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STEPHAN M. CASTLE

EMMELINE,
THE
ORPHAN of the CASTLE.

E M M E L L I N E

THE

ORPHAN OF THE CASTLE

E M M E L L I N E
BY CHARLOTTE SMITH

THE

IN FOUR VOLUMES

ORPHAN OF THE CASTLE

V O L I

L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR T. CADELL, IN THE STRAND.

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BY CHARLOTTE SMITH

IN FOUR VOLUMES

V O L . I .

L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR T. CADELL, IN THE STRAND.

1838

E M M E L I N E,

T H E

ORPHAN of the CASTLE.

C H A P T E R I.

IN a remote part of the county of Pembroke, is an old building, formerly of great strength, and inhabited for centuries by the ancient family of Mowbray; to the sole remaining branch of which it still belonged, tho' it was, at the time this history commences, inhabited only by servants; and the greater part of it was gone to decay. A few rooms only had been occasionally

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repaired.

Wm. 14 Aug 1940 (1757)

repaired to accommodate the proprietor, when he found it necessary to come there to receive his rents, or to inspect the condition of the estate; which however happened so seldom, that during the twelve years he had been master of it, he had only once visited the castle for a few days. The business that related to the property round it (which was very considerable) was conducted by a steward grown grey in the service of the family, and by an attorney from London, who came once a year to hold the courts. And an old housekeeper, a servant who waited on her, the steward, and a labourer who was kept to look after his horse and work in that part of the garden which yet bore the vestige of cultivation, were now all its inhabitants, except a little girl, of whom the housekeeper had the care, and who was believed to be the natural daughter of that elder brother, by whose death Lord Montreville, the present possessor, became entitled to the estate.

This nobleman, while yet a younger son, was (by the partiality of his mother, who had

had been an heiress, and that of some other female relations) master of a property nearly equal to what he inherited by the death of his brother, Mr. Mowbray.

He had been originally designed for the law; but in consequence of being entitled to the large estate which had been his mother's, and heir, by will, to all her opulent family, he had quitted that profession, and at the age of about four and twenty, had married Lady Eleonore Delamere, by whom he had a son and two daughters.

The illustrious family from which Lady Eleonore descended, became extinct in the male line by the premature death of her two brothers; and her ladyship becoming sole heiress, her husband took the name of Delamere; and obtaining one of the titles of the lady's father, was, at his death, created Viscount Montreville. Mr. Mowbray died before he was thirty, in Italy; and Lord Montreville, on taking possession of Mowbray Castle, found there his infant daughter.

Her mother had died soon after her birth; and she had been sent from France, where she

she was born, and put under the care of Mrs. Carey, the housekeeper, who was tenderly attached to her, having been the attendant of Mr. Mowbray from his earliest infancy.

Lord Montreville suffered her to remain in the situation in which he found her, and to go by the name of Mowbray: he allowed for the trifling charge of her board and necessary cloaths in the steward's account, the examination of which was for some years the only circumstance that reminded him of the existence of the unfortunate orphan.

With no other notice from her father's family, Emmeline had attained her twelfth year; an age at which she would have been left in the most profound ignorance, if her uncommon understanding, and unwearied application, had not supplied the deficiency of her instructors, and conquered the disadvantages of her situation.

Mrs. Carey could indeed read with tolerable fluency, and write an hand hardly legible: and Mr. Williamson, the old steward, had been formerly a good penman,
and

and was still a proficient in accounts. Both were anxious to give their little charge all the instruction they could: but without the quickness and attention she shewed to whatever they attempted to teach, such preceptors could have done little.

Emmeline had a kind of intuitive knowledge; and comprehended every thing with a facility that soon left her instructors behind her. The precarious and neglected situation in which she lived, troubled not the innocent Emmeline. Having never experienced any other, she felt no uneasiness at her present lot; and on the future she was not yet old enough to reflect.

Mrs. Carey was to her in place of the mother she had never known; and the old steward, she was accustomed to call father. The death of this venerable servant was the first sorrow Emmeline ever felt: returning late one evening, in the winter, from a neighbouring town, he attempted to cross a ford, where the waters being extremely out, he was carried down by the rapidity of the current. His horse was drowned; and tho'

tho' he was himself rescued from the flood by some peasants who knew him, and carried to the castle, he was so much bruised, and had suffered so much from cold, that he was taken up speechless, and continued so for the few hours he survived the accident.

Mrs. Carey, who had lived in the same house with him near forty years, felt the sincerest concern at his death; with which it was necessary for her immediately to acquaint Lord Montreville.

His lordship directed his attorney in London to replace him with another; to whom Mrs. Carey, with an aching heart, delivered the keys of the steward's room and drawers.

Her health, which was before declining, received a rude shock from the melancholy death of Mr. Williamson; and she and her little ward had soon the mortification of seeing he was forgotten by all but themselves.

Frequent and severe attacks of the gout now made daily ravages in the constitution of Mrs. Carey; and her illness recurred so often,

often, that Emmeline, now almost fourteen, began to reflect on what she should do, if Mrs. Carey died: and these reflections occasionally gave her pain. But she was not yet of an age to consider deeply, or to dwell long on gloomy subjects. Her mind, however, gradually expanded, and her judgment improved: for among the deserted rooms of this once noble edifice, was a library, which had been well furnished with the books of those ages in which they had been collected. Many of them were in black letter; and so injured by time, that the most indefatigable antiquary could have made nothing of them.

From these, Emmeline turned in despair to some others of more modern appearance; which, tho' they also had suffered from the dampness of the room, and in some parts were almost effaced with mould, were yet generally legible. Among them, were Spencer and Milton, two or three volumes of the Spectator, an old edition of Shakespeare, and an odd volume or two of Pope.

These, together with some tracts of devotion, which she knew would be very
 acceptable

acceptable to Mrs. Carey, she cleaned by degrees from the dust with which they were covered, and removed into the housekeeper's room; where the village carpenter accommodated her with a shelf, on which, with great pride of heart, she placed her new acquisitions.

The dismantled windows, and broken floor of the library, prevented her continuing there long together: but she frequently renewed her search, and with infinite pains examined all the piles of books, some of which lay tumbled in heaps on the floor, others promiscuously placed on the shelves, where the swallow, the sparrow, and the daw, had found habitations for many years: for as the present proprietor had determined to lay out no more than was absolutely necessary to keep one end of the castle habitable, the library, which was in the most deserted part of it, was in a ruinous state, and had long been entirely forsaken.

Emmeline, however, by her unwearied researches, nearly completed several sets of books, in which instruction and amusement

were happily blended. From them she acquired a taste for poetry, and the more ornamental parts of literature, as well as the grounds of that elegant and useful knowledge, which, if it rendered not her life happier, enabled her to support, with the dignity of conscious worth, those undeserved evils with which many of her years were embittered.

Mrs. Carey, now far advanced in life, found her infirmities daily increase. She was often incapable of leaving her chamber for many weeks; during which Emmeline attended her with the sollicitude and affection of a daughter; scorned not to perform the most humble offices that contributed to her relief; and sat by her whole days, or watched her whole nights, with the tenderest and most unwearied assiduity.

On those evenings in summer, when her attendance could for a few hours be dispensed with, she delighted to wander among the rocks that formed the bold and magnificent boundary of the ocean, which spread its immense expanse of water within half a mile

of the castle. Simply dressed, and with no other protection than Providence, she often rambled several miles into the country, visiting the remote huts of the shepherds, among the wildest mountains.

During the life of Mrs. Mowbray, a small stipend had been annually allowed for the use of the poor: this had not yet been withdrawn; and it now passed thro' the hands of Mrs. Carey, whose enquiries into the immediate necessities of the cottagers in the neighbourhood of the castle, devolved to Emmeline, when she was herself unable to make them.

The ignorant rustics, who had seen Emmeline grow up among them from her earliest infancy, and who now beheld her with the compassion as well as the beauty of an angel, administering to their necessities and alleviating their misfortunes, looked upon her as a superior being, and throughout the country she was almost adored.

Perfectly unconscious of those attractions which now began to charm every other eye, Emmeline had entered her sixteenth year; and

and the progress of her understanding was equal to the improvement of her person; which, tho' she was not perfectly handsome, could not be beheld at first without pleasure, and which the more it was seen became more interesting and engaging.

Her figure was elegant and graceful; somewhat exceeding the middling height. Her eyes were blue; and her hair brown. Her features not very regular; yet there was a sweetness in her countenance, when she smiled, more charming than the effect of the most regular features could have given. Her countenance, open and ingenuous, expressed every emotion of her mind: it had assumed rather a pensive cast; and tho' it occasionally was lighted up by vivacity, had been lately frequently overclouded; when the sufferings of her only friend called forth all the generous sympathy of her nature.

And now the first severe misfortune she had known was about to overtake her. Early in the spring of that year, which was the sixteenth from her birth, Mrs. Carey had felt

felt an attack of the gout, which however was short; and her health seemed for some time afterwards more settled than it had been for many months. She was one evening preparing to go down to the village, leaning on the arm of Emmeline, when she suddenly complained of an acute pain in her head, and fell back into a chair. The affrighted girl called for assistance, and endeavoured by every means in her power to recover her: but it was impossible; the gout had seized her head; and casting on Emmeline a look which seemed to express all she felt at leaving her thus desolate and friendless, her venerable friend, after a short struggle, breathed her last.

What should Emmeline now do? In this distress (the first she had ever known) how should she act? She saw, in the lifeless corps before her, the person on whom she had, from her first recollection, been accustomed to rely; who had provided for all her wants, and prevented every care for herself. And now she was left to perform for this dear friend the last sad offices, and
knew

knew not what would hereafter be her own lot.

In strong and excellent understandings there is, in every period of life, a force which distress enables them to exert, and which prevents their sinking under the pressure of those evils which overwhelm and subdue minds more feeble and unequal.

The spirits of Emmeline were yet unbroken by affliction, and her understanding was of the first rank. She possessed this native firmness in a degree very unusual to her age and sex. Instead therefore of giving way to tears and exclamations, she considered how she should best perform all she now could do for her deceased friend; and having seen every proper care taken of her remains, and given orders for every thing relative to them, with the solemn serenity of settled sorrow, she retired to her room, where she began to reflect on her irreparable loss, and the melancholy situation in which she was left; which she never had courage to consider closely till it was actually before her.

Painful

Painful indeed were the thoughts that now crowded on her mind; encreasing the anguish of her spirit for her recent misfortune. She considered herself as a being belonging to nobody; as having no right to claim the protection of any one; no power to procure for herself the necessaries of life. On the steward Maloney she had long looked with disgust, from the assured and forward manner in which he thought proper to treat her. The freedom of his behaviour, which she could with difficulty repress while Mrs. Carey lived, might now, she feared, approach to more insulting familiarity; to be exposed to which, entirely in his power, and without any female companion, filled her with the most alarming apprehensions: and the more her mind dwelt on that circumstance the more she was terrified at the prospect before her; insomuch, that she would immediately have quitted the house—But whither could she go?

By abruptly leaving the asylum Lord Montreville had hitherto allowed her, she
feared

feared she might forfeit all claim to his future protection: and, unknown as she was to the principal inhabitants of the country, who were few, and their houses at a great distance, she could hardly hope to be received by any of them.

She had therefore no choice left but to remain at the castle till she heard from Lord Montreville: and she determined to acquaint his lordship of the death of Mrs. Carey, and desire to receive his commands as to herself.

Fatigued and oppressed, she retired to bed, but not to sleep. The image of her expiring protectress was still before her eyes; and if exhausted nature forced her to give way to a momentary forgetfulness, she soon started from her imperfect slumber, and fancied she heard the voice of Mrs. Carey, calling on her for help; and her last groan still vibrated in her ears!—while the stillness of the night, interrupted only by the cries of the owls who haunted the ruins, added to the gloomy and mournful sensations of her mind.

At

At length however the sun arose—the surrounding objects lost the horror that darkness and silence had lent them—and Emmeline fell into a short but refreshing repose.

CHAPTER II.

AS soon as Emmeline arose the next morning, she addressed the following letter to Lord Montreville.

“ My Lord,
 “ In the utmost affliction, I address myself to your lordship, to acquaint you with the death of Mrs. Carey, after an illness of a very few moments : by which unhappy event I have lost a friend who has indeed been a mother to me; and am now left at the castle, ignorant of your lordship’s pleasure as to my future residence.

“ You

“ You will, my Lord, I doubt not, re-
 “ collect that it is, at my time of life, im-
 “ proper for me to reside here with Mr.
 “ Maloney; and if it be your Lordship’s
 “ intention for me to continue here, I hope
 “ you will have the goodness to send down
 “ some proper person to fill the place of the
 “ worthy woman I have lost.

“ On your Lordship’s humanity and
 “ consideration I depend for an early an-
 “ swer: in which hope I have the honor
 “ to remain,

“ your Lordship’s

“ dutiful and most humble servant,

“ EMMELINE MOWBRAY.”

*Mowbray Castle,
 21st May.*

The same post carried a letter from Mr. Maloney, informing Lord Montreville of the housekeeper’s death, and desiring directions about *Miss*, as he elegantly termed Emmeline.

To these letters no answers were returned for upwards of a fortnight: during which melancholy

melancholy interval, Emmeline followed to the grave the remains of the friend of her infancy, and took a last farewell of the only person who seemed interested for her welfare. Then returning with streaming eyes to her own room, she threw herself on the bed, and gave way to a torrent of tears; for her spirits were overcome by the mournful scene to which she had just been a witness, and by the heavy forebodings of future sorrow which oppressed her heart.

The troublesome civilities of the steward Maloney, she soon found the difficulty of evading. Fearful of offending him from whom she could not escape, yet unable to keep up an intercourse of civility with a man who would interpret it into an encouragement of his presumptuous attentions, she was compelled to make use of an artifice; and to plead ill health as an excuse for not dining as usual in the steward's room: and indeed her uneasiness and grief were such as hardly made it a pretence.

After

After many days of anxious expectation, the following letter arrived from the house-steward of Lord Montreville; as on such an occasion his Lordship did not think it necessary to write himself.

Berkeley-Square, June 17, 17—

“ Miss,

“ My Lord orders me to acquaint you,
 “ that in consequence of your’s of the 21st
 “ ult. informing his Lordship of the old
 “ housekeeper’s, Mrs. Carey’s, decease, he
 “ has directed Mrs. Grant, his Lordship’s
 “ town housekeeper, to look out for ano-
 “ ther; and Mrs. Grant has agreed with a
 “ gentlewoman accordingly, who will be
 “ down at the Castle forthwith. My Lord
 “ is gone to Essex; but has directed me to
 “ let Mr. Maloney know, that he is to
 “ furnish you with all things needful same
 “ as before. By my Lord’s command,
 “ from, Miss,

“ your very humble servant,

“ RICHARD MADDOX.”

While

While Emmeline waited the expected arrival of the person to whose care she was now to be consigned, the sister of Mrs. Carey, who was the only relation she had, sent a nephew of her husband's to take possession of what effects had belonged to her; in doing which, a will was found, in which she bequeathed fifty pounds as a testimony of her tender affection to "Miss Emmeline Mowbray, the daughter of her late dear master;" together with all the contents of a small chest of drawers, which stood in her room.

The rest of her property, which consisted of her cloaths and about two hundred pounds, which she had saved in service, became her sister's, and were delivered by Maloney to the young man commissioned to receive them.

In the drawers given to her, Emmeline found some fine linen and laces, which had belonged to her mother; and two little silk boxes covered with nuns embroidery, which seemed not to have been opened for many years.

Emmeline

Emmeline saw that they were filled with letters: some of them in a hand which she had been shewn as her father's. But she left them uninspected, and fastened up the caskets; her mind being yet too much affected with her loss to be able to examine any thing which brought to her recollection the fond solicitude of her departed friend.

The cold and mechanical terms in which the steward's letter was written, encreased all her uneasy fears as to her future prospects.

Lord Montreville seemed to feel no kindness for her; nor to give any consideration to her forlorn and comfortless situation. The officious freedoms of Maloney encreased so much, that she was obliged to confine herself almost entirely to her own room to avoid him; and she determined, that if after the arrival of the companion she expected, he continued to besiege her with so much impertinent familiarity, she would quit the house, tho' compelled to accept the meanest service for a subsistence.

After

After a fortnight of expectation, notice was received at the Castle, that Mrs. Garnet, the housekeeper, was arrived at the market town. The labourer, with an horse, was dispatched for her, and towards evening she made her entry.

To Emmeline, who had from her earliest remembrance been accustomed only to the plainest dress, and the most simple and sober manners, the figure and deportment of this woman appeared equally extraordinary.

She wore a travelling dress of tawdry-coloured silk, trimmed with bright green ribbands; and her head was covered with an immense black silk hat, from which depended many yellow streamers; while the plumage, with which it was plentifully adorned, hung dripping over her face, from the effects of a thunder shower thro' which she had passed. Her hair, tho' carefully curled and powdered on her leaving London, had been also greatly deranged in her journey, and descended, in knotty tufts of a dirty yellow, over her cheeks and forehead; adding to the vulgar ferocity of
a harsh

a harsh countenance and a coarse complexion. Her figure was uncommonly tall and boney; and her voice so discordant and shrill, as to pierce the ear with the most unpleasant sensation, and compleat the disagreeable idea her person impressed.

Emmeline saw her enter, handed by the officious Maloney; and repressing her astonishment, she arose, and attempted to speak to her: but the contrast between the dirty, tawdry, and disgusting figure before her, and the sober plainness and neat simplicity of her lost friend, struck so forcibly on her imagination, that she burst into tears, and was altogether unable to command her emotion.

The steward having with great gallantry handed in the newly arrived lady, she thus began:

“ Oh! Lord a marcy on me!--to be
 “ shore I be got here at last! But indeed
 “ if I had a known whereabout I was a
 “ coming to, 'tis not a double the wagers
 “ as should a hired me. Lord! why what
 “ a ramshakel ould place it is!--and then
 “ such

“ such a monstrous long way from Lon-
 “ don! I suppose, Sir,” (to Maloney)”
 “ as you be the steward; and you Miss, I
 “ reckon, be the young Miss as I be to
 “ have the care on. Why to be sure I
 “ did’nt much expect to see a christian
 “ face in such an out of the way place.
 “ I don’t b’leve I shall stay, howsomdever.
 “ Do let me have some tea: and do you,
 “ Miss, shew me whereabouts I be to sleep.”

Emmeline, struggling with her dislike, or
 at least desirous of concealing it, did not
 venture to trust her voice with an answer;
 for her heart was too full; but stepping to
 the door, she called to the female servant,
 and ordered her to shew the lady her room.
 She had herself been used to share that ap-
 propriated to Mrs. Carey; but she now re-
 solved to remove her bed into an apartment
 in one of the turrets of the castle, which
 was the only unoccupied room not wholly
 exposed to the weather.

This little room had been fashed by Mrs.
 Mowbray on account of the beautiful pros-
 pect it commanded between the hills, where
 suddenly

suddenly sinking to the South West, they made way through a long narrow valley, fringed with copses, for a small but rapid river; which hurrying among immense stones, and pieces of rock that seemed to have been torn from the mountains by its violence, rushed into the sea at the distance of a mile from the castle.

This room, now for many years neglected, was much out of repair, but still habitable; and tho' it was at a great distance from the rooms still occupied, Emmeline chose rather to take up her abode in it, than partake of the apartment which was now to belong to Mrs. Garnet: and she found reason to applaud herself for this determination when she heard the exclamation Mrs. Garnet made on entering it—

“ Lord! why 'tis but a shabbyish place;
 “ and here is two beds I see. But that
 “ won't suit me I asshore you. I chuses
 “ to have a room to myself, if it be ever so.”
 “ Be not in any pain on that account,
 “ Madam,” said Emmeline, who had now
 collected her thoughts; “ it is my intencion
 VOL. I. C “ to

“ to remove my bed, and I have directed
 “ a person to do it immediately.”

She then returned into the steward's room,
 where Maloney thus addressed her—

“ Sarvent again, pretty Miss ! Pray how
 “ d'ye like our new housekeeper ? A smart-
 “ ish piece of goods upon my word for
 “ Pembrokehire ; quite a London lady,
 “ eh, Miss ?”

“ It is impossible for me, Sir, to judge
 “ of her yet.”

“ Why ay, Miss, as you justly observes,
 “ 'tis full early to know what people be ;
 “ but I hope we shall find her quite the
 “ thing ; and if so be as she's but good
 “ tempered, and agreeable, and the like,
 “ why I warrant we shall pass this here sum-
 “ mer as pleasant as any thing can be.
 “ And now my dear Miss, perhaps, may'nt
 “ be so shy and distant, as she have got
 “ another woman body to keep her com-
 “ pany.”

This eloquent harangue was interrupted
 by the return of Mrs. Garnet, full of anxiety
 for her tea ; and in the bustle created by the

the

the desire of the maid and Maloney to accommodate her, Emmeline retired to her new apartment, where she was obliged to attend to the removal of her bed and other things; and excusing herself, under the pretence of fatigue, from returning to the steward's room, she passed some time in melancholy recollection and more melancholy anticipation, and then retired to rest.

Some days passed in murmurs on the part of Mrs. Garnet, and in silence on that of Emmeline; who, as soon as she had finished her short repasts, always went to her own room.

After a few weeks, she discovered that the lady grew every day more reconciled to her situation; and from the pleasures she apparently took in the gallantries of Maloney, and his constant assiduities to her, the innocent Emmeline supposed there was really an attachment forming between them, which would certainly deliver her from the displeasing attentions of the steward.

Occupied almost entirely by her books, of which she every day became more ena-

moured, she never willingly broke in upon a tête à tête which she fancied was equally agreeable to all parties; and she saw with satisfaction that they regretted not her absence.

But the motives of Maloney's attention were misunderstood. Insensible as such a man must be supposed to the charms of the elegant and self-cultivated mind of Emmeline, her personal beauty had made a deep impression on his heart; and he had formed a design of marrying her, before the death of Mrs. Carey, to whom he had once or twice mentioned something like a hint of his wishes: but she had received all his discourse on that topic with so much coldness, and ever so carefully avoided any conversation that might again lead to it, that he had been deterred from entirely explaining himself. Now, however, he thought the time was arrived, when he might make a more successful application; for he never doubted but that Mrs. Garnet would obtain, over the tender and ingenuous mind of Emmeline,

Emmeline, an influence as great as had been possessed by Mrs. Carey.

Nor did he apprehend that a friendless orphan, without fortune or connections, would want much persuasion to marry a young man of handsome figure (as he conceived himself to be); who was established in a profitable place, and had some dependance of his own.

The distance which Emmeline had always obliged him to observe, he imputed to the timidity of her nature; which he hoped would be lessened by the free and familiar manners of her present companion, whose conversation was very unlike what she had before been accustomed to hear from Mrs. Carey.

Impressed with these ideas, he paid his court most assiduously to the housekeeper, who put down all his compliments to the account of her own attractions; and was extremely pleased with her conquest; which she exhausted all her eloquence and all her wardrobe to secure.

CHAPTER III.

IN this situation were the inhabitants of Mowbray Castle; when, in the beginning of July, orders were received, from Lord Montreville, to set workmen immediately about repairing the whole end of the castle which was yet habitable; as his son, Mr. Delamere, intended to come down early in the Autumn, to shoot, for some weeks, in Wales. His lordship added, that it was possible he might himself be there also for a few weeks; and therefore directed several bed-chambers to be repaired, for which he would send down furniture from London.

No time was lost in obeying these directions. Workmen were immediately procured, and the utmost expedition used to put the place in a situation to receive its master: while Emmeline, who foresaw that the arrival of Lord Montreville would probably

probably occasion some change in regard to herself, and who thought that every change must be for the better, beheld these preparations with pleasure.

All had been ready some weeks, and the time fixed for Mr. Delamere's journey elapsed, but he had yet given no notice of his arrival.

At length, towards the middle of September, they were one evening alarmed by the noise of horses on the ascent to the castle.

Emmeline retired to her own room, fearful of she knew not what; while Mrs. Garnet and Maloney flew eagerly to the door, where a French valet, and an English groom with a led horse, presented themselves, and were ushered into the old kitchen; the dimensions of which, blackened as it was with the smoke of ages, and provided with the immense utensils of ancient hospitality, failed not to amaze them both.

The Frenchman expressed his wonder and dislike by several grimaces; and then

addressing himself to Mrs Garnet, exclaimed—"Peste! Milor croit'il qu'on peut subsister dans cette espece d'enfer?"
 "Montrée moi les apartements de Monsieur."

"Oh, your name is Mounseer, is it?" answered she—"Aye, I thought so—what would you please to have, Mounseer?"

"Diable!" cried the distressed valet; "voici une femme aussi sauvage que le lieu qu'elle habite. Com, com, you, Jean Groom, s'peak littel to dis voman pour moi."

With the help of John, who had been some time used to his mode of explaining himself, Mrs. Garnet understood that Mounseer desired to be shewn the apartments destined for his master, which he assiduously assisted in preparing; and then seeing the woman busied in following his directions, he attempted to return to his companion; but by missing a turning which should have carried him to the kitchen, he was bewildered among the long galleries and obscure passages of the castle, and
 after

after several efforts, could neither find his way back to the woman, nor into the kitchen; but continued to blunder about till the encreasing gloom, which approaching night threw over the arched and obscure apartments, through windows dim with painted glass, filled him with apprehension and dismay, and he believed he should wander there the whole night; in which fear he began to make a strange noise for assistance; to which nobody attended, for indeed nobody for some time heard him. His terror encreasing, he continued to traverse one of the passages, when a door at the corner of it opened, and Emmeline came out.

The man, whose imagination was by this time filled with ideas of spectres, flew back at her sudden appearance, and added the contortions of fear to his otherwise grotesque appearance, in a travelling jacket of white cloth, laced, and his hair in papillotes.

Emmeline, immediately comprehending that it was one of Mr. Delamere's servants,

enquired what he wanted; and the man, re-assured by her voice and figure, which there was yet light enough to discern, approached her, and endeavoured to explain that he had lost himself, in a language which, though Emmeline did not understand, she knew to be French.

She walked with him therefore to the gallery which opened to the great staircase, from whence he could hardly mistake his way; where having pointed it to him, she turned back towards her own room.

But Millefleur, who had now had an opportunity to contemplate the person of his conductress, was not disposed so easily to part with her.

By the extreme simplicity of her dress, he believed her to be only some fair villager, or an assistant to the housekeeper; and therefore without ceremony he began in broken English to protest his admiration, and seized her hand with an impertinent freedom extremely shocking to Emmeline.

She snatched it from him; and flying hastily back through those passages which
all

all his courage did not suffice to make him attempt exploring again, she regained her turret, the door of which she instantly locked and bolted; then breathless with fear and anger, she reflected on the strange and unpleasant scene she had passed through, and felt greatly humbled, to find that she was now likely to be exposed to the insolent familiarity of servants, from which she knew not whether the presence of the master would protect her.

While she suffered the anguish these thoughts brought with them, Millefleur travelled back to the Kitchen, where he began an oration in his own language on the beauty of the young woman he had met with.

Neither Mrs. Garnet nor Maloney understood what he was saying; but John, who had been in France, and knew a good deal of the language, told them that he had seen a very pretty girl, in whose praise he was holding forth.

“Why, Lord,” exclaimed Mrs. Garnet, “’tis our Miss as Mounseer means;

“I had

“ I had a quite forgot the child ; I’ll go
 “ call her ; but howsomdever Mounseer
 “ won’t be able to get a word out of her ;
 “ if she’s a beauty, I afshore you ’tis a
 “ dumb beauty.”

Maloney, by no means pleased with Millefleur’s discovery, would willingly have prevented the housekeeper’s complaisance ; but not knowing how to do it, he was obliged to let her ascend to Emmeline, whose door she found locked.

“ Miss ! Miss !” cried she, rapping loudly, “ you must come down.”

“ Is my Lord or Mr. Delamere arrived ?” enquired Emmeline.

“ No,” replied Mrs. Garnet, “ neither
 “ of em be’nt come yet ; but here’s my
 “ Lord’s waley de sham, and another far-
 “ vent, and you’ll come down to tea to be
 “ sure.”

“ No,” said Emmeline, “ you must
 “ excuse me, Mrs. Garnet. I am not very
 “ well ; and if I were, should decline ap-
 “ pearing to these people, with whom,
 perhaps,

but I ”

“ perhaps, it may not be my Lord’s design
 “ that I should associate.”

“ People !” exclaimed Mrs. Garnet ;
 “ as to people, I do suppose that for all
 “ one of them is a Frenchman, they be as
 “ good as other folks ; and if I am agree-
 “ able to let them drink tea in my room,
 “ sure you, Miss, mid’nt be so squeamish.
 “ But do as you please ; for my part I
 “ shan’t court beauties.”

So saying, the angry housekeeper descended to her companions, to whom she complained of the pride and ill manners of Miss ; while Maloney rejoiced at a reverse so favourable to the hopes he entertained.

Emmeline determined to remain as much as possible in her own room, ’till Lord Montreville or Mr. Delamere came, and then to solicit her removal.

She therefore continued positively to refuse to appear to the party below ; and ordered the maid servant to bring her dinner into her own room, which she never quitted
 ’till

'till towards evening, to pursue her usual walks.

On the third afternoon subsequent to the arrival of Mr. Delamere's avant-couriers, Emmeline went down to the sea side, and seating herself on a fragment of rock, fixed her eyes insensibly on the restless waves that broke at her feet. The low murmurs of the tide retiring on the sands; the sighing of the wind among the rocks which hung over her head, cloathed with long grass and marine plants; the noise of the sea fowl going to their nests among the cliffs; threw her into a profound reverie.

She forgot awhile all her apprehended misfortunes, a sort of stupor took possession of her senses, and she no longer remembered how the time had passed there, which already exceeded two hours; though the moon, yet in its encrease, was arisen, and threw a long line of radiance on the water.

Thus lost in indistinct reflections, she was unconscious of the surrounding objects, when the hasty tread of somebody on the pebbles behind her, made her suddenly recollect

collect herself; and though accustomed to be so much alone, she started in some alarm in remembering the late hour, and the solitary place where she was.

A man approached her, in whom with satisfaction she recollected a young peasant of the village, who was frequently employed in messages from the castle.

“ Miss Emmy,” said the lad, “ you
“ are wanted at home; for there is my
“ Lord his own self, and the young Lord,
“ and more gentlefolks come; so Madam
“ Garnet sent me to look for you all about.”

Emmeline, hurried by this intelligence, walked hastily away with the young villager, and soon arrived at the castle.

The wind had blown her beautiful hair about her face, and the glow of her cheeks was heightened by exercise and apprehension. A more lovely figure than she now appeared could hardly be imagined. She had no time to reflect on the interview; but hastened immediately into the parlour where Lord Montreville was sitting with his son; Mr. Fitz-Edward, who was a
young

young officer, his friend, distantly related to the family; and Mr. Headly, a man celebrated for his knowledge of rural improvements, whom Lord Montreville had brought down to have his opinion of the possibility of rendering Mowbray Castle a residence fit for his family for a few months in the year.

Lord Montreville was about five and forty years old. His general character was respectable. He had acquitted himself with honor in the senate; and in private life had shewn great regularity and good conduct. But he had basked perpetually in the sunshine of prosperity; and his feelings, not naturally very acute, were blunted by having never suffered in his own person any uneasiness which might have taught him sensibility for that of others.

To this cause it was probably owing, that he never reflected on the impropriety of receiving his niece before strangers; and that he ordered Emmeline to be introduced into the room where they were all sitting together.

Having

Having once seen Emmeline a child of five or six years old ; he still formed an idea of her as a child ; and adverted not to the change that almost nine years had made in her person and manners ; it was therefore with some degree of surprize, that instead of the child he expected, he saw a tall, elegant young woman, whose air, though timidity was the most conspicuous in it, had yet much of dignity and grace, and in whose face he saw the features of his brother, softened into feminine beauty.

The apathy which prosperity had taught him, gave way for a moment to his surprize at the enchanting figure of his niece.

He arose, and approached her.—“ Miss Mowbray ! how amazingly you are grown ! I am glad to see you.” He took her hand ; while Emmeline, trembling and blushing, endeavoured to recollect herself, and said—

“ I thank you, my Lord, and I am happy in having an opportunity of paying my respects to your Lordship.”

He

He led her to a seat, and again repeated his wonder to find her so much grown.

Delamere, who had been standing at the fire conversing with Fitz-Edward, now advanced, and desired his father to introduce him; which ceremony being passed, he drew a chair close to that in which Emmeline was placed; and fixing his eyes on her face with a look of admiration and enquiry that extremely abashed her, he seemed to be examining the beauties of that lovely and interesting countenance which had so immediately dazzled and surprized him.

Fitz-Edward, a young foldier, related to the family of Lady Montreville, was almost constantly the companion of Delamere, and had expectations that the interest Lord Montreville possessed would be exerted to advance him in his profession. His manner was very insinuating, and his person uncommonly elegant. He affected to be a judge as well as an admirer of beauty, and seemed to behold with approbation the fair inhabitant of the castle; who, with heightened blushes, and averted looks, waited in silence
'till

'till Lord Montreville should again address her, which he at length did.

“ I was sorry, Miss Mowbray, to hear
“ of the death of old Carey.”

The tears started into the eyes of Emmeline.

“ She was an excellent servant, and served
“ the family faithfully many years.”

Poor Emmeline felt the tears fall on her bosom.

“ But however she was old; and had
“ been, I suppose, long infirm. I hope
“ the person who now fills her place has
“ supplied it to your satisfaction?”

“ Ye—s, yes, my Lord;” inarticulately sobbed Emmeline, quite overcome by the mention of her old friend.

“ I dare say she does,” resumed his Lordship; “ for Grant, of whom Lady
“ Montreville has a very high opinion,
“ assured her Ladyship she was well re-
“ commended.”

Emmeline now found her emotion very painful; she therefore rose to go, and
curtseying