

**DRELINCOURT AND RODALVI;
OR, MEMOIRS OF TWO
NOBLE FAMILIES: A NOVEL,
IN THREE VOLUMES, VOL. II**

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Drelincourt and Rodalvi; Or, Memoirs of Two Noble Families: A Novel, in Three Volumes, Vol. II by Mrs. Byron

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MRS. BYRON

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DRELINCOURT AND RODALVI;

OR,

MEMOIRS

OF

TWO NOBLE FAMILIES.

A NOVEL, IN THREE VOLUMES.

By Mrs. BYRON,

AUTHOR OF ANTI-DELPHINE.

VOL. II.

The web of our life is of a mingled yarn; good and ill together: our virtues would be proud if our faults whisper'd them not; and our crimes would despair if they were not cherish'd by our virtues.

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1807.



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DRELINCOURT AND RODALVI.



CHAP. XVIII.

Disguise, I see thou act a wickedness
Wherein the pregnant enemy doth much.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE season was now rapidly advancing, when London appears in its utmost gaiety and splendor. Lord Drelincourt always went there in February, and he this year rather hastened his return to it, as he remarked, with sorrow, the increasing estrangement of Lord Courtney from home, and the dejection which clouded Lady Rosamond's fine features, and cast a gloom over all her ideas and remarks.

It was not possible that she should feel otherwise than mortified, when every letter from her faithless *ci-devant amant*, instead of being filled with complaints of her cruelty, and his misery, teemed with the praises of another, and declarations of his own happiness. She could not avoid hearing of his new attachment, though Edmund was too delicate ever to mention it, but Henry never failed to rally her on the futility of her charms, and the readiness with which Clayton had consoled himself.

When the day was fixed for leaving the castle, Lord Courtney mentioned a previous engagement, that he had formed with Lord John Talbot, which obliged him to be in town somewhat sooner than the the rest of the family, he therefore took his leave, hoping to meet them at the time appointed. Lord Drelincourt was too indulgent to controul his son, in a matter of no real importance, but he was mortified to observe in him of late, on the
most

most trifling occasions, an air of constraint and mystery, never attendant on actions which will bear scrutiny. He spoke not on the subject, but the expression of gravity in his countenance, was understood by the conscious Henry, who felt hurt to even slightly wound the feelings of a father, to whom, the tenderest affection, the most respectful obedience, and sincerest confidence were due.

The day after Lord Courtney's departure, Lord Dreincourt received letters which made him anxious to be in town, as soon as possible, and as the weather was remarkably fine, he wished his family to accompany him, accordingly they set off a week sooner than they had originally intended.

On their way Lord Dreincourt alighted from the carriage, to shew Edmund a point which commanded one of the most extensive views in England. In returning, the Earl unfortunately struck his foot against a stone, and by a sudden twist sprained his ankle. The pain was very violent,

and Lady Drelincourt urged him to stop at Blandford. He had wished to reach Salisbury, where he meant to conclude the day's journey, as it was his customary and favorite resting place; but in compliance with her entreaties, an outrider was dispatched to the former place; when they arrived there, his lordship's ankle was much swelled, a son of Esculapius was sent for, and in a few minutes one arrived, who by the assistance of a good house, with chemicals, and galenicals, inscribed neatly in golden letters over the door, had the most business, and as some would think, consequently the best medical abilities in the place. The messenger who had been dispatched for him, had informed him, that he was sent for to a lord. This intelligence acted as an electrical shock upon his nerves. "A Lord!" he exclaimed, jumping up, and leaving the ensanguined stream to flow from the arm of a half-price patient, who had called on him; "A Lord! I never heard of one being arrived, I wish I had known, I would have

have been a little better dressed, but I will wait on his lordship directly," hurrying out of the room as he spoke; he was however recalled by the feeble voice of the sick man, whom he had left, and who asked with the utmost simplicity, if he were to wait there till Mr. Pestle returned from calling on the lord? "Yes, do if you please," replied the man of business, but recollecting himself he added, "I will just tie up your arm before I go," and by this wonderful instance of memory, and presence of mind, he probably deprived the honest countryman of the glory, of dying a death, similar to that of the illustrious Seneca. Fortunately no other obstacle intervened, except meeting a few patients in his way, all of whom Mr. Pestle informed, that he would have the pleasure of seeing them, as soon as he had just looked in on the Earl of Drelincourt, who had been waiting for him a considerable time at the Crown.

As he ascended the stairs. Mr. Pestle

had ample employment in pulling up his cravat, arranging his frill, and letting a white handkerchief peep from his pocket; by the time that all this was done, the door was thrown open, and he was introduced into the presence of the peer. After a bow to every individual, which resembled in lowness and humility, that movement called in the East Indies a *salam*, or that which a devout persian makes to the rising sun; Mr. Pestle approached, and surveyed the part affected with the nice eye of medical criticism. "My lord, your lordship's accident might have been much more serious, than you will, I hope, now find it. In the course of my practice, I have seen very lingering, tedious, and difficult cases, induced by cases apparently as trifling. Your lordship has had a narrow escape from a luxation of the tibia, but happily," continued he, "it is so defended by the ligamentum superius anterium, and the ligamentum posticum, superius, that
I believe