NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES
3 3433 08251435 1

Digitized by Google
Original from
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

NAL
Evening
Digitized by Google
Original from
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Digitized by Google

Original from
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Digitized by Google

Original from
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

Digitized by Google

Original from
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

THE DEATH OF FIN DALLAN.

Digitized by Google

Original from
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

THE

EVENING MUSEUM:

COLLECTION OF DEEPLY INTERESTING

TALES AND LEGENDS.

TOGETHER WITH

SEVERAL AFFECTING NARRATIVES

AND

SURPRISING ADVENTURES,

UNDER THE FOLLOWING TITLES:

THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER,
ADELINE, OR THE VICTIM,
MARY, MAID OF THE INN,
THE BLIND GIRL,
ORPHAN OF THE CASTLE,
CURATE'S DAUGHTER,
FATAL SCARF,
IRISH FREEBOOTER,
HUMPHREY RYNASTON,
JAMES MACPHERSON,
THE FLORIDA PIRATE,
DR. FAUSTUS,
LOVER'S INSTRUCTER,
BARON MUNCHAUSEN,
FREDERICK BARON TRENCK,
UNFORTUNATE STRANGER,
VALENTINE WRITER,
THE CABINET.

BOSTON:
PUBLISHED BY CHARLES GAYLORD.
1840.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

1. Fiction - Collections

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
776073 A
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
R 1935 L

Digitized by Google
Original from
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

CONTENTS.

THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER, or SORROWS OF A NATURAL DAUGHTER: being the affecting History of Catherine Mowbray, who, while an Infant, was left at the door of her Aunt, the Countess de la Clare, and her interesting adventures until the Discovery *of her Father.*

ADELINE, OR THE VICTIM OF SEDUCTION—an Affecting Tale. Translated from the French, by Sarah S. Wilkinson.

MARY, THE MAID OF THE INN; an affecting Narrative, detailing the History of her youthful Days; the singular way she discovered her Lover to be a Robber and Murderer. He is apprehended, and committed for trial. The distress of Mary on being compelled to give evidence against her Lover, through which he is Convicted and Executed. Mary loses her reason—her forlorn and destitute Wanderings, until she is found Frozen to Death.

THE BLIND GIRL, translated from the French of Madame De Genlis.

THE ORPHAN OF THE CASTLE, a Gothic Tale. The surprising History and Vicissitudes of Allen Fitz Robert, The Orphan Heir of the Castle of Lindisfarne.

BELFONT, AND THE CURATE'S DAUGHTER; or the Triumph of Love An orignal Tale.

THE FATAL SCARF, or a Sister's Vengeance, a Legend of Cuth-Jonor, by Madame Leinstein.

THE IRISH FREEBOOTER, or Surprising Adventures of Capt. Redmond O'Hanlau, a celebrated Robber, who for many years commanded a Banditti, and laid a considerable part of the country under contribution.

LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF HUMPHREY RYNASTON, who, after spending a splendid fortune, commenced Robber, and supported several hundred of the Poor by his depredations on the Rich.

ANECDOTES OF JAMES MACPHERSON, the ancient Freebooter and Musician.

Digitized by Google

Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

CONTENTS.

LIFE AND DEATH OF DR. FAUSTUS.

THE NEW LOVER'S INSTRUCTER, or the Whole art of Courtship, being the Lover's Complete Library and Guide.

THE SURPRISING ADVENTURES OF THE RENOWNED BARON MUNCHAUSEN, containing his singular Travels, Miraculous Escapes, and Wonderful Voyages and Campaigns.

THE LIFE, ADVENTURES, AND UNCOMMON ESCAPES OF FREDERICK BARON TRENCK, the Prussian, detailing his entrance into the Prussian army, Reception by the King. Wonderful Escapes from confinement, and Imprisonment in a Dungeon, loaded with sixty-eight pounds of iron chain, with only bread and water for his support—the many years of suffering he passed in this horrid Cell—his repeated attempts to escape, till at last he recovers his Liberty. Written by himself.

ARDEN, THE UNFORTUNATE STRANGER, who was tried for the Murder of Miss Harriett Finch, but was acquitted through the interposition of a Young Lady, whom he afterwards married.

THE NEW QUIZZICAL VALENTINE WRITER, being an excellent Collection of all the Humorous, Droll and Merry Valentines, ever published.

THE CABINET, or PHILOSOPHER'S MASTER-PIECE, containing a Free-knowledge of future Events, Translated from a German Manuscript, the only one in the World, found in the Cabinet of Bonaparte, after the Battle of Leipsic.

THE FLORIDA PIRATE, or an Account of a Cruise in the Schooner Esparanza, with a Sketch of the Life of her Commander.

Digitized by Google

Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

THE

MYSTERIOUS STRANGER.

On the death of King Stephen, Henry the Second succeeded to the throne of England, without opposition. He ascended the throne in 1054, being then in the twenty-third year of his age. He was the first of the race of Plantagenets, and had been, for some time, duke of Normandy, which dutchy his mother, the late Empress Matilda, had delivered up to him. Of course, the Norman nobility ranked high in the favour of the king, and several of them enjoyed the chief places of the English court. Among the monarch's esteemed and confidential courtiers, was Siward, Earl de la Clare, a native of Caen, where he had a stately castle, from whence he derived his title.

Siward was haughty, vindictive, and licentious; and one of those characters that never forget nor forgive an injury. Yet no human being had a readier facility in concealing his bad qualities, and assuming the appearance of good ones. He married the lovely Geraldina, the daughter of an English baron, who had injured his fortune by an unbounded hospitality and misplaced confidence. An alliance with the earl was therefore desirable; and the first proposal that was made by the enamoured nobleman for the hand of the interesting girl, was eagerly caught at. Geraldina had no affection for Siward: happily for her, she did not love another; she had no mother to appeal to; and, awed by the stern mandate of her father, she was led to the hymeneal altar with a reluctant heart; yet, in justice to the fair lady, we must assert, that she strictly determined to be chaste, dutiful, and complacent to her wedded lord, and in all things consider his honour as her own.

With such virtuous resolves, and a heart unalienated by any other attachment, Geraldina, had she met with a fond,

Digitized by Google

Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

adoring husband, might have been happy, and in time have returned a mutual passion: alas! possession soon cooled the transports of the earl; indifference succeeded, and he soon neglected the gentle countess; her many virtues were not considered, and he severely censured himself on being misled from his own interest by female charms; when it was equally as easy for him to have selected a woman of splendid rank and fortune.

Soon after their inauspicious nuptials, Geraldina had accompanied her lord to Normandy, with a retinue and appearance suited to her noble station; but, on their return to England, he lessened the number of her attendants, and fixed her residence at the ancient and romantic Castle of Rockvale, near Monmouth, while he passed his time at the court of his monarch, in all the pleasures and refinements that remote age afforded. The countess murmured not; but the Baron Mowbray, her father, heard of it with the utmost indignation. He sought the earl, and severely reprimanded him. "The obscurity," remarked the baron, "to which you have condemned your wife, is of a nature calculated to give rise to the envenomed tongue of slander; it appears as a punishment for infidelity to your bed. In short, it has a vile look, and shall be accounted for." "To-morrow, my Lord Mowbray," replied the earl, "I will give the desired explanation, and have no doubt of finding myself justified in your good opinion; you are now too warm to listen to me." "Be it so, my lord; but mind, utter no falsehoods against Geraldina, or, by this sword, I will exterminate thee from the face of the earth." With this menace he left his enraged son-in-law, and returned to his home, at Lambeth, anxiously wishing for the hour to arrive, in which De la Clare had promised to meet him: that hour he was not to see! The baron was a corpse before the next morning's dawn! no symptoms of poison appeared, and his decease was attributed to an apoplexy. The baron had a daughter some years younger than Geraldina. The fair Christabelle joined to features pleasingly serene the most delicate form. Grief for the sudden loss of her parent had so reduced her, that she seemed on the verge of a decline; and a change of air and scene being recommended, she was agreeably surprised by an invitation from the earl to

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

accompany him to Rockvale; she accepted the offer with a grateful smile, and prepared for the journey.

Baron Mowbray died without a will, and the earl claimed his effects, one moiety in right of his wife, and the other in trust for her sister Christabelle, who chose him for her guardian, under restrictions he pointed out, and signed a deed accordingly. The countess heard of the death of her father with the most poignant anguish. The baron, reduced as he was in circumstances, had suffered no diminution in spirit: she was aware that the earl was restrained within some bounds by the awe in which he held Mowbray; now he was gone, she had every thing to fear from the tyranny of her husband.

The countess was not apprised of the arrival of the earl and her sister, till she beheld them at the gates of the castle, as she was walking in the court-yard, habited in the deep sables of wo. Christabelle, alighting from her horse, was soon clasped in the arms of her sister; Geraldina, disengaging herself gently from the lovely girl, advanced to meet the earl. He received her with formal politeness, and they repaired to the oak parlour, where a neat collation was soon served up. The countess began to lament the death of her father, and inquire into particulars respecting it, when she was sternly addressed by the earl: "Enough of this theme, Geraldina! turn your thoughts from the dead to the living; I hate to be surrounded by gloomy faces."

In due time, Geraldina presented her lord with a male heir, who was baptized Henry Oswald Bohun; the infant was three months old, when the earl was called to London on important business, and departed from the countess with seeming affection; but, to the surprise of herself and amiable sister, he insisted on the latter going with him, and would listen to nothing contrary to his design. She cherished the infant at her own breast, and found herself rewarded by his thriving healthy state. The mildness of an autumnal evening, lured the countess to walk with the child and his nurse; they proceeded far beyond the precincts of the castle, till fatigued, they seated themselves on a mound of earth, near the entrance of a fertile valley. The sky became suddenly overcast, thunder rolled heavily, and the rain fell in heavy drops. "Give me

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

the child!" said the countess, "I am swifter than you, and will take shelter in the ruins of St. Anne's."

When Martha arrived at the porch, she neither beheld the ccuntess nor the infant; she called in vain on the former, and then, with a heavy heart, proceeded to the castle. Her noble mistress was not there; she alarmed the domestics; they went different routes in search of the countess, described her and the infant without gaining any intelligence, and then returned dispirited to the castle.

Hugh, the aged warden, was the first that returned, revolving in his mind, whether it was proper or not to send off an express to the earl. Agnes ran to meet the good old man, and joyfully surprised him by exclaiming, "Our lady and the infant are returned in safety." Her account was briefly thus; the countess no sooner entered the porch, than an audible groan met her ear; she clasped her infant to her bosom, and looked anxiously around: a trap-door opened near her, and a man, clad in slight armour, stepped on the pavement! she attempted to fly, conscious that Agnes could not be far distant. With Herculean strength, the man seized Geraldina and the child in his arms, and bore them down a flight of stone steps, closing the trap-door after him: yet the countess heard the footsteps of Agnes, and her voice calling on her beloved mistress. The countess attempted to scream, but the ruffian threatened her with instant death, if she raised her voice. A long vaulted passage led to a spacious cavern that seemed the retreat of a horde of banditti; three lamps hung suspended from the roof, and the remains of a banquet was still on the table. "Merciful heavens!" said the countess, "for what purpose am I brought hither? whom have I offended? what!" "You are conveyed hither," said the man, interrupting her, "for no other cause than having accidentally discovered the secret of our retreat, and we have sworn death, or endless captivity, to those who should thus endanger our safety."

Geraldina knelt, and exclaimed, "If ever thou hadst a child on whom thy soul doted, or a wife dear to thy heart, think of the loss my wedded lord must sustain; steel not thy breast against my petition for liberty; grant it, and I swear by the holy faith I profess, not to betray you."

A tear moistened the robber's cheek; "I were indeed

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

once blest: I had a wife and smiling babes; O, torturing memory! lady, I will not harm thee nor thy infant." "A thousand blessings for thy compassion," said the countess, "my presence will ease the apprehensions of my domestics, and I can easily account to them for my absence." "This night," replied the man, "I cannot allow you to depart! start not, lady, I will not retract my words that you are safe. In pity to thee and thine, I have broke the oath administered by my captain: heaven will doubtless pardon the breach, when murder must have been the result. Habit, for these five years past, has inured me to scenes of blood; yet some angel hovering round thee, inclined my heart to mercy, and softened a breast which insult and oppression nad rendered rugged. I was not always thus; I joined the banditti in hopes, by their aid, to crush my tyrannic foe; yet he has escaped me, but my soul pants for the moment in which I may exclaim, Revenge! thou art mine!

"My companions are now scattered round the vicinity of the ruins; an enterprise is on foot, and I must join my captain. I was going when I interrupted thee; none of us will return here till late to-morrow: depart from hence early in the morn, when you will behold the light through the crevices. Were you to go now, you would not reach your home in safety, and the inconveniency of remaining here one night is nothing to the danger I warn you of: there is plenty of oil in the lamps, and for wines and provision, freely partake of what is on the table: in the recesses round the vaults are beds, take your choice: lady, farewell: remember the bandit, Walter, in your prayers. Betray us not, or you will draw peril on yourself, and the noble house to which you belong. I know you are the wife of the proud Earl of Clare." Walter left her, and much as she wished to depart, she resolved to adhere to his advice, though dreading to remain in the vault: her infant slept, and she laid him on a lowly, but clean couch; fatigue and hunger induced her to taste the repast, and drink some wine. Her spirits revived, and she sat resting on the words and conduct of the robber. She heard footsteps slowly approaching: she trembled with agonizing fear, and concealed herself behind the hangings of the bed where the infant slept. A slender youth, in hand-

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

some apparel, disfigured with dirt and gore, presented himself to view. His pallid face and faltering steps proclaimed him almost famished. He was more an object of pity than dread. He beheld the viands on the table, and rushed towards them: the effort was too much for his weak state, and with a hollow groan he fell to the ground.

What a scene for the countess! what accumulated wo! she poured some wine down his throat, and chafed his hands and temples with a strong liquor she found in one of the bottles. The youth revived, and opening his eyes of jet-like hue on the countess, exclaimed, "Geraldina supporting me! holy saints, how is this? Are you too a captive in this horrid place?" "Speak!" said the countess, "ease my suspense! that voice! those eyes!—surely it cannot be—" "Christabelle," said the supposed youth. What a meeting for the lovely sisters. Their curiosity was mutual and ardent; but this was not a time for explanation. Christabelle was most agreeably surprised at hearing that it was possible for them to leave the vaults, and as soon as she had appeased the cravings of hunger and thirst, she consented to the advice of her sister, to repose on a couch till the morning, to rest her weary limbs, that she might be more able to walk to the castle. Geraldina led her to the recess, and added to her amazement by the sight of little Henry. Geraldina had no inclination to sleep; she sat at the foot of the pallet, and kept an anxious watch; at length she observed the light to glimmer through the chinks, and awoke Christabelle: they wrapped themselves in some brown cloaks, belonging to the banditti, and left the hated place. They raised the trap with difficulty, for it was cased with marble to resemble the rest of the pavement. Geraldina suffered much; she had the child to carry, and her sister to support, joined to her fears of being intercepted by any of the banditti.

Happily they arrived safe within the gates. "Will you," said Christabelle, "secrete me beneath your roof? your lord must not know of my being here." "I will shelter you," said the countess; "you may rely on the fidelity of those I shall trust. But some circumstances relative to last night—" "Mention them not," said Chris-

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

tabelle, "for your sake, for mine, for your lord's sake, I cannot explain them."

Agnes and Martha had run to meet and welcome their mistress and the child, and informed her that all the other domestics had left the castle to seek her. "I will reward their care," said the countess. "Good Martha, assist me to my chamber." "Am I," said Agnes, "to prepare a room for this young knight?" "I have brought no young knight with me, my maiden; this is the lady Christabelle; suspend your wonder till we have taken some rest; to you two, and the old warden, I shall only confide the truth of what has passed, and the secret of my sister's being here. Be vigilant not to admit any stranger; I have reason to fear some intrusion of a fatal nature."

"When the countess awoke," continued Agnes, "she gave us the account I have just told you, and has ordered that the rest of the servants should be informed, that on turning a wrong way from the ruins of St. Anne's, in affright, through the storm, she lost her way, and remained all night under the shelter of a spreading oak. Hugh my lady trusts to your caution and fidelity; she fears the vengeance of Walter, when he discovers that she has taken the supposed youth with her."

"Ah," said Hugh, "Providence directed the countess there to save her sister's life. Poor lady Christabelle, in man's apparel too: strange events are passing. The other day, when the suit of old armour fell down in the hall, and was crushed to pieces, I thought it boded no good to this castle and its noble owners. Heaven defend us! I have had strange dreams of late."

Christabelle had two deep wounds, one on the right shoulder, and the other on the left arm; they had not been dressed, and the fatigue of coming to the castle occasioning a fever, she now languished in excess of pain. The countess sent for the good monk Ethelred, abbot of St. Bernard's, and, under the seal of secrecy, acquainted him with the situation of her sister. He was shocked at the situation in which she lay, but hoped by his skill in surgery to restore her. She raved incessantly on the earl, murder, and banditti, and many things incomprehensible to her hearers. Heaven seemed to shed his benign

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

influence over the efforts of the monk; his patient recovered rapidly, and regained her intellects.

The countess, hearing nothing of Walter or his associates, began to recover her tranquillity. Six days had elapsed since their escape, when the earl arrived, without notice, at the castle. He returned the embrace of his countess with reserve, and having kissed the child, inquired, in an imperative tone, for Christabelle. "Has she not not come to pour in your ear a tale of scandal, to asperse my character?—a tale most false, to screen herself and her accursed paramour." "In that, my lord, you wrong my sister; she has sought me with no such tidings; she would not dare to utter a calumny against you to me."

"Can you answer for her daring?" said he, and left the room in anger. For the better security of Christabelle, the countess and her confidential domestics had fitted up for her an apartment in a long-disused turret; this caution was propitious. The earl, having searched through the habitable rooms of the castle, became convinced that the fugitive had not sought shelter at Rockvale, and he left it in three days, with strict orders, that an express should be sent to him, if Christabelle made her appearance at the castle, and to detain her till his arrival.

From Christabelle the countess now sought for an explanation: out of tenderness to her sister, she entered most unwillingly on the subject; but, being pressed close, she thus began:—"On our leaving you, the peculiar attentions the earl paid me, I at first regarded as a refined fraternal affection, and I considered him in the sacred light of a brother. On the third day after my journey with him from Rockvale, I was presented at court to our gracious monarch and the queen. I was received in a flattering manner, and surrounded by the courtiers. Earl Waltheof was ardent in my praise, and from that time became a constant visiter at our castle. I loved the youth with a delicate refined passion, and he almost idolized me. But De la Clare behaved to him with repelling coldness, though his alliance was honourable, for no one ranked higher in the favour of his sovereign. He contrived to convey a note to me, fraught with respectful passion. He said, he had made proposals for me to the earl, as my

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

heart was callous. I had only till the next day, he said, to consider whether I would accept of his love, in the pleasures of an elegant retirement, or pass the rest of my days in a rigid seclusion, to which his power should doom me.

"I had first entered the side avenue of the garden, when a confused sound of voices burst on my ears, followed by the clashing of swords. I flew to the spot, just as my beloved Waltheof was borne wounded to the boat, by his servants; Siward following, loaded him with execrations, and vowing to confine me where strictness of discipline would restore me to a sense of feminine propriety. To my surprise, he did not recognise me; but, supposing I was a page of Waltheof's, he rudely pushed me towards the boat, and bade me follow my detested master. The men rowed with swiftness to Waltheof's house, which was on the opposite shore; we landed without interruption. The earl's chaplain was skilled in surgery; he examined the wound; it was mortal. I execrated his destroyer; but it did not appear whether Siward's attack on my lover was the effect of design, or an accidental discovery of his visits. I passed the night by his couch, mutually lamenting the fatal event that would soon separate us for ever, at least in this world: our farewell was wofully interesting, and just at the return of day, I had the anguish of closing his eyes! The venerable chaplain led me to a room concealed by a sliding door. Alas! how changed were my prospects; even hope had fled! The next day Rothwald, the chaplain, reported to the royal Henry, the death of Waltheof and its cause; but Siward had previously been there, and prejudiced the king, so that he would not hear one word in justification of the late earl, and issued a mandate to some officers of the court, to search for me at his residence, that I might be restored to my guardian; they did not discover my hiding-place, and reported that I certainly was not at that house. It was incumbent on me to quit it without delay, as it was daily expected some one from the country would come and claim possession.

"I will go, said I, to the dear neglected mistress of Rockvale, and on her gentle bosom pour forth my sorrows, and mingle my tears with hers. Rothwald procured me

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

an elderly, sedate guide, who supposed me a youth who had been dependent on the late Earl Waltheof; and in consequence of his death returning to my friends. Travelling on foot was a great fatigue to me, and I perceived the end of my journey draw near with satisfaction. I discharged my guide about ten miles from hence, making him believe I had only to go to the next village: I proceeded by myself as far as the entrance into Trafalin wood, when a hoarse voice called on me to stop. I rushed forward, but in a few minutes a violent blow on my head levelled me to the earth: I recovered my feet, and drawing forth a dagger that I wore in my girdle, stabbed the man in the side who had thus assailed me, hoping to effect my escape, but my rashness cost me dear.

"The man staggered a few paces, and reclining against the stump of a tree, blew a shrill blast with his horn, and was soon joined by three companions. To oppose them was madness; yet did I raise my arm, and I received the wounds which now confine me. I fell to the earth. 'Kill me,' said I, 'but do not deliver me to Siward.' 'Of which Siward do you speak, boy?' said one of the men. 'Of the Earl of Rockvale,' I replied; 'has he not sent you in pursuit of me?' A sullen 'No,' and an assurance that I had fallen into the hands of banditti, appeared as a relief; for there was no evil I dreaded equal to being replaced in the power of Siward. The man I had wounded, (though recovering from a faintness, caused by pain of the dagger glancing against a nerve, he found to be but trivial to what he expected,) and another, were strenuous for finishing my existence; but one who seemed to have some authority over them, forbade it. 'He hates Siward,' said he; 'and that hatred prompts my friendship to the boy; bear him to the cave.' 'We will obey you, Walter,' said the men, 'but you must answer for the infringement of our laws to our captain: what has a banditti to do with such motives? such freaks as these will endanger the safety of our community.' They carried me, by turns, on their shoulders; the movement made my wounds bleed profusely, and I fainted just as we entered what I knew to be the ruins of St. Anne's. On my recovery, I found myself laid on straw, and in total darkness: I could not rise, and I called in vain for aid: at length I heard a tramping

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

of feet, several persons passed the door of the place where I lay, and the glare of their torches showed, to my aching eyes, the confines of a narrow dungeon. I heard a few sentences, and found by them that the captain had doomed me to perish.

"The whole of them seemed to leave this dismal haunt. My agonies beggared description; yet, strange to tell, sleep visited my eyes; I know not how long I slumbered; but I awoke by the entrance of Walter with a torch. He spoke, but I could not reply. 'Poor youth,' said he, 'thy end draws near; 'tis well that I am saved a further crime. The captain will not add to the number of this band, and my dagger must have reached thy heart; please the Virgin, I will moisten thy lips, and sooth thy passage to the grave.' He put the flask to my lips; I drank greedily, and made signs of gratitude; he left me, and soon after I heard the shrieks of a female; it was evident another wretched victim was doomed to share my fate. The wine had a salutary effect: I slept and awoke to renovated strength: even my spirits revived: I crawled from my dungeon, resolved to better my fate, or perish in the attempt. There, my Geraldina, dear unfortunate sister, we met. What an interview! What an escape! How thankful am I to heaven, for my escape from the licentious Siward: may the benign Ruler of the universe mould his heart to repentance, and teach him the value of the wife he now neglects. For me, the world has lost its power to charm; all seems a cheerless blank, nor can I ever cease to mourn for the gallant Waltheof."

The countess was sensibly shocked by her sister's narrative. That the earl was the person against whom Walter had vowed revenge, was evident from Christabelle's account, and she admired the praiseworthy forbearance he had shown towards herself and the infant heir of Rockvale, when placed wholly in his power, and known to him (for so he had declared) as such. She had no doubt of the prudence of the monk Ethelred; she therefore made him, in this case, her unlimited confidant, and solicited his advice, how to place her sister in some convent under a feigned name, and far from any domains belonging to the Earl de la Clare. The ladies waited impatiently for the next visit of the abbot. A sudden indisposition had seized

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

him, and in his stead, for the first time, appeared Anselmo, with a letter from his superior to the countess. "Be not alarmed," said he, "that I have admitted this young friar to our secret; he will not betray it: he was confided young to my care: I regard him, in fact, as my second self: his studies have given to youth the experience of age: he is formed in person and mind to be an ornament to the world; yet neither the noble alliances he could claim, nor the splendid offers of his relations, could lure him from the cloister. He took the cowl with transport, and renounced all his hopes of earthly splendour and magnificence."

Such was the introduction of Anselmo: the plainness of his habit did not conceal the dignity of his form, and his cowl, as it occasionally fell back, displayed a countenance and features of unequalled beauty, while his large dark eyes sparkled with intelligence. Anselmo continued his attendance, as Ethelred grew worse daily. Christabelle was anxious to quit the castle, for there was a report of the earl coming to Rockvale. Anselmo undertook to place the lady Christabelle in a convent at Huntingdon, belonging to the order of St. Bridgetina; no other ceremonial of admission was required than a stipulated sum, and a letter of recommendation, which the abbot would give. Anselmo, habited as a pilgrim, was to conduct the maidon, in an humble garb, and under the name of Edith, to the convent. The two sisters took an affectionate leave of each other, with an expression which seemed to say—We meet no more.

Six weeks elapsed before Anselmo's return to the Priory from a supposed mission. He accounted to the abbot and Geraldina for an absence that had given them so much uneasiness, by stating, that the journey had made Edith extremely ill; and said, he remained at Huntingdon, till she was sufficiently recovered to enter on her noviciate, but was still apprehensive of a decline.

The baron arrived at the castle the week after Christabelle's departure. He appeared so unwell and dejected that the countess, ill as he had used her, found her pity awakened. He would absent himself whole days from the castle, and ramble unattended through the adjacent wood. The countess, aware that Walter was his deadly

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

foe, felt alarm for the personal safety of her lord; but as she could not warn him, without relating the whole particulars of the transactions at St. Anne's, she was obliged to mourn in silence.

It was late one night when he entered the saloon where the countess sat anxiously expecting him; she tenderly greeted his return; he repulsed her sternly, saying, "You have deceived me, Geraldina; never again will I place confidence in one of your perfidious sex. Where is your sister? tell me, or torture shall wring it from you! Siward will not be trifled with." "I will not trifle with you, my lord," said the countess; "from me you shall not learn where Christabelle has taken refuge. I firmly tell you, she is safe from your pursuits." He was frantic with rage, and she fled to her chamber. They did not meet till the next day, when he took no notice of what had passed, but desired her to prepare herself and infant, to accompany him to Normandy. So active was the earl in his arrangements, that they set off the next week, and travelled with speed till they embarked. The weather was tempestuous, and a violent storm filled the passengers with dismay. The earl seemed to labour under the horrors of despair; he gnashed his teeth, and tore his hair from his aching head, nor would he listen to one soothing argument from his pious countess. Contrary to all expectation, the wind abated, and the vessel made its destined port. The earl's agitation ended in a fever, and he was with difficulty conveyed to his Norman castle on a litter.

His ravings were dreadful; the name of Walter frequently escaped his lips amidst horrid curses. He vowed, said he, to haunt me as he lay expiring beneath my dagger's point: his threats are verified. "He is continually before me: vanish, fell spectre, and let my eyelids close. Mowbray too: pardon me, good old man; every pang thy heart endured, mine now repays it tenfold. Waltheof, noble youth, thy days were short. Come to my arms, sweet Christabelle; our love can be no sin." After this would follow a loud convulsive laugh, and then he usually exclaimed, "Siward! Siward! what a catalogue of crimes! dark is thy soul, as the loathsome pit of hell!"

The countess gathered from his ravings, that he had met Walter during his last visit to Rockvale. What af-

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

fected her most was the manner in which he mentioned Baron Mowbray; yet she could not believe him to be so vile as to have murdered her father. What he condemned himself for, must have been some actions incompatible with his duty as a son-in-law. At length, the strength of his constitution conquered the malady, and he recovered his health. He never mentioned Christabelle; he grew reserved and gloomy. He took no pleasure himself, nor could bear to be a spectator of the mirth of others. They had not been more than six months in Normandy, when the restlessness of Siward's indisposition made him grow disgusted with the scenes around him, and he resolved to make a tour through France and Italy. Geraldina would have rejoiced at this, had not the increasing tyranny of her lord denied her comfort. Henry grew a fine promising child; but the earl would not allow her to have the least share in his tuition, and ridiculed the very idea of female interference in training up the mind of a boy; thus denying her every source of comfort, but what arose from her unfeigned piety.

On their return to England, the state of political affairs rendered it necessary for the earl to pass the winter in London. In the spring, he went in the king's train to the continent. Henry remained at Westminster with his tutor, and the countess, after an absence of three years, returned to her retirement at Rockvale. The old warden, and the faithful Agnes, were no more. Martha had attended her to Normandy, and still continued her attentive services. The abbot Ethelred had been deceased more than twelve months; and she heard, with surprise, on account of his youth, that Anselmo had been unanimously chosen his successor; for the election of superior of St. Bernard's was vested in the community themselves. She sent for Anselmo, eager to hear of her sister, for she had not dared to hazard a correspondence while absent. The new abbot came, and realized the prophetic fears of Geraldina. Christabelle had been consigned to an early grave, and he delivered to the countess an affectionate farewell, which the dying fair one had written with her own hand to her beloved sister, and renewed the grief so acutely felt. When the countess became more calm, and acknowledged to the arguments of the abbot, that it was

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

right to bow with submission to the will of heaven, he took his leave. As he was now appointed her confessor, in the room of the late Ethelred, he promised to visit the noble lady at such periods as was consistent with his duty. The time passed with the countess in tedious monotony for several revolving months, till the chill blasts of winter, and a heavy fall of snow, added to her ennui, by precluding her rural walks.

One eventful night, the countess was awakened by repeated knockings at the door of her chamber, and some one authoritatively called on her name. She awakened Martha, (who slept in a recess of the same apartment) that she might discover the cause of this intrusion. As the attendant withdrew the bolt, steps were heard receding along the gallery. A basket, formed of plaited rushes, was left at the door, and in it reposed a lovely infant, warmly wrapped up against the inclemency of the weather. Here was a complete change of apparel, and a letter addressed to the countess, stating, "That the child was called Catherine, and nearly allied to Geraldina; it was six months old, and had been weaned, the more readily to consign it to her care; but the peculiar circumstances under which she was born, rendered it impossible for them ever to claim her: yet it might occur, that if the child arrived at the years of maturity, a portion would be conveyed to her, suited to her noble birth; but no dependance was to be placed on a promise that depended on future events." It concluded by observing, "that, though unknown, a parent's eye would watch over the infant, and entreated her to be tender to her charge." "Related to me!" said Geraldina, "impossible; I have no surviving kindred; it must be a fraudulent assertion to awaken my pity. However, sweet innocent, I will not deny thee shelter; you are not guilty. I will adopt you as my daughter, since Siward's cruelty deprives me of the presence of my son; and, in tending thee myself, do an act of charity, and provide a profitable source of amusement. Siward may possibly object, but, in this instance, he shall not make me swerve from my purpose." She caused strict inquiries to be made through the castle; every domestic denied the least knowledge of the infant; and the warden was positive no person had passed the portal dur-

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

ing the night; the whole was a transaction wrapped in mystery.

On Siward's next return from Normandy to Rockvale, Catherine had attained her fourth year; tall of her age; unusually intelligent, and with features that gave promise of superior loveliness. The countess had, in her letters, frequently mentioned Catherine, and the manner in which she was introduced to her care; yet he never returned any answer or remark on the subject. She knew not from what cause his silence proceeded; more than once an idea had rushed on her brain, that Catherine was a natural child of the earl's, and placed in the castle by his contrivance; but as she had too often seen the fallacy of supposition, she did not choose to regulate her actions by it.

Soon after his arrival, the countess introduced the child of her affection, and the letter she had received with her. He extended his hand towards Catherine, but the next instant withdrew it. "Deceitful woman!' he exclaimed, in frantic accents, "How dare you thus endeavour to impose upon me? away, lest, in my rage, I lay thee prostrate at my feet." The countess was hastening from the saloon, with the affrighted child, when he called her back, and took Catherine in his arms—"By heavens," said he, "the very features!—Cursed duplicity!—'Tis Christabelle's brat; the likeness strikes conviction to my mind." "If there is a trifling likeness, my lord," the countess replied, "in this child to my lovely sister, it is a mere casualty, as my dear Christabelle, long before the birth of this infant, was consigned to the grave: grief burst the bands of existence; concealment now is useless; I caused her, by her own request, to be placed in the convent of Saint Bridget's, where she died a professed nun; and I can bring the holy abbot of St. Bernard's to affirm the truth of what I now advance." The earl left the saloon, muttering some indistinct sentences that bespoke his rage.

The countess was hurt at the unfeeling reception her favourite had met with; but the earl's conduct convinced her that the child possessed no natural claim on his protection, and she was lost in conjecture.

The earl soon returned to Normandy, which was become his favourite residence: it was there he revelled in licen-

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

tious pleasures, and kept a mistress, whose conduct was disgraceful; yet for her the chaste Geraldina was forsaken. From this period, the earl seldom came to Rockvale; and in forming the mind of Catherine, consisted the happiness of the countess, and she felt grateful to the earl, that he had never issued any stern decree to separate her from the gentle girl, though she was aware that he always regarded her charge with unjustifiable aversion.

The abbot of St. Bernard's still continued his office of confessor to Geraldina, and, in due time, to Catherine, whom he ever treated with the utmost respectful attention. His professed virtues and sanctity rendered him almost idolized by the people around him; and his visits to the castle were esteemed a great condescension, for they were the only individuals thus honoured. When Catherine had attained her fifteenth year, the countess gave an entertainment on the occasion, and presented the interesting girl to her guests, as her adopted daughter. This was the first time the countess had opened her gates to visitants, in the absence of her lord; and she now did the honours of the house with a splendour calculated to impress the minds of the neighbouring nobles with the high esteem in which she held her darling Catherine; even the peasantry shared in the festivity, a remote part of the castle being prepared for their reception.

The banquet was nearly concluded, when an incident happened that disturbed the general harmony. A female figure, tall, very thin, but of excellent symmetry, approached the table, and seated herself among the guests unbidden! When the health of Catherine went round, the stranger raised the goblet to her lips, and drank it with peculiar energy; every eye was on her, yet she was known to none; and the little that appeared of her visage, had such a deathlike hue, that it excited terror and disgust. A robe of black silk, with a veil of the same formed her dress: a piece of fine white cloth was bound round her head, and her neck was enriched by a gold chain, to which was appended what appeared a miniature, but was concealed from view by a piece of purple velvet sewed on the mounting; on the fourth finger of the left hand was a wedding ring, and a diamond keeper, of great value. Her singular appearance excited an attention that she

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

feared not. She had placed herself opposite Catherine, and her ardent gaze was fixed on her. The countess, with that urbanity that marked her character, treated the stranger with respect, and pressed her to partake of the dainties before her; but she would taste nothing but the wine, in which she pledged the health of Catherine.

When the company arose from the table, the stranger passed through the throng, and, clasping Catherine to her breast, uttered an impressive benediction on her head; then quitting the saloon, withdrew without noticing any other individual in the company. Catherine fainted, and was conveyed to her chamber; the countess anxiously followed, having first apologized to her guests for this unsociable interruption, and they departed, forming a variety of conjectures respecting the stranger, and the fair Catherine, to whom her visit had evidently been intended. It is here necessary to be mentioned, that it was only known to the earl and the countess, with a few trusty individuals, that the lovely girl was a foundling; for they had caused it to be reported, that she was of the Mowbray family, and as such, nearly related to the countess. This was done, to repress idle chat and curiosity. When Catherine had recovered from her swoon, the countess tenderly argued with her on the unreasonableness of her apprehensions.

"Apprehensions, madam," said Catherine; "indeed, you mistake; I had no fears for my personal safety. The embraces of the stranger gave me feelings I cannot describe, and I mentally said, Is not this my mother?—a persecuted being!—most probably escaped from some galling tyranny; who knows her child, but dares not reveal her claim on my duty and affection!" "Our ideas were nearly similar," sighed the countess. "O that the stranger could or would be explicit! her conduct was very strange; but we must not dwell too much on conjectures, and raise self-created woes. I am inclined to believe we shall hear more of this unknown object; as she has made her visit so public, she has, doubtless, some design to complete, and will choose her own time, as circumstances may permit."

The next morning, Catherine appeared with her usual composure. Her orisons had reanimated her mind, and

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

taught her to place dependance on that power who never wholly forsakes the righteous. In the early part of the day, Anselmo, the abbot, was announced. "This is another mysterious visit," said the countess, "surely this is to us a season of wonders." On no account, heretofore, had the monk ever exceeded his stated periodical visits to the castle, though on some particular occasions his presence had been earnestly requested: his refusals were then mild, but decisive.

When the abbot entered the room, he looked anxiously round, and his countenance expressed unusual thought and melancholy; he slightly, but respectfully, noticed Catherine, and then requested a private audience of the countess, who smiled significantly to her child, and Catherine retired. "The intelligence, lady," said he, "of a visiter of the most singular appearance yesterday intruding on you, has reached my ears; it interested and surprised me, and I came to request from you the particulars of that circumstance." The countess willingly complied; but the abbot asked if she had concealed nought that had passed. She solemnly assured him that she had not, and expressed her surprise at the question. "Have you no knowledge," said he, "of the person who thus introduced herself?" "Not the least," Geraldina replied, "her face was wrapped up, and she spoke so low and indistinct, as if afraid of trusting her voice, that had I known her ever so well formerly, I could not have possibly recognised her." "I am satisfied," said the abbot, and was preparing to withdraw, when the countess stopped him: "Pardon me, holy father, if I ask what are the motives that led you to question me on this subject?" "Mere curiosity," replied Anselmo, "I thought it probable something might have transpired concerning the stranger's visit to the castle, which had not, by common report, reached my knowledge, and I felt myself interested for the gentle lady Catherine." The monk, with an humble bow, retired, leaving the countess very ill satisfied with what he had advanced. She had watched every turn of his expressive countenance, and was convinced that he had some weighty reason to prompt him on this occasion. A few days after these incidents, the countess received a note, given by a peasant

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

boy (who said it required no answer) to the warden, entreating it might be delivered to the noble lady without delay. It was from the abbot of St. Bernard's, requesting the countess to be at the Priory the next evening, as soon as it was dark, as he had communications to make to her of the most important nature. He laid a strict charge on her not to let her visit to the Priory seem to be her own free act, which she might also pretend was on a charitable account.

"Can the Abbot of St. Bernard's," said Geraldina, "stoop to advise; nay, in fact, to command me to be guilty of an act of duplicity?—Can a man, almost worshipped for his sanctity, thus debase himself?" and she seriously debated whether or not she should go to the Priory: at length, urged by a hope that he had some important disclosure to make concerning the late mystery, she resolved to go, and take two female attendants with her. She had no reason to suspect any treachery, nor that the visit she was going to make would, at any future period, be misrepresented to the earl; yet she thought it right to guard against these possible events, and to trespass upon the monk's orders so far, as to make one confidant of the real foundation of her visit. Who was so proper, who was so faithful, as Catherine? To her, she therefore communicated all the preceding particulars, and obtained a promise of inviolable secrecy.

Catherine felt the most anxious solicitude for the return of the countess, who came back in safety, after an absence of more than four hours. Her eyes were red with weeping, and her agitations were visible. "I have heard," said Geraldina, in reply to her adopted child's tender inquiries, "a tale of wo, in which I am so deeply interested, that my feelings are hurt on that point for ever. Your birth is no longer a mystery to me: I know both your parents; but my lips are sealed in secrecy for ever. An awful, but involuntary vow, has passed them. Droop not, my Catherine; you are still my darling; dearer to my heart you cannot be, for my affection for you is too ardent to admit of increase." "The earl, madam!" said Catherine. "I read your meaning in your looks. The earl is not your father; nor am I at liberty to name the being

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

who possessed that blessing. Let me advise you, Catherine, to reverence the abbot Anselmo; and, above all, endeavour to conciliate his esteem. His good opinion may be of service to you when I am no more. The mysterious stranger is your mother! but, I fear, you have received her last embrace; the walls of a convent immure her; and she is fast verging to the grave with sorrow. Now we must drop this subject for ever. I charge you, if you value my peace, or your own, never to renew it. Go to your chamber; there pass an hour in devotion, then join me at our evening's repast."

Three years had elapsed, unmarked by any incident, except that the abbot had declined the office of confessor to Catherine, as taking up too much of his precious time. He continued his attendance on the countess to the last moment of her existence. Her health had long been declining; her frame sunk under the pressure of neglect and sorrow, and finally settled in a consumption, which no human skill could eradicate. When the physicians declared her end approaching, Anselmo, who was present, intimated his intention of remaining at the castle, and delegated a temporary power to one of the monks, during his absence from the duties of the priory. His ostensible motive was a pious affection for the dying lady, and as such, highly praised by every individual in the castle; yet Catherine thought she perceived a busy officiousness in the monk, to keep the countess from addressing a private word to her or any of the attendants. A few hours previous to the decease of Geraldina, she was visited by a deep sleep, in which she lay quite composed. At this juncture, the abbot was apprised, that the porter of the convent of St. Bernard's waited with a letter from that community.—"This doubtless is of much importance," said Anselmo, "or a message would not have been sent at this late hour; I will withdraw to the apartment prepared for me; do not neglect to apprise me when I may again attend your lady, which I would wish to do the moment she awakes: her time will then be short, for this slumber is surely the forerunner of her dissolution:" with these words the monk retired.

The countess continued an hour longer in the same

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

state, when she suddenly awoke, and seemed in great agony. Catherine, pursuant to the mandate of the monk, left the chamber to acquaint him that her dear countess required his presence. As she drew near the door, she heard his voice in a loud and angry tone; she stood appalled; but recollecting the emergency of the case that had occasioned her seeing him, she took courage, and entered his apartment. A malign expression of anger sat upon the countenance of the abbot; his eyeballs glared with terrific wildness, as he paced with hasty strides the spacious chamber; and expressions, ill suited to his holy character, fell from his lips, while deep groans spoke the anguish of his soul. He was so occupied in the subject that had caused these emotions, as to be wholly unconscious of being exposed to observation, till a sigh met his ear, and aroused him to a sense of the impropriety of which he was guilty, in thus giving way to his feelings, till he had secured the door of his apartment against intruders. He turned hastily, and beheld the lovely, but trembling Catherine, whose surprise seemed almost to bereave her of animation.

The monk, at this juncture, widely departed from the respectful behaviour with which he had hitherto treated the gentle fair one; for rudely seizing her arm, he dragged her into the middle of the room, saying, "Whence comes it, presuming girl, that you are a midnight spy on my actions?" "You mistake," replied Catherine, with some degree of spirit, "till now I knew not that the pious abbot of St. Bernard's had actions requiring concealment." He bit his lips in rage, and exclaimed—"You had acted far more wisely, not to level your sarcasms at me; it is not for a weak woman to judge the conduct of the superior of St. Bernard's; you have not alleged your reason for seeking me at this late hour." "The countess requests your presence; she is much altered since you left her; and the chill of death seems to hang on the face of the dear saint." "I will hasten," said the abbot, "to comfort her in her dying moments; but first listen to me; an event, as afflicting as unforeseen, has filled my breast with passions to which I had long been a stranger, and certainly most improper to display; but——"

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Catherine availed herself of this pause, to observe, that she pitied, instead of condemning, the agitation she had witnessed. The monk took a missal, that laid on a table near him, "Swear," said he, "never to repeat what you have observed this night; kneel, and I will dictate the form of your oath." The words she had to repeat were of an awful nature: Catherine shuddered: there was no alternative; and she made the required oath, and was then permitted to retire. She hastened to her own chamber. Her attendant was not there—a circumstance unexpected; but it gave her pleasure, as she could, without exposing herself to observation, ease her surcharged heart by tears.

The abbot had condescended to state, that an afflicting event gave rise to his distressing passions. But what excess of sorrow could frame a sufficient apology for the horrid execrations that had disgraced his lips; and wherefore so much solemn secrecy required of her, who knew not the cause of his perturbation? She could not avoid the conclusion, that, with others, she had wholly mistaken the real character of the abbot of St. Bernard's. Her reflections were interrupted by the entrance of Martha, the head attendant of the expiring Countess De la Clare. Catherine inquired for her dear friend and protectress, and if the abbot was with her. Martha replied in the affirmative, and then observed—"How humane is the good Anselmo, to make such a long stay from his abbey, to sooth the death-bed of our amiable lady, and teach us resignation under our unexpected loss; surely there is not his equal for every virtuous profession on earth."

Martha's eulogiums on the abbot remained unanswered; and Catherine, leaning for support on her arm, repaired to the chamber of the countess, where they found the monk bending over the couch, in the act of giving a solemn benediction, and appeared like a fine animated statue of piety. Our heroine was at a loss to reconcile this contradiction, and beheld with amazement the command Anselmo possessed over his passions; for she was given to understand, that he had passed more than an hour in private conference.

Catherine was clasped in the bosom of her friend, with

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

as much energy as the weak state of the latter would admit. Tenderly affecting were the blessing and farewell the countess bestowed on her favourite:—My Catherine! my tender blossom! reluctantly I leave thee to make thy way through a world, where treachery and deceit lurk in ambush to stab the innocent and unwary: retain in thy mind the admonitions I have given thee. Conscience is an unerring monitor; by that you may scrutinize your own deeds. I have yet much to say, but agonizing pain forbids:—Oh, that pang!—Abbot; remember your promise; protect your ———. Ah! how I wander, my Catherine! Have I, in this, done wrong?—some kind angel whisper to my soul, ere it be too late. Is an extorted vow binding—binding even in death?" The abbot started, and placed his hand on the countess's mouth. "Noble lady," said he, "thy life has been marked by exemplary piety. Let not then guilt stain thy dying hour. Knowest thou not that all vows are registered on high? and a breach of one, so solemn as your lips formerly uttered, would be perdition to your soul."

"I submit," said the countess, with a sigh, and then told Martha to deliver to Catherine a small ivory cabinet, "In this, my love, you will find my will, and directions concerning my funeral; a letter to my absent lord, and another for my son; a packet for yourself, containing some advice, and a few trinkets; keep them, and this cabinet, which I have had from my infancy, as memorials of me." Catherine was too much affected to reply: but her looks, and the manner in which she pressed the lips of the countess, portrayed her gratitude.

It was near the morning's dawn, when Martha summoned Clara, Catherine's attendant, to assist in leading the fair mourner from the chamber where lay the corpse of that excellent woman, who had performed the tender office of a mother to her infant years: she cast herself on her couch, and placed the cabinet on its side, and Martha quitted her in tears, to assist in the rites required by the countess. Catherine bade her own domestic to follow; she wished to indulge her sorrow unobserved; and she continued to weep, till sleep, unsolicited, gave a respite, and she did not awake till a late hour in the morning. She then determined to open the cabinet, which was an incum-

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

bent duty, as part of the contents related to the funeral rites. In vain she sought it; in vain she inquired; it was not to be found! she repaired to the abbot for advice respecting the interment, and declare her loss.

He answered her with quickness—"It was enough to order the burial;" and waved his hand for her to retire. Catherine visited the much-loved corpse, and bedewed it with tears; she had no one on earth from whom to claim protection. Earl De la Clare had never approved of the love the countess expressed for her; his son was educated in Normandy; and, during the last twelve years, had been but thrice in England to visit his mother; consequently, she almost regarded him as a stranger to herself, and sincerely regretted the loss of her cabinet, as she supposed it contained instructions to regulate her proceedings. The next night she was visited by a dream of an horrific nature; fancy presented to view a dreary cavern, and herself in the power of a band of ruffians; one of whom, whose height and visage were formed to inspire terror, advanced to plunge a poniard in her bosom; she shrieked, and awoke: it wanted some hours to day. In vain she courted the return of sleep; she lay restless and perturbed, till alarmed by footsteps in her chamber, which evidently approached her bed; she leaped from it, exclaiming, "Holy angels, protect me!" A dreadful menace awed her to silence: the intruder placed something that seemed weighty on the table, and left the room.

When Catherine secured the door against further interruption, she returned to her couch, and impatiently waited the return of light to discover what the parcel contained that was left in so singular a manner.

Nothing could equal her surprise at beholding the very cabinet whose loss had so much afflicted her: she opened it with eager haste; the letters individually addressed to the earl and his son, were sealed with the crest of the countess, nor did they appear to have been opened; but that addressed to herself was evidently so, and every paper and article had been inspected. Nor did the perpetrator of this act take any pains to conceal it. Plunder was not the object, for among several valuable articles, the bequest of the countess, was a purse, weighty with gold.

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Who was she tó suspect, but the monk Anselmo? No vassal of the castle would thus have dared. Her thoughts reverted to the death of the countess: it was evident that her mind laboured with an important secret, which the monk would not allow her to reveal; and that herself was the object of that excellent lady's solicitude, was equally certain. In vain she conjectured; ideas could not bring proofs.

The message the monk had received from the convent was, undoubtedly, the cause of his violent rage and emotion. Catherine was apprehensive, though she knew not how to account, even to herself, for that apprehension, that she was some way connected with these secret transactions; or why administer an oath to her?—why search so minutely through the cabinet, bequeathed by the countess? Deprived of her amiable protectress, she knew not where to look for comfort; hope withdrew its influence, and the future seemed to present nought but misery—a dull, cheerless blank.

Catherine was aroused from these melancholy reflections by the entrance of Clara, whose breast seemed labouring with some important intelligence. Poor Catherine mildly demanded the cause of this intrusion. "Ah, my dear lady," replied the girl, "it is my duty to come to you, and warn you of approaching danger." "Danger!" said the alarmed fair one, "be quick, and explain what I have to dread." "The abbot is a hypocrite." "Hush! for heaven's sake!" said the astonished Catherine; "beware how you thus name a man of his reputed holiness." "Oh that deceit can assume such sanctity!" replied the maid; "He is even now plotting against thy precious life; I heard him just now, as I was coming up the elm walk, and so did my sweetheart, Stephano. The abbot was conversing with a tall portly man, whom, my lover says, he is sure, by his appearance, is some bandit captain, for his belt is full of weapons, and he has a horn slung by his side.

"We perceived them advancing towards us, and fearful that the abbot would reprove us for walking out alone, (though I am sure we neither meant nor did harm) we slipped behind the great treo the dear countess was so fond of, and it chanced that they sat down on the very

776073 A

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

bench that is under the shade of its venerable branches, so that we could not help hearing every word that was said, though we did not purposely waylay them; they were continuing some dreadful discourse; and I think the bandit the better man of the two; for he said, 'I have seen the lady Catherine; on my soul she is a lovely maid; I should be loth to harm her. Is there no other way to appease your wrath?' 'None, on my soul,' replied the monk; 'she is a thorn rankling in my bosom, and must be removed; refuse me what I ask, and she dies (which I would not wish) by my own hands. I had awarded her a better destiny, but she is too shrewd—too penetrating: she may now, for what I know, possess my dearest secret, and hurl me from my present pinnacle of fame.'

"'Admit her to your confidence,' said his companion; 'own yourself for what you are, and, my life on it, for her honour and fidelity.' 'No!' thundered out the monk. They both arose and walked, strongly arguing, to some distance: we ran hither,—for Stephano only waits in the outer chamber; you have money and jewels enough, my dear mistress, to keep yourself in an elegant retirement all your days. Let us fly with you, far from haughty earls and intruding monks."

Catherine deliberated, Clara had shocked her; but she knew not how to act. After some consideration she dismissed her, with a promise of fixing how to act by the morning's dawn. "Shall I wait to undress you?" said the anxious girl. Catherine replied in the negative—"I am not yet sleepy, and it may probably be some hours before I retire to my couch." She sat weeping, with her eyes fixed on vacancy, till she was painfully aroused by the entrance of the abbot; he pulled a dagger from under his cloak, and pointed it to her breast: "Follow me," said he, "and do not speak a word, or that instant is your last!" They descended the back stairs, and he hurried through the grounds, till they were beyond the precincts of Rockvale castle, when he, remorselessly, delivered her to a groupe of armed men; the chief of whom flung his arms around her, and impetuously hurried her forward, enjoining silence.

Catherine felt ready to expire, and could scarcely preserve herself from sinking to the earth. They had pro-

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

ceeded to some distance, when the groupe was suddenly met by a party of horseman, who demanded whither they were proceeding. Before the men could reply, Catherine shrieked aloud. "*By heaven I know that voice!*" said one of the strangers; "you are conveying her by force *from Rockvale.*" A serious conflict ensued, and the fair one soon found, that those who were attempting her rescue, were the earl and his son, with their suite of attendants, who had just arrived from Normandy. Victory began to declare for them, for they being mounted on horseback was a great advantage.

Just at the instant Catherine began to felicitate herself on their progress, the earl fell from his steed, with a deep groan, beneath the sword of the chief bandit, who gave a savage *shout of joy, and exclaimed,* "Walter has triumphed!—Siward! behold the man you have so basely injured!—you thought you had long since sent me to the grave; but I survived my wounds, and heaven is just in its retribution."

Lord Henry drew near to avenge the earl, but he perceived and prevented him. "Secure him," said he, "and convey him to the castle, but by no means take his life." This was easily done. Three of the banditti were slain, and the others fled. The men made a litter of part of their luggage, on which they laid the earl. Lord Henry took Catherine on his horse; Walter was bound on another, guarded *by four domestics; and in this order they proceeded to the castle, to the astonishment of the warden and domestics,* who were assembled in the hall, and had not even missed the lady Catherine from her chamber.

The earl was conveyed into a saloon, and laid on a settee; Walter gloomily followed. "Secure the abbot!" said he; "Siward, you cannot live long; my end is also approaching, for I am taken in toils from which I cannot escape.—Let us then employ the time left us in doing justice to the injured fair one and her mother, who now lingers out a wretched existence in the convent of St. Bernard's.

Just at this instant, the monk entered the saloon: he had been in his chamber, at a distant part of the building, and had neither heard the bustle, nor been apprised, by any one, of the return of Catherine, accompanied by the earl and his retinue.

Digitized by Google

Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

He now beheld the groupe with an astonishment that beggars description: he was going to retire, but the bandit, perceiving his intention, called out—"Stop him! Angelo of Rockvale, brother to Siward, commands you, and he will answer for what may be called an outrage against the church." The servants rushed forward to obey; but the monk, drawing forth a poniard, thrust it to the hilt in his own bosom, saying, "I will not survive disgrace." He called Catherine to him—"You need not fear me now; by heaven I loved thee, even when plotting against thee; come, and pardon thy cruel father!" "Father!" said Catherine—she took his hand; heard him pronounce a blessing on her head, and fainted. When she recovered, he was no more, and they were in the act of removing his corpse.

Lord Henry presented her with a key, which he said belonged to a casket of the late abbot, that would be found at the priory of St. Bernard's. He bequeathed it to you, continued his lordship, while you were insensible. Catherine thanked him, and entreated permission to retire to her chamber, whither he assisted Clara to lead her afflicted mistress.

She did not close her aching eyes till long after the break of day, and then opened them to hear the melancholy intelligence of earl Siward's death! he expired, pardoning his brother: he said, "He had deserved what he met with from Angelo's hands;" and strictly commanded his son not to hurt a hair of his head; to remember he was his uncle; to let him depart wheresoever he pleased, without molestation; and if any inquiries were made, as to the cause of his death, to ascribe it to the skirmish in which they had been engaged; but not to implicate the supposed Walter.

The next day, at the desire of Angelo, every individual concerned was assembled to hear what he had to relate, as an elucidation of the various circumstances alluded to, which he did in nearly these words:—

"Siward and myself were the only children of Bohun, Earl de la Clare, who was left a widower while we were very young. I am sorry to say, he was guilty of partiality: he loved me more than my brother; and, instead of wisely concealing it, he frequently avowed it, and was

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

more than once heard to lament that I was not his first born. Siward soon hated me for this preference, though I strove by every means to conciliate his esteem and love; but his rugged nature was not to be softened by these kind endeavours, and he never suffered the least occasion to pass, in which he could injure me in the good opinion of my father, and in time certainly greatly weakened his affection.

"At length, fate placed me wholly in his power, and caused my complete ruin. A cottager, on our estate, had a lovely sister; the fair Rosetta attracted the notice both of myself and brother. His purposes were illicit. I privately married her; I could not endure to blight so much innocence and beauty, and thought she had virtue to adorn any station.

"My allowance was splendid; and I maintained my wife and children in an elegant retirement. My brother could not discover where she was gone, and reproached me with having seduced and concealed her. I denied the charge. Four years after our marriage, he discovered the whole truth, and reported it to my father, with many malicious additions. He cursed me, for what he termed a stain upon our family honours. I was disinherited, and forbidden his sight.

"Nought remaining to me but my late mother's jointure, I resolved to embark for some foreign kingdom with my family, and try my luck in commerce. When I repaired to the retreat where I had placed my Rosetta and her infants, I found all my treasures stolen from me. The very building was erased. I heard from a peasant, that the dear inhabitants had been forced away by ruffians, and the house pillaged and burnt to the ground. I fell to the earth, and when I recovered, which was not till after the lapse of many days and weeks, I found myself in a cavern, surrounded by persons whom I soon perceived to be banditti. They told me they had discovered me on the ground, and had conveyed me to their retreat. In their captain I discovered an exiled noble, whom I had been intimate with before his disgrace.

"They made proposals to me, and I became lieutenant of the band. As we sheltered in the ruins of St. Anne's, in the vicinity of Siward's castle, I was on the spot to make

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

observations on what what passed, and endeavoured to gain tidings of my beloved wife and children. Alas! too soon I knew all. One of the vassals belonging to Siward, having received a blow from him, found means to join our community; he confessed he had aided Siward in the destruction of my family. My little ones perished through the damps of the dungeon into which they were thrown! my dear Rosetta was dishonoured by my brother! and, resolving not to survive this atrocious act, she perished by her own hand! I vowed vengeance against Siward, and carefully concealed myself from him. He knew not of my destination till many years after, when we met near St. Bernard's, as he was wandering about. He looked so wretched that I could have pitied him, had he not attacked me, and thus renewed my rage. I told him, with bitter reproaches, how generously I had acted towards his wife and child when they were wholly in my power. To my surprise he did not know the circumstance. He questioned me concerning it; and, from my answers, found the countess had rescued a youth, whose dress I described, from the cavern; and to screen myself from the vengeance of the captain, I was obliged to dig up a part of the dungeon, and pretend I had interred him.

"'Your tale is false!' exclaimed my brother; 'you have leagued with my wife to deprive me of Christabelle: she was thus disguised, and now you avow it, to make me wretched; but thus will I punish you.' He took me off my guard, and stabbed me several times in the body, till he supposed life was fled: in this situation I was found by some of the banditti; they perceived some faint signs of life, and succeeded in restoring me to my senses. With an additional cause of hatred to Siward, I sought him, but he was so seldom at Rockvale, I could not complete my design, till that wretched night, when we so fatally, and unsought for, met.

"A few years since, a dreadful event placed me in the power of the abbot Anselmo, and he offered me life, if I would become his confidant, and perform such services as he should occasionally require of me and my band, (for I had just then succeeded their late captain;) I agreed, and was bound to him by oath. I found that he was the reverse of every thing holy, and his private pleasures were

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

of the most licentious kind; he was of noble birth, and at first secreted in a monastery from political motives; afterward he made it his choice, as a wide range in which he might, by hypocrisy, obtain fame and wealth, at the same time that he revelled in secret vices.

"He confessed to me, that when employed by the countess to guard Christabelle to the convent at Huntingdon, he had treacherously conveyed her to the only remaining tower of St. Anne's, under the care of a ruffian and his wife, whom he had secured to him by interest; he could not win her to his love, but force succeeded: she bore him a son, but he died a few days after; she next gave birth to a daughter, who was named Catherine, whom she suckled at her breast, till her senses fled; for she hated Anselmo, and had long been drooping into a settled melancholy. The monk contrived, by means of a secret passage from St. Anne's to the castle, to place the infant in the care of her aunt, the Countess De la Clare. Christabelle was taken to the convent of St. Catherine's, and recommended to the care of the abbess as a maniac lady of property. She suffered most unexampled cruelties, from the tyranny of the superior, till the death of the latter occurred, when, happily for the poor sufferer, the abbess was succeeded by one possessing a tender heart; her kindness restored Christabelle to her senses, and she told her wrongs. The abbess heard with pity and astonishment; but she knew it was of no avail to expose the abbot; his power would crush her. She made inquiries after Catherine, and delighted her mother with the fond account; and, after which, first having taken an oath not to discover herself to her sister or daughter, she was permitted to be a spectator of the countess's fete, in honour of the latter's birthday.

"This was not managed so secretly, but it came to the knowledge of Anselmo, who took his measures accordingly. The abbess was soon no more! and Christabelle was confined in a grated cell. The night on which the countess died, Christabelle, by some means, effected her escape. The abbot was apprised of it, and became outrageous; he sought her, and I was commissioned to seek her: I soon found the fair fugitive, and conveyed her back to the convent.

Digitized by Google

Original from
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

"Catherine was hateful to her father. To me was given the command to remove the lovely girl from the castle, and to destroy her. I did consent, but it was to save her from perdition. You know the rest. Christabelle is not a professed nun; and may, with ease, be restored to the arms of her daughter. For myself, I have determined on a pilgrimage to the holy land, and shall, in a few days, take my departure. I have spilt my brother's blood; but my revenge has filled me with torments indescribable."

The earl and countess were committed to one grave, the day Angelo left the castle. Anselmo was interred at St. Bernard's. Catherine became rich by his bequest and her mother's fortune, which had remained till now unclaimed, and was now given up to her.

Henry had urged his father to come to England, when he heard the alarming state of his mother; they arrived too late to see her; but, from the moment of his rescuing Catherine, he became enamoured with her person, and within twelve months after, they were united.

Christabelle came to reside with them; and the attention of her daughter and nephew restored her to tranquility. In her latest moments she regretted Waltheof: the concealed miniature was his! and the ring she wore had been his gift, and intended for their union.

The new earl and countess of Rockvale lived in a manner the most happy to themselves, and exemplary to others; and carefully avoided the shadow of any dishonouring action.

The banditti were routed from the ruins of St. Anne's, and an elegant mansion built on its scite, where the family removed: for Rockvale, on account of the melancholy scenes they had witnessed in it, was by no means a desirable residence to them.

They reared, in the paths of virtue, a numerous and lovely offspring. And if ever sighs were heard from the bosoms of the noble pair, they were given to the remembrance of past—but not present sorrows; for their days were untouched by guilt or misfortune.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

ADELINE,

THE VICTIM OF SEDUCTINN.

Of all the vices which have stained the fair face of human nature, and strewed the path of life with rankling thorns, none have been more fatally conspicuous than *Adultery* and *Seduction*—*fiends* engendered by *illicit* passion and licentious habits, to annihilate domestic bliss and affection, and rend asunder every social tie.

Seduction, the foundation of the following narrative, is not a solitary crime, commencing and ending in itself; but it is the parent of multitudes: as Dr. Goldsmith most justly observes, in his Vicar of Wakefield, when speaking of the betrayed Olivia Primrose, "it leads to deception, perjury, and hatred; and, in many instances, murder *itself* has been its produce."

The story of Adeline, the Victim of Seduction, is founded on a melancholy fact that occurred at the beginning of the present century: the heroine of the tale was lovely, tall, and elegantly formed; her whole appearance prepossessing, but fragile, and delicate as one of the first flowerets of spring.

Adeline had been early deprived of maternal care and solicitude, by the unsparing hand of death,—her mother died with grief in consequence of a report, that her beloved husband had fallen in battle: this report, although eventually proved to be false, took such strong hold on her feelings, that even the welcome presence of her adored Edward came too late to save her:—her whole soul had received a shock too powerful for even affection to remove: the lovely mourner drooped, and in less than a month she expired in the arms of her afflicted partner!

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

The dying moments of the mother were embittered by the reflection that her Adeline, her only child, would be but too soon destitute of that watchful protection which none but a mother can afford: as her last, her dying request, she recommended, in the most earnest terms, the little Adeline to his fatherly care. This he solemnly promised; and further vowed, for her sake, never again to enter into the matrimonial state; but to devote his whole attention to their darling child. That he faithfully kept his word, the sequel will prove.

In as short a time subsequent to the funeral of his lamented Sophia, as his domestic arrangements would permit, the youthful widower returned to his military duties; from which he had, indeed, only obtained leave for a temporary absence, on receiving the distressing intelligence of his wife's serious indisposition.

The allied army had several warmly-contested engagements, and in one of these, St. Everard unfortunately received several shots in his eyes, which deprived him of sight. Soon after this accident a liberal pension was awarded to our brave, but unfortunate, officer; and upon this he retired to a neat villa, situated in one of the German states.

Adeline was now a most valuable solace to her father; her reading to him, her music, and, above all, her sweet converse, and affectionate attentions and endearments, reconciled him to life under the severe privation with which he was afflicted; and he soon became reconciled to his bereaved fate.

Adeline inherited from nature much of her deceased parent's warmth of heart and keen sensibility: a strong susceptibility often displayed itself; her father perceived it, and felt a lively alarm for the future fate of this lovely girl: that she were indeed lovely, the recollection of what her unfolding features were, at the time when he could gaze on them with parental delight, assured him: they were doubly imprinted on his memory, in her exact resemblance of his still-regretted Sophia: and that her attractions daily improved, he gathered from the observations of all around; yet this but added to his solicitude

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

The anxious St. Everard made no direct observations to Adeline as to this trait in her temper and disposition, but he selected such books for her perusal as best tended to strengthen the mind and correct the judgment; and in the remarks he occasionally made on them, he pointed out the difference between real feeling and sensibility. He, however, found this, her ruling passion, deeply fixed in her heart; nature had bid it glow, maternal sympathy had nourished its early existence,—it had taken root in a congenial soil, and insinuated itself into her very being: vain, therefore, were her father's endeavours to eradicate this baneful weed of nature's wildest growth. A tale of woe, of suffering, or oppression, drew from Adeline such energy of expression, as often raised her boding father's fears, startled into consciousness by the vehemency of her manner. But could he have seen the expression of her countenance, at sorrow's artless tale; or beheld the fire that shot through the long silken lashes that shaded her bright blue eyes, when the victim of unmerited persecution told her narrative of woe, his fears would indeed have been much aggravated. The very seclusion in which they lived, the ignorance of the world, and its manners, in which their rural retirement kept the fair maiden, added to the seeds of romance which grew with her growth, and strengthened with her strength. All around seemed, to her, an Eden blooming with luxuriant sweets: she dreamed not of the serpents which lurked beneath, eager to sting the unsuspecting victim, or rob it of repose. In fact, she was happy in innocence, and artless as the dove; tenderly loving the author of her being, beloved by him in return, and satisfied with herself and all around her.

Out of the limited income enjoyed by the respected Edward St. Everard, a certain portion was, with his consent, invariably set apart by his amiable daughter for the relief of the neighbouring poor, to be distributed among them as occasion might require. For this purpose, she would visit the abodes of misery and want, and, like a guarding angel, minister to their relief; while the feeling manner in which she bestowed her gifts, and the interest she took in their welfare, endeared her to them all; and the daughter of St. Everard was little less than idolized by the villagers.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Adeline had just attained her eighteenth year, when a young man, whose exterior deportment and prepossessing manners formed of themselves a most interesting passport, came to lodge at the house of the curate; who was compelled to have recourse to letting part of his house, to augment a salary too small for the claims of a numerous, and, as yet, infantile offspring.

Albert Mora, for such was the name the young stranger assumed, described himself as an artist, whose health, weakened by professional study and application, required a change of air. The references he produced were highly respectable, and he was with pleasure admitted at the Parsonage as one of the family.

Adeline was a frequent guest at the house of M. Solani, the curate, and frequently aided the family by working for them at her needle, tending the little ones when indisposed, and other kind offices: it so happened, however, that the young stranger had been an inmate above a fortnight, before she became aware of the circumstance; and even then she merely heard that they had a new boarder, and consequently felt no interest in the communication: besides, her father had been indisposed, and a succession of wet weather, rather unusual for the season, having prevented her attending the church two following Sundays, her intercourse with the inmates of the Parsonage had been for a while suspended.

At length, however, the rain ceased; and a day, bright as ever enlivened the face of Nature, succeeded: the sun shone beautifully; the feathered choristers, delighted with the change, left their embowering shelters, and spreading their downy pinions, soared into the air, or vaulted with the breeze: the peasants renewed their toil; the distant mills again went merrily round; and all the country seemed one scene of harmony and joy.

Adeline, intending to avail herself of the favourable change in the weather, was preparing for a walk to the Parsonage, when a woman, whose husband had just met with a serious accident, while tending a cart, entered the cottage, and entreated its fair inmate to give her some linen for a bandage, and a little healing oil, the virtues

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

of which, as an application for wounds or bruises, few of the villagers were unacquainted with. Adeline, who thought little of her own gratification, while another needed her assistance, ran up stairs for the required articles; and having given them to the poor woman, put on her hat and mantle. Thus attired, she entered the sitting parlour, to inform her father of her intention, when she was rather surprised at finding him in conversation with a tall, elegant looking stranger. Her father, the moment he was aware of her presence, introduced the stranger as Signor Albert Mora, the artist at M. Solani's; and the usual courtesies took place. Our heroine, at the moment she beheld his fine, manly countenance, felt, she knew not what; her cheeks glowed like scarlet; and she mentally exclaimed,—"An artist! I should sooner have supposed him a nobleman:—rank and titles give distinction to many; but this youth would give lustre to the most exalted station."

From this, it would appear that the heart of Adeline felt interested in his behalf the moment she beheld him: such, indeed, proved the case; and the accomplished stranger, who beheld with pleasure the secret workings of her mind in his favour, lost no opportunity of improving the prepossession.

M. Solani, in whose company Albert had arrived at the cottage of St. Everard, had come to inquire after the health of his friend and neighbour; and having a similar visit to pay in the neighbourhood, Albert, who complained of a pain in the side, was induced, by the pressing invitations of the gallant officer, to remain with him till the curate returned.—And Adeline, who saw no reason why she should be disappointed of her walk, and the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Solani and the children, particularly her own little god-daughter and namesake, with her father's permission, accompanied the gentlemen to the Parsonage.

This was the commencement of an ardent attachment on the part of Adeline. She struggled with her own heart—but the contest was in vain; she could not subdue it; and, eventually, was obliged to relinquish the ineffectual struggle.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Albert soon became a great favourite with St. Everard; his conversation and sentiments were peculiarly pleasing to that gentleman, and many an hour was whiled away in recounting the events of former days,—a topic which particularly delighted the gallant veteran: Albert was deeply versed in the history of Europe; and it yielded a melancholy pleasure to St. Everard to listen to the detail of occurrences, in some of which he had taken an active, often a conspicuous part. But these hours, happy as the father considered them, were fraught with danger to the daughter: St. Everard was indeed blind; not aware of the personal attractions of his guest he dreamed not of their influence; he witnessed not the language of the eyes,—that language so well understood by lovers,—and in which volumes were conveyed to the heart of Adeline, who, till now, felt not the slightest preference for any man, beyond esteem and friendship.

St. Everard, immediately descended from a noble family, had much of German prejudices and pride; and much the gentle Adeline feared that he would never consent to unite his fate with the daughter of one who was indebted to his own industry and talents for a livelihood. There was also another drawback to her ideal scheme of happiness—she could not endure the thought of depriving her father of those services and attentions he had always received from her, and which any alteration in her circumstances must so materially affect. Albert, too, might not approve of her devoting so great a portion of her time to her parent's comforts: besides, even supposing the best, she could not expect Albert would take up his residence at the Villa; and to remove her father from it, would be a step bordering on cruelty; for custom had rendered every walk and every room familiar to him, and the few people with whom he associated in the village were endeared to him; and at his time of life, and with his affliction, it was next to impossible that he could familiarize himself with strange places and strange people. Reflections like these cost our hapless maiden many a sleepless night, and many a flood of tears.

Albert was frequently absent from the Parsonage, ed in business in the city, as he affirmed; to the

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

regret of its inhabitants, who delighted in his company. On these occasions, Adeline strove to attain indifference and to forget him as her lover; but still his image reigned triumphant in her breast; and, almost unconscious of herself, she would proceed to the Parsonage, and there talk of him, until his return banished all her specious reasonings, and put all her half-formed resolves to flight.

Albert, that he might be as often as possible at the Villa, without seeming intrusive to St. Everard, proposed to paint on canvas, a whole-length portrait of the lovely Adeline. This her father declined; alleging, as a reason, that he should be insensible to the merit of the performance; and, consequently, unable to derive any pleasure from it.—Yet, wishing to encourage the abilities of his young friend, who expressed himself somewhat chagrined at the refusal, St. Everard proposed that his own portrait should be taken:—"It will serve, said the veteran, "for a gift to my child, and as a memento of a father who tenderly loved her, when that futher reposes in the silent tomb."

Adeline's gentle heart was touched: falling at his feet, her eyes filled with tears, and her heart throbbing as if it would burst, she clasped his knees, and exclaimed,—"O my revered and only parent, far, far distant be that hapless hour!—an hour, Heaven grant I may never live to see, and————"

"Hush! hush, Adeline!" said her father, interrupting her: "it is reversing the kindly order of nature, to wither the branch before the root is decayed: yet, alas! this is not unfrequently the case. But God's will be done! and to him we will leave these awful dispensations, and turn to another subject."

The painting of the portrait was a friendly pretext to the lovers; and deception was the first crime of St. Everard's daughter, though, as yet, not materially transgressing. Ease and security at length lessened the caution of the youthful pair; and it was not long before some sentences, overheard by the old officer, joined to several hints given him by an elderly maiden lady, in

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

the vicinity, a complete Duenna to the daughters of her acquaintances, awakened the father to a conviction of his imprudence, and he trembled when he reflected on what might be the consequences. The alteration which his countenance evinced, soon dispelled the confidence into which a false security had lulled the lovers, and convinced the enamoured artist that his visits were less agreeable than formerly to St. Everard: and he daily expected to hear his dismissal pronounced.

In vain did Albert Mora use all the influence love had given him over the virgin heart of Adeline, to persuade her to a clandestine marriage: he represented to her the declining health of St. Everard, which was indeed too visible, offering to bind himself by the most solemn vows, if she complied, never to remove her from the Villa, or claim her as a wife, till she were indeed an orphan. Adeline would not yield: filial love gave her resolution, and strengthened her mind to withstand both the tempter and the temptation; dear as Albert was to her, she felt that the increasing infirmities of her father gave him a claim upon her heart, too sacred for even love to dispute. Influenced by these considerations, she told Albert, she could never be his, without her father's knowledge; for a marriage with him, unsanctioned by his presence, she could never consider legal; nor could she be happy under any such circumstances.

Albert, bidding her a slight adieu, left her, apparently much chagrined at her determination; and the next day, a note, written most laconically, though in an unupbraiding style, informed Adeline, he had quitted the Parsonage for ever. Grief took possession of her heart, as a tenant that neither remonstrance nor persuasion could eject. She did not regret remaining with her father, yet she regretted the loss of her lover.—The truth was, she could not define her feelings, but drooped daily.

The solicitude of a tender parent is soon awakened; and the senses of the blind are generally purer from their attention not being diffused to optical subjects, or occupied by the varieties that engage the mind through the medium of the eyes. He heard Adeline's sighs and suppressed sobs more than once; and while folding her

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

to his bosom, and enquiring if she were indisposed, he was more than once conscious that a tear bedewed his hand;—yet she averred she was well, perfectly well. But her anxious friends told him, she looked pale, and drooping, as a fading flower: her voice was now languid, and the music and song neglected.

St. Everard had too much penetration to be long in doubt as to the cause of Adeline's despondency, and he watched for an opportunity to make a trial as to the state of her heart. It was often her task to read to him the works of the most celebrated writers; and on this occasion he selected a tale that treated of love, virtuous and honourable, but disappointed, and fatal in its sequel through the interference of their respective families. She read till her emotions overpowered her; and closing the volume with a burst of tears, exclaimed, "Ah! how much were these victims to be pitied!" St. Everard spoke of Albert, and her sorrow redoubled. He strove, and succeeded in winning the confidence of his child, which, as he observed to her, he ought never to have been without; and learned, to his surprize, how far matters had proceeded. He highly praised the meritorious conduct of his daughter in refusing the clandestine marriage; and he regarded Albert's absenting himself in a favourable light, and worthy of reward. Prejudice and pride gave way to affection; he generously resolved to make the lovers happy, and to share with them his independance in such a manner as would best meet the wishes of Adeline, and promote the interest of Albert.

With this intent, he despatched a domestic for M. Solani, with a request to see him at the Villa at his first leisure. The worthy curate lost no time in attending his much-respected friend, and was soon at the Villa. St. Everard, anxious that this interview should be uninterrupted, had previously requested Adeline to convey a small sum he had that morning promised to one of his casual pensioners in the next village: and she set out with her little attendant, not in the least suspecting that herself and Albert were to be the subjects of the conference between her father and M. Solani.

It was not without surprise that St. Everard learned

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

that the residence of Albert Mora was not known to the Curate; but when he imparted his intentions, M. Solani, eager to promote the felicity of two young persons, whom he so much respected, and whom he considered as formed in temper, disposition, and inclination, so suitable to each other, offered to go personally to the city, and seek him out, adding, "I suppose there will be little difficulty in finding an artist so clever as our young friend: he must be very popular, and much resorted to by persons of the most distinguished rank, or he would not be able to live and appear in a style so far above mediocrity."

This friendly offer was gratefully accepted; and the next day M. Solani proceeded to the city, which was not more than three leagues distant, to execute his mission, to the great joy of his amiable spouse, who anticipated much domestic delight in the union of Albert and Adeline; and she overwhelmed her good man with messages to the former, and then seizing her own babe in her arms, smothered her with kisses, and taught her to hold up her hands and lisp a prayer for the happiness of her godmother.

The kind matron, and every one concerned, had, however, to experience an unlooked-for disappointment to the fruition of their hopes, not in Albert's rejection of Adeline's hand, but, what appeared even still stranger, he was not to be found: none knew such a person, not even the artists of his own profession, for M. Solani was indefatigable in his inquiries, nor desisted whilst the least prospect of success remained. And then, and not till then, he returned home.

"Where is Albert," asked his wife, "that you are come alone?" and the curate's explanation gave rise to many conjectures between the worthy pair. But in this, as in most cases of the sort, they fell far distant from the truth.

St. Everard was indeed hurt at the failure of his plan, not on his own account, for unconnected with the happiness of his darling, the union was not one consistent with his ideas of propriety. He felt pleased that

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

M. Solani's journey was unknown to Adeline; at least, as to its object; and it was now resolved that it should remain a secret, lest the uncertain fate and situation of her lover might add fresh poignancy to her grief, on wnich time might probably have a salutary effect. And, that no fuel might be unadvisedly added to the flame, it was agreed that a name so fatally interesting to her, should be mentioned no more in her hearing.

A few months elapsed unmarked by any particular event, except that St. Everard was at times rather more indisposed than usual; and that Adeline, if not really happier, was calmer; she suppressed her grief, lest it should excite the attention of her father, and increase his disorder, till at length she benefitted by the effort, and actually became—what she appeared to be—more resigned to her wayward fate.

This apparent tranquillity was, however, only the prelude of a more dreadful event: Adeline was missing on a sudden. She had been to the Curate's, who escorted her to within sight of the Villa; but she did not arrive there. Night came, and her father felt uneasy at her unusual stay; he felt a presentiment that he should not much longer enjoy that peace and serenity which had, ever since his residence there, undisturbedly presided in the persons of his own family, and even extended itself to those who dwelt around.

He heard footsteps coming along the lawn. "Here comes the little chit," said he; "how I will scold her: Can I scold her? oh no, not for chatting with M. Solani. What a gossiping sex it is!"—The door opened, "My dearest Adeline," said he, "how unhappy has your stay made me! what rendered you so negligent of my feelings!" But it was not his daughter that entered; it was the Curate, accompanied by his wife, who, having heard that Adeline was missing, came to tender their assistance to the bereaved father.

St. Everard was little less than distracted; never did he so severely feel the loss of his sight, a loss that prevented his seeking after his child. Even as it was, he would have rushed out, and wandered he knew not

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

whither; but at length, subdued by the voice of reason, and convinced of the utter impossibility of rendering any service, with the certainty of involving himself in danger, and adding to the present calamity, he resigned himself to his fate, and indulged in unavailing regret.

The loss of Adeline served as a stimulus to every person in the neighbourhood to endeavour to trace her; mothers commanded their sons, and wives entreated their husbands to join in the search; but the most active exertions proved vain, and not the least trace could be discovered. Even the ponds and rivulets were dragged, under the dread of suicide; but, happily, no confirmation of such a horrid event took place; and the people, wearied out with exertions, desisted, though with regret. A careful person, recommended by the Solani's, was taken into the Villa, to watch over and attend the afflicted veteran, who mourned incessantly for his child; and "Adeline, dear Adeline!" was for ever bursting from his lips. Hard indeed must have been the heart that could refuse pity to the bereaved parent, when he was beheld with upright hands; "Oh!" he would exclaim, "did I but know her fate! but this incertitude is dreadful. If she lives, she must be indeed wretched: torn thus from me, force alone can withhold her from my arms for so long a period. For not even the voice of an angel would lead me to believe she voluntarily forsook her blind father; he whom she knew so tenderly doated on her. No; it cannot be; even Albert, loved as he was, failed in this."

Adeline had been absent more than a month, when a letter arrived at the Villa, directed to St. Everard, and M. Solani was sent for to read it. It stated that Adeline was safe and happy, and would be more so, when she felt conscious that her father's mind was easy by knowing she was safe; she said the present secresy was indispensible for the continuance of her prosperity; but she trusted a time would arrive, and that at no distant period, when the necessity would cease, and she should be again returned to the arms of her still dear parent.

"Is it in Adeline's hand-writing?" asked the anxious father: the curate replied in the negative.

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

"Would to heaven," said St. Everard, "that my servants had seized the messenger; yet they were not to blame, for they knew not he bore intelligence concerning our lost treasure, and the man, who, they tell me, was on horseback, galloped off the instant he had delivered the letter: no doubt such were his previous instructions." Then again reverting to the letter, he despondingly exclaimed—"Satisfaction, does she say?—Oh no! there is no such thing as satisfaction to be gleaned from it. It assures me, indeed, that Adeline lives; but is that all I ought to gather, to please me?—No: I own I have the worst of fears arising from this mystery,—a mystery truly inexplicable; no prior events or circumstances call for it, either in her late mother's family, or my own: thus I can trace it to no source, except one—and that it is madness to think upon—that her beauty has proved fatal to her. Even had she consented to elope with Albert, there could be no reason for concealment after marriage. Surely, one would think, they would, before this, have endeavoured to be reconciled to me:—my well-known love for Adeline would have given them courage."

Thus argued the blind veteran, but the Curate and his wife could not avoid implicating the young artist in their own minds, though certainly they felt surprised at a conduct which appeared to them as inconsistent as it was undutiful. Still, they indulged a hope that all would be well, and Adeline yet re-appear to bless her father. But she came not, and St. Everard became truly pitiable. Grief soon bowed down his wasted form; and even time served only to augment his load of sorrow. Company became irksome to him; indeed, his house now afforded no attractions to visitors; and, except when cheered by the occasional presence of M. Solani and his wife, his constant, soothing friends, he brooded in uncheered solitude.

It is now time to account for the mysterious and painful absence of our fair heroine, who was innocent of any previous design as to an elopement. She had, on that evening, felt more than usually cheerful, and was hastening home to her fond father, eager to impart to him some pleasing tidings she had heard concerning a young lady

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

in whose welfare they were much interested, from some very peculiar circumstances that introduced her to their notice, unconnected with this history.

M. Solani had scarce bidden her good night, and retraced his steps a short distance, when Adeline was surrounded by a number of men, who managed so dexterously as to prevent the slightest sound escaping from her lips, and who, hurrying her down a lane, lifted her into a carriage that was waiting; when the horses set off full speed. A relay of horses waited for them on the road, and the journey continued several hours. Refreshments were provided in the carriage, which were frequently offered to Adeline, and as frequently refused. Her companions, however, who were not very nice in this respect, ate and drank with good appetite, and seemed very merry at the success of their plan; she listened to their discourse, but could not gather any thing concerning herself, or who was the author of this outrage; and the idea of what her father was suffering from her loss, almost drove her to despair.

At length they drove into the court-yard of an extensive mansion, and Adeline ascended by a flight of marble steps, into a stately hall, adorned by the finest statues placed on lofty pillars; from this place she was conducted by a middle-aged female to an upper suit of rooms, all in the most costly style, as to furniture and decorations, terminating in a bed-chamber, small in size, but most elegantly fitted up; a fire was burning, the tea-table spread, and every thing ready for her reception. This room, she was informed, was to be her's for awhile. An attendant asked her if she would sleep in that room alone, or if a young girl, whom she said was her own daughter, should sleep on a mattrass near her. Adeline most readily chose the latter, as most desirable under the present circumstances.

She wished to question the housekeeper, for as such she had introduced herself; but received in return, an excuse against giving any replies.

"As a mother," said Adeline, "you must feel an interest for your daughter: consider for a moment, only,

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

what would be your sorrows, were she placed in my situation:—pity me, pity my blind and aged father, and give me freedom. The distance, I am aware, from our long journey and rapid travelling, is great; but this will not deter me: let me have liberty, and I am content to beg my way back."

"We will talk of this to-morrow," returned the woman, in a tone that not discourage hope. "It is now near the second hou. of the morning, and you stand in need of repose. I also am tired with sitting up. Sleep, and fear not; you are perfectly safe; no harm is intended you, or I would have no hand in the affair, you may believe me." "I trust I may," rejoined Adeline, "yet freedom on any terms would be acceptable."

"It is no use to talk of it now," replied Dorothea, "had I the inclination to serve you at such an hour, I could not find the means; and were you, my dearest young lady, to take flight now, you would expose yonr self to more perils than you are aware of, and possibly fall into the hands of ruffians or the organized banditti that often sets the whole principality in terror."

"Is your master a bandit, then?" asked Adeline, whom the very name inspired with terror and romantic ideas.

"Heaven forbid!" replied the governante; "a robber! an outlaw! No, lady; he is one of the best, bravest, and most noble young men that ever graced his country; he has looked dull and pale enough in all conscience lately; but he will be happier soon, he tells me. Well, we shall see; and sincerely do I wish it."

"As much, perhaps, as I wish myself out of his power," replied Adeline, "if to him I am indebted for this unseasonable journey and detention." The woman retired, saying she would fetch Susette, but made no reply to the observation of our involuntary traveller. She soon returned, with a pretty-looking girl about fourteen, and our heroine invited her to share her bed, and dispensed with the offer of a mattrass for her companion,

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

who rubbed her eyes as if just awoke out of a comfortable sleep.

Adeline now most carefully ascertained that there were no concealed doors, and as there was no tapestry or hangings to conceal them, she felt assured that the interior bolts on the one that afforded entrance, insured her safety; and, wearied out, she sought repose and obtained it. The day was far advanced when she awoke, rather languid and nervous; at first, she was confused; but recollection soon visited her mind, and with it a painful train of thought.

"Do you reside in this castle?" said Adeline, as Susette entered with the breakfast. "Yes, lady; I was born in it, and never knew another house; my father was slain in battle, when I was yet an infant; but my mother is still continued here by the Prince, who, soon after her widowhood commenced, made her housekeeper here; before that period she had only resided here out of favour to her husband, who was foster-brother to his royal master, though born of poor parents, who still survive him, and are amply supported by the Prince."—"My dear child, of what prince do you speak?" asked the wondering Adeline.

"Of his Serene Higness, the reigning Prince, to be sure, lady," replied Susette: "how strange you should be *here*, and not know that this is the Palace of Orlenburgh!"

Mysteriously strange, indeed, thought Adeline; for she had always heard the Prince spoken of as a man of strict probity, and unblemished honour, and even rigid in administering justice; so that he was both loved and feared by his subjects, who flourished under his sway. She had never seen the prince, nor did she suppose he ever beheld her; it was also improbable that a man of his station and exemplary character would cause such an act of outrage to be committed, especially on the person of St. Everard's daughter; for St Everard was an officer for whom he had often expressed the highest regard and esteem.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

"Does the Prince frequently come here, Susette?" said the anxious Adeline.

"No, not for many years; he forsook the Castle on the death of his beloved Princess, which took place here very suddenly, and gave him a disgust to it; though it is so sweet a place, and with such delightful prospects and gardens."

"But you now expect him, I suppose?"

"No, I believe he never intends to come here again, and has made a gift of it to his son, Lord Augustus, his *only* child, as an occasional residence."

This was all the information Adeline could obtain; she was therefore forced to rest in anxious expectation. As for escape, she found it impossible, and never intended by Dorothea; and, even had she been willing to aid in it, every avenue, secured under a vigilant guard, prevented her egress; and there seemed no alternative but to remain and brave the danger; the fair maiden resolving to meet death sooner than dishonour, and to act in that respect as became the daughter of a veteran soldier and the virtuous Sophia that gave her birth.

She had been at Orlenburgh near a week, when, one morning, her astonishment was indescribable on beholding Albert Mora in the court-yard, talking to a domestic. A variety of thoughts crowded into her mind, and perplexed her so, she knew not how to act; she retired from the window, and then again went to it, but did not catch his eye; true, she had refused to unite her fate with his, while her father lived; he had quitted her, and since preserved a sullen silence that did not tell very highly in favour of his passion for her; yet it might be discreet, but her disposition, though strictly virtuous, could have dispensed with a slighter prudence. He might also be the husband of another in this interval! that was an idea replete with agony; yet were it so, would he not feel sufficient interest for her and her father, to rescue her from the mysterious and painful situation into which she had been so cruelly betrayed. She then formed the notion that he was come on professional business to the

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

palace, and she resolved to make the trial before she was deprived of the power, for his stay might be short. She beheld him enter the hall, and summoning up her resolution, descended the flight of stairs leading to it; but he was not there; and in vain she sought him; despair gave her courage, and she enquired for Albert Mora. He was not known there, and she was afraid she must have been mistaken; yet it seemed to her impossible; too well known were the face and form for her to be so deceived; neither was she credulous enough to believe that she had beheld a supernatural being, walking with such a negligent air about the court-yard, conversing with a servant. To the latter she would have wished to have spoken, but it was impossible for her to select the identical one from amongst such a numerous retinue, and she returned to her chamber more discomposed and overcome with grief and agitation than she had been for some days past, for a hope had presented itself and vanished like a dream; her tears flowed fast, and relieved her aching heart.

Not to tire our reader's patience with long details, we will at once acquaint him that Albert Mora, the artist, and the Prince Augustus of Orlenburgh, were the same individual, as he discovered the same evening to his still beloved and adored Adeline. He had three several times beheld her, unknown to herself, and became enamoured of her previous to his coming to board at M. Solani's, a stratagem prompted by love and founded on his skill in oil-paintings, which had been one of his principal studies. "You loved me for myself, dearest Adeline," continued Lord Augustus, after this explanation; "there was no interest there; I was and am proud of my conquest. I urged a private marriage, conscious that no other step could be taken, unless I submitted to have a bride of my father's choosing, for national purposes, to ratify an agreement, or strengthen a prior alliance; but the heart, my dear Adeline, is not to be bought or sold. I carried you off, to make you mine; finding it impossible to live without you, and convinced that your father, had I then candidly declared who I was; would, from the duty he considers himself to owe to my father, as his sovereign, have made a merit of withholding you from me, and thus rendering us miserable. Be mine, beyond the power of

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

fate to part us, and then, believe me, dearest idol of my soul, I will heap every additional comfort on his latter days that duty can point out or affluence promote, to make him amends for the gem of which I have deprived him for a time; but I have been watchful over him, and find he is well looked to by the kind Curate and his wife, but he shall soon have the most pleasing assurances of your safety, from your own lips.

Augustus triumphed: Adeline could not withstand a love so represented, and she felt highly flattered by it; preparations were hastily and secretly made for their nuptials, which took place on the third night of his arrival, in the Castle Chapel. For a few weeks, the youthful pair appeared very happy, and the bride was led to believe that her father was freed from apprehensions on her account, by partly knowing the truth; and had blessed her union, though not apprised exactly that it was the son of his Prince to whom she had given her hand. Adeline repeatedly urged her wishes and his promise, that she should visit her parent, till she became almost tired of asking.

A new scene of mental affliction soon arose that superseded every other, and rendered her wretched indeed. Augustus was unhappy, and in vain she intreated him to repose his cares in her bosom, that by anticipation they might be lightened; at length she told him she was fearful he repented marrying her. He caught her in his arms, and called on every saint to witness for him that he most tenderly loved her, even beyond the love he felt for his own existence. "That, my dear lord, I am ready to believe; and most grateful is the thought; yet your words answer not my question. You may love, yet still repent wedding me," said Adeline.

His eyes swam with tears, though he could not be said to weep, and his emotions were violent, and much more so than the occasion seemed to call for, and a confession of some importance seemed on the point of bursting from his lips when he suddenly checked it, muttered something in which only the words, "My Father," was intelligible, and he paced the lawn with hasty strides. After some time he became more calm, and

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

intreated her to dismiss all unpleasant thoughts from her mind, and rely on his protecting love. This, with all the flexibility of youth and hope, she was capable of doing, and attributed what had passed to some unpleasant altercation between the Prince and her husband, who might have been proposing some lady to him, a circumstance that, out of delicacy to her, Augustus might not chuse to explain; and she did not think it becoming in her to press him too closely as to any subject he might desire to conceal; but frequent repetitions of such scenes, with painfully augmented interest, preyed on her mind, and proved very detrimental to her health; her slumbers became perturbed and broken, till her nights were almost sleepless. It soon became apparent to her, that Augustus was occupied by one constant theme, and he frequently talked aloud, though buried in the arms of the drowsy god; her own name, coupled with that of Clára, frequently burst forth, accompanied by expressions that led to the alarming idea, that his hand was another's before it was given to her, and that Clara was the existing being, who held the prior claim.

To dwell on words uttered in his sleep, might appear absurd; this consideration made her silent, but their constant repetition could not be disregarded, and proved a great drawback to her felicity.

Some few weeks after this, Augustus was absent for a few days, having been selected to acccmpany the Prince in a short tour. One day, during his absence, Adeline was informed that a lady wished to speak with her: she ordered her to be instantly admitted, not without wonder at the incident; as she had not been introduced to any company whatever, since she became a wife.

The visitor was not so tall or fair as Adeline; but she was well formed, and had a prepossessing countenance and an elegant deportment; she had heard much, from report, of Adeline, and resolved to see her; the secluded manner in which she lived, caused the people in the environs of the castle to suppose she was merely a mistress, while the domestics had secretly whispered that she was his bride; and whispers will spread. The lady, who deserved a better fate, was soon convinced of the

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

innocence and honour of Adeline, but she had a dreadful truth to impart—she was Clara, the real wife of Augustus, who had been married above four years to him; but early disagreements had caused a partial, though not a legal separation; and the Prince, who had been the instigator of this unfortunate marriage, and who much respected his daughter-in-law for the amiable qualities of her heart and head, and the sincere love she bore Augustus, had tried in vain to reconcile his son to her, but could not accomplish this desirable act.

No cruel misplaced revilings burst from the lips of the injured Clara, and the ladies wept in each other's arms. Adeline resolved to part from Augustus without delay, and they both generously agreed not to expose him to the resentment of his father. Clara took a melancholy leave, and left the fair subject of our history overwhelmed in woe. She was, then, no wife, but the victim of seduction; and the child she had so set her heart on, and so longed to have in her arms, would have no legitimate claim either on the name or fortune of its father: and what a blow would this be to her own! She was on the point of quitting the Castle, when she considered it would be proper to wait the return of Augustus, and tax him with her injuries; the tale might be the fiction of some crafty rival, to destroy her peace, and tear her from her loved lord. Alas! poor deluded one! Augustus was base indeed, and purchased thy ruin by the worst of perjuries, aided by the mercenary Dorothea and others of his principal domestics, in promoting the sham marriage, for they were aware of his former alliance.

The rage of Lord Augustus was excessive, when informed of the interference of Clara; but he could not deny his guilt; indeed it was useless, and nothing but the secluded manner in which Adeline lived with her father, could have prevented her hearing of his marriage to, and separation from that lady; for both topics had made much food for remark and conversation. He attributed all he had done to ardent love, and on his knees entreated Adeline to remain, and consider him as her husband; but she flew from him the first opportunity

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

that presented itself, and hastened to her father, who she found was entirely ignorant of all that had happened to her during her absence, except what he gleaned from one letter, announcing her existence, and making promises never performed.

Adeline related to the agonized warrior the miseries that had befallen her, but she persisted in concealing the names and titles, both of father and son, to the great indignation of her parent; but threats or intreaties were alike in vain, for on this point she was as firm as adamant.

Augustus, unable to live without her, soon traced Adeline to her father's: he followed, in the hopes of prevailing on her to return with him, confiding in her well-known love, and the interest she must feel for the fate of her unborn babe. He was vowing to the trembling victim his intention never to reside more under the same roof with Clara, when he was overheard by St. Everard, who entered the room precipitately, with a brace of loaded pistols. "Villain!" said he, "take one this instant, and let death or revenge be mine." The young nobleman would fain have excused himself from so dreadful an alternative as a duel with an aged man totally blind; but the injured father would not be put off, and Augustus reluctantly took one of the weapons in his hand. A regular distance was measured and the intended combatants placed opposite each other: they drew lots for the first fire; and Colbert, an old soldier, and now a servant of St. Everard, declared the chance to be in favour of his master. "That is as it should be," exclaimed Augustus. A signal was given, and the officer fired, slightly wounding his antagonist in the neck. "Now, my lord," said he, "the next chance is your own." Augustus, however, who possibly thought he had done mischief enough in the family, would not take the advantage given him, but firing his pistol in an opposite direction, rushed from the house.

Adeline had been apprised of a circumstance, of which Augustus was ignorant, that the Prince, his father, was come to pass a few days at the house of a nobleman in the neighbourhood, partly on business, and partly on plea-

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

sure. Hither she had proceeded when her parent rushed into the room; and casting herself at the feet of her sovereign, intreated his protection for her aged father; but her manner was so wild and incoherent, that the Prince, gazed on her as a beauteous maniac, and com manded his servants to take charge of her, and guide her carefully home. Her pregnant state gave rise both to pity and curiosity: the particulars had not transpired, but it was feared sh ad been the victim of seduction. "What a wretch must he be," observed the Prince, "who could wilfully wrong such innocence, and pay no respect to the venerable, blind St. Everard? it appeared to me that it was for him she pleaded; and, should he ever want any aid in my power to bestow, it will not be asked in vain; his worth and past services alike demand protection and reward."

Adeline, maddened at the scene from which she had flown, and fearing that the life of one or other was by this time lost, extricated herself from her attendants, and plunged into the Canal that meandered by the side of her father's grounds. Her lover perceived her, and would have flown to share her fate, but was forcibly restrained by the domestics, while she was rescued from a watery grave. The conflict was, however, too much: she thought of her Augustus as the husband of another—the injured, amiable Clara—and as the author of her own misery: yet she could not tear his image from her heart. Her poor father, wounded in his honour, through her disobedience, added bitterness to the pangs she felt. Life was, indeed, wretched on such terms: she felt, however, the conflict would be soon over; premature labour had seized her; she felt as one dying; and fervently did she pray for dissolution to release her, and spread the gloomy veil of death over her involuntary shame; but she bitterly reflected on herself for the first encouragement she had given the concealed Artist; the confession made to him, that he was the master of her heart, "That," she exclaimed, "that paved the way to my ruin."

"Ruin can never touch my Adeline," said Augustus, approaching to support her trembling frame. "Live

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY