

**LORD BROKENHURST,
OR, A FRAGMENT OF
WINTER LEAVES**

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Lord Brokenhurst, or, a Fragment of Winter Leaves by Sir Egerton Brydges

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SIR EGERTON BRYDGES

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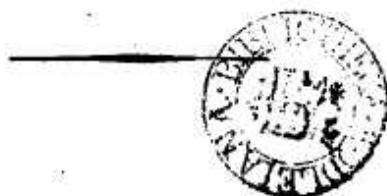
LORD
BROKENHURST.

OR

A FRAGMENT OF WINTER LEAVES.

A TRAGIC TALE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF MARY DE-CLIFFORD.



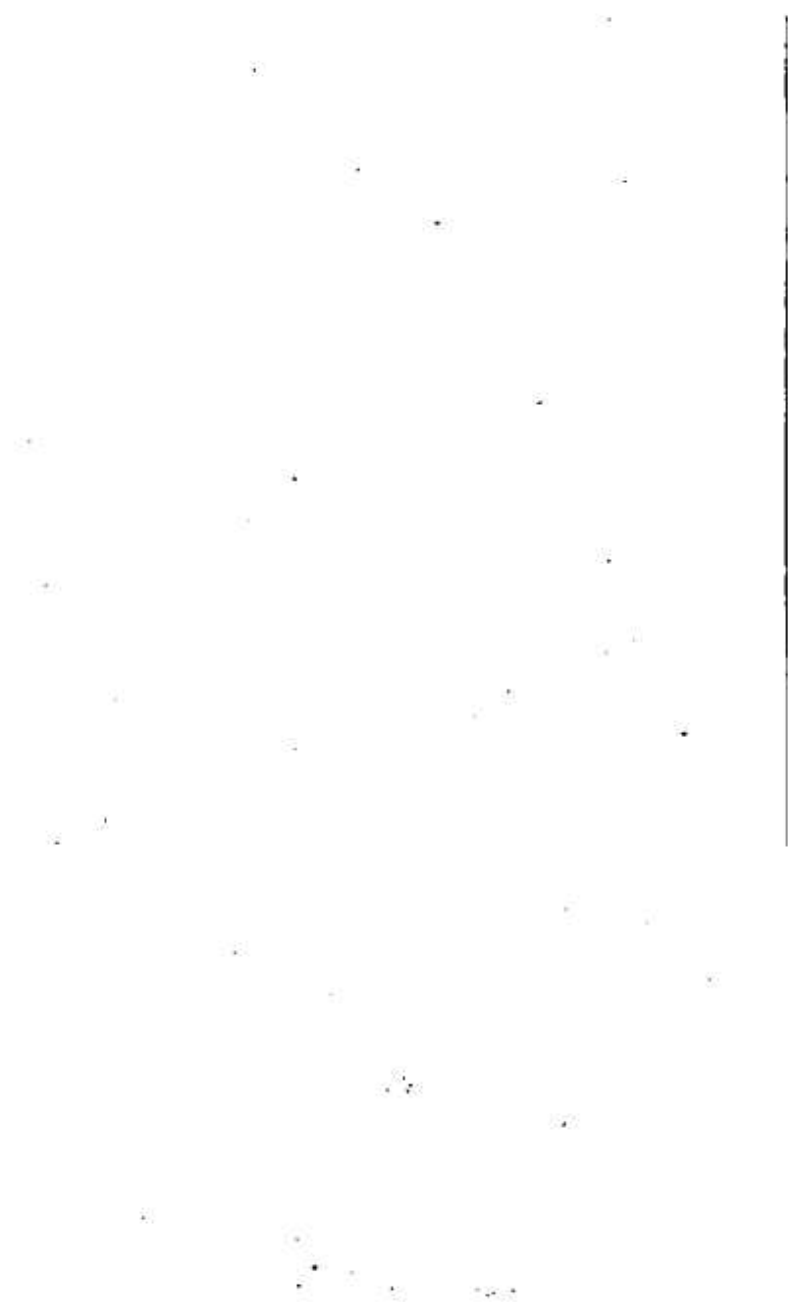
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1819.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

A little fragment of a Book, like the present, docs not deserve a *Preface*: but for that very reason it calls for an Advertisement, to account for its smallness. The Tale here given is only one of Three intended for this volume. The time for the Author's departure for Italy arrived, before either of the others could be carried through the Press.

Fictions of this sort are among the Author's amusements and relaxations from severer studies. It would be miserable, if Fancy should be excluded from growing Age; though it ought to become mellowed and deeper. Apologies are vain; solicitations for favour are treated with scorn: this trifle must take its chance. The writer has not the insensibility to be callous to criticism, just, or unjust: a life of struggle and persecution has given him the fortitude to bear it. But about the present light plaything of his pen he may well be indifferent.

Geneva, Aug. 23. 1819.



WINTER LEAVES.

D A R C Y.

ABOUT four years ago I accidentally met, on a journey into a distant part of England, an old friend, whom I had not seen for some time, though I had kept up an occasional correspondence with him. Our direction was partly the same, and yve travelled for two or three days together. Our conversation was full of interest; and, to me, of information.

I shall take the liberty of changing the names of the parties, as circumstances of delicacy require that the individuals should not be too plainly pointed out.

We had alighted from the carriage to walk up an hill; and arriving at the summit before it, had cast our eyes around, when a wooded valley on the other side; and a little church, that stood embowered in trees at the bottom, tempted me to hasten down the declivity without waiting for the vehicle. My companion, whom the reader must hercafter know under the name of DARC Y, followed me; but not with his usual alacrity. I had already got within the churchyard; and was examining the ancient structure, and pacing among the graves, when I looked up, and saw Darcy leaning against a buttress of the tower, as if lost in contemplation. His hand was half over his eyes; and his countenance looked pale.

At that moment I was approaching a tombstone, which caught my atten-

tion by something less rude in the sculpture of the letters, and by an extraordinary and elegant brevity in the few pathetic words they contained. While poring upon it, I heard a sigh, and something like a convulsive burst of tears ill suppressed. It was Darcy: « You read there, » said he, « the Memorial of one, whose loss I deplore, and whose neglected lot I think upon with indignant regret. » — He spoke this in a tremulous voice, scarcely distinguishable through the tears, which flowed down his cheeks.

I knew him too well to interrupt him: I left his grief to take its own course. I was sure that in due time I should hear the full history of this object of his lamentation. The carriage was at the gate: we withdrew, and proceeded on our journey.