

**THE LINWOODS: OR,  
"SIXTY YEARS  
SINCE" IN AMERICA. IN  
TWO VOLUMES. VOL. II**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649636495

The Linwoods: Or, "Sixty Years Since" in America. In Two Volumes. Vol. II by Catherine Maria Sedgwick

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)

**CATHERINE MARIA SEDGWICK**

**THE LINWOODS: OR,  
"SIXTY YEARS  
SINCE" IN AMERICA. IN  
TWO VOLUMES. VOL. II**



©

# THE LINWOODS;

OR,

"SIXTY YEARS SINCE" IN AMERICA.

BY THE

AUTHOR OF "HOPE LESLIE," "REDWOOD," &c.

*Catherine Maria Sedgwick*

The Eternal Power

Lodged in the will of man the hallowed names  
Of freedom and of country.

MISS MITFORD.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

*new*  
NEW-YORK:

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS,

\*NO. 82 CLIFF-STREET,

AND SOLD BY THE PRINCIPAL BOOKSELLERS THROUGHOUT THE  
UNITED STATES.

1835.

## THE LINWOODS.

---

### CHAPTER XIX.

*"Ignomy in ransom, and free pardon,  
Are of two houses."*

It is reasonable to suppose that the disclosures which occurred in Sir Henry Clinton's library would be immediately followed by their natural sequences: that love declared by one party, and betrayed by the other, would, according to the common usages of society, soon issue in mutual affiancing. But these were not the piping times of peace, and the harmony of events was sadly broken by the discords of the period.

The conflict of Mr. Linwood's political with his natural affections, at his eventful meeting with his son, was immediately followed by a frightful attack of gout in the stomach—a case to verify the theories of our eminent friend of the faculty, who locates the sensibility in the mucous tissue of that organ. Isabella, afflicted on all sides, and expecting her father's death at every moment, never left his bedside. In vain Meredith besieged the house, and sent her message after message; not he, even, could draw her from her post. "My life depends on you,

Belle," said her father: "the doctor says I must keep tranquil—he might as well say so to a ship in a squall—but my child, you are my polar star—my loadstone—my sheet-anchor—my every thing; don't quit me, Belle!" She did not, for an instant.

"Bless me! Mr. Meredith," said Helen Ruthven, on entering Mrs. Linwood's drawing-room, and finding Meredith walking up and down, with an expression of impatience and disappointment, "what is the matter—is Mr. Linwood worse?"

"Not that I know."

"How happens it that you are alone, then?"

"The family are with Mr. Linwood."

"The family! the old lady surely can take care of him; is Isabella invisible?—invisible to *you*?"

"I have not seen her since her father's illness."

"My heavens! is it possible! well, some people are better than others."

"I do not comprehend you, Miss Ruthven."

"My meaning is simple enough; a woman must be an icicle or an angel to hang over an old gouty father, without allowing herself a precious five minutes with her lover."

"Miss Linwood is very dutiful!" said Meredith, half sneeringly, for his vanity was touched.

"Dutiful!—she may be—she is undoubtedly—a very, very sweet creature is Isabella Linwood; but I should not have imagined her a person, if her heart were really engaged, to deny its longings and sit down patiently to play the dutiful daughter. I judge others by myself. In her situation—precise-

ly in hers," she paused and looked at Meredith with an expression fraught with meaning, "I should know neither scruple nor duty."

There was much in this artful speech of Helen Ruthven to feed Meredith's bitter fancies when he afterward pondered on it.—"If her heart were engaged!" he said, "it is—I am sure of it—and yet, if it were, she is not, as Helen Ruthven said, a creature to be chained down by duty. *If* it were!—it is—it shall be—her heart is the only one I have invariably desired—the only one I have found unattainable. I believe—I am almost sure, she loves me; but there is something lacking—I do not come up to her standard of ideal perfection!—others do not find me deficient. There's poor Bessie, a sylvan maiden she—but there's Helen Ruthven—the love, the just appreciation of such a woman, so full of genius, and sentiment, and knowledge of the world, would be—flattering."

These were after-thoughts of Meredith, for at the time his interview with Miss Ruthven was interrupted by Rose putting a note into his hand, addressed to Sir Henry Clinton, and requesting him, in Miss Linwood's name, to deliver it as soon as possible.

"Pray let me see that!" said Miss Ruthven; and after examining it closely on both sides, she returned it, saying, "Strange! I thought to have found somewhere, in pencil, some little expressive, world-full-of-meaning word; as I said, some people are very different from others!"



Meredith bit his lips and hastened away with the note. It contained a plain statement to Sir Henry Clinton of the motives of Herbert's return, and every fact attending it. The note was thus finished:—

“I have told you the unvarnished and unextenuated truth, my dear Sir Henry. I think that justice will dictate my brother's release, or, at least, require that he be treated as a prisoner of war; but if justice (justice perverted by artificial codes and traditionary abuses) cannot interpose in his behalf, I commend him to your mercy; think of him as if he were your own son, and then mete out to him, for the rashness of his filial affection, such measure as a father would allot to such offence.

“If my appeal is presuming, forgive me. My father is suffering indescribably, and we are all wretched. Send us, I beseech you, some kind word of relief.”

Late in the afternoon, after many tedious hours, the following reply was brought to Isabella, written by Sir Henry's secretary:—

“Sir Henry Clinton directs me to present his best regards to Miss Linwood, and inform her that he regrets the impossibility of complying with her wishes,—that he has no absolute power by which he can remit, at pleasure, the offences of disloyal

subjects. Sir Henry bids me add, that he is seriously concerned at his friend Mr. Linwood's illness, and that he shall continue to send his servant daily to inquire about him."

"Yes, no doubt," said Isabella, in the bitterness of her disappointment, throwing down the note, "these empty courtesies will be strictly paid, while not a finger is raised to save us from utter misery!"

"My dearest child!" said her mother, who had picked up the note and reverently perused it, "how you are hurried away by your feelings! Sir Henry, or rather his secretary, which is the same thing, says as much as to say, that Sir Henry would aid us if he could; and I am sure I think it is extremely attentive of him to send every day to inquire after your poor father. I do wonder a little that Sir Henry did not sign his name; it would have seemed more polite, and Sir Henry is so strictly polite! I am afraid, my dear, you were not particular enough about your note. Was it written on gilt paper and sealed with wax? Isabella, do you hear me, child?"

"Indeed, mamma, I did not observe the paper, and I forget whether I sealed it at all. 'Remit at pleasure the offences of disloyal subjects!' Herbert has transferred his loyalty to his country, and is no longer amenable to his sovereign in another hemisphere."

"Feminine reasoning!" interposed Meredith, who entered at this moment. He stopped and gazed

at Isabella, and thought he had never seen her so perfectly lovely. Watching and anxiety had subdued her brilliancy, and had given a depth of tenderness, a softness to her expression, bordering on feminine weakness. When a man has a dread, however slight it may be, that a woman is superior to him, her attractions are enhanced by whatever indicates the gentleness and dependance of her sex.

Meredith took her hand : his eyes expressed the emotion she produced, and his lips all the sympathy and none of the vexation he had felt for the last few days ; and then reverting to Sir Henry, he said, "I trust the current of your feelings will change when I tell you that I have obtained an order for Herbert's release."

"God bless you, Jasper !—Oh, mamma, do you hear ?"

"Pray go, my dear madam," added Meredith, "and prepare Mr. Linwood for good news. You interrupted me, Isabella," he resumed, when Mrs. Linwood had left the room ; "your wishes always fly over the means to the end—a moment's reflection will show you that your brother's release cannot be unconditional."

"Well—the conditions are such as can in honour be complied with ?—Sir Henry would propose no other."

"Honour is a conventional term, Isabella."

"The honour that I mean," replied Miss Linwood, "is not conventional, but synonymous with rectitude."