

**SPLENDID MISERY: A
NOVEL. IN
THREE VOLUMES.
VOL. II; PP.1-247**

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Splendid Misery: A Novel. In Three Volumes. Vol. II; pp.1-247 by T. S. Surr

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T. S. SURR

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A NOVEL,


IN THREE VOLUMES.



BY
T. S. SURR,

AUTHOR OF

GEORGE BARNWELL, CONSEQUENCES, &c.



VOL. II.

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1801.

English
Blanchwell
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SPLENDID MISERY.

CHAP. I.

The House in the Wood.

ELMER had scarcely reached his own apartment, when he received a summons to attend the Earl.

"Is the outer door fastened?" enquired the unhappy nobleman as he entered.

"It is, my Lord."

"And is Durand in waiting—and alone?"

"He is."

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“ Are you quite sure no one is in the lobby ? ”

“ Not a soul is there, except Durand, my Lord.”

“ Well, then, my friend, ere we again separate, more than the life of Latimore,—his fame, will be in your custody.”

“ My dearest Lord—”

“ Nay, nay, no words, no words, I pray, my friend. Mine is not a wound that can be salved. I ask not sympathy or pity, but aid—active and important service. Let me recollect—I think I mentioned that accident led me to the discovery of the retreat of that most infamous trio, who, under masks of more than common virtue, practised the worst of vices. Could it have been thought, that a
mind

mind like Olivia's would become the prey of low desires, or that a man, preaching morality, and carrying fanciness in his very looks, that old Julian would be the pander of such infamous intrigue. As for that arch hypocrite, her paramour—her Mortimer—him I knew to be such.

“ He it was who came to the cottage-gate, and with matchless impudence accosted me, exclaiming in a haughty tone—”

“ Your business here, friend.”

“ Do you know me, scoundrel, said I?”

“ I know you well,” replied he; “ you are the destroyer of the peace of families—the murderer of the Marchioness della Zoretta, whose grave you dug

dug when you enclosed her lovely daughter in a living cloistered tomb!— Know you! you are the mighty favourite of the Fates—a *living Monument of Splendid Misery*. Away, away, man, leave this peaceful cot, where love and innocence, sheltered from the shafts of malice and revenge, repose on peaceful pillows, and wake to mornings gilded by the rays of hope. *You can* have no business here."

"As he spoke he opened the gate, came out upon the lawn, and shutting the gate again, placed his back against it, in an attitude, that seemed to say, "You shall not enter here." "I demand to see the daughter of the Marquis della Zoretta," said I.

"The Marquis della Zoretta has no daughter: his cruelty dissolved the bonds of duty and the ties of nature.
She,

She, who was his daughter, is now the wife of one who will not yield her to any authority on earth."

"Unparalleled impudence!" exclaimed I. "Unblushingly you own then, that you have dared to violate the holy cloisters, and sacrilegiously ravish from the altar of her God,"—

"Hold, Sir, if you please," cried he, "I have not thus said, nor shall you insinuate as much with impunity. The victim of power, which she could not resist, Olivia della Zoretta was compelled awhile to submit to superstitious horrors, at which the enlightened mind revolts; her release from such base thralldom was a work in which I glory. The protestant faith, which, from deep conviction, she has embraced, admits not of such horrid immolations."