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1882

GARLAND & CO. PUBLISHERS

E M M E L I N E,

T H E

ORPHAN of the CASTLE.

E M M E L I N E

T H E

O R P H A N O F T H E C A S T L E

E M M E L I N E

B Y C H A R L O T T E S M I T H

T H E

O R P H A N O F T H E C A S T L E
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P R I N T E D F O R T . C A D E L L I N T H E S T R A N D

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E M M E L I N E,

T H E

ORPHAN of the CASTLE.

BY CHARLOTTE ^{de} SMITH.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

V O L. IV.

L O N D O N :

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E M M E L I N E,

T H E

ORPHAN of the CASTLE.

C H A P T E R I.

THE Chateau de St. Alpin was a gloomy and antique building, but in habitable repair. The only constant resident in it for some years had been the Demoiselle de St. Alpin, now about five and forty; whose whole attention had been given to keeping it in order, and collecting, in the garden, variety of plants, in which she took singular pleasure. Detached from

Vol. IV.

B

the

the world, and with no other relations than her brother and her nephews, whom she was seldom likely to see, she found in this innocent and amusing pursuit a resource against the tedium of life. Her manners, tho' simple, were mild and engaging; and her heart perfectly good and benevolent. With her, therefore, Emmeline was extremely pleased; and the country in which her residence was situated, was so beautiful, that accustomed to form her ideas of magnificent scenery from the first impressions that her mind had received in Wales, Emmeline acknowledged that her eye was here perfectly satisfied.

With her heart it was far otherwise. On her arrival at St. Alpin, she found letters from Lady Adelina enclosed in others from Mrs. Stafford. Lady Adelina gave such an account of her own health as convinced Emmeline it was not improved since she left England. Of Mr. Godolphin she only said, that he was returned from Ireland, but had staid with her only a few hours, and was then obliged to go on business to London, where his continuance was uncertain.

Mrs.

Mrs. Stafford gave of herself and her family a more pleasing account. She said she had hopes that the readjustment of Mr. Stafford's affairs would soon allow of their return to England; and as it might possibly happen on very short notice, and before Emmeline could rejoin them, she had sent, by a family who were travelling to Geneva, and who readily undertook the care of it, a large box which contained some of her cloaths and the caskets which belonged to her, which had been long left at Mrs. Ashwood's after Emmeline's precipitate departure from her house with Delamere, and which, on Mrs. Ashwood's marriage and removal, she had sent with a cold note (addressed to Miss Mowbray) to the person who negotiated Mr. Stafford's business in London.

Their lengthened journey had so much broken in on the time allotted to their tour, that Lord and Lady Westhaven purposed staying only a month at St. Alpin. The Baron, who had equal pride and pleasure in the company of his nephew, endeavoured by every means in his power to

make that time pass agreeably; and felt great satisfaction in shewing to the few neighbours who were within fifteen miles of his *chateau*, that he had, in an English nobleman of such rank and merit, so near a relation.

He had observed very early the growing passion of his son for Miss Mowbray. He was assured that she returned it; for he never supposed it possible that any woman could behold the Chevalier with indifference.

He had heard from Lord Westhaven that Emmeline was the daughter of a man of fashion, but was by the circumstances of her birth excluded from any share of his fortune, and entirely dependant on the favour of the Marquis of Montreville. The old Baron, charmed himself with her person and her manners, rather approved than opposed the wishes of his son; and however convenient it might have been to have seen him married to a woman of fortune, he was disposed to rejoice at his inclining to marry at all; and convinced that with
Emmeline

Emmeline he must be happy, thought he might dispense with being rich. The Chevalier, confident of success, and believing that Emmeline had meant by her timid refusals only encouragement, grew so extremely importunate, that she was sometimes on the point of declaring to him her real situation.

But from this she was deterred by the apprehension that he would apply to Lord Delamere for the relinquishment of her promise; and should he obtain it, consider himself as having a claim to the hand his Lordship resigned.

This was an hope, which whatever his vanity might have suggested, she never meant to give him; yet she had the mortification to find that all her rejections, however repeated, were considered by the Chevalier as words of course. It was in vain she assured him that besides her disinclination to change her situation by marriage at all, she had other forcible objections; that she should never think of passing her life out of England; that not only their country,

horror

B 3

but

but their manners, their ideas on a thousand subjects so materially differed, as to make every other reason of her refusal unnecessary.

When she seriously urged thus much, he usually answered that he would then reside in England; that he would accommodate his manner of living to her pleasure; and that as to the ideas which had displeased her, he would never again offend her with their repetition.

Emmeline had indeed been extremely hurt and disgusted at that levity of principle on the most serious subjects which the Chevalier avowed without reserve, and for which he appeared to value himself. Tho' brought up a Calvinist, he had as he owned always conformed to the mode of worship and ceremonies of the Catholics while he was among them; and usually added, that had he served amid the Turks or the Jews, he should have done the same, as a matter of great indifference.

The Baron, whose life had been more active than contemplative, was unaccus-
tomed

tomed to consider these matters deeply. And as every thing Bellozane advanced had with him great authority, he was struck with his lively arguments; and whatever might be their solidity, could not help admiring the wit of the Chevalier, whom he sometimes encouraged to dispute with Lord Westhaven. The religion of Lord Westhaven was as steady and unaffected as his morals were excellent; and he entered willingly into these dialogues with Bellozane, in hopes of convincing him that infidelity was by no means necessary to the character of a soldier; and that *he* was unlikely to serve well the country to which he belonged, or for which he fought, who began by insulting his God.

He found however that the young man had imbibed these lessons so early, and fancied them so much the marks of a superior and penetrating mind, that he could make no impression by rational argument. Bellozane usually answered by a sprightly quotation from some French author, and his Lordship soon declined the conversation,

believing that if sickness and sorrow did not supercede so slow a cure, time at least would convince him of his folly.

But such was the effect of this sort of discourse on Emmeline, that had Bellozane been in other respects unexceptionable, and had her heart been free from any other impression, she would never have listened to him as a lover.

From his own account of himself in other respects, Emmeline had gathered enough to believe that he was profligate and immoral. But as she could not appear to detect these errors without allowing him to suppose her interested in his forsaking them, she generally heard him in silence; and only when pressed to name her objections stated his loose opinions as one in her mind very material.

To this he again repeated, that his opinions he would correct; his residence should be settled by herself.—“Had she any objection to his person?” enquired he, as he proudly surveyed it in the long old fashioned

fashioned glass which ornamented the *sal a manger*.*

Emmeline, blushing from the conscious recollection of the resemblance it bore in height and air to that of Godolphin, answered falteringly—"That to his person there could be no objection."

"To his fortune?"

"It was undoubtedly more than situated as she was she could expect."

"To his family?"

"It was a family whose alliance must confer honour."

"What then?" vehemently continued the Chevalier—"what then, charming Emmeline, occasions this long reserve, this barbarous coldness? Since you can form no decided objection; since you have undoubtedly allowed me to hope; why do you thus cruelly prolong my sufferings? Surely you do not, you cannot mean finally to refuse and desert me, after having permitted me so long to speak to you of my passion?"

* Dining-room.

B 5

"It

“ It is with some justice,” gravely and coldly answered Emmeline—“ I own it is
 “ with some justice that you impute to me
 “ the appearance of coquetry ; because I
 “ have listened with too much patience,
 “ (tho’ certainly never with approbation,)
 “ to your discourse on this subject. But
 “ be assured that whatever I have said,
 “ tho’ perhaps with insufficient firmness, I
 “ now repeat, in the hope that you will
 “ understand it as my unalterable resolu-
 “ tion—The honour you are so obliging
 “ as to offer me, I *never* can accept ; and
 “ I beg you will forbear to urge me farther
 “ on a subject to which I never can give
 “ any other answer.”

This dialogue, which happened on the second day of her residence at St. Alpin, and the first moment he could find her alone, did not seem to discourage the Chevalier. He observed her narrowly. The country round St. Alpin, which, as well as the place itself, he thought “ *triste et in-*
 “ *-supportable,*” seemed to delight and attract her. He saw her not only enduring
 but

but even fond of his aunt and her plants, which were to him, "*les sujets du monde les plus facheux.*"*—His excessive vanity made him persist in believing that she could not admire such a place but thro' some latent partiality to it's master; nor seek the company and esteem of his aunt, but for the sake of her nephew.

These remarks, and a conviction formed on his own self-love and on the experience of his Parisian conquests, made him disregard her refusal and persecute her incessantly with his love. Lord Westhaven saw her uneasiness; but knew not how to relieve her without offending the Baron and the Chevalier, or divulging circumstances of which he did not think himself at liberty without her permission to speak.

Lady Westhaven, to whom Emmeline was obliged to complain of the importunity of Bellozane, repeatedly but very fruitlessly remonstrated with him. What she had at first ridiculed, now gave her pain; and anxious as she was to reconcile her

* The most boring subjects in the world.

brother to her friend, from whom she thought only his warmth of temper and a misunderstanding had divided him, she wished to shorten as much as possible their stay at St. Alpin.

Her own situation too made her very anxious to return to England; and she was impatient to see Lord Delamere, to explain to him all the mystery of Emmeline's conduct; a detail which she could not venture by the post, tho' she had written to him from Lyons, intreating him to suspend all opinion in regard to Miss Mowbray's conduct 'till she should see him.

This letter never reached the hands of Lord Delamere, and therefore was not answered to St. Alpin; whither his sister had desired him to direct, and where she now grew very uneasy at not hearing from him.

Le Limosin and his Madelon had arrived at St. Alpin some time before their noble patrons, with whose goodness they were elated to excess. Le Limosin himself, assiduous to do every thing for every body,

body, flew about as if he was but twenty. His particular province was to attend with Lady Westhaven's English servant on her Ladyship and Miss Mowbray; and Madelon was directed to wait on the latter as her *fille de chambre*.

Emmeline, with painful solicitude for which she could hardly account, wished to hear from Le Limosin those particulars of her father of which he was so well able to inform her. He had served, too, her mother; whose name she had hardly ever heard repeated, and of whom, before witnesses, she dared not enquire.

Lord Westhaven had not yet explained to him to what he principally owed the extraordinary kindness he had met with. He knew not that the lady on whom he had the honour to wait was the daughter of that master to whom he had been so much obliged.

The first days that Lord and Lady Westhaven and Emmeline had passed with the Baron, had been engaged by company or in parties which he made to shew the views
of

of the surrounding country to his English guests. The Chevalier never suffered Emmeline to be absent from these excursions, nor when at home allowed her to be a moment out of his company. If she sought refuge in the chamber of Mrs. St. Alpin, he followed her; if she went with her to her plants, thither also came Bellozane; and having acquired from his aunt's books a few physical and botanical terms, affected to desire information, which the old Lady, highly pleased with his desire of improvement in her favourite studies, gave him with great simplicity.

Lord Westhaven grew apprehensive that the jaunts of pleasure which the Baron continued to propose would be too fatiguing for his wife. And as they were now to go on a visit to one of St. Alpin's old military friends, who resided at the distance of fifteen miles, and where they were to remain all night, he prevailed on her to stay at home, where Emmeline also desired to be left.

Bellozane, detesting a party which the
ladies

ladies were not to enliven, made some efforts to be excused also; but he found his declining to go would so much chagrin and disappoint his father, that, with whatever reluctance, he was obliged to set out with him.

Lady Westhaven, who was a good deal indisposed, went to lie down in her own room; whither Emmeline attended her, and finding she was disposed to sleep, left her. Mrs. St. Alpin was busied in her garden; and Emmeline, delighted with an opportunity of being alone, retired to her room to write to Mrs. Stafford. She had not proceeded far in her letter, when a servant informed her that the messenger who had been sent to Geneva for her box was returned with it. She desired that it might be brought up. Madelon came to assist her in opening it, and then left her.

She took out the cloaths and linen, and then the two embroidered caskets, which she put on the table before her, and gazed at with melancholy pleasure, as silent memorials of her parents. They brought also to
her

her mind the recollection of Mrs. Carey, and many of her infantine pains and pleasures at Mowbray Castle, where she remembered first to have remarked them in a drawer belonging to that good woman; to which, tho' it was generally locked, she had occasionally sent her little charge when she was herself confined to her chair.

One of them she had begun to inspect at Clapham, and perused some of the letters it contained. They were from her grandmother, Mrs. Mowbray, to her father; and were filled with reproaches so warm and severe, and such pointed censures of his conduct in regard to Miss Stavordale, her mother, to whom one letter yet more bitter was addressed, that after reading three of them, Emmeline believed that the further inspection of the casket was likely to produce for her only unavailing regret.

Still however she would then have continued it, painful as it was, but was interrupted by the sudden entrance of Lord Montreville, who came to enquire after his son. The sight of Mr. Mowbray's picture, which

which she had taken out, created in the breast of his Lordship a momentary tenderness for his niece. She had since always worn that picture about her; but the papers, by which she had been too much affected after that interview farther to peruse, she had again secured in the caskets; and being almost immediately afterwards taken by Delamere on her involuntary journey to Stevenage, from whence she returned no more to Clapham, she had not since had them in her possession.

Her mind in this interval had acquired greater strength; and she at length wished to know those particulars of her mother's fate, into which she had hitherto forborne thro' timidity to enquire. Being now therefore alone, and having these repositories once more in her hands, she resolutely inspected them.

The first contained about twenty letters. Some were those she had before seen, and others followed them equally severe. They seemed in fullen resentment to have been preserved; and Emmeline could not but reflect

reflect with pain on the anger and asperity in which they were written ; on the remorse and uneasiness with which they must have been read.

The second casket seemed also to hold letters. On opening it, Emmeline found they were part of the correspondence between her father and mother during the early part of their acquaintance, when, tho' they sometimes resided in the same house, the vigilant observation of Mrs. Mowbray very seldom allowed them to converse.

Among these, were several pieces of poetry, elegant and affecting. After having read which, Emmeline imagined she had seen all the box contained, a few loosely folded papers only remaining ; but on opening one of these, what was her astonishment to find in it two certificates of her mother's marriage ; one under the hand of a Catholic priest, by whom they were married immediately on their arrival at Dunkirk ; the other signed a few days before the birth of Emmeline by an English clergyman, who had again performed the ceremony

mony in the chapel of the English Ambassador at Paris.

That the memory of her mother should thus be free from reproach; that the conduct of her father, which had hitherto appeared cruel and unjust, should be vindicated from every aspersion, and that she should herself be restored to that place in society from which she seemed to be excluded for ever; was altogether such unexpected, such incredible happiness, as made her almost doubtful of the evidence of her senses. Ignorant as she was of the usual form of such papers, yet the care with which these seemed to be executed left her little doubt of their regularity. One other folded paper yet remained unread. Trembling she opened it. It was written in her father's hand and endorsed

M E M O R A N D U M.

“ The harshness with which my mother and her family have treated Miss Stavordale, for a supposed crime, has forced her to put herself under my protection. Miss Stavordale

dale

dale is now my wife; but of this I shall not inform my family, conceiving myself accountable no longer to persons capable of so much rashness and injustice. Least any thing however should happen before I can make a will in due form, I hereby acknowledge Emmeline Stavordale (now Mowbray) as my wife; and her child, whether a son or a daughter, heir to my estate. My brother being possessed of a very large fortune, both by his late marriage and the gifts of his mother's family, will hardly dispute the claim of such child to my paternal estate.

“(This is a duplicate of a paper sent to Francis Williamson, my steward at Mowbray Castle.) Signed by me at Paris in presence of two witnesses, this fifteenth of March, 17—.

“ HENRY CHARLES MOWBRAY.

Witnessed by

ROBERT WALLACE,

BAPTISTE LA FERRE, (dit Le Limosin.)”

This,

This, which was of the same date as the last certificate, confirmed every claim which they both gave Emmeline to her name and fortune. A change of circumstances so sudden; her apprehensions that the Marquis of Montreville, who she thought must have long known, should dispute her legitimacy, and her wonder at the concealment which Mr. Williamson and Mrs. Carey seemed passively to have suffered; which together with a thousand other sensations crowded at once into her mind, so greatly affected her, that feeling herself grow sick, she was obliged to call Madelon, who being at work in an adjoining room, ran in, and seeing her lady look extremely pale, and hearing her speak with difficulty, she threw open the window, fetched her some water, and then without waiting to see their effects she flew away to call Mrs. St. Alpin; who presently appeared, followed by her maid carrying a large case which was filled with bottles of various distillations from every aromatic and pungent herb her garden or the adjacent mountains afforded.

Emmeline,

Emmeline, hardly knowing what she did, was compelled to swallow a glass full of one of these cordials; which Mrs. St. Alpin assured her was "*excellente pour les vapeurs.*"* It almost deprived her of breath, but recalled her astonished spirits; and having with great difficulty prevailed on her kindly-busy hostess to leave her, she locked up her papers, and threw herself on the bed; where, having directed Madelon to draw the curtains and retire, she tried to compose her mind, and to consider what steps she ought to take in consequence of this extraordinary discovery.

- * Excellent for the cure of vapours.

CHAP.

CHAPTER II.

CONVINCED of the noble and disinterested nature of Lord Westhaven, Emmeline thought she ought immediately on his return to shew him the papers she had found, and entreat him to examine, for farther particulars, Le Limosin, who seemed providentially to have been thrown in her way on purpose to elucidate her history.

After having formed this resolution, her mind was at liberty for other reflections. Delamere returned to it: his unjust suspicions; his haughty reproaches; his long, indignant anger, which vouchsafed not even to solicit an explanation; were involuntarily compared with the gentleness, the generosity of Godolphin; with his candid temper, his warm affections, his tender heart. And with pain she remembered, that unless Delamere would relinquish the fatal promise she had given him, she could not shew the preference which she feared she must ever feel

feel for Godolphin. Sometimes she thought of asking Lord Westhaven to apply to Delamere for her release. But how could she venture on a measure which might involve, in such difficulties, Lady Adelina, and engage Lord Westhaven in an enquiry fatal to his repose and that of his whole family? How could she, by this application, counteract the wishes of Lady Westhaven, who anxiously hoped to re-unite her brother and her friend; and who desired ardently to be in England, that she might explain herself, to Delamere, all the circumstances that had injured Emmeline in his opinion; which she thought she could easily do without hazarding any of the evils that might follow from an inconsiderate disclosure of the occurrences he had misunderstood.

Uneasily ruminating on the painful uncertainty of her situation and the difficulties which every way surrounded her, she continued alone; till Lady Westhaven, alarmed at hearing she had been ill, sent her woman to enquire after and know if she might herself come to her? Emmeline, to relieve at once her friendly solicitude, arose
and

and went to her apartment; where she made light of her sickness, and endeavoured to assume as much cheerfulness as possible. — Till she had seen Lord Westhaven, she determined not to mention to her Ladyship the discovery of the morning; feeling that there would be great indelicacy in eagerly divulging to her a secret by which she must tacitly accuse the Marquis of Montreville of having thus long detained from its legal owner the Mowbray estate; and of having brought up in indigence and obscurity, the daughter of his brother, while conscious of her claim to education and affluence.

Struggling therefore to subdue the remaining tumult of her spirits, she rejoined her friend. They passed the afternoon tranquilly with Mrs. St. Alpin; and about eleven o'clock the following morning, Lord Westhaven, the Baron, and the Chevalier, returned.

Emmeline took the earliest opportunity of telling Lord Westhaven that she wished to speak to him alone. There was no way

of escaping from the Chevalier but by his Lordship's openly declaring that he wanted a private conference with his fair cousin, whom he led into the garden. Bellozane, who hoped that his earnest solicitations had prevailed on Lord Westhaven to befriend his love, was glad to see them walk out together, while he watched them from a window.

Emmeline put into her pocket the two certificates and the memorandum written by her father. Without explanation or comment she gave them, as soon as they were at a little distance from the house, to Lord Westhaven.

He read them twice over in silence; then looking with astonishment at Emmeline, he asked her from whence she had these papers?

“ They were enclosed, my Lord,” answered she “ in two little boxes or caskets
“ which were left to me among other things
“ by my father's nurse; who becoming the
“ housekeeper at Mowbray Castle, brought
“ me

“ me up. They afterwards long remained
 “ at the house of Mrs. James Crofts, with
 “ whom you know I resided; on her re-
 “ moval after her marriage, they were sent,
 “ together with some of my cloaths, to Mrs.
 “ Stafford’s agent in London; from whence
 “ she lately received them; and having an
 “ opportunity of sending them to Geneva by
 “ a family travelling thither, she forwarded
 “ them to me, and I found them yesterday
 “ in the trunk brought by the messenger
 “ which you know the Baron sent thither
 “ on purpose.”

Again Lord Westhaven read the papers;
 and after pausing a moment said—

“ There is no doubt, there can be none,
 “ of the authenticity of these papers, nor of
 “ your consequent claim to the Mowbray
 “ estate. Surely,” added he, again paus-
 “ ing—“ surely it is most extraordinary that
 “ Lord Montreville should have suffered
 “ the true circumstances of your birth to
 “ remain thus long unexplained. Most
 “ cruel! most ungenerous! to possess him-
 “ self of a property to which he must know

“he had no right! Your father’s memorandum says that he had forwarded a duplicate of it to Francis Williamson; do you know whether that person is yet living?”

“He is dead, my Lord. He died in consequence of an accident at Mowbray Castle, where he was many years steward.”

“He must however have had sufficient time to give Lord Montreville every information as to his master’s marriage, even if his Lordship knew it not, as he probably did, by other means. Yet from a man of honour—from Lord Montreville—such conduct is most unworthy. I can hardly conceive it possible that he should be guilty of such concealment.”

“Surely, my Lord, it is possible,” said the candid and ingenuous Emmeline—“surely it *is* possible that my uncle might, by some accident, (for which without knowing more we cannot account) have been kept in ignorance of my mother’s real situation. For your satisfaction and mine, before we say more on this subject,

“ subject, would it not be well to hear
 “ what Le Limosin, who was I suppose pre-
 “ sent both at my mother’s marriage and
 “ at my father’s death, has to relate?”

To this proposal Lord Westhaven agreed. The *sal a compagnie** was usually vacant at this time of the day. Thither they went together, and sent for Le Limosin; who loved talking so much that nothing was more easy than to make him tell all he remembered, and even minutely describe every scene at which he had been present.

“ Le Limosin,” said Lord Westhaven, as soon as he came into the room, “ I was
 “ much pleased and interested with the ac-
 “ count you gave me when I first met you,
 “ of the English master whom you call
 “ *Milor Mowbray*. I know his family well.
 “ Tell me, does this picture resemble him?”

His Lordship shewed him a portrait of Mr. Mowbray which had been drawn at Paris.

Le Limosin looked a moment at it—the tears came into his eyes.

“ *O oui—oui, mi Lor!—je me rappelle
 “ bien ce portrait!—Ab! quel ressemblance!*

* Drawing room.

“ *Quelques mois avant sa mort tel étoit mon pauvre maître !* Ah !” added he, giving back, with a sigh, the picture to Lord Westhaven—“ *cela me fend le cœur !*”*

“ Now then,” reassumed Lord Westhaven, “ look, Le Limosin, at that.” He put before him the resemblance of Emmeline’s mother, which had been painted at the same time.

“ *Eh ! pardi oui—voilà—voilà Madame ! la charmante femme, dont la perte couta la vie a mon maître. Hélas !—je m’en souviens bien du jour que je vis pour la première fois cette aimable dame. Elle n’avoit qu’environ quatorze a quinze ans. Ah ! qu’elle étoit pour lors, gai, espiègle, folâtre, et si belle !—si belle !*”†

“ Tell me,” said Lord Westhaven, “ all you remember of her.”

* O yes, my Lord ; I recollect well this picture. What a likeness ! Such, a few months before he died, was my poor master ! Alas ! it cuts me to the heart.

† Ah ! hah ! yes,—there is, sure enough, my lady. The charming woman whose loss cost my master his life. Alas ! how well I recollect the first day I saw this amiable lady ; she was then only between fourteen and fifteen ; and at that time so gay, so full of frolic and vivacity, and so very, very pretty !

“ I remember

“ I remember her, my Lord,” said Le
 Limosin, speaking still in French, “ I re-
 “ member her from the first of my going to
 “ England with Milor Mowbray. She
 “ lived then with Madame Mowbray ; and
 “ the servants told me, that being a distant
 “ relation and an orphan, Madame had
 “ taken her and intended to give her a for-
 “ tune. Milor Mowbray, when he first
 “ returned from his travels, used to live
 “ two or three months with Madame his
 “ mother ; but she was strict and severe,
 “ and used frequently to reproach him with
 “ his gaieties—*il etoit un peu libertin Milor,*
 “ *comme sont a l'ordinaire les jeunes seigneurs*
 “ *de sa nation.** He admired Mademoi-
 “ selle Stavordale as a beautiful child, and
 “ used to romp with her ; but as she grew
 “ older, Madame Mowbray was dissatisfied
 “ with him for taking so much notice of
 “ her, and would oblige her to live always
 “ up in Madame’s dressing room, so that
 “ my master could hardly ever see her.
 “ Madame, however, told my master one

* He was a little free, my Lord ; as the young noblemen of his country usually are.

“ day, that tho’ Mademoiselle Stavordale
 “ had no fortune, she would not object to
 “ his marrying her in a year or two if he
 “ was then in the same mind. But my mas-
 “ ter was in his turn offended. He said he
 “ would not be dictated to, nor told whe-
 “ ther he should marry or remain single.
 “ *Madame etoit forte brusque—elle piquoit*
 “ *Monseigneur par un reponse un peu vive**—
 “ and they had a violent disagreement;
 “ in consequence of which he quitted her
 “ house, and only went now and then af-
 “ terwards to see her quite in form. Some
 “ months afterwards he called me to him;
 “ and as I was dressing him he asked me
 “ if I had no female friend among his mo-
 “ ther’s servants. ‘Baptiste,’ said he, ‘I
 “ cannot get the Demoiselle Stavordale out
 “ of my head.—*J’aime a la folie cette fille*
 “ *mais pour le mariage, je ne suis pas trop*
 “ *sur, que je m’acquitterai bien, en promissant*
 “ *de l’aimer pour la vie.—Je veux aussi*
 “ *qu’elle m’aime sans que l’interet y’entre pour*
 “ *quelque chose.—Puisque Madame ma mere*

* Madame was very hasty; she irritated my master by a sharp answer.

‘s’amuse

“ s’amuse a me guetter, je voudrois bien la
 “ tromper, je scais que tu est habile—ne
 “ pourra tu pas nous menager une petite tete
 “ a tete?” “ Milor, je faisois mon possi-
 “ ble—et enfin—par la bonté et l’honeteté—
 “ d’une fille qui servoit Madame—je vins
 “ beureusement about—Quelque jours apres
 “ —Monsieur enleva la belle Stavordale tant
 “ en depot—qu’en amour.” †

At this recital, Emmeline found herself
 cruelly hurt; but Lord Westhaven besought
 her to command herself, and Le Limosin
 went on.

“ To avoid the rage and reproaches of
 “ Madame Mowbray, which it was likely
 “ would be very loud, my master took
 “ Mademoiselle Stavordale immediately

* I love that girl to madness; but as to marrying
 her I am not quite sure I should acquit myself well
 were I to promise that I would love her for ever. I
 desire too that interest may have nothing to do with
 her affection for me. As my mother amuses herself
 with watching me, I long to deceive her. You are
 a clever fellow; cannot you contrive for us a private
 meeting?

† My Lord, I did my best; and at last by the good-
 ness and civility of a young woman who waited on
 Madame, I happily accomplished it. Some days af-
 ter which, my master carried off the fair Stavordale,
 as much thro’ revenge as love.

“ abroad. We landed at Dunkirk ; but the
 “ young lady was so unhappy at the step she
 “ had taken, *elle pleuroit, elle se desoloit,*
 “ *elle s'abandonna a le desespoir—enfin, tant*
 “ *elle faisoit,** that Monsieur sent for a
 “ priest, and they were married. Soon af-
 “ terwards my lady was likely to bring Mon-
 “ sieur an heir. *Ab ! qu'ils etoient pour lors*
 “ *heureux.* But their happiness was inter-
 “ rupted by the death of my master's mo-
 “ ther, Madame Mowbray, who had never
 “ forgiven him, and who disposed of all
 “ her money that was in her own power to
 “ his brother. My poor lady took this
 “ sadly to heart. She reproached herself
 “ with being the cause of my master's losing
 “ such a fortune. He said he had yet
 “ enough ; and tried to console my lady.
 “ Still, still it hung on her spirits ; and she
 “ could not bear to think that Madame
 “ Mowbray, who had brought her up, and
 “ had been kind to her when she had no other
 “ friend, should have died in anger with

* She wept, she lamented, she gave herself up to despair.

“ her.

“ her. I believe my master was sorry then
 “ that he had not reconciled himself with
 “ his mother, as my lady often begged
 “ and entreated that he would; but it was
 “ now too late; and he said his brother
 “ had used him unkindly, and had certainly
 “ helped to irritate his mother against him;
 “ and he would not write to him tho’ my
 “ lady often desired and prayed that he
 “ would. As she grew near her time, she
 “ was more and more out of spirits, and
 “ my master finding her uneasy because they
 “ had not been married by an English priest,
 “ had the ceremony performed again in
 “ the chapel of the English Ambassador.
 “ My master could not however make her
 “ forget her concern for the death of his
 “ mother; and she was always melancholy,
 “ as if she had foreseen how little a time
 “ she had herself to live. Alas! she brought
 “ my master a daughter, and died in three
 “ hours!”

“ If I were to live a thousand years,”
 continued Le Limosin, “ I should never
 “ forget my poor master’s distraction when
 “ he heard she was dead. It was with great

“ difficulty that even with the assistance of
 “ his English servants, I could prevent his
 “ destroying himself in the phrenzy of his
 “ grief. I dared not leave him a moment.
 “ He heard nothing we said to him; he
 “ heeded not the questions I asked him
 “ about the child; and at last I was forced
 “ to send an express to Mr. Oxenden, his
 “ friend, who was at some distance from
 “ Paris. He came, and by the help of
 “ another English gentleman they forced
 “ him out of the house while the body of
 “ my mistress was removed to be carried
 “ to England. He was so near madness,
 “ that his friends were afraid of his relaps-
 “ ing, even after he grew better, if they
 “ asked him many questions about it. So
 “ they gave me orders as to her funeral;
 “ and after about a fortnight he came back
 “ to the house where the child was, attended
 “ by his two friends. *returned to Paris*
 “ It was an heart-piercing sight, Milor,
 “ to see him weep over the little baby as it
 “ lay in the arms of it's nurse. After some
 “ time he called me, and told me that he
 “ should not be easy, unless he was sure his
 “ poor

“ poor little girl would be taken proper
 “ care of; that he had no friend in France
 “ to whom he chose to entrust her; and
 “ therefore ordered me to go with the
 “ nurse to England, and directed Therése,
 “ my mistress’s *fille de chambre*, to go also,
 “ that the child might be well attended.
 “ He told me that he should perhaps
 “ quit Paris before I could get back; in
 “ which case he would leave directions
 “ where I should follow him. Then he
 “ kissed his little girl, and his two friends
 “ tore him away. I immediately proceeded
 “ to England as he directed, with the
 “ nurse, and Therése, and we carried the
 “ infant to the Chateau de Mowbray. The
 “ French nurse could speak no English,
 “ and could not be prevailed upon to stay
 “ above two days. Therése too longed to
 “ get back to France, and we immediately
 “ returned to Paris, where I found a letter
 “ from my master, ordering me to follow
 “ him into Italy.
 “ At Milan, Milor, I rejoined him.
 “ He looked very ill; and complained of
 “ feeling

“ feeling himself indisposed. But still he
“ went out; and I believe drank too much
“ with his English friends. The third or
“ fourth day after I got there he came home
“ from a party which he had made out of
“ town with them about ten o’clock in the
“ morning, and told me he had a violent
“ pain in his head. He went up into
“ his room. ‘ I am strangely disor-
“ dered, Baptiste,’ said he, as he put his
hand to his temples—‘ perhaps it may go
‘ off; but if it should grow worse, as I am
‘ afraid it will, remember that you take
‘ those two little boxes in which I keep my
‘ papers, to England, and deliver them to
‘ my steward at Mowbray Castle. I have
‘ already written to him about my daugh-
‘ ter.’ “ Then almost shrieking with the
“ acute pain which darted into his head, he
“ cried—‘ I cannot talk, nor can I now
‘ write to my brother as I think I ought to
‘ do about my child. But send, send for a
‘ notary, and when I am a little easier I will
‘ dictate a will.’ “
“ Milor, I sent for the notary. But he
“ waited all day in the anti-room to no pur-
“ pose

“ pose. My poor master was never again
 “ easy enough to see him—never again able
 “ to dictate a will. He grew more and
 “ more delirious, and continued to com-
 “ plain of his head, his head! Alas! he
 “ did not even know me, till about an hour
 “ before his death.”

Emmeline, whose tears had almost choak-
 ed her during the greatest part of this nar-
 ration, now said to Lord Westhaven—

“ My Lord, do not let him repeat the
 “ scene of my father’s death; I am not now
 “ able to bear it.”

“ Well, Le Limosin,” said his Lordship,
 “ this young lady, who is the daughter of
 “ your master; the same whom you helped
 “ to carry, an infant, to Mowbray Castle,
 “ will soon have it in her power to reward
 “ your fidelity and attachment to her fa-
 “ ther.”

Le Limosin now threw himself on his
 knees in a transport of joy and acknowledg-
 ment. Lord Westhaven, fearing that his
 raptures might quite overcome the disturbed
 spirits of his fair mistress, desired her to give
 “ him

him her hand to kiss; which she did; and trying, but ineffectually, to smile thro' her tears, was led by his Lordship into her own room. He told her that at present he wished to conceal from Lady Westhaven the discovery they had made. "For tho' I am convinced," added he, "that for your sake she will rejoice in it, she will be hurt at the extraordinary conduct of her father, and harrasses herself with conjectures about it and apologies for it, which I wish to spare her in her present state."

Emmeline assured him she would observe a strict silence; and he left her to give to Le Limosin a charge of secrecy. He then retired to his room, and wrote to Lord Montreville, stating the simple fact, and enclosing copies of the certificates; and after shewing his letter to Emmeline sent it off to England.

Emmeline now went out to walk, in hopes of recovering her composure and being able to appear at dinner without betraying by her countenance that any thing extraordinary had been the subject of her conversation

conversation with Lord Westhaven. The Chevalier, however, was soon at her side. And still flattering himself that his Lordship had undertaken to plead his cause, he addressed her with all the confidence of a man sure of success.

Emmeline was very little disposed to listen to him; and with a greater appearance of chagrin and impatience than she had yet shewn, repeated to him her determination not to marry. He still declared himself sure of her relenting; and added, that unless she had designed finally to hear him she would never have allowed him so repeatedly to press his attachment. This speech, which indirectly accused her of coquetry, encreased her vexation. But the persevering Chevalier was not to be repressed. He told her that he had projected a party of pleasure on the lake the next day, in which he intended to include a visit to the Rocks of Meillerie.

“It is classic ground, Mademoiselle,” said he, and is fitted to love and despair.

“Ah! will you not there hear me? Will

“you

“ you still inhumanly smile; will you still
 “ look so gentle, while your heart is harder
 “ than the rocks we shall see—colder than
 “ the snow that crowns them!—an heart on
 “ which even the pen of fire which Rousseau
 “ held would make no impression!”

He held her hands during this rhapsody. She could not therefore immediately escape. But on the appearance of a servant, who announced the dinner's being ready, she coldly disengaged herself and went into the house.

CHAP.

CHAPTER III.

THE agitation she had undergone in the morning, affected both the spirits and the looks of Emmeline; and when, immediately after dinner, Bellozane proposed the party of pleasure he had projected for the next day, Lady Westhaven answered—"As for me I shall on my own account make no objection, but I cannot equally answer for our fair cousin.—Emmeline, my love, you seem ill. I cannot imagine, my Lord, what you have been saying to her?"

"I have been advising her," answered Lord Westhaven, "to go into a convent; and her looks are merely looks of penitence for all the mischief she has done. She determines to take the veil, and to do no more.

Emmeline, tho' hardly able to bear even this friendly raillery, turned it off with a melancholy smile. The party was agreed upon;

upon; the Baron went out to give orders for preparing the provisions they were to take with them, and the Chevalier to see that the boat was in a proper state for the expedition and give the boatmen notice.

Lady Westhaven then began talking of England, and expressed her astonishment at having heard nothing from thence for above six weeks. While Lord Westhaven was attempting to account for this failure of intelligence, which he saw gave his wife more concern than she expressed, a servant brought in several large packets of letters, which he said the messenger who was usually sent to the post town, had that moment brought in.

His Lordship, eagerly surveying the address of each, gave to Emmeline one for her; which opening, she found came from Mrs. Stafford, and enclosed another.

St. Germain's, June 6.

“ My dearest Emmeline will forgive me
“ if I write only a line in the envelope, to
“ account for the long detention of the
“ enclosed letter. It has, by some mistake
“ of

“ of Mr. La Fosse, been kept at Rouen
 “ instead of being forwarded to St. Ger-
 “ mains; and appears to have passed thro’
 “ numberless hands. I hope you will get
 “ it safe; tho’ my being at Paris when it
 “ *did* arrive here has made it yet a week
 “ later. By the next post I shall write
 “ more fully, and therefore will now only
 “ tell you we are well, and that I am ever,
 “ with the truest attachment, your

“ C. STAFFORD.”

Emmeline now saw by the seal and the address that the second letter was from Lord Montreville. It appeared to have been written in great haste; and as she unfolded it, infinite was her amazement to find, instead of a remittance, which about this time she expected, the promise she had given Delamere, torn in two pieces and put into a blank paper.

The astonishment and agitation she felt at this sight, hardly left her power to read the letter which she held.

Berkley-Square, May 5, 17—

“ Dear Miss Mowbray,

“ My son, Lord Delamere, convinced
 “ at

“ at length of the impropriety of a marriage
 “ so unwelcome to his family, allows me
 “ to release you from the promise which he
 “ obtained. I do myself the pleasure to
 “ enclose it, and shall be glad to hear you
 “ receive it safe by an early post. My
 “ Lord Delamere assures me that you hold
 “ no promise of the like nature from him.
 “ If he is in this matter forgetful, I doubt
 “ not but that you will return it on receipt
 “ of this.

“ Maddox informs me that he shall in
 “ a few days forward to you the payment
 “ due : to which I beg leave to add, that
 “ if you have occasion for fifty or an hun-
 “ dred pounds more, during your stay on
 “ the continent, you may draw on Maddox
 “ to that amount. With sincere wishes for
 “ your health and happiness, I am, dear
 “ Miss Mowbray, your obedient and faith-
 “ ful humble servant,

“ MONTREVILLE.”

Tho' joy was, in the heart of Emmeline,
 the predominant emotion, she yet felt some
 degree of pique and resentment involuntarily
 arise

arise against Lord Montreville and his son ; and tho' the renunciation of the latter was what she had secretly wished ever since she had discovered the capricious violence of Delamere and the merit of Godolphin, the cold and barely civil stile in which his father had acquainted her with it, seemed at once to shock, mortify, and relieve her.

After having considered a moment the contents of her own letters, she cast her eyes towards Lady Westhaven, whose countenance expressed great emotion ; while her Lord, sternly and displeased ran over his, and then put them into his pocket.

“ What say *your* letters from England, my fairest cousin ?” said he, advancing and trying to shake off his chagrin.

“ Will you do me the honour to peruse them, my Lord ?” said she, half smiling, — “ They will not take you up much time.”

He read them. “ It is a settled thing then I find. Lady Westhaven, your's are, I presume, from Berkley-square ?”

“ They are,” answered she. — “ Never” and she took out her handkerchief — “ never have I received any less welcome !”

She

She gave one from Lady Frances Crofts to his Lordship, in which, with many details of her own affairs, was this sentence—

“ Before this, you have heard from my
 “ father or my mother that Lord Delamere
 “ has entirely recovered the use of his rea-
 “ son, and accepts of Miss Otley with her
 “ immense fortune. This change was
 “ brought about suddenly. It was settled
 “ in Norfolk, immediately after Lord De-
 “ lamere’s return from Ireland. I congra-
 “ tulate you and Lord W. on an event
 “ which I conclude *must* to *both* of you be
 “ pleasing. I have seen none of the fa-
 “ mily for near three weeks, as they are
 “ gone back into Norfolk; only my bro-
 “ ther called for a moment, and seemed
 “ to be greatly hurried; by which, as well
 “ as from other circumstances, I conclude
 “ that preparations are making for the
 “ wedding immediately.”

May, 18.

Lady Westhaven, who saw all hopes of being allied to the friend of her heart for ever at an end—who believed that she had
 always

always cherished an affection for her brother, and who supposed that in consequence of his desertion she was left in mortifying dependance on Lord Montreville, was infinitely hurt at this information. The letter from her father to Emmeline confirmed all her apprehensions. There was a freezing civility in the style, which gave no hopes of his alleviating by generosity and kindness the pain which her Ladyship concluded Emmeline must feel; while Lord Westhaven, knowing that to her whom he thus insulted with the distant offer of fifty or an hundred pounds, he really was accountable for the income of an estate of four thousand five hundred a year, for near nineteen years, and that he still withheld that estate from her, could hardly contain his indignation even before his wife; whom he loved too well not to wish to conceal from her the ill opinion he could not help conceiving of her father.

Emmeline, who was far from feeling that degree of pain which Lady Westhaven concluded must penetrate her heart, was yet unwilling to shew that she actually received

with pleasure (tho' somewhat allayed by Lord Montreville's coldness) an emancipation from her engagement. Of her partiality to Godolphin, her friend had no idea; for Emmeline, too conscious of it to be able to converse about him without fearing to betray herself, had studiously avoided talking of him after their first meeting; and she now imagined that Lady Westhaven, passionately fond of her brother as she was, would think her indifference affected thro' pique; and carried too far, if she did not receive the intelligence of their eternal separation with some degree of concern. These thoughts gave her an air of vexation and embarrassment which would have saved her the trouble of dissimulation had she been an adept in it's practice. Extremely harassed and out of spirits before, tears now, in spite of her internal satisfaction, and perhaps partly arising from it, filled her eyes; while Lady Westhaven, who was greatly more hurt, exclaimed—

“ My brother then marries Miss Otley !
“ After all I have heard him say, I thought
“ it impossible !”

“ He

“He will however, I doubt not, be
 “happy,” answered Emmeline. “The
 “satisfaction of having made Lord and
 “Lady Montreville completely happy,
 “must greatly contribute to his being so
 “himself.”

“Heaven grant it!” replied Lady West-
 haven. “Poor Frederic! he throws away
 “an invaluable blessing! Whether he will,
 “in any other, find consolation, I greatly
 “doubt. But however changed *his* heart
 “may be, my dearest Emmeline,” added
 she, tenderly embracing her, “I think I
 “can venture to assure you that those of
 “Lord Westhaven and your Augusta, will,
 “towards you, ever be the same.”

Emmeline now wished to put an end to
 a conversation which Lady Westhaven
 seemed hardly able to support; and she lan-
 guished herself to be alone. Forcing there-
 fore a smile, tho’ the tears still fell from her
 eyes, she said—“My dear friends, tho’ I
 “expected this long ago, yet I beg you
 “to consider that being *but* a woman, and
 “of course vain, my pride is a little
 “wounded, and I must recollect all your
 D 2 “kindness,

“ kindness, to put me in good humour
“ again with myself. Do not let the Che-
“ valier follow me ; for I am not disposed
“ to hear any thing this evening, after
“ these sweetest and most consoling assur-
“ ances of your inestimable friendship.
“ Therefore I shall take Madelon with me,
“ and go for a walk.”

She then left the room, Lady Westhaven not attempting to detain her ; and her Lord, vexed to see his gentle Augusta thus uneasy, remained with her, pointing out to her the fairest prospects of establishment for her beloved Emmeline ; tho’ he thought the present an improper opportunity to open to her his knowledge of those circumstances of her friend’s fortune, which, without such conspicuous merit, could hardly fail of obtaining it.

To go to a great distance from the house, alone, Emmeline had not courage ; to stay near it, subjected her to the intrusion and importunity of the Chevalier. She therefore determined to take Madelon, whose presence would be some protection without any interruption to her thoughts. She had
wished,

wished, ever since her arrival at St. Alpin, to visit the borders of the lake of Geneva, which she had yet only seen at the distance of a mile and an half. Madelon, alert and sprightly, undertook to shew her the pleasantest way, and led her thro' a narrow path, crossing a hill covered with broom and coppice wood, into a dark and gloomy wood of fir, cypress, and chesnut, that extended to the edge of the water; from which it was in some places separated by rocks pointing out into the lake, while in others the trees grew almost in the water, and dipped their extremities in the limpid waves beneath them.

Madelon informed Emmeline that this was the place where the servants of the castle assembled to dance of an holyday, in the shade; and where boats usually landed that came from the other side of the lake.

The scene, softened into more pensive beauty by the approach of a warm and serene evening, had every thing in it that could charm and soothe the mind of the lovely orphan. But her internal feelings were at this time too acute to suffer her to

attend to outward circumstances. She wished only for tranquillity and silence, to collect her thoughts; and bidding Madelon find herself a seat, she went a few yards into the wood, and sat down on the long grass, where even Madelon might not remark her.

The events of the two last days appeared to be visions rather than realities. From being an indigent dependant on the bounty of a relation, whose caprice or avarice might leave her entirely destitute, she was at once found to be heiress to an extensive property. From being bound down to marry, if he pleased, a man for whom she felt only sisterly regard, and who had thrown her from him in the violence of unreasonable jealousy and gloomy suspicion, she was now at liberty to indulge the affections she had so long vainly resisted, and to think, without present self-accusation or the danger of future repentance, of Godolphin. In imagination, she already beheld him avowing that tenderness which he had before generously struggled to conceal. She saw him, who she believed would have taken her *without* fortune, receiving in her estate
the

the means of bestowing happiness, and the power of indulging his liberal and noble spirit. She saw the tender, unhappy Adeline, reconciled to life in contemplating the felicity of her dear William; and Lord Westhaven, to whom she was so much obliged, glorying in the good fortune of a brother so deservedly beloved; while still calling her excellent and lovely friend Augusta by the endearing appellation of sister, she saw her forget, in the happiness of Godolphin, the concern she had felt for Delamere.

From this delicious dream of future bliss, she was awakened somewhat suddenly by Madelon; who running towards her, told her that a boat, in which there appeared to be several men, was pointing to land just where she had been sitting. Emmeline, wearied as she was with the Chevalier's gallantry, immediately supposed it to be him, and she knew he was out on the lake. She therefore advanced a step or two to look. It was so nearly dark that she could only distinguish a man standing in the boat, whose figure appeared to be that of Bel-

zane; and taking Madelon by the arm, she hastily struck into the wood, to avoid him by returning to St. Alpin before he should perceive her.

She had hardly walked twenty paces, when she heard the boat put on shore, and two or three persons leap out of it. Still hoping, however, to get thro' the wood before Bellozane could overtake her, she almost ran with Madelon. But somebody seemed to pursue them. Her cloaths were white; and she knew, that notwithstanding the evening was so far shut in, and the path obscured by trees, she must yet be distinguished gliding between their branches. The persons behind gained upon her, and her pace quickened as her alarm encreased; for she now apprehended something yet more disagreeable than being overtaken by Bellozane. Suddenly she heard—“*Arretez, arretez, Mesdames! de grace dites moi si vous etes de la famille du Baron de St. Alpin?*”*

* Stay, stay a moment, ladies! Have the goodness to tell me whether you belong to the family of the Baron de St. Alpin?

The

The first word of this sentence stopped the flying Emmeline, and fixed her to the spot where she stood. It was the voice of Godolphin—Godolphin himself was before her!

The suddenness of his appearance quite overcame her, breathless as she was before from haste and fear; and finding that to support herself was impossible, she staggered towards a tree which grew on the edge of the path, but would have fallen if Godolphin had not caught her in his arms.

He did this merely from the impulse of his natural gallantry and good nature. What were his transports, when he found that the fugitive whom he had undesignedly alarmed by asking a direction to St Alpin, was his adored Emmeline; and that the lovely object whose idea, since their first meeting, had never a moment been absent from it, he now pressed to his throbbing heart? Instantly terrified, however, to find her speechless and almost insensible, he ordered the servant who followed him to run back for some water; and seating her gently on the ground, he threw himself down by

her and supported her; while Madelon, wringing her hands, called on her *aimable*, her *belle maitresse*; and was too much frightened to give her any assistance.

Before the man returned with the water, her recollection was restored, and she said, faintly—"Mr. Godolphin! Is it possible?"

"Loveliest Miss Mowbray, how thoughtlessly have I alarmed you!—Can you forgive me?"

"Ah!" cried she, disengaging herself from his support—"how came you here, and from whence?"

Godolphin, without considering, and almost without knowing what he said, replied—"I come from Lord Delamere."

"From Lord Delamere!" exclaimed she, in amazement. "Is he not in London then?—is he not married?"

"No; I overtook him at Besançon; where he lies ill—very ill!"

"Ill!" repeated Emmeline.—"Ill, and at Besançon!—merciful heaven!"

She now again relapsed almost into insensibility: for at the mention of Godolphin's having overtaken him, and having left him
ill,

ill, a thousand terrific and frightful images crowded into her mind; but the predominant idea was, that it was on her account they had met, and that Delamere's illness was a wound in consequence of that meeting.

That such an imagination should possess her, Godolphin had no means of knowing. He therefore very naturally concluded that the violent sorrow which she expressed, on hearing of Delamere's illness, arose from her love towards him; and, in such a conclusion, he found the ruin of those hopes he had of late fondly cherished.

“Happy, happy Delamere!” said he, sighing to himself.—“Her first affections were his, and never will any secondary tenderness supersede that early impression. Alas! his rejection of her has not been able to efface it—For me, there is nothing to hope! and while I thus hold her to my heart, I have lost her for ever! I came not hither, however, solely on my own account, but rather to save from pain, her and those she loves. ’Tis not then of myself I am to think.”

While these reflections passed thro' his mind, he remained silent; and Emmeline concluded that his silence was owing to the truth of her conjecture. The grief of Lady Westhaven for her brother, the despair of Lord Montreville for his son, presented themselves to her mind; and the contemptuous return of her promise, which a few hours before she thought of with resentment, was now forgotten in regret for his illness and pity for his sufferings.

“Ah!” cried she, trying to rise, “what shall I say to Lady Westhaven?—How shall I disclose to her such intelligence as this?”

“It was to prevent her hearing it abruptly,” said Godolphin, “that I came myself, rather than sent by a messenger or a letter, such distressing intelligence.”

So strongly had the idea of a duel between them taken possession of the mind of Emmeline, that she had no courage to ask particulars of his illness; and shuddering with horror at the supposition that the hand Godolphin held out to assist her was stained with the blood of the unfortunate Delamere, she drew her's hastily and almost involuntarily

tarily from him; and taking again Madelon's arm, attempted to hasten towards home. But the scene of anguish and terror which she must there encounter with Lady Westhaven, the distress and vexation of her Lord, and the misery of believing that Godolphin had made himself for ever hateful to all her own family, and that if her cousin died she could never again behold him but with regret and anguish, were altogether reflections so overwhelming, and so much more than her harrassed spirits were able to sustain, that after tottering about fifty yards, she was compelled to stop, and gasping for breath, to accept the offered assistance of Godolphin. Strongly prepossessed with the idea of her affection for Delamere, he languidly and mournfully lent it. He had no longer courage to speak to her; yet wished to take measures for preventing Lady Westhaven's being suddenly alarmed by his appearance; and he feared, that not his appearance only, but his countenance, would tell her that he came not thither to impart tidings of happiness.

It

It was now quite dark; and the slow pace in which only Emmeline could walk had not yet carried them thro' the wood. The agitation of Emmeline encreased. She wished yet dreaded to know the particulars of Delamere's situation; and unable to summons courage to enquire into it, she proceeded mournfully along, almost borne by Godolphin and Madelon; who understanding nothing of what had been said, and not knowing who the gentleman was who had thus frightened her mistress, was herself almost as much in dismay.

After a long pause, Emmeline, in faltering accents, asked "if the situation of Lord Delamere was absolutely desperate?"

"I hope and believe not," said Godolphin. "When I left him, at least, there were hopes of a favourable issue."

"Ah! wherefore did you leave him? Why not stay at least to see the event?"

"Because he so earnestly desired that his sister might know of his situation, and that I only might acquaint her with it and press her to go to him."

"She

“She will need no entreaties. Poor, poor Delamere!”—sighing deeply, Emeline again became silent.

They were to mount a small hill, which was between the wood they had left and the grounds immediately surrounding St. Alpin, which was extremely steep and rugged. Before she reached the top, she was quite exhausted.

“I believe,” said she, “I must again rest before I can proceed.”

She sat down on a bank formed by the roots of the trees which sustained the earth, on the edge of the narrow path.

Godolphin, excessively alarmed at her weakness and dejection, which he still attributed to the anguish she felt for Delamere, sat by her, hardly daring to breathe himself, while he listened to her short respiration, and fancied he heard the violent palpitation of her heart.

“And how long do you think,” said she, again recurring to Delamere—“how long may he linger before the event will be known?”

“I really hope, and I think I am not
“ too

“too sanguine, that the fever will have left him before we see him again.”

“The fever!” repeated Emmeline—“has he a fever then?”

“Yes,” replied Godolphin—“I thought I told you that a fever was his complaint.

“But had you not better, my dear Madam, think a little of yourself? Ill as you appear to be, I see not how you are to get

“home unless you will suffer me to go on and procure some kind of conveyance

“for you.”

“I shall do very well,” answered she, as I am, if you will only tell me about

“Lord Delamere. He has only a fever?”

“And is it not enough,” said Godolphin. “Tho’, were I Lord Delamere, I

“should think an illness that called forth in my favour the charming sensibility of

“Miss Mowbray, the happiest event of my life.”

Having said this, he fell into a profound silence. The certainty of her affection for Delamere deprived him of all spirits when he most wanted to exert them. Yet it was

necessary to take some measures for intro-

ducing

ducing himself at St. Alpin without alarming Lady Westhaven, and to consider how he was to account to his brother for Delamere's estrangement from Emmeline; and while he canvassed these and many other perplexities, Emmeline, who was relieved from the most distressing of her apprehensions, and dared not for the world reveal what those apprehensions had been, in some degree recovered herself; and growing anxious for Lady Westhaven, said she believed she could now walk home.

As she was about to arise with an intention to attempt it, they heard the sound of approaching voices, and almost immediately lights appeared above the hill, while "Mademoiselle! — Miss Mowbray! — Madelon! — Madelon!" — was frequently and loudly repeated by the persons who carried them.

"The Baron and Lord Westhaven," said Emmeline, "alarmed at my being out so late, have sent persons in search of me."

Her conjecture was right. In a moment the Chevalier, with a flambeau in his hand, was before them; who, when he found

Emmeline

Emmeline sitting in such a place, supported by a young man whom he had never before seen, was at once amazed and displeas'd. There was no time for explanation. Lord Westhaven immediately followed him; and after stopping a moment to consider whether the figure of Godolphin which rose before him was not an illusion, he flew eagerly into his arms.

The manly eyes of both the brothers were filled with tears. Lord Westhaven had not seen Godolphin for four years; and, since their last parting, they had lost their father. After a short pause, his Lordship introduced Godolphin to Bellozane; and then taking the cold and trembling hand of Emmeline, who leaned languidly on Madelon, he said—

“And you, my lovely cousin, for whose safety we have been above an hour in the cruellest alarm, where did you find William, and by what extraordinary chance are ye here together?”

Emmeline with great difficulty found voice enough to explain their accidental meeting. And Bellozane observing her
apparent

apparent faintness, said—"you seem, Mademoiselle, to be extremely fatigued. Pray allow me the honour of giving you my arm." "If you please," said she, in a low voice. And supposing that Godolphin would be glad to have some conversation with his brother, she accepted his assistance and proceeded.

This preference, however, of Bellozane, Godolphin imputed to her coldness or dislike towards himself; and so struck was he with the cruel idea, that it was not without an effort he recollected himself enough to relate to his brother, as they walked, all that it was necessary for him to know. Lord Welthaven, anxious for a life so precious to his wife and her family as was that of Lord Delamere, determined immediately to go to him. At present it was necessary to reveal as tenderly as possible his situation to his sister, Lady Welthaven; and first to dissipate the uneasiness she had suffered from the long absence of Emmeline.

CHAP.

CHAPTER IV.

LORD Westhaven first entered the room where his wife was, whose alarming apprehensions at Emmeline's long stay were by this time extreme.

"Our Emmeline is returned, my love," said he, "and has met with no accident."

Lady Westhaven eagerly embracing her, reproached her tenderly for her long absence. But then observing how pale she looked, and the fatigue and oppression she seemed to suffer, her Ladyship said—

"Surely you have been frightened—or you are ill? You look so faint."

"She is a little surpris'd," interrupted Lord Westhaven, seeing her still unable to answer for herself. "She has brought us a visitor whom we did not expect. My brother Godolphin landed just as she was returning home."

At this intelligence Lady Westhaven could express only pleasure. She had never
seen

seen Godolphin, who was now introduced, and received with every token of regard by her Ladyship, as well as by the Baron and Mrs. St. Alpin; who beheld with pleasure another son of their sister, and beheld him an honour to their family.

Bellozane, however, saw his arrival with less satisfaction. He remembered that Emmeline had been, as she had told him, well acquainted with Godolphin in England; and recollected that whenever he had been spoken of, she had always done justice to his merit, yet rather evaded than sought the conversation. Her extraordinary agitation on his arrival, which was such as disabled her from walking home, seemed much greater than could have been created by the sight of a mere acquaintance; his figure was so uncommonly handsome, his countenance so interesting, and his address such a fortunate mixture of dignity and softness, that Bellozane, vain as he was, could not but acknowledge his personal merit; and began to fear that the coldness and insensibility of Emmeline, which he had, till now, supposed perseverance would vanquish,

vanquish, were less occasioned by her affected blindness to his own perfections, than by her prepossession in favour of another.

Whatever internal displeasure this idea of rivalry gave the Chevalier, he overwhelmed Godolphin with professions of regard and esteem, not the less warm for being wholly insincere.

But Godolphin, who saw, in the encreasing dejection of Emmeline, only a confirmation of her attachment to Delamere, drooped in hopeless despondence. Emmeline, unable to support herself, retired early to her room; and Godolphin, complaining of fatigue, was conducted to his by Bellozane; while Lord Westhaven meditated how to disclose to his wife, without too much distressing her, the illness of her brother. He thought, that as she had suffered a good deal of vexation in the course of the day, as well as terror at Emmeline's absence at so late an hour in the evening, he would defer till the next morning this unwelcome intelligence. As soon, however, as she was retired, he communicated to his uncle and aunt the situation of Lord Delamere, and the necessity there

there was for their quitting St. Alpin the next day, to attend him; an account which they both heard with sincere regret. Mrs. St. Alpin heartily wished Lord Delamere was with *her*, being persuaded she could immediately cure him with remedies of her own preparing; while the Baron expressed his vexation and regret to find the visit of his nephews so much shortened.

Lord Westhaven went to his own apartment in great uneasiness. He heard from his brother, that Lord Delamere, repenting of his renunciation of Emmeline, was coming to St. Alpin, when illness stopped him at Besançon. He knew not how to act about her; who, heiress to a large fortune, was of so much more consequence than she had been hitherto supposed. He had a long contention in view with Lord Montreville; and was now likely to be embarrassed with the passion of Delamere, if he recovered, (who would certainly expect his influence over Emmeline to be exerted to obtain his pardon); or if the event of his illness should prove fatal, he dreaded the

anguish

anguish of Lady Westhaven and the despair of the whole family.

He was besides hurt at that melancholy and unhappy appearance, so unlike his former manners, which he had observed in Godolphin; and for which, ignorant of his passion for Emmeline, he knew not how to account. His short conversation with him had cleared up no part of the mystery which he could not but perceive hung about the affairs of Lady Adelina; and he only knew enough to discover that something remained which it would probably pain him to know thoroughly.

The pillow of Emmeline also was strewn with thorns. For tho' the sharpest of them was removed, by having heard that Delamere was ill without having suffered from the event of any dispute in which he might on her account have engaged, she was extremely unhappy that he had, in pursuit of her, come to France, which she now concluded must be the case, and sorry for the disquiet which she foresaw must arise from his indisposition and his love.

She was sure that Lady Westhaven would immediately

immediately fly to her brother. And in that event how was she herself to act? Could she suffer her generous, her tender friend, to whom she was so much obliged, to encounter alone all the fatigue and anxiety to which the sickness and danger of this beloved brother would probably expose her? Yet could she submit to the appearance of seeking a man who had so lately renounced her for ever, with coldness, contempt, and insult? If she went not with Lady Westhayen, she had no choice but that of travelling across France alone, to rejoin Mrs. Stafford; since she could not remain with propriety a moment at St. Alpin, with the Chevalier de Bellozane; whose addresses she never meant to encourage, and whose importunate passion persecuted and distressed her. Godolphin too!—whither would Godolphin go? Could she go where he was, and conceal her partiality? or could she, by accompanying him to Besançon, plunge another dagger in the heart of Delamere, and shew him, not only that he had lost that portion of her regard he

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had once possessed, but that all her love was now given to another.

That she was most partial to Godolphin, she could no longer attempt to conceal from herself. The moment her fears that he had met Delamere hostilely were removed, all her tenderness for him returned with new force. She again saw all the merit, all the nobleness of his character; but she still tormented herself with uneasy conjectures as to the cause of his journey to Switzerland; and wearied herself with considering how she ought to act, 'till towards morning, when falling, thro' mere fatigue and lassitude, into a short slumber, she saw multiplied and exaggerated, in dreams, the dreadful images which had disturbed her waking; and starting up in terror, determined no more to attempt to sleep. It was now day break; and wrapping herself in her muslin morning gown and cloak, she went down into the garden of Mrs. St. Alpin, where, seated on a bench, under a row of tall walnut trees which divided it from the vineyard, she leaned her head against one of them; and lost in reflections on the
strangeness

strangeness of her fate, and the pain of her situation, she neither saw or heard any thing around her.

Godolphin, in the anxiety she had expressed for Delamere, believed he saw a confirmation of his fears; which had always been that the early impresson he had made on her heart would be immoveable, and that neither his having renounced her or his rash and heedless temper would prevent her continuing to love him. Wretched in this idea, he concluded all hopes of obtaining her regard for ever at an end; while every hour's experience of his own feelings, whether he thought of or saw her, convinced him that his love, however desperate, was incurable. Accustomed to fatigue, all that he had endured the day before could not restore to him that repose which was driven away by these reflections. Almost as soon as he saw it was light, he left his room, and with less interest than he would once have taken in such a survey, wandered over the antique apartments of the paternal house of his mother. He then went down into the garden; and musing rather than

observing, passed along the strait walk that went between the walnut trees into the vineyard. At the end of it he turned, and, in coming again towards the house, saw Emmeline sitting on the bench beneath them, who had not seen him the first time he passed her, but who now appeared surprised at his approach.

She had not, however, time to rise before he went up to her, and bowing gravely, enquired how she did after the alarm he had been so unfortunate as to give her the evening before?

“ I fear,” said he, seating himself by her, “ that Miss Mowbray is yet indisposed from her late walk and my inconsiderate address to her. I know not how to forgive myself for my indiscretion, since it has distressed you.”

“ Such intelligence as I had the misfortune of hearing, Sir, of the brother of Lady Westhaven—a brother so dear to her—could hardly fail of affecting me. I should have been concerned had a stranger been so circumstanced; but when—”

“ Ah!

“ Ah! Madam,” interrupted Godolphin,
 “ you need not repeat all the claims which
 “ give the fortunate Delamere a right to
 “ your favour. But do not suffer yourself,
 “ on his account, to be so extremely alarmed.
 “ I hope the danger is by no means so
 “ great as to make his recovery hopeless.
 “ Since of those we love, the most minute
 “ account is not tedious, and since it may,
 “ perhaps, alleviate your apprehensions
 “ for his safety, will you allow me to re-
 “ late all I know of his illness? It will en-
 “ gage me, perhaps, in a detail of our first
 “ acquaintance, and carry me back to cir-
 “ cumstances which I would wish to for-
 “ get, if your gratification was not in my
 “ mind a consideration superior to every
 “ other.”

Emmeline, trembling, yet wishing to
 hear all, could not refuse. She bowed in
 silence; and Godolphin considering that as
 an assent, reassumed his discourse.

“ Soon after I had the happiness of see-
 ing you last, my wish to embrace Lady
 Clancarryl and her family (from whose house

I had been long obliged to absent myself because Mr. Fitz-Edward was with them) carried me to Ireland; and to my astonishment I there met Lord Delamere.

“The relationship between their families, made my sister anxiously invite him to Lough Carryl. Thither reluctantly he came; and an accident informed him that I had the good fortune, by means of Lady Adelina Trelawny, to be known to you.

“He did me the honour to shew me particular attention; and the morning after he found I had the happiness of being acquainted with Miss Mowbray, he took occasion, when we were alone, to ask me, abruptly, whether I knew Colonel Fitz-Edward? I answered that I certainly did, by the connection in our families; and that he was *once* my most intimate friend.

“He then unreservedly, and with vehemence said, that Fitz-Edward was a villain! Astonished and hurt at an assertion which (how true soever it might be) I thought alluded to that unhappy affair which I hoped was a secret, I eagerly asked an explanation.

explanation. But judge, Miss Mowbray, of the astonishment, the pain, with which I heard him impute to you the error of my unfortunate Adeline—when I saw him take out three anonymous letters, one of which I found had hastened his return from France, purporting that Fitz-Edward had availed himself of his absence to win your affections, that he had taken, of those affections, the most ungenerous advantage, and that on going to a place named (which I remembered to be the house where my little William was nursed,) he might himself see an unequivocal proof of your fatal attachment and Fitz-Edward's perfidy.

“When I had read these odious letters, and listened to several circumstances he related, which confirmed in his apprehension the truth of the assertions they contained, he went on to inform me, that following this cruel information, he had seen you with the infant in your arms; had bitterly reproached you, and then had quitted you for ever!—But as he could not rest without trying to punish the infamous conduct of Fitz-Edward, he had pursued him to Ire-

E 4

land,

land, where, instead of finding him, he heard that he was gone to France, undoubtedly to meet you, by your own appointment; but as Lord Clancarryl still expected him back, he determined to wait a little longer, in hopes of an opportunity of discussing with him the subjects of complaint he had related.

“ Tho’ I immediately saw what I ought to do, astonishment for a moment kept me silent, and in that moment we were interrupted.

“ This delay, however unwelcome, gave me time for reflection. Lord Delamere was to go the same day from Lough Carryl to Dublin. I resolved to follow him thither, and relate the whole truth; since I would by no means suffer your generous and exalted friendship for my sister to stain the lovely purity of a character which only the malice of fiends could delight in blasting, only the blind and infatuated rashness of jealousy a moment believe capable of blemish! Many reasons induced me, however, to delay this necessary explanation ’till I saw him at his own lodgings. Thither

ther I followed him, two days after he departed from Lough Carryl. But on enquiring for him, was surpris'd and mortified to find that he had received letters from England which had induced him immediately to return thither, and that he had fail'd in the packet for Holyhead the day after his arrival at Dublin."

Emmeline, astonish'd at the malice which appeared to have been exerted against her, remained silent; but in such tremor, that it was with difficulty she continued to hear him.

"I now, therefore, relinquish'd all thoughts of returning to the house of my sister, and follow'd him by the first conveyance that offer'd, greatly apprehending, that if the letters he had received gave him notice of Fitz-Edward's return to London, my interposition would be too late to prevent their meeting. I knew the hasty and inconsiderate Delamere would, without an explanation, so conduct himself towards Fitz-Edward, that neither his spirit or his profession would permit him to bear; and that if they met, the consequence must, to one of

them, be fatal. I was impatient too to reflect on your name, Madam, from the unmerited aspersions which it bore. But when I arrived in London, and hastened to Berkley-square, I heard that Lord and Lady Montreville, together with Lady Frances Crofts, her husband, and Lord Delamere, had gone all together to Audley Hall, immediately after his return from Ireland. Thither, therefore, I went also."

"Generous, considerate Godolphin!" sighed Emmeline to herself.

"Tho' related, by my brother's marriage, to the family of the Marquis of Montreville, I was a stranger to every member of it but Lord Delamere. He was gone to dine out; and in the rest of the family I observed an air of happiness and triumph, which Lord Montreville informed me was occasioned by the marriage which was intended soon to take place between his son and Miss Otley; whose immense fortune, and near relationship to his mother's family, had made such a marriage particularly desirable. I was glad to hear he was likely to be happy; but it was not therefore the less

less necessary to clear up the evil into which he had fallen. On his coming home, he appeared pleased and surpris'd to see me; but I saw in his looks none of that satisfaction which was so evident in those of the rest of the house.

“As soon as we were alone, he said to me—‘ You see me, Mr. Godolphin, at length taken in the toils. Immediately after leaving Lough Carryl, I received a letter from a person in London, whom I had employed for that purpose, which inform'd me that he heard, at the office of the agent to Fitz-Edward’s regiment, that he was certainly to be in town in a few days. He nam’d, indeed, the exact time; and I, who imagin’d that pains had been taken to keep us from meeting, determin’d to return to England instantly, that he might not again avoid me. On reaching London, however, I found that the intelligence I had received was wholly unfounded, and originated in the mistake of a clerk in the agent’s office. None knew where Fitz-Edward was, or when he would return; and though I

'wrote to enquire at Rouen, where I ima-
 'gined the residence of Miss Mowbray
 'might induce him to remain, I have yet
 'had no answer. The entreaties and tears
 'of my mother prevailed on me to come
 'down hither; and reckless of what be-
 'comes of me, since Emmeline is undoubt-
 'edly lost to me for ever, I have yielded
 'to the remonstrance of my father and the
 'prayers of my mother, and have consented
 'to marry a woman whom I cannot love.
 'Let not Fitz-Edward, however, imagine,
 (vehemently and fiercely he spoke) 'that
 'he is with impunity to escape; and that
 'tho' my vengeance may be delayed, I
 'can *forgive* the man who has basely robbed
 'me of her whom I *could* love—whom I *did*
 'love—even to madness!

"I own to you, Madam, that when I
 found this unfortunate young man had put
 into his father's hands the promise you had
 given him, and that it was returned to you,
 I felt at once pity for him, and—hope
 for myself, which, 'till then, I had never
 dared to indulge."

Godolphin had never been thus explicit
 before.

before. Pale as death, and deprived of the power as well as of the inclination to interrupt him, Emmeline awaited, in breathless silence, the close of this extraordinary narrative.

“It was now,” reassumed he, “my turn to speak. And trusting to his honour for his silence about my unhappy sister, I revealed to him the whole truth. I at once cleared your character from unjust blame, and, I hope, did justice to those exalted virtues to which I owe so much. I will not shock your gentle and generous bosom with a relation of the wild phrenzy, the agonies of regret and repentance, into which this relation threw Lord Delamere; and concerned at the confusion his reproaches and his anguish had occasioned to the whole family, I lamented that I could not explain to *them* what I had said to *him*, which had produced so sudden a change in his sentiments about you. To such women as the Marchioness of Montreville and her daughter, I could not relate the unhappiness of my poor Adeline; and Delamere steadily refused to tell them how he became convinced of your innocence,

nocence, and the wicked arts which had been used to mislead him; which he openly imputed to the family of the Crofts', against whom his fiery and vindictive spirit turned all the rage it had till now cherished against Fitz-Edward.

“ The Marquis, tho' extremely hurt, had yet candour enough to own, that if I was convinced that the causes of complaint which his son had against you were ill founded, I had done well in removing them. Yet I saw that he wished I had been less anxious for the vindication of innocence; and he beheld, with an uneasy and suspicious eye, what he thought officious interference in the affairs of his family. I observed, too, that he believed when the influence that he supposed I had over the mind of Lord Delamere was removed, he should be able to bring him back to his engagements with Miss Otley, which had, I found, been hurried on with the utmost precipitation. The ladies, who had at first overwhelmed me with civilities, now appeared so angry, that notwithstanding Lord Delamere's entreaties that I would stay with him till he could determine

termine how to act, I immediately returned to London; and from thence, after passing a week with Adelina, whom I had only seen for a few hours since my return from Ireland, I set out for St. Alpin."

"But Lord Delamere, Sir?" said Emmeline, inarticulately.

"Alas! Madam!" dejectedly continued Godolphin, "I mean not to entertain you on what relates to myself; but to hasten to that which I farther have to say of the fortunate Delamere! I waited a few days at Southampton for a wind; and then landing at Havre, proceeded to St. Germain, where Mrs. Stafford's last letters had informed Adelina she was settled. I knew, too, that you were gone with my brother and Lady Westhaven to St. Alpin. Mrs. Stafford had only the day before forwarded to you Lord Montreville's letter, which, by one from his Lordship to herself, she knew contained the promise you had given Lord Delamere. She said, that this renunciation would give you no pain. She made me hope that your heart was not irrevocably his. Ah! why did I suffer such illusions to lead me on to this conviction!"

conviction! But pray forgive me, lovely Miss Mowbray! I am still talking of myself. From St. Germain's I made as much haste as possible to Besançon. I rode post; and, just as I got off my horse at the hotel, was accosted by a French servant, whom I knew belonged to Lord Delamere.

“The man expressed great joy at seeing me, and besought me to go with him to his master, who, he said, had, thro' fatigue and the heat of the weather, been seized with a fever, and was unable to proceed to St. Alpin, whither he was going.

“I was extremely concerned at his journey; and, I hope, not so selfish as to be unmoved by his illness. I found, indeed, his fever very high, but greatly irritated and increased by his impatience. As soon as he saw me, he told me that he was hurrying to St. Alpin, in hopes of obtaining your pardon; that he had broke with Miss Otley, and never would return to England till he carried you thither as his wife.

‘I am now well enough to go on, indeed Godolphin,’ added he, ‘and if I can but see her! —’

“I was

“ I was by no means of opinion that he was in a condition to travel. His fever increased; after I left him in the evening, he grew delirious; and Millefleur, terrified, came to call me to him. I sat up with him for the rest of the night; and being accustomed to attend invariably to the illness of men on ship board, I thought I might venture, from my experience, to direct a change in the method which the physician he had sent for pursued. In a few hours he grew better, and the delirium left him; but he was then convinced that he was too weak to proceed on his journey.

“ He knew I was coming hither, and he entreated me to hasten my departure. ‘ Go, my good friend,’ said he—‘ send Augusta to me. She will bring with her the generous, the forgiving angel, whom my rash folly has dared to injure! She will behold my penitence; and, if her pardon can be obtained, it will restore me to life; but if I cannot see them—if I linger many days longer in suspense, my illness must be fatal.’

“ As I really did not think him in great danger,

danger, and saw every proper care was now taken of him, I determined to come on; not only because I wished to save Lady Westhaven the pain of hearing of his illness by any other means, but because—”

He was proceeding, when a deep and convulsive sigh from Emmeline made him look in her face, from which he had hitherto kept his eyes, (unable to bear the varying expressions it had shewn of what he thought her concern for Delamere.) He now beheld her, quite pale, motionless, and to all appearance lifeless. Her sense of what she owed to the generosity of Godolphin; her concern for Delamere; and the dread of those contending passions which she foresaw would embitter her future life, added to the sleepless night and fatiguing day she had passed, had totally overcome her. Godolphin flew for assistance. The servants were by this time up, and ran to her. Among the first of them was Le Limosin, who expressed infinite anxiety and concern for her, and assiduously exerted himself in carrying her into the house; where she soon recovered, begged Godolphin's pardon for the

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the trouble she had given, and was going to her own room, led by Madelon, when Bellozane suddenly appeared, and offered his assistance, which Emmeline faintly declining, moved on.

Godolphin, who could not bear to leave her in such a state, walked slowly by her, tho' she had refused his arm. The expression of his countenance, while his eyes were eagerly fixed on her face, would have informed any one less interested than Bellozane, of what passed in his heart; and the Chevalier surveyed him with looks of angry observation, which did not escape Emmeline, ill as she was. On arriving, therefore, at the foot of the staircase, she besought, in English, Godolphin to leave her, which he instantly did. She then told the Chevalier that she would by no means trouble him to attend her farther; and he, satisfied that no preference was shewn to his cousin, at least in this instance, bowed, and returned with him into the room where they usually assembled in a morning, and where they found Lord Westhaven.

CHAP-

CHAPTER V.

HIS Lordship told them that Lady Westhaven had been less alarmed at the account he had given her of Delamere than he had apprehended; and that she was preparing to begin their journey towards him immediately after breakfast.

“ I must send,” continued he, “ Miss Mowbray to her; who is, I understand, already up and walking.”

Bellozane then informed his Lordship of what he knew of Emmeline. But Godolphin was silent: he dared not trust himself with speaking much of her; he dared not relate her illness, lest the cause of it should be enquired into. “ Does Miss Mowbray go with my sister?” asked he.

“ That I know not,” replied Lord Westhaven. “ Augusta will very reluctantly go without her. Yet her situation in regard to Lord Delamere is such”—

He

He ceased speaking; looked embarrassed; and, soon after, the Chevalier quitting the room, before whom civility would not allow them to converse long in English, and to whom his Lordship thought he had no right to reveal the real situation of Emmeline, while it yet remained unknown to others, he related to his brother the circumstances of the discovery that had been made of her birth, and of her consequent claim to the Mowbray estate.

Godolphin, who would, from the obscurest indigence, have chosen her in preference to all other women, heard this account with pleasure, only as supposing that independance might be grateful to her sensibility, and affluence favourable to the liberality of her spirit. But the satisfaction he derived from these reflections, was embittered and nearly destroyed, when he considered that her acquiring so large a fortune would make her alliance eagerly sought by the very persons who had before scorned and rejected her; and that all the family would unite in persuading her to forgive Delamere, the more especially as
this

this would be the only means to keep in it the Mowbray estate, and to preclude the necessity of refunding the income which had been received for so many years, and which now amounted to a great sum of money. When the pressing instances of all her own family, and particularly of Lady Westhaven, whom she so tenderly loved, were added to the affection he believed she had invariably felt for Delamere, he thought it impossible that her pride, however it might have been piqued by the desertion of her lover, could make any effort against a renewal of her engagement; and his own hopes, which he had never cherished till he was convinced Delamere had given her up, and which had been weakened by her apparent affection for him, were by this last event again so nearly annihilated, that, no longer conscious he retained any, he fancied himself condemned still to love, serve, and adore the object of his passion, without making any effort to secure it's success, or being permitted to appear otherwise than as her friend. He was vexed that he had been

unguard-

unguardedly explicit, in telling her that he had ever indulged those hopes at all; since he now feared it would be the means of depriving her conversation and her manner, when they were together, of that charming frankness, of which, tho' it rivetted his chains and increased his torments, he could not bear to be deprived. Melancholy and desponding, he continued long silent after Lord Westhaven ceased speaking. Suddenly, however, awakening from his reverie, he said—"Does your Lordship think Miss Mowbray *ought* to go to meet Lord Delamere?"

"Upon my word I know not how to advise. My wife is miserable without her, and fancies the sight of her will immediately restore Delamere. On the other hand, I believe Emmeline herself will with reluctance take a step that will, perhaps, appear like forcing herself into the notice of a man from whom she has received an affront which it is hardly in female nature to forgive."

They were now interrupted by Bellonzane, who flew about the house in evident uneasiness

uneasiness and confusion. He did not yet know how Emmeline was to be disposed of. He saw that Lord Westhaven was himself uncertain of it; and he had been applying for information to Le Limosin and Madelon, who had yet received no orders to prepare for her departure.

While Emmeline had created in the bosoms of others so much anxiety, she was herself tortured with the cruellest uncertainty. Unable to resolve how she ought to act, she had yet determined on nothing, when Lady Westhaven sent for her, who, as soon as she entered the room, said—
 “ My dear Emmeline, are you not preparing for our journey ?”

“ How can I, dearest Madam—how can I, with any propriety, go where Lord Delamere is ? After the separation which has now so decidedly and irrevocably taken place between us, shall I intrude again on his Lordship’s sight ? and solicit a return of that regard with which I most sincerely wish he had forborne to honour me ?”

“ You are piqued, my lovely friend ;
 “ and

“ and I own with great reason. But Mr.
 “ Godolphin has undoubtedly told you
 “ that poor Frederic is truly penitent ;
 “ that he has taken this journey merely to
 “ deprecate your just anger and to solicit his
 “ pardon. Will my Emmeline, generous
 “ and gentle as she is to others, be inex-
 “ orable only to him ? Besides, my sweet
 “ coz, pray consider a moment, what else
 “ can you do ? You certainly would not
 “ wish to stay here ? Surely you would not
 “ travel alone to St. Germain. And let
 “ me add my own hopes that you will not
 “ quit me now, when poor Frederic’s ill-
 “ ness, and my own precarious health,
 “ make your company not merely pleasant
 “ but necessary.”

“ That is indeed a consideration which
 “ must have great force with me. When
 “ Lady Westhaven commands, how shall
 “ I disobey, even tho’ to obey be directly
 “ contrary to my judgment and my wishes.”

“ Commands ! my dear friend,” very
 gravely, and with an air of chagrin, said
 her Ladyship, “ are neither for me to give
 “ or for you to receive. Certainly if you

“ are so determined against going with me,
“ I must submit. But I did not indeed
“ think that Emmeline, however the bro-
“ ther may have offended her, would thus
“ have resented it to the sister.”

“ I should be a monster, Lady West-
“ haven,” (hardly was she able to restrain
her tears as she spoke,)—“ was I a moment
“ capable of forgetting all I owe you. But
“ do you really think I *ought* again to
“ put myself in the way of Lord Dela-
“ mere—again to renew all the family con-
“ tention which his very unfortunate par-
“ tiality for me has already occasioned;
“ and again to hazard being repulsed with
“ contempt by the Marquis, and still more
“ probably by the Marchioness of Montre-
“ ville. My lot has hitherto been humble.
“ I have learned to submit to it, if not
“ without regret, at least with calmness and
“ resignation; yet pardon me if I say, that
“ however unhappy my fortune, there is
“ still something due to myself; and if I
“ again make myself liable to the humilia-
“ tion of being *refused*, I shall feel that I
“ am degraded in mind, as much as I have
“ been

“ been in circumstances, and lost to that
 “ proper pride to which innocence and
 “ rectitude has in the lowest indigence a
 “ right, and which cannot be relinquished
 “ but with the loss of virtue.”

The spirit which Emmeline thought herself obliged to exert, was immediately lost in softness and in sorrow when she beheld Lady Westhaven in tears; who, sobbing, said—“ Go then, Miss Mowbray!—Go, my dear Emmeline! (for dear you must ever be to me) leave *me* to be unhappy, and poor Frederic to die.”

“ Hear me, my dear Madam!” answered she with quickness—“ If to *you* I can be of the least use, I will hesitate no longer, but let it then be understood that I go *with* you, and by no means *to* Lord Delamere.”

“ It shall be so understood—be assured, my love, it shall! You will not, then, leave me?—You will see my poor brother?”

“ My best, my dearest friend,” replied Emmeline, collecting all her fortitude, “ hear me without resentment explain to

“ you at once the real situation of my heart
 “ in regard to Lord Delamere. I feel for
 “ him the truest concern; I feel it for him
 “ even to a painful excess; and I have an
 “ affection for him, a sisterly affection for
 “ him, which I really believe is little in-
 “ ferior to your own. But I will not de-
 “ ceive you; nor, since I am to meet him,
 “ will I suffer him to entertain hopes that
 “ it is impossible for me to fulfil. To be
 “ considered as the friend, as the sister of
 “ Lord Delamere, is one of the first wishes
 “ my heart now forms—against ever being
 “ his wife, I am resolutely determined.”

“ Impossible!—Surely you cannot have
 “ made such a resolution?”

“ I have indeed!—Nor will any confi-
 “ deration on earth induce me from that
 “ determination to recede.”

“ And is it anger and resentment only
 “ have raised in your heart this decided en-
 “ mity to my poor brother? Or is it, that
 “ any other——”

Emmeline, whose colourless cheeks were
 suffused with a deep blush at this speech,
 hastily interrupted it.

“ Whatever, dear Lady Westhaven, are
 “ my

“ my motives for the decision, it is irrevocable; as Lord Delamere’s sister, I shall be honoured, if I am allowed to consider myself.—As such, if my going with you to Besançon will give you a day’s— an hour’s satisfaction, I go.”

“ Get ready then, my love. But indeed, cruel girl, if such is your resolution it were better to leave you here, than take you only to shew Lord Delamere all he has lost, while you deprive him of all hopes of regaining you. But I will yet flatter myself you do not mean all this.—‘ At lovers perjuries they say Jove laughs.’—And those of my fair cousin will be forgiven, should she break her angry vow and receive her poor penitent. Come, let us hasten to begin our journey to him; for tho’ that dear Godolphin, whom I shall love as long as I live,” (ah, thought Emmeline, and so shall I) “ assures me he does not think him in any danger, my heart will sadly ache till I see him myself.”

Emmeline then left her to put up her cloaths and prepare for a journey to which

she was determined solely by the pressing instances of Lady Westhaven. To herself she foresaw only uneasiness and embarrassment; and even found a degree of cruelty in permitting Lord Delamere to feed, by her consenting to attend him, those hopes to which she now could never accede, unless by condemning herself to the most wretched of all lots—that of marrying one man while her love was another's. The late narrative which she had heard from Godolphin, increased her affection for him, and took from her every wish to oppose its progress; and tho' she was thus compelled to see Delamere, she determined not to deceive him, but to tell him ingenuously that he had lost all that tenderness which her friendship and long acquaintance with him would have induced her to cherish, had not his own conduct destroyed it.

But it was hardly less necessary to own to him part of the truth, than to conceal the rest. Should he suspect that Godolphin was his rival, and a rival fondly favoured, she knew that his pride, his jealousy, his resentment, would hurry him into excesses
more

more dreadful than any that had yet followed his impetuous love or his unbridled passions.

The apprehensions that he must, if they were long together, discover it, were more severely distressing than any she had yet felt; and she resolved, both now and when they reached Besançon, to keep the strictest guard on her words and looks; and to prevent if possible her real sentiments being known to Delamere, to Lady Westhaven, and to Godolphin himself.

So painful and so difficult appeared the dissimulation necessary for that end; and so contrary did she feel it to her nature, that she was withheld only by her love to Lady Westhaven from flying to England with Mrs. Stafford; and should she be restored to her estate, she thought that the only chance she had of tranquillity would be to hide herself from Delamere, whom she at once pitied and dreaded, and from Godolphin, whom she tenderly loved, in the silence and seclusion of Mowbray Castle.

Her embarrassment and uneasiness were encreased, when, on her joining Lord and

Lady Westhaven, whose carriages and baggage were now ready, she found that the Chevalier de Bellozane had insisted on escorting them; an offer which they had no pretence to refuse. On her taking leave of the Baron, he very warmly and openly recommended his son to her favour; and Mrs. St. Alpin, who was very fond of her, repeated her wishes that she would listen to her nephew; and both with unfeigned concern saw their English visitors depart. Captain Godolphin had a place in his brother's chaise; Madelon occupied that which on the former journey was filled by Bellozane in the coach, the Chevalier now proceeding on horse back.

During the journey, Emmeline was low and dejected; from which she was sometimes roused by impatient enquiries and fearful apprehensions which darted into her mind, of what was to happen at the end of it. Every thing he observed, confirmed Godolphin in his persuasion that her heart was wholly Delamere's. Her behaviour to himself was civil, but even studiously distant; while the unreserved and ardent addresses of

of

of Bellozane, who made no mystery of his pretensions, she repulsed with yet more coldness and severity. And tho' towards Lord and Lady Westhaven the sweetness of her manners was yet preserved, she seemed overwhelmed with sadness, and her vivacity was quite lost.

As soon as they reached Besançon, Lord Westhaven directed the carriages to stop at another hotel, while he went with his brother to that where Lord Delamere was. At the door, they met Millefleur; who, overjoyed to see them, related that since Mr. Godolphin left his master the violence of his impatience had occasioned a severe relapse, in which, according to the orders Mr. Godolphin had given, the surgeons had bled and blistered him; that he was now again better, but very weak; yet so extremely ungovernable and self-willed, that the French people who attended him could do nothing with him, and that his English footmen, and Millefleur himself, were forced to be constantly in his room to prevent his leaving it or committing some other excess that might again irritate the

fever) and bring on alarming symptoms. They hastened to him, and found not only that his fever still hung on him, tho' with less violence, but that he was also extremely emaciated; and that only his youth had supported him thro' so severe an illness, or would now enable him to struggle with it's effects.

The moment they entered the room, he enquired after his sister and Emmeline; and hearing the latter was actually come, he protested he would instantly go to her.

Lord Westhaven and Godolphin resolutely opposed so indiscreet a plan. The former, by his undeviating rectitude of mind and excellent sense, had acquired a greater ascendant over Delamere than any of his family had before possessed; and to the latter he thought himself so much obliged, that he could not refuse to attend to him. He consented therefore at length to remain where he was; and Lord Westhaven hastened back to his wife, whom he led immediately to her brother.

She embraced him with many tears; and was at first greatly shocked at his altered countenance

countenance and reduced figure. But as Lord Westhaven and Godolphin both assured her there was no longer any danger if he would consent to be governed, she was soothed into hope of his speedy recovery and soon became tolerably composed.

As Lord Westhaven and Godolphin soon left them alone, he began to talk to his sister of Emmeline. He told her, that when he had been undeceived by Mr. Godolphin, and the scandalous artifices discovered which had raised in his mind such injurious suspicions, he had declared to Lord and Lady Montreville his resolution to proceed no farther in the treaty which they had hurried on with Miss Otley, and had solicited their consent to his renewing and fulfilling that which he had before entered into with Miss Mowbray; but that his mother, with more anger and acrimony than ever, had strongly opposed his wishes; and that his father had forbidden him, on pain of his everlasting displeasure, ever again to think of Emmeline.

After having for some time, he said, combated their inveterate prejudice, he had left them abruptly, and set out with his

three servants for St. Alpin (where Godolphin informed him Emmeline was to be;) when a fever, owing to heat and fatigue, seized and confined him where he now was.

“ Ah, tell me, my sister, what hopes
“ are there that Emmeline will pardon me?
“ May I dare enquire whether she is yet
“ to be moved in my favour?”

Lady Westhaven, who during their journey could perceive no symptoms of her resolution being likely to give way, dared not feed him with false hopes; yet unwilling to depress him by saying all she feared, she told him that Emmeline was greatly and with justice offended; but that all he could at present do, was to take care of his health. She entreated him to consider the consequence of another relapse, which might be brought on by his eagerness and emotion; and then conjuring him to keep all he knew of Lady Adelina a secret from Lord Westhaven (the necessity of which he already had heard from Godolphin) she left him and returned to Emmeline.

To avoid the importunity of Bellozane, and the melancholy looks of Godolphin,
which

which affected her with the tenderest sorrow, she had retired to a bed chamber, where she waited the return of Lady Westhaven with impatience.

Her solicitude for Delamere was very great; and her heart greatly lightened when she found that even his tender and apprehensive sister did not think him in any immediate danger, and believed that a few days would put him out of hazard even of a relapse.

She now again thought, that since Lady Westhaven had nothing to fear for his life, her presence would be less necessary; and her mind, the longer it thought of Mowbray Castle, adhering with more fondness to her plan of flying thither, she considered how she might obtain in a few days Lady Westhaven's consent to the preliminary measure of her quitting Besançon.

CHAP.

CHAPTER. VI.

WHILE the heiress of Mowbray Castle meditated how to escape thither from the embarrassed and uneasy situation in which she now was; and while she fancied that in retirement she might conceal, if she could not conquer, her affection for Godolphin, (tho in fact she only languished for an opportunity of thinking of him perpetually without observation), Lady Westhaven laid in wait for an occasion to try whether the ruined health and altered looks of her brother, would not move, in his favour, her tender and sensible friend.

While Delamere kept his chamber, Emmeline easily evaded an interview; but when, after three or four days, he was well enough to leave it, it was no longer possible for her to escape seeing him. However Godolphin thought himself obliged to bury in silence his unfortunate passion, he could

could not divest himself of that painful curiosity which urged him to observe the behaviour of Emmeline on their first meeting. Bellozane had discovered on what footing Lord Delamere had formerly been; and he dreaded a renewal of that preference she had given her lover, to which his proud heart could ill bear to submit, tho' he could himself make no progress in her favour. Tho' Lady Westhaven had entreated her to see Delamere alone, she had refused; assigning as a reason that as he could never again be to her any other than a friend, nothing could possibly pass which her other friends might not hear. Delamere was obliged therefore to brook the hard conditions of seeing her as an indifferent person or not seeing her at all. But tho' she was immoveably determined against receiving him again as a lover, she had not been able to steel her heart against his melancholy appearance; his palid countenance, his ematiated form, extremely affected her. And when he approached her, bowed with a dejected air, and offered to take her hand—her haughtiness, her resentment

ment forsook her—she trembling gave it, and expressed in incoherent words her satisfaction at seeing him better; and betrayed so much emotion, that Godolphin, who with a beating heart narrowly observed her, saw, as he believed, undoubted proof of her love, and symptoms of her approaching forgiveness.

Delamere, who, whenever he was near her, ceased to remember that any other being existed, would, notwithstanding the presence of so many witnesses, have implored her pardon and her pity; but the moment he began to speak on that subject, she told him, with as much resolution as she could command, that the subject was to her so very disagreeable, as would oblige her to withdraw if he persisted in introducing it.

While his looks expressed how greatly he was hurt by her coldness, those of Godolphin testified equal dejection. For however she might repress the hopes of his rival by words of refusal and resentment, he thought her countenance gave more unequivocal intelligence of the real state of
her

her heart. Bellozane, as proud, as little used to controul and disappointment, and with more personal vanity than Lord Delamere, beheld with anger and mortification the pity and regard which Emmeline shewed for her cousin; and ceasing to be jealous of Godolphin, he saw every thing to apprehend from the rank, the fortune, the figure of Delamere—from family connection, which would engage her to listen to him—from ambition, which his title would gratify—from her tenderness to Lady Westhaven, and from the return of that which she had, as he supposed, once felt for Lord Delamere himself.

But the more invincible the obstacles which he saw rising, appeared, the more satisfaction he thought there would be in conquering them. And to yield up his pretensions, on the first appearance of a formidable rival, was contrary to his enterprising spirit and his ideas of that glory which he equally coveted in the service of the fair and of the French King.

With these sentiments of each other, the restraint and mistrust of every party impeded
 general

general or chearful conversation. Godolphin soon left the room, to commune with his own uneasy thoughts in a solitary walk; Lord Westhaven would then have taken out Bellozane, in order to give Lord Delamere an opportunity of being alone with his sister and Emmeline. But he was determined not to understand hints on that subject; and when his Lordship asked him to take an afternoon's walk, found means to refuse it. Afraid of leaving two such combustible spirits together, Lord Westhaven, to the great relief of Emmeline, staid with them till Delamere retired for the night.

But the behaviour of Bellozane to Emmeline, which was very particular, as if he wished it to be noticed, had extremely alarmed Delamere; and whenever they afterwards met, they surveyed each other with such haughty reserve, and their conversation bordered so nearly on hostility and defiance, that Emmeline, who expected every hour to see their animosity blaze out in a challenge, could support her uneasiness about it no longer; and sending early to speak to Lord Westhaven on the beginning

ning of the second week of their stay, she represented to him her fears, and entreated him to prevail on the Chevalier to leave them and return to St. Alpin.

“ I have attempted it already,” said he ;
 “ but with so little success, that if I press it
 “ any farther I must quarrel with him my-
 “ self. I know perfectly well that your
 “ fears have too much foundation ; and
 “ that if we can neither separate or tran-
 “ quillise these unquiet spirits, we shall
 “ have some disagreeable affair happen be-
 “ tween them. I know nothing that can
 “ be done but your accepting at once your
 “ penitent cousin.”

“ No, my Lord,” answered she, with
 an air of chagrin, “ that I will not do !
 “ I most ardently wish Lord Delamere well,
 “ and would do any thing to make him
 “ happy—except sacrificing my own hap-
 “ piness, and acting in opposition to my
 “ conscience.”

“ Why, my dear Emmeline, how is
 “ this ? You had once, surely, an affection
 “ for Delamere ; and his offence against
 “ you, however great, admits of consider-
 “ able

“ able alleviation. Consider all the pains
“ that were taken to disunite you, and the
“ importunity he suffered from his family.
“ Surely, when you are convinced of his
“ repentance you should restore him to
“ your favour; and however you may be
“ superior to considerations of fortune and
“ rank, yet when they unite in a man other-
“ wise unexceptionable they should have
“ some weight.”

“ They have none with me, upon my
“ honour, my Lord. And since we have
“ got upon this topic, I will be very ex-
“ plicit—I am determined on no account
“ to marry Lord Delamere. But that I
“ may give no room to charge me with ca-
“ price or coquetry (since your Lordship
“ believes I once had so great a regard for
“ him), or with that unforgiving temper
“ which I see you are disposed to accuse me
“ of, it is my fixed intention, if I obtain,
“ by your Lordship’s generous interposi-
“ tion, the Mowbray estate, to retire to
“ Mowbray Castle, and never to marry at
“ all.”

Lord Westhaven, at the solemnity and
gravity

gravity with which she pronounced these words, began to laugh so immoderately, and to treat her resolution with ridicule so pointed, that he first made her almost angry, and then obliged her to laugh too. At length, however, she prevailed on him again to listen to her apprehensions about Delamere and Bellozane.

“ Do not, my Lord, rally me so cruelly ;
 “ but for Heaven’s sake, before it is too
 “ late, prevent any more meetings between
 “ these two rash and turbulent young men.
 “ Why should the Chevalier de Bellozane
 “ stay here ? ”

“ Because it is his pleasure. I do assure
 “ you seriously, my dear Miss Mowbray,
 “ that I have almost every day since we
 “ came hither attempted to send my fiery
 “ cousin back to St. Alpin. But my anx-
 “ iety has only piqued him ; and he de-
 “ termines more resolutely to stay because
 “ he sees my motive for wishing him gone.
 “ He is exactly the character which I have
 “ somewhere seen described by a French
 “ poet.—A young man who,
 “ ——— “ leger, impetueux,
 “ De soi meme rempli, jaloux, presomptueux,
 “ Bouillant

“ Bouillant dans ses passions ; cedant a ses caprices
 “ Pour un peu de valeur, se passoit de tous ses
 “ vices.”*

“ Yet, among all his faults, poor Bello-
 “ zane has some good qualities ; and I am
 “ really sorry for this strange perseverance
 “ in an hopeless pursuit, because it pre-
 “ vents my asking him to England. I
 “ give you my honour, Emmeline,” con-
 “ tinued his Lordship, in a more serious tone,
 “ that I have repeatedly represented to him
 “ the improbability of his success ; but he
 “ answers that you have never positively
 “ dismissed him by avowing your prefer-
 “ ence to another ; that he knows your en-
 “ gagement with Lord Delamere is dis-
 “ solved, and that he considers himself at
 “ liberty to pursue you till you have deci-
 “ dedly chosen, or even till you are actu-
 “ ally married. Nay, I doubt whether
 “ your being married would make any dif-
 “ ference in the attentions of this eccentric

* ——— Volatile—impetuous—

Full of himself—jealous—presumptuous—

Fiery in his passions ; yielding to every caprice ;

And who believes some courage an apology for all his
 vices.

“ and

“ and presuming Frenchman, for I do not
 “ consider Bellozane as a Swifs.”

“ Well, but my dear Lord, if the Che-
 “ valier will persist in staying, I must de-
 “ termine to go. I see not that my re-
 “ maining here will be attended with any
 “ good effects. It may possibly be the cause
 “ of infinite uneasiness to Lady Westhaven.
 “ Do, therefore, prevail upon her to let me
 “ go alone to St. Germain. When I am
 “ gone, Lord Delamere will think more
 “ of getting well than of forcing me into
 “ a new engagement. He will then soon
 “ be able to travel; and the Chevalier de
 “ Bellozane will return quietly to the Ba-
 “ ron.”

“ Why to speak ingenuously, Emme-
 “ line, it *does* appear to me that it were on
 “ every account more proper for you to be
 “ in England. Thither I wish you could
 “ hasten, before it will be possible for Lord
 “ Delamere, or indeed for my wife, who
 “ must travel slowly, to get there. I do
 “ not know whether your travelling with
 “ us will be strictly proper, on other ac-
 “ counts; but if it were, it would be ren-
 “ dered

“ dered uneasy to you by the company of
 “ these two mad headed boys; for Bello-
 “ zane I am sure intends, if you accompany
 “ us, to go also.”

“ What objection is there then to my
 “ setting out immediately for St. Ger-
 “ mains, with Le Limosin and Madelon,
 “ if Lady Westhaven would but consent
 “ to it?”

“ I can easily convince her of the neces-
 “ sity of it; but I foresee another objection
 “ that has escaped you.”

“ What is that, my Lord?”

“ That Bellozane will follow you.”

“ Surely he will not attempt it?”

“ Indeed I apprehend he will. I have
 “ no manner of influence over him; and
 “ he is here connected with a set of mili-
 “ tary men, who are the likeliest people in
 “ the world to encourage such an enter-
 “ prize—and if at last this Paris should
 “ carry off our fair Helen!”—

“ Nay, but my Lord do not ridicule
 “ my distress.”

“ Well then, I will most seriously and
 “ gravely counsel you: and my advice is,
 “ that

“ that you fet out as foon as you can get
 “ ready, and that my brother Godolphin
 “ efkort you.”

Emmeline was confcious that fhe too
 much wifhed fuch an efkort; yet fearing
 that her preference of him would engage
 Godolphin in a quarrel with Bellozane or
 Lord Delamere, perhaps with both, fhe
 answered, while the deepeft blufh dyed
 her cheeks—

“ No, my Lord, I cannot—I mean not
 “ —I fhould be forry to give Captain Go-
 “ dolphin the trouble of fuch a journey—
 “ and I beg you not to think of it.”

“ I fhall fpeak to him of it, however.”

“ I beg, my Lord—I entreat that you
 “ will not.”

“ Here he is—and we will difcufs the
 “ matter with him now.”

Godolphin at this moment entered the
 room; and Lord Wefthaven relating plainly
 all Emmeline’s fears, and her wifhes to
 put an end to them by quitting Befançon,
 added the propofal he had made, that Go-
 dolphin fhould take care of her till fhe
 joined Mrs. Stafford.

Tho' Godolphin saw in her apprehensions for the safety of Delamere, only a conviction of her tender regard for him, and considered his own attachment as every way desperate; yet he could not refuse himself, when it was thus offered him, the pleasure of being with her—the exquisite tho' painful delight of being useful to her. He therefore eagerly expressed the readiness, the happiness, with which he should undertake so precious a charge.

Emmeline, fearful of betraying her real sentiments, over acted the civil coldness with which she thought it necessary to refuse this offer. Godolphin, mortified and vexed at her manner as much as at her denial, ceased to press his services; and Lord Westhaven, who wondered what could be her objection, since of the honour and propriety of Godolphin's conduct he knew she could not doubt, seemed hurt at her rejection of his brother's friendly intention of waiting on her, and dropping the conversation, went away with Godolphin.

She saw that her conduct inevitably impressed on the mind of the latter a conviction

tion of her returning regard for Delamere; and she feared that to Lord Westhaven it might appear to be the effect of vanity and coquetry.

“Perhaps he will think me,” said she, “so vain as to suppose that Godolphin has also designs, and therefore decline his attendance; and coquet enough to wish for the pursuit of these men, whom I only affect to shun, and therefore prefer going alone to accepting the protection of his brother. Yet as *I* know the sentiments of Godolphin, which it appears Lord Westhaven does not, surely I had better suffer his ill opinion of me, than encourage Godolphin’s hopes; which, till Delamere can be diverted from prosecuting his unwelcome addresses, will inevitably involve him in a dispute, and such a dispute as I cannot bear to think of.”

Uncertain what to do, another day passed; and on the following she was, in the morning, while she waited for Lady Westhaven, addressed by Godolphin, who calmly and gravely enquired if she would honour him with any commands for England?

“ Are you going then, Sir, before my
“ Lord and Lady?”

“ I am going, Madam, immediately.”

“ By way of Paris?”

“ Yes, Madam, to Havre; whence I
“ shall get the quickest to Southampton,
“ and to the Isle of Wight. I am uneasy
“ at the entire solitude to which my ab-
“ sence condemns Adeline.”

“ You have heard no unfavourable news,
“ I hope, of Lady Adeline or your little
“ boy?”

“ None. But I am impatient to return
“ to them.”

“ As you are going immediately, Sir,”
said Emmeline (making an effort to con-
quer a pain she felt rising in her bosom)
“ I will not detain you by writing to Lady
“ Adeline. Perhaps—as it is possible—
“ as I hope”—

She stopped. Godolphin looked anxious
to hear what was possible, what she hoped.

“ As I shall so soon, so very soon be in
“ England, perhaps we may meet,” reas-
sumed she, speaking very quick—“ possi-
“ bly

“ bly I may have the happiness of seeing
 “ her Ladyship and dear little William.”

“ To meet *you*,” replied Godolphin,
 very solemnly, “ Adelina shall leave her
 “ solitude; for certainly a journey to see
 “ her in it will hardly be undertaken by
 “ Lady Delamere.”

He then in the same tone wished her
 health and happiness till he saw her again,
 and left her.

He was no sooner gone, than she felt dis-
 posed to follow him and apologize for her
 having so coldly refused his offers of pro-
 tection. Pride and timidity prevented her;
 but they could not stop her tears, which
 she was obliged to conceal by hurrying to
 her own room. Lady Westhaven soon af-
 ter sent for her to a late breakfast. She
 found Lord Delamere there; but heard
 that Godolphin was gone.

Soon after breakfast, Lady Westhaven
 and her brother, who could not yet obtain
 a clear intermission of the fever which hung
 about him, and who continued extremely
 weak, went out together for an airing;
 and Lord Westhaven, unaccountably grave,
 was

was left reading in the room with Emmeline.

He laid down his book. "So," said he, "William is flown away from us."

It was a topic on which Emmeline did not care to trust her voice.

"I wish you could have determined to have gone with him."

"I wish, my Lord, I could have reconciled it to my ideas of propriety; since certainly I should have been happy and safe in such an escort; and since, without any at all, I must, in a day or two, go."

"I believe it will be best. Lord Delamere is no better; and Bellozane has no thought of leaving us entirely, tho' his military friends take up so much of his time that he is luckily less with Delamere. Lord Delamere has again, Miss Mowbray, been imploring me to apply to you. He wishes you only to hear him. He complains that you fly from him, and will not give him an opportunity of entering on his justification."

"I am extremely concerned at Lord

Delamere's

“ Delamere’s unhappiness. But I must re-
 “ peat that I require of his Lordship no
 “ justification; that I most sincerely forgive
 “ him if he supposes he has injured me;
 “ but that as to any proposals such as he
 “ once honoured me with, I am absolutely
 “ resolved never to listen to them; and I
 “ entreat him to believe that any future
 “ application on the subject must be en-
 “ tirely fruitless.”

“ Poor young man!” said Lord West-
 haven. “ However you must consent to see
 “ him alone, and to tell him so yourself;
 “ for from me he will not believe you so
 “ very inflexible—so very cruel.”

“ I am inflexible, my Lord, but surely
 “ not cruel. The greatest cruelty of which
 “ I could be guilty, either to Lord Dela-
 “ mere or myself, would be to accept his
 “ offers, feeling as I feel, and thinking as
 “ I think.”

“ I do not know how we shall get him
 “ to England, or what will be done with
 “ him when he is there.”

“ He will do well, my Lord. Doubt
 “ it not.”

“ Upon my honour I *do* doubt it ! It is
“ to me astonishing that a young man so
“ volatile, so high-spirited as Delamere,
“ should be capable of an attachment at
“ once so violent and so steady.”

“ Steady !—Has your Lordship forgot-
“ ten Miss Otley ?”

“ His wavering was, you well know,
“ owing to some evil impressions he had
“ received of you ; which, tho’ he refuses
“ to tell me the particulars, he assures me
“ were conveyed and confirmed with so
“ much art, that a more dispassionate and
“ cooler lover would have believed them
“ without enquiry. How then can you
“ wonder at *his* petulant and eager spirit
“ seizing on probable circumstances, which
“ his jealousy and apprehension immedi-
“ ately converted into conviction. As
“ soon as he knew these suspicions were
“ groundless, did he not fly to implore
“ your pardon ; and hasten, even at the
“ hazard of his life, to find and appease
“ you ? Such is the present situation of his
“ mind and of his health, that I very se-
“ riously

“ riously assure you I doubt whether he
 “ will survive your total rejection.”

Emmeline, unable to answer this speech gravely, without betraying the very great concern it gave her, assumed a levity she did not feel.

“ Your Lordship,” said she, “ is dis-
 “ posed to think thus, from the warm and
 “ vehement manner in which Lord Dela-
 “ mere is accustomed to express himself.
 “ If he is really unhappy, I am very sorry ;
 “ but I am persuaded time, and the more
 “ fortunate alliance which he is solicited to
 “ form, will effect a cure. Don’t think
 “ me unfeeling if I answer your melancholy
 “ prophecy in the words of Rosalind—
 “ Men have died from time to time, and
 “ worms have eat them—but not for love.”

She then ran away, and losing all her forced spirits the moment she was alone, gave way to tears. She fancied they flowed entirely for the unhappiness of poor Delamere, and for her uncertain situation. But tho’ the former uneasiness deeply affected her sensible heart, many of the tears she shed were because Godolphin was gone,

and she knew not when she should again see him.

Godolphin, repining and wretched, pursued his way to Paris. He thought that Emmeline's coldness and reserve were meant to put an end to any hopes he might have entertained; and that her reconciliation and marriage with Lord Delamere must inevitably take place as soon as she had, by her dissimulated cruelty, punished him for his rashness and his errors. His daily observation confirmed him in this opinion. He saw, that in place of her candid and ingenuous manners, a studied conduct was adopted, which concealed her real sentiments—sentiments which he concluded to be all in favour of Delamere. And finding that he could not divest himself of his passion for her, he thought that it was a weakness, if not a crime, to indulge it in her presence, while it imposed on himself an insupportable torment; and that, by quitting her, he should at least conceal his hopeless attachment, and save himself the misery of seeing her actually married to Lord Delamere. He determined, therefore, to tear himself

himself away; and to punish himself for the premature expectations with which he had begun his journey to St. Alpin, by shutting himself up at East Cliff (his house in the Isle of Wight) and refusing himself the sight of her, of whom it would be sufficient misery to think, when she had given herself to her favoured and fortunate lover.

Full of these reflections, Godolphin pursued his road, intending to take the passage boat at Havre. But at the hotel he frequented at Paris, he met a gentleman of his acquaintance who was going the next day to England by way of Calais; and as he had his own post chaise, and only his valet with him, he told Godolphin that if he would take a place in his chaise he would send his servant post. This offer Godolphin accepted; and altering his original design, went with his friend to Calais to cross to England.

CHAPTER VII.

IT was now impossible for Emmeline to avoid a conversation with Lord Delamere, which his sister urged her so earnestly to allow him. Bellozane was, by the French officers, with whom he principally lived, engaged out for two days; and Lord and Lady Westhaven easily found an opportunity to leave Emmeline with Delamere.

He was no sooner alone in her presence, than he threw himself on his knees before her—"Will you," cried he, "ah! will you still refuse to hear and to forgive me? Have I offended beyond all hopes of pardon?"

"No, my Lord.—I do most readily and truly forgive every offence, whether real or imaginary, that you believe you have committed against me."

"You forgive me—But to what purpose!—Only to plunge me yet deeper
" into

“ into wretchedness. You forgive me—
 “ but you despise, you throw me from
 “ you for ever. Ah! rather continue to
 “ be angry, than distract me by a pardon
 “ so cold and careless!”

“ If your Lordship will be calm—if you
 “ will rise, and hear me with temper, I
 “ will be very explicit with you; but while
 “ you yield to these extravagant transports,
 “ I cannot explain all I wish you to under-
 “ stand, and must indeed beg to be re-
 “ leased from a conversation so painful to
 “ me, and to you so prejudicial.”

Delamere rose and took a chair.

“ I need not, Sir,” said Emmeline,
 collecting all her courage, “ recall to your
 “ memory the time so lately passed, when
 “ I engaged to become your’s, if at the ex-
 “ piration of a certain period Lord and
 “ Lady Montreville consented, and you
 “ still remained disposed to bestow on me
 “ the honour of your name.”

“ What am I to expect,” cried Dela-
 mere, eagerly interrupting her—“ Ah! what
 “ am I to expect from a preface so cold
 “ and cruel? You have indeed no occa-
 “ sion

“ fion to recall to my memory those days
 “ when I was allowed to look forward to
 “ that happiness, which now, thro’ the
 “ villainy of others, and my own madness
 “ and idiotism, I have lost. But, Madam,
 “ it must not, it cannot be so easily relin-
 “ quished! By heaven I will not give
 “ you up!—and if but for a moment I
 “ thought ——”

“ You seemed just now, Sir, disposed
 “ to hear me with patience. Since, how-
 “ ever, you cannot even for a few minutes
 “ forbear these starts of passion, I really
 “ am unequal to the task of staying with
 “ you.”

She would then have hastened away;
 but Delamere forcibly detaining her, again
 protested he would be calm, and again she
 went on.

“ At that time, I will own to you, that
 “ without any prepossession, almost with-
 “ out a wish either to accept or decline the
 “ very high honour you offered me, I was
 “ content to engage myself to be your wife;
 “ because you said such an engagement
 “ would make *you* happy, and because I
 “ then

“ then knew not that it would render *me*
 “ otherwise.”

“ Was you even then thus indifferent ?

“ Had I no place in your heart, Madam,

“ when you would have given me your

“ hand ?”

“ Yes, Sir—you had then the place I

“ now willingly restore to you. I esteemed

“ you; I looked upon you with a sisterly

“ affection; and had I married you, it

“ would have been rather to have made you

“ happy than because I had any wish to

“ form other ties than those by which our

“ relationship and early acquaintance had

“ connected us.”

“ Ah! my angelic Emmeline! it will still

“ make me happy! Let the reasons which

“ then influenced you, again plead for me;

“ and forget, O! forget all that has passed

“ since my headlong folly urged me to in-

“ sult and forsake you!”

“ Alas! my Lord, that is not in my

“ power. You have cancelled the en-

“ gagements that subsisted between us;

“ and, as I understand, have actually formed

“ others more indissoluble, with a lady of

“ high

“ high rank and of immense fortune — one
“ whose alliance is as anxiously courted by
“ your family, as mine is despised. Can
“ your Lordship again fly from your pro-
“ mises? Can you quit at pleasure the af-
“ fluent and high-born heiress, as you
“ quitted the deserted and solitary orphan?”

“ Cursed, cursed cruelty!” exclaimed
Delamere, speaking thro’ his shut teeth—
“ But go on, Madam! I deserve your se-
“ verity, and must bear your reproaches!
“ Yet surely you know that but for the ma-
“ chinations of those execrable Crofts’, I
“ should never have acted as I did. You
“ know, that however destitute of fortune
“ chance had made you, I preferred you to
“ all those who might have brought me
“ wealth!”

“ I acknowledge your generosity, Sir,
“ and on that head meant not to reproach.
“ I merely intended to represent to you
“ what you seem to have forgotten—that
“ were I disposed to restore you the hand
“ you so lately renounced, you could not
“ take it; since Miss Otley will certainly
“ not

“ not relinquish the claim you have given
 “ her to your regard.”

“ You are misinformed.—I am under
 “ no engagement to Miss Otley.—I am
 “ not by heaven! by all that is sacred!”

“ Were not all preparations for your
 “ marriage in great forwardness, Sir, when
 “ you left England? And must not your
 “ consent have been previously obtained
 “ before Lord Montreville would have
 “ made them? However, to put an end to
 “ all uncertainty, I must tell you, my
 “ Lord, with a sincerity which will proba-
 “ bly be displeasing to you, that my affec-
 “ tions——”

“ Are no longer in your own power!”
 cried he, hastily interrupting her—“ Speak,
 “ Madam—is it not so?”

“ I did not say that, Sir. I was going
 “ to assure you that I now find it impos-
 “ sible to command them—impossible to
 “ feel for you that preference, without
 “ which I should think myself extremely
 “ culpable were I to give you my hand.”

“ I understand you, Madam. You give
 “ that preference to another. The Cheva-
 “ lier

“lier de Bellozane has succeeded to your
 “affections. He has doubtless made good
 “use of the opportunities he has had to con-
 “ciliate your favour; but before he carries
 “his good fortune farther, he must discuss
 “with me the right by which he pretends
 “to it.”

“Whether he has or has not a right to
 “pretend to my regard, Sir,” said Em-
 meline, with great spirit, “this causeless
 “jealousy, so immediately after you have
 “been convinced of the fallacy of your
 “supposition in regard to another person,
 “convinces me, that had I unfortunately
 “given you an exclusive claim to my
 “friendship and affection, my whole life
 “would have been embittered by suspicion,
 “jealousy, and caprice. Recollect, my
 “Lord, that I have said nothing of the
 “Chevalier de Bellozane, nor have you
 “the least reason to believe I have for him
 “those sentiments you are pleased to im-
 “pute to me.”

“But can I doubt it!” exclaimed Dela-
 mere, rising, and walking about in an
 agony—“Can I doubt it, when I have
 “heard

“ heard you disclaim me for ever!—when
 “ you have told me your affections are no
 “ longer in your power?”

“ No, Sir ; my meaning was, what I now
 “ repeat—that as my near relation, as my
 “ friend, as the brother of Lady West-
 “ haven, I shall ever esteem and regard you ;
 “ but that I cannot command now in your
 “ favour those sentiments which should in-
 “ duce me to accept of you as my husband.
 “ What is passed cannot be recalled ; and
 “ tho’ I am most truly concerned to see
 “ you unhappy, my determination is fixed
 “ and I must abide by it.”

“ Death and hell !” cried the agonized
 Delamere—“ It is all over then ! You ut-
 “ terly disclaim me, and hardly think it
 “ worth while to conceal from me for
 “ whose sake I am disclaimed !”

Emmeline was terrified to find that he still
 persisted in imputing her estrangement from
 him to her partiality for Bellozane ; fore-
 seeing that he would immediately fly to him,
 and that all she apprehended must follow.

“ I beg, I entreat, Lord Delamere, that
 “ you will understand that I give no pre-
 “ ference

ference to Mr. de Bellozane. I will not only assure you of that, but I disclaim all intention of marriage whatever! Suffer me, my Lord, to entreat that you will endeavour to calm your mind and regain your health. Reflect on the cruel uncertainty in which you have left the Marquis and the Marchioness; reflect on the uneasy situation in which you keep Lord and Lady Westhaven, and on the great injury you do yourself; and resolutely attempt, in the certainty of succeeding, to divest yourself of a fatal partiality, which has hitherto produced only misery to you and to your family."

"Oh! most certainly, most certainly!" cried Delamere, almost choaked with passion—"I shall undoubtedly make all these wise reflections; and after having gone thro' a proper course of them, shall, possibly, with great composure, see you in the arms of that presumptuous coxcomb—that vain supercilious Frenchman—that detested Bellozane! No, Madam! No! you may certainly give yourself to him, but assure yourself I live not to see it!"

He

He flew out of the room at these words, tho' she attempted to stop and to appease him. Her heart bled at the wounds she had yet thought it necessary to inflict; and she was at once grieved and terrified at his menacing and abrupt departure. She immediately went herself after Lord Westhaven, to entreat him to keep Bellozane and Delamere apart. His Lordship was much disturbed at what had passed, which Emmeline faithfully related to him. Bellozane was still out of town; and Lord Westhaven, who now apprehended that on Delamere's meeting him he would immediately insult him, said he would consider what could be done to prevent their seeing each other 'till Delamere became more reasonable. On enquiry, he found that the Chevalier was certainly engaged with his companions 'till the next day. He therefore came back to Emmeline about an hour after he had left her, and told her that he thought it best for her to set out that afternoon on her way to St. Germain's.

“ You will by this means make it difficult for Bellozane to overtake you, if he
 “ should

“ should attempt it; and when he sees you
 “ have actually fled from Delamere, he
 “ will be little disposed to quarrel with
 “ him, and will perhaps go home. As to
 “ Delamere, his sister and I must manage
 “ him as well as we can; which will be
 “ the easier, as he is, within this half hour,
 “ gone to bed in a violent access of fever.
 “ Indeed, in the perturbation of mind he
 “ now suffers, there is no probability of his
 “ speedy amendment; for as fast as he re-
 “ gains strength, his violent passions throw
 “ his frame again into disorder.—But per-
 “ haps when he knows you are actually in
 “ England, he may try to acquire, by keep-
 “ ing himself quiet, that share of health
 “ which alone can enable him to follow
 “ you.”

Emmeline, eagerly embracing this ad-
 vice, which she found had the concurrence
 of Lady Westhaven, prepared instantly for
 her departure; and embracing tenderly her
 two excellent friends, who hoped soon to
 follow her, and who had desired her to
 come to them to reside as soon as they were
 settled in London, where they had no house

at

at present, she got into a chaise, with Madelon, and attended by Le Limosin, who was proudly elated at being thus "*l'homme de confiance*"* to Mademoiselle Mowbray, she left Besançon; her heart deeply impressed with a sense of Delamere's sufferings, and with an earnest wish for the restoration of his peace.

Tho' Godolphin had been gone four days, and went post, so that she knew he must be at Paris long before her, she could not, as she proceeded on her journey, help fancying that some accident might have stopped him, and that she might overtake him. She knew not whether she hoped or feared such an encounter. But the disappointed air with which she left every post house where she had occasion to stop for horses, plainly evinced that she rather desired than dreaded it. She felt all the absurdity and ridicule of expecting to see him; yet still she looked out after him; and he was the object she sought when she cast her eyes round her at the several stages.

Without overtaking him, or being her-

* Confidential servant.

self

self overtaken by Bellozane, she arrived in safety and in the usual time at Paris, and immediately went on to St. Germain's; Le Limosin being so well acquainted with travelling, that she had no trouble nor alarm during her journey.

When she got to St. Germain's, she was received with transport by Mrs. Stafford and her family. She found her about to depart, in two days, for England, where there was a prospect of settling her husband's affairs; and she had undertaken to go alone over, in hopes of adjusting them for his speedy return; while he had agreed to remain with the children 'till he heard the success of her endeavours. Great was the satisfaction of Mrs. Stafford to find that Emmeline would accompany her to England; with yet more, did she peruse those documents which convinced her that her fair friend went to claim, with an absolute certainty of success, her large paternal fortune.

Lord Westhaven had given her a long letter to the Marquis of Montreville, to whom he desired she would immediately
address

addresses herself; and he had also written to an eminent lawyer, his friend, into whose hands he directed her immediately to put the papers that related to her birth, and by no means to trust them with any other person.

With money, also, Lord Westhaven had amply furnished her; and she proposed taking lodgings in London, 'till she could settle her affairs with Lord Montreville; and then to go to Mowbray Castle.

On the second day after her reaching St. Germain, she began her journey to Calais with Mrs Stafford, attended by Le Limosin and Madelon. When they arrived there, they heard that a passage boat would sail about nine o'clock in the evening; but on sending Le Limosin to speak to the master, they learned that there were already more cabin passengers than there was room to accommodate, and that therefore two ladies might find it inconvenient.

As the evening, however, was calm, and the wind favourable, and as the two fair travellers were impatient to be in England, they determined to go on board. It was

near ten o'clock before the vessel got under way; and before two they were assured they should be at Dover. They therefore hesitated not to pass that time in chairs on the deck, wrapped in their cloaks; and would have preferred doing so, to the heat and closeness of the cabin, had there been room for them in it.

By eleven o'clock, every thing insensibly grew quiet on board. The passengers were gone to their beds, the vessel moved calmly, and with very little wind, over a gently swelling sea; and the silence was only broken by the waves rising against its side, or by the steersman, who now and then spoke to another sailor, that slowly traversed the deck with measured pace.

The night was dark; a declining moon only broke thro' the heavy clouds of the horizon with a feeble and distant light. There was a solemnity in the scene at once melancholy and pleasing. Mrs. Stafford and Emmeline both felt it. They were silent; and each lost in her own reflections; nor did they attend to a slight interruption of the stillness that reigned on board, made
by

by a passenger who came from below, muffled in a great coat. He spoke in a low voice to the man at the helm, and then sat down on the gunwale, with his back towards the ladies; after which all was again quiet.

In a few moments a deep sigh was uttered by this passenger; and then, after a short pause, the two friends were astonished to hear, in a voice, low, but extremely expressive, these lines, addressed to Night.

S O N N E T.

I love thee, mournful sober-suited night,
When the faint moon, yet lingering in her wane
And veil'd in clouds, with pale uncertain light
Hangs o'er the waters of the restless main.

In deep depression sunk, the enfeebled mind
Will to the deaf, cold elements complain,
And tell the embosom'd grief, however vain,
To fullen surges and the viewless wind.

Tho' no repose on thy dark breast I find,
I still enjoy thee—cheerless as thou art;
For in thy quiet gloom, the exhausted heart,
Is calm, tho' wretched; hopeless, yet resign'd.
While, to the winds and waves, it's sorrows given,
May reach—tho' lost on earth—the ear of heaven!

H 2

“ Surely, ”

“ Surely,” said Mrs. Stafford in a whisper, “ it is a voice I know.”

“ Surely,” repeated the heart of Emmeline, for she could not speak, “ it is the voice of Godolphin.”

“ Do you,” reassumed Mrs. Stafford—
“ do you not recollect the voice ?”

“ Yes,” replied Emmeline. “ I think—
“ I believe—I rather fancy it is—Mr.
“ Godolphin.”

“ Shall I speak to him ?” asked Mrs. Stafford, “ or are you disposed to hear more poetry ? He has no notion who are his auditors.”

“ As you please,” said Emmeline.

Again the person sighed, and repeated with more warmth—

“ And reach, tho’ loft on earth—the ear of heaven !”

“ Yes—if *she* is happy, they will indeed be heard ! Ah ! that cruel *if*—*if* she is happy ! and can I bear to doubt it, yet leave her to the experiment !”

There now remained no doubt but that the stranger was Godolphin ; and Emmeline as little hesitated to believe herself the subject of his thoughts and of his Muse.

“ Why

“ Why do *you* not speak to him, Emmeline?” said Mrs. Stafford, archly.

“ I cannot, indeed.”

“ I must speak then, myself;” and raising her voice, she said—“ Mr. Godolphin, is it not?”

“ Who is so good as to recollect me?” cried he, rising and looking round him. It was very dark; but he could just distinguish that two ladies were there.

Mrs. Stafford gave him her hand, saying—“ Have you then forgot your friends?”

He snatched her hand, and carried it to his lips.

“ There is another hand for you,” said she, pointing to Emmeline—“ but you must be at the trouble of taking it,”

“ That I shall be most delighted to do. But who is it? Surely it cannot be Miss Mowbray, that allows me such happiness?”

“ Have you, in one little week,” said the faltering Emmeline, “ occasion to ask that question?”

“ Not now I hear that voice,” answered Godolphin in the most animated tone—