

**GRISELDA. A  
NOVEL. IN THREE  
VOLUMES. VOL. II**

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Griselda. A novel. In three volumes. Vol. II by Alice M. Diehl

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**ALICE M. DIEHL**

**GRISELDA. A  
NOVEL. IN THREE  
VOLUMES. VOL. II**



# GRISELDA.

*A NOVEL.*

BY

THE AUTHOR OF "THE GARDEN OF EDEN,"

ETC., ETC.

*IN THREE VOLUMES.*

VOL. II.

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# GRISELDA.



## CHAPTER I.

**I**T was a glorious morning in Goarshausen. Griselda awoke, wondering where she was.

When she remembered, she went to the window. Beyond the garden, with its clumps of acacias and laurels, the Rhine rippled placidly. To the left, to the right, were those round-backed hills, all variegated and changing tints,

from the palest green to the deepest violet, as the morning sunbeams or the flitting shadows touched them.

One minute of wondering admiration, then her thoughts fled to facts. She rang her bell, and sent a scribbled message by the chambermaid to Hugh.

‘How is he? Are we to breakfast together?’

While she was brushing and plaiting her fair locks, a pencilled message was brought back,—

‘He has passed a most tranquil night, and seems almost himself. At the same time, we must be strictly on guard. We had better breakfast in the garden, in about a half-an-hour from this. I trust in you to remember that our talk must exclude any and all reference to disturbing events.

H. B.’



Griselda felt relief,—peace. She put on her prettiest dress. This was a green-spotted muslin, trimmed with lace. With her fair rose-tinted skin, she looked a sweet siren,—even as the siren of the dangerous Lorelei hard by might have looked, could she have been dressed in modern costume.

Going down, she saw her father leaning on Hugh's arm, just reaching the bottom of the staircase. 'Dear good fellow that Hugh is!' she gratefully thought, with moistened eyes. 'I don't mind showing him my letters'—she had them in her pocket—'one bit. And, if he does not like them, they shall not go.'

However, when Hugh, after their pleasant little out-of-door breakfast, asked Griselda apart whether she had

accomplished her correspondence, and she, in mute reply, handed him the three letters, she greatly doubted whether those specimens of her literary 'incompetence'—she called it—would ever be sent to England.

Sitting by her father on a bench under the waving acacias, she watched Hugh pace the narrow garden walks reading her letters. He walked slowly to the end of one path, then stood still, carefully fastening the thin envelopes. Then she felt an instinct to jump up and run after him—he was stamping them. Then, worse than all, he went to the post-box that belonged to the hotel, and dropped them in, without any further ceremony.

He returned to them, and began ordinary talk with Mr Black. She did

not dare to remark upon her letters, lest her father should remember and grow furious again. So she sat and quietly endured her misgivings, while the Vicar, who was growing steadily better, told them stories of the Rhine,—how the fortress on Rheinfels opposite them had bravely held out against General Tallard and his twenty-four thousand Frenchman in 1692,—how Tallard had gone to his king previously, and had boastfully capped the boastful speeches of other courtiers by saying, ‘My new-year’s offering to your Majesty shall be the fortress of Rheinfels,’—how the famous whirlpool beneath the Lorelei rock lay hard by; and how many had been drawn to destruction while gazing at the supposed vision of the maiden and listening to the mystical