TRANQUILLITY and gaiety seemed to have again found their entrance into Wiseby Place. But so far from that, uneasiness and agitation reigned with more sway than ever in the soul of Lord Wiseby. He had been indebted to his passion for a moment of happiness unalloyed; he had tasted the delight of freely abandoning himself to it; but when he came to reflect more coolly upon the subject, a multitude of
painful reflexions assailed him. He shuddered to think of the immense step which he had taken, without intending, without knowing it. Madame d'Aze-
mar was now acquainted with all his weakness, and the extent of the power which she possessed over him. Lady Mary, too successful in drawing him into the snare, in encompassing him with her wiles, was now the depositary of his secret, and able to make but too much use of this advantage.
All within him was conflict, suffering, humiliation; and what should he do in this extremity, when he had chained himself to Madame d'Aze'mar's presence, when he had placed himself in the cruel position, the mere aspect of
which disturbed his senses and confounded his reason.

The Baron de Taley was not surprised that Madame d'Azemar had changed her mind; for he knew the will of a pretty woman is liable to change; he had required nothing more of her, and for his part it had appeared to him more natural to remain than to set out alone.

Lord Wiseby had too much good-breeding not to behave with politeness towards the baron; but whether it was that the latter had become in his eyes an insignificant person; or that, from habit, he had retained against him some prejudices which he did not
avow to himself, or finally, that his present disposition rendered him more susceptible of impatience and contrariety, it is certain that he spoke to M. de Taley with a kind of disrespect.

"One morning the baron had come late to breakfast. "Ah!" said the earl, "this is not being punctual." The following morning he was in the breakfast parlour sooner than any other person of the company, and amused himself with reading the newspapers. "Am I not punctual, my lord?" said he with an air of confidence to the earl, who entered with his two sisters. "I do not call that being punctual," replied the latter, "but being in haste."
Victor and Madame d'Azemar had not yet made their appearance. The conversation languished, when suddenly the baron cried out: "Aha! my lord, here are congratulations due to you. You will not be able to defend yourself. — How, sir? — Only hear the paragraph from the Morning Post;" and the baron read: "A young French lady of rank has resided for some time in Middlesex: the noble lord, so well known for his aversion to marriage, and as president of the Bachelor's Club, is, it is reported, on the eve of marrying her. The nuptials it seems are to be performed at W——y Place, where all the family is assembled for the purpose."
The day is not named; but no doubt is entertained of the fact."

"What extravagance!" exclaimed the earl. "Will you permit me to look at the paper?" added he, almost snatching it rudely from the hands of the reader.—"See with your own eyes," said the baron. "More than twenty persons had already mentioned it to me in London, and I told them that I did not doubt it."

The earl, without hearing him, threw down the paper in a passion, after having read it himself, and walked about the apartment with a hurried
step and without speaking. Lady Caroline increased her brother’s torments: she gravely took the paper, and read with a loud voice the whole paragraph, dwelling upon every word, and then said: "It is certain that I had hitherto deferred expressing my thoughts upon this subject; but, my brother, when the public has seen you accompany Madame d’Azemar to London; when they know that she resides in your house; when they see her at present settled in the midst of us; it is quite natural that they should believe, like every one who knows you—"

She was just going to draw the inference, when the earl, unable to contain himself any longer, went out.
cursing inwardly the baron, his sister, the Morning Post and its impertinent editor.

Lady Mary, in despair, ran to Madame d'Azemar to acquaint her with this terrible incident. As for Lady Caroline, she thought it her duty to go to the aid of her brother, and went with all haste to his apartment: he had shut himself in, and did not open the door till after her repeated solicitations.

"Brother," said she, "it is upon great occasions that friendship is tried: I can render you service in the situation in which you are placed. I flatter myself that I have some interest with the editor of the Post, as I have
been in more ways than one the means of adding to the reputation of his journal. Do you wish that I should prevail upon him to publish a formal contradiction of this paragraph, which distressed you so much, though I cannot tell why?"

Lady Caroline touched the tender string in the unfortunate Wiseby's heart. The wisest, the firmest of men admits the approach of the consoler who flatters one of his foibles. The proposition did not at first appear unreasonable to the good earl; but he soon reflected that the remedy would be worse than the disease, that a greater publicity would only add to the ridicule
of his situation. He therefore merely thanked his sister, and begged her not to think of any step of that nature. She immediately retired with the discontent ordinary to persons who offer a service, and who are always disconcerted if it is refused; which proves that selfishness often forms a part in that conduct which is reckoned obliging.

Lord Wiseby, abandoned to the horror of his reflections, felt himself degraded, overwhelmed, annihilated. A single object was before his eyes, namely that fatal paper the Morning Post. Every word in the obnoxious paragraph was present to his thoughts, every word seemed to him the seal of his disgrace.
The Bachelor.

No doubt he loved Adriana, no doubt his imagination could not represent to him any more pleasing prospect for futurity, than that of the society of a being who combined the graces with wisdom, virtue with beauty, wit with reason; but what are the graces, the wisdom, the virtue, the beauty of the adored Adriana, while he thinks he foresees himself accused by the voice of the public, his character compromised, his principles abjured, his dishonour consummated? But, on the other hand, what would the public voice, what his principles with regard to matrimony avail before the tribunal of his heart, if he was sure of being beloved? Ah, his choice would
no longer be in suspense, if he saw nothing in the universe but his system and his love. He loves; but is he loved? That, that is the doubt, which if resolved favourably for his happiness, would repay him for every sacrifice. He does not seek in his recollection, in past circumstances, in the unpremeditated motions, in words that had involuntarily escaped from Adriana; whether it be true or not that a love so genuine as his is returned; it is sufficient for him to doubt, to render him incapable of seeing anything. He sees nothing but disgrace; that seeks him, that pursues him: whither shall he fly? This he neither knows nor asks himself. All
that he feels is the wish, the necessity of flying from Adriana and from the world; why cannot he fly from himself? Respect for the opinion of the world gives him the order: he is its slave; he obeys.

Wiseby, distracted, orders his horses to be saddled. They await him. He advances with a precipitate step; suddenly he stops in suspense and shudders. What effect does the noise of that carriage which is driving off produce upon him? He is upon the steps of the house and about to mount his horse: unlucky the animal he shall bestride, if he does not stop till he has found repose!
"Brother! she is gone;" exclaimed a voice to him which thrilled the recesses of his soul.

"She is gone!" repeated Lady Mary, bathed in tears, and neither the one nor the other had occasion to name Adriana.

"She is gone!" said Wiseby, with a cold, gloomy air, that bespoke the disorder of his ideas.

"Oh, my brother, my dear brother, nothing could prevail upon her to stay: only here is a deposit which she charged me to deliver into your hands, while she bade me an eternal farewell."
Wiseby, full of impatience, reads his name upon the cover, and precipitately breaks all the seals with which it is secured: his eager, restless, troubled glance sees nothing but a paper and a memorandum-book: agitated with violent emotions, and with a trembling hand, he opens the billet and reads as follows:

"You love Adriana, and your pride is stronger than your love. Adriana has always loved you; Adriana still loves you. You should not know it unless you were never to see her again. These tablets are a deposit which she leaves in your hands: of what use should they hereafter be to her?"
Adriana has nothing more to write in them.

"I have told you that my memorandums were my written conscience, to which I have never lied; read, believe, and regret. Adieu."

Wiseby, in a frenzy of eagerness, opened the memorandum-book, and read.
We suppose that the reader shares in the impatience of Lord Wiseby, and we shall only insert from these memorandums what serves to throw a light upon the character of Adriana, and her secret attachment to Milford.

1782.—I am fifteen years of age: six months have elapsed since I left the convent. I had been told that the world would shock me: I entered it with my eyes closed. After some time I ventured to open an eye; I saw that
it was myself that was an object of attention; of that I was very glad; and I was no longer afraid of any thing, when M. d’Azemar, an aged relation of our family, asked me in marriage of my mother.

My friends in the convent had told me that young ladies married only in order to have an equipage, and to hear themselves called madame.

Gratitude made me first respect and love M. d’Azemar: reflection has gradually taught me all his work: I owe to him the just notions which I have
adopted; I owe to him all that I have since acquired, my instruction, even the knowledge of my duties.

He has taught me how to learn. "Read few books of history," said he to me: "you have no relations or friends either among the Greeks or the Romans. It is for the learned to live with the dead. It is sufficient for a young lady to know to whom she speaks: she requires the art of pleasing those with whom she lives, a knowledge of the world, and its manners."

1783.—Saw at Pampeluna Lord
Milford. It is asserted that those men who are so amiable in general society are very morose at home. What a pity should not this Englishman form an exception to the rule!

M. d'Azemar is very partial to Lord Milford: I do not know why this gives me pleasure.

The bull-fight is put off for a fortnight!.... A fortnight longer! I am very glad of it.

Of all the men whom I meet with
here, there is none but Lord Milford to whom I pay any attention: should that perhaps be because I see that of all the women that surround us, I please him the most.

What is it that pleases me more in Lord Milford than in others? It is his countenance, in which his heart and his soul are painted: it is his voice, which is whatever he wishes it to be; it is his language, which is noble, frank, simple, polite, without affectation and without flattery; it is his generosity, which his modesty conceals, and which the slightest occasion brings to light.... I need no longer ask
myself what it is that pleases me most in Lord Milford.

Bull-fight. Oh, how I have been frightened!—Fortunately Lord Milford was there. I believe it was he that saved my life. I wish it were so—perhaps he wishes the same!—Enough! I am playing the fool—fortunately no one will see what I write.

Departure from Pampeluna. A bad day. M. d'Azemar says I am melancholy. Should this be true?
I am afraid it is.

I have lost that pretty medallion, the workmanship of Victor, his portrait which I am so fond of. This is singular! M. de Azemar says he believes himself certain that he put it into the hands of Lord Milford, after taking it from my neck, at the bull-fight, and that Milford probably kept it through inadvertency. I wish it were not through inadvertency.—He is gone!—Would that he knew at least that it affords me pleasure to believe that my medallion is in his hands!
I cannot help smiling when I think of the tone one is obliged to assume, the part one has to act in the world; virtue and information are of use to all women; but it seems that it is with virtue as it is with science; mankind do not like an ignorant woman, and yet they will not have her appear learned; they require that she should be virtuous, but they are disgusted when she appears too much so. The world is difficult to please.

I was yesterday at a ball at M. de ——'s. Almost all the young men crowded about me. I heard a lady say that I was a coquet. I own I think
that a young woman ought, without disturbing her repose or wounding her conscience, to pay some regard to the satisfaction of others, who show no mercy to those who do not please them. Besides, is it generous, when a person flatters your vanity, by offering you an homage which he always rates highly, to wound his by rejecting it?

But I am sensible that I run no risks. I have read that a queen of France answered her confessors, who asked her whether she had any lovers at the court of the king, her father: "No, there was no king there!" I might also answer: "No, I have not met with a Lord Milford."
Besides, am I not the wife of M. d'Azemar? Perhaps it had been better if this consideration had not come in the last; but I write in order to give an account to myself of what I am.

Portrait of Lord Milford. Milford....I stop: it seems to me as if the pleasure which I take in thinking of him were an offence to some one. At least this page shall be left blank: it was destined for him, and I should not be able to write any thing upon it without regret.
Barcelona. The health of M. d’Azemar becomes daily more feeble: the misfortunes of our country overwhelm him. He endeavours in vain to conceal from me the pain and sufferings of his mind: he would wish to spare me every kind of uneasiness.

What gentleness and what amenity direct all the motions of this extraordinary man! I respect as much as I admire him: he is thankful for all my attentions as if I did not owe them to him.

M. d’Azemar wounds my heart without intending it. He perceives
himself extinguishing, and he speaks to me as if I did. He thinks to console me to prepare me for losing him by telling me that for a long time past I ought to have looked upon him as nothing else than a friendly shade.

In one of those moments of paternal effusion which mark every day of his life, M. d'Azemar said to me, "Adriana, I have a secret concern upon my mind, which I cannot conceal from you. I find some pleasure in conversing with you upon it, before I quit you for ever. I believed for some time, that in adopting you for my child, for I considered you only as my
daughter, I had done every thing that my fortune, and the tender interest I feel in you, advised me to do for your advantage: but had I not married you a year too soon, I could have done better for you; I could have married you to Lord Milford. Nothing would then have been wanting to your happiness: as it is, notwithstanding all my endeavours, it has been imperfect. Accident baffles the best intentions. Adriana, pardon my friendship for you, when I tell you, that if he existed, if he were free, if I knew in what place he dwelt, I would leave to him as a legacy the care of your happiness."

M. d'Azemar could never have given
a more affecting proof of his esteem. He must have conceived it certain, that in presenting such an idea to my mind, he did not excite a regret in my heart. Why did he speak thus to me? Such confidential communications a man may make to his sister, but he does not make them to his wife, unless when he sees his end approaching. Every thing that he says to me has the air, the accent of the farewell words of a father. I am not superstitious, but he will certainly die.

The calamity which I foresaw but
too plainly has taken place. M. d'Azemar is no more. The regret of all those who have know him in this country, which is not his own, accompanies him to the grave; but what is their regret in comparison with mine? It is I alone who know what I lose.

My aunt is with me, but she is unable to console me. She is sensible that she herself stands in need of consolation.

No person of my own age about me! I am all alone! Where is my brother?
I am free! What is liberty in a desert? .... I am a widow! I am......
.... I do not want to know my age. I was sixteen when I was in Spain, when I saw Lord Milford. Were I to count a hundred times, this would still amount to twenty-four.

What use have I made of my life? Apparently that which I ought to have made of it, for I have nothing to reproach myself with. What use shall I still make of it? There is no person in the world but Lord Milford of whom I would ask this question.......
Venice. I remained at Venice longer than in the Milanese. I never told the Senator M..., the Marquis C..., Monseigneur F..., why I conversed with them in preference to others. They often spoke to me of Milford, without being aware of the pleasure it gave me.

Lausanne. My aunt is dead!—What is left me?—the will to suffice for myself.

Hamburgh. An Englishwoman, Lady Caroline S..., has informed me
that Victor is in London with the Earl of Wiseby. She is willing to conduct me to this friend of my brother. I have accepted her offer. Did I recollect when I accepted it that England is Lord Milford's country?... I believe I did. Lady Caroline does not know him. I should have been happy to have heard her speak of him. She knows at least that he is in existence. Large as England is, I shall perhaps still find Lord Milford in it. Perhaps he will no longer recollect me—he will perhaps find me much altered—perhaps he is married................

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_London._ Day of delight! why art
thou not the last of my life! Could I die more happily! One does not then die of surprise and joy.

Lord Wiseby! Victor's friend is he! He is Milford himself!—Milford, who has not forgotten me. I have seen it—his first glance told it me. Let me be silent; let me conceal all; let me enjoy it in the secret privacy of my heart.

Wiseby Place. He loves me, but I love him much more than I am loved by him. He does not know himself; he does not know me. His love has to combat with fantastic obstacles, phantoms that exist only in his imagi-
nation. As for me, I have never had any thing to combat with but my duty. Ah! while I reproached myself for thinking of him, was it not still to think what place Adriana held in his remembrance?

M. d'Azemar bequeathed to him the care of my happiness. It was my destiny to love him: it has long been my duty to conceal this from myself, and I could still take a false pride in keeping it concealed. But does love know pride? Milford will read my heart. I know Milford too well not to answer for it that I should render him happy. Is it his title, his rank, his fortune that attract me? Those
things cannot dazzle my eyes. It is Milford whom I have always loved, sought, and whom I find again for the happiness of his life. My existence is devoted to him; I shall banish sorrow from him; I shall watch while he sleeps; and he will repay me for my happiness with his. But no, Milford, it is your happiness alone that I desire. I do not question your heart; whatever place Adriana may hold in it, let me, Milford, love you.

"Good God!" exclaimed Wiseby, as he finished the rapid perusal of these memorandums, which his eyes had devoured like his passion; "Good God!" he
exclaimed a hundred times, throwing looks of ecstasy towards heaven, as if heaven had been the abode of Adriana. In his transport he was scarcely conscious that a messenger from London had just delivered a letter into his hands. And can he, will he read any thing else than the adored tablets which he presses to his heart? He opened this uninteresting letter; read enough of it to throw it to the ground with contempt and to forget it; mounted his swiftest horse, and rode off. "When do you return, brother?" called Lady Mary after him with a sorrowful voice. "With her, or never," exclaimed the earl, and his sister had already lost him out of her sight.
CHAP. XII.

THE CONCLUSION.

Ah! in what a short space of time a man may become wholly changed from what he was before!

Shall I say what this letter was which Lord Wiseby had read with such indifference and contempt, which he had even disdained to take up from the ground?—I will say it, that the reader may be astonished: but if he recollects that Lord Wiseby knows that he is loved, his astonishment will cease.
This letter, which some days, some hours before would have been a stroke of thunder to him, had upon the seal the words Bachelors' Club. This letter, which remained without effect, and received no answer, contained what follows.

"My lord, we have the honour of informing you, that the news of your intended marriage has become universally known; it has even been announced in the public prints: our society, therefore, in a general meeting of the members, has come to a resolution which the presumed defection of a person of your rank, consequence, and acknowledged reputation, rendered
necessary. We accordingly beg your lordship to send us either a categorical answer or your resignation. The president of the Bachelors' Club ought not even to be suspected."

This letter was signed by all the members.

Lord Wiseby was far from bestowing a thought upon the honourable members or their letter. He pursued the traces of Adriana; he called upon her alone; he had her alone in his view. He had set off at full gallop, intending to go to Burton; but in the agitation of his mind, and the intoxication of his passion, he had by mis-
take taken the wrong road, and did not discover his error till after three hours' riding. Near the habitation of the Dumenil family, he met the postilion and horses of Lady Caroline returning; Madame d'Azemar having employed them to take her that distance.

"Where is she, wretch!" exclaimed Lord Wiseby to the postillion. The latter, who had never seen the good earl in a passion, was some time before he was able to give him an answer. At last he said that he humbly begged his Lordship's pardon; that he thought nothing had been done but by his orders; that his Lordship might re-
member that he had once for all told his people that the orders of Madame d’Azemar should be obeyed by them equally with his own.—"I ask you whither you have conveyed her," repeated the earl with a voice like thunder and with augmented impatience.—"To Burton; to M. Dumenil's," answered the postillion trembling; "but your Lordship will not find any one there." They all set out for London, taking Madame d’Azemar with them in the carriage, five minutes at most after her arrival. They drove at a great rate: I do not think your lordship will be able to overtake them." The postillion still continued speaking when Lord Wiseby was already riding
full gallop the road to London. It was not till at a late hour on the succeeding day that, after much labour and search, he learnt in what street, and at what house Adriana had been set down with her friends. Thither he immediately flew.

Madame Dumenil and her daughter Adela were gone out. Madame d'Azemar, alone with the good M. Dumenil, was depositing in his bosom her sorrows and complaints. A young woman whose heart has been deeply wounded, soothes her griefs by disclosing them. The sympathy of an old man is a balsam which she receives with confidence: he affords her paternal conso-
lation. M. Dumenil was listening to Madame d'Azemar, and bewailing her affliction, when a sudden noise attracted their attention. What is it they have heard? What do they see? A man transported with happiness and love. He exclaims, "Adriana!" and already he is at her feet.

"Adriana," repeated the earl, "be the arbiter of my life; nothing shall part us but death. Return, return, Adriana, follow your lover, your husband. At your feet I abjure my errors. Let the whole world judge me. I shall say to the world, "Behold her!"

Adriana smiles—Lord Wiseby is
happy. "My dear child," says the good M. Dumenil, "this is worth more than all the consolation I could give you." "Ah! sir," says the earl, with some confusion, "I had not observed you: will you pardon me?" "How could you see any one but her? She and I, she and I! that is the language of all lovers. I must have been a being of that sort myself," added he with a smile. "But that is a recollection of a very distant period."

Madame Dumenil and her daughter entered at that moment. Absorbed in the sweetest, purest delight, Adriana had only power to say to them, "There he is!" But what an expression of
felicity was conveyed in these three words! "My friends, my dearest friends," cried Wiseby, with an accent that came from his heart, "you will not refuse to accompany my Adriana, to be witnesses of the happiness of Wiseby." "Let us be going, my lord, let us be going," replied M. Dumenil. "Happiness is like all other masters, he does not choose to be kept waiting."

The same carriage in which Madame d'Azemar and the Dumenils had made such a melancholy journey to London conveyed them, as well as the earl, back to Wiseby Place. But how different was the animation of their
minds, their hearts, and countenances! The good old gentleman could scarcely contain his joy. "My dear child," said he to Adriana, while they were on the road together; "My dear neighbour," said he to the earl, "was I in the wrong when I said that the time would come when you two would be married? Faith, I shall set up for a prophet: I find I have a wonderful talent that way."

When they were arrived within a few miles of Wisby Place, the earl mounted his horse again, and rode on before the rest, in order that he might himself announce the return of Madame d'Azemar. This was announcing
happiness to Lady Mary; but her tender and benevolent heart did not separate all the various causes of happiness that combined together. She enjoyed at once for Victor, for Adriana, for her brother, and for herself. Lady Caroline and the Baron de Taley could act but cold parts in so animated a denouement. Madame d’Azemar was received in the arms of her beloved brother, and of the amiable Lady Mary: the earl would have fallen again at her feet. He pressed to his heart the trembling hand of this adored woman; for pleasure is a cause of trembling as well as fear. He led her to the middle of the hall; then approaching the mysterious apartment,
the key of which he held in his hand, he said to Adriana, "Before you enter here, recollect well whether you did not once express a particular wish in my presence."

The reader will remember, that when at Pampeluna, Madame d'Aze-mar had said, without any particular intention, that if she were as rich as the handsome Duchess of Devonshire, she would have an apartment fitted up as if for the abode of a sylph. Her first words, as she looked around her with surprise, and recollected her fanciful wish, were—"Ah, how charming!" and her eyes, suffused with tears of gratitude, had already thanked the
earl. The objects that presented themselves to her view were the following:

A grove lighted from above, encircling an enclosure of rose-trees trained upon espaliers, with pillars of poppies interspersed. Two trunks of aged willows in bronze supported two gold rings, by which was suspended a hammock of white gold tissue. Further on an alcove, the window of which looked into the park, the same that Lady Mary had seen with the blind open.

Madame d'Azemar had no sooner set her foot within this alcove, than she saw—what? a wax image of herself
sleeping upon a sofa. "Ah! how ugly she is!" she exclaimed.

"Spare her," replied Lord Wiseby: "it is to her that I have been indebted for the illusion which you realize. I have here accomplished only one of your wishes. Live then with me to form more, and to see them always accomplished, if they do not extend beyond the bounds of my fortune and my life." "Milford," replied Adriana, "you believe in my love, and you deserve it. Are not all the wishes of my heart accomplished?—Ah?" cried she, "my medallion! never was it so dear to me before," and she pressed it to her lips with transport. Lord
Wiseby felt still more pleasure in restoring it than he had in possessing it.

The nuptials of the earl and Madame d'Azemar, and those of Lady Mary and Victor, were solemnized on the same day, with all the magnificence becoming the dignity of an English peer, who united his beloved sister with his dearest friend, and joined the destiny of his own life with that of the amiable object of his esteem and love.

Wiseby found himself so completely weaned from his former notions, that he undertook to convert the Baron de Taley on the subject of matrimony.
and advised also his sister, Lady Caroline, to marry. The arguments which he found in favour of matrimony were as numerous, as convincing, and as well supported by reason as any of those he had formerly advanced against this kind of union, which is more or less agreeable, more or less happy, more or less desirable, but which has this at least in its favour, that it is in general use, and according to every appearance will long continue so. The day previous to his marriage, he sent in his formal resignation, both as president and as member of the Bachelors' Club, not that he attached any importance to this act, but from motives of delicacy and
respect towards his old friends, whom he still esteemed, but whom he pitied for persevering in errors which were no longer his, since happiness had opened his eyes.

Adriana gave Wiseby reason to cherish the hymeneal bond, because this bond was neither to her nor to him a chain. Such was the evenness of her temper, the gaiety and versatility of her mind, and the excellence of her heart, that Wiseby, seeing nothing about him but what tended to yield him satisfaction, came to this general conclusion, that in the native country of system, eccentricity, and spleen, an Englishman knows nothing
but happiness when he has for his friend such a man as Victor, and for his wife a woman like Adriana.

THE END.