THE WILD IRISH GIRL, A NATIONAL TALE. IN THREE VOLUMES. VOL. III

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MISS OWENSON

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WILD IRISH GIRL.

VOL. III.

Strahan and Preston,
Printers-Street, London.

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WILD IRISH GIRL,

A NATIONAL TALE.

BY

MISS OWENSON,

AUTHOR OF THE NOVICE OF ST. DOMINICK, PATRIOTIC SKETCHES, &c. &c. &c.

"Questa gente benche mostra salvagia
"E pur gli monte la contrada scoscerba
"Nondimeno l'e dolcie ad cui l'assegla.

"This race of men, tho' savage they may seem,
"The country, too, with many a mountain rough,
"Yet are they sweet to him who tries and tastes them."

Fazio Delli Uberti's Travels through Ireland,
in the 14th Century.

THE FIFTH EDITION.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1813.

THE

WILD IRISH GIRL.

LETTER XXIV.

TO J. D. ESQ. M.P.

" Tout ſ'évanouit ſous les cieux,
" Chaque inſtant varie à nos yeux
" Le tableau mouvant de la vie."

ALAS! that even this ſolitude, where all ſeems

" The world forgetting, by the world forgot,"

ſhould be ſubject to that mutability of fate which governs the buſieſt haunts of man. Is it poſſible, that among theſe dear ruins, where all the " life of life" has been reſtored to me, the worſt of human pangs ſhould aſſail my full all-confiding heart. And yet

I am jealous only on ſurmiſe; but who was ever jealous on conviction; for where is the heart ſo weak, ſo mean, as to cheriſh the paſſion when betrayed by the object? I have already mentioned to you the incongruities which ſo forcibly ſtruck me in Glorvina's *boudoir*. Since the evening, the happy evening in which I firſt viſited it, I have often ſtolen thither when I knew her elſewhere engaged, but always found it locked till this morning, when I perceived the door ſtanding open. It ſeemed as though its miſtreſs had but juſt left it, for a chair was placed near the window, which was open, and her book and work-baſket lay on the ſeat. I mechanically took up the book; it was my own *Eloiſa*, and was marked with a ſlip of paper in that page where the character of Wolmar is deſcribed. I read through the paſſage, and was throwing the book by when ſome writing on the *paper mark* caught my eye; ſuppoſing it to be Glorvina's, I endeavoured to decipher the lines, and read as follows: "Profeſſions, my lovely friend,

are for the world. But I would at least have you believe, that *my* friendship, like gold, though not *sonorous*, is indestructible." This was all I could make out — and this I read a hundred times — the hand-writing was a man's — but it was not the priest's — it could not be her father's. And yet, I thought the hand was not entirely unknown to me, though it appeared disguised. I was still engaged in gazing on the *sibyl leaf* when I heard *Glorvina* approach. I never was deceived in her little feet's light bound, for she seldom walks; so hastily replacing the book, I appeared deeply engaged in looking over a fine *Atlas* that lay open on the table. She seemed surprized at my appearance, so much indeed, that I felt the necessity of apologizing for my intrusion. "But," said I, "an immunity granted by you is too precious to be neglected; and, if I have not oftener availed myself of my valued privileges, I assure you the fault is not mine."

Without noticing my insinuendo, she only bowed her head, and asked me, with a smile,