppressed, when she considered she had still a more severe pang to feel, in parting with Miss Howard: but as hope remained at the bottom of Pandora's box; so, if we have a sight keen enough to look into Teresa's heart,

we shall discover something, that, perhaps, unknown to herself, was a source of comfort: Lord Beaumont was to accompany her and her brother: she could talk to him of Caroline, and of all she regretted leaving at Naples. His society would render the journey agreeable to the Baron, and he would point out to her a thousand things worth seeing, that her brother might never think of. All this helped to console Teresa; and under this veil, even to *her* eyes, were hid the real feelings of her heart.

Before the Marquis left Naples, he wrote a letter to the Comtesse, to inquire after her health, and to entreat she would make use of her good understanding to conquer her present feelings. He offered friendship for love, and expressed much gratitude for the kindness he had received from her. She opened the letter, read it, wrote on a slip of paper, "She hoped never to hear more

of such a monster as long as she lived ;" and, enclosing both in an envelope, returned it by his servant, who informed his Lord that she was quite well. Her domestics laughed at the whole business, and said they were accustomed to such scenes. This account set Lord Beaumont at ease, and could he have excused himself to the Baron, he would not have left Naples.

The morning came, when a parting was to take place : the Baroness and Caroline were drowned in tears : they promised to write to each other, and vowed eternal friendship. The Marquis, who had been particularly attentive to Caroline for the last day, and had kept his eyes constantly fixed on her, now approached; and, taking her hand, said, "Miss Howard, I leave you unwillingly, and I severely feel the separation ; I trust it will only be a transient one, and that I shall be in London to receive you ; I

should go with some degree of satisfaction, could I flatter myself that I had a share in a single tear of the many I see you shed."—"My Lord," replied Miss Howard, gently withdrawing her hand, and growing pale as she spoke, "you must ever have my friendship and best wishes; you cannot wonder if those tears are Teresa's."—"Charming Miss Howard! how happy is the Baroness to have a place in such a heart!" She only answered with a bow, and drew towards Teresa, who was at a little distance. His brother approached. "My dear Frederick, how disagreeable this parting is! will you meet us in London?"—"As soon as possible, William, that you may depend upon; I am quite provoked with myself for having consented to go to Vienna;" and, laying his hand on his brother's shoulder, and looking at Caroline, he said, "Dear William, watch that angel; guard her from danger by

sea and land; guard her with your life, for mine depends upon her."

Poor Lord William was electrified; his whole frame trembled; his brother's love for Miss Howard was confessed. He attempted to smile; but, fortunately for him, Lord Beaumont was called away, and had no time, before his departure, to say more: he had said too much for his brother's peace.

"As love alone can exquisitely bless,
Love only feels the marvellous of pain,
Opens new veins of torture in the soul,
And wakes the nerve where agonies were born."

The carriages were ready; the friends embraced in silence. No one could speak, except the Baron, who shook hands with every one, invited them to Vienna, and declared he would visit England, to have again the pleasure of their society. Caroline was deeply affected: she feared she had bid a long adieu to Teresa,; her heart was oppressed; the

situation of it gave her pain; she returned to the convent.

The inhabitants of the villa were occupied in preparations for their journey. Lord William had watched the wheels of the carriage which carried his brother from his sight, till he lost them in distance. He then walked slowly and alone to Naples. His mind was on the rack, his thoughts were disturbed, his brother's peace was dear to him as his life; but Miss Howard's image had twined about his heart. He was sometimes tempted to tear it thence; to make one great effort to follow his brother to Vienna, to open his whole soul to him, and resign in his favour all his hopes, all his pretensions to Caroline. In this state of mind we shall leave him at his hotel, in the solitude of his apartment, like the generality of lovers, planning a thousand schemes impossible to execute. We might as easily unravel a

tangled skein of silk, as attempt now to read Lord William's thoughts, much less his intentions; and as packing up, and giving necessary orders to domestics, is even a worse entertainment to a spectator than to a master, we shall quit Naples for the present, and take a peep at the worthy Lord Bellengen, whom we have too long lost sight of.

CHAP. VIII.

" ——I go, I go; look how I go,
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow."
SHAKESPEAR.

We are here, quicker even than the wind, just landed at the bottom of Lord Bellengen's garden, near the Cove of Cork. The sound of the harp and the bagpipe assails our ears. A number of long tables are spread upon the lawn under the shade of stately oaks, and so well supplied by the hospitable owner of the mansion, that a hungry traveller would find he had fallen in a fair land. To speak more plainly, it is just the hour at which the Earl ordered the feast for his tenants, that we have got admittance to the lawn. A vast number of the peasants were now regaling on fish from the

Cove. Beef, mutton, and excellent potatoes, were smoking on the board. Ale, strong whiskey, and Irish wit, flew round the tables. All was noise and joy. The good steward, comely, and like a "lusty winter," walked proudly round to see that all was as his Lord wished; but chiefly that all might do honour to the birthday of his favourite Lady Gertrude.

When the feast was nearly ended, Lord Bellengen, who had been enjoying the scene at some distance, came forward with his two friends, Sir Charles O'Sullivan and Mr. Maxwell, whom he had sent to in the morning. Mr. George Bellengen was with them, but he appeared sulky, and kept aloof: he had an angry and disturbed look. The good Peer called for the silver tankard, that had been used time immemorial in the family (it had already been filled by his orders with the best wine in his cellar):

going towards the table, he desired every one's cup or glass should be filled with the liquor they liked best; and, taking the tankard, he drank to the health, happiness, and long life of Lady Gertrude Howard and her family. "Every one knows," said the good Peer, "that she is my daughter and heiress. We shall no longer be separated. You, my good friends, will soon see her here: when I die, she will repair my loss to you."—Then, giving Sir Charles the tankard, he desired he would pass it to Mr. Maxwell and his brother. George was obliged to drink Lady Gertrude Howard's health, though it almost choked him.

The tenantry were all pleased; it was something new, something to look to, having a lady at the Castle. Many of them remembered Lady Gertrude. Novelty in every class of life delights, and the lower orders are as much charmed with it as the higher. They now drank

Lord Bellengen's toast, with loud huzzas, and *Erin go bra* was played repeatedly. The Earl was happy: he gave a thousand commendations to Winterton, for the plenty and regularity of the feast; and when he and his friends returned to the Castle, to partake of the entertainment prepared for them, he desired no one might depart, till fully satisfied with the pleasures of the day. The Irish are not of a humour to be sad: give them good cheer, whiskey, and music—

> "Then, welcome joy and feast,
> Midnight shout and revelry,
> Tipsey dance and jollity.
> Come, knit hands, and beat the ground
> In a light, fantastic round."

We follow the Earl and his two friends, with Mr. George Bellengen, and the worthy Doctor Lawson, the clergyman of the parish, who was also invited to dinner. It was such a one as is generally found on the table of an Irish Peer, who

likes living in a princely style, whether he can or cannot afford it.

When the cloth was removed, and the claret Lord Bellengen had promised his guests was passing briskly round, his Lordship thus addressed his company: "My kind friends, I did not invite you here to-day merely to see my tenants regaled, or even to drink my long-lost child's health, but to give you some rational account of the cause of my present conduct (if I did not, I should appear no better than a madman); and to ask your advice and assistance how to come at, and punish a secret enemy, that near twenty years has made me a miserable man. No one but George there, knows what I have suffered." Mr. George sat with eyes staring, and fixed on the Earl. His pale lip quivered, and, by sipping his wine, he endeavoured to conceal his emotion. "You all know," continued Lord Bellengen, "that when my poor

girl went off with Howard, I was using every effort in my power to make a match between her and Mr. Burton, as amiable and worthy a fellow as ever lived; but my girl did not like him, and I was too harsh, was I not?" turning to Doctor Lawson; who shook his head, and replied, "You well know, my good Lord, what were my thoughts and opinions at the time. Lady Gertrude had the best opinion of Mr. Burton; but he was too old for her: their manners and tastes, though both were amiable, did not assimilate; they could not have been happy."—"That is," said the Earl, "my daughter was then in love with Howard, who was, I own, a very captivating young man."—"Well, my good friend," said Sir Charles, interrupting him, "the truth was, you were very harsh to Lady Gertrude; you allowed her every thing in the world but the choice of her husband, on which the

whole happiness of an amiable woman depends."—"I allow it, I allow every thing," returned Lord Bellengen; "I was a fool, I was blind, I was wrong, and I repent; can you desire more?" The Peer repeated these words with great warmth. "No one can desire more from you at the present," cried Mr. Maxwell; "you are making a noble reparation for any fault; but tell us what secret enemy you suspect?" and his eye glanced for an instant at George. "I will read you," said Lord Bellengen, "a letter which I received some days since: a man brought it to Patrick, and, calling him out privately, desired he would be cautious, and give it to his Lord when he was alone. You know, brother, the queer way I was in the night of the storm: it was all caused by this letter. I did not mention it to you till I could call our friends together, and consult upon it: you and they must

assist me to find out Truth, were she hid ever so deep in the well."—"That will take time, and more trouble than it is worth, brother," replied Mr. Bellengen, holding down his head, and playing with his glass. "But, to come to the point, Gentlemen," said the Earl, "here is the letter: it comes from that worthy Burton. In a year after Gertrude left me (and he sighed heavily), Burton, who was a man with great interest, went to India: he was appointed to a most lucrative employment. He had promised to write to me, but I never heard from him but once, till the arrival of this letter. Though I loved him, I dropped his correspondence, it so much wounded my feelings; I could not avoid speaking of my girl, and lamenting my helpless situation. But I am making a long story, when you must all be impatient to hear the letter. Doctor Lawson, will you have the goodness to read it?

my voice would fail: you will see whether I have reason to love Burton or not." The Doctor read as follows:

"MY DEAR LORD,

"As length of years, and a distant clime, have no power over the affections of my heart, and as your hold on it has never been loosened, I will give you, my old friend, credit for the same feelings, and believe that while I address this letter to you, I am as fresh in your memory as I was eighteen years ago. I sit down to relate to you one of the most delightful adventures of my life (and I have had many since we met):—Your daughter never lost her place in my bosom, though a few years after I quitted England I married a most amiable and handsome woman: she lived seven years, and then, with heartfelt grief, I followed her to the grave; and soon after, a fine boy, my only child. Since that time I

never thought of marriage; and you may suppose I never shall. This is a short account of my life. Now to my adventure: By chance, one evening I met at a friend's house, a young gentleman in the Company's service. His air and manner struck me: he appeared one of the finest fellows I ever saw: his face and voice so strongly reminded me of Lady Gertrude, that I inquired his name, and finding it Howard, got myself introduced to him. I soon recognised in this youth the grandson of my dearest friend, and the child of the woman I had most loved on earth. This of itself would have been a sufficient recommendation of the boy to me. But, on acquaintance, I found in him so excellent a heart, such amiable manners, and so good and cultivated an understanding, that I have taken him to myself, have made him my own, and will

adopt him, though as yet he knows nothing of my intention to do so.

"This boy tells me his father was his tutor; and an excellent one he has been. Henry (for he has been called after you) is just as proud as you are, and very like you. It seems he came to India, as a writer, to make his fortune; but he thought this beneath his birth, and he put on a red coat, which certainly does not misbecome him. Do as you will about him, he shall be my son; I have a great fortune, besides the large one I possess in right of my wife, and it shall be Henry's. My will is made, signed, and sealed. What can I do better with my riches than to leave them to Gertrude's son, and that son so amiable? He has given me the whole history of his family: his father must be a worthy man, and he says he has a sister as beautiful as an angel. But he grieves for his mother's delicate state of health; he tells

me you won't see her; though she and her husband have done every thing possible towards a reconciliation: that there is some secret enemy that prevents it; and his mother's ill health is owing to this; and that she never speaks of you but with duty, and in tears. My good Lord, for your own sake, forgive your child; let us all forget what is past, and live as friends. Passion is over in my bosom; I shall shake hands affectionately with the worthy Howard; and Gertrude, I hope, will give me her friendship, though she could not her love. I tell Henry I will marry his sister, and he pays me the compliment of wishing her so good a husband.

"I intend, in a few months, to return to Europe. I will not part from my boy. I hope to present him to you, and I will venture to say, no man has reason to be prouder of an heir than you have.

"Look out for the most beautiful spot

you can get near Castle Bellengen; buy it for me, or rather for Henry—if there is not a house, we can build one to our taste. As I am an Irishman, I shall live in my native land; not turn Englishman at my time of life, and be laughed at for abasing and despising my own country.

"Adieu, my dear friend; if you still value me, let me see you reconciled to the Howards. I intend taking up my abode at Castle Bellengen till I can fix myself. I hope you have as good claret as ever; for I have much to tell you over our bottle. If Mr. George Bellengen be alive, and with you, remember my best wishes to him. I have one of the finest smoking machines ever made in India a present for him, if he likes smoking as well as he used to do, when you and I turned him out of the room for stifling us with his pipe.

"What an enormous letter! Pardon it, my good friend; I owed you one a

great while, and it has a long way to go. Henry is afraid to present his duty to you; but I say he is a fool, and I will do it for him. I promise you, you will one day be proud of him.

"Farewell, my worthy friend; I hope soon to see you; years have rolled over us; we may be both shocked at meeting. No matter: though the body changes, the mind is the same.—Again farewell.—Unalterably yours,

"FREDERICK BURTON."

Doctor Lawson finished reading the letter; and the Earl, turning to his company with an air of satisfaction and triumph, asked, what they thought of it? "Never," said he, "was there a more amiable man than Burton; I am proud of early knowing his worth."—Every one but George praised Mr. Burton, and congratulated the Earl on his grandson's good fortune, and the happi-

ness that awaited himself in his reconciliation with Lady Gertrude.

"George," said Lord Bellengen, "I am convinced, though you are silent, your heart is more in this business than any one's but mine." Then, turning to the company, "You cannot believe what pains my brother took to settle matters for me long ago; but it was impossible. Here, George," filling his glass a bumper, "we will drink to our better success now; for I am determined to set off for England in three days, make every thing up with Gertrude, and see this boasted angel, as Henry calls his sister. You, George, shall accompany me."

George gave a surly nod, drank his wine, and said he must return to his house on some business; and as he did not find himself well, he begged his brother would not wait supper for him. "Why, damn it, man, will you flinch such a day as this? Sit down, and finish

your bottle."—"Do, Mr. Bellengen," said Sir Charles: "you may, perhaps, assist us to discover this secret enemy mentioned by Mr. Burton as having done so much mischief to your worthy brother."—"I know no enemy he has," answered George. "And I am certain he does not deserve one," said Doctor Lawson; "but that he has one, there is proof positive to the fact."—"If you know him," replied George, "it is unnecessary for me to assist you in the search. I am certain not one of you would regard my opinion, or depend on my judgment; and as I have very material business to transact, I must wish you a good night." So saying, he snatched up his hat, and quitting the room, flung the door after him.

"You must not mind George," said Lord Bellengen; "I am sorry he won't remain with us; but I see he is in one of his sulky humours to-night. Poor

fellow, I fear that woman that lives with him vexes him sadly."—"I don't believe that she does, my Lord," replied Doctor Lawson; "I hear she was a most amiable creature till he led her astray—I fear he makes her a very wretch; for she has not bad principles, and no woman that has not, can be happy in her situation." Lord Bellengen mused, and then said, "I shall try, my good Doctor, what I can do in this affair."

The conversation continued for some time on different subjects. At last, Sir Charles told Lord Bellengen, he hoped he should be able to discover the monster that had so cruelly and so secretly undermined his peace. "I don't think I ever shall, Sir Charles. When I see Gertrude again, I shall be too happy to think of any thing but her; and whoever the rogue was, he will be sufficiently punished by seeing me so. I will leave

him to his own conscience; that will pay him home, I dare say. You see, my good Doctor Lawson, your excellent discourses have not been thrown away upon me: you have taught we to forgive my enemies. Revenge is but a bad passion."

The company smiled at the benevolence of the worthy Peer, and spent some hours with him, talking over the past, and gratifying him by their praises of Mr. Burton, and their wish of seeing his daughter again at the Castle.

The Earl rose from table, determined on quitting Ireland in three days. He desired Patrick, as he retired to his chamber, to prepare for his departure, and to let the household know his intentions. "I am going to see my daughter," said Lord Bellengen.—"Thank God, and St. Patrick," returned the honest valet, "for putting good thoughts at last into your head;

it 's a marcy I 'm sure and sartin." In excellent spirits, and quite free from gout, as he believed, the worthy-hearted Peer laid him down on his pillow.

" Sweet are the slumbers of a mind at ease."

CHAP. IX.

"A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,
Quoted, and sign'd, to do a deed of shame.
——If thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread
That ever spider twisted from her womb,
Will serve to strangle thee; a rush will be
A beam to hang thee on: or wouldst thou drown thyself,
Put but a little water in a spoon,
And it shall be as all the ocean,
Enough to stifle such a villain up."

SHAKESPEAR.

LORD Bellengen slept to a late hour: the hurry of the last day had a little fatigued him, and it was near eleven when he rung for Patrick. It was very unusual with him to waste his mornings in bed. Accustomed to a country life, and to rise almost with the sun, he was surprised, on striking his watch, to find it so late.

When Patrick entered, he said, "If my brother has been here this morning, I hope he has not waited breakfast for me. I have been a lazy fellow; too much content will make me a sluggard." Patrick told his Lord, Mr. Bellengen had called at an early hour: that as his Lordship was asleep he would not suffer him to be disturbed, but had left a message to say, that very unexpected business had called him to Dublin; that he must be there as soon as possible: and as he could not say how long he might be detained, he begged Lord Bellengen would not derange his plans for him, as he could easily follow him to London. "Very odd, indeed! What in the name of wonder could carry my brother to Dublin? He has never been in the habit of going there. This is extremely provoking. I must delay my journey for a few days: he will be such a comfort to me on the road. A strange freak

this, Patrick! Do you know what George went about?"—"Not me, by the mass, plase your Lordship. I never had a hand in any of his doings. I don't wish the Devil to fly away with me—that I don't." And he threw Lord Bellengen's coat, that he was holding, on his left arm, that he might cross himself with his right hand.

All this was lost on his Lord, who was in deep thought. He could not conceive the meaning of this journey to Dublin: he determined, however, to write to George, that he would wait a week for him, and, if he did not return by that time, set out for England without him. When dressed, he descended to his study, where he occupied himself that day and the following, in giving orders to his steward and other domestics, with respect to the embellishments and alterations he intended to make at the Castle during his absence; for he

was fully determined it should be in perfect order, and newly furnished, for the reception of his children, and his good friend, the generous Burton. For above a week he waited with the greatest impatience for Mr. Bellengen's return, or an answer to a letter he had written him. Neither came; and, tired of delays, he determined on sailing for England without loss of time, and again writing to George to follow him when he should have finished the business that took him to Dublin.

Lord Bellengen had just taken up his pen, when the good old steward Winterton came to inform him, that a woman wished very much to speak to his Lordship. "Who is she?" cried the Earl. "I have no time to listen to silly women; you see what a deal I have to settle this morning."—"My Lord, she is the unfortunate Mrs. Hastings, that lives with Mr. George. She is in great

affliction, my Lord, I don't know for what; but it grieves one's heart to see the poor soul."—"Bid her get about her business, Winterton; she is the plague of my brother's life, and I am convinced it is her cursed tongue that puts him often into a sulky humour."—"My Lord," cried Winterton, staring, and looking earnestly at his master, "who could tell your Lordship such a story?"—"Why, my brother did; I know he hates her as he does the Devil; but he has so much good nature, he cannot bring himself to part with her."—"O Lord! O Lord!" ejaculated the steward, "she a scold! She is as mild and gentle as a lamb; she never had a fault but what Mr. Bellengen made her commit; and I know she has paid dearly for it. She is a sweet, charitable soul; so tender and good to the poor! Never does she scandalize or abuse any one."—"I believe you are in love with her,

Winterton, you speak in such raptures." —"No, no, my Lord; my foolish days are long past: in an honest way I love the poor girl, and I pity her; but she will soon want no one's pity: she will not trouble this world long, and I am sure she will go where all her sins will be forgiven her."—"What does Mrs. Hastings want with me, Winterton?"—"I don't know, my Lord; she won't tell her business to any one but you. She is crying most desperately; it grieves my heart to see her."—"I hope she has not heard any bad news of George. Put by these papers; I will see her instantly."—"My Lord, there is a rumour about this morning, that Mr. Bellengen has sold his pretty place to Mr. O'Brian, and that he went to Dublin to receive the purchase-money." Lord Bellengen started. "Impossible! My brother could not do such a thing; would not do it, without informing me.

Do you think he could wish to part with so charming a spot, one I gave him, and so close to me? He can't sell it: there's a clause in his lease against it. What lies get abroad!"—"They may be lies, my Lord, but not of my making: they are very rife in the country."—"I must know the truth. Tell Mrs. Hastings I will see her, though I can have no idea what she can want with me."

Mrs. Hastings entered. The Earl, by an involuntary motion, rose from his chair. He never had seen Mrs. Hastings: he was taught to believe her George's torment, and often regretted that he did not get rid of her, and marry some amiable woman, who would give him respectability in the country. He was now astonished at seeing her an uncommonly pretty, genteel little woman, dressed with the greatest neatness and modesty. She had the appearance of ill health: her cheek was pale,

and her sweet blue eyes were timidly turned on Lord Bellengen; they were full of tears, which she endeavoured to suppress. In spite of himself, the Earl was affected, and felt a sort of respect for her, the moment she entered. He pushed a chair to the fire, and asked her to sit down. She curtseyed, and almost fell into it. He looked at her with surprise, and then said, "Madam, what is your business with me?"—"I took the liberty, my Lord," replied Mrs. Hastings, "to request an audience from you, that I might, if possible, interest your Lordship in my unhappy situation. I am a miserable woman; but it is for my poor boy that my heart suffers. I could resign life for any happiness I can myself have in it, and yet I think I should wish to live for him." Here her sobs prevented her proceeding, and Lord Bellengen, all astonishment, waited in silence till she was able to go on.

"I am, my Lord, to be immediately turned out of my house a perfect beggar: Mr. O'Brian has informed me, that this day fortnight he will take possession, and I must find another abode."—"Is it then true, Mrs. Hastings, that George has sold Cork Abbey to Mr. O'Brian?"—"He certainly has, my Lord, and went to Dublin, to receive the purchase-money."—"Are you sure of all this?" replied the Earl: "I think it the most extraordinary action I ever heard of: there must be some trick in it; George could not act in this manner."—"I fear," replied Mrs. Hastings, with the greatest mildness, "it is too true. I had a letter from Mr. Bellengen, my Lord, in which he tells me he has sold every thing, as he is immediately going abroad; and he sends me an hundred pounds to maintain me and my child, as he does not know that he shall ever see me again." Here she wept

bitterly. "It is reported, my Lord, that he is going to leave the kingdom for ever."—"That is another lie, Mrs. Hastings, that has been propagated: my brother is going with me to England, on very interesting business to us both. I have no intention of staying long. But, Madam, perhaps you and my brother have had some quarrel, and you don't live comfortably together. He may wish to marry: it is rather late for him to think of it; but as he is in very good circumstances, he may wish to have a legitimate child to inherit his fortune. I hope he does not intend to give you only a hundred pounds at parting. I shall represent the business to him, indeed influence him, as far as I possibly can, to settle a fair and just allowance on you and your son. As to his selling Cork Abbey, that must be a jest: he can't alienate it from my family; if he sells it, I only can purchase it. Mr. O'Brian

must have been ill informed, if he thinks otherwise; he will lose every shilling of the purchase-money. Don't be unhappy; remain where you are, till my brother returns. I will see O'Brian. If George parts with you, you shall not want; but my protection hereafter depends on your leading a proper life. I don't love vicious women: you look so gentle and innocent, it is melancholy to think you could go astray." Lord Bellengen pronounced these words with much feeling, and a countenance more in pity than in anger.

Mrs. Hastings wept more violently; and as soon as her grief would allow her, turning an eye of gratitude on Lord Bellengen, she said, "How different you are from what you have been represented to me! I entered your study, dreading to appear before the cruel and stern Lord Bellengen. You think me a sinful being, living in open

shame, and defying the censures of the world, and yet you compassionate my present sufferings, and offer me your protection. O kind and merciful man! what gratitude my heart feels towards you, and how different are my sentiments now to what they were on entering this room! My Lord, I am not the wretch you take me for: my life has been most guiltless and innocent; I am your brother's wife."—"My brother's wife!" cried Lord Bellengen, starting from his seat, in the utmost astonishment. "Why was this secret kept so long from me? Who are you? Were you so beneath my brother, that he feared to own you; that you dared not to assert your claims? Why did you not make me acquainted with them? I should have made him acknowledge you, if you did not discredit him by your conduct."—"My Lord, I do not discredit your family: I am the child of a most

respectable officer, Colonel Hastings, who, in his sixtieth year, died of a wound he had received in the American war. He left my mother a widow, very poor indeed; and at the time I was only twelve years old, my mother, with her little pension as a Colonel's widow, and the sale of beautiful work that she laboured at herself, supported me as a gentlewoman, and had me even taught many accomplishments. To stop her expenses on my account, I did my utmost to improve myself in every thing I was taught. My mother's heart was buried with my father, and not all her fond love for me could reconcile her to his loss. She endeavoured to overcome grief, but she failed; her health sunk under it, and work was at an end. I then made use of my little talents to assist my mother; but sickness, apothecary's bills, and a thousand trifling expenses that we could not foresee or

avoid, brought us both into poverty and debt. One evening, that my mother was tolerably well, we went to pay a visit to a lady, who was uncommonly kind to me: Mr. Bellengen was of the party. This lady, Mrs. Gage, was very fond of music: she had just bought a very fine piano-forte, and entreated me to try it. I played and sung almost the whole evening. My dear mother thought I appeared to advantage, and pointed out many pieces of music she fancied I excelled in. There were some young ladies there, much superior to me in every thing; but Mr. Bellengen scarcely took notice of them. He sat by me, and flattered me on my talents for music. Mrs. Gage overheard him; she came to me where we were sitting, and, tapping my cheek, said, 'My sweet 'girl, it is a pity the whole world is not 'as well acquainted with your merits as 'I am; they would praise you then as

'you ought to be praised.' This speech of Mrs. Gage's, instead of giving me pleasure, fell cold upon my heart. I thought it would appear to Mr. Bellengen a plan to set me off. My mother and I returned to our lodging at Stephen's Green before supper, as she was afraid of being out late. Mrs. Gage sent us in her carriage, and Mr. Bellengen insisted on seeing us home. We objected to his taking so much trouble; but he said, he was engaged to sup with Mrs. Gage, and would return in her chariot. I felt uneasy, I did not know why. When my mother and I were alone, she said to me, 'My dear child, 'how much Mr. Bellengen admired you 'this evening! both Mrs. Gage and I 'perceived it while you were at the 'piano-forte. She, good affectionate 'woman, tells me he is a natural bro-'ther of the Earl of Bellengen's, with 'whom he is so great a favourite, that

'he cannot live without him, and that 'he stands in the place of his daughter, 'who ran away from him: and that his 'Lordship intends him heir to all the for-'tune he can bequeath'."

Here Lord Bellengen shewed great emotion and surprise, exclaiming, "Can I believe this?" Poor Mrs. Hastings felt confounded: she feared he was angry, and doubted her truth; and, breaking off her story, said, "My Lord, I beg pardon for this intrusion. My story can be of no consequence to you; and I fear I give offence. Pray pardon me, my Lord."

The Earl, drawing his chair close to hers, and good-naturedly taking her hand, said, "Pardon you, my dear Madam! what have I to pardon? I fear you have too much to forgive. I beg you will proceed. Be even minute in your little history: be assured I am already deeply interested. Let it end how it will,

if you are as amiable as you force me to believe you are, I promise you my protection; and if my heart speaks truth at present, my affection." Mrs. Hastings, reassured by this kindness, resumed the thread of her story, as follows:—"I felt much mortified at all my mother said respecting Mr. Bellengen. I believed myself set up to sale for the first comer that should have a fortune to support me. I retired to bed, oppressed and unhappy. The next day, while we were finishing some embroidery we were anxious to sell, Mr. Bellengen was announced: he addressed us with great civility, saying, he could not have taken the liberty of intruding on us, without some cause: that he was sent by Mrs. Gage (who was too busily employed to leave home herself), to inquire after Mrs. Hastings's health; and he hoped she was not the worse for her visit last night. He then presented a note from

Mrs. Gage to my mother, requesting our company the next day at dinner. 'I hope,' said Mr. Bellengen, 'you 'will not, my dear Madam, reject your 'friend's invitation, as she has done me 'the honour of asking me to be of the 'party; and I flatter myself with again 'hearing those heavenly sounds that last 'night enchanted me.' He looked at me, and must have seen I was in confusion, and not happy. I honestly confess to you, my Lord, I was afraid of him, and wished myself a thousand miles from where I sat; and I saw my poor mother's partiality with pain.

"Mr. Bellengen staid above an hour. The conversation was entirely between him and my mother: it was lively, for she was in uncommon spirits; and before he left us, agreed to accept Mrs. Gage's invitation. I was low; my mother rallied me upon it, and said she was convinced I had made a conquest. I

burst into tears: she was affected, and begged I would not make myself unhappy for what she had said—she would never ask me to marry any one I could not love: but she hoped I had too much good sense not to see my situation in its true light. 'My beloved child,' said she, 'I shall soon be removed from 'you: the "thread of life unwinds;" 'could I be sure you were happily settled 'before I leave this world, I should quit 'it in peace; I should have no wish un-'gratified. Since the loss of your father, 'you only stood between me and the 'grave. I will not urge you farther; 'I leave every thing to your good sense.' I embraced my dear mother in silence. She then changed the conversation, and we passed the day as usual. The next we spent at Mrs. Gage's, and Mr. Bellengen was more than attentive to me. I saw that my mother was happy, and

that she and Mrs. Gage gave each other significant looks.

"Not to dwell too long on this part of my story, and tire your Lordship by doing so, I will only say, that a month passed in this way. Mr. Bellengen was every day at our house, and we spent most of our evenings with Mrs. Gage, in Sackville Street. I could now work very little, and therefore had nothing to sell. Debts were called for. We could not bear to ask our good friend to assist us; but she discovered our wants, and was generous in her gifts to my poor mother, who was now visibly declining, and fell very ill: I could not bear to leave her a moment. Mr. Bellengen came regularly, two or three times a day, to inquire after her. When she was able to sit up on her couch, she would see him. He sent her every thing he thought would be agreeable to her. She

was delighted with his attentions, and he perceived that she was so.

" One morning I had taken the opportunity of Mrs. Gage's being with her, to regulate some matters in the house, and did not return to my mother's apartment till she was gone. I then found my dear mother's face flushed: she seemed pleased, but very doubtful whether I should be so. After some hesitation, she told me her friend was come to her with a proposal for me from Mr. Bellengen; that, seeing my coldness, he feared speaking himself; particularly as, should I make him happy by my hand, he had some things to inform me of, and some matters to propose, that I might not, perhaps, be willing to comply with. 'The truth is, my love, 'Mr. Bellengen stands in great awe of 'his brother, Lord Bellengen; he is a 'harsh, austere man, and expects impli-'cit submission from every one about

'him. He has turned his daughter out
'of doors, and declares he will leave
'every thing he can to his brother, pro-
'vided he does not marry during his
'life, but devotes himself to his hu-
'mours, and chiefly spends his time
'with him. This would be no incon-
'venience to Mr. Bellengen, who has a
'beautiful place close to the Castle. All
'he fears, should his marriage be known,
'is the loss of his fortune, and that on
'your account. He therefore proposes
'a private marriage: and that till Lord
'Bellengen dies, or he can soften his
'severe nature, he must request you to
'bear the name of Hastings. He is
'certain, were he to ask his brother's
'consent, he would prohibit his mar-
'riage, or never see him more. He
'hopes, by management, to bring every
'thing about in a short time, and to
'have the happiness of acknowledging
'the chosen of his heart.'

"Here my dear mother paused. I was ever averse to deceit and concealment. I did not approve the proposal. I begged time to consider of it. I feared Mr. Bellengen, and thought I never could love him. My mother, with less good temper than ever I saw in her, said, 'Child, do your own way; I have 'lived for you; it is past—I can die.'

"My mother was near fainting: I believed her dying. I flew to her, gave her some drops, fell at her feet, and told her she might, in the morning, inform Mrs. Gage I accepted Mr. Bellengen's proposal, and would marry him on any terms he pleased. My poor mother revived: she kissed and blessed me, and the next morning my doom was sealed, and every thing settled for my wedding that day week. Mrs. Gage, the woman we lodged with, and my mother, were to be the only witnesses of the ceremony. I was to continue in the lodgings we were

in, and Mr. Bellengen added two rooms to those we already occupied. He paid all my mother's little debts, and was generous to me. I had sacrificed my own happiness, but I determined it should not appear; and, with an aching heart, I put on a cheerful countenance.

"I was married: my husband came to live in our house. He seemed very fond of my mother, who loved him, and was grateful to him. I tried to do the same. I never went out, but to Mrs. Gage's, and two or three times to the play, with Mr. Bellengen alone; but I did not like the men he associated with: their language and manners were too free; and I afterwards excused myself from accompanying him abroad, making my mother's constant bad state of health an excuse for not leaving her alone. He was surly and ill-tempered to me on the occasion; said, women that set up for virtue were damned delicate indeed;

he supposed I did not like the merry fellows he had done me the honour to introduce me to; I might stay at home if I pleased; it was the best place for a wife.

"I was shocked; but not caring to make him angry, or my mother uneasy, I took no notice of his ill temper, and received him with smiles when he returned. He seemed then in better humour, and told me he must return to Cork for some time; but he would come back the moment he could get free of Lord Bellengen. He departed, and my poor mother daily declined. I procured her every comfort, and that was mine. I received a cold letter or two from Mr. Bellengen, and a little money that I had drawn on him for. I told my mother his letters were kind; she believed me, and was happy. She died in my arms, blessing me, and rejoicing that I was so well provided for. Mrs. Gage came to

me, gave directions for every thing, and wrote to my husband. His answer to her was, that it was happy the poor sick lady was at rest. He supposed Ellinor was at present in grief, but she would soon get over it. He could not leave his brother for a month: he would then come to Dublin, and I must be prepared to follow him to Cork. I should hear from him in a few days: he had not time then to write; but he begged Mrs. Gage would order every thing for the decent interment of Mrs. Hastings, no more; for it was a foolish thing to spend money in grand funerals.

"Mrs. Gage shook her head when she read the letter, looked at me with confusion, and said, 'My dear girl, I 'grieve at having had a hand in your 'match. I did it for the best.' Will 'you forgive me?' I assured her I was perfectly sensible how much she was my friend, that I had married to make my

mother happy; and that reconciled me to my fate. Other things would, perhaps, reconcile me to her death. I would now bear my lot with resignation, obey my husband in every thing, and at least have the merit of making a good wife.

"Mrs. Gage endeavoured to comfort me; and when my mother's funeral was over, she made me pay off my lodgings, and said I should remain with her till my husband came for me. She wrote again to him; so did I; and in about six weeks he suddenly appeared one morning at her house, and said I must leave town with him the day after the next. He told Mrs. Gage every thing depended on her secrecy; he should be undone if you knew of his marriage. She promised silence, took an affectionate leave of me, recommending me to Mr. Bellengen's care, saying my health was delicate. His answer was, the country

and proper occupation, not poring over books and work, but attention to the care of his house, would soon make me stout. I bid adieu to the only friend I had on earth, with a breaking heart, and accompanied my husband to Cork Abbey. He endeavoured, on the road, to sooth me into a compliance with all his wishes, and he made me give him my most sacred promise not to divulge my marriage till he could soften you; and I might be certain the moment he could bring that about, he would make it public."

"Villain!" cried Lord Bellengen; "he was never under my control. I have nursed a snake in my bosom. But tell me, my poor child, how long have you been married, and where is your certificate? Justice shall be done you, I swear."—"My Lord," replied Mrs. Hastings, "I have been married five years. My child is four years old, a lovely

boy—but I cannot give you the certificate of my marriage."—"Why not?" asked the Earl, looking at her suspiciously. "Are you telling me truth? Are you George Bellengen's lawful wife, or are you not?"

Poor Mrs. Hastings shrunk at Lord Bellengen's investigating look. Innocence may be startled; it cannot be ashamed. Lifting her sweet eyes to his face, she replied, "My Lord, I am lawfully Mr. Bellengen's wife; and, knowing my duty as such, I am ashamed to confess how cruelly he has used me in every way; but now I am fearful he intends denying his marriage with me."—"What reason have you for believing so? I cannot suppose him such a wretch." Mrs. Hastings hesitated, opened her lips to speak, and still was silent. At last, seeing Lord Bellengen look angry, she said, "My Lord, I this morning discovered that he had broken open

a little cabinet belonging to me, which contained a few things of value appertaining to my mother; and as they had been the gift of my father, even in distress she could not endure to part with them: a very fine repeating watch, some antiques, and a valuable diamond hoop ring. I had placed them, with the certificate, in this little cabinet, and locked it into a closet within my bed-room. This morning I found the lock forced, and every thing gone."—"But Mr. Bellengen might not have taken them," replied the Earl. "My Lord, he was in that closet not a quarter of an hour before he left the house; and from that time I have had the key in my own possession."

Lord Bellengen could no longer doubt the truth of what he was told: truth and innocence were so portrayed in the speaking countenance of the unfortunate young woman before him, that to doubt

her was impossible. He considered for some time, and then said, "Mrs. Bellengen, for so you shall now call yourself, I would have you to return to your house, write to Mrs. Gage to make an affidavit of your marriage, and send it to me: I shall take care you are not turned out of Cork Abbey. O'Brian can be no better than a fool, if he has not the opinion of a good lawyer before he pays his money. Let me see you to-morrow at dinner; bring your son—there are people enough to take care of him while we dine, and I wish to introduce you properly to my friends. George shall rue the day when he used you so ill; and in future, if he does not make you a good husband, he shall never enter this house."

Mrs. Bellengen, as we shall now call her, was overcome by this kindness: accustomed to sorrow, she was near sinking under good fortune. In the

most grateful manner she thanked Lord Bellengen for his humanity, and returned to her house in a very different state of mind to what she left it.

When Lord Bellengen was alone, he wrote notes to his friends, Sir Charles O'Sullivan and Mr. Maxwell, to dine with him the next day, as he had some particular business with them. He then sent for Patrick, and desired he would inform him of every particular he knew relative to Mrs. Hastings and his brother. Patrick did not seem very willing to speak, though, in general, silence could not be imputed to him as a fault. Lord Bellengen insisted, and he was afraid not to answer. "My Lord, what in the name of wonder would you have me tell you? and that pretty young cratur that was so long closeted with you—by my own faith, I suppose she tould you all her mishaps and troubles, and that Mr. George is as big a rogue

to her as ever lived; ay, the biggest that Ireland contains, to go for to bring her here, and keep her locked up these five years, and never let her put her pretty face withoutside the gate, or inside of a church, though he was canting and throwing up the whites of his eyes there every Sunday, while the poor sowl sat at home crying, and drudging like a horse, to plase him, and never could do it for all that."—"Upon my word, Patrick, your tongue runs at a great rate: you have very little respect for Mr. Bellengen."—"There now, my Lord, that is what a man gets for spaking the plain truth: you bid me tell what I knew, and then you are angry that I don't desave you."—"You mistake me, Patrick; I praise truth in every one. Now tell me, was it believed in the country that George was married to Mrs. Hastings?"—"If you insist on the truth, my Lord, I must say it was so reported when she

first came into the country, but Mr. Bellengen was enraged at hearing it, and swore it was no such thing; that the sweet cratur was only his mistress, and had fallen so in love with him, he could not get rid of her. All which Patrick, in his own mind, gave the lie to; for I could not look in her pretty face, and think ill of her. Mr. George used the fine little boy like a dog: I have seen him kick and cuff him so, that my heart was sore for the poor child."—"Why did not you tell me of this, Patrick?"—"My Lord, to what good? You would not have believed a word Paddy said."—"Well, neither Mrs. Bellengen nor her child shall be used ill again; I will protect them."

Patrick stared, and muttered, "Mrs. Bellengen!"—"Don't you understand what I say? Mrs. Hastings that was, has been married these five years to my brother. Why he has not owned her,

Heaven knows; for I think he has reason to be proud of her. Let all my people know they must treat her properly, and respect her as Mrs. Bellengen."—"They will shew her more respect on her own account," replied Patrick, "than on Mr. George's. I believe my Lord will thank St. Patrick I was not desaved in the goodness of the pretty sowl."

The Earl nodded to Patrick to quit the room; but when half out of the door, he held it a-jar, and, turning round, looked at his Lord as if he would say something, and was afraid. When Patrick's heart overflowed, his tongue never could be kept within bounds. He advanced a few steps into the room, and then said, "My Lord, Miss Patty Plunket, the great hosier's daughter in Cork, is gone off, and it is thought with Mr. George. Her father is mad-angry, and has followed them up to Dublin: but he

might as well let it alone. Mr. George will be too much for him: he is right crafty in all his ways. Witness for that his cunning tricks about the sweet Lady Gertrude!"—"What do you dare to insinuate? Have done! he did all he could do for her."—"O yes, by the mass! but it was the wrong way, sure enough: but those that live longest will see most of the matter; and it is a long lane that has no turn. But what need I bother about it? When you see my Lady, I hope you will know the rights of it, my Lord; and that is all."

Saying this, the faithful Patrick quietly left the room, and shut the door slowly, leaving the good Earl thunderstruck. Was it possible that George could be the man that Patrick had represented him? He was angry with himself for allowing a domestic to converse so freely with him: but this odd, blunt creature had lived with him from in-

fancy, and had nursed him in sickness, and was so honest, faithful, and affectionate, that Lord Bellengen, whose heart was excellent, could not bear the idea of checking his loquacity, though it sometimes offended him; and he saw in Patrick

"The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed."

CHAP. X.

"Heigh, my hearts; cheerly, cheerly, my hearts; yare, yare: take in the top-sail; 'tend to the master's whistle. All lost! to prayers! to prayers! all lost!" SHAKESPEAR.

MRS. Bellengen attended the Earl the next day, as he had appointed, and was introduced by him to his friends. He had told her story before she made her appearance. Every one was interested for so pretty and ill-used a woman, and expressed their fears to each other, that there was little chance of a reformation in her husband. Lord Bellengen shewed her the greatest attention, and desired she might be as much as possible at the Castle during his brother's absence. "I have no doubt," said the credulous Peer, "but I shall bring him to act as

he should do. We must forgive the faults of those so near to us." Mr. O'Brian was informed by letter, that his purchase was not a safe one; but his being out of the country prevented Lord Bellengen's receiving an immediate answer. A week passed on: Mrs. Bellengen had risen every day in the good opinion of the Earl. She had received the proofs she wished of her marriage from Mrs. Gage, and a copy from the register of St. Anne's parish. This proved her perfect truth, and Lord Bellengen found in her a most agreeable and sensible companion. Not hearing from George deranged him extremely, as he wished to put his scheme of going to England into execution. He sent for Patrick, and ordered him to go immediately to Cork to make inquiries for Mr. Bellengen, as he knew he had many acquaintances there, from whom he hoped for some certain intelligence.

Patrick obeyed his Lord, and did not return till late at night. Mrs. Bellengen had supped at the Castle, and was returned home. Lord Bellengen sat up for Patrick, who, alighting from his horse, just as he was, mud up to his chin, his great coat and hat on, and his whip in his hand, entered Lord Bellengen's study. "Well, Patrick, what news? When will my brother be here?"—"Be here, my Lord? Why, you never will set eyes on him as long as you live, without he sends for you to see his grandeur."—"Are you drunk, Patrick? What do you mean by this folly?"—"Your Lordship may call it folly, if you plase; but Mr. George thinks he is very wise. It 's as true as that I have two eyes in my head, that he has carried off Patty Plunket, and made her as fine as a Duchess in Dublin, and they are gone off themselves in a ship called the Fly, to Chester (it 's a trader I believe);

and they are to go from that to London on money matters; and I know for sure and sartin that he is going off to France, and that he never will come back to sweet Ireland, becase he has too many rogueries to hide, and he can't compass the hiding them."

"How in the name of Heaven can you tell me all this stuff? Patrick, you certainly are not sober."—"Sober, my Lord! I never was more so in my whole life: I never stopped to take a drop of the whiskey since I left the Castle. I heard every thing I tell you from twenty people; but I was not satisfied with such information, I assure you, my Lord. Let Paddy alone for finding out the honest truth. As soon as I had collected all I could from others, I went to father O'Reily the priest, as good a man as ever stepped through a chapel door, and I prayed him to tell me the thing just as it was, and not to be shy of

me; for it was of great consequence to you to know all. So he up and tould me every word I have said, and how sure enough Mr. George was going to France, and he has promised Patty Plunket to marry her there. So now you see, my Lord, you are the only one desaved in Mr. George; and the priest just said as I did, he was a big rogue, go where he would."

Lord Bellengen sighed heavily, and seemed quite distressed. "Don't make yourself unhappy, my Lord," cried Patrick; "you may be sure, if he gets to France, he will do well enough. How do you know but he will get Buonaparte to make a king of him?" Angry as Lord Bellengen was, he could not but smile at this sally of humour, and desiring Patrick to get some refreshment, dismissed him for the night.

A few days elapsed, and the Peer, having some twinges in his foot, began

to fear a fit of the gout, and wished to hurry his voyage. But before he could leave the Castle, he received a letter, directed in an unknown hand, the contents as follows:

"My Lord, *Dublin, Dec.* 30.

"I am sorry to be the bearer of ill news; but I fear I must give your Lordship great distress, if you are any relation to Mr. George Bellengen. He came on board my ship the Fly, the twentieth of this month: she was bound to Chester, with linen. When we were off Howth, we met with a heavy gale; and the ship, all I could do, not obeying the rudder, she was drove on the rocks off Howth, where she went to pieces. Unfortunately we had three sailors and nine passengers drowned, and among them Mr. Bellengen and his wife. It was with the greatest difficulty the rest were saved. A great part of the cargo

has been thrown on shore, with a small leather trunk of Mr. Bellengen's: 'Earl 'of Bellengen,' with brass letters, is marked on the top. This same trunk Mr. Bellengen was very anxious about, and got me to lock it into my cabin when he came on board: so I take it for granted it is of value, and may belong to your Lordship. If you will please, my Lord, to send for it to the Marine Hotel, Dublin, it shall be delivered to your order by your Lordship's most dutiful and obedient servant,

"JOHN O'ROURKE,
"*Captain of the Fly.*"

When Lord Bellengen received this letter, he was alone at the Castle, preparing for his voyage. He had already his doubts respecting George. This letter fully confirmed his bad opinion; his depravity shocked him. But the Earl had too good a heart not to be greatly

affected by the melancholy end of a man he had so loved. Not knowing his great sin towards himself, death, for a time, washed away all his faults, and he lamented the loss of his brother most sincerely. He was not unmindful of his new *protegée*: he ordered his housekeeper to go to Cork Abbey, and inform Mrs. Bellengen of the fatal catastrophe. "Poor thing!" cried he, "she has no great reason to lament such a husband, and yet I think her gentle nature will be much shocked at his death." He judged truly: when Mrs. Bellengen heard of the sad end of the worthless George, she was in extreme distress. Lord Bellengen wrote her a few lines, to assure her of his protection, and that he would provide for her and her child; but he desired not to see her for a few days. He dispatched a messenger to Dublin for the trunk, thinking, with reason, that it must contain something of consequence,

since George appeared so very anxious about it; and he remembered he had some time ago given his brother the very trunk, as a remarkably strong one. Some days elapsed before its arrival; and when it came, the Earl sent for Mrs. Bellengen, that she might open it in his presence. Every one, even Patrick, was ordered to quit the room, and Mrs. Bellengen, trembling and sad, unlocked the trunk. The first parcels she took out were her own valuables, with the certificate of her marriage. They next came to a draft on C—'s bank in London, for the purchase-money of Cork Abbey, cash, and bank-notes to the amount of six thousand pounds, and a number of valuable articles belonging to Mr. Bellengen. Lord Bellengen was astonished. In the midst of his search, he said, "Providence, my dear child, has had compassion on you, and has caused the angry waves to destroy a bad husband,

and at the same time restore to an innocent creature the fortune that belongs to her and her child."

When they had got about half through the contents of the trunk, they came to a large parcel of letters. Lord Bellengen was struck with his daughter's hand-writing, and snatching up a letter addressed to himself, he opened it with trepidation. It was written some years back, in the most humble, affectionate, and dutiful manner, entreating a reconciliation, declaring her anxiety and her husband's to be received into favour with him, and her strong hope that Mr. George Bellengen, who had promised to be the bearer of her letter, would intercede in her behalf—as, even with the best of husbands, she could know no peace or happiness till she was restored to his affection. When the Earl had read the letter, he was near fainting; and, throwing himself into a chair, he cried, "How

many years of comfort have I lost by that villain! Had he given me this letter, my child could never have been an alien from this heart, this Castle. O George! how cruel, how unheard-of was your sad usage of a man that was your brother, and ever your friend! But, poor wretch, you have paid the forfeit of your crimes! Eternal Justice has an all-seeing eye: the darkest corner of the world will not hide us from its scrutinizing glance."

They searched the trunk to the bottom; and in the papers it contained, found full proofs of George's villany towards Lady Gertrude, whom he had persuaded that her father's obdurate heart was shut against her, though he had done every thing to soften matters in her favour. Lord Bellengen shed many tears over the tender letters written by his daughter, and the copies of the villanous lying ones written to her by his wicked brother. To crown all, there

was a copy of one to a friend as abandoned as himself, glorying in the success of his baseness, and giving a full account of the deceptions he had practised on his brother, and the advantage he hoped to draw from it, by securing at his death all his personal property. There was also another copy of a letter, recently written to the same friend, informing him, that all would soon be discovered by the interference of a cursed fellow, a friend of Lord Bellengen's, who had made it a point that he should be reconciled to the Howards. The last passage in this famous letter ran thus: "The old passionate dupe, my brother, is very near slipping through my fingers, you see; but I shall laugh at them all soon, for I have sold every thing, am going to London to take up the money for my estates, and before they know where I am, shall find myself safe on the Continent. I am thoroughly sick of my

nib. As to the boy, he is now growing troublesome, and would only be a plague hereafter. I suppose Lord Bellengen will extend his charity to them; if he should not, Mrs. Hastings may earn her bread, as she did before I met with her. I have, however, sent her a hundred pounds to begin the world with —a teasing, melancholy, moping thing she always was. Patty Plunket, whom you admired so much, shares my fortune. A fine girl—when I am tired of her, I shall have no difficulty in getting her off. I can tell you no more of my schemes at present. If you like a frolic, meet me in London the beginning of January. I shall not remain there long, but soon bid adieu to these countries for ever.'

"Unfortunate George!" cried the Earl, the tears trickling down his benevolent face; "you did bid an eternal adieu to them; but how dreadful

was the parting! Bad as you have been, I shall ever deplore, not only your shameful conduct, but your miserable and untimely fate. I have some consolation, however, Mrs. Bellengen, in your being well provided for; I shall soon settle matters with O'Brian. Give me my sweet child's letters, and remove that hated trunk from my sight. I am ill, Mrs. Bellengen, very ill; I must go to bed." Mrs. Bellengen was terrified; the Earl was pale and faint: she called his domestics, and had him carried to bed. He slept for some hours, but awoke with a violent attack of the gout in his stomach. His physician was sent for, who was sadly alarmed at the state he found his patient in; and Mrs. Bellengen was under the disagreeable necessity of informing Doctor Miller of the cause of his indisposition. The physician and Mrs. Bellengen sat by the worthy Peer's bedside the whole night, and

Mrs. Bellengen determined on taking up her abode at the Castle while he might want her assistance. For some time there were but little hopes of his recovery: the gout flew from the stomach to the head, and then returned to the stomach. His constitution being naturally good, he overcame this terrible attack: the gout settled in his feet, and left him as weak as a child; but his life was safe, and in a few days his physicians pronounced him in a convalescent state. The Earl's first wish was to get to London, but that he found must be a work of time. Mrs. Bellengen was his constant companion, and gained his affection by her care and tenderness.

"The foster-nurse of Nature is repose—"

We shall therefore leave the good Earl in a convalescent state in his Castle, and return to Italy, to attend the Howards in their voyage, as we suppose they are now ready to embark.

CHAP. XI.

EVERY thing was hurry and preparation at the villa. The moment arrived when they were to bid it adieu. The morning before their departure, the Howards, with their daughter, Lord William, and Mr. Lindsey, went to the Convent of the Virgin, to take leave of the kind Abbess: they were introduced by a lay sister into the parlour, where she requested they would wait till she had informed the Superior. They remained a long while; when Sister Agnes, a great favourite of the Abbess's, appeared, saying, "She was sent by the worthy Mother to assure them of her sincere wishes for their health and happiness while they remained in this world. She was grieved it was quite impossible for her to see

any person but those belonging to her convent, except her dear child Caroline, whom she could not suffer to depart without a last embrace. If the blessing of a sinful mortal could be of any avail, she gave it to them all."

Sister Agnes assured Lady Gertrude, that the Mother Abbess was so ill as to alarm the whole community for her life. "And what," said she, "shall we be without her? She feels for all but herself, and her countenance is never so serene or happy as after the most severe fasts, and, I may say, personal torture, that she inflicts upon herself."—The pious nun "dropt some pitying tears, but wiped them soon;" and, taking Caroline's hand, led her to the inside of the convent. "I dread our holy mother parting with you," said Agnes, as they passed through the corridore; "I know how affectionately she loves you, and how you and the sweet Teresa

have helped to mitigate her sorrows; and I also know that when she has bidden you farewell, you will be the last person belonging to the world she will ever admit into her presence." Caroline followed sorrowful, and in silence.—When they reached the apartment where the Abbess sat, she beckoned her favourite to her, and by a nod, dismissed Agnes.

"I hope, my child," said she, "your amiable mother, and the rest of your friends, will forgive my not seeing them. To part with you, is too severe a pang to my heart, to allow of my paying vain compliments and worldly attentions.—Sit down by me, my love," taking Caroline's hand, and pressing it in hers. "Accept my thanks for the comfort you have been to me: you and Teresa have been angels of peace; your society, and the innocent and useful occupation I have had in the daily instruction I have

endeavoured to bestow on both, have, I believe, saved me from madness. Remember, Caroline, what you have learned from the unfortunate Abbess of Santa Maria: keep a guard, my child, over all your actions; believe it possible, that, with the most amiable dispositions, you may be led astray. Distrust your own heart, fear its sensibility, guard against its passions, if you have a wish to pass unsullied through the world; and what is the end of a human being once stained with guilt? She becomes either hardened in wickedness, or the most wretched of creatures, 'seeking rest, and finding 'none.' But above all, Caroline, guard your heart from love; suffer not that soft passion to sap the foundation of virtue. Love either exalts the mind to the purity of angels, or debases it to the nature of a fiend. When it prompts to disgraceful and wicked actions, it is only the passion

of a fury: all that is lovely in woman is lost—

"She sinks like stars that set to rise no more."

As the Abbess spoke, Miss Howard's heart beat quick. Shocked at the picture she drew, she could not doubt there were such beings; but she hoped they were few, and she thought within herself, that love must exalt the mind, and add a lustre to every virtue.

The Abbess, after much interesting conversation with her beloved pupil, opened her cabinet, and presented her with a fine necklace of diamonds, from which hung a transparent heart, and requested she would wear it for her sake. "Your heart, Caroline," said she, "is now as transparent as that diamond; let it ever continue so: it will then be of more value than the treasures of the East. Should you ever be tempted to do wrong, remember the Abbess of the Convent of the Virgin; for oh! with

shame she tells you, that guilt and misery brought her, in early life, to these walls. For your instruction, I am writing the history of my wretched life, and of my crimes. Think not too hardly of me when I am gone. If you and Teresa ever meet, speak tenderly to each other, of one who dearly loved you both; who, when you, my Caroline, have the gates of the convent closed upon you, will shut out every worldly care from her heart, will never suffer a stranger again into her presence, and at the foot of yon altar will devote her few remaining days to penitence and prayer."

Caroline was greatly affected: she threw herself on the Abbess's neck; she kissed her pallid cheek; she shed a shower of tears; she thanked her for her affection, assured her, her instruction should not be lost upon her, and that she should remember her with love and gratitude to the last hour of her

life, and she was convinced Teresa would do the same. "Then," cried the Abbess, starting from her seat, "pray for my soul when I am no more." Then, recovering herself, "No," said she, "your religion forbids you; and I wish you not to act against your own faith; but do not think too hardly of me."

Miss Howard, much alarmed, feared her going into one of her usual fits, and approached the door, to call Agnes. "Don't call Agnes, my child," said the Abbess, in a softer tone. "I have a commission I wish you to execute for me: is not Mr. Lindsey below?" Miss Howard answered in the affirmative. "I cannot see him," cried the Abbess. "He is a worthy man, and I respect him; I once knew him well, but particular reasons make his sight dreadful to me; yet I wish him to know the good opinion I have of him, and to give him some mark of my regard." Then, again

opening the cabinet whence she had taken the diamond necklace, she drew out a secret drawer, and from it took a beautiful gold snuff-box. She trembled as she laid her hand upon it, and two or three times made a motion to withdraw it, and shut the cabinet. Stopping an instant, and looking mournfully, she again laid her hand on the box, and took it from its recess, fixing her eyes on it; her pale cheek turned to a more deadly white; her lips trembled; her eye swam in tears, and she said in a faint voice, "I must open it: how many years has it been closed! Shall I dare to look? Yes; one look—but the sight of it will blast me!" Caroline, fearing for her senses, approached, and gently entreated she would be composed, and offered to take the box that seemed so greatly to distress her. "Take it," said the Abbess: "give it to Mr. Lindsey, with my best wishes: tell him I send it as a proof of

my esteem, and as a present that will gratify him." She was just going to give the box to Miss Howard, when, drawing back her hand, and seeming to conquer her own feelings, she suddenly opened it, kissed with quickness, and seeming terror, the picture of a man which Miss Howard perceived on the inside of the lid. Her lips had scarcely touched it, when she cried "Pardon! pardon!" dropped it from her trembling hand, gave a sigh, and fell upon the sofa.

Miss Howard was still more terrified. The Abbess, recovering, and placing her hand across her eyes, said, "Caroline, my dear Caroline, take it from my sight; it is too much, I cannot bear it!" Caroline instantly put the fatal box into her pocket, and entreated the poor Abbess to be composed. In a little time she was so, and conversed with calmness till Agnes came to let her know it was the

hour of prayer. She rose from her seat with firmness and majesty: "I go," said she, "trusting in the efficacy of prayer, and of deep, sincere repentance. Farewell, my child; parting with you is the last bitter suffering I shall have on this side the grave." With the utmost tenderness, and drowned in tears, she embraced Caroline, who was nearly in as much grief as the Mother Abbess. They parted at the door of the apartment, and passed through the corridores in different directions. Caroline turned several times while the Abbess was in sight, in the hope of another parting glance; but the Abbess had let down her veil. Her face was grave and steady; she seemed to avoid even a look, and in parting with her favourite, to have shut out the world. She entered the chapel, threw herself on the cold flags at the foot of the altar, and fixing her eyes on a crucifix that she held in her hand,

never moved her position while the service continued. When it was over, followed by Agnes only, she retired to her apartment, and desired she might not be disturbed during the day.

Miss Howard, conducted by one of the nuns, returned to her friends in the parlour; but, unable to converse, or repeat any thing that had passed, she begged they would carry her to the villa. Lord William was miserable at seeing her so violently affected; but, knowing how fondly the Abbess loved her, Caroline's feelings, and her grief for their separation, placed her in a still more amiable light than she had ever appeared in. So tender a heart would ensure the happiness of him who could obtain it. It was a treasure

"Dearer than gold, richer than Plutus' mines."

But the idea of his brother chilled him to the heart: he was convinced he loved Mis Howard; he had committed her to

his care—he had even declared that his life depended on her. Could he stifle these ideas, was he just, was he fair and honourable to Lord Beaumont, to attempt the conquest of her heart? If he should attempt it, could he expect success? His modesty answered, No, and gave every preference to his brother.

Miss Howard had penetration: she must have discovered the Marquis's partiality to her, and could not be insensible to his superior merits. There was nothing, he thought, left for him to hope; and he mentally said—

"Who combats with a brother, wounds himself."

These thoughts occupied Lord William from the convent to the villa; Lady Gertrude was leaning on his arm; he was silent—not a word escaped his lips.

Caroline walked between her father and Mr. Lindsey; and when her sobs and tears would allow her, she gave some account of the scene with the

Abbess, and presented the gold snuff-box to Mr. Lindsey, with her message. On opening it, he was agreeably surprised to find the portrait of il Marchese di Lucca. "This is truly an acceptable present," cried he; "the picture of my friend. Look what a sweet countenance! he was the first husband of the Abbess."—"If that be so," replied Caroline, "how is it possible she could bring herself to part with it?" Not a word escaped Lord William: feeling and constant affection seemed to be the characteristics of Miss Howard's disposition, and he mentally said—

"Ne'er shall I wean my soul, fond heart, from thee."

On their return to the villa, the necessary preparations for their departure obliged them to exert themselves, and the day passed with less ennui than they expected. Before they left Naples, Lady Gertrude made another attempt to see Madame de Rivole; but she was inex-

orable—she shook off the whole party. She had many acquaintance in Naples, and was surrounded by the gay, the giddy, and the needy, who flattered and caressed her, because she had rank and fortune. She laughed heartily with the young men she chose to encourage in following her, at the tiresome English that inhabited the villa, declared they were not to her taste, and she had completely cut them. She was believed, or thought she was, which was as flattering to her vanity. She declared her intention of staying some time at Naples, and her house became one of the gayest there. As real love had no share in the farce she had played (for she was incapable of feeling it), the wound in her heart and side were soon completely healed, and the gay coquette amused herself with planning new conquests. The party at the villa laughed in their turn at Madame

de Rivole, and Lady Gertrude was not sorry to drop her acquaintance.

Mr. Howard was fortunate enough to procure a passage on board an English frigate that lay off Leghorn; and, with a clear sky and a favouring gale, they left the delightful shores of Italy. It was a lovely morning when they got on board: there was just wind enough to give a steady motion to the vessel; the sun was risen in full splendour, and added brilliancy to every object. The soul was cheered by the beauty of the morning, and the Captain of the vessel had ordered breakfast for his passengers under an awning on the deck. Every one was captivated by the scene, and Caroline's good taste enjoyed it in the highest degree. Lord William, who was fond of reading, and cultivated the muses, drew from a little case of books, not yet carried below, a volume of

poems; and, just opening Goldsmith's Traveller, read aloud—

"Could Nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
The sons of Italy were surely blest.
Whatever fruits in different climes are found,
That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground:
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
Whose bright succession decks the varied year:
Whatever sweets salute the northern sky,
With vernal lives, that blossom but to die:
These, here disporting, own the kindred soil,
Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil:
While seaborn gales their gelid wings expand,
To winnow fragrance round a smiling land.
Yet small the bliss that sense alone bestows;
And sensual bliss is all this nation knows."

Except Lady Gertrude, our party felt little sea-sickness. It was May, and the weather exactly what they could wish. Light breezes carried them so steady, that they were able to amuse themselves in many ways. Miss Howard had her guitar, Lord William his flute, and Mr. Howard his violin. Captain Biron had an excellent collection of books in his

cabin, and he had taken care to provide every thing he thought could be agreeable to his guests; so that it seemed more a party of pleasure than a long voyage.

In such a situation as this, was it possible that Lord William should always be on his guard, always remember that his brother loved Caroline? We answer, it was not possible; and we must do this amiable young man the justice to say, his generous mind had determined to conceal, if not to conquer, his own passion, and to leave the rich prize to a brother, for whom he would lay down his life. With this intention he left Naples, and he reasoned himself into the belief that he should look on this charming girl as his brother's property, and only pay her common attention for his sake. Alas! love, the deceiver love, had sunk too deep into Lord William's heart, to be banished

thence, or concealed by cold prudence. He had never yet seen any thing in Miss Howard's manner, that could even intimate her thinking of him with the least partiality. With sweetness of manners and tenderness of heart, Caroline had great dignity: she respected herself, she would be sought before she could be won; she had seen Madame de Rivole's conduct with horror, she despised her for it, and did not doubt every one's doing so. She had the good sense to make use of the lesson; and though her heart was unalterably Lord William's, she would rather have died than been guilty of any weakness that in the present situation of things could betray her.

Mr. Howard and Lady Gertrude were perfectly blind: they discovered nothing in their daughter's conduct, but what they must approve, and therefore it was uncontrolled. Miss Howard was well born, and, though not rich, her pa-

rents, when they saw her many perfections, could not doubt that numbers would solicit her hand: they anxiously wished her husband might be worthy of her, but were not improperly anxious for rank or riches. Good sense, good temper, and a fortune sufficient for all worldly comforts, was what these worthy people desired for their child. Lady Gertrude must succeed to her father's title, but she knew his fortune was small (for they had never heard of the great addition Lord Bellengen had had), and scarcely sufficient to support the title.

Mr. Howard never supposed the Duke's sons would give Caroline a thought; he well knew the children of the great are taught from infancy to look on high birth and a large fortune as indispensable in marriage; and he doubted not but the Duke and Duchess had fixed on the future wives of their sons.

Mr. Lindsey was in this respect, more clear-sighted than his friend; he plainly saw the attachment both the brothers had to Caroline; he secretly grieved that it was both; if he had a spark of affection for one more than for the other, it was for Lord William, whose softness of nature and whose taste were entirely in unison with his own: he secretly wished Caroline his; he admired her more than any young creature he had ever known, and he thought her formed to make his favourite happy. He rejoiced that the Marquis was to return to England through Germany, as he hoped absence, a variety of objects, and perhaps the lovely Teresa, might wean him from Caroline. Conscious that the Duke of Cathmore's only wish was to make his children happy, he feared no obstacle on his part to Lord William's union with such a woman. The Duchess he was prepared for meeting opposition from;

that was of little importance; the Duke was not always, or in matters of great moment, governed by her. All this Mr. Lindsey confined to his own breast; a trifle might frustrate all his wishes, and he considered it most prudent to appear perfectly unconscious of all he perceived, and not to elucidate others.

The Captain of the frigate was an excellent man, and all the officers on board gentlemen, most of good families, and some very agreeable. The First Lieutenant was second son to the Earl of ——, his name Fitzroy, a very fine, elegant young man, endowed by nature with every good quality, sensible, well bred, and accomplished; he had about him all the enthusiasm of his profession, was five-and-twenty, and reckoned an excellent officer. Much pleased with the party on board, he gave to them what time he could spare from his daily occupation, and Lord William found in

him a rational and agreeable companion. Such people meeting, rendered the society on board delightful. There were no females in the vessel except Lady Gertrude, her daughter, and their women servants. Every thing that could accommodate or gratify was pressed upon them. Caroline never before had been on board a man of war; every thing delighted her; the regularity, the cleanliness, the perfect order, surprised her. When they got out to sea with the ships which they convoyed, it was to her the most novel and beautiful sight imaginable. The melancholy and unique sound of heaving the anchor, interested her; it was awful to view the receding land, and the town lessening on the sight. The great ocean, on which she was launched, surprised and delighted her at the moment that it presented the most sublime ideas. "I think," said she, turning to her father, "if I knew an atheist,

I should recommend a sea voyage to him, for at the end of it he must acknowledge a Supreme Power." Mr. Howard acquiesced, and was inwardly gratified in contemplating the religious mind of his child.

As there can be but little variety on board a ship, it would be tiresome to dwell on every day; their voyage must continue some weeks, and not a great deal could occur worth noting down. As they passed near Corsica, they made use of the excellent glasses Captain Biron had on board. Miss Howard saw very distinctly that part of the island they passed near, and seemed much disappointed at not finding it beautiful. Mr. Howard smiled, and told her "her eye was spoiled by the lovely coast round Naples."—"Think, my fair Caroline," said Mr. Lindsey, "how famous that barren island will be in future ages for the birth of such a hero as Buonaparte."

—"It may be famous for that circumstance," replied Captain Biron; "but the sight of it must be hateful to the English, as the cradle of their greatest enemy." —"Englishmen should set prejudice aside," answered Mr. Lindsey, "and endeavour, in the worst of times, to support their ancient character of justice. If they do so, they must allow due praise even to an enemy: unfortunately for England, the man she has reason to call hers, she must allow the greatest hero the world ever saw."

A gesture of disapprobation from Captain Biron followed this speech. Mr. Lindsey perceived it; and addressed him, saying, "Captain Biron, I do not wonder at your frown: an English sailor and soldier ought to be the avowed enemies of the enemy of their country; to fight and conquer is their wish, and it is almost their duty to enthusiastically work themselves up to a detestation of

the man, to whom almost the whole force of the world is opposed in vain. I am not standing up the champion of this great enemy: no man's perfect and real character can be ascertained during his life; it is left for posterity to paint the truth. As a friend and lover of my own country, whose government and laws I prefer to those of any kingdom on earth, I sincerely wish we were at peace with France, and that, instead of being at enmity, the English and French could shake hands as friends—War is the worst traffic for England."—"I cannot think with you, Mr. Lindsey," cried the honest tar: "I sincerely hope the thunder of the British navy may make our enemies tremble in every quarter of the globe. I would sooner sink or blow up my ship, than strike her flag to France." Mr. Lindsey smiled, and assured him he thought the great security of England, and her glory, was

the navy, and such gallant commanders as himself. Captain Biron bowed to the compliment, and felt it as it was meant.

Mr. Fitzroy, on Miss Howard's coming first on board, was astonished at her wonderful beauty. He was gallant, his manners prepossessing and insinuating. He paid the utmost attention to the ladies, and pointed out to Miss Howard every thing that was worth her notice on the voyage. Mr. Fitzroy had an excellent education, was in possession of a good estate left him by his maternal grandfather, and continued in the navy only from his extreme fondness for his profession. He had been in the late engagement with the glorious Nelson, was severely wounded, and displayed the greatest valour. He was certain of promotion on his return to England.—Mr. Fitzroy admired Caroline more and more every hour; for every hour he discovered some new mental or personal

attraction. He became a favourite with Mr. Howard and Lady Gertrude. Indeed, none could refuse him their good opinion: animated and sensible, his conversation entertained and pleased. Caroline listened to him with an easy freedom, and he sometimes drew her from what the secret whispers of her heart told her might be dangerous—too long, and sometimes too interesting, conversations with Lord William. She had not the smallest suspicion of having made the least impression on Mr. Fitzroy. The delicacy of her nature would have made her look on it as a crime to trifle with the happiness of any mortal, to gratify her own vanity.

Mr. Fitzroy's situation in the frigate gave him an opportunity of doing a thousand little offices for Caroline, and shewing her nameless attentions that could not have been thought of, in any other situation. He had a good voice,

and assisted at their little concerts: his nature was gay and pleasant, and he was the delight of the crew. Love has many eyes: Lord William soon perceived the situation of Fitzroy's heart; he saw also the many advantages he possessed, and he trembled at them; Caroline might be sensible of them, and then both his brother and himself must give up hope. He persuaded himself that he could yield Caroline's heart to his brother, but not to Fitzroy. He lost his cheerfulness; and while the rest of the party found many little amusements on board, he walked the deck for hours, with his arms folded, and in silence. The weather was so delightful, that the ladies spent most of their time on the deck, where Captain Biron had a temporary cabin erected for them. Mr. Howard and Lady Gertrude saw Lord William's change of manner, and his low spirits; and believing that he was weary of the

confinement of a ship, they only smiled when they found him too absent to answer when spoken to, and they sometimes rallied him on his impatience to get to England. Lady Gertrude's health improved; the sea air began to strengthen her: but what chiefly operated in her favour, was the hope of a reconciliation with her father, on Henry's return from India.

Thus passed the voyage. Their convoy was an entertainment to them; they could always see the most distant with their glasses, and could often speak with the near ships. To them it varied the scene; and every thing that does so when one is launched on the broad bosom of the deep, gives a sensation of pleasure, scarcely to be believed. They now came in sight of the coast of Barbary, and were sailing with a fair wind to Gibraltar. Captain Bilton informed his passengers of his intention to stop

two days at the Straits, and if the ladies wished to see that extraordinary town and its famous rock, he would send a boat on shore, and his first lieutenant should attend them. Approaching Gibraltar, the company on board were delighted with the scene: the coast of Barbary with its mountains was in full view on the left; they could see distinctly with their glasses the houses on the shore. Boats were passing to and fro with provisions and fruits for the garrison at Gibraltar, and the costume of the Moors gave a novel appearance that pleased and surprised. When they entered the bay, the Governor, who was informed what ship came in, and who was on board, being acquainted with Captain Biron, sent one of his officers, to request that the ladies and gentlemen who were passengers would (while the ship remained in the bay) accept accommodation at the government-house,

where he and his family would have pleasure in receiving them; he also invited Captain Biron and some of his officers to spend as much time in the town as they could spare from their ship. This was a most delightful circumstance for our party; two days on land would be such refreshment, as would render the rest of the voyage, should the fine weather continue, merely a party of pleasure. The invitation was accepted with thanks; Captain Biron and Mr. Fitzroy attended their passengers to the town, and presented them to the Governor, his amiable lady, and lovely daughters: he excused himself from staying the day, as he had much to regulate for his ship and the convoy under his care, but promised to dine at the government-house the next day.

Captain Biron was an excellent and active commander; not satisfied with giving his orders, he saw that they were

put into execution. Being much attached to Fitzroy, and suspecting the state of his heart, he goodnaturedly said, when he was about to return to his ship, "Fitzroy, you shall remain in my place; I shall take care to supply yours on board with a person I can depend upon. I leave my fair friends under your care: I charge you not to suffer Miss Howard to approach the Spanish lines; should the Dons get a peep at her, you will have to answer to your King and country for an attack on Gibraltar." This lively sally of the Captain's turned every eye on Caroline, and dyed her beauteous cheeks with a deeper crimson. The Governor's lady, seeing her embarrassment, and charmed with her modesty, said, she would be answerable for her fair charge. The Governor and his family, much pleased with their guests, treated them with infinite politeness and attention. As soon as they had taken some refresh-

ment, seeing the town, and ascending the rock, was proposed. The Governor's daughters accompanied Lady Gertrude and Miss Howard, and an aid-de-camp was appointed to shew them every thing worthy inspection. Lord William, who was miserable at Fitzroy's being so decidedly left by the Captain to attend on the ladies, took an opportunity to offer his arm in this morning's excursion to Caroline; watchful love assisted him, and the gay agreeable Fitzroy was thrown out; he offered his arm to the other young ladies, and the whole party were extremely gratified by the inspection of this extraordinary place.

The ascending the rock was a work of time and labour, but every halt they made gave them a different view, and delighted them with its grandeur and variety. The wonderful rock itself, the platform on its top, and its inhabitants, a tribe of monkies resident there for so

many years, were matters of astonishment to the whole party. The impression these scenes made on the elder part of the company was an awful one; the younger spirits mixed gay ideas with the sublime, and were in rapturous delight at all they beheld. Lord William had not been so happy for some weeks; jealousy had "inly gnawed the secret heart;" to-day he was himself. It was impossible for Miss Howard to ascend the rock without assistance; she must lean upon him; he could press her hand, her arm, as if he feared a false step; he could himself point out to her all that was striking in the view; he could sometimes persuade her to stop for a moment behind the party, that he might point out what perhaps she would not otherwise have noticed. It was a happy morning; Lord William had availed himself of it, and said and did a thousand things that plainly disco-

vered the secret of his heart. Caroline trembled, she did not know why; she feared, yet secretly hoped she was dear to Lord William. Never had she looked so beautiful as this morning; her white robe fastened close to her bosom, her small Leghorn hat, tied on with purple riband, and a transparent veil thrown over it, that was in constant motion from the light breeze on the rock, gave her the air of a wood-nymph. Hope animated her whole form, and her lovely black eyes shone, if possible, with a lustre more benign than usual.

"No beauteous blossom of the fragrant spring,
Though the fair child of nature, newly born,
Could be more lovely."

Descending from the top of the rock, Lord William, purposely by a thousand little arts, contrived to keep Miss Howard some way behind the party; he was a hundred times tempted to tell her of

his passion, and seek a return; the words quivered on his lips, but thought of his brother, and was silent. They stopped at some interesting point of view, and Caroline was giving it all her admiration, when Lord William, fixing his eyes full upon her, was struck with her uncommon loveliness, gazed in silence, and never turned to look at what she wished him to observe. Seeing him perfectly absorbed in thought, she said, "Pray, Lord William, tell me if you don't think this view more beautiful now, than it appeared when we were ascending." He answered not, but still gazed at her with something of melancholy in his countenance: his thoughts were on his brother. Caroline, confused and not knowing what to say, repeated her question. "Can I," replied he, grasping her hand, "can I withdraw my eyes from a too fascinating object to fix them on any other? My heart is not o

that rock, nor my soul careless as that sea, which lifts its blue waves to every wind, and rolls beneath the storm."

Miss Howard's face was suffused by a deep blush; but she was relieved from making any answer to Lord William's rhapsody, by the approach of her father, who came up to them that moment, saying, how fortunate their voyage had been, and how much they had seen to please them. Lord William was not displeased at this interruption; he determined to be faithful to his brother, and was angry with himself for what he had said. Mr. Howard remained with them till they came up with the rest of the company, and Miss Howard thinking it right not to be separated from them again, joined the young ladies, and they all returned to dinner at the Governor's.

The evening was passed in conversation and music; and, to entertain his

guests, the Governor had ordered a ball for the next night. In such a distant situation, and where the society must be so small, a ball or an assembly has a thousand times the effect, and gives a thousand times the pleasure, that the most magnificent entertainments do in London; where the constant repetition of these festive scenes prevents their gratifying, and almost sickens the votaries of pleasure. The young people in the garrison expected much delight from the entertainment of the evening; the hospitable host had a select party at dinner, and Captain Biron and some of his officers attended. The ball-room was early filled with every person who visited at the convent; the garden was illuminated, the night was brilliant, and

"Not a breath disturb'd the deep serene."

The orange-trees perfumed the air, a fine band of music added enchantment to the scene, and Miss Howard

felt it the happiest day she had yet known. Every one was captivated by her appearance; she was most simply dressed, but that simplicity was rather an addition to, than a diminution of her charms. If, the day before, Lord William had contrived to be her only escort in their visit to the rock, Mr. Fitzroy was now as successful in securing her hand for the first dance; and Lord William took out the Governor's daughter, but not till he had engaged Miss Howard for the second set. Every heart was gay; music gave its animating sound; and not only those that were occupied in the dance, but the spectators, were highly gratified, and enjoyed the evening.

Lord William excelled in dancing; Miss Howard was a perfect mistress of the art. Their grace, the lightness with which they danced, the perfect motion of their feet, and the inimitable time

they kept, rendered their performance so perfect, that every eye was turned on them alone, and even Fitzroy gave all possible praise to Lord William. Those charming young men had too much candour not to give each other the approbation they merited, for their uncommon talents. Fitzroy was so worthy, so open, so amiable, that it was impossible for such a mind as Lord William's, not to be pleased with him; had not mischievous love separated them, they must have been friends. They feared the place the other might hold in the affections of Miss Howard. Fitzroy, his own master, determined to obtain her heart if possible, but not to explain himself without some hope of success. Lord William feared his brother, feared Fitzroy, feared his own heart; a thousand passions assailed him at once, and his mind was a chaos. But fortunately for man,

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast."

...s Lord William.
...e enjoy the society of Caroline
... way he did, and not at times feel
...? To-night he gave to pleasure.

"Ver... now wakes, and wakens love."

Dancing continued to a late hour in the morning.

"——To-morrow we must part;
Be merry, for our time of stay is short."

The morning dawned before the company at the government-house retired to rest.

THE END OF VOL.