

**LIFE: A ROMANCE.  
IN THREE  
VOLUMES. VOL. III**

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Life: A Romance. In Three Volumes. Vol. III by Anonymous

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**ANONYMOUS**

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# L I F E :

A ROMANCE.

By \*\*\*

"Fast, fast it fleeth, even as a dream, human life away."

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

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1844.



# L I F E.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### THE CORRESPONDENCE.

" Why so pale and wan, fond lover,  
Why so wan and pale?  
Will, if looking well can't win her,  
Looking ill prevail?  
Prythee why so pale?"

" Ein Mädchen und ein Gläschen Wein  
Kuriren alle Noth,  
Und wer nicht trinkt, und wer nicht kusst,  
Der ist so gut wie todt."

We bade adieu to Wriothesley, to college, and  
to college life. The ingenuous department and

almost parental kindness of Mr. Aitkins and Miss Netterville, could not be recollected without emotion. Nor did they part from us without a hope that we should soon resume our college duties, and, so far as Perkins was concerned, our visit. These duties however, were never resumed, nor was this visit ever paid. That warm-hearted woman, on parting with Perkins, exclaimed, "My dear young friend, I am reluctant that you should go. You are sure to experience kindness every where; but I am sorry," and as she spoke, the tears stood in her eyes, "just when I had learned to take care of you, that we should part."

Our homeward route did not lie by the hamlet where the Fanshaws resided; we had not therefore, an opportunity of revisiting its interesting inhabitants; those of them, at least, who were interesting to us. We learned however, through indirect sources, that they were well. Dame Fanshawe indeed, occasionally forwarded little presents of preserved fruit, cream cheeses,

and the like. There came not many letters, but what was almost as significant, there was often a pair of embroidered ruffles or a stock, severally white as snow, for Mr. Edward. In some little corner, small ciphers E. P. wrought with Ellen's needle, usually found a place. What Perkins chose to interchange, I do not exactly know. I rarely liked to advert to the subject, since deep sighs and earnest melancholy looks were the most frequent response. I remember seeing at intervals, small piles of cambric handkerchiefs, the produce of France, essences, gloves suited for female wear, and books such as a young person might read. These and other little matters, doubtless destined for Ellen, disappeared to be replaced by something analogous in turn. I only learned by chance, that he continued the stipend which Mrs. Fanshawe received while under her roof. "Perhaps," said he, "I may return: I know that the rooms which I occupied, and the books which I left, are arranged as heretofore; and



could vision extend thither, I should see the flowers of the season placed as before, on my table and on my pillow."

To have once seen Ellen Fanshawe indeed, was never to forget her. Perkins had found her a blooming country maiden, but the spiritualizing influence which he exercised, while it left her pure and innocent as before, raised her gradually, but inevitably, above the condition in which she was born. Her mind became progressively elevated to the contemplation of objects of which she had never dreamed; and she had learned to look at the fair bright world around, and dream of brighter ones, through the intervention of her young friend and instructor. I never thought of her as any other than his companion for life, should life be spared. If not married in very deed, I esteemed them already, as spiritually united. Edward Perkins, I felt assured, could never have another wife—Ellen Fanshawe, another husband.

I did not part from Julia, without the promise of a correspondence. I would take no refusal, and indeed, I do not know that any was attempted. Some degree of sweet confusion was certainly evinced. "How can I write to you, Charles; I have almost never written a letter in my life. Always residing with my mother, I have had few or no opportunities of forming a correspondence."

"So much the better for me, dearest," I rejoined—"no fairer opportunity could exist than now—do you promise me?" "I do." In effect, on arriving at my uncle's, a couple of letters, in a legible female hand, with the superscription—"To Charles Thornley Esqr." awaited my arrival.

"Ah! rogue," said my uncle, after he had given us a hearty reception, "is this the way thou art getting on? I must see this young lady who has committed such havoc with thy heart. And thou too," turning to Perkins, "what hast been about? I'll be bound thou hast not idled

thy time any more than my nephew." A blush was the only reply to this. "I see how it is, wise and learned as thou surely art, thou hast not escaped any more than the rest of us." Perkins protested against being termed one or the other; or if it were even true, that he should therefore be debarred from the exercise of the happiest prerogative of his nature. My kind uncle however, was already out of hearing, having gone to give directions touching matters connected with our arrival. As for myself, I hurried to my chamber to find nectar and ambrosia in the contents of Julia's letters.

## I.

"Dear, dear Charles, your absence has left a sad and dreary blank which I have never been able to fill up. Our sitting room, the garden, the books we used to read together, the guitar, the now untouched music,—for how could I play alone—all remind me of you. If I ever sing, it is to embody in some plaintive melody, the regrets of absence, the misery of separation from