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THE

ORPHAN OF THE CASTLE

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THE

IN FOUR VOLUMES

ORPHAN OF THE CASTLE

VOL. II

LONDON

PRINTED BY T. CADELL, IN THE STRAND

1795



E M M E L I N E,

T H E

ORPHAN of the CASTLE.

BY CHARLOTTE SMITH.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

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V O L. II.

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C H A P T E R I.

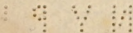
**S**IR Richard Crofts brought Mr. Roche-ly to Lord Montreville at the time appointed; and in consequence of the conversation then held, his Lordship was confirmed in his resolution of persisting in the plan Sir Richard had laid down, to force Emmeline to accept the good fortune offered her. Lord Montreville had sent as soon as he got to town to Delamere's lodg-ings,

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ings, whose servants said that he had slept there, but was then gone out. His Lordship concluded he was gone to Clapham; but as he could not remedy his uneasiness on that head, he was obliged to endure it. About twelve o'clock Delamere had arranged matters for his concealment; and about three, as Lord Montreville was dressing to go out, Millefleur, together with Delamere's footman and groom, came as they had been ordered to Berkley-square. This circumstance was no sooner related to Lord Montreville by his valet de chambre, than he ordered Millefleur to be sent up. The Frenchman related to his Lordship, that his master was certainly gone to Mr. Percival's; but Lord Montreville concluded he was gone to Scotland, and, in a tempest of anger and vexation, cursed the hour when he had listened to the advice of Sir Richard Crofts, the harshness of whose proceedings had, he imagined, precipitated the event he had so long dreaded. He was so entirely persuaded that this conjecture was the truth, that he first gave orders for a post-chaise



chaife and four to be ready directly; then recollecting that if he over-took his son he had no power to force him back, he thought it better to take with him some one who could influence Emmeline. His youngest daughter was still in Yorkshire; Mrs. Stafford he knew not where to find; but he supposed that Mrs. Ashwood, with whom she had lived some months, might have power to persuade her; and not knowing what else to do, indeed hardly knowing what he expected from the visit, he ordered his coachman to be as expeditious as possible in conveying him to the house of that lady.

Mrs. Ashwood, her brother, and four or five other persons related to the family, were at dinner. Lord Montreville entered the room; spoke to those he knew with as much civility as he could; but not seeing Emmeline among them, his apprehensions were confirmed. He desired they would not disturb themselves; and declined sharing their repast; but being un-

able to conceal his emotion till it was over, he said to Mrs. Ashwood—" I am sorry, " Madam, to trouble you on this unhappy " business. I did hope you would have " had the goodness at least to inform me " of it. What can I do?" exclaimed he, breaking suddenly from his discourse and rising—" Good God, what can I do?"

The company were silent, and amazed.

Mrs. Ashwood, however, said " I am " sorry that any thing, my Lord, has dis- " turbed your Lordship. I am sure I should " have been happy, my Lord, could I " have been of any service to your Lord- " ship in whatever it is."

" Disturbed!" cried he, striking his forehead with his hand, " I am distracted! " When did she go? How long has she " been gone?"

" Who, my Lord?"

" Miss Mowbray—Emmeline—Oh! it " will be impossible to overtake them!"

" Gone, my Lord?"

" Gone

“Gone with Delamere!—Gone to Scotland!”

“Miss Mowbray was however in the house not an hour ago,” said Miss Galton; “I saw her myself go up the garden just as we sat down to dinner.”

“Then she went to meet him!—then they went together!”—exclaimed Lord Montreville, walking round the room.

An assertion so positive staggered every one. They rose from table in confusion.

“Let us go up,” said Mrs. Ashwood; “I can hardly think it possible, my Lord, that Miss Mowbray is gone, unless your Lordship absolutely saw them.”

Yet Mrs. Ashwood remembered that Delamere had been there in the morning, and that Emmeline had dined early alone, and had remained by herself all the rest of the day, under pretence of sickness; and she began to believe that all this was done to give her time to elope with Delamere.

She went up stairs.

Lord Montreville, without knowing what he did, followed her.

The stairs were carpeted; any one ascending was hardly heard; and Mrs. Ashwood suddenly throwing open the door of her chamber, Lord Montreville saw her, with her handkerchief held to her face, hanging over a packet of papers which lay on the table before her.

Emmeline did not immediately look up— an exclamation from Lord Montreville made her take her handkerchief from her eyes.

She arose; tried to conceal the sorrow visible in her countenance yet wet with tears, and assuming as much as she could her native ease and sweetness, she advanced towards his Lordship, who still stood at the door, amazed, and asked him if he would pardon her for desiring him to sit down in a bed-chamber; if not, she would wait on him below. She then went back to the table; threw the papers into the casket that was on it; and placing a chair between that and the fire, again asked him if he would do her the honour to sit down.

Lord Montreville did so, but said nothing.



thing. He was ashamed of his precipitancy; yet as Emmeline did not know it, he would not mention it; and was yet too full of the idea to speak of any thing else.

Mrs. Ashwood had left them—Emmeline continued silent.

Lord Montreville, after a long pause, at length said, with a stern and displeased countenance, “I understand, Miss Mowbray, that my son was here this morning.”

“Yes, my Lord.”

“Pray, do you know where he now is?”

“I do not, indeed. Is he not at your Lordship’s house?”

“No; I am told by his servants that he is gone to Mr. Percival’s—But *you*—” (continued he, laying a strong emphasis on the word) “*you*, Miss Mowbray, are I dare say better informed of his intentions than any one else.”

“Upon my word, my Lord,” answered Emmeline, astonished, “I do not know. He said nothing to me of an intention

“ tention to go any where; on the con-  
“ trary, he told me he should be here again  
“ to-morrow.”

“ And is it possible you are ignorant of  
“ his having left London this morning,  
“ immediately after he returned from visit-  
“ ing you?”

“ My Lord, I have never yet stooped  
“ to the meanness of a falsehood. Why  
“ should your Lordship now suppose me  
“ guilty of it? I repeat—and I hope you  
“ will do me the justice to believe me—  
“ upon my honour I do *not* know whither  
“ Mr. Delamere is gone—nor do I know  
“ that he has left London.”

Lord Montreville could not but believe her. But while his fears were relieved as to the elopement, they were awakened anew by the uncertainty of what was become of his son, and what his motive could be for this sudden disappearance.

He thought however the present opportunity of speaking to Emmeline of his resolution was not to be neglected.

“ However ignorant you may be, Miss  
“ Mow-

“ Mowbray,” said he, “ of the reason of  
 “ his having quitted his lodgings, you are  
 “ not to learn that his motive for estranging  
 “ himself from his family, and becoming  
 “ a stranger to his father’s house, originates  
 “ in his inconsiderate attachment to you.  
 “ Contrary to the assurances you gave me  
 “ at Swansea, you have encouraged this  
 “ attachment ; and, as I understand from  
 “ Sir Richard Crofts, you peremptorily  
 “ and even rudely refuse the opportunity  
 “ now offered you of establishing yourself  
 “ in rank and affluence, which no other  
 “ young woman would a moment hesitate  
 “ to accept. Such a refusal cannot be  
 “ owing to mere caprice ; nor could it  
 “ possibly happen had you not determined,  
 “ in despite of every objection, and of  
 “ bringing discord into my family, to listen  
 “ to that infatuated and rash young  
 “ man.”

“ Your Lordship does not treat me  
 “ with your usual candour. I have pro-  
 “ mised you, voluntarily promised you,  
 “ not to marry Mr. Delamere without

“ your Lordship’s consent. To prevent  
“ his coming here was out of my  
“ power; but if I really aspired to the  
“ honour of which your Lordship thinks  
“ me ambitious, *what* has prevented me  
“ from engaging at once with Mr. Dela-  
“ mere? who has, I own to you, pressed  
“ me repeatedly to elope. My Lord,  
“ while I am treated with kindness and  
“ confidence, I can rely upon my own  
“ resolution to deserve it; *but* when your  
“ Lordship, on suspicion or misrepre-  
“ sentation, is induced to withdraw that  
“ kindness and confidence—why should I  
“ make a point of honour, where *you* no  
“ longer seem to expect it.”

The truth of this answer, as well as its spirit, at once hurt and irritated Lord Montreville.

Determined to separate Emmeline from his son, he was mortified to be forced to acknowledge in his own breast that she merited all his affection, and angry that she should be in the right when he wished to have found something to blame in her conduct.

conduct. Pride and self love seem'd to resent that a little weak girl should pretend to a sense of rectitude, and a force of understanding greater than his own.

“ Miss Mowbray,” said his Lordship sharply, “ I will be very explicit with you—  
 “ either consent to marry Mr. Rochely,  
 “ whose affection does you so much honour,  
 “ or expect from me no farther kindness”  
 “ Your Lordship knows,” answered Emmeline, “ that I have no friend on  
 “ whom I have the least claim but you. If  
 “ you abandon me—but my Lord ought  
 “ you to do it?—I am indeed most  
 “ friendless!”

She could no longer command her tears—sobs obliged her to cease speaking.

Lord Montreville thought her resolution would give way; and trying to divest himself of all feeling, with an effort truly political, he determin'd to press his point.

“ It is in your power,” resum'd he,  
 “ not only to place yourself above all fear  
 “ of such desertion, but to engage my af-  
 “ fection and that of my whole family.

“ You will be in a situation of life which  
 “ I should hardly refuse for one of the  
 “ Miss Delameres. You will possess the  
 “ most unbounded affluence, and a hus-  
 “ band who adores you. A man unex-  
 “ ceptionable in character; of a mature  
 “ age; and whose immense fortune is every  
 “ day encreasing. You will be considered  
 “ by me, and by Lady Montreville, as a  
 “ daughter of the house of Mowbray. The  
 “ blemish of your birth will be wiped off  
 “ and forgotten.”

Emmeline wept more than before.

And his Lordship continued, “ If you  
 “ absurdly refuse an offer so infinitely above  
 “ your expectations, I shall consider my-  
 “ self as having more than done my duty  
 “ in putting it in your way; and that your  
 “ folly and imprudence dissolve all obliga-  
 “ tion on my part. You must no longer  
 “ call yourself Mowbray; and you must  
 “ forget that you ever were allowed to be  
 “ numbered among the relations of my fa-  
 “ mily. Nor shall I think myself obliged  
 “ in any manner to provide for a person,  
 “ who

“ who in scorn of gratitude, prudence and  
 “ reputation, throws from her an opportu-  
 “ nity of providing for herself.”

Emmeline regained some degree of reso-  
 lution. She looked up, her eyes streaming  
 with tears, and said, “ Well, my Lord !  
 “ to the lowest indigence I must then sub-  
 “ mit ; for to marry Mr. Rochely is not in  
 “ my power.”

“ We will suppose for a moment,” re-  
 sumed Lord Montreville, “ that you could  
 “ realize the visionary hopes you have pre-  
 “ sumed to indulge of uniting yourself to  
 “ Mr. Delamere. Dear as he is to me and  
 “ his mother, we are determined from that  
 “ moment to renounce him—never shall  
 “ the rebellious son who has dared to dis-  
 “ obey us, be again admitted to our pre-  
 “ sence !—never will we acknowledge as  
 “ his wife, a person forced upon us and  
 “ introduced into our family in despite of  
 “ our commands, and in violation of duty,  
 “ honour, and affection. *You* will be the  
 “ occasion of his being loaded with the  
 “ curses of both his parents, and of intro-  
 “ ducing

“ ducing misery and discord into his fa-  
 “ mily. Can you yourself be happy under  
 “ such circumstances? In point of fortune  
 “ too you will find yourself deceived—  
 “ while *we* live, Mr. Delamere can have  
 “ but a very slender income; and of every  
 “ thing in our power we shall certainly de-  
 “ prive him, both while we live, and at  
 “ our decease. Consider well what I have  
 “ said; and make use of your reason.  
 “ Begin by giving up to me the ridiculous  
 “ witness of a ridiculous and boyish pas-  
 “ sion, which must be no longer indulged;  
 “ to keep a picture of Delamere is discre-  
 “ ditable and indelicate—you will not re-  
 “ fuse to relinquish it?”

He reached over the table, and took from  
 among two or three loose papers, which yet  
 lay before Emmeline, a little blue enamelled  
 case, which he concluded contained a  
 miniature of Delamere, of whom several  
 had been drawn. Emmeline, absorbed  
 in tears, did not oppose it. The spring  
 of the case was defective. It opened



in his hand; and presented to his view, not a portrait of his son, but of his brother, drawn when he was about twenty, and at a period when he was more than a brother—when he was the dearest friend Lord Montreville had on earth. A likeness so striking, which he had not seen for many years, had an immediate effect upon him.

His brother seemed to look at him mournfully. A melancholy cast about the eye-brows diminished the vivacity of the countenance, and the faded colour (for the picture had been painted seven and twenty years) gave it a look of languor and ill health; such perhaps as the original wore before his death, when a ruined constitution threatened him for some months, tho' his life terminated by a malignant fever in a few hours.

The poor distressed Emmeline was the only memorial left of him; and Lord Montreville felt her tears a reproach for his cruelty in thus threatening to abandon to her fate,  
the

the unhappy daughter of this once-loved brother.

Sir Richard Crofts and Lady Montreville were not by, to intercept these sentiments of returning humanity.

He found the tears fill his eyes as he gazed on the picture.

Emmeline, insensible of every thing, saw it not ; and not conscious that he had taken it, the purport of his last words she believed to relate to a sketch she had herself made of Delamere. She was therefore surprized, when Lord Montreville arising, took her hand, and in a voice that witnessed the emotion of his soul, said—" Come, my  
" dear Emmeline, pardon me for thus  
" distressing you, you shall *not* be com-  
" pelled to marry Mr. Rochely if you have  
" so great a dislike to him. You shall still  
" have an adequate support; and I trust I  
" shall have nothing to fear from your in-  
" discretion in regard to Delamere."

" Your Lordship," answered Emmeline,  
" without taking her handkerchief from  
her

her eyes, “ has never yet found me capable  
 “ of falsehood : I will repeat, if you desire  
 “ it, the promise I gave you—I will even  
 “ take the most solemn oath you shall  
 “ dictate, never to be the wife of Mr. De-  
 “ lamere, unless your Lordship and Lady  
 “ Montreville consent.”

“ I take your promise,” answered his  
 Lordship, “ and shall rely firmly upon it.  
 “ But Emmeline, you must go from hence  
 “ for your own sake ; your peace and repu-  
 “ tation require it ; Delamere must not  
 “ frequent the house where you are ; you  
 “ must conceal from him the place of your  
 “ abode.”

“ My Lord, I will be ingenuous with  
 “ you. To go from hence is what I in-  
 “ tend, and with your Lordship’s per-  
 “ mission I will set out immediately for  
 “ Mrs. Stafford’s. But to conceal from  
 “ Mr. Delamere where I am, is not in my  
 “ power ; for I have given him a solemn  
 “ promise to see him if he desires it, where-  
 “ ever I shall be : and as I hope you de-  
 “ pend on my honour, it must be equally  
 “ sacred

“ sacred whether given to him or you.

“ You will therefore not insist on my break-

“ ing this engagement, and I promise you

“ again never to violate the other.”

With this compromise, Lord Montreville was obliged to be content. He entreated Emmeline to see Rochely again, and hear his offer. But she absolutely refused; assuring Lord Montreville, that were his fortune infinitely greater, she would not marry him, tho' servitude should be the alternative.

His Lordship therefore forbore to press her farther. He desired, that if Delamere wrote to her, or saw her, she would let him know, which she readily agreed to; and he told her, that so long as she was single, and did nothing to disoblige him, he would pay her an hundred guineas a year in quarterly payments. He gave her a bank note of fifty pounds; and recommending it to her to go as soon as possible to Mrs. Stafford's, he kissed her cheek with an appearance of affection greater than he had yet shewn, and then