

**DUNALLAN: OR, KNOW  
WHAT YOU JUDGE; A  
STORY. IN THREE  
VOLUMES. VOLUME III**

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Dunallan: Or, Know What You Judge; A Story. In Three Volumes. Volume III by Grace Kennedy

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**GRACE KENNEDY**

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## DUNALLAN.

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OR,

**KNOW WHAT YOU JUDGE ;**

**A STORY.**

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**IN THREE VOLUMES.**

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**BY THE AUTHOR OF " THE DECISION, "**  
**" FATHER CLEMENT, " &c. &c.**

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## DUNALLAN, &c.

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### CHAPTER I.

CATHARINE next morning rose at her usual early hour, and again renewed her intreaties to heaven for every blessing on Dunallan, and for improvement to herself. She had been reading for some time with composure and attention, and her heart raised to heaven for guidance, when she was interrupted by some one tapping gently at her door. She went to unbolt it.

“ My dearest Catharine !” exclaimed the happy voice of Helen Graham, who rushed into the room, and clasped Catharine to her bosom.

“ My dear Helen !”

“ My beloved Catharine ! Mrs. Melville would not allow us to come here last night. She said we would only disturb you, and she must have

you all to herself for one evening; but Rose and I determined to come very early this morning."

Rose Lennox now threw her gentle arms also round Catharine.

"Rose! my dear Rose! This is an unexpected pleasure."

"My dearest Catharine, how I have longed to see you."

"My sweet Rose! My dear kind Helen!" said Catharine, kissing first the one, and then the other. She then seated herself between them, an arm round each, and looked smilingly at them. "Helen you look more blooming than ever. I see you can live without me."

"Oh! indeed Catharine, I have never ceased thinking of you, and forming plans how I should see you again, since we parted."

"And you Rose," said Catharine, turning to her, "I think your cheek may still be compared to the blush rose, and your forehead to the lily of the valley, as your old admirer Mr. Lovat used to say."

"My dearest Catharine," replied Rose, "we may return all your compliments a thousand fold. How different are your looks from what they were the last morning I saw you! You were then like a marble statue, so still, and pale, and sad."

"All is different here too, Rose," said Cath-



rine, putting her hand on her heart. "I now look back to that morning as the time in which I secured my greatest happiness."

"Thank heaven, dearest Catharine!" exclaimed Rose, emphatically.

"Yes, my dear Rose, I do thank heaven; Mr. Dunallan has taught me to be like you Rose; to desire to regard all events as overruled by heaven for the wisest and kindest purposes."

"Like me!" repeated Rose, sighing, "How can you thus reproach me Catharine?"

"Reproach you Rose! I mean all I say."

"Oh! you are mistaken then, sadly mistaken. But we have interrupted you Catharine," observing her Bible lying open.

"No, my dear Rose, I shall not be interrupted; we shall finish what I was reading. I know you will like it; and Helen I am sure is too early to have read any to herself." Catharine then pressed her two young friends more closely to her, and read in a feeling manner a short passage of Scripture.

"Thank you, dear Catharine," said Rose, when she stopped. "How beautiful is that passage!"

"Beautiful indeed!" replied Catharine, "What do you think Helen?"

"Really, I do not understand it."

“ Because it can only be understood by the heart, my Helen, and yours is strangely shut against all religious feeling. Do you still prefer Shakespeare to the Bible, Helen? as you once avowed to me you did ?”

“ And if I do, Catharine, I cannot change my natural taste, though I may conceal it.”

“ No, no, my dear, do not conceal it. Your frankness on every subject is your greatest virtue; but it is very unaccountable, that you, who are so uncommonly alive to all that is beautiful in creation, and in human character, and in poetry, and every work of man, should be so dead to the beauty and sublimity of the Scriptures; and that you should feel so deeply the kindness of those who love you, and be so cold and ungrateful to the greatest love.”

Helen reddened and remained silent.

“ Forgive me dear Helen,” said Catharine, kissing her cheek; “ I did not mean to offend; I am too plain in what I say; but indeed I should feel very little affection for you if I did not regret this indifference on your part to your own happiness.”

Helen’s eyes filled with tears, “ you cannot offend me, Catharine, whatever you say.”

“ I will say no more now, dear Helen; but if you knew how I sometimes reproach myself for

not having used the influence your affection for me gave me over you, to induce you to think and read more on that subject, you would not be displeased with me; but I hear Elizabeth's voice: let us join her."

Elizabeth was coming slowly up stairs. "So young ladies, this is the way you obey my matronly instructions; you have disturbed my poor fatigued Catharine before she could have been half rested."

"We found her up, and reading, my dear Mrs. Melville," said Rose.

When seated at breakfast, the little party soon became so gay that Catharine's spirits began to sink. She, however, made an effort to join in a cheerfulness which had been chiefly produced by pleasure at again meeting her, and which she felt would be checked by her grave looks.

Helen's usual bashfulness completely gave way to the extreme gaiety of her spirits, and Elizabeth, seated opposite to Melville, and next to Catharine, seemed to feel so perfectly happy, that she joined and promoted Helen's mirth, while Melville, with scarcely a smile on his own countenance, was so excessively amusing, and really witty, that even Rose could not resist his powers, and was as gay almost as Helen. Every time