

**A BRIDE FROM THE  
RHINELAND. A NOVEL. IN  
THREE VOLUMES. VOL. III**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649034147

A Bride from the Rhineland. A Novel. In Three Volumes. Vol. III by Anonymous

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.  
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

[www.triestepublishing.com](http://www.triestepublishing.com)

**ANONYMOUS**

**A BRIDE FROM THE  
RHINELAND. A NOVEL. IN  
THREE VOLUMES. VOL. III**



A  
BRIDE FROM THE RHINELAND.

A novel.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.



"Oh, bitterer far than all,  
It was to know that love can fade and die.  
"Hark—for the ages call,  
The love of God lasts through all eternity,  
And conquers all."

LONDON:  
SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON, LOW, & SEARLE,  
188, FLEET STREET.  
1877.

251. d. 66a.



A BRIDE  
FROM THE RHINELAND.

---

CHAPTER I.

**W**ILDLY the March winds blow,  
wildly they rave up the avenue,  
and toss the bare branches  
hither and thither in the twilight air. Can  
those be carriage wheels approaching Mor-  
daunt Hall, this wild and windy day in  
March? It is hard to say, so loud the  
wind is howling—and yet, yes, it must be  
an arrival, for now the hall-bell rings.

Amelia Mordaunt hurried into the hall  
with an air of unusual animation, and

Lydia, pausing as she was about to quit it, asked :

“Who’s that?”

“It must be Mr. Alford,” replied Amelia quite eagerly.

Verina, also, had been passing through the hall as the door-bell rang, and she too paused for Amelia’s reply, standing with her hand resting languidly on the staircase rail, and her dreamy eyes bent on the speaker. It was not often now that things spoken round her were heeded by her, but now as she passed on, she repeated the guest’s name dreamily to herself. Not that she knew, or cared to know anything about him. She was not even aware that he was the ex-ambassador to Portugal—the object of Amelia Merdaunt’s tender attentions—and the acquaintance among all her acquaintances, Lady Catherine was most proud to call her friend.

Her "friend," as she called him, never responded very warmly to the attentions the Mordaunts bestowed on him. In fact he had always appeared to regard Lady Catherine and her daughters merely as amusing studies, treating Amelia, in particular, with rather an ironical politeness.

This indifference in nowise cooled Lady Catherine's "friendship" for him.

"He is so unlike anybody else; and then he has always such a quiet, witty way, you never can tell whether he is in jest or in earnest," she would say apologetically, and be quite content.

In reality, she valued his "friendship" simply because she considered that to be intimate with one so talented and distinguished was a distinction to herself. It was not possible that she should feel any real sympathy with a man like Mr. Alford.



He was far too clever, too thoughtful, too brilliant for Lady Catherine.

Singularly gifted and elevated in mind by nature, the opportunities of his life, likewise, had been very favourable to his mind's vigour and enlargement. In the course of his official career, he had learnt to know intimately many countries and many men; and to a nature deeply thoughtful as his, such advantages could not be granted in vain. Those keen eyes of his seemed, now, to have acquired the power to pierce straight through every one and everything. The observations those keen eyes reported to his busy mind, few, however, learnt; though all who had been thus studied felt an uncomfortable conviction that they should henceforth remain labelled in Mr. Alford's memory at exactly what they were worth and nothing more. This reserve was his second nature. So instinctively and

completely did he shroud his real self and his real opinions behind an impenetrable screen of quiet sarcasm from all intrusive inquirers, that none could ever even imagine that they thoroughly knew or understood the distinguished, world-renowned ambassador.

Intellectual pursuits and politics had absorbed his life to the exclusion of all softer feelings. He had no near relations, no particular friend; and did not appear in anywise to regret these circumstances. Yet he had a pity so deep, so ready for all who were unfortunate, that it was at times hard to believe the common report that he had never felt one tender emotion or softening grief. This suspicion was, however, again strongly opposed by the quiet, equable indifference of his manner, and its unflinching sarcastic cheerfulness. In truth, he had always moved among even the fairest and noblest in Imperial and Royal

Courts, utterly unimpressed; and it was truly said of him, that even in his very youthful days, no woman's face had ever won from him one earnest notice.

In his capacity as diplomatist, he indeed bestowed the most chivalrous of attentions, the most pleasant of compliments on the bright, gay beauties round him, but very evidently he considered these attentions an important part of his official duties, and even in the compliments there was generally mingled an irresistible though not unpleasing touch of irony.

Still, though no one knew it, it was true, that one tender influence had been with him since his boyhood, keeping his heart still human. It was the remembrance of the plain, grave, elder sister, who had been like a mother to him when they were left orphans and friendless. She was much older than himself, and had died when he