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THE  
DAUGHTERS

OF

ISENBERG.

A BAVARIAN ROMANCE.

*IN FOUR VOLUMES.*

VOL. IV.

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Printed by J. D. Dewick,  
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THE  
DAUGHTERS

OF

ISENBERG:

A BAVARIAN ROMANCE.

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IN FOUR VOLUMES.

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BY ALICIA TYNDAL PALMER;

AUTHOR OF

*“The Husband and the Lover.”*

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Seeming thus ordain'd  
To mingle sounds in heav'nly harmony,  
Yet, sunder'd now so far, no breeze can waft  
The dying tones of one to vibrate on  
The other's sympathetic chords.

VOL. IV.

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1810.



THE  
DAUGHTERS OF ISENBERG.

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CHAP. I.

THE whole of the day which succeeded the alarming indisposition of Pauline, that young lady had been too unwell to leave her room: but on the morning fixed for their setting out for the chateau D'Aubry, the Baroness was surprised on entering it to find, early as was the hour, that she was already up and prepared for her departure.

Pauline was alone, and sitting at a table on which lay several papers. These with trembling hands she was arranging; and so intently was she engaged in the occupation, that she did not immediately perceive her mother.

When she did lift her heavy eyes to those of her parents, she hastily arose, and would have thrown herself at her feet, if the Baroness had not prevented her.

“Heaven grant my child,” said Madame Isenberg, after embracing and leading her to a seat, “Heaven grant that the malady which has so long hung on you, may yield to the new remedies prescribed!” and she was proceeding to charge her strict observance of them till they again met, when, Pauline interrupted her by saying faintly:

“Oh no, my mother, my malady is beyond the reach of medicine, it is seated here,” laying her hand upon her bosom; “but you shall soon know all—the last struggle of irresolution is passed. When I am gone,” added she, after a considerable pause, during which the eyes of the trembling parent were in speechless alarm fixed on her, “When I have left you—that journal—originally

intended for your perusal—those papers—stained by a confession.”—

Unable to proceed, her head sank on her bosom, while drops of anguish rolled down her pallid cheek.

Madame Isenberg, inexpressibly shocked by her words, and incapable of asking an explanation of them, now attempted to take from the table the papers to which she had referred: but her daughter checked the effort, by saying: “Not yet—allow me a few minutes to complete my task—till then, dear madam, spare me.”

It was not till Pauline was on the point of ascending the carriage, which was to carry her from Paris, that she put into the hands of her mother a large sealed packet; and as she bent forward to receive her maternal embrace, she said in a voice so low as to meet no ear but that to which it was addressed: “If, after you have read the avowal of her



fault, you find it impossible to pardon your child; grieve not; dear madam, if she fall a victim to the remorse and hopeless sorrow which has so long oppressed her.

Madame Isenberg now hastened to indulge the torturing impatience which prompted her instantly to make herself mistress of the contents, and learn at once the worst she had to fear; - but scarcely had she broken the seal, when she received a summons to attend her father.

To decline going to him was not to be thought of, and though, with the most agonizing anxiety, she locked up those papers unexamined, on the purport of whose contents her own future tranquillity, it was more than probable, depended; and went immediately to the Count's apartment.

Her father received the Baroness with a tenderness of manner which, since his

pardoning her, she had never till now experienced from him; no trace of that severity which had lately so cruelly shocked her, marked his present address, but saluting her by that name, by which in her early days he had been accustomed to distinguish her, he invited her in a tone of affection to sit beside him.

In the present agitated state of Madame Isenberg's feelings, this kindness so overcame her, that it was long ere she could sufficiently compose herself to satisfy the enquiries he made respecting those connections which her children had formed.

The Count listened with profound attention to the details which he called on her to give on a subject, which he said deeply interested him. He declared that he could have wished all her daughters might have married noblemen of his own nation, yet from what she had re-

lated of Don Alphonso, his alliance appeared perfectly unexceptionable.

Respecting Villerose, his questions were still more minute, and in reply to the Baroness's observing, that she rejoiced that at least the union of one of her children would meet his wishes, he replied, that if an event so desirable ever happened as Viola's marrying with his entire approbation, he should from the moment of its completion, but never till then, cease to regret.—

The Count abruptly checked himself, conscious that he was relapsing into that severity of manner, and bitterness of feeling, which he studiously wished to avoid.—He paused for a moment to recover self-command, then in a lowered voice he requested to be informed in what way the acquaintance of her family with the Marquis de Villerose had first happened; enquired every particular she

knew of him; but above all, begged to be precisely informed how far they stood pledged to the fulfilment of the engagement into which they had entered with him.

The Baroness satisfied him of every particular, and the Count concluded the subject by observing, that he wished much to see and converse himself with the young Marquis, as soon as he should arrive in Paris, after which he should be better enabled to give her his sentiments on this projected union.

Madame Isenberg, with all the warmth and partiality the amiable and captivating manners of Villerose were capable of inspiring in the bosom of one who believed him formed to constitute the happiness of her darling child, eagerly assured her father that, as she was certain, to know, and highly to esteem the Marquis, were inseparable, she would gladly perform a task so agreeable, as

that of introducing to each other, two persons for whom she felt so great an attachment.

The Count replied, it was well; and, after requesting that no delay might take place after Villerose's arrival, he insinuated that if Viola married with his approbation, it was his intention to bequeath to her his principal un-entailed estate. He then changed the subject of their conversation, and soon after giving her a book, he desired her to read it to him.

Had not tormenting anxiety respecting the secret of Pauline almost wholly engrossed the thoughts of Madame Isenberg during the discussion of these subjects, it is more than probable that this conversation with her father would have revived those superstitious apprehensions which had been created by the words of the phantom in the shrubbery of the Auberge, unless the arguments of

the Baron had gradually tended to efface them from her mind. However this might have been, the Baroness entertained no doubt but that the Count, as soon as he knew Villerose, would feel as desirous of promoting the family alliance, as she herself was.

Her father had shewn no inclination to be left alone, when Don Alphonso called at the hotel D'Aubry. Instead of going to him, therefore, she had merely addressed to him a note, as has been already related: the circumstance of his arrival had, however, again introduced the subject of his friend, whom the Count said he wished to see on the following morning, provided he had also arrived in Paris. It was more than an hour after De Lerma had driven from the Count's hotel before that nobleman expressed a wish of retiring to rest; on that signal the Baroness took of him an affectionate leave for the night, and

hurrying to the Countess's dressing room, took from the cabinet in which she had deposited it, the packet of Pauline.

The upper paper which presented itself, was dated three years prior to the period at which it met the eye of that mother to whom it was addressed, the time at which Pauline first quitted the paternal roof to pass some months with Lady Aberdale, at Rhonburg; and, in the language of her then tender years, ran thus :

---

“ You know not, my dear mamma, nor will you know for a long, long while, that your Pauline had formed a plan to deceive herself into the belief that she is still acting under your indulgent but correcting eye; she intends making it a point of conscience, to keep a little journal of all her thoughts, words, and deeds, during her absence from her hitherto constant guide; which she will

one day submit to the chastening judgment of her dear maternal friend—Oh, what pleasure to prove deserving of praise from goodness herself!”

---

“Your Pauline rose this morning with the lark, and has been rambling through a wilderness of beauties, within whose recesses she has discovered such a charming place!—It is quite calculated for those studies to her improvement, in which she has promised her dear Monsieur Delmond she will devote a part of every morning. It is a Druid’s temple, standing on an eminence near the river—that very same river, which bathes the shrubby banks of her own Isenberg!—Think mamma of the pleasure of her knowing that the waters that flow through these charming plantations have first visited the no less enchanting groves of her happy home!—Oh mamma!—they shall ever find your Pauline diligently.



employed with her music, her books, her pencil, or writing a faithful record of her passing hours ; and she will reward herself with the idea, that they bear in their soft murmurs the approving tones of your softer voice. To-morrow she will have her music and drawing instruments brought here, and the next day she will seriously begin to practise a regular course of those desirable accomplishments.”

---

“I am very, very sorry, I have mentioned my choice of the Druid’s temple for a study to Lady Aberdale—I have made her very sad by doing so—and though it was unconsciously that I committed this fault, I feel as much pain as if it had been premeditated.

“The late Sir Launcelot, my dear-mamma, was suddenly taken ill in my chosen temple, and died before he could be removed from it ; there Lady Aberdale



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my study to banish, that I might not be tempted to repine at the dispensations of providence.—Let it, then, still be your favourite temple, and may the pure spirit of him, who has rendered it sacred by his death, watch over you, and strengthen every native virtue which adorns your character !

“ How good, how indulgent, how like my own mamma, is this dear Lady Aberdale !”

---

“ Your silly Pauline, mamma, has not profited, as she ought to have done, by the lesson she yesterday received from her kind hostess, or she would not tremble so painfully as she does at this moment !—The temple looks exactly the same as on the day I first saw it, yet still Pauline trembles, and not from veneration; but fear !

“ How sorry I am I cannot conquer this cowardly emotion.—Why do I fancy

the temple gloomy?—The sun shines brightly on it; and the river painted with the blue of heaven.—Why, to my eyes, do its waters appear to roll so mournfully?—Is it, that they bring reproaches from Isenberg for giving way to childish apprehensions of . . . I know not what?—But I will not yield to this weakness—I will stay till summoned to dinner as a punishment for indulging idle fancies instead of sober reflections. Suppose that painted druid was really the apparition of Sir Launcelot—what is there in that venerable countenance—those mild eyes—and that benignant smile, to engender black ideas?—does it not rather look like the presiding genius of the grove, offering protection, affection, and advice?—Great God—it moves towards me—Heavens!

---

“Blush Pauline, blush, at fleeing, with senseless terror, from what you might

have contemplated with pleased curiosity.—Ah, mamma, what do you think, after all, of the Druid's picture covering a door in the interior of the temple, which leads to an open corridor, formed with the trunks of trees not stripped of their bark!—It was no doubt one of the servants, perhaps the gardener, who gave apparent animation to the figure itself, by opening this unthought of entrance: whoever it was, they left it in that state; for, when I entered it just now, I was presented with a scene so cheering and animated, that whenever I again feel disposed to give way to depression of spirits, I shall open this door of communication!”

---

“Another day, and no study, no practice; this is the last day of idleness, mamma; to-morrow your Pauline shall become a rational being. She may promise it; for she can now think of Sir

Launcelot's dying moments with calmness, and contemplate the benign form of the Druid without fear.

“ Ah ! what a beautiful swan !—How gracefully he dances on the undulating stream !—pretty fellow ! to-morrow I will bring you bread.—He turns his head on one side, as if listening to what I am saying—how haughtily he quits the bank—how majestically he ploughs the water, and erects his head, and swells his downy plumes !—I will encourage him to visit me in this retreat.”

---

“ I have fed my swan, and he appears, mamma, quite grateful.—There he goes ! but unwillingly ; he now merely floats with the current : yesterday he bounded forward, dashing the water behind him, as if indignant at the sorry welcome I had given him.—Ah ! he makes to an height—how could that sweet little islet escape my notice before—what delight I

should feel to ferry over to it, and repose beneath those flowering shrubs, or under those drooping willows which wave their flexile branches over the slow receding stream!—Some person is at this moment, mamma, passing across the water to it.—What an easy, pleasant contrivance, is the method of doing so!—The distance, from the lawn to the height is short enough to admit of a rope being fastened to a tree in each, and, by moving the hand upon that rope, the boat is moved backwards and forwards at pleasure, with the greatest ease. I must take a nearer view—but, hark!—a bell!—the dinner bell!

“And have I been idling away another morning?—Oh! Pauline, Pauline, is this your resolution—is this keeping in mind the wishes and advice of your dear mamma—your revered Monsieur Delmond? What would they say at a week thus passed—thus irretrievably

—No—not irretrievably lost, if your self-reproving daughter doubles, by two-fold diligence, the one that is coming. This will your Pauline faithfully perform: she here records the sacred promise, and may the Druid receive her with a frown if she break it.”

---

“The swan has received his offering, and I have turned my back upon the proud pleasure he is exhibiting by his raised wings, and frequent circlings, to give, in the native tongue of my indulgent tutor, Monsieur Delmond, an account I last night read of the sagacity, adventurous spirit, and nautical skill displayed by a large part of his species in their frequent and long voyages.

“Would you believe, mamma, but to you perhaps it may not be new, the greater part of this species are citizens of the world, and wander from one part of the globe to the other, so judiciously directing their visits to the different quar-



ters, as to enjoy, in each, the bountie peculiar to their different climates!

“ In the warm atmosphere of Egypt they wisely take refuge, during the winter, from the ice-bound rivers of the North ; and find in the tufted sides of the extensive lakes of Menzolé and Bour’los a rich supply of roots and seeds, from their capacious bosoms, plants of various kinds. At the approach of spring, they form into vast armies, ranged into rank and file, like soldiers in the field. Each file sometimes extending a quarter of a league in length.

“ The van of these armies terminates a point, like the prow of a vessel, and, till the leaders give the signal for taking wing, these birds steadily keep their post, even in a stormy sea, yielding with graceful skill to the impetuous impulse of the waves, as they at one moment suspend them, apparently, on the edge of a liquid precipice, and in the next, plunge them into a deep abyss!



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“Those who direct their course to the rugged rocks and snow-capt mountains of Lapland, no sooner appear within sight of its simple inhabitants, than they are hailed with enthusiastic rapture, as the harbingers of summer! Sweet to the long suffering Laplander is the note which announces, that the icy reign of winter is expiring; that the long, long polar night, must yield the sovereignty, for many a gay revolving month, to the all-cheering sun!

When these wonderful navigators

“Between their white wings mantling proudly  
row

“Their state with oary feet.”

adown the rose-fringed banks of Tenglio, which winds its silver stream near the fairy mountain of Niemi, the grateful and rejoicing Laplander gives to their shrill cry, all the harmony of his own cheered bosom, comparing it to

the melody drawn from a fine Cremona by a master's hand!

“In fact, though nothing can be less tuneful than the cry of the swan, yet ‘tones, which awake the native voice of ‘undissembled joy,’ must ever be musical to the soul.

As spring and autumn are seasons unknown in Lapland, these birds, to the rude capacity of the natives, must appear to bring the summer with them; for—“intelligent of seasons,”—they, time their appearance amongst them, in the short interval allowed by Nature, between the cold of winter and the heat of summer; and may well cause those children of simplicity and superstition to believe, that at their approach, tyrant winter instantly quits his “throne of cerulean ice”—the imprisoned rivers burst their frozen bonds—the fields throw off their hoary garments—and the vegetable

world awakens from its deathly sleep to deck the earth with herbs and fruits, and verdant pastures!

“Then the reanimated natives prepare, under the guardianship of the mountain spirits of Niemi,\* who rise from the lake in robes of mist, and with propitious care hover over their employment, to draw from its pure waters their long untasted treasures.”

“In this fit resort for fairies and genii, the swans take up their luxurious abode, gamboling beneath the cool shade of the willow, or reposing on *beds of roses*, which beautify and perfume its banks.”\*

\* It is said, that the vapours which arise from the lake are supposed by the Laplanders to be mountain spirits, to which they give the name of Haltios.

† Maupertius describes the river Tenglio in Lapland as fringed with roses of as lively red as any that are to be met with in European gardens.

The horror under which Madame Isenberg had begun to peruse this long concealed journal of her Pauline, gradually gave way to the delight with which she traced the innocent mind it so interestingly developed. In the pride and pleasure of finding her child so worthily employing the first days of her absence from her, she for a moment lost the apprehension that something yet remained to be told which might annihilate the maternal joy, what she had hitherto learnt was calculated to awaken.

---

My favorite swan continues regularly to visit the Druid's bank, at the hour first tacitly agreed on between us ; for, if I am a little later than the time appointed, I find him impatiently riding the swelling stream ; if on the contrary I am too early, (which is the case to-day) he soon appears with full-plumed wings, breasting the flood with eager

but majestic strokes. Aye, go, go thy way, my noble fellow, that I may not be diverted from the task of translating an apologue given me by Lady Aberdale.”

---

I am so vexed, mamma, so cruelly vexed, that I have scarcely noticed my poor swan. I yesterday flattered myself that I should this morning finish the group of shells that I began at Isenberg. I left it in my porte-fuille, which I always keep in one of the niches of the templē. This niche serving for the repository of all my drawing implements, as the other does for my books, but nowhere can I find it. I have even searched the books one by one—my porte-fuille over and over again—where can it be?—where can I look for it? Your Pauline, in the pride of success, had set her heart upon shewing it this afternoon to Lady Aberdale, as a convincing proof that she has not passed her time in absolute idleness.

I am weak enough to feel tears of vexation fill my eyes; and it is with difficulty I check them in their course— but I will check them—my dear mamma would blame me if I did not; and am I not acting under her guardian eye?— Ah! let me not forget that she is present to my mind. I hear her maternal voice kindly but seriously admonishing me to turn to my piano-forte, and endeavour, by making myself mistress of the cadence she wished me to introduce in her favorite air of “Ye sacred Priests,” to banish the regret the loss of my drawing has occasioned me. Dear mamma, I hasten to obey you.

And am I so childish as to suffer a trifling disappointment to enervate my spirits! I cannot believe myself to be so very, very irrational; yet, as I live, I thought I heard an accompanying instrument while I was practising!—So clear, so distinct its notes, that I turned



round, expecting to see the musician at my side. It cannot be, that the theft of my drawing has occasioned this overpowering alarm:—and yet, what can it be but overpowering alarm, that thus deceives my senses; if they are deceived! Still, were it fear, should I not flee, instead of detailing this incident to you? Should I not dread again to touch the instrument? I do certainly dread calling forth its tones, but it is an apprehension which yields to a stronger impulse—an impulse which irresistibly impells me once more to try your cadence. And once more I have heard the touching expression, of those tones which directed me through that sweet, and till now, to me, difficult passage. I am afraid to stay, yet want resolution to go: would I were safe in the chateau!”

---

Strange and new are the emotions which the sublime strains I yesterday heard have created in my soul; yet they



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wings to her imagination, have opened other mind a new creation.

Twice have I approached the instrument, and have as often shrunk from it, unable to bear the visionary expectation, though I desire it with a restless, a thrilling impatience.—Once again curiosity conquers fear.—

Again the same enchanting melody has breathed upon my delighted senses! What mixed sensations weigh upon my mind! Vague fears, vague forms, vague ideas, crowd upon it, and oppress it with awe, curiosity, and doubt!

I dare not mention the Druid's temple to Lady Aberdale, or, by enquiries amongst the servants, risk giving birth to a superstition respecting their late master, which might both offend and pain their lady.

To my own bosom then must I confine this mysterious incident, and judge of it by my own reason.

Your Pauline, mamma, is no longer sensible of the least fear in visiting this temple. A solemn impression of pleasure and reverence is the only feeling that prevails during the hours she passes in it—where the heavenly harmonist is for ever near, and for ever invisible—constantly the subject of your Pauline's thoughts, and her enquiring reflections; she thinks she may rest upon the delightful belief, that it is some gentle spirit propitiously inclined to watch over her inexperienced steps. That at the appointed time it descends on a sunbeam to blend the music of the spheres with her humble notes, and takes a pure pleasure in thus rousing a filial emulation in her bosom, to become all her excellent mother wishes her to be.

Ah! what a beautiful shell lies there! and near, an exquisitely finished copy of it! On the margin of the paper is written "The Music Shell." By what

virtue has your Pauline merited the friendship of a spiritual power? How her bosom swells with gratitude and affection, with pride and pleasure, that a pure spirit should beneficently bow to earth, invisibly, to join in her amusements, and assist in her improvement.

Ah, Pauline! may not vanity warp your judgment into attributing to supernatural agency what proceeds, perhaps, from the simple attentions of a mortal? Lady Aberdale might—no, she would not enter this place. But she has possibly ordered the shell to be brought here by a servant. Of this I can soon gain a certainty; for without mentioning particulars, or making a direct enquiry, I can ask her, whether she had ever made the collecting of shells an amusement.

---

I have again given pain to the friend for whose happiness I would make many

and severe sacrifices. Lady Aberdale, with that sweetness of temper which never forsakes her, went to the late Sir Launcelot's study, and returning with an afflicted countenance, gave into my hands a box, on which was written "Shells." Sighing deeply, she said, "I have never opened them, and am wholly ignorant of the study to which they belong; but if they can in any degree contribute to your pleasure or instruction, I shall not regret the effort I have made over my own feelings."

I kissed her hand in silence, for mine were too painfully reproachful to allow me to answer; and hurried from her presence, to hide in this retreat the present it had cost her so much to procure me. But your Pauline is too truly grieved to feel inclination or resolution to examine her acquisition: she must invoke the soothing influence of her aerial minstrel before she attempts it.

‘Sweet musician! what power thy magic melody possesses over the finest feelings of thy pupil’s heart! Shall I ever behold thee in thy brightness? Shall I ever hear thy voice of sweetness, pleasant as the gale of spring that sighs on the shepherd’s ear, when he awakens from dreams of joy, and has heard the music of the spirits of the hill!

Your Pauline will, she is certain, surprise you by her improvement in your favorite accomplishment. She begins to catch the fire, to feel the pathos, and to acquire some of the grace and expression of the beneficent sylph, who for ever hovers over her with directing care.

My poor swan! have you been waiting with unnoticed impatience for the bread I have unkindly forgotten; I will fetch you some, this instant.—

‘And now for the shells; what a treasure they will prove! How delightfully

will they adorn a cabinet at Isenberg, which I will have made; and how greatly will the copies of them enrich my porte-fuille and claim the dearer treasure of your valued praise, my dear mamma!

Alas! I am fated to meet with nothing but disappointment in my wished-for progress in drawing! I had opened the box with the delighted expectation of finding shells of greater variety, and at least equal beauty with the music shell, which had been so mysteriously presented me. Guess the vexed surprise with which, on the contrary, I beheld nothing but a parcel of coarse dusky shells, mostly of a dirty brown, and not one worth preserving, either for beauty or curiosity!

---

Pauline reprobates the discontent with which she yesterday quitted the temple. A discontent, that merited not



the beautiful sight which presented itself on her re-entering it this morning. She can find no expressions adequate to the describing the effect produced on her mind, on beholding the rustic table, covered with the most elegant shells she had ever seen, intermixed with those over which she had lately indulged so repining a spirit.

All around her is enchantment, every day brings with it some subject to convey to her mind either astonishment, knowledge, or admiration. The shells, mamma, which now exhibit to my wondering eyes such elegant forms, such lovely colours, such brilliant coats, are the same, the very same, given me by Lady Aberdale! A writing, lying beside them, has explained the cause of their surprising transformation, and a specimen of each shell in its natural state is placed next those which have been polished by art! Yes; they lie



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The Burgau's sombre complexion assumes, by the aid of art, the gay character of the Paroquet, till the eroding spirit of aquafortis softens its livery of red and green into the elegance and simplicity of the Pearl.

The Jonquil Chama, though naturally robed in white, yet bears on its reticulated countenance a forbidding harshness, but, submitted to the hand of power, it smooths the austerity of its front, and shines forth in a bright and smiling yellow.

Many of these shells are rendered thus beautiful, by merely rubbing them with the hand, or with a piece of soft chamois leather, dipt in tripoli. This operation requires great skill and delicacy; for, on some of them, their lines are so nicely pencilled on the surface only, that the slightest touch, injudiciously applied, defaces them.

Those of a hard and crusty nature

demand the penetrating spirit of aqua-fortis, before they become susceptible of the refining hand of taste; while others, of a more impenetrable character, yield only to the exertions of the file.

View, Pauline, in these different specimens, of the rough and polished shells, types of the human mind, to the just development of whose qualities, the *judicious* as well as the *correcting* hand is required.

To perfect his work, the master must know when to use the eroding spirit of wisdom—when to apply the smoothing hand of gentleness—which calls for the file of severity—which needs only the delicate touch of the polisher!

Let us suppose each of these shells possessing traits of character, marked by their ramifying veins, and varying colours; all alike capable of being brought to light at the pleasure of those into whose hands they chance to fall.

In the same manner are the embryo treasures of the unpolished mind susceptible of development and improvement, if attempted under the experienced eye of wisdom, which knows well to distinguish those, whose virtues and mental qualities lie near the surface. Like the Tiara, which requires only the light touch of the polishing leather, to perfect the display of all its beautiful characteristics, from those, whose high gifts are so encrusted by reserve or diffidence, as to lie deeply hidden; and consequently demand a penetrating and persevering *spirit* to disclose their buried excellence.

In a third class, the virtues conceal themselves under so thick and rugged an exterior, that unless patience is called to the assistance of skill and judgment, the *file* either mars what it was intended to embellish, or they remain for ever entombed—lost to the admiration their unadorned merit might have claimed.

In developing the beauties of your mind, Pauline, nature was assisted, not forced; and the high degree of polish they exhibit, is the result of gentle feelings which give to your voice its attractive harmony!—Of refined sentiments, which throw over every feature a soul-speaking grace! and of sensibility, which gives to suffering virtue the tear of pity; that gem! to whose mild lustre, as it softly trembles on their dewy lids, your eyes, owe their most fascinating effulgence!

Thus richly endowed by nature, and tenderly polished by those who happily tempered power with affection, and skill with delicacy, shrink not, Pauline, from those less fortunate beings, whose innate virtues wear not so perfect an outward form, but, corrected by the hasty judgment you erroneously passed on the rough treasures of the sea, when they first met your disappointed eye, make it in future a pleasure and a duty.—

“ To pierce through modesty’s involving veil,  
And mark the features of the God-like mind,  
Snatch genius pining from the cottage dale,  
Or, feeling, wake to transports all refin’d.”

---

“ Excellent Lady Aberdale !” ejaculated the Baroness, who doubted not but the transformation of the shells had been effected by the intervention of that friend, for the double purpose of gratifying Pauline, and at the same time affording an opportunity of delicately conveying the instructive lesson she had with so much approbation herself pursued.

The questions, however, contained in the next paragraph of the journal, staggered this belief; and the momentary delight with which she had dwelt on it became disturbed, as she continued to read:—

---

Can the heavenly harmonist, and this no less interesting moralist, be one and the same?—And can your Pauline be an object of protection and affection to such a being? Her mind becomes bewildered when she dwells upon these mysterious circumstances; and when she asks herself, whether it be rational to believe that spirits of the air would quit their halcyon abode to partake in the earthly amusements of a mortal, she blushes at her presumption and folly in believing it possible! and, if possible, that Pauline should be that favoured one!—Yet she has read of good spirits who are permitted to hover round the residence which was dear to them when embodied in a human form. Why then may not the late owner of this domain take pleasure in spreading his protecting influence over all who breathe the same air with the dear source and partner of his mortal joys?—No; a voice seems



to whisper, that it is not *his* spirit which, with the tender solicitude of a fellow-being, quits the pure ether of the skies to breathe the atmosphere which surrounds Pauline. Is it then of a different order of spirits from those which once inhabited this world?—But endless are the suggestions to which these self-enquiries give rise.

---

While Madame Isenberg, from a dread of what the next page might present, pauses for a few minutes over the journal, let us remark that delicacy having forbidden Pauline's communicating to her hostess the mysterious circumstances, as she believed them, which had befallen her in her favorite retreat: she could not profit from the good sense and penetration of her respectable friend, who would have found *natural* causes, by which to explain



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spirit; an idea which filled her grateful bosom with mixed sensations of admiration, wonder, love, and confidence. But the continuance of her journal will best describe the effects of these highly-wrought sensations.

---

With what self-sufficiency did your Pauline begin this journal, confident of having nothing to record but well-spent hours, nothing to expect but well-merited praise. How has she fallen from her self-raised pre-eminence! Conscious as she is of having done so, with what courage can she present to the dear parent, to whom they were dedicated, tablets which reflect, as in a faithful mirror, the actions of her erring child?

Oh, mamma! I had promised Lady Aberdale, on her first permitting me to

pass my mornings in the Druid's temple, never to venture very close to the river which runs near it, and I have done worse than broken my word! In the present nervous state of her health, I dare not risk alarming her by confessing the imminent danger to which my breach of faith has exposed me.—Yet I will inflict on myself the merited punishment of entering it in my journal.—Yes, the fault of your poor Pauline shall meet your reproving eye.

Yesterday, I for the first time visited, of an evening, the Druid's temple. Not having seen my favourite swan in the morning as usual, I apprehended that some accident must have befallen him, which induced me to stroll to my solitary study, while Lady Aberdale was engaged with some casual visitors, in the hope of finding him sailing on the river, or gamboling near the height. After vainly watching for him a considerable

time, I know not how it happened, but the spirit of enterprize suddenly instigated me to venture across the ferry, which divides the lawn below from the swan's isle, for the purpose of ascertaining my pet's safety, and carrying him the bread I imagined some accident must have prevented his claiming at the usual hour. This thought took such entire possession of me, that I never once recollected the promise which forbade it. I have already described the easy method by which the gardener passed over to the little island: this facility I believe first put it into my head to be guilty of the imprudence of embarking alone. Smoothly and pleasantly I glided to the woody islet, landed triumphantly, and hastened forward, too much pleased with my prowess to think of my breach of faith, and little doubting of a grateful welcome from my favorite. He caught the sound of my footsteps almost as soon

as they touched the earth, and we advanced towards each other with equal alacrity : the swan as he approached testifying, as I then thought, impatient delight at the sight of me.—Impatient he was ; but his open bill and outspread wings soon taught me to know it proceeded not from joy, but anger, at my presuming to intrude within the sacred precincts of his downy nestlings ! Before I could flee, he had seized my clothes with his iron bill ; and extending his tremendous wings, would no doubt have punished my temerity with their fatal strength, if a voice, in the very moment he was going to strike, had not called to him in a tone of determined authority. At the sound, the before furious bird loosed his hold, closed his wings, and rested at my feet in tame submission !

Your terrified Pauline waited not to ascertain to whom she was indebted for

her rescue, but fled precipitately, back to the river. What was her terror and dismay on reaching it, to find the boat was gone! Oh, mamma! I had neglected to fasten it on disembarking, and it had been carried away by the stream. I now fixed my eyes in wistful despair on the lawn I had so rashly quitted; and scarcely can I determine which most forcibly operated on my feelings at that moment, terror of the bird, or a discovery to Lady Aberdale of this imprudent and blameable frolic! The effect of both combined had nearly overpowered me, when the same voice which had called to the bird, by entreating me in a softened tone, to compose my hurried spirits, and rest confidently on the sloping bank, till the loss of my boat could be supplied by one which was moored in a little creek not far distant, made me turn towards the speaker. It was a youth, who, per-

ceiving that I hesitated, reiterated his request, adding, with encreasing earnestness, "Believe me, you have nothing farther to apprehend from the bird, or I would not; by leaving you, again expose you to his fury: in a few minutes I will return, and conduct you in safety to the opposite side."

I soon after observed him rowing towards me in his little bark: on its touching the borders of the height, I now remember it with shame at my ungraciousness. Without giving him time to quit it for my assistance, I sprang into it; and in silence we passed the stream. In my joy at again reaching the lawn, I, with equal inattention to my kind preserver, leaped from the boat before he could step from it, and, without once looking back, ran to the Druid's temple. I there first became sensible of my unthankful conduct towards one, to whom I was so much obliged, and casting my



eyes upon the river, I perceived him with brisk strokes rowing wide of the island. His not returning across the ferry, suddenly recalled to my mind, that the boat belonging to it had been drifted with the current. As this circumstance presented itself to my memory, the pleasure of feeling myself once more in safety was lost in the revived fear of having to terrify Lady Aberdale by the discovery which the loss of the bark must infallibly occasion. With tearful eyes your Pauline again approached that part of the lawn which was level with the water, and anxiously examined whether, happily, the bark might have been stopped by one of the many projections which vary the beauty of the bordering river; but no such desirable object met her eager eyes, to realize the hope that she had indulged of finding it, and getting it conducted back to its usual station before it could be missed.



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boat, and when she could no longer see it, became sensible that harrassed spirits give to joy all the effect of grief; for when he had entirely disappeared, her tears were bitter as those shed at the departure of a friend. I shall never see him more, greatly as I wish to repair my rudeness towards him; for had he been a person living in this neighbourhood, he would have appeared long ere this among the visitors of Lady Aberdale, with the most distinguished of whom he is evidently entitled to rank. No, I shall never see him more! and there is something peculiarly affecting in these words, connected too with a person from whom one has received the most essential service! I cannot help repeating them with increasing regret, when I consider that I have lost the only opportunity I shall ever have of paying him the poor meed I owe him—my thanks! Yet of what value would they be to him? None! but they would at least have

proved me to be neither ill-bred nor unfeeling; both of which, he must now think me.

It is a very singular circumstance, that, when my deliverer was present, I did not take the least notice of his person; but now that I see him no longer, and many hours have passed since we parted, he returns upon my memory as one particularly indebted to Nature, if a judgment can be formed from the sweetness and intelligence of his physiognomy.

Although I should never see him more, his voice of sympathy, and his intuitive anticipation of my anxious desire that the boat should be brought back, will fix him for ever in my grateful memory! The dinner bell chides me for having spent this whole morning in recapitulating circumstances, to which I ought never to have given rise,

Alas! your Pauline, is in despair, she has lost the invisible harmonist. The beneficent spirit, she ought rather to say, which gave an interest to this retreat, it will never more possess.

I have played the air, which heretofore instantly called forth its heavenly notes, over and over again in my very best manner, but silence seems to mock my anxiously expecting senses.

Have I offended this unseen power, by neglecting, in the relation of my faults, two days since, to pay it its usual homage? Return, gentle spirit, in thy song, and soothe my disconsolate heart with strains of forgiveness. No; silent are those sweet sounds which pleased and instructed me! Lost are those interesting moments, which threw an enchanting pleasure over my days—a magic charm over the scenes around! All is become a desert, and I feel a more fearful awe from the solitude and silence.

which again prevails, than when it was first broken by the solemn melody of the aerial musician.

I now frequently pass by the Druid's temple to repose on the velvet lawn which slopes to the river, opposite the height, sometimes reading, sometimes working, but more frequently watching the river which bathes my verdant seat, and then rolls on its destined course. Through how many scenes must it have passed: how many more will it embellish, ere it is swallowed up by some mightier stream!

→ The swan inspires me with so much dread, that I never seek the lawn till I have first fed, and seen him depart from the eminence on which the temple stands, when I consider myself secure for the morning; but just now he thought proper to pay me a second vi-

sit, and at my new haunt too: I fled, however, before he had landed.

There he goes again; what can that be he so gracefully winds around his snowy neck? It is—it must be—it is—I see it plainly now, it is a handkerchief, I was working for you, my mother; I must have dropped it in the grass, and he has robbed me of it! Nothing but vexation and gloom meet me in my visits here since I have lost my aerial friend: I believe I shall forsake it altogether for another summer-house higher up; yes, I certainly will collect my several instruments and have them carried there tomorrow.

---

I have changed my mind respecting the exchanging my present study for the one I yesterday thought of. I have examined it, and find it every way inferior to this: it is impossible to catch

even a glimpse of the islet which forms  
 the great beauty of this part of the river,  
 and is such a sweet interesting object,  
 from the Druid's fane, and being at a  
 greater distance from the water, it does  
 not, like this latter, remind me of the  
 scenes around the Pagode des Bains at  
 dear Isenberg. Besides, I begin to be  
 reconciled to it again, since I have sum-  
 moned resolution to commence copy-  
 ing those shells, whose magic transfor-  
 mation was so elegantly made to convey  
 instruction.—I blush at having so long  
 neglected to shew my gratitude for the  
 pleasure they afforded me, both in them-  
 selves, and as a medium of advice.

Your Pauline has been so vexed, so  
 affected, so interested, by a scene she  
 witnessed some days since, that her  
 eyes again fill with tears, as memory  
 recalls it. I had wandered alone a con-  
 siderable distance beyond the summer-



house, to which I had some idea of removing; when I suddenly came upon a ragged, rosy cherub, scarcely four years of age, and caught her in the very act of stealing wood. At sight of me the interesting little culprit dropped her bundle, and made off as fast as her pudsey feet would carry her, often looking back in terror at her pursuer; for I pursued with the intention of removing her fears, and indemnifying her for the deprivation of her booty. In one of those moments, when she was fearfully measuring with her eye how much ground I had gained upon her, she tottered, lost her balance, and rolled down a slope of considerable height. I flew after her, and was delighted to find that she felt no other ill effects from her accident than an accession of fear, for her round plump form, happily yielding with the helplessness of infancy to the fall, had bowléd in safety to the bottom.



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is not ill ; she is sold, and this evening, immediately, the butcher—.” At this name of terror she was checked in her answer by the sweet innocents, who uttering a cry, and throwing themselves in an agony of grief upon their long cherished play-fellow, vented to the unconscious victim all the pity of their untutored hearts ; anxiously and fondly entreating her, to accept what was most valuable to them, their supper, which they said they should never enjoy more when she was gone. It was sometime before your Pauline could sufficiently conquer the affecting emotions caused by this pathetic display of native feeling ; to assure them that she possessed the power and the will to remove this cause of sorrow from their good little bosoms. Yet in spite of her endeavours to persuade them that their favorite should not be taken from them, instead of running to her in a transport of joy, as the author

of such unlooked for happiness; they continued half incredulous, and evidently far from relieved from the apprehension which had made them forget even the cravings of nature. At length, however, her repeated promises made them wipe the tears from their eyes and cheeks; then heaving a deep sigh, they with a hungry avidity, more affecting than even the sensibility they had just evinced, devoured the contents of the bowl which their well-fed pet had refused. Scarcely had they finished it, when the arrival of the dreaded butcher again renewed their fears. They threw on me a look of distrust, and all immediately rallied around the lamb. Little Unna clasped her arms about its woolly neck, and leaned her cheek, glowing with anger, on the snowy fleece of its head, while her tears coursed each other over the mild dark eyes of the innocent animal. The boys placed themselves at

its side, in an attitude of defiance, but the two elder girls stood in front, spreading their little petticoats, to hide it from the hated giant who now stalked into the cabin.

The man was at first disposed to be jocose on the tender farewells he expected to witness, till, seeing me, he checked his bantering, and was prevailed on to receive the present I offered, in lieu of the fulfilment of the bargain. As soon as he had quitted the cot, peace was really restored, and on my giving the elder boy money to purchase a more substantial supper, the little party set off for the village: Unna riding on the lamb, the boys leading it with one hand, while with the other they flourished sticks in token of victory, and the girls gathering wild flowers as they walked, to string a garland for their pet, when they should in triumph pass the butcher's dwelling.

The subsiding of this agitation, and the absence of the children, enabled your Pauline to learn from their sad mother the particulars of her situation. It is indeed a melancholy one. The failure of their small crops, sorrow, and its attendant sickness, had reduced them to the necessity of parting by degrees with their sheep, one by one; they were reluctantly sold off, till this alone was left. This pet lamb, “The last of all my flock,” said the poor creature, “I had struggled to preserve, that I might not grieve my children.”—Want, however, had made of late such rapid strides towards her humble roof, that, leaving her no longer a choice, the poor animal had that morning been doomed to slaughter, and it was with the intention of warming his milk for him, under the idea that it was the last kindness they could ever shew him, that poor little Unna had stolen away to gather sticks.

My very soul was penetrated with pity for this unfortunate family, and I assured the poor woman I would acquire for her the protection of Lady Aberdale. Since that day, I have been chiefly employed in procuring comforts for my little family, which, by filling up my time, has greatly contributed to reconcile me to the desertion of my aerial musician.

The very next day, I selected a few things from my own wardrobe to make up for Unna, till an opportunity offers Lady Aberdale, for sending some one to purchase the necessary articles for new cloathing the whole family, which she has undertaken to do. Depositing them in the Temple, I proceeded to the cottage, where I was received with a delight which instantly communicated itself to my own bosom. I carried back my little favorite with me, and, treating her with fruit, soon won her to fa-

miliarity, in which she has displayed so much native archness and sense, that I feel determined, if I can render it an amusement to her, to make the instructing her in reading one to myself.

¶ 7 ,

Oh, mamma! all the charms of my temple are restored! Had I before entertained any doubts that a beneficent spirit invisibly fills with its mysterious presence this hallowed fabric, the incidents of this morning would have wholly removed them. Since to that aerial being, who finds happiness in doing good, and in watching over your Pauline, she is convinced she is indebted for the reward of her resignation and the marked approbation of her conduct, which greeted her on visiting it this morning.

The first object which met her sight, was the handkerchief the swan had stolen from her some time since: she



seized it with pleasure, and discovered a basket filled— with what, mamma?— “Shells?”—no.—“Coral and sea-weed?”—no.—“Flowers and fruit?” I think I hear you say. “No, no, mamma: the basket contained coarser, but more acceptable articles. It contained a small assortment of nicely made wearing apparel, directed in the hand of the moralist, “For Pauline’s Unna!

While she was admiring their suitability and neatness, that music, so long so deeply regretted, burst upon their pleased but astonished senses!

---

A courier had that very evening arrived at Lady Aberdale’s with a letter, informing them that the Baron had been dangerously wounded in hunting the wild boar. It was his wish, therefore, that Pauline should immediately return to Isenberg. In consequence of this intelligence, her ladyship set off early the



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ciety of young persons of her own age, Pauline gradually lost much of that enthusiasm which had been nursed in the solitude of Rhonburg; and with it had also faded in a great degree the animated impression made on her young mind by the stranger of the isle. It was with spirits much more in unison with Carenthéa's than she found them on her first return to Isenberg, that, some months after her father's recovery, she accompanied Lady Aberdale and her family to Munich, for the purpose of witnessing the festival of Corpus Christi, then on the eve of celebration. A spectacle singular in character, form, and ceremony.

The rank of her noble parents, and their long favor with the elector and his royal consort, entitled their daughters to the distinguished reception given them by their serene highnesses, and insured Lady Aberdale the same gracious reception.

As it is customary for the elector and electress to officiate in person at this ceremony, they appointed a lady of the court, the Countess de Thirheim, to do the honours to the family of Isenberg; the daughters of whose house formed a picture no less attractive to the nobles, by whom they were surrounded, than did the festival to their youthful eyes. The many thousands of which the procession consisted, with the variety and novelty of the characters exhibited in it, could not fail to amuse minds accustomed to the uniform tenor of a retired life.

All the orders exercising handicraft trades led the way, with no small degree of state; having rich flags borne before them.

Immediately after followed the members of the convent of Jesuits, preceding those of ten other monasteries, in sombre solemnity.

A great number of triumphal cars now appeared, containing groups of beautiful children, superbly dressed, and personifying, with more effect than truth, various characters intended to illustrate some remarkable histories in the sacred writings. At this sight, Carenthéa had exclaimed, "How lovely they are!—how beautifully dressed!—how delightful to be in that car, instead of looking tamely on!—well, I do like to be employed!"

Pauline, on the contrary, thought that her favorite Unna, seated on the pet lamb, led by her brothers; and supported on each side by her sisters, formed in her memory a more interesting groupe, in their peasant garbs; than these finely decked, over-dressed little figures.

Viola was amused with all she saw, but expressed her satisfaction only by wishing that Isidore was present, to enjoy with her the varying scene.

Two distinguished figures, habited in

the Roman costume, personating Saint George and Saint Maurice, next advanced at the head of their respective orders of knighthood. These were splendidly dressed, and included many of the principal noblemen of the court.

The brothers of the convent of Saint Augustine succeeded, and in their train the scholars, under their care. As they slowly and solemnly proceeded, Pauline beheld amidst them, with a surprize not wholly free from agitation, the stranger of the isle ! As their eyes met, the blush of painful consciousness burnt on Pauline's cheek ; who, fancying all eyes directed by those of the stranger, stole a fearful glance at Lady Aberdale and her mother. They were happily engaged in discourse foreign to the subject of her emotion, and she ventured again to turn her regards towards the youth. His were still intently fixed on her, and the rich glow which suffused his counte-

nance, shewed that he recognized her with interest; but, to her great relief, he passed on without any farther effort to claim her notice.

A bow, she immediately after saw him make to a lady not far distant; drew Pauline's attention towards her, and at the same moment she heard her say, (evidently in answer to some question respecting the person whose salutation she had just returned) "It is the amiable Count Adelpour de Mornie, a youth not less the object of my esteem than pity." While Pauline was anxiously attending to catch the conversation to which this profession was likely to give rise, Carenthéa abruptly caught her arm to direct her observation to the patron Saint of their venerable aunt, who now approached. The person who appeared in the character of Saint Marguerite, was a young lady, dressed in a roman habit, and guarded by an enor-

mous dragon, to whose form apparent life was given by two men concealed within it. Singular as were these figures, Pauline saw them not; curiosity to know more of the youth, to whose services she now recollected how greatly she had been obliged, made her for a moment feel displeasure against Carenthéa; for having occasioned her to lose a part of what the lady was saying; whose concluding words, however, struck on her sensibility; and as her mind afterwards dwelt upon them, the compassion they created revived all the interest she had originally felt, when gratitude opened her inexperienced heart to admit his claim to every virtue, because he had relieved her from the dreaded consequences of a youthful frolic.

As the several incidents of that event rose to her memory, she became so absorbed in the retrospection, that the four orders of mendicants, preceding the sacred



Host borne beneath a rich canopy; passed unnoticed, as did likewise the elector, who, with his consort at his left hand, followed immediately after, bearing in their hands lighted tapers. The master of the royal household came next, the whole court following in succession.

The procession was closed by the soldiery, burghers, and peasants; and during its progress it frequently stopped for the clergy to bestow upon the people their benediction.

When Lady Aberdale had nearly lost sight of it, she perceived, among those who were pursuing it, some nice girls, dressed in gowns richly laced before with chains of silver, and bearing round their necks three chains of the same metal. The value of these ornaments led her to enquire of the Baroness, what characters they intended to represent? Madame Isenberg smilingly answered, "Their own; it is the holiday dress of the ser-



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investigation which might have led to the truth; for Madame Isenberg, though desirous of discouraging such a belief in her daughter, was not artful enough to conceal that it was her own. Pauline returned therefore to Rhonburg in a disposition to receive the same impressions from her renewed visits to the Druid's temple which had first given it so great a charm.

---

As Madame Isenberg proceeded in the examination of the second part of the journal, she felt a pang at the conviction that she had, by her ill-veiled opinions in favor of departed spirits revisiting this world and taking an interest in the affairs of mortals, sanctioned a superstition which had perhaps thrown her daughter into the power of a villain.

The next pages of the journal mentioned Pauline's having seen the stranger of the isle at Munich. It then went

on to state, that, soon after her return to Rhonburg, in consequence of an invitation to a farewell entertainment given by Madame de Neiderpleis, (a friend of her hostess) previous to her joining her lord at Vienna, she had spent some time, unaccompanied by her friend, with that lady. Amongst the guests assembled there, she had again seen the youthful stranger, who then claimed her acquaintance, and received those thanks for his former services, of which timidity and alarm had before robbed him. Thus thrown together, they gradually arrived at a footing of intimacy. It appeared that, associating himself in all her amusements, she had become the sole object of his attentions; attentions, it was evident, by the manner in which the unconscious girl described them, that were no less partially received than offered.

They had parted with regret, the youth to return to his college at Munich,

Pauline to Rhonburg. Now it was that her young and romantic mind, on resuming her former morning's employments at the Druid's temple, conceived a new and fascinating idea, which still more attached her to this retreat. That aerial being, whom her fancy had never yet embodied, became associated in her remembrance with the stranger of the isle. The melodious notes of the invisible harmonist reminded her of the sweetness of his voice. His delicate attentions, those of her admired companion.

Thus did the very absence which, under different circumstances, would have effaced him from her mind, tend in her present situation still more deeply to impress him there.

The following paragraph of the journal, written some time after their separation, proves with what tenaciousness she dwelt on his remembrance.

---

Five long weeks have passed away

since I last saw him!—What an interesting companion was he!—how gentle his manners—how mild—how persuasive his voice!—I have sometimes fancied myself listening to it long after he has quitted me, and as my mind has collected the sense of his observations, I have thought I again heard the tones in which they were expressed—tones, there is no describing! They were not absolutely mournful, yet so nearly approaching it, that now, when I no longer see them accompanied by his serenely happy countenance, the recollection imparts a sadness to my bosom, which I with difficulty conquer.

—

Soon after these reflections had been inserted, Lady Aberdale, struck with the change which appeared to have taken place in her young guest's disposition, and attributing it to the monotony of her life, with a view to vary it, pro-

jected the excursion to the Tyrol, in which they unfortunately fell into the hands of the Vicomte de Valdore.

Adelcour, then at Rosenheim, became apprized of their intended journey, and secretly resolved, at a distance, to attend them. By doing so, he had witnessed the capture of the ladies, and though accompanied only by a few domestics of his venerable relative, with the inconsiderate and desperate valour of ardent youth, he had madly attempted their rescue.

The result was such as might have been expected. The servants were soon disarmed, and De Mornie carried wounded and bleeding to the cave.

As his hurts were imagined to be more serious than they in reality proved, he had been left so slightly guarded, on the second night, in the cell to which he had been conveyed, that he found the means of accomplishing that, on

which his every thought had been engaged from the moment he was aware that Pauline shared his captivity.

He found his way to her cell with the intention of assuring her his exertions should be unwearied till he had effected her release ; but ere she was sufficiently roused to comprehend him, he had been traced by a bandit ; in consequence of which, a slight scuffle ensued ; but, favored by the extinguishing of the light, Adelcour escaped through the long subterranean avenue, terminating in an aperture which opened at an immense height above the river Inn. Not knowing, in the profound darkness which surrounded him, whither he was hastening, he had been suddenly precipitated through the mouth of this cavernous walk, into the water, in which he must have perished, but for the water dog of some fishermen, who were on their return home. The animal



heard the plunge, and leaping into the stream, rescued him from his peril. His masters carried the youth with them to their neighbouring hut, and treated him with kindness during some days of helplessness which followed his accident. Though these men lived on good terms with the banditti, they were too generous to deliver De Mornie into their hands; and from the same feeling opposed his having recourse to justice for the recovery of the fair captives whom he was so desirous of liberating. Yet they recommended his seeking, by stratagem, to effect their escape through the aperture by which he had so unexpectedly accomplished his own.

It was in compliance with this advice, and in the hope of attracting their attention, that Adelpour had stationed himself in a boat lent him by his friendly hosts, beneath the opening, and was



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As the period approached for their usual visit to Isenberg, Pauline recalled the remembrance of the resolution she had made, after last leaving her mother, to lay before her, on their next meeting, this journal of her thoughts and actions.

In the determination of passing the morning in carefully revising it, previous to the submitting it to the eyes of the Baroness, she one day, at an earlier hour than usual, entered the Druid's temple, and taking from the niche, in which she generally deposited it, a manuscript resembling her own, she unsuspectingly began the perusal. The date corresponded with that she thought she was about to read, but its words ran thus.

---

To that being, to whom Adélcour de Mornie owes a new existence, he de-

ificates this journal of all his thoughts, his words, his deeds, since the period when a vision was presented to his view, which taught his “Soul to seek a soul !”

In the favorite haunt of my boyish days, in the woody-islet, dependant alike on the estates of Rhonburg and de Rosenheim, he will erect a fané, sacred to her, who is become his destiny; and make it the depository of this faithful transcript of his sentiments, his feelings, and his wishes, till that hour, when he can claim the valued honor of offering it to her for whom it is written. “*Oh! what ecstasy to prove deserving praise from goodness herself!*”

Pauline started at the name of Adelaour, and as she proceeded; looked anxiously around; fearful of meeting some eye archly marking the mockery of this close imitation of her own journal: but on returning to that before her, and con-

sidering the pensiveness of the style, the uneasy suspicion of ridicule which first assailed her subsided, and with increasing interest she resumed its perusal.

---

Sweet is the spot on which Adelpour has built his temple, and worthy (if any place can be worthy) of her to whom he has consecrated it. From the eminence on which it stands, it commands a view of Rhonburg, *and the river which flows through the charming plantations of that domain, bathes at the same time the shrubby banks of his chosen retreat.* When it was the property of the De Rosenheims, Rhonburg was the scene of many a youthful joy and frolic.— Dear was the remembered pleasure! but it fades before that, which Hope now offers with one of her most fascinating smiles!

---

Again has Adelpour seen that being, who, powerful as nature, has new-formed his soul, and opened in his bosom, a never-ending source of joy or sorrow! If memory would be but faithful to its trust, and convey to some master's imagination the impression of the form which has rooted itself in the heart of Adelpour, he might then enjoy the delight of decorating the interior of the fane, with its image. But, no! this indulgence is unattainable! The mind, that living fountain of all which is beautiful and sublime, may receive the impress of perfection, but vainly would the pencil attempt to give its form, its feature, its expression, its grace! Vainly would it attempt to fix the living glow of sensibility, or, touch with native delicacy the mind-reflected tints which play on the varying cheek of thought! Yet let me not repine that miracles cannot be performed at my pleasure.

Let me rather bless the fates who permit my contemplation of the original.

---

And my swan, too, is become her favorite! *my* swan, whom gratitude and affection have tamed to my will. High favored Jupiter, I little thought, when I nursed your broken leg, that I should be requited by your becoming the constant harbinger of delight to your preserver! yet, by your visits to Rhouburg, I shall be directed in mine.

A plan has just occurred—my heart welcomes it with a thrill of pleasure, and Jupiter's return gives the signal for its execution.

---

Success has crowned my temerity.—The secret recess formed by the double wall which opens from the corridor into the Druid's temple, intended by the late Sir Launcelot to conceal an organ, the door of which is hid by the bark

that cases it, is admirably calculated to enable me to be her invisible companion!—to associate myself in her amusements—to engage, perhaps (heavenly thought!) her interest—and become, unconsciously to herself, the master of all the treasures of her mind! But is it honorable, Adelpour, to steal into her confidence, and like a midnight thief to rob her of her most secret sentiments? Ah! what has innocence to fear from such a theft?—Will not the virtues, of which I steal the knowledge, break forth with double lustre by being displayed, decked in all the graces of ingenuousness?—How beautiful that ingenuousness which prompts the candid communication of her every thought!—How interesting, that emulation which, diffidently, but zealously, aspires to excellence. No less beautiful is the simplicity of heart and language, which flows through the pages,



I have dared to make the prototype of mine!

---

35 (Pauline's heart throbbed with emotions never before felt—suggestions sweet as hope, and romantic as youth, rose in visions of magic charm; and scarcely did she venture to breathe, lest the sigh of sensibility, which struggled to escape, should dissolve the enchantment.)

---

• It is become the dearest interest of my awakened soul to watch the opening flowers of a mind, rich in intellectual blossoms. In this delightful employment, even the inanimate scenes and objects around seem to rise to life and sentiment, and to gratify every demand of my heart!—

36 But Jupiter gaily dances on the returning stream.



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yond the philosophy of youth, but I will replace it with another.

---

If you, sweet Enthusiast, can feel so powerful a charm in the sympathy which you believe subsists between you and a fancy-formed being, what must be the enjoyment, the delight, of the *conscious* object of that happy fancy, who till now, has been a stranger to all the tender sympathies of congenial minds!—sympathies! which, by awakening sensibility, enlarge, elevate, ennoble, and refine the soul! adding to all the pleasing emotions of affection, the dignified consciousness of virtue.

Deprived in the very dawn of reason of a mother's endearments, condemned in early youth to the gloomy precincts of a convent, and only relieved from its irksome duties by occasional vacations, which permitted infrequent visits to a

grandmother, good and essentially kind, but melancholy and rigidly bigotted; can I convey to a being less severely circumstanced, any idea of the excess of rapture which my kindling soul experienced at finding myself, on quitting the cold and artless society of monks; accidentally the companion of sense, of feeling, and of virtue, under the attractive form of a youthful female! Can imagination alone swell to the comprehension of those emotions which open the bosom of Adelpour to ineffable delight, when he hears himself invoked as a guardian genius—when he reads the soothing effects of his superintending care—and the encouraging praises of his taste, his skill!—when he sees her, in whom he lives, bend with grateful pleasure over the efforts of his pencil, and the presumptuous lessons of his pen.

Impossible would be the attempt to depict the sensations with which the agitated Pauline became by degrees fully assured, that the fancied being, who had first given so romantic a charm to this her favorite haunt;—to amuse, to anticipate her wishes—and the youth, so much admired, so greatly regretted, were the same!—Yes!—It was that same Adelpour, who, without ever having presumed to intrude on her solitude, had, by a stratagem dictated by love, contrived to occupy her thoughts, and mingle in her amusements.

But at length his encreasing affection, and the intelligence which reached him of her being on the point of again quitting that spot where he had so long watched over her with jealous care, inspired him with the daring resolution of avowing his secret passion to its object.

The effecting this, by the exchange



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fearfulness of her manner—how beautifully elastic her light form as she fled to the river—how expressive her wild surprise on missing the boat in which she had rashly ventured! The trembling impatience with which she entered mine, the glowing eagerness with which she watched its approach to Rhonburg, all, all displayed such various grace and feeling, as charmed me from myself, and silenced the self-love that would have condemned her unthankfully hasty departure.

---

Every day adds strength and warmth to my admiration of the being to whom these pages are addressed! Let me rather say, every hour, for the impression of each day rises in estimation on the reflection of each hour, and receives the approving stamp of reason.

Yesterday introduced her to Adelpour in the new character of a minister-

ing' angel, shedding balm upon the wounded mind of the widowed mother, and restoring to blooming infancy its enchanting light-heartedness! This morning I again beheld her, at the earliest dawn, eagerly impatient to perfect her work of charity! The bosom of Adelpour glowed with proud rapture as he watched its chosen mistress ascend the steep, bearing on her arm a well stored basket for the objects of her pity. It was heavy, - yet she felt not its weight; benevolence wholly engrossing her heart, and mind, left no consciousness of personal inconvenience! Inspired by that god-like attribute, her steps sprang lightly up the dewy hill; the roused sensibilities of her nature, mounting from her soul to her countenance, enriched its native beauty, and speakingly reflected the conscious virtue of her beneficent errand! Was her return less interesting? Ah, no! the



tender smile of kindness and approbation, with which she had gladdened the young hearts of the little cottagers, still played around her mouth; the tear of sympathy, which had imparted consolation to their dejected mother, still trembled on her cheek, and she bent her eyes with indulgent and pleased attention on the laughing cherub who frolicked at her side—it was her favorite Unna.

---

The journal now went on to paint the grief and despair of Adélcour at Pauline's first sudden departure from Rhonburg—his obligation soon after to repair to his college; for the purpose of appearing with his brother students at the procession of Corpus Christi—his emotions at unexpectedly perceiving her amongst the spectators—the thrill of delight with which he afterwards met her at Madame de Neiderpleis—the fe-



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“What a wife—what a mother—what a bosom friend,” proceeded Adelpour, “must she make, who has thus early chosen, through the path of virtue, the only road to happiness! Steadily pursue your course, sweet girl—and you will resemble the Spring when it comes forth in its beauty—revives the decayed face of nature—spreads plenty over the fields—and smiles on the labor of industry. My heart dilates with joy when I picture to myself the blessings you will one day diffuse around your domestic abode. Ah, Pauline!—for the moment is arrived when silence and mystery are no longer practicable—unite your devoted Adelpour—your friend—your lover—in these prospects of general felicity!—allow——”

---

Pauline, overcome by the complicated sensations of surprise—of pleasure—of timidity and love, which impetuously

rushed to her bosom—now, dropping the manuscript, was raising her eyes to heaven, when a part of the opposite side of the building opened; and in the next minute the stranger of the isle—the invisible harmonist—that Adelpour de Mornie—the noble sentiments of whose mind, the ardent affection of whose heart, had just been laid open to her knowledge; and offered as a tribute to her virtue!—entered from it.

The scene which followed was perfectly consistent with the romantic and amiable characters of the lovers.

Adelpour, in the confidential disclosure which succeeded the perturbation of their first meeting, concealed not that his choice was, as yet, unsanctioned by those who might claim a voice in his future destiny; while Pauline, as little doubted his success with this guardians, as the approbation of her

Adelpour de Mornie

own indulgent parents, in a case where her happiness was concerned.

Before they parted, he urged her to consent to his earnestly expressed wish, that, till he was himself enabled to communicate to the Baron and his lady their unsuspected attachment, it should remain a secret from every one but themselves. But she, for the present, shrank from the proposal of binding herself to conceal from her parents and Lady Aberdale an engagement, which she then little foresaw, was, after months of miserable suspense, to terminate in despair.

As the dinner hour approached, Pauline became very desirous that her lover should leave her to meditate on what has passed, and compose herself before her return to the chateau, but she could not prevail on him to obey her till she had promised to see him on the following morning, and give him the result of



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you are to meet." This Lady Aberdale added with a smile of much meaning.

Pauline, relieved at finding her Hostess so entirely engrossed by her visitor as to be unconscious of the agitation with which she had received her greetings, though by no means delighted at the arrival of a stranger at that juncture, attended her ladyship to the apartment mentioned; where a conversation ensued which excited, notwithstanding the pre-occupation of her thoughts, a somewhat lively curiosity to see the guest who had formed the subject of it.

Fully prepared, by the circumstances to which she had been listening, to wonder and admire, to like and dislike, Pauline followed Lady Aberdale to the saloon, where the remarkable personal beauty, grace, and graciousness of the person there presented to her, soon deprived her of all disposition to entertain

any feelings but those of approbation ; and ere they separated for the night, she felt an interest in their new inmate, which she then little thought the next morning would destroy.

Those attentions, however, which had not been displeasing the evening before, became importunate, when she found they prevented her from fulfilling her engagement of meeting Adelpour in the Temple.

Wherever she went, the Chevalier Florio instantly presented himself before her, and with gay confidence offered his attendance : to walk, to ride, to sail, to draw, to play, any thing, every thing, with such a companion, he protested, would be equally delightful. Which should it be ?—he asked.

Distressed, confused, at a loss how to act, Pauline hesitated for some time : at length, recollecting that her drawing materials, with her harpsichord, were



all in the last place to which she could wish to introduce him, she chose a walk, as the least likely to lead to the discovery of a secret she now painfully felt to be in danger of a premature disclosure. Under an air of affected gaiety, by no means harmonizing with the native dignity of her fine Grecian face, she endeavoured to conceal the disappointment and anxiety with which the obtrusive manners of the Chevalier had filled her bosom, and her regret at being obliged to disappoint Adeleour's hopes.

The next morning, and the two next, she sought to anticipate Florio's hour of rising, in vain!—He seemed, by intuition, to know to a moment the time of her awaking, for she found him constantly in readiness to offer the salutations of the morning, either at the door of her dressing-room when she issued from it, at the foot of the stairs as she descended them, or in the portico when she passed through it:—prepared,



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when he turned abruptly into a close covered path; and discovered, forming a termination to a fine vista, the building in question.—“There it is!” exclaimed the youth; “and so invitingly curious it appears, that I cannot, will not, be denied, the pleasure of viewing the scene in which you woo contemplation.”

Pauline felt that she could no longer avoid complying with this request; but she dreaded that they should find within the Temple her anxious lover awaiting her appearance, or jealously watching her seeming preference of another, spread so sudden and deathly a pallidness over her countenance, as convinced Florio that he had inflicted on his companion a severer penance than he intended.

Grieved at having carried his playfulness too far, he affected, as the best reparation he could make, to believe that she was taken ill; and offering his arm, without making any comment, gently directed her steps towards the chateau.

On reaching it, she instantly repaired to her own apartment; and, tempted by the excuse of illness, with which Florio had designedly supplied her, she pleaded it to Lady Aberdale as an apology for continuing alone the remainder of the day.

As the circumstances of the morning rose to his memory, the Chevalier felt his curiosity rise with them; and he determined to take advantage of Pauline's confining herself to her room, to gratify it, by investigating the building that had given cause for the vague suspicions which intruded themselves upon his mind.

In pursuance of this scheme, he immediately, on rising from table, took a circuitous path to the Temple; and, on reaching it, he found the door which faced the river fastened. It was some time before he discovered the one which led from the rustic corridor into

the interior of the fabric: this also was locked; but in the prosecution of that minute scrutiny which a fancied mystery prompts, a projection in the bark, of which the walls were formed, caught his eye, and on examination proved to be an imperfectly closed door, which opened into the organ recess, and, with a similar one that led immediately into the chosen study of Pauline, had been unconsciously left thus insecure by the agitated lovers on that eventful day when their hearts gave them to each other.

With penetrating curiosity, Florio surveyed the various testimonies of Pauline's delicate taste, refined studies, and elegant employments. At length two manuscripts arrested his attention; on examination, he found they were both opened in pages so perfectly according together, that the Chevalier could not avoid suspecting that they



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the reader must guess, from the event of his returning to the chateau, and announcing his intention of quitting Rhonburg in two days. On the eve of his journey he paid a second visit to the Druid's Temple: all remained in the same state, except that the journals were no longer to be found; this circumstance confirmed his conjectures of the preceding day.

The news of the Chevalier's approaching departure soon reached the apartment of Pauline, and relieved her mind from much of the solicitude which had for some days pressed heavily upon it. With renovated spirits she arose the next morning, armed with fortitude cheerfully to bear with her tormenting companion for the remaining time he was destined to continue so. Under these wise resolves she forbore all attempts at visiting the Temple till Florio should have made his adieus. These,

on the appointed day, she received with a lightened heart; and, after watching his progress as he rode from the chateau till he was hidden from her sight by distance, she hastened with trepidation to the Temple.

Emotions, which partook of many indefinable feelings, checked awhile her entrance; but the quick ear of love had caught the sound of her step—the door was opened, and Adelpour appeared! when the suspense of the one and the doubts of the other were lost in the mutual delight and confidence which eloquently spoke in the eyes of each.

As soon as Adelpour perceived the agitation had a little subsided which a delicate mind will ever feel on first meeting a lover so recently acknowledged, heightened in the present instance by the consciousness that he was as yet unsanctioned by her parents, he ventured to communicate to Pauline



some particulars of his situation, in the hope of proving to her that prudence dictated their, for some time longer, concealing from the Baron and Baroness Isenberg their mutual partiality.

“I have suffered so much,” said Pauline with a sigh, her fine features losing that candid pleasure and serene confidence which had so sweetly softened the agitated expression they at first exhibited—“I have suffered so much from the concealment I have already practised with the most indulgent of mothers; the most estimable of friends; that I had hoped, in consenting to cherish in my bosom the sentiments with which you have sought to inspire it, they would have brought with them all that happiness which a free confession on my part, and a full approval of my choice from those who have a right to controul it, alone can give. Urge me not, then, to continue in an error,



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her sweet countenance: "allow something to the pride and feelings of one, who, aspiring to an alliance with the House of Isenberg, aspires also to be deemed worthy of it in all respects. If, therefore, fortune frown, I will gain you through honor, or resign you and the world together.—Say, Pauline—promise that you will give your Adelpour a chance of claiming you from your noble parents in a manner worthy alike of his love and your virtues!"

Pauline was about to pronounce the so ardently urged promise, when it was checked, ere she could give it utterance, by a slight noise in the apartment. Both instantly turning towards the place from whence the sound proceeded, they beheld the painted door slowly thrown back, and in its opening, standing to appearance, the living Druid, whose portrait usually concealed it! For a few minutes Pauline believed the vene-

rable figure had taken life, to warn her against the rash promise which hovered on her lips ; but short was the deception and the terror. The white locks, the silver beard, the rustic staff, suddenly disappeared ; and, from beneath the long grey cloak which seemed to cover the bending figure of the aged Druid, stepped forth the elegant and elastic form of Florio !

Advancing immediately towards Adelpour, he said, in a tone indicative of long intimacy, “ Smooth your angry brow, De Mornie : I have, it is true, revenged myself on this lady for her slights, by stealing into your confidence ; but, having done so, you have nothing to fear—your secret is safe—henceforth trust me—command me—accept of me as a friend, and you shall find my time, my power, my fortune, if necessary, devoted to your service.—Speak, are you for peace or war ?” and as he spoke,

he extended his hand in token of the former. Adélcour, with marked respect, bowed over it. "Agreed," cried the Chevalier; and, kissing the cheek of Pauline with gallant friendliness, he threw himself into a chair near her. "On the arguments in favor of secrecy, you were pressing with all the bold yet seducing rhetoric of overbearing man," observed Florio; "and you, sweet Pauline, receiving with the amiable weakness of yielding woman, I shall unasked give judgment, by saying, let Adélcour, before he introduces himself at Isenberg, visit his uncle, the Bishop of Marseilles, and demand from his own lips the motives which influenced him to remove him from his powerful protection to that of a poor, weak, bigotted grandmother; and——"

"And what?" asked Adélcour, anxiously. "Merely," replied Florio, "that I have heard him much blamed for his



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any longer on my willingness to exercise them in your favor.

An unlimited confidence took place before the three friends separated; a confidence which in the sequel frequently called upon Florio, to act with an appearance of caprice and volatility, admirably supported by the well-known gaiety of his character.

Pauline alike contrary to her inclination and sense of duty; acquiesced in the temporary concealment for which Adelpour entreated.

A touching pensiveness which seemed to be equally the characteristic of both their minds, gave to the plans of Adelpour and Pauline the solemnity of parting injunctions, rather than the cheering air of schemes formed by youth, and hope, and love; to insure their future union. Their separation was therefore rendered gloomy by forebodings of evil which neither had the power of con-

cealing from the other. Of the weakness of this conduct in him from whom more fortitude might have been expected, Adelpour seems to have been transiently sensible when, at the distance of a few leagues from Rhonburg, he thus remarks upon it, in one of the fragments of his letters which follow :

---

“ I carry with me a self-inflicted regret, my Pauline, in feeling conscious that I have shewn myself deficient in that strength of mind which can alone render me worthy of becoming your protector. Why did I by my own example encourage a despondence so enervating to minds which may be called upon to prove that they are deserving of happiness, by shewing how well they can bear misfortune.—But you like not that I should condemn myself, I will therefore respect Adelpour in you.”

---



## FRAGMENT.

“ I have deviated from my road to enjoy an interview with an amiable woman, who was once the humble friend of my mother, the nurse and governante of your Adelcour, till dismissed by the rigid economy of Madame de Rosenheim, or still more rigid commands of the Bishop of Marseilles, to seek in the excellent Uldarick Wellendorf a friend and husband.

“ I cannot give you an adequate idea of her delight, and sorrow at seeing me; paradoxical as this may appear, she has I fear too much reason for blending these opposite feelings. The particulars I have learnt from her of the conduct of my uncle towards me, during my abode with him, leave me more at a loss to comprehend his character, than to understand her anxiety on my account.

“ She informs me that on the death of



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which forbade my innocent caresses; the cutting severity of brow which rebuked my playful gambols, and the depression which accompanied me to my solitary apartment, when causelessly dismissed from the company of those associates, to whom his lordship had, heretofore, praised me with lavish fondness; and from whom he had, with proud confidence, exacted attention to my infantile prattle. To the first sense of forlornness which my mind then received, I can trace the cause of that—shall I call it dulness?—You, my Pauline, give it a more partial term; I will therefore say, that in what I then suffered I can trace the cause of the total blight of that hilarity which gilds the early days of other youths, and happily leads them to believe they see in the long perspective of life, only varied scenes of new-springing joys.

“ This estrangement of my uncle, was

the prelude to the transferring the care of me from himself to Madame de Rosenheim; and to her I was conducted by the affectionate creature, who has given me this account. You would love her, my Pauline, could you have witnessed the genuine sensibility with which she described her feelings from the commencement of my uncle's coldness, to that cruel moment when she was informed that her attendance on me was no longer required. Every word went to the heart of Adelcour, and as I recall the candor of countenance, and the simplicity of her language, I feel the full force of the observation: That if the mind was capable of admiring the beauties of truth in her native garb, she would not require the fictitious ornaments of the imagination to render her beloved.—But, alas! her pure and delicate light penetrates not the gross mind of man; her beautiful simplicity touches

him not. To rouse him to a sense of her sublimity: it is necessary to call to her assistance ideas which may enlighten his understanding; and objects which may fix his attention; it is not sufficient to describe virtue, she must be painted also. But this is not the first time: I have been made sensible of the justice of this remark; a dearer, a more enchanting proof of it elevates the sentiments of Adelpour, as his memory welcomes with delight that, to the invisible musician no veil of diffidence, no artificial colouring, hid or disfigured that sublime virtue which in native beauty makes the mind of Pauline her temple!"



Adelpour quitted: Joanna Wellendorf in the perfect conviction that Madame de Rosenheim had been instigated by the Bishop to call to the aid of her authority the zeal of the monks by whom he had been educated, in persuading



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As he journeyed on, he recapitulated to himself all the particulars on which there could be rationally founded a hope that his pretensions would eventually be proved such as entitled him to demand Pauline from her parents.

Joanna Wellendorf had told him that his father's rank was in the first order of nobility, his fortune on his marriage, princely, his character unimpeached. His mother, too, was of high birth, and distinguished virtue. He was the only child of this noble, rich, and amiable pair—the undoubted heir of their titles and estates. By what authority then could the latter be withheld from him—how could he have forfeited his right to them? His hopes rose with these reflections, against which nothing suggested itself to lessen their force; and, with more elation of spirits than he had experienced for many months, he stopped at the first Auberge, to enjoy the

pleasure of communicating a portion of his own sanguine feelings to Pauline.

On his arrival at Marseilles, Adelcour immediately waited on the bishop. His reception was such as might have been expected from the conduct already described in the second fragment. His lordship declined the trouble of entering into the particulars which had induced him to destine Adelcour to a convent; and for the circumstances which had rendered him a beggar, he referred him to his chaplain; to whom he had given his instructions for drawing up a narrative of them for De Mornie's perusal.

The coldness, haughtiness, and impenetrability of the bishop, while annihilating all his fairy hopes, by the information that he was a beggar, irritated the unhappy Adelcour into taking an unceremonious departure.

By the chaplain, he was received with



a benignity and sympathy, which in some measure soothed his perturbed spirit, and assisted in arming him with some degree of that fortitude which could alone have enabled him to read what that narrative unfolded.

---

Pauline, from this period, supplied the blank in the lover's history by an address to her mother written that morning, but in language so incoherent, that the Baroness with difficulty united the broken threads of her story.

During the absence of Adelpour on this journey to the bishop's, (his uncle) Lady Aberdale and herself had returned to Isenberg, accompanied by Florio; Pauline indulging the pleasing hope of soon seeing De Mornie received with approbation by her family.

No intelligence had however reached her from him, when the news of Sir



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obstacles which had retarded his demanding her in marriage of the Baron.

It was in language which evinced how deeply it had wounded her peace; that Pauline, in speaking of their meeting in the Druid's Temple, depicted the affecting change which sorrow had wrought in De Mornie since last they parted. All hope of ever calling her his had been long extinct; yet could he not resolve on abandoning those fondly cherished wishes without once more beholding her—without carrying with him the impression of that sympathizing grief and regret, which would be written on her loved countenance when she bade him an eternal adieu: an image, with which he henceforth wished entirely to fill his mind.

If to have learnt from her lips, and her every speaking feature, that the unmerited misfortunes which rendered their

union hopeless, but the more endeared her lover to the heart of Pauline, could console him, Adelcour received this alleviation of his sorrow.

He placed in her hands that story of his early misfortunes with which the bishop's chaplain had furnished him; but which manuscript Pauline informed her mother was now in the possession of the Chevalier Florio, to whom she had already imparted her wish that it might be immediately delivered to the Baroness.

Adelcour, bound by a promise he had given his generous friend the Chevalier to apprise him of the result of his visit to the Bishop, at length prevailed on himself to inform him, that he had discovered himself to be wholly dependant upon that uncle, who cruelly insisted on his assuming the cowl, as the only means by which he might hope for his future protection; threatening on his non-compliance to abandon him to the

poverty to which fate had destined him.

The bigotted and narrow-minded Madame de Rosenheim united with the Prelate in urging submission to a measure so utterly inimical to his heart's dearest wishes. He added, that it was under these deplorable circumstances he had, at their last interview, taken of Pauline an eternal adieu.

Florio touched with generous pity, had on learning these particulars, offered him a service which darted a ray of hope athwart the gloom by which his future horizon was before obscured. The Chevalier's interest enabled him to procure the unfortunate youth a commission in the Austrian service, which might, through valor, open to him the road to glory and happiness.

Adelcour with gratitude accepted the proffered service, and the unexpected arrival of the eccentric Florio at Isenberg,



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Isenberg for the purpose of arranging with Adelpour the best means of carrying it into effect.

It was resolved between them, to hover near the Isenberg party, till a favorable opportunity offered for the interview; and the anxiety with which Pauline, who was apprised of their intentions, had watched the progress of the storm in the little village of Mittewalde, was occasioned by her apprehensions, that those for whom she was so deeply interested were exposed on one of the neighbouring heights to its fury!

The appearance of the Chevalier's horse, without its rider, had nearly thrown her off her guard, but in a short time after, when she saw *him*, from whom when last they parted she believed she had taken an eternal farewell, in the midst of her family—again heard that so well remembered voice, now gently addressing, for the first time, her mother;

the emotions which shook her frame, were almost too powerful to be borne.

This agitation had ultimately favored the views of Florio, who, in his zeal to take advantage of Pauline's being left behind while the rest of the party went to visit the cottage in the village, conducted her to a spot where it had been agreed on, between himself and De Mornie, the latter should await his joining him.

The interview proved highly consolatory to Adelpour, to whom Pauline repeated, that his misfortunes had but the more endeared him to her heart: so great was the reluctance with which he tore himself away, that, but for the remembrances of Florio, he would still have lingered, even after he had extorted a promise that she would, by keeping her hand disengaged, give him at least the chance of claiming it, should fortune allow him the opportunities



of proving himself worthy to demand it of her parents.

The Chevalier and Pauline were on their return to the Auberge, after the departure of De Mornie, who had now nothing further to detain him from his regiment, when they were met by the terrified Baroness, who, in pursuit of her daughter, had been encountered by that mysterious being who had cautioned her against the growing intimacy of her children and Villerose.

From the period of this last separation from her lover, constant alarms on account of the dangers to which the desperate valour his situation must naturally excite would expose him; joined to never ceasing remorse at the duplicity she was practising towards her parents, completely destroyed the spirits, and was rapidly undermining the health, of Pauline.

The misfortune of the Countess, at-



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indulgent mother, and avowing that I was unworthy the blessing she was at that moment pouring on my guilty head, influenced my less culpable Pauline to withhold so tenaciously from her no less devoted parent, a secret, pregnant with the happiness of both.

The gush of anguish which followed these bitter reflections was interrupted by the door of the apartment being thrown open, and the Marquis de Villerose announced.

Bewildered, solitary, doubtful in what way to break the matter to the Baron, and wanting some friend to whom she might impart the feelings which agitated her bosom, Madame Isenberg received Villerose, (whom she loved with maternal affection) as one particularly fitted to consult with and advise her.

She hesitated not to inform him of the purport of what she had just learnt, which sufficiently accounted for the

emotion in which he found her, and giving him the manuscripts, she requested he would read them to her, after which she hoped to be better enabled, to determine on the first steps she ought to take.

As Villerose by these means made himself master of the subject, his kind and noble heart became deeply impressed with compassion for the lovers, and an animated desire was kindled in his breast of assisting to remove those impediments which it appeared misfortune had thrown in the way of their union.

He told the Baroness that the De Mornie's were certainly allied to him by blood, and from those amiable traits the affecting and romantic journal of Adelaïde had developed to him, he from that hour should be most anxious to claim kindred with one whom he already honored, though personally unknown to him.

Madame Isenberg, equally charmed with the generous warmth manifested by her much esteemed young friend, and consoled by the hopes he suggested that the impediments to the happiness of her Pauline might be removed before the Marquis left her, became sufficiently collected to impart to him her father's desire of seeing him on the next morning; a request with which she urged him to comply before setting out for D'Aubry, which excursion, she smilingly told him, she should not afterwards oppose his taking.

Villeroze promised to obey her, though he considered with regret how many hours this delay must retard a meeting which he desired with so lively an impatience.

On his return to his hotel, he was informed that De Lermá, after calling to inquire for him, had dressed, and gone out to pass the evening at the Duchess



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shewn into his dressing room, where he found awaiting him the grandfather of Viola.

The noble and venerable figure of that nobleman, his near affinity to the family so dear to him, and the circumstances under which they met, made the Marquis approach him with a confiding partiality which ill merited the cold repulsive manner with which his advances were received.

The Count scarcely allowed the common compliments which courtesy exacted to pass, before he entered on the subject of his guest's pretensions to an alliance with his house.

The modest yet manly reply the Marquis was addressing to him, D'Aubry abruptly stopped, by pronouncing, with chilling sternness, "Let me advise you, young man, to spare yourself useless mortification, by abandoning, from this hour, all hope of accomplish-

ing a union, which never can—which never shall take place.”

Villeroze, shocked, astonished, and for some moments rendered speechless by a declaration as unexpected as it was terrible, at length sufficiently recovered himself to demand, in an agitated voice, the cause of that prejudice with which he had been so unfortunate as to inspire a nobleman, by whom it was so greatly his wish to have been esteemed.

“When I pronounce, that I would rather see that innocent girl, my grandchild, consigned to the tomb of her ancestors, than united to one disgraced, I think I have sufficiently explained my own nice feelings, where honor is concerned.”

“Disgraced!” echoed the electrified Marquis, recovering the involuntary movement by which his hand had grasped his sword, as he remembered the age and infirmity of his host—“My



lord, you are the first, the only being who ever yet has dared to couple with that foul word the respected name of Villeroze.”

“Oh, blindness of egotism!” replied the Count, with a smile of the most sarcastic bitterness. “Do you imagine young man, that I am singular in th opinion, that that once noble family has received a fatal degradation in its present representative: but let us wave a subject on which——”

“Wave it!” interrupted the Marquis, passionately. “Oh, impossible! till you have explained the horrid misconception by which you have been actuated to insult me.—Say, my lord, I charge you, to what circumstance connected with the man before you can you, dare you, attach the abhorred charge of undeserved disgrace?”

*Disgrace and infamy!*” exclaimed the Count, with increasing vehemence.—



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proudly collected Marquis, whose soul, conscious of native worth, repelled with disdain charges of such dire import. "Say, my lord, for I am prepared with calmness to listen to you; say, at what the opprobrious epithets you have used can point?"

"*Your birth!*" replied D'Aubry, with a look which pierced the bosom of his astonished auditor.

"Great God! my birth! said you?" exclaimed the petrified Villerose; but the Count was no longer there to answer him. On uttering his last incomprehensible sentence, he had suddenly opened the door which separated the room in which they were from his chamber, and ere the Marquis was aware of his intention, he had passed into it and turned the key on himself.

For a considerable time after his abrupt departure Villerose remained motionless where D'Aubry had left him;

his intellects and feelings alike stunned by the unexpected scene which had just passed. But, as his presence of mind returned, he was struck with the suspicion, that either that nobleman had mistaken him for another, or that his intellects must be impaired.

In either case it appeared to him most proper to set off immediately for the Chateau D'Aubry, and, after communicating to the Baron the reception he had experienced from the Count, demand, through him, an explanation.

The traces of strong mental agitation were still impressed on the countenance of the Marquis as he now descended the stairs with an intention to quit the mansion, before a summons from Madame Isenberg might render a previous interview with her indispensable: this circumstance he was particularly desirous of avoiding till he had consulted with her lord.

He had nearly reached the door which opened on the street, when a footman put into his hand a packet; saying, in language not very comprehensible, it had been just before left there for him. Villerose took it without remarking that the whole appearance of the man bespoke him to have not slept off the effects of a too copious indulgence in drinking the preceding evening; and, breaking the seal, he dropped the envelope before he ascended his carriage, in which he began, at first carelessly, to examine the papers he held in his hand.

They formed the narrative written for De Mornie by the Chaplain of the Bishop of Marseilles, which the Chevalier Florio had that morning sent, at the request of Pauline, to the Baroness. The domestic who carried it to the hotel D'Aubry, reaching that mansion at the same moment as the servant to whom Don Alphonso had given his letter, for the



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had not advanced any thing, in which the generality of the world might not concur.

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### THE CHAPLAIN'S NARRATIVE.

In the year 1733, the first cousin of Adelpour de Mornie's father, the then gay and passionate Marquis de Villeroze, left Paris with a splendid retinue to join, for the first time, his regiment quartered at Strasburg.

His birth, his fortune, his person, were all such as to render him an object of admiration to the other sex. Long did he flutter in gratified vanity amongst the bevy of beauties who invited his notice; but at length yielded himself a willing captive to Eleonora Altenberg.

That young lady, scarcely then sixteen, had been intrusted by her father, a Saxon nobleman of the first order, to pass some weeks at Strasburg with an

old and long valued friend of her deceased mother.

The evening after her arrival in that city, at a ball, given by the king's lieutenant and intendant of the provinces, General D'Angervilliers, she was introduced to the Marquis de Villerose; and in the same moment became his fate.

Eleonora Altenberg was formed to strike at once, or never! Nothing could exceed the seducing effect of her charms on those who allowed their senses alone to direct their admiration. She was formed to personify the most voluptuous idea of pleasure which the youthful mind had ever in its warmest fancy visioned—so lavishly did she appear gifted with all those alluring graces calculated to fire the heart, and tempt it from the sober guidance of reason.

Her engagement for the first part of the evening disappointed Villerose of the happiness of immediately dancing



with her; but it gave him a more unrestrained opportunity of remarking the many bewitching charms brought into play with heightened effect by that accomplishment.

Her form rounded to perfection—her step elastic as the mind of youth—each movement displaying that indefinable grace derived from the harmonious proportions of beauty, Eleonora might have rivalled the Muse Terpsichore in her heaven-gifted art, as with aerial lightness her nicely balanced form floated before the eyes of the captivated Marquis.

Nor was it the symmetry of her figure or the elegance of its attitudes that were alone exhibited by the varying dance—her spirits rising with the exhilarating notes of pleasure. Eleonora's countenance soon became the picture of her mind, and betrayed in Nature's own colours the animation of



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to one born with a disposition to bound with fearless delight through every tempting path which caught with its flowery beauties her light and changeful fancy.

Heaven had endowed Eleonora with an excellent understanding, but it remained wholly uncultivated. Love and pleasure were, in her opinion, the idols to which youth should sacrifice ; and to love and pleasure, with the sanguine confidence of an inexperienced mind, she determined to devote those fleeting days which belong to it.

Gaily and carelessly on her part passed the hours of courtship, jealously and impatiently on that of the Marquis, whilst anxiously awaiting the consent of Eleonora's father, Count Altenberg ; till, worn out with the fears his encreasing rivals brought with them, and with the doubts the delayed answer of the Count

to his solicitation for his daughter's hand created, he earnestly pleaded in favor of an elopement.

The passionate eloquence with which Villerose proved that every hour which was suffered to pass in depressive expectation was a robbery committed on the share of human happiness, allotted by the sparing hand of Fate, communicated to Eleonora's bosom no small portion of the ardent impatience which warmed that of the Marquis; and she at length consented to anticipate the arrival of her father's sanction, by accompanying him, unknown to her hostess, to Liancour.

With secret exultation, her lover bore her to that domain, in the private chapel of which the beautiful Saxon, with a countenance illumined by the bright eye of joy and tearless love, pronounced her willing vows.

From the halcyon enjoyments which

had crowned all his wishes, Villerose was suddenly summoned by the voice of honor : obedient to its call; he tore himself from his bride, and joined his regiment just in time to accompany it to the field of battle, where, in the first onset, he fell beneath the sabre of an Austrian Hussar.

On the report of this event, Count Albert de Mornie, father of Adelpour de Mornie, took possession of the noble estates and title of Villerose, though the latter was sunk in the more ancient one which he already possessed.

He immediately after led to the altar the long sighed for Adelaide de St. Clair, the sister of the Bishop of Marseilles, a character possessed of qualities which formed a complete contrast to the pleasure-loving, light-minded Eleonora. The household gods of Adelaide, were—Virtue, Charity, Moderation, and Content, these threw a mild and genial lustre



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her not, the magic effect of those luxuriant charms which ever gave to the play of her lovely features, and to the movement of her perfect form, the bewitching graces of endless variety, were instantly acknowledged and felt.

Never did Eleanora appear so interesting to my feelings as on this occasion: "A milder lustre, and a softer glow," were thrown over the April bloom of her person by a black robe of the lightest silk. Her dark locks on one side forming a bandeau across the sweeping arch of her well-turned brow, and on the other veiling it with their glossy ringlets, gave a character to her beauty, not less powerfully and suddenly felt by the Marquis D'Aubigné than that which had enslaved the first affections of the unfortunate Villeroze.

As impassioned, as seriously devoted; the same unbounded admiration; the same glowing love; the same unbridled

impatience, gave to the passion of D'Aubigné the maturity of years, and kindled in the Marchioness's bosom an affection which led her, ere ten moons had shed their pensive beams on the grave of Villerose, to repeat to D'Aubigné those vows which, in the fulness of love and joy, he had believed had rivetted her soul to his for ever.

The high respect and esteem in which the commandant of Strasburg, Count de Bourg, held the Marquis D'Aubigné, induced him to take so lively an interest in his marriage, as to inspire that venerable nobleman with the spirit to celebrate it with a splendid and public masquerade.

The time appointed for this entertainment was the day after the nuptials of Eleonora Marchioness de Villerose, and Albert Saint Foy, Marquis D'Aubigné.

The conduct of this festival was committed to Monsieur D'Angervilliers, to



whose taste, magnificence, and hospitality, Strasburg was indebted for the air of gaiety and pleasure which in those days distinguished it.

The theatre, which was supported at the expence of the garrison, was fitted up for the occasion with great judgment, and afforded, from the nature of its construction, a fine field for displaying with effect the whimsical fancies of the maskers.

The bride, with her characteristic *enjouement*, wished much to have taken a spirited part in the entertainment, but the proud and tenacious Marquis, who would willingly have excused himself altogether from venturing his newly acquired treasure amongst so promiscuous a *melange* of persons and characters, could not be prevailed on to increase the danger by allowing her to mask.

The Count de Bourg, all the com-



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intoxicating me; the bounteous gifts of this lady are already more than my *head* can bear.”

The good old commandant caught the humour of the evening, and, smiling at the Marchioness, observed, “All jokes are fair at a masquerade, and we who appear in our own homely characters must pay the penalty of being the buts at which the votaries of Mirth and Frolic will aim their wit-pointed darts.”

“Certainly,” said the Marchioness, “or the spirit of the entertainment would be damped, which I hope will not prove the case to night.”

“Fear it not,” rejoined the mask, in a low and emphatic voice, “for *I* am an actor in this motley scene, purposely to raise the *spirit* of it to an height your imagination cannot reach. But why not assume a character, and join the gay throng in an amusement so suited to the cloudless days of youth?—Are you fear-

ful; that, by veiling, the beauties of your face you may lessen the number of your hourly conquests?—Dismiss the apprehension; for, trust me, that ravishing form will enslave those hearts your eyes may spare.”

Pleased with this compliment, and willing to prolong a conversation likely to take so flattering a turn, the young Marchioness replied, that she should be doubtful of her judgment in the choice of a character, and more of her ability to support it when chosen.

“The character I would have recommended,” said the mask, “is, I see, forestalled; observe, it approaches?”

“Where?” asked the Marchioness, with a bewitching smile, expressive of the conviction that she should behold some strikingly fine and amiable character.

“*There,*” answered the stranger, in the altered tone of one struggling with some strong emotion.

Eleanora felt discomposed, but following the direction of his pointing; perceived, with a shock never before experienced by her uncorrected mind, a figure in widow's weeds, sadly following some mourners, as if just returned from an interment. Her dishevelled locks—her wild disordered air—her start of anguish, and the deep sigh of grief, were all admirably and affectingly expressed by her action.

As she passed on; recollections painfully wounding, fixed the Marchioness in silent contemplation of this ill-timed exhibition of sorrow in the temple of pleasure; till she was roused to still keener feelings, by the stranger saying, “That is the Ephesian Matron, supposed to be returning from the funeral of her husband: know you not her history?”

A faint “No,” was the only reply.—“Yet her *conjugal* love, her *eternal* grief, is upon record. Beautiful in fea-



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which it had been decked, still vivid and glossy.

With many fond endearments, the mourning bride hastened towards it; and Eleonora, turning eyes full of anger, fear, and compunction, on the offending stranger, hurried forwards and joined her lord. But after a few minutes consideration, she so far conquered her resentment, as to forbear making the appeal to her husband's protection which anger had first suggested.

Yet, to her great discomfiture, the stranger was again at her side!—She turned from him with a mixture of fear and displeasure; when a group of Bachelantes advancing, raised in her the hope that they would divert his attention for awhile, and give her an opportunity, without alarming the jealous fears of the Marquis, of requesting him to accompany her into some of the other apartments thrown open to the company for the evening.

The Bacchantes, as they approached, exhibited themselves in various whimsical attitudes, perfectly characteristic of the frolic mood which influenced them; and after making the round of the stage several times, and playfully passing alternately between the stranger, the Marquis, and Eleonora, in the apparently wild steps of fancy, the figure of the dance assumed more method.—They joined hands, drew nearer to the Marchioness, and closing around her, artfully excluded D'Aubigné and the mask; then, in a well executed courant, hurried their captive forward with a rapidity which, added to the surprise of their sudden evasion, deprived the gentlemen of the power of overtaking them before they were lost in the intricacies of the theatre.

The Bacchantes at length stopped at the door of a remote apartment, and giving a shout of triumph, it was immediately opened by the Intendant, Mon-



sieur D'Angervilliers: who, advancing with an unassuming friendliness of manner, told Eleenora that he had contrived this little *ruse* of the Bacchantes to release her from the obtrusive attentions of the stranger, which he saw threatened to disturb the pleasure of the evening.

“I strongly advise you,” he said, “to secure yourself from his further pursuit by changing your dress and masking; for which purpose, you will find within this apartment every thing required:” adding, “as you are such an exquisite dancer, the attributes of the muse who presides over that art, would, I think, be peculiarly appropriate.”

Saying this, he departed, and the Marchioness entering the dressing-room, soon after came forth gracefully personifying Terpsichore, crowned with a laurel, bearing in her hand a lyre, and her thin, light robe displaying by its pliant folds,



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whom she doubted not was anxiously in search of her; the Bacchantes divided into pairs, and gradually disappearing, she was again accosted by the obtrusive stranger.

In a voice indescribably expressive of love and bitterness, he said, "In vain you would flee me, in vain you would disguise that ravishing form; an intuitive knowledge that owes its origin to the three strongest passions which ever raged in the breast of man, serve me for eyes, for ears, for every sense required as guides by other mortals, and bars your escape from my power."

The Marchioness, now first made sensible that it was possible for her to be an object of malice and hatred as well as of love and admiration, sank beneath the cruel conviction, and, bursting into tears of terror and mortification, exclaimed, "What have I done to deserve that you should thus inhumanly single

me out as an object of persecution?— How can I have provoked this treatment?”

Her increasing agitation evidently appeared to affect the mask; a sigh escaped from his laboring bosom, and, with some tenderness, he said, “Calm your spirits, I will tease you no more; exert yourself to dance one allemande with me, and my persecution shall end.”

She would have answered, but her voice was choaked by her emotions, and she could only return a bow of acquiescence.

The mask now flew to a table of refreshments; and bringing her a glass of champagne, besought her, with a softness wholly unlike his former manners, to drink of it? when she had done so, raising her tearful eyes to his, she said, “You terrify me into obedience.”

“Say not that I *terrify* you,” he answered. “In the halcyon days of—

But, to your promise," he abruptly added, making at the same time a signal to the music in attendance to strike up.

General attention was immediately engaged by this elegant couple, and many encomiums from various parts of the assembly reached their ears: for once, they reached those of Eleonora unenjoyed; her emancipation from the mysterious being who had arrogated to himself the right of censuring and tormenting her, alone claimed her thoughts. At length the allemande ended; the mask made his concluding bow, and Eleonora, fancying herself free, with a brightened countenance turned to depart; when her steps were suddenly arrested by the strong grasp of her partner, who, seizing her arm, drew her within his embrace; and as he fixed her full attention on himself by his own ardent gaze, he wildly tore the mask from his face!



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mained. Half the night wasted away in fruitless conjecture and unavailing pursuit; no tidings confirmed the one, no clue guided the other.

The company at length, satisfied that design, not accident, had caused the event which had so much terrified them, now broke up and returned to their homes; some filled with regret and pity, all with curiosity to learn the motives and temptation for a conduct so daring, so unprovoked, as that of the Marchioness.

D'Aubigné, with one friend alone, remained; having recognized Eleonora by the dropping of her mask, as she sank beneath the floor, and being impressed with the belief that the dauntless villain who had entrapped her must have forced her into some of the many places favorable to concealment, with which a theatre abounds, refused to quit the play-house; and, in the dis-

traction of his mind, rushed through one passage to another, from chamber to chamber, from depository to depository; his disappointment serving only to strengthen his suspicions, and spur him on to a renewed examination of the same places which had already undergone his strictest scrutiny.

At length, all further search, all further conjectures were for ever ended; and hope, happiness, life itself, seemed to be receding from the unfortunate Marquis, as, throwing himself on the ground, he gave into the hands of his friend a note, which falling at his feet from the scenes above, had been caught up by him and read. It contained these words:—

“Villérose returns from the dead to claim his wife.—Beware, D'Aubigné, of disputing his right, or crossing his



path.—Love, jealousy, and revenge, fire his soul; and in eternal hatred he is

Your's,

LOUIS PHILLIPE,

Marquis De Villerose.

Hotel D'Angervilliers.

---

D'Aubigné silently struggled with the powerful passions which shook his frame for some time, before he could command voice or strength to raise himself on his arm, and say, "Eleonora or death."

The stubborn fury which blazed in his eyes as he spoke, and his again sinking into the same despairing posture, marked the alternative as decisive, and prevented his friend from making any attempt to turn him from his desperate purpose. Yet, to avoid creating suspicion in the police, which might frustrate the Marquis's designs, it was necessary to bridle his rage and impatience



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the power of his rival, he, with the aid of the Intendant, employed, in the recovery of her, stratagem instead of violence. "But stratagem and concealment are at an end," he vehemently exclaimed, "and the passions which equally tyrannize over D'Aubigné and Villerosé can alone be subdued by the blood of one or both: I will await him at the green tree."

Secretly, but separately, the rival husbands quitted the town, and repaired to the place appointed, where they met as men who never meant to part. Long was the contest, and vain the efforts to separate them. Each, as he felt life ebbing with the vital current, which followed every well aimed thrust, rekindled his expiring spirit, and braced anew his failing nerves, by pronouncing the irritating name of Eleonora; till death, in pity, directed the last stroke exhausted nature allowed them to give, and closed their sufferings, we will hope, for ever.

Their faults were few, their virtues many, such as gave dignity to their high rank, and made their fortunes a general blessing. One fatal passion, which disdained controul, and defied even the decrees of fate, alone tarnished the lustre of their noble characters; and with their lives they paid the forfeit of its indulgence. Let humanity then, though it may condemn, drop the tear of charity over its criminal effects.

The perturbation of Eleonora's mind, from her quitting the theatre till the protracted and unaccounted-for absence of Villerose fixed her feelings to one point; had so bewildered her senses, that scarcely could she be considered as acting under the influence of reason.— But when hour after hour passed away without bringing back the Marquis, and the solitary stillness which suddenly seemed to prevail throughout the mansion continued unbroken, reflection

forced its powers on her mind, and became busy in conjuring up the probable but terrific ideas, which this prolonged absence, this total desertion, this solemn silence, which had extended even to the streets, were calculated to inspire.

Scarcely were they formed ere they gathered strength from the distant hum of an advancing multitude. With trembling anxiety Eleonora listened for its nearer approach; its progress was awfully slow, and its murmurs rose and fell on her ear with fearful ambiguousness. At length, the voice of mourning became distinct, and conveyed in low and melancholy tones to the wretched Marchioness the heart-piercing names of "Villeroze and D'Aubigné."

Her dreadful suspicions now rose to certainty, and, flashing conviction on her distracted mind, she rushed in desperation forth to brave the appalling sight her foreboding soul anticipated.



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them on vacancy, some great and mighty struggle seemed to master these rebellious feelings; and suddenly to give them a different character: for the look of wild desperation with which, on first approaching the biers, she daringly questioned the dispensations of providence, was now changed to one which seemed to express a deprecating appeal to his mercy; and a sorrow, ennobled by the dignity in which she clothed it, succeeded to the first gush of anguish which had threatened madness, elevating her form into a degree of sublimity which instantaneously spread a mute respect around; a respect evidently marked by the pitying sadness which sat on every brow, and by the softened manners of the rudest spectator.

Even the friend of D'Aubigné; who in the first moment that allowed him to address the Marchioness, had ventured to entreat that she would withdraw her-

self from the vulgar observations of the populace, on seeing that misery had quenched the beams of her love-inspiring eyes, and chased the playful dimples which once seducingly waned round her lips, felt that the deep, the irremediable woe which had rooted itself in her heart, and with its chastening touch given to her figure an awful, a commanding majesty, would be its own protection. Bowing, therefore, his obedience to the expressive waving of her hand, he forbore to re-urge his advice, and retired; when the bearers, in compliance with her orders, soon after moved on to the hotel of the Intendant.

Here the friend of D'Aubigné was first roused to a sense of personal danger, from the critical situation in which he stood, as a party concerned in the fatal duel.

Deeply interested at the time it took place, and still more deeply afflicted at



its unfortunate issue, the severity of the French laws against duelling, never occurred to him, till, by the private orders of the excellent commandant, he was warned to quit Strasbourg, while the vigilance of the police, in common with the professional interests of all ranks, was absorbed in the compassionating sentiments of the man.

Young, romantic, and gratefully attached to D'Aubigné, the youth felt it impossible to abscond till he had paid the last sad duties to his friend; and with these feelings he intruded himself into the hotel of the Intendant, as one determined to attend on the remains of D'Aubigné, till they were deposited among the tombs of his ancestors.

But on the approach of night, the Count de Bourg, with friendly violence, committed him to the guard of two soldiers, by whom he was conducted through the city gates, where horses and



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With silent surprise, and that indefinable awe, by which the strongest mind is inspired when the depressive conviction of the frail tenure on which it holds life and happiness is forced upon it, they watched its gloomy progress around the hill, till its near approach roused the Count from surmising to investigation. Summoning his attendants, he anxiously led them to the enquiry.

Great was the shock, and bewildering the astonishment of De Mornie, when he discovered, by the banner which preceded it, that the remains thus conveyed in saddening pomp, were those of his cousin, Louis Phillipe de Villeroſe, buried, as he had believed, ten months before, in the honorable field in which he nobly fell. On the funeral's reaching the chateau, a letter delivered to the Count from the Intendant, first informed him of the error of that report which had pre-

maturely made him lord of the surrounding domain.

Of the miraculous recovery of his cousin under the skill and kindness of a monk, who, in the pious office of examining the deserted field of battle, had discovered in the half-expiring Marquis a spark of life which promised to repay his cherishing care, and had in consequence secretly carried him to his convent. His subsequent capture by a party of the enemy, as after his recovery he was in the ardor of impatience incautiously fleeing to his bride, to wash from her cheek, as he fondly believed, the tears of sorrow with the tears of joy. Of his escape, through the sympathy of a newly-married guard, from the prison to which he had been conveyed; his private return on the evening of the masquerade; and, finally, the dreadful catastrophe which terminated his sorrows and his existence at Strasbourg.

Destructive as the preservation of his life must have proved to all their prospects of happiness, the melancholy death of Louis Phillipe de Villerose, drew a tear of pity and a sigh of generous commiseration from the noble pair, as they dwelt with regret and praise on the undaunted courage which had hurried him into danger—the estimable mind which had won his safety from an enemy, and the unfortunate passion which rendered all his noble qualities of no avail, but to hurl him to a premature grave!

The honor and respect due to his rank and character, and the delicacy claimed by his sad end, were religiously observed by the amiable beings, who sensibly felt that he was born, equally with themselves, to feel, to honor, and to extend the blessings, which by his death devolved on them.

These sacred duties performed, the impression of sadness which had cast a



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son she had received from that stern reformer, adversity, had driven her to seek, and happily to find, in the offered friendship of the lady Abbess, that steady—fervent—and liberal-minded affection, so necessary to soften her sorrows, and encourage the efforts of an untamed mind in conquering a natural propensity to unbounded pleasure.

This amiable nun, wholly devoid of that monastic severity and bigotry which prides itself in magnifying the frailties of human nature, into unpardonable crimes—and clearly discriminating between offences arising from the inflamed imagination of unbroken youth, and those originating in a vitiated mind, cherished in Eleonora the inspiring belief, that not only her own esteem, but that of the world was redeemable.

It was under the guiding wisdom and indulgent precepts of this saintly being, that the ardent fire which had given to

the spirits of Eleonora their volatile animation—and to her passions their untempered warmth—served now to warm her mind to nobler feelings—and awakened in it that internal light, whose penetrating ray developing the minutest distinctions of virtue and vice enabled her to discern with clearness, and to feel with conviction, the errors of her former conduct.

From this moment the yielding weakness of her nature to every pleasurable temptation—and the unfeeling inconstancy of her heart in obedience to the caprices of a sanguine fancy, gave place to an elevated firmness of sentiment, and a delicacy of feeling, which were gradually strengthened by an undeviating perseverance in the road they directed her to follow in the pursuit of that real good—the respect—the esteem—the love, of the wise and virtuous.

Influenced by these new-born senti-



ments, she had during her residence in the convent written several letters to her father, imploring him to grant that pardon to her sorrows and corrected follies, which he had denied to the unrepented independence she had shewn by forming an engagement unsanctioned by him. Eleonora was suffering under the despair of softening his resentment—when the conviction of a circumstance, at once unthought of, and of a nature to blend the extremes of pleasure and pain, burst on her senses with a shock that threatened, by the tumultuous emotions with which it filled her soul, to rouse in all its vigor that passionate warmth of temper which had already warped her character. But as reflection analyzed the feared—the wished-for blessing, recollections the most painful and afflicting mingled with her raptures, and, tempering their excess, they settled into that chastened enthusiasm which



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the joy and sorrow—the hopes and fears, which had so long swelled her bosom with fluctuating feelings.

You have no doubt, my lord, guessed ere this, that secret which drew from Count Altenberg the following

#### LETTER.

Your grief, your remorse, confirmed by the purity and decorum of your life, since the period of that bloody tragedy, of which I blush to remember you were the heroine—entitle you to claim from me some confidence in the promise they give of your regaining the paths of peace through those of virtue—paths, which, if steadily pursued, will once more lead you to the arms of your only parent.

With affecting emotion I learn that you are on the point yourself of becoming one—with no less emotion will

you now learn to judge how greatly you must have outraged my feelings when you made me, in bitterness of heart, regret that I had ever through you been made a father.

On finding you had fortunately formed a union with a man of worth, you arrogated to yourself that merit, due alone to chance—and felt yourself justified in treating with indifference the wounds, your want of respect, of duty, of affection, inflicted on the sensibility and honor of your parent. Now—but you repent—are in sorrow and need my pity—are deserted and want my protection.—Win my pardon by obedience, and it is your's.

Your romantic plan of obscurity and retirement for yourself and infant, I forbid—the child of my child must hold a name and rank in society. That of Villerose will, by right, belong to it—that right, I will support

with the whole weight of my power and fortune.

Continue under the care and protection of the Abbess till I take you under mine. I would not have you quit the estimable lady, who can answer for every action of your life since the day following that on which you really became a widow.

The instant the momentous event has taken place, I have given the bearer of this (my confidential secretary) orders to send off the courier, who attends him, with the intelligence to him, who once more subscribes himself,

Your Father,

ALTENBERG.

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At the expected period Eleonora gave birth to a lovely boy, and the appointed courier instantly departed to carry the information to Count Altenberg, who,



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under the belief that he was sole heir to his cousin, the late Marquis de Villerose.

The unwelcome emissary found the chateau one scene of boundless joy, and generous festivity! It was the first day of the Countess de Mornie's receiving the public congratulations of her neighbours—her friends, her tenants, and those who were ever kindly cherished by her, the poor—on the happy event of giving an heir to the beautiful and fertile domains of Liancour.

The double severity of such a shock, given whilst the heart is filled with delight, and the expanding mind embraces in its scope years of prosperous and undiminished felicity, I must leave to your imagination.

The Count de Mornie, on a second notice (formally and officially served) to make restitution of the estates illegally withheld from the infant son and

heir of the Marquis de Villerose, disputed the claim of that infant, to be considered as the heir of his cousin, on the grounds that the second marriage of Eleonora with the Marquis D'Aubigné had been consummated before the return of her first husband to France—consequently the child's claim, if it had any claim at all, must be on the honors and fortunes of the Marquis D'Aubigné.

Hubert de Crevecoeur, who assumed, as his heir, that title on the death of the last named nobleman, maintained that the Marquis de Villerose, having returned the day after the nuptials of D'Aubigné with Eleonora de Villerose, and carrying her off that same night, had not only confirmed the priority of his rights, but in renewing those rights, had indubitably established the child's claims to his paternity.

So plausible were the arguments on



each side, and so intricate the case in discussion, that it was evident to both, the law alone could decide it. To the arbitration of the law therefore it was committed.

This cause, involving in its consequences the happiness or ruin of two of the noblest families in France, rested on points of such nice decision, that it could not fail of exciting universal interest and curiosity, as the period approached which was to decide the momentous question; though, in any other case, the more than usual procrastination which had impeded the proceedings for five years, would have wholly banished it from the minds of all those not personally concerned in the event.

The gentlemen of the long robe, consulted and employed by the Count de Mornie in this singular suit, inspired by his never failing hospitality and liberal presents, had talked so eloquent-



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deeper anguish her foreboding soul reflected on that threatened poverty which would blast their beauteous blossoms ! But, resolute in concealing these agonizing fears from the Count, they secretly preyed upon her springs of life, and she fell a sacrifice to this silent grief ere Adelcour had completed his fourth year.

The Count de Mornie, whose happiness was deposited in the bosom of his Adelaide, sought not to struggle against the shock which wrecked it—and, ere the important epocha which fixed his fate, Adelcour became an orphan !

The day big with that fate arrived. The court was crowded beyond example—and the deep interest all felt for the different parties to which they were partially attached, created an awful suspense, an eager anxiety, which rendered every word of the pleaders distinctly heard during the silence which infixed

attention was maintained, till the important—the decisive judgment was given. A pause—which preceded the delivery of the award, by raising impatience to a breathless height, gave greater solemnity to the verdict, when it at length declared.—

“ The infant son of Eleonora, Louis Philippe Altenberg, Heir alike, and equally, to the names—the titles—and the estates of Louis Philippe, Marquis de Villeroze, and of Albert Saint Foy, Marquis D'Aubigné.————

And thus fell the fortunes of Adelpour de Mornie.\*

\* This remarkable decision, given in a case precisely similar in its leading circumstances, is inserted in the law records of France. “ Le parlement de cette province par son *Arrêt* (says the reporter of the cause) ordonna que l'enfant, qui étoit un Garçon, porteroit le nom des deux maris, et lui jugea leur successions. Soutenez apres cela que l' on na jamais qu'un pere, voila pourtant une double paternité sur la tete de cet enfant, un parlement la decide.”

The writer of this was the friend of D'Aubigné, so often mentioned in this narrative—disappointed by the death of that nobleman of all chance of entering the army with any prospect of success, and losing in that disappointment the hope of winning the object of his affections, he accepted, with a kind of despairing resignation, the recommendation of the Count de Bourg to the patronage of the Bishop of Marseilles; and immediately taking orders, became in time his domestic chaplain.

Two years he had held this situation, when the young Adelpour de Mornie was received in the palace of his uncle with all the honors and affection of an adopted son. The same sanguine hopes of success which flattered the Count into peace were entertained with still more tenaciousness by his lordship, whose pride forbade the supposition that any cause espoused by him could fail of



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seconded by her inability to provide for him suitably to his birth, naturally led her to approve and forward the Bishop's plan of early bending his young mind, by a life of solitude, to submit to take upon himself those vows which would condemn him to it for ever.

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Impossible would be the attempt to describe the shock with which this narrative, like a thunderbolt, shot through the heart of the unfortunate Villeroze. Great God! the offspring of that wretched Eleonora, whose roving affections and fickle conduct had alike hurried to a premature grave her first and second love;—the annihilator of the happiness of the amiable Countess de Mornie and her lord—the blighter of the once fair prospects of their excellent son—the enjoyer of possessions, which, but for claims that were at least dubious, would by right have descended to that

hapless youth—and the nephew of D'Aubry was—himself! Himself—endowed by nature with a soul proudly alive to the slightest stain of dishonor—preferring death to even the faintest shade of disgrace. Yes!—he was indeed that ill-fated child, born, as it should seem, to perpetuate the memory of the bloody history of his erring mother.

Well might that mother have buried herself in the profoundest solitude, from that dreadful epocha—Well might she have rejoiced at the approach of that hour which covered, with the impenetrable veil of death, ere the ignominy of his birth reached the knowledge of her unsuspecting son. Unhappy son!—marked out, as he believed, as an object fit to be pointed at by “the slow moving finger of scorn,” as the usurper of the rights of others:—as at once the representative and the disgrace



of the noble families whose names he bore.

No!—imagination cannot paint the complicated, the overwhelming feelings with which the finely-tempered soul of Villerose first received the impression that he was at once stripped of all that honorable respectability to which he had hitherto believed his claims indisputable.

The assertion of the Count D'Aubry, uttered with all the galling bitterness of marked contempt—that *disgrace* and *infamy* were his inheritance, still vibrated on his ear, and made him hateful to himself—for to wash out such stains he felt to be impossible.

What were now his pretensions to the object of his enthusiastic affection? Had he not been repulsed by the father of the Baroness—as one with whom it was contamination to ally his family?

That dreaded yet unknown evil,



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mind was filled by a domestic, who informed him the equipage he had ordered to be in readiness on his return, to take him to the chateau D'Aubry, was in waiting.

Villeroſe started as from a frightful dream—yet he ſeemed wakened but to keener anguish.

“To D'Aubry!” mentally ejaculated he. “Oh! never—never.” Now fixing on the domestic, who awaited his commands, his haggard looks, he articulated with difficulty the name of De Lerma.

The man replied that Don Alphonſo had left the hotel ſome hours back, with the intention of proceeding immediately to Spain, as his valet had informed him. A few moments before, Villeroſe believed that nothing could have aggravated the agony of his mind; but this intelligence proved that he had judged erroneouſly. Under the influence of his dreadful perturbation, the ſudden departure of his

friend, precisely at this period, appeared to him the result of his having discovered the fatal story which swelled his own bosom almost to bursting; his deserting him at such a moment, but a new instance of the ignominy with which, in common, with the rest of the world, he regarded him as covered.

This unhappy young man soon became firmly persuaded, that the proud soul of De Lerma, glorying, as he well knew, in the untarnished lustre of his own noble family, now regarded him, whom he had hitherto imagined as indisputably born to the same honorable distinctions, as degraded, by the event which had rendered his rights problematical. To what a dreadful family history had the establishing these doubtful rights given publicity—a history, which should have been allowed to sink into profound oblivion!

At present all was anarchy in the tor-

tured breast of Villerose ! yet one powerful feeling predominated ; it was the escaping from every eye, till he had ascertained beyond all possibility of doubt, the truth of what he had just learnt.

The obvious means of doing this, was to return to that mansion which he had recently quitted, and questioning the venerable Otho respecting the circumstances with which he must, from his long residence in the family, be fully acquainted.

This resolution once taken, the Marquis did not delay its execution, but, without leaving word whither he was going, set out immediately for Liancour, and travelled without intermission till he reached that seat.

During the progress of his journey, a thousand circumstances of his past life returned on his memory to damp the occasionally rising hope, that all might still be found to be but a frightful mistake.



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ter and amiable manners, had endeared him to every one, during his late residence at the chateau, but particularly to himself.

Those feelings were, however, quickly superceded by surprise and consternation, when after impatiently fastening the door on them, the Marquis, strictly interrogated him as to the history of his parents.

Unhappy Villerose! the answers wrung from the mouth of the upright Otho, only tended to prove that the narrative of the chaplain had been dictated by one rather prone to gloss over the errors of Eleonora, than to exaggerate her levity.

Otho minutely detailed the particulars of her first arrival at Liancour—the admiration with which her dazzling beauty had inspired all who looked on her—her marriage with the Marquis de Villerose—the excessive love they had ma-

nifested towards each other, during their short abode together, before his military duties summoned him to the field of honor—her grief at his departure—the proofs she intended to give of it in the embellishment of the boudoir, in which she had caused the remarkable portrait, representing their parting interview, to be placed—her short-lived despair at the intelligence of his death, and her soon after yielding to the entreaties of a friend, to seek a relaxation from her grief, by visiting her at Strásbourg. He then touched on the arrival of the Count de Mornie, who on the supposed death of his kinsman took possession, as his heir, of the estate of Liáncour—the virtues of his amiable lady, the general comfort and happiness diffused around them by their goodness. The surprise with which those who had witnessed the sorrow of Eleónora at the loss of her lord, had learnt, not long after, that she



was about to make a second choice—the fatal consequences of that premature marriage.—The notice some months after, that an infant heir was born to dispute the title of the Count to the estates of Villeroze—its effect on the Countess, terminating in the loss of happiness, and life of that estimable pair; and finally, the decision of the long pending cause, which had stripped their lovely boy of fortune, to give it to the child of Eleonora. It was with much feeling the steward mentioned the deep sense that repentant lady had entertained of the tragic catastrophe, to which her levity had led; and her consequent resolution to quit for ever a country which had been the theatre of such scenes of horror; yet, it appeared but too evident, from the guarded manner in which he alluded to this part of the Marchioness's history, that her conduct, contrasted with that of the Countess de Mornie,



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to what complicated miseries have you rendered me the heir.

Enviabile de Mornie! poor, yet honorable!—stripped of inheritance, yet respected!—abandoned by those who should have fostered you, yet capable by your intrinsic virtue, of securing a heart which wealth could not have purchased.

Yet the despised, the undone Villerose, will teach you to appreciate in him a soul not less elevated than your own—yes, he will even force the Count D'Aubry to confess that his mind partakes not of his destiny.

Such were the resolutions which restored the first portion of calmness to the bosom of the Marquis, that had visited it since his interview with the Count. To live disgraced, he felt to be impossible; his high, romantic sense of honor, spurned the idea of continuing to enjoy possessions, which appeared to him the means of at once perpetuating the

story of his doubtful rights, and sanctioning the opinion that his character was not less exceptionable than his once-disputed claims.

Solitude, abstinence, and total want of rest, contributed, with agonizing reflections on his situation, to occasion the late ferment of his mind gradually to subside into the settled gloom of deep despair.

Many concurring circumstances, unhappily tended to impress his wretched heart with the belief that the Count D'Aubry had spoken the sentiments of the Baron's whole family; whose discovery of his unsuspected history had changed their former approbation of his alliance with their daughter, into insurmountable repugnance.

The erroneous conjecture that it was she, till now, benevolent Baroness Isenberg, who with such total disregard of the deadly wound it must inflict, had

sent it to him through the medium of a servant, but the moment after he had received an insulting dismissal from her father, he thought equally decisive of her entire rejection of him, and want of interest in his future fate. The longer Villerose contemplated that future fate, the more desperate it appeared. Despised—abandoned by those to whom he was alone attached, at a time too when the soothing voice of friendship was so necessary to reconcile him to his situation, the chivalric soul of the Marquis formed an irrevocable determination, which he hastened to take the proper measures for carrying into execution. It was the yielding up those possessions to the heirs of Villerose and D'Aubigné, which, but for himself would have in course descended to them.

A gleam of melancholy triumph broke through the gloom of his despondence,



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educated in retirement, had formed to himself, from the study of the most exalted examples in his own sex, (on whose records he had from his very boyhood loved to dwell) a standard of manly virtue, almost beyond the attainment of humanity. The contemplation of its effect on his opening character had formed at once the delight and torture of his mother. At times, when she beheld his animated countenance instantly crimson with indignation at the relation of an action, which could cast a doubtful shade on any one, who ought to have made himself respected; while she adored the aspiring honor of his mind which promised to ennoble his career through life, she trembled at the effect the history of ditary possessions. But *pride*, not avarice, were the ruling passions of the youth—after the discovery of his illegitimacy, he never more could be prevailed on to see his mother, and soon fell a victim to that carelessness of life, which originated in a deep sense of personal humiliation.

her errors must, when known, produce on his enthusiastic and sensitive soul.

She was aware her son inherited all the impassioned ardour which characterised her in her early years; but in him it was curbed by principle, by virtue, guided into its proper course, and Eleonora dreaded the approach of that period, when he must become acquainted with the horrors, to which her once ill-regulated mind had led.

That shock however she was not destined to experience. Villerose had scarcely attained his eighteenth year, when she felt the near approach of the hour which was to separate them for ever on this side eternity.

Eleonora hailed its approach with joy, yet anxiety respecting the effect a knowledge of her story would one day produce on her son, embittered the last moments she passed with him.

It was in the hope a freer intercourse



with the world might blunt those keen and romantic feelings which then distinguished him, that she exacted the promise of his passing the intervening years between her death, and his arriving at majority, in visiting other countries, previous to his returning to take possession of his inheritance in that of his nativity.

The early friendship to which accident had at first given rise, between Don Alphonso and the Marquis, however, frustrated the object of this wish; since in their subsequent intercourse, every thing connected with that cavalier, had tended to confirm him in the highly raised ideas he had conceived, both of the degree of perfection to which man is capable of attaining, and the honorable consideration established by it, in the country to which he owes his birth.

Villeroze had fondly looked forward



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he was already departed; and encountering on her way back, the lacquëy who had given the wrong packet to the Marquis, with the same inattention, he delivered into the hands of the woman the letter of Don Alphönso, saying it was for his lady. Madame Isenberg, however, immediately discovering the mistake, put it by, not doubting but Villerose would call again in the course the day.

While she was awaiting in impatient expectation for his arrival, she received a summons to attend her father; whom she found so greatly agitated and indisposed, that she enquired with much alarm the cause.

That cause was soon explained by the irritated Count; who surprised his daughter by the history he unfolded; as much as his repetition of what had passed between him and the unhappy Villeröse, grieved and shocked her.

The Count after concluding his narration, declared with terrific vehemence, that he could never regard him in any other light than a debased usurper of his nephew's rights ; nor could that iniquitous *arret*, which had wrested from the injured De Crevecoeur, the possessions of D'Aubigné, to confer them on the son of Eleonora, remove from him the disgraceful stigma to which the degeneracy of his mother rendered him the heir. So feeling, he added, he should while life was lent him, strenuously oppose his union with their daughter, as a measure abhorrent to his soul.

The bewildered Madame Isenberg, incapable of speech, continued to listen in increasing agitation to the disclosure that De Crevecoeur had, in her youngest daughter, found the first object capable of consoling him for the disappointment with which her own breach of faith and filial disobedience, had

cruelly clouded his early days. He said, the affection with which Viola had inspired his 'nephew' was no sudden caprice—for that it had originated many months before their arrival in Paris; but he left to himself the task of explaining all farther particulars.

The day had completely closed before the Baroness quitted the apartment of her father; and it was with a mind distracted by various anxieties, that she seized the moment of being alone, to dispatch a servant to the Marquis's hotel, requesting to see him immediately.

The answer which was brought back, informed her that he had left Paris some hours before for the chateau D'Aubry, as they imagined, since he had in the morning, before going out, ordered his travelling carriage to be in readiness to take him thither on his return.

The Baroness felt somewhat relieved



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of the Duchess de Melcour in the evening.

The party of gay young people; however, whom he found assembled at the mansion to which his companion introduced him, was so congenial with the taste of the usually thoughtless Sigismond, that after partaking with them of a convivial entertainment, he was easily prevailed on, rather than break up the company, to give over the plan of returning to Paris that night; contenting himself with sending a servant to acquaint his mother with the cause of his absence.

The same cause detained him the whole of the next day; and on the one following, instead of returning to Paris, he accompanied his friend and the rest of the party on a distant sporting expedition; nor was it till a fortnight after he left the hotel D'Aubry that he returned thither.

In the intermediate time, that house

had been a scene of accumulated and distressing embarrassments. The next morning, instead of bringing to Madame Isenberg the consolation she had hoped, in the return of Villerose with the Baron, she learnt with consternation from that nobleman, who arrived there alone about noon, that he had neither seen nor heard any thing respecting the Marquis since he last parted from her. He had now come for the purpose of communicating to her the extraordinary purport of Don Alphonso's letter which he did not receive till late the night before.

There are points of mental anxiety which seem scarcely to admit of further augmentation. That of the Barcness appeared to have reached its acmé, when she found the hopes which had lulled her into the belief that the Marquis was acting under the advice of her lord, were entirely falacious; and while her heart was filled with apprehension respecting



the happiness of two of her daughters, she listened with temporary indifference to the mortifying rejection of the third, by a lover who had so recently solicited her of her parents.

Madame Isenberg now found herself under the painful necessity of entering into the details of the Marquis's history; relating what had passed between him and her father; and expressing the anxiety she felt at his sudden disappearance without previously seeking an interview with any other part of the family.

The Baron who sincerely loved Ville-rose, and knew the sensitiveness of his nature, caught the alarm she expressed; and in the hope of dissipating it, went immediately to his hôtel, where he found that the domestics were still ignorant of his movements. A conversation, however, into which he entered with one of them, suggested the idea that he had certainly followed his friend to Dauphiné.



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their child for the attainment of that object, would be assuming to himself a right with which Heaven had not invested him.

The tenderness manifested for their offspring by the Baron while dwelling on this topic, made Madame Isenberg, without uttering a word, take from her cabinet the journals of Pauline and place them in his hands; then sinking into a chair opposite him, she fixed her eyes on his countenance, while with eager, yet deep interest he made himself master of their contents.

On concluding the perusal, forgetful of the presence of his wife, the Baron started from his seat, and uttering some broken sentences expressive of the wound Pauline's long want of confidence in her parents had given him, was quitting the apartment in extreme agitation, when a word at once arrested his steps and gave an instantaneous and total change to the current of his feelings.

“Rodolph!”

said Madame Isenberg, in that voice of sensibility and self-reproach, which never failed to find its way directly to his heart.—

The Baron turned precipitately towards her, and read in the expression of her beautiful features, those pleadings to which her faltering tongue refused to give utterance. She would have said, *My child has stopp'd short of that last act of parental defiance of which her mother set her the example.*

For a moment the Baron paused in painful consciousness of the deserved retribution—in the next, extending his arms towards her whom he had tempted to her breach of filial duty, he pressed her to his bosom with a tenderness which convinced her he no longer felt resentment towards the repentant Pauline.

A summons from her father, soon

after, carried Madame Isenberg to his room ; and, during her absence, the Baron went to the Hotel de Saintville for the purpose of seeing Carenthéa, with whom he wished to confer previous to his answering the epistle of De Lerma.

He found his daughter alone, and was convinced, by her whole manner, that her mind was ill at ease ; though she endeavoured, by assuming an air of gaiety, which did not sit easily upon her, to appear unconcerned. The Baron, however, soon introduced the subject which had brought him to her ; and after drawing from her an acknowledgment of some part of what had passed at the Duchess de Malcour's, which, as she related it, appeared by no means to justify the conduct of De Lerma, he took from his pocket the letter of that cavalier, and desired her to read it, that she might be the better qualified to



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Carenthéa was, in the meanwhile, suffering, for the first time in her life, severe and complicated mental agony. Regret at the loss of a lover whom she had never justly appreciated from the period he became so, till that in which she had lost him—her vanity sorely wounded at the ease with which he had broken his chains—and an almost insupportable sense of the humiliating light, in which a *deserted lady* is viewed by all who know her—each, by turns, took the lead in her imagination, accompanied by the most tormenting indignation against the cause of her distress—the perjured Don Alphonso.

It was in the hope, by the assistance of company to recover her lost spirits, before she returned to her family, that she was prevailed on by Ninon de Saintville, to change a resolution she had in the morning made of not accompanying her and the Duchess to a

party, to which they wished to carry her that evening. She had besides two other motives for now yielding to their persuasions—the one convincing the world of her indifference towards De Lerma—the other, the hope that he would be made acquainted with the attentions which, she doubted not, she should receive from Don Emanuel and several cavaliers, who professed to Ninon in her hearing—that they greatly envied the Portuguese Prince the happiness of her almost exclusive acquaintance, on the evening of the ball.

Carenthéa tried to hope that she should receive, in the flattering attentions of some of these admirers, an alleviation of her present unhappiness, and with a heavy heart she prepared to attend the Duchess.

In following her Grace into the saloon of that lady's friend, in which was already assembled a very brilliant party,



they were met by Don Emanuel, who piqued, at the little impression his former devoirs had made on Carenthéa, scarcely deigned to recognize her; but bestowed all those little gallantries, of which he had, on that occasion, at first, been so lavish to herself, on one who received them with the most flattering pleasure.

The Duchess, equally charmed with the handsome person of the Prince, his graceful attentions, and the consequence attached to his approbation, spared no pains to improve the partiality he manifested towards her; and the Prince, on his part, became for a while the real admirer of her Grace.

Lovely as nature had formed Carenthéa, she had yet to learn she had been principally indebted for the gratifying effect her attractions appeared to produce, on the first night of her public appearance, to the capricious preference



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drawing from her the éclat of *his* approbation, stripped her in the opinion of this polite assembly, of all those attractions which she had never, till now, doubted that she owed to herself alone.

She remained silent, unnoticed even by those who had on a former occasion expressed so lively a desire to be introduced to her—dispirited—feeling herself forlorn and solitary, though surrounded by company, splendor, and gaiety.

“This then is the world!—to gain whose capricious favor I have sacrificed De Lerma!” exclaimed Carenthéa, as laying her head on her pillow she gave way to a passionate indulgence of that sorrow, which she had with so much difficulty controuled, till she once more found herself alone in her chamber.—

“To grasp so fleeting an illusion, as *fashionable distinction*, have I trifled with his noble heart till I have irrecoverably lost it?”

Let us leave her to reflect and weep over the severe, but salutary lesson which she had received ; and while she is smarting under her merited chastisement, which she did not feel the less keenly from the consciousness that it was the effect of her own errors, we will return to the hôtel D'Aubry, where the Baron and his lady passed the night in much uneasiness.

The former had had an interview with the Count, and had left him much exasperated by his positive, but temperate refusal to enforce his wishes, by breaking with the Marquis, and compelling his youngest daughter to espouse her cousin.

In the course of this conversation, many allusions to the events of former years had fallen from the lips of both ; which tended secretly to irritate the parties, without answering any other purpose.

The Count by assuming too high a tone of parental authority, piqued the Baron into taking the opposite extreme; and Madame Isenberg perceived, with grief, that the moment approached when it was more than probable that she should see that family breach, which she had hoped was for ever closed, opened still wider than before.

Dé Crevecoeur had ever made his unconquerable affection for Gertrude, his excuse for declining to enter into either of the matrimonial alliances, which his uncle (who since her elopement had resolved to make him his sole heir) from time to time proposed to him.

So well did the nephew understand the art of subduing the unbending spirit of the Count, that his very disobedience in these instances, in the end, but the more attached him to his kinsman.

Greatly as the Count D'Aubry de-



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branches of what his child had once been to him, should but the more irritate the Count, at the event which frustrated all his future hopes in her.

Thus had years passed away, D'Aubry still flattering himself that time would obliterate from the heart of Hubert, an impression which he unconsciously loved him for retaining, and De Crevecoeur continuing to elude entering into any engagement, though so considerable a portion of his life had in the interim rolled away.

It was some weeks before the arrival of Sigismond at the mansion of his father, after his travels, that Hubert was prevailed on by a party of friends to accompany them into Bavaria to visit a nobleman of their acquaintance. During his stay there, De Crevecoeur had so often heard observations on the family of Isenberg, that, by degrees, an ardent curiosity was lighted up in his bosom,

to behold once more, a being with whom he had once anticipated the uniting his fate.

For the purpose of indulging this wish, he pleaded to his host the necessity of his suddenly returning to Paris; and taking his leave, he sent his servants forward to await his joining them at Munich; then disguising himself under the garb of a traveller, proceeded unattended towards the castle of the Baron, by whom he resolved he would not be known; still feeling a very lively resentment against one who had so deeply injured him.

De Crevecœur, in this humble character, took up his abode at a neighbouring cottage, the evening before the procession, to which, out of compliment to the Lady Marguerite, Sigismond submitted, the morning after his return.

The occasion was particularly favorable to the views of Hubert; who ex-



pressing to his simple host, a desire to partake of the festivities of the chateau; was in the evening introduced by him, into the hall appointed for the ball.

Here De Crevecoeur had not long waited, when the charming family of Isenberg broke on his surprised attention. The Baron, noble and commanding, first entered, leading forward that Gertrude, curiosity to see whom, had rendered him a spectator of the scene.

The delicate girl from whom De Crevecoeur had parted two years before her introduction to her lord, was scarcely cognizable in the majestic—the dignified—the still beautiful matron, who with her lovely family, passed very near him. Yet time, in his course had visited her with so gentle a hand, that he seemed merely to have given those finishing touches to her countenance, which so greatly compensate by expression, for the bloom he steals. The matured mind



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he fancied he again beheld her mother, when in those regretted days of his boyhood, now for ever fled! she had been accustomed to be his partner in the dance—the joyous partaker of his juvenile pastimes.

De Crevecœur quitted Isenberg the next morning, but he carried with him new regrets and wishes, which were never destined to be realized. He returned to Paris, and on his arrival there was seriously urged by his uncle, who felt his health declining, to make his own election of some lady, with whom he could hope to find happiness.

Hubert required three months to consider this subject, and in the interim took another excursion to Isenberg. Chance directed his second arrival there on the morning of Josephine's marriage; and with the assistance of his former host, he again became the unsuspected witness of the fetes, or rather,

the observer of that fascinating girl, who on this day shone with new attractions in his before partial eyes.

He enquired with jealous anxiety the name of her partner (whom he had scarcely noticed as that of Carenthéa on his former visit) and learnt, with surprise and anger, that he was the very person who stood between himself, and the honors of the House of D'Aubigné, unjustly as he felt, wrested from him, to be given to a usurper of his rights.

De Crevecoeur, little disposed since this discovery to view, with the composure necessary to avoid suspicion; the attentions he was devoting to his envied partner, had wandered to the ruins, that he might uninterruptedly indulge his meditations, and hide from those around him the agitation of his mind.

He entered the armoury, the door of which he found unfastened; and soon after hearing the sound of voices ap-

proaching, was suddenly struck with the idea of concealing himself beneath one of the coats of mail; by which he was surrounded. As by the light, afforded from the external illumination, he viewed his own figure, and compared it with those of the warlike statues beside him, the sound of the speakers whom he had heard became more indistinct, and soon after it was evident they had retreated to a distance.

While De Crevecoeur was considering if he had not better disencumber himself of his accoutrements, and return to his humble resting place, he heard the well remembered voice of Gertrude beneath the window near which he was standing. He listened with attention; and was soon convinced from the self-reproachful murmur which escaped her; that her affectionate heart still yearned to be forgiven by her parents.

This conviction inspired him with



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of his cousin ; the other, the certainty that were his uncle aware that he, whom he hated as the unjust possessor of his nephew's family honors, was a favorite guest at the Baron's, the task would be rendered doubly arduous of bringing him to forgive, and invite to his arms, those against whom he had during so many years nourished a resentment, which now formed a part of his character.

While these reflections passed with the rapidity of thought, through his mind, the idea which suddenly took possession of Gertrude, that her father was no more, revived in the remembrance of Crevecoeur, her early proneness to superstition ; and at the same time convinced him, that years had not irradiated a juvenile weakness, of which he had himself artfully laid the foundation, as one calculated to give him an empire over her mind.

This instantly suggested a project by which he hoped to create a vague prejudice against the Marquis, which might operate to check the growing intimacy with her family, without betraying himself, or allowing it to appear that he had ever interfered in his affairs.

It was then abruptly appearing before her under his present, questionable disguise; and warning her; *if she would obtain the paternal pardon, to banish Villerose her children's presence.*

For this purpose he followed the Baroness into the chapel; and was on the point of addressing her, when terror at sight of him, by depriving her of her senses, prevented his accomplishing his object.

The voice of the Baron calling on his lady had roused De Crevecoeur, (who was raising her from the ground) to a recollection of his situation—he again laid her gently on the steps of the altar, and



had retreated behind a column of the chapel, when Villerose entered it.

Vexed at the failure of a device, which he was now fully convinced would have stamped the desired impression, he returned to his friendly cottager, under the shelter of whose roof he resolved to remain, till he had found an opportunity of presenting himself to the credulous Madame Isenberg, and effecting his object; resolving that till he had done so, he would not return to Paris, eager as he was once more to visit it, for the purpose of disposing his uncle to enter into his views.

No opportunity, however, offered, before the excursion of the family, which was undertaken for the restoration of the Baroness's health. De Crevecoeur, followed the travellers to the auberge of the little town of Mittewalde, covering with the garb of a mendicant friar, the coat of mail in which he encased him-



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dressing her, that he had made the intended impression; and should for the present have nothing to fear from Ville-rose.

He found his uncle so much affected in temper, by the painful disorder under which he was at that time suffering, and so little pleased with the length of his absence, that it was only by slow degrees he dared to venture to prepare his mind to receive the wishes he afterwards unfolded to him.

The agitation of mind with which the Count at first considered the proposals of his nephew, in the end threw him into that crisis, which had so nearly terminated fatally. He had, however, learnt to think, before the arrival of his daughter's family, that the projected union would afford him greater satisfaction than he had believed since her elopement, any earthly event could have done.

De Crevecoeur, in the eager obedience the Baron and his lady had shewn to the Countess's summons, anticipated as ready an acquiescence in the marriage of which it was to be the precursor; and alike ignorant of the engagement of Viola, and their excursion to Liancour, he had never entertained any jealous fears respecting the Marquis, till the morning on which a letter addressed to his cousin, and sealed with the united arms of Villerose and D'Aubigné, had passed under his observation.

The countenance and whole manner of that ingenuous girl, at once opened his mind to the apprehension that a mutual affection subsisted between them; and on her quitting the room, he hurried to that of his uncle, to whom he communicated the impediment which threatened to frustrate their hopes.

The Count dissembled the rage with which he listened to the recital; for he

dreaded the bloody catastrophe to which a contension between two persons likely to entertain a deadly animosity against each other, might lead. He affected to treat the affair lightly, and in the hope of coming to some satisfactory explanation with his daughter, during his nephew's absence, which might avert the danger, he told him, he was desirous of having some papers of considerable importance, which were deposited in his most remote chateau, conveyed to him; and requested he would that very day set out for the purpose of executing a commission, with which he could not entrust any other than himself.

The absence of Villerose, and the promise his uncle gave him, that he would before his return put an end to the pretensions of the Marquis, supposing he really had any to the hand of his youngest grand-daughter, (a circumstance he affected to doubt,) induced De Cre-



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tering into his feelings with regard to him. His unexpected arrival in Paris, at the very time he was overwhelmed with perplexity in what way he should proceed, suggested to the Count the thought of seeking to pique the pride of Villerose, into withdrawing a claim which he feared his influence would be found insufficient to make his family deny him; and to this end, he engaged his daughter's promise to introduce him on the following day.

Inveterate, indeed, must have been the prejudice of the Count against Villerose, to have enabled that nobleman so cruelly to insult him! but it now formed a leading feature in the character of D'Aubry, to become unreasonable in proportion as he felt himself to blame.

The ingenuous and noble countenance of Villerose—his striking personal advantages, and almost irresistibly engaging manners, joined to the respectful

confidence with which he met the Count, by convincing him of the difficulties he should have to encounter, but the more exasperated him against his amiable visitor.

Little suspecting the total ignorance in which the Marquis had been kept, respecting the history of his parents, he thought a few hints explanatory of the contempt in which he regarded one, whose just claims to the inheritance of *either* of the illustrious houses of which a decision, he deemed iniquitous, had rendered him the representative, must be ever esteemed doubtful, would be sufficient to damp his wish of allying himself with a family, a member of which had so cruelly suffered through him.

The unconsciousness, however, which the Marquis exhibited of meriting even a shadow of obliquy, irritated D'Aubry to give vent to the whole weight of the



passionate indignation which agitated him, and express, in all the bitterness of disappointed wishes, his contempt of Villerose's pretensions to honorable distinction.

In his subsequent conversation with the Baron, his vexation at that nobleman's refusing to exert his authority in dissolving the engagement of Viola, was somewhat alleviated, by hearing that the Marquis had neither sought her, nor any of her family since his interview with himself—a fact which he had taken certain means to ascertain. The longer he pondered on this circumstance, the higher his hopes rose, that the offended pride of Villerose would occasion that breach, which he despaired of effecting through the influence of his own relations.

As hour after hour glided away without bringing either visit, letter, or message, from the Marquis, who had now been



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ment, he could only occupy that narrow space, in which, "after life's fitful fever" the hardy sons of labour, and their envied lords, alike find rest!

The Count was roused one evening from some agreeable anticipations in which he was indulging alone, by remarking a very unusual commotion in the hotel. Doors repeatedly opened and closed—domestics running up and down stairs—confused voices; as in earnest conversation, at length recalled his attention, and made him ring to inquire into the cause. That cause too soon reached his knowledge.

De Creyecoeur, who had so lately left them in a state of health which promised a long life, was brought back wounded and dying!

The long insensibility which succeeded the unfortunate Chevalier's removal to his uncle's hotel, had not yet yielded to any symptoms of returning life when

the Baron obeyed the summons of the alarmed Count, and with all the precaution the excellence of his feeling heart could dictate, broke to that nobleman the situation of his nephew.

The dreadful apprehensions which instantly seized on his mind, in common with those of his daughter and her lord, that Villerose must have been his antagonist, received but too high a color of probability, by the information gathered from the scared attendants of De Crève-cœur.

They all agreed in stating, that their master had stopped on the preceding evening at the Chateau de Belgarde, then occupied by his friend Trémorne—that after supping gaily with a party whom he found assembled there, he had retired to his chamber, where his valet left him in bed. On the following morning Debret, at the usual hour entered his room, and discovered with horror—

his master extended senseless on the floor,—a sword which was passed through his body accounting for the situation to which he was reduced. A Chevalier of noble appearance, whose cold and stiffened limbs proved that he must have some hours before expired, lay breathless near him.

Whom this Chevalier was, or what could have occasioned the fatal encounter, baffled all conjecture at Belgarde—nor could any inquiries lead to the discovery of the means by which the stranger had found access into the chateau.

Assistance had been instantly summoned to the relief of the unhappy combatants, but all efforts used for the restoration of the unknown were vain.

De Creyecoeur, had been for a short time sufficiently revived to articulate, “Carry me to D’Aubry.”

From that moment he had continued—



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While she was sitting by him, she at times sought to direct her attention to his desk, in which was found, after his decease, memoranda of his two secret visits to Isenberg—an explanation of the particulars of his conduct there, and at Mittewalde, with the motives which induced it.

The shock given to his uncle by a blow, terrible as it had been unexpected, was not felt in its full weight, till after the period which consigned his unfortunate nephew to his premature grave.

Tenderness for the helpless Countess; apprehensions of the ill effects, scenes of such horror as those by which they were themselves surrounded, might produce on the languid Pauline—and an ardent desire of sparing their Viola any accumulation of those sorrows for which fate seemed to have destined her, induced the Baron and Madame Isenberg

to soften the details of what was passing before them, in the daily accounts which they sent to D'Aubry; till after the termination of De Crevecoeur's sufferings.

It was not till that awful event was passed, (when the Count, requesting the Baron to examine the papers of his nephew, and give all necessary directions on his account, insisted on being left entirely to himself) that Madame Isenberg found leisure to contemplate, with steadiness, the gathering storm which loomed around her, threatening in its devastating fury to sweep away the happiness of her beloved daughters.

She now for the first time became fully capable of feeling the astonishing and incredible change which a few weeks had wrought in the prospects of those lovely girls—a thousand times more dear to her than her own life.

The health and tranquillity of Pauline was sacrificed to a clandestine and



imprudent attachment, into which, in the inexperience of girl-hood she had been imperceptibly drawn, and whose termination it was impossible to foresee.

Carenthéa was unexpectedly abandoned by him, in whom the Baroness had with so much maternal pleasure, contemplated for her a future protector; precisely formed by the united dignity, correctness, and delicacy of his character, to gently curb those high, and too exuberant spirits which threatened to lead her into danger if entrusted to the guidance of a husband, who would either leave them wholly unchecked, or injudiciously seek to controul them—so situated, Madame Isenberg trembled for the fate of Carenthéa.

Those early blossoms of felicity which had given such fair promise to her darling Viola, were in an instant and forever blasted, as by a stroke of lightning! how would she receive—how support



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berg were one morning deeply engrossed in pondering on the similarity of the fates of these unfortunate men; with those of the husbands of Eleonora, when the Baron, who had not long before left her for the purpose of obeying the wishes of the Count, unexpectedly returned to shew her a packet directed by the hand of Villerose, to the Chevalier De Crevecoeur.

The momentary flush of hope, however, with which this sight inspired her, quickly faded before the information which the next moment conveyed to her. It was, that it had been left at the hotel, the very evening, on which the wounded Chevalier had been brought to it; and in the confusion occasioned by that dreadful circumstance, had been mislaid till that day. The Baron was now come to desire that Madame Isenberg would acquaint her father with the circumstance, and signify his earnest

wish that he would allow it to be opened in his presence.

Under the idea that it might throw some light on an affair, at present involved in so much mystery; the Count consented, and the contents were examined in his chamber.

The first paper was found to be a touching and energetic address from Villerose to De Crevecoeur; in which that unfortunate young man solemnly declared; that, at the time of his quitting the Count D'Aubry, he was wholly ignorant of that family history, whose subsequent discovery had determined him on the steps he was about to take.

He informed De Crevecoeur, that from the moment this information reached him, he might consider himself as the sole heir to the title and estates of D'Aubigné; since the unhappy barrier which had so unconsciously stood between him and what his family con-

sidered, as his alienated rights would be no more. The annexed letter—as the last favor he should ever claim from one of that family, he requested the Chevalier, to deliver to the Baron Isenberg. The paper was dated some days prior to the fatal encounter—as was the letter, which ran thus.

#### LETTER.

The misfortunes, my lord, which have darkened the destiny of Villerose, might well be supposed to have rendered his bosom the grave of hope—yet one spark still exists to keep alive that internal dignity, which dares to challenge *esteem* for his untarnished *mind*—and for the blasts which have swept him from happiness, pity, and regret.

In awakening such sentiments in the hearts of those once partial friends, who have barbed the arrows of his affliction,



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The attention of Madamé Isenberg and the Baron was suddenly drawn from the subject which engaged them to the Count D'Aubry, who was at that moment labouring under emotions too complicated and violent for his weak frame. Admiration of the nobility of soul which had dictated such a sacrifice—grand as it was unexpected—consciousness of the inferiority of that nephew's character; his over partiality for whom he had urged him to the unfeeling language he had addressed to the unhappy Marquis—sorrow at the fatal catastrophe in which the pretensions of both were forever buried—and to which he feared his own intemperate conduct had paved the way—these complicated feelings at once assailed the father of Gertrude, and in a short time reduced him to that extremity, from which she had found him, on her first arrival, but slowly recovering.

The Count never again quitted his

bed, to which he was speedily conveyed; he died at last a victim to the effects of that unbending temper, which refused to submit even to irremediable disappointment. He confessed to the Baroness, before he expired, that Villerose had compelled him to acknowledge he was not unworthy of their child; and as he recalled the candour of his countenance, and his noble yet respectful manners towards himself, he lamented his untimely fate with a regret scarcely inferior to that with which, to the last, he mourned his nephew's death.



## CHAPTER II.

ONE day, many weeks after the interment of the Count, the melancholy family of Isenberg, who were with the widowed Countess, all assembled at the chateau. D'Aubry, observed a person riding swiftly towards the great gate, and in a few minutes after a domestic entering the apartment in which they were sitting, presented a note to Pauline, and withdrew.

That once imprudent girl, whom, on their first meeting her after the perusal of her journals, her parents had generously pardoned her former errors, now without breaking the seal, on perceiving by whom it was directed, put it into the



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laws of his country had decreed him the heir; he had by similar formalities put De Mornie in possession of those which had descended to him from the family of Villerose, in consequence of the *arret* which had left the young Adelpour destitute of fortune—for the small patrimony he would otherwise have inherited from his father had been entirely sunk in the expences of the tedious suit which terminated in his ruin.

De Mornie was with his regiment on the borders of Silecia, where great military preparations were making by the Empress Queen, at which the King of Prussia had expressed much jealousy, when the first intelligence of the change in his affairs reached the Count.

He obtained immediate leave of absence, for the purpose of ascertaining the truth of what he could scarcely believe to be otherwise than a dream.

The papers he had received from the

Marquis, were dated from Liancour, and to that place he first hastened. De Mornie there learnt from the afflicted Otho, the particulars of the state of mind in which the unhappy Villerose had arrived at that seat—the singular questions he had put to him respecting the history of his mother—questions which proved him to have been, till very lately, ignorant of every circumstance connected with her extraordinary story.

The feeling old man wept abundantly on describing the total change which had taken place in the countenance, the manners, even the voice of his young lord, formerly so sweet, so pleasing to the ear—then broken, interrupted, and hollow. He said he had passed some days and nights (for during his abode there he had taken no repose) in transacting with his lawyers business on which his mind seemed wholly intent. That soon after he had accomplished this

object, and sent off packets to De Crevecoeur and De Mornie, a person had arrived at the chateau, who declared he had information of much importance to communicate to the Marquis, and had in consequence gained immediate admission to him; they had passed more than an hour together; after which the stranger had departed without having held intercourse with any other part of the family.

Soon after his departure, the Marquis had retired to his chamber, as Otho imagined, overcome by fatigue, in the intention of going to bed. The next morning, however, it was evident that he had been mistaken; every thing in his apartment appearing in the same order he had found it.

Seals had been placed on the cabinets where the family papers were deposited; and a letter addressed by Villerose to Otho, was lying on this table, instruct-



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ced him that he was following the track of Villerose.

He was informed that a Chevalier of noble mien, but whose appearance bespoke him to be laboring under evident mental agitation, had stopped there on the very day following that night on which the Marquis had quitted Liancour.

*La Hotesse*, from whom De Mornie gleaned this information added, that the poor Chevalier had silently seated himself on entering her house, and wiped his humid brows with a handkerchief, which he drew from his pocket, and after his departure it was found he had left it behind him.

The Count begged to see it, and was confirmed in his conjectures by perceiving in the corner the initials, L. P. V.— Louis Phillipe Villerose.

From place to place he now traced the Marquis directly to the Chateau de

Belgarde, where he learnt the fatal tragedy, which had alike buried for ever the claims of Eleonora's son, and those of his rival, in the grave—leaving De Mornie the undoubted heir to the possessions descending through the family of Villerose.

This circumstantial account seemed to probe anew those wounds which had been inflicted by the first intelligence of the death of the deeply mourned Villerose, at the same time that it rendered perfectly clear what had before been inexplicable.

De Crevecoeur, but a few days before the stranger had demanded an audience of the Marquis at Liancour, on discovering some glaring dishonesty in his confidential valet, had at a moment's notice discharged him; and the man departed muttering revenge. This then must have been the person who had laid open to Villerose the treachery of his



late master, with every particular of which he was acquainted; and the knowledge of it, had no doubt urged the unhappy lover, to set out the same night in quest of the traitor.

The passage in that unfortunate young man's letter to the Baron, in which he said he *yielded himself a voluntary victim to the happiness of one treasure of the house of Isenberg, while in for ever relinquishing another, he sacrificed the soul of his existence,* became perfectly intelligible.

To the lover of Pauline, he had sacrificed the other half of those possessions which his high sense of honor would not allow him to retain; and withdrawn on his own behalf a claim to the hand of her sister, which had been granted him before her family were aware that under the circumstances of his birth, neither his name nor rank, could add lustre to their own.



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ment when it was more than probable the jealousy manifested on the part of Frederic, towards the Empress-Queen, would speedily break out into hostilities, which might call for his active services in favor of the Sovereign under whose banners he had entered the career of glory.

But a few weeks before, the prospect of happiness offered to Carenthéa and Viola, had been not less promising than that which was now opened to Pauline.

The Baron, from the best of motives, had been induced to postpone, for a time, the completion of that happiness. During the interval of this delay, sudden, unforeseen, most deplorable calamities had intervened, and the black curtain of fate was for ever dropped between those dear children and their once gay perspective.

With such instances before him of the instability of earthly hopes, the Ba-

ron resolved on not opposing the immediate union of the lovers; who were soon after privately married at D'Aubry, in the presence only of Pauline's parents, the Countess, Sigismond, and Delmond.

The deep mourning in which the whole family were habited for the lately deceased Count—the sympathy that every heart felt for those amiable and much loved beings, on the wreck of whose felicity that of the bridal pair was built—the consciousness that their union was to form but a short prelude to a separation, which would carry De Mornie into dangers, that might for ever bar his re-joining them—these various and united causes, tempered the joy of Adelpour and Pauline, and threw over the solemnity, and the first days which followed it, a pensiveness perfectly in unison with that which had characterized the hours of their growing affection.

While they are passing a short time at D'Aubry, with the family of the young Countess De Mornie, previous to her accompanying her lord to Liancour, let us trace the effect of those sorrows which had overtaken the young, the sensitive, the once happy; the ever interesting Viola!

She had quitted Paris for the chateau of her grandfather with the delightful hope of soon seeing again that lover, who had parted from her with a degree of melancholy foreboding, which her reason told her, their short separation could scarcely justify; yet she had insensibly caught the infection, and felt that the same gloomy presentiments which saddened their last meeting, had taken firm hold on her own mind from the moment she lost sight of Villerose.

His letter, however, which she had received two days before their setting out for D'Aubry, had greatly tended to



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there before dinner—nothing but his having met the Baron could so long have detained him from D'Aubry.

Yet hour after hour rolled away, and brought in its course no letter, no message, no intelligence of the Marquis.

Viola became extremely uneasy—all the vague fears which had agitated her from the moment of her quitting her lover, to the receipt of that letter which soothed her into the hope of soon seeing him again, rushed back to her heart.

Yet, the state of mind in which she saw Pauline, induced her to lock up in her own bosom her cause of anxiety, and endeavour to rally her sinking spirits, in the desire of reviving those of her drooping sister.

This unhappy girl had communicated to her, during the preceding night, the story of her long clandestine attachment, and since the departure of her father, her terror at the effect its know-

ledge might produce on him, had arisen to such a height, that Viola trembled for the consequences.

The following morning, however, brought comfort to the distressed Pauline—a letter from her mother breathing nothing but forgiveness on the part of the Baron, as well as her own, restored her dejected daughter to a tranquillity of mind to which she had long been a stranger. The Baroness slightly mentioned that she had seen the Marquis the evening of his arrival at Paris, but that he had on the following day left it again, and was, she believed, at present, with De Lerma at Dauphiny.

The first learning this intelligence, was like a thunderstroke to Viola. Villerose, then, had actually been within a few leagues of her, and had set off for Dauphiny without seeing, without writing her a line. He had been with the Baroness, consequently must have known



where to find her—yet he had again departed, without bestowing on her the slightest notice.

For the first time in her life, a pang of jealousy assailed her ingenuous heart, but it soon gave way to the apprehension that some misfortune had happened, which could alone have occasioned conduct so unaccountable, so inconsistent with all she had seen and known of him.

This idea gained strength as day after day passed by, leaving her still in the same dreadful uncertainty.

Accounts had been sent to D'Aubry of the wound of De Crevecœur, the progress of his sufferings, and finally of his death; but no hint was given of the hand by which it had been inflicted. The whole family, were soon after summoned to Paris on the relapse of the Count, and amidst the general distress which followed, the secret sorrows of



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was not the being whom she had so long vainly hoped to see, she stood motionless and regarding him with such affecting earnestness, that Sigismond, who in learning the fatal story of her lover, had learnt also that she was unacquainted with it, unable to bear her enquiring look, turned hastily from her, and walked to a window in the hope of concealing the emotion which overcame him.

His sister followed him, and laying her hand upon his arm, while her sweet, though mournful eyes were raised to his, she said in a voice which pierced his soul; “Sigismond—my brother—why comes he not?”

The image which this question conjured up in the mind of the amiable youth, of that lover whom yet she hoped again to see—now mouldering in his early grave, completely threw him off his guard. Forgetting in his own personal regret, the effect his abrupt dis-

closure might produce on his sister, he exclaimed with passionate sorrow, "Oh, Viola! we will together weep the untimely death of that most valued of friends."

"The death!" faintly articulated his sister, while the convulsive shiverings which ran through her frame, roused him to a sense of the shock his unadvisedly sudden disclosure had given her.

The terrified Sigismond long vainly tried to "sooth the grief, that knew not consolation's name," at length he sent to entreat his mother's assistance. She came—but the unhappy object of their cares continued silent and apparently insensible to their tender caresses—the endearing epithets by which they sought to rouse her. She gave no symptom of consciousness, except that from time to time she fixed her eyes on the Baroness with such an expression of hopeless grief, as went to the heart of her afflicted parent.

Many days did her parents watch over her, with agonizing fears, ere the stunning effect of the blow she had received, began to subside, and her suspended faculties to resume their functions. They were at length awakened by a measure, which was in despair resorted to by the Baron—it was the giving her a letter which had been enclosed in that addressed to himself, by her ill-fated lover, accompanied by an energetic entreaty that it might one day be allowed to meet her eye, yet leaving to the discretion of her parents the proper time.

As it had not reached the Baron till after the bloody catastrophe which Vil-lerose was evidently far from anticipating at the moment it was written, that nobleman had put it by, with the resolution of suppressing it altogether, or making use of it, as occasion should dictate.

That occasion he thought now pre-



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## LETTER.

Oh thou! in whom the lost Villerose had treasured up his hopes—receive his last, his eternal adieu! In tracing those words he becomes first sensible of *all* the bitterness of his destiny.

Fond visions—romantic dreams of youthful joys! he takes leave of you for ever! Yet in doing so, he dares to claim *her* pity, in whom his soul had found a kindred soul!

Yes, gentle spirit! she will weep the fate to which he abandons himself—for it is not in an unworthy cause he suffers. She will remember how devotedly he loved her—how perfect was the sympathy which united them. His image will associate itself with her thoughts; it will pursue her through those haunts they have together trod! It will cling tenaciously to her memory—it will bury

itself in the most secret recesses of her bosom!

Let this conviction strengthen his resolution to quit her, for if he dare believe he shall continue to be beloved—it is because he will have disappeared for ever. Were he to remain, he would merit from her, to whom he would have dedicated his life, still deeper wounds than those with which the barbed arrows of contumely have already pierced him.

Adieu then, thou soul of his existence! he flees thee, that he may retain his claim to thy affection.

---

Such was the letter which the slowly reviving, but hopeless Viola for hours—for days—for weeks made the theme of almost incessant study—from time to time putting such questions to her mother and sisters, as drew from them all that had yet transpired of the ill-starred unfortunate Villerose—the pretensions



of De Crèvecoeur, and the consequent conduct of the Count D'Aubry.

Incurably lacerated as was the heart of Viola, on recovering from the first effects of her benumbing shock, she was found to have lost nothing of that endearing consideration for others, that affectionate solicitude for the happiness of all within her sphere of action, which had in her cloudless dawn of life formed so lovely a feature in her beautiful character.

Perhaps it was this rare trait which her ill-fated lover had early developed in her, and fully appreciated—that raised to so high an enthusiasm, the affection with which she had inspired him.

Never was this fascinating disposition so affectingly conspicuous, as in the touching efforts she now made to resume that self-possession and tranquillity of *manner*, which could alone relieve her family from the distress she saw them suffer on her account.



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and beloved young creature—struggling to second the kind efforts, which every being by whom she was surrounded, made to console and draw her mind from that subject which almost exclusively possessed it.—Yet evidently sinking beneath the heavy burthen of irremediable woe which oppressed her.

Under these circumstances, it was with much emotion that her parents, soon after the marriage of Pauline; listened to Viola's request that they would permit her accompanying her sister to Liancour, and continuing with her during the absence of her husband:

Though startled by the first proposal, a short consideration determined them on not opposing her wishes. Equally confident of the excellence of her principles, the soundness of her understanding, and the correctness of her mind—they felt convinced that one of her character, if left to herself, might find ob-

jects of consolation, which no other could suggest.

On the day fixed for the departure of the young couple, therefore, they carried with them her,—her who, on quitting the seat to which they were now hastening, had believed she should return to it, only as its mistress.

The mind when suffering under an insupportable sense of pain, naturally seeks some change, though that change bring with it an accumulation of torture—any thing seems preferable to the monotonous pangs which grief has already inflicted.

Such was the restless agony which impelled Viola to seek again scenes, that could not fail to recal with added poignancy images, already but too indelibly imprinted on her soul.

Yet she again, and again, contemplated the spot on which she last beheld her lover! pronounced the same vow of

constancy to his memory, she had breathed to himself in the presence of that heavenly planet which had gilded their last interview—and these occupations by degrees calmed her harassed, and sorely afflicted mind.

Time rolled on, but Villerose never ceased to live in her heart—he filled her fancy—the memory of his look so full of tenderness—his voice so expressive of the emotion with which she had inspired him, never faded from her memory!



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character, when she should become sensible of all the duties which devolved to her with such a possession.

To fulfil those duties, at length, became one of her first objects—though she continued to reside principally with Pauline during the absence of the Count, who was compelled soon after their arrival at Liancour to quit his bride, and resume his military duties.

He had scarcely reached his station when the King of Prussia, by taking possession of the Electorate of Saxony, began those hostilities against the Empress Queen, which were followed by the seven years war.

De Mornie from that period became involved, during the several campaigns, in scenes of the most active dangers.

He began his first under Mareschal Daun in Moravia; and received in an early engagement a dangerous wound in the defence of his colours which were

near falling into the hands of the enemy, from the wing of the army in which he fought suddenly giving way—to preserve them he had exposed himself to a very unequal contest, which had nearly cost him his life. He was struck to the earth, and a Prussian hussar was on the point of terminating his career, by a stroke his uplifted sabre was prepared to inflict, when a young Austrian soldier of his company, with the swiftness of an arrow, threw himself between the assailer and the fainting Adelpour, receiving just below his own temple the checked blow aimed at his officer.

Nor did the heroism of the noble Louisberg stop here; with an enthusiastic bravery, which seemed to court danger and death, shaking off the momentarily stunning effect of the gash he had received, on observing that the ensign of the Empress Queen had been wrenched from the now powerless De



Mornie, and was bearing off by the enemy, like a lion roused from his repose, he instantly rushed amidst the foe, seized the colours, and fought his way back with them to his late station, where he obstinately maintained them, till a party of retreating Austrians, animated by his daring example, surrounded him, shouting—death or victory.

This action, trifling as it might singly appear in a contest of such magnitude, was productive of great effects.

The fire of Louisberg's enthusiasm, spread itself through the ranks of the before retreating wing. They rallied—formed—advanced, with newly awakened valour—and echoing the cry of death or victory, by their example essentially contributed to the ultimate success of the Austrians over the Prussians in that day's engagement.

Mareschal Daun had witnessed, from a neighbouring height, this act of daring



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had been recovered by his invincible courage.

With an emotion which seemed to partake of many causes, he restored it to the officer who had so well defended it, and retired.

On the following morning the Austrian troops were drawn out for the review of Mareschal Daun, who after having commanded attention, in the face of the whole army summoned from the ranks the private—Louisberg.

The young man approached his distinguished General with that manly yet modest dignity, which ever characterises the consciousness of innate worth—yet his firmness was shaken by the marked approbation with which that renowned warrior greeted him.

After honoring the youth with the commendations which he justly thought his due, that great general with affecting solemnity presented him with those co-

lours, which he had proved himself so worthy to bear; an honor of which Louisberg had the happiness of evincing himself amply deserving.

The Count de Mornie was at the same time nominated captain of the same company.

From this period, a friendship, whose foundation had been laid under such promising auspices, and which was nurtured by the innumerable acts of kindness which Louisberg was enabled to testify towards the Count, during the progress of his slow recovery, was formed between these young men; which terminated only with their lives.

An occasion, not long after the promotion of Louisberg, presented itself, in which he signalized his united policy and valour not less entirely to the satisfaction of Maréchal Daun. He was entrusted by that judicious general with the important charge of intercepting a

convoy of four hundred waggons, which he was apprised were carrying stores of provisions to the Prussians, of which they stood greatly in need.

Louisberg succeeded almost beyond the hopes of his general, and from that moment secured through life his partial favor—a favor, of which every new instance proved him but the more intrinsically worthy.

So fortunately appreciated—with such opportunities to call forth his brilliant energies, as were offered in a seven years contest with a foe precisely calculated to elicit genius and rouse enthusiastic heroism—it is not surprising that, patronized as was Louisberg by a commander who loved to cherish worth, the rapidity of his rise was apportioned to his merits.

De Mornie witnessed with delight the swift progress of his friend through honor's dangerous path, nor did that friend



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an interest in every thing which concerned those so dear to him, the heroic soul of Louisberg scorned all thoughts of relaxation from his duty. In this belief he was confirmed, by the way in which he learnt the young hero invariably passed that time, much of which he might have devoted to his pleasures. His ardour for the glory of the sovereign under whose banners he fought impelled him to imitate the indefatigable zeal of the great Frédéric, her enemy. Like him, he passed the intervals between the campaigns in recruiting his troops—in training them to expertness in arms—and cultivating the warlike virtues of his soldiers, voluntarily exposing himself to every hardship to which they were liable. It was by this happy union of ardour, of industry, and valour, that he secured the entire confidence and regard of Mareschal Daun.

Louisberg had risen to a high rank in

the Austrian army, before the peace of Hubertburg, whose ratification restored De Mornie to all the happiness of domestic life, with a wife to whom he was still romantically attached, and the long harassed bosom of Pauline, now the mother of two lovely boys, for the first time, tasted of unalloyed felicity from the period of her clandestine engagement with the Count.

Since her marriage, several events had taken place in her family, in which Viola and herself took a very lively interest. Sigismond, on the breaking out of the war, had entered the Austrian service, and under the Duke D'Aremberg, who commanded in Bohemia, had performed an active part in the contest. Yet he had several times, during the intervals between the campaigns, stolen a few weeks to pass with his relatives, either at Isenberg, D'Aubry, or Lian-



cour—for at each place, in turn, they had all met.

It was when his grief had been at its height, for the untimely fate of the regretted Villerose, that he had written every particular which had transpired relative to him, to their mutual friend De Lerma. His letter found that grandee, overwhelmed with sorrow and disappointment, at his Catalonian palace; vainly seeking to divine the cause of the Marquis's silence, and as vainly endeavouring to banish from his remembrance the Syren, who had been known only for his unhappiness:

The post mark of France roused him to an interest it was now long since he had felt—for he panted to know, in what way Carenthéa had acted after his desertion of her. He was certainly to see her no more—she was, beyond all doubt, undeserving his tenderness—yet he thought he should derive some conso-



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sion, which was noticed with much emotion by the unhappy lover. He knew not precisely what he wished him to have said. Yet not one word of remembrance from a family to which he still felt so greatly attached! The bosom of De Lerma was surcharged with an intolerable weight of grief, of remorse, and disappointment. On quitting Carenthéa, he had first become sensible of all the power her witcheries had possessed over him. Since that period, time had seemed to move with leaden wings, and he became convinced that even the little vexations she had given him, chequered as they were with occasionally endearing marks of preference, had given a variety, a zest, to his life, the deprivation of which now rendered it vapid and joyless.

After long and repeated trials, Don Alphonso found that neither the occupations, the duties, nor the dissipation in which he forced himself to engage, suc-

ceeded in diverting his mind from subjects which preyed on his health, and destroyed his spirits. He at length resolved on trying the effect of constant change of scene, and left Spain with the determination of retracing those travels, in which he had experienced so much pleasure with the then animated and admired Villerose.

He entered Poland during the period that Augustus the Third, who had been driven from his Electorate of Saxony by Frederic, had taken refuge in his capital of Warsaw.

Under this Prince's misfortunes, De Lerma felt it peculiarly incumbent on him to pay his duty to one, who, on a former occasion, had shewn him very flattering marks of distinction.

He was received with much graciousness by the King; and invited to accompany him on the following evening to a party given by the Countess Orselska,

the acknowledged and favorite natural daughter of his Majesty.

Don Alphonso, who had heard much of that lady's remarkable beauty, (but had never yet seen her,) accepted the honor offered him with many acknowledgements, and at the appointed time repaired to the Countess's.

The King had been already sometime there; and on his entering the apartment, it was so greatly crowded that De Lermá long found it impossible to approach sufficiently near the royal party to catch the attention of his Majesty, or to see a lady respecting whom his curiosity was considerably excited.

While he stood waiting for a favorable opportunity to advance, the buzz of many voices, which had before been heard, suddenly sank into a profound silence, which was almost immediately after interrupted by the tones of a harp, struck with an execution so masterly



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*tata*, and heard that presumptuous personage, with his accustomed happy ease, pronounce,

“Cupid with Carenthéa

“Once played at cards for kisses.”

Roused almost to madness, by the recollections suddenly awakened in his tortured mind, Don Alphonso now felt irresistibly impelled instantly to punish the audacity of one, in whom alone he at the present moment remembered a rival: regardless of appearances, he pressed eagerly through the crowd, and in the next minute found himself opposite the singer, who had by this time fallen, with equal taste and feeling, into the charming arietta which expressed,

“He staked his quiver,” &c.

What could occasion the late half-frantic lover, on finding the object of his vengeance within his grasp, to stand

speechless—motionless—before the offender?

Perhaps it was his vicinity to the King which checked his ill-timed anger.

Ah, no!—near as he was to his Majesty, Don Alphonso saw him not.

His eyes were rivetted on the object, whose uncommon beauty, grace, and talents, were at that moment exciting the universal attention and admiration of every one present!—For in the lady of the fête—the favorite daughter of the Monarch—the celebrated, the lovely, the eccentric Countess Orselska, though habited as she was in the picturesque yet splendid dress of a Polish lady, he had instantly recognized the perfect features and charming physiognomy of the, till now, contemned, yet envied Chevalier Florio!

Yes, it was that very whimsical but captivating lady, who had through the



indulgence of her royal father, obtained permission to gratify the caprice of making a tour through part of Germany, *en cavalier*, with an appointment suitable to the acknowledged daughter of Augustus; her governante attending her as her valet.\*

A well known traveller, who became intimately acquainted with this extraordinary lady in her youth, at her father's court, has thus described her:

“ On ne sauroit être mieux faite et avoir plus grand air. Elle aime la magnificence, la dépense et les plaisirs. Un de ses divertissemens est de s'habiller en homme. C'est dans cet ajustement que je la vis pour la première fois: elle étoit à cheval, avec un habit pourpre brodé d'argent, et portoit le cordon bleu de Pologne. J'étois seul, je ne peut m'informer qui elle étoit, je la pris véritablement pour un jeune Seigneur étranger. Je n'ai jamais vue personne être mieux à cheval. Le même soir je la vis au bal; elle étoit encore en homme, mais elle avoit un habit plus riche. L'amour n'étoit pas plus beau lorsqu'il parut devant Psyché. La bonne mine et la grace avec laquelle



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ing ventured alone, and on foot, into a wood, at a considerable distance from the mansion of her hostess.

Her progress was suddenly checked by an incident which had so greatly terrified her, as to prevent a repetition of her imprudence. She suddenly encountered an immense black wolf, which stood growling at her with so terrific an aspect, as led her to expect in the next moment to become its prey.

The piercing shrieks she uttered, however, brought to her speedy relief a young scholar of the Jesuits' college, who proved to be the Count de Mornie.

It was found that this animal, though fierce and often dangerous to strangers, had been tamed to submission by the Elector of Bavaria.

Adelcour had often seen and caressed Melak, who, on perceiving in him a friend, now quickly lost his menacing aspect, but not so suddenly did the young

lady dismiss her fears. Shè accepted with extreme thankfulness the offer of the youth to see her safely home, the path to which might truly be said for her to be strewed with thorns, for the terrific animal chose to accompany his favorite thither to her no small dismay.\*

\* At the palace of Ludwisberg the picture is shewn of a large black wolf, which followed the Duke of Wirtemberg every where, slept near his bed, and accompanied him to his army. The campaign not happening to break up before the weather grew cold, Melak withdrew himself from the field, without waiting for permission; and was unexpectedly found at Ludwisberg before the chamber door of the Duke: no one knew how he had crossed the Rhine. He was afterwards taken to Frankfort, to attend the coronation of the Emperor, and was suspected of not being well affected towards his Imperial Majesty; for, displeas'd at the firing of so many guns, he stole out of that place in the same unceremonious manner. This animal, though faithful to his favorites, was mischievous towards those he did not like.

The service he had done her, rendered the visits of De Mornie, during the few months she had afterwards continued in this neighbourhood, always welcome; but from that period, they had never seen each other, till the giddy Countess burst on the lovers in the Druids Temple.

Frank, enthusiastic, and generous by nature, she had from that moment entered zealously into the cause of the lovers, and resolved to give them every assistance within her power.

She had accompanied Pauline and Lady Aberdale to Isenberg, to which family she had been originally introduced in her real character, though she still whimsically chose to support the part she had set out with the resolution of playing during her tour.

De Mornie's communication to the Countess of his ruined hopes, and her subsequent exertions in his favor (by which



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time taken with the wild and amusing agréments of Sigismond.

To this *penchant passagere* was attributable the displeasure she had manifested at his allowing the follies of Miss Wannmore to occupy so much of his attention; and her declaration to Carenthéa, that if she ever married, it should be one of the house of Isenberg, (whose repetition had so much hurt De Lerma,) was in allusion to her predilection for her brother.

That young lady had been made the confidant of the Countess's short-lived fancy, which was nearly passed when they met at the Duchess de Melcour's. Carenthéa knew this, and by way of reprisals for the merciless raillery with which in the garden of the Marquis de Saintville she was treating her uneasiness, at the offence she had given Don Alphonso, was about to recal some particulars which the Countess was resolved

not to hear, when the action that lady used to prevent it, had formed the climax to those misdemeanors of his mistress, which irritated the jealous De Lerma into quitting her, without seeking any further explanation.

Of most of these particulars, Don Alphonso was in the course of the evening informed by the lovely woman, who, on recollecting him, had greeted him with flattering marks of pleasure. She began by questioning him respecting a family, which she remembered with much affection; and on discovering the mischief of which her frolic had been productive, in separating him from his mistress; in the hope of repairing matters, she scrupled not to acquaint him with all she had drawn from Carenthea of her regret and sorrow, after De Lerma had indignantly quitted the ball-room; and the state of dejection in which she had left her on the following morning.



In the course of De Lerma's conversation with the Countess, he discovered, that when Pauline had given into her hands the Chaplain's narrative for him to return it to De Mornie, the names of the parties, whose history was so singularly interwoven with that of the Count, had not been mentioned in it—blanks having been left in the places where they should have occurred.

The Countess had, under the assumed character of the Chevalier Florio, by mere chance, heard the singular particulars of Villerose's family story, at the Duchess de Melcour's ball, after Carenthéa left it; and, finding on her return home the letter of Pauline, which instructed her to transmit the manuscript to her mother, she previously filled up the blanks with the names of the real parties.

A sudden summons from her father, had that very same day carried her from



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for the evening to Don Emanuel, when she knew he would be there to claim it.

For the first, how many excuses might there have been, which would have exculpated her from any very serious blame; and for the second, the lover thought his mistress could most satisfactorily clear up the only circumstance to which he could now attach blame.

Yet was it for him, who had shewn so little confidence, respect, or delicacy, in his precipitate desertion of her, to be so extreme to mark every error in her conduct?

The innumerable jealousies, petulences, and prejudices, to which he had given way respecting the Chevalier, he now found to have been totally groundless! With how much sweetness had she at those times borne his fits of ill-humour!—how often had she condescended to court him back to good temper by her smiles!—for in his present disposi-

tion, the lover had forgotten that it was for the express purpose of tormenting him, she had studiously affected such manners towards Florio, as were calculated to render him restless and uneasy.

While the thoughts of De Lerma were thus fully employed, he was travelling, with all possible expedition, towards Isenberg. A disappointment, however, awaited him on his arrival there, which he severely felt—his mistress was with her parents at Liancour—and for that place the impatient lover immediately set forwards.

Carenthéa had suffered and reflected much since De Lerma parted from her—and before that period she knew not what suffering or reflection was. His loss had revived all that admiration of him, with which in the early stage of their acquaintance he had inspired her; and at the very time her bosom was glowing with indignation and resent-

ment, at his having dared to assert his freedom in spite of herself; she respected him the more for the dignity of character he had shewn, in resigning his claim to one, who had unfeelingly sacrificed him to the contemptible desire of attracting the admiration of persons to whom she was indifferent.

Carenthéa had, within a short period, learnt a lesson, whose impression had sunk deeply into her mind. After the mortification, the slights, the insignificance, into which she had found herself fallen, on her second public appearance—how worthless, in her estimation, became that fashionable distinction, “given without merit, by caprice withdrawn,” of which she had once been so ambitious!

The consequence attached to the attentions of the present leader of the ton, could confer on whom he pleased this envied pre-eminence—but, at his plea-



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ed, was more than sufficient to excuse his consequent severity.

Carenthéa, now diligently, sought for this letter, in the hope of finding in it some expressions which might, by justifying her in having conceived some resentment at them, relieve her bosom from the painful sense of having been wholly in the wrong—it was, however, nowhere to be found; and she grieved at its loss, as an aggravation of her ill-fortune.

From these self-condemnations and grievous retrospections, she was summoned to the house of sickness and death. The awful scenes she there witnessed—the subsequent heart-piercing situation to which she saw the beloved and undeservedly suffering Viola reduced—the deep interest to which she, in common with her whole family, was awakened for that sweet girl—such a series of events had produced, on the

before callous bosom of Carenthéa, the effect of teaching her to feel for others, by which she was rendered a thousand times more deserving than she had ever been before—the undiminished affection of her returning lover.

As if nothing was to be wanting to bring this late thoughtless girl to a thorough sense of the dangers of that path in which she had been till now giddily wandering, she soon after learnt the consequences which followed the Duchess de Melcour's encouragement of the marked attentions of Don Emanuel. The Duke, highly offended at the scandal to which her imprudence had given rise, remonstrated with her on the subject, and peremptorily insisted on her breaking off his acquaintance. This the high spirited lady refused, with so much haughtiness, as to irritate his grace to obtain a *lettre de cachet* to empower him to shut her up in a convent; from which



her family saw no hope of emancipating her during the life of her husband.

So prepared, the repentant and more than ever enamoured Don Alphonso, found it no impossible task to obtain the forgiveness of his mistress; and the ingenuous explanation into which he at once entered with her parents, not only in their opinion entirely exculpated him from serious blame, but raised him in their esteem and regard.

With the restoration of a lover whom Carenthéa had now learnt justly to appreciate, much of her charming gaiety returned; which was *generally* afterwards tempered by consideration for others, which rendered it infinitely more engaging.

Their union was soon after celebrated at Isenberg, where they had passed some months with the Baron, his lady, the Countess D'Aubry, and the lady Marguerite: she then accompanied her lord



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the infantine vassals and servants who presented themselves on their arrival. As their lovely mistress passed them, she bowed to the old with cheerful but friendly respect—to the young with a kind and smiling air, noticing their children with passing and playful caresses.

The magic of these attentions were instantaneously felt by all, and made the heart of Don Alphonso, as he noted their effect, throb with a new and delightful emotion.

Scarcely could he, from this moment, believe his palace to be the same, in which he had so lately mourned the follies, the caprices, of Carenthéa, and his own constancy. Where was now fled the gloom in which, during that interval, it had been involved?—that gloom had fled before the sun-shine of her bewitching countenance.

Before it was too late, Carenthéa had fortunately learnt to value the destiny

she had by her errors once so nearly forfeited; and, with a *corrected mind*, carried into the bosom of her husband's family, those magic powers which spread throughout its grand and solemn magnificence, an illuminating light—which was reflected on all around her; but on none more conspicuously than her happy lord.

## CHAPTER IV.

It was just after the ratification of the peace of Hubertsberg, that Don Alphonso and his lady, who had become the delighted parents of a lovely girl, as blooming and as dimpled as her mother, were on their first visit at Isenberg since the birth of their daughter; where they were soon after joined by Sigismond, the Count and Countess de Mornie, and Viola.

At this period, *Felicity* might have been said to have made Isenberg her sanctuary, but for the blighted happiness of the youngest daughter of that noble house, and the tender regret the remembrance of her ill-fated lover had left in every bosom.



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turned to it ill, in consequence of an accident which befel him on his journey; and poor Theresa had been some weeks a widow at the time of their visit there.

The many well remembered objects at that place, which met the eye of the dejected Viola, pierced her bosom with renewed agony, by recalling, in all their originally glowing colours, the scene she there witnessed on first entering the cottage—the beloved, the principal actor in which, then in life and bloom—was now laid low!—a scene that led to the disclosure of that mutual affection which had given so new a charm to her existence; till his death came, like a blast from the desert, “to blight the fair blossoms of her youth!”

It was with an access of agony, she was incapable of controlling, that Viola, leaving the Countess listening to the good woman’s history of her misfortunes, stole into the garden, and on that

hallowed spot, where the impassioned Villeroſe had drawn from her the confeſſion of her love, ſécretly promiſed his ſhade, that a heart once yielded to him, ſhould never be given to another.

Thereta and her little family, ſhe from that period took entirely under her protection ; removed them to Roſemont ; ſettled them with every comfort on her eſtate ; and felt a melancholy pleaſure in fulfilling the humane promiſe Villeroſe had given them of aſſiſtance, ſhould they ever ſtand in need of his good offices.

The watch he had left with Thereta, as a pledge of his future intentions in her favor ; became from that moment invaluable in the eſtimation of her, who treaſured, with enthuſiaſtic fondneſs, every memento of a lover ; whoſe remembrance never ceaſed to live in her heart.

Profoundly did that gentle heart mourn



his loss—yet it was in *secret* she mourned—real grief shrinks from complaining of its sufferings—and that of Viola was hidden in the deepest recesses of her soul.

Yet, on meeting De Lerma, for the first time, at a place where she had been ever accustomed to see him accompanied by his friend, the still unfaded image of that friend seemed to be retouched in still more lively colours, and she again became disturbed by a recurrence of all that dreadful restlessness in which she had passed the first months after the knowledge of his death.

On seeing Don Alphonso enter the room—or take his place at table—her eyes would, from time to time, involuntarily turn towards the door, as if in constant expectation of some one—a *shuddering* disappointment succeeded to this anxiety—but too convincing to those, by whom she was surrounded, of



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trifling act of kindness, on my part, gave birth to the chivalrous attachment on his, which prompted him to save my life at the imminent hazard of his own. The deserved reward Mareschal Daun on that occasion conferred on him, by raising him to a situation which threw us together on a footing of equality, enabled me to discover beneath the modest and sublime simplicity which had before concealed it, a mind calculated to adorn the highest rank. Yet notwithstanding the friendship and affection which has from that period subsisted between us, he has ever with studious care shunned alluding to every circumstance of his life, previous to our acquaintance. This reserve has often led me to suspect that some imprudencies of his youth must have reduced him to a station, to which, whatever might have been his birth, his education proves that he could never

have been destined—and from which he has so gloriously emerged.”

“If he be as terrifically *fierce*, and invincibly *obstinate*, as you seem to hint, my dear Count,” said Donna Carénthea, “I shall vastly like to be introduced to this son of Mars.”

“Louisberg possesses a grand and decisive character,” replied De Mornie; “of which his noble physiognomy is strikingly expressive. The resources of his military genius are as inexhaustible, as are unparalleled his corporeal and mental bravery. To these he owes the almost unexampled success which has crowned him with glory. His noble heart is animated with the most enthusiastic honor—his eye beams with the fire of unconquerable courage—his soul is exalted by the sublime union of valour and sensibility!—such is Louisberg as a soldier and a hero. In his hours of privacy and friendly intercourse, when;

laying aside the warrior, he becomes the amiable companion; every action, every sentiment, which escapes him, proves his heart and mind to be the seat of delicacy; nor is his taste less refined and correct than his imagination is lively, creative, inexhaustible—and his temper mild, amiable, and engaging. Such is my friend!” pursued De Mornie, whose countenance, as he had spoken, was lighted up with an animation which corresponded with his words. “Such is the man, my fair sister, whom I hope soon to present to you.”

“I fear,” replied Carenthéa, with a slight shade of her former satiric archness—“I rather fear, I shall not think your hero—if he be really such as you have just described him—nearly so amusing as I had before pictured him in my fancy; for I have ever thought personages deemed by the world *impracticable* beings (and such I had persuaded



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had secretly sworn, never to bestow on another that hand, which could not be accompanied by a heart, long since buried in the grave of Villerose.

That daughter listened to the proposal with invincible repugnance, and the most determined resolution to resist a measure at which her soul recoiled—yet, conciliating in disposition, though firm in purpose, she acquiesced in the wish her parents expressed, that she would immediately accompany them to the foot of the throne, and endeavour by softening her refusal, to deprecate the displeasure which there was too much reason to believe, her non-compliance with the royal will would incur.

On their arrival at Vienna, the Baron solicited and obtained an early audience of the Empress-Queen, to whom, he with a noble ingenuousness, related the events which had blighted the early hopes of his youngest daughter—events,

which by giving to her sensitive character, a cast of habitual melancholy, had made her cherish a romantic constancy for the memory of that lover, in whom her soul was wrapt. The Baron added, that she, in common with his whole family, very gratefully felt the high honor conferred on them by her Imperial Majesty, in deigning to select for a nobleman, enjoying her favor, and that of the Emperor, a member of their house. It was with sentiments therefore of deep regret he found himself obliged to decline availing himself of her gracious intentions in behalf of his daughter.

The Empress with mildness replied, that she was far from condemning the paternal tenderness which had dictated what had just fallen from him—yet there were limits to indulgence, which it was not always wise to extend. He had himself confessed, that since the



loss of her lover the young lady had been allowed the liberty of seeking consolation in whatever way her own heart suggested.—What had been the result? That of her endeavouring rather to *nurture*, than *irradicate* an affection, which in wisdom, ought not for ever to survive its object. Such a constancy as she had evinced, her majesty observed, would by most of the other sex be regarded as an obstacle to their trying to obtain a heart which there appeared so little hope of touching. In the present case, however, this peculiarity in her character (of which the party for whom she had demanded her of her father was well advised, as also of the particulars attending the disappointment she had once suffered), had rather acted as a stimulus to him in the wish he had formed of conquering her repugnance to marriage, than as an objection to his making the essay. She, therefore, put it to the Baron



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before quitting the Empress, to promise that he would so far second her views as to make it his earnest request that his daughter would consent to see *him* to whom her Imperial Majesty was desirous of uniting her.

Yet it was with a mind much disturbed, that he reflected on his way back to his family on the result of an interview which he had hoped would have put an end to an affair from which he now feared they should derive much uneasiness ; for although he was gratified by the graciousness with which her Majesty had listened to objections which before his interview he had feared would draw on him her serious displeasure, he could not blind himself to the circumstance, that he owed her moderation to her conviction, that his daughter would not long resist the united temptation offered her to obedience, when she

should act also in conformity with the wishes of her parents,

Her Majesty had assured him, that the nobleman to whom she had destined his daughter, was in every respect worthy to win the affections of a sensible and amiable young woman; but till he had disposed the young lady to receive him on the footing of one to whom she would *endeavour* to attach herself, she should not name the party in question—adding in a tone, in which the Baron thought he discerned a strong shade of haughtiness, that she was far from intending to expose to the humiliation of having it *known*, that he had been rejected, a young nobleman who enjoyed the marked approbation and partiality of the Emperor and herself.

Viola learnt with deep regret, the result of an interview which she had hoped would have put an entire end to this, to her distressing affair. She there-

fore listened with heart-felt sorrow to the pleadings of the Baron, and read in the entreating eyes of her silent mother, the prayer that she would for their sakes obey the Empress, by consenting to the introduction of her Majesty's favorite—solemnly pledging themselves, that if on acquaintance she continued to feel the same repugnance to receive him as a lover, she should not experience any further persecution on the subject.

Overcome with agitation and grief, Viola begged to be allowed till the next morning, to reflect on what line of conduct she could pursue; and obtaining it, retired to her room.

From what fell from the Baron after her departure, it became manifest to the rest of the family, that the arguments of the Empress had produced much effect on his mind; and that although he had hitherto allowed the uninterrupted indulgence of his daughter's melancholy,



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of obtaining the honor of an audience of the Empress.

That honor was accorded by her Imperial Majesty with a smile, which seemed to imply her confidence of finding it no difficult task to bring the young lady to hear reason; of which this voluntary attendance appeared to her an encouraging prognostic.

Nothing, however could have been farther from the heart of the much-afflicted Viola, than any such intended concession. A night of reflection, and soul-piercing retrospection had but tended to conjure up a thousand remembrances which made her feel it impossible ever to transfer those sentiments to another, which the ill-fated Villerose had kindled in her bosom.

In examining the nature of those lively feelings which were inseparably connected with his memory, she took a retrospective view of that epoch of her

life, which, though on a comparison with the period that had even since elapsed, appeared but as a day, had yet fixed in her bosom an affection, which death alone could extinguish.

One deep source of sorrow which had never ceased to prey almost on her springs of life, was the remembrance of the state of hopeless wretchedness, in which a being for whom her bosom was filled with a tenderness so exquisite, had passed the last hours of his existence—so far from her too, that, “no breeze could waft the dying tones of one, to vibrate on the others sympathetic chord.”

Viola felt, that though his death had been inevitable, could she in that moment having spoken to him words of consolation—could she have impressed him with the conviction that no change in his situation could shake the stability of her attachment—that his misfortunes



but, trebly, endeared him, to her heart, her bosom would have been relieved from the intolerable weight of grief which had since never wholly ceased to oppress it.

This profound sentiment of commiseration for one, long since passed all earthly suffering, she had in some measure alleviated, by encouraging the belief that his shade ever hovered near her, and experienced the soothing pleasure of being conscious of her unshaken fidelity, and a witness of her fulfilling the promise she had given him at their last interview. Had she been suddenly swept from happiness and life, would Villerose have sought in some new object, to console himself?

This question revived the memory of an occurrence which had happened, a day or two only, before the party had set out for Augsburg for the benefit, the Baroness's health was expected to de-



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When the Marquis arrived at that address to Ebert, his voice was expressive of an emotion which very powerfully communicated itself to his companions, as in the native language of that energetic Bard, he read:

Should one of us then die—and one alone remain,  
And should that one be me!  
Should she too then have lov'd me, she who is to love  
Should she first rest in dust,  
And I remain the only one—remain alone on earth.

The tears which had dimmed the eyes of Viola—and the sighs which had swelled her bosom, she had then believed were drawn forth solely by the remembrance of the recently apprehended danger of her mother—now as they revived on her memory, with the kindred feeling which had at that moment agitated Villerose, she felt convinced that a dread of surviving her, (whom she had since learnt so wholly filled his bosom,) or some secret forboding that their affection was

not destined to be happy, had so much moved him—and with this impression came also the conviction that had *she* first died, she should never have ceased to live unrivalled in his heart.

Consoled, yet deeply penetrated by this belief, she repeated with energy in the language of the same great Poet, whose works she had afterwards so often read with her unfortunate lover.

“Run on my life! The hour will surely come,  
That calls me to the silent cypres shade.  
Ye intervening hours, clouded and dark,  
Be dedicate alone to mourning love!”

Such was the disposition in which *Viola* had solicited leave to throw herself at the Empress's feet; on which dreaded occasion she ardently prayed to be inspired with courage so to plead her own cause, as to induce her Majesty to give over the attempt to persuade her

into a measure utterly repugnant to her nature. At all events she hoped by taking entirely on herself the offence of resisting the royal will, to guard against her family's participating in the displeasure, it was but too probable their Majesties would conceive at seeing their wishes frustrated.

In order to imagine the very painful situation in which Viola felt herself placed in so arduous an undertaking, it should be remarked that she had been educated with the highest sense of admiration and loyalty for the Empress Queen ; to dispute whose commands appeared to her but an ungrateful requital for the peculiar graciousness with which her Majesty had on many occasions honored her whole family ; and the mark of distinction she had in the present instance shewn them, in not only sanctioning by her approbation the choice which had been made of a member of their



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“Once like the fresh blown lily in the vale,

————— in radiancy of bloom,

————— till consuming love

Faded her graces; then her hue changed,

To lilies pining in decay, but kept

The smile of kindness on her wasted cheek.”

When they however entered the drawing room of the Empress, the agitation which naturally attended her appearance on an occasion so little congenial with her inclinations, the universal attention of the numerous company, which was instantly fixed on her, by the smile of welcome with which her Majesty greeted her approach, joined to the anticipation of the scene which was to follow their dispersion—altogether flushed her pale cheek with a hectic bloom, and lighted up in her late languid eye, the temporary fire of animation.

Near the Empress stood a venerable nobleman, who exhibited much emotion

as her Majesty said to him in a low voice, yet sufficiently audible to reach the ear of Viola. "Yes Count, this is that very little model of fidelity, with whom I am resolved to try the powers of my rhetoric, to bend her to our wishes."

Viola mechanically turned her regards on the person to whom the Empress addressed herself, and whose entire attention was for a few minutes given to the royal speaker. The remarkable richness of his attire, and the several orders of honor, with which he was decorated, convinced her he was of high distinction; but this idea quickly gave way to the sympathetic interest his physiognomy excited. Sorrow, more than years, seemed to have bent his form, and touched his features with an expression which harmonized with her feelings.

She was yet earnestly regarding him, when his eyes and those of the Empress



were significantly directed to her—and her's instantly sunk beneath their observation—while the consciousness that she still formed the subject of their conversation, rendered her uneasy, and flushed her cheek with a still brighter glow.

Viola had been for some time suffering this painful embarrassment, when the name of Count Altenberg, audibly pronounced, made her start, and look fearfully around her, in the expectation of discovering, in some fierce and impene- trable countenance present, that nearest relative of her ill-fated lover; the remembrance of whose contumacious refusal to acknowledge him as his nephew, had so powerfully operated in fixing the feeling of self-degradation with which the insult he had received from the Count D'Aubry, and the discovery of his mother's history, had impressed



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she had before urged to the Baron, in behalf of those plans she had proposed for her; concluding with the assurance, that the party to whom she wished to see her united, was precisely calculated to console her for her early disappointment.

It was some time ere Viola could command voice to reply—during which struggle of conflicting feelings, the Empress regarded her with so much gentleness, as, at length, gave her courage to address her royal auditor.

It was with an artless pathos, which fixed on her the mute attention of her Majesty, that Viola described the first imperceptible degrees by which her unhappy lover had irrecoverably possessed himself of her early affections. Inspired by the delicacy of her mind and her tender partiality, she drew a picture so exquisite of the amiable but ill-starred Ville-rose—herself unconsciously appearing in

a light so engaging, that any third person who had witnessed the scene, would have pronounced it impossible, but she must have gained the cause for which she had so sweetly pleaded, and have been relieved from all further persecutions to transfer to another a heart, whose first affections had been so enthusiastically devoted to the lost Villerose as to be buried in his grave.

It appeared, however, from the Empress's reply, that *she* had not been so subdued; for she said with much gravity, "I see you can be *firm*—believe me, I am no less so. Though far from intending to *compel* you to espouse this nobleman, (in a union with whom, I would fain have you forget the trials to which your early youth has been exposed) I expect that you will consent to see one, whose attachment to you is not less romantic, than that you have nourished for your lover, to whom he is in

no instance inferior. Indeed, I have given my word to his highly respected relative, from whom I have so recently parted, that before you quit this closet, you shall be introduced to each other as a preliminary to your more intimate acquaintance with the young Count Altenberg."

"Altenberg!" repeated Viola, faintly, while the paleness of death overspread her countenance, as she remembered the wound his unkindness to Villerose, on the only occasion they had ever met, had inflicted on him.

"I am aware," replied her Majesty, not appearing to notice the sudden effect the name she had just pronounced, had produced on her distressed auditor, "I am well aware of the near affinity which existed between that nobleman, and your regretted lover; and will anticipate what I perceive you are about to say on that subject, by assuring you,



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of fidelity was not less fervent, and heaven knows how sincere. With such an example, indelibly engraven on my memory, of the terrible effects of *her* breach of faith—with a frame enfeebled by long suffering—and a mind broken down by sorrow—in pity, pardon my temerity, in solemnly protesting in the face of heaven, and of your majesty, that that hand once promised to Villeroze shall never be given to another!”

It was with extreme emotion that Viola pronounced these words, and without daring to raise her eyes to the countenance of the Empress. Her majesty preserved silence for some minutes after she had ceased to speak.

This, to her, awful pause, was first interrupted by a quick footstep, which followed the opening of the closet door.

“Count Altenberg,” exclaimed the Empress impatiently, “why awaited you not my summons?”

The repetition of that dreaded name caused Viola to start on her feet, and turn hastily towards the advancing intruder—Heavens and Earth!—What strange delusion mocks her wandering senses!—It presents to her bewildered fancy, instead of the stranger she expected to behold, the form, the features, the never-to-be forgotten expression of that lover whom she had so long mourned as dead!—She believes that he eagerly approaches her—that he clasps her to his bosom!—Nature sinks beneath the mighty shock!

\* \* \* \* \*

To what felicity are the suspended faculties of this long suffering daughter of the house of Isenberg awakened! The well-known voice of her lover actually recalls her to life—it vibrates on her ear—it penetrates her heart—it repeats, “My Viola, *while life is lent me I am only yours!*”



## CHAPTER V.

It had been far from the intention of the Empress to expose to a shock almost too potent for her delicate frame, a young creature, for whom she had conceived a very lively interest.

The thoughts of her majesty had been engaged during the pause which succeeded the solemn declaration of Viola (never to give *that* hand to another which she had promised to Villeroze,) in considering how she could best prepare her for the intelligence, that the person for whom she had destined her, was in reality that very lover—when his impatience to express his gratitude to a mistress, for whom the affection he had treasured was not less enthusiastic than



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(after he had resolved on his future plan of life,) when a stranger solicited an interview with him on the day *preceding* that night on which he had secretly departed from Liancour.

This stranger proved to be the unfortunate Pierre Laurens, Viscompte de Valdore; fated, as it should seem, to play an important part in the family of Isenberg. Since the precipitate flight of the banditti from the Tyrol, he had never resumed the office of their leader, but had lived with Dumesnil on his share of the booty, which had been divided on the separation of the band.

The death of his faithful steward, not long before his visit to Liancour, had once more rendered him a solitary wanderer; and he was on his way back to his province, with the wild project of wresting from the present possessor his inheritance, when, in passing through Alsace, he was led by some traits of ge-

nerosity, he accidentally heard of Villerose, to call on him, in the hope bringing him to second his schemes.

The too evident insanity of his discourse and countenance, induced the Marquis to decline engaging in his views; and he set out indignant at his refusal, though not less resolved to carry, unassisted, his intentions into execution.

From Liancour the Viscompte had proceeded on foot to that auberge, where the Count de Mornie fancied he had first discovered the track of Villerose; and it was his handkerchief whose initials had confirmed Adelpour in the belief that he was right in the pursuit: he from thence proceeded to the chateau de Belgarde.

By a singular coincidence, it happened that this chateau had belonged to the father of Valdore, and had been lent to Tremorne, by the present possessor of that estate which had passed into his

hands as the next heir, in consequence of the dreadful malady of the Viscompte.

De Crevecoeur, the intimate friend of Tremorne, had stopped at this residence the evening before his return to his uncle's, intending to pass the night there. It was while the convivial party, which he found already assembled, were gaily supping, that Valdore, who, having spent his boyish days under that roof, knew every avenue into the chateau, entered it unperceived; and, exploring his way to an unoccupied chamber, had sunk into an unquiet sleep. About two hours after midnight he awoke, and, by degrees recollecting where he was, sought out his way to the chamber he had been once accustomed to occupy. He found a light burning in it, and in that bed, in which he had been used to repose, a sleeping chevalier.

Valdore, before entering this chamber, had mechanically drawn his sword, and



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Thus by an incident, bloody as it was extraordinary, did the long perturbed spirit of Valdore find repose in that mansion of his forefathers, from whence he had been so long banished, and his ashes a resting place in the cemetery of his ancestors, beside his once implacable parent!

Villeroze, in the mean time, had quitted Liancour, and unsuspectedly pursued his way to the frontiers; where the Empress Queen was making those warlike preparations, which so greatly excited the jealousy of the King of Prussia. There, under the name of Louisberg, he enlisted himself as a private, in the same regiment in which De Morinie had some time before entered. But from the circumstance of their never having before met, and the firm belief that Villeroze was no more, no shadow of suspicion ever entered the breast of Adelpour, though the emotion with which, after their intimate friendship, his com-

panion often listened to his observations on the unshaken constancy of her who was a thousand times dearer to him than all earthly good, save honor, had often compelled him abruptly to quit the tent, and give vent in solitude to his feelings of enthusiastic love and gratitude.

Villerose had early learnt from the Count, that he was imagined by himself, and the whole of the Isenberg family, to have fallen by the hand of De Crève-cœur; yet dangerous as he felt that conviction to his future hopes in the youngest daughter of that house, while his fortune was so precarious, his high sense of honor forbade his taking any step that might hinder her from making a more happy choice; supposing death should cut him off during his dangerous career, or the chances of war prove adverse to his obtaining that rank which could alone entitle him to obtain her.



Insupportable as was the idea, that there existed a *possibility* of her ever transferring her affections to another, he had persevered in preserving the secret that might have guarded against it.

Thrice, during that period, had he (under an impenetrable disguise) visited the spot which Viola inhabited—he had beheld her kindness to Theresa and her children; and marked with the deepest emotion the peculiar tenderness with which she ever caressed the youngest—that infant who had particularly attracted *his* regard.

The peace of Hubertsberg saw Louis-berg arrived at that rank and high consideration which he felt entitled him to return to those friends, whom he knew so sincerely regretted his loss; and before parting with De Mornie, he pledged his word to visit him as soon as he had executed a commission, with which Ma-



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tory became public, had heard most of the particulars attending it. He had from that epocha, till now, believed him to be no more, and on this occasion exhibited so much surprise at sight of him, as excited the curiosity of Maria Theresa.

Her Majesty, taking him apart, soon after learnt all this nobleman knew of his extraordinary history. Struck with new astonishment and admiration at the chivalrous honor which had actuated his conduct, she resolved, from that moment, to take him under her immediate protection.

That very evening Louisberg received an order to attend the Empress on the following morning. He obeyed; and in a private interview found himself called on to detail the leading features of his life. One circumstance her Majesty, on this occasion learnt, with which she was

before unacquainted ; it was his mother's family.—

This event, and the will of his maternal grandfather, determined her on exerting her influence with the Count Al-tenberg (who had, not many months before, seen his only son sink into an early grave, the victim of dissipation.) to seek consolation for his loss, in the immediate adoption of a nephew so eminently calculated to do honor to his house.

Her Majesty found the task by no means difficult of inducing his uncle to receive with pleasure a relative, whose high sense of honor had been rendered so manifest by his voluntarily abandoning those possessions to which he felt his legitimate right doubtful ; and through his own personal heroism and bravery, raising himself to a rank so distinguished, and to the favor of their Imperial Majesties.

With what complicated emotions did

that being, who had so long felt himself isolated—rejected—disgraced—in the eyes of mankind—find himself received with honorable distinction into the affections of an uncle so highly respected; and, by the immediate sanction of their Imperial Majesties, perceive himself invested with the name and rank of his deceased cousin, as the lineal descendant of Count Altenberg!

But there was still a dearer cause for those tumultuous feelings of happiness which agitated him! He could now, consistently with his native pride, generosity, and romance of character, reclaim that hand which he had not resolved on relinquishing, without sentiments of the deepest despair.

A constancy so remarkable as that which Viola had exhibited, for a lover, whom she had long believed to be; no more, surprised and interested her Imperial Majesty; who, however, resolved to as-



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the satisfaction she sought, and leaving these so long divided beings, yet whose hearts had never swerved from each other, to a felicity they had long despaired of again tasting, she repaired to the apartment in which she had left the Baron and his family. To them she unfolded the events which promised to gild with felicity the future life of their beloved Viola; and introduced them to the venerable Count Altenberg.

With what overflowing joy was the nephew of that nobleman soon after embraced by friends, who, with a delight scarcely inferior to that of beholding again revisit the lovely face of Viola that sweet peace to which she had been so long a stranger, received once more, within their happy circle, a being, rendered by his sacrifices and sufferings, an object of a thousand times greater affection than he had ever before inspired in their ever partial bosoms.

It was with strong emotions of pleasure and gratitude that the amiable Count and Countess de Mornie viewed in him that pattern of unexampled generosity, who in immolating at the shrine of honor his own early prospects had given happiness to them; nor were they less sensible of that act of generous valor, by which, at the risk of his own life, he had saved that of Adélcour, to whom from that hour he had become the friend and comforter during his long absences from his Pauline.

The next day witnessed the celebration of that union, which was at length completed under such happy auspices; and, within a week after its solemnization, taking a grateful leave of their Imperial patrons, the whole family returned to Isenberg.

Here it was that the devoted Altenberg watched with a delight, proportioned to his long sufferings, the effect of re-



stored felicity on that fondly beloved being, to whom he was indissolubly united; and experienced the exquisite joy of seeing the lovely bloom, which had faded beneath the blighting influence of sorrow, soon steal back, to give new lustre to her fascinating beauty—while heart-felt happiness beamed in her soul-penetrating eyes.

If such were the sensations with which Altenberg contemplated those renewed graces that had first captivated him in the object of his love, now perfected by many heightening touches; it was with sensations of interest, not less powerful, that she noticed the change his career of heroism had wrought in the beloved partner of her life! Nor could one of the family of Isenberg, particularly herself and Pauline, remark the deep scar of that wound, which he had received in saving the life of De Mornie, without feeling awakened towards him; still



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diverting their friends by the spirited dialogues they carried on together. But when at times he perceived the countenance of his friend disturbed, (greatly as he was attached to the beautiful mother of his lovely infant) and the equanimity of his temper ruffled by little traits of the want of that delicacy, and consideration in her, which formed so charming a feature in her amiable sisters — at others, vainly attempting to conceal his apprehensions, that her boundless spirits would carry her beyond those just limits, the sensitive husband would never see his wife; “o’erleap,” he returned thanks to heaven for having guided his own choice to that sweet being, who was exactly formed to constitute his earthly happiness; and inspire in him that perfect confidence, not more necessary to *his* tranquillity, than it rendered *her* precious to his heart.

As no one had taken a more lively in-

terest in the sorrows of Viola than the admirable Countess D'Aubry, (who had never been separated from her daughter since the decease of the Count) none more sincerely hailed the return of her regretted lover than did that excellent lady.

She had experienced all of sublunary happiness she was capable of tasting, in the bosom of the charming family by that she was surrounded; and Madame Isenberg, in the opportunities that were thus constantly offered her of evincing her filial tenderness for that beloved mother, experienced the greatest consolation, she was capable of receiving; for a calamity, certainly to be traced to those afflictions which originated in her elopement. Yet, notwithstanding this alleviation, the Baroness, even in the midst of gaiety and mirth, would at times feel her's suddenly checked, and a dreadful pang assail her

heart, as the misfortune of her parent was recalled to her immediate notice by some passing occurrence.

About this time, the long pending cause of Sir Launcelot Aberdale was decided in his favor; an event which was about to carry him and his family to reside henceforth in his native country. They arrived at Isenberg on a farewell visit, previous to their quitting Germany, while the whole happy party were just assembled there.

Doctor Martimas, whose bulk and self importance had grown with his years, had lost none of his former jealous spleen against the erudition of the venerable Lady Marguerite. Nor was the temper of Miss Wanmore improved by time, and the repeated failures of her reiterated efforts to entrap within her *magic net, reticulated by the rosy fingers of the god of love*, some luckless youth,



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our friends—an example which, I assure you, I am myself impatient to imitate.”

“The ancients indoctrinate,” said the lady Marguerite; “and I am very far from inficiating, that man, in order to attain perfect megalopsychy, must first be subjugated by the all-puissant and flammerous power of love! opining that that passion was the most eximious instigator to magnanimous inceptions. Matrimony was, therefore, a most sagacious excogitation to insure its diuturnity.”

“Matrimony insure the *diuturnity* of love!” vociferated Doctor Martimas, with one of his most sarcastic smiles. “If any such preposterous doctrines are to be found in the ancients—a fact which I must take the liberty to doubt without better authority—the *moderns* will, I believe, call it the extinguisher of that short-lived flame. Love is, I grant, a

fire at first—but it is a fire which is soon apt to go out, and chilly wearisomeness to come in. The man, therefore, who meditates matrimony, should well consider that he is about to gain a guest—not for a day—but for life; and that weighty are its cares, for the endurance of which he must prepare himself. As long as he journey's alone, he travels easily and lightly whithersoever he lists, and though while single he may have more longings and fewer cares; when married, he will, assuredly, have more cares and fewer longings.”

“Well,” said Donna Carenthéa, with one of her wonted roguish smiles—  
“We must all admire the liberality of Doctor Martimas, in acknowledging, before Sir Launcelot, that, in matrimonial cases, he must not lay too much stress on the opinion of the *ancients*. I will take the liberty of adding for him—par-



particularly that of ANCIENT BACHELORS."

"Madam," replied the Doctor, his still ruddy face purpling with suppressed displeasure; "but for your interruption, I was about to have extended the caution I was offering to those youths on the subject in question, by recommending them to avoid, above all things, choosing a *self*-conceited spouse; because she, possessing the subtler brain, will expect to rule—a privilege of which her husband will be naturally tenacious, as properly the right of his sex; and when wit wars with prerogative, there must be mad work indeed!"

Just as the highly piqued lady, at whom this speech was pointedly levelled, was about to give her opponent the retort courteous, her attention, was called off by a sight, which never failed to dimple her bewitching face with pleasure. Isi-



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shut from her sight the rolling motion of his bulky form—rendered then particularly grotesque by his mock dignity—“ You cannot imagine how I envy you the society of that singularly comic personage! whose attitudes and movements alone might serve, during his whole life, as an admirable study for a painter—of *caricature*!—I am sure in that very dreary, dismal, miserable visit of our’s to Liancour, just before my grandfather’s death, I know not what would have become of me, if it had not been for the pleasure I received in examining the magic boudoir of the late Marchioness de Villerose, and the entertainment the Doctor afforded me. But though I was then so selfish as to keep this last enjoyment to myself, I will now amuse you, and those young rogues, my nephews, with a description of my *attic* amusement.”

The anxious eye of De Lerma, had

turned with uneasiness towards Count Altenberg, on observing that this ill-judged allusion of his lady (which could scarcely fail to rouse painful recollections in the bosom of that friend), caused him to rise and walk with some emotion to a window. In the next moment however the cloud which had shaded his countenance passed off; he approached the chair of his Viola, and leaning over its back attended to the passing scene, till he found himself irresistibly impelled to join in the mirth excited by the comic humour the lively lady was exhibiting.

“You must all know,” pursued she, totally unconscious of the effect her words had produced on Altenberg, and the pain her inconsideration gave Don Alphonso—“You must all remember the terrible confusion occasioned the morning after our arrival at Liancour by the loss of Doctor Martimas’s portman-

téau ; though I doubt if any one of you suspect by whose contrivance it was left behind. Know then *t'was mine!* I had over-heard the mirth-inspiring man giving such tediously minute charges respecting it, the evening before we left Isenberg, that I thought by circumventing his caution I might make for myself a little sport. As soon therefore as he had left the hall, into which he had caused it to be borne, and the domestics were out of the way, I made Theresa carry it into the closet, and put her own trunk (in appearance a great deal resembling it) in the place of the Doctor's ; which in due time was carefully lodged as his, according to his orders, in the boot of Lady Aberdale's coach, no one suspecting the trick till the evil attending it was past remedy: You may all well look surprized, when you recollect the admirable discretion with which I concealed my exultation during break-



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stubbornly, refused to be imprisoned within a compass so narrow; he however with unshaken firmness, long persisted in trying to compel it to obedience. Now, with heightened colour and suspended respiration, he would succeed in shrinking himself within what he believed to be a hair's breadth of bringing the garment to button; then would his full lungs burst from controul, and the panting Doctor was fain to solicit a truce, till his recovered breath enabled him to renew the unequal combat! At length the waistcoat, yielding to the united force of the Doctor and Luseck, obligingly opened behind with a renting reluctance, and embraced the ample corporation which had resisted all the efforts made to press it into compliance, leaving its *antipodes* to cool at leisure. What was now to be done with the terrible breach at the back, became the question; and it was thought expedient to call in the advice and aid of the *fri-*

*ponne* Theresa, whom Luseck, with much naïveté, assured the Doctor, was not only the best tempered, but the most ingenious girl in the world.

“With well acted demureness, Theresa obeyed the summons, and listened to a statement of the tragi-comic case; as the best remedy to which, she proposed the tacking of strings on each side the chasm, by way of keeping together the dissevered garment. To this proposal the Doctor graciously acceded; and on its completion was so unconscious of the ten inch law given him by Theresa’s tape, that he protested the *few stitches* which were ripped, had rendered the vest perfectly easy and commodious. This difficulty surmounted, our hero proceeded to adorn himself with the coat; into the sleeves of which he slid his hands, and dexterously throwing it over his head—became suddenly fixed, as by magic, in an extatic posture! A



strait waistcoat could not more effectually have pinioned the fin-like arms to the “ribless” sides of the *enchanted* Doctor, than did the efforts he made to force forward his hands, fix them immovable *en l'air*! Not more fruitless were all his strenuous endeavours to free himself, than was his attempt to coax the bottom of the vestment from resting on his swelling pole.

“Prithee, good fellow, pull the coat down behind,” cried the Doctor; “it cuts me across the neck like a halter.”

“Sir, it wont move,” replied Luseck, bowing respectfully.

“Sir, it *shall* move;” vociferated the Doctor: “Do you think I will stand all day in this flying position?”

“Sir, the particular thickness of your pole stops it.”

“Sir, the particular thickness of your skull prevents your perceiving that pulling down the skirts is the only way to release my arms.”



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The party had, indeed, found the incomparably comic powers of Donna Carenthéa irresistible; who, in defiance of youth, beauty, and perfect symmetry, had contrived to give her spectators a very lively representation of the rolling motion—the inflated visage—the dictatorial voice—the breathless exertions—and the *extatic* posture of the subject of her mimicry.

“But, good heavens,!” exclaimed she, suddenly recollecting herself, and assuming an air of gravity, on observing the serious countenance of Don Alphonso, “those boys will think me mad!—Remember, rogues, that when I played the worthy Doctor that naughty trick, I was young and giddy, not precise and matronly as I am now.”

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“I think,” observed the still laughing Sir Launcelot, turning to Delmond a few minutes after, when all the rest of

the party had quitted the room, for the purpose of walking to the cottage of Christophe and Josephine, to shew their fine little family to Lady Aberdale, “ I think the glee and animation with which that diverting lady has just given us the details of her droll but improper frolic against our good Doctor Martimas, evinces that she has lost none of the *spirit* which then inspired her roguery.”

“ The human character,” replied Delmond, “ has been very aptly compared to a bow, which when unstrung, relaxing from the bias it has been forced to take, resumes its pristine form. The lively mind of Donna Carenthéa strongly exemplifies this truth. While under the influence of personal disappointment, and surrounded by scenes of affliction, it suddenly bent beneath their subduing powers, giving the promise of having taken a new form for life : yet no sooner

were these check-strings removed, than with impatient elasticity it sprang back to its native character.

Those of her charming sisters equally prove the justness of the comparison. The character of Pauline, though for a time *warped* from rectitude and those strict principles her excellent parents early implanted in her bosom, by the unavoidable duplicity attendant on a clandestine engagement—from the moment remorse goaded her to a renunciation of her errors, resumed its native uprightness, her temper its wonted equanimity, and her manners the easy dignity which had been depressed while she was under the dominion of self-reproach.

“Nor does the sweet Viola less convincingly prove the correctness of my position. So long had her sensitive mind been bent by the iron hand of misfortune, that it appeared as if all hopes of its reco-



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standing her resumption of the character nature gave her towards others, her once untamed spirit has certainly learnt to yield with a very salutary degree of awe to the *timely asserted* dignity of her lord ; the strength of whose mind he first taught her to feel, by compelling her to *respect* the firmness which her caprice aimed at subduing.

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“ Find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,  
“ Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.”

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*From the Perth Courier of Dec. 18, 1809.*