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THE
BACHELOR RECLAIMED,

OR
CELIBACY VANQUISHED.

FROM THE FRENCH.

BY TIMOTHY FLINT.

"OMNIA VINCIT AMOR."

PHILADELPHIA:
KEY & BIDDLE, 23, MINOR STREET.
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PREFACE.

WHY, the reader will ask, produce a translated Novel? In a day of sickness, looking for something to beguile the slow hours, this, among a mass of similar books, was the only one that so fixed my attention as to induce me to peruse it to the end. It gave me great pleasure, which I would be glad to share. True, it turns chiefly upon love. I admit it disgusts me to hear a heartless dandy, with his bristled face, curl the lip, and designate such a work, as a puling, love-sick tale. A tragedy has its catastrophe, an epic its hero, and on what should a novel turn, but love? Our country swarms with bachelors, the most useless of all bipeds, and, apparently only born to eat up the corn. This book shows how to bring this race of drones upon their knees, while they are glad to put on the wreath of wedlock. Let ladies look to it, how they smile upon those, who would gain their suffrage by affecting contempt of love. It is to encourage female suicide. Organic wasting of the heart is sufficiently prevalent without receiving this new impetus. There is little enough of sentiment already in this age of

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calculation and iron. Love, the pure and generous affection that alone deserves the name, is the great regenerating and redeeming principle of freedom and democracy against aristocracy and match-making. Love—it is the female palladium—the guardian of their place and dignity in society. Allow heartless fops to ridicule it out of countenance, and what affection is to replace it? Nothing but the degrading baseness of animal appetite. This is the order of things, the better half of the species are tending to introduce, every time they countenance those who treat this noble impulse of our natures with ridicule. The whole interest of the “Modern Cymon,” from the French, turns upon the transforming influence of love. Without lords or palaces, without an incident out of the probabilities of common life, a story is framed, uniting more usefulness with more interest, as I deem, than any Bond Street novel of the day. I regret that I could not weed out the titled personages from the following history without utterly destroying its texture. But though nobles, these personages are all heart and kindness, and are not less noble for being noble. There is a pervading delicacy, a purity of thought, and a scrupulousness of morality spread over this domestic picture, which give it an interest, that I look for in vain in the *clique*, affectation and gross morals of the Bond Street novels. It carries me back from the age of brass and scrip, to the times when people had hearts, and were not ashamed to avow it.

In a word, I hope the reader will peruse this book consecutively, before he pronounces upon it. The interest is not made to depend upon one or many fine passages, but a uniform convergence of every incident and the whole tenor of the book towards a single result—the triumph of love over the most inveterate and rooted prejudices. Had I not thought that, along with the interest of the narrative, it would inculcate elevation and purity of mind, and a useful moral, I had not taken the trouble of translation.

I ought to add, as a translator, that like most modern French books, this is exceedingly idiomatic. What follows is a very free translation, amounting in fact, to a paraphrase. I have taken, too, some liberties with names and circumstances, for reasons which will be obvious to the American reader. I dared not, though I sometimes wished, to vary the narrative. There is a seeming of truth, an apparent good faith in the tale, which impressed me, that to deviate from it, would be like taking freedoms with history. In fact, I am inclined to think, that the principal circumstances here recorded, were based upon real incidents; and that this is, for substance, a true story of the French revolution. At least, I recollect reading, at the epoch of these annals, a narrative given as historically true, of the incidents of which I have been continually reminded by this tale; and I have no doubt that it is based upon that narrative.

TRANSLATOR.

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THE

BACHELOR RECLAIMED.

CHAPTER I.

LORD MILFORD, born on the banks of the Thames, felt the peculiar prejudices of his country. He was convinced that no one can think to much purpose, except in England, or possibly he might include Scotland. To a splendid name he joined a noble manner, a distinguished figure, stature above the common, and ideas peculiar to himself. He possessed a strongly marked character, listened patiently, reflected a great deal, discriminated justly, and condemned but little, because he had the good sense to believe, that at any period of life, particularly at twenty-three, what we know bears no proportion to that of which we are ignorant. He felt keenly, at the same time, that he often appeared impassible to feeling. He seldom yielded to first impulses. Hence he never endured the shame of being obliged to retrace his steps; a humiliating facility, however, which always inclines good hearts to forgive a bad head. The predominating shade in his character was an independence, a singularity, which, though highly original, could hardly be called eccentric.

He possessed all those qualities which belong to an elevated mind. But his imposing exterior was softened by a peculiar something of graciousness in the countenance, and of attraction even in the tones of the voice. Curiosity was excited; for, resembling none about him, it was impossible to compare him with any one.

His parents were distinguished by their high birth. This constituted not their chief merit; for the titled may be found every where. But notwithstanding all the advantages of mind, talents, and even virtues, the father and mother of Lord Milford had presented a problem to society sufficiently painful of solution. Perfection is no where on the earth accorded to human nature; and the evil example which parents offer by their defects or their errors, is perhaps more dangerous than that which they present by their vices. In infancy the walls of the paternal mansion are the limits of the world. The children catch the thoughts of those they love. They receive in affection and confidence the impressions which will influence their future life. Happy the children, who are formed in that place, which ought to be the asylum of the virtues, only upon good models. Woe to those children who discover too early that their natural guides are not perfect!

The father and mother of Lord Milford had married under the most favourable auspices. Every agreeable circumstance seemed to unite in their case. Their union had been one of mutual inclination. One only circumstance was wanting, conformity of temperament and disposition. This inconvenience, externally imperceptible in good society, and which this couple were nearly a year in mutually dissem-

bling from each other, was the concealed principle which finally undermined the foundations of their edifice of happiness. At last, weary alike with struggling and yielding, with suffering and complaining, and enduring in silence, they come to an agreement in a day of mutual good feeling, after living ten years together, that they had both done wrong, and that with every thing requisite to be amiable, they had not every thing necessary for mutual love; in a word that the only mean left them to live well with each other, was to separate. It turned out to their mutual satisfaction; because in loving each other less, they esteemed each other more. The world about them was astonished, because it judged only by appearances, to see them adopt so unusual a mode of compromise. For them, they had reason to felicitate themselves in the result for the remainder of their lives. From that day they began to meet each other with pleasure, and probably more frequently than before. They came to the most perfect understanding, touching the education of their children, a circumstance so much the more valuable, as they had the good sense not to bring them up themselves. Unable to do themselves justice, except by calumniating the tie which had bound them together, they laid it down as a general principle, that two beings, however near perfection, cannot possess force of character to sustain the long trial of marriage; and that if some unions are supposed to preserve a happy accordance of domestic affection, it is because the parties have the fortitude to keep up appearances, or, that one party of the two is exceedingly discreet.

This principle of the parents of young Milford be-

came so identified with their existence, as to gain an ascendancy even over their pride. They would have thought it purchasing the satisfaction of perpetuating their name too dear to have paid for it with the price of the happiness of their son. Therefore the first lesson they inculcated, and almost commanded, was, never to assume the yoke of marriage. Firm to this opinion they died. Of the three children whom they left, two were too young, if not to understand the maxim, at least to have adopted it, with unhesitating perseverance of purpose. Lord Milford, on the contrary, embraced their aversion to matrimony with a pertinacity so much the more blind, as he imbibed it at the same time from a mother whom he had always affectionately loved, and a father whom he had never ceased to respect. Such a prejudice would naturally strike a mind like his with great force, and would deeply root itself in such a heart. As his character developed, its singularity became manifest in the love of thinking, saying and doing extraordinary things. Probably this constant eccentric impulse of his thoughts was that part of his nature which he most esteemed in himself. The bent of his character, therefore, disposed him to found a voluntary system upon a prejudice; and of all his ideas he was always led to prefer that which seemed to constitute him an individual by himself, and which flattered his desire to be thought original. At ten, the young Hannibal had sworn hatred to the Romans on the altar. Full of the lessons and impressed with the memory of his parents, young Milford seemed to have sworn hatred—I do not say to the race of women, but to all those indis-

soluble ties which chain two beings of the different sexes to each other for life.

Six months after our young philosopher had left Oxford, and six hours after he had quit the classic land of thinkers, he found himself in the packet bound for the Continent, to enlarge his views, and extend his ideas, in the contemplation of new countries, and in studying men. He had at his disposal, a valet, trunks well filled, a pair of Mortimer's pistols, and a common place book, so commodious for long travels; and an article of supply appropriate to the citizens of London, five hundred guineas, and a letter of unlimited credit.

An Englishman always feels himself at home upon the sea. Every moment brings to his remembrance his country's dominion over that element, and inclines him to sing in an under tone, *Rule Britannia*. But the ocean between Dover and Calais does not always loyally recognize this dominion, and often presents the most disagreeable revolts. The wind was contrary and strong, and the waves became high. Their vessel was twice in danger of being dashed upon the rocks. The French on board, as usual, sung or swore; a Dutchman smoked his segar; and the young English philosophic lord coldly remarked, that a Roman ought to find his resources in himself. But, like all other earthly evils, the tempest had its termination, and the packet safely made the harbour of Calais. At the hotel Dessin, Milford found a bright fire, excellent Bordeaux wine, and a good supper, all for six louis a night. He started the next morning satisfied with his hotel, with himself, and France, and thence commenced his travels, which he performed almost as rapidly as

I can write them. For example, in regard to France, as he paid his guides well, he was but a few hours in reaching Paris. He there passed that portion of time which an Englishman commonly consecrates to that city, which is ordinarily to see things well, and to know them badly. But he reapt more fruit from his travels than most of his compatriots. For example, he did not limit his visits to his own ambassador, and the society of his own people. In four months he saw what a Frenchman cannot expect to see, so as to understand, in his own country, in ten years; and was grossly taken in neither by pedlars, rogues, nor women. It was great good fortune for such a stranger.

These four months elapsed, the young lord yawned, and said, "I know Paris." He hired post horses, and did not get out of his barouche until he reached Strasburg. There was nothing found there worthy of his attention, except the celebrated spire of the cathedral. He mounted it to the cross, and there saw the names of whole crowds of travellers, emulous of the easy immortality of leaving such a memorial there. He was struck with the name of an Englishman of his acquaintance above all the rest. He was courageous and tall, with a sure head and foot, and he scrambled up so high as to write his name upon the dizzy eminence, six inches higher than that of any other. That achieved, he left the city, and often smiled afterwards with internal satisfaction at this exploit, which he failed not, on the right occasion, to mention.

Germany.—From Strasburg he passed to Bonn, Frankfort, and Ratisbon, and thence to Vienna. In his common place book, he wrote these words—

Bonn—*The Imperial Court*. Frankfort—*The red house*. Bruhl—*nothing*. Ratisbon—*nothing*. Behold our traveller in the capital of Austria.

He found the city small, the houses ugly, the apartments narrow, the spectacles indifferent, the *Casperle* droll enough, the Prater agreeable, the Hungarian grenadiers handsome, and their deportment military. He was not dazzled with the German power, for he saw in the great court, lords, little men, and noted uniforms on every side, and he uttered in an under tone of self satisfaction, "we subsidize all this." At the moment of departing from Vienna, he regretted a few men and many women, and said, as he mounted his barouche, "an Englishman commonly judges of Vienna at Trieste." On arriving there, after having examined the port and the Austrian marine with great care, he wrote down, Trieste—*detestable*. Thence he set off for Venice.

Venice.—The first aspect of that singular city astonished him. People do not every where find isles built up in such a way, as to have the air of houses supported upon the sea, canals instead of streets, and gondolas instead of coaches. In beholding from every point of view spires, which, in the distance, are confounded with the masts of vessels, Milford was tempted to take Venice for a fleet at anchor.

He had been farewarned before visiting this place, that here, more than elsewhere, it was necessary not to say all that one thought; and that it was important to consider well what one said. He visited the curiosities of the city, finishing with the treasury of St. Mark, which a priest complaisantly showed

him. A young Frenchman, who happened to be there at the same time, took leave to ask, "What! Signior, and is this all? Is this the ring of the doge, on the day when he weds the Adriatic?" Milford, who saw all, but had not opened his mouth, trod upon his foot, and said in an undertone, "Take care, my dear sir, that they do not send you to the place of the doge, to consummate the marriage." The Frenchman had uttered his sarcasms loud enough to be heard. Happily the priest only understood Venetian.

A trifling circumstance sometimes involves incidents which impress their traces upon a whole life. Such was the effect of the rencontre of Milford with the young Frenchman. The latter, on reflection, recollected that an Englishman, whom he had but imperfectly understood, had trodden upon his foot. The two met at the palace of St. Mark, and the latter said proudly to the English lord, "Milord, I am at your service." "How, Sir?" demanded the other, when he found himself thus sternly addressed. "It is understood, sir, that no one treads on the foot of another unless he has a disposition to insult him. Apparently, I have said or done something which had not the good fortune to please you. There is my name and address." Milford received his visiting card, on which was written these words—"The Count Victor de Leyris, Colonel in the service of France, at the Canareggio." The Englishman coldly replied, "My compliments, Monsieur Count, you live in a beautiful part of the city."

The exasperated Frenchman saw in this coldness and affected misapprehension a new insult, and insisted upon having satisfaction on the spot. The Englishman showed no backwardness. They retir-

ed to a solitary street, and drew their swords. "Commence," cried Victor; "I am the insulted person." Lord Milford made a pass; and, equally active and adroit, as soon as his sword crossed that of his adversary, gave him a wound in the side. "Are you satisfied?" he asked. "I am," replied Victor with perfect sang froid, "though I hardly expected to be so soon." Milford flew to raise him up, and aid him to gain his own lodgings, which were nearer than those of his antagonist. On the road they mutually explained themselves. The victor repeated to the vanquished the charitable advice which he had intended to give him in what he had said. The latter, distressed to have passed a moment for an *ingrate*, often repeated, "that he had been rightly punished for his rashness," thankfully accepted his attentions, and asked his friendship. They were now at leisure to esteem each other, since there was between them no point of jealousy or fear. Sometimes a Frenchman seeks a quarrel, and an Englishman never avoids it. They swore with equal sincerity and nobleness of mind to be friends for life. Victor de Leyris assumed the engagement with all his natural impetuosity, and Milford with his accustomed phlegm. This opposition of temperament only rendered their intimacy more piquant. The wound of the French officer was found not to be dangerous; and thanks to the earnest zeal of his new friend, and the prompt aid of the surgeons, he was in a short time completely restored.

The grave Milford was not slow to learn, that when one is intimately connected with a young French officer, he is soon the confidant not only of his secret, but of that of all his friends. He learned,

too, by an indirect experience, the manner in which the Venetian dames make love. One morning Victor showed him a billet, indicating an appointment, and ending with terms of this import: "I am in the vein—adieu." It is true he had the moderation not to name, until the next morning, the dame who was thus laconically eloquent. This excess of discretion never arises except from the excess of passion; and the ladies almost invariably pardon the fault in favour of the motive.

Our traveller went every evening to the public *Casins*. But here, as elsewhere, he saw everything, and said nothing. The ambassadress from Vienna received him with great politeness. She was about getting up a comedy in her own house, which was to be played by a society of young French ladies, and beautiful German and Italian girls. She imagined it would give pleasure to Milford, to invite him to take a part. He thanked her, and replied, "Madam, when an Englishman travels, he does not amuse himself."

He could not be said to have lost his time at Venice, since he there gained a real friend. He obtained, too, an idea of the monuments in that city, as one has an idea, who in any place sees things with careless indifference. He acquired such a knowledge of the government, as one has of a veiled statue, seen at a distance, and forbidden to be viewed near at hand. After the billet received by Victor, he figured in his imagination what sort of pleasure may be expected by the lover from the love of a Venetian dame. But, making a parody of the famous declaration, "Woe to the vanquished," he reflected, "Woe to him, who is the husband of such a woman. Woe!

woe to all husbands. Oh! my poor father had reason for what he taught me.”

The two friends resolved to make the tour of Italy together. They were mutually pleased with each other, because in morals, extremes love to touch each other. They passed some time at Rome, and were much impressed with the pomp which environs the sovereign pontiff. No difference of religion hinders sensitive natures from being affected by what is grand, majestic and touching. They visited together the monuments of the arts, and all the vestiges of the past grandeur of the masters of the world. Milford could not tear himself away from the Pantheon and Coliseum. He walked beside them in deep reverry, and had the air of one evoking the shades of the ancient Romans. Victor refused none of these ancient remembrances the tribute of a measured admiration; but went none the less to the conversation parties of Cardinal Bernis, and constantly found pleasant homages to offer to the beautiful Roman ladies of the present day.

Thence they repaired to Naples. Milford saw at once that the city had no commerce. His companion carelessly observed, that it could offer no security to commerce even if it had any; and both came to the conclusion, that the country was much better than the inhabitants. The condition of the *lazzaroni* appeared to him a bad parody of the *Otium divos* of Horace; and they envied that reckless class of idlers so often dangerous, neither its happy fanaticism, nor its tumultuous joy. They visited with a vivid interest Portici, Pompeia, and Vesuvius in eruption, the most magnificent, the most terrible incident that can enter into a landscape.

Milford possessed both curiosity and instruction. Victor united to exquisite taste, true talent for painting. At Torre del Greco they saw the young lads and lasses that dance the *tarantula*, the volcano smoking in mid air above them, and at the gate of the city the prophetic stone, which, by its warning inscription, recalled to their memory the daughter of Priam.—“*Fly while you have time. If overtaken, you are undone.*” Milford, in reading this sinister and useless warning, mused as was his custom. Victor too, reflected, and perhaps for the first time, but continued to design his painting. “How do those fools seem to you,” asked Milford, “who dance with death so near them?”

“My friend, they seem to me to have the philosophy of habit.”

“Indeed!” replied Milford, as if astonished that a profound reflection could come from a Frenchman; “and yet you are entirely French. In fact, I would have chosen to have been so, had I not been English.”

They ascended Vesuvius in eruption. Curiosity or admiration led them great lengths. Milford would absolutely eat a dinner cooked in lava, to be able to say, that he had tasted mutton boiled in the true Phlegethon. One of the fruits which he derived from his visit to the kingdom of Naples, was to learn that they take in strangers in a manner altogether appropriate. This fact inspired Victor with a new reflection, deeply philosophical. It was, that experience, of which the sage believes the rules so sure, avails nothing the moment we change place. A *Cicerone* named Paolo, procured the young nobleman some fragments of *Mosaic*, which he pretended to have

taken from the ruins of Pompeia, and brought him an Etruscan vase filled, he affirmed, with medals found under the arch of the bridge of Caligula near *Pouzzoles*. Milford payed for this treasure what the *Cicerone* demanded; that is to say, twenty guineas. The medals were covered with excellent ancient verdigris, and the purchaser was not a thousand years old. He, however, took the heads for those of Otho, or still more ancient. As soon as they were thoroughly rubbed, he saw very distinctly the round royal face of George the Third, so well and gratefully known by all his subjects. They were English coppers. Beside this, Paolo stole from Milford when he left him. It must have been, too, for the pure love of stealing; for Milford, grave as he was, could not hinder shrugging his shoulders with a grim smile, in ascertaining that the *Cicerone* had stolen a quadrant, which he could never either sell or use. Some time afterwards, accident brought them in contact with the thief at Pompeia. Victor caught him, and, laughing the while, gave him the discipline of his cane for his double fault. Paolo seemed to admit the facts charged; for he bent his back to the blows, and neither winced, nor cried out, but held out his hat, as if for alms, to Victor, calling him, *Excellenza*. Milford, for his share of the punishment, put his hand upon his shoulder, crying out, "*farewell, rascal.*" Paolo imagined from his manner, that the phrase signified "*my friend*;" and from that time he failed not to repeat to travellers whom he served, but especially the English, "*I am the rascal of Lord Milford.*"

Sicily.—Our two young travellers passed on to Sicily, and found themselves at Palermo, at the cele-

brated *fete* of St. Rosalba. In the environs, they neglected not to visit the ridiculous gardens of the Prince of Paphlagonia, of which every body has read the description in Brydone. In a word, they visited every thing of interest in that vicinity. More than all, they attached a high importance to ascending Etna, and witnessing thence the grand spectacle of the rising sun. Milford, who, thinking himself the most modest man in the world, loved to boast, related to his friend, as they ascended the mountain, the history of his exploit at the spire of Strasburg. Having written their names upon one of the trees near the *Spetunca delle capriole*, they descended to the plain; and this was visiting Etna.

From Sicily they sailed to Malta. Milford, as a sagacious observer, had soon seen and measured that singular power composed of such heterogeneous elements, and whose institutions for a long time have had no object. He easily recognized, that the isle was of the first importance in a military and commercial point of view. It is the Saint Helena of the Mediterranean. He contemplated with a longing eye, forts Florian, Cotoneré, St. Elme, and Ricazuoli, and that famous raking battery, which guards the gates of the order as with a wall of fire. After a sojourn of eight days, they left Malta together. Milford wrote in his common place book, "If God should give it us, the devil should not be allowed to take it away."²

Spain.—They thence directed their course to Spain. War had just been declared between France and England. Two days after their arrival, a French fleet appeared in the road, and a crowd of officers landed from it. Victor presented his English

friend to his comrades, who received him as military men always do a national enemy when he has no longer arms in his hands. The two travellers were introduced to the governor of Cadiz, Count Orelli, and went to the comedy and the processions. At one of these religious ceremonies, Victor came near getting a taste of the interior of the Inquisition, for having remarked to a penitent, who was disciplining himself, "My friend, strike a little harder." Happily Milford was an adroit and vigorous boxer, and extricated him from the hands of four alguazils; and a dozen French officers drew their swords without pausing to inquire what the fracas was about, and favoured their retreat. Lord Milford obtained permission from Count Orelli, to throw himself into Gibraltar, accompanied by a member of parliament, while Victor de Leyris repaired to the camp of St. Roch.

CHAPTER II.

ADRIENNE.

AT the peace, Lord Milford desired to visit Spain, and commenced with Seville. He had the satisfaction of assisting in the representation of the "*Universal Legatee*," translated into Spanish, and played for the honour and profit of the Virgin. In his rapid flight through Spain, he was led to the conviction, that the *posadas*, the *ventas* and *fundas*, were excellent taverns for coachmen and muleteers; but that the best among them was far worse than the meanest house of refreshment in England, or even in France. At Madrid and Valentia, the repasts, notwithstanding their pomp, etiquette and confusion, appeared too serious for luncheons, too slight for dinners. He complained of the Spanish people, for not preferring to these silent and sumptuous assemblies, the less expensive but daily pleasure of collecting a number of friends about a plate of roast beef, or beefsteaks, and some bottles of port wine. He observed, too, that much as the people wore swords forty-two inches in length, as in the time of Ferdinand and Isabella, they no longer as habitually discoursed about poignards, assassinations, and avenged husbands. He did not conclude that the women,

in becoming more free, had ceased to be gallant; but that the men, become more sage; had felt at length, that the virtue, which had need to be watched, was not worth the pains it cost; and that jealousy only procures to the oppressed a more vivid pleasure, than of rendering useless the precaution of the oppressor. He was more than all struck with the spirit of justice which, in this country, guides the beautiful sex. The ladies, as he learned, are not all faithful to their husbands, but invariably so to their lovers. This, as Milford noted, gave a formal lie to the maxim of the moralizing Rochefaucauld. *We may possibly find women, who have never had a lover; rarely one, who has had but one.* He noted this in his common place book, as another article added to the vagaries of the human mind, and marked against it the word—*compensation*. All these remarks led him back to render homage to his father, touching the advantages of celibacy.

Arrived at Sarragossa, Lord Milford was informed, that a splendid bull-fight was soon to take place, at Pampeluna. This city was on his route to Bayonne, whence he calculated to pass by sea to his own country; and as this spectacle would attract thither a vast concourse of people from Biscay, Asturias, and the southern provinces of France, he deemed it prudent to take lodgings there, before all the apartments should be rented. Pampeluna is one of the strongest places in Spain. He examined it in detail; visited the Cathedral, the promenades that surround it, and the ancient castle in which resides the Viceroy of Navarre.

It was at this palace, that he met among other strangers a French nobleman, the Marquis d'Aze-

mar, who had arrived from the environs of St. Jean de Luz, with his young and beautiful wife, who had expressed a wish to see a spectacle so celebrated as this would be. The marquis was old, but polite, attentive and complaisant, as French people of high fashion and a certain age are apt to be. Madame d'Azemar whom we shall denominate from her christian name, Adrienne, was certainly the most delighted, the most amusing child, that ever Hymen had united at sixteen years to a husband of sixty. In seeing her, in respiring the air of her joyous nature, the spectator himself became gladdened by the buoyant gaiety diffused over every trait of her countenance. To this charming girl it seemed a fixed persuasion, that life has no other object than amusement. Having as yet had nothing to regret, she only knew the past by balls, in which she had found herself the magnet of attraction, or festivals, where every one had laboured to compliment, and divert her. Without any means of reaching the foresight of sorrow and suffering, in the future, her happy imagination only presaged new pleasures. The morrow always arrived too soon for her wishes. Her complaint was of the interval which sleep interposed between her amusements, and chagrin which she softened by beginning the night as late as possible, and by saying with the minister, "I now go to despatch my sleep."

The part of a husband of a beautiful woman is never an easy one to fill. It becomes still more difficult when the wife is young as well as beautiful, and the husband has sixty years. The Marquis d'Azemar was, however, one of the few men to whom the ridicule usually bestowed upon such a

position could not be made to attach. To a manner at once gentle and noble, he joined a large share of talent, and the most amiable character. Nature originally endowed him with a constitution sufficiently robust. But a severe and chronic disease, which he contracted in his youth, so broke down his constitution, that he continued to live only as by a miracle, and the most assiduous care and nursing. This debility inspired so much the more sympathy, as it was contracted in the vicissitudes of victory and defeat, in the famous campaigns of Bohemia, where he had conducted with the most consummate bravery. The long application of mineral waters had restored to him the use of his limbs, but the strength of his constitution was gone forever. He enjoyed a princely fortune, and had only distant relations. Adrienne de Cesannes was the daughter of a cousin, to whom he had been deeply attached. He had known this daughter from her birth. After she became a desolate orphan, and had approached her sixteenth year, he offered her marriage, much less in the wish to find in her a wife and a companion, than to assure his rich succession as to an adopted daughter; and he became to her at once the most indulgent and respectable of fathers with the title of husband.

Lord Milford and the Marquis found that they possessed congenial natures and compatible characters from the first moment. The young Englishman did not give headlong into this new acquaintance. But naturally of a generous disposition, and full of soul, he was grateful for the least mark of real kindness. M. d'Azemar, on his part, from loving his young wife, loved young people in general.

With paternal interest he pleased himself with that primitive frankness and candour which are attributes of that period, which the contagious breath of the corrupting world has not yet tainted. The constant habit of suffering, added to the amenity of his character, instead of taking it away. It is with those men, over whom the abuse of pleasure has superinduced premature infirmities, that we find bitter remembrances and useless regrets, which exhale in a harsh manner and severe words; and which cause them to hate their kind still more than themselves. But with the Marquis d'Azemar, a frail and delicate tenement, a frame often a prey to pain, enclosed a spirit endowed with exquisite sensibility. Constrained to renounce the motive of living for himself, he lived in others and for them. With such a nature, he soon felt the value of the noble character of Lord Milford. He frankly declared his esteem, and invited him to regard his house as his own. At watering places, and in a foreign country, acquaintances are far more easily, intimately, and rapidly made, from a sense of the necessity of being in haste to reap the fruits of the short time that can be passed together; still more from the distance which will soon interpose between them. This tendency of mutual attraction—this tacit desire of intimacy common to all good hearts in respectable society, is one of its highest charms, the first tie of strangers, and to enjoy it, probably, the best boon of riches.

At the first view of Adrienne, Milford was fascinated; as who was not? But on the second reflection of his thoughtful character, he was astonished with her exhaustless vivacity, her frequent sallies, and her apparent levity. Then again he became

softened, in discovering, that to numberless piquant and inexplicable graces she united a most ingenuous disposition and an excellent heart. He could not but take pleasure in contemplating her in presence of her husband, always wearing a tempered gaiety, dignified in her docile submission, and simple in the expression of an affection, on which she always contrived to cast a character of filial piety. Radiant in the innocence of her beauty, his eyes became involuntarily fixed upon her, while she prodigally lavished upon her husband attentions equally delicate and touching. It revived in his thoughts the image of a young Mussulman beauty surrounding the tomb of her lover with flowers.

This amiable, gentle and happy child, (from her freshness she seemed such), as is common to the impulse of a good disposition naturally sought to be beloved, and was not slow to remark the strong sentiment of preference, which the noble and brilliant Englishman unconsciously betrayed for her. In turn she soon let him see, with the ingenuousness of innocence, the pleasure she felt in meeting him. The Marquis d'Azemar appeared to feel in perfect accordance with this preference—and availing himself of a circumstance, which caused the approaching spectacle to be deferred for a month, invited Milford to accompany him to Barcelona. Perceiving that his presence already entered naturally into the arrangements of the family, he consented.

This excursion into Catalonia proved uncommonly interesting, and appeared to each of the three travellers to be only too brief. The Marquis d'Azemar, deprived of most other pleasures, loved that of conversation, and was always interesting.

Milford, too, contrary to his custom became conversable, and so frank, as almost to think aloud. Adrienne on her part animated their talks by the vivacity of her repartees, imparting an infinite charm in the freshness and simplicity of her ideas. In no one of their conversations was the attention of Milford so completely riveted, as in that, in which he spoke of Adrienne in her presence, discussing her singular position, and the motives, which had induced him to espouse her.

“My dear child,” said he, with the affectionate and gay benevolence, which was peculiar to him, “you must imagine yourself a virgin of the sun, or a young vestal. You know, that the gods only loved beautiful victims.”

“Victims!” replied Adrienne, “I do not comprehend the word. Suppose you had not seen fit to espouse me, I should have been—What? A canoness. Ah well! I should then have loved heaven, as I now love you.”

She had preserved a certain habit of her childhood, that of giving names of her own to all her friends. Her husband she invariably called *my father*, the gayest of her companions *the prude*; the most mischievous, *the benevolent*; “and you, my lord,” said she one day to Milford, “how shall I call you? You must be something to me, and all my inmates have a name.”

Milford replied, that he should think his share fortunate, if she would honour him with the title of *friend*.

“Not at all; it is too hackneyed and sentimental a term. Besides, I wish to employ you in my service.”

“Right;” replied the Englishman, “I am named then. I shall take pleasure in hearing you always address me as—*your servant*.”

“All in good time,” rejoined her husband, laughing; “but only on condition, that in answering, you never reply to her by any other name, than—my master.”

Milford relaxed his gravity at these levities; and began to contemplate Madam d’Azemar with that interest inspired by the youth and inexperience of beauty just reaching the age of the passions, without having yet known their intoxication or their danger. He questioned himself in silent reflection, whether she were seducer or seduced, possessing the credulity of innocence or the deception of art; if her infinite resources of pleasing would result in her own misery, or that of others? By degrees it became more difficult for him to conceal from himself the impression, which this young beauty had produced upon him, an impression, which the daily habit of seeing her could not but fortify. He possessed, however, sufficient confidence in his own self-control, to feel sure, that his purpose to preserve his principles and his own self-esteem would still have the ascendancy over this growing sentiment. His moral philosophy was put to a sufficient proof, during his stay at Barcelona.

On a certain morning, when the marquis had proposed to conduct Adrienne to that beautiful promenade, which leads from the port to the arsenal, an incident compelled him to remain at home. As the promenade was an arranged matter, he begged Milford to accompany Madame d’Azemar there, promising, as soon as he had despatched the business

which detained him, to rejoin them. It was the first time he had ever found himself alone with Adrienne. The novelty of his position threw him into an involuntary embarrassment. His fair young hostess leaned upon his arm, and in the thrill of pleasure, which he felt from the gentle pressure, it seemed to him an electric communication of something of her essence, almost angelic, rather than voluptuous. It is the property of the only love, that is worthy of the name, to impart a sanctity to what it loves.

It was high spring, the delicious spring of Spain; and under a beautiful sky, in the view of innumerable odoriferous plants and flowers, and the universal verdure; and the hearts of both were disposed to drink deep of every emotion of happiness. Milford abandoned himself to the charms of a delicious reverie. Occasionally reminded that politeness demanded some words to his fair companion, he pronounced a few insignificant phrases without object, relapsing soon into his former silence. He began, in his mind, to blame the marquis for that excess of confidence which he would have felt an insupportable weight, had he feared having any reproach to make himself. In one of those moments, when he felt the obligation to tear himself from his thoughts, he said, arousing from his reverie, "Madam, what a beautiful view!"

"It seems so," replied she with an embarrassed and distracted air.

"How, it seems so!" cried Milford.

"Heavens! I was not thinking of what I said," she answered immediately with a blushing simplicity. "My Lord, I have great pleasure in this

walk. I would be glad to know why I find it so difficult to converse with you, when M. d'Azemar is not present."

Surprised and delighted with this ingenuous avowal, which proved to him, that without wishing it, without even being aware of it, this charming woman found herself with him in one of those pleasant relations, the influence of which is so inexplicable that it might well be attributed to a beneficent star. He pressed for a moment the arm which he held to his bosom, and cast upon her the involuntary glance of betrayed emotion. Perhaps he would have spoken; but the view of M. d'Azemar, who was now approaching them, spared him the remorse that would have followed. He cast down his eyes, blushed, and let fall the arm of Adrienne. The result of his emotions was so quick, and the movement in consequence so nervous, that she turned and asked what was the matter. Before he could reply, the marquis rejoined them, Milford become calm, and Adrienne had regained her vivacity. The day after this incident, the travellers resumed their route to Pampeluna.

CHAPTER III.

ECCENTRIC VIEWS.

WE should fall into a great mistake, if we supposed, for a moment, that the vivid interest of Milford for Madam d'Azemar, or to speak more plainly, his love was not perfectly in accordance with the principles which his parents had transmitted him. He loved this charming woman with a security so much the more blind, as the insurmountable obstacle of her marriage, and his confidence in his own integrity fortified him against himself. I do not say, that if he had thus known Adrienne, free, or as a widow, his anti-nuptial system would not have been shaken. Undoubtedly, in thinking of the happiness which he might have tasted, if he had received from the hands of innocence and nature this most perfect of their works; if he might have been for her as a creative and beneficent genius, teaching her to think, to feel, and love, it is difficult to believe, that in that case he would not rather have renounced his opinions, than his sentiments. But she was not free; was not a widow. Milford, then, could give himself up without apprehension to such a sort of exalted admiration as the minds of the pious, who adore a simple abstract excellence of reason, indulge. It may not be denied that he loved. But with a man, who

unites a clear cool head, with a proud character, and a burning spirit, love is no longer one of those contemptible passions which changes with the next illusion, one of those ephemeral fevers which the possession of the desired object cures. This is a love which reason may not extinguish. It may condemn it to silence, and it is the triumph of virtue to do it. It is not a fire which becomes extinct under its ashes, but a destructive flame which continues to burn in the midst of waters. Perhaps it had no where existed more struggled with, more silent, more deep and active, than in the case of the English traveller.

In presence of Adrienne he was silent; but in solitude, this single idea filled his whole heart. Then he walked with great strides; and the vivacity of his restless movements equalled the melancholy energy of his thoughts. Always filled, fatigued, saddened with the same thought, nothing could be an emblem of his ill-fated love but that figure of *Hope*, which, in one of the paintings of Herculaneum, he had seen under the form of a beautiful woman nourishing a Chimera. It was allowable him to sigh, since he might without witness, over the painful necessity of separating from Madame d'Azemar, the object of a passion which was fed by no hope. But chance offered him a consolation as extraordinary and original as was his own eccentric character.

The announcement of the bull-fight had attracted to Pampeluna traders and artists of all descriptions. One of the latter exhibited a collection of illustrious and renowned personages, represented with great fidelity, in wax, such as the Empress queen, Cath-

erine II., Washington, M. de La Fayette, Mademoiselle d'Eon, Joseph II., Frederiek the Great, and Desrues. Whether their perfect resemblance inspired respect or astonishment, whether they had been the honour or the disgrace of humanity, all concurred alike to procure admiration for the talent of the artist.

Milford visited him one morning, and engaged his services for himself. The price was regulated by the importance of the rich nobleman; and it was agreed that the young lady, who, without knowing it, was to serve as the model, should be invited to visit the spectacle, where Milford should contrive to detain her a half an hour. He exacted not only that the imitation should be perfect, not only the features, the stature, the port, and even the attitude; and it was to be clad precisely as she should be on the day of the promised sitting. In this way Milford proposed to possess, at least in the form of a statue, a beloved object, which he could never hope to obtain in any other way, in the same way as he preserved in his port-folio designs of superb palaces and beautiful castles, which he had no intention to purchase.

He had no sooner proposed to Madame d'Azemar to visit the spectacle of wax-figures, than she engaged her husband to accompany her. The good marquis consented less from curiosity than complaisance. As Adrienne entered, she could not restrain a movement of surprise at the view of such a circle of men and women in a sitting posture; and was about to offer an excuse for the negligence of her morning dress, when she recollected that all these figures that seemed so living, were of wax; for it so happened

that the man who exhibited the show at this moment was out.

Every thing was arranged to Lord Milford's wish. Even the unconscious model seconded his plan as well, as if she had been in the secret. "Why have they not represented here any but old women?" asked she. "I wish they may place a young figure among them. I am going to sit for it. Suppose for one moment, my lord, that I am changed to a statue of wax." She sat down laughing. Her new position gave her a view of Desrues. "Oh! how horrible!" she exclaimed. "I will not remain a moment in such bad company." "Sir," said she to the artist, "do me the favour to carry him away, while I am sitting."

The Marquis d'Azemar, who was a convert to the doctrines of Lavater, profited by this occasion to study the countenance of that consummate villain, and ceased to converse, intently occupied in searching in that calm and atrocious face the index of a guilt deaf to the cries of conscience even in his last moments.

"My lord," asked Adrienne, "what manner must I take in order to play my part here?"

"That of Mademoiselle d'Eon?"

"No. I would not be Mademoiselle d'Eon. Think you not my lord, that I would prefer to be Herminia, rather than Clorinda?"

"The empress of Russia, then?"

"No. She conducted too badly towards her husband."

"Ah! the queen of Hungary, say you?"

"That is a different case; but I have no babe at my bosom to show to the Hungarians. I should love, notwithstanding, to hear a whole army exclaim, drawing

their sabres, we will die for our king Adrienne. Come, you will think I can best personate fool, after all. What a figure is that of your Duchess of Devonshire! I should like to be handsomer than even she was. Oh! if I had her figure and fortune, I would have palaces as she had; but I would not hold myself obliged to inhabit them. Gild walls as they may, they are still but walls. It is always a cage. I would choose to sleep, since unhappily we must sleep, under a dome, which should represent night. I would take for my architect the poet Bernis. 'Her front crowned with stars, night slowly rises on the scene, and the darkness of her veil browns the azure of the firmament. Dreams in silence draw her chariot, sown thick with sapphires. Love, the while, poises himself in the air upon the humid wing of the zephyrs.' The dome should represent that beautiful night. Instead of walls I would be surrounded with a palisade of roses and jessamines. I should love to imagine that I no longer slept upon the earth."

In uttering these girlish pastorals, she placed herself in positions of all that gracefulness which was natural to her. Milford regarded her, smiling, while she was playing off these airs of the moment. But the artist, the while, had without her knowledge seized his model. Meantime the Marquis, having terminated his analysis of one of the most horrible monsters of the past age, exclaimed, "It is useless to expect to resolve my doubts, by looking longer. If he was not the most detestable of wretches, he must have been the most innocent of men. Let us go. It distresses me to look at him." A caress from Adrienne instantly effaced the sadness from the mind of M. d'Azemar, and they left the spectacle.

The artist spared no pains to satisfy Milford. However high had been his previous opinion of his talent, he surpassed it, and in a few days his chef d'œuvre was entirely finished. Every thing was executed to perfection—the eyes, the tresses, the rosy lips, even the expression of Adrienne. There was the velvet smoothness, the freshness and the tint of the lily and the rose, the snowy whiteness and the delicate rounding of her neck of ivory. The charm of her smile was in her countenance and on her lips; her fresh breath, her touching voice, the movement of her respiring bosom seemed suspended, but voluntarily. She was about to breathe and speak. Milford thought that he had not fully paid the artist in giving him what he demanded. As soon as he was possessed of this almost living copy, he charmed himself in secret with placing this new Galatea in all possible attitudes of grace. Sometimes he reclined it on a sofa, that he might have the pleasure of imagining her asleep. Sometimes he placed it in an adjoining cottage, pensive and leaning upon the hand, as if regretting his absence. In more imaginative moods, he projected the building a temple, into which he alone should enter, and where she, the only object of the worship, should be placed erect upon an altar.

CHAPTER IV.

THE MEDALLION.

THE day of the bull-fight at length arrived. It took place in the most beautiful square of the city, in the midst of a circular arena. Adrienne repaired thither at an early hour, accompanied by her husband and Lord Milford. Impelled by the curiosity natural to young women, who have no foresight of danger, nor fear, until it arrives, she had chosen a place the nearest possible to the spectacle; and she seated herself directly in front of the enclosure. Strange, that a woman of her delicate and sensitive nature should have been there at all. Let us remember that in the periods, when gladiators fought in the amphitheatre at Rome, among the thousands of fair ones attracted by the irresistible influence of female curiosity, some must have been of natures kind, timid and feminine.

The trumpet sounded, and the bull appeared. He sprang at the first cavalier, who awaited him, with a lance supported on his thigh. The animal received a wound on the shoulder, and recoiled. He began to show exhaustion from the loss of blood; but in his writhing, his eyes sparkled with rage, which he expressed by pawing the ground, and lashing his sides with his tail. After the pause of a

moment, the trumpet announced the attack of the *matadore*. He advanced with a handkerchief wrapped round his left arm, and holding in his right a mallet, with which he struck the bull, to goad him to fury, and yet not to kill him. The dying animal collected all his power, and darted upon him. To avoid his impending fate, the *matadore* leaped the enclosure precisely at the point where Adrienne sat. The furious bull cleared his barrier by a bound, and followed him. A general shriek announced the danger of the young wife, almost overborne by the animal. With the instinct of terror, she threw herself into the arms of Milford. He received her, leaped the double tier of benches, from which the spectators flew in terror, and bore her safely away. Imagine the delight of the English lover, in having saved Adrienne. He held his precious burden in his arms, and sprang away with her, as though his powers were doubled by the weight. The trembling girl was pressed to his bosom, and her panting breath confounded with his. Removed far from the danger, he still stood erect holding her in his arms, as though unconscious, from the ecstasy of his satisfaction. When at length she opened her eyes, and returned to herself, he had the consideration to lay her gently on the nearest terrace. The first movement of Adrienne was to smile upon her young deliverer. Her first words were, "where is M. d'Azemar? In this first remembrance was so much truth and affection, that a sentiment of respect for the saved instantly mingled in the heart of Milford with his love for her. The marquis and he had both followed the same impulse in their earnest interest for Adrienne. But Milford had seen only her. Her husband had noted only

the furious animal. The fear had been greater than the harm or danger. A hundred Spaniards had instantly presented as many drawn swords interposing a wall of steel between the animal and the ladies. He fell, the moment he had leaped by Adrienne, pierced by twenty blows of the cutlass.

The marquis had now joined his wife, and perceiving that she still respired rapidly and with pain, he strove to undo from her neck a medallion, which she wore. In his eagerness, he broke the chain, and it fell into the hands of Milford. Adrienne soon recovered from her terror, and said, laughing, to the young Englishman, "My lord, what a powerful man you are to be able to leap at that rate! Had you lived in the time of Romulus, I suspect you would have borne off at least a couple of Sabine ladies." Words arose to Milford to reply, "Had you been there, I am certain I should have carried off but one." They lingered on his lips. She interrupted what she feared would follow—"But, I know not how it happened," resumed she; "at the moment, when I threw myself in your arms, it seemed as if yours were prepared to receive me."

Those who have fired a house, to have the pleasure of saving the mistress from the flames; those who from a sinking boat have saved the object of their love by swimming ashore with her, can only form an idea of the secret satisfaction which Milford enjoyed. But he found himself placed between a great happiness and a great inquietude. The medallion, in the moment of surprise, had remained in his possession. On returning to his lodging, he found it in his pocket, and his first thought was to keep it carefully hidden from every eye but

his own. The medallion had belonged to Adrienne. She had touched it—worn it. Chance had put it in his hands. Ought he to restore it? There was a struggle between himself and his conscience. On which side soever righteousness may have been, he resolved to keep it; so true it is, that in what concerns coveting another's goods, conscience is sometimes permitted to make nice distinctions. But would not Adrienne remember that she had lost it? Would not the marquis recollect, that he had let it fall into his hands? I can not affirm, that in either case Milford would have denied the possession. Happily, and to his great satisfaction, neither the one nor the other reclaimed it.

Two days elapsed between the bull-fight and the departure of the marquis and Adrienne for France. By no pretext, which would satisfy his conscience, could Milford follow them. Their last embrace lingered in his memory, and their last adieus faded on his ear. Nothing remained to him but the waxen figure, the medallion and memory.

CHAPTER V.

RETURN TO LONDON.

WE may well imagine, that Lord Milford had no disposition to remain at Pampeluna another day. He suspended the precious medallion from the neck of what he called Adrienne, and thought only of the safest mode of transporting his treasure to his own abode. He procured the construction of a magnificent closet of cedar wood. In this the image of his beloved was carefully placed on a couch, and deposited in a carriage, before which his valet was instructed to march. At every relay of horses, the mysterious coffer excited curiosity, and became the object of numberless conjectures. Some thought it enclosed a prodigious instrument of music. Others, who had heard exaggerated accounts of the whimsical lengths, to which the English sometimes carry the demonstrations of their affections, supposed that it contained a coffin, and the body of either a sister or a wife.

At the frontier the Spanish officers of the customs wished to have certainty in regard to the contents of the coffer. A quarrel commenced, in which the *alcaldé* was called. Milford swore that no one should open the coffer, until he had first taken his life, but gave at the same time his word of honour,

that the coffer contained nothing, the exportation of which was forbidden by law. "Spaniards," said he, "you can not have forgotten, that at the taking of Barcelona, the Earl of Peterborough taught you to believe implicitly in the word of an Englishman."*

The alcaldé explained what he said to the people, who did not understand his language, and Milford was allowed to pass.

He had deemed it a precaution of prudence to send a valet in advance, with an adequate sum to secure the commissary of the French custom house. The precaution was useless. At the gate the acting officer opened it, and said to him, his hat in his hand, "Pass my lord; a man like you will carry nothing contrary to the orders of the king." Milford arrived fortunately at Bayonne, where he found, as he had expected, an English frigate, which bore him home to his country.

* The Earl of Peterborough was one of the most singular men of a country and an age so fertile in proud, courageous and eccentric spirits. He was fighting in Spain almost at his own expense, and besieged Barcelona with the Prince of Darmstadt. A bomb burst in a fort and fired the powder magazine. The fort was taken, and the city capitulated. The viceroy spoke to Peterborough at the gate of the city. The capitulation was not yet signed, when, on all sides were heard cries and shouts. "You betray us," said the viceroy, "while we are capitulating. Your English have already entered the city by the ramparts. They are engaged in murder, pillage, and violation." "You mistake," said the earl. "It must be the troops of the Prince of Darmstadt. Allow me to enter on the spot with my English. I will appease all, and will return to this gate to complete the capitulation." His tone of truth and grandeur persuaded the viceroy. He was allowed, on his word, to enter the city. He hastened to the spot with his officers, appeased the commotion, and returned to the gate to sign the capitulation.

Siecle de Louis 14th.

CHAPTER VI.

AN ENGLISH PEER.

OUR annals pass over an interval of ten years, in which no events material to this narrative occurred. Lord Milford by the death of one of his uncles, of whom he was the sole heir, had become Lord Moreland, and he will henceforward bear that name. He had become a member of the house of lords, as the eldest of his family. His patriotism and his eloquence gave him an honourable place in the party of the opposition. He possessed in Westminster a splendid mansion, and Moreland Castle, a beautiful country seat in the county of Middlesex, on the shores of the Thames. His estates yielded him fourteen thousand sterling a year; and he was entirely free from debt. His extensive acquaintance with men in foreign countries had rectified his judgment, destroyed some of his prejudices, and had changed his pride of country into a feeling of true love for it. He was frank in the indulgence of the English right, that of not withholding his opinion. In physics he had thoughts, which he knew how to keep to himself; for he had seen, that in this science received dogmas are often overturned by new and contradictory discoveries. In morals, he had not advanced to the forming of new systems, as has

been since allowed. The ancient doctrine was inscribed on his conscience, and made a part of his religion.

Lord Moreland was the protector, friend, tutor, and in some sense the parent of his two sisters, Lady Caroline and Lady Mary Milford. He was, from his known candour and integrity, the umpire of his neighbours, and the father of his tenants. But with all the strength of his understanding, and the elevation of his mind, he payed a full tithe to some of the foibles of human nature. But, as a philosopher, he adopted the maxim of the amiable author of "*The Mussulman's Dream*"—"The follies, the abuses of the world, in which thou art born, are unworthy to excite the anger of a sage."

He had not the less clung to that foible, that absurd anti-nuptial prejudice, with which he had entered upon life. In brief, that which had been at first but a transmitted aversion, adopted in a blind confidence, had become a system of personal preference, so much the more intimately identified with his thoughts, as the system had at length allied itself with his most delightful meditations now cherished for years. Adrienne had never ceased for a day to be present to his remembrance, and had closed his heart against any impression from another source, without, however, inspiring him with any other permanent sentiments, than regrets. The destiny of that young victim, her distance, the ceasing to hear from her for years, in fine, the daily and intense contemplation of her image continually imparted new force to his gloomy system, and in his own mind authorized his antipathy for that indis-

soluble tie, so often fixed in incompatibility, which society has consecrated by the name of marriage.

He lived in London, as a man of his rank ought to live, mixed in company, and saw and received his friends. His house was fitted up in a style of grandeur and luxury appropriate to his rank and standing. But he indulged not in reckless profusion, or aimless expense. Simple and modest in the ordinary tenor of his life, his object was less to shine, than to be surrounded with happy associates. Gentle, equable, indulgent, he was severe only upon one point. He resolved to have nobody about him but persons like himself vowed to celibacy. Even his servants were all obliged to be unmarried men, and not one of them could bend him in the slightest degree from that purpose.

In the races at New Market he took as brilliant a part, and entered into it with as much solicitude and fire, as Fox himself; and as if the issue were to settle the question of a mistress or an empire. The gambler, the lover, the ambitious, smiled with pity. We never find indulgence towards others, except for being under the sway of our own passions. Lord Moreland enjoyed his youth, health and fortune, as a sage. If a subscription were opened to make a public road, if a hospital or asylum were to be endowed, his name did not fail to appear upon the marble tablet over the gate of the establishment; an adroit and useful arrangement, which at once pays for the benefaction, and betrays the vanity of the donor. From the moment at Lloyd's, or the Exchange, an advertisement announced a discovery in the arts, or sciences, with an invitation to raise a subscription to enable an in-

digent and laborious discoverer to carry into effect on a great scale any thing which promised to contribute to the national glory and prosperity, Moreland was named in the journals as one of the committee appointed to report in regard to the utility of the discovery. When he had determined that it was an useful one, it seldom remained more than eight days, without being filled. He had been known to subscribe to such beneficent purposes five hundred guineas at a time. Yet, from his wise pecuniary arrangements, from his never indulging in the folly of lending, and from the judicious management of his estates, he was never in debt, and his resources were constantly advancing. It was thus, that the name, opulence, and consideration of Lord Moreland, in all his relations to society, composed that splendid career, which, thus sustained, leaves no ground for one of the higher English peers to envy even his sovereign.

CHAPTER VII.

THE CLUB OF BACHELORS.

ENGLAND is, of all countries, apparently, that one where men of similar dispositions and pursuits have the greatest inclination to form clubs and mutual attachments. Both the physical and moral conformity of the people, the wealth, commerce, habits, even the climate, create this disposition to concentrate similar tastes and likings in this way. The law of moral cohesion goes into full effect in regard to the harmony which reigns among these like-minded equals, brought together by the surest of all ties, that of sympathy. Hence it happens, that at London, *coteries* of all kinds are more common than in any other city. The society of Duellists, which had been formed there about this time, had but a short duration; not that the members of this society were ever wanting in redeeming their mutual pledges to each other, but because it was found difficult to unite courtesy and happiness with the necessity of perpetual quarrel. The *Two-penny* club had been immortalized for its amenity and the wisdom of its laws, by Addison. There was the peaceable and happy union of the *Ugly Club*, and the very different one of men great in the first particular, to wit: in size, composed of fifteen members,

the condition of whose union was, that the whole should always weigh, in a mass, a ton and a half. But a club of members devoted to celibacy, had not yet been established in that region so fertile in the production of whimsical re-unions. It remained for Lord Moreland to found this club.

In developing the principles of the founder, we have already explained the principles of the associates. We only add some details, touching the establishment and its laws. The number of members was limited to two hundred. As one is always tempted to believe that his own opinion is orthodox and irrefragable, and cannot fail to make proselytes, it was confidently expected, that this number would soon be filled up by persons from the most select classes of society. But the members were not slow to perceive that, notwithstanding the peculiar impulse of the English people towards extravagant ideas, it was more difficult to obtain members of the right qualifications for the club of bachelors, than to fill the chapter of Strasburg. They were obliged, on the very first day of the sitting, to modify an organic arrangement; and it was decided to admit to the rank of members unmarried persons without giving a pledge. Still further, they voted to admit foreign correspondents, as honorary members. But after all, the ranks were not filled, until the memorable day, when, by an unanimous vote, they determined even to admit widowers. The society immediately perceived, from that time, an addition of members. In a short period widowers carried a majority of the votes, and were the chief speakers. Every one listens with interest to the voice of experience. No persons reason with so much elo-

quence and conviction upon the marine, as the ancient pilots laid up at Greenwich, who have braved the dangers and encountered the tempests of every sea. Moreland remarked with great satisfaction, that from the time of the admission of these new auxiliaries, the club manifested more mental firmness, more attachment to its fundamental principles, and that desertion was much less frequent; for it was not to be denied, that many of the ancient bachelors, and even some of the young ones, occasionally outraged the society by abandoning it, notwithstanding the bitter penalty attached to a crime so capital. This terrible law of abandonment required that every man convicted of having quit the club by marrying, should formally enter, after the lapse of a year, and declare on his honour, whether he was or was not content with his connubial tie. A clause equally severe was appended, which bore, that the culprit should bring a certificate from his wife, attesting that she had not repented. The club then named a committee, who should repair to the spot, and respectfully satisfy themselves, whether the signatures were real and the facts as set forth. These facts were put down, as matter of record, in their register, to serve as the basis of a critical history of celibacy, an immense work, which they commenced to write. The materials of this work become rich and abundant, in proportion as the relations of the society were extended. They were composed of tables of divorces and separations, of which their correspondents furnished them the exact and rather revolting details, not only at home, but translated from all the languages of Europe. The club soon became rich in the most ample ma-

terials. The book became one prodigious matrimonial groan. The members delivered harangues, and wrote dissertations and memoirs, fortifying their principles with the sighs and complainings of ancients and moderns. Three essays in particular carried all the suffrages, and obtained particular applause. The first was entitled "An Essay upon Celibacy," and was remarkable by its motto translated from the Greek.—"There are, two happy days in marriage, the *first* and the *last*." The second was the historical eulogy of an illustrious English bachelor, with this inscription.—"Marry and do well. Let it alone, and do better." The third was an exquisite little poem in three cantos, entitled "Honey Moon, or the three first months of marriage," rather ironical in its figures and images.

Moreland was elected president of the club which he had founded, neither on account of his rank, talents or opinions alone, but chiefly for the reason, that he was the youngest member of the club; and because on a decisive and memorable occasion, the young, according to the testimony of history, had been found the most eloquent and victorious defenders of celibacy against marriage.

CHAPTER VIII.

MORELAND CASTLE.

WE have seen how Lord Moreland lived at London. But he was more peculiarly at home at Moreland Castle. It was there only, in its unrestrained freedom, that the singularity of his mind and character found unlimited scope, showing itself beneficent and amiable, even in its eccentricity. We have seen that he had travelled much. He had read and reflected profoundly upon the character and institutions of countries, that he had not visited. His travels, reading, reflections and modes of life, all formed for him a very peculiar character; but which, even in its aberrations, so far from being revolting and blameable, rendered him respectable and beloved in his whimsical singularity.

He had studied to transfer to his country residence and his vast park, all his remembrances from travelling and reading in different parts of Europe, Asia and America. Behind his mansion, he had built a wing of singular elegance and beauty. It contained many spacious apartments, terminating in a most luxurious boudoir, which, however, no lady had ever entered. It always remained interdicted to the scrutiny of any one, save Moreland himself. The key was never intrusted even to his sisters,

who knew no better, than any one else, to what uses this delicious place was destined. This wing was inhabited only by the keeper of his establishment; and the servants. Beautiful gravelled walks led from the termination of this wing amidst deep and embowering groves to different structures appropriated to strangers, or to the friends, whom Lord Moreland received, and where they were lodged according to their own fancy.

Each of these fabrics was so masqued as to create a surprise. The furniture was all in the cottage style, and the whole arrangement had a double reference to the highest ornament and the utmost utility. The door of an entry hung with a red frock, a basket and a straw hat, and other rustic appurtenances, opened to the richest and most splendid prospect. Such was the kind of illusion, which the opulent Englishman strove to create in the plan of his different buildings.

A little further was an imitation of an Arabic habitation. The buildings round it served the purpose of stables. It was there he displayed a magnificence peculiarly English, conducting his guests with internal self complacency to that place to admire his superb horses. A rustic building upon a hill, enclosed in a park, formed one striking point of view. It was a Swiss habitation, like those of *Pays du Vaud*. He lodged none of his friends at so great a distance from his house; but it served as an abode to a shepherd and a grange for the beautiful kine and merinos of the establishment.

Nearer to the mansion, in the midst of a meadow divided by a stream, which fell in a cascade under a vault of weeping willows, was a pavilion in the

richest Italian style. It was in a sheltered position, and looked to the south. One might have imagined himself transported into Frioul or Polesina. The interior distribution and furniture of this building corresponded to the external architecture. It was impossible not to imagine in it its destination—the abode of some beautiful woman from Rome, Venice or Naples. The paintings retraced many remembrances of Lord Moreland during his travels. They were full of the brilliant sky, the luxuriant repose and the voluptuous life of the south. One of the paintings was that of the wife of the Venetian *procureur*, who, seeming to observe him asleep, wrote a billet—“I am in the vein.” It was a recollection of the billet, which victor had received, and of which Moreland had taken a copy.

At some distance from the Italian structure, and on the shores of the Thames, which bounded this sumptuous estate, was seen a wigwam of the red men of Canada. The cabin was covered with vignonias and coloquintidas, and embowered in tulip trees and maples, in the midst of a savanna. The most beautiful river of England closed the prospect. But the eye, deceived by the species of the trees, which were of the most majestic of the forest products of the new world, saw in this stream the image of a humble tributary, winding away in the distance, to mingle its waters with the magnificent Mississippi, the father of streams.

In this building, the interior corresponded with the exterior; but still it was nature corrected. Two Indian mats, wrought of reeds, covered two excellent beds. Above, a bearskin suspended from the ceiling seemed only to form a dome to shelter a poor Huron

family from the storms, during their sleep. But when the occupant retired to rest, a concealed silk cord let down a pavilion with the richest curtains, and savage semblance only concealed European luxury, put forth in its most studied elegance. Two beautiful paintings conveyed an idea of the manners of the red children of nature. A savage lover holds a rustic flute to a young Indian girl in bed, uncertain, whether she will receive it, and blow upon it. She covers up her head in sign of refusal. The other painting reverses the scene. The young Indian girl blows the flute, and accepts her lover for her spouse. I pass over many other appendages to this magnificent establishment, which may be easily imagined, as carrying out the sumptuous details of this paradise of an opulent and fanciful Englishman.

CHAPTER IX.

A RECOGNITION.

THE era of these annals was in the first period of the calamities of the French revolution. Masses of the unfortunate, seeking an asylum, were floated upon England. Thousands of men and women of all ages and every rank ennobled their destitution and suffering by their courage and patience. Never had misfortune imposed severer lessons or afforded loftier examples. Among others a young officer of rank gave one of the most difficult to imitate. Grateful for an asylum, which he had found in London, he refused to accept any other benefit. Determining to owe nothing to any one but himself, his daily labour supplied those wants, which a noble pride forbade him to allow to be satisfied from any other quarter. He lived by his talent for painting, exercised in taking female portraits. A Frenchman even in his suffering, it was his consolation to catch those gentle and gracious traits, which belong to the feminine countenances of the fair English; and he loved to imagine, that the beautiful and opulent models would feel themselves repaid for a little of their superfluous gold, by the fidelity with which the painter seized their lovely expression.

His talent soon brought him in relations of kind-

ness with many people of fashion. The gentleness, gaiety, decency, dignity and reserve of his conduct, the suppression even of the appearance of dejection or regret, had united for him a general and vivid interest. Lord Moreland, the friend of talents, and still more of the unfortunate, heard of this interesting young painter. He instantly applied himself, with the accustomed earnestness of his beneficent zeal, to procure him employment, without having even asked his name. He avoided making himself known, from the delicate scruple of not showing to the obliged the persons who had conferred the benefit, that the obligation, being unappropriated, might be less felt.

Wishing something for himself, he recommended to the artist, according to his avowed principles, instead of female portraits, a historical painting. Before the end of the week a sketch was brought him, which filled him with equal pleasure and astonishment. It was a view of Gibraltar. Near the advanced works were seen two officers proceeding from the camp of St. Roch, which was distinguishable in the distance. On the reverse of the English battery appeared General Elliot. His attitude indicated that it was by his order that a cannonier was firing a bullet over the heads of these rash young men, only to announce to them, that they ought not to approach so near. The two French officers, in retiring, took off their hats, to show that they had understood the kindness of the warning, and the military punctiliousness of the politeness, with which it had been given them.

Moreland not only recollected that such a fact had there occurred, but found his own figure in the

painting near that of General Elliot, of whom he was at that time the *aid de camp*. At the same time, in the white uniform faced with red of one of the French officers, he instantly recognized his travelling companion, the Count de Leyris. Persuaded that the young painter, so generally popular, was either a friend of the count, or the count himself, he set off at the moment to settle the fact, in imagination holding out his arms to embrace his friend, framing reproaches to him for having forgotten, that Lord Moreland would always be Lord Milford for him; or rather reproaching himself for having, through a scruple of delicacy, refused to make himself known to the artist.

Lord Moreland had arrived near the indicated residence of the painter, when he observed a crowd of people gathered round two men apparently in a hot dispute. It was a mechanic, who, on finding that a young Frenchman was not to be imposed upon in an article he was attempting to sell him, fixed a quarrel upon him. The elegant young stranger, tall and vigorous, avoided the first blows of his antagonist, and watching his opportunity, threw him to the ground, holding him under his feet rather humiliated than injured. All the spectators cheered the stranger for thus punishing their quarrelsome countryman, and applauded his courage and success. Moreland drew near, according to the fashion of his country, to compliment the victor. It was the Count de Leyris. Upon their mutual recognition, they were instantly in each others arms. After the first burst of affection and joy had subsided, Lord Moreland took him by the arm, saying, "You will act towards me, as I would to you, had I been in your:

country in misfortune. You will not leave me. You must accompany me at once to Middlesex, where I am now going."

Victor had only time to shake off the dust of his conflict, arrange his slender stock of effects, his colours, pencils and pistols. The carriage of his friend was immediately at the door; and the horses, driven by one of the most adroit jockeys in England, soon brought them to Moreland Castle. The day was declining, and they were traversing the dreary space of Blackheath, when three men, well mounted, arrested them, one before the driver, whom the view of his fire arms rendered motionless, and the other two, one on each side of the carriage. They were robbers, who were performing the operations of their calling with that ceremonious politeness, which only appertains to the profession in this strange country.

Lord Moreland drew his purse and handed it to them, saying with great tranquillity, "Gentlemen, you commence early this evening." At the same moment Victor, who had not yet received his initiation into English usages, drew his pistols, and broke the head of the robber nearest him. The other, whose arm was held out to receive Moreland's purse, let it fall beside the carriage, as he saw his companion drop, and disappeared. Victor took up the fallen purse, and handed it to his friend, felicitating himself in having been already of some service. But Moreland replied to his great astonishment, "My dear sir, I hope you will not take it into your head to do such a thing again. We never kill robbers on the high way. When they are taken, the juries are in the habit of executing the laws upon

them. But it is a matter of tacit convention between the public and these people, to lay aside a small sum for their service. Think you, that for ten guineas one ought to expose himself to be slain by such reckless rogues as these? They will shoot an English peer as quick as a Polish Jew."

"My friend," replied Victor, laughing, "I stand corrected. It is well for me, that no one has seen my unconscious violation of usages, which it is only necessary to understand, in order to respect. I committed this mistake in ignorance and good faith, and there is only one scoundrel less, for what I have done. But since you will not receive the purse, give it to your poor servant, who is half frightened to death."

"No, no," said Lord Moreland. Tom shall have but a half a guinea. He must learn another time not to let go the reins. The rest I will send to the Abbe Carron, one of your countrymen, and founder of a most respectable charity for emigrants in distress."

Without further accident the carriage drove into the court yard of Moreland Castle.

CHAPTER X.

AN INTRODUCTION.

LORD MORELAND conducted Victor into the hall and introduced him to the two young ladies. The sisters were of characters strongly contrasted. The elder was called Lady Caroline, and the younger Lady Mary. They had arrived from London earlier than their brother, traversing Blackheath by day light, and of course without danger. Beside, Lady Caroline, according to her custom, had travelled on horseback, with her servant following her, so that it naturally seemed at a distance, as if the carriage of Lady Mary was accompanied with an escort. Lady Caroline was tall and brown, and her regular features, not without beauty, were as decided as her tone and look. She had attained, by virtue of pretension and self complacency, to spoil every thing that nature had done for her, which was in fact a great deal. Education had implanted every ridiculous trait, which useless instruction could engraft upon a wayward mind. She disdained embroidery and the needle. But she could leap a hedge on horseback, and chase a fox with a vigour as masculine as the most sturdy fox-hunter. She mounted her steed with her riding dress, round hat, and whip in hand, and sped away like a whirlwind.

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In fact she feared nothing but spiders, grasshoppers and bats, of which she had an infantine terror. She had a most pressing inclination to talk, because in fact she talked well. Whoever saw her for the first time, always saw her with pleasure. But opening her mouth dissolved the charm. Her tone was so high, her voice so loud, her manner so assured and arrogant, that every one found her either disagreeable or insupportable. One would have thought, that nature had mistaken her sex, in not investing her with the black robe of a Cambridge professor. But as every one is favourably disposed towards a titled and rich young lady, she appeared only a mixed being, who seemed, in disavowing her own sex, not to wish to belong to either. Moreover she wanted not a sort of generosity and elevation of soul; but knew not how to give them value by a gracious and delicate manner; and she sometimes appeared so violent, that people were almost led to suspect her of a bad heart.

Lady Mary was as timid and gentle, as her sister was bold. She had one of those sweet and happy physiognomies, which spring up under the graceful pencil of Angelica Kauffman, and of which affectionate ingenuousness and modesty compose the union. Her happy natural aptitude had been finely developed by a careful education. For a fine lady, the circle of what touches the heart, speaks to the soul, and amuses the understanding, is not very extensive; and she is willing to retrench from what she hears all the useless verbiage. Thus, as soon as a question was discussed, which turned upon politics, metaphysics, chemistry, or physics, Lady Caroline was impatient to mix her voice in it, to ana-

lyze, and decide. Lady Mary cast down her eyes upon her work and listened. But, let any one speak of an act of beneficence, of a trait of generous friendship, or filial piety, her beautiful blue eyes were fixed with an expression of heart and delight upon the narrator, and often tears paid that person for the delicious emotion the tale had caused, an emotion which inclined her to hasten away, that she might enjoy it in secret.

As Moreland entered the hall, "My sisters," said he, presenting the count Victor. "I have brought you a stranger, but who will no longer be one to you. It is my friend of former time, of whom you have so often heard me speak. My dear Victor, become a friend to the sisters, as you have been to the brother, and let them become your sisters, as mine."

The young stranger saluted them with the natural grace of a gentleman used to society, who is neither forward, timid, nor familiar, and which grace gives to a respectable Frenchman his peculiar advantage of pleasing at first sight. He excused himself for the negligence of his dress, alleging the unexpected and agreeable rencontre with his friend, for which he could make no preparation. "Sir," said Lady Caroline, with an air of the most perfect ease, "you are very well. I do not judge gentlemen by their dress."

For Lady Mary, she received the salutation without opening her mouth; but a slight tinge of rose coloured her amiable countenance, whether from embarrassment at the want of it in her sister, or because she was fearful of betraying all the secret satisfaction which she felt, in recognising that the

exterior of Victor answered so well to the conception, which she had already formed of him from the description of her brother.

The servant entered to inform them, that supper was ready. When they had supped, and returned to the hall, and the common places had been despatched, and the close of the evening drew near, "My brother," said Lady Caroline, "the count is without doubt a *savant*. You must assign him his lodging near the cabinet of physics. I shall be delighted to show him the new experiments of Adams upon the solar microscope. We will try the thermometer of Leslie, and will examine the refractive and dispersive forces by prismatic reflection. The Count de Leyris certainly knows the method of Wollaston?"

"My friend," replied the brother, "you must not expect to find here your *marechal de logis*. I shall not interfere any further. Here is the apartment I design for you. I hope for the general interest, that my sister will not teach or impart to you all she knows, at once. She will have you in that case all to herself, and the rest of us will not be able to enjoy you. You, my sweet Mary, shall inhabit your farm house, as usual; and my noble Caroline shall go and sleep under a tent. My dear Colonel, you shall change your lodgings, when you please. For, although I would not wish to see any one easily change either religion or opinion, I find it very simple and natural, at one's choice, to change their abode on the journey of life. Good evening. My dear Caroline, keep something for to-morrow, and do not instruct him all you know to-day."

Victor, used as he was to the world, was not soon

asleep. His new position gave birth to abundance of reflections, none of which, however, were sad; and the last vague but delicious idea that swam before his mind, was Lady Mary in her silence, and not Lady Caroline in her assured and inexhaustible eloquence.

CHAPTER XI.

CASTLE LIFE.

IN England, in France, every where, acquaintance is much more rapidly made in the country, than in the city. It is in the country that we know, in eight hours, whether one is compatible or disagreeable to us. Who, in the course of his life, has not tasted, in some peaceful retreat, that pure pleasure which we enter into when under whispering shades, the volume of nature open before us, and the soul has become susceptible of the joy arising from the contemplation of the beauties of nature, we receive with their highest zest the delights of friendship in the midst of a small but select circle? Here etiquette has lost its empire. Politeness still retains its rights, but never at the expense of sincerity. A mark of esteem, a proof of confidence, have here all their value. We leave out of the question every thing that has no utility, but that of being brilliant. Ideas here, if not always just, are at least always pure and benevolent. We listen—we understand each other—we feel that we become better in the same proportion as we are more happy. We enjoy nature, life, ourselves and others. Those who are only comedians in life, it is true, lose by being seen too near at hand. Such a man, cited

for his brilliant narratives, his happy traits, no part of which is drawn from his own funds, and who only knows how to lead the conversation adroitly to the subject of his morning's reading, ought to be careful to conceal his books, through fear that some indiscreet listener will find it in his window seat, and that his laboured sallies, his *bon mots*, dug out of the study of the morning mine, will fail of their effect, by indicating the source whence they were drawn. A residence in the country is the touch-stone, which reduces jargon to silence, which gives to the graces of the understanding their just value, and places the qualities of the heart in their proper light. In either of these relations, Victor could not but gain by being known.

The morning after his arrival, Moreland awoke him at an early hour, and conducted him to his Arabic building. He ordered his saddle-horses to be led out before him; and having requested him to try them, the one after the other, he asked him which he preferred? The choice, from the excellence of all, was embarrassing and difficult. But he finally pronounced in favour of King Pepin, which had gained three race plates, and had cost Moreland five hundred guineas.

"James," said he, to one of the servants, "you will henceforth receive no orders but from my friend. The horse and your services are at his disposal. If any other person, than he, mounts King Pepin, I dismiss you, and shoot the horse."

Such was the proud delicacy of Moreland. There was something impressive in this solicitude not to give this appropriation the air of a present, which he knew his friend would be pained to receive, at

the same time thus conferring all the advantages of exclusive possession.

The hour of breakfast arrived. Victor and Moreland repaired to the breakfast room, where the young ladies were waiting for them. Lady Caroline held a book in her hand, in the margin of which she was writing notes. Her attention was too much absorbed to perceive the opening of the door.

Moreland drew near her, and looking over her shoulder exclaimed, "That is a copy of Hobbes, for which my sister has paid double price on account of its being of the first imprint. What a book for a fine lady! For thee, my sweet Mary, thou art not like the lily of the vallies; for at thy needle and pencil thou art all labour."

The fair girl just raised her eyes from her needlework, but was silent. Victor answered for her.

"You cannot deny one resemblance to the lilies, that of their brilliant white. I am for the part of the lilies."

In another mouth, and said in another manner, this compliment would have seemed the cheapest common-place. Manner and countenance give such things their value. In his, these words had something amiable, noble and true, which made the young lady smile, and, at the same time, replaced the lily with the rose in her countenance.

After breakfast Moreland led Victor to a large framed and gilt card, over the chimney piece, on which were written these words:

"Those who are invited here, confer on me pleasure and obligation. Here all are free. I walk at four in the morning. I breakfast at nine. At eleven, I visit my grounds. Those who take interest in

agriculture, and choose to accompany me, are at liberty to do so. My horses are at the orders of my friends. At five we dine. We meet in the evening to converse, unless we feel more comfortable to pass the time by ourselves. My library is always open; but I do not love to offer my books, except to those who read; and I impose, as the only condition, that the person, who takes a book, in the course of the week, shall give some account of what he has read."

The perspective of this pleasant and free life could not fail to please Victor. Provided he was not idle, it was a matter of indifference to him, whether occupied in this way or that. He knew how to arrange his thoughts in such a manner, that what was the preference of those with whom he was an intimate, soon became his. This is a happy trait appertaining at the same time to an excitable imagination and an amiable character. Had not Victor possessed it, he would have wanted one of the distinctive attributes of the better class of his people.

CHAPTER XII.

FIDELITY TO PRINCIPLES.

It is only the indolent that count the hours. Victor, at Moreland Castle, did not even count the days. They fled away with such tranquil pleasure, that in a month it seemed to him as though he had passed a life there. Between his friend, and the two sisters of his friend, he distributed his complaisance, attentions and affection, without calculation, and from the sincerity of impulse. But a compatible affinity, the involuntary preference of sympathy, incessantly fostered an increasing regard for Lady Mary. He never sought a reason, precisely, for seeking to render her some slight service—some little attention. But an opportunity for such services, in some way, occurred every moment. But they were the gentle, almost imperceptible attentions, that were noted by none but the parties. Was she at work with the needle or pencil, he indicated some improvement, an easier method, or some invention by which she could carry her pursuit to greater perfection. Did she try her splendid voice, he recollected some sweet song, some French arriette, which she knew not, and which, he was aware, she would find pleasure in learning. She had talent at designing flowers, and no person had such accurate taste as he to select

them and arrange them for the right effect. All these little kindnesses were rendered in a manner so simple and unembarrassing, and he seemed to attach so little consequence to rendering them, that receiving them created in her no unpleasant consciousness. In a few days he was no longer a stranger; and it soon happened, that what the one at first offered from politeness, the other shortly learned to ask as a favour.

Lady Mary had a restlessness of curiosity, which she restrained only when she took note of it herself. This little foible rendered her society so much the more amusing, as she often spoke first and thought afterwards, and blushed deeply at not being able to take back what she had said. But Victor replied to all similar questions with such intelligent complaisance, that she instantly became satisfied with herself. From these unpremeditated questions, and these wisely framed answers, there soon resulted an unrestrained freedom of conversation, from which all the monotony of set forms was banished.

These conversations did not at all hinder Lady Caroline from speaking. In short, she held them intrinsically of too little importance to be aware, that they had been conversing of any thing but the most trivial matters, when perhaps they had been engaged on a theme that had called out their whole hearts. But when the intervals in these delightful talks occurred, she seized the moment to put forth her vast erudition, and her rather tiresome science. She, too, began to like Victor, because he listened with the patience of an angel, and never interrupted her. She found him possessed of great intelligence, because he knew how to nod assent at the right points; and for the rest, she left him neither time

nor trouble to reply. When he undertook to do so, she had the air of making a violent stop in the mid career of her lecture, rather than of listening. Her mouth remained open to seize the chance of resuming her harangue; and the sound of her voice at recommencing was so exactly in tone with the last words articulated before his reply, that he who would have noted the conversation, could not have marked the suspension even by a comma. In a word, her manner in this case was absolutely that of a man in a great hurry, who is kept back by a crowd in the streets.

The reader, perhaps, will wish to know, to what extent the ideas of Moreland upon marriage accorded with those of his two sisters. This problem was resolved distinctly by the adventure which we are about to relate.

We have seen that Moreland had given James to Victor. But James, despite the interdict of his master, was deeply smitten by a beautiful little rustic, who loved him in turn with her whole heart. They concealed their case as much as possible. But love, the most dumb and restrained, has certain visible symptoms. The young man hoped that his master, having ceased to hold him accountable to him for orders, would no longer insist upon the right of restraining his affections. The honest and excellent James, who confided in the Count de Leyris in the same proportion as he seemed accessible and obliging, profited by a promenade, in which he accompanied him, to speak to him of his Betsy, of her infinite attractions, and of his love, a thousand fathoms deep. Victor instantly answered, that a girl as pretty as she was, and a lad as honest and loving as he, were made for each other; and that he

would charge himself with the task of procuring Lord Moreland's consent to their marriage. Too deeply respectful in his heart to his master, to expose him to Victor in a ridiculous light, James dared not tell to what a whimsical extent he knew his master to be intractable upon that subject; and only remarked, that Lord Moreland had an objection against any of his people marrying. Victor recollected, in fact, that he had heard him advance objections of that sort; but he had treated them in the light of pleasantry; and had no idea of the extent to which he carried his anti-nuptial principles. Of course, on returning to the castle, the first thing of which he spoke was the loves of James and Betsy, and their mutual wish to marry. Moreland and his two sisters were in the hall. The first words of Victor produced a scene for the four actors, in which each one, however, took a different part. Lord Moreland made no reply; but a murky cloud instantly passed across his high forehead and his noble physiognomy. Lady Mary turned away to conceal a smile. Victor, earnestly occupied with his subject, perceived not the ground on which he stood; not even from the manner of Lady Caroline, who interrupted him at every pause, to prevent his continuing to discuss the fatal subject. So far from it, that the interruption of Lady Caroline, and the chilling air of Lord Moreland, only aroused his impatience, and infused increased warmth and interest into his manner of painting the love of the good James and the young and fair Betsy. His eyes rested intently only on his friend, whom he was labouring to persuade, and to incline him to share his own sympathy. He saw not even the signs which Lady Mary made him from her concealment. At

length Lady Caroline, impatient beyond control, put her hand upon the lips of Victor, and cried out in a tone of the most comic authority,

“Do you not see, sir, that for a quarter of an age, my sister in the corner has been signing you to quit this conversation? You oblige me to this mode of putting an end to it.”

“It is your way, sister,” cried Moreland; “and no doubt you think you are acting with delicacy!”

The stern seriousness of his manner, however, did not prevail over the burlesque demonstration, in which she had manifested her interest, that Victor should not embroil himself in the matter.

“My God, brother,” answered she rather drily, “M. de Leyris, with your aid, will soon know all my defects. But think you, that he will be slow in discovering that another person may have a more enlightened judgment than you?”

At this direct attack, Moreland arose and replied to his sister by a profound bow. Victor was no longer disposed to resume the conversation. But Lady Caroline was now piqued to sustain her ground. She gravely remarked,

“Count de Leyris, I would not wish to appear ridiculous to you. The great secret of the enigma is, that my brother will not hear a word spoken about marriage. He has a horror in relation to it, for which, most assuredly, I ask no reason of him.”

“Indeed!” replied Victor, with perfect good humour. “We had a marshal, in France, who thought precisely with you, my friend. But you, who possess the best gifts of nature, youth, fortune, health. You, generous, beloved, and enjoying high consid-

eration, can it be possible that you do not value life enough, to wish to transmit it to another? I now recollect that you used to sustain your anti-nuptial paradox ten years ago; but I supposed it an idea, that you had long since abandoned. For the rest, you may well imagine that poor James and Betsy are a thousand leagues from sharing your opinion."

"I can well suppose it," resumed Moreland, blushing. "If I would listen to them, I might abet their making each other miserable."

"My friend," replied Victor, with his peculiar vivacity and ardour, "have you never loved, then?"

This question which sprang from the heart of his friend, produced upon Moreland an effect as if of magic. Confused, abashed, it seemed as if the shade of Adrienne had arisen to make the appeal to his conscience. After a moment of silence and reflection, returning to his system with a calm benignity of manner, he answered,

"Victor, James belongs to you, and not to me. I do not forbid him to marry, for I have no longer the right; but allow me to dismiss him."

The advocate of the two lovers remained disconcerted, as he saw Lord Moreland open the door, and retire. He supposed, that he had not only lost his cause, but given offence. Lady Mary, desirous to console his visible anxiety, said under her breath,

"Do not make yourself uneasy; I know my brother. He will send off James, but will be as sure not to abandon him."

In fact, James received his dismissal next day. Moreland, afflicted at the thought of the miseries

the young couple were preparing themselves, was determined that want should not be of the number. He secretly sent a proper portion to the young lovers, persuaded, however, that they could not be rendered happy.

CHAPTER XIII.

CURIOSITY.

It is not necessary to be a very profound observer, to remark the singular results flowing from that use of our moral faculties, which Providence permits us to make, in consequence of our free will. We know that there are annoying virtues and useful vices. It is the same with good qualities and defects. Exaggerated good qualities oftener produce evil than good. A slight defect, on the contrary, sometimes becomes the cause of a great good, which draws after it only feeble inconveniences. Curiosity has, perhaps, the same advantage, when it germinates in a good natural disposition. I do not say that we ought to cultivate it. All soils will not bring forth the right kind. But I trust, we shall be less disposed to abuse, as a vice, what sometimes becomes a virtue, after reading this chapter.

Each one enjoyed at Moreland Castle, the liberty of the country, which here was not an unmeaning phrase. Lady Mary often took a lonely walk, to seat herself under a beautiful shade, beside a lane, which commanded a view of the great road to London. There are hours in the day when a young lady is charmed with solitude, but a solitude which is not

inaccessible to others. If she does not precisely wish that some one should pass in sight, she is not displeased to know that such a thing may happen. In a word, she takes pleasure in knowing that she may be missed, and sought after. She had acquired the habit of coming to this rustic and grassy shade with a book in her hand—I do not say to read without some distraction of thought, and distraction, too, which she would not have confessed to any one. In a word, she came there either to read, or think of something else.

Two or three times, for some days past, she had seen, soon after the morning dawn, a woman, remarkable by her youth and the agreeableness of her figure, take the same direction. Her dress was simple, but her manner and air had a noble and decent dignity. Lady Mary, each time, had taken pains to bow. Persons of kind natures are not jealous, and each time the unknown had returned her salutation with the ease and grace of one accustomed to live in the same class of society with herself. This repeated rencontre—this agreeable and distinguished exterior—a sheet of drawing paper in her hand, which enclosed something of fragile texture, something precious, or at least concealed, excited in Lady Mary a little interest and much curiosity.

This morning, scarcely had she resumed her accustomed seat under the tree, when she again perceived the fair stranger; and in this instance curiosity so far vanquished reserve, that she resolved to speak to her. She advanced towards her. It was obvious that the two had an equal desire to meet. Each took the same number of advancing steps. They then paused, and contemplated each other. Lady

Mary was the first to break silence. With her softest and kindest tones, she wished her a good morning, and witnessed her pleased surprise, to see her so regularly there, and always with her cartoon in hand. To these indirect questions she joined assurances of interest.

“You are French, I presume,” she added.

“I am,” replied the unknown; and without waiting to be asked, she explained to Lady Mary, that the cartoon contained embroidery which she worked with her mother, and that she came at regular days to deposite them at the post-office, whence the public stage carried them to London.

“These embroideries then are worked by your mother and you,” replied Lady Mary; “and may I ask where you live?”

“It is more than a month, that I have lived with my father and mother in the village which you see before you. We remained at London, after our arrival from the continent, until we came here.”

At this information, Lady Mary cast upon the young person a look of the kindest sensibility; and conducting her to her own sod seat,

“Sit down,” said she, “my dear friend, and let us converse together. I am called Mary Milford, and you?”

“Adela de Rastange.”

“We ought to be about the same age. I am nineteen.”

“I have twenty-two years.”

“I should not have thought you had seen twenty-two. Are you married?”

“I have been.”

The expression of sadness which, at this remark,

came over the countenance of the new friend of Lady Mary, showed the latter but too plainly, that she had awakened a profound and recent grief.

"Pardon me! I did not intend it," replied Lady Mary, with the tone of the most unaffected sensibility. After a moment's silence, she resumed, "but my dear Adele, you are French; you are a widow; and you have a father and mother. Perhaps you may not be easy in your circumstances?"

"Oh! I well see that they have told us no more than the truth, in speaking of the goodness of Lady Mary Milford. It is true that we are no longer rich. But we have few wants. We occupy, at Brompton, a small house at a low rent. My father cultivates a garden, the vegetables of which contribute to our subsistence. For me, I am house-keeper, and when the duties of that office are finished, I embroider with my mother. The evening arrives after our day of industry, and we unbend ourselves in seeing my children play."

"You have children?"

"I have two."

"Heavens! and I have heard nothing of this!"

"Cease to regret my lot. These children are the consolation of my sorrow, toil and widowhood. I may not trouble you with my remembrances. The only actual misery, we know, is the uncertainty of selling our embroideries, and my sole fear is that my father or mother may fall sick."

The interesting young stranger unrolled her cartoon, and showed her embroideries, which, in point of elegance and finish, left nothing to desire. But she remarked, that they were often impeded in their labour by the difficulty of procuring desigus or patterns.

"Ah! that charge I will take upon myself," exclaimed Lady Mary with her wonted amiable vivacity. "I know a person who will furnish you?"

She scarcely had finished this phrase, when she rapidly added, "that to save her at least some loss of time, for the future she would charge herself with the sale of her labours. As to these," she continued, "permit me to take them on my own account, and I will have the pleasure of paying you to-morrow. We shall soon be better acquainted. Show me where you reside."

They arose, walked on, and gained a height, whence they could distinguish not only Brompton, but the house occupied by the family of Adele. Lady Mary repeated the emphatic word, "to-morrow," again and again, and embracing Adele, separated.

The admirable sister of Lord Moreland returned home with a heart bounding with the joy of youth, opulence and beneficence. When the family was seated round the table, in the drawing-room, she gaily remarked,

"You do not know, brother, that I have commenced speculation. I have opened a traffic in embroideries; and here I commence sale. I have a robe and four muslin handkerchiefs to sell. Who will buy?"

They begged her to explain herself more clearly. But, jealous of securing for herself the pleasure of making the first visit to her *proteges*, at Brompton, she took care, mysteriously, to keep half her secret; and contented herself with only giving those details touching her new friends, that could soften the hearts of the family, and secure their in-

terest, without allowing herself to disclose the place where they inhabited.

"My young friend and her mother," continued she, "toil for subsistence. They make embroideries. For my part, I sell them. Then they are so handsome—so interesting."

"And for me," replied Moreland with a smile, "I pay them;" and he gave his purse to his sister. "This is what you call commencing speculation, we understand, and will now deal together."

"Brother," interrupted Lady Caroline, "think you that you are the only generous person?" At the same time she deposited six guineas on the table. But, as if it was not in her nature to perform a laudable action with a good grace, she added, "You know, Lady Mary, that I despise these futilities. So you may tell these French women to embroider cravats, for my part."

Lady Mary had as yet fulfilled but half her object; but felt herself as sure of succeeding in the latter part of her negotiation, as the former; for, in her thought, the kindness of Victor was no more doubtful than the generosity of Moreland. She again became diffuse in making the eulogy of the interesting young widow, and her family; dwelling emphatically on the delicacy, which, avoiding the solicitation of assistance, made them only desirous of being sufficient to themselves by their own labour.

"My young friend," she pursued, "wants one very important thing more, the absence of which mars the merit of her embroideries. She has no designs, and is obliged to select them from those of very moderate perfection. I have promised to procure her some of the best. Understand, that in say-

ing this, I do not count upon myself, but on you, Count Victor, who are certainly able to make the best."

"I thank you, Lady Mary, for thinking so, which is the same to me as though it were so," replied Victor, his countenance animated with the most vivid pleasure, and an impression of happiness remaining upon it. Lady Mary paused, and looked up as though astonished at what she had said. Lord Moreland looked first upon one and then on the other, and smiled. For Lady Caroline, she observed nothing; first, because she gave no attention to what did not interest her personally; and next, because she neither saw, nor comprehended the silent language which expresses the thought of the heart.

Victor broke the silence, by asking Lady Mary what day had been fixed for her to remit, to the young French lady, the price of her embroideries? On her reply, that she had promised to go and see them next day, Lord Moreland took up the conversation.

"I suppose!" said he; "that the habitation of your new friend is too remote for you to walk there. If you will allow it, Victor shall conduct you there, in the phaeton, in my place. He ought to become acquainted with the place, that he may know precisely where to deliver his designs."

Lady Mary answered not, but she blushed; and what consent would have been worth as much as that blush? How much she was astonished may be imagined, when Victor with a tone of politeness, but decision, declared, that he regretted that an indispensable engagement would prevent the possibility of his accompanying them on the morrow.

Any other person; considering the import of Lord Moreland's invitation, would have felt excused for showing temper at such a marked refusal. The good Mary felt only a certain sadness in view of impoliteness so much the more inconceivable, as he had hitherto always shown himself solicitous to anticipate her slightest wishes. She dissembled the expression of any internal feeling.

"Well, then," she replied with her accustomed gentleness of voice, "we will go the day after tomorrow in the evening; though it seems a pity to hold back a great pleasure from the unhappy for twenty-four hours."

A slight cloud obscured the charming countenance of Lady Mary through the whole day. But Victor this day redoubled his attentions and cares; as if he had wished her to divine that if he could find resolution to cause her a moment's chagrin, it was only in the certainty of preferring for her an agreeable surprise.

At length the period, so tardy to Lady Mary's wishes, arrived. The phaeton drove up, and the fair girl took her place beside Victor, showing him the avenue, turning him to the right and the left, and finally indicating the village of Brompton in the distance. They arrived at the door of a small neat house.

"That is the place," she exclaimed to Victor, unconscious that he had already stopped the horses, as if the place were already known to him.

The reader will suspect that there are accidents more singular than that. The amiable English lady nimbly descended; but too delicate to wish a witness of the thanks which she would naturally re-

ceive, she begged him to allow her to enter alone. He was kept waiting nearly half an hour, after which she came out of the house accompanied by Adele de Rostange and her parents, M. and Madame Dumenil, persons of the most respectable appearance. At their approach he turned away his head, as if divining the wishes of his amiable companion. Lady Mary embraced them with the most touching cordiality, took her leave, and entered the phaeton.

Not a word was said during the drive. But every movement and look of Lady Mary bore the impress of the tenderness, joy and gratitude of a beneficent and good heart.

“My dear sister,” said Moreland, as he helped her from the carriage, “how beautiful happiness makes you look! This enjoyment is the fit recompense of a good action.”

“Brother,” exclaimed Lady Mary, with uncontrollable emotion, “it is not I, who merit this eulogy. Listen”—Here she paused, and blushed, as though she had said too much.

“Well, sister, you pause in the midst of your narrative.”

“To proceed then,” resumed Lady Mary, “we saw my interesting friend Adele. She opened the door herself, and received me into one of the humblest houses in the village, in the basement room of which I perceived a venerable old man, two beautiful children, and a woman something less advanced, who was busy at her employment. She arose and saluted me with a nobleness, an amenity, which redoubled my interest, and penetrated me with respect. The language of Madame Dumenil, the tone,

the style of her thanks settled my conviction, that if she knew how to support affliction, it was the effect of active courage, and not the habit of misery. I deposited on the table what each one of you had given me, and the little which I was able to add from my own funds. All exclaimed at once against the unnecessary magnitude of the sum I brought. 'I took it without counting,' I replied, 'and you must do the same. I shall semi-monthly visit you to receive the products of your pursuit. Allow me to be your correspondent. As to the designs'—

Here Victor made a movement, which showed a reluctance to make part of a scene: Lady Mary, too, broke off, as if embarrassed with this demonstration of the Count de Leyris. "How is it," gaily exclaimed the brother, "that you so often break off in the midst of your speech. You are imitating one of our members of parliament."

"The noble member," they exclaimed, "has lost the thread of his discourse."

"True," replied Lady Caroline, "and for those designs, my sister, which M. de Leyris, or you, promised to waste your time in inventing, you were obliged to excuse yourselves for not having kept your word."

Lady Caroline in saying this, certainly did not seem imposing even to her sister. But the observation restored to her a degree of calmness; and making an effort over herself, she resumed her narrative.

"As to the designs," I said, "which you have found it so difficult to procure, I will send you some in a few days. The ladies assured me, that their

utmost wishes in this respect were more than satisfied, and they displayed before me a great number of designs so rich, so beautiful, so diversified. I gazed, admired, and could scarce realize what I saw. At length the father of Adele, M. Dumetail, in begging me not to refuse the thanks of the family, informed me, that a young man, whom they described as of an interesting appearance, distinguished alike by his tone and his manners, had called in the morning and presented all these models."

"By the portrait I recognise Count Victor," said Lady Caroline, with a frankness which would have seemed amiable, if a certain inflection of her voice had not marred the effect.

"And I," replied Moreland, with a gratified tone, "discover him by his modesty. See how he blushes."

"You ought not to recognise me, except by my intention," interposed Victor, now called upon to explain. "Was it presuming too much, to take shares in the benefactions of Lady Mary?"

"Good! right!" said Moreland, holding out his hand to him. "But, my friend, when did you find time to finish these designs, which my sister found so beautiful? For two days you have been constantly in our society."

Victor waived the subject by remarking, "that a person can do a great many things in forty-eight hours."

"It is a fact," replied Moreland, laughing. "Forty-eight hours are made up of two days and two nights. I now comprehend the rather ungal-lant refusal of the young gentleman to drive you

there yesterday. He was sure that you would end by forgiving the refusal in virtue of the motive."

Lady Mary, in view of the beneficent vigils of her guest, felt a tear fill in her eye, which she turned away to prevent his discovering.

Lady Caroline, who never departed from the identity of her character, said, with equal seriousness and propriety,

"But, M. de Leyris, if you spend whole nights about such trifles as those, how will you find time and attention for the reading of Swammerdam, or the doctrines of Kant?"

This question forced a general smile. The imperturbable lady continued,

"My good sister, you have certainly done a commendable action. But you will find in doing your good deeds, that my head ought to direct your heart. You must conduct me to see this indigent family. If they are, as you believe, people of quality in distress—if the father is efficient and instructed—if Madame Dumenil and the daughter be worthy of your commendations, neither the one nor the other ought to consecrate their days and nights to such futile occupations as embroidering gaudy trappings for vain women. Let us put them in a condition to found a useful public establishment, for example, a boarding-school for young ladies. I have sketched a plan which they must carry out to the letter."

Moreland took up his sister's plan, in the same tone; "God forbid, my dear Caroline, that I should speak against your plan of education. But will you allow that my visit should precede yours? If this foreign family merits our interest in other respects than those of misfortune, confide to me the effort to

reverse, in their case, the injustice of destiny, and remain tranquil, while I assure you, that none of them shall suffer from my interference.”

It was difficult to restrain a smile, in view of the comic gravity with which Lord Moreland repeated to his sister this very sensible lecture. . Lady Caroline was the only one who smiled not.

So terminated a day, which constituted an epoch for a part of the inhabitants of Moreland Castle. Victor de Leyris and Lady Mary had tasted together, the pleasure which accompanies a virtuous and beneficent action; and in doing so, found that they had made many steps towards each other, aided by that mutual attraction, which, in defect of a better term, we call sympathy.

For Moreland and his sister Caroline, the day passed as usual. The brother had indulged one more generous thought, and the sister had repeated two more wise follies.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE VENETIAN BLINDS.

A THOUSAND different modes of enjoyment offered themselves to Victor, in this asylum of friendship. Moreland Castle had proved to him a tranquil harbour, and the remembrance of the entire shipwreck, of which he had been the sport, was already a remembrance almost passed away. To see how Moreland enjoyed his society, one would have said that the obligation was chiefly on the side of the benefactor. Lady Caroline, laughable as some of her actions were, witnessed all the good feeling to her brother's friend of which her nature was capable. Had she even refused her smiles, expressions of countenance of which she was by no means lavish, he would have felt himself indemnified for all the caprices of fortune, by the pleasure of a more intimate acquaintance with Lady Mary, from whom a single approving look gave illimitable scope of happy dreams to his imagination.

A new incident brought them nearer together, as if by finding themselves mutual accomplices in an act which imposed silence upon both. Moreland had requested his friend to produce a portrait of Lady Mary. Both the painter and the model were so well satisfied with the project, that they were to-

gether for a sitting in the hall a long time before breakfast. After having disposed of the ivory and the colours; after having spent some time in placing the young lady, first in one position, and then in another, without being able to find her in the right point of view, in fact, that he might prolong the pleasure of contemplating her close at hand, he finally commenced the sitting; when, on a sudden, the door of the mysterious apartment, which was just in front of them, opened. The jar attracted their eyes. Lord Moreland went out, apparently imagining that no person had entered the hall, where he was always accustomed to appear first. On seeing them, he closed the door with visible agitation; but not so quick but that M. de Leyris and Lady Mary distinguished, in the dim light of the apartment, *a woman sitting, and leaning her head upon her hand.* Both instantly perceived the emotion of Moreland. But, as kind intentions have no need of being communicated, a mutual glance brought them in convention to feign, as if they had seen nothing. This was so well dissembled, that Moreland, at first uneasy and anxious, finished by convincing himself, that, in fact, they had seen nothing.

The breakfast that followed would have been more silent than ordinary, if Lady Caroline had not been at the single expense of the conversation. Lady Mary was so deep in uncontrollable reverie, that she served the tea with so little attention as to send water instead of tea, forgetting, too, the sugar and cream. Victor contrived, by a hint between themselves, to warn her of her indiscretion, and it was the only one she committed. Moreland arose before his customary time, and went out with

his sister; and the young painter and his fair model were again in the hall, equally eager to converse about what they had seen, and equally embarrassed how to commence the subject. Delicacy restrained M. de Leyris, and timidity Lady Mary. The first found courage to speak of it. They began by conjecturing that the young lady, so carefully screened from observation, was some fair unfortunate who had been induced to seek an asylum and protection from Lord Moreland.

“He is so considerate, good, and generous,” exclaimed Lady Mary, “I am sure the mystery would explain to his advantage. But no, that cannot be. For many years entrance to this apartment has been interdicted to every person save my brother. We all knew that he was in the habit of passing an hour there before breakfast, and we have never yet divined what drew him there.”

“It is not,” she added after a pause, with great simplicity, “that I have not felt a painful curiosity to penetrate this mystery; but as my dear brother annoys none of us, it would not be right to vex him.” After ruminating a while, she resumed, “How delighted I should be to get a sight of her. If she is unhappy, she would relate her sufferings to me, and that, you know, would solace them.”

Finally the two lost themselves in a thousand vague conjectures, and the mysterious apartment was for them the labyrinth of Crete.

During the remainder of the day, they more than once cast by stealth scrutinizing looks upon Moreland. But the perfect tranquillity of his countenance contrasted singularly with their inquietude; and it become more and more difficult for them to

fix upon any precise ideas, touching the mystery. The next day, in fact, dispelled the darkness.

Lady Mary had accompanied her brother and sister to the Arabic building, whence the two set off on horseback together. She tripped back nimbly through the grove, and regained the apartment where Victor was waiting to resume the sitting for her portrait. The window of the mysterious apartment was raised. A sudden gust of wind blew apart the venetian blinds, which screened the interior view of the apartment of so much curiosity and so many suppositions. It may be imagined how eagerly the wishes of Lady Mary anticipated her eyes.

Although the apartment was on the ground story, the window was at least six feet above the floor.

“Gracious heaven,” exclaimed the eager young lady; “why am I not taller?” She hesitated a moment, and then, curiosity gaining the victory over her self-control, casting her eyes round on every side to see if no one was looking on, she ran for a garden chair, which happened to be at hand. She brought it to the window, absolutely trembling with eagerness. At first, she noted a large straw bonnet; then a most beautiful face, and bright eyes. Strive as she would, this was all she could see. She instantly recognised that it was the same woman she had seen the day before. The attitude only was different. The earnest spectator was delighted to perceive that the noise she had made in reaching the window had not disturbed the young beauty. She made one effort, then another, encouraged on the one hand, and afflicted on the other, in discovering, that neither her movement nor the wind swinging the venetian blinds, nor even the visible presence of

an unknown person at the window, nothing, in fact, could draw this unfortunate lady from her profound meditations. She, therefore, had time to see every thing in detail, which she could see. Sensible that she was awaited by the painter, and only half satisfied in the eagerness of her curiosity, she drew together the venetian blinds, descended from her chair, and returned to the sitting.

CHAPTER XV.

A DISCOVERY.

It was already a quarter of an hour that Lady Mary had been sitting in silence in front of Victor, who was looking in her countenance to catch the traits, when, yielding to that imperious law, partly sprung from benevolence and partly from the natural desire of revealing secrets, which inspires pleasure in confiding to another that which one might retain in his own bosom, the amiable sister of Lord Moreland disarranged her pretty mouth by a laugh, as she said,

“It must be admitted, M. de Leyris, that you have a great deal of discretion. You have been patiently waiting for this poor model a half an age, and you have not the curiosity even to ask of me, why have I made you wait.”

Victor replied, “That he did not presume to have the right to ask her.”

“Certainly not,” said she, in the simple frankness of impulse; “Certainly not, if the question were about the secret of another person. But surely mine—”

Victor had too much delicacy to have the air of comprehending the flattering import of this remark.

“What I know,” she continued, “no one has told me. The apartment—the young lady—”

“How, Lady Mary, have you learned the secret of your brother?”

“Learned! I have learned nothing through forbidden curiosity. All that I know, I gained from accident. You would not have a daughter of Eve shut her eyes, when a mystery stands unveiled before her?”

“Take care, Lady Mary, that you do not soon learn to reason with as much casuistry as Lady Caroline.”

“You are pleased to laugh at me, and thus instruct me that I ought to say nothing. I will only inform you, that the wind blew open the venetian blinds, so that I could look into the apartment in question.”

“And, did you look in?”

“I beg you not to look so saucy and censorious. Yes, I did; and saw—In a word, sir, the lady who gave my thoughts so much trouble, will never disturb them more. I shall not tell you another word.”

“Neither shall I ask another word. It is very natural that you should have few things to say about a person, whom you could only see through a window enclosure.”

“Oh! I see you believe that I have nothing more to say. Well, you shall know all. I remained at the window ten minutes, in intense contemplation, sure that I had seen all that it was possible to see. I could easily discern that the person in question had a most beautiful face; that she was not dressed in the present fashion, but that she had

on a robe in the French style; gloves of Innsbruck, and a hat of Florence straw. If you wish, sir, to take a model of her, with the accessory circumstances furnished by me, place directly opposite a window, a table, and lay upon the table a large medallion, representing, in profile, a young man, who has just finished writing upon a column the name of Adrienne."

"Adrienne!" cried Victor, with a start of surprise. "Adrienne! Are you very sure, Lady Mary?"

"Yes; and the young officer has a white uniform, faced with red."

"Heavens! How can it be? It is I—It is she! That uniform belonged to my regiment; and the medallion, I recollect having made for my sister, whose name is Adrienne."

"Oh! Adrienne then is only your sister!" cried Lady Mary, as frank in the expression of her satisfaction, as she had been uneasy in marking the eagerness of his first exclamations. "You have a sister, then. I thought it might have been another person."

"Yes, I have a sister. But explain yourself, I conjure you," added he, rising from his task. "Can Adrienne be here?"

"Compose yourself," replied Lady Mary, laughing; "If she is here, it is only in marble, wood, or wax!"

Victor declared by his countenance, that he did not comprehend a sally of such extraordinary gaiety. The young lady, noting his questioning countenance, continued.

"Listen then. At the view of this young lady

and her grief, I first struck gently upon the glass, with an air of earnest interest, that she might be disposed to pardon my indiscretion. She did not even move her eyelids. I struck a little louder, and then repeated the blow louder still. She neither moved nor turned her eyes. You will agree with me, that she could be no living woman; for however wretched, a little curiosity always remains. In fact, I was not long in ascertaining, by dint of close examination, that her eyes were of enamel. Then I accounted for her having no curiosity. For the form, I could not exactly satisfy myself of the material from which it is made. You would know your sister?"

This recital rendered Victor as gay as Lady Mary. But, immediately, the interest which they had in Lord Moreland, led them to contemplate this very singular circumstance in a more serious light; and they mutually concluded, that it was connected with some remembrance which had taken deep root in his heart. But it was impossible for them to resolve the enigma, how this medallion could have fallen into his hands. They could imagine no clue to divine any relations which had formerly existed between him and Adrienne. Never had Lady Mary heard her brother pronounce the name. Victor, on his part, believed himself certain, that in his travels with Lord Milford, he had never spoken to him of his sister, because, at the age he then was, young men are more occupied with what they are hourly meeting than with what they have left; and still more, because, when he had last seen Adrienne, she was so young, that there were no reasons to induce him to make her the subject of conversation.

The return of Lady Caroline and her brother put an end to the conversation. But Lady Mary remained in a most tantalizing state of feeling, divided between the fear of afflicting her brother by indiscreet questions, and a most restless desire to decipher this strange enigma. Where had she learned that the most direct mean to learn a thing is, not to put questions about it; and that the better way is, to lead the questioned into the path of conversing about the point, and then to observe them? Perhaps she had learned it in France, where she had travelled, and where the ladies have a peculiar adroitness in the mode of gaining information. Be that as it may, she soon had the pleasure of reaching her object.

Lord Moreland watched with great interest the work of his friend, while painting his sister's portrait. While he was attentively comparing the fine figure of the model with the painting, Lady Caroline happened to remark, that she found many traits of resemblance between her sister and the wife of Baronet Sir Cowley. Moreland, almost angry, exclaimed, that the wife of the baronet, was rough, awkward, and silly; and that his charming Mary no more resembled her, than Caroline herself resembled Queen Matilda, at the time of the conquest.

"It is possible," replied Lady Mary, with ingenuous modesty, "that I resemble the wife of Sir Cowley; but so much the worse for the sister of M. de Leyris," added she, casting a glance upon Victor, "for he assures me, that I resemble his sister."

“His sister!” said Moreland abruptly. “What, have you a sister, Victor?”

Lady Caroline did not permit him to reply; but, taking up the conversation, she addressed Victor a crowd of questions, alike unmeaning and displaced, about the kind of education that had been given to that sister, whose name she had never heard mentioned; the extent of her understanding, knowledge, and talents. The excellent brother was constrained to task his patience to wait until she had talked herself out of breath, to speak in his turn.

“My friend,” said he, with a tone of strong interest, but with the calm manner in which we speak of one whom we have not known, “what has become of your sister, since the dreadful revolution in your country? I scarcely dare ask you.”

“She had the good fortune to escape with her husband into a foreign country.”

Oh! Madame, your sister, is married,” again asked the questioning Caroline, “and without doubt to a man of quality, and a *savant*? What is his name?”

“The Marquis d’Azemar,” answered Victor, with the simplest and most natural tone that he could find; but taking care not to look at Lord Moreland. He rightly deemed that he had put fire to a mine of gunpowder. In fact, there was an instant explosion.

“The Marquis d’Azemar!” exclaimed Moreland, springing to his feet with extreme agitation. “Did he live in Bearnè?”

“Yes,” accompanied with a consenting inclination of the head, was the reply.

“How! Is it possible that you are the brother of

the Marchioness d'Azemar? That is singular, most strange!"

Lady Caroline avowed that she could see no cause for the great astonishment of her brother.

"It is most strange!" again exclaimed Moreland, who was too much excited to listen to any thing but his own train of thought. This last exclamation, however, was in a softened tone, and he seemed instantly to look on M. de Leyris with more kindness than ever. One would have deemed that he had instantly discovered a new bond of union between them.

Lady Mary at once concluded from what she heard, that the living Adrienne and the figure, which she had seen, were one and the same person. She dared not raise her eyes from her work. Most women, of a character different from hers, would have smiled at the success of something like artifice; in drawing on this conversation, of the perfect correctness of which they would have had no doubt. But had Victor seen Lady Mary smile, his second reflection would have been more favourable to her understanding than her heart. Content with the triumph of curiosity, her countenance preserved a calm seriousness; and if there was any exultation, it was in secret.

CHAPTER XVI.

ADVENTURES OF VICTOR DE LEYRIS.

IT is astonishing! Moreland had said nothing more. But all the ideas necessary to that exclamation, came thronging in crowds to his mind; and yet he who should have followed him into the different places where his daily habits conducted him, would only have heard him utter the exclamation—it is astonishing! The destiny of Madame d'Azemar was entirely unknown to him. He had often thought of her with the painful inquietude of love in the heart; and of the dangers to which such a woman must be exposed, during the dreadful French revolution; an interest which filled him with solicitude, in all the events of that stormy period. But he had found no means of either calming his solitudes, or making out any clue to the fortunes of Adrienne, subsequent to his leaving her. Besides, she was married. He possessed her image; and it was all to which he might wed his heart, were she even free.

But now that new light had broken upon him, his solicitude to hear something farther about her, could be no longer repressed; and he determined to avail himself of the first opportunity, to obtain a particular recital of all the circumstances which concerned Adrienne. It was a long time, in the

impatient estimation of Lord Moreland, before the wished-for period arrived. Finally, one afternoon as the two sisters, Victor and he, were seated under the shade of the beautiful tulip trees which waved over the American savanna, he said, with visible agitation,

“Victor, you have never related what you have seen, felt and suffered, since our separation. You must believe, that our friendship is sufficient to justify your giving us the recital. It is in the safe harbour, that we ought to give the narrative of shipwreck. I hope you will forever deem this place such. Let us know all that has befallen you; and omit no circumstance which concerns you or yours. Are you not disposed to see in us, the family of your adoption?”

Victor assured him, that his misfortunes were those of almost all his compatriots; that he had no reason to suppose his more interesting than others; and that in general he did not love to speak of himself. Still he was disposed to yield to his friend's entreaties, joined to those of the ladies. On the part of Moreland, beside the interest of friendship, there was one he did not avow. Curiosity was the chief element in the wish of Lady Caroline to hear. Lady Mary was the one of the number who most timidly requested the narrative, but who had by no means the least impatience to hear. Thus all were profoundly attentive, and Victor began in these terms.

“You remember, my friend, how we left each other before Gibraltar. The allied forces of France and Spain obstinately besieged that place, while they ought to have sailed to attack Jamaica. We seemed

to have taken root at St. Roch. Peace at ~~last~~ arrived. I embarked at Cadiz, and resumed my travels, with the permission of the minister of war, had the disposal of the places of the officers. I traversed Greece, the Archipelago and Turkey, and was at Petersburg, when the dreadful incidents of the revolution recalled me to my country. The heavings of that earthquake were felt in the remotest lands. But its secret causes—the impulse of its dreadful march—were unknown in England; and I may add, in France itself. They accuse your government of having brought about our public calamities. It has been said, that your country wished to avenge itself for the American war, which France had kindled and sustained against it; but that, for our own interest, we ought to have aided you to extinguish it. However that may be, little causes have produced great and terrible effects with us, as in all other countries, and in all time. The restlessness of spirit natural to our nation, has been advanced against us as an adequate instrument, allied with an anti-christian and anti-social philosophy. Smile not, when I name the cause of the French revolution. It was the *Loto*, where the men become weary and yawning, because the women knit there. The *Loto* caused the halls to be deserted. That engendered the clubs, which engendered the *Frondeux*, which engendered *libels*, which engendered the French revolution. You know the rest.

“Being pressed by circumstances to return to France, I repaired immediately to Paris. I had formed the design afterwards to cross the Pyrenees, to visit a dearly beloved sister.”

Here the attention of Moreland become so marked,

that Victor, seeing Lady Mary smile, stopped short, and turning partly round, he continued, without being in a position to discern Moreland's countenance.

"I still more earnestly desired to carry this plan into effect, as I had not seen my sister since her marriage with the Marquis d'Azemar. My brother-in-law was still living"—

"Is your brother-in-law dead, then?" exclaimed Moreland, with another start.

Victor could not but smile at the suddenness of this movement. Lord Moreland charged the smile to the account of his interrupting him, and was silent.

"M. de Leyris," said Lady Mary, as seriously as she could, "go on, we beg you, and in particular, do not pass over a single detail. In a narrative, there is nothing like details."

Victor resumed, "My brother-in-law died two years afterwards. Circumstances prevented my having the consolation or being near them, in these trying moments. I had learned, however, with great pleasure, that my sister conducted on the occasion with exemplary propriety; that she was beautiful, and her judgment singularly formed; while her manners were considered as an irreproachable model. I had only remained eight days in Paris, when I discovered that the royalists were losing the most beautiful kingdom in the world, through bad management. While these events were transpiring, an officer of the Marines, a friend of mine, named Chevalier de Larmeris, proposed to me to serve on his ship. He had obtained permission to arm a frigate, and was about to hoist sail. The offer pleased me. Every thing I saw at home, presaged every

thing I would not wish to see, and which yet I saw no means of preventing. I deferred my journey over the Pyrenees, and sailed with my friend. We had a cruise of six months, with various success. The life of a marine officer, who knows his profession, and has a good vessel, is a pleasant one. They live well; lead a reckless life; think of nothing; care for nothing; are far from the wicked; command, and are obeyed, and are sublimely excited during a storm; they fight, and get a prize, or are made prisoners. I am now about to relate an adventure, which would have marked the day on which it happened, as the most delightful day of my life, if friendship had not rendered that one in which we meet again still more pleasant.

“I probably owe the greatest enjoyment of life to the mental disposition which enables me to support adversity with calmness, and to see danger with gaiety. I would not wish to sadden you with paintings of my personal miseries, the loss of my fortune, and my military career arrested in the brilliant presage of its commencement. I reserve my compassion for those who regret that they are not worth all these presages. I solicit no one's pity. Gloomy objects and remembrances, I either forget, or turn away from the contemplation of them. As for myself, not to be obliged to return to the subject again, and to paint my character in two words, allow me to ask, my friend, if you recollect the road from Andernach to Coblenz? The railing, you remember, is slight, the road narrow, the Rhine deep. I passed the dangerous place in a post chariot, at midnight. I let down the glass, that I might see the beautiful horror—this most villanous precipice.

One look was enough. I closed the window, and went to sleep.

“At another time, we were drawing near the heights of the Azores, in the midst of a night as black and menacing as one could wish. The winds mustered, and I was humming a tune upon deck. You will see what a happy accident occurred to me. I am about to take up a loftier strain.

“I had a friend of my infancy, named Edward. We had been separated for three or four years. After a great many vicissitudes of fortune, he had acquired a fixed domicile at Guadeloupe. Having carried his wife and two young children to America, circumstances obliged him to return to France; and he embarked with his family and a negro, who was attached to him. His vessel had been taken by the foe, near the island of Cuba, and sunk because it impeded the sailing of the capturing vessel. At some distance from Bermuda, the vessel, in which my friend was bestowed, sprung aleak. The Captain was determined not to put the passengers ashore, as they begged him to do, but obstinately persisted in carrying them to England. The leak gained in a frightful manner. Scarcely had they sailed half the passage, when the crew were no longer able to keep the water down by pumping.

In this extremity of danger, the captain, who had become attached to Edward, came to him, and told him in private, that he saw no other chance for them than to perish. Edward, summoning all his firmness for the dread emergency, descended to the cabin, joined his wife, his children and faithful negro, and said to them, “we are about to perish; let us embrace and die together.” He spread his cloak

upon the floor. His wife and children laid down by his side. He motioned the poor black to join them. He closed the cloak over his family, and they calmly awaited death.

“At this moment the captain come down with tears in his eyes. ‘It is through my obstinacy,’ he exclaimed, ‘that you will all perish. But there is yet a chance for saving you, and you must seize it without losing a moment. My pilot, a man on whom you may depend, is about to let down the boat. The crew and the rest of the passengers are asleep.’ He made a sign to Edward and his family to follow him in silence. Edward obtained permission to try to save his negro also. They descended one after another into the boat, which was still fastened by a rope to the ship.

“Instantly some one cried out in a tone of despair, ‘Wake up. We are undone. The captain is off in the boat.’ At the same moment twenty of these unfortunate beings appeared upon the deck, seized the rope, and held the boat fast. ‘It is not myself alone, that I save,’ cried Edward. ‘Jack cut the rope.’

“A blow of a hatchet separated the boat from the ship. The boat is rowed away amidst the screams and groans, which were enough to turn a heart to stone. The boat had advanced scarcely two hundred yards from the ship, when an agonizing cry announced that the generous captain, the vessel and all its contents, had gone down into the depths of the sea. The pilot, two sailors, Edward and his family, saw themselves alone on the mid ocean. A squaresail, a compass, a cask of water, a quantity of biscuit, and a little salt, courage and providence;

these were their resources for braving the waves, and for reaching Europe.

“For three days and three nights they moved on slowly, sadly, and in silence. The fourth night, they might well deem the last night for them; for clouds of the most menacing aspect covered the heavens. The wind arose and became contrary. Suddenly Edward broke the dreadful silence, and exclaimed, ‘Who is the person of our wretched number, that can sing or shout in a condition like ours.’ Every one feebly answered, ‘that no one was either able or disposed to sing.’

“‘No person sing!’ shouted Edward with a voice full of assurance and hope. ‘We are saved. A vessel is passing near us. I hear some one sing. Call out every one of you together.’ All cried out for help, shouting with the utmost strength of their voice. They had heard me singing. I replied to them, and we fired a gun. They redoubled their cries. We hailed them with the speaking trumpet. We let down our boat. We take them on board. Oh God! The first who holds out his hand to me is Edward. He hands me his two children and his wife. It is certainly Edward, my friend, whom I press in my arms. Scarce are the sailors, the pilot, the negro all on board, than the winds and waves arise. The storm pours. All these unfortunate beings in a few moments more would infallibly have gone to the bottom.”

Moreland here interrupted Victor, beseeching him to suspend a recital, which had filled his own eyes, while Lady Mary could scarce restrain audible expressions of grief. All eyes were moistened, and turned upon the narrator.

“How happens it, brother,” said Lady Caroline, calmly, “that men can weep? The recital of M. de Leyris is interesting, but has no tendency to make me shed tears.”

Moreland, without any reply to her, grasped the hand of Victor, and casting on him a look full of soul, “How happy you must have been!” cried he. There are some beautiful moments in life. Have you had many such? But go on, my friend. I reproach myself for interrupting you.”

“We returned to France, Larmeris and I, and divided the fruit of our prizes. Sad as had been my presages in regard to my country, I was revolted with the unexpected picture which that dear country now offered. It was then in the highest intoxication and delirium of its terrible *saturnalia*, and was covered with scaffolds. Most of my friends had mounted them. I spare you the painting. What England experienced in her revolution has no resemblance to our suffering.”

Moreland smiled, as he replied, “It is natural that you should think so, because the recent evils of which we have been either the witnesses or the victims, strike us more than those of which we read, and that have passed away. But your nation is so versatile, that ten years of repose will cause you to forget all that you have passed through. England has long since forgotten her sufferings. I have often compared our evils with yours, and have finally rested in the conviction, that in all history and all time, men resemble each other, because they never acquire a particle more of common sense from experience; and are never found with one passion less.

“Political equality is your pretext for popular disorders, as religious equality has been with us. The Dutch republic formerly turned English heads, as the free institutions of the United States became the *beau ideal* of the French.”

“You have had your Skipton, Oxter, Peters, Vane, Harrison and Blake, who have repeated the adage, ‘it is our duty to fight for our country, without enquiring or disturbing ourselves in regard to the point, in whose hands the government resides.’ We have preceded our model in absurdities. The English people have been made to believe, that the royalists were about to blow up the Thames. It has been proposed to put the Princess Elizabeth in apprenticeship to a button maker, and to teach the Duke of Gloucester a mechanical calling.

“We, too, have had our Brutus and Cato, Anacharsis, Anaxagoras and the two Gracchi, villains of the most accursed stamp. I read of your juries, that tried your kings, and find these surnames: *Accepted Trevor, Redeemed Compton, God-reward Stuart, Called Lowe, and Kill-sin Peebles*, to say nothing of *Praise-God Bare Bones*.

“Our general conclusion is, that in all countries and in all time, all insurrection against the laws, be it cloaked with what pretext it may, and propose what improvements and innovations it will, ends in the absolute government of an individual.”

We may well imagine, that the democratic Lady Caroline had only listened to the commencement of her brother's dissertation, and Victor's rejoinder. As her opinion was entirely different, she had drawn a book from her reticule, which she shut when Victor arrived at his axiom, and she said, “Ah! you

two harangue as tediously as a Presbyterian minister, whose sermon has fifteen points that you must hear to the end."

Victor resumed, "My first care was to visit Lower Navarre, and see what was the condition of my sister. My second wish was to find repose in some country, far from the explosions of our revolutionary volcano. But the lava had filled the quiet valleys. It had flowed over the mountains. It had scourged foreign countries.

"What a change it imposed on me! Under a feigned name and a soldier's habit, I made my way on foot to the mountains, and finally arrived in view of what had formerly been the princely castle of my sister. Flowers and arbutes which she had planted, grew in the midst of the ruins, or rather contended for existence with the thistle and thorn, which grew up in their luxuriance in the unenclosed grounds. The courts and gardens were all deserted. I encountered a single old man sitting under a tree, which appeared to have been scathed with lightning. The spectacle filled me with sadness, and the sight of me made him tremble. I soon recognised in him one of the oldest servants of the Marquis d'Azemar, whom I recollected to have formerly seen. I called him by his name. The old man knew me, and burst into tears, 'What! is it you, and still alive! Ah, how much anxiety my good master and mistress felt on your account; and my excellent master, too, is since gone. Nothing remains but ruins and the old servant.'

"I asked him, what had become of my sister? He began the long and garrulous details of age, which, however, were full of interest for him and

me. The amount of it was, that my brother-in-law and sister had departed together for Spain. The ancient Dumont (that was his name) continued, 'What a pity, that this noble castle should have been ruined? They first destroyed the towers by a decree of the convention. The whole was confiscated. But after the departure of my master and mistress, no person was found hardy enough to purchase the estate. But, little by little, they have carried off the ruins. One took away the lead for balls. Another carried off the cellar doors to fix to a prison. Afterwards they were two months here digging under the buildings, under the pretext of finding salt-petre, but really to drink my master's rich wines.' He informed me, in addition, that my own family estate had been ruined in the same way. My elder brother, the chief heir, the Marquis de Cesannes, had fled to Germany, and had there died. Although I had known but little of him, as we had been separated in early boyhood, I felt as a brother the general desolation.

"The recital of Dumont was that of second childhood, sometimes burlesque, sometimes touching, always natural. 'There are the flowers and arbutes. You see, they have not meddled with them. Madame, your sister, loved them. I loved her. We all loved her. For the love of her I tend them, water them, and keep them from dying. This dreadful state of things will not last forever. One of these days, she will return. The poor old Dumont, worn out with sorrow and years, will be no more. But she will see the flowers and trees still alive, and she will say, 'Dumont thought of me.'

"I strove to encourage the good old servant, and

to inspire him with hopes in the future, which in truth, I had not myself.

“ ‘I thank you,’ said he; ‘but there is no future in this life for me. My mistress is gone. My master is dead. Look at this old tree. The lightning has scorched it. It is my image, and I shall not survive it.’

“ Finally, when Dumont had poured out his sad heart, I asked him, where my sister and her husband had lived in Spain? He replied, ‘It was madame, your sister, who saved the marquis. I weep, whenever I think of the manner in which she did it; and it is all my pleasure to think of it.’

“ He then related to me, how they had conducted the marquis to prison, and that the marchioness, whom they had left at liberty, had begged to be permitted to share his prison with him. They had allowed him, won by his entreaties, or because they had no distrust of one so old and feeble, to communicate with his master. Here he made a long digression, which I need not repeat. He remarked, that old and feeble as he was, he had had no fear, and that he had followed his master and mistress to Prague. Here he began the history of the famous siege of that city. I escaped a part of it by begging him to finish. However I did not get off, without a long account of the retreat.

“ In brief, the life of the marquis was threatened. Adrienne in vain attempted to obtain favour for her husband. His persecutors turned their hateful affections towards my sister. Flight was the only means of escape from their mutual persecutions. Adrienne directed the details. ‘It was,’ continued Dumont, ‘during a very dark night. I was with

them, and conducted them to a house, the people of which I had made sure friends. There I prepared a disguise for the marquis, my master. It was a long black robe, a great staff, and a tin cup hanging to his button hole. All the world would have taken him for a blind man. Madame your sister, led him, and told all that he was her father. I would you could have seen how handsome she was in the dress of our Basque peasants. It was not far from the frontier. But there are a number of posts to pass, when we follow the accustomed route, and it was the surest, because the least likely to be suspected. Heaven permitted no harm to befall them. All that met them, softened by the manner in which the beautiful daughter led her blind father, cried, as they passed—"God bless you!"

Moreland was no longer master of his enthusiasm, and cried out, "This deportment, Victor, is worthy of your sister. I recognise her in it! But proceed, I beseech you."

Victor resumed, "I remained some days with the good Dumont. We spoke of the same persons and the same things, and a common interest animated us. He informed me that he had sent them from time to time, all the money he could save for them; and they had had the foresight to lay by a considerable sum, in anticipation of these evil times. The diamonds of my sister were also a great resource. It was a source of infinite satisfaction to him and me, to know that he had been the faithful instrument of preserving two beings so dear to my heart in comfort. But at length, a letter informed this old and faithful servant, that his master had deceased, and that Adrienne had embarked for Italy.

I was grieved to leave him so desolate and forlorn as he seemed; but he was determined to remain and die amidst the scenes of his youth.

“Permit me to pause at this epoch. I should henceforward have to converse only of myself. I should only tire you with my individual misfortunes. I do not allow myself to think that I have any, since I have found such a friend as I have found here.”

It is a piquant matter of interest to observe a sage, every time the string is harped, to which his heart responds. Carried away by the secret impulse of a concealed sentiment, Moreland asked with earnestness, why Victor had not found himself able to join his sister, and how he could have forgotten, that she had no other protector than him, after the death of the Marquis d’Azemar, and how he could have left her so long alone in a strange country, without counsel or support? The ardour of his expressions softened to calmness, when brought to his recollection by the forbearing smile of Victor, who thanked him for the interest he took in his sister, and begged permission to justify himself.

“The dearest wish of my heart,” he resumed, “would have been to have joined my sister, and to have followed her fortunes. The ancient Dumont could give me no other clue to discover any trace of her, than the name of her correspondent at Barcelona. But I had experienced a misfortune common to all that was innocent, noble and virtuous in France. I was thrown into prison, where I remained, without any communication allowed me with the world, five whole months. On regaining my liberty, the first thought of my heart was about

my sister; my first business to repair to the excellent Dumont and repeat my researches. But his relations with her were entirely broken off, by the death of her Spanish correspondent. All he had been able to learn was, that she had left Venice, and that being often compelled to change her abode, a lot common to the unfortunate and proscribed wanderers of that period, she thought it prudent to change her name as often as her country. He had learned, too, that Madame d'Azemar was placed in a condition in Italy above want; that she had found there a respectable female relative, who treated her as a daughter, and had associated her with her own destiny. Freed from inquietude on her account, I had only to discharge my duty and follow the example of my friends. I had been wounded at the end of the campaign. About that time Dumont, whom, in leaving France, I had requested to transmit me news of Adrienne, if he could obtain any, and to whom I had indicated a sure route, through which to receive them, instructed me that my sister was at Lausanne, and about to re-enter France. I wrote to her immediately in Switzerland; but have never been able to cause a letter to reach her, or to discover a trace of her. Whether she has effected her purpose of returning to France contrary to my representations, or whether the faithful Dumont has deceased, the fact is that my relations with Adrienne have been unhappily and altogether broken off, though I mourn over it every day, and am still pursuing these unavailing researches."

This development, which gave no light in regard to her destiny, was yet amply sufficient to justify Victor in the eyes of Moreland, though it was

wholly insufficient to satisfy the anxious solicitude of love.

Henceforward it was no longer possible for Lord Moreland to dissemble that he had known Adrienne. But he had no idea, that he was betraying the secret of his heart, when he allowed that he had had the pleasure of being acquainted with her two months at Pampeluna, and following her to Barcelona. By this means he taught Victor and Lady Mary that, of which they were before ignorant. He only concealed from them the existence of the mysterious statue, and its identity with Madame d'Azemar; that is to say, precisely that which they knew as well as he.

CHAPTER XVII.

ONE STEP MORE.

THERE is no beautiful and noble chimera which a generous heart cannot nourish, in the absence of a beloved object. Inquietude is an ailment which love never refuses. Moreland was tormented with an anxiety proportioned to his love; and could he long dissemble that love? The tender and constant remembrance of Adrienne, which he had thus singularly cherished, was it any thing but love itself? He had supposed, while she was married, that he was loving without any risk. It was not without the most vivid emotion, that he had learned that she was free. All those who had seen him and heard his exclamations, might have understood it, with but a moderate share of skill in physiognomy. But he almost thought he had concealed from himself this involuntary sentiment. In this way children, and those in love, expose themselves to peril, because they do not believe that there is any. He certainly thrilled with inward satisfaction to hear that Adrienne was free; but he made it a point not to look in upon himself, and discover why that idea gave him pleasure. It was not probable that he would ever see her again; at least, he thought it improbable. He flattered himself, that he did not

wish to see her; and that his interest was solely concerned for her destiny, entirely unconnected with his own. He could see, in the distance, no temptation in the case, to induce him to think, for a moment, of violating his system. The interest which he felt in Adrienne; his vivid inquietude on her account; the torment which he gave himself in thinking whether she was happy or not; all these mental agitations on her account, which caused him many a long sleepless night, passed entirely unsuspected. But he should see her no more; he did not wish to see her again. Such phrases he incessantly repeated to himself, as if he would have convinced himself of their truth by their repetition. From that time, he gave himself up to the secretly cherished charm of constant thinking about her, and of interesting himself in her destiny, with all the generosity of his spirit, with the full security of his heart. He only counted the days in which he heard her name. He considered, as lost, all those, in which he did not hear any thing concerning her. So long as he considered himself only surrounded by strangers to Adrienne, an hour of the day consecrated to the secret worship, which he rendered to her image, seemed sufficient to his regrets. But, at present, when he saw in his best friend, the brother of her whom he loved, it was no longer vain regret, that he nourished in the solitude of his heart, but an exalted happiness which he tasted in mingling that name so dear with the daily conversations of friendship.

Such was the disposition of Moreland, when M. and Madame Dumenil, and their daughter Adele, the young friend of Lady Mary, came to make a visit to the castle. Fortune, at length, whose ca-

price sometimes becomes weary of inflicting misfortune, had exhausted its persecution of this interesting family. A happy event, still unknown at Moreland Castle, had very recently changed their whole position. The friendship of the beneficent and amiable Mary would have regarded this circumstance as a presage, had she lived in the superstitious times.

After going through all the compliments in common usage, of which M. Dumenil, an auvergne military gentleman of the old school, would not abridge a single phrase, standing erect, then bowing, he said,

“My Lord, I have considered it a duty to bring my family with me, that we might have the united honour of thanking you for all you have done; and shown the disposition to do for us. You are rich, my lord, and in health. So much the better for the miserable. Do you know, that you will soon be obliged to go farther than my family, to seek for them? The word *gratitude* is in the mouth of every body. The disposition itself is here in my heart. You will believe it; for you will interpret mine by your own.”

Moreland could not fail to express himself sensible to a compliment so true, paid in a manner of such naïveté, by a person so scrupulously a gentleman.

“My good neighbour,” he replied, “these are such thanks as I love. But I do not merit them. I owe to Lady Mary, my sister, the advantage of knowing you. I have not even aided you in another way, as my friend, the Count de Leyris has, whose designs you received with so much pleasure; for I do not know how to hold a crayon to any purpose. You owe all to my sister and my friend.”

The excellent Moreland did not imagine, that in

thus transferring to each their just share of praise, and in disavowing any for himself, he was preparing the delicious recompense of hearing the name of Adrienne from another quarter. Since this new acquaintance, he had often seen the young and charming Adele, but she had never before appeared so beautiful as at this moment, when holding the hand of Lady Mary, and casting upon Victor the most touching look of grateful acknowledgment, she said,

“The gratitude, M. de Leyris, which we owe you, is no burden to us. You will not regret the service, when you know whom you have obliged. You are, I believe, brother of Madame d’Azemar. Perhaps, Madame, your sister, will aid us to thank you as we ought.”

At this remark, the eyes of Moreland were involuntarily turned towards the door. One would have said, that he was looking in the expectation of seeing her enter.

“Has my sister the honour of being known to you?” asked Victor.

“You ask if my daughter has the honour to know Madame d’Azemar?” responded M. Dumenil, with unwonted quickness. “Ask if Madame Dumenil does not speak of her every day? Ask if I, notwithstanding my white hairs, do not speak of her almost in the terms of a lover? Ask if my grand children do not cry for her? Ask if she has not been the friend, the sister of our Adele; if she has not been a daughter to us. Madame d’Azemar! She was not known to us by that name,” added the old gentleman, in a confidential and under tone. “For all the world, while at Lausanne, she was

Madame Durand. You understand that there were reasons; and it was, as if one would say—Madame *Three stars*. It is a proper fashion for people of high rank, in foreign countries, to take names that do not designate them; and yet I never could tell for why?”

A short digression followed, after which he resumed, “Is it possible that I have the honour to see the brother of Madame d’Azemar? Yes; M. de Leyris, you ought to be, for you are sensible, good, and attentive, like her, and like her do not contemn old age. I now clearly perceive that you resemble your sister. Do you not discover, Madame Dumenil, that there is a resemblance? Sir, I felicitate you with all my heart.”

Madame Dumenil spoke in her turn. She expressed her gratitude with as much sentiment, but with more measured tact than her worthy husband. It was she, who informed Victor, and by consequence, Moreland, that six months before she had left Madame d’Azemar ready to quit Switzerland, in order to enter France in the family of an aunt, from whose destiny she was not disposed to separate herself. At the period, when Madame Dumenil was about to leave that country for England, this relative of Madame d’Azemar had fallen sick, a circumstance which rendered it uncertain if the family had actually entered France, or not.

Madame Dumenil had addressed this explanation to Victor; she continued, looking at Lord Moreland. “When we established ourselves at Brompton, we had no idea that we had the advantage of knowing any one. But we were not slow in learning, that even you were no stranger to us.”

Moreland, with some agitation, asked her, "Who had spoken to her of him?"

"Madame d'Azemar," replied the amiable Adele. One would have said that an agreeable name acquires more grace in flowing from a beautiful mouth. The countenance of Moreland flushed with a happy but silent joy; and it was evident, that he hung upon what she was about to add, with a pleasure like that which Homer paints, as animating the listening Greeks, when suspended upon the honied recitations of Nestor. Adele resumed, "We had no sooner made known our intention of passing over to England, than she said, with a grace and vivacity which accompany every thing she utters, 'You will be too happy in reaching that secure and beautiful country. I have there an old acquaintance, and a particular friend, Lord Milford. Perhaps accident may bring you in his society. Certainly it will, if you should have any need of him.' Shall I go on, my lord, to repeat every thing that Madame d'Azemar said of you? I have some fear of putting your modesty to the proof."

Lady Mary here came to the aid of her blushing brother, and it may well be judged, to his relief.

"My dear friend," said she, to Madame de Rosange, "I beseech you not to omit a particle. I shall be delighted to hear what the sister of M. de Leyris thought of my brother."

"Cheerfully;" replied Adele, in her softest tone, "but you must recollect, the while, that it is Madame d'Azemar who speaks. 'He was one of the most amiable men I have known. But it has been said, that the English, who are such when they go

abroad, cease to be so when they return to their own country.' ”

“That is not true,” said M. Dumenil, with his brusque simplicity. “At least, I will answer, that there is an exception in the case of my lord.”

The old gentleman ceased; and Moreland thanked him by a grateful inclination of the head, showing impatience, the while, that Adele should resume her narrative. The young French lady pursued,

“I wish,” (it is still Madame d’Azemar, remember, that speaks,) I earnestly wish, that you may meet Lord Milford in that country. I used formerly to call him in badinage, *My Servant*. You may judge from this, that we were intimate. If you should meet him, I will ask you to let me know it. In truth, I should feel grieved to learn that he had forgotten me. If that should not be the case, if you should discover that I occupy a place in his remembrances, in his regrets, I permit you to say to him, that I sometimes think of him.”

Moreland listened with wrapt attention to the last vibrations of the name of Adrienne, the echo of which was in his heart. He recovered not from a delicious revery of absence, until M. Dumenil, who, happily, was too full of his subject to perceive that Lord Moreland did not hear him, was in the midst of his harangue.

“You will perceive, my lord,” said he, “that we could not at first divine, that Lord Moreland was the Lord Milford whom Madame d’Azemar knew. This English metamorphosis of names is a thing of which she could have no suspicion. It is a formidable circumstance with you, Messieurs Englishmen, that you change your name with your titles; and

that one may hear their best friend spoken of without knowing it. But, in speaking of those we love, I am forgetting myself. I wish, my lord, before we leave you, as well as this respectable society, to have the honour to make known to you an event which we were far from expecting. Well may it be said, that numerous families prosper. God be praised, I have nothing to ask on that score; for I have a cloud of relatives who are people of rank. An uncle, whom we had all forgotten, has lately deceased at Martinique, and has left me a rich succession, in such a manner, my lord, that I and mine shall cease to be a tax upon your considerate generosity, without ever ceasing, as I hope you will believe, being grateful."

Lady Mary, in the height of her delight, embraced Adele. All the inhabitants of Moreland Castle felicitated M. and Madame Dumenil.

Lord Moreland asked them, "If he could render them any service, in facilitating their voyage to the West Indies?"

Madame Dumenil and her daughter replied, in a tone alike noble and affectionate, "That circumstances would not require them to take a voyage to the isles; and that they were determined to have no other country than their adopted one, until they could enter into their own; that they should continue to live at Brompton, and would not change its vicinity to Moreland Castle for the most beautiful square in London."

Lord Moreland was pressing in his invitations, that they would often visit his sisters at the castle. But it was to Madame Rostange, that he looked while urging these civilities. One cherished idea

involuntarily turned the looks and thoughts of this self-deemed philosopher, above the assaults of love, to her, who had spoken first and most of Adrienne, who resembled her most in youth and beauty. The fair French woman was to Moreland, the *diamond mountain of the thousand and one nights*. What gratitude did he not feel to that young lady! By her he had learned, that Adrienne remembered him with pleasure. He could taste without danger the satisfaction of knowing it. Let him take care that his heart does not become painfully conscious of the satisfaction of knowing that Adrienne remembers him!

CHAPTER XVIII.

A PROPOSITION OF MARRIAGE.

IT was sometime after the visit of the Dumenil family at Moreland Castle, before its master recovered sufficient tranquillity to be a faithful observer of the established rules of the card suspended over the hall door, which we have mentioned. But he finally resumed his former habitudes. Lady Mary was in the hall with Victor. Lady Caroline, in her riding-dress, walked up and down the hall with great strides, her riding-whip in her hand. On a sudden she paused, and declared that she had changed her mind in regard to riding, and ordered her horse back to the stable.

Immediately afterwards she commenced the most extraordinary conversation with Victor, which he had ever heard in his life. After a moment's silence, she stood before him, and said—

“My brother has strange ideas, has he not, M. de Leyris?” And without waiting for a reply, which he would not have made, she added, “His opinions touching marriage, for example, have no touch of common sense. I, on the contrary, have lately reflected upon that subject to the bottom, and have come to the most reasonable of conclusions. Are

you aware, that my brother has a great deal of friendship for you?"

Victor considered it a duty to reply by an obliging and respectful inclination of the head.

"I desire of him," she continued, "a new proof of it. I wish him to cause you to marry one of his sisters."

It may be well imagined, that such an introduction was as a thunderstroke to Victor. Lady Mary, pale and trembling, instantly concluded that her sister had divined her secret, a secret which she no longer concealed from herself, and perhaps did not desire it concealed from Victor. Still she dreaded that Lady Caroline should be the interpreter. She, observing Lady Mary agitated, and about to retire, retained her, saying, "Stop, sister; your presence is no inconvenience."

"You are the friend of my brother," resumed she, addressing Victor. "But you do not know me. I now paint my character in a few words. I have instruction, an enlightened understanding, and above all, I pique myself upon my penetration. Although a woman, I have a masculine understanding. Ordinary women do not avow, except with a mystery which renders it ridiculous, their secret affections and preferences for a man of merit. For me; I glory in being frank, and in disguising nothing."

Lady Mary drew a long breath. She discovered that her sister was haranguing on her own account, and such rivalry did not alarm her.

"My brother loves you," continued Lady Caroline, having the air, as if her sister was not in the apartment. "Lady Mary and I share this vivid interest with which you have inspired him. I even

add, that of all the men who have been proposed to me, as candidates for my hand, I have seen only you who seem compatible. What I have noted of you, is sufficient. Most people take a husband for want of certain defects. I have forewarned you, that I am very frank. I will not fail to inform you of every thing in your character, which is disagreeable to me. You are a reasonable person; so am I. You will not even pretend to be as intellectually perfect as a woman, whom the habit of observation and reflection has taught to correct her faults, if she had any. In regard to myself, I avow that I have discovered none."

Lady Mary threw on Victor a look of benevolence and entreaty, as if wishing to invoke his indulgence and compassion for the undisguised and measureless vanity of her sister, who finally terminated her incredible panegyric by modestly saying,

"I have qualities of which others speak, but of which I say nothing. I hate as vehemently as I love; and serve, as I injure. My acquaintance is sure and useful. I have good sense, am generous, have a strong perception of the true and beautiful; and I confess that I applaud the generosity of my heart, for suggesting the idea of offering to share with you a great fortune, and a happy existence, in causing you, through my choice, to forget all the injuries of fortune, all the misfortunes of your destiny."

Victor had been ill at his ease, during all this long outpouring of her heart, which had not revealed a sentiment, but was either false, displaced, or offensive.

"Lady Caroline," said he, with a cool and stern air, "allow me to reply to the frankness of your con-

fidence, with equal frankness. You offer me the highest mark of esteem which I can ever receive. But"—

Lady Mary, to give him countenance, as he seemed struggling for the right phrase, held in her hand a volume of Racine, which opened by chance to a particular passage, which she held out to Victor.

"It seems to me," she timidly remarked, as she suspended the reading, which appeared to have fixed her attention; "it seems to me, that when one loves a person in misfortune, it is much easier to offer him a fortune, than to be sure that he will consider it a boon to accept it."

"I can believe, that you think so, sister," replied Lady Caroline, with a tone the most disdainful. "You have been brought up with ideas so narrow, that you cannot know how to offer any thing. Think what you may, you will always be afraid to speak out."

A vague hope rendered Victor attentive to the reply, which Lady Mary was about to make. Could she fail to find almost in every verse of the passage she was reading, an auxiliary explanation in the great dramatic poet, who knew so well how to paint love? Her eyes fell anew upon the book, and she read, as if attracted to the verse by a secret sentiment—an irresistible emotion, "Is love dumb, or has it but one language." At that moment she timidly raised her eyes. They met the eyes of Victor, and completed a declaration which her lips dared not utter. What a delightful secret that mutual glance revealed! What avowal could have been more positive?

As Lady Mary repeated that phrase from the book, the happy Victor no longer heard or saw any thing

but her. In the height of his excitement, he was about to throw himself on his knees before her, when the decisive voice of Lady Caroline awoke him from his delicious dream.

“You had no expectation,” she continued, “of the futurity which I offer you. My proposition proves to you, that I am an original, and do nothing like another. But it will teach you at length to know me. You are silent. I have given you the example of frankness. Conceal, I pray you, no expression of your gratitude. You accept as you ought—”

Who can describe the embarrassment of Victor in a position so delicate? Who can dictate what he should have said? Almost in an agony of uncertainty of what phrase he ought to avail himself, he was silent. Lady Mary enjoyed his silence, for she saw the motive. Lady Caroline, illimitable as was her self-blindness, began to be astonished at his difficulty of expressing himself; thinking, however, that it was for want of words to demonstrate a gratitude sufficiently strong; when in a manner the most opportunely that could be imagined, a domestic entered and announced, that Lord Moreland, on horseback, expected his friend to accompany him. The friends had an engagement to ride some miles, to see a new invention in agricultural machinery. Lady Caroline would not make her brother wait; and giving Victor a gracious inclination of the head, as though she would dispense with his declarations, she motioned him to accompany her brother. Almost panting for breath, he arose, blessing in his heart the inventions of agricultural machines, and the necessity of being punctual to time with methodical friends. This unex-

pected deliverance restored him so much mental composure, that he made Lady Caroline a response, at once, so affectionate and evasive, that her self-love interpreted it to meet her own views. But, at the same moment his adieu to Lady Mary was so expressive, as to satisfy her that thanks may be framed to conceal a refusal.

That effusion of heart which is always a pleasure so delightful to hearts endowed with sensibility, is also sometimes a necessity to which stern and decided characters yield. Lady Caroline could not restrain herself, reserved on these points as she generally was, from speaking of Victor and the effect of her proposition. She held herself possessed of such a superiority over her gentle and modest sister, that it never once occurred to her thoughts that this sister could have entered into any comparison with her in his mind; still less, that she could be preferred to her.

“Sister,” said she, “have I not done right to offer the Count de Leyris my hand and fortune? My brother is his friend. We believe, on his word, what he has told us of the illustrious birth of this stranger. But he is unhappy, without fortune, without a career. After what I have shown myself ready to do for him, it is no longer of the generous conduct of my brother in his case, that people will speak.”

Lady Mary, absorbed in her own appropriate interest in this affair, steadily regarded the countenance of her sister, as she asked her, “Are you then deeply in love with this friend of my brother?”

A smile was all that Lady Caroline accorded in reply to her shrinking and modest sister. In the

smile was neither bitterness nor benevolence. She seemed only to mourn over her sister for being so far from being possessed of that philosophic independence, which reduces all the affections to their real and reasonable value, and she said to her,

“Love! love! my poor child. People love the sciences, the arts, letters; they love spectacles, play, the world; they love the country; they love to ride on horseback. Ladies take a husband because it is the usage, because the rules of social convention ordain it to be right. In virtue of these usages, one has a husband, has him appropriate, and to one’s self. Where then is the necessity of loving him?”

“My dear sister,” replied Lady Mary, with vivacity, “how much pleasure you give me in thinking so.” She then added with equal embarrassment and candour, “I feared that you would not be happy, that you could not live without the Count de Leyris. So, then, it is only a husband that you want? You have need only of a husband. With your figure, understanding, and fortune, you can choose, you know, in the three kingdoms.”

“What is this you are saying, sister? Are you a fool, like the rest?”

“No. Yes. Oh! how happy I am! So, then, the friend of my brother is neither more nor less indifferent than the many young noblemen, to whom you have refused your hand, and to whom, I suppose, you would still refuse it?”

“Without doubt. What is the point you are driving at?”

“Oh! my sister, with that one word you have restored me tranquillity, hope, almost happiness. I

ought to pay you for the pleasure you have given me by this declaration, with the entire avowal of the dearest secret of my heart. This person, who is so indifferent to you, who is so amiable, so good, so unfortunate, this Victor, whom my brother loves so much—to be loved by him, to be united to him, to be happy through him, to cause his happiness—This is the only desire of my heart, my only dream of happiness, and that, for which I would renounce every thing this side heaven.”

No one but Lady Mary could have rightly interpreted the grave, composed and lecturing air, with which her sister, after the silence of a moment, pronounced these words in a solemn tone—“My dear infant, you have the head of a French woman; and, beside, are running after a chimera. You are not ignorant that our brother, who is full of false ideas, like the rest of men, and like them, holds to them as if they were his life, is as wide from any disposition to marry his sisters, as to marry himself. I have strength of mind to dispense with his permission; but you—nature has not given you sufficient mental force, to rise above the prejudices consecrated by habit, and condemned by reason. And, beside, had this force even been awarded you, it would have availed you nothing in the present contingency. You are the sport, and will be the victim of your error. It is not you that Victor loves, or can love. I name not the person whom, I doubt not, he does prefer. But if you would reflect a little, you would perceive that men must prefer in a woman the tastes that are nearest their own. The passion for horses, for the sciences, the chase, causes them to desire a companion among those who equal,

or excel them in these exercises, these noble occupations, rather than among those women, who only know how to paint, embroider, to listen and be silent. If you have not these superior qualities which I possess, it is not your fault, my dear Mary, but that of the kind of education you have received. I should have been just the same myself, if, by force of care and study, I had not disciplined and corrected my feminine nature.

“I need not dissemble to you that all the cares and attentions of M. de Leyris are evidently for me. It is inconceivable to me that you have not already perceived it. But no. The reason is obvious and simple. Your sentiment and your error have fascinated your eyes; and beside, perhaps a little self-love, which you have in common with the rest—an illusion from which I am happily free.

“When the Count Victor is with you, he observes you drawing or embroidering; or you look at him while painting. What does either learn or gain? As soon as he converses with me, I immediately turn the conversation upon some discovery, some interesting experiment, some important discussion. He leaves me both more happy and better informed. If he draws near you, I can see with half an eye, that it is only through politeness.

“I would counsel you, my dear Mary; but it is firmly and forever to renounce the count. I foresee that he will necessarily be my husband. He ought to be, and wishes to be. I would allow him to refuse me if I thought he would be able to do it.”

So spoke Lady Caroline. The tone was not calculated to inspire mutual affection; and the two

sisters separated little satisfied with each other, but both well satisfied with themselves; Lady Caroline by the sentiment and perception of all the amount of mérit that she thought herself worth; Lady Mary by the certainty, that if there was any one who mistook, touching the secret of Victor, it was not herself.

CHAPTER XIX.

A STORM.

IT cannot be doubted that with the opinions of Lord Moreland upon the subject of marriage, he would have deemed Victor between two rocks, had he known his position in relation to his two sisters; and that he would have found it difficult to decide what part to take, without committing his love, his friend, or his opinions.

It was not, that he had not sometimes apprehended such results from the personal and mental attractions of his friend. But the thought of his elder sister forming an attachment, take what form it would, could inspire in him but one of two sentiments, astonishment or aversion. The gentle Lady Mary he judged too timid to solicit a consent from him, which she must be sure she never could obtain. In this state of things he determined, come what would, to remain neuter. He was aware, that if his younger sister took counsel only from her heart, as he suspected she would, Victor would consult only the most scrupulous honour, the most inviolable delicacy. For Lady Caroline, he knew her so well, as to be satisfied that, far from taking counsels, her purpose was to give them gratuitously to every body.

It is easy to perceive, that in the excess of her blindness, this woman, so vain, and yet not without a strange mixture of good, expected to see an explosion of gratitude from Victor follow the whimsical proposition we have just recited. It was in vain that her self-love prompted her to take his obstinate silence for timidity and respect. The veil fell by degrees from her eyes. She was forced to think that she had been deceived for the first time in her life. Pride began to burn in her heart as the rising winds forebode a tempest, which at first but a gentle breeze, only ruffles the surface of the waves, which will soon be agitated to their lowest depths. Her vague feeling of humiliation soon began to take a more hateful form. What she had considered interest for the young stranger, rapidly grew up to disdain. This was manifested by a stern coldness to Victor, an unwonted dryness of manner to Lady Mary and ill temper towards her brother. Her sister feared her, Victor avoided her, and her brother watched her. Those who felt disposed to break this unwonted silence, felt disposed to be observers. Lady Caroline, still in the midst of them, began to feel herself one too many. Such a critical situation, with her character, could not long endure.

At this conjuncture a letter arrived from London, which informed Victor that an old friend of his family had arrived from the continent; and he thought it probable that through him he might obtain certain information touching his sister. He instantly formed the resolution to take a journey to London to visit him. He found no difficulty in obtaining the approbation of Lord Moreland, whatever regret he felt at the idea of the absence of his

friend. He, however, limited his visit to three days, exacting a promise that he would return on the fourth.

This contingency inspired him with the idea of fulfilling at the same time what he owed to Lord Moreland and to himself in this emergency. He felt that honour forbade him to allow Lady Caroline to remain in error, touching his sentiments. What he had seen, and what he had heard alike filled him with the delightful conviction of the preference, which Lady Mary had accorded him in her thoughts.

He was resolved that she should not suffer from the generous impulse of her heart; and determined that he would write individually to each of the sisters; to the one stating the impossibility of availing himself of her offers; to the other with the noble intention of counselling her against herself, against any interest she might have accorded him in her heart, against the dearest wishes of his own. He reflected, weighed deeply, and measured well his expressions, softened the phrases, moderated the burning words of love, sealed the two letters, gave them to one of the servants, took leave of Moreland, promised to return at the indicated time, and mounted his horse.

Happy, as every one is, who against struggling interests, has performed an honorable and commendable action, he felicitated himself, as he rode along, in having explained himself to the two sisters, although the probable consequences were, that the determination would drive him from his pleasant harbour, once more into the tumultuous sea. This was the letter, which was received by Lady Caro-

line. The reader will perceive, it was intended for her sister.

“I may not speak to you, but I may write my thoughts. You can read what you ought not to hear. Fear nothing. I am condemned to silence, by that law of adversity which I can never vanquish; a law which has placed a distance between us, that I may not attempt to pass over.”

Lady Caroline, not perceiving the mistake of the address, was pleased with this commencement; and attributed the reserve which it announced, to the modesty of Victor. In the illusion of self-love, she continued.

“In passing from Lady Mary to her sister, I am aware, in both cases, what honour permits, and what it forbids. I may be allowed to avow, that I love, without failing in what I owe to you or myself. Dearest Mary”—

“Dearest Mary!!” cried Lady Caroline.

But how can I render to my reader, the rapid and terrible effect which this phrase produced upon this proud and violent woman!

You may have observed a black spot in the serene sky, which the palm of the hand might cover, that announces to the mariner the approach of a hurricane. The passenger, in his security, sees the small cloud without apprehension; but the pilot, by experience, instantly orders the sails to be furled, and the ship turned towards the port. Scarce has he taken his precaution, before the sky is black, and illumed by the glare of lightnings.

The name of her gentle and modest sister, aroused such a storm in the proud bosom of Lady Caroline.

She is overwhelmed with indignation, and after a pause resumes reading, with an agitated voice:

“Dearest Mary, whose heart is innocence and gentleness, did I rightly interpret those touching and generous words that I heard? Could I hesitate between thy vain sister and thee?”

Lady Caroline sprang erect, in a transport which might have been fatal, had not the instant hope, purpose and pleasure of revenge occurred to her thoughts. She stood a few moments motionless, and in a tremor of rage; then, by the involuntary recklessness of a mind constituted like hers, she is determined to tear all bandages from the wound, and so to harden her heart, as to be able to read the remainder to the end without interrupting herself.

“Think you that I can ever forget those words, till memory loses her seat? Can you doubt, that I needed all the resources of reason and honour, to prevent me from falling at your feet? How painful to restrain the expression of my tenderness, gratitude and love! Dearest Mary, do I not know that thy soul is still more beautiful than thy person? Can it be possible, that sisters so different, both sprang from the same mother? Not a particle of your kindness and delicacy escaped me. How much you suffered, while Lady Caroline made me offers so brilliant, and yet in form so offensive, as to cause me to forget the generosity of her intentions!

“You comprehend my thoughts and my character, and it is enough. Far from being tempted to the proposed humiliation; sooner would I be plunged in the mines for the remainder of my days, than owe an imbecile existence to a proud generosity; an insulting pity!

“Mary, cherished and almost adored one, to believe that I have inspired a preference in thy gentle bosom, is enough for me; enough to colour with the brightness of heaven’s bow, the residue of my years. If an involuntary sympathy, an irresistible attraction, has impelled us towards each other, it was delightful for me to yield for a moment to the illusive impulse. But the sterner voice of prudence counsels resistance to you. It is your duty to reflect on this, and my hard necessity to advise you against myself.

“You cannot fully understand me, except by my own aid. I would wish to let you see my character, without concealing a single defect. When you shall have had time to assure yourself well, that you are not the sport of an ephemeral illusion; if, when I shall have taught you all that I am, your predilection shall still remain; if it survives a clear perception of the difference of our condition, and the efforts which I ought to make to enlighten your reason; if you continue, after all, to regard a stranger without fortune or hope, you will forever unite my destiny with yours, as far as my will is concerned. I will attempt to vanquish the prejudices of my friend, your brother; and I will ask of him to commit the keeping of his sister’s happiness to me. Yet it involves a painful sacrifice, for one so forlorn to receive all, and confer nothing. Ah! dearest Mary, were the case reversed; should heaven restore me my country, rank and fortune; and were my position yours, and you were as I am, without fortune, country or home; then, were mine the choice, all should be yours, and if you accepted it, I should still feel that I owed all to you.”

During the reading of this terrible letter, we have seen enough of her character, to be aware of the agony of her paroxysms of rage. Twenty times her lips trembled, her visage became pale, and her voice sank to faintness, from excess of passion. Sometimes her eyes ran over the characters, as those wretches who were formerly condemned to walk upon burning coals. Sometimes she stopped, with the stupid horror of one who has been bitten by a serpent in his path. But when once at the end, the violence of her unmitigated character burst forth. Every thing on which she could lay her hand, was broken or torn in pieces. The glass of her toilet, the porcelane of her apartment, were the victims of her first fury. Trembling with rage, she trampled the fatal letter under foot; then took it up; arranged the torn fragments; read it again; interposing between the periods reproaches, sarcasms, threats, every thing which anger and revenge could dictate, against the two lovers. Victor was an ingrate, an adventurer, an insolent wretch, a villain, a seducer. A calm then succeeded to these transports, and she began to revolve a thousand projects of vengeance, each more vindictive than the other; and the most sinister was that on which she dwelt with the greatest delight.

Lady Mary, by the same mistake, had received the following:

“The offer of your hand and fortune, Lady Caroline, will certainly, if known, expose me to envy; but I am aware, that you ought to dispose of your benefits to some one more worthy, and more capable of appreciating them. The friendship of your brother, and the kindness of his sisters, are all I can

accept. You love frankness, and will, therefore, excuse mine. I beg you to suppose, that I comprehend the value of all you offer, and all that I refuse. Your knowledge of the sciences is profound; but there are some things which Lady Caroline has yet to learn. You ought to understand what is due to misfortune, which has preserved from the wreck nothing but independence and self-respect. I must retain these in view of the sacrifice I make. But let me pause. My only wish is, that Lady Caroline may still honour me with her regard, and deign to believe in my respect and gratitude.

“VICTOR DE LEYRIS.”

The view of Victor's writing the first lines traced upon this paper, excited in Lady Mary a surprise equal to her emotion. But soon made aware of the mistake, which had brought her sister's letter to her, and that, probably, by a similar mistake one for her had reached her sister, she shed tears of joy. Her second emotion was inspired by the generosity of her heart. She immediately determined to send back this letter, not to her sister, but the writer. She certainly had no disposition to induce him to retract his refusal, but only to soften the terms of it.

It was in these benevolent and upright purposes, that she found on her pillow the sleep which belongs to innocence and happiness. The next morning she placed herself at the breakfast-table, with the calm of a quiet conscience on her brow, and the smile of kindness on her lips.

Lady Caroline also took her seat beside her, concealing her resentment under the perfidious veil of stern quietness. A slight ill-humour, which she

could not conceal, an expression which was by no means an uncommon one, shaded her countenance. Just before they rose, she drew from her reticule a letter, coldly handing it to her sister. There is a letter, which was intended for you, though sent to me. I have read it, and, as you see, torn it; but you can put the precious fragments together, and make it out. Instruct your correspondents hereafter, to be more careful in writing their address.

Lady Mary, trembling with terror and uncertainty, took the pieces mechanically, without having the force to make any reply.

The day for the gentle Mary was one of storms. The implacable Lady Caroline seemed unable to satisfy her animosity, in first heaping injurious epithets upon Victor, and then blaming her family's confidence in strangers; in speaking of the dangers of granting them an asylum, and the sure return of ingratitude.

Moreland contented himself with an occasional shrug of the shoulders, as he was obliged, if not to listen, at least to hear. Rising from table, she ordered her horses to be saddled, and said to her brother, as she went out,

“Adieu! my brother;” and to her sister, in a tone the most significant, though under her breath, “without any adieu, Lady Mary. You will hear from me soon.”

CHAPTER XX.

VENGEANCE.

WHEN the object is to render a service, obstacles are to be met and vanquished at every turn. But when the question is, how to annoy and injure, the most powerless, the most inefficient individual finds means and resources. A splendid project of vengeance had instantly dawned upon the fertile mind of Lady Caroline. Nothing that her wishes could have suggested, was wanting to the execution. Irritated self-love, in its awards, never proportions the punishment to the offence. We must avow, for the honour of Lady Caroline, that she could not have reflected upon the atrocity of those she employed. The bitterness of wounded love, as well as self-love, must have dictated some part of the vengeance.

She rode furiously, and almost without stopping, to Windsor, and alighted at the magnificent mansion of the Marchioness T**, her friend and near relative, who was, at the time, lady of honour to the Queen, and enjoying an unbounded influence. After dissembling a tranquillity, in which she discussed many indifferent subjects, she arrived at the one nearest her heart. She spoke of M. de Leyris, as a person who was harboured in the vicinity of Moreland Castle, and a suspected stranger. His presence, she affirm-

ed, and revolutionary opinions, his military character, and, probably, his relations as a spy, could not but be dangerous. Lady Caroline was well known as a zealous politician, and the dread of aliens at that period was at its height. She asked of her relative to use her influence, that the provisions of the *Alien Bill* might be applied to M. de Leyris, and that he might be transported out of the country, as a suspected person. The energetic wicked almost invariably carry their purpose. All ears are open to calumny; and deceived credulity comes slowly behind with its remedies and unavailing regrets. The Marchioness T**, without a doubt of the foundation of these complaints, and implicitly relying on the character and discernment of her relative, served the blind fury of Lady Caroline to the letter. Before she left Windsor, all the materials for the explosion were in train. She returned to Moreland Castle almost in delight, that she should be there to witness the springing of the mine.

On his part, unconscious of danger, Victor returned at the end of his allotted period. His uncertainty in regard to the effect which his two letters had produced, embarrassed him with the most painful and disagreeable apprehensions. The consciousness of having followed the impulse of honour and duty sustained him to support the prospect of whatever might happen. This, however, was not adequate to give repose to his heart. Still, whatever was his attachment to Moreland, whatever charms the image and the preference of Lady Mary offered to his thoughts, he was resolved to break all the ties of love and friendship, to leave Moreland Castle and even England, if his presence should cause the least disturbance in that

noble mansion; if Lady Caroline, wounded by his refusal, should be sufficiently unjust to inspire pain in the bosom of her generous brother, or her gentle sister. The idea of being the cause of any such evils there, was insupportable. He asked of himself, if he might seem to be acting the part of an ingrate, in the manner in which he had rejected an offer offensive in form, it was true, but, perhaps, not so in intention. The only wrong which this view of the subject could fix upon Lady Caroline, was not to have understood the sensitiveness of true delicacy of character in misfortune. Finally, notwithstanding his conscience instructed him that he had acted rightly, he ended by the timidity of self-accusation.

While Victor was a prey to these internal solicitations, Lady Caroline, who had accelerated her journey with the promptitude of vengeance, arrived at Moreland place. The certainty and depth of this vengeance, gave her such a fund of secret satisfaction as to soften her recent ill-humour to such a degree, that Lady Mary, as unsuspecting as she was good, did not for a moment distrust the motive of her absence. Lord Moreland would not have believed it, had she herself informed him. It was then without the least visible sign of impatience, that she heard her brother and sister discuss the absence of Victor, and remark upon the painful void, which the want of his society made them experience. Finally, when an exclamation of joy announced his return, Lady Caroline disciplined herself so perfectly to compose the expression of her physiognomy, that M. de Leyris, imagining, that he had discovered in this deceptive calm, that his letters had not

given serious offence, felt his heart relieved of a great burden.

He immediately gave Moreland an account of the result of his journey, a result which had proved most unsatisfactory, as the news were old, and the information uncertain. He had only added to his previous knowledge, the fact, that the aunt of Adrienne had sunk under her disease. But whether Adrienne had entered France, or taken refuge in Constance, Dresden, or Munster, he could not learn. All that his friend could affirm about his sister was, that six months previous to that time, she had had funds in the bank at Hamburg, which led him to suppose that she had a correspondent established in that city.

“With this uncertain clue,” added Victor, “I have left a letter with my friend, who has promised to use all his exertions to forward it to this supposed correspondent, intimating, the while, no very sanguine hope of its reaching its destination.”

“It is a most essential point in these matters rightly to superscribe addresses,” said Lady Caroline, with a tone at once so gay, simple and indifferent, and at the same time so equivocal, that Moreland thought her only uttering one of her wonted idle phrases. Victor, too, remained undisturbed in his security. Lady Mary fell into revery, without becoming either tranquil, or very uneasy, a kind of vague anxiety, which consists in vibrating alternately from hope to despondence, a most painful disposition of mind, which Lady Caroline was aware she had inflicted upon her sister.

Lord Moreland, who had imagined that he was about touching the moment when the destiny of

Madame d'Azemar was to be unfolded, was rendered too unhappy by this uncertain issue of things, to wish to prolong the conversation.

“You must be fatigued, my dear Victor,” said he, pressing the hand of his friend; “and you, too, my dear Caroline,” continued he; “let us retire, not without my congratulations on finding you a little less cloudy than before your journey.”

Each one retired. The sleep of Victor was not to be of long duration.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE DREAM.

"MY countenance must appear marked with affright," said Lady Caroline, as she entered the hall in the morning. "Attribute it to a horrible dream, I have had."

"How! A horrible dream," asked Lady Mary.

"Yes; a dream horrible enough, as you shall hear. I dreamed of you, Count Victor. You were walking in the avenue of Moreland Castle, with a lady clad in white. It was night, but a night of peculiar gloom. The sky was brewing storms, and I could discern your person by the stars that occasionally glittered through the clouds. The young lady I could not recognise. It was not you, however, my dear little sister," she added, scrutinizing her with apparent simplicity. But he who would have attentively observed the countenance of Lady Caroline, would have seen in the traits of her countenance a secret and malicious joy. She enjoyed the pleasure of first infusing into her sister's heart a thrill of delighted emotion, which glistened in her eyes as the dreamer spoke of the sombre night, the whispering shades, and Victor beside a young lady. The revenge was to assure her, that young lady was not Lady Mary.

“The young lady,” she resumed, “whom I did not recognise, strove in vain, Count Victor, to incline you to retrace your steps, and return. A tuft of shrubs appeared before me all covered with serpents. They raised their horrid heads in concert, and all hissed together. It seemed the signal for the appearance of a chariot drawn by deer, which flew on, and stopped immediately before you. An invisible force dragged M. de Leyris, bound with chains, into the chariot. The young lady fainted; the chariot disappeared. The mustering winds burst in a storm so violent that it awakened me.”

Lady Caroline paused, aware that she had filled her sister's head with the most sinister presages. She abandoned herself to a profound melancholy. It was not precisely, that she believed in dreams. But in her mind vivid impressions succeeded each other, whether of joy or grief; and the gloom created by this recital threw a cloud over her mind for this whole day.

Lord Moreland and Victor, perceiving the cloud on the countenance of the young lady, undertook to prove to her the futility of dreams, and that reasonable people paid no attention to them, a phrase which every body advances; and yet almost every one is saddened by a gloomy dream. Moreland chidingly asked his elder sister, if she could not introduce, from her boundless stores, a more cheerful subject of conversation?

“Why, brother,” she answered, “lose your time in listening to the trifling themes of ladies? Take care, you, who are so methodical to your hours, that you do not pass your accustomed time to ride on horseback.”

He drew his watch, observed that he was in fact some minutes beyond his time, and went out to ride. The cruel sister had her object in getting rid of her brother. More than an hour had flown, and he was still absent. Lady Mary felt, she knew not why, that vague uneasiness which so often precedes disagreeable events, which we remember after the events have happened, and then call the uneasiness, presentiment. For Lady Caroline, she sat sternly silent, often drew her watch, seemed to calculate the moments, and to be astonished that no one appeared.

Victor said, in a low tone of voice, to Mary, "Your sister's dream has wrought a singular revolution. How silent she is! I have never seen her so tranquil. The repose of her countenance sits delightfully upon it. Were she always so, she would be amiable."

She replied, in a tone of sadness, "I am sorry that your eyes serve you so poorly. Look at the movement of her feet."

In fact, he observed there a motion, which, clearer than any other, indicates uneasiness, spite, wrath, and the fear of being disappointed in some earnest expectation. This expectation, in the present instance, was soon, and but too well satisfied. A post-chaise drove into the avenue of Moreland Castle, stopping in front of the hall. A man dressed in black alighted, and asked for the Count de Leyris. Lady Mary, through agonizing solicitude, and Lady Caroline, from a very different motive, invited the unknown to enter the house.

The state messenger, (for in fact he was one) drew from his pocket, his warrant of office, and in-

timated that the gentleman in question must prepare himself to accompany him to Harwich.

Victor appeared, and he read to him a warrant of transportation, which had been given out against him under the provisions of the Alien Bill.

“I am at your service,” the count answered with great calmness. “I have no disposition to resist the orders of your government, however unjust.”

The messenger went out to have every thing arranged to set off immediately.

“Behold every wish of my heart accomplished!” cried the triumphant Lady Caroline.

“Gracious heavens! Can this thing have been your work?”

To this cry of Lady Mary, uttered in a voice of agony, her sister replied, by a look of gratified disdain.

“Ah! Lady Caroline, is this blow, then, from your hand?” said Victor, with a profound bow. “I would gladly have spared you the shame of this act. Had you desired nothing more than my removal from your country, it might have been easily obtained in a more honourable way. Is this a lady’s revenge?”

“Revenge!” she replied, with fierce impetuosity. “You know yet only half my energy of punishing. You are banished from England. You are permitted to carry nothing away with you. You will be thrown upon the murderous shores of France, without friends or resources. In indigence, in disgrace, in danger; all doors will be closed against you. Every where suspected, you will have no guarantee for what you are, but your word, which, in your

incredulous and perfidious country, no one will believe."

At these words, Lady Mary, pale and trembling, held up her hands in undisguised horror.

"Have you said all?" asked Victor, in a tone of calm indignation.

"Not half," she replied, struggling to give her violence an air of elevation. "Not half. Expect not from the friendship of my brother any alleviation of your disgrace, or from his wealth, any supply of your wants. It will not be his hand that will repel the misery and infamy that are ready to overwhelm you. It shall be mine. You shall yet owe every thing; yes, (let your eyes flash indignation, as they may,) you shall yet owe every thing to me and my generosity. There, sir, is a part—but a small part, of what you so proudly refused to share with me. There is what will make you rich in any country. I have determined to punish you, and you are punished. But mark the mode in which an English woman avenges herself. This pocket-book is full of bank notes, which pass every where. Go where you will in the two worlds, England, in this her peculiar omnipresence, is every where; and wherever you can seduce the hearts of ladies, this will furnish you the means of subsistence and pleasure."

It need not be added, that the pocket-book and the hand which offered it, were repulsed with disdain; when the state messenger entered. It was the signal for Victor's departure. Feelings long suppressed, at this decisive moment, which indicated a final parting, transported the lovers beyond the

cold forms of society. By a mutual impulse, they were in each other's arms.

"Restrain these tears, I pray you," he uttered, in a voice almost inarticulate from emotion. "I have need of courage, and these tears unman me. Adieu."

A scene followed, easier to imagine than describe. It endured so long, that the state messenger, though not by nature or custom of the melting mood, became affected by sympathy; but he was obliged to announce, that his orders required despatch. As he gave the signal to Victor to follow him, Lady Mary, once more restored to her powers, sprang to the door, exclaiming, "Brother! dear brother! my friends, in pity tell me, where is my brother?"

While the unhappy young lady was uttering cries and wringing her hands in agony, Victor had entered the carriage, and it soon disappeared from the avenue. Lady Caroline sat down, fanning herself; and hurling the pocket-book as far as she could throw it. "I do not comprehend that strange man!" she exclaimed.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE BROTHER AND SISTER.

VICTOR, resigned to his misfortune, as though it entered necessarily into the composition of life, thought less of the future and of himself, than of the affliction of Lady Mary and the pain of her brother.

On the other hand, Lady Mary, whose love had now been betrayed beyond the necessity of any further concealment, ran to meet her returning brother in a transport of mingled joy and grief. She was no longer the silent and shrinking person she had hitherto appeared, but was full of the eloquence and courage of passion identified with the destiny of her lover.

“Brother, he is gone! They have carried him off!” exclaimed she, interrupting every phrase for respiration.

“Who? who? What has happened?”

“Yes.—Victor!—A state messenger!—They have carried him off!—Lady Caroline—My sister—Oh!—Arrest the barbarous triumph—the insult of friendship—as well as love. Brother, my dear brother, have pity on your sister.”

In uttering these passionate exclamations, she fell fainting in the arms of her brother, whose eyes were filled with tears of sympathy. He bore her in his

arms to the hall, ordered cold water, and soon restored her. He begged her to be calm and tell him what had happened.

“What was I saying?” she asked, making an effort to recover her recollection.

“Something about Victor—a messenger of state—Lady Caroline. What would you tell me?”

Lord Moreland was one of those characters, that are cold only in appearance, but which become susceptible of great emotions only by degrees. The first burst of his sister’s passion and grief had not been sufficient at once to excite him to the pitch of her own indignation. He allowed not himself to be irritated, except by a full knowledge of the cause.

“Let us see, let us see,” said he, with a tone at once serious, calm, and affectionate, “what all this is about? Speak calmly, my dear little Mary; and believe that all evils have a remedy.”

The necessity of the case counselled a strong effort for self-possession. Lady Mary made it, and with as little excitement as possible, informed him of the arrival of the state messenger—the order of transportation which he bore, and the promptitude with which the fatal order was given, announced, and executed. The narrative spared not her sister, the acknowledged agent in this cruel affair. Sometimes she dwelt on his attachment to his friend, then on the friendship which Victor had for him; and in the end, in this afflicting emergency, surmounting all inferior considerations, she frankly avowed her love; referred to her sister’s offer of her hand and fortune, and assigned his refusal and admitted love of her, as the motives of her sister’s vengeance. Having poured out all the eloquence of love, she seemed still to

fear that her brother would not espouse the cause of Victor with sufficient warmth, and felt vexed that the head of her brother did not move as rapidly in ideas as her own. To complete his conviction, and explain to him from what hand, and what motive, the blow came, she handed the two letters of Victor, and informed him how it happened that she possessed both. Moreland deferred reading them to a moment of greater calmness.

Notwithstanding the confusion and the passionate exclamations of his sister, Moreland comprehended the bearings of the case, and the rather as he had for some time divined his sister's love for the interesting stranger. He made a semblance of not having remarked what she had so impetuously avowed, in regard to herself and Victor, and only occupied himself in calming her, and inspiring her with hope. Seeing the evil and the remedy at the same glance, he said, with apparent tranquillity,

“It is a sad affair, this of our sister's. We must remember her character, and training, and give her mortified pride time to get cool. Meanwhile it is only necessary to arrive at Harwich before him. Even if he should reach there some hours before us, we must be in signally bad luck, if the packet should have started just at the appointed moment, and placed the ocean between him and thee—I meant to say between him and me.”

The impatient Mary asked him to what confidential person he could entrust such a commission?”

“When I wish,” he replied, “that my commissions should be promptly and faithfully executed, I fulfil them myself.”

At that moment, there was not, perhaps, below

the sky a happier or more grateful being, than this gentle and affectionate sister. She embraced her brother with tears of gratitude. Victor himself, at this moment, must have been content with the second place in her heart. To the one, she accorded earthly emotions. The other was, in her eye, a beneficent divinity.

“My little sister,” said he, “I conclude I cannot better serve you, than in being instantly on the route to Harwich. Be kind enough to tell my servant to bring out the horse *Lightning*, for I shall ride that horse; and I am sure, if I am not off in twenty minutes, it will not be your fault.”

At that moment, they perceived Lady Caroline approaching them. Lady Mary once more trembled with emotion. Giving a look at her brother, as though to implore him not to be swerved from his purpose, she flew to order the horses to be brought out.

The vindictive sister easily suspected, from the manner of her sister's departure, what had been said, and what was the result. She felt herself disconcerted and guilty, like a culprit who has struck harder than he intended, and who has felt the recoil of the blow aimed at another. In a word, she resembled a child, who has fired a heavily charged firearm without intending it.

She had always affected an imperturbable courage, a firmness that could not be shaken. She possessed in fact, that presence of mind of which ladies, in such emergencies, know so well how to avail themselves; that mass of assurance which ever astonishes those who do not know that it is the secret of their tactics. But it is a front, without a redoubt; a sin-

gle line, which only offers the aspect of resistance. High as was her forehead, her heart quailed, and beat in terror, as she approached her brother. She was astonished, herself, to find that her words flowed not. Her brother looked in her face, with a calm severity, which still further repressed her speech. He took her by the hand, and led her apart without uttering a word until they were beyond hearing.

“Lady Caroline,” said he, then, “are you not ashamed to have committed an action so unworthy; to have dishonoured the English name; to have calumniated a whole mass of unfortunates, in a single innocent individual? You certainly have not done it with impunity. Give me, on the spot, the clue and all the details of this vile outrage. I command this, not as your brother alone, but as a member of the House of Lords, on whom, in the person of your brother, you have inflicted indelible disgrace. Speak! Explain!”

All her hardihood, all her assumed firmness, abandoned her in view of the stern dignity of her brother. Vanquished and yielding to an ascendancy which she strove in vain to resist, she hesitated, blushed, bit her lips, and almost for the first time, shed some tears. She finally gave her brother the only details which were new. She avowed every step which she had taken, and all the motives on which she had acted; and finally produced the precise form of the order, in virtue of which Victor had been transported. All these avowals, were rather torn from her in snatches, than cheerfully given. He informed her that he was about to be absent some days.

“Do you,” he added, in a voice which she felt no

disposition to disobey, "repair to London, and return not until I permit it. Your sister remains here with me. I leave you to your conscience and your judge."

At the same moment, he rejoined Lady Mary, who came forward with the servant that led his own horse and *Lightning* beside him. The physiognomy of the brother gradually subsided to its wonted calm and gentleness.

"Thou shalt not be long alone, my well beloved sister," said he to Mary, as he mounted his gallant horse. "Do me the pleasure in my absence, often to walk on the road to Harwich." Saying this he gave the reins to his horse, and disappeared.

CHAPTER XXIII.

FLUX AND REFLUX.

LADY CAROLINE had a misguided mind and an ungoverned temper. But when her passions subsided, and the period of reflection returned, she wanted neither honour nor elevation of mind. Her pride often shielded her from regrets, which she called weakness; but on the present occasion the reaction of conscience returned in its strength. She spared not self-reproach, which inflicted deeper wounds than the accusing voice of her brother. The vile mode of revenge which she had at first seized with so much avidity, now appeared odious, since her brother had shown it to her in its true colours. Her eyes were disenchanted, and there was no resolution too extreme for her to be capable of taking, in order to regain her self-esteem. With such thoughts she returned to Moreland Castle.

Such was the changed tenor of her mind when she met her young sister, who, though always afflicted at heart; since Victor's removal, still indulged hope. The first act of the one was to pause, and of the other to turn away her head. Lady Caroline then took her sister's hand. The younger sister indignantly withdrew it. "Leave me! Leave me!

sister," she exclaimed. "Though so grossly culpable, I would not hate you."

"Spare your reproaches," proudly answered Lady Caroline. "Do you imagine it will be difficult for me to compel you, in a way of which you do not dream, to pardon the evil I have done you?"

"The evil you have done me, cruel sister! Is the evil only done to me? Are you and I the only persons who knew him? Is it my heart alone that you would break? You render our noble and invaluable brother as wretched as me."

"My brother, indeed!" replied Lady Caroline, affecting a disdainful doubt. "My brother! Do you suppose that a character so firm, a mind so clear, is not above being wounded by any thing that a weak woman can inflict?"

Lady Mary, in regarding her sister, was generally under the ascendant of fear. But in this instance her own wrongs, those of her brother and of her lover, gave her the energy, perhaps the indiscretion, to speak with all the force of sentiment and grief—"Ingrate, that you are, in causing the innocent and unhappy Count Victor to be banished from England, you have deprived us of all hope of ever seeing his sister arrive here. Learn, that Madame d'Azemar has been for a long time the single object of the love, thoughts and regrets of our brother."

"This, I presume, is the sheer fable of a silly girl in love," replied Caroline, with a slight expression of astonishment.

Lady Mary had said too much to retract. She proceeded rapidly to narrate to her sister all that she had discovered by the accidental opening of the venetian blinds. With this she connected all that

had escaped their brother, during the conversations of Victor, touching his sister, and arranged all the circumstances, which proved that he had long entertained a deep and constant affection for Adrienne, whose image had been the object of his secret homage for years. All these facts she placed before Lady Caroline with a rapidity and eloquence which struck her as new traits in her sister, and which were stated in a way calculated to inspire in her the most painful remorse.

The elder sister listened with an unwonted docility and a marked attention, but answered not a word. Discouraged to mark on her countenance so little impress of sensibility, Lady Mary embraced the only resource of minds constituted like hers, when unavailing efforts are exhausted. She burst into tears and withdrew.

When an idea of importance took possession of Lady Caroline, it concentrated all her thoughts, and fixed her eyes upon a single point. In the midst of the *levée* of her prince, she would have found herself alone, and her mind would have been ranging a desert in her own meditations. In this predicament at present, she perceived not that her sister had retired. Any other person than herself would have shared the emotion of that gentle and afflicted sister, would have joined tears of sympathy to hers, and in the confidence of a relenting spirit, would have disclosed to her the generous intentions which now took possession of her eccentric spirit. But nature had utterly refused her that uncalculating sensibility, that gentle flame, which in most feminine natures sheds on life from distance to distance, transient gleams of tenderness, a happy weak-

ness which inspires indulgence for faults, or causes them all to be forgotten.

Her head full of the project which she had conceived, meditated and executed in the fierce rapidity of her imagination, she walked swiftly, pronounced phrases without connection, accompanied with movements so fitful and opposite, that her body and mind seemed equally affected. "Ah well!" said she, "I have done a wrong, have I? Do *men* never commit faults? They injure and outrage each other. Do they know how to place their glory in a noble reparation? No. A duel and murder equalize the scale of justice. My brother, yes my brother has dared to menace me, pretends to a power to punish me, for having chosen to avenge the bitterest injury that can touch a woman's heart. I may not be permitted to see him on his return! Well then! I will anticipate him, and force him to blush for not having understood what belongs to my nature, and the elevation of spirit of which I am capable."

Moreland had announced that he would be in haste to return. Time was pressing. With the exaltation of her purpose in her head, she hastened to find her sister, to whom she uttered a hasty adieu, without a word of explanation in regard to the design she had formed, and left Moreland Castle, always discontented with others, and holding their understandings and hearts in contempt; but always perfectly content with herself.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A RETURN AND DEPARTURE.

You have, perhaps, seen Steibelt sitting before a piano, passing his fleet fingers from the highest octave to the lowest base, yet offering to the charmed ear a flying succession of sweet sounds. You have read in the *Thousand and One Nights* of the famous *Roc*, a bird extremely convenient for the necessary transitions, in transporting readers and personages alike, in the twinkling of an eye, a hundred leagues distant. The faithful narrator of a veritable history is wonderfully cramped in his resources from being walled in by the ramparts of time and place. To keep these unities in our eye, it is necessary for us, in Hibernian phrase, to advance backwards and learn what had transpired during the four past days, not only at Harwich, and Colchester still nearer, but at London. We resume our theme at the close of this lapse, and figure to ourselves Lord Moreland returning full gallop to Moreland Castle, and now not distant more than a league. Why can I not as easily inform the amiable and gentle Mary, to whom these four days have appeared four centuries, who has counted the moments, and looked out upon the Harwich road, and then inspected her watch at least five hundred times, that the term of her anxiety is

almost at hand? How had she passed this long period, when she was not occupied in earnest prayer to the Almighty for Victor and her brother? She spent the moments in thinking of Victor. All her remembrances brought back the delightful scenes and hours consecrated by his presence and kindness. Then she placed herself on the spot, where she had received his last adieus. Her mind vibrated between hopes and solitudes. Wherever she walked, she contemplated landscapes which they had admired and sketched together. At the foot of these designs their names were found united. There was still her unfinished portrait of such exquisite beauty of painting, and which had so often been the pretext for bringing them together in an intimacy alike allowed and delightful. To the hall of Moreland Castle her heart incessantly returned, for it was full of the remembrances of Victor.

Suddenly a distant noise strikes her ear, and carries a thrill of joy and apprehension to her heart. The door opens. Her heart has not mistaken. She has heard him! She has seen him! I need not name whom. Her first thought is to find a place in his arms. But a second thought throws her, with a cry of joy, into the arms of her brother. Had gratitude dictated her movements, it would have been at his feet, she would have fallen. It was more difficult to know how to receive the Count de Leyris; and the two lovers would have been alike embarrassed in regard to the right deportment, if Moreland had not promptly come to their aid. "Come on, my little Mary," said he to her, pointing to Victor, "Friends embrace, I think, at such a meeting as this." Still he took care that the scene of tenderness should be

a short one, through fear that in such an effusion of heart, consequences would flow which would have compromised his known principles touching matrimony. Thus he hastened to cut short the earnest dialogue which was drawing on between Victor and Mary. "Hist! Let us hear no more about this terrible departure. We are now discussing the return. Let us figure to ourselves that we have had an unpleasant dream, and that we are now in the morning light. I see thy impatience, my dear little child, to learn by what means I have been happy enough to return Victor to our friendship. He will pardon me for your sake, for repeating some details which he knows already.

"He had some hours the start of me in arriving at the *Antelope*, one of the hotels of Colchester, and half way on the road to Harwich. Fortunately I arrived there before his departure. He appeared glad, but not astonished at seeing me. In fact, from what he knew of me, he ought to have expected me. I begged the state messenger, Mr. Robinson, to consent to deferring the execution of his orders; and I offered my personal security to indemnify him, which he accepted. I flew to London, and alighted at the office of the secretary of state, the Duke of R. I was introduced to the proper authorities on the spot. Entering at once into my business, I instructed them that the Count de Leyris, to whom, on calumnious charges, the provisions of the *alien bill* had been applied, was my particular friend. I admitted, that on his being ordered to deportation, I had overtaken him at Colchester. I had ventured, on my personal guarantee, to suspend his deportation, and I requested of the minister the

revocation of an order thus improperly obtained. The duke replied, that the charges against my friend were so strong, and the authority for the order from such a high source, that he was pleased to say, he would have refused the request to any other than me. But he politely added, that he would grant my request on my single word. He wrote with his own hand the reversal of the order, and chose to render me the bearer, to bring the procedure to a finish. I grant, that a movement of self-love mingled with my satisfaction. I could not but be flattered by the obliging assurance that I possessed that kind of consideration that a single word was sufficient to restore repose, reputation and security to my friend." For the rest, he added in a tone less serious, "If I have forgotten any of these details that may possess an interest for you, my dear Mary, you may read them in the *True Briton* and the *Morning Chronicle*, which give you all the circumstances, true, probable, doubtful and fabricated—and quite as much of the last as the first. However they have had the discretion, through fear of the penalty of libel; to give only the first and last letters of the names of the parties, with precisely as many points between as there are intermediate letters; and in the coffee houses all the names and all the circumstances are given at length. In England nothing can be concealed from the public."

Scarcely had Lord Moreland terminated this recital, when Lady Mary drew a letter from her reticule and timidly handed it to him. He was at the moment surprised at her embarrassment, but he soon discovered the cause, as he recognised the hand writing of Lady Caroline. This letter had been

transmitted to Lady Mary from London, and had reached her that morning. Moreland read it with marked excitement. "What a head our sister has!" he gravely observed. "Listen to what she writes me."

"I have done wrong, my brother. There are few women who have force of character enough to make such an avowal. But as Lord Moreland resembles no other brother, so his sister ought to resemble no other sister. You have repaired, I know, the wrong which I have done, and in two hours more I shall no longer be in London. Seek not to ascertain the route I am taking, nor towards what country my will directs me. No one but myself knows, or ought to know. I depend, you are aware, only on myself, and never trust my counsels to the ignorance of subordinates. You will not see me until I shall be able to compel you to admit, that, in deeming me not worthy your esteem, you have badly known and unworthily judged.

"Your sister,

"CAROLINE MILFORD."

"Another extravagance!" cried Lord Moreland, when he had finished reading the letter. "Where has she flown, my little Mary? The world ought to be a wide one, to give your sister sufficient scope for change of place; but, I fear, she will never change her head." Now that she was restored to her natural kindness, he could not imagine the new determination which his sister announced, without anxiety for her. He vainly strove to divine or comprehend the object of this sudden departure. Lady

Mary could furnish him no additional light. She herself was lost in vague conjectures, which reached no fixed idea. Nothing was certain but the disappearance of this woman, the most whimsical, the most eccentric of her sex. They well knew, however, that she had courage and decision for any exploit. Had she gone to Scotland? Was she in England? Had she passed to the continent? In regard to a character like hers, her letter furnished much scope for conjecture, but none for settled conclusions.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE MIDDLE COURSE.

LORD MORELAND had remarked, without manifesting it, how much the letter of Lady Caroline had affected Victor; she recollected with uneasiness, what his friend had said to him on the road from Colchester to Moreland Castle. In the effusion even of his gratitude, Victor had manifested as much delicacy as sensibility, in earnestly requesting his friend to allow him to continue his journey to the continent. Lord Moreland would not listen for a moment to the proposition. The generous Frenchman persisted in his request, affirming that his departure was a necessary result of his gratitude, of his wish not to create perplexities in the family of his benefactor, and of the obligations imposed by honour. Pushed to extremities, Moreland had finished, by requesting him to postpone this discussion until their arrival at Moreland Castle, and had thus changed the conversation.

This matter was now to be settled; and behold him in a dilemma of the most cruel perplexity. That Victor and Lady Mary mutually loved each other, he could not doubt; and he saw himself placed in opposition to the deepest friendship, between their love, and his own established system, an opinion in-

terwoven with his first rudiments of character, deeply rooted in his understanding, and confirmed by the position he held as president of the far-famed club of persons vowed to celibacy. The crisis had come when he could no longer remain neuter. The scruples of his friend must be set at rest. To which course should he incline? His principles could not bend. That was out of the question. He would not even allow the idea of giving them a re-examination. A principle, in a mind like his, stands self-poised, self-supported. The pyramids of Egypt had no firmer foundations. On the other hand, he felt not the courage to sacrifice a tender interest, which inspired him with painful compassion, for what he called the weakness of his sister and his friend, this fatal desire to unite their destinies. In the first place, how could he resolve to pierce the heart of Lady Mary by the severest of all interdicts? How anticipate, without extreme pain, the natural results of this refusal, the infallible departure of Victor, of a person he cherished as much as he esteemed, the brother, too, of Adrienne? Surely it was not, that Moreland, at the bottom of his heart, deemed it such a stupid thing to love. He only objected to the idea of marriage, because he had become habituated to think that it was to sign the warrant of their misery. But having weighed in his wisdom, or rather still more in his goodness, a misery so certain in his eyes on the one hand, with the no less certain misery on the other, into which his rigour would plunge two lovers so blind as his sister and his friend, after having balanced the question for a long time, he finally recognised that he had no right to choose for them, and resolved to bring his opi-

nions and their love as far as possible into accordance.

The day after his return, he sent to request Lady Mary to meet him in the library. A request from a brother so loved would have induced her to leave every thing, even had it been the society of Victor. She instantly repaired to the place assigned. Her brother took her hand, induced her to sit down, carefully closed the door; and after being certain that nobody but his sister was within hearing, he said gently, solemnly, but without preamble—“You love Victor; I do not ask if Victor loves you.”

At this strange commencement, the timid Lady Mary, whom a pressing danger had only for a moment driven out of her ordinary reserve, the timid Mary was excessively flurried.

“I did not believe, my little sister,” resumed Moreland, as he observed how much she was discomposed, “that I was telling you any news. It would seem as if I was announcing the most unexpected event.”

These words were pronounced with so much amenity and gaiety, that Lady Mary raised her eyes. She replied by a particular sort of smile; and a vivid blush was instantly diffused over her beautiful face.

“Suppose, then,”—continued Moreland.

“Yes,” said his sister, under her breath, “suppose”—

“Suppose, then, that the Count de Leyris should be found to love you, and that you should be found to perceive it; and that, in consequence of his attentions on the one hand, and of your kindness of heart on the other, you should not only pardon his pre-

sumption, but go the said length of paying him with love in return. Suppose, I say, this misery should happen, my dear Mary, what course would you take?"

"I would ask counsel of my brother," said she, with a pardonable ingenuity. "He would not wish any thing but my happiness and repose, and his decision would be to me as the award of heaven."

"If you ask counsel of me, my dear little sister, and if you are satisfied that Victor loves you, I should advise you, as soon as possible, to love him back again. But you ought to be very certain of the fact; and next to me, I should suppose that no person could know so much about him as yourself."

Lady Mary here could not refrain a smile, as she added,

"Dear brother, I have still to ask counsel."

The warm-hearted brother kept silence a moment.

"That is the position, then," he replied, "and I have been dreading it two months. My dear sister, Victor is sage, loyal, delicate. Amiability, a thorough education, and the natural talent of his nation, are his least qualities."

It may be judged how much pleasure this unmeasured eulogy gave Lady Mary. Moreland added, in a tone of deeper feeling and affection.

"Victor has thirty years, you have nineteen. The long and mutual friendship which has subsisted between him and me, may answer for you instead of experience, and may reasonably abridge his period of trial in your judgment. The attachment, confidence, and unlimited reliance of a noble and ingenuous heart, of a pure and affectionate spirit, cannot be better placed than on him. My excellent friend

would be precisely the husband that I would desire for my dear sister."

What could the girl, who so loved Victor with her whole soul, what should she fear, when she heard her brother to this termination? But he gravely added,

"I would not afflict you, my dear little Mary, but I shall never give my full consent to your marriage."

This was as a death blow, after words from heaven. The fair girl, overwhelmed, confounded, having no power to restrain her grief, covered her face with her hands, and burst into tears. She comprehended not, she misunderstood the intentions, so full of feeling, so generous, of this amiable man, notwithstanding all his eccentricities. His purpose was by no means to afflict her, nor cruelly to create a delicious illusion, to have the pleasure of destroying it by a word. Such thoughts were abhorrent to his nature. But his prejudices against the union, which his sister wished to contract, and which he even desired her in his heart to contract, prescribed to him an oblique route to his object, in which his sister could realize her wishes, and he not so abet them, as to compromit his principles. The good brother desired no other thing than to conciliate the happiness of this beloved sister with his own singular notions and peculiar ideas. This mental effort struck out for him what he termed a *middle course*, as the result of his sage deliberations, in which both results could meet.

Physiologists say, that in the brain of the sage, folly is separated from reason but by a thin tissue. In the understanding, originality, as well as the sub-

lime, is divided from the ridiculous only by an imperceptible shade. Lord Moreland had a head too sound not to be aware of this verity, and it was this discriminating instinct alone, which hindered him from speaking out all that was in his thoughts. He would not, however, prolong the alarms of his dear and disconsolate sister, and he hastened to conclude.

“My dear little sister,” said he, while a thin veil of gravity poorly concealed his involuntary embarrassment, in view of what he was to announce, “what I owe to my principles, has not caused me to forget what is due to the title of brother, and the claims of friendship, my attachment to you, and your right to my support.”

Here Lady Mary raised her head from her bosom, which was moistened with tears and swollen with sighs. Her eyes, once more glistening with hope, were fixed upon the face of her brother. He embraced her tenderly, and with a tone of voice the most consoling, amicable and persuasive, thus continued:

“Let us bring in accordance, my dear sister, the consistency of my principles and the wish of your heart. You would marry. You desire it. Ah well! I say nothing about marriage in the abstract. Let my friend, let the Count Victor carry you off in such a way as that I may not be quoted as knowing it, or consenting to it.”

At hearing this, Lady Mary could hardly be certain whether she was dreaming, or if her brother was ridiculing her; whether she should laugh or cry at being the sport of such a kind of pleasantry. Lord Moreland left her no time to discriminate between

opposite sensations born at the same moment. He continued, in a business-like tone, to explain his singular expedient, the extraordinary plan, which he called the *middle term*, which was to bring every thing into accordancy.

He observed, that not wishing to appear in the business, he could not furnish his carriage; but he could indicate one, which would answer as well, that Victor, at an assigned time and place, might be in waiting for her, and that he would conduct her to the rendezvous, to be sure that nothing might happen. He added, that M. de Leyris might fly with her to Gretna-Green, and marry her; and that from that point, the count might demand his consent, which he would instantly grant.

The charming girl contemplated her brother with a glistening eye, and a look, in which uneasiness, gratitude, and a sort of compassion for the weakness of her brother, so good and estimable, who was thus rendering himself ridiculous through fear of appearing so, were mingled. She clearly discerned that he had not accorded her even this, without making a great effort over himself. In grateful feeling, and through reluctance to disoblige him, she acceded to all the conditions he prescribed. Her brother reserved to himself the fraternal care of inducing Victor to fall in with his conciliating expedient. He had arranged in his head motives sufficiently specious, to have no doubt that he could convince Victor, after he had succeeded in convincing himself. Lady Mary was far from sharing this confidence on this point. They separated; the one half satisfied, undecided in her hopes, and her bosom thrilled with

anxieties, doubts and fears; the other enchanted with self-complacency, in having so adroitly discovered how to bring in accordance his fraternal tenderness, his humane regard for his friend and his immutable principles, by means of his *middle term*.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE SYCAMORE.

LORD MORELAND was walking in his park with his sister and his friend. "Observe" said he, stopping before a superb sycamore, "observe that tree which my uncle, from whom I inherit this estate, planted on the day of my birth."

Victor drew near the tree, making a sign that he wished not to be followed. He took out a penknife, and became earnestly occupied in engraving characters on the smooth rind of the sycamore. After some minutes, his task was completed.

"This tree," he said, as he desisted from his task, "has been, as yet, only consecrated to the remembrance of your birth. I desire that it may be henceforward equally so to the remembrance of my gratitude and our friendship."

Lord Moreland advanced, and read these words—
"May 18th, 1781, Lord Milford and the Count de Leyris swore at Venice to be friends." At some distance, was written—"March 10th, 1794, was the epoch of the reunion of the two friends, at London." Still lower—"June 12th, was the day in which Lord Moreland brought back the Count de Leyris, from Colchester."

Lord Moreland, deeply affected, earnestly pressed

the hand of the lover of his sister, and regarding the one and the other with a peculiar expression, he took his penknife and wrote—"On *** day of this month, the Count de Leyris, at Gretna-Green, married Lady Mary Milford."

Victor in a transport threw himself into the arms of his friend. Lady Mary was mute with inexpressible satisfaction. But this pleasure was not unmixed. She foresaw but too clearly the result of the explanation which was to follow.

Her brother gravely resumed, "You observe I have not indicated the day. You know me, and are aware that I am consistent. I study as well what I owe myself as others. You will not be astonished, that I affix to my consent a single and unprecedented condition; but I would forewarn you that it is one of rigour."

He pronounced this last phrase with a firmness, which had a singular impression on Victor. Moreland, not to leave him in a painful suspense, repeated to him all that he had said to Lady Mary. In brief, he proposed to him his famous *middle term*, giving his opinion the most consistent development, the most plausible face, which it was possible for him to imagine. Struck with inexpressible surprise, in the view of this extreme eccentricity in a mind otherwise so sound, M. de Leyris seemed to perceive, at this moment, a wall of adamant springing from the earth, to separate him forever from her he so passionately loved. By a word, Moreland had placed before his eyes the most seductive image of happiness; by another, he had caused it to vanish. The stern voice of honour interdicted any seeming indirectness, even to obtain a beloved woman, who

loved him in turn. It was in vain, that Moreland proposed to take even the appearance of blame from the act. In vain did his heart tell him, that the truth would soon be known and he exculpated. He would not endure the idea of allowing his reputation to be clouded, his delicacy and integrity suspected, for a moment. The devoted affection of Lady Mary, the secret and implied approbation of her brother; all these, nor higher bribe, if such could have been brought to bear on his mind, had the slightest influence to swerve the incorruptible honour of his nature. Whatever price he attached to the happiness of becoming the husband of Lady Mary, he preferred to renounce it, rather than humiliate himself and her with him. He hesitated not in his choice, and his refusal was as frank and unhesitating as it was formal and positive.

Lady Mary, on this emergency, it was obvious, could not express an opinion. Had she been compelled to do it, she would have found herself in the greatest embarrassment how to decide. Kind, indulgent, having nothing to lose in the esteem of her brother, which she held above all price, and, perhaps, something less rigidly tenacious than Victor upon some points, she probably thought in her heart, that it was a very simple matter to be run away with, and not an unpardonable crime in the courts of heaven, or earth. But the more stern Victor showed himself, the more worthy she could not but estimate him, of all her tenderness, and she felt that to belong to him, would be to her the sum of all conceivable happiness. But she reflected, listened, waited events, and invoked heaven, which seemed, at present, deaf to her prayers.

Whether Moreland was convinced by the force of Victor's reasonings, or awed by his inflexible honour, or whether he judged that new remonstrances would have no happier result than his first proposition, he attempted no longer to vanquish his inflexibility.

Lord Moreland, M. de Leyris, and Lady Mary, retired slowly from the monumental sycamore, and sadly resumed the path to the castle, all three fixed in their resolution to remain faithful, Moreland to his system, Victor to his honour, and Lady Mary to her love.

CHAPTER XXVII.

PERPLEXITY.

LORD MORELAND, however, the next day wrought upon Victor until he obtained a promise of him not to leave Moreland Castle at present. He had perseveringly invoked friendship to his aid, to obtain this result. But it must be admitted that Victor had already succumbed to a more powerful pleader. Lady Mary, in the effusion of a heart that could no longer be restrained by forms, had eloquently triumphed over the purpose which M. de Leyris had immediately formed to abandon the country. She had contrived not only to induce him to give over this stern resolve, for the present, but they had mutually sworn love, patience and forbearance, and had resigned themselves to expect their union in the future from the attachment of Moreland; and had already conjured up a respectable fund of hope from the profound, concealed, but irresistible sentiment, which, they were aware, he entertained for Adrienne. Perhaps he would finally discover the place of her abode. Perhaps, learning that her brother was in England, she would have the curiosity, the desire to come and live with him; and then—what a

vast field opened to their imagination, on every side of which was the radiance of hope! What prepossessions, what prejudices, what deference to opinion, would not yield to a single look from a woman on whom Moreland must so long and tenderly have thought? But how vague and remote were all these suppositions to the eagerness of love! How little probable that they would be realized, after so much previous research had been found fruitless! All this they felt, and still yielded to the pleasant illusion, which charmed and beguiled their impatience.

For Lord Moreland, although the secret of his heart never escaped, his thoughts and solitudes always tended to the same point, but with a very different result.

“I am,” he said to himself, “in an asylum from the rigours of destiny, and am safe and tranquil; while she, perhaps, has entered the country of scaffolds and prisons. Who can assure me that she is not plunged into an abyss of miseries? If she has not returned to her country, where has she directed her wandering steps, alone as she is, without relatives; without any to counsel her; perhaps, without ordinary resources. Oh! in whatever place, why am I not able to place in her hand, or rather lay at her feet, the gold which I give to other unfortunates, whom I do not know? Why can I not share my fortune with her, to prevent one of her wants, of her regrets, of the least of her privations? Indigence, perhaps, at this moment overwhelms her with all its horrors. Does Adrienne remember me, and does she dream how often I think of her? Ah!

why cannot the voice of love make itself heard from one point of the universe to the other?" Such were his habitual meditations.

Passing to ideas still more sinister, he reflected with a sort of horror that among the mass of strangers that was always flowing to London, no one had been in a condition to throw any light upon the abode or condition of Madame d'Azemar. Without doubt, then, she had persisted in her fatal purpose to pass into France. She had been recognized, thrown into some prison, forgotten, or still worse; like so many other unfortunates, she had endured the destiny which crime had so often inflicted on beauty, innocence and virtue, without distinction of sex, condition or age. He read, under the influence of such fears, with the greatest care all the French journals. He had never yet found the cherished name, so dear to his heart, on the fatal lists of sufferers on the scaffold. Her name there would have struck him with the horrible recoil of certainty, in regard to her fate. Adrienne, then, with a lover's convictions, he was sure, had not perished. Where was she? What had become of her? Moreland was anxious to learn at any price. Not that he desired to see her; but that it was indispensable to his repose to know, that she was tranquil and happy. This knowledge was the most earnest desire of his heart. With such views, he addressed many letters from London to his continental acquaintances, that sustained relations with Germany, Italy, or even France. It was in the name of Victor, that he addressed these requests. It was under the veil of fraternal tenderness, that he conceals his strange

mode of loving. He had as yet obtained no information of any sort touching her; and his daily consolation was to remain in this uncertainty, as his fears were continually foreboding her misery, perhaps her destruction.

His daily inquietude often guided his steps in the direction of his thoughts. In this way he found himself almost unconsciously in the village of Brompton, where the Dumenil family dwelt. He entertained no definite hopes, that the young Adele, that her respectable relations, could furnish any news about Adrienne. But it was not an impossible thing, and if they could give no intelligence of her, at least, he would hear them name her, and discourse about the past.

In the midst of this mental agitation, Moreland still fixed his eyes with a tender interest upon his young sister and Victor, whose mutual love, it grieved him to find himself compelled by his principles to cross. But Lady Mary submitted with so much patient docility to her lot, M. de Leyris conducted with so much generosity and reserve, that he finished by almost believing, that they had finally opened their eyes to the dangers which would result from their union. Solicitous to confirm them in sentiments so salutary, he did not hazard a homily upon his sentiments, when they were together. But he exhorted them separately, and with all the warmth of conviction, to fear, detest, and fly matrimony; in a word, to adopt all his system.

Lady Mary, from sisterly tenderness and respect, never offered an objection; and Victor constrained himself just enough not to smile.

Moreland was delighted with a docility which he attributed to his persuasive eloquence. About this time a circular announced an extraordinary sitting of the Bachelor Club. Moreland immediately sat out for London, to preside at it, and the two lovers followed him.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

AN APPARITION.

To what will not generosity lead? Moreland was alone in the hall of his London mansion, or was present, in thought, only with Adrienne, the habitual object of his meditations. His uncertainty, touching her destiny, his incessant alarms, reproduced under as many forms as he could imagine dangerous, which she might be encountering, kept the mind of this self-estimated sage, impassible to love and wedlock, in a state of constant anxiety. "Adrienne, dear Adrienne," he repeated internally; "thou who hast not forgotten me, where art thou? Perhaps thou art no longer an inhabitant of that earth where I must henceforward dwell alone. Cease to afflict thyself; fear nothing; regret nothing. It is Milford, thy friend and protector. If on no other terms wilt thou dwell with me, I throw myself at thy feet, as thy husband! Yes, as thy husband!" he repeated to himself, with a transport that exalted his head. "When I took the stupid oath, I had not then known thee."

These words, internally whispered, brought him to himself. He was affrighted, that he dared to utter or even think such a thought. He looked around him, as if he feared that he had been heard; and, though well convinced that he was alone, he had the

weakness to blush; for he had, at least, been overheard—by himself. Alarmed and humiliated, the unhappy bachelor sunk back in his chair, with something of the sensation of a condemned criminal. While precisely in this train of thought, the door of the hall suddenly opens—a lady rushes towards him with open arms. “My brother! my brother! I see you once more!” she exclaimed. At the exclamation, Moreland arose, and it is Madame d’Azemar! it is Adrienne that he sees before him! She had thought it was her brother, that she was meeting. In his stead, and before she had discovered her error, she had embraced Lord Moreland. She retreats, but neither with aversion nor bashfulness. Each paused a moment in mutual astonishment. But fraternal love was in her heart, and it must not be supposed that she was indifferent in regard to this long remembered friend. With a look of frank affection and happiness, “Is it possible!” she exclaimed, “is it possible, that I meet Lord Milford once more?” At the same time she added, with a gaiety almost amounting to laughter, “Excuse me, my lord, that I had almost embraced you, thinking you were my brother.”

Victor, who had been informed of her arrival, entered as she had finished the remark. “Adrienne, my dear Adrienne,” he cried, pressing her again and again to his bosom, “by what chance, by what unexpected happiness”—— Here words flowed not with sufficient rapidity to paint all that this delighted party felt, thus united in the hall of Lord Moreland in London. Madame d’Azemar could not adequately express her delight; and her brother gave himself up to the joy naturally flowing from

such a reunion. It is much easier to describe the condition of Moreland. The explosion which had drawn him from his profound revery, this charming vision, so unexpected, had thrown him into such a transport, that he scarcely believed what he saw, and his words died away upon his lips. No person perceived his agitation, because, in this first moment of union, each one had his heart so full as to be occupied only with himself. Adrienne was the person of the number who first found herself in a condition to utter connected phrases, and to say something to fix their ideas.

"I pray you, let us recover sufficiently to recognise each other. Lady Caroline, am I dreaming?"

At the name of Lady Caroline, Moreland for the first time remarked the presence of his sister. He looked upon her with new astonishment.

"Yes, my brother," she replied in answer to his look, and, as usual, well contented with herself, "behold my work;" and she pointed to Madame d'Azemar, indicating with a significant gesture, that she had brought this treasure to him. "I told you," she added, "that I would compel you to judge better of me."

"How! your brother?" exclaimed Adrienne. "Is Lady Caroline your sister, Lord Milford? But first, I beseech you, tell me where I am? You are there, my dear Milford, and I see you. That is my own dear brother. Now tell me how it happens, that I was brought, as they told me, to the house of Lord Moreland? It is certainly very kind in him, to have collected all my friends, to welcome my arrival."

Lord Moreland, concealing his extreme emotion

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as much as possible, replied, with equal grace and sentiment, "Madame, Milford and Moreland are one and the same person. Are you sorry?"

Adrienne smiled, in a way to answer him to his satisfaction, and held out her hand. Lady Mary then entered, and her brother presented his sister to the newly arrived guest. Perhaps the arch visitant understood that the happiest answer to Lord Moreland's question was in the tender embrace of his young sister. This embrace on both sides was of such earnestness, that one might have divined that they were aware they might one day be sisters. In that expectation, they proved that they were determined immediately to commence friends.

Though one might have concluded, that some painful sentiment rested still in the bosom of Lord Moreland, a sentiment of satisfaction, which he could not disguise, predominated in his countenance. He advanced to his elder sister, and embraced her; and in that way commenced, and finished all explanation of the past with her.

"M. de Leyris," said she, advancing to Victor with her usual dignity, "I bring you the olive branch of peace."

"I dare believe, Lady Caroline," answered the brother of Adrienne, smiling, "I dare believe, that it will henceforward be perpetual peace."

Lord Moreland, who resumed his wonted gaiety by degrees, continued on the same tone, "Good, in regard to the olive. In fact, does not my sister resemble Minerva? It is the Palladium, that has been restored to the city of Troy."

Every one present smiled. Lady Caroline took this general smile for pardon, and reversal of all the

past; and from that moment, all the past was forgotten by all.

The conversation calmed a little, and partook of the general joy. The dialogue was still rapid, it is true, and a little interrupted. Many persons and many things were discussed in a breath; but all returned incessantly to the recently arrived stranger. Suddenly another stranger entered.

"It is the baron," cried Adrienne. "I had thought him lost. He was the companion of our journey;" and saying this, she presented the Baron de Talcy, to Lord Moreland. He had, however, previously presented himself, and had said to the earl, that he had had the pleasure of accompanying Madame d'Azemar, adding, that although neither relation, nor long acquaintance, nothing was more easy to imagine, than such a companionship; that there was, in fact, no person who would not be willing to follow her to the end of the world; that he was charmed with having the honour of seeing him, again, whom he well remembered to have met at Gibraltar. He reminded him of their having been together on the floating batteries, during the heat of the action, adding, by way of parenthesis, "And recollect, my lord, that after the raising of the siege, we drank, perhaps, more Madeira together than the three sovereigns of France, England and Spain had during the whole year."

It might have been easily seen, that Lord Moreland replied to the compliments of the baron with sufficient coldness. Thus ended this day—an era so important in these annals. They all agreed to defer, until next day, hearing the details of the voyage of Lady Caroline, and the means she had employed to

find Adrienne, and bring her with her to England. Each awaited this recital with the more impatience, as each one had something to learn, and something to gratify the curiosity of listening. But why had the presence of the Baron de Talcy cast a shade of inquietude over the visage of Moreland? It may be affirmed, that his heart bounded with the internal satisfaction of seeing Adrienne arrive. But it was impossible for a close observer to mistake, that it was for him a source of real vexation to see her accompanied by the baron.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A RECITAL.

LADY CAROLINE, after procuring the deportation of Victor, and the consequent offence she had given her brother, as a reparation of repentance, had sworn to bring back Adrienne, with the firm conviction that the presence of that lady would be the means of encompassing the wishes of Victor; and from what she had learned of her sister, in reference to her brother's secret devotion to the waxen figure, of his own dearest sentiments. It was to enjoy, at her return, the surprise of Adrienne and Lord Moreland, that she had travelled under the name of Lady Caroline Selwyn, and that in making herself known as the sister of Lord Moreland, she had taken great pains to conceal, that Lord Moreland was the same person whom Adrienne had known as Lord Milford. She calculated to derive great advantage from this silence; and to procure herself, at the *denouement*, a great advantage from this silence, and from overwhelming her brother with the weight of the obligation she was about to impose on him, when he should know that she was partly confidential in his secret, and that it was to her he would owe his happiness. She had deferred to the next day this theatrical stroke, the better to ensure its

effect. But her self-love encountered an obstacle which had not entered into her calculations.

Early in the morning she received a visit from Lady Mary and Victor. The latter conjured her in the name of delicacy and honour, to preserve the profoundest silence touching all that she had learned in regard to the presumed attachment of Lord Moreland for Madame d'Azemar. Lady Caroline peremptorily refused. Her sister added her own pressing entreaties to no purpose. Her pride aspired to the honours of an unconditional triumph; and to see her brother confounded, bending under the absolute yoke of love, and humiliated amidst the ruins of his cherished system of celibacy, overthrown by a single look of Adrienne. Other arms, than entreaties, were necessary to reduce this proud lady to terms, who imagined herself in all this affair representing to a charm the personification of reason. It was only when Victor appealed to her generosity, and requested her to imagine herself in his place, and then judge of the propriety of such a disclosure, that she felt herself moved to yield. In fact, M. de Leyris contrived to make her see, blind as she was to all projects but her own, the delicacy of the position in which he was placed between Lord Moreland and Adrienne, the one his sister and the other the friend, from whom he expected the happiness of his life; without, however, either compelling his consent or disclosing his secret. He declared that he was determined voluntarily to banish himself from the country, unless Lady Caroline would consent to conceal that she had known, or suspected any thing touching Lord Moreland's supposed attachment to his sister, and to remain a silent

and inactive spectator of the course of events. This new part which Lady Mary and Victor entreated her to assume, taking, in her thoughts, the aspect of grandeur of soul, finally satisfied her pride as well as that on which she had first resolved. But as she knew not how to do things with a good grace, she appeared to balance between the two for some time. The interested parties almost began to despair of success, when she gave at length her solemn adhesion to the secret treaty.

We now present all the personages who had accompanied Lady Caroline in the hall of Moreland Place. Lord Moreland was early there with his two sisters and Victor along with them for breakfast. Madame d'Azemar alone had not yet appeared. Lady Caroline, judging how much each one longed to hear her recital, thus commenced:

"I shall not ask of you, M. de Leyris, if you have forgotten the wrongs I did you, in consideration of the motive. At least I am sure I have made ample reparation."

"I beseech you, Lady Caroline," he replied, "do not name those wrongs again." Lady Caroline had no intention to do it; and resumed, "A word from my sister, Lady Mary, instructed me what I ought to do. My brother was sufficient to parry the blow which had been struck. As soon as I was certain of that, I took an oath to find your sister, and to satisfy your fraternal affection, in restoring her to you. The friendship of my brother for you promised me, before hand, that I could not procure a more agreeable surprise for both."

She pronounced these last words with an emphasis and address which were not her ordinary attri-

butes. Lord Moreland, to whom it was only necessary to pronounce the name of Adrienne to confuse him, concluded, however, from her manner, that she had not penetrated his secret. But, in his confusion, he cast down his eyes, which fortunately hindered him from observing that the two sisters exchanged involuntary smiles with Victor, as Lady Caroline pronounced her last words.

She resumed. "My first resolution was to repair to Hamburg, to gain information of Madame d'Aze-mar. I had fixed in my memory the well recollected circumstance that she had funds deposited to her order at that city. Her real name would of course be registered in the books of the bank; and her correspondent would there be indicated. My project was thence to take my clue, and to follow her traces, even had she returned not only to France, but to Paris itself, terrible as that place is at this time, and thus to brave all dangers in the pursuit."

Here a most vivid expression of gratitude became visible on the countenance of Lord Moreland, a tribute to his sister for her generous daring. She caught the expression, and resumed in these terms:

"I had the happiness not to meet with much delay, in finding a proper occasion to pass over to the continent. I read in the *Advertiser*, that a Madame Harley advertised for a companion to journey with her, who might share the expenses to Hamburg. You are aware, from the well known character of Mrs. Harley, that spleen never drove a more disagreeable subject from Great Britain. Her head is empty, her mind narrow, her heart selfish; her ears require only noise, and her eyes movement.

She travelled only to see new faces, to change her place and get rid of herself. In other respects she is docile, polite, not annoying, and so entirely English, that at our arrival at Hamburg, the merchant to whom we were addressed, having asked her if she knew German? She answered, that she should be sorry to know it.

“ We had agreed together that I should be known by the name of Lady Caroline Selwyn. She had the discretion not even to ask me my motives. In the mean time you will expect that I should give you some details touching this same city of Hamburg. It is a large city, to which there is a great confluence of strangers both by sea and land. It is a place of great business and many journals. It has a senate, which, however, instead of commanding events, is their humble servant, following the expression of Lord Lockhart, ambassador of Cromwell. In a word, and it is all I shall say of this great German mart, Hamburg is the town of great projects, great news, great expenses, great dinners, great fortunes, and great bankruptcies.

“ The single idea which had conducted me there, did not hinder me from inspecting with much interest a city, which, independent of its being founded by Charlemagne, and without reference to that commercial grandeur with which it is sometimes embarrassed, has had the fortune to survive the five greatest scourges which can desolate a city, being sacked four times, and being depopulated the fifth time by a pestilence.”

At this point Lord Moreland gave a sign of impatience. It is probable he regretted internally that his sister had so good a memory.

“The morning after our arrival, we received the visit of a French gentleman, who was a frequent visitant at the house of the merchant, to whom we were addressed. It was the Baron de Talcy, with whom you, my brother, yesterday renewed your acquaintance. The baron resembles, in manners, those officious *Ciceroni*, who, if English travellers say true, await, at the port of Naples, the people that arrive there by sea.

This man displeased me at first sight, although, in the main, a good subject. He is one of those amiable cosmopolites, who always wear a smile, who never consider themselves strangers in any place, and have constantly an air, as if at home. Suppose he does not happen to know the persons with whom he speaks for the first time, he finds access to them, in virtue of being acquainted with people of their acquaintance. For example”—

Lord Moreland here gave a more marked sign of impatience. But we have remarked, that no one could interrupt the imperturbable Lady Caroline in her course. She continued the calm tenor of her narration.

“The baron had not,” he said, “the honour of knowing the companion of my journey; but he had often seen her brother, Sir Henry Harley, at Spa and Aix la Chapelle, a man who dressed splendidly, played high, and had the most beautiful of all dogs, named”—

“Fox,” replied Madame Harley, enchanted to find herself in a position to introduce herself as an acquaintance.

“Fox—that was the name,” repeated the baron.

Mrs. Harley did not lose the occasion to take a part in the conversation.

"My poor brother," she exclaimed, "bequeathed me this dog, on his death-bed!"

"Indeed! Is your brother dead, then?" asked M. de Talcy, with a circumstantial tone and air, as though he deeply regretted the deceased.

"Yes, sir; he is dead, and he died most unhappily!"

"Alas! Madam," replied the baron, no one ever dies otherwise."

"And under the auspices of the brother, and his dog Fox, the baron very naturally anchored himself in our house, and made us, at once, acquainted with the whole city; related to us numerous anecdotes, either true or probable. He arranged parties, helped at table, and escorted the ladies, who visited the house, to their homes."

After this deluge of irrelevant words, which the expression of impatience painted upon the physiognomy of all the listeners could not arrest, Lady Caroline arrived, in her own order, at the point where she began to speak of Adrienne.

"A woman," she continued, "has a great deal of address to lead a man to satisfy her upon points, about which she is unwilling to ask him direct questions. I adroitly led M. de Talcy to speak of the French emigrants, residing in London, and I named you, Count de Leyris."

"'Victor de Leyris!' cried he, eagerly. 'Yes, and his sister is here. I am astonished that you have not yet met with her. She resides here under the name of Madame Durand,' added he, with a mysterious smile.

“I remembered what the family of Dumenil had remarked, in relation to the prudential calculations adopted by many of the emigrants, in taking assumed names. I could no longer have a doubt that Madame d’Azemar resided at Hamburg.”

“What sort of person is she? I negligently asked him. Does she resemble her brother? The baron at once drew her portrait:

“She is a lady like no other. She is wisdom personified, not with helmet on head and Ægis on arm, as Minerva proceeded from the brain of Jupiter. Madame d’Azemar, on the contrary, is dressed, and conducted by the graces, and disports with the frolic gaiety of a nymph, while the spirit of her deportment will bear the scrutiny of the severest reason. Nature seems purposely to have endowed her with apparent volatility of manner, as an excuse for having bestowed upon her a rare assemblage of mental qualities, guided by an habitual tact of correctness. Whoever saw her not, and only heard her speak, would not divine her age. With her equal aged young friends, she converses about modes, and with their mothers, about their family arrangements. With a bishop, she discusses the pope, and the faults and mistakes of the allies to *Rivarol*, the gazeteer. She utters piquant and graceful raillery, as easily as her breath, and yet evinces that she thinks evil of no one. Alike witty and gentle, there is nothing so invariable as her good humour, nor so attractive and amiable as her society. I have seen a block-head, at whom every one laughs, in her society. She alone laughs not, when he speaks. It is in this way, that she manifests as much goodness of heart as endowment of mind. For the rest, nothing is

easier, than to make her acquaintance. Yet the vainest, the most seductive, will never pretend to have gone farther than a decorous and guarded intimacy. In a word, I know not where, or how she has discovered the secret; but the men universally love her, and the women as universally pardon it.'

"It is unnecessary, I imagine," added Lady Caroline, "that I should call to your recollection, that in all this, I am only repeating M. de Talcy."

She had reason; for, if it be true, as said Charles the Fifth, that one ought to speak Spanish to the divinity, Italian to his mistress, and French to his friend, he would, without doubt, have added, that the portrait of an amiable French woman should be taken by no other than a Frenchman.

She terminated this eulogy, faithfully reported, in the words of the baron. The sternness of her masculine character inclined her to find it deficient in a variety of particulars. As it closed, Madame d'Azemar, the subject of it, entered. She affectionately embraced the two sisters, and her brother in turn. Advancing towards Lord Moreland, she suddenly paused; "I must restrain here, my lord," said she. "I have no excuse for mistaking in the day, as I did in the evening. You will grant, however, that much cannot be said in regard to my mistake of last evening. If it happened that I embraced a person whom I thought my brother, it was, in fact, a friend so dear, and of such long standing"—

Earl Moreland blushed deeply, while he kissed the offered hand with profound respect.

"You have all been agreeably occupied, I hope," said she, as she looked round upon the several mem-

bers of this early reunion. "I will venture, that Lady Caroline has done me wrong, in relating in my absence all the circumstances of our meeting and my obligations to her. I am certain, at least, that she has not told you exactly how we made our acquaintance, and with what motives she persuaded me to take this journey, to put myself under the care of my brother. She placed no other temptation than this in the perspective. Victor was the only friend I expected to see. She could not have played a more perfidious game, or have spread a more agreeable snare. She has beguiled me into an enjoyment, which was utterly unexpected, and which, had it been expected, self-respect would, perhaps, have interdicted."

The tone and manner of Madame d'Azemar took from this apology for coming to the mansion of Lord Moreland, all its seeming severity, and gave it the charm of true feminine decorum and the most amiable sentiment.

"Nothing," she continued, "can be more accurately true, than the statements with which your excellent sister tempted me here. She named my brother's benefactor, as Lord Moreland, a nobleman equally opulent and generous, who entertained the highest friendship for my brother, with whom I might expect an asylum alike secure, pleasant and unsuspected. Pardon me this eulogy, my lord, for I had no idea that it belonged to Lord Milford, nor in fact, that he and Lord Moreland were the same person. I came to England with the resolution to love two persons, Lord Milford, my friend of the bygone days, and Lord Moreland, the friend of my brother. Am I about to complain, that fate has re-

duced them to one? You will have of course, my lord, a double claim upon my sentiments. For you, my other friends, I will not oppress you by recurring to my gratitude. My heart will take up the subject every day, if my tongue does not. Permit me, Lady Caroline, now to resume your recital, in your place. Your modesty or forgetfulness of self, will incline you to spare many details, too honourable to yourself and humanity to be lost. At what point were you?"

"We were," said Lady Mary, who held the hand of Adrienne grasped in hers, "at the moment, when Baron de Talcy made the acquaintance of my sister. Your portrait, as sketched by him, appeared to us as true as it was beautiful."

Adrienne gaily replied, "What! the baron drew my portrait for you, Lady Caroline! Ah, well; some day I will paint his, in revenge. But first of all, I ought to inform you, Lady Mary, Lord Moreland, and my brother, where we saw each other for the first time. You would never be able to divine that fact, I am sure. You must know then, that the ascension of a balloon had been announced at Hamburg. The community rushed in crowds to admire the ærial chariot, in anticipation of the day, when its phaeton should mount upon it towards the stars, running the risk of falling upon Lapland, or the beautiful centre of the Baltic sea. I procured an introduction to the æronaut, (is not that the technical phrase?) to ask, like the rest, to be permitted to ascend with him to a moderate height. Once aloft, I meditated a thing or two more."

"In a railed enclosure, was the balloon, distended, but kept down by cords. Amatetrs, particularly

ladies, were elevated a certain height without cutting the cords. The fat president A——, as ambitiously, curious as another, when there was no danger, was stowed at one end of the car. It was not an unamusing spectacle, to see a figure as slender as mine opposite his. A quintal and a half of ballast on my side, rendered me a counterpoise to the heavy burgher."

Victor and Lady Mary could not contemplate the idea of Madame d'Azemar balancing the fat president in the air, without laughing heartily at the ludicrous image. Moreland alone, instead of laughing, looked disapprobation. Adrienne saw it, and noted its source.

"It was," she continued, "an elevation of soul, an enthusiasm of delight, to soar away above the heads of the vile race below. I felt an instant longing to mount to the same height with the æronaut; and, as they waved their handkerchiefs, I exclaimed, 'Cut the cords! cut the cords, and let me fly.' My terrified fat swain raised a counter cry. 'No, no, I beseech you, don't cut them.' As may be supposed, the æronaut espoused his party. The balloon was drawn back to the earth. Mr. A—— was in a hurry to put foot on the soil; but, in getting out, he offered me his arm. I gaily sprang out, before my esquire had gained his perpendicular. I refused his arm, and said to him, with an air of as much irritation as I could assume, (that is, turning from him to conceal my laughter), 'Sir president, this is the last time I will ever ascend in a balloon with you.'

"At this moment the baron, our installed master of ceremonies, introduced Lady Caroline and Madam

Harley to the æronaut; and, coming forward to compliment me, invited the companion of my ærial voyage and myself, to come and take breakfast with the two English ladies. We accepted the proposition, and in this way became acquainted with Lady Caroline.”

Adrienne her interrupted her recital, rightly interpreting the dissatisfaction in the countenance of Lord Moreland; and asking him, with some hesitation, if he felt scandalized to note, that notwithstanding the disasters, public and private, of which she had been the victim, or the witness, she still retained the same cheerfulness of disposition as when he had known her in Spain?

“Are you,” she continued, “of the number of those intolerant sages, who think that there is always more or less levity in taking misfortune gaily?”

• Lady Caroline, without comprehending her own drift, and merely aiming at the honour of erudition, forthwith began to cite Heraclitus, Diogenes, and all the school of Zeno. As she had more learning than fact, she averred, that whoever could laugh under the pressure of misfortune, did not merit being put to the sublime test of adversity. This paradox astonished, almost revolted, the company; and even she, who had put it forth, stopped, almost rebuked, by the revulsion of an ill-timed reproof, probably intended as a compliment to her fair friend.

Lord Moreland replied, with the utmost gravity, to the remark of Adrienne.

“It seems to me, madam, that I have somewhere read, when Harlequin had asked your Louis XIV. the hour his majesty would have him speak his part, the great king replied, ‘Speak as you wish.’ So,

when the Being of Beings dispenses the severe test of misfortune, I seem to hear him saying to the unhappy subjects, 'Support it as best you can.' The ancient philosophers, as the fruit of their meditations, gave us, after all, but poor remedies. Horace, the most amiable of their number, only counselled patience. We English, I am aware, ought not to be judges of you French. In this country of spleen, we admire, more easily than we conceive, the origin of that happy disposition, which causes them gaily to support what they cannot hinder. If London had been the theatre of the bloody catastrophes of Paris, I am convinced that it would have been necessary to have posted guards on Westminster bridge, to keep the community from rushing thither in crowds to drown."

"It is well; you have relieved me," replied Madame d'Azemar. "I shall be satisfied with being assured that my gaiety has not inspired you with prejudices against me. I now arrive at the moment when Lady Caroline merits all the eulogies and thanks, at least, of Victor and me."

Here she hesitated, under a feeling of the indelicacy of insisting, before the face of the elder sister of Lady Mary, upon the theme of her praise. It proved, that she yet knew her subject but imperfectly. The whimsical lady listened with much more pleasure than embarrassment, to whatever good was said of her. Her favourite virtue was not modesty.

"I had already made the acquaintance of the sister of Lord Milford, of Lady Caroline Selwyn, three days. It was under this name that she had been pleased to make herself known to me. I cannot yet

explain, why she so constantly concealed from me that you were her brother. This was, on her part, so much the more strange, as I had been the first to speak of my former friend, Lord Milford. I knew not that I spoke of her brother; and I shall not, therefore, repeat what I said, because you are present to hear. To return, then, to Lady Caroline. She believes, I would hope, that I have not so much levity, but that I can sustain a serious part, and speak reason, when there is a call for it. Lady Caroline, then, whom I only knew by acts of courtesy and kindness, said to me, on the third day of our acquaintance, ‘Madame, you are, I believe, the sister of the Count de Leyris. You do not know, perhaps, that your brother is in England.’

“You may well believe, my friends, that I was transported with joy. I thanked the bearer of this happy intelligence a thousand times. ‘Stop there,’ said she, ‘I have committed towards your brother the greatest wrongs, and have the will and the means of repairing them. The means, however, are in your hands. You cannot but have the most earnest wish to find your brother. I demand of you, I beseech you, I conjure you, to permit that I may be the person to whom you may owe the happiness of revisiting your brother. No delays, no objections, no scruples, no obstacles, if you please. Whatever you may want, I have money enough for both; only yield your consent, and let us be going. Have the goodness to believe, that I can never be reconciled to myself, and restored to peace of mind, until I shall have deposited you in the arms of your brother, in the mansion of his best friend, Lord Moreland.’

“I was less astonished than affected, with the

frankness and generous kindness of your noble sister. I assured her, when she would have recited them, that I did not wish to know what wrongs she imagined she might reproach herself with, in regard to my brother; that, be they what they might, her frank avowal, her generous process of reparation, must efface all; in one word, that she ought only to believe in my gratitude, and I added, my dear Victor, in yours. I embraced her, and consented to a proposition so irresistible as hers. From that moment we commenced the arrangements of preparation for our departure. The baron, who was at the other end of the apartment, but who caught this whole conversation, came forward and said, 'What, ladies, starting in such a hurry for England! Assuredly, I will not allow you to set off alone. I will have the honour to accompany you.'

"The baron, as you may judge, is easy in his arrangements. But it is only when persons and things suit him, and are compatible. In any other case, he neither deranges nor incommodes himself for any one. Here I pause. I will not paint his portrait. I do not love evil speaking. Besides, I will answer for him, that you will know him perfectly in two days, without a portrait."

A kindness of look and manner, gave this equivocal outline an interpretation in his favour.

Lady Caroline regretted that Madame d'Azemar was so discreet. We have already seen, that she did not like the Baron de Talcy. The fact is, that in a short time, the one had taken towards the other the most decided antipathy. Though so very different, and perfect contrasts, still, in one respect, they were entirely alike. The elder sister of Moreland

never spoke, of preference, but of herself. The baron, too, was generally the hero of his own story. Their phrases, in common parlance, generally commenced with the personal pronoun, *I*. Lady Caroline, at Hamburg as at Moreland Castle, commenced long discussions and harangues, and in his whole life, Baron de Talcy had never listened to a dissertation from its commencement to its close. "What a woman!" said he. "It is Aristotle in petticoats." "What a man!" said she. "Words flow from him as water did from the vessel of Danaüs."

We return to the recital of Madame d'Azemar.

"The baron offered us his barouche to Cuxhaven. He would not hear an objection. He arranged every thing for the voyage, and absolutely insisted upon our fixing upon the day of our departure. I had scarcely time to say to him, that there was no person in the world so obliging. He proved to me, with an irresistible volubility, that it accomplished all his wishes to take a voyage to England; and that he was desired and expected there; and he left us, to go and have his carriage in readiness. In this manner we left Hamburg. Ah! my Lord, what a city, what a country! If it be the highest point of aspiration in the destiny of a woman to be beautiful, I will answer for it, that in that country, things are so, that the beautiful sex does not recognise the necessity. Who would compare that sad and grave Germany, with my dear France, so smiling, so gay, so amiable; the only country in the universe, whose inhabitants know how to be happy, and where the word *enjoyment*, is not a chimera; where, without running after pleasure, it is tasted without effort, project, or

constraint; where people do not prepare themselves, in anticipation, to be amused, because they are habitually amused. Such was my country, alas! now desolated with storms; and which, perhaps, will never be a country again for me."

The forehead of Lord Moreland was again obscured by a passing cloud. Probably Madame d'Azemar perceived it, and traced it to its source, for she immediately resumed, as if in reply to his countenance:

"You may, perhaps, imagine, after my eulogies and complaints, that no place would suit me but France, and that I must find myself ill at ease elsewhere. It is not so. I have cultivated and acquired the habit of looking at things on the bright side. I endeavour to laugh, because they are no better. I congratulate myself sometimes, because they are no worse. I catch the spirit of my position. Is there no philosophy in this? I will sustain that it is the rarest, best philosophy, ever attained. At last, behold me here in England. I am happier than I could be any where else, because I am here with all my friends. But, my Lord, you must ensure me against the spleen. It is said to be infectious, and an ever-growing disease, in your country."

Thus terminated the recital of Madame d'Azemar. It gave a just idea of the new personages that appear in the scene at Moreland Place. It transfused into the soul of Lady Mary and Victor agreeable impressions, in the same manner as the harmonious vibrations of a lute remain in the ear, long after the strings have been struck. But these impressions carried to the heart of Lord Moreland sensations not unmingled with bitterness.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE HAPPY MAN.

Dryden says—

“The being happy, is not half the joy;
The manner of the happiness is all.”

IF a person assures you that he is wretched, believe him. He is always more so than he is thought to be; for pride, even in weak minds, conceals the half of what it suffers. If, on the other hand, any one affirms that he is very happy, believe him not. The wells of sorrow are deep, and never wholly dry. In the depths of his nature there are unfailing springs of inquietude, and he is still less satisfied than he appears to be.

Too often, when a ship has arrived from India, freighted with the richest cargo, which has traversed with a gale constantly astern and propitious, the seas of India and Europe, after it has given signals, and is just entering port, an adverse storm drives it to sea again, amidst a succession of hurricanes, to be dashed upon Cape de Verd or the Azores.

Lord Moreland, in his heart, viewed the arrival of Adrienne as the attainment of the chief good. He once more saw in her, the object of his daily

thoughts, the idol towards which, for years, his vows had been addressed; the first, single and undivided flame of his affections. She was restored to him, still in the freshness of youth and beauty, free, embellished with all the graces, and arrived at a period, when, without losing any attraction, experience imparted the knowledge, to give every charm its influence. A woman at this period knows, that her vocation is to govern men. But when good, like Adrienne, she knows how to do it for their mutual felicity. If she imposes the chains of wisdom, they are of gold; if of beauty, they are of flowers. Still, like the ship, driven from port to sea, Moreland was not happy; not that happiness fled from him; but, by a perversity of his nature, he fled from happiness. We have already indicated the eccentric originality of his nature, which produced this whimsical effect.

Instead of yielding himself to those dreams of felicity, which fortune seemed so lavishly to have prepared for him, he became a prey to self-distrust, jealousy, and, we may almost add, the want of temper. In his daily musings, he had ideally contemplated Adrienne buffeted by all the trials of misfortune. Instead of this picture of his meditations, she stands before him, versatile, full of frolic gaiety, to a man of his thoughts, touching upon levity; and yet, instead of being under the necessity of receiving aid, carrying with her a conscious mastery over him and his thoughts. This strong contrast between reality and the picture of his conceptions almost revolted him. Embarrassed, almost humiliated, by that tender interest which had created fears without reality, he became sufficiently unjust, mentally, to accuse

Adrienne for the revulsion, which he experienced in realizing that his apprehensions had only an imaginary foundation. The uncontrollable emotion, which he had experienced at the first view of this cherished being, had belonged entirely to love. Recovering from his first surprise, passing in review each one of her movements, and subjecting all her words to a severe analysis, he sought to find faults in her, to sustain himself against his own weakness, and to bring, what he called his reason, to bear against the cherished affections of his heart.

Soon after her arrival, he began to imagine that he had discovered that she was no longer that ingenuous young woman, full of candour and simplicity, the only object of whose existence seemed to be, to fulfil towards an aged and infirm husband all the duties of filial piety. Her wishes now, according to him, were formed upon the plan of pleasing every body, in which he saw her succeeding but too well. It seemed to him an ambitious coquetry, absolutely blameable, when compared with the reserve, modesty and measured dignity to which English ladies aspired.

Madame d'Azemar saw that something went wrong with him, but was far from suspecting the full extent of what passed in his disquieted bosom. None of the persons, who were confidants to his secret, could confide it to her; for we may well imagine, that Victor, immediately on her arrival, had exacted of Lady Mary the same silence, which had been promised by her elder sister. In this security of unconsciousness, Adrienne, though regretting the occasional clouds on Moreland's brow, yielded herself, without question or anxiety, to the delicious

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satisfaction of a reunion so unexpected. She went, as she was invited, through the impulse of curiosity, to all the spectacles, balls, and great festivals, and had made herself familiar with all the pleasant promenades in the vicinity. The more she gave herself up, with the vivacity natural to her age and temperament, to her accustomed amusements and tastes, the more Lord Moreland felt his heart disposed to becoming fortified against her. He presumed to think, that he had vanquished his love, at the very moment that his heart began to be stung with the tortures of jealousy.

The Baron de Talcy could not be seen, but as possessing some respectable traits. He had a bustling and methodical idleness, which gave an air of attention and occupation to his indolent activity. He made frequent visits to Madame d'Azemar. He called on her in this way in London, because it had been his habit at Hamburg. He spent the following evening there, because he had been a visitant the evening before. He was perfectly easy there, because it was his fashion to be at his ease every where. Adrienne felt, during her voyage to England, the full value of such an assistant of all works. In that respect, as in all others, she estimated him at his exact value. Such a person could never win a higher place in her thoughts, than the humblest degree of esteem. But this was paid to his good nature and usefulness with the utmost degree of cordiality. This fact had not escaped the observation of Lord Moreland; and he noted with a degree of vexation, that he could not disguise from himself, these assiduous visits on the one hand, and this easy kindness of deportment towards him on the other.

If he had been asked, what interest he had in noting this intercourse, he would have seemed astonished, that any one could have supposed that he had any. Yet there evidently was a deep and harrowing interest on this subject, and among all the idle and useless people, with whom he had relation, the baron was the individual towards whom he felt the least disposed to be indulgent.

Be this as it may, there was an extraordinary meeting of the Bachelor Club, and the president, Lord Moreland, attended, with a heart apparently as disengaged as ever. Such at least was the reply which he made, when questioned upon the point; as if to be questioned did not imply a doubt. Never had he harangued with more eloquence against marriage. His speech had something of the piquancy of wrath, as though he was unconsciously affronted with his own his own heart. He forgot that wrath is an auxiliary, which never comes to the aid of any one who has no fear of being conquered. Nothing at present detained him longer at London. He desired to return to Moreland Castle, and found it a very natural circumstance that Madame d'Azemar should share the journey. She was the only sister of his friend, of his dear Victor; and this title alone, gave her claims not only to his consideration, but to his most hospitable attentions. So long as she had been attached to the destiny of another, he had found it easy to love her, without putting his principles at hazard. Afterwards, when he knew her free by the death of her husband, mistress of her lot, and cast in the midst of all kinds of danger, he had abandoned himself to the most tender and anxious alarms, with so much the less self-distrust, as he

deemed it not at all probable, that he should ever see her again. At present, by an accident, in which he had no hand, Adrienne was his guest, and once more surrounded him with the spell of her charms. His heart, ingenious in self-deception, was now compelled to take refuge in the citadel of his system, pushed to its extreme.

“She is so near flightiness and coquetry,” said he to himself, “that I need entertain no apprehension that she can ever gain any ascendancy over such a person as I am.”

So far from that, he affirmed to himself that if ever, by any supposition, the bare idea of which revolted him, he could be capable of forgetting what he owed to himself, his club, and public opinion, this young French widow would not be the wife whom he would espouse.

We may divine, however, that it did not enter into his plans, to engage M. de Talcy to follow Madame d’Azemar to Moreland Castle. The baron perceived that the party were making arrangements to go into the country.

Adrienne took Lord Moreland apart, and asked him, “If he did not intend to invite the baron to be of the party?”

A single word from her, much as he had determined otherwise, changed his purpose. In answer to her suggestion, he approached M. de Talcy, and politely invited him to accompany them.

He replied, in a tone of easy familiarity, “Certainly, I shall breathe the same air with her, as long as possible. When are we off?”

Moreland stopped short, with a slight revulsion, at witnessing his assured indifference, and

thought it useless to spend a compliment upon such a man.

Adrienne, however, was not displeased to see that she had still some influence with Lord Moreland, though he had changed his name.

CHAPTER XXXI.

A VISIT TO BROMPTON.

LORD MORELAND possessed that sort of blindness, that would not see that the amiability of Madame d'Azemar had less for its object, to please every body than to displease no one; that her natural sweetness and amenity of character, which he was pleased to call coquetry, were not calculation, but had their source in goodness of heart. He did not remark, that in the midst of that apparent levity, which was really temperament, Adrienne, taught by tact, good sense, and perfect acquaintance with the usages of propriety, knew exactly the limits, beyond which a beautiful and endowed woman might not go, without wounding received opinions; and that, when it was necessary, she knew how to entrench herself in the reserve and modesty of her sex, and the dignity of her rank. To understand her interior character, why did he not hear her converse with Lady Mary? He would have been alike surprised and delighted with their mutual effusions of confidential thought, with the frank expression and sentiment of a friendship without reserve and distrust, and which threw into a common stock the unsophisticated affections of innocence and virtue.

By a singularity, which, in any other than More-

land, would have been inexplicable, notwithstanding these harsh estimates, he did not the less assiduously court the society of a woman, of whom he thought so unkindly. His pretext to himself was, that it was to observe her more closely. But firmly as he purposed cold and reserved manners, his attentions were assiduous, delicate and even insinuating. His excuse was, that such deportment was due to their former intimacy, and to his profound friendship for her brother.

Faithful to her promises, Lady Mary observed what was passing in silence, foreboded nothing, and contented herself with indulging hope. Before the arrival of Adrienne, the future had offered nothing to her most cherished wishes, but a horizon without bounds. At present, she saw a new bow of promise upon the clouds. There were evidently new elements of hope. But as the watch lights were kindled, and she seemed nearing the haven, her impatience increased. So the unhappy voyager, who has been compelled to perform quarantine, in the solitude of the lazaretto of Alicant, Malta, or Marseilles, finds the first month supportable. The last days of the period become painful, and from the time that he counts the hours intolerable.

On the very day of her arrival at Moreland Castle, Adrienne began to manifest her wonted vivacity, by traversing all the walks, inspecting the several fabrics, dwelling on every beautiful prospect, inquiring the design of every establishment, with an enlightened interest, curiosity and pleasure, imparting a value to them, in the eye of their possessor, which they had never had before. In fact, he was not a little embarrassed, when, after having seen every thing

in and about the castle in detail, Adrienne pointed to one apartment, which had not been submitted to her inspection. Noting the cloud on his countenance, she imagined, that, perhaps, it was not furnished, or that the key was lost. To the infinite satisfaction of her host, who was utterly perplexed, and at a loss how to account for refusing to show her that apartment, she ceased expressing any desire to see it. His heart palpitated with the thankfulness of deliverance. Was it in gratitude for this discreet forbearance, that the next day he prepared for Adrienne a most agreeable surprise, in taking her without premonition to Brompton? Although she had been made aware, that M. and Madame Dumenil lived somewhere in the vicinity of Moreland Castle, it was an unexpected pleasure to find herself thus in the midst of old and cherished friends.

What was her joy as she was embraced by Adele de Rostange and her parents? Her entrance into this humble abode presented a scene truly touching. The surprise and delight of all the family at this unexpected meeting, the equal gratification of Adrienne, the exultation of the father, and more than all of Adele, and the caresses of her children, who recognised her at first sight, all formed a picture of the most affecting character.

“My lord,” said M. Dumenil, brushing a tear from his eye, “every visit, with which you honour us, becomes an epoch in our hearts. You invariably bring blessings in your train. Last of all, we see this dear lady, of whom, you can bear us witness, we have spoken so much every time you have come to visit us. At present, you look satisfied yourself. Do you recollect how uneasy you were, the evening before your departure for London?”

This accurate remembrance of the good old man, visibly disconcerted Moreland. Instantly afterwards, he put Victor in play, by recurring to the alarms of his friend, in regard to this beloved sister, now restored to him. A look of intelligence from Adrienne supplicated his forbearance. But the effusions of M. Dumenil might not be so repressed.

"How much," he continued, "we have all suffered, my lord, in regard to the uncertain fate of this dear friend. I do not know, in fact, who has expressed the most solicitude about her, you or we."

The more M. Dumenil was communicative, the more Lord Moreland was embarrassed. He ended by repenting having brought her to Brompton. Every one of the party yielded to the joy of the reunion, but himself. Adrienne was caressed by the parents of Adele, as another child. Lady Mary was happy from the purest sympathy. Victor held the children on his knees, and their young faces glistened as he told them stories. Lord Moreland indulged in revery, while he seemed to listen to M. Dumenil. The Baron de Talcy, too, found himself out of place. For Lady Caroline, anticipating the nature of the meeting, and aware that it would be a tiresome business to her, she had staid at home.

The inhabitants of Moreland Castle began at length to think of returning. M. Dumenil observing that Madame d'Azemar was about to depart, said aloud, in the frankness of old age,

"Adieu, beautiful and beloved friend! At present, that I have seen you tranquil and content, dear Madame d'Azemar, I may say with Simeon of old, 'Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace.' Is she not as amiable as she is good? Is she not

exactly your counterpart, my lord? Were you not made for each other? Ought not your fortunes to be united? Why should you blush at the honest frankness of an old man?" With the tact of his country, he noted the mounting suffusion in the cheek of Adrienne, and the nervous agitation of Moreland, and ceased.

On their return, the frank sallies of the excellent Dumenil had taken so much effect, as even to disturb Lord Moreland's temper. As one mode of manifesting it, he took occasion, without any circumstance to introduce it, to commence a vehement philippic against marriage. He concluded it with an ironical eulogy of that better half of the species, to which Adrienne belonged, remarking, with some bitterness, that an additional reason against marriage followed from the circumstance, that women, being, as they had just heard, at least a favoured few of them, angels, could expect to unite only with very imperfect men. This sort of indirect assault, so uncalled for, wounded the pride of Madame d'Aze-mar. She sought the origin of it, and found in it motives sufficiently soothing to her self-love; for the female discernment, in such cases, is equally prompt and certain, being guided by a happy faculty of analysis, which may properly be termed the instinct of the heart.

But shocked to remark, that even one so worthy as Moreland could calumniate his own sentiments, and do despite to his own thoughts, she repelled the offensive remark with an air of cold dignity.

"True, my lord," she observed; "either nature or education has left you with defects. You are not offended, I hope, that Providence has endowed wo-

men with virtues, to settle the balance of compensations?"

Moreland stood rebuked, in view of the force and dignity of her appeal. It was as though she had evoked the shade of M. d'Azemar to justify her, and frown on the intended aspersion. Self-reproach never fell with more bitterness, than on his spirit. Afflicted to have offended the woman he loved, equally afflicted at not being at peace with himself, and being sensible that he had no reason to be, and discontented with all the world, he returned to see Madame d'Azemar voluntarily separate to the retirement of her own apartment, and to be aware that he had no one of whom to complain but himself.

During the long subsequent evening, the parlour reunion, wanting the charm of Adrienne's society, seemed struck with a judicial silence. It was Caroline only and the Baron de Talcy who occasionally spoke. How long and sad was this evening! Lady Mary mused in fruitless inquiries, what this evident ill-humour portended? Victor tried to think nothing about it. The person who was the occasion of it, as was most just, suffered more from it than all the rest.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE MORNING PROMENADE.

Let us not altogether condemn the aberrations of humanity. We have said that the happy, thanks to the restless discontent of human nature, enjoy less than they appear to enjoy. We are about to discover, on the other hand, that Moreland retained sources of satisfaction, even in this period of ill humour. There are, in the heart of the man that loves, a thousand imperceptible pores, through which new joys are absorbed every moment. A vivid passion cannot subsist, without diurnal aliment. It is often that no more than a simple conformity of tastes, the discovery of a common habit, some sympathy of sentiment, touching even a minute matter, complete the harmony which brings two beings, mutually attracted towards each other, into perfect accord.

A few days after that evening, on which the president of the bachelors' club had shown himself so unreasonably out of temper, an evening which Lady Mary had marked with a black stone, as a bad day, Lord Moreland rose, according to his ordinary habit, at four in the morning, to respire the fresh air of the rising day in his park. Why, since the arrival of Adrienne, has he passed an hour more than usual there? What does he in that mysterious apartment,

the key of which he now so carefully guards? He had been accustomed, for a long time, to take his matin promenades on the side of the park upon which this apartment looked out. As it happened this morning, conducted either by chance or some secret instinct, which attracted him towards the point of Adrienne's apartment, he found himself near the farm house which she and Lady Mary occupied in common, before he was well aware what path he had taken. This path conducted him to a beautiful bower, perfectly green, solitary, and surrounded with a young grove, before which arose an ancient and majestic oak. His eye took in, at the same moment, the assemblage of this calm and fresh painting of morning twilight, and a lady clad in a white robe, who, leaning against the ancient oak, had the air as of one occupied in deep reverie. If the darker shades of night had not already yielded to the first rays of the morning, he might have taken the white object for some majestic phantom. But the figure of Adrienne was too deeply engraven on his thoughts, not to be instantly recognised.

He stopped short, and contemplated her with sufficient astonishment. There was a charm about her form and person, which prevented her being mistaken. Beside, what other beautiful woman would be abroad and walking at that early hour? On her head was a Madras handkerchief, in the form of a turban. Her beautiful flowing chesnut tresses shaded her neck, and formed round her high and polished forehead a natural crown. A long tunic gracefully enveloped her fine person.

"May I dare to ask," said Moreland, timidly, "by what accident you find yourself here?"

“It is an accident which I procure myself every morning, at the same hour.”

“What!” continued Moreland, charmed with the discovery of so unexpected a habit. “May I believe that you rise every morning at four?”

“If you please; for it is literally true. It is one of the principles of *hygiene*, which I adopted a long time ago.”

“Indeed! I perceive, too, that you use the appropriate term.”

“I hope you will not set me down as a *bas bleu*, in consequence. Did I never tell you, that I passed six months in Italy with the good physician Thouvenel? In summer, I have since formed the habit of rising before the sun. I admire to see the first awakening of nature, and to respire, in every sense, the sights, the glad voices, the dewy freshness, of incense-breathing morn. My heart swells, as I hear the sweet concert of the birds. I breathe a new existence in the pure balm of that delicious moment. Exhilarated, renovated in body and mind, and with new gratitude to the Being of Beings, when the day commences for common mortals, I return to complete my night. I take my bed again, and rise at eight, with the senses all in tone, the mind active, the ideas fresh, and creation showing only its brightest side.”

“Know you,” asked Moreland, with a respectful and almost astonished air, “that this habit is perfectly reasonable?”

“My lord,” replied Adrienne, laughing at the peculiar emphasis of the compliment, “you do me infinite honour to admit that a woman can adopt a reasonable habit.”

“No;” he replied, a little abashed, “but—but—in a word, I am enchanted to see you in this habit.”

“In the fine weather,” replied Adrienne, “we all live in this way among my native mountains. I was reared to run about the mountains with the Basque peasants, during the fresh morning hours. You must remember when I taught you, as we were together in Navarre, to discriminate the Basque peasant girls from the other inhabitants, by their agility of person, their little corsets, and the baskets which they carried on their heads. They are as swift as fawns, and as vigorous as they are swift.”

“I well remember;” said Moreland, who at this moment felt the happiest of mortals, “I recollect them perfectly. Your indication so strongly fixed my attention, that I have now in my possession a complete costume of one of them, which I brought from Pampeluna.”

“Ah! my lord, what remembrances you renew! I cannot restrain regret, when I think of our young Basques, so gay and full of life; of our Pyrenees; of the moss-covered cottages, and of those cheeses which our good Henry loved so much! Come back to my soul, sweet remembrances of those mountain scenes! I see once more my ever-loved foster mother, the curling cottage smoke, the little peaceful abode, the *gave* which brawled along at the foot of the garden, the rustic bridge over which I used to bound with the exquisite sensations of juvenile delight.”

Lord Moreland, strongly affected with her emotion, interrupted her, and exclaimed:

“Ah! madam, do you retain such fresh and affectionate remembrances of all your friends?”

“My heart,” she promptly replied, “never lost a remembrance. It still loves all that it ever loved.”

The reply produced on him the effect of placing the rose branch on the full cup of the inhabitants of Mount Olympus. The pressure of the delicious flower caused the nectar to overflow. Transported, carried away beyond the limits of self-control, he advanced, and with accents tender and animated,

“Adrienne!” he exclaimed.

The suffusion of her cheek arrested what farther he would have said. The single thought, that she was looking him in the face to note what more he would say, caused his heart to palpitate with violence, and so deranged his ideas as to interdict, if we may so say, the power of words. It would have been easier to have extemporized three speeches in the house of lords, than to have added another phrase at that moment. A natural dread of disgusting her with the appearance of awkwardness, came over him. He knew not how to interpret the heart of Adrienne. He had not yet been made aware, that a man who would please, is never more eloquent, in view of the person beloved, than when disconcerted to the point of not knowing what to say. He had grasped the hand of Madame d’Azemar, had apparently made a fruitless effort to speak, and had let it fall again. She smiled, and said:

“My lord, I am discreet; and shall never repeat what you have just said.”

This remark only disconcerted him more. He was just able, in the confusion of his ideas, to make out that she said to him—

“I must break off this agreeable conversation. We are both of us methodical. I have still my two hours to sleep. Good morning, my lord.”

She disappeared, returned to her bed, and slept;

at least I am bound to believe she did. Not so Lord Moreland. His speech had failed, and the clock struck eight, while he was meditating upon the cause of this phenomenon in the same place where it had occurred.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE BEARNESE FESTIVAL.

THAT morning, Lord Moreland arrived at his breakfast after all the guests had sat down. Lady Mary remarked, perhaps a little ironically, that she no longer recognised her brother; it was so astonishing, that he who so strongly inculcated punctuality, should arrive last at the breakfast table.

"Brother," said Lady Caroline, sustaining her incipient speech with a gesture, to increase its importance, "the moral world gives its forewarnings of revolution like the physical universe. In Calabria, the variations of the barometer often announce an earthquake. Yours, my brother, seems astonishingly out of order."

Lord Moreland, in visible embarrassment, made no reply. Adrienne came to his aid, saying, with prompt calmness,

"My lord, you have no idea how delightfully I have slept."

I cannot say why, but Adrienne, in uttering these words, had a manner a little less natural than common.

"But," she added, "deep as my sleep was, I did not lose my memory during it. It ran through my pleasant dreams, that you had heard me speak with

delight of my native mountains of Bearne, and that I was showing you a particular point of view among them, which, above all others, I love to recall to my thoughts. My dear Victor, knowing how dear it was to me, has undertaken to sketch it. When I arose, I immediately searched for it, and laid it apart for you to see."

The Baron de Talcy left no time for Lord Moreland to utter his thanks. He interrupted his commenced compliment, by saying,

"I also awoke this morning from a dream, and a bad one too. I recollected in my sleep, that I had, this morning, thirty-five years."

Whatever pleasure the baron had in speaking of himself, he had so little discretion in this confidential disclosure, that every one present believed that he avowed thirty-five years, only to avoid being put down for forty-five, which, in fact, was his age. Madame d'Azemar smiled, as she listened to a contrivance which, ingenious as it was, betrayed itself.

She resumed, in a tone of seriousness wholly unlike her ordinary manner:

"For me, I have not calculated my age for a number of years. When the past presents only painful remembrances, and the future offers no hopes, the point of wisdom seems to be, to make the most of the present. Life then becomes a sleep. The question is, not to live but to sleep."

Lord Moreland heard this grave remark with an astonishment that seemed to fix him to his place. Lady Mary, always affectionate, and of the kindest sensibility, drew her chair near that of Madame d'Azemar, and looking in the sad countenance of the lovely speaker, felt the tears start in her eyes.

“ My dear friend, you have not always seen happy birth-days, I fear.”

“ My dear Mary,” she replied, “ I have learned how to sustain misfortune, by a long apprenticeship. Perhaps I shall have no call to show how I could pass the ordeal of happiness.”

Lord Moreland, who lost not a word which fell from the lips of Adrienne, seemed disposed to cut short a conversation which began to verge upon sadness. We shall soon see that it was to follow out an idea which had taken possession of his mind.

“ You were speaking, madam, just now,” said he, “ of a view of the Pyrenees. Will you be good enough to lend it me?”

“ My lord, you might ask of me a more difficult favour than that.”

“ But—perhaps you do not know that I wish to see it immediately.”

“ You shall have it as you wish;” and she went to procure the design which he desired.

He had conceived the project of procuring for the sister of Victor an illusion worthy of her, of his fortune, and of the disinterested regard for her with which he imagined himself inspired. All unfavourable associations with Adrienne vanished from his mind, and she stood at this moment before his thoughts, only as a woman who had been for a long time unhappy, whose regrets he wished for a short time to beguile, and for whom, perhaps, it was in his power to procure a temporary oblivion of painful remembrances.

Gladly would he have been an enchanter of the thousand and one nights, that with a single stroke of a wand he might create the illusion that now filled

his teeming imagination. He carefully excluded from his mind, the thought that he wished this creation only for a beloved mistress. He imagined that it would only pay a debt to misfortune, and knew not that he was obeying the irresistible impulses of his heart. How easily he must have deceived himself, to imagine that the intense satisfaction with which he contemplated his project, while yet in the germ could spring from any other source than love!

Adrienne returned to the hall with the sketch in her hand. It was unrolled, and Moreland eagerly ran his eye over it. Lady Caroline pressed forward to see it, and assured them that it would produce a splendid panoramic effect. Moreland, meanwhile, in an under tone requested his younger sister, who was sitting near Victor, to ask him the birth day of his sister. He had not said this in a voice so low as not to be overheard by Adrienne. She replied,

“You will grant, my lord, that no person is so well qualified to tell you that as myself. If you have any curiosity to know the fact, I have twenty-four years.”

“Madame,” replied the *witty* Baron de Talcy, with a promptness which he intended for gallantry, “you have need to affirm it, to make us believe you have so many years:

‘The graces are always in their spring.’”

Victor observed to his sister, that to wish to know her birth-day was not the same thing as to ask her age.

“I comprehend, my lord,” she continued, still addressing Moreland, “what you would know. If

you will allow it to be so, I was born under the sign of the *balance*, on the sixth of September, twenty-four years ago. Do you purpose to draw my horoscope."

"The sixth of September," repeated Lady Mary, "is only fifteen days hence."

That gives me a longer time before my birth-day than one would think, because I am one of those time-economizing persons for whom the days begin early. Is it not true, my lord?"

"Literally true, madam," he instantly replied, with a countenance glowing with kind feeling; "and yet you have the science to render them very short for others."

"I was going to say that very thing," added the baron; "but you have said my witty thing before me."

Lord Moreland asked his pardon for having anticipated him in a remark so delicate and new. He then made a sign to Victor to walk abroad with him, and he strode onward without stopping, until they were in the middle of the park. Arrived there, holding the design in one hand, and a graphometer in the other, he said mysteriously to M. de Leyris,

"My friend, fifteen days hence is the birth day of Madame d'Azemar. Look round you. This is the surface, upon which we have to operate. Here is the model in your sketch. Let us fall to work; and more than all, let us keep profound silence."

Victor smiled, put his foot on the pedestal of the graphometer, and began to take the mensurations. The site was dales and precipitous hills, covered with pines and firs, in some places dispersed, and in

others in masses. Scattered on all sides were large rocks, which might easily be so disposed as to produce the perspective of mountains. Nature had formed a deep valley in an admirable resemblance to the beautiful vale of the Pyrenees, of which the pencil of Victor had given so exact an idea. He assured Moreland that, with an adequate number of workmen, he could easily dispose of the trees, and the masses of rock; that he could manage all the wild inequalities of surface, and the wooden bridge; but that the want of a river embarrassed him extremely, in regard to creating the *gave*.

“The want of a river, you say!” impetuously exclaimed the magnificent Englishman. “The want of a river! I only ask you to create a landscape of the Pyrenees. Do you think I will not do my part, by furnishing a river? I answer you, my friend, to pour you down the mountain *gave*. I have it but a few steps from hence.”

Moreland then exultingly led his friend to the summit of an elevation, which they reached with sufficient palpitation of heart, and which was, in fact, a mountain. Close at the foot, on the other side, was an extensive lake, fed by a number of considerable hill streams. It was only necessary to change the direction of the outlet. The lake was a marshy one, and required draining for health and improvement. But had it been the most beautiful of the Cumberland lakes, it would have been just as readily sacrificed, to copy the *gave* for Adrienne.

The declivity assumed a succession of torrents in the descent, and the rocky nature of the soil would give a rugged and mountainous bed. An unconstrained serpentine course, a happy rustic wooden

bridge, in fine, a splendid and precipitous torrent, with all its accessory circumstances, offered at their bidding.

No repose henceforward remained. Two weeks appeared to him as many years, as many centuries. Yet he found human hands too slow, and days too short, to keep pace with his wishes. He bitterly regretted that the hours of night must keep him from his labours for a while. He counted the midnight hours, for he was too much agitated, too impatient, too happy, too full of his idea, too eager for the completion, to indulge in quiet sleep. Well might this lover, on such a magnificent scale, have addressed to the divinity of sleep these verses of Cowley:

"Betwixt thee and those that love,
Never can agreement be.
Thou scorn'st the unhappy, and the happy thee."

The hands of two hundred labourers were employed at the same moment, some in the construction of the rustic mountain cottage, others in clearing away the rocks and trees which were in the way of the completion of the plan, and in opening the bed of the projected river. In the progress of excavation, an enormous cliff of white marble was discovered, at once a source of wealth and a perfect imitation of the geological formation along which the gave tumbles its foaming waters. If, for a moment, the nature or the futility of the object of these prodigious labours brought misgiving and self-questioning to his thoughts, the discovery of a marble quarry, the draining of a marshy lake, soothed his conscience with sufficient motive and pretext of utility.

The labourers had already been employed twelve

days without relaxation, during which Victor had never left them. Moreland spared neither shillings nor guineas. The Baron de Talcy never deprived them of the advantage of his counsels, which were by no means always destitute of good sense; for, as it had been found necessary to account to the ladies for this bustle, absence, and incessant occupation, by the pretext of draining a lake, the completion of which they were to witness, it was deemed adviseable, at the same time, to make the baron a confidant of their plan. He was, moreover, a man who had seen much, and from his reminiscences was able to suggest many happy ideas. Every circumstance, even the impatience of the ladies, was most fortunately managed. The vast rock, necessary to arrest the course of the torrent, and form a cascade, was placed as naturally in the soil of the bed, as it was in Victor's design. Nothing was now necessary but the tumbling *gave*, of which the source was distant about a quarter of a league. Victor looked towards the mountain with a glistening eye. The baron watched the event with no less eagerness. Every workman who had been concerned in the arrangement, shared in the impatience and anxiety of the young French officer. On a sudden, Moreland waves a handkerchief as a signal. The dam is cut. He darts on horseback from the lake to his friend. Transported, he exclaims,

“Dear Victor, the *gave* is coming! It is a superb torrent!”

The deep and imposing roar is heard. The accumulated mass of waters, bearing onward the spoils of its new torrent passage, sweeps down its bed. It swells to the level of the turf on its banks. The

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new stream diffuses coolness in its passage. The illusion becomes so complete, that the transported baron, comparing the original and the copy, declares that the latter surpasses the former, and that nature herself has been distanced.

What exultation and happiness for Moreland. At last they touch the termination of the fifteenth night. The sun arises in unwonted splendour. Every idea has succeeded to a charm, and the *fete* is about to commence. At eight in the morning the conspiracy began to develop.

At the moment, a great number of instruments of music, of the kind, and playing the tunes of the Basque peasants, awoke Adrienne, who had taken her morning promenade, and was indulging in her second sleep, as usual. Lady Mary and Adele Rostange entered her chamber, in the complete costume of peasants of the Pyrenees. All the young girls belonging to the service of the castle followed them in similar dresses. Their habits of green, red and brown, presented perfect Basque peasants. A little mountain bonnet covered the crown of their head, and broad, red crape handkerchiefs fell over their shoulders, playing at the sport of the winds. Their robes were looped up in festoons, as for those who were to mount precipices and skip over the rocks.

Adrienne, as yet but half awakened by the music, found herself in the hands of these gay servants, and allowed them to dress her, as they insisted. At the door of her apartment, she perceived a flexible throne, composed of interwoven branches, beautifully lined with green moss, and surmounted with a rim of foliage and flowers. "My dear friend," said

Lady Mary, "have confidence, and allow me to bandage your eyes with this handkerchief." "Daughters of mischief, do with me as you please," replied Adrienne. Instantly she felt herself taken up, placed on the throne, and carried with a motion infinitely gentle and equable. The procession begins to march, or rather to dance, to the sound of the mountain music, playing Basque airs, sprightly and of the gayest movement, which Adrienne had so often sung, as to have taught them to the inhabitants of the castle. At the head of the procession is the Baron de Taley, this morning ten years younger than his wont. They approach the point where the scene is to commence. The noise of the torrent strikes the ears of Adrienne. "What is it I hear?" she exclaims, laughing, "you are not going to throw me into the Thames." "You shall see," answered Lady Mary and Adele. The music ceases. The procession stops. The throne is gently set down. The bandage is removed. Adrienne opens her eyes upon the enchantment.

The rushing mountain *gave*, which she regretted, the cottage, which she loved, the dear valley, the scenes of her first days are all before her. The surprise was so sudden and complete, the illusion so perfect, the emotion so thrilling, that tears rushed to her eyes, and she turned pale. Moreland was instantly alarmed at not having prepared her for the scene, and offered his aid. "Ah! my lord," replied Adrienne, with a smile, which quieted his alarm, "I could not have believed that joy could inflict so much pain."

Her vivid susceptibility of pleasure soon regained its empire, and the surprise of the illusion succeed-

ed. Lord Moreland led her across the rustic bridge, and the young mountain peasant girls presented her cages of living ortolans, the beautiful passage birds of spring in the Pyrenees. A flock of these free strangers, with their black plumes glistening on their heads and breasts, flew from branch to branch. Others offered her pairs of the famous game birds, known in the valleys of Bearne under the name of stock doves. At the same time, some of the most nimble and beautiful of the peasant girls formed a circle round her, and began Basque dances to the music of the galoubet. "Excuse me," said Moreland, "if I have not been able to procure wolves to complete the picture. You know, perhaps, that we have none in England, and I hope that you will not regret the omission." Victor received his sister at the door of the cottage. He wore the French uniform of white faced with red, which she had been accustomed to see him wear on the festival days of her infancy. She entered, and M. and Madame Dumeneil, both clad in costume as mountaineers, received her, and invited her to take with them a rustic repast.

The while, Lady Caroline, whose gravity could never lend itself to travesty of any sort, had not refused to take a part in this *fete*. She gravely read a pastoral in French verse, which had cost her just as many days to compose as it had her brother to make his *gave*. The whole company assured her, that her verses were worthy of Fontenelle, and it is probable, that Lady Caroline still found the eulogy inadequate to their merit. "My friends, my dear friends," incessantly repeated Adrienne, "what truth in this magic painting! Not a circumstance

that could touch the heart is forgotten." Her eyes, fixed on the countenance of Lord Moreland, certainly witnessed, at least, the utmost extent of grateful expression.

The entire morning, until after dinner, was consecrated to the birth-day festival of Madame d'Aze-mar. No happier day, perhaps, had been passed on the earth. Every one took part in the joy, which shone in the countenance, deportment and words of Lord Moreland. Each pronounced it the gayest and most delightful festival they had witnessed.

Toward evening, Adrienne, retracing all the enjoyment she had experienced that day, approached Lord Moreland, and laying her hand upon his arm, she said, "Let fate do her worst, I have had one happy day. Allow me now, my lord, to thank you for the delicacy of this magnificent compliment. I have felt, I have estimated all. Not a remembrance has escaped you, even to Victor, whose beautiful uniform has recalled the sports, fetes and pleasures, which, in my spring days of life, made my young heart bound with delight. You have reproduced the exact scenes of my youth."

A remembrance on a sudden seemed to have struck her; for, turning suddenly to Victor, she exclaimed, as if recalling an incident long since forgotten—"Oh, yes! one thing is not here. Seeing this uniform reminds me of it. Do you recollect that beautiful medallion which you sent me? I had the misfortune to lose it, I believe, at the bull fight, where you may remember, my lord, we were together." At the closing remark, she lowered and softened the voice, although there was nothing else that marked any particularity of manner. No one could affirm,

that there was any distinct intention in these words, although they might seem to suppose one, which she would wish to conceal from all but him. Lady Mary cast down her eyes in terror, lest they might betray the secret of her brother. He himself turned away with a sort of spasm, as though Adrienne might have suspected that she had unmasked in him some guilty convict. Perhaps, after what she witnessed, she might have had a sort of indistinct surmise, that he had preserved, and still retained, the medallion. But she was utterly at a loss to divine, why such a sentiment of embarrassment, of confusion, of disagreeable feeling even, so suddenly pervaded his whole countenance. The truth was, he now believed that an abyss had been dug under his feet. He imagined himself completely divined. Where is the sage, whose eye is so unblenching, when under terror of losing self-respect, and the respect of the public, as not to quail? He saw the public about to become the confidant of that love, to which his eccentric originality had paid so whimsical a tribute. Not stopping at fears, he began to imagine that the truth of his principles would be put in doubt, and that he would be thought capable of finally bending his neck to a yoke, of which he had declared himself, with so much notoriety, the sworn enemy. It was thus that a word, a single little phrase, overcast with clouds the setting sun of such a beautiful day, of which the morning and the noon had been of such brilliant promise. Lord Moreland, pensive, silent, carefully concealed in his heart the said ideas which had besieged his spirit in crowds. The noisy gaiety of the day still reigned around him, when he retired to the solitude of his apartment.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

AN INDISCRETION.

LORD MORELAND arose with the following dawn. The clouds were dispelled from his forehead with the shadows of night. A calm of some hours had availed to put an end to his false alarms. He no longer saw any concealed intention in the question, which Adrienne had put him; and he ended by assigning it to the class of unhappy accidents, for which no person should be made responsible.

It is not astonishing, that the preparations for the magnificent *fete*, which we have just described, should have occupied fifteen entire days. But this festival had passed away, and the wonted regular employment of his time still remained deranged. He went, indeed, more assiduously than before, to note the progress of his agricultural improvements. The disciple of Marshall and Arthur Young felt that a mortal chill had come over his zeal for cultivation. The only hours which he anticipated as a happy epoch, the hours which alone seemed short, which he expected with impatience, and saw return with pleasure, were those which he passed with Madame d'Azemar. The more closely he inspected her, the more attractions and good qualities he observed. He could not help admiring, though it now gave

him pain to note it, the touching gratitude, the tender respect, with which she always spoke of her old and infirm husband. What modesty, what simplicity, when she recounted the cares she had shown him, the dangers she had shared with him, and dwelt on the worth and excellence of his character, which had rendered these duties so easy! In a word, much as he sought to come to another conclusion, he could not avoid perceiving that she had an understanding as solid as it was brilliant; that the conversation, which was most habitually gay, did not want profoundness; that she had the keenest perception of the true and beautiful in all things, although she made no pretensions to knowledge, or to have gained any other information by her extensive travels, except such as she had gleaned in haste and by chance.

One day among others, at a moment when Lady Caroline was weary of uttering harangues, and when the Baron de Talcy had ceased to put forth his nothings, that is to say, had discontinued speaking, the conversation, becoming general, fell upon conscience. The baron advanced, with more sense and reason than was his wont, that he had learned to distinguish just as many different consciences as countries, languages, religions and individuals.

Lady Mary, on being asked her views of conscience, replied with a charming ingenuousness, that her conscience was swayed by the opinions of those she loved. At the same time she cast her eyes with an abandonment of tenderness, first upon her brother and afterwards on Victor.

Madame d'Azemar being called to declare herself in her turn, said, that for herself, from fear of self-

deception, she kept a written conscience, adding, that she very often consulted it. As they pressed her to explain she thus avowed her meaning:

“Since I have cultivated self-acquaintance, I have made it a constant law, superstitious if you please, not only to write in my tablets that which truth and usage always allow one to think and speak, but much which social considerations and received opinions too often interdict from conversation. I am thus able to pass in review my own prevalent tone of thought respecting others and myself, after the occasion of it has passed away.”

The baron instantly asked, “If he might flatter himself that he was in her tablets?”

“Why not?” replied she. “However, be tranquil. I judge others much less severely than myself. I wish chiefly to avail myself of the lessons of experience. Experience, like what is committed to memory, fleets away and perishes. I wish to fix these lessons, and I write them down. I gain something in the end, by comparing myself at one time with myself at another. The most essential point is, to put myself down in perfect good faith. I feel myself as at the confessional, and before God. I have never, no, never in the slightest degree, prevaricated in my tablets.”

While she was speaking, Lord Moreland, who had been previously walking the hall, paused, and drew near her to listen. Keenly alive to perceptions of truth and force of character, he passed as usual from admiration to the tenderest sentiments, and from these to feelings of distrust and jealousy. “Am I in the tablets of this admirable woman? What can she have found to record of such an insig-

nificant person as the baron?" Such were his mental inquiries. We can scarcely conceive, that the kind of vague jealousy, of which the baron was the object, could have found a place in such a heart as that of Lord Moreland; much less, that it could have found continual aliment, after all the testimonies of sensibility which he had received from Adrienne, during her magnificent birth-day *fete*; after all that he had done for her and her brother, and the claims which so much generosity and delicacy had given him, to the esteem and even the tenderness of the woman whom, in his heart, he so devoutly loved. He could not say to himself, that she was in any way particular in her attentions to the officious and tedious personage that displeased him. Any other person, in the same position, would have equally displeased him. He, who at this moment gave him umbrage, possessed a prescriptive right to converse with Adrienne, as a member of the family. He rendered her a thousand little services, which it vexed Moreland to reflect she would have been obliged to have asked of him, had not the baron always so adroitly anticipated him. These services, in themselves, would have had no value in the eyes of a person who took a less vivid interest in Adrienne, than Moreland. But the importance which he attached to them, blinded even his self-love, and he deemed himself unjustly excluded from a preference which he felt that he deserved by more than one title. Finally, according to French usage, the baron de Taley, with the sort of feeling attached to a confidential domestic, was, more than once, admitted into the morning apartment of Adrienne. Her noble host, for whom already the officious assiduity of this French-

man had been a cause of dissatisfaction, in London, took occasion to remark this fact with disapprobation, chagrin, and almost with bitterness. He would have taxed her with it, had he not been aware that it would have implied an interest in her, which he dared not claim. He saw him leave the apartment of Madame d'Azemar, the very morning after the day in which he had heard this singular woman speak with so much sound reason touching the written conscience of her tablets. After meditating the matter for a long time, he ultimately braced his courage to the point of warning her against that extraordinary familiarity, which the English class among the most indecorous of continental usages.

The first movement of Madame d'Azemar was unqualified astonishment. "My lord," said she, smiling however, "the house of a French lady ought to be of glass, like that of some Roman, whose name I have forgotten. Such, I assure you, mine might be. My doors and windows might always be open, and my apartment ready to receive any one, the Baron de Talcy inclusive, as the least exceptionable of all."

Lord Moreland retired sufficiently vexed with the result of his remonstrance. What was his surprise, when he again met the fair French woman the same day, as she took his arm, and led him to the recess of a window, and remarked, with the most affectionate and grateful tone,

"My lord, a person whose character is like yours ought never to give a useless lesson. I have reflected on that you gave me this morning, and have profited by it. Yes, you have reason. However innocent a custom may be in the abstract, we ought to

discontinue it, if it violates the usages of the country where we dwell. It is what I intend to do. I have written my fault in my tablets. May I not also record there, that you have forgiven it?"

"No. No. There is nothing in you to pardon," he exclaimed in a transport. "You are born to give, and not receive the example. If you act differently from the rest of the world, it is because they are in the wrong. You are formed always to keep reason on your side."

The good nobleman passed the remainder of the day in this exaltation of indulgent feeling towards Adrienne. But what enchantment is enduring? Towards evening he happened to enter the hall. He there found his younger sister alone. Lady Mary, on whom disappointed expectation began to inflict a visible languor, observed with a vivid interest the empire which the fascinating French woman was gradually acquiring over her brother. Every time any one read in the gazettes the announcement of a marriage, she looked steadily at her brother whose hatred of matrimony seemed to her to be gradually softening, and who appeared to waver in his attachment to his avowed system. Sometimes he admitted that this union might be expedient for family reasons; and that another might be happy, because it was the union of talent and beauty with virtues and merit. Finally, though he did not approve of wedlock in the abstract, he appeared to conceive that people might be permitted under certain circumstances to marry.

Lady Mary imagined that, this evening, she saw one of those yielding moments in which he seemed almost accessible to insinuations in favour of mar-

riage, so that they were cautious and delicate; and she hazarded saying, "Suppose, my brother, it should happen, that within three months, your own marriage should be announced, and you should admit that you owed to the fortunate union, the highest happiness of your life."

Moreland, for the first time, actually showed temper towards the good and gentle Mary. He replied roughly, "It is very singular that you should presume to imagine, that I would consent to wear such chains. Marry! me! I married! I would be glad to know what has led you to suppose, that I possess such a weak and inconsistent character. Do you know how I stand related to the Bachelor Club? I marry? I pray you, my little sister," added he, in a somewhat gentler tone, "not to treat me with such kind of pleasantry."

Vexation at seeing an occasion, which struck her as so fortunate, so entirely disappoint her hopes, caused the impatient Mary to forget the promise of secrecy which she had pledged to Victor. She said, with extreme agitation, "But, my brother, if it is so easy to exercise control over the heart, why do you keep that beautiful figure?"

The involuntary movement with which she accompanied these words, which visibly escaped from a heart which had lost self-control; her eyes, which were turned in the direction of the mysterious apartment; her hand, which indicated the door, pointed out too clearly the purport of what she would say. Her brother stood, as if thunderstruck, for a moment, and seemed trying to recollect if he had ever allowed the key to escape him. His sister saw, however, that he was at the point of indignantly

asking her, how she could have dared to push her curiosity to that length? Lady Mary divined his thought, and timidly added, "Do not imagine, my brother, that I ever entered the apartment; the wind one day blew open the venetian blind, and I saw"—

Moreland laid his hand on his forehead, and remained silent for some time. His sister, meanwhile, evinced such undisguised terror and regret, in view of the indiscretion she had committed, and her countenance bore such a true expression of distress, that in seeing it, he forgot his wrath, and tenderly embraced her, saying, with affected calmness, "You have my secret! Keep it; but draw no conclusions from it!"

With these words, he left Lady Mary in her affliction, and full of agitation and internal struggle, he went abroad. The inhabitants of the castle, one after the other, met in the hall. Lady Mary was among them, concealing, as she might, her disappointment and grief. For Moreland, offering as a pretext indisposition, he begged permission not to appear.

CHAPTER XXXV.

A PROJECTED JOURNEY.

LORD MORELAND that night did not close his eyes. What a difference between those nights, of which he wished, in his impatience, to hasten the end, when each, as it fled, was counted as bringing him one step nearer pleasures which he was procuring for Adrienne; what a difference between those, and this cruel night, whose duration, in his present agony of shame, seemed prolonged without end! He loves. The fact stands avowed. He sees that his passion is no longer a mystery. His sister has before her eyes his fatal flame. Another person is in possession of his secret. Were it another person than his beloved sister that was in this confidence, it would be above his strength to sustain the very idea. Without doubt, she will keep it; but she has it in her power to trust it to another. Knowing that it is possible, is sufficient to make him fear it as certain. He has borne such a character for inflexible perseverance, for stern and unshrinking consistency, the very conception, that the president of the famous Bachelor Club has succumbed to love, in such a guise, is overwhelming humiliation. There is no longer question about stubborn attachment to a system. He has to endure the charge of being in

love. His boasted determination of celibacy is a sumptuous edifice which has crumbled to ruins. A terrible phantom still watches over them. That phantom is dread of opinion. A tyrant assuming a thousand fearful forms, sways an empire as extensive as the human race. Agitated, tormented, torn with doubts and fears on all hands, he persuaded himself at last, that he had discovered the only means to assure his tranquillity and reputation, and bring them into accordance with his love. As soon as the day dawned, his servant bore the following letter to Lady Mary.

“My secret is known, my dear sister. Perhaps it is only to you, and that is one too many in the confidence. I beg you to beware how you consider me fickle and inconsistent. Take especial care not to imagine, that I can ever espouse *** and who?”

“My fortune, rank and name are not advantages that bear a great value in the eyes of Madame d’Azemar. Mistress of her destiny, a lady of quality, young, irresistible in her attractions, her condition is impressed with the respectable seal of adversity. That only augments the interest which she inspires, and renders her courage and her virtues more impressive. The wreck of her once princely fortune, and the noble spirit with which she narrows the circle of her wants, assure the independence of her life, and the freedom of her affections. Adrienne is infinitely above a calculation of interest, and I can offer her nothing which she would not disdain. I see with the greatest pleasure, that she possesses your friendship. Merit her’s in return. I leave you together at Moreland Castle. Her I

leave to place her beyond the remarks of an unjust public, which will not long respect either my principles or her misfortunes. You I leave, to replace me in cares and attentions to her, which I can no longer render her, and to attest that I can never allow myself to violate my principles. I am aware, that this is doing nothing for what you consider your happiness. I comprehend the wishes of your heart. Can you not divine how much it costs me not to fulfil them? Have I not always been a brother? Are you not still my well beloved sister? Ah! if I sacrifice your wishes and your happiness to my principles, I hope it may occur to your thoughts that I am perhaps as inflexible and cruel toward myself.

“To-morrow I shall depart for my estates in Scotland. I confide my secret motives only to your friendship. I shall this day announce my purpose. My pretext is avowed, and my resolution fixed. I shall speak of returning to-morrow. But you are not to believe that I shall return. In a word, believe in nothing but the tender and unalterable attachment of your brother,

“MORELAND.”

Lady Mary bathed this cruel letter with her tears. She ran to her brother's apartment. He was not there. Unhappy sister! She is going to invoke him, in the name of her happiness and his, to remain. Who will sustain and console her in the grief which such a self-banishment will inflict? Victor is the first to offer to her thoughts. But how can she avow to him that she has broken her promise of secrecy? How can she expose herself to the just reproaches of

one so loved, and perhaps lose something of his esteem. Is not Victor the soul of honour, and has he not taken an oath never to abuse any of his claims upon his friend? Yet, in this emergency, shall she refuse to act, to speak? Adrienne is the only person to whom she dares unbosom her thoughts. She will hearken and pity, and shed with her the consoling tears of sympathy. Beside, where is the crime? It is only her own griefs that she is going to reveal. She will divulge nothing but her love, and her brother's cruel system, that opposes her union with Victor. Is not Victor the brother of Adrienne? She will only declare that. She flies to the apartment of Madame d'Azemar. Already the secret of Mary is no longer her own. She has declared it all, and Adrienne has in her hands the letter of Lord Moreland.

At the dinner hour, Moreland, determined to depart for Scotland the morning of the next day, returned from visiting his grounds, a duty which he had not performed for a long time. In entering the castle, he was astonished to see a carriage drawn up in the court yard, apparently arranged for a journey, and only waiting for post horses. Having immediately asked an explanation, he was told that it was the carriage of the Baron de Talcy, who was to set off immediately after dinner with Madame d'Azemar. "Madame d'Azemar going off?" he exclaimed, scarcely able to conceal his alarm. His extreme emotion could not but increase when he perceived Adrienne dressed in a journeying habit, and when he heard her excusing the negligence of her dress, by alleging that she had been occupied in preparations for departure. During dinner, he only spoke

of insignificant things, and with the manner of one who is less occupied with what he is saying than with what he would say. Victor was silent and pensive. M. de Talcy, on the contrary, spoke enough for all. Moreland addressed him some of the accustomed compliments on such occasions, requesting him, if he could make it convenient, to remain. The baron, very far from attributing this complaisance to a motive which was not personal to himself, confounded him with compliments and thanks, but did not the less cease to enumerate the counties he intended to visit, the ports and harbours he meant to examine, and the curiosities he proposed to show to his fair fellow-traveller, with *Dutens*, as a guide, in his hand. "We now make our adieus to you, my lord," added he, "for madame, the marchioness, intends afterwards to make a voyage to Portugal, and I, you know, hold myself always subject to her orders." Every word of the good-natured and prating baron was a dagger for Moreland, who, whether Lady Mary had betrayed him, or whether she had kept silence, could not doubt the delicacy of the motive which impelled Adrienne to leave a place from which he was flying on her account.

Immediately after retiring from the table, he saw her and the baron take the path to the farm. He went out himself at the opposite door, but arrived mechanically at the little farm house, and found himself in front of the door at the moment when they opened it to return to the castle. Lady Mary held the hand of Adrienne grasped in hers, and as soon as she saw her brother, she motioned the fair French woman to sit down on the rustic bench, and

besought her to wait there a moment, assigning, as a pretext, that she had left in their common habitation some books which Adrienne would want on her journey. Moreland thus remained alone in the presence of his guest. He stood before her, erect, silent, and his eyes fixed upon the ground. It was visible that he vainly sought the word with which to commence a conversation. Probably she had supposed that he would seat himself beside her on the bench. But perceiving him erect and motionless, she too arose, and had a look as though she wished that her friend would return with the books, and give her an opportunity to retire. This movement was decisive for Lord Moreland. "Madam," said he, with a voice somewhat tremulous, "you leave Moreland Castle, then?" His parched tongue seemed to refuse further utterance for a moment. Making an effort, he resumed, "I had hoped that you would find amusement here for a longer stay."

A large straw hat concealed half the face of Adrienne. Moreland could not read her countenance; but she distinctly replied, in a calm and firm tone, "You are about to visit Scotland. I shall avail myself of your absence to journey in England, a country which I ought to examine before my final departure for the continent." The most difficult step was taken. The dialogue was commenced. Moreland continued with more assurance, "May I presume to ask, in what part of the three kingdoms you first intend to travel?"

"I have thought little about it," said Adrienne, with an air as of one absorbed in meditation. She hastened to add, hurrying her words, "the Baron de Taley has proposed to me to visit Portsmouth

first, to witness the approaching festival of the king's birth-day. It is said, that there will be two hundred ships of the line, with all their banners displayed, in the road of Spithead, and that the spectacle will be most splendid. There will certainly be balls and fetes on board some of the admiral ships. I should delight in making one on such an occasion."

"There are always such, madam," said Moreland with a movement of impatience that made her start. But as if to soften the roughness of this movement, he added in a gentle under tone, "the vessel of Admiral Kemperfeldt went to the bottom on a like occasion. He had given a superb *fete*, and had invited a vast number of ladies. All went down, and every individual perished!" "All perished!" repeated Adrienne, smiling. "You will agree, my lord, that if the same misfortune should happen to me, I shall at least die in good company."

Not pleased with this apparent gaiety, he relapsed anew into a profound silence. By an undefinable caprice, he was less struck at this moment with the noble heroism of this conduct of Adrienne on an occasion so trying, than wounded with seeing her prefer the companionship of the Baron de Talcy to the protection of his house. He broke his silence by remarking, in grave and measured terms, "It is with M. de Talcy, who must be comparatively a stranger to you, that you calculate to go to Portsmouth! You came with him from Hamburg. You avow the design, in company with him, to make the tour of Europe. Have you no apprehension of the harsh judgments which this sort of imprudence may draw down upon you?"

"I had not thought, my lord," replied Madame d'Azemar, at first with a cold and stern dignity, but

soon softening her voice, and animating it by degrees, until it reached tones of the profoundest sensibility, "I had not thought to find the public more indulgent than you. I love to think well of human nature, and to believe that it spares and respects the unfortunate; that men ought not to see, and do not see, in the masses of the proscribed and exiled of both sexes, to whom your country has afforded an asylum, any other persons than unfortunate beings, all become relatives, whose common duty is to protect each other, and administer consolation to their mutual sufferings, by uniting their regrets and their sympathies."

"If, among the number, some weak women, some vicious men have been found wanting to the sacred laws which virtue and religion impose upon misfortune, I had indulged the consolatory pride of believing that you would have made an exception of my case, and that your esteem would have raised me, at least in your eyes, above suspicion."

Here Moreland, profoundly rebuked and touched, came and placed himself near Adrienne, who had once more seated herself. She continued, with a tone that thrilled to his heart, "Upon what support have I then founded my claims to your interest, if it be not upon your esteem? Yes, I might have expected more justice from him who has seen me the companion, the wife, almost the daughter of the Marquis d'Azemar. If even then I had learned how to cherish my duties, almost before I knew them, condescend to admit, that since I have understood them, and formed them into a habit, they have become a rule, a consolation, a necessity. Is it only

men, think you, my lord, to whom it is given to know and practice the laws of honour?"

Adrienne paused, and shed some tears.

“And the grave rebuke,
Severe in youthful beauty, added grace invincible.”

The blow was struck. Moreland saw that it was only generosity and female dignity that directed her steps, and decided her to leave him. A rapid succession of ideas showed him, in the blackest colours, the abandonment to which he was resigning her. He accused himself of forgetting what he owed to misfortune. He reproached himself with selfishness and inhumanity. The eloquence of her tones and looks had penetrated him to the soul, and he succumbed to bitter self-accusation. The tears, the eloquence, the just indignation of Adrienne changed all his resolutions. He had seen her in tears, and all his terrors of public ridicule vanished before a more dreaded evil. Adrienne has cast over his thronging apprehensions a spell which has dispersed them as the dawn chases away the phantoms of night. For him at this moment still more an object of admiration than of love, he is about to throw himself at her feet, when Lady Mary approaches. This witness inflicts a new tremour. But he may not now recede from his purpose, and yielding to the impulse of his heart, he exclaims to Madame d'Azemar, “I will not go then to Scotland.” She holds out her hand to him, with rays of pleasure glistening through her tears, and says, “If you remain at Moreland Castle, what should induce me to journey to Portsmouth?” From the sweetness of her smile, More-

land might have divined that it was in her heart to say, "If you remain at Moreland Castle, what should I do in any other place in the universe?"

Lady Mary drew near and examined the aspect of things, but dared not propose a question, even by a look. The happiness of her brother seemed to rest on a foundation so fragile, that she feared a single word might be sufficient to destroy it. She was content to embrace both, to conduct them back to the castle, and to order the Baron de Talcy's carriage back to its place.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE ADVERTISER.

CALM and gaiety were only restored in appearance to Moreland Castle. Disquietude and agitation reigned more than ever in the heart of Moreland. He had derived from love a moment of unmixed felicity. He had felt the intoxication of an unrestrained abandonment to its delights. But, restored to himself, a crowd of painful reflections rushed upon his mind. He trembled to see the immense stride which he had, almost unconsciously, made from his principles, and that he had well nigh passed the Rubicon. At present, Madame d'Azemar knew all his weakness, and the extent of the power she exercised over him. Lady Mary, too, adroitly in pursuit of her own purposes, to lead him into the snare had drawn the meshes all around him, by being the depositary of his secret, and by skilfully availing herself of this advantage. For him, on every side there was combat, internal struggle, humiliation. What remains for him in this extremity, when he has voluntarily chained himself to the same abode with Madame d'Azemar, and when he finds that every change of position rivets his chains more firmly?

The Baron de Talcy was not astonished in the

least, that Madame d'Azemar had changed her intentions. He well knew that the will and purpose of a beautiful woman are subject to variations. He questioned no further; and, on his own account, it seemed to him more simple to remain with her, than to set off alone.

The master of the castle, however he might have wished to dispense with his society, was too much subservient to usage not to treat him with politeness. But whether it was, that he was in his eyes a man of no consequence, or whether his prejudices against him had become habitual, or whether, in a word, his present frame of mind rendered him susceptible of impatience and contrariety, certain it is, that he spoke to that good-natured man with a want of deference painful and obvious both to him and Adrienne.

One morning the baron arrived too late to breakfast. This was no trifling fault, in the eye of Moreland.

“Ah!” said he to the baron, “this is not what I call being exact.”

The next day the baron arrived in the hall sooner than the other guests, and quietly seated himself and took up the daily papers. When Moreland entered,

“Am I exact this morning, my lord?” asked he.

“Neither is this exact,” he answered, as he handed his two sisters to the table. “This is being too much in a hurry.”

Victor and Madame d'Azemar, noting the aspect of the sky, said nothing. The conversation languished into an embarrassing silence. On a sudden the baron laughed aloud, contrary to his wont, and exclaimed, as his eye still dwelt on the gazette,

“Ah! my lord, here is a compliment for you. There is no getting away from it.”

“What is it, sir?”

“See now, my lord, if I know not how to read English. Listen to an article in the Advertiser;” and he read, in an accent that at another time would have raised an irrepressible smile, as follows:

*“A young French emigrant lady, a widow, it is believed, has been living some time in Middlesex. A noble lord, so well known for his opinions against marriage, and the president of the Bachelor Club, is said to be on the point of marrying this widow. It appears that the wedding is soon to take place at M*****d Castle, where all the family is assembled for this purpose. The day is not fixed; but the fact is beyond question.”*

“What an extravagance,” cried Moreland, losing all self-command. “Allow me to look at it, if you please,” added he, almost seizing the gazette from the hands of the reader, who was murdering it in his French-English by a second reading.

“See with your own eyes,” said the baron, rubbing his hands exultingly. “Twenty persons have spoken to me on the subject in London. I told them I had no doubt of it.”

Moreland, without listening, threw away the paper in wrath, after having read the article; and then arose and strode about the hall with long steps. Lady Caroline augmented her brother’s punishment with her customary want of address. She gravely took the paper and again read the article aloud, weighing word by word. She remarked, with an air of sage deliberation,

“It is true, I have hitherto deferred giving my

thoughts on this subject. But, my brother, when the public saw me return from abroad with Madame d'Azemar, when it was known that she lived in your house, when she has since appeared a constant guest in the midst of us, it is altogether natural that the public should believe as it does, as every one that knows you"——

She had not yet arrived at her conclusion, when Moreland, no longer able to contain himself, arose and bounded out of the apartment, interiorly denouncing the baron, his sister, the *Advertiser*, its impertinent editor, and the whole world.

Lady Mary, in despair, hastened to Madame d'Azemar to announce this terrible new incident. As to Lady Caroline, she thought it her duty to go to the assistance of her brother; and she repaired to his apartment. He had shut himself up in it, and only opened to her pressing requests.

"Brother," said she, "it is only on great occasions that friendship proves itself. In your present trying position, I am aware that I can render you a service. I flatter myself that I have some credit with the editor of *The Advertiser*. I have often sent him, you know, notices and discussions, of which he has talent enough to know the value; and which have added, I dare affirm, to the credit of his journal. Do you wish that I should procure him to publish a formal retraction and denial of this article which wounds you so much, I cannot see why?"

Lady Caroline had unwittingly touched the most sensitive nerve of her brother's fame. The man the most sage, the most firm, allows the counsellor to approach him with consolation, who spares or flatters his weaknesses. The proposition at first

seemed not unreasonable; but, on consideration, he was not slow to perceive, that the remedy would be worse than the disease; and that a more extended publicity would only add to the ridiculousness of his position. He thanked his sister, but conjured her to renounce every step of this nature. Immediately this Minerva of counsels retired, with the usual dissatisfaction of those who are sensible that they have offered sage counsels, which have been formally refused, a fact which proves that there is much egotism in giving advice.

Lord Moreland, given up to the horror of his reflections, felt himself utterly humiliated, reduced to nothing. A single object was before his eyes, the sinister paper, the fatal *Advertiser*. He was a theme of ridicule at the moment for millions. Every word blazoned the haló of his shame.

Yet he undoubtedly loved Adrienne. His imagination offered him no perspective of the future so pleasant as the society of a person who united wisdom and the graces, virtue and beauty, wit and reason. But what are the graces, wisdom, virtue, beauty, reason, of this beloved Adrienne, to the ridiculous painting in which he is shown in perspective—to the public voice, which points at him the finger of laughter—to his character compromised, his principles abjured, his dishonour consummated? In this aspect the affair presented itself to his inveterate prejudices.

On the other hand, it was too late for him to disguise from himself, that neither the public opinion nor his principles would weigh at all with him if the baron were away, and he was sure of being beloved. The alternative would no longer be doubt-

ful, if the choice were between opinion, his system and his love. Love like his is always timid. Is he loved in turn. That is now the single doubt, which being once resolved in his favour, will pay him for every sacrifice. He searches not in his remembrances, in past circumstances, in the unreflecting movements, in the unconscious words and actions of the innocent and undesigning Adrienne, if it is probable or otherwise that a love so true as his is repaid by her love in return. A single doubt, in a character and a state of mind like his, is sufficient to blind him to the whole subject, and decide the case against him. He loves. He is not loved in return. Nothing remains for him but to be pointed out by the finger of ridicule as a weak, wavering subject, subdued by a coquette to abandon all claims to consistency and dignity of character; and he, a British peer of high rank, fortune and fame; and more than all, president of the Bachelor Club! His only desire, in the sequel of this self-scrutiny, is to fly from Adrienne, the universe, and if possible from himself.

He flies like one distracted to his stables, and orders his horses saddled. The horses and his servant are in waiting. He has already mounted on horseback. He hears the rolling of a carriage. He alights, and perceives one driving away from the castle down the avenue. He mounts again, and woe to the spirited steed to whose sides he is about to apply his spurs.

“My dear brother, she is gone!” cries a voice, which thrills to the bottom of his heart. “She is gone!” repeats Lady Mary, bathed in tears; and neither one nor the other had any need to name Adrienne. She added, “Victor is about to follow her.”

“She is gone, is she?” said Moreland, with a murky air and distracted deportment, evincing the disorder of his ideas.

“My brother! my dear brother! I held her in my embrace; but nothing could detain her. She left me a package, which she charged me to put into your hands, bidding me at the same time an eternal adieu. What a future remains for me!”

Moreland seized the package and read his name upon the envelope, in the beautiful and well-known hand of Adrienne. He tears off the seals. With a devouring eye he glances at the contents. He perceives a billet and tablets. He opens the billet, and reads as follows:

“You love Adrienne, but your pride is stronger than your love. Adrienne loves, and has always loved you, in simplicity, and with her whole heart. You would not have been permitted to know it, if you were not to see her no more. Such being the case, what use is there in concealment? These tablets are a deposit intrusted to your hands. Of what avail would they henceforth be to her? Adrienne has nothing more to write in them.

“I have told you that my remembrances were my *written conscience*. In which I have never prevaricated, but have written as in the presence of God. Read and believe, and I am sure you will regret me. Adieu.

“ADRIENNE.”

Lord Moreland opened the tablets with a hand trembling with agitation, and read.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

REMEMBRANCES.

[WE suppose the reader to share the impatience of Lord Moreland, and we only extract such scanty portions of these remembrances as serve to develop the character of Adrienne, or to trace the progress of her attachment to Lord Moreland.]

“1782. I am this day fifteen. It is six months since I left the convent. I was told that acquaintance with the world would fill me with horror. As I entered it, I closed my eyes in terror. After a while, I ventured a glance at it, and then a steady look. I was astonished, and placed at my ease, when I saw how every one looked on me. There was something so flattering in the look that I no longer had a fear.

“The Marquis M. d’Azemar, an opulent, aged and excellent relative of my family, asked me in marriage of my mother. My companions of the convent told me that young ladies married only to have a carriage and horses, and to be called *Madame*. There seemed nothing terrible in this. * * *

“Gratitude at first induced me to cherish and respect M. d’Azemar. Reflection, by degrees, opened to my young heart all his worth. I owe to him the formation of my character, the tone of my thoughts, the justice, if there is any, of my understanding. All that I have since acquired, all the knowledge

that the world has flattered me that I possess, all my capacity for study, all my admiration of nature, my love of her sweet aspects and voices, my cherishing the morning hours; even the knowledge of my duties, and my higher hopes of religion—all, all are due to this excellent friend. In the course of my instruction, he said to me, do not perplex your head with much ancient history. You have neither relatives nor friends among the Greeks or Romans. Let *savans* learn to live with the dead. Let a young lady learn modern history and literature. Let her acquire taste and cultivate the love of the true and beautiful, and above all, a knowledge of the world, its usages and prescriptions. Still higher, let her learn to know and love God. * * *

“1783. Pampeluna. I have this day been introduced to Lord Milford. My husband admires him. It is said, that men who are so very amiable in public, are often as disagreeable at home. What a pity it would be, if this Englishman should not prove an exception to the rule. * * *

“Lord Milford is with us. M. d’Azemar becomes more attached to him every day. There is surely nothing wrong in viewing him with the same eyes as my husband. * * *

“The bull fight is put off fifteen days. Fifteen days more! I am quite happy. * * *

“Of all the men I meet, it is only Lord Milford that fixes attention. Is it because that of all the women that surround me, of whom he is the general favourite, I see that I am the person who pleases him most? * * *

“What is it that I most admire in Lord Milford? It is his figure, his countenance, on which his heart and his soul are impressed. It is his voice of music and

sensibility. It is his conversation, noble, frank, simple, polished, easy, unstudied, and without flattery. It is his generosity, his munificence, which his modesty would conceal. It is his tenderness of heart, his truth, integrity and moral courage. Need I ask further, what pleases me in Lord Milford? * *

“The bull fight has taken place. Oh! what terror. Fortunately, Lord Milford was at hand. It was he who saved my life. I heard the beating of his heart when I recovered from fainting. Oh God! impart to me right thoughts! I am the wife of another. None but the divine eye will see what I write.

* * * * *

“Departure from Pampeluna. This is the saddest day of my life. M. d’Azemar has said that I am sad. It is true, and I have no cause for concealment.

* * * * *

“I have lost the beautiful medallion, the work of Victor, his portrait, an invaluable gift. It is singular. M. d’Azemar declares that he is sure that he put it into the hands of Lord Milford, after having detached it from my neck at the bull fight, when I fainted. Milford retains it from forgetfulness. Would that it were not from forgetfulness! Vain, and perhaps, wicked wish! He is gone, and we are alone! Oh! if he knew how much pleasure I have in thinking that the medallion is in his hands, and will sometimes remind him of me. Nothing remains to me but my conscience, and my duties to my excellent husband. * * * *

“I cannot forbear a smile, when I think of the tone, of the part, which one must assume in the world. Virtue and instruction are accessible to all women. But it seems to me, that it is with virtue as with science. No one is pleased with an ignorant woman;

yet no one will allow her to show herself learned. The world exacts of her that she should be virtuous; and yet is offended with her if she appears too much so. The world is hard to satisfy. We must obey God and our conscience. * * * *

“I was yesterday at the ball of M. de ***. A crowd of young gentlemen surrounded me. I heard a woman whisper that I was a coquette. I deem it is true that one may, without disturbing their repose, or wounding their conscience, accord some attentions in return for the attention of others, who pay us only such civilities as are agreeable to them. Is it generous, is it allowable, when any one gratifies our self-love, by offering us that delicate homage, which, in the eyes of others, is of such high value, to wound their self-love by repelling it? But I feel that I run no risks. I have read that a queen of France replied to her confessor, who asked her if she had not had lovers at the court of the king, her father? No, she answered. There was no king there. I can reply also, No, I have seen no Lord Milford.

“Beside, am I not the wife of M. d’Azemar? This reflection shall not come too late. I will never subject myself to self-reproach. I write to give an account of my conscience. * * * *

“Portrait of Lord Milford. It seems to me, that I wrong some one, or some duty, in thinking so often and so much of him. This page was destined to record thoughts of him. It shall remain white and unblotted. Until I can write without regret, my pen shall be idle. * * * *

“Barcelona. The health of M. d’Azemar is constantly declining. The misfortunes of our dear country overwhelm him. He strives in vain to

conceal his mental and physical sufferings. He would spare me every kind of pain. He is a wonderful man! Ah! let me learn of him to suffer with dignity. What gentleness and amenity direct all his movements! I know not whether I most admire or respect him. He is so grateful for the attentions I bestow him, as though they were not my duty.

“M. d’Azemar has torn my heart without intending it. He feels himself sinking. He speaks of me as though I were alone. He thinks to console me, and prepare me for my loss, by saying, that for a long time I ought to have seen in him nothing but a beneficent shade; and that such he will remain after the tomb shall have interposed between us. * * *

“In one of these moments of paternal effusion, which mark every day of his life, M. d’Azemar said to me, ‘Adrienne, I am dying slowly, I cannot conceal it from you. I find a secret satisfaction in one disclosure which I make before leaving you forever. I thought, in adopting you for my child, for I have not regarded you in any other light, I thought that I had done whatever my fortune and the tenderest paternal interest counselled for your welfare. I am now aware that I espoused you a year too soon. I could have done more than made you my heir and child. I could have united you to Lord Milford, who loved you, and whom you would have loved. Nothing, then, would have been wanting to your happiness. Notwithstanding all my tenderness, it has been as yet imperfect. Chance deceives the best intentions. Pardon the dream of a friendship for you which will extend beyond the sepulchre. If he exists, if he is free, I bequeath to him the care of your happiness.’

“M. d’Azemar never offered me so touching, so

trying a proof of his beneficent tenderness. Certainly, in inspiring me with this thought, he did not imagine that he was creating for me a source of regret. Why did he say this to me? Such a confidence might have been offered to a sister, but could not have been made to a wife, but when the husband saw his end approaching. All this conversation had the air and accent of the adieus of a father. Is there a tenderer love than that of a father? I am not superstitious, but I am aware that he is near his end.

* * * * *

“The misfortune, which I but too clearly foresaw, has arrived. M. d’Azemar is no more. What a sublime close! The regrets of every one that knew him, accompanied him to the tomb, and the tears of strangers fell upon his ashes. What are the regrets of all others, compared with mine? No one but myself, knows what I have lost. The Being of Beings will sustain me. I take refuge in his bosom.

“My aunt is with me; but so far from knowing how to console me, she demands consolation herself.

“No person of my age is with me. I am alone. Where is my brother? * * * *

“I am free; but what is liberty in a desert? I am a widow. I have—I would not number my years. I was sixteen when in Spain I saw Lord Milford. What have I done with my life? Apparently, what I should have done. At least, I have no great fault with which to reproach myself. What shall I do with it in the years to come? There is but one Lord Milford in the world of whom I would ask that question.—I am going to Italy.

* * * * *

“Venice. I have staid longer at Venice than in the

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Milanese. Milford remained longer here. I have never told Senator M**, nor Marquis C**, nor Prince F**, why I conversed with them in preference to others. They knew him, and spoke to me so often of Milford! They were wholly unconscious of the pleasure they gave me. * * *

“Lausanne. My aunt is dead. I am every where alike a stranger. What remains to me? The Eternal Being, and the purpose to learn to be sufficient to myself. * * * * *

“Hamburg. An English woman, Lady Caroline Selwyn, has informed me that Victor is at London with Lord Moreland. She wishes to conduct me to this friend of my brother. I have accepted her invitation. I remembered, as I did it, that England is the country of Lord Milford. I believed that ** but Lady Caroline does not know him. I should have been so happy to have heard her speak of him. She knows only the fact that he lives. England is not so extensive, but I may somewhere meet Lord Milford. Perhaps he no longer remembers me. Alas! I hoped he might have inquired for me. He will find me much changed, I fear. Perhaps he is married. * * * * *

“London. Oh, day of joy! why art thou not the last day of my life? Can I ever die more happy? I have learned at last that one cannot die of surprise and joy. Lord Moreland, the friend of Victor, it is he. It is Lord Milford himself!

“Milford, who has not forgotten me, I have seen. The first glance in his countenance convinced me that he has not forgotten me. Let me be silent. Let me conceal all in my heart. Let me at least enjoy the delight of converse with him. * *

“Moreland Castle. He loves me; but I love still

much more than I am loved. He does not comprehend either himself or me. His love combats ridiculous obstacles, phantoms, which have no existence but in his imagination. It is a position trying to pride. I would shake off this ill-requited passion, were I able. Alas! I have had to combat duty, and now have to struggle with pride. Ah! while I reproached myself with thinking of him, the reproach itself was still thinking of him, had Adrienne any place in his memory? * * *

“M. d’Azemar bequeathed to him the care of my happiness. My vocation has still been only to love. My duty has long been to conceal my heart from every one, and, were it possible, from myself. I might yet have summoned a vain pride to aid me to struggle with my passion. But what does love know of pride? Milford will read my heart. I know him so well, that I could answer for rendering him happy. Is it his name, rank or fortune, that are accessaries to my love? It is not my eyes that are dazzled. It is Milford alone, and for himself, that I have always loved and sought. I might constitute the felicity of his life. My existence should be devoted to him. I would dispel his chagrins. I would watch over his sleep. He would repay my happiness by his own.

“But, Milford, there is no touch of selfishness in my love. It is thy single happiness of which I have need; and though I had no place in thy heart, I would still ask that I might love thee!

* * * * *

“My God,” cried Moreland, as his eyes rapidly devoured the lines. This cry he repeated again and again, raising eyes full of tears towards heaven,

While he strode backwards and forwards, as one distracted, he scarcely perceived that a courier, who had arrived from London, put a letter in his hands. Can he, in this state of mind, read any thing but the precious tablets, which he presses alternately to his lips and his heart. He has unsealed this indifferent letter. He has read enough of it, to throw it to the earth, and to trample on it. He mounts the swiftest of his horses, and starts away.

“My brother, and when will you return?” asked the low, soft and sad voice of his amiable sister Mary.

“With her, or never,” cried Moreland, the blood mounting to his forehead.

In a moment Lady Mary has lost sight of him.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE DEVELOPMENT.

WHAT a short period is necessary to show a man entirely different from himself; a man, too, making great pretensions to consistency!

Shall I declare what was in that letter, which Moreland had read with indifference and contempt, which he had disdained to take up from the ground into which he had trampled it? I declare it, to call forth astonishment. But whoever will remember, that Moreland knows at last that he is beloved by Adrienne, will not be astonished.

This letter, which some days before would have inflicted such a thunderstroke, was superscribed, "To the Honourable Augustus Lord Moreland, from the Bachelor Club."

This letter, which remained without effect and without reply, contained what follows: "My lord, we have the honour to inform you, that the report of your intended marriage is generally spread. Even the journals have announced it. Our society, in a full convocation of all the members, has come to a resolve, which the necessity of the presumed defection of a man of your name, rank and known reputation has imperiously demanded. We beg your lordship either to enable us to publish a formal and

categorical denial of the report, or to take your dismission from the club. The president of the Bachelor Club ought not even to be suspected."

This letter was signed by every member. Lord Moreland no longer bestowed a thought upon the honourable members, or their letter. He was pursuing the traces of Adrienne, as though to reach her were a case of life or death. He called only for her. Which route has she taken? was his only question. He was on horseback, galloping, as he intended towards Brompton. But in his mental agitation, in the intoxication of his love, he mistook and took an opposite direction, not perceiving his error till he had persisted in it three hours. At length arrived in the vicinity of the residence of the Dumenil family, he met the postillion and horses of Lady Caroline, that were returning from having carried Madame d'Azemar through the first stage.

"Where is she, wretch!" cried Moreland to the postillion. He, who had never before in his life seen his master in a rage, was so disconcerted, as at first to be unable to reply. He finally said in a faltering voice, that he asked pardon of his lordship; but that he had believed that he had acted by his lordship's orders; that his lordship might recollect that he had told his people, once for all, that the commands of Madame d'Azemar were to be obeyed as his own. "I ask where you have carried her," repeated Moreland, in a voice of thunder, and with increasing impatience. "To Brompton, to the house of M. Dumenil," replied the trembling postillion. "But your lordship will find nobody there. The people are all gone to London, taking Madame d'Azemar in their carriage, starting off in five mi-

notes after her arrival. They went off in great speed, and I hardly think your lordship will be able to overtake them."

The postillion continued speaking; but Moreland was already in full gallop towards London. After all his anxious and hurried inquiries, it was not until late in the afternoon of next day that he ascertained in what house, and in what street his dear Adrienne lodged with her friends. He flew to the house.

Madame Dumenil and her daughter Adele were gone out. Madame d'Azemar was alone with the excellent old Dumenil. She reposed in his bosom her sorrows and disappointments. A young woman, whose heart has received a profound wound, finds solace for her sorrows by disclosing them. The sympathy of such a patriarchal and priestlike old man, administers a balm of paternal consolation. M. Dumenil was attempting to soothe the sorrows, and wipe away the tears of Madame d'Azemar, when they were startled by a sudden knocking at the door. What do they hear? Whom do they see? A man, with disshevelled hair, and an air of distraction. He exclaims "Adrienne!" and throws himself at her feet.

"Adrienne!" he repeats, "be the arbiter of my destiny. Nothing shall henceforward separate us, but your will, or death. Return, return, Adrienne; follow your lover, and allow him to become your spouse. At your feet I abjure my errors. Let the whole world know it!"

Adrienne saw her lover at her feet. Empress could not have desired an abjuration, a humility more perfect. She replied at first with some stern-

ness, "You have been proud and cruel. I ought to punish you, and I would"—But her voice softened, and the tears filled in her eyes, as she added, "in doing so, I should inflict more pain on myself than you. Rise my lord, (she held out her hand), and if I can make you so, be happy."

"My dear child," exclaimed the kind Dumenil, rubbing his hands, "now this is worth fifty times all my consolations."

"My dear sir," said Moreland, with some confusion, "pardon me; I had not observed that you were here."

"I understand," he replied. "You have only eyes for her, young man. She and I; she and I! this is the catechism of lovers. I was once just in the same way," added he, laughing. "It is exactly as far back as I can remember. Well! make the most of this. There are none too many such days in life."

Madame Dumenil and her daughter at that moment returned. The scene through which she had just passed, only left Adrienne power to say, "there he is—my beloved Moreland, renouncing his errors, like a good subject."

"My good and dear friends," exclaimed Moreland, with accents from the heart, "my follies are forgiven, and will be forgotten. Do not refuse to accompany Adrienne, now mine, and witness the happiness of Moreland."

"Let us be off my lord! Let us be off," replied M. Dumenil. "Happiness is like all despotic masters. It loves not that we should make it wait."

The same carriage which had so sadly brought Madame d'Azemar and the Dumenil family to Lon-

don, carried them back with Lord Moreland to Moreland Castle. But how differently were the minds, hearts and physiognomies of the parties animated! The good old man, who loved Adrienne as a child, could hardly contain his joy. "My dear child," said he on the road to Adrienne, "my dear neighbour," said he to Lord Moreland, "was I wrong when I forewarned you sometime ago, that you ought to wed her? On my faith! I shall set up for a prophet. My prophecies are accomplished to a miracle?"

Lord Moreland resumed his horse at two leagues from Moreland Castle, and rode in advance of the carriage to announce the return of Madame d'Azemar. It was to announce the fulfilment of every wish of her heart to Lady Mary. But that amiable young lady had not a heart to separate the happiness of others from her own. She rejoiced at once for Victor, Adrienne, her brother and herself. Lady Caroline and the Baron de Talcly were the only persons who played a tedious part in this happy drama. Madame d'Azemar was first received in the arms of Victor, and then of Lady Mary. Moreland once more threw himself at her feet, and pressed the trembling hand, with which she raised him, to his bosom. Taking her hand, he led her, and motioned the rest to follow to the door of the mysterious apartment, of which he alone had the key. "Before you enter this my sanctuary," said he to Adrienne, "see, if I have not loved as long and as intensely as you."

It will be recollected that at Pampekuna, Madame d'Azemar had said, without attaching any particular meaning to the remark, that if she were as rich

and as beautiful as the Duchess of Devonshire, she would have a sylphid apartment fitted up for her. Her first remark in recollecting this wish, and looking round her with delighted surprise, was to exclaim, "Ah! here is my wish accomplished." Her eyes, filled with grateful tears, thanked Moreland.

She saw a bower lighted with a sky-light. It was circular, and surrounded with a palisade of roses, and at the intervals of the pillars massive garlands of the most splendid flowers, so perfect as to be mistaken for reality. Two trunks of willows, of which the bronze imitated the form and decrepitude, supported two golden rings, from which was suspended a sumptuous couch with a border of white and gold. A little further was a *boudoir*, the window of which opened upon the park. This was the apartment into which Lady Mary had looked, by the aid of the open venetian blinds. The splendour of the whole might have seemed the development of an houri's dream.

Madame d'Azemar had no sooner put foot in it, than she saw—What? The waxen image of herself, as though sleeping on a sofa.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, between laughing and tears, "how ugly she is!"

"Spare her, I pray you," replied Moreland, "when you are told that I have worshipped here; and that this illusion has furnished the happiness of years. I have here accomplished only one of your wishes. Live with me, and form henceforward a thousand, and you shall see them all fulfilled, provided they are within the limits of human power, and extend not beyond the tomb. You merit all,

and will not be half as happy in wishing, as I in accomplishing."

"Ah!" cried she, as she inspected the figure, "there is my dear medallion found at last," and she kissed it with transport. Moreland detached it from the neck of the image, and as he bound it round the neck of the living image, he folded her once more to his bosom.

The marriage of Moreland and Adrienne, and of Mary and Victor were solemnized on the same day, with all the magnificence appropriate to an English peer of the first class, uniting his best beloved sister to his friend, and his own destiny to that of the amiable and worthy object alike of his esteem and his love.

Lord Moreland found himself, after marriage, thrown so wide from the traces of his ancient ideas, that he undertook to convert the Baron de Talcy from celibacy. His present reasonings in favour of marriage were as numerous as convincing, and based on as strong motives as those he had formerly used against that sacred tie. Adrienne complimented him, as king Charles did Milton, by assuring him, "that poets always succeeded best in fiction, and orators, no doubt, in the same manner." At any rate, his arguments were so convincing, that the baron asked the hand of that Minerva of the establishment, Lady Caroline, who, as she said, married him because she disliked him, and wished to get rid of his importunities.

The evening after the marriage of Moreland, he sent a formal renunciation of his opinions, and his resignation of the office of president to the Bachelor Club; not that he longer attached importance to that

folly, but out of respect for those ancient friends, whom he still esteemed. He assured them that he regretted the sacrifices they were making in still adhering to errors which were no longer his, now that happiness had opened his eyes.

Adrienne contrived to render this most sacred of all ties still dearer to her husband, not through one moon only, but through the year. And when, at the close of a year and a day, the formal committee of the Bachelor Club waited upon them, according to their statutes, to ascertain if they had found during that period no cause for repentance, they were assured by the parties that they had not, with such a look of affectionate truth and felicity, that the sterile and useless bachelors returned to their conclave, inwardly cursing the folly and madness of vows against the holy and majestic ordinances of nature.

Such long continued the equality of temper, the society and mental resources, the address and beneficence which Moreland diffused around him; and such seemed the perfect happiness of the pair, that the neighbours drew from their condition this general conclusion:

That in the classic land of the spirit of system, pride, originality and spleen, a wedded Englishman can only expect a high degree of domestic happiness when he has for a friend a Frenchman, like Victor, and for a wife a French lady, like Adrienne.

THE END.