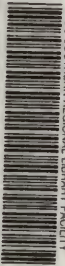


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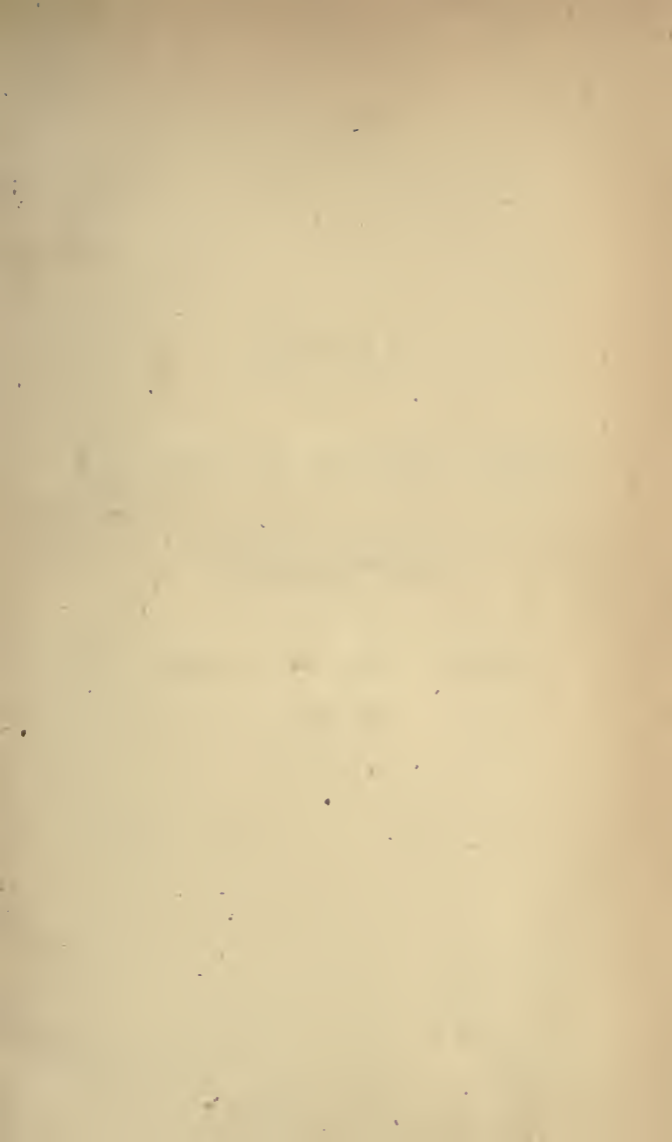



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NOVELS
OF
SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTON

Library Edition

NOVELS OF LIFE AND MANNERS

VOL. IV.

THE DISOWNED

BY

SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, BART.

LIBRARY EDITION—IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. II.

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THE DISOWNED.



CHAPTER XLVII.

Brave Talbot, we will follow thee.—*Henry the Sixth.*

“MY letter insultingly returned—myself refused admittance—not a single inquiry made during my illness—indifference joined to positive contempt. By Heaven, it is insupportable!”

“My dear Clarence,” said Talbot, to his young friend, who, fretful from pain, and writhing beneath his mortification, walked to and fro his chamber with an impatient stride; “my dear Clarence, do sit down, and not irritate your wound by such violent exercise. I am as much enraged as yourself at the treatment you have received, and no less at a loss to account for it. Your duel, however unfortunate the event, must have done you credit, and obtained you a reputation both for generosity and spirit; so that it cannot be to that occurrence that you are to attribute the change. Let

us rather suppose that Lady Flora's attachment to you has become evident to her father and mother—that they naturally think it would be very undesirable to marry their daughter to a man whose family nobody knows, and whose respectability he is forced into fighting in order to support. Suffer me then to call upon Lady Westborough, whom I knew many years ago, and explain your origin, as well as your relationship to me.”

Linden paused irresolutely.

“Were I sure that Lady Flora was not utterly influenced by her mother's worldly views, I would gladly consent to your proposal—but——”

“Forgive me, Clarence,” cried Talbot; “but you really argue much more like a very young man than I ever heard you do before—even four years ago. To be sure, Lady Flora *is* influenced by her mother's views. Would you have her otherwise? Would you have her, in defiance of all propriety, modesty, obedience to her parents, and right feeling for herself, encourage an attachment to a person not only unknown, but who does not even condescend to throw off the incognito to the woman he addresses? Come, Clarence, give me my instructions, and let me act as your ambassador to-morrow.”

Clarence was silent.

“I may consider it settled then,” replied Talbot: “meanwhile you shall come home and stay with me: the pure air of the country, even so near town, will do you more good than all the doctors in London; and,

besides, you will thus be enabled to escape from that persecuting Frenchwoman."

"In what manner?" said Clarence.

"Why, when you are in my house, she cannot well take up her abode with you; and you shall, while I am forwarding your suit with Lady Flora, write a very flattering, very grateful letter of excuses to Madame la Meronville. But leave me alone to draw it up for you; meanwhile, let Harrison pack up your clothes and medicines, and we will effect our escape while Madame la Meronville yet sleeps."

Clarence rang the bell; the orders were given, executed, and in less than an hour he and his friend were on their road to Talbot's villa.

As they drove slowly through the grounds to the house, Clarence was sensibly struck with the quiet and stillness which breathed around. On either side of the road the honeysuckle and rose cast their sweet scents to the summer wind, which, though it was scarcely noon, stirred freshly among the trees, and waved, as if it breathed a second youth over the wan cheek of the convalescent. The old servant's ear had caught the sound of wheels, and he came to the door, with an expression of quiet delight on his dry countenance, to welcome in his master. They had lived together for so many years, that they were grown like one another. Indeed, the veteran valet prided himself on his happy adoption of his master's dress and manner. A proud man, we ween, was that domestic, whenever he had time and listeners for the indulgence of

his honest loquacity; many an ancient tale of his master's former glories was then poured from his unburdening remembrance. With what a glow, with what a racy enjoyment did he expand upon the triumphs of the past; how eloquently did he particularise the exact grace with which *young* Mr Talbot was wont to enter the room, in which he instantly became the cynosure of ladies' eyes; how faithfully did he minute the courtly dress, the exquisite choice of colour, the costly splendour of material, which were the envy of gentles, and the despairing wonder of their valets; and then the zest with which the good old man would cry—"I dressed the boy!" Even still, this modern Scipio (Le Sage's Scipio, not Rome's) would not believe that his master's sun was utterly set: he was only in a temporary retirement, and would, one day or other, reappear and reastonish the London world. "I would give my right arm," Jasper was wont to say, "to see master at court. How fond the king would be of him.—Ah! well, well; I wish he was not so melancholy like with his books, but would go out like other people!"

Poor Jasper! Time is, in general, a harsh wizard in his transformations; but the change which thou didst lament so bitterly, was happier for thy master than all his former "palmy state" of admiration and homage. "*Nous avons recherché le plaisir,*" says Rousseau, in one of his own inimitable antitheses—"et le bonheur a fui loin de nous."* But in the pursuit of Pleasure we

* We have pursued pleasure, and happiness has fled far from our reach.

sometimes chance on Wisdom, and Wisdom leads us to the right track, which, if it take us not so far as Happiness, is sure at least of the shelter of Content.

Talbot leant kindly upon Jasper's arm as he descended from the carriage, and inquired into his servant's rheumatism with the anxiety of a friend. The old housekeeper, waiting in the hall, next received his attention; and in entering the drawing-room, with that consideration, even to animals, which his worldly benevolence had taught him, he paused to notice and caress a large grey cat which rubbed herself against his legs. Doubtless there is some pleasure in making even a grey cat happy!

Clarence having patiently undergone all the shrugs, and sighs, and exclamations of compassion at his reduced and wan appearance, which are the especial prerogatives of ancient domestics, followed the old man into the room. Papers and books, though carefully dusted, were left scrupulously in the places in which Talbot had last deposited them (incomparable good fortune! what would we not give for such chamber handmaidens!)—fresh flowers were in all the stands and vases; the large library-chair was jealously set in its accustomed place, and all wore, to Talbot's eyes, that cheerful yet sober look of welcome and familiarity which makes a friend of our house.

The old man was in high spirits—

“I know not how it is,” said he, “but I feel younger than ever! You have often expressed a wish to see my family seat at Scarsdale: it is certainly a great distance

hence ; but as you will be my travelling companion, I think I will try and crawl there before the summer is over ; or, what say you, Clarence, shall I lend it to you and Lady Flora for the honeymoon?—You blush!—A diplomatist blush!—Ah, how the world has changed since my time ! But come, Clarence, suppose you write to La Meronville?”

“Not to-day, sir, if you please,” said Linden, “I feel so very weak.”

“As you please, Clarence ; but some years hence you will learn the value of the present. Youth is always a procrastinator, and, consequently, always a penitent.” And thus Talbot ran on into a strain of conversation, half serious, half gay, which lasted till Clarence went up-stairs to lie down and muse on Lady Flora Ardenne.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

“La vie est un sommeil.—Les vieillards sont ceux dont le sommeil a été plus long : ils ne commencent à se réveiller que quand il faut mourir.”*
—LA BRUYERE.

“You wonder why I have never turned author, with my constant love of literature, and my former desire of fame,” said Talbot, as he and Clarence sat alone after dinner, “discussing many things:” “the fact is, that I have often intended it, and as often been frightened from my design. Those terrible feuds—those vehement disputes—those recriminations of abuse, so inseparable from literary life, appear to me too dreadful for a man not utterly hardened or malevolent voluntarily to encounter. Good heavens! what acerbity sours the blood of an author! The manifestos of opposing generals, advancing to pillage, to burn, to destroy, contain not a tithe of the ferocity which animates the pages of literary controversialists! No term of reproach is too severe, no vituperation too excessive!—the blackest passions, the bitterest, the meanest malice, pour caustic and poison upon every page! It seems as if the greatest

* Life is a sleep—the aged are those whose sleep has been the longest; they begin to awaken themselves just as they are obliged to die.

talents, the most elaborate knowledge, only sprung from the weakest and worst-regulated mind, as exotics from dung. The private records, the public works of men of letters, teem with an immitigable fury! Their histories might all be reduced into these sentences—they were born—they quarrelled—they died!”

“But,” said Clarence, “it would matter little to the world if these quarrels were confined merely to poets and men of imaginative literature, in whom irritability is, perhaps, almost necessarily allied to the keen and quick susceptibilities which constitute their genius. These are more to be lamented and wondered at among philosophers, theologians, and men of science; the coolness, the patience, the benevolence, which ought to characterise their works, should at least moderate their jealousy and soften their disputes.”

“Ah!” said Talbot, “but the vanity of discovery is no less acute than that of creation: the self-love of a philosopher is no less self-love than that of a poet. Besides, those sects the most sure of their opinions, whether in religion or science, are always the most bigoted and persecuting. Moreover, nearly all men deceive themselves in disputes, and imagine that they are intolerant, not through private jealousy, but public benevolence; they never declaim against the injustice done to themselves—no, it is the terrible injury *done* to *society* which grieves and inflames them. It is not the bitter expressions against *their* dogmas which give them pain: by no means; it is the atrocious doctrines—so prejudicial to the country, if in politics—so per-

icious to the world, if in philosophy—which their duty, not their vanity, induces them to denounce and anathematise.”

“There seems,” said Clarence, “to be a sort of reaction in sophistry and hypocrisy : there has, perhaps, never been a deceiver who was not, by his own passions, himself the deceived.”

“Very true,” said Talbot ; “and it is a pity that historians have not kept that fact in view ; we should then have had a better notion of the Cromwells and Mahomets of the past than we have now, nor judged those as utter impostors who were probably half dupes. But to return to myself. I think you will already be able to answer your own question, why I did not turn author, now that we have given a momentary consideration to the penalties consequent on such a profession. But, in truth, as I near the close of my life, I often regret that I had not more courage, for there is in us all a certain restlessness in the persuasion, whether true or false, of superior knowledge or intellect, and this urges us on to the proof ; or, if we resist its impulse, renders us discontented with our idleness, and disappointed with the past. I have everything now in my possession which it has been the desire of my later years to enjoy : health, retirement, successful study, and the affection of one in whose breast, when I am gone, my memory will not utterly pass away. With these advantages, added to the gifts of fortune, and an habitual elasticity of spirit, I confess that my happiness is not free from a biting

and frequent regret : I would fain have been a better citizen ; I would fain have died in the consciousness, not only that I had improved my mind to the utmost, but that I had turned that improvement to the benefit of my fellow-creatures. As it is, in living wholly for myself I feel that my philosophy has wanted generosity ; and my indifference to glory has proceeded from a weakness, not, as I once persuaded myself, from a virtue ; but the fruitlessness of my existence has been the consequence of the arduous frivolities and the petty objects in which my early years were consumed ; and my mind, in losing the enjoyments which it formerly possessed, had no longer the vigour to create for itself a new soil, from which labour it could only hope for more valuable fruits. It is no contradiction to see those who most eagerly courted society in their youth shrink from it the most sensitively in their age ; for they who possess certain advantages, and are morbidly vain of them, will naturally be disposed to seek that sphere for which those advantages are best calculated : and when youth and its concomitants depart, the vanity so long fed still remains, and perpetually mortifies them by recalling, not so much the qualities they have lost as the esteem which those qualities conferred ; and by contrasting not so much their own present alteration as the change they experience in the respect and consideration of others. What wonder, then, that they eagerly fly from the world, which has only mortification for their self-love, or that we find, in biography, how often the most assiduous votaries of

pleasure have become the most rigid of recluses ! For my part, I think that that love of solitude which the ancients so eminently possessed, and which to this day is considered by some as the sign of a great mind, nearly always arises from a tenderness of vanity, easily wounded in the commerce of the rough world ; and that it is under the shadow of Disappointment that we must look for the hermitage. Diderot did well, even at the risk of offending Rousseau, to write against solitude. The more a moralist binds man to man, and forbids us to divorce our interests from our kind, the more effectually is the end of morality obtained. They only are justifiable in seclusion who, like the Greek philosophers, make that very seclusion the means of serving and enlightening their race—who from their retreats send forth their oracles of wisdom, and render the desert which surrounds them eloquent with the voice of truth. But remember, Clarence (and let my life, useless in itself, have at least this moral), that for him who in nowise cultivates his talent for the benefit of others ; who is contented with being a good hermit at the expense of being a bad citizen ; who looks from his retreat upon a life wasted in the *difficiles nugæ* of the most frivolous part of the world, nor redeems in the closet the time he has misspent in the saloon ; remember, that for him seclusion loses its dignity, philosophy its comfort, benevolence its hope, and even religion its balm. Knowledge, unemployed, may preserve us from vice—but *knowledge beneficently employed is virtue*. Perfect happiness, in

our present state, is impossible ; for Hobbes says justly, that our nature is inseparable from desires, and that the very word desire (the craving for something not possessed) implies that our present felicity is not complete. But there is one way of attaining what we may term, if not utter, at least mortal happiness ; it is this—a sincere and unrelaxing activity for the happiness of others. In that one maxim is concentrated whatever is noble in morality, sublime in religion, or unanswerable in truth. In that pursuit we have *all* scope for whatever is excellent in our hearts, and *none* for the petty passions which our nature is heir to. Thus engaged, whatever be our errors, there will be nobility, not weakness, in our remorse ; whatever our failure, virtue, not selfishness, in our regret ; and, in success, vanity itself will become holy and triumph eternal. As astrologers were wont to receive upon metals ‘the benign aspect of the stars, so as to detain and fix, as it were, the felicity of that hour which would otherwise be volatile and fugitive,’* even so will that success leave imprinted upon our memory a blessing which cannot pass away—preserve for ever upon our names, as on a signet, the hallowed influence of the hour in which our great end was effected, and treasure up ‘the relics of heaven’ in the sanctuary of a human fame.”

As the old man ceased, there was a faint and hectic flush over his face, an enthusiasm on his features, which age made almost holy, and which Clarence had

* BACON.

never observed there before. In truth, his young listener was deeply affected, and the advice of his adopted parent was afterwards impressed with a more awful solemnity upon his remembrance. Already he had acquired much worldly lore from Talbot's precepts and conversation. He had obtained even something better than worldly lore—a kindly and indulgent disposition to his fellow-creatures; for he had seen that foibles were not inconsistent with generous and great qualities, and that we judge wrongly of human nature when we ridicule its littleness. The very circumstances which make the shallow misanthropical, incline the wise to be benevolent. Fools discover that frailty is not incompatible with great men; they wonder and despise; but the discerning find that greatness is not incompatible with frailty, and they admire and indulge.

But a still greater benefit than this of toleration did Clarence derive from the commune of that night. He became strengthened in his honourable ambition, and nerved to unrelaxing exertion. The recollection of Talbot's last words, on that night, occurred to him often and often when sick at heart, and languid with baffled hope!—it roused him from that gloom and despondency which are always unfavourable to virtue, and incited him once more to that labour in the vineyard which, whether our hour be late or early, will, if earnest, obtain a blessing and reward.

The hour was now waxing late, and Talbot, mindful of his companion's health, rose to retire. As he pressed Clarence's hand and bade him farewell for the night,

Linden thought there was something more than usually impressive in his manner and affectionate in his words. Perhaps this was the natural result of their conversation.

The next morning Clarence was awakened by a noise. He listened, and heard distinctly an alarmed cry proceeding from the room in which Talbot slept, and which was opposite to his own. He rose hastily and hurried to the chamber. The door was open, the old servant was bending over the bed: Clarence approached, and saw that he supported his master in his arms. "Good God!" he cried, "what is the matter?" The faithful old man lifted up his face to Clarence, and the big tears rolled fast from eyes, in which the sources of such emotion were well-nigh dried up.

"He loved you well, sir!" he said, and could say no more. He dropped the body gently, and, throwing himself on the floor, sobbed aloud. With a foreboding and chilled heart, Clarence bent forward; the face of his benefactor lay directly before him, and the hand of death was upon it. The soul had passed to its account hours since, in the hush of night: passed, apparently, without a struggle or a pang, like the wind, which animates the harp one moment, and the next is gone.

Linden seized his hand—it was heavy and cold, his eye rested upon the miniature of the unfortunate Lady Merton, which, since the night of the attempted robbery, Talbot had worn constantly round his neck. Strange and powerful was the contrast of the pictured face, in which not a colour had yet faded, and where

the hues, and fulness, and prime of youth dwelt, unconscious of the lapse of years, with the aged and shrunken countenance of the deceased.

In that contrast was a sad and mighty moral; it wrought, as it were, a contract between youth and age, and conveyed a rapid but full history of our passions and our life.

The servant looked up once more on the countenance; he pointed towards it, and muttered—"See—see! how awfully it is changed!"

"But there is a smile upon it!" said Clarence, as he flung himself beside the body, and burst into tears.

CHAPTER XLIX.

Virtue is like precious odours, most fragrant when they are incensed or crushed; for prosperity doth best discover vice, but adversity doth best discover virtue.—BACON.

It is somewhat remarkable that while Talbot was bequeathing to Clarence, as the most valuable of legacies, the doctrines of a philosophy he had acquired, perhaps too late to practise, Glendower was carrying those very doctrines, so far as his limited sphere would allow, into the rule and exercise of his life.

Since the death of the bookseller, which we have before recorded, Glendower had been left utterly without resource. The others to whom he applied were indisposed to avail themselves of an unknown ability. The trade of book-making was not then as it is now, and if it had been, it would not have suggested itself to the high-spirited and unworldly student. Some publishers offered, it is true, a reward tempting enough for an immoral tale; others spoke of the value of an attack upon the Americans; one suggested an ode to the minister, and another hinted that a pension might possibly be granted to one who would prove extortion not tyranny. But these insinuations fell upon a dull ear, and the

tribe of Barabbas were astonished to find that an author could imagine interest and principle not synonymous.

Struggling with want, which hourly grew more imperious and urgent ; wasting his heart on studies which brought fever to his pulse, and disappointment to his ambition ; gnawed to the very soul by the mortifications which his poverty gave to his pride ; and watching with tearless eyes, but a maddening brain, the slender form of his wife, now waxing weaker and fainter, as the canker of disease fastened upon the core of her young but blighted life, there was yet a high, though, alas ! not constant consolation within him, whenever, from the troubles of this dim spot his thoughts could escape, like birds released from their cage, and lose themselves in the lustre and freedom of their native heaven.

“If,” thought he, as he looked upon his secret and treasured work—“if the wind scatter, or the rock receive these seeds, they were at least dispersed by a hand which asked no selfish return, and a heart which would have lavished the harvest of its labours upon those who know not the husbandman, and trample his hopes into the dust.”

But by degrees, this comfort of a noble and generous nature, these whispers of a vanity rather to be termed holy than excusable, began to grow unfrequent and low. The cravings of a more engrossing and heavy want than those of the mind, came eagerly and rapidly upon him ; the fair cheek of his infant became pinched

and hollow; his wife conquered nature itself by love, and starved herself in silence, and set bread before him with a smile, and bade him eat.

“But you—you?” he would ask inquiringly, and then pause.

“I *have* dined, dearest: I want nothing; eat, love, eat.”

But he ate not. The food robbed from her seemed to him more deadly than poison; and he would rise and dash his hand to his brow, and go forth alone, with nature unsatisfied, to look upon this luxurious world, and learn *content*.

It was after such a scene that, one day, he wandered forth into the streets, desperate and confused in mind, and fainting with hunger, and half insane with fiery and wrong thoughts, which dashed over his barren and gloomy soul, and desolated, but conquered not! It was evening: he stood (for he had stridden on so rapidly at first that his strength was now exhausted, and he was forced to pause), leaning against the railed area of a house, in a lone and unfrequented street. No passenger shared the dull and obscure thoroughfare. He stood, literally, in scene as in heart, solitary amidst the great city, and wherever he looked—lo! there were none!

“Two days,” said he, slowly and faintly—“two days, and bread has only once passed my lips; and that was snatched from her—from those lips which I have fed with sweet and holy kisses, and whence my sole comfort in this weary life has been drawn. And she—ay,

she starves, and my child too. They complain not—they murmur not—but they lift up their eyes to me and ask for ——. Merciful God, thou *didst* make man in benevolence ; thou *dost* survey this world with a pitying and paternal eye—save, comfort, cherish them, and crush *me* if thou wilt !”

At that moment a man darted suddenly from an obscure alley, and passed Glendower at full speed ; presently came a cry, and a shout, and the rapid trampling of feet, and, in another moment, an eager and breathless crowd rushed upon the solitude of the street.

“Where is he ?” cried a hundred voices to Glendower—“where—which road did the robber take ?” But Glendower could not answer ; his nerves were unstrung, and his dizzy brain swam and reeled : and the faces which peered upon him, and the voices which shrieked and yelled in his ear, were to him as the forms and sounds of a ghastly and phantasmal world. His head dropped upon his bosom—he clung to the area for support—the crowd passed on—they were in pursuit of guilt—they were thirsting after blood—they were going to fill the dungeon and feed the gibbet—what to them was the virtue they could have supported, or the famine they could have relieved ? But they knew not his distress, nor the extent of his weakness, or some would have tarried and aided, for there is, after all, as much kindness as cruelty in our nature ; perhaps they thought it was only some intoxicated and maudlin idler—or, perhaps, in the heat of their pursuit, they thought not at all.

So they rolled on, and their voices died away, and their steps were hushed, and Glendower, insensible and cold as the iron he clung to, was once more alone. Slowly he revived; he opened his dim and glazing eyes, and saw the evening star break from its chamber, and, though sullied by the thick and foggy air, scatter its holy smiles upon the polluted city.

He looked quietly on the still night, and its first watcher among the hosts of heaven, and felt something of balm sink into his soul; not, indeed, that vague and delicious calm which, in his boyhood of poesy and romance, he had drunk in, by green solitudes, from the mellow twilight;—but a quiet, sad and sober, circling gradually over his mind, and bringing it back from its confused and disordered visions and darkness, to the recollection and reality of his bitter life.

By degrees, the scene he had so imperfectly witnessed, the flight of the robber, and the eager pursuit of the mob, grew over him: a dark and guilty thought burst upon his mind.

“I am a man, like that criminal,” said he, fiercely. “I have nerves, sinews, muscles, flesh; I feel hunger, thirst, pain, as acutely; why should I endure more than he can? Perhaps he had a wife—a child—and he saw them starving inch by inch, and he felt that he *ought* to be their protector—and so he sinned.—And I—I—can I not sin too for mine? can I not dare what the wild beast, and the vulture, and the fierce hearts of my brethren dare for their mates and young? One gripe of this hand—one cry from this voice—and my

board might be heaped with plenty, and my child fed, and *she* smile as she was wont to smile—for one night at least.”

And as these thoughts broke upon him, Glendower rose, and, with a step firm even in weakness, he strode unconsciously onward.

A figure appeared ; Glendower's heart beat thick. He slouched his hat over his brows, and for one moment wrestled with his pride and his stern virtue ; the virtue conquered, but not the pride ; the virtue forbade him to be the robber—the pride submitted to be the suppliant. He sprang forward, extended his hands towards the stranger, and cried in a sharp voice, the agony of which rang through the long dull street with a sudden and echoless sound, “ Charity—food ! ”

The stranger paused—one of the boldest of men in his own line, he was as timid as a woman in any other ; mistaking the meaning of the petitioner, and terrified by the vehemence of his gesture, he said, in a trembling tone, as he hastily pulled out his purse—

“ There, there ! do not hurt me—take it—take all ! ”

Glendower knew the voice, as a sound not unfamiliar to him ; his pride returned in full force. “ None,” thought he, “ who know me, shall know my full degradation also.” And he turned away ; but the stranger, mistaking this motion, extended his hand to him, saying, “ Take this, my friend—you will have no need of violence ! ” and as he advanced nearer to his supposed assailant, he beheld, by the pale lamp-light, and instantly recognised, his features.

“Ah !” cried he, in astonishment, but with internal rejoicing—“ah ! is it you who are thus reduced !”

“You say right, Crauford,” said Glendower, sullenly, and drawing himself up to his full height, “it is *I!* but you are mistaken ; I am a beggar, not a ruffian !”

“Good Heavens !” answered Crauford ; “how fortunate that we should meet ! Providence watches over us unceasingly ! I have long sought you in vain. But ”—(and here the wayward malignity, sometimes, though not always, the characteristic of Crauford’s nature, irresistibly broke out)—“but that you, of all men, should suffer so—you, proud, susceptible, virtuous beyond human virtue—you, whose fibres are as acute as the naked eye—that *you* should bear this, and wince not !”

“You do my humanity wrong !” said Glendower, with a bitter and almost ghastly smile ; “I do worse than wince !”

“Ay, is it so !” said Crauford : “have you awakened at last ? Has your philosophy taken a more impassioned dye ?”

“Mock me not !” cried Glendower ; and his eye, usually soft in its deep thoughtfulness, glared wild and savage upon the hypocrite who stood trembling, yet half sneering, at the storm he had raised—“my passions are even now beyond my mastery—loose them not upon you !”

“Nay,” said Crauford, gently, “I meant not to vex or wound you. I have sought you several times since the last night we met, but in vain ; you had left your

lodgings, and none knew whither. I would fain talk with you. I have a scheme to propose to you which will make you rich for ever—rich—literally rich!—not merely above poverty, but high in affluence!”

Glendower looked incredulously at the speaker, who continued—

“The scheme has danger—*that* you can dare!”

Glendower was still silent; but his set and stern countenance was sufficient reply. “Some sacrifice of your pride,” continued Crauford—“that also you can bear?” and the tempter almost grinned with pleasure as he asked the question.

“He who is poor,” said Glendower, speaking at last, “has a right to pride. He who starves has it too; but he who sees those whom he loves famish, and cannot aid, has it not!”

“Come home with me, then,” said Crauford; “you seem faint and weak: nature craves food—come and partake of mine—we will then talk over this scheme, and arrange its completion.”

“I cannot,” answered Glendower, quietly.

“And why?”

“Because *they* starve at home!”

“Heavens!” said Crauford, affected for a moment into sincerity—“it is indeed fortunate that business should have led me here; but, meanwhile, you will not refuse this trifle—as a loan merely. By-and-by our scheme will make you so rich, that I must be the borrower.”

Glendower *did* hesitate for a moment—he did swal-

low a bitter rising of the heart ; but he thought of those at home, and the struggle was over.

“ I thank you,” said he—“ I thank you for their sake : the *time may come*,”—and the proud gentleman stopped short, for his desolate fortunes rose before him, and forbade all hope of the future.

“ Yes !” cried Crauford, “ the time may come when you will repay me this money a hundredfold. But where do you live ? You are silent. Well, you will not inform me—I understand you. Meet me, then, here, on this very spot, three nights hence—you will not fail ?”

“ I will not,” said Glendower ; and pressing Crauford’s hand with a generous and grateful warmth, which might have softened a heart less obdurate, he turned away.

Folding his arms while a bitter yet joyous expression crossed his countenance, Crauford stood still, gazing upon the retreating form of the noble and unfortunate man whom he had marked for destruction.

“ Now,” said he, “ this virtue is a fine thing, a very fine thing to talk so loftily about. A little craving of the gastric juices, a little pinching of this vile body, as your philosophers and saints call our better part, and, lo ! virtue oozes out like water through a leaky vessel,—and the vessel sinks ! No, no ; virtue is a weak game, and a poor game, and a losing game. Why, there is that man, the very pink of integrity and rectitude, he is now only wanting temptation to fall—and he *will* fall, in a fine phrase, too, I’ll be sworn ! And

then, having once fallen, there will be no medium—he will become utterly corrupt; while *I*, honest Dick Crauford, doing as other wise men do, cheat a trick or two, in playing with fortune, without being a whit the worse for it. Do I not subscribe to charities; am I not constant at church, ay, and meeting to boot; kind to my servants, obliging to my friends, loyal to my king! 'Gad, if I were less loving to myself, I should have been far less useful to my country! And now, now, let me see what has brought me to these filthy suburbs! Ah, Madam H——. Woman, incomparable woman! Oh, Richard Crauford, thou hast made a good night's work of it hitherto!—business seasons pleasure!" and the villain upon system moved away.

Glendower hastened to his home; it was miserably changed, even from the humble abode in which we last saw him. The unfortunate pair had chosen their present residence from a melancholy refinement in luxury; they had chosen it because none else shared it with them, and their famine, and pride, and struggles, and despair, were without witness or pity.

With a heavy step Glendower entered the chamber where his wife sat. When at a distance he had heard a faint moan, but as he had approached, it ceased; for she, from whom it came, knew his step, and hushed her grief and pain, that they might not add to his own. The peevishness, the querulous and stinging irritations of want, came not to that affectionate and kindly heart; nor could all those biting and bitter evils of fate, which turn the love that is born of luxury

into rancour and gall, scathe the beautiful and holy passion which had knit into one those two unearthly natures. They rather clung the closer to each other, as all things in heaven and earth spoke in tempest or in gloom around them, and coined their sorrows into endearment, and their looks into smiles, and strove each from the depth of despair, to pluck hope and comfort for the other.

This, it is true, was more striking and constant in her than in Glendower ! for in love, man, be he ever so generous, is always outdone. Yet even when in moments of extreme passion and conflict, the strife broke from his breast into words, never once was his discontent vented upon her, nor his reproaches lavished on any but fortune or himself, nor his murmurs mingled with a single breath wounding to her tenderness, or detracting from his love.

He threw open the door ; the wretched light cast its sickly beams over the squalid walls, foul with green damps, and the miserable yet clean bed, and the fireless hearth, and the empty board, and the pale cheek of the wife, as she rose and flung her arms round his neck, and murmured out her joy and welcome. "There," said he, as he extricated himself from her, and flung the money upon the table, "there, love, pine no more, feed yourself and our daughter, and then let us sleep and be happy in our dreams."

A writer, one of the most gifted of the present day, has told the narrator of this history, that no interest of a high nature can be given to extreme poverty. I

know not if this be true ; yet if I mistake not our human feelings, there is nothing so exalted or so divine as a great and brave spirit working out its end through every earthly obstacle and evil : watching through the utter darkness, and steadily defying the phantoms which crowd around it ; wrestling with the mighty allurements, and rejecting the fearful voices of that WANT which is the deadliest and surest of human tempters ; nursing through all calamity the love of species, and the warmer and closer affections of private ties ; sacrificing no duty, resisting all sin ; and amidst every horror and every humiliation, feeding the still and bright light of that genius which, like the lamp of the fabulist, though it may waste itself for years amidst the depths of solitude and the silence of the tomb, shall live and burn immortal and undimmed, when all around it is rottenness and decay !

And yet I confess that it is a painful and bitter task to record the humiliations, the wearing, petty, stinging humiliations, of Poverty ; to count the drops as they slowly fall, one by one, upon the fretted and indignant heart ; to particularise, with the scrupulous and nice hand of indifference, the fractional and divided movements in the dial-plate of Misery ; to behold the refinement of birth, the masculine pride of blood, the dignities of intellect, the wealth of knowledge, the delicacy and graces of womanhood—all that ennoble and soften the stony mass of commonplaces which *is* our life, frittered into atoms, trampled into the dust and mire of the meanest thoroughfares of distress ; life

and soul, the energies and aims of man, ground into one prostrating want, cramped into one levelling sympathy with the dregs and refuse of his kind, blistered into a single galling and festering sore : this is, I own, a painful and a bitter task ; but it hath its redemption : a pride even in debasement, a pleasure even in woe : and it is therefore that while I have abridged, I have not shunned it. There are some whom the lightning of fortune blasts, only to render holy. Amidst all that humbles and scathes—amidst all that shatters from their life its verdure, smites to the dust the pomp and summit of their pride, and in the very heart of existence writeth a sudden and “strange defeature,” *they* stand erect,—riven, not uprooted,—a monument less of pity than of awe ! There are some who pass through the Lazar-house of Misery with a step more august than a Cæsar’s in his hall. The very things which, seen alone, are despicable and vile, associated with them, become almost venerable and divine ; and one ray, however dim and feeble, of that intense holiness which, in the INFANT GOD, shed majesty over the manger and the straw, not denied to those who, in the depth of affliction, cherish His patient image, flings over the meanest localities of earth an emanation from the glory of Heaven !

CHAPTER L.

Letters from divers hands, which will absolve
Ourselves from long narration.—*Tanner of Tyburn.*

ONE morning, about a fortnight after Talbot's death, Clarence was sitting alone, thoughtful and melancholy, when the three following letters were put into his hand :—

LETTER FROM THE DUKE OF HAVERFIELD.

“LET me, my dear Linden, be the first to congratulate you upon your accession of fortune : five thousand a-year, Scarsdale, and eighty thousand pounds in the Funds, are very pretty foes to starvation ! Ah, my dear fellow, if you had but shot that frosty Caucasus of humanity, that pillar of the state, made not to bend, that—but you know already whom I mean, and so I will spare you more of my lamentable metaphors : had you shot Lord Borodaile, your happiness would now be complete ! Everybody talks of your luck. La Meronville tending on you with her white hands, the prettiest hands in the world—who would not be wounded, even by Lord Borodaile, for such a nurse ? And then Talbot's—yet, I will not speak of *that*, for you

are very unlike the present generation ; and who knows but you may have some gratitude, some affection, some natural feeling in you. I had once ; but that was before I went to France—those Parisians, with their fine sentiments and witty philosophy, play the devil with one's good, old-fashioned feelings. So Lord Aspeden is to have an Italian ministry. By the by, shall you go with him, or will you not rather stay at home, and enjoy your new fortunes—hunt—race—dine out—dance—vote in the House of Commons, and, in short, do all that an Englishman and a gentleman should do ? *Ornamento e splendor del secol nostro.* Write me a line whenever you have nothing better to do ; and believe me, most truly yours,

“HAVERFIELD.

“ Will you sell your black mare, or will you buy my brown one ? *Utrum horum mavis accipe,* the only piece of Latin I remember.”

LETTER FROM LORD ASPEDEN.

“ MY DEAR LINDEN,—Suffer me to enter most fully into your feeling. Death, my friend, is common to all : we must submit to its dispensations. I heard accidentally of the great fortune left you by Mr Talbot (your father, I suppose I may venture to call him). Indeed, though there is a silly prejudice against illegitimacy, yet, as our immortal bard says,

Wherefore base ?

When thy dimensions are as well compact,
Thy mind as generous and thy shape as true
As honest madam's issue !

For my part, my dear Linden, I say on your behalf, that it is very likely that you *are* a natural son, for such are always the luckiest and the best.

“You have probably heard of the honour his Majesty has conferred on me, in appointing to my administration the city of ——. As the choice of a secretary has been left to me, I need not say how happy I shall be to keep my promise to you. Indeed, as I told Lord — yesterday morning, I do not know anywhere a young man who has more talent, or who plays better on the flute.—Adieu, my dear young friend; and believe me, very truly yours,
ASPEDEN.”

LETTER FROM MADAME DE LA MERONVILLE.

(Translated.)

“You have done me wrong—great wrong. I loved you—I waited on you—tended you—nursed you—gave all up for you; and you forsook me—forsook me without a word. True, that you have been engaged in a melancholy duty, but, at least, you had time to write a line, to cast a thought, to one who had shown for you the love that I have done. But we will pass over all this; I will not reproach you—it is beneath me. The vicious upbraid—*the virtuous forgive!* I have, for several days, left your house. I should never have come to it, had you not been wounded, and, as I fondly imagined, for my sake. Return when you will, I shall no longer be there to persecute and torment you.

“Pardon this letter. I have said too much for my-

self—a hundred times too much to you ; but I shall not sin again. This intrusion is my last.

“CECILE DE LA MERONVILLE.”

These letters will, probably, suffice to clear up that part of Clarence's history which had not hitherto been touched upon ; they will show that Talbot's will (after several legacies to his old servants, his nearest connections, and two charitable institutions, which he had founded, and for some years supported) had bequeathed the bulk of his property to Clarence. The words in which the bequest was made were kind and somewhat remarkable :—“To my relation and friend, commonly known by the name of Clarence Linden, to whom I am bound alike by blood and affection,” &c.—These expressions, joined to the magnitude of the bequest, the apparently unaccountable attachment of the old man to his heir, and the mystery which wrapped the origin of the latter, all concurred to give rise to an opinion, easily received, and soon universally accredited, that Clarence was a natural son of the deceased ; and so strong in England is the aristocratic aversion to an unknown lineage, that this belief, unflattering as it was, procured for Linden a much higher consideration on the score of birth than he might otherwise have enjoyed. Furthermore will the above correspondence testify the general *éclat* of Madame La Meronville's attachment, and the construction naturally put upon it. Nor do we see much left for us to explain, with regard to the Frenchwoman herself, which cannot equally well

be gleaned, by any judicious and intelligent reader, from the epistle last honoured by his perusal. Clarence's sense of gallantry did, indeed, smite him severely, for his negligence and ill requital to one who, whatever her faults or follies, had at least done nothing with which *he* had a right to reproach her. It must, however, be considered, in his defence, that the fatal event which had so lately occurred, the relapse which Clarence had suffered in consequence, and the melancholy confusion and bustle in which the last week or ten days had been passed, were quite sufficient to banish her from his remembrance. Still she was a woman, and had loved, or seemed to love; and Clarence, as he wrote to her a long, kind, and almost brotherly letter, in return for her own, felt that, in giving pain to another, one often suffers almost as much for avoiding as for committing a sin.

We have said his letter was kind—it was also frank, and yet prudent. In it he said that he had long loved another—which love alone could have rendered him insensible to her attachment; that he, nevertheless, should always recall her memory with equal interest and admiration; and then, with a tact of flattery which the nature of the correspondence and the sex of the person addressed rendered excusable, he endeavoured, as far as he was able, to soothe and please the vanity which the candour of his avowal was calculated to wound.

When he had finished this letter, he despatched

another to Lord Aspeden, claiming a reprieve of some days before he answered the proposal of the diplomatist. After these epistolary efforts, he summoned his valet, and told him, apparently in a careless tone, to find out if Lady Westborough was still in town. Then throwing himself on the couch, he wrestled with the grief and melancholy which the death of a friend, and more than a father, might well cause in a mind less susceptible than his, and counted the dull hours crawl onward till his servant returned. "Lady Westborough and all the family had been gone a week to their seat in——"

"Well," thought Clarence, "had *he* been alive, I could have intrusted my cause to a mediator; as it is, I will plead, or rather assert it, myself.—Harrison," said he, aloud, "see that my black mare is ready by sunrise to-morrow; I shall leave town for some days."

Not in your present state of health, sir, surely?" said Harrison, with the license of one who had been a nurse.

"My health requires it—no more words, my good Harrison, see that I am obeyed." And Harrison, shaking his head doubtfully, left the room.

"Rich, independent, free to aspire to the heights which in England are only accessible to those who join wealth to ambition, I have at least," said Clarence, proudly, "no unworthy pretensions even to the hand of Lady Flora Ardenne. If she can love me for

myself, if she can trust to my honour, rely on my love, feel proud in my pride, and aspiring in my ambition, then, indeed, this wealth will be welcome to me, and the disguised name, which has cost me so many mortifications, become grateful, since she will not disdain to share it."

CHAPTER LI.

A little druid wight,
Of withered aspect ; but his eye was keen
With sweetness mixed—in russet *brown* bedight.
THOMSON'S *Castle of Indolence*.

Thus holding high discourse, they came to where
The cursed carle was at his wonted trade,
Still tempting heedless men into his snare,
In witching wise, as I before have said.—*Ibid.*

It was a fine, joyous summer morning when Clarence set out, alone, and on horseback, upon his enterprise of love and adventure. If there be anything on earth more reviving and inspiring than another, it is, to my taste, a bright day, a free horse, a journey of excitement before one, and loneliness ! Rousseau—in his own way, a great, though rather a morbid epicure of this world's enjoyments—talks with rapture of his pedestrian rambles when in his first youth. But what are your foot-ploddings to the joy which lifts you into the air with the bound of your mettled steed ?

But there are times when an iron and stern sadness locks, as it were, within itself our capacities of enjoyment ; and the song of the birds, and the green freshness of the summer morning, and the glad motion of the eager horse, brought neither relief nor change to the musings of the young adventurer.

He rode on for several miles without noticing anything on his road, and only now and then testifying the nature of his thoughts and his consciousness of solitude by brief and abrupt exclamations and sentences, which proclaimed the melancholy yet exciting subjects of his meditations. During the heat of the noon, he rested at a small public-house about . . . miles from town ; and resolving to take his horse at least ten miles further before his day's journey ceased, he remounted towards the evening, and slowly resumed his way.

He was now entering the same county in which he first made his appearance in this history. Although several miles from the spot on which the memorable night with the gypsies had been passed, his thoughts reverted to its remembrance, and he sighed as he recalled the ardent hopes which then fed and animated his heart. While thus musing, he heard the sound of hoofs behind him, and presently came by a sober-looking man, on a rough, strong pony, laden (besides its master's weight), with saddle-bags of uncommon size, and to all appearance substantially and artfully filled.

Clarence looked, and, after a second survey, recognised the person of his old acquaintance Mr Morris Brown.

Not equally reminiscent was the worshipful itinerant, who, in the great variety of forms and faces which it was his professional lot to encounter, could not be expected to preserve a very nice or distinguishing recollection of each.

“Your servant, sir, your servant,” said Mr Brown,

as he rode his pony alongside of our traveller. "Are you going as far as W—— this evening?"

"I hardly know yet," answered Clarence; "the length of my ride depends upon my horse rather than myself."

"Oh, well, very well," said Mr Brown: "but you will allow me, perhaps, sir, the honour of riding with you as far as you go."

"You give me much gratification by your proposal, Mr Brown!" said Clarence.

The broker looked in surprise at his companion.

So you know me, sir?"

"I do," replied Clarence. "I am surprised that you have forgotten *me*."

Slowly Mr Brown gazed, till at last his memory began to give itself the rousing shake—"God bless me, sir, I beg you a thousand pardons—I now remember you perfectly—Mr Linden, the nephew of my old patroness, Mrs Minden.—Dear, dear, how could I be so forgetful! I hope, by the by, sir, that the shirts wore well. I am thinking you will want some more. I have some capital cambric of curiously fine quality and texture, from the wardrobe of the late Lady Waddilove."

"What, Lady Waddilove still!" cried Clarence. "Why, my good friend, you will offer next to furnish me with pantaloons from her ladyship's wardrobe."

"Why, really, sir, I see you preserve your fine spirits; but I do think I have one or two pair of plum-coloured velvet inexpressibles, that passed into

my possession when her ladyship's husband died, which might, perhaps, with a *leetle* alteration, fit you, and at all events, would be a very elegant present from a gentleman to his valet."

"Well, Mr Brown, whenever I or my valet wear plum-coloured velvet breeches, I will certainly purchase those in your possession; but, to change the subject, can you inform me what have become of my old host and hostess, the Copperases, of Copperas Bower?"

"Oh, sir, they are the same as ever—nice genteel people they are, too. Master Adolphus has grown into a fine young gentleman, very nearly as tall as *you* and *I* are. His worthy father preserves his jovial vein, and is very merry whenever I call there. Indeed, it was but last week that he made an admirable witticism. 'Bob,' said he (Tom—you remember Tom, or De Warens, as Mrs Copperas was pleased to call him—Tom is gone)—'Bob, have you stopped the coach?' 'Yes, sir,' said Bob. 'And what coach is it?' asked Mr Copperas. 'It be the Swallow, sir,' said the boy. 'The Swallow! oh, very well,' cried Mr Copperas; 'then, now, having swallowed in the roll, I will e'en roll in the Swallow!'—Ha! ha! ha! sir, very facetious, was it not?"

"Very, indeed," said Clarence; "and so Mr De Warens has gone; how came that?"

"Why, sir, you see the boy was always of a *gay turn*, and he took to frisking it, as he called it, of a night, and so he was taken up for thrashing a watchman, and appeared before Sir John, the magistrate, the next morning."

“Caractacus before Cæsar!” observed Linden; “and what said Cæsar?”

“Sir!” said Mr Brown.

“I mean, what said Sir John?”

“Oh! he asked him his name, and Tom, whose head Mrs Copperas (poor good woman!) had crammed with pride enough for fifty foot-boys, replied ‘De Warens,’ with all the air of a man of independence. ‘De Warens!’ cried Sir John, amazed, ‘we’ll have no De’s here: take him to Bridewell!’ and so Mrs Copperas, being without a foot-boy, sent for me, and I supplied her with—*Bob!*”

“Out of the late Lady Waddilove’s wardrobe, too?” said Clarence.

“Ha, ha! that’s well, very well, sir. No, *not exactly*, but he was a son of her late ladyship’s coachman. Mr Copperas has had two other servants of the name of Bob before, but this is the biggest of all, so he humorously calls him ‘Triple Bob Major!’ You observe that road to the right, sir—it leads to the mansion of an old customer of mine, General Cornelius St Leger! many a good bargain have I sold to his sister. Heaven rest her!—when she died, I lost a good friend, though she was a little hot or so, to be sure. But she had a relation, a young lady—such a lovely, noble-looking creature—it did one’s heart, ay, and one’s eyes also, good to look at her; and she’s gone too—well, well, one loses one’s customers sadly; it makes me feel old and comfortless to think of it. Now, yonder, as far as you can see among those distant

woods, lived another friend of mine, to whom I offered to make some very valuable presents upon his marriage with the young lady I spoke of just now, but, poor gentleman, he had not time to accept them; he lost his property by a lawsuit, a few months after he was married, and a very different person now has Mordaunt Court."

"Mordaunt Court!" cried Clarence; "do you mean to say that Mr Mordaunt has lost that property?"

"Why, sir, one Mr Mordaunt has lost it, and another has gained it; but the real Mr Mordaunt has not an acre in this county, or elsewhere, I fear, poor gentleman. He is universally regretted, for he was very good and very generous, though they say he was also mighty proud and reserved; but, for my part, I never perceived it. If one is not proud one's self, Mr Linden, one is very little apt to be hurt by pride in other people."

"And where is Mr Algernon Mordaunt?" asked Clarence, as he recalled his interview with that person, and the interest with which Algernon then inspired him.

"That, sir, is more than any of us can say. He has disappeared altogether. Some declare that he has gone abroad, others that he is living in Wales in the greatest poverty. However, wherever he is, I am sure that he cannot be rich; for the lawsuit quite ruined him, and the young lady he married had not a farthing."

"Poor Mordaunt," said Clarence, musingly.

"I think, sir, that the squire would not be best

pleased if he heard you pity him. I don't know why, but he certainly looked, walked, and moved like one whom you felt it very hard to pity. But I am thinking that it is a great shame that the general should not do anything for Mr Mordaunt's wife, for she was his own flesh and blood; and I am sure *he* had no cause to be angry at her marrying a gentleman of such old family as Mr Mordaunt. I am a great stickler for birth, sir—I learnt that from the late Lady W. 'Brown,' she said, and I shall never forget her ladyship's air when she did say it—'Brown, respect your superiors, and never fall into the hands of the republicans and atheists!'"

"And why," said Clarence, who was much interested in Mordaunt's fate, "did General St Leger withhold his consent?"

"That we don't exactly know, sir; but some say that Mr Mordaunt was very high and proud with the general, and the general was to the full as fond of his purse as Mr Mordaunt could be of his pedigree—and so, I suppose, one pride clashed against the other, and made a quarrel between them."

"Would not the general, then, relent after the marriage?"

"Oh! no, sir—for it was a runaway affair. Miss Diana St Leger, his sister, was as hot as ginger upon it, and fretted and worried the poor general—who was never of the mildest—about the match, till at last he forbade the poor young lady's very name to be mentioned. And when Miss Diana died about two years ago, he

suddenly introduced a tawny sort of *cretur*, whom they call a mulatto or creole, or some such thing, into the house ; and it seems that he has had several children by her, whom he never durst own during Miss Diana's life, but whom he now declares to be his heirs. Well—they rule him with a rod of iron, and suck him as dry as an orange. They are a bad, griping set, all of them ; and, I am sure, I don't say so from any selfish feeling, Mr Linden, though they have forbid me the house, and called me, to my very face, an old cheating Jew. Think of *that*, sir !—I whom the late Lady W., in her exceeding friendship, used to call 'honest Brown'—I whom your worthy——”

“And who,” uncourteously interrupted Clarence, “has Mordaunt Court now ?”

“Why, a distant relation of the last squire's, an elderly gentleman, who calls himself Mr Vavasour Mordaunt. I am going there to-morrow morning, for I still keep up a connection with the family. Indeed, the old gentleman bought a lovely little ape of me, which I did intend as a present to the late (as I may call him) Mr Mordaunt ; so, though I will not say I exactly like him—he is a hard hand at a bargain—yet at least I will not deny him his due.”

“What sort of person is he ? What character does he bear ?” asked Clarence.

“I really find it hard to answer that question,” said the gossiping Mr Brown. “In great things he is very lavish and ostentatious, but in small things he is very penurious and saving, and miser-like—and all for one

son, who is deformed and very sickly. He seems to doat on that boy; and now I have got two or three little presents in these bags for Mr Henry. Heaven forgive me, but when I look at the poor creature, with his face all drawn up, and his sour, ill-tempered voice, and his limbs crippled, I almost think it would be better if he were in his grave, and the rightful Mr Mordaunt, who would then be the next of kin, in his place."

"So then, there is only this unhappy cripple between Mr Mordaunt and the property?" said Clarence.

"Exactly so, sir. But will you let me ask where you shall put up at W——? I will wait upon you, if you will give me leave, with some very curious and valuable articles, highly desirable either for yourself, or for little presents to your friends."

"I thank you," said Clarence, "I shall make no stay at W——, but I shall be glad to see you in town next week. Favour me, meanwhile, by accepting this trifle."

"Nay, nay, sir," said Mr Brown, pocketing the money—"I really cannot accept this—anything in the way of exchange—a ring, or a seal, or——"

"No, no, not at present," said Clarence; "the night is coming on, and I shall make the best of my way. Good-by, Mr Brown;" and Clarence trotted off; but he had scarce got sixty yards before he heard the itinerant merchant cry out—"Mr Linden, Mr Linden!" and, looking back, he beheld the honest Brown putting

his shaggy pony at full speed, in order to overtake him : so he pulled up.

“Well, Mr Brown, what do you want?”

“Why, you see, sir, you gave me no exact answer about the plum-coloured velvet inexpressibles,” said Mr Brown.

CHAPTER LII.

Are we contemned!—The Double Marriage.

It was dusk when Clarence arrived at the very same inn at which, more than five years ago, he had assumed his present name. As he recalled the note addressed to him, and the sum (his whole fortune) which it contained, he could not help smiling at the change his lot had since then undergone : but the smile soon withered when he thought of the kind and paternal hand from which that change had proceeded, and knew that his gratitude was no longer availing, and that that hand, in pouring its last favours upon him, had become cold. He was ushered into No. Four, and left to his meditations till bed-time.

The next day he recommenced his journey. Westborough Park was, though in another county, within a short ride of W—— ; but as he approached it, the character of the scenery became essentially changed. Bare, bold, and meagre, the features of the country bore somewhat of a Scottish character. On the right side of the road was a precipitous and perilous descent, and some workmen were placing posts along a path for foot-passengers on that side nearest the carriage-road,

probably with a view to preserve unwary coachmen or equestrians from the dangerous vicinity to the descent, which a dark night might cause them to incur. As Clarence looked idly on the workmen, and painfully on the crumbling and fearful descent I have described, he little thought that that spot would, a few years after, become the scene of a catastrophe affecting in the most powerful degree the interests of his future life. Our young traveller put up his horse at a small inn, bearing the Westborough arms, and situated at a short distance from the park gates. Now that he was so near his mistress—now that less than an hour, nay, than the fourth part of an hour, might place him before her, and decide his fate, his heart, which had hitherto sustained him, grew faint, and presented, first fear, then anxiety, and, at last, despondency to his imagination and forebodings.

“At all events,” said he, “I will see her alone before I will confer with her artful and proud mother, or her cipher of a father. I will then tell her all my history, and open to her all my secrets: I will only conceal from her my present fortunes, for even if rumour should have informed her of them, it will be easy to give the report no sanction; I have a right to that trial. When she is convinced that, at least, neither my birth nor character can disgrace her, I shall see if her love can enable her to overlook my supposed poverty, and to share my uncertain lot. If so, there will be some triumph in undeceiving her error and rewarding her generosity: if not, I shall be saved from involving my happiness with that of one who looks

only to my worldly possessions. I owe it to her, it is true, to show her that I am no lowborn pretender ; but I owe it also to myself to ascertain if my own individual qualities are sufficient to gain her hand."

Fraught with these ideas, which were natural enough to a man whose peculiar circumstances were well calculated to make him feel rather soured and suspicious, and whose pride had been severely wounded by the contempt with which his letter had been treated—Clarence walked into the park, and, hovering around the house, watched and waited that opportunity of addressing Lady Flora, which he trusted her habits of walking would afford him ; but hours rolled away, the evening set in, and Lady Flora had not once quitted the house.

More disappointed and sick at heart than he liked to confess, Clarence returned to his inn, took his solitary meal, and, strolling once more into the park, watched beneath the windows till midnight, endeavouring to guess which were the casements of her apartments, and feeling his heart beat high at every light which flashed forth and disappeared, and every form which flitted across the windows of the great staircase. Little did Lady Flora, as she sat in her room alone, and, in tears, mused over Clarence's fancied worthlessness and infidelity, and told her heart again and again that she loved no more—little did she know whose eye kept vigils without, or whose feet brushed away the rank dews beneath her windows, or whose thoughts, though not altogether unmingled with reproach, were riveted

with all the ardour of a young and first love upon her.

It was unfortunate for Linden that he had no opportunity of personally pleading his suit; his altered form and faded countenance would at least have insured a hearing, and an interest for his honest though somewhat haughty sincerity; but though that day, and the next, and the next, were passed in the most anxious and unremitting vigilance, Clarence only once caught a glimpse of Lady Flora, and then she was one amidst a large party; and Clarence, fearful of a premature and untimely discovery, was forced to retire into the thick-nesses of the park, and lose the solitary reward of his watches almost as soon as he had won it.

Wearied and racked by his suspense, and despairing of obtaining any favourable opportunity for an interview, without such a request, Clarence at last resolved to write to Lady Flora, entreating her assent to a meeting, in which he pledged himself to clear up all that had hitherto seemed doubtful in his conduct or mysterious in his character. Though respectful, urgent, and bearing the impress of truth and feeling, the tone of the letter was certainly that of a man who conceived he had a right to a little resentment for the past, and a little confidence for the future. It was what might well be written by one who imagined his affection had once been returned, but would as certainly have been deemed very presumptuous by a lady who thought that the affection itself was a liberty.

Having penned this epistle, the next care was how to convey it. After much deliberation, it was at last committed to the care of a little girl, the daughter of the lodge-keeper, whom Lady Flora thrice a-week personally instructed in the mysteries of spelling, reading, and caligraphy. With many injunctions to deliver the letter only to the hands of the beautiful teacher, Clarence trusted his despatches to the little scholar, and, with a trembling frame and wistful eye, watched Susan take her road, with her green satchel and her shining cheeks, to the great house.

One hour, two hours, three hours, passed, and the messenger had not returned. Restless and impatient, Clarence walked back to his inn, and had not been there many minutes before a servant, in the Westborough livery, appeared at the door of the humble hostelry, and left the following letter for his perusal and gratification :—

“SIR,—The letter intended for my daughter has just been given to me by Lady Westborough. I know not what gave rise to the language, or the very extraordinary request for a clandestine meeting, which you have thought proper to address to Lady Flora Ardenne ; but you will allow me to observe, that if you intend to confer upon my daughter the honour of a matrimonial proposal, she fully concurs with me and her mother in the negative, which I feel necessitated to put upon your obliging offer.

“I need not add that all correspondence with my

daughter must close here. I have the honour to be,
Sir, your very obedient servant,

“WESTBOROUGH.”

“Westborough Park.

“To Clarence Linden, Esq.”

Had Clarence's blood been turned to fire, his veins could not have swelled and burnt with a fiercer heat than they did, as he read the above letter—a masterpiece, perhaps, in the line of what may be termed the “d—d civil” of epistolary favours.

“Insufferable arrogance!” he muttered within his teeth. “I will live to repay it. Perfidious, unfeeling woman—what an escape I have had of her!—Now, now, I am on the world and alone, thank Heaven. I will accept Aspeden's offer, and leave this country; when I return, it shall not be as a humble suitor to Lady Flora Ardenne. Pish! how the name sickens me: but come, I have a father—at least a nominal one. He is old and weak, and may die before I return. I will see him once more, and then, hey for Italy! Oh! I am so happy—so happy at my freedom and escape. What, ho!—waiter!—my horse instantly!”

CHAPTER LIII.

Lucr.—What has thy father done?

Beat.—What have I done!

Am I not innocent?—*The Cenci.*

THE twilight was darkening slowly over a room of noble dimensions and costly fashion. Although it was the height of summer, a low fire burnt in the grate; and stretching his hands over the feeble flame, an old man, of about sixty, sat in an arm-chair, curiously carved with armorial bearings. The dim, yet fitful flame, cast its upward light upon a countenance, stern, haughty, and repellent, where the passions of youth and manhood had dug themselves graves in many an iron line and deep furrow: the forehead, though high, was narrow and compressed—the brows sullenly overhung the eyes, and the nose, which was singularly prominent and decided, age had sharpened, and brought out, as it were, till it gave a stubborn and very forbidding expression to the more sunken features over which it rose with exaggerated dignity. Two bottles of wine, a few dried preserves, and a water-glass, richly chased, and ornamented with gold, showed that the inmate of the apartment had passed the hour of the principal repast, and his loneliness at the time usually social,

seemed to indicate that few olive-branches were accustomed to overshadow his table.

The windows of the dining-room reached to the ground, and without, the closing light just enabled one to see a thick copse of wood, which, at a very brief interval of turf, darkened immediately opposite the house. While the old man was thus bending over the fire and conning his evening contemplations, a figure stole from the copse I have mentioned, and, approaching the window, looked pryingly into the apartment; then with a noiseless hand it opened the spring of the casement, which was framed on a peculiar and old-fashioned construction, that required a practised and familiar touch—entered the apartment, and crept on, silent and unperceived by the inhabitant of the room, till it paused and stood motionless, with folded arms, scarce three steps behind the high back of the old man's chair.

In a few minutes the latter moved from his position, and slowly rose; the abruptness with which he turned, brought the dark figure of the intruder full and suddenly before him: he started back, and cried in an alarmed tone—"Who is there?"

The stranger made no reply.

The old man, in a voice in which anger and pride mingled with fear, repeated the question. The figure advanced, dropped the cloak in which it was wrapped, and, presenting the features of Clarence Linden, said, in a low but clear tone,

"Your son."

The old man dropped his hold of the bell-rope,

which he had just before seized, and leaned as if for support against the oak wainscot ; Clarence approached.

“Yes !” said he, mournfully, “your unfortunate, your offending, but your guiltless son. More than five years I have been banished from your house ; I have been thrown, while yet a boy, without friends, without guidance, without name, upon the wide world, and to the mercy of chance. I come now to you as a man, claiming no assistance and uttering no reproach, but to tell you that him whom an earthly father rejected, God has preserved ; that without one unworthy or debasing act, I have won for myself the friends who support, and the wealth which dignifies, life—since it renders it independent. Through all the disadvantages I have struggled against, I have preserved unimpaired my honour, and unsullied my conscience : you have disowned, but you might have claimed me without shame. Father, these hands are clean !”

A strong and evident emotion shook the old man’s frame. He raised himself to his full height, which was still tall and commanding, and in a voice, the natural harshness of which was rendered yet more repellent by passion, replied, “Boy ! your presumption is insufferable. What to me is your wretched fate ? Go—go—go to your miserable mother ; find her out—claim kindred there ; live together, toil together, rot together ; but come not to me !—disgrace to my house—ask not admittance to my affections ; the law may give you my name, but sooner would I be torn piecemeal than own your right to it. If you want money, name

the sum, take it ; cut up my fortune to shreds—seize my property—revel on it—but come not *here*. This house is sacred ; pollute it not : I disown you ; I discard you ; I—ay, I detest—I loathe you !”

And with these words, which came forth as if heaved from the inmost heart of the speaker, who shook with the fury he endeavoured to stifle, he fell back into his chair, and fixed his eyes, which glared fearfully through the increasing darkness, upon Linden, who stood high, erect, and sorrowfully before him.

“Alas, my lord!” said Clarence, with mournful bitterness, “have not the years which have seared your form and whitened your locks brought some meekness to your rancour, some mercy to your injustice, for one whose only crime against you seems to have been his birth. But I said I came not to reproach—nor do I. Many a bitter hour, many a pang of shame, and mortification, and misery, which have made scars in my heart that will never wear away, my wrongs have cost me—but let them pass. Let them not swell your future and last account whenever it be required. I am about to leave this country, with a heavy and foreboding heart ; we may never meet again on earth. I have no longer any wish, any chance of resuming the name you have deprived me of. I shall never thrust myself on your relationship, or cross your view. Lavish your wealth upon him whom you have placed so immeasurably above me in your affections. But I have not deserved your curse, father ; give me your blessing, and let me depart in peace.”

“Peace! and what peace have I had?—what respite from gnawing shame, the foulness and leprosy of humiliation and reproach, since—since—? But this is not your fault, you say: no, no—it is another’s; and you are only the mark of my stigma, my disgrace, not its perpetrator. Ha! a nice distinction, truly. My blessing, you say! Come, kneel; kneel, boy, and have it!”

Clarence approached, and stood bending and bare-headed before his father, but he knelt not.

“Why do you not kneel?” cried the old man, vehemently.

“It is the attitude of the injurer, not of the injured!” said Clarence, firmly.

“Injured!—insolent reprobate—is it not I who am injured? Do you not read it in my brow—here, here?” and the old man struck his clenched hand violently against his temples. “Was I not injured?” he continued, sinking his voice into a key unnaturally low—“did I not trust implicitly?—did I not give up my heart without suspicion?—was I not duped deliciously?—was I not kind enough, blind enough, fool enough—and was I not betrayed—damnably, filthily betrayed? But that was *no* injury. Was not my old age turned, a sapless tree, a poisoned spring?—were not my days made a curse to me, and my nights a torture?—was I not, am I not, a mock, and a by-word, and a miserable, impotent, unavenged old man? Injured!—But this is no injury!—Boy, boy, what are your wrongs to mine?”

“Father!” cried Clarence, deprecatingly, “I am not

the cause of your wrongs : is it just that the innocent should suffer for the guilty ? ”

“ Speak not in that voice ! ” cried the old man—“ that voice !—fie, fie on it. Hence ! away !—away, boy !—why tarry you ?—My son, and have that voice ?—Pooh, you are *not* my son. Ha, ha !—*my* son ! ”

“ What am I, then ? ” said Clarence, soothingly ; for he was shocked and grieved, rather than irritated, by a wrath which partook so strongly of insanity.

“ I will tell you, ” cried the father—“ I will tell you what you are—you are my curse ! ”

“ Farewell, ” said Clarence, much agitated, and retiring to the window by which he had entered ; “ may your heart never smite you for your cruelty ! Farewell !—may the blessing you have withheld from me be with you ! ”

“ Stop !—stay ! ” cried the father ; for his fury was checked for one moment, and his nature, fierce as it was, relented : but Clarence was already gone, and the miserable old man was left alone to darkness, and solitude, and the passions which can make a hell of the human heart !

CHAPTER LIV.

Sed quæ præclara, et prospera tanti,
Ut rebus lætis par sit mensura malorum.*—JUVENAL.

WE are now transported to a father and a son of a very different stamp.

It was about the hour of one, P.M., when the door of Mr Vavasour Mordaunt's study was thrown open, and the servant announced Mr Brown.

“Your servant, sir—you servant, Mr Henry,” said the itinerant, bowing low to the two gentlemen thus addressed. The former, Mr Vavasour Mordaunt, might be about the same age as Linden's father. A shrewd, sensible, ambitious man of the world, he had made his way from the state of a younger brother, with no fortune and very little interest, to considerable wealth, besides the property he had acquired by law, and to a degree of consideration for general influence and personal ability, which, considering he had no official or parliamentary rank, very few of his equals enjoyed. Persevering, steady, crafty, and possessing to an eminent degree that happy art of “*canting*” which opens the

* But what excellence or prosperity so great that there should be an equal measure of evils for our joys

readiest way to character and consequence, the rise and reputation of Mr Vavasour Mordaunt appeared less to be wondered at than envied ; yet, even envy was only for those who could not look beyond the surface of things. He was at heart an anxious and unhappy man. The evil we do in the world is often paid back in the bosom of home. Mr Vavasour Mordaunt was, like Crauford, what might be termed a mistaken utilitarian : he had lived utterly and invariably for self ; but instead of uniting self-interest with the interest of others, he considered them as perfectly incompatible ends. But character was among the greatest of all objects to him ; so that, though he had rarely deviated into what might fairly be termed a virtue, he had never transgressed what might rigidly be called a propriety. He had not the aptitude, the wit, the moral audacity of Crauford : he could not have indulged in one offence with impunity, by a mingled courage and hypocrisy in veiling others—he was the slave of the forms which Crauford subjugated to himself. He was only so far resembling Crauford, as one man of the world resembles another in selfishness and dissimulation : he could be dishonest, not villanous, much less a villain upon system. He was a *canter*, Crauford a *hypocrite* : his uttered opinions were, like Crauford's, differing from his conduct ; but he *believed* the truth of the former even while sinning in the latter : he canted so sincerely, that the tears came in his eyes when he spoke. Never was there a man more exemplary in words : people who departed from him went away impressed with the idea of an ex-

cess of honour—a plethora of conscience. “It was almost a pity,” said they, “that Mr Vavasour was so romantic;” and thereupon they named him as executor to their wills and guardian to their sons. None but he could, in carrying the lawsuit against Mordaunt, have lost nothing in reputation by success. But there was something so specious, so ostensibly fair in his manner and words, while he was ruining Mordaunt, that it was impossible not to suppose he was actuated by the purest motives, the most holy desire for justice—not for himself, he said, for he was old, and already rich enough—but for his son! From that son came the punishment of all his offences—the black drop at the bottom of a bowl, seemingly so sparkling. To him as the father grew old, and desirous of quiet, Vavasour had transferred all his selfishness, as if to a securer and more durable firm. The child, when young, had been singularly handsome and intelligent; and Vavasour, as he toiled and toiled at his ingenious and graceful cheat-eries, pleased himself with anticipating the importance and advantages the heir to his labours would enjoy. For that son he certainly *had* persevered more arduously than otherwise he might have done in the lawsuit, of the justice of which he better satisfied the world than his own breast; for that son he rejoiced as he looked around the stately halls and noble domain from which the rightful possessor had been driven; for that son he extended economy into penuriousness, and hope into anxiety; and, too old to expect much more from the world himself, for that son he anticipated,

with a wearing and feverish fancy, whatever wealth could purchase, beauty win, or intellect command.

But as if, like the Castle of Otranto, there was something in Mordaunt Court which contained a penalty and a doom for the usurper, no sooner had Vavasour possessed himself of his kinsman's estate, than the prosperity of his life dried and withered away, like Jonah's gourd, in a single night. His son, at the age of thirteen, fell from a scaffold, on which the workmen were making some extensive alterations in the old house, and became a cripple and a valetudinarian for life. But still Vavasour, always of a sanguine temperament, cherished a hope that surgical assistance might restore him : from place to place, from professor to professor, from quack to quack, he carried the unhappy boy, and as each remedy failed, he was only the more impatient to devise a new one. But as it was the mind as well as person of his son in which the father had stored up his ambition ; so, in despite of this fearful accident, and the wretched health by which it was followed, Vavasour never suffered his son to rest from the tasks, and tuitions, and lectures of the various masters by whom he was surrounded. The poor boy, it is true, deprived of physical exertion, and naturally of a serious disposition, required very little urging to second his father's wishes for his mental improvement ; and as the tutors were all of the orthodox university calibre, who imagine that there is no knowledge (but vanity) in any other works than those in which their own education has consisted ; so Henry Vavasour became

at once the victor and victim of Bentleys and Scaligers, word-weighers and metre-scanners, till, utterly ignorant of everything which could have softened his temper, dignified his misfortunes, and reconciled him to his lot, he was sinking fast into the grave, soured by incessant pain into moroseness, envy, and bitterness ; exhausted by an unwholesome and useless application to unprofitable studies ; an excellent scholar (as it is termed), with the worst regulated and worst informed mind of almost any of his contemporaries equal to himself in the advantages of ability, original goodness of disposition, and the costly and profuse expenditure of education.

But the vain father, as he heard, on all sides, of his son's talents, saw nothing sinister in their direction ; and though the poor boy grew daily more contracted in mind and broken in frame, Vavasour yet hugged more and more closely to his breast the hope of ultimate cure for the latter, and future glory for the former. So he went on heaping money, and extending acres, and planting, and improving, and building, and hoping, and anticipating, for one at whose very feet the grave was already dug !

But we left Mr Brown in the study, making his bow and professions of service to Mr Vavasour Mordaunt and his son.

“Good-day, *honest* Brown,” said the former, a middle-sized and rather stout man, with a well-powdered head, and a sharp, shrewd, and very sallow countenance ; “good-day—have you brought any of the foreign *liqueurs* you spoke of, for Mr Henry ?”

“Yes, sir, I have some curiously fine *eau d’or* and *liqueur des îles*, besides the *marasquino* and *curaçoa*. The late lady Waddilove honoured my taste in these matters with her especial approbation.”

“My dear boy,” said Vavasour, turning to his son, who lay extended on the couch, reading, *not* the Prometheus (that most noble drama ever created), *but the notes upon it*—“my dear boy, as you are fond of *liqueurs*, I desired Brown to get some peculiarly fine; perhaps——”

“Pish!” said the son, fretfully interrupting him, “do, I beseech you, take your hand off my shoulder. See now, you have made me lose my place. I really do wish you would leave me alone for one moment in the day.”

“I beg your pardon, Henry,” said the father, looking reverently on the Greek characters which his son preferred to the newspaper. “It is very vexatious, I own; but do taste these *liqueurs*. Dr Lukewarm said you might have everything you liked——”

“But quiet!” muttered the cripple.

“I assure you, sir,” said the wandering merchant, “that they are excellent; allow me, Mr Vavasour Mordaunt, to ring for a corkscrew. I really do think, sir, that Mr Henry looks much better—I declare he has quite a colour.”

“No, indeed!” said Vavasour, eagerly. “Well, it seems to *me*, too, that he is getting better. I intend him to try Mr E——’s patent collar in a day or two; but that will in some measure prevent his reading. A

great pity : for I am very anxious that he should lose no time in his studies just at present. He goes to Cambridge in October.”

“Indeed, sir. Well, he will set the town in a blaze, I guess, sir! Everybody says what a fine scholar Mr Henry is—even in the servants’ hall!”

“Ay, ay,” said Vavasour, gratified even by this praise, “he is clever enough, Brown ; and, what is more” (and here Vavasour’s look grew sanctified), “he is good enough. His principles do equal honour to his head and heart. He would be no son of mine if he were not as much the gentleman as the scholar.”

The youth lifted his heavy and distorted face from his book, and a sneer raised his lip for a moment ; but a sudden spasm of pain seizing him, the expression changed, and Vavasour, whose eyes were fixed upon him, hastened to his assistance.

“Throw open the window, Brown ; ring the bell—call——”

“Pooh, father,” cried the boy, with a sharp, angry voice, “I am not going to die yet, nor faint either ; but it is all your fault. If you *will* have those odious, vulgar people here for *your own* pleasure, at least suffer me, another day, to retire.”

“My son, my son!” said the grieved father, in reproachful anger, “it was my anxiety to give you some trifling enjoyment that brought Brown here—you must be sensible of that!”

“You tease me to death,” grumbled the peevish unfortunate.

“Well, sir,” said Mr Brown, “shall I leave the bottles here? or do you please that I should give them to the butler? I see that I am displeasing and troublesome to Mr Henry; but as my worthy friend and patroness, the late Lady ——”

“Go—go—honest Brown!” said Vavasour (who desired every man’s good word)—“go, and give the *liqueurs* to Preston. Mr Henry is extremely sorry that he is too unwell to see you now; and I—I have the heart of a father for his sufferings.”

Mr Brown withdrew. “‘Odious and vulgar,’” said he to himself, in a little fury—for Mr Brown peculiarly valued himself on his gentility—“‘odious and vulgar!’ To think of his little *lordship* uttering such shameful words! However, I will go into the steward’s room, and abuse him there. But, I suppose, I shall get no dinner in this house—no, not so much as a crust of bread; for while the old gentleman is launching out into such prodigious expenses on a great scale—making heathenish temples, and spoiling the fine old house with his new picture gallery and nonsense—he is so close in small matters, that I warrant not a candle-end escapes him—gripping and pinching, and squeezing with one hand, and scattering money, as if it were dirt, with the other—and all for that cross, ugly, deformed, little whipper-snapper of a son. ‘Odious and vulgar,’ indeed! What shocking language! Mr Algernon Mordaunt would never have made use of such words, I know. And, bless me, now I think of it, I wonder

where that poor gentleman is—the young heir here is not long for this world, I can see ; and who knows but what Mr Algernon may be in great distress ; and I am sure, as far as four hundred pounds, or even a thousand, go, I would not mind lending it him, only upon the post-orbits of Squire Vavasour and his hopeful. I like doing a kind thing ; and Mr Algernon was always very good to me ; and I am sure I don't care about the security, though I think it will be as sure as sixpence ; for the old gentleman must be past sixty, and the young one is the worse life of the two. And when he's gone—what relation so near as Mr Algernon ? We should help one another—it is but one's duty : and if he is in great distress he would not mind a handsome premium. Well, nobody can say Morris Brown is not as charitable as the best Christian breathing ; and, as the late Lady Waddilove very justly observed, 'Brown, believe me, a prudent risk is the surest gain !' I will lose no time in finding the late squire out."

Muttering over these reflections, Mr Brown took his way to the steward's room.

CHAPTER LV.

Clar.—How, two letters?—*The Lover's Progress.*

LETTER FROM CLARENCE LINDEN, ESQ., TO THE
DUKE OF HAVERFIELD.

“Hotel ——, Calais.

“MY DEAR DUKE,—After your kind letter, you will forgive me for not having called upon you before I left England—for you have led me to hope that I may dispense with ceremony towards you ; and, in sad and sober earnest, I was in no mood to visit even you during the few days I was in London, previous to my departure. Some French philosopher has said that ‘the best compliment we can pay our friends, when in sickness or misfortune, is to avoid them.’ I will not say how far I disagree with this sentiment ; but I know that a French philosopher will be an unanswerable authority with you, and so I will take shelter even under the battery of an enemy.

“I am waiting here for some days, in expectation of Lord Aspeden’s arrival. Sick as I was of England, and all that has lately occurred to me there, I was

glad to have an opportunity of leaving it sooner than my chief could do ; and I amuse myself very indifferently in this dull town, with reading all the morning, plays all the evening, and dreams of my happier friends all the night.

“ And so you are sorry that I did not destroy Lord Borodaile ? My dear duke, you would have been much more sorry if I had ! What could you then have done for a living Pasquin for your stray lampoons and vagrant sarcasms ? Had an unfortunate bullet carried away

‘ That peer of England—pillar of the state,’

as you term him—pray, *on* whom could ‘ Duke Humphrey unfold his griefs ’ ?—Ah, duke, better as it is, believe me ; and whenever you are at a loss for a subject for wit, you will find cause to bless my forbearance, and congratulate yourself upon the existence of its object.

“ Dare I hope that, amidst all the gaities which court you, you will find time to write to me ? If so, you shall have in return the earliest intelligence of every new soprano, and the most elaborate criticisms on every budding figurante of our court.

“ Have you met Trollolop lately—and in what new pursuit are his intellectual energies engaged ? There, you see, I have fairly entrapped your Grace into a question, which common courtesy will oblige you to answer. — Adieu, ever, my dear duke, most truly yours, &c.”

LETTER FROM THE DUKE OF HAVERFIELD TO
CLARENCE LINDEN, ESQ.

“A thousand thanks, *mon cher*, for your letter, though it was certainly less amusing and animated than I could have wished it, for your sake as well as my own; yet it could not have been more welcomingly received had it been as witty as your conversation itself. I heard that you had accepted the place of secretary to Lord Aspeden, and that you had passed through London on your way to the Continent, looking (the amiable Callythorpe, ‘who never flatters,’ is my authority) more like a ghost than yourself. So you may be sure, my dear Linden, that I was very anxious to be convinced, under your own hand, of your carnal existence.

“Take care of yourself, my good fellow, and don’t imagine, as I am apt to do, that youth is like my hunter, Fearnought, and will carry you over everything. In return for your philosophical maxim, I will give you another: ‘In age we should remember that we *have been* young; and in youth, that we are *to be* old.’ Ehem!—am I not profound as a moralist? I think a few such sentences would become my long face well; and to say truth, I am tired of being witty—every one thinks he can be that—so I will borrow Trollop’s philosophy—take snuff, wear a wig out of curl, and grow wise instead of merry.

“Apropos of Trollop; let me not forget that you honour him with your inquiries. I saw him three

days since, and he asked me if I had been impressed lately with the idea vulgarly called Clarence Linden ; and he then proceeded to inform me that he had heard the atoms which composed your frame were about to be resolved into a new form. While I was knitting my brows very wisely at this intelligence, he passed on to apprise me that I had neither length, breadth, nor extension, nor anything but mind. Flattered by so delicate a compliment to my understanding, I yielded my assent ; and he then shifted his ground, and told me that there was no such thing as mind—that we were but modifications of matter—and that, in a word, I was all body. I took advantage of this doctrine, and forthwith removed my modification of matter from his.

“ Findlater has just lost his younger brother in a duel. You have no idea how shocking it was. Sir Christopher one day heard his brother, who had just entered the ——— dragoons, ridiculed for his want of spirit, by Major Elton, who professed to be the youth’s best friend ; the honest heart of our worthy baronet was shocked beyond measure at this perfidy, and the next time his brother mentioned Elton’s name with praise, out came the story. You may guess the rest : young Findlater called out Elton, who shot him through the lungs ! ‘ I did it for the best,’ cried Sir Christopher.

“ *La pauvre petite Meronville !*—What an Ariadne ! Just as I was thinking to play the Bacchus to your Theseus, up steps an old gentleman from Yorkshire,

who hears it is fashionable to marry *bonas robas*, proposes honourable matrimony, and deprives me and the world of La Meronville! The wedding took place on Monday last, and the happy pair set out to their seat in the North. Verily, we shall have quite a new race in the next generation—I expect all the babes will skip into the world with a *pas de zephyr*, singing in sweet trebles—

‘ Little dancing loves we are !
—Who the deuce is our papa ? ’

“ I think you will be surprised to hear that Lord Borodaile is beginning to thaw—I saw him smile the other day! Certainly we are not so near the North Pole as we were! He is going, and so am I, in the course of the autumn, to your old friends, the Westboroughs. Report says that he is *un peu épris de la belle Flore*; but then, Report is such a liar!—For my own part, I always contradict her.

“ I eagerly embrace your offer of correspondence, and assure you that there are few people by whose friendship I conceive myself so much honoured as by yours. You will believe this; for you know that, like Callythorpe, I never flatter. Farewell for the present.—Sincerely yours,
HAVERFIELD.”

CHAPTER LVI.

Q. Eliz.—Shall I be tempted of the devil thus?

K. Rich.—Ay, if the devil tempt thee to do good.

Q. Eliz.—Shall I forget myself to be myself?—SHAKESPEARE.

It wanted one hour to midnight, as Crauford walked slowly to the lonely and humble street where he had appointed his meeting with Glendower. It was a stormy and fearful night. The day had been uncommonly sultry, and as it died away, thick masses of cloud came labouring along the air, which lay heavy and breathless, as if under a spell—as if in those dense and haggard vapours the rider of the storm sat, like an incubus, upon the atmosphere beneath, and paralysed the motion and wholesomeness of the sleeping winds. And about the hour of twilight, or rather when twilight should have been, instead of its quiet star, from one obscure corner of the heavens flashed a solitary gleam of lightning, lingered a moment,

“And ere a man had power to say, Behold!
The jaws of darkness did devour it up.”

But then, as if awakened from a torpor by a signal universally acknowledged, from the courts and quarters of heaven came, blaze after blaze and peal upon peal,

the light and voices of the Elements when they walk abroad. The rain fell not: all was dry and arid: the mood of Nature seemed not gentle enough for tears: and the lightning, livid and forked, flashed from the sullen clouds with a deadly fierceness, made trebly perilous by the panting drought and stagnation of the air. The streets were empty and silent, as if the huge city had been doomed and delivered to the wrath of the tempest—and ever and anon the lightnings paused upon the housetops, shook and quivered as if meditating their stroke, and then, baffled, as it were, by some superior and guardian agency, vanished into their gloomy tents, and made their next descent from some opposite corner of the skies.

It was a remarkable instance of the force with which a cherished object occupies the thoughts, and of the all-sufficiency of the human mind to itself, the slowness and unconsciousness of danger with which Crauford, a man luxurious as well as naturally timid, moved amidst the angry fires of heaven, and brooded, undisturbed, and sullenly serene, over the project at his heart.

“A rare night for our meeting,” thought he; “I suppose he will not fail me. Now let me con over my task. I must not tell him all yet. Such babes must be led into error before they can walk—just a little inkling will suffice—a glimpse into the arcana of my scheme. Well, it is indeed fortunate that I met him, for verily I am surrounded with danger, and a very little delay in the assistance I am forced to seek, might exalt me to a higher elevation than the peerage.”

Such was the meditation of this man, as with a slow, shuffling walk, characteristic of his mind, he proceeded to the appointed spot.

A cessation of unusual length in the series of the lightnings, and the consequent darkness, against which the dull and scanty lamps vainly struggled, prevented Crauford and another figure, approaching from the opposite quarter, seeing each other till they almost touched.—Crauford stopped abruptly.

“Is it you?” said he.

“It is a man who has outlived fortune!” answered Glendower, in the exaggerated and metaphorical language which the thoughts of men who imagine warmly, and are excited powerfully, so often assume.

“Then,” rejoined Crauford, “you are the more suited for my purpose. A little urging of necessity behind is a marvellous whetter of the appetite to danger before.—He! he!” And as he said this, his low, chuckling laugh jarringly enough contrasted with the character of the night and his companion.

Glendower replied not: a pause ensued; and the lightning, which, spreading on a sudden from east to west, hung over the city a burning and ghastly canopy, showed the face of each to the other, working, and almost haggard, as it was, with the conception of dark thoughts, and rendered wan and unearthly by the spectral light in which it was beheld. “It is an awful night!” said Glendower.

“True,” answered Crauford—“a very awful night; but we are all safe under the care of Providence.—

Jesus ! what a flash !—Think you it is a favourable opportunity for our conversation ?”

“Why not ?” said Glendower ; “what have the thunders and wrath of Heaven to do with us ?”

“H—e—m ! h—e—m ! God sees all things,” rejoined Crauford, “and avenges himself on the guilty by his storms !”

“Ay ; but those are the storms of the heart ! I tell you that even the innocent may have that within, to which the loudest tempests without are peace ! But guilt, you say—what have *we* to do with guilt ?”

Crauford hesitated, and, avoiding any reply to this question, drew Glendower’s arm within his own, and, in a low half-whispered tone, said—

“Glendower, survey mankind ; look with a passionless and unprejudiced eye upon the scene which moves around us : what do you see anywhere but the same reacted and eternal law of nature—all, all preying upon each other ? Or if there be a solitary individual who refrains, he is as a man without a common badge, without a marriage garment, and the rest trample him under foot ! Glendower, *you* are such a man ! Now hearken, I will deceive you not ; I honour you too much to beguile you, even to your own good. I own to you, fairly and at once, that in the scheme I shall unfold to you, there may be something repugnant to the factitious and theoretical principles of education—something hostile to the prejudices, though not to the reasonings of the mind ; but——”

“Hold !” said Glendower abruptly, pausing and fix-

ing his bold and searching eye upon the tempter—"hold!—there will be no need of argument or refinement in this case: tell me at once your scheme, and at once I will accept or reject it!"

"Gently," answered Crauford: "to all deeds of contract there is a preamble. Listen to me yet farther: when I have ceased I will listen to you. It is in vain that you place man in cities—it is in vain that you fetter him with laws—it is in vain that you pour into his mind the light of an imperfect morality, of a glimmering wisdom, of an ineffectual religion: in all places he is the same—the same savage and crafty being, who makes the passions which rule himself the tools of his conquest over others! There is in all creation but one evident law—self-preservation! Split it as you like into hairbreadths and atoms, it is still fundamentally and essentially unaltered. Glendower, that self-preservation is our bond now. Of myself I do not at present speak—I refer only to you: self-preservation commands you to place implicit confidence in me; it impels you to abjure indigence, by accepting the proposal I am about to make to you."

"You, as yet, speak enigmas," said Glendower; "but they are sufficiently clear to tell me their sense is not such as I have heard you utter."

"You are right. Truth is not always safe—safe either to others, or to ourselves! But I dare open to you now my real heart: look in it—I dare to say that you will behold charity, benevolence, piety to God, love and friendship at this moment to yourself; but I

own, also, that you will behold there a determination—which, to me, seems courage—not to be the only idle being in the world, where all are busy; or, worse still, to be the only one engaged in a perilous and uncertain game, and yet shunning to employ all the arts of which he is master. I will own to you that, long since, had I been foolishly inert, I should have been, at this moment, more penniless and destitute than yourself. I live happy, respected, wealthy! I enjoy in their widest range the blessings of life. I dispense those blessings to others. Look round the world—whose name stands fairer than mine? whose hand relieves more of human distresses? whose tongue preaches purer doctrines? None, Glendower, none. I offer to you means not dissimilar to those I have chosen—fortunes not unequal to those I possess. Nothing but the most unjustifiable fastidiousness will make you hesitate to accept my offer.”

“You cannot expect that I have met you this night with a resolution to be unjustifiably fastidious,” said Glendower, with a hollow and cold smile.

Crauford did not immediately answer, for he was considering whether it was yet the time for disclosing the important secret. While he was deliberating, the sullen clouds began to break from their suspense. A double darkness gathered around, and a few large drops fell on the ground in token of a more general discharge about to follow from the floodgates of heaven. The two men moved onward, and took shelter under an old arch. Crauford first broke silence. “Hist!” said he—“hist!—do you hear anything?”

“Yes! I heard the winds and the rain, and the shaking houses, and the plashing pavements, and the reeking house-tops—nothing more.”

Looking long and anxiously around to certify himself that none was indeed the witness of their conference, Crauford approached close to Glendower, and laid his hand heavily upon his arm. At that moment a vivid and lengthened flash of lightning shot through the ruined arch, and gave to Crauford's countenance a lustre which Glendower almost startled to behold. The face, usually so smooth, calm, bright in complexion, and almost inexpressive from its extreme composure, now agitated by the excitement of the moment, and tinged by the ghastly light of the skies, became literally fearful. The cold blue eye glared out from its socket—the lips blanched, and, parting in act to speak, showed the white glistening teeth; and the corners of the mouth, drawn down in a half sneer, gave to the cheeks, rendered green and livid by the lightning, a lean and hollow appearance, contrary to their natural shape.

“It is,” said Crauford, in a whispered but distinct tone, “a perilous secret that I am about to disclose to you. I indeed have no concern in it, but my lords the judges have, and you will not therefore be surprised if I forestal the ceremonies of their court, and require an oath.”

Then, his manner and voice suddenly changing into an earnest and deep solemnity, as excitement gave him an eloquence more impressive, because unnatural to his ordinary moments, he continued: “By those lightnings

and commotions above—by the heavens in which they revel in their terrible sports—by the earth, whose towers they crumble, and herbs they blight, and creatures they blast into cinders at their will—by Him whom, whatever be the name He bears, all men in the living world worship and tremble before—by whatever is sacred in this great and mysterious universe, and at the peril of whatever can wither, and destroy, and curse—swear to preserve inviolable and for ever the secret I shall whisper to your ear !”

The profound darkness which now, in the pause of the lightning, wrapt the scene, hid from Crauford all sight of the effect he had produced, and even the very outline of Glendower’s figure : but the gloom made more distinct the voice which thrilled through it upon Crauford’s ear.

“ Promise me that there is not dishonour, nor crime, which is dishonour, in this confidence, and I swear.”

Crauford ground his teeth. He was about to reply impetuously, but he checked himself. “ I am not going,” thought he, “ to communicate my own share of this plot, but merely to state that a plot does exist, and then to point out in what manner he can profit by it—so far, therefore, there is no guilt in his concealment, and, consequently, no excuse for him to break his vow.”

Rapidly running over this self-argument, he said aloud—“ I promise !”

“ And,” rejoined Glendower, “ I swear !”

At the close of this sentence, another flash of light-

ning again made darkness visible, and Glendower, beholding the countenance of his companion, again recoiled; for its mingled haggardness and triumph seemed to his excited imagination the very expression of a fiend!—"Now," said Crauford, relapsing into his usual careless tone, somewhat enlivened by his sneer—"now, then, you must not interrupt me in my disclosure by those starts and exclamations, which break from your philosophy like sparks from flint. Hear me throughout."

And, bending down, till his mouth reached Glendower's ear, he commenced his recital. Artfully hiding his own agency, the masterspring of the gigantic machinery of fraud, which, too mighty for a single hand, required an assistant—throwing into obscurity the sin, while, knowing the undaunted courage and desperate fortunes of the man, he did not affect to conceal the danger—expatiating upon the advantages, the immense and almost inexhaustible resources of wealth which his scheme suddenly opened upon one in the deepest abyss of poverty, and slightly sketching, as if to excite vanity, the ingenuity and genius by which the scheme originated, and could only be sustained—Crauford's detail of temptation, in its knowledge of human nature, in its adaptation of act to principles, in its weblike craft of self-concealment, and the speciousness of its lure, was indeed a splendid masterpiece of villanous invention.

But while Glendower listened, and his silence flattered Crauford's belief of victory, not for one single moment did a weak or yielding desire creep around his

heart. Subtly as the scheme was varnished, and scarce a tithé of its comprehensive enormity unfolded, the strong and acute mind of one long accustomed to unravel sophistry and gaze on the loveliness of truth, saw at once that the scheme proposed was of the most unmingled treachery and baseness. Sick, chilled, withering at heart, Glendower leant against the damp wall; as every word which the tempter fondly imagined was irresistibly confirming his purpose, tore away the last prop to which, in the credulity of hope, the student had clung, and mocked while it crushed the fondness of his belief.

Crauford ceased, and stretched forth his hand to grasp Glendower's. He felt it not.—“You do not speak, my friend,” said he; “do you deliberate, or have you not decided?” Still no answer came. Surprised, and half alarmed, he turned round, and perceived by a momentary flash of lightning, that Glendower had risen, and was moving away towards the mouth of the arch.

“Good Heavens! Glendower,” cried Crauford, “where are you going?”

“Anywhere,” cried Glendower, in a sudden paroxysm of indignant passion—“anywhere in this great globe of suffering, so that the agonies of my human flesh and heart are not polluted by the accents of crime! And such crime!—Why, I would rather go forth into the highways, and win bread by the sharp knife and the death struggle, than sink my soul in such mire and filthiness of sin. Fraud—fraud—treachery! Merciful

Father ! what can be my state, when these are supposed to tempt me !”

Astonished and aghast, Crauford remained rooted to the spot.

“Oh !” continued Glendower, and his noble nature was wrung to the utmost—“Oh, MAN—MAN ! that I should have devoted my best and freshest years to the dream of serving thee ! In my boyish enthusiasm, in my brief day of pleasure and of power, in the intoxication of love, in the reverse of fortune, in the squalid and obscure chambers of degradation and poverty, that one hope animated, cheered, sustained me through all ! In temptation did this hand belie, or in sickness did this brain forego, or in misery did this heart forget, thy great and advancing cause ? In the wide world, is there one being whom I have injured, even in thought—one being who, in the fellowship of want, should not have drunk of my cup, or broken with me the last morsel of my bread !—and now—now, is it come to this !”

And, hiding his face with his hands, he gave way to a violence of feeling, before which the weaker nature of Crauford stood trembling and abashed. It lasted not long ; he raised his head from its drooping posture, and, as he stood at the entrance of the arch, a prolonged flash from the inconstant skies shone full upon his form. Tall, erect, still, the gloomy and ruined walls gave his colourless countenance and haughty stature in bold and distinct relief ; all trace of the past passion had vanished : perfectly calm and set, his features borrowed even dignity from their marble paleness, and the marks of

suffering, which the last few months had writ in legible characters on the cheek and brow. Seeking out, with an eye to which the intolerable lightnings seemed to have lent something of their fire, the cowering and bended form of his companion, he said—

“Go home, miserable derider of the virtue you cannot understand—go to your luxurious and costly home—go and repine that human nature is not measured by your mangled and crippled laws;—amidst men, yet more fallen than I am, hope to select your victim—amidst prisons, and hovels, and roofless sheds—amidst rags and destitution, and wretches made mad by hunger, hope that you may find a villain.—I leave you to that hope, and—to remembrance !”

As Glendower moved away, Crauford recovered himself. Rendered desperate by the vital necessity of procuring some speedy aid in his designs, and not yet perfectly persuaded of the fallacy of his former judgment, he was resolved not to suffer Glendower thus easily to depart. Smothering his feelings by an effort violent even to his habitual hypocrisy, he sprang forward and laid his hand upon Glendower's shoulder.

“Stay, stay,” said he, in a soothing and soft voice; “you have wronged me greatly. I pardon your warmth—nay, I honour it; but hereafter you will repent your judgment of me. At least, do justice to my intentions. Was I an actor in the scheme proposed to you?—what was it to me? Was I in the smallest degree to be benefited by it? Could I have any other motive than affection for you? If I erred, it was from a different

view of the question; but is it not the duty of a friend to find expedients for distress, and to leave to the distressed person the right of accepting or rejecting them? But let this drop for ever—partake of my fortune—be my adopted brother. Here, I have hundreds about me at this moment: take them all, and own at least that I meant you well.”

Feeling that Glendower, who at first had vainly endeavoured to shake off his hand, now turned towards him, though at the moment it was too dark to see his countenance, the wily speaker continued—“Yes, Glendower, if by that name I must alone address you, take all I have—there is no one in this world dearer to me than you are. I am a lonely and disappointed man, without children or ties. I sought out a friend who might be my brother in life, and my heir in death. I found you—be that to me!”

“I am faint and weak,” said Glendower, slowly, “and I believe my senses cannot be clear; but a minute since, and you spoke at length, and with a terrible distinctness, words which it polluted my very ear to catch, and *now* you speak as if you loved me. Will it please you to solve the riddle?”

“The truth is this,” said Crauford: “I knew your pride—I feared you would not accept a permanent pecuniary aid, even from friendship. I was driven, therefore, to devise some plan of independence for you. I could think of no plan but that which I proposed. You speak of it as wicked: it may be so; but it seemed not wicked to me. I may have formed a wrong

—I own it is a peculiar—system of morals ; but it is, at least, sincere. Judging of my proposal by that system, I saw no sin in it. I saw, too, much less danger than, in the honesty of my heart, I spoke of. In a similar distress, I solemnly swear, I myself would have adopted a similar relief. Nor is this all ; the plan proposed would have placed thousands in your power. Forgive me if I thought your life, and the lives of those most dear to you, of greater value than these sums to the persons defrauded—ay—defrauded, if you will : forgive me if I thought that with these thousands you would effect far more good to the community than their legitimate owners. Upon these grounds, and on some others, too tedious now to state, I justified my proposal to my conscience. Pardon me, I again beseech you : accept my last proposal ; be my partner, my friend, my heir ; and forget a scheme never proposed to you, if I had hoped (what I hope now) that you would accept the alternative, which it is my pride to offer, and which you are not justified, even by pride, to refuse.”

“Great Source of all knowledge !” ejaculated Glendower, scarce audibly, and to himself. “Supreme and unfathomable God !—dost thou most loathe or pity thine abased creatures, walking in their dim reason upon this little earth, and sanctioning fraud, treachery, crime, upon a principle borrowed from thy laws ! Oh ! when—when will thy full light of wisdom travel down to us, and guilt and sorrow, and this world’s evil mysteries, roll away like vapours before the blaze !”

“I do not hear you, my friend,” said Crauford. “Speak aloud; you will—I feel you will, accept my offer, and become my brother!”

“Away!” said Glendower. “I will not.”

“He wanders—his brain is touched!” muttered Crauford, and then resumed aloud—“Glendower, we are both unfit for talk at present—both unstrung by our late jar. You will meet me again to-morrow, perhaps. I will accompany you now to your door.”

“Not a step: our paths are different.”

“Well, well, if you will have it so, be it as you please. I have offended; you have a right to punish me, and play the churl to-night; but your address?”

“Yonder,” said Glendower, pointing to the heavens. “Come to me a month hence, and you will find me *there!*”

“Nay, nay, my friend, your brain is heated, but you leave me! Well, as I said, your will is mine—at least take some of these paltry notes in earnest of our bargain; remember when next we meet you will share all I have.”

“You remind me,” said Glendower, quietly, “that we have old debts to settle. When last I saw you, you lent me a certain sum—there it is—take it—count it—there is but one poor guinea gone. Fear not—even to the uttermost farthing you shall be repaid.”

“Why, why, this is unkind, ungenerous. Stay, stay——” but waving his hand impatiently, Glendower darted away, and passing into another street, the darkness effectually closed upon his steps.

“Fool, fool that I am,” cried Crauford, stamping vehemently on the ground—“in what point did my wit fail me, that I could not win one whom very hunger had driven into my net? But I must yet find him—and I will—the police shall be set to work: these half confidences may ruin me. And how deceitful he has proved—to talk more diffidently than a whining harlot upon virtue, and yet be so stubborn upon trial! Dastard that I am too, as well as fool—I felt sunk into the dust by his voice. But pooh, I must have him yet; your worst villains make the most noise about the first step. True, that I cannot storm, but I will undermine. But, wretch that I am, I must win him, or another, soon, or I perish on a gibbet—Out, base thought!”

CHAPTER LVII.

Formam quidem ipsam, Marce fili, et tanquam faciem honesti vides : quæ, si oculis cerneretur, mirabiles amores (ut ait Plato) excitaret sapientia.*
—TULL.

IT was almost dawn when Glendower returned to his home. Fearful of disturbing his wife, he stole with mute steps to the damp and rugged chamber, where the last son of a princely line, and the legitimate owner of lands and halls which ducal rank might have envied, held his miserable asylum. The first faint streaks of coming light broke through the shutterless and shattered windows, and he saw that *she* reclined in a deep sleep upon the chair beside their child's couch. She would not go to bed herself till Glendower returned, and she had sat up, watching and praying, and listening for his footsteps, till, in the utter exhaustion of debility and sickness, sleep had fallen upon her. Glendower bent over her.

“Sleep,” said he—“sleep on! The wicked do not come to thee now. Thou art in a world that has no fellowship with this—a world from which even hap-

* Son Marcus, you see the form and as it were the face of Virtue—that Wisdom, which, if it could be perceived by the eyes, would (as Plato saith) kindle absolute and marvellous affection.

piness is not banished ! Nor woe, nor pain, nor memory of the past, nor despair of all before thee, make the characters of thy present state ! Thou forestallest the forgetfulness of the grave, and thy heart concentrates all earth's comfort in one word — 'Oblivion.' Beautiful, *how* beautiful thou art even yet!—that smile, that momentary blush, years have not conquered *them*. They are as when, my young bride, thou didst lean first upon my bosom, and dream that sorrow was no more ! And I have brought thee unto this. These green walls make thy bridal chamber—yon fragments of bread thy bridal board. Well ! it is no matter ! thou art on thy way to a land where all things, even a breaking heart, are at rest. I weep not ; wherefore should I weep ! Tears are not for the dead, but their survivors. I would rather see thee drop inch by inch into the grave, and smile as I beheld it, than save thee for an inheritance of sin. What is there in this little and sordid life that we should strive to hold it ? What in this dreadful dream that we should fear to wake ?”

And Glendower knelt beside his wife, and, despite his words, tears flowed fast and gushingly down his cheeks ; and wearied as he was, he watched upon her slumbers, till they fell from the eyes to which his presence was more joyous than the day.

It was a beautiful thing, even in sorrow, to see that couple, whom want could not debase, nor misfortune, which makes even generosity selfish, divorce ! All that Fate had stripped from the poetry and graces of life, had not shaken one leaf from the romance of their

green and unwithered affections ! They were the very type of love in its holiest and most enduring shape : their hearts had grown together—their being had flowed through caves and deserts, and reflected the storms of an angry Heaven ; but its waters had indissolubly mingled into one ! Young, gifted, noble, and devoted, they were worthy victims of this blighting and bitter world ! Their garden was turned into a wilderness ; but, like our first parents, it was hand in hand that they took their solitary way ! Evil beset them, but they swerved not ; the rains and the winds fell upon their unsheltered heads, but they were not bowed ; and through the mazes and briers of this weary life, their bleeding footsteps strayed not, *for they had a clue !* The mind seemed, as it were, to become visible and *external* as the frame decayed, and to cover the body with something of its own invulnerable power ; so that whatever should have attacked the mortal and frail part, fell upon that which, imperishable and divine, resisted and subdued it !

It was unfortunate for Glendower that he never again met Wolfe ; for neither fanaticism of political faith, nor sternness of natural temper, subdued in the republican the real benevolence and generosity which redeemed and elevated his character : nor could any impulse of party-zeal have induced him, like Crauford, systematically to take advantage of poverty in order to tempt to participation in his schemes. From a more evil companion Glendower had not yet escaped : Crauford, by some means or other, found out his abode, and lost no time in availing

himself of the discovery. In order fully to comprehend his unwearied persecution of Glendower, it must constantly be remembered, that to this persecution he was bound by a necessity which, urgent, dark, and implicating life itself, rendered him callous to every obstacle, and unsusceptible of all remorse. With the exquisite tact which he possessed, he never openly recurred to his former proposal of fraud : he contented himself with endeavouring to persuade Glendower to accept pecuniary assistance ; but in vain. The veil once torn from his character, no craft could restore. Through all his pretences, and sevenfold hypocrisy, Glendower penetrated at once into his real motives : he was not to be duped by assurances of friendship which he knew the very dissimilarities between their natures rendered impossible. He had seen at the first, despite of all allegations to the contrary, that in the fraud Crauford had proposed, that person could by no means be an uninfluenced and cold adviser. In after conversations, Crauford, driven, by the awful interest he had in success, from his usual consummateness of duplicity, betrayed in various important minutiae how deeply he was implicated in the crime for which he had argued ; and not even the visible and progressive decay of his wife and child could force the stern mind of Glendower into accepting those wages of iniquity which he knew well were only offered as an earnest or a snare.

There is a royalty in extreme suffering, when the mind falls not with the fortunes, which no hardihood of vice can violate unabashed. Often and often,

humbled and defeated, through all his dissimulation, was Crauford driven from the presence of the man whom it was his bitterest punishment to fear most when most he affected to despise ; and *as* often, recollecting his powers, and fortifying himself in his experience of human frailty when sufficiently tried, did he return to his attempts. He waylaid the door and watched the paths of his intended prey. He knew that the mind which even best repels temptation first urged, hath seldom power to resist the same suggestion, if daily,—dropping,—unwearying,—presenting itself in every form,—obtruded in every hour,—losing its horror by custom,—and finding in the rebellious bosom itself its smoothest vizard and most alluring excuse. And it was, indeed, a mighty and perilous trial to Glendower, when rushing from the presence of his wife and child—when fainting under accumulated evils—when almost delirious with sickening and heated thought, to hear at each prompting of the wrung and excited nature, each heave of the black fountain that in no mortal breast is utterly exhausted, one smooth, soft, persuasive voice for ever whispering, “Relief!”—relief, certain, utter, instantaneous!—the voice of one pledged never to relax an effort or spare a pang, by a danger to himself, a danger of shame and death—the voice of one who never spoke but in friendship and compassion, profound in craft, and a very sage in the disguises with which language invests deeds,

But VIRTUE has resources buried in itself, which we know not, till the invading hour calls them from their

retreats. Surrounded by hosts without, and when Nature itself, turned traitor, is its most deadly enemy within; it assumes a new and a superhuman power, which is greater than Nature itself. Whatever be its creed—whatever be its sect—from whatever segment of the globe its orisons arise, Virtue is God's empire, and from His throne of thrones He will defend it. Though cast into the distant earth, and struggling on the dim arena of a human heart, all things above are spectators of its conflict, or enlisted in its cause. The angels have their charge over it—the banners of arch-angels are on its side; and from sphere to sphere, through the illimitable ether, and round the impenetrable darkness at the feet of God, its triumph is hymned by harps, which are strung to the glories of the Creator!

One evening, when Crauford had joined Glendower in his solitary wanderings, the dissembler renewed his attacks.

“But why not,” said he, “accept from my friendship what to my benevolence you would deny? I couple with my offers, my prayers rather, no conditions. How then *do* you, *can* you, reconcile it to your conscience, to suffer your wife and child to perish before your eyes?”

“Man—man,” said Glendower, “tempt me no more—let them die! At present the worst is death—what you offer me is dishonour.”

“Heavens!—how uncharitable is this! Can you call the mere act of accepting money from one who loves you, dishonour?”

“It is in vain that you varnish your designs,” said Glendower, stopping and fixing his eyes upon him. “Do you not think that cunning ever betrays itself? In a thousand words—in a thousand looks, which have escaped *you*, but not *me*, I know that, if there be one being on this earth whom you hate, and would injure, that being is myself. Nay, start not—listen to me patiently. I have sworn that it is the last opportunity you shall have. I will not subject myself to further temptation: I am now sane; but there are things which may drive me mad, and in madness you might conquer. You hate me: it is out of the nature of earthly things that you should not. But even were it otherwise, do you think that I could believe you would come from your voluptuous home to these miserable retreats; that, among the lairs of beggary and theft, you would lie in wait to allure me to forsake poverty, without a stronger motive than love for one who affects it not for you? I know you—I have read your heart—I have penetrated into that stronger motive—it is your own safety. In the system of atrocity you proposed to me, you are the principal. You have already bared to me enough of the extent to which that system reaches, to convince me that a single miscreant, however ingenious, cannot, unassisted, support it with impunity. You want help: I am he in whom you have dared to believe that you could find it. You are detected—now be undeceived!”

“Is it so?” said Crauford: and as he saw that it was no longer possible to feign, the poison of his heart

broke forth in its full venom. The fiend rose from the reptile, and stood exposed in its natural shape. Returning Glendower's stern but lofty gaze with an eye to which all evil passions lent their unholy fire, he repeated, "Is it so?—then you are more penetrating than I thought; but it is indifferent to me. It was for your sake, not mine, most righteous man, that I wished you might have a disguise to satisfy the modesty of your punctilios. It is all one to Richard Crauford whether you go blindfold or with open eyes into his snare. Go you must, and *shall*. Ay, frowns will not awe me. You have desired the truth; you shall have it. You are right, I hate you—hate you with a soul whose force of hatred you cannot dream of. Your pride, your stubbornness, your coldness of heart, which things that would stir the blood of beggars cannot warm—your icy and passionless virtue—I hate—I hate all! You are right also, most wise inquisitor, in supposing that in the scheme proposed to you, I am the principal—I am! You were to be the tool, and *shall*. I have offered you mild inducements—please to soothe the technicalities of your conscience—you have rejected them—be it so. Now choose between my first offer and the gibbet. Ay, the gibbet! That night on which we made the appointment, which shall not yet be in vain—on that night you stopped me in the street—you demanded money—you robbed me—I will swear—I will prove it. Now then tremble, man of morality—dupe of your own strength—you are in my power—tremble! Yet in *my* safety is your escape—I am

generous. I repeat my original offer—wealth, as great as you will demand, or—the gibbet—the gibbet—do I speak loud enough?—do you hear?”

“Poor fool!” said Glendower, laughing scornfully, and moving away. But when Crauford, partly in mockery, partly in menace, placed his hand upon Glendower’s shoulder, as if to stop him, the touch seemed to change his mood from scorn to fury—turning abruptly round, he seized the villain’s throat with a giant’s strength, and cried out, while his whole countenance worked beneath the tempestuous wrath within, “What if I squeeze out thy poisonous life from thee this moment!”—and then once more bursting into a withering laughter, as he surveyed the terror which he had excited, he added, “No, no; thou art too vile!”—and, dashing the hypocrite against the wall of a neighbouring house, he strode away.

Recovering himself slowly, and trembling with rage and fear, Crauford gazed round, expecting yet to find he had sported too far with the passions he had sought to control. When, however, he had fully satisfied himself that Glendower was gone, all his wrathful and angry feelings returned with redoubled force. But their most biting torture was the consciousness of their impotence. For after the first paroxysm of rage had subsided, he saw, too clearly, that his threat could not be executed without incurring the most imminent danger of discovery. High as his character stood, it was possible that no charge against him might excite suspicion; but a word might cause inquiry—and inquiry.

would be ruin. Forced, therefore, to stomach his failure, his indignation, his shame, his hatred, and his vengeance, his own heart became a punishment almost adequate to his vices.

“But my foe will die,” said he, clenching his fist so firmly that the nails almost brought blood from the palm; “he will starve, famish; and see them—his wife, his child—perish first! I shall have my triumph, though I shall not witness it!—But now, away to my villa: there, at least, will be some one whom I can mock, and beat, and trample, if I will! *Would—would—would that I were that very man, destitute as he is!* His neck, at least, is safe: if he dies, it will not be upon the gallows, nor among the hootings of the mob! O, horror! horror! What are my villa, my wine, my women, with that black thought, ever following me like a shadow?—Who—who, while an avalanche is sailing over him, who would sit down to feast?”

Leaving this man to shun or be overtaken by Fate, we return to Glendower. It is needless to say that Crauford visited him no more; and, indeed, shortly afterwards Glendower again changed his home. But every day and every hour brought new strength to the disease which was creeping and burning through the veins of the devoted wife; and Glendower, who saw on earth nothing before them but a jail, from which as yet they had been miraculously delivered, repined not as he beheld her approach to a gentler and benigner home. Often he sat, as she was bending over their

child, and gazed upon her cheek with an insane and fearful joy at the characters which consumption had there engraved ; but when she turned towards him her fond eyes (those deep wells of love, in which truth lay hid, and which neither languor nor disease could exhaust), the unnatural hardness of his heart melted away, and he would rush from the house, to give vent to an agony against which fortitude and manhood were in vain !

There was no hope for their distress. His wife had, unknown to Glendower (for she dreaded his pride), written several times to a relation, who though distant was still the nearest in blood which fate had spared her, but ineffectually ; the scions of a large and illegitimate family, which surrounded him, utterly prevented the success, and generally interrupted the application, of any claimant on his riches but themselves. Glendower, whose temper had ever kept him aloof from all but the commonest acquaintances, knew no human being to apply to. Utterly unable to avail himself of the mine which his knowledge and talents should have proved —sick, and despondent at heart, and debarred by the loftiness of honour, or rather principle that nothing could quell, from any unlawful means of earning bread, which to most minds would have been rendered excusable by the urgency of nature, Glendower marked the days drag on in dull and protracted despair, and envied every corpse that he saw borne to the asylum in which all earth's hopes seemed centred and confined !

CHAPTER LVIII.

For ours was not like earthly love.
And must this parting be our very last?
No! I shall love thee still when death itself is past.

Hushed were his Gertrude's lips! but still their bland
And beautiful expression seemed to melt
With love that could not die! and still his hand
She presses to the heart, no more that felt.
Ah, heart! where once each fond affection dwelt.—CAMPBELL.

“I WONDER,” said Mr Brown to himself, as he spurred his shaggy pony to a speed very unusual to the steady habits of either party—“I wonder where I shall find him. I would not for the late Lady Waddilove's best diamond cross have anybody forestall me in the news. To think of my young master dying so soon after my last visit, or rather my last visit but one—and to think of the old gentleman taking on so, and raving about his injustice to the rightful possessor, and saying that he is justly punished, and asking me so eagerly if I could discover the retreat of the late squire, and believing me so implicitly when I undertook to do it, and giving me this letter!” And here Mr Brown wistfully examined an epistle sealed with black wax, peeping into the corners, which irritated rather than satisfied his curiosity—“I wonder what the old gentleman says in

it—I suppose he will, of course, give up the estate and house. Let me see—that long picture gallery, just built, will at all events want furnishing. That would be a famous opportunity to get rid of the Indian jars, and the sofas, and the great Turkey carpet. How lucky that I should just have come in time to get the letter. But let me consider how I shall find out?—an advertisement in the paper? Ah! that’s the plan. ‘Algernon Mordaunt, Esq. : something greatly to his advantage—apply to Mr Brown, &c.’ Ah! that will do well, very well. ‘The Turkey carpet won’t be quite long enough. I wish I had discovered Mr Mordaunt’s address before, and lent him some money during the young gentleman’s life ; it would have seemed more generous. However, I can offer it now, before I show the letter. Bless me, it’s getting dark. Come, Dobbin, ye-up!’ Such were the meditations of the faithful friend of the late Lady Waddilove, as he hastened to London, charged with the task of discovering Mordaunt, and with the delivery of the following epistle :—

“ You are now, sir, the heir to that property which, some years ago, passed from your hands into mine. My son, for whom alone wealth, or, I may say life, was valuable to me, is no more. I only, an old, childless man, stand between you and the estates of Mordaunt. Do not wait for my death to enjoy them. I cannot live here, where everything reminds me of my great and irreparable loss. I shall remove next month into another home. Consider this, then, as once more

yours. The house, I believe, you will find not disimproved by my alterations ; the mortgages on the estate have been paid off ; the former rental you will perhaps allow my steward to account to *you* for, and after my death the present one will be yours. I am informed that you are a proud man, and not likely to receive favours. Be it so, sir !—it is no favour you will receive, but justice—there are circumstances connected with my treaty with your father, which have of late vexed my conscience—and conscience, sir, must be satisfied at any loss. But we shall meet, perhaps, and talk over the past ; at present I will not enlarge on it. If you have suffered by me, I am sufficiently punished, and my only hope is to repair your losses.—I am, &c.

“ H. VAVASOUR MORDAUNT.”

Such was the letter, so important to Mordaunt, with which our worthy friend was charged. Bowed to the dust as Vavasour was by the loss of his son, and open to conscience as affliction had made him, he had lived too long for effect, not to be susceptible to its influence, even to the last. Amidst all his grief, and it was intense, there were some whispers of self-exaltation, at the thought of the *éclat* which his generosity and abdication would excite ; and, with true worldly morality, the hoped-for plaudits of others gave a triumph, rather than humiliation, to his reconciliation with himself.

To say truth, there were indeed circumstances connected with his treaty with Mordaunt's father, calculated to vex his conscience. He knew that he had not only

taken great advantage of Mr Mordaunt's distress, but that, at his instigation, a paper which could for ever have prevented Mr Mordaunt's sale of the property, had been destroyed. These circumstances, during the life of his son, he had endeavoured to forget or to palliate. But grief is rarely deaf to remorse; and at the death of that idolised son, the voice at his heart grew imperious, and he lost the power, in losing the motive, of reasoning it away.

Mr Brown's advertisement was unanswered; and, with the zeal and patience of the Christian proselyte's tribe and calling, the good man commenced, in person, a most elaborate and painstaking research. For a long time, his endeavours were so ineffectual, that Mr Brown, in despair, disposed of the two Indian jars for half their value, and heaved a despondent sigh, whenever he saw the great Turkey carpet rolled up in his warehouse with as much obstinacy as if it never meant to unroll itself again.

At last, however, by dint of indefatigable and minute investigation, he ascertained that the object of his search had resided in London, under a feigned name; from lodging to lodging, and corner to corner, he tracked him, till at length he made himself master of Mordaunt's present retreat. A joyful look did Mr Brown cast at the great Turkey carpet, as he passed by it, on his way to his street-door, on the morning of his intended visit to Mordaunt. "It is a fine thing to have a good heart," said he, in the true style of Sir Christopher Findlater, and he again eyed the Turkey carpet. "I

really feel quite happy at the thought of the pleasure I shall give !”

After a walk through as many obscure and filthy *wynds*, and lanes, and alleys, and courts, as ever were threaded by some humble fugitive from justice, the patient Morris came to a sort of court situated among the miserable hovels in the vicinity of the Tower. He paused, wonderingly, at a dwelling, in which every window was broken, and where the tiles, torn from the roof, lay scattered in forlorn confusion beside the door : where the dingy bricks looked crumbling away from very age and rottenness, and the fabric, which was of great antiquity, seemed so rocking and infirm, that the eye looked upon its distorted and overhanging position with a sensation of pain and dread ; where the very rats had deserted their loathsome cells, from the insecurity of their tenure, and the ragged mothers of the abject neighbourhood forbade their brawling children to wander under the threatening walls, lest they should keep the promise of their mouldering aspect, and, falling, bare to the obstructed and sickly day the secrets of their prison-house. Girt with the foul and reeking lairs of that extreme destitution which necessity urges irresistibly into guilt, and excluded by filthy alleys, and an eternal atmosphere of smoke and rank vapour, from the blessed sun and the pure air of heaven, the miserable mansion seemed set apart for every disease to couch within—too perilous even for the hunted criminal—too dreary even for the beggar to prefer it to the bare hedge, or the inhospitable porch beneath whose mockery

of shelter the frosts of winter had so often numbed him into sleep.

Thrice did the heavy and silver-headed cane of Mr Brown resound upon the door, over which was a curious carving of a lion dormant, and a date, of which only the two numbers 15 were discernible. Roused by a note so unusual, and an apparition so unwontedly smug as the worthy Morris, a whole legion of dingy and smoke-dried brats came trooping from the surrounding huts, and with many an elvish cry, and strange oath, and cabalistic word, which thrilled the respectable marrow of Mr Brown, they collected in a gaping and, to his alarmed eye, a menacing group, as near to the house as their fears and parents would permit them.

“It is very dangerous,” thought Mr Brown, looking shiveringly up at the hanging and tottering roof, “and very appalling,” as he turned to the ragged crowd of infant reprobates which began with every moment to increase. At last he summoned courage, and inquired, in a tone half soothing and half dignified, if they could inform him how to obtain admittance, or how to arouse the inhabitants.

An old crone, leaning out of an opposite window, with matted hair hanging over a begrimed and shrivelled countenance, made answer. “No one,” she said, in her peculiar dialect, which the worthy man scarcely comprehended, “lived there, or had done so for years;” but Brown knew better: and while he was asserting the fact, a girl put her head out of another hovel, and said that she had sometimes seen at the dusk of the

evening, a man leave the house, but whether any one else lived in it, she could not tell. Again Mr Brown sounded an alarm, but no answer came forth, and in great fear and trembling, he applied violent hands to the door ; it required but little force ; it gave way ; he entered ; and, jealous of the entrance of the mob without, reclosed and barred, as well as he was able, the shattered door. The house was *unnaturally* large for the neighbourhood, and Brown was in doubt whether first to ascend a broken and perilous staircase, or search the rooms below : he decided on the latter ; he found no one, and with a misgiving heart, which nothing but the recollection of the great Turkey carpet could have inspired, he ascended the quaking steps. All was silent. But a door was unclosed. He entered, and saw the object of his search before him.

Over a pallet bent a form on which, though youth seemed withered, and even pride broken, the unconquerable soul left somewhat of grace and of glory, that sustained the beholder's remembrance of better days—a child in its first infancy knelt on the nearer side of the bed, with clasped hands, and vacant eyes that turned towards the intruder, with a listless and lacklustre gaze. But Glendower, or rather Mordaunt, as he bent over the pallet, spoke not, moved not ; his eyes were riveted on one object ; his heart seemed turned into stone, and his veins curdled into ice. Awed and chilled by the breathing desolation of the spot, Brown approached and spoke, he scarcely knew what. "You are," he concluded his address, "the master of Mor-

daunt Court ;” and he placed the letter in the hands of the person he thus greeted.

“Awake, hear me !” cried Algernon to Isabel, as she lay extended on the couch ; and the messenger of glad tidings, for the first time seeing her countenance, shuddered, and knew that he was in the chamber of death.

“Awake, my own, own love ! Happy days are in store for us yet : our misery is past ; you will live, live to bless me in riches, as you have done in want.”

Isabel raised her eyes to his, and a smile, sweet, comforting, and full of love, passed the lips which were about to close for ever. “Thank Heaven,” she murmured, “for your dear sake. It is pleasant to die now, and *thus !*” and she placed the hand that was clasped in her relaxing and wan fingers, within the bosom which had been, for anguished and hopeless years, his asylum and refuge, and which now, when fortune changed, as if it had only breathed in comfort to his afflictions, was for the first time, and for ever, to be cold—cold even to him !

“You will live—you will live,” cried Mordaunt, in wild and incredulous despair—“in mercy live ! You, who have been my angel of hope, do not—O God, O God ! do not desert me now !”

But that faithful and loving heart was already deaf to his voice, and the film grew darkening and rapidly over the eye, which still, with undying fondness, sought him out through the shade and agony of death. Sense and consciousness were gone, and dim and confused

images whirled round her soul, struggling a little moment before they sank into the depth and silence where the past lies buried. But still mindful of *him*, and grasping, as it were, at his remembrance, she clasped, closer and closer, the icy hand which she held, to her breast. "Your hand is cold, dearest—it is cold," said she, faintly, "but I will warm it *here!*"—And so her spirit passed away, and Mordaunt felt afterwards, in a lone and surviving pilgrimage, that her last thought had been kindness to him, and her last act had spoken forgetfulness even of death, in the tenderness of love !

CHAPTER LIX.

Change and time take together their flight.—*Golden Violet.*

ONE evening in autumn, about three years after the date of our last chapter, a stranger on horseback, in deep mourning, dismounted at the door of "the Golden Fleece," in the memorable town of W——. He walked into the tap-room and asked for a private apartment and accommodation for the night. The landlady, grown considerably plumper than when we first made her acquaintance, just lifted up her eyes to the stranger's face, and summoning a short stout man (formerly the waiter, now the second helpmate of the comely hostess), desired him, in a tone which partook somewhat more of the authority indicative of their former relative situations than of the obedience which should have characterised their present, to "show the gentleman to the Griffin, No. Four."

The stranger smiled as the sound greeted his ears, and he followed not so much the host as the hostess's spouse into the apartment thus designated. A young lady, who some eight years ago little thought that she should still be in a state of single blessedness, and who always honoured with an attentive eye the stray tra-

vellers who, from their youth, loneliness, or that inflexible air which usually designates the unmarried man, might be in the same solitary state of life, turned to the landlady, and said—

“Mother, did you observe what a handsome gentleman that was?”

“No,” replied the landlady; “I only observed that he brought no servant.”

“I wonder,” said the daughter, “if he is in the army? he has a military air!”

“I suppose he has dined,” muttered the landlady to herself, looking towards the larder.

“Have you seen Squire Mordaunt within a short period of time?” asked, somewhat abruptly, a little thick-set man, who was enjoying his pipe and negus in a sociable way at the window-seat. The characteristics of this personage were, a spruce wig, a bottle nose, an elevated eyebrow, a snuff-coloured skin and coat, and an air of that consequential self-respect which distinguishes the philosopher who agrees with the French sage, and sees “no reason in the world why a man should not esteem himself.”

“No, indeed, Mr Bossolton,” returned the landlady; “but I suppose that, as he is now in the Parliament House, he will live less retired. It is a pity that the inside of that noble old hall of his should not be more seen—and after all the old gentleman’s improvements, too! They say that the estate now, since the mortgages were paid off, is above ten thousand pounds a-year, clear!”

“And if I am not induced into an error,” rejoined Mr Bossolton, refilling his pipe, “old Vavasour left a great sum of ready money besides, which must have been in aid, and an assistance, and an advantage, mark me, Mistress Merrylack, to the owner of Mordaunt Hall, that has escaped the calculation of your faculty, —and the—and the—faculty of your calculation !”

“You mistake, Mr Boss,” as, in the friendliness of diminutives, Mrs Merrylack sometimes styled the grandiloquent practitioner—“you mistake : the old gentleman left all his ready money in two bequests—the one to the College of ——, in the university of Cambridge, and the other to an hospital in London. I remember the very words of the will—they ran thus, Mr Boss :— ‘And whereas my beloved son, had he lived, would have been a member of the College of ——, in the university of Cambridge, which he would have adorned by his genius, learning, youthful virtue, and the various qualities which did equal honour to his head and heart, and would have rendered him alike distinguished as the scholar and the Christian—I do devise and bequeath the sum of thirty-seven thousand pounds sterling, now in the English funds,’ &c. &c. ; and then follows the manner in which he will have his charity vested and bestowed, and all about the prize which shall be for ever designated and termed ‘The Vavasour Prize,’ and what shall be the words of the Latin speech which shall be spoken when the said prize shall be delivered, and a great deal more to that effect : so, then, he passes to the other legacy, of exactly the same sum, to

the hospital, usually called and styled ——, in the city of London, and says, ‘And whereas we are assured by the Holy Scriptures, which, in these days of blasphemy and sedition, it becomes every true Briton and member of the Established Church to support, that “charity doth cover a multitude of sins”—so I do give and devise,’ &c. &c., ‘to be for ever termed in the deeds,’ &c. &c., ‘of the said hospital, “The Vavasour Charity;” and always provided that, on the anniversary of the day of my death, a sermon shall be preached in the chapel attached to the said hospital, by a clergyman of the Established Church, on any text appropriate to the day and deed so commemorated.’—But the conclusion is most beautiful, Mr Bossolton:—‘And now having discharged my duties, to the best of my humble ability, to my God, my king, and my country, and dying in the full belief of the Protestant Church, as by law established, I do set my hand and seal,’ &c. &c.”

“A very pleasing, and charitable, and devout, and virtuous testament or will, Mistress Merrylack,” said Mr Bossolton; “and in a time when anarchy with gigantic strides does devastate, and devour, and harm the good old customs of our ancestors and forefathers, and tramples with its poisonous breath the Magna Charta, and the glorious Revolution, it is beautiful—ay, and sweet—mark you, Mrs Merrylack, to behold a gentleman of the aristocratic classes, or grades, supporting the institutions of his country with such remarkable energy of sentiments, and with—and with—Mistress Merrylack—with sentiments of such remarkable energy.”

“Pray,” said the daughter, adjusting her ringlets by a little glass which hung over the tap, “how long has Mr Mordaunt’s lady been dead?”

“Oh! she died just before the squire came to the property,” quoth the mother. “Poor thing—she was so pretty. I am sure I cried for a whole hour when I heard it! I think it was three years last month, when it happened. Old Mr Vavasour died about two months afterwards.”

“The afflicted husband” (said Mr Bossolton, who was the victim of a most fiery Mrs Boss at home) “went into foreign lands or parts, or, as it is vulgarly termed, the Continent, immediately after an event or occurrence so fatal to the cup of his prosperity and the sunshine of his enjoyment—did he not, Mrs Merrylack?”

“He did. And you know, Mr Boss, he only returned about six months ago.”

“And of what borough, or burgh, or town, or city, is he the member and representative?” asked Mr Jeremiah Bossolton, putting another lump of sugar into his negus. “I have heard, it is true, but my memory is short; and in the multitude and multifariousness of my professional engagements, I am often led into a forgetfulness of matters less important in their variety, and less—less various in their importance.”

“Why,” answered Mrs Merrylack, “somehow or other, I quite forget, too; but it is some distant borough. The gentleman wanted him to stand for the county, but he would not hear of it; perhaps he did not like the publicity of the thing, for he is mighty reserved.”

“Proud, haughty, arrogant, and assumptious!” said Mr Bossolton, with a puff of unusual length.

“Nay, nay,” said the daughter (young people are always the first to defend), “I’m sure he’s not proud—he does a mort of good, and has the sweetest smile possible! I wonder if he’ll marry again! He is very young yet, not above two or three and thirty.” (The kind damsel would not have thought two or three and thirty *very* young some years ago; but we grow wonderfully indulgent to the age of other people as we grow older ourselves!)

“And what an eye he has!” said the landlady. “Well, for my part—but, bless me. Here, John—John—John—waiter—husband, I mean—here’s a carriage and four at the door. Lizzy, dear, is my cap right?”

And mother, daughter, and husband, all flocked, charged with simper, courtesy, and bow, to receive their expected guests. With a disappointment which we who keep not inns can but very imperfectly conceive, the trio beheld a single personage—a valet—descend from the box, open the carriage door, and take out—a desk!—Of all things human, male or female, the said carriage was utterly empty.

The valet bustled up to the landlady: “My master’s here, ma’am, I think—rode on before!”

“And who is your master!” asked Mrs Merrylack—a thrill of alarm, and the thought of No. Four, coming across her at the same time.

“Who!” said the valet, rubbing his hands—“who!—why, Clarence Talbot Linden, Esq., of Scarsdale Park, county of York, late Secretary of Legation at the court of —, now M.P., and one of his Majesty’s Under Secretaries of State.”

“Mercy upon us!” cried the astounded landlady, “and No. Four! only think of it. Run, John,—John—run—light a fire (the night’s cold, I think)—in the Elephant, Number Sixteen—beg the gentleman’s pardon—say it was occupied till now; ask what he’ll have for dinner—fish, flesh, fowl, steaks, joints, chops, tarts—or, if it’s too late (but it’s quite early yet—you may put back the day an hour or so), ask what he’ll have for supper; run, John, run:—what’s the oaf staying for—run, I tell you!—Pray, sir, walk in (to the valet, our old friend Mr Harrison)—you’ll be hungry after your journey, I think; no ceremony, I beg.”

“He’s not so handsome as his master,” said Miss Elizabeth, glancing at Harrison discontentedly—“but he does not look like a married man, somehow. I’ll just step up-stairs, and change my cap; it would be but civil if the gentleman’s gentleman sups with us.”

Meanwhile Clarence, having been left alone in the quiet enjoyment of No. Four, had examined the little apartment with an interest not altogether unmingled with painful reflections. There are few persons however fortunate, who can look back to eight years of their life, and not feel somewhat of disappointment in the retrospect: few persons, whose fortunes the world envy, to whom the token of past time, suddenly ob-

truded on their remembrance, does not awaken hopes destroyed, and wishes deceived, which that world has never known. We tell our triumphs to the crowd, but our own hearts are the sole confidants of our sorrows. "Twice," said Clarence to himself—"twice before have I been in this humble room; the first was when, at the age of eighteen, I was just launched into the world—a vessel which had for its only hope the motto of the chivalrous Sydney :—

‘ Aut viam inveniam, aut faciam ; ’ *

yet, humble and nameless as I was, how well I can recall the exaggerated ambition, nay, the *certainty* of success, as well as its *desire*, which then burnt within me. I smile now at the overweening vanity of those hopes—some, indeed, realised, but how many nipped and withered for ever ! seeds, of which a few fell upon rich ground, and prospered, but of which how far the greater number were scattered, some upon the wayside, and were devoured by immediate cares, some on stony places, and when the sun of manhood was up, they were scorched, and because they had no root, withered away : and some among thorns, and the thorns sprang up and choked them.—I am now rich, honoured, high in the favour of courts, and not altogether unknown or unesteemed *arbitrio popularis auræ* : and yet I almost think I was happier when, in that flush of youth and inexperience, I looked forth into the wide world, and imagined that from every corner would spring up a

* I will either find my way, or—make it.

triumph for my vanity, or an object for my affections. The next time I stood in this little spot, I was no longer the dependent of a precarious charity, or the idle adventurer who had no stepping-stone but his ambition. I was then just declared the heir of wealth, which I could not rationally have hoped for five years before, and which was in itself sufficient to satisfy the aspirings of ordinary men. But I was corroded with anxieties for the object of my love, and regret for the friend whom I had lost: perhaps the eagerness of my heart for the one rendered me, for the moment, too little mindful of the other; but, in after years, memory took ample atonement for that temporary suspension of her duties. How often have I recalled, in this world of cold ties and false hearts, that true and generous friend, from whose lessons my mind took improvement, and from whose warnings, example; who was to me, living, a father, and from whose generosity, whatever worldly advantages I have enjoyed, or distinctions I have gained, are derived! *Then* I was going with a torn, yet credulous, heart, to pour forth my secret and my passion to *her*, and, within one little week thence, how shipwrecked of all hope, object, and future happiness, I was! Perhaps, at that time, I did not sufficiently consider the excusable cautions of the world—I should not have taken such umbrage at her father's letter—I should have revealed to him my birth, and accession of fortune—nor bartered the truth of certain happiness for the trials and manœuvres of romance. But it is too late

to repent now. By this time my image must be wholly obliterated from her heart:—she has seen me in the crowd, and passed me coldly by—her cheek is pale, but not for me; and in a little—little while—she will be another's, and lost to me for ever! Yet have I never forgotten her through change or time—the hard and harsh projects of ambition—the labours of business, or the engrossing schemes of political intrigue.—Never!—but this is a vain and foolish subject of reflection now.”

And not the *less* reflecting upon it for that sage and veracious recollection, Clarence turned from the window, against which he had been leaning, and drawing one of the four chairs to the solitary table, he sat down, moody and disconsolate, and leaning his face upon his hands, pursued the confused, yet not disconnected, thread of his meditations.

The door abruptly opened, and Mr Merrylack appeared.

“Dear me, sir!” cried he, “a thousand pities you should have been put here, sir! Pray step up-stairs, sir; the front drawing-room is just vacant, sir; what will you please to have for dinner, sir?” &c. &c., according to the instructions of his wife. To Mr Merrylack's great dismay, Clarence, however, resolutely refused all attempts at locomotion, and, contenting himself with intrusting the dinner to the discretion of the landlady, desired to be left alone till it was prepared.

Now, when Mr John Merrylack returned to the tap-

room, and communicated the stubborn adherence to No. Four, manifested by its occupier, our good hostess felt exceedingly discomposed. "You are *so* stupid, John," said she, "I'll go and expostulate like with him;" and she was rising for that purpose, when Harrison, who was taking particularly good care of himself, drew her back: "I know my master's temper better than you do, ma'am," said he; "and when he is in the humour to be stubborn, the very devil himself could not get him out of it. I daresay he wants to be left to himself: he is very fond of being alone now and then; state affairs, you know," added the valet, mysteriously touching his forehead, "and even I dare not disturb him for the world; so make yourself easy, and I'll go to him when *he* has dined, and *I* supped. There is time enough for No. Four, when we have taken care of number *one*.—Miss, your health!"

The landlady, reluctantly overruled in her design, reseated herself.

"Mr Clarence Linden, M.P., did you say, sir?" said the learned Jeremiah; "surely, I have had that name or appellation in my books, but I cannot, at this instant of time, recall to my recollection the exact date and circumstance of my professional services to the gentleman so designated, styled, or, I may say, termed."

"Can't say, I am sure, sir," said Harrison—"lived with my master many years—never had the pleasure of seeing you before, nor of travelling this road—a very hilly road it is, sir. Miss, this negus is as bright as your eyes, and as warm as my admiration."

“Oh, sir!”

“Pray,” said Mr Merrylack, who, like most of his tribe, was a bit of a politician; “is it the Mr Linden who made that long speech in the House the other day?”

“Precisely, sir. He is a very eloquent gentleman, indeed: pity he speaks so little—never made but that one long speech since he has been in the House, and a capital one it was, too. You saw how the prime minister complimented him upon it. ‘A speech,’ said his lordship, ‘which had united the graces of youthful genius with the sound calculations of matured experience!’”

“Did the prime minister really so speak?” said Jeremiah: “what a beautiful, and noble, and sensible compliment! I will examine my books when I go home—‘the graces of youthful genius with the sound calculations of matured experience!’”

“If he is in the Parliament House,” quoth the landlady, “I suppose he will know our Mr Mordaunt, when the squire takes his seat, next—what do you call it—sessions?”

“Know Mr Mordaunt!” said the valet. “It is to see him that *we* have come down here. We intended to have gone there to-night, but master thought it too late, and I saw he was in a melancholy humour; we therefore resolved to come here; and so master took one of the horses from the groom, whom we have left behind with the other, and came on alone. I take it, he must have been in this town before, for he described

the inn so well.—Capital cheese this ; as mild—as mild as your sweet smile, miss !”

“ Oh, sir !”

“ Pray, *Mistress Merrylack*,” said Mr Jeremiah Bos-
soltan, depositing his pipe on the table, and awakening
from a profound reverie in which, for the last five
minutes, his senses had been buried—“ pray, Mis-
tress Merrylack, do you not call to your mind, or your
reminiscence, or your—your recollection, a young gen-
tleman, equally comely in his aspect and blandiloquent
(ahem !) in his address, who had the misfortune to
have his arm severely contused and afflicted by a vio-
lent kick from Mr Mordaunt’s horse even in the yard
in which your stables are situated, and who remained
for two or three days in your house, or tavern, or hotel ?
I do remember that you were grievously perplexed
because of his name, the initials of which only he
gave, or intrusted, or communicated to you, until you
did exam——”

“ I remember,” interrupted Miss Elizabeth—“ I re-
member well—a very beautiful young gentleman, who
had a letter directed to be left here, addressed to him
by the letters C. L., and who was afterwards kicked,
and who admired your cap, mother, and whose name
was Clarence Linden. You remember it well enough,
mother, surely ?”

“ I *think* I do, Lizzy,” said the landlady, slowly ; for
her memory, not so much occupied as her daughter’s
by beautiful young gentlemen, struggled slowly amidst
dim ideas of the various travellers and visitors with

whom her house had been honoured, before she came at last, to the reminiscence of Clarence Linden—"I *think* I do—and Squire Mordaunt was very attentive to him—and he broke one of the panes of glass in No. Eight, and gave me half-a-guinea to pay for it. I *do* remember, perfectly, Lizzy. So that is the Mr Linden now here!—only think!"

"I should not have known him, certainly," said Miss Elizabeth; "he is grown so much taller, and his hair looks quite dark now, and his face is much thinner than it was; but he's very handsome still—is he not, sir?" turning to the valet.

"Ah! ah! well enough," said Mr Harrison, stretching out his right leg, and falling away a little to the left, in the manner adopted by the renowned Gil Blas, in his address to the fair Laura—"well enough; but he's a little too tall and thin, *I* think."

Mr Harrison's faults in shape were certainly not those of being too tall and thin.

"Perhaps so!" said Miss Elizabeth, who scented the vanity by a kindred instinct, and had her own reasons for pampering it—"perhaps so!"

"But he is a great favourite with the ladies all the same; however, he only loves one lady. Ah, but I must not say who, though I know. However, she is so handsome; such eyes, they would go through you like a skewer, but not like yours, yours, miss, which, I vow and protest, are as bright as a service of plate."

"Oh, sir!"

And amidst these graceful compliments the time

slipped away, till Clarence's dinner, and his valet's supper, being fairly over, Mr Harrison presented himself to his master, a perfectly different being in attendance to what he was in companionship—flippancy, impertinence, forwardness, all merged in the steady, sober, serious demeanour which characterises the respectful and well-bred domestic.

Clarence's orders were soon given. They were limited to the appurtenances of writing; and as soon as Harrison reappeared with his master's writing-desk, he was dismissed for the night.

Very slowly did Clarence settle himself to his task, and attempt to escape the *ennui* of his solitude, or the restlessness of thought feeding upon itself, by inditing the following epistle:—

“TO THE DUKE OF HAVERFIELD.

“I WAS very unfortunate, my dear duke, to miss seeing you, when I called in Arlington Street, the evening before last, for I had a great deal to say to you—something upon public and a little upon private affairs. I will reserve the latter, since I only am the person concerned, for a future opportunity. With respect to the former,

“And now, having finished the political part of my letter, let me congratulate you most sincerely upon your approaching marriage with Miss Trevanion. I do not know her myself; but I remember that she was the bosom friend of Lady Flora Ardenne, whom I have often heard speak of her in the highest and most affectionate

terms, so that I imagine her brother could not better atone to you for dishonestly carrying off the fair Julia some three years ago, than by giving you his sister in honourable and orthodox exchange—the gold armour for the brazen.

“As for my lot, though I ought not, at this moment, to dim yours by dwelling upon it, you know how long, how constantly, how ardently I have loved Lady Flora Ardenne—how, for her sake, I have refused opportunities of alliance which might have gratified, to the utmost, that worldliness of heart which so many who saw me only in the crowd have been pleased to impute to me. You know that neither pleasure, nor change, nor the insult I received from her parents, nor the sudden indifference which I so little deserved from herself, has been able to obliterate her image. You will therefore sympathise with me, when I inform you that there is no longer any doubt of her marriage with Borodaile (or rather Lord Ulswater, since his father’s death), as soon as the sixth month of his mourning expires; to this period only two months remain.

“Heavens! when one thinks over the past, how incredulous one could become to the future: when I recall all the tokens of love I received from that woman, I cannot persuade myself that they are now all forgotten, or rather, all lavished upon another.

“But I do not blame her—may she be happier with him than she could have been with me! and that hope shall whisper peace to regrets which I have been foolish to indulge so long, and it is, perhaps, well for me

that they are about to be rendered for ever unavailing.

“I am staying at an inn, without books, companions, or anything to beguile time and thought, but this pen, ink, and paper. You will see, therefore, a reason and an excuse for my scribbling on to you, till my two sheets are filled, and the hour of ten (one can't well go to bed earlier) arrived.

“You remember having often heard me speak of a very extraordinary man whom I met in Italy, and with whom I became intimate. He returned to England some months ago ; and on hearing it, my desire of renewing our acquaintance was so great that I wrote to invite myself to his house. He gave me what is termed a very obliging answer, and left the choice of time to myself. You see now, most noble Festus, the reason of my journey hitherwards.

“His house, a fine old mansion, is situated about five or six miles from this town : and as I arrived here late in the evening, and knew that his habits were reserved and peculiar, I thought it better to take ‘mine ease in my inn’ for this night, and defer my visit to Mordaunt Court till to-morrow morning. In truth, I was not averse to renewing an old acquaintance—not, as you in your malice would suspect, with my hostess, but with her house. Some years ago, when I was eighteen, I first made a slight acquaintance with Mordaunt at this very inn, and now, at twenty-six, I am glad to have one evening to myself on the same spot, and retrace here all that has since happened to me.

“Now, do not be alarmed ; I am not going to inflict upon you the unquiet retrospect with which I have just been vexing myself ; no, I will rather speak to you of my acquaintance and host to be. I have said that I first met Mordaunt some years since at this inn—an accident, for which his horse was to blame, brought us acquainted—I spent a day at his house, and was much interested in his conversation ; since then, we did not meet till about two years and a half ago, when we were in Italy together. During the intermediate interval Mordaunt had married—lost his property by a lawsuit—disappeared from the world (whither none knew) for some years—recovered the estate he had lost by the death of his kinsman’s heir, and shortly afterwards by that of the kinsman himself, and had become a widower, with one only child, a beautiful little girl of about four years old. He lived in perfect seclusion, avoided all intercourse with society, and seemed so perfectly unconscious of having ever seen me before, whenever in our rides or walks we met, that I could not venture to intrude myself on a reserve so rigid and unbroken as that which characterised his habits and life.

“The gloom and loneliness, however, in which Mordaunt’s days were spent, were far from partaking of that selfishness so common, almost so *necessarily* common, to recluses. Wherever he had gone in his travels through Italy, he had left light, and rejoicing behind him. In his residence at ——, while unknown to the great and gay, he was familiar with the outcast and

the destitute. The prison, the hospital, the sordid cabins of want, the abodes (so frequent in Italy, that emporium of artists and poets) where genius struggled against poverty and its own improvidence—all these were the spots to which his visits were paid, and in which ‘the very stones prated of his whereabouts.’ It was a strange and striking contrast to compare the sickly enthusiasm of those who flocked to Italy, to lavish their sentiments on statues, and their wealth on the modern impositions palmed upon their taste as the masterpieces of ancient art—it was a noble contrast, I say, to compare that ludicrous and idle enthusiasm with the quiet and wholesome energy of mind and heart which led Mordaunt, not to pour forth worship and homage to the unconscious monuments of the dead, but to console, to relieve, and to sustain the woes, the wants, the feebleness of the living.

“Yet, while he was thus employed in reducing the miseries and enlarging the happiness of others, the most settled melancholy seemed to mark himself ‘as her own.’ Clad in the deepest mourning, a stern and unbroken gloom sat for ever upon his countenance. I have observed, that if in his walks or rides any one, especially of the better classes, appeared to approach, he would strike into a new path. He could not bear even the scrutiny of a glance or the fellowship of a moment: and his mien, high and haughty, seemed not only to repel others, but to contradict the meekness and charity which his own actions so invariably and unequivocally displayed. It must, indeed, have been

a powerful exertion of principle over feeling, which induced him voluntarily to seek the abodes and intercourse of the rude beings he blessed and relieved.

“ We met at two or three places to which my weak and imperfect charity had led me, especially at the house of a sickly and distressed artist : for in former life I had intimately known one of that profession ; and I have since attempted to transfer to his brethren that debt of kindness which an early death forbade me to discharge to himself. It was thus that I first became acquainted with Mordaunt’s occupations and pursuits : for what ennobled his benevolence was the remarkable obscurity in which it was veiled. It was in disguise and in secret that his generosity flowed ; and so studiously did he conceal his name, and hide even his features, during his brief visits to ‘ the house of mourning,’ that only one, like myself, a close and minute investigator of whatever has once become an object of interest, could have traced his hand in the various works of happiness it had aided or created.

“ One day, among some old ruins, I met him with his young daughter. By great good fortune I preserved the latter, who had wandered away from her father, from a fall of loose stones, which would inevitably have crushed her. I was myself much hurt by my effort, having received upon my shoulder a fragment of the falling stones ; and thus our old acquaintance was renewed, and gradually ripened into intimacy ; not, I must own, without great patience and constant endeavour on my part : for his gloom and lonely habits rend-

ered him utterly impracticable of access to any (as Lord Aspeden would say) but a diplomatist. I saw a great deal of him during the six months I remained in Italy, and—but you know already how warmly I admire his extraordinary powers, and venerate his character.—Lord Aspeden's recall to England separated us.

“A general election ensued. I was returned for ———. I entered eagerly into domestic politics—your friendship, Lord Aspeden's kindness, my own wealth and industry, made my success almost unprecedentedly rapid. Engaged, heart and hand, in those minute yet engrossing labours for which the aspirant in parliamentary and state intrigue must unhappily forego the more enlarged though abstruser speculations of general philosophy, and of that morality which may be termed *universal* politics, I have necessarily been employed in very different pursuits from those to which Mordaunt's contemplations are devoted, yet have I often recalled his maxims, with admiration at their depth, and obtained applause for opinions which were only imperfectly filtered from the pure springs of his own.

“It is about six months since he has returned to England, and he has very lately obtained a seat in Parliament, so that we may trust soon to see his talents displayed upon a more public and enlarged theatre than they hitherto have been ; and, though I fear his politics will be opposed to ours, I anticipate his public *début* with that interest which genius, even when adverse to one's self, always inspires. Yet I confess that

I am desirous to see and converse with him once more in the familiarity and kindness of private intercourse. The rage of party, the narrowness of sectarian zeal, soon exclude from our friendship all those who differ from our opinions; and it is like sailors holding commune for the last time with each other, before their several vessels are divided by the perilous and uncertain sea, to confer in peace and retirement for a little while with those who are about to be launched with us on that same unquiet ocean, where any momentary caprice of the winds may disjoin us for ever, and where our very union is only a sympathy in toil, and a fellowship in danger.

“Adieu, my dear Duke! it is fortunate for me that our public opinions are so closely allied, and that I may so reasonably calculate in private upon the happiness and honour of subscribing myself your affectionate friend,

C. L.”

Such was the letter to which we shall leave the explanation of much that has taken place within the last three years of our tale, and which, in its tone, will serve to show the kindness and generosity of heart and feeling that mingled (rather increased than abated by the time which brought wisdom) with the hardy activity and resolute ambition that characterised the mind of our “Disowned.” We now consign him to such repose as the best bedroom in the Golden Fleece can afford, and conclude the chapter.

CHAPTER LX.

Though the wilds of enchantment, all vernal and bright,
In the days of delusion by fancy combined
With the vanishing phantoms of love and delight,
Abandon my soul like a dream of the night,
And leave but a desert behind,—

Be hushed, my dark spirit, for Wisdom condemns
When the faint and the feeble deplore ;
Be strong as the rock of the ocean that stems
A thousand wild waves on the shore !—CAMPBELL.

“SHALL I order the carriage round, sir ?” said Harrison ; “it is past one.”

“Yes—yet stay—the day is fine—I will ride—let the carriage come on in the evening—see that my horse is saddled—you looked to his mash last night ?”

“I did, sir. He seems wonderfully fresh : would you please to have me stay here with the carriage, sir, till the groom comes on with the other horse ?”

“Ay ; do—I don’t know yet how far strange servants may be welcome where I am going.”

“Now, that’s lucky !” said Harrison to himself, as he shut the door : “I shall have a good five hours’ opportunity of making my court here. Miss Elizabeth is really a very pretty girl, and might not be a bad match. I don’t see any brothers ; who knows but she

may succeed to the inn—hem! A servant may be ambitious as well as his master, I suppose?”

So meditating, Harrison sauntered to the stables—saw (for he was an admirable servant, and could at a pinch dress a horse as well as its master) that Clarence's beautiful steed received the utmost nicety of grooming which the ostler could bestow—led it himself to the door—held the stirrup for his master, with the mingled humility and grace of his profession, and then strutted away—“pride on his brow and glory in his eye”—to be the cynosure and oracle of the tap-room.

Meanwhile Linden rode slowly onwards. As he passed that turn of the town by which he had for the first time entered it, the recollection of the eccentric and would-be gypsy flashed upon him. “I wonder,” thought he, “where that singular man is now—whether he still preserves his itinerant and woodland tastes—

*‘Si flumina sylvasque inglorius amet ;’**

or whether, as his family increased in age or number, he has turned from his wanderings, and at length found out ‘the peaceful hermitage.’ How glowingly the whole scene of that night comes across me—the wild tents, their wilder habitants, the mingled bluntness, poetry, honest good-nature, and spirit of enterprise which constituted the chief's nature—the jovial meal and mirth round the wood fire, and beneath the quiet stars, and the eagerness and zest with which I then mingled in the merriment. Alas!—how ill the fastidi-

* If, unknown to fame, he love the streams and the woods.

ousness and refinement of after-days repay us for the elastic, buoyant, ready zeal, with which our first youth enters into whatever is joyous, without pausing to ask if its cause and nature be congenial to our habits or kindred to our tastes. After all, there really *was* something philosophical in the romance of the jovial gypsy, childish as it seemed ; and I should like much to know if the philosophy has got the better of the romance, or the romance, growing into habit, become commonplace, and lost both its philosophy and its enthusiasm. Well, after I leave Mordaunt, I will try and find out my old friend."

With this resolution Clarence's thoughts took a new channel, and he soon entered upon Mordaunt's domain. As he rode through the park, where brake and tree were glowing in the yellow tints which Autumn, like Ambition, gilds ere it withers, he paused for a moment to recall the scene as he last beheld it. It was then Spring—Spring in its first and flushest glory—when not a blade of grass but sent a perfume to the air—the happy air ;

" Making sweet music while the young leaves danced : "

when every cluster of the brown fern, that now lay dull and motionless around him, and amidst which the melancholy deer stood afar off, gazing upon the intruder, was vocal with the blithe melodies of the infant year—the sharp, yet sweet, voices of birds—and (heard at intervals) the chirp of the merry grasshopper, or the hum of the awakened bee. He sighed as he now looked

around and recalled the change, both of time and season; and with that fondness of heart which causes man to knit his own little life to the varieties of Time, the signs of Heaven, or the revolutions of Nature, he recognised something kindred in the change of scene to the change of thought and feeling which years had wrought in the beholder.

Awaking from his reverie, he hastened his horse's pace, and was soon within sight of the house. Vavasour, during the few years he had possessed the place, had conducted and carried through improvements and additions to the old mansion upon a scale equally costly and judicious. The heavy and motley magnificence of the architecture in which the house had been built remained unaltered; but a wing on either side, though exactly corresponding in style with the intermediate building, gave, by the long colonnade which ran across the one, and the stately windows which adorned the other, an air not only of grander extent but more cheerful lightness to the massy and antiquated pile. It was assuredly, in the point of view by which Clarence now approached it, a structure which possessed few superiors in point of size and effect; and harmonised so well with the noble extent of the park, the ancient woods, and the venerable avenues, that a very slight effort of imagination might have poured from the massive portals the pageantries of old days, and the gay galliard of chivalric romance with which the scene was in such accordance, and which in a former age it had so often witnessed.

Ah, little could any one who looked upon that gorgeous pile, and the broad lands which, beyond the boundaries of the park, swelled on the hills of the distant landscape, studded at frequent intervals with the spires and villages which adorned the wide baronies of Mordaunt—little could he who thus gazed around have imagined that the owner of all he surveyed had passed the glory and verdure of his manhood in the bitterest struggles with gnawing want, and rebellious pride, and urgent passion, without friend or aid but his own haughty and supporting virtue, sentenced to bear yet in his wasted and barren heart the sign of the storm he had resisted, and the scathed token of the lightning he had braved. None but Crauford, who had his own reasons for taciturnity, and the itinerant broker, easily bribed into silence, had ever known of the *extreme* poverty from which Mordaunt had passed to his rightful possessions. It was whispered, indeed, that he had been reduced to narrow and straitened circumstances; but the whisper had been only the breath of rumour, and the imagined poverty far short of the reality: for the pride of Mordaunt (the great, almost the sole failing in his character) could not endure that all he had borne and baffled should be bared to the vulgar eye; and, by a rare anomaly of mind, indifferent as he was to renown, he was morbidly susceptible of shame.

When Clarence rang at the ivy-covered porch, and made inquiry for Mordaunt, he was informed that the latter was in the park, by the river, where most of his hours during the daytime were spent.

“Shall I send to acquaint him that you are come, sir?” said the servant.

“No,” answered Clarence, “I will leave my horse to one of the grooms, and stroll down to the river in search of your master.”

Suiting the action to the word, he dismounted, con-signed his steed to the groom, and, following the direction indicated to him, bent his way to the “river.”

As he descended the hill, the brook (for it did not deserve, though it received, a higher name) opened enchantingly upon his view. Amidst the fragrant reed and the wild-flower, still sweet, though fading, and tufts of tedded grass, all of which, when crushed beneath the foot, sent a mingled tribute to its sparkling waves, the wild stream took its gladsome course, now contracted by gloomy firs, which, bending over the water, cast somewhat of their own sadness upon its surface—now glancing forth from the shade, as it “broke into dimples and laughed in the sun,”—now washing the gnarled and spreading roots of some lonely ash, which, hanging over it still and droopingly, seemed, the hermit of the scene, to moralise on its noisy and various wanderings—now winding round the hill, and losing itself at last amidst thick copses, where day did never more than wink and glimmer, and where, at night, its waters, brawling through their stony channel, seemed like a spirit’s wail, and harmonised well with the scream of the grey owl, wheeling from her dim retreat, or the moaning and rare sound of some solitary deer.

As Clarence’s eye roved admiringly over the scene

before him, it dwelt at last upon a small building situated on the wildest part of the opposite bank ; it was entirely overgrown with ivy, and the outline only remained to show the Gothic antiquity of the architecture. It was a single square tower, built none knew when or wherefore, and consequently the spot of many vagrant guesses and wild legends among the surrounding gossips. On approaching yet nearer, he perceived, alone and seated on a little mound beside the tower, the object of his search.

Mordaunt was gazing with vacant yet earnest eye upon the waters beneath ; and so intent was either his mood or look, that he was unaware of Clarence's approach. Tears, fast and large, were rolling from those haughty eyes, which men who shrank from their indifferent glance little deemed were capable of such weak and feminine emotion. Far, far through the aching void of time, were the thoughts of the reft and solitary mourner ; they were dwelling in all the vivid and keen intensity of grief which dies not, upon the day when, about that hour and on that spot, he sat, with Isabel's young cheek upon his bosom, and listened to a voice now only heard in dreams. He recalled the moment when the fatal letter, charged with change and poverty, was given to him, and the pang which had rent his heart as he looked around upon a scene over which spring had just then breathed, and which he was about to leave to a fresh summer and a new lord ; and then that deep, fond, half-fearful gaze with which Isabel had met his eye, and the feel-

ing, proud even in its melancholy, with which he had drawn towards his breast all that earth had left to him, and thanked God in his heart of hearts that *she* was spared.

“And I am once more master,” thought he, “not only of all I then held, but all which my wealthier forefathers possessed. But she who was the sharer of my sorrows and want—oh, where is she? Rather, ah! rather a hundredfold that her hand was still clasped in mine, and her spirit supporting me through poverty and trial, and her soft voice murmuring the comfort that steals away care, than to be thus heaped with wealth and honour, and *alone*—alone, where never more can come love, or hope, or the yearnings of affection, or the sweet fulness of a heart that seems fathomless in its tenderness, yet overflows! Had my lot, when she left me, been still the steepings of bitterness, the stings of penury, the moody silence of hope, the damp and chill of sunless and aidless years, which rust the very iron of the soul away; had my lot been thus, as it had been, I could have borne her death, I could have looked upon her grave, and wept not—nay, I could have comforted my own struggles with the memory of her escape; but thus, at the very moment of prosperity, to leave the altered and promising earth, ‘to house with darkness and with death;’ no little gleam of sunshine, no brief recompense for the agonising past, no momentary respite between tears and the tomb. Oh, Heaven! what—what avail is a wealth which comes too late, when she, who could alone have

made wealth bliss is dust ; and the light that should have gilded many and happy days, flings only a ghastly glare upon the tomb ?”

Starting from these reflections, Mordaunt half unconsciously rose, and, dashing the tears from his eyes, was about to plunge into the neighbouring thicket, when, looking up, he beheld Clarence, now within a few paces of him. He started, and seemed for one moment irresolute whether to meet or shun his advance, but probably deeming it too late for the latter, he banished, by one of those violent efforts with which men of proud and strong minds vanquish emotion, all outward sign of the past agony ; and hastening towards his guest, greeted him with a welcome which, though from ordinary hosts it might have seemed cold, appeared to Clarence, who knew his temper, more cordial than he had ventured to anticipate.

CHAPTER LXI.

My father urged me sair,
But my mither did na speak,
Though she looked into my face
Till my heart was like to break.—*Auld Robin Gray.*

“It is rather singular,” said Lady Westborough to her daughter, as they sat alone one afternoon in the music-room at Westborough Park—“it is rather singular that Lord Ulswater should not have come yet. He said he should certainly be here before three o’clock.”

“You know, mamma, that he has some military duties to detain him at W——,” answered Lady Flora, bending over a drawing, in which she appeared to be earnestly engaged.

“True, my dear, and it was very kind in Lord —— to quarter the troop he commands in his native county; and very fortunate that W——, being his headquarters, should also be so near us. But I cannot conceive that any duty can be sufficiently strong to detain him from you,” added Lady Westborough, who had been accustomed all her life to a devotion unparalleled in this age. “You seem very indulgent, Flora.”

“Alas!—she should rather say very indifferent,” thought Lady Flora; but she did not give her thought utterance—she only looked up at her mother for a moment, and smiled faintly.

Whether there was something in that smile, or in the pale cheek of her daughter, that touched her, we know not, but Lady Westborough *was* touched; she threw her arms round Lady Flora's neck, kissed her fondly, and said, "You do not seem well to-day, my love—are you?"

"Oh! very—very well," answered Lady Flora, returning her mother's caress, and hiding her eyes, to which the tears had started.

"My child," said Lady Westborough, "you know that both myself and your father are very desirous to see you married to Lord Ulswater—of high and ancient birth, of great wealth, young, unexceptionable in person and character, and warmly attached to you—it would be impossible even for the sanguine heart of a parent to ask for you a more eligible match. But if the thought really does make you wretched—and yet, how can it?"

"I have consented," said Flora, gently: "all I ask is, do not speak to me more of the—the event than you can avoid."

Lady Westborough pressed her hand, sighed, and replied not.

The door opened, and the marquess, who had within the last year become a cripple with the great man's malady, *dura podagra*, was wheeled in on his easy-chair: close behind him followed Lord Ulswater.

"I have brought you," said the marquess, who piqued himself on a vein of dry humour—"I have brought you, young lady, a consolation for my ill humours.

Few gouty old fathers make themselves as welcome as I do—eh, Ulswater!”

“Dare I apply to myself Lord Westborough’s compliment?” said the young nobleman, advancing towards Lady Flora; and drawing his seat near her, he entered into that whispered conversation so significant of courtship. But there was little in Lady Flora’s manner by which an experienced eye would have detected the bride-elect: no sudden blush, no downcast yet side-long look, no trembling of the hand, no indistinct confusion of the voice, struggling with unanalysed emotions. No—all was calm, cold, listless; her cheek changed not tint nor hue; and her words, clear and collected, seemed to contradict whatever the low murmurs of her betrothed might well be supposed to insinuate. But, even in *his* behaviour, there was something which, had Lady Westborough been less contented than she was with the externals and surface of manner, would have alarmed her for her daughter. A cloud, sullen and gloomy, sat upon his brow, and his lip alternately quivered with something like scorn, or was compressed with a kind of stifled passion. Even in the exultation that sparkled in his eye, when he alluded to their approaching marriage, there was an expression that almost might have been termed fierce, and certainly was as little like the true orthodox ardour of “gentle swain,” as Lady Flora’s sad and half-unconscious coldness resembled the diffident passion of the “blushing maiden.”

“You have considerably passed the time in which

we expected you, my lord," said Lady Westborough, who, as a beauty herself, was a little jealous of the deference due to the beauty of her daughter.

"It is true," said Lord Ulswater, glancing towards the opposite glass, and smoothing his right eyebrow with his forefinger—"it is true, but I could not help it. I had a great deal of business to do with my troop—I have put them into a new manœuvre. Do you know, my lord" (turning to the marquess) "I think it very likely the soldiers may have some work on the —— of this month."

"Where and wherefore?" asked Lord Westborough, whom a sudden twinge forced into the laconic.

"At W——. Some idle fellows hold a meeting there on that day; and if I may judge by bills and advertisements, chalkings on the walls, and, more than all, popular rumour, I have no doubt but what riot and sedition are intended—the magistrates are terribly frightened. I hope we shall have some cutting and hewing—I have no patience with the rebellious dogs."

"For shame—for shame!" cried Lady Westborough, who, though a worldly, was by no means an unfeeling, woman; "the poor people are misguided—they mean no harm."

Lord Ulswater smiled scornfully. "I never dispute upon politics, but at the head of my men," said he, and turned the conversation.

Shortly afterwards Lady Flora, complaining of indisposition, rose, left the apartment, and retired to her

own room. There she sat, motionless, and white as death, for more than an hour. A day or two afterwards Miss Trevanion received the following letter from her :—

“Most heartily, most truly do I congratulate you, my dearest Eleanor, upon your approaching marriage. You may reasonably hope for all that happiness can afford ; and though you do affect (for I do not think that you *feel*) a fear lest you should not be able to fix a character, volatile and light, like your lover’s ; yet, when I recollect his warmth of heart and high sense, and your beauty, gentleness, charms of conversation, and purely disinterested love for one whose great worldly advantages might so easily bias or adulterate affection, I own that I have no dread for your future fate ; no feeling that can at all darken the brightness of anticipation. Thank you, dearest, for the delicate kindness with which you allude to *my* destiny—me, indeed, you cannot congratulate as I can you. But do not grieve for me, my own generous Eleanor : if not happy, I shall, I trust, be at least contented. My poor father implored me with tears in his eyes—my mother pressed my hand, but spoke not ; and I—I whose affections were withered, and hopes strewn, should I not have been hard-hearted indeed if they had not wrung from me a consent ? And, oh ! should I not be utterly lost, if in that consent which blessed them, I did not find something of peace and consolation ?

“Yes, dearest, in two months, only two months, I shall be Lord Ulswater’s wife ; and when we meet, you

shall look narrowly at me, and see if he or you have any right to complain of me.

“Have you seen Mr Linden lately? Yet, do not answer the question; I ought not to cherish still that fatal, clinging interest for one who has so utterly forgotten me. But I do rejoice in his prosperity: and when I hear his praises and watch his career, I feel proud that I should once have loved him! Oh, how could he be so false, so cruel, in the very midst of his professions of undying, unswerving faith to me, at the very moment when I was ill, miserable, wasting my very heart for anxiety on his account—and such a woman too! And had he loved me, even though his letter was returned, would not his conscience have told him he deserved it, and would he not have sought me out in person, and endeavoured to win from my folly his forgiveness? But without attempting to see me, or speak to me, or soothe a displeasure so natural, to leave the country in silence, almost in disdain; and when we met again, to greet me with coldness and hauteur, and never betray by word, sigh, or look, that he had ever been to me more than the merest stranger! Fool, fool that I am, to waste another thought upon him; but I will not, and ought not to do so. In two months I shall not even have the privilege of remembrance.

“I wish, Eleanor—for I assure you that I have tried and tried—that I could find anything to like and esteem (since love is out of the question) in this man, who seems so great, and, to me, so unaccountable a favourite with my parents. His countenance and voice

are so harsh and stern ; his manner at once so self-complacent and gloomy ; his sentiments so narrow, even in their notions of honour ; his very courage so savage, and his pride so constant and offensive, that I in vain endeavour to persuade myself of his virtues, and recur, at least, to the unwearied affection for me which he professes. It is true that he has been three times refused ; that I have told him I cannot love him ; that I have even owned former love to another : he still continues his suit, and by dint of long hope has at length succeeded. But at times I could almost think that he married me from very hate, rather than love, there is such an artificial smoothness in his stern voice, such a latent meaning in his eye ; and when he thinks I have not noticed him, I have, on suddenly turning towards him, perceived so dark and lowering an expression upon his countenance that my heart has died within me for very fear.

“ Had my mother been the least less kind, my father the least less urgent, I think, nay, I know, I could not have gained such a victory over myself as I have done in consenting to the day. But enough of this. I did not think I should have run on so long and so foolishly ; but we, dearest, have been children and girls and women together : we have loved each other with such fondness and unreserve, that opening my heart to you seems only another phrase for thinking aloud.

“ However, in two months I shall have no right even to thoughts—perhaps I may not even love you.

Till then, dearest Eleanor, I am, as ever, your affectionate and faithful friend,
F. A."

Had Lord Westborough, indeed, been "less urgent," or her mother "less kind," nothing could have wrung from Lady Flora her consent to a marriage so ungenial and ill-omened.

Thrice had Lord Ulswater (then Lord Borodaile) been refused, before finally accepted; and those who judge only from the ordinary effects of pride, would be astonished that he should have still persevered. But his pride was that deep-rooted feeling which, so far from being repelled by a single blow, fights stubbornly and doggedly onward, till the battle is over and its object gained. From the moment he had resolved to address Lady Flora Ardenne, he had also resolved to win her. For three years, despite of a refusal, first gently, then more peremptorily urged, he fixed himself in her train. He gave out that he was her affianced. In all parties, in all places, he forced himself near her, unheeding alike of her frowns or indifference; and his rank, his hauteur, his fierceness of mien, and acknowledged courage, kept aloof all the less arrogant and hardy pretenders to Lady Flora's favour. For this, indeed, she rather thanked than blamed him; and it was the only thing which in the least reconciled her modesty to his advances, or her pride to his presumption.

He had been prudent as well as bold. The father he had served, and the mother he had won. Lord Westborough, addicted a little to politics, a good deal to show, and devotedly to gaming, was often greatly

and seriously embarrassed. Lord Ulswater, even during the life of his father (who was lavishly generous to him), was provided with the means of relieving his intended father-in-law's necessities ; and caring little for money in comparison to a desired object, he was willing enough, we do not say to *bribe*, but to *influence* Lord Westborough's consent. These matters of arrangement were by no means concealed from the marchioness, who, herself ostentatious and profuse, was in no small degree benefited by them ; and though they did not solely procure, yet they certainly contributed to conciliate, her favour.

Few people are designedly and systematically wicked : even the worst find good motives for bad deeds ; and are as intent upon discovering glosses for conduct, to deceive themselves, as to delude others. What wonder, then, that poor Lady Westborough, never too rigidly addicted to self-examination, and viewing all things through a very worldly medium, saw only, in the alternate art and urgency employed against her daughter's real happiness, the various praiseworthy motives of permanently disentangling Lady Flora from an unworthy attachment, of procuring for her an establishment proportioned to her rank, and a husband whose attachment, already shown by such singular perseverance, was so likely to afford her everything which, in Lady Westborough's eyes, constituted felicity.

All our friends, perhaps, desire our happiness ; but then it must invariably be in their own way. What a pity that they do not employ the same zeal in making us happy *in ours* !

CHAPTER LXII.

If thou criest after Knowledge, and liftest up thy voice for understanding ;
If thou seekest her as silver, and searchest for her as for hid treasures ;
Then shalt thou understand the fear of the Lord, and find the knowledge of
God.—*Proverbs*, ii. 3. 4, 5.

WHILE Clarence was thus misjudged by one whose affections and conduct he, in turn, naturally misinterpreted—while Lady Flora was alternately struggling against and submitting to the fate which Lady Westborough saw approach with gladness—the father with indifference, and the bridegroom with a pride that partook less of rapture than revenge, our unfortunate lover was endeavouring to glean, from Mordaunt's conversation and example, somewhat of that philosophy so rare except in the theories of the civilised and the occasional practice of the barbarian, which, though it cannot give us a charm against misfortune, bestows at least upon us the energy to support it.

We have said already, that when the first impression produced by Mordaunt's apparent pride and coldness wore away, it required little penetration to discover the benevolence and warmth of his mind. But none ignorant of his original disposition, or the misfortunes of his life, could ever have pierced the depth of his self-sacrificing nature, or measured the height of his lofty

and devoted virtue. Many men may perhaps be found who will give up to duty a cherished wish, or even a darling vice, but few will ever renounce to it their rooted *tastes*, or the indulgence of those habits which have almost become, by long use, their happiness itself. Naturally melancholy and thoughtful, feeding the sensibilities of his heart upon fiction, and though addicted to the cultivation of reason rather than fancy, having perhaps more of the deeper and acuter characteristics of the poet than those calm and half-callous properties of nature, supposed to belong to the metaphysician and the calculating moralist, Mordaunt was above all men fondly addicted to solitude, and inclined to contemplations less useful than profound. The untimely death of Isabel, whom he had loved with that love which is the vent of hoarded and passionate musings, long nourished upon romance, and lavishing the wealth of a soul that overflows with secreted tenderness, upon the *first* object that can bring reality to fiction—that event had not only darkened melancholy into gloom, but had made loneliness still more dear to his habits by all the ties of memory, and all the consecrations of regret. The companionless wanderings—the midnight closet—the thoughts which, as Hume said of his own, could not exist in the world, but were all busy with life in seclusion; these were rendered sweeter than ever to a mind for which the ordinary objects of the world were now utterly loveless; and the musings of solitude had become, as it were, a rightful homage and offering to the dead! We may form, then, some idea

of the extent to which, in Mordaunt's character, principle predominated over inclination, and regard for others over the love of self, when we see him tearing his spirit from its beloved retreats and abstracted contemplations, and devoting it to duties from which its fastidious and refined characteristics were particularly calculated to revolt. When we have considered his attachment to the hermitage, we can appreciate the virtue which made him among the most active citizens in the great world; when we have considered the natural selfishness of grief, the pride of philosophy, the indolence of meditation, the eloquence of wealth, which says, "rest and toil not," and the temptation within, which says, "obey the voice;"—when we have considered these, we can perhaps do justice to the man who, sometimes on foot and in the coarsest attire, travelled from inn to inn, and from hut to hut; who made human misery the object of his search, and human happiness of his desire; who, breaking aside an aversion to rude contact, almost feminine in its extreme, voluntarily sought the meanest companions, and subjected himself to the coarsest intrusions; for whom the wail of affliction, or the moan of hunger, was as a summons which allowed neither hesitation nor appeal; who seemed possessed of a ubiquity for the purposes of good, almost resembling that attributed to the wanderer in the magnificent fable of *Melmoth*, for the temptations to evil; who, by a zeal and labour that brought to habit and inclination a thousand martyrdoms, made his life a very hour-glass, in which each sand was a good deed or a virtuous design.

Many plunge into public affairs, to which they have had a previous distaste, from the desire of losing the memory of a private affliction ; but so far from wishing to heal the wounds of remembrance by the anodynes which society can afford, it was only in retirement that Mordaunt found the flowers from which balm could be distilled. Many are through vanity magnanimous, and benevolent from the selfishness of fame ; but so far from seeking applause, where he bestowed favour, Mordaunt had sedulously shrouded himself in darkness and disguise. And by that increasing propensity to quiet, so often found among those addicted to lofty or abstruse contemplation, he had conquered the ambition of youth with the philosophy of a manhood that had forestalled the affections of age. Many, in short, have become great or good to the community by individual motives easily resolved into common and earthly elements of desire ; but they who inquire diligently into human nature have not often the exalted happiness to record a character like Mordaunt's, actuated purely by a systematic principle of love, which covered mankind, as heaven does earth, with an atmosphere of light extending to the remotest corners, and penetrating the darkest recesses.

It was one of those violent and gusty evenings, which give to an English autumn something rude, rather than gentle, in its characteristics, that Mordaunt and Clarence sat together,

“ And sowed the hours with various seeds of talk.”

The young Isabel, the only living relic of the departed

one, sat by her father's side upon the floor; and though their discourse was far beyond the comprehension of her years, yet did she seem to listen with a quiet and absorbed attention. In truth, child as she was, she so loved, and almost worshipped, her father, that the very tones of his voice had in them a charm, which could always vibrate, as it were, to her heart, and hush her into silence; and that melancholy and deep, though somewhat low voice, when it swelled or trembled with *thought*—which in Mordaunt *was feeling*—made her sad, she knew not why; and when she heard it, she would creep to his side, and put her little hand on his, and look up at him with eyes in whose tender and glistening blue the spirit of her mother seemed to float. She was serious and thoughtful and loving beyond the usual capacities of childhood; perhaps her solitary condition, and habits of constant intercourse with one so grave as Mordaunt, and who always, when not absent on his excursions of charity, loved her to be with him, had given to her mind a precocity of feeling, and tintured the simplicity of infancy with what ought to have been the colours of after years. She was not inclined to the sports of her age—she loved, rather, and above all else, to sit by Mordaunt's side, and silently pore over some book, or feminine task, and to steal her eyes every now and then away from her employment, in order to watch his motions, or provide for whatever her vigilant kindness of heart imagined he desired. And often, when he saw her fairy and lithe form hovering about him, and at-

tending on his wants, or her beautiful countenance glow with pleasure, when she fancied she supplied them, he almost believed that Isabel yet lived, though in another form, and that a love, so intense and holy as hers had been, might transmigrate, but could not perish.

The young Isabel had displayed a passion for music so early, that it almost seemed innate ; and as, from the mild and wise education she received, her ardour had never been repelled on the one hand or overstrained on the other, so, though she had but just passed her seventh year, she had attained to a singular proficiency in the art—an art that suited well with her lovely face, and fond feelings, and innocent heart ; and it was almost heavenly, in the literal acceptation of the word, to hear her sweet though childish voice swell along the still pure airs of summer, and her angelic countenance all rapt and brilliant with the enthusiasm which her own melodies created.

Never had she borne the bitter breath of unkindness, nor writhed beneath that customary injustice which punishes in others the sins of our own temper, and the varied fretfulness of caprice ; and so she had none of the fears and meannesses, and *acted* untruths which so usually pollute and debase the innocence of childhood. But the promise of her ingenuous brow (over which the silken hair flowed, parted into two streams of gold), and of the fearless but tender eyes, and of the quiet smile which sat for ever upon the rosy mouth, like Joy watching Love, was kept in its fullest extent by the mind, from which all thoughts, pure, kind, and guile-

less, flowed, like waters from a well which a spirit has made holy for its own dwelling.

On this evening, we have said that she sat by her father's side and listened—though she only in part drank in its sense—to his conversation with his guest.

The room was of great extent, and surrounded with books, over which, at close intervals, the busts of the departed Great and the immortal Wise looked down. There was the sublime beauty of Plato, the harsher and more earthly countenance of Tully, the only Roman (except Lucretius) who might have been a Greek. There the mute marble gave the broad front of Bacon (itself a world)—and there the features of Locke showed how the mind wears away the links of flesh with the file of thought. And over other departments of those works which remind us that man is made little lower than the angels, the stern face of the Florentine who sang of hell, contrasted with the quiet grandeur enthroned on the fair brow of the English poet—"blind, but bold"—and there the glorious but genial countenance of him who has found in all humanity a friend, conspicuous among sages and minstrels, claimed brotherhood with all.

The fire burned clear and high, casting a rich twilight (for there was no other light in the room) over that Gothic chamber, and shining cheerily upon the varying countenance of Clarence, and the more contemplative features of his host. In the latter might you see that care and thought had been harsh, but not unhallowed, companions. In the lines which crossed

his expanse of brow, time seemed to have buried many hopes; but his mien and air, if loftier, were gentler than in younger days; and though they had gained somewhat in dignity, had lost greatly in reserve.

There was in the old chamber, with its fretted roof and ancient "garniture," the various books which surrounded it, walls that the learned built to survive themselves, and in the marble likenesses of those for whom thought had won eternity, joined to the hour, the breathing quiet, and the hearth-light, by whose solitary rays we love best in the eves of autumn to discourse on graver or subtler themes—there was in all this a spell which seemed particularly to invite and to harmonise with that tone of conversation, some portions of which we are now about to relate.

"How loudly," said Clarence, "that last gust swept by—you remember that beautiful couplet in Tibullus—

'Quam juvat immites ventos audire cubantem,
Et dominam tenero detinuisse sinu.'*"

"Ay," answered Mordaunt, with a scarcely audible sigh, "that is the feeling of the lover at the '*immites ventos*,' but *we* sages of the lamp make our mistress Wisdom, and when the winds rage without, it is to *her* that we cling. See how from the same object different conclusions are drawn! the most common externals of nature, the wind and the wave, the stars and the heavens, the very earth on which we tread, never excite in different bosoms the same ideas; and it is from our

* Sweet on our couch to hear the winds above,
And cling with closer heart to her we love.

own hearts, and not from an outward source, that we draw the hues which colour the web of our existence."

"It is true," answered Clarence. "You remember that in two specks of the moon the enamoured maiden perceived two unfortunate lovers, while the ambitious curate conjectured that they were the spires of a cathedral? But it is not only to our *feelings*, but also to our *reasonings*, that we give the colours which they wear. The moral, for instance, which to one man seems atrocious, to another is divine. On the tendency of the same work what three people will agree? And how shall the most sanguine moralist hope to benefit mankind when he finds that, by the multitude, his wisest endeavours to instruct are often considered but as instruments to pervert?"

"I believe," answered Mordaunt, "that it is from our ignorance that our contentions flow; we debate with strife and with wrath, with bickering and with hatred, but of the thing debated *upon* we remain in the profoundest darkness. Like the labourers of Babel, while we endeavour in vain to express our meaning to each other, the fabric by which, for a common end, we would have ascended to heaven from the ills of earth remains for ever unadvanced and incomplete. Let us hope that knowledge is the universal language which shall reunite us. As in their sublime allegory the Ancients signified that only through virtue we arrive at honour, so let us believe that only through knowledge can we arrive at virtue!"

"And yet," said Clarence, "that seems a melancholy

truth for the mass of the people, who have no time for the researches of wisdom."

"No so much so as at first we might imagine," answered Mordaunt: "the few smooth all paths for the many. The precepts of knowledge it is difficult to extricate from error; but, once discovered, they gradually pass into maxims; and thus what the sage's life was consumed in acquiring, become the acquisition of a moment to posterity. Knowledge is like the atmosphere—in order to dispel the vapour and dislodge the frost, our ancestors felled the forest, drained the marsh, and cultivated the waste; and we now breathe, without an effort, in the purified air and the chastened climate, the result of the labour of generations and the progress of ages! As to-day, the common mechanic may equal in science, however inferior in genius, the friar* whom his contemporaries feared as a magician, so the opinions which now startle as well as astonish may be received hereafter as acknowledged axioms, and pass into ordinary practice. We cannot even tell how far the sanguine† theories of certain philosophers deceive them when they anticipate for future ages a knowledge which shall bring perfection to the mind, baffle the diseases of the body, and even protract to a date now utterly unknown the final destination of life: for Wisdom is a palace of which only the vestibule has

* ROGER BACON.

† See Condorcet on the Progress of the Human Mind: written some years after the supposed date of this conversation, but in which there is a slight, but eloquent and affecting, view of the philosophy to which Mordaunt refers.

been entered ; nor can we guess what treasures are hid in those chambers, of which the experience of the past can afford us neither analogy nor clue."

"It was, then," said Clarence, who wished to draw his companion into speaking of himself—"it was, then, from your addiction to studies not ordinarily made the subject of acquisition that you date (pardon me) your generosity, your devotedness, your feeling for others, and your indifference to self?"

"You flatter me," said Mordaunt, modestly (and we may be permitted to crave attention to his reply, since it unfolds the secret springs of a character so singularly good and pure)—"you flatter me ; but I will answer you, as if you had put the question without the compliment ; nor, perhaps, will it be wholly uninteresting, as it will certainly be new, to sketch, without recurrence to events, or what I may call exterior facts, a brief and progressive History of One Human Mind.

"Our first era of life is under the influence of the primitive feelings : we are pleased, and we laugh ; hurt, and we weep : we vent our little passions the moment they are excited ; and so much of novelty have we to *perceive*, that we have little leisure to *reflect*. By-and-by, fear teaches us to restrain our feelings : when displeased, we seek to revenge the displeasure, and are punished ; we find the excess of our joy, our sorrow, our anger, alike considered criminal, and chidden into restraint. From harshness we become acquainted with deceit : the promise made is not fulfilled, the threat not executed, the fear falsely excited, and the hope

wilfully disappointed : we are surrounded by systematised delusion, and we imbibe the contagion.

“ From being forced into concealing the thoughts which we do conceive, we begin to affect those which we do not : so early do we learn the two main tasks of life, To Suppress and To Feign, that our memory will not carry us beyond that period of artifice to a state of nature when the twin principles of veracity and belief were so strong as to lead the philosophers of a modern school into the error of terming them innate.*

“ It was with a mind restless and confused—feelings which were alternately chilled and counterfeited (the necessary results of my first tuition), that I was driven to mix with others of my age. They did not like me, nor do I blame them. *Les manières que l'on néglige comme de petites choses, sont souvent ce qui fait que les hommes décident de vous en bien ou en mal.*† Manner is acquired so imperceptibly, that we have given its origin to nature, as we do the origin of all else for which our ignorance can find no other source. Mine was unprepossessing : I was disliked, and I returned the feeling ; I sought not, and I was shunned. Then I thought that all were unjust to me, and I grew bitter, and sullen, and morose : I cased myself in the stubbornness of pride, I pored over the books which spoke of the worthlessness of man, and I indulged the discontent of myself by brooding over the frailties of my kind.

* Reid on the Human Mind.

† Those manners which one neglects as trifling, are often the cause of the opinion, good or bad, formed of you by men.

“My passions were strong, they told me to *suppress* them.—The precept was old, and seemed wise—I attempted to enforce it. I had already begun, in earlier infancy, the lesson: I had now only to renew it. Fortunately I was diverted from this task, or my mind, in conquering its passions, would have conquered its powers. I learnt in after lessons that the passions are not to be suppressed—they are to be directed: and when directed, rather to be strengthened than subdued.

“Observe how a word may influence a life: a man whose opinion I esteemed, made of me the casual and trite remark, that ‘my nature was one of which it was impossible to augur evil or good; it might be extreme in either.’ This observation roused me into thought: could I indeed be all that was good or evil? had I the choice, and could I hesitate which to choose? but what was good and what was evil? that seemed the most difficult inquiry.

“I asked and received no satisfactory reply;—in the words of Erasmus—*totius negotii caput ac fontem ignorant, devinant, ac dilirant omnes* :* so I resolved myself to inquire and to decide. I subjected to my scrutiny the moralist and the philosopher: I saw that on all sides they disputed, but I saw that they *grew virtuous in the dispute*; they uttered much that was absurd about the origin of good, but much more that was exalted in its praise: and I never rose from any work which treated ably upon morals, whatever were

* All ignore, guess, and rave about the head and fountain of the whole question at issue.

its peculiar opinions, but I felt my breast enlightened and my mind ennobled by my studies. The professor of one sect commanded me to avoid the dogmatist of another, as the propagator of moral poison ; and the dogmatist retaliated on the professor ; but I avoided neither ; I read both, and turned all ‘into honey and fine gold.’ No inquiry into wisdom, however superficial, is undeserving attention. The vagaries of the idlest fancy will often chance, as it were, upon the most useful discoveries of truth, and serve as a guide to after and to slower disciples of wisdom ; even as the peckings of birds in an unknown country indicate to the adventurous seaman the best and the safest fruits.

“ From the *works* of men I looked into their *lives*, and I found that there was a vast difference (though I am not aware that it has before been remarked) between those who cultivated a *talent*, and those who cultivated the *mind* : I found that the mere men of genius were often erring or criminal in their lives, but that vice or crime in the disciples of philosophy was strikingly unfrequent and rare. The extremest culture of reason had not, it is true, been yet carried far enough to preserve the labourer from follies of opinion, but a moderate culture had been sufficient to deter him from the vices of life. And only to the sons of Wisdom, as of old to the sages of the East, seemed given the unerring star, which, through the travail of Earth and the clouds of Heaven, led them at the last to their God !

“ When I gleaned this fact from biography, I paused,

and said—‘Then must there be something excellent in Wisdom, if it can, even in its most imperfect disciples, be thus beneficial to morality.’ Pursuing this sentiment, I redoubled my researches, and behold the object of my quest was won! I had before sought a satisfactory answer to the question, ‘What is Virtue?’ from men of a thousand tenets, and my heart had rejected all I had received. ‘Virtue,’ said some, and my soul bowed reverently to the dictate,—‘Virtue is religion.’ I heard and humbled myself before the Divine Book. Let me trust that I did not humble myself in vain! But the dictate satisfied less than it awed; for, either it limited Virtue to the mere belief, or, by extending it to the practice, of Religion, it extended also inquiry to the method in which the practice should be applied. But with the first interpretation of the dictate who could rest contented?—for while in the perfect enforcement of the tenets of our faith all virtue may be found, so in the passive, and the mere belief in its divinity, we find only an engine as applicable to evil as to good:—the torch which should illumine the altar has also lighted the stake, and the zeal of the persecutor has been no less sincere than the heroism of the martyr. Rejecting, therefore, this interpretation, I accepted the other: I felt in my heart, and I rejoiced as I felt it, that in the practice of Religion the body of all virtue could be found. But in that conviction had I at once an answer to my inquiries?—Could the mere desire of good be sufficient to attain it—and was the *attempt* at virtue synonymous with *success*? On the

contrary, have not those most desirous of obeying the precepts of God often sinned the most against their spirit, and has not zeal been frequently the most ardent when crime was the most rife? * But what if neither sincerity nor zeal was sufficient to constitute goodness—what if in the breasts of the best intentioned, crime had been fostered, the more dangerously, because the more disguised—what ensued? That the Religion which they professed, they believed, they adored, *they had also misunderstood*; and that the precepts to be drawn from the Holy Book, they had darkened by their ignorance, or perverted by their passions! Here, then, at once, my enigma was solved: here, then, at once, I was led to the goal of my inquiry!—Ignorance and the perversion of passion are but the same thing, though under different names, for only by our ignorance are our passions perverted. Therefore, what followed?—that if by ignorance the greatest of God's gifts had been turned to evil, Knowledge alone was the light by which even the pages of Religion should be read. It followed, that the Providence that knew that the nature it had created should be constantly in exer-

* There can be no doubt that they who exterminated the Albigenses, established the Inquisition, lighted the fires at Smithfield, were actuated not by a desire to do evil, but (monstrous as it may seem) to do good—not to counteract but to enforce what they believed the wishes of the Almighty: so that a good intention, without the enlightenment to direct it to a fitting object, may be as pernicious to human happiness as one the most fiendish. We are told of a whole people who used to murder their guests, not from ferocity or interest, but from the pure and praiseworthy motive of *obtaining the good qualities* which they believed, by the murder of the deceased, devolved upon them.

cise, and that only through labour comes improvement, had wisely ordained that we should toil even for the blessing of its holiest and clearest laws. It had given us, in Religion, as in this magnificent world, treasures and harvests which might be called forth in incalculable abundance; but had decreed that through our exertions only *should* they be called forth:—a palace more gorgeous than the palaces of enchantment was before us, but its chambers were a labyrinth which required a clue.

“What was that clue? Was it to be sought for in the corners of earth, or was it not beneficently centred in ourselves? Was it not the exercise of a power easy for us to use, if we would dare to do so? Was it not the simple exertion of the discernment granted to us for all else? Was it not the exercise of our reason? ‘Reason!’ cried the Zealot; ‘pernicious and hateful instrument, it is fraught with peril to yourself and to others; do not think for a moment of employing an engine so fallacious and so dangerous.’ But I listened not to the Zealot: could the steady and bright torch which, even where the Star of Bethlehem had withheld its diviner light, had guided some patient and unwearied steps to the very throne of Virtue, become but a deceitful meteor to him who kindled it *for the aid of Religion*, and in an eternal cause? Could it be perilous to task our reason, even to the utmost, in the investigation of the true utility and hidden wisdom of the works of God, when God himself had ordained that only through *some* exertion of our reason should we know either from Nature or Revelation that He himself

existed? 'But,' cried the Zealot again, 'but mere mortal wisdom teaches men presumption, and presumption doubt.' 'Pardon me,' I answered, 'it is not Wisdom, but Ignorance, which teaches men presumption; *Genius* may be sometimes arrogant, but nothing is so diffident as *Knowledge*.' 'But,' resumed the Zealot, 'those accustomed to subtle inquiries may dwell only on the minutiae of faith—inexplicable, because useless to explain and argue from those minutiae against the grand and universal truth.' Pardon me again: it is the petty not the enlarged, mind, which prefers casuistry to conviction; it is the confined and short sight of Ignorance which, unable to comprehend the great bearings of truth, pries only into its narrow and obscure corners, occupying itself in scrutinising the atoms of a part, while the eagle eye of Wisdom contemplates, in its widest scale, the luminous majesty of the whole. Survey our faults, our errors, our vices—fearful and fertile field; trace them to their causes—all those causes resolve themselves into *one*—Ignorance! For as we have already seen that from this source flow the abuses of Religion, so also from this source flow the abuses of all other blessings—of talents, of riches, of power; for we abuse things, either because we know not their real use, or because, with an equal blindness, we imagine the abuse more adapted to our happiness. But as ignorance, then, is the sole spring of evil—so, as the antidote to ignorance is knowledge, *it necessarily* follows that, were we *consummate* in knowledge, we should be perfect in good. He therefore who retards the pro-

gress of intellect countenances crime—nay, to a state is the greatest of criminals ; while he who circulates that mental light more precious than the visual, is the holiest improver, and the surest benefactor of his race ! Nor let us believe, with the dupes of a shallow policy, that there exists upon the earth *one* prejudice that can be called salutary, or *one* error beneficial to perpetuate. As the petty fish, which is fabled to possess the property of arresting the progress of the largest vessel to which it clings, even so may a single prejudice, unnoticed or despised, more than the adverse blast or the dead calm, delay the bark of Knowledge in the vast seas of Time.

“It is true that the sanguineness of philanthropists may have carried them too far ; it is true (for the experiment has not yet been made) that God *may* have denied to us, in this state, the consummation of knowledge, and the consequent perfection in good ; but because we cannot be perfect, are we to resolve we will be evil ? One step in knowledge is one step from sin : one step from sin is one step nearer to Heaven. Oh ! never let us be deluded by those who, for *political* motives, would adulterate the divinity of *religious* truths : never let us believe that our Father in heaven rewards most the one talent unemployed, or that prejudice and indolence and folly find the most favour in His sight ! The very heathen has bequeathed to us a nobler estimate of His nature ; and the same sentence which so sublimely declares ‘TRUTH IS THE BODY OF GOD,’ declares also, ‘AND LIGHT IS HIS SHADOW.’* ”

* PLATO.

“Persuaded, then, that knowledge contained the key to virtue, it was to knowledge that I applied. The first grand lesson which it taught me was the solution of a phrase most hackneyed, least understood, viz., ‘*common sense.*’* It is in the Portico of the Greek sage that that phrase has received its legitimate explanation; it is there we are taught that ‘common sense’ signifies ‘the sense of the common interest.’ Yes! it is the most beautiful truth in morals that we have no such thing as a distinct or divided interest from our race. In their welfare is ours; and, by choosing the broadest paths to effect their happiness, we choose the surest and the shortest to our own. As I read and pondered over these truths, I was sensible that a great change was working a fresh world out of the former materials of my mind. My passions, which before I had checked into uselessness, or exerted to destruction, now started forth in a nobler shape, and prepared for a new direction: instead of urging me to individual aggrandisement, they panted for universal good, and coveted the reward of Ambition only for the triumphs of Benevolence.

“This is one stage of virtue—I cannot resist the belief that there is a higher: it is when we begin to love virtue, not for its objects, but itself. For there are in knowledge these two excellences:—first, that it offers to every man, the most selfish and the most exalted, his peculiar inducement to good. It says to the former, ‘Serve mankind, and you serve yourself;’

Κοινωνημοσύνη—Sensus communis.

to the latter, 'In choosing the best means to secure your own happiness, you will have the sublime inducement of promoting the happiness of mankind.'

"The second excellence of Knowledge is that even the selfish man, when he has once begun to love Virtue from little motives, loses the motives as he increases the love; and at last worships the deity, where before he only coveted the gold upon its altar. And thus I learned to love Virtue solely for its own beauty. I said with one who, among much dross, has many particles of ore, 'If it be not estimable in itself, I can see nothing estimable in following it for the sake of a bargain.'*

"I looked round the world, and saw often Virtue in rags, and Vice in purple: the former conduces to happiness, it is true, but the happiness lies *within*, and not in externals. I contemned the deceitful folly with which writers have termed it poetical justice to make the good ultimately prosperous in wealth, honour, fortunate love, or successful desires. Nothing false, even in poetry, can be just; and that pretended moral is, of all, the falsest. Virtue is not more exempt than Vice from the ills of fate, but it contains within itself always an energy to resist them, and sometimes an anodyne to soothe—to repay your quotation from Tibullus:

'Crura sonant ferro—sed canit inter opus!'+

"When in the depths of my soul I set up that divinity of this nether earth, which Brutus never

* LORD SHAFTESBURY.

† The chains clank on its limbs, but it sings amidst its tasks.

really understood, if, because unsuccessful in its efforts, he doubted its existence, I said in the proud prayer with which I worshipped it, 'Poverty may humble my lot, but it shall not debase thee; Temptation may shake my nature, but not the rock on which thy temple is based; Misfortune may wither all the hopes that have blossomed around thine altar, but I will sacrifice dead leaves when the flowers are no more. Though all that I have loved perish—all that I have coveted fade away, I may murmur at fate, but I will have no voice but that of homage for thee! Nor, while thou smilest upon my way, would I exchange with the loftiest and happiest of thy foes! More bitter than aught of what I then dreamed have been my trials, *but I have fulfilled my vow!*'

"I believe that alone to be a true description of Virtue, which makes it all-sufficient to itself—that alone a just portraiture of its excellence, which does not lessen its internal power by exaggerating its outward advantages, nor degrade its nobility by dwelling only on its rewards. The grandest moral of ancient lore has ever seemed to me that which the picture of Prometheus affords: in whom neither the shaking earth, nor the rending heaven, nor the rock without, nor the vulture within, could cause regret for past benevolence, or terror for future evil, or envy, even amidst tortures for the dishonourable prosperity of his insulter!* Who, that has glowed over this exalted picture, will tell us that we must make Virtue prosperous in order

* Mercury.—See the *Prometheus* of Æschylus.

to allure to it, or clothe Vice with misery in order to revolt us from its image ! Oh ! who, on the contrary, would not learn to adore Virtue, from the bitterest sufferings of such a votary, a hundredfold more than he would learn to love Vice from the gaudiest triumphs of its most fortunate disciples ? ”

Something there was in Mordaunt's voice and air, and the impassioned glow of his countenance, that, long after he had ceased, thrilled in Clarence's heart, “like the remembered tone of a mute lyre.” And when a subsequent event led him at rash moments to doubt whether Virtue was indeed the chief good, Linden recalled the words of that night, and the enthusiasm with which they were uttered, repented that in his doubt he had wronged the truth, and felt that there *is* a power in the deep heart of man to which even Destiny is submitted !

CHAPTER LXIII.

Will you hear the letter?

This is the motley-minded gentleman that I have before met in the forest.
As You Like it.

A MORNING or two after the conversation with which our last chapter concluded, Clarence received the following letter from the Duke of Haverfield :—

“Your letter, my dear Linden, would have been answered before, but for an occurrence which is generally supposed to engross the whole attention of the persons concerned in it. Let me see—ay, *three*—yes, I have been *exactly* three days married! Upon my honour, there is much less in the event than one would imagine; and the next time it happens, I will not put myself to such amazing trouble and inconvenience about it. But one buys wisdom only by experience. Now, however, that I have communicated to you the fact, I expect you, in the first place, to excuse my negligence for not writing before; for (as I know you are fond of the *literæ humaniores*, I will give the sentiment the dignity of a quotation)—

‘Un véritable amant ne connaît point d’amis;’ *

* A true lover recognises no friends.—CORNEILLE.

and though I have been three days married, I am still a lover! In the second place, I expect you to be very grateful that, all things considered, I write to you *so soon*; it would indeed not be an ordinary inducement that could make me 'put pen to paper'—(Is not that the true vulgar, commercial, academical, metaphysical, epistolary style?)—so shortly after the fatal ceremony. So, had I nothing to say but in reply to your comments on state affairs—(hang them!)—or in applause of your Italian friend, of whom I say, as Charles II. said of the honest yeoman, 'I can admire virtue, though I can't imitate it!'—I think it highly probable that your letter might still remain in a certain box of tortoiseshell and gold (formerly belonging to the great Richelieu, and now in my possession), in which I at this instant descry, 'with many a glance of woe and boding dire,' sundry epistles, in manifold handwritings, all classed under the one fearful denomination—'unanswered.'

"No, my good Linden, my heart is inditing of a better matter than this. Listen to me, and then stay at your host's, or order your swiftest steed, as seems most meet to you.

"You said rightly that Miss Trevanion, now her Grace of Haverfield, was the intimate friend of Lady Flora Ardenne. I have often talked to her—viz., Eleanor, not Lady Flora—about you, and was renewing the conversation yesterday, when your letter, accidentally lying before me, reminded me of you. Sundry little secrets passed, in due conjugal course, from her

possession into mine. I find that you have been believed, by Lady Flora, to have played the perfidious with La Meronville—that she never knew of your application to her father, and his reply—that, on the contrary, she accused you of indifference in going abroad without attempting to obtain an interview, or excuse your supposed infidelity—that her heart is utterly averse to a union with that odious Lord Boro—Bah—I mean Lord Ulswater; and that—prepare, Linden—she still cherishes your memory, even through time, change, and fancied desertion, with a tenderness, which—which—deuce take it, I never could write sentiment—but you understand me, so I will not conclude the phrase. ‘Nothing in oratory,’ said my cousin D—, who was, *entre nous*, more honest than eloquent, ‘like a break!’—‘*down!* you should have added,’ said I.

“I now, my dear Linden, leave you to your fate. For my part, though I own Lord Ulswater is a lord whom ladies in love with the *et cæteras* of married pomp might well desire, yet I do think it would be no difficult matter for you to eclipse him! I cannot, it is true, advise you to run away with Lady Flora. *Gentlemen* don’t run away with the daughters of gentlemen; but, without running away, you may win your betrothed and Lord Ulswater’s intended.—A distinguished member of the House of Commons, owner of Scarsdale, and representative of the most ancient branch of the Talbots—*mon Dieu!* you might marry a queen dowager, and decline settlements!

“And so, committing thee to the guidance of that

winged god, who, if three days afford any experience, has made thy friend forsake pleasure only to find happiness, I bid thee, most gentle Linden, farewell.

“HAVERFIELD.”

Upon reading this letter, Clarence felt as a man suddenly transformed. From an exterior of calm and apathy, at the bottom of which lay one bitter and corroding recollection, he passed at once into a state of emotion, wild, agitated, and confused; yet, *amidst* all, was foremost a burning and intense hope, which for long years he had not permitted himself to form.

He descended into the breakfast-parlour. Mordaunt, whose hours of *appearing*, though not of rising, were much later than Clarence's, was not yet down; and our lover had full leisure to form his plans before his host made his *entrée*.

“Will you ride to-day?” said Mordaunt: “there are some old ruins in the neighbourhood, well worth the trouble of a visit.”

“I grieve to say,” answered Clarence, “that I must take my leave of you. I have received intelligence this morning, which may greatly influence my future life, and by which I am obliged to make an excursion to another part of the country, nearly a day's journey, on horseback.”

Mordaunt looked at his guest, and conjectured by his heightened colour, and an embarrassment which he in vain endeavoured to conceal, that the journey might have some cause for its suddenness and despatch which

the young senator had his peculiar reasons for concealing. Algernon contented himself, therefore, with expressing his regret at Linden's abrupt departure, without incurring the indiscreet hospitality of pressing a longer sojourn beneath his roof.

Immediately after breakfast, Clarence's horse was brought to the door, and Harrison received orders to wait with the carriage at W—— until his master returned. Not a little surprised, we trow, was the worthy valet at his master's sudden attachment to equestrian excursions. Mordaunt accompanied his visitor through the park, and took leave of him with a warmth which sensibly touched Clarence, in spite of the absence and excitement of his thoughts ; indeed, the unaffected and simple character of Linden, joined to his acute, bold, and cultivated mind, had taken strong hold of Mordaunt's interest and esteem.

It was a mild autumnal morning, but thick clouds in the rear prognosticated rain ; and the stillness of the wind, the low flight of the swallows, and the lowing of the cattle slowly gathering towards the nearest shelter within their appointed boundaries, confirmed the inauspicious omen. Clarence had passed the town of W——, and was entering into a road singularly hilly, when he "was aware," as the quaint old writers of former days expressed themselves, of a tall stranger, mounted on a neat, well-trimmed galloway, who had for the last two minutes been advancing towards a closely parallel line with Clarence, and had, by sundry glances and hems, denoted a desire of commenc-

ing acquaintance and conversation with his fellow-traveller.

At last he summoned courage, and said, with a respectful though somewhat free air, "That is a very fine horse of yours, sir—I have seldom seen so fast a walker : if all his other paces are equally good, he must be quite a treasure."

All men have their vanities. Clarence's was as much in his horse's excellences as his own ; and, gratified even with the compliment of a stranger, he replied to it by joining in the praise, though with a modest and measured forbearance, which the stranger, if gifted with penetration, could easily have discerned was more affected than sincere.

"And yet, sir," resumed Clarence's new companion, "my little palfrey might perhaps keep pace with your steed ; look—I lay the rein on his neck—and, you see, he rivals—by heaven, he *outwalks* yours."

Not a little piqued and incensed, Linden also relaxed his rein, and urged his horse to a quicker step ; but the lesser competitor not only sustained, but increased his superiority ; and it was only by breaking into a trot that Linden's impatient and spirited steed could overtake him. Hitherto Clarence had not honoured his new companion with more than a rapid and slight glance ; but rivalry even in trifles begets respect, and our defeated hero now examined him with a more curious eye.

The stranger was between forty and fifty—an age in which, generally, very little of the boy has survived

the advance of manhood : yet was there a hearty and frank exhilaration in the manner and look of the person we describe which is rarely found beyond the first stage of youth. His features were comely and clearly cut, and his air and appearance indicative of a man who might equally have belonged to the middle or the upper orders. But Clarence's memory, as well as attention, was employed in his survey of the stranger ; and he recognised, in a countenance on which time had passed very lightly, an old and oft-times recalled acquaintance. However, he did not immediately make himself known. "I will first see," thought he, "whether he can remember his young guest in the bronzed stranger, after eight years' absence."

"Well," said Clarence, as he approached the owner of the palfrey, who was laughing with childish glee at his conquest—"well, you have won, sir ; but the tortoise might beat the hare in walking, and I content myself with thinking, that at a trot or a gallop the result of a race would have been very different."

"I am not so sure of that, sir," said the sturdy stranger, patting the arched neck of his little favourite : "if you would like to try either, I should have no objection to venture a trifling wager on the event."

"You are very good," said Clarence, with a smile, in which urbanity was a little mingled with contemptuous incredulity ; "but I am not now at leisure to win your money. I have a long day's journey before me, and must not tire a faithful servant ; yet I do candidly confess that I think" (and Clarence's recollection of

the person he addressed made him introduce the quotation) "that my horse

'Excels a common one
In shape, in courage, colour, *pace*, and bone.'

"Eh, sir!" cried our stranger, as his eyes sparkled at the verses: "I would own that your horse were worth all the horses in the kingdom, if you brought Will Shakespeare to prove it. And I am also willing to confess that your steed does fairly merit the splendid praise which follows the lines you have quoted—

'Round-hoofed, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long,
Broad breast, full eyes, small head, and nostril wide,
High crest, short ears, straight legs, and passing strong,
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide.'

"Come," said Clarence, "your memory has atoned for your horse's victory, and I quite forgive your conquest in return for your compliment; but suffer me to ask how long you have commenced cavalier. The Arab's *tent* is, if I err not, more a badge of your profession than the Arab's *steed*."

King Cole (for the stranger was no less a person) looked at his companion in surprise. "So you know me, then, sir! Well, it is a hard thing for a man to turn honest, when people have so much readier a recollection of his sins than his reform."

"Reform!" quoth Clarence; "am I then to understand that your majesty has abdicated your dominions under the greenwood tree?"

"You are," said Cole, eyeing his acquaintance inquisitively; "you are."

I fear no more the heat of the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages ;
I my worldly task have done,
Home am gone and ta'en my wages."

"I congratulate you," said Clarence ; "but only in part—for I have often envied your past state, and do not know enough of your present to say whether I should equally envy *that*."

"Why," answered Cole, "after all, we commit a great error in imagining that it is the living wood or the dead wall which makes happiness. 'My *mind* to me a kingdom is'—and it is that which you must envy, if you honour anything belonging to me with that feeling."

"The precept is both good and old," answered Clarence ; "yet I think it was not a very favourite maxim of yours some years ago. I remember a time when you thought no happiness could exist out of 'dingle and bosky dell.' If not very intrusive on your secrets, may I know how long you have changed your sentiments and manner of life ? The reason of the change I dare not presume to ask."

"Certainly," said the quondam gypsy, musingly—"certainly I have seen your face before, and even the tone of your voice strikes me as not wholly unfamiliar ; yet I cannot, for the life of me, guess whom I have the honour of addressing. However, sir, I have no hesitation in answering your questions. It was just five years ago, last summer, when I left the tents of Kedar. I now reside about a mile hence. It is but a hundred yards off the highroad, and if you would not object to

step aside and suffer a rasher, or aught else, to be 'the shoeing-horn to draw on a cup of ale,' as our plain forefathers were wont wittily to say, why, I shall be very happy to show you my habitation. You will have a double welcome, from the circumstance of *my* having been absent from home for the last three days."

Clarence, mindful of his journey, was about to decline the invitation, when a few heavy drops falling, began to fulfil the cloudy promise of the morning. "Trust," said Cole, "one who has been for years a watcher of the signs and menaces of the weather—we shall have a violent shower immediately. You have now no choice but to accompany me home."

"Well," said Clarence, yielding with a good grace, "I am glad of so good an excuse for intruding on your hospitality.

'O, sky!

Why didst thou promise such a beauteous day,
And make me travel forth without my cloak!"

"Bravo!" cried the ex-chief, too delighted to find a comrade so well acquainted with Shakespeare's sonnets to heed the little injustice Clarence had done the sky, in accusing it of a treachery its black clouds had by no means deserved. "Bravo, sir; and *now*, my palfrey against your steed—trot—eh—or gallop?"

"Trot, if it must be so," said Clarence, superciliously: "but I am a few paces before you."

"So much the better," cried the jovial chief. "Little John's mettle will be the more up—on with you, sir—he who breaks into a canter loses—on!"

And Clarence slightly touching his beautiful steed, the race was begun. At first his horse, which was a remarkable *stepper*, as the modern Messrs Anderson and Dyson would say, greatly gained the advantage. "To the right," cried the *ci-devant* gypsy, as Linden had nearly passed a narrow lane which led to the domain of the ex-king. The turn gave "Little John" an opportunity which he seized to advantage; and, to Clarence's indignant surprise, he beheld Cole now close behind—now beside—and now—now—*before!* In the heat of the moment he put spurs rather too sharply to his horse, and the spirited animal immediately passed his competitor—*but*—in a canter!

"Victoria," cried Cole, keeping back his own steed—*"Victoria—confess it!"*

"Pshaw," said Clarence, petulantly.

"Nay, sir, never mind it," quoth the retired sovereign; "perhaps it was but a venial transgression of your horse—and on other ground I should not have beaten you."

It is very easy to be generous when one is *quite* sure one is the victor. Clarence felt this, and, muttering out something about the sharp angle in the road, turned abruptly from all further comment on the subject, by saying, "We are now, I suppose, entering your territory. Does not this white gate lead to your new (at least new to me) abode?"

"It does," replied Cole, opening the said gate, and pausing as if to suffer his guest and rival to look round and admire.

The house, in full view, was of red brick, small and square, faced with stone copings, and adorned in the centre with a gable roof, on which was a ball of glittering metal. A flight of stone steps led to the porch, which was of fair size and stately, considering the proportions of the mansion — over the door was a stone shield of arms, surmounted by a stag's head; and above this heraldic ornament was a window of great breadth, compared to the other conveniences of a similar nature. On either side of the house ran a slight iron fence, the protection of sundry plots of gay flowers and garden shrubs, while two peacocks were seen slowly stalking towards the enclosure to seek a shelter from the increasing shower. At the back of the building, thick trees and a rising hill gave a meet defence from the winds of winter; and in front, a sloping and small lawn afforded pasture for a few sheep and two pet deer. Towards the end of this lawn were two large fishponds, shaded by rows of feathered trees. On the margin of each of these, as if emblematic of ancient customs, was a common tent; and in the intermediate space was a rustic pleasure-house, fenced from the encroaching cattle, and half hid by surrounding laurel and the parasite ivy.

Altogether there was a quiet and old-fashioned comfort, and even luxury, about the place, which suited well with the eccentric character of the abdicated chief; and Clarence, as he gazed around, really felt that he might, perhaps, deem the last state of the owner *not* worse than the first.

Unmindful of the rain, which now began to pour fast and full, Cole suffered "Little John's" rein to fall over his neck, and the spoiled favourite to pluck the smooth grass beneath, while he pointed out to Clarence the various beauties of his seat.

"There, sir," said he, "by those ponds in which, I assure you, old Isaac might have fished with delight, I pass many a summer's day. I was always a lover of the angle, and the farthest pool is the most beautiful bathing-place imaginable;—as glorious Geoffrey Chaucer says—

'The gravel's gold; the water pure as glass,
The bankè round the well environing;
And softè as velvet the youngè grass
That thereupon lustily come springing.'

"And in that arbour, Lucy—that is, my wife—sits in the summer evenings with her father and our children; and then—ah! see our pets come to welcome me"—pointing to the deer, who had advanced within a few yards of him, but, intimidated by the stranger, would not venture within reach—"Lucy loved choosing her favourites among animals which had formerly been wild, and faith I loved it too. But you observe the house, sir—it was built in the reign of Queen Anne: it belonged to my mother's family, but my father sold it, and his son five years ago rebought it. Those arms belong to my maternal ancestry. Look—look at the peacocks creeping along—poor pride theirs that can't stand the shower! But, egad, that reminds me of the rain. Come, sir, let us make for our shelter."

And, resuming their progress, a minute more brought them to the old-fashioned porch. Cole's ring summoned a man, not decked in "livery gay," but, "clad in serving frock," who took the horses with a nod, half familiar, half respectful, at his master's injunctions of attention and hospitality to the stranger's beast ; and then our old acquaintance, striking through a small low hall, ushered Clarence into the chief sitting-room of the mansion.

CHAPTER LXIV.

We are not poor; although we have
No roofs of cedar, nor our brave
Baia, nor keep
Account of such a flock of sheep,
Nor bullocks fed
To lard the shambles; barbles bred
To kiss our hands; nor do we wish
For Pollio's lampries in our dish.

If we can meet and so confer
Both by a shining salt-cellar,
And have our roof,
Although not arched, yet weather-proof:
And ceiling free
From that cheap candle-bawdery;
We'll eat our bean with that full mirth
As we were lords of all the earth.

HERRICK, *from* HORACE.

ON entering the room, Clarence recognised Lucy, whom eight years had converted into a sleek and portly matron of about thirty-two, without stealing from her countenance its original expression of mingled modesty and good-nature. She hastened to meet her husband, with an eager and joyous air of welcome seldom seen on matrimonial faces after so many years of wedlock.

A fine, stout boy, of about eleven years old, left a cross-bow, which, on his father's entrance, he had appeared earnestly employed in mending, to share with his mother the salutations of the Returned. An old

man sat in an arm-chair by the fire, gazing on the three with an affectionate and gladdening eye, and playfully detaining a child of about four years old, who was struggling to escape to dear "papa!"

The room was of oak wainscot, and the furniture plain, solid and strong, and cast in the fashion still frequently found in those country-houses which have remained unaltered by innovation since the days of George II.

Three rough-coated dogs, of a breed that would have puzzled a connoisseur, gave themselves the rousing shake, and, deserting the luxurious hearth, came in various welcome to their master. One rubbed himself against Cole's sturdy legs, murmuring soft rejoicings: he was the grandsire of the canine race, and his wick of life burnt low in the socket. Another sprang up almost to the face of his master, and yelled his very heart out with joy: that was the son, exulting in the vigour of matured *doghood!*—and the third scrambled and tumbled over the others, uttering his pæans in a shrill treble, and chiding most snappishly at his two progenitors for interfering with his pretensions to notice: that was the infant dog, the little reveller in puppy childishness! Clarence stood by the door, with his fine countenance smiling benevolently at the happiness he beheld, and congratulating himself that, for one moment, the group had forgotten that he was a stranger.

As soon as our gypsy friend had kissed his wife, shaken hands with his eldest hope, shaken his head at

his youngest, smiled his salutation at the father-in-law, and patted into silence the canine claimants of his favour, he turned to Clarence, and saying, half bashfully, half good-humouredly, "See what a troublesome thing it is to return home, even after three days' absence. Lucy, dearest, welcome a new friend!" he placed a chair by the fireside for his guest, and motioned him to be seated.

The chief expression of Clarence's open and bold countenance was centred in the eyes and forehead; and as he now doffed his hat, which had hitherto concealed that expression, Lucy and her husband recognised him simultaneously.

"I am sure, sir," cried the former, "that I am glad to see you once more!"

"Ah! my young guest under the gypsy-awning!" exclaimed the latter, shaking him heartily by the hand: "where were my eyes, that they did not recognise you before?"

"Eight years," answered Clarence, "have worked more change with me and my friend here" (pointing to the boy, whom he had left last so mere a child) "than they have with you and his blooming mother. The wonder is, not that you did not remember me before, but that you remember me now!"

"You *are* altered, sir, certainly," said the frank chief. "Your face is thinner, and far graver: and the smooth cheeks of the boy (for, craving your pardon, you were little more than) are somewhat darkened by the bronzed complexion with which time honours the man."

And the good Cole sighed, as he contrasted Linden's ardent countenance and elastic figure, when he had last beheld him, with the serious and thoughtful face of the person now before him ; yet did he inly own that years, if they had in some things deteriorated from, had in others improved, the effect of Clarence's appearance : they had brought decision to his mien and command to his brow, and had enlarged, to an ampler measure of dignity and power, the proportions of his form. Something too there was in his look, like that of a man who has stemmed fate, and won success ; and the omen of future triumph, which our fortune-telling chief had drawn from his features, when first beheld, seemed already, in no small degree, to have been fulfilled.

Having seen her guest stationed in the seat of honour opposite her father, Lucy withdrew for a few moments, and when she reappeared, was followed by a neat-handed sort of Phillis for a country-maiden, bearing such kind of "savoury messes" as the house might be supposed to afford.

"At all events, mine host," said Clarence, "you did not desert the flesh-pots of Egypt when you forsook its tents."

"Nay," quoth the worthy Cole, seating himself at the table, "either under the roof or the awning, we may say, in the words of the old epilogue,*

'We can but bring you meat and set you stools,
And to our best cheer say, You all are welcome.'

* To the play of *All Fools* by CHAPMAN.

We are plain people still ; but if you can stay till dinner, you shall have a bottle of such wine as our fathers' honest souls would have rejoiced in."

"I am truly sorry that I cannot tarry with you, after so fair a promise," replied Clarence ; "but before night I must be many miles hence."

Lucy came forward timidly. "Do you remember this ring, sir?" said she (presenting one); "you dropped it in my boy's frock, when we saw you last."

"I did so," answered Clarence. "I trust that he will not now disdain a stranger's offering—May it be as ominous of good-luck to him as my night in your caravan has proved to me."

"I am heartily glad to hear that you have prospered," said Cole—"now, let us fall to."

CHAPTER LXV.

Out of these convertites

There is much matter to be heard and learned.—SHAKESPEARE.

“IF you are bent upon leaving us so soon,” said the honest Cole, as Clarence, refusing all further solicitation to stay, seized the opportunity which the cessation of the rain afforded him, and rose to depart—“if you are bent upon leaving us so soon, I will accompany you back again into the main road, as in duty bound.”

“What! immediately on your return?” said Clarence: “no, no—not a step. What would my fair hostess say to me if I suffered it?”

“Rather what would she say to me if I neglected such a courtesy? Why, sir, when I meet one who knows Shakespeare’s sonnets, to say nothing of the lights of the lesser stars, as well as you, only once in eight years, do you not think I would make the most of him? Besides, it is but a quarter of a mile to the road, and I love walking after a shower.”

“I am afraid, Mrs Cole,” said Clarence, “that I must be selfish enough to accept the offer.” And, Mrs Cole blushing and smiling her assent and adieu, Clarence shook hands with the whole party, grandfather and child included, and took his departure.

As Cole was now a pedestrian, Linden threw the rein over his arm, and walked on foot by his host's side.

"So," said he, smiling, "I must not inquire into the reasons of your retirement?"

"On the contrary," replied Cole, "I have walked with you the more gladly from my desire of telling them to you, for we all love to seem consistent, even in our chimeras. About six years ago, I confess that I began to wax a little weary of my wandering life; my child, in growing up, required playmates: shall I own that I did not like him to find them among the children of my own comrades? The old scamps were good enough for me, but the young ones were a little too bad for my son. Between you and me only be it said, my juvenile hope was already a little corrupted. The dog Mim—you remember Mim, sir—secretly taught him to filch as well as if he had been a bantling of his own; and, faith, our smaller goods and chattels, especially of an edible nature, began to disappear with a rapidity and secrecy that our itinerant palace could very ill sustain. Among us (*i. e.*, gypsies) there is a law by which no member of the gang may steal from another; but my little heaven-instructed youth would by no means abide by that distinction; and so boldly designed and well executed were his rogueries, that my paternal anxiety saw nothing before him but Botany Bay on the one hand, and Newgate Courtyard on the other."

"A sad prospect for the heir-apparent!" quoth Clarence.

“It was so!” answered Cole, “and it made me deliberate. Then, as one gets older, one’s romance oozes out a little in rheums and catarrhs. I began to perceive that, though I had been bred, I had not been educated, as a gypsy; and, what was worse, Lucy, though she never complained, felt that the walls of our palace were not exempt from the damps of winter, nor our royal state from the Caliban curses of

‘Cramps and
Side-stitches that do pen our breath up.’

She fell ill; and during her illness I had sundry bright visions of warm rooms and coal fires, a friend, with whom I could converse upon Chaucer, and a tutor for my son, who would teach him other arts than those of picking pockets and pilfering larders. Nevertheless, I was a little ashamed of my own thoughts: and I do not know whether they would have been yet put into practice, but for a trifling circumstance which converted doubt and longing into certainty.

“Our crank cuffins had for some time looked upon me with suspicion and coldness: my superior privileges and comforts they had at first forgiven, on account of my birth and my generosity to them; but by degrees they lost respect for the one and gratitude for the other; and as I had in a great measure ceased from participating in their adventures, or, during Lucy’s illness, which lasted several months, joining in their festivities, they at length considered me as a drone in a hive, by no means compensating by my services as an ally for my

admittance into their horde as a stranger. You will easily conceive, when this once became the state of their feelings towards me, with how ill a temper they brooked the lordship of my stately caravan, and my assumption of superior command. Above all, the women, who were very much incensed at Lucy's constant seclusion from their orgies, fanned the increasing discontent; and at last I verily believe that no eyesore could have been more grievous to the Egyptians than my wooden habitation and the smoke of its single chimney.

“From ill-will the rascals proceeded to ill acts: and one dark night, when we were encamped on the very same ground as that which we occupied when we received you, three of them, Mim at their head, attacked me in mine own habitation. I verily believe, if they had mastered me, they would have robbed and murdered us all; except perhaps my son, whom they thought I ill-used, by depriving him of Mim's instructive society. Howbeit, I was still stirring when they invaded me, and by the help of the poker and a tolerably strong arm, I repelled the assailants; but that very night I passed from the land of Egypt, and made with all possible expedition to the nearest town, which was, as you may remember, W——.

“Here, the very next day, I learnt that the house I now inhabit was to be sold. It had (as I before said) belonged to my mother's family, and my father had sold it a little before his death. It was the home from

which I had been stolen, and to which I had been returned : often in my starlit wanderings had I flown to it in thought ; and now it seemed as if Providence itself, in offering to my age the asylum I had above all others coveted for it, was interested in my retirement from the empire of an ungrateful people, and my atonement, in rest for my past sins in migration.

“ Well, sir, in short, I became the purchaser of the place you have just seen, and I now think that, after all, there is more happiness in reality than romance : like the laverock, here will I build my nest—

‘ Here give my weary spirit rest,
And raise my low-pitched thoughts above
Earth, or what poor mortals love.’ ”

“ And your son,” said Clarence, “ has he reformed ? ”

“ Oh, yes,” answered Cole. “ For my part, I believe the mind is less evil than people say it is ; its great characteristic is imitation, and it will imitate the good as well as the bad, if we will set the example. I thank Heaven, sir, that my boy now might go from Dan to Beersheba, and not filch a groat by the way.”

“ What do you intend him for ? ” said Clarence.

“ Why, he loves adventure, and, faith, I can’t break him of that, for I love it too ; so I think I shall get him a commission in the army, in order to give him a fitting and legitimate sphere wherein to indulge his propensities.”

“ You could not do better,” said Clarence. “ But your fine sister, what says she to your amendment ? ”

“ Oh ! she wrote me a long letter of congratulation

upon it ; and every other summer she is graciously pleased to pay me a visit of three months long ; at which time I observe that poor Lucy is unusually smart and uncomfortable. We sit in the best room, and turn out the dogs ; my father-in-law smokes his pipe in the arbour instead of the drawing-room ; and I receive sundry hints, all in vain, on the propriety of dressing for dinner. In return for these attentions on our part, my sister invariably brings my boy a present of a pair of white gloves, and my wife a French ribbon of the newest pattern ; in the evening, instead of my reading Shakespeare, she tells us anecdotes of high life ; and when she goes away, she gives us, in return for our hospitality, a very general and very gingerly invitation to her house. Lucy sometimes talks to me about accepting it ; but I turn a deaf ear to all such overtures, and so we continue much better friends than we should be if we saw more of each other."

"And how long has your father-in-law been with you ?"

"Ever since we have been here. He gave up his farm, and cultivates mine for me ; for I know nothing of those agricultural matters. I made his coming a little surprise, in order to please Lucy : you should have witnessed their meeting."

"I think I have now learned all particulars," said Clarence ; "it only remains for me to congratulate you : but are you, in truth, never tired of the monotony and sameness of domestic life ?"

"Yes !—and then I do, as I have just done—saddle

Little John, and go on an excursion of three or four days, or even weeks, just as the whim seizes me ; for I never return till I am driven back by the yearning for home, and the feeling that, after all one's wanderings, there is no place like it. Whether in private life, or public, sir, in parting with a little of one's liberty one gets a great deal of comfort in exchange."

"I thank you truly for your frankness," said Clarence ; " it has solved many doubts with respect to you that have often occurred to me. And now we are in the main road, and I must bid you farewell : we part, but our paths lead to the same object—you return to happiness, and I *seek* it."

"May *you* find it, and *I* not lose it, sir," said the wanderer reclaimed ; and, shaking hands, the pair parted.

CHAPTER LXVI.

Quicquid agit Rufus, nihil est, nisi Nævia Rufo,
Si gaudet, si flet, si tacet, hanc loquitur ;
Cœnat, propinat, poscit, negat, annuit, una est
Nævia ; si non sit Nævia, mntus erit.
Scriberet hesterna patri cum luce salutem
Nævia lux, inquit, Nævia numen, ave.*—MART.

“THE last time,” said Clarence to himself, “that I travelled this road, on exactly the same errand that I travel now, I do remember that I was honoured by the company of one, in all respects the opposite to mine honest host ; for, whereas in the latter there is a luxuriant and wild eccentricity, an open and blunt simplicity, and a shrewd sense, which looks not after pence, but peace ; so, in the mind of the friend of the late Lady Waddilove, there was a flat and hedged-in primness and narrowness of thought—an enclosure of bargains and profits of all species—mustard-pots, rings, monkeys, chains, jars, and plum-coloured velvet inexpressibles, his ideas, with the true alchemy of trade, turned them all into gold ; yet was he also as shrewd and acute as

* “Whatever Rufus does is nothing, except Nævia be at his elbow. Be he joyful or sorrowful, be he even silent, he is still harping upon her. He eats, he drinks, he asks, he denies, he assents.—Nævia is his sole theme : no Nævia, and he’s dumb. Yesterday at daybreak he would fain write a letter of salutation to his father ; ‘Hail Nævia, light of my eyes,’ quoth he ; ‘hail Nævia, my divine one.’”

he with whose character he contrasts—equally with him seeking comfort and gladness, and an asylum for his old age. Strange that all tempers should have a common object, and never a common road to it. But, since I have begun the contrast, let me hope that it may be extended in its omen unto me; let me hope that, as my encountering with the mercantile Brown brought me ill-luck in my enterprise, thereby signifying the crosses and vexations of those who labour in the cheateries and overreachings which constitute the vocation of the world; so my meeting with the philosophical Cole, who has, both in vagrancy and rest, found cause to boast of happiness, authorities from his studies to favour his inclination to each, and reason to despise what he, with Sir Kenelm Digby, would wisely call

“The fading blossoms of the earth;”

so my meeting with him may prove a token of good speed to mine errand, and thereby denote prosperity to one who seeks not riches, nor honour, nor the conquest of knaves, nor the good word of fools, but happy love, and the bourne of its quiet home.

Thus, half meditating, half moralising, and drawing, like a true lover, an omen of fear or hope from occurrences in which plain reason could have perceived neither type nor token, Clarence continued, and concluded, his day's journey. He put up at the same little inn he had visited three years ago, and watched his opportunity of seeing Lady Flora alone. More fortunate in that respect than he had been before, such opportunity the very next day presented to him.

CHAPTER LXVII.

Duke.—Sir Valentine!

Thur.—Yonder is Silvia, and Silvia's mine.

Val.—Thurio, give back.—*The Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

“I THINK, mainma,” said Lady Flora to her mother, “that, as the morning is so beautiful, I will go into the pavilion to finish my drawing.”

“But Lord Ulswater will be here in an hour, or perhaps less—may I tell him where you are, and suffer him to join you?”

“If you will accompany him,” answered Lady Flora, coldly, as she took up her *portefeuille*, and withdrew.

Now the pavilion was a small summer-house of stone, situated in the most retired part of the grounds belonging to Westborough Park. It was a favourite retreat with Lady Flora, even in the winter months, for warm carpeting, a sheltered site, and a fireplace, constructed more for comfort than economy, made it scarcely less adapted to that season than to the more genial suns of summer.

The morning was so bright and mild that Lady Flora left open the door as she entered; she seated herself at the table, and, unmindful of her pretended employment, suffered the *portefeuille* to remain unopened.

Leaning her cheek upon her hand, she gazed vacantly on the ground, and scarcely felt the tears which gathered slowly to her eyes, but, falling not, remained within the fair lids, chill and motionless, as if the thought which drew them there was born of a sorrow less agitated than fixed and silent.

The shadow of a man darkened the threshold, and there paused.

Slowly did Flora raise her eyes, and the next moment Clarence Linden was by her side, and at her feet.

“Flora,” said he, in a tone trembling with its own emotions—“Flora, have years indeed separated us for ever—or dare I hope that we have misconstrued each other’s hearts, and that at this moment they yearn to be united with more than the fondness and fidelity of old?—Speak to me, Flora, one word.”

But she had sunk on the chair overpowered, surprised, and almost insensible : and it was not for some moments that she could utter words rather wrung from, than dictated by, her thoughts.

“Cruel and insulting—for what have you come?—is it at such a time that you taunt me with the remembrance of my past folly, or your—your” (she paused for a moment, confused and hesitating, but presently recovering herself, rose, and added, in a calmer tone) —“Surely you have no excuse for this intrusion—you will suffer me to leave you.”

“No!” exclaimed Clarence, violently agitated—“no ! Have you not wronged me, stung me, wounded me to the core by your injustice !—and will you not hear now

how differently I have deserved from you!—On a bed of fever and pain I thought only of you; I rose from it animated by the hope of winning you! Though, during the danger of my wound, and my consequent illness, your parents alone, of all my intimate acquaintances, neglected to honour with an inquiry the man whom you professed to consecrate with your regard, yet scarcely could my hand trace a single sentence before I wrote to you requesting an interview, in order to disclose my birth, and claim your plighted faith! That letter was returned to me unanswered, unopened. My friend and benefactor, whose fortune I now inherit, promised to call upon your father, and advocate my cause. Death anticipated his kindness. As soon as my sorrow for his loss permitted me, I came to this very spot! For three days I hovered about your house, seeking the meeting that you would fain deny me now. I could not any longer bear the torturing suspense I endured—I wrote to you—your father answered the letter. Here—here I have it still:—read!—note well the cool, the damning insult of each line! I see that you knew not of this: I rejoice at it! Can you wonder that, on receiving it, I subjected myself no more to such affronts? I hastened abroad. On my return I met you. Where? In crowds—in the glitter of midnight assemblies—in the whirl of what the vain call pleasure! I observed your countenance, your manner; was there in either a single token of endearing or regretful remembrance? None! I strove to harden my heart; I entered into politics,

business, intrigue—I hoped, I longed, I burned to forget you, but in vain!

“At last I heard that Rumour, though it had long preceded, had not belied the truth, and that you were to be married—married to Lord Ulswater! I will not say what I suffered, or how idly I summoned pride to resist affection! But I would not have come now to molest you, Flora—to trouble your nuptial rejoicings with one thought of me, if, forgive me, I had not suddenly dreamt that I had cause to hope you had mistaken, not rejected, my heart; that—you turn away, Flora!—you blush!—you weep!—Oh, tell me, by one word, one look, that I was not deceived!”

“No, no, Clarence,” said Flora, struggling with her tears; “it is too late, too late, now! Why, why did I not know this before? I have promised, I am pledged!—in less than two months I shall be the wife of another!”

“Never,” cried Clarence—“never! You promised on a false belief; they will not bind you to such a promise. Who is he that claims you? I am his equal in birth—in the world’s name—and oh, by what worlds his superior in love! I will advance my claim to you in his very teeth—nay, I will not stir from these domains till you, your father, and my rival, have repaired my wrongs.”

“Be it so, sir!” cried a voice behind, and Clarence turned and beheld Lord Ulswater! His dark countenance was flushed with rage, which he in vain endeavoured to conceal; and the smile of scorn that he strove

to summon to his lip made a ghastly and unnatural contrast with the lowering of his brow and the fire of his eyes—"Be it so, sir," he said, slowly advancing, and confronting Clarence. "You will dispute my claims to the hand Lady Flora Ardenne has long promised to one who, however unworthy of the gift, knows at least how to defend it. It is well; let us finish the dispute elsewhere. It is not the first time we shall have met, if not as rivals, as foes."

Clarence turned from him without reply, for he saw Lady Westborough had just entered the pavilion, and stood mute and transfixed at the door, with surprise, fear, and anger depicted upon her regal and beautiful countenance.

"It is to you, madam," said Clarence, approaching towards her, "that I venture to appeal. Your daughter and I, four long years ago, exchanged our vows; you flattered me with the hope that those vows were not displeasing to you; since then, a misunderstanding, deadly to my happiness and to hers, divided us. I come now to explain it. My birth may have seemed obscure; I come to clear it: my conduct doubtful; I come to vindicate it. I find Lord Ulswater my rival. I am willing to compare my pretensions to his. I acknowledge that he has titles which I have not—that he has wealth, to which mine is but competence—but titles and wealth, as the means of happiness, are to be referred to your daughter, to none else. You have only, in an alliance with me, to consider my character and my lineage: the latter flows from blood as pure as

that which warms the veins of my rival ; the former stands already upon an eminence to which Lord Ulswater, in his loftiest visions, could never aspire. For the rest, madam, I adjure you solemnly, as you value your peace of mind, your daughter's happiness, your freedom from the agonies of future remorse and unavailing regret—I adjure you not to divorce those whom God, who speaks in the deep heart and the plighted vow, has already joined. This is a question in which your daughter's permanent woe or lasting happiness, from this present hour to the last sand of life, is concerned. It is to her that I refer it—let her be the judge.”

And Clarence moved from Lady Westborough, who, agitated, confused, awed by the spell of a power and a nature of which she had not dreamed, stood pale and speechless, vainly endeavouring to reply : he moved from her towards Lady Flora, who leant, sobbing and convulsed with contending emotions, against the wall ; but Lord Ulswater, whose fiery blood was boiling with passion, placed himself between Clarence and the unfortunate object of the contention.

“Touch her not, approach her not !” he said, with a fierce and menacing tone. “Till you have proved your pretensions superior to mine, unknown, presuming, and probably base-born, as you are, you will only pass over my body to your claims.”

Clarence stood still for one moment, evidently striving to master the wrath which literally swelled his form beyond its ordinary proportions ; and Lady Westborough, recovering herself in the brief pause, passed between

the two, and, taking her daughter's arm, led her from the pavilion.

"Stay, madam, for one instant!" cried Clarence; and he caught hold of her robe.

Lady Westborough stood quite erect and still, and, drawing her stately figure to its full height, said with that quiet dignity by which a woman so often stills the angrier passions of men, "I lay the prayer and command of a mother upon you, Lord Ulswater, and on you, sir, whatever be your real rank and name, not to make mine and my daughter's presence the scene of a contest which dishonours both. Still further, if Lady Flora's hand and my approval be an object of desire to either, I make it a peremptory condition, with both of you, that a dispute already degrading to her name pass not from word to act. For you, Mr Linden, if so I may call you, I promise that my daughter shall be left free and unbiassed to give that reply to your singular conduct which I doubt not her own dignity and sense will suggest!"

"By Heaven!" exclaimed Lord Ulswater, utterly beside himself with rage, which, suppressed at the beginning of Lady Westborough's speech, had been kindled into double fury by its conclusion, "you will not suffer Lady Flora, no, nor any one but her affianced bridegroom, her only legitimate defender, to answer this arrogant intruder! You cannot think that her hand, the hand of my future wife, shall trace line or word to one who has so insulted her with his addresses, and me with his rivalry."

“Man !” cried Clarence, abruptly, and seizing Lord Ulswater fiercely by the arm, “there are some causes which will draw fire from ice ; beware—beware how you incense me to pollute my soul with the blood of a ——”

“What !” exclaimed Lord Ulswater.

Clarence bent down and whispered one word in his ear.

Had that word been the spell with which the sorcerers of old disarmed the fiend, it could not have wrought a greater change upon Lord Ulswater’s mien and face. He staggered back several paces ; the glow of his swarthy cheek faded into a death-like paleness ; the word which passion had conjured to his tongue died there in silence ; and he stood with eyes dilated and fixed on Clarence’s face, on which their gaze seemed to force some unwilling certainty.

But Linden did not wait for him to recover his self-possession ; he hurried after Lady Westborough, who, with her daughter, was hastening home.

“Pardon me, Lady Westborough,” he said (as he approached), with a tone and air of deep respect, “pardon me—but will you suffer me to hope that Lady Flora and yourself will, in a moment of greater calmness, consider over all I have said ?—and—that she—that you, Lady Flora,” added he, changing the object of his address, “will vouchsafe one line of unprejudiced, unbiassed reply, to a love which, however misrepresented and calumniated, has in it, I daresay, nothing that can disgrace her to whom, with an enduring con-

stancy, and undimmed, though unhoping ardour, it has been inviolably dedicated?"

Lady Flora, though she spoke not, lifted her eyes to his, and in that glance was a magic which made his heart burn with a sudden and flashing joy that atoned for the darkness of years.

"I assure you, sir," said Lady Westborough, touched, in spite of herself, with the sincerity and respect of Clarence's bearing, "that Lady Flora will reply to any letter of explanation or proposal: for myself, I will not even see her answer. Where shall it be sent to you?"

"I have taken my lodgings at the inn, by your park gates. I shall remain there till—till——"

Clarence paused, for his heart was full; and, leaving the sentence to be concluded as his listeners pleased, he drew himself aside from their path, and suffered them to proceed.

As he was feeding his eyes with the last glimpse of their forms, ere a turn in the grounds snatched them from his view, he heard a rapid step behind, and Lord Ulswater, approaching, laid his hand upon Linden's shoulder, and said, calmly,

"Are you furnished with proof to support the word you uttered?"

"I am!" replied Clarence, haughtily.

"And will you favour me with it?"

"At your leisure, my lord," rejoined Clarence.

"Enough!—Name your time, and I will attend you."

"On Tuesday:—I require till then to produce my witnesses."

“So be it—yet stay : on Tuesday I have military business at W——, some miles hence : the next day let it be—the place of meeting where you please.”

“Here, then, my lord,” answered Clarence ; “you have insulted me grossly before Lady Westborough and your affianced bride, and before them my vindication and answer should be given.”

“You are right,” said Lord Ulswater ; “be it here, at the hour of twelve.” Clarence bowed his assent, and withdrew.

Lord Ulswater remained on the spot, with downcast eyes, and a brow on which thought had succeeded passion.

“If true,” said he, aloud, though unconsciously—“if this be true, why then I owe him reparation, and he shall have it at my hands. I owe it to him on my account, and that of one now no more. Till we meet, I will not again see Lady Flora ; after that meeting, perhaps I may resign her for ever.”

And with these words the young nobleman, who, despite of many evil and overbearing qualities, had, as we have said, his redeeming virtues, in which a capricious and unsteady generosity was one, walked slowly to the house—wrote a brief note to Lady Westborough, the purport of which the next chapter will disclose ; and then, summoning his horse, flung himself on its back, and rode hastily away.

CHAPTER LXVIII.

We will examine if those accidents,
Which common fame call injuries, happen to him
Deservedly or no.—*The New Inn.*

FROM LORD ULSWATER TO LADY WESTBOROUGH.

“FORGIVE me, dearest Lady Westborough, for my violence—you know and will allow for the infirmities of my temper. I have to make you and Lady Flora one request, which I trust you will not refuse me.

“Do not see, or receive any communication from, Mr Linden till Wednesday; and on that day, at the hour of twelve, suffer me to meet him at your house. I will then either prove him to be the basest of impostors, or, if I fail in this, and Lady Flora honours my rival with one sentiment of preference, I will, without a murmur, submit to her decree and my rejection. Dare I trust that this petition will be accorded to one who is, with great regard and esteem,

“&c. &c. &c.”

“This is fortunate,” said Lady Westborough, gently, to her daughter, who, leaning her head on her mother’s bosom, suffered hopes, the sweeter for their long sleep,

to divide, if not wholly to possess, her heart. "We shall have now time well and carefully to reflect over what will be best for your future happiness. We owe this delay to one to whom you have been affianced. Let us, therefore, now merely write to Mr Linden, to inform him of Lord Ulswater's request; and to say that if he will meet his lordship at the time appointed, we, that is, *I*, shall be happy to see him."

Lady Flora sighed, but she saw the reasonableness of her mother's proposal, and, pressing Lady Westborough's hand, murmured her assent.

"At all events," thought Lady Westborough, as she wrote to Clarence, "the affair can but terminate to advantage. If Lord Ulswater proves Mr Linden's unworthiness, the suit of the latter is, of course, at rest for ever: if not, and Mr Linden be indeed all that he asserts, my daughter's choice cannot be an election of reproach; Lord Ulswater promises peaceably to withdraw his pretensions; and though Mr Linden may not possess his rank or fortune, he is certainly one with whom, if of ancient blood, any family would be proud of an alliance."

Blending with these reflections a considerable share of curiosity and interest in a secret which partook so strongly of romance, Lady Westborough despatched her note to Clarence. The answer returned was brief, respectful, and not only acquiescent in, but grateful for, the proposal.

With this arrangement, both Lady Westborough and Lady Flora were compelled, though with very different

feelings, to be satisfied ; and an agreement was established between them to the effect that, if Linden's name passed unblemished through the appointed ordeal, Lady Flora was to be left to, and favoured in, her own election ; while, on the contrary, if Lord Uls-water succeeded in the proof he had spoken of, his former footing in the family was to be fully re-established, and our unfortunate adventurer for ever discarded.

To this Lady Flora readily consented ; for with a sanguine and certain trust in her lover's truth and honour, which was tenfold more strong for her late suspicions, she would not allow herself a doubt as to the result ; and with an impatience, mingled with a rapturous exhilaration of spirit, which brought back to her the freshness and radiancy of her youngest years, she counted the hours and moments to the destined day.

While such was the state of affairs at Westborough Park, Clarence was again on horseback, and on another excursion. By the noon of the day following that which had seen his eventful meeting with Lady Flora, he found himself approaching the extreme boundaries of the county in which Mordaunt Court, and the memorable town of W——, were situated. The characteristics of the country were now materially changed from those which gave to the vicinity of Algernon's domains its wild and uncultivated aspect.

As Clarence slowly descended a hill of considerable steepness and length, a prospect of singular and luxu-

rious beauty opened to his view. The noblest of England's rivers was seen through "turfs and shades and flowers," pursuing "its silver-winding way." On the opposite banks lay, embosomed in the golden glades of autumn, the busy and populous town that from the height seemed still and lifeless as an enchanted city, over which the mid-day sun hung like a guardian spirit. Behind, in sweeping diversity, stretched wood and dale, and fields despoiled of their rich harvest, yet still presenting a yellow surface to the eye; and ever and anon some bright patch of green, demanding the gaze as if by a lingering spell from the past spring; while, here and there, spire and hamlet studded the landscape, or some lowly cot lay, backed by the rising ground or the silent woods, white and solitary, and sending up its faint tribute of smoke in spires to the altars of Heaven. The river was more pregnant of life than its banks: barge and boat were gliding gaily down the wave, and the glad oar of the frequent and slender vessels consecrated to pleasure was seen dimpling the water, made by distance smoother than glass.

On the right side of Clarence's road, as he descended the hill, lay wide plantations of fir and oak, divided from the road by a park paling, the uneven sides of which were covered with brown moss, and which, at rare openings in the young wood, gave glimpses of a park, seemingly extending over a great space, the theatre of many a stately copse and oaken grove, which might have served the Druids with fane and temple meet for the savage sublimity of their worship.

Upon these unfrequent views, Clarence checked his horse, and gazed, with emotions sweet yet bitter, over the pales, along the green expanse which they contained. And once, when through the trees he caught a slight glimpse of the white walls of the mansion they adorned, all the years of his childhood seemed to rise on his heart, thrilling to its farthest depths with a mighty and sorrowful, yet sweet, melody, and—

“Singing of boyhood back—the voices of his home.”

Home ! yes, amidst those groves had the April of his life lavished its mingled smiles and tears ! There was the spot hallowed by his earliest joys ! and the scene of sorrow still more sacred than joys ! and now, after many years, the exiled boy came back, a prosperous and thoughtful man, to take but one brief glance of that home which to him had been less hospitable than a stranger’s dwelling, and to find a witness, among those who remembered him, of his very birth and identity !

He wound the ascent at last, and entering a small town at the foot of the hill, which was exactly facing the larger one on the opposite shore of the river, put up his horse at one of the inns ; and then, with a beating heart, remounted the hill, and, entering the park by one of its lodges, found himself once more in the haunts of his childhood.

CHAPTER LXIX.

Oh, the steward, the steward—I might have guessed as much.

Tales of the Crusaders.

THE evening was already beginning to close, and Clarence was yet wandering in the park, and retracing, with his heart's eye, each knoll and tree and tuft, once so familiar to his wanderings.

At the time we shall again bring him personally before the reader, he was leaning against an iron fence that, running along the left wing of the house, separated the pleasure-grounds from the park, and gazing, with folded arms and wistful eyes, upon the scene on which the dusk of twilight was gradually gathering.

The house was built originally in the reign of Charles II.; it had since received alteration and additions, and now presented to the eye a vast pile of Grecian, or rather Italian, architecture, heterogeneously blended with the massive window, the stiff coping, and the heavy roof which the age immediately following the Revolution introduced. The extent of the building, and the grandeur of the circling demesnes, were sufficient to render the mansion imposing in effect; while, perhaps, the style of the architecture was calculated to

conjoin a stately comfort with magnificence, and to atone in solidity for any deficiency in grace. At a little distance from the house, and placed on a much more commanding site, were some ancient and ivy-grown ruins, now scanty indeed, and fast mouldering into decay, but sufficient to show the antiquarian the remains of what once had been a hold of no ordinary size and power. These were the wrecks of the old mansion, which was recorded by tradition to have been reduced to this state by accidental fire, during the banishment of its loyal owner in the time of the Protectorate. Upon his return the present house was erected.

As Clarence was thus stationed, he perceived an elderly man approach towards him. "This is fortunate," said he to himself—"the very person I have been watching for. Well, years have passed lightly over old Wardour: still the same precise garb—the same sturdy and slow step—the same upright form."

The person thus designated now drew near enough for parlance; and, in a tone a little authoritative, though very respectful, inquired if Clarence had any business to transact with him.

"I beg pardon," said Clarence, slouching his hat over his face, "for lingering so near the house at this hour: but I have seen it many years ago, and indeed been a guest within its walls; and it is rather my interest for an old friend, than my curiosity to examine a new one, which you are to blame for my trespass."

"Oh, sir," answered Mr Wardour, a short and rather

stout man, of about sixty-four, attired in a chocolate coat, grey breeches, and silk stockings of the same dye, which, by the waning light, took a sombrer and sadder hue—"oh, sir—pray make no apology. I am only sorry the hour is so late, that I cannot offer to show you the interior of the house: perhaps, if you are staying in the neighbourhood, you would like to see it to-morrow. You were here, I take it, sir, in my old lord's time?"

"I was!—upon a visit to his second son—we had been boys together."

"What! Master Clinton?" cried the old man, with extreme animation; and then suddenly changing his voice, added, in a subdued and saddened tone, "Ah! poor young gentleman, I wonder where he is now?"

"Why—is he not in this country?" asked Clarence.

"Yes—no—that is, I can't exactly say where he is—I wish I could. Poor Master Clinton—I loved him as my own son."

"You surprise me," said Clarence. "Is there anything in the fate of Clinton L'Estrange that calls forth your pity! If so, you would gratify a much better feeling than curiosity if you would inform me of it. The fact is, that I came here to seek him; for I have been absent from the country many years, and on my return, my first inquiry was for my old friend and schoolfellow. None knew anything of him in London, and I imagined, therefore, that he might have settled down into a country gentleman. I was fully prepared to find him marshalling the fox-hounds or beating the

preserves; and you may consequently imagine my mortification on learning at my inn that he had not been residing here for many years; further I know not!"

"Ay—ay—sir," said the old steward, who had listened very attentively to Clarence's detail, "had you pressed one of the village gossips a little closer, you would doubtless have learned more! But 'tis a story I don't much love telling, although formerly I could have talked of Master Clinton by the hour together, to any one who would have had the patience to listen to me."

"You have really created in me a very painful desire to learn more," said Clarence; "and if I am not intruding on any family secrets, you would oblige me greatly by whatever information you may think proper to afford to an early and attached friend of the person in question."

"Well, sir, well," replied Mr Wardour, who, without imputation on his discretion, loved talking as well as any other old gentleman of sixty-four, "if you will condescend to step up to my house, I shall feel happy and proud to converse with a friend of my dear young master's; and you are heartily welcome to the information I can give you."

"I thank you sincerely," said Clarence; "but suffer me to propose, as an amendment to your offer, that you accompany me for an hour or two to my inn."

"Nay, sir," answered the old gentleman, in a piqued tone, "I trust you will not disdain to honour me with

your company. Thank Heaven, I can afford to be hospitable now and then."

Clarence, who seemed to have his own reasons for the amendment he had proposed, still struggled against this offer, but was at last, from fear of offending the honest steward, obliged to accede.

Striking across a path, which led through a corner of the plantation, to a space of ground containing a small garden, quaintly trimmed in the Dutch taste, and a brick house of moderate dimensions, half overgrown with ivy and jessamine, Clarence and his invitor paused at the door of the said mansion, and the latter welcomed his guest to his abode.

"Pardon me," said Clarence, as a damsel in waiting opened the door, "but a very severe attack of rheumatism obliges me to keep on my hat; you will, I hope, indulge me in my rudeness."

"To be sure—to be sure, sir. I myself suffer terribly from rheumatism in the winter—though you look young, sir, very young to have an old man's complaint. Ah, the people of my day were more careful of themselves, and that is the reason we are such stout fellows in our age."

And the worthy steward looked complacently down at legs which very substantially filled their comely investments.

"True, sir," said Clarence, laying his hand upon that of the steward, who was just about to open the door of an apartment; "but suffer me at least to request you

not to introduce me to any of the ladies of your family. I could not, were my very life at stake, think of affronting them by not doffing my hat. I have the keenest sense of what is due to the sex, and I must seriously entreat you, for the sake of my health during the whole of the coming winter, to suffer our conversation not to take place in their presence."

"Sir—I honour your politeness," said the prim little steward: "I myself, like every true Briton, reverence the ladies; we will, therefore, retire to my study. Mary, girl," turning to the attendant, "see that we have a nice chop for supper, in half an hour; and tell your mistress that I have a gentleman of quality with me upon particular business, and must not be disturbed."

With these injunctions the steward led the way to the farther end of the house, and having ushered his guest into a small parlour, adorned with sundry law-books, a great map of the estate, a print of the late owner of it, a rusty gun slung over the fireplace, two stuffed pheasants, and a little mahogany buffet—having, we say, led Clarence to this sanctuary of retiring stewardship, he placed a seat for him and said—

"Between you and me, sir, be it respectfully said, I am not sorry that our little confabulation should pass alone. Ladies are very delightful—very delightful, certainly; but they wont let one tell a story one's own way—they are fidgety, you know, sir—fidgety—nothing more; 'tis a trifle, but it is unpleasant; besides,

my wife was Master Clinton's foster-mother, and she can't hear a word about him, without running on into a long rigmarole of what he did as a baby, and so forth. I like people to be chatty, sir, but not garrulous ; I can't bear garrulity—at least in a female. But suppose, sir, we defer our story till after supper ? A glass of wine or warm punch makes talk glide more easily ; besides, sir, I want something to comfort me when I talk about Master Clinton. Poor gentleman, he was so comely, so handsome ! ”

“ Did you think so ? ” said Clarence, turning towards the fire.

“ Think so ! ” ejaculated the steward, almost angrily ; and forthwith he launched out into an encomium on the perfections, personal, moral, and mental, of Master Clinton, which lasted till the gentle Mary entered to lay the cloth. This reminded the old steward of the glass of wine which was so efficacious in making talk glide easily ; and going to the buffet before mentioned, he drew forth two bottles, both of port. Having carefully and warily decanted both, he changed the subject of his praise ; and, assuring Clarence that the wine he was about to taste was at least as old as Master Clinton, having been purchased in joyous celebration of the young gentleman's birthday, he whiled away the minutes with a glowing eulogy on its generous qualities, till Mary entered with the supper.

Clarence, with an appetite sharpened, despite his romance, by a long fast, did ample justice to the fare ; and the old steward, warming into familiarity with the

virtues of the far-famed port, chatted and laughed in a strain half simple and half shrewd.

The fire being stirred up to a free blaze, the hearth swept, and all the tokens of supper, save and except the kingly bottle and its subject glasses, being removed, the steward and his guest drew closer to each other, and the former began his story.

CHAPTER LXX.

The actors are at hand, and by their show
You shall know all that you are like to know.

Midsummer Night's Dream.

“ You know, probably, sir, that my late lord was twice married : by his first wife he had three children, only one of whom, the youngest, though now the present earl, survived the first period of infancy. When Master Francis, as we always called him, in spite of his accession to the title of viscount, was about six years old, my lady died, and a year afterwards my lord married again. His second wife was uncommonly handsome : she was a Miss Talbot (a Catholic), daughter of Colonel Talbot, and niece to the celebrated beau, Squire Talbot, of Scarsdale Park. Poor lady ! they say that she married my lord through a momentary pique against a former lover. However that may be, she was a fine, high-spirited creature—very violent in temper, to be sure, but generous and kind when her passion was over : and however haughty to her equals, charitable and compassionate to the poor.

“ She had but one son, Master Clinton. Never, sir, shall I forget the rejoicings that were made at his birth ; for my lord doted on his second wife and had disliked his

first, whom he had married for her fortune ; and it was therefore natural that he should prefer the child of the present wife to Master Francis. Ah, it is sad to think how love can change ! Well, sir, my lord seemed literally to be wrapt up in the infant : he nursed it, and fondled it, and hung over it, as if he had been its mother rather than its father. My lady desired that it might be christened by one of her family names ; and my lord consenting, it was called Clinton.—(The wine is with you, sir ! Do observe that it has not changed colour in the least, notwithstanding its age !)

“ My lord was fond of a quiet, retired life ; indeed, he was a great scholar, and spent the chief part of his time among his books. Dr Latinas, the young gentleman’s tutor, said his lordship made Greek verses better than Dr Latinas could make English ones, so you may judge of his learning. But my lady went constantly to town, and was among the gayest of the gay ; nor did she often come down here without bringing a whole troop of guests. Lord help us, what goings-on there used to be at the great house !—such dancing and music, and dining and supping, and shooting-parties, fishing-parties, gypsy-parties ; you would have thought all England was merry-making there.

“ But my lord, though he indulged my lady in all her whims and extravagance, seldom took much share in them himself. He was constantly occupied with his library and children, nor did he ever suffer either Master Francis or Master Clinton to mix with the guests. He kept them very close at their studies ; and when the

latter was six years old, I do assure you, sir, he could say his *Propria que maribus* better than I can.—(You don't drink, sir.) When Master Francis was sixteen, and Master Clinton eight, the former was sent abroad on his travels with a German tutor, and did not return to England for many years afterwards; meanwhile Master Clinton grew up to the age of fourteen, increasing in comeliness and goodness. He was very fond of his studies, much more so than Master Francis had been, and was astonishingly forward for his years. So my lord loved him better and better, and would scarcely ever suffer him to be out of his sight.

“When Master Clinton was about the age I mentioned—viz., fourteen—a gentleman of the name of Sir Clinton Manners became a constant visitor at the house. Report said that he was always about my lady in London, at Ranelagh, and the ball-rooms and routs, and all the fine places—and certainly he was scarcely ever from her side in the pleasure-parties at the park. But my lady said that he was a cousin of hers, and an old playmate in childhood, and so he was—and, unhappily for her, something more too. My lord, however, shut up in his library, did not pay any attention to my lady's intimacy with Sir Clinton; on the contrary, as he was a cousin and friend of hers, his lordship seemed always happy to see him, and was the only person in the neighbourhood who had no suspicion of what was going on.

“Oh, sir, it is a melancholy story, and I can scarcely persuade myself to tell it. (It is really delicious wine

this—six-and-twenty years old last *birth-day*—to say nothing of its age before I bought it—Ah!)—Well, sir, the blow came at last like a thunder-clap—my lady, finding disguise was in vain, went off with Sir Clinton. Letters were discovered which showed that they had corresponded for years—that he was her lover before marriage—that she, in a momentary passion with him, had accepted my lord's offer—that she had always repented her precipitation—and that she had called her son after his name—all this and much more, sir, did my lord learn, as it were, at a single blow.

“He obtained a divorce, and Sir Clinton and my lady went abroad. But from that time my lord was never the same man. Always proud and gloomy, he now became intolerably violent and morose. He shut himself up, saw no company of any description, rarely left the house, and never the park—and from being one of the gayest places in the country, sir, the mansion became as dreary and deserted as if it had been haunted. (It is for you to begin the second bottle, sir.)

“But the most extraordinary change in my lord was in his conduct to Master Clinton: from doating upon him, to a degree that would have spoilt any temper less sweet than my poor young master's, he took the most violent aversion to him. From the circumstance of his name, and the long intimacy existing between my lady and her lover, his lordship would not believe that Master Clinton was his own child; and indeed I

must confess there seemed good ground for his suspicions. Besides this, Master Clinton took very much after his mother. He had her eyes, hair, and beautiful features, so that my lord could never see him without being reminded of his disgrace: therefore, whenever the poor young gentleman came into his presence, he would drive him out, with oaths and threats, which rung through the whole house. He could not even bear that he should have any attendance or respect from the servants, for he considered him quite as an alien like, and worse than a stranger; and his lordship's only delight seemed to consist in putting upon him every possible indignity and affront. But Master Clinton was a high-spirited young gentleman, and after having in vain endeavoured to soothe my lord by compliance and respect, he at last utterly avoided his lordship's presence.

“He gave up his studies in a great measure, and wandered about the park and woods all day, and sometimes even half the night; his mother's conduct and his father's unkindness seemed to prey upon his health and mind, and at last he grew almost as much altered as my lord. From being one of the merriest boys possible, full of life and spirits, he became thoughtful and downcast, his step lost its lightness, and his eye all the fire which used once quite to warm one's heart when one looked at it: in short, sir, the sins of the mother were visited as much upon the child as the husband. (Not the least tawny, sir, you see, though it is so old!)

“My lord at first seemed to be glad that he now never saw his son ; but, by degrees, I think, he missed the pleasure of venting his spleen upon him ; and so he ordered my young master not to stir out without his leave, and confined him closer than ever to his studies. Well, sir (if it were not for this port I could not get out another sentence—!), there used then to be sad scenes between them : my lord was a terribly passionate man, and said things sharper than a two-edged sword, as the Psalms express it ; and though Master Clinton was one of the mildest and best-tempered boys imaginable, yet he could not at all times curb his spirit ; and, to my mind, when a man is perpetually declaring he is not your father, one may now and then be forgiven in forgetting that you are to behave as his son.

“Things went on in this way sadly enough for about three years and a-half, when Master Clinton was nearly eighteen. One evening, after my lord had been unusually stormy, Master Clinton’s spirit warmed, I suppose, and from word to word the dispute increased, till my lord, in a furious rage, ordered in the servants, and told them to horsewhip his son. Imagine, sir, what a disgrace to that noble house ! But there was not one of them who would not rather have cut off his right hand than laid a finger upon Master Clinton, so greatly was he beloved : and at last my lord summoned his own gentleman, a German, six feet high, entirely devoted to his lordship, and commanded him, upon pain of instant dismissal, to make use in his presence of a horsewhip which he put into his hand.

“The German did not dare refuse, so he approached Master Clinton. The servants were still in the room, and perhaps they would have been bold enough to rescue Master Clinton, had there been any need of their assistance ; but he was a tall youth, as bold as a hero, and, when the German approached, he caught him by the throat, threw him down, and very nearly strangled him : he then, while my lord was speechless with rage, left the room, and did not return all night. (What a body it has, sir—ah !)

“The next morning I was in a little room adjoining my lord’s study, looking over some papers and maps. His lordship did not know of my presence, but was sitting alone at breakfast, when Master Clinton suddenly entered the study : the door leading to my room was ajar, and I heard all the conversation that ensued.

“My lord asked him very angrily how he had dared absent himself all night : but Master Clinton, making no reply to this question, said, in a very calm, loud voice, which I think I hear now,—‘My lord, after the insult you have offered to me, it is perhaps unnecessary to observe that nothing could induce me to remain under your roof. I come, therefore, to take my last leave of you.’

“He paused, and my lord (probably, like me, being taken by surprise) making no reply, he continued. ‘You have often told me, my lord, that I am not your son ; if this be possible, so much the more must you rejoice at the idea of ridding your presence of an intruder.’ ‘And how, sir, do you expect to live, except

upon my bounty?' exclaimed my lord. 'You remember,' answered my young master, 'that a humble dependent of my mother's family, who had been our governess in childhood, left me, at her death, the earnings of her life. I believe they amount to nearly a thousand pounds—I look to your lordship's honour, either for the principal or the yearly interest, as may please you best: farther I ask not from you.' 'And do you think, sir,' cried my lord, almost screaming with passion, 'that upon that beggarly pittance you shall go forth to dishonour, more than it is yet dishonoured, the name of my ancient house? Do you think, sir, that that name to which you have no pretension, though the law iniquitously grants it you, shall be sullied either with trade or robbery? for to one or the other you must necessarily be driven.' 'I foresaw your speech, my lord, and am prepared with an answer. Far be it from me to thrust myself into any family, the head of which thinks proper to reject me—far be it from me to honour my humble fortunes with a name which I am as willing as yourself to disown: I purpose, therefore, to adopt a new one; and whatever may be my future fate, that name will screen me both from your remembrance and the world's knowledge. Are you satisfied now, my lord?'

“His lordship did not answer for some minutes; at last he said, sneeringly, ‘Go, boy, go! I am delighted to hear you have decided so well. Leave word with my steward where you wish your clothes to be sent to you: Heaven forbid I should rob you either of your

wardrobe or your princely fortune. Wardour will transmit to you the latter, even to the last penny, by the same conveyance as that which is honoured by the former. And now good morning, sir ; yet stay and mark my words—never dare to re-enter my house, or to expect an iota more of fortune or favour from me. And hark you, sir—if you dare violate your word—if you dare, during my life at least, assume a name which you were born to sully, my curse, my deepest, heartiest, eternal curse, be upon your head in this world and the next !’ ‘Fear not, my lord ; my word is pledged,’ said the young gentleman ; and the next moment I heard his parting step in the hall.

“Sir, my heart was full (your glass is empty !), and my head spun round as if I were on a precipice ; but I was determined my young master should not go till I had caught another glimpse of his dear face, so I gently left the room I was in, and, hastening out of the house by a private entrance, met Master Clinton in the park, not very far from the spot where I saw you, sir, just now. To my surprise, there was no sign of grief or agitation upon his countenance : I had never seen him look so proud, or, for years, so happy.

“‘Wardour,’ said he, in a gay tone, when he saw me, ‘I was going to your house : my father has at last resolved that I should, like my brother, commence my travels, and I wish to leave with you the address of the place to which my clothes, &c., will be sent.’

“I could not contain any longer when I heard this, sir ; I burst into tears, confessed that I had accidentally

heard his conversation with my lord, and besought him not to depart so hastily, and with so small a fortune ; but he shook his head, and would not hear me. ‘Believe me, my good Wardour,’ said he, ‘that since my unhappy mother’s flight, I have never felt so elated or so happy as I do now: one should go through what I have done to learn the rapture of independence.’ He then told me to have his luggage sent to him, under his initials of C. L., at the Golden Fleece, the principal inn in the town of W——, which, you know, sir, is at the other end of the county, on the road to London ; and then, kindly shaking me by the hand, he broke away from me ; but he turned back before he had got three paces, and said (and then, for the first time, the pride of his countenance fell, and the tears stood in his eyes), ‘Wardour, do not divulge what you have heard : put as good a face upon my departure as you can, and let the blame, if any, fall upon me, not upon your lord : after all, he is to be pitied, not blamed, and I can never forget that he once loved me.’ He did not wait for my answer, perhaps he did not like to show me how much he was affected, but hurried down the park, and I soon lost sight of him. My lord that very morning sent for me, demanded what address his son had left, and gave me a letter, enclosing, I suppose, a bill for my poor young master’s fortune, ordering it to be sent with the clothes immediately.

“Sir, I have never seen or heard aught of the dear gentleman since : you must forgive me, I cannot help tears, sir—(the wine is with you).”

“But the mother, the mother!” said Clarence, earnestly, “what became of her? She died abroad, two years since, did she not?”

“She did, sir,” answered the honest steward, refilling his glass. “They say that she lived very unhappily with Sir Clinton, who did not marry her; till all of a sudden she disappeared, none knew whither.”

Clarence redoubled his attention.

“At last,” resumed the steward, “two years ago, a letter came from her to my lord; she was a nun in some convent (in Italy, I think), to which she had, at the time of her disappearance, secretly retired. The letter was written on her death-bed, and so affectingly, I suppose, that even my stern lord was in tears for several days after he received it. But the principal passage in it was relative to her son: it assured my lord (for so with his own lips he told me just before he died, some months ago) that Master Clinton was in truth his son, and that it was not till she had been tempted many years after her marriage that she had fallen: she implored my lord to believe this ‘on the word of one for whom earth and earth’s objects were no more;’ those were her words.

“Six months ago, when my lord lay on the bed from which he never rose, he called me to him, and said— ‘Wardour, you have always been the faithful servant of our house, and warmly attached to my second son: tell my poor boy, if ever you see him, that I did at last open my eyes to my error, and acknowledge him as my child; tell him that I have desired his brother’ (who

was then, sir, kneeling by my lord's side), 'as he values my blessing, to seek him out and repair the wrong I have done him ; and add, that my best comfort in death was the hope of his forgiveness.' ”

“Did he, did he say *that* ? ” exclaimed Clarence, who had been violently agitated during the latter part of this recital, and now sprung from his seat—“My father, my father ! would that I had borne with thee more !—mine—mine was the fault—from *thee* should have come the forgiveness ! ”

The old steward sat silent and aghast. At that instant his wife entered with a message of chiding at the lateness of the hour upon her lip, but she started back when she saw Clarence's profile, as he stood leaning against the wall : “Good heavens ! ” cried she, “is it, is it—yes, it is my young master, my own foster-son ! ”

Rightly had Clarence conjectured when he had shunned her presence. Years had, indeed, wrought a change in his figure and face : acquaintance, servant, friend, relation,—the remembrance of his features had passed from all ; but she who had nursed him as an infant on her lap, and fed him from her breast—she who had joined the devotion of clanship to the fondness of a mother, knew him at a glance.

“Yes,” cried he, as he threw himself into her withered and aged arms, “it is I, the child *you* reared, come, after many years, to find too late, when a father is no more, that he had a right to a father's home.”

CHAPTER LXXI.

Let us go in,
And charge us there upon interrogatories. —SHAKESPEARE.

“BUT did not any one recognise you in your change of name?” said the old foster-mother, looking fondly upon Clarence, as he sat the next morning by her side. “How could any one forget so winsome a face who had once seen it?”

“You don’t remember,” said Clarence (as we will yet continue to call our hero), smiling, “that your husband had forgotten it.”

“Ay, sir,” cried the piqued steward, “but that was because you wore your hat slouched over your eyes; if you had taken off *that* I should have known you directly.”

“However that may be,” said Clarence, unwilling to dwell longer on an occurrence which he saw hurt the feelings of the kind Mr Wardour, “it is very easy to explain how I preserved my *icognito*. You recollect that my father never suffered me to mix with my mother’s guests: so that I had no chance of their remembering me, especially as, during the last three years and a half, no stranger had ever entered our walls.

Add to this, that I was in the very time of life in which a few years work the greatest change, and on going to London, I was thrown entirely among people who could never have seen me before. Fortunately for me, I became acquainted with my mother's uncle—circumstances subsequently led me to disclose my birth to him, upon a promise that he would never call me by any other name than that which I had assumed. He, who was the best, the kindest, the most generous of human beings, took a liking to me. He insisted not only upon his relationship to me, as my grand-uncle, but upon the justice of repairing to me the wrongs his unhappy niece had caused me. The delicacy of his kindness—the ties of blood—and an accident which had enabled me to be of some service to him, all prevented my resisting the weight of obligation with which he afterwards oppressed me. He procured me an appointment abroad : I remained there four years. When I returned, I entered, it is true, into very general society : but four years had, as you may perceive, altered me greatly ; and even had there previously existed any chance of my being recognised, that alteration would probably have been sufficient to insure my secret."

"But your brother—my present lord—did you never meet him, sir?"

"Often, my good mother ; but you remember that I was little more than six years old when he left England, and when he next saw me I was about two-and-twenty : it would have been next to a miracle, or, at

least, would have required the eyes of love like yours, to have recalled me to memory after such an absence.

“Well—to return to my story—I succeeded, partly as his nearest relation, but principally from an affection dearer than blood, to the fortune of my grand-uncle, Mr Talbot. Fate prospered with me: I rose in the world’s esteem and honour, and soon became prouder of my borrowed appellation than of all the titles of my lordly line. Circumstances occurring within the last week, which it will be needless to relate, but which may have the greatest influence over my future life, made it necessary to do what I had once resolved I would never do—prove my identity and origin. Accordingly, I came here to seek you.”

“But why did not my honoured young master disclose himself last night?” asked the steward.

“I might say,” answered Clarence, “because I anticipated great pleasure in a surprise; but I had another reason—it was this: I had heard of my poor father’s death, and I was painfully anxious to learn if, at the last, he had testified any relenting towards me—and yet more so to ascertain the manner of my unfortunate mother’s fate. Both abroad and in England I had sought tidings of her everywhere, but in vain: in mentioning my mother’s retiring into a convent, you have explained the reason why my efforts were so fruitless. With these two objects in view, I thought myself more likely to learn the whole truth as a stranger than in my proper person; for in the latter case I deemed it probable that your delicacy and kindness might tempt

you to conceal whatever was calculated to wound my feelings, and to exaggerate anything that might tend to flatter or to soothe them. Thank Heaven, I now learn that I have a right to the name my boyhood bore, that my birth is not branded with the foulest of private crimes, and that in death my father's heart yearned to his too hasty but repentant son. Enough of this—I have now only to request you, my friend, to accompany me before daybreak on Wednesday morning, to a place several miles hence. Your presence there will be necessary to substantiate the proof for which I came hither.”

“With all my heart, sir,” cried the honest steward ; “and after Wednesday you will, I trust, resume your rightful name ?”

“Certainly,” replied Clarence ; “since I am no longer ‘the Disowned.’”

Leaving Clarence now for a brief while to renew his acquaintance with the scenes of his childhood, and to offer the tribute of his filial tears to the ashes of a father whose injustice had been but “the stinging of a heart the world had stung,” we return to some old acquaintances in the various conduct of our drama.

CHAPTER LXXII.

Upon his couch the veiled Mokanna lay.—*The Veiled Prophet.*

THE autumn sun broke through an apartment in a villa in the neighbourhood of London, furnished with the most prodigal, yet not tasteless, attention to luxury and show, within which, beside a table strewed with newspapers, letters, and accounts, lay Richard Crauford, extended carelessly upon a sofa, which might almost have contented the Sybarite who quarrelled with a rose-leaf. At his elbow was a bottle half-emptied, and a wine-glass just filled. An expression of triumph and enjoyment was visible upon his handsome but usually inexpressive countenance.

“Well,” said he, taking up a newspaper, “let us read this paragraph again. What a beautiful sensation it is to see one’s name in print!—‘We understand that Richard Crauford, Esq., M.P. for —, is to be raised to the dignity of the peerage. There does not, perhaps, exist in the country a gentleman more universally beloved and esteemed’—(mark that, Dicky Crauford). ‘The invariable generosity with which his immense wealth has been employed—his high professional honour—the undeviating and consistent integrity of his

political career'—(ay, to be sure, it is only your honest fools who are inconsistent: no man can deviate who has one firm principle, self-interest)—'his manly and energetic attention to the welfare of religion' (he—he—he!), 'conjoined to a fortune almost incalculable, rendered this condescension of our gracious sovereign no less judicious than deserved! We hear that the title proposed for the new peer is that of Viscount Innisdale, which, we believe, was formerly in the noble family of which Mr Crauford is a distant branch.'

He! he! he! Bravo! bravo! Viscount Innisdale!—noble family—distant branch—the devil I am! What an ignoramus my father was, not to know that! Why, rest his soul, he never knew who his grandfather was; but the world shall not be equally ignorant of that important point. Let me see, who shall be Viscount Innisdale's great-grandfather? Well, well, whoever he is, here's long life to his great-grandson! 'Incalculable fortune!' Ay, ay, I hope, at all events, it will never be calculated. But now for my letters. Bah—this wine is a thought too acid for the cellars of Viscount Innisdale! What! another from mother H——! Dark eyes, small mouth—sings like an angel—eighteen! Pish! I am too old for such follies now; 'tis not pretty for Viscount Innisdale. Humph!—Lisbon—seven hundred pounds five shillings and seven pence—half-penny, is it, or farthing? I must note that down. Loan for King of Prussia. Well, must negotiate that to-morrow. Ah, Hockit the wine-merchant—pipe of claret in the docks—vintage of 17—. Bravo! all goes

smooth for Viscount Innisdale! Pish!—from my damnable wife! What a pill for my lordship! What says she?

“ ‘Dawlish, Devonshire.

“ ‘You have not, my dearest Richard, answered my letters for months. I do not, however, presume to complain of your silence: I know well that you have a great deal to occupy your time, both in business and pleasure. But one little line, dear Richard—one little line, surely, that is not too much now and then. I am most truly sorry to trouble you again about money; and you must know that I strive to be as saving as possible;’—[Pish!—curse the woman—sent her twenty pounds three months ago!]—‘but I really am so distressed, and the people here are so pressing; and at all events, I cannot bear the thought of your wife being disgraced. Pray, forgive me, Richard, and believe how painful it is in me to say so much. I know you will answer this! and, oh, do, do tell me how you are. Ever your affectionate wife, CAROLINE CRAUFORD.’

“ Was there ever poor man so plagued? Where’s my note-book? Mem.—Send Car. to-morrow £20, to last her the rest of the year. Mem.—Send Mother H—£100. Mem.—Pay Hockit’s bill, £830. Bless me, what shall I do with Viscountess Innisdale? Now if I were not married, I would be son-in-law to a duke. Mem.—Go down to Dawlish, and see if she won’t die soon. Healthy situation, I fear—devilish unlucky—must be changed. Mem.—Swamps in Essex. Who’s that?”

A knock at the door disturbed Mr Crauford in his

meditations. He started up, hurried the bottle and glass under the sofa, where the descending drapery completely hid them ; and, taking up a newspaper, said in a gentle tone, "Come in." A small, thin man, bowing at every step, entered.

"Ah, Bradley, is it you, my good fellow?" said Crauford—"glad to see you—a fine morning ; but what brings you from town so early?"

"Why, sir," answered Mr Bradley, very obsequiously, "something unpleasant has——"

"Merciful Heaven!" cried Crauford, blanched into the whiteness of death, and starting up from the sofa with a violence which frightened the timid Mr Bradley to the other end of the room—"the counting-house—the books—all safe?"

"Yes, sir, yes, *at present*—but——"

"But what, man?"

"Why, honoured sir," resumed Mr Bradley, bowing to the ground, "your partner, Mr Jessopp, has been very inquisitive about the accounts. He says Mr Da Costa, the Spanish merchant, has been insinuating very unpleasant hints, and that he must have a conversation with you at your earliest convenience ; and when, sir, I ventured to remonstrate about the unreasonableness of attending to what Mr Da Costa said, Mr Jessopp was quite abusive, and declared that there seemed some very mysterious communication between you (begging your pardon, sir) and me, and that he did not know what business I, who had no share in the firm, had to interfere."

“But,” said Crauford, “you were civil to him—did not reply hotly—eh—my good Bradley?”

“Lord forbid, sir—Lord forbid, that I should not know my place better, or that I should give an unbecoming word to the partner of my honoured benefactor. But, sir, if I dare venture to say so, I think Mr Jessopp is a little jealous or so of you; he seemed quite in a passion at a paragraph in the paper about my honoured master’s becoming a lord.”

“Right, honest Bradley, right: he is jealous—we must soothe him. Go, my good fellow—go to him with my compliments, and say that I will be with him by one. Never fear, this business will be easily settled.”

And bowing himself out of the room, Bradley withdrew.

Left alone, a dark cloud gathered over the brow of Mr Crauford.

“I am on a precipice,” thought he; “but if my own brain does not turn giddy with the prospect, all yet may be safe. Cruel necessity, that obliged me to admit another into the business, that foiled me of Mordaunt, and drove me upon this fawning rascal! so, so—I almost think there is a Providence, now that Mordaunt has grown rich; but then his wife died—ay—ay—God saved *him*, but the devil killed *her*.* He—he—he! But, seriously—seriously, there is danger in the very air I breathe! I must away to that envious Jessopp instantly; but first let me finish the bottle.”

* VOLTAIRE.—“Dieu a puni ce fripon, le diable a noyé les autres.”—*Candide*.

CHAPTER LXXIII.

A strange harmonious inclination
Of all degrees to reformation.—*Hudibras*.

ABOUT seven miles from W—, on the main road from —, there was, in 17—, a solitary public-house, which, by the by, is now a magnificent hotel. Like many of its brethren in the more courtly vicinity of the metropolis, this *amœnum hospitium peregrinæ gentis* then had its peculiar renown for certain dainties of the palate; and various in degree and character were the numerous parties from the neighbouring towns and farms, which, upon every legitimate holiday were wont to assemble at the mansion of mine host of the “Jolly Angler,” in order to feast upon eel-pie, and grow merry over the true Herefordshire cider.

But upon that especial day on which we are about to introduce our reader into the narrow confines of its common parlour, the said hostelry was crowded with persons of a very different description from the peaceable idlers who were ordinarily wont to empty mine host’s larder, and forget the price of corn over the divine inspirations of pomarial nectar. Instead of the indolent satisfied air of the saturnalian merrymaker, the vagrant angler, or the gentleman farmer, with his comely dame

who "walked in silk attire, and siller had to spare;" instead of the quiet yet glad countenances of such hunters of pleasure and eaters of eel-pie, or the more obstreperous joy of urchins let loose from school to taste some brief and perennial recreation, and mine host's delicacies at the same time;—instead of these, the little parlour presented a various and perturbed group, upon whose features neither eel-pie nor Herefordshire cider had wrought the relaxation of a holiday, or the serenity of a momentary content.

The day to which we now refer was the one immediately preceding that appointed for the far-famed meeting at W——; and many of the patriots, false or real, who journeyed from a distance to attend that rendezvous, had halted at our host's of the "Jolly Angler;" both as being within a convenient space from the appointed spot, and as a tabernacle where promiscuous intrusion, and (haply) immoderate charges, were less likely to occur than at the bustling and somewhat extortionary hotels and inns of the town of W——.

The times in which this meeting was held were those of great popular excitement and discontent; and the purport of the meeting proposed was to petition Parliament against the continuance of the American war, and the king against the continuance of his ministers.

Placards, of an unusually inflammatory and imprudent nature, had given great alarm to the more sober and well-disposed persons in the neighbourhood of W——; and so much fear was felt or assumed upon the occasion, that a new detachment of Lord Ulswater's regiment had

been especially ordered into the town ; and it was generally rumoured that the legal authorities would interfere, even by force, for the dispersion of the meeting in question. These circumstances had given the measure a degree of general and anxious interest which it would not otherwise have excited ; and while everybody talked of the danger of attending the assembly, everybody resolved to thrust himself into it.

It was about the goodly hour of noon, and the persons assembled were six in number, all members of the most violent party, and generally considered by friend and foe as embracers of republican tenets. One of these, a little oily, corpulent personage, would have appeared far too sleek and well-fed for a disturber of things existing, had not a freckled, pimpled, and fiery face, a knit brow, and a small black eye of intolerable fierceness, belied the steady and contented appearance of his frame and girth. This gentleman, by name Christopher Culpepper, spoke in a quick, muffled, shuffling sort of tone, like the pace of a Welsh pony, somewhat lame, perfectly broken-winded, but an exemplary ambler for all that.

Next to him sat, with hands clasped over his knees, a thin, small man, with a countenance prematurely wrinkled, and an air of great dejection. Poor Castleton ! his had been, indeed, the bitter lot of a man, honest but weak, who attaches himself, heart and soul, to a public cause which, in his life at least, is hopeless. Three other men were sitting by the open window, disputing, with the most vehement gestures, upon the

character of Wilkes ; and at the other window, alone, silent and absorbed, sat a man whose appearance and features were singularly calculated to arrest and to concentrate attention. His raven hair, grizzled with the first advance of age, still preserved its strong wiry curl and luxuriant thickness. His brows, large, bushy, and indicative of great determination, met over eyes which, at that moment, were fixed upon vacancy with a look of thought and calmness very unusual to their ordinary restless and rapid glances. His mouth, that great seat of character, was firmly and obstinately shut ; and though, at the first observation, its downward curve and iron severity wore the appearance of unmitigated harshness, disdain, and resolve, yet a more attentive deducer of signs from features would not have been able to detect in its expression anything resembling selfishness or sensuality, and in that absence would have found sufficient to redeem the more repellent indications of mind which it betrayed.

Presently the door was opened, and the landlord, making some apology to both parties for having no other apartment unoccupied, introduced a personage whose dress and air, as well as a kind of saddle-bag which he would not intrust to any other bearer than himself, appeared to denote him as one rather addicted to mercantile than political speculations. Certainly he did not seem much at home among the patriotic reformers, who, having glared upon him for a single moment, renewed, without remark, their several attitudes or occupations.

The stranger, after a brief pause, approached the solitary reformer whom we last described ; and making a salutation, half timorous and half familiar, thus accosted him—

“Your servant, Mr Wolfe, your servant. I think I had the pleasure of hearing you a long time ago at the Westminster election : very eloquent you were, sir, very !”

Wolfe looked up for an instant at the face of the speaker, and, not recognising it, turned abruptly away, threw open the window, and, leaning out, appeared desirous of escaping from all further intrusion on the part of the stranger : but that gentleman was by no means of a nature easily abashed.

“Fine day, sir, for the time of year—very fine day, indeed. October is a charming month, as my lamented friend and customer, the late Lady Waddilove, was accustomed to say. Talking of that, sir, as the winter is now approaching, do you not think it would be prudent, Mr Wolfe, to provide yourself with an umbrella? I have an admirable one which I might dispose of : it is from the effects of the late Lady Waddilove. ‘Brown,’ said her ladyship, a short time before her death—‘Brown, you are a good creature : but you ask too much for the Dresden vase. We have known each other a long time—you must take fourteen pounds ten shillings, and you may have that umbrella in the corner, into the bargain.’ Mr Wolfe, the bargain was completed, and the umbrella became mine—it may now be yours.”

And so saying, Mr Brown, depositing his saddle-bag on the ground, proceeded to unfold an umbrella of singular antiquity and form—a very long stick, tipped with ivory, being surmounted with about a quarter of a yard of sea-green silk, somewhat discoloured by time and wear.

“It is a beautiful article, sir,” said Mr Brown, admiringly surveying it—“is it not?”

“Pshaw!” said Wolfe, impatiently—“what have I to do with your goods and chattels?—go and palm the cheatings and impositions of your pitiful trade upon some easier gull.”

“Cheatings and impositions, Mr Wolfe!” cried the slandered Brown, perfectly aghast:—“I would have you to know, sir, that I have served the first families in the country, ay, and in this county too, and never had such words applied to me before. Sir, there was the late Lady Waddilove, and the respected Mrs Minden, *and her nephew the ambassador*, and the Duchess of Pugadale, and Mr Mordaunt of Mordaunt Court, poor gentleman—though he is poor no more,” and Mr Brown proceeded to enumerate the long list of his customers.

Now, we have stated that Wolfe, though he had never known the rank of Mordaunt, was acquainted with his real name; and, as the sound caught his ear, he muttered “Mordaunt—Mordaunt—ay, but not my former acquaintance—not him who was called Glendower. No, no—the man cannot mean him.”

“Yes, sir, but I do mean him,” cried Brown, in a

rage. "I do mean that Mr Glendower, who afterwards took another name, but whose real appellation is Mr Algernon Mordaunt of Mordaunt Court, in this county, sir."

"What description of man is he?" said Wolfe; "rather tall, slender, with an air and mien like a king's, I was going to say—but better than a king's—like a free man's?"

"Ay, ay,—the same," answered Mr Brown, sullenly; "but why should I tell you—'cheating and imposition,' indeed!—I am sure my word can be of no avail to you—and I sha'n't stay here any longer to be insulted, Mr Wolfe—which I am sure, talking of freemen, no freeman ought to submit to; but as the late Lady Waddilove once very wisely said to me, 'Brown, never have anything to do with those republicans, they are the worst tyrants of all.' Good morning, Mr Wolfe—gentlemen, your servant—'cheating and imposition,' indeed!"—and Mr Brown banged the door as he departed.

"Wolfe," said Mr Christopher Culpepper, "who is that man?"

"I know not," answered the republican, laconically, and gazing on the ground, apparently in thought.

"He has the air of a slave," quoth the free Culpepper, "and slaves cannot bear the company of freemen; therefore he did right to go—whe—w!—Had we a proper, and thorough, and efficient reform, human nature would not be thus debased by trades, and callings, and barter, and exchange, for all profes-

sions are injurious to the character and dignity of man—whe—w!—but, as I shall prove upon the hustings to-morrow, it is in vain to hope for any amendment in the wretched state of things until the people of these realms are fully, freely, and fairly represented—whe—w! Gentlemen, it is past two, and we have not ordered dinner—whe—w!” (*N.B.*—This ejaculation denotes the kind of snuffle which lent peculiar energy to the dicta of Mr Culpepper.)

“Ring the bell, then, and summon the landlord,” said, very pertinently, one of the three disputants upon the character of Wilkes.

The landlord appeared; dinner was ordered.

“Pray,” said Wolfe, “has that man, Mr Brown, I think he called himself, left the inn?”

“He has, sir, for he was mightily offended at something which——”

“And,” interrupted Wolfe, “how far hence does Mr Mordaunt live?”

“About five miles on the other side of W——,” answered mine host.

Wolfe rose, seized his hat, and was about to depart.

“Stay, stay,” cried citizen Christopher Culpepper; “you will not leave us till after dinner?”

“I shall dine at W——,” answered Wolfe, quitting the room.

“Then our reckoning will be heavier,” said Culpepper. “It is not handsome in Wolfe to leave us—whe—w! Really I think that our brother in the great

cause has of late relaxed in his attentions and zeal to the goddess of our devotions—whe—w!”

“It is human nature!” cried one of the three disputants upon the character of Wilkes.

“It is not human nature!” cried the second disputant, folding his arms doggedly, in preparation for a discussion.

“Contemptible human nature!” exclaimed the third disputant, soliloquising with a supercilious expression of hateful disdain.

“Poor human nature!” murmured Castleton, looking upward with a sigh; and though we have not given to that gentleman other words than these, we think they are almost sufficient to let our readers into his character.

CHAPTER LXXIV.

Silvis, ubi passim
Palantes error certo de tramite pellit,
Ille sinistrorsum hic dextrorsum abit; unus utrique
Error, sed variis illudit partibus.*—HORAT.

As Wolfe strode away from the inn, he muttered to himself——

“Can it be that Mordaunt has suddenly grown rich? If so, I rejoice at it. True, that he was not for our cause, but he had the spirit and the heart which belonged to it. Had he not been bred among the prejudices of birth, or had he lived in stormier times, he might have been the foremost champion of freedom. As it is, I rather lament than condemn. Yet I would fain see him once more. Perhaps prosperity may have altered his philosophy. But can he, indeed, be the same Mordaunt of whom that trading itinerant spoke? Can he have risen to the pernicious eminence of a landed aristocrat? Well, it is worth the journey; for if he have power in the neighbourhood, I am certain that he will exert it for our protection; and at

* Wandering in those woods where error evermore forces life's stragglers from the beaten path;—this one deflects to the left—his fellow chooses the exact contrary. The fault is all the same in each, but it excuses itself by a thousand different reasons.

the worst, I shall escape from the idle words of my compatriots. Oh! if it were possible that the advocates could debase the glory of the cause, how long since should I have flinched from the hardship and the service to which my life is devoted! Self-interest—Envy, that snarls at all above it, without even the beast's courage to bite—Folly, that knows not the substance of freedom, but loves the glitter of its name—Fear, that falters—Crime, that seeks in licentiousness an excuse—Disappointment, only craving occasion to rail—Hatred—Sourness, boasting of zeal, but only venting the blackness of rancour and evil passion—all these make our adherents, and give our foes the handle and the privilege to scorn and to despise. But man chooses the object, and Fate only furnishes the tools. Happy for our posterity, that when the object is once gained, the frailty of the tools will be no more!”

Thus, soliloquising, the republican walked rapidly onwards, till a turn of the road brought before his eye the form of Mr Brown, seated upon a little rough pony, and “whistling as he went, for want of thought.”

Wolfe quickened his pace, and soon overtook him.

“You must forgive me, my good man,” said he, soothingly; “I meant not to impeach your honesty or your calling. Perhaps I was hasty and peevish; and, in sad earnest, I have much to tease and distract me.”

“Well, sir, well,” answered Mr Brown, greatly mollified: “I am sure no Christian can be more forgiving than I am; and since you are sorry for what you were pleased to say, let us think no more about it. But

touching the umbrella, Mr Wolfe—have you a mind for that interesting and useful relic of the late Lady Waddilove?”

“Not at present, I thank you,” said Wolfe, mildly: “I care little for the inclemencies of the heavens, and you may find many to whom your proffered defence from them may be more acceptable. But tell me if the Mr Mordaunt you mentioned was ever residing in town, and in very indifferent circumstances?”

“Probably he was,” said the cautious Brown, who, as we before said, had been bribed into silence, and who now grievously repented that passion had betrayed him into the imprudence of candour; “but I really do not busy myself about other people’s affairs. ‘Brown,’ said the late Lady Waddilove to me—‘Brown, you are a good creature, and never talk of what does not concern you.’ Those, Mr Wolfe, were her ladyship’s own words!”

“As you please,” said the reformer, who did not want shrewdness, and saw that his point was already sufficiently gained; “as you please. And now, to change the subject, I suppose we shall have your attendance at the meeting at W——, to-morrow?”

“Ay,” replied the worthy Brown; “I thought it likely I should meet many of my old customers in the town on such a busy occasion; so I went a little out of my way home to London, in order to spend a night or two there. Indeed, I have some valuable articles for Mr Glumford, the magistrate, who will be in attendance to-morrow.”

“They say,” observed Wolfe, “that the magistrates, against all law, right, and custom, will dare to interfere with and resist the meeting. Think you report says true?”

“Nay,” returned Brown, prudently, “I cannot exactly pretend to decide the question: all I know is that Squire Glumford said to me, at his own house, five days ago, as he was drawing on his boots—‘Brown,’ said he, ‘Brown, mark my words, we shall do for those rebellious dogs!’”

“Did he say so?” muttered Wolfe between his teeth. “Oh, for the old times, or those yet to come, when our answer would have been, or shall be—the sword!”

“And you know,” pursued Mr Brown, “that Lord Ulswater and his regiment are in the town, and have even made great preparations against the meeting a week ago.”

“I *have* heard this,” said Wolfe; “but I cannot think that any body of armed men dare interrupt or attack a convocation of peaceable subjects, met solely to petition Parliament against famine for themselves and slavery for their children.”

“Famine!” quoth Mr Brown. “Indeed it is very true—very!—times are dreadfully bad. I can scarcely get my own living—Parliament certainly ought to do something: but you must forgive me, Mr Wolfe: it may be dangerous to talk with you on these matters: and now I think of it, the sooner I get to W—— the better—good morning. A shower’s coming on—you won’t have the umbrella, then?”

“They dare not,” said Wolfe to himself, “no, no—they dare not attack us—they dare not;” and clenching his fist, he pursued, with a quicker step and a more erect mien, his solitary way.

When he was about the distance of three miles from W——, he was overtaken by a middle-aged man, of a frank air and respectable appearance. “Good-day, sir,” said he; “we seem to be journeying the same way—will it be against your wishes to join company?”

Wolfe assented, and the stranger resumed:

“I suppose, sir, you intend to be present at the meeting at W—— to-morrow. There will be an immense concourse, and the entrance of a new detachment of soldiers, and the various reports of the likelihood of their interference with the assembly, make it an object of some interest and anxiety to look forward to.”

“True—true,” said Wolfe, slowly, eyeing his new acquaintance with a deliberate and scrutinising attention. “It will, indeed, be interesting to see how far an evil and hardy government will venture to encroach upon the rights of the people, which it ruins while it pretends to rule.”

“Of a truth,” rejoined the other, “I rejoice that I am no politician. I believe my spirit is as free as any cooped in the narrow dungeon of earth’s clay can well be; yet I confess that it has drawn none of its liberty from book, pamphlet, speech, or newspaper, of modern times.”

“So much the worse for you, sir,” said Wolfe, sourly: “the man who has health and education can find no

excuse for supineness or indifference to that form of legislation by which his country decays or prospers."

"Why," said the other, gaily, "I willingly confess myself less of a patriot than a philosopher; and as long as I am harmless, I strive very little to be useful, in a public capacity; in a private one, as a father, a husband, and a neighbour, I trust I am not utterly without my value."

"Pish!" cried Wolfe; "let no man who forgets his public duties, prate of his private merits. I tell you, man, that he who can advance by a single hair's-breadth the happiness or the freedom of mankind, has done more to save his own soul than if he had paced every step of the narrow circle of his domestic life with the regularity of clock-work."

"You may be right," quoth the stranger, carelessly; "but I look on things in the mass, and perhaps see only the superficies, while you, I perceive already, are a lover of the abstract. For my part, Harry Fielding's two definitions seem to me excellent. 'Patriot—a candidate for a place!' 'Politics—the art of getting such a place!' Perhaps, sir, as you seem a man of education, you remember the words of our great novelist."

"No!" answered Wolfe, a little contemptuously—"I cannot say that I burden my memory with the deleterious witticisms and shallow remarks of writers of fancy. It has been a mighty and spreading evil to the world, that the vain fictions of the poets, or the

exaggerations of novelists, have been hitherto so welcomed and extolled. Better had it been for us if the destruction of the lettered wealth at Alexandria had included all the lighter works which have floated, from their very levity, down the stream of Time, an example and a corruption to the degraded geniuses of later days."

The eyes of the stranger sparkled. "Why, you outgoth the Goth!" exclaimed he, sharply. "But you surely preach against what you have not studied. Confess that you are but slightly acquainted with Shakespeare, and Spenser, and noble Dan Chaucer. Ay, if you knew them as well as I do, you would, like me, give

'To hem faith and full credence,
And in your heart have hem in reverence.'"

"Pish!" again muttered Wolfe; and then rejoined, aloud, "It grieves me to see time so wasted, and judgment so perverted, as yours appear to have been; but it fills me with pity and surprise, as well as grief, to find that, so far from shame at the effeminacy of your studies, you appear to glory and exult in them."

"May the Lord help me, and lighten thee," said Cole, for it was he. "You are at least not a novelty in human wisdom, whatever you may be in character: for you are far from the only one proud of being ignorant, and pitying those who are not so."

Wolfe darted one of his looks of fire at the speaker, who, nothing abashed, met the glance with an eye, if not as fiery, at least as bold.

“I see,” said the republican, “that we shall not agree upon the topics you have started. If you still intrude your society upon me, you will at least choose some other subject of conversation.”

“Pardon me,” said Cole, whose very studies, while they had excited in their self-defence his momentary warmth, made him habitually courteous and urbane—“pardon me for my hastiness of expression. I own myself in fault.” And, with this apology, our ex-king slid into the new topics which the scenery and the weather afforded him.

Wolfe, bent upon the object of his present mission, made some inquiries respecting Mordaunt; and though Cole only shared the uncertain information of the country gossips as to the past history of that person, yet the little he did know was sufficient to confirm the republican in his belief of Algernon’s identity: while the ex-gypsy’s account of his rank and reputation in the country made Wolfe doubly anxious to secure, if possible, his good offices and interference on behalf of the meeting. But the conversation was not always restricted to neutral and indifferent ground, but ever and anon wandered into various allusions or opinions, from the one, certain to beget retort or controversy in the other.

Had we time, and our reader patience, it would have been a rare and a fine contrast to have noted more at large the differences of thought and opinion between the companions; each in his several way so ardent for liberty, and so impatient of the control and customs of

society; each so enthusiastic for the same object, yet so coldly contemptuous to the enthusiasm of the other. The one guided only by his poetical and erratic tastes, the other solely by dreams, seeming to the world no less baseless, yet, to his own mind, bearing the name of stern judgment and inflexible truth. Both men of active and adventurous spirits, to whom forms were fetters, and ceremonies odious; yet, deriving from that mutual similarity only pity for mutual perversion, they were memorable instances of the great differences congeniality itself will occasion, and of the never-ending varieties which minds, rather under the influence of imagination than judgment, will create.

CHAPTER LXXV.

Gratis anhelans, multa agendo, nihil agens.—PHÆDRUS.*

UPON entering the town, the streets displayed all the bustle and excitement which the approaching meeting was eminently calculated to create in a place ordinarily quiescent and undisturbed ; groups of men were scattered in different parts, conversing with great eagerness ; while here and there, some Demosthenes of the town, impatient of the coming strife, was haranguing his little knot of admiring friends, and preparing his oratorical organs by petty skirmishing for the grand battle of the morrow. Now and then the eye roved upon the gaunt forms of Lord Ulswater's troopers, as they strolled idly along the streets, in pairs, perfectly uninterested by the great event which set all the more peaceable inmates of the town in a ferment, and returning, with a slighting and supercilious glance, the angry looks and muttered anathemas which, ever and anon, the hardier spirits of the petitioning party liberally bestowed upon them.

As Wolfe and his comrade entered the main street, the former was accosted by some one of his compatriots,

* Panting and labouring in vain ; doing much,—effecting nothing.

who, seizing him by the arm, was about to apprise the neighbouring idlers, by a sudden exclamation, of the welcome entrance of the eloquent and noted republican. But Wolfe perceived, and thwarted his design.

“Hush !” said he, in a low voice ; “ I am only now on my way to an old friend, who seems a man of influence in these parts, and may be of avail to us on the morrow ; keep silence, therefore, with regard to my coming till I return. I would not have my errand interrupted.”

“As you will,” said the brother-spirit ; “ but whom have you here—a fellow-labourer ?” and the reformer pointed to Cole, who, with an expression of shrewd humour, blended with a sort of philosophical compassion, stood at a little distance waiting for Wolfe, and eyeing the motley groups assembled before him.

“No,” answered Wolfe ; “ he is some vain and idle sower of unprofitable flowers ; a thing who loves poetry, and, for aught I know, writes it ; but that reminds me that I must rid myself of his company ; yet stay—do you know this neighbourhood sufficiently to serve me as a guide ?”

“Ay,” quoth the other ; “ I was born within three miles of the town.”

“Indeed !” rejoined Wolfe ; “ then, perhaps, you can tell me if there is any way of reaching a place called Mordant Court, without passing through the more public and crowded thoroughfares.”

“To be sure,” rejoined the brother-spirit ; “ you have only to turn to the right up yon hill, and you

will in an instant be out of the purlieus and precincts of W——, and on your shortest road to Mordaunt Court; but surely it is not to its owner that you are bound?"

"And why not?" said Wolfe.

"Because," replied the other, "he is the wealthiest, the highest, and, as report says, the haughtiest aristocrat of these parts."

"So much the better, then," said Wolfe, "can he aid us in obtaining a quiet hearing to-morrow, undisturbed by those liveried varlets of hire, who are termed, in sooth, Britain's defence! Much better, when we think of all they cost us to pamper and to clothe, should they be termed Britain's ruin; but, farewell for the present; we shall meet to-night; your lodgings——?"

"Yonder," said the other, pointing to a small inn opposite; and Wolfe, nodding his adieu, returned to Cole, whose vivacious and restless nature had already made him impatient of his companion's delay.

"I must take my leave of you now," said Wolfe, "which I do with a hearty exhortation that you will change your studies, fit only for effeminate and enslaved minds."

"And I return the exhortation," answered Cole. "Your studies seem to me tenfold more crippling than mine: mine take all this earth's restraint from me, and yours seem only to remind you that all earth is restraint: mine show me whatever worlds the fondest fancy could desire; yours only the follies and chains of

this. In short, while ‘my mind to me a *kingdom* is,’ yours seems to consider the whole universe itself nothing but a great meeting for the purpose of abusing ministers and demanding reform !”

Not too well pleased by this answer, and at the same time indisposed to the delay of further reply, Wolfe contented himself with an iron sneer of disdain, and, turning on his heel, strode rapidly away in the direction his friend had indicated.

Meanwhile, Cole followed him with his eye, till he was out of sight, and then muttered to himself—“Never was there a fitter addition to old Barclay’s *Ship of Fools* ! I should not wonder if this man’s patriotism leads him from despising the legislature into breaking the law ; and, faith, the surest way to the gallows is less through vice than discontent ; yet, I would fain hope better things for him—for, methinks, he is neither a common declaimer, nor an ordinary man.”

With these words the honest Cole turned away, and, strolling towards the Golden Fleece, soon found himself in the hospitable mansion of Mistress and Mister Merrylack.

While the ex-king was taking his ease at his inn, Wolfe proceeded to Mordaunt Court. The result of the meeting that there ensued was a determination on the part of Algernon to repair immediately to W——.

CHAPTER LXXVI.

The commons here in Kent are up in arms.—*Second Part of Henry VI.*

WHEN Mordaunt arrived at W——, he found that the provincial deities (who were all assembled at dinner with the principal inhabitants of the town), in whose hands the fate of the meeting was placed, were in great doubt and grievous consternation. He came in time, first to balance the votes, and ultimately to decide them. His mind, prudent and acute, when turned to worldly affairs, saw in a glance the harmless, though noisy, nature of the meeting; and he felt that the worst course the government or the county could pursue would be to raise into importance, by violence, what otherwise would meet with ridicule from most, and indifference from the rest.

His large estates, his ancient name, his high reputation for talent, joined to that manner, half eloquent and half commanding, which rarely fails of effect when deliberation only requires a straw on either side to become decision,—all these rendered his interference of immediate avail; and it was settled that the meeting should, as similar assemblies had done before, proceed and conclude undisturbed by the higher powers, so

long as no positive act of sedition to the government or danger to the town was committed.

Scarcely was this arrangement agreed upon, before Lord Ulswater, who had hitherto been absent, entered the room in which the magisterial conclave was assembled. Mr Glumford (whom our readers will possibly remember as the suitor to Isabel St Leger, and who had at first opposed, and then reluctantly subscribed to, Mordaunt's interference) bustled up to him.

"So, so, my lord," said he, "since I had the honour of seeing your lordship, quite a new sort of trump has been turned up."

"I do not comprehend your metaphorical elegancies of speech, Mr Glumford," said Lord Ulswater.

Mr Glumford explained. Lord Ulswater's cheek grew scarlet. "So Mr Mordaunt has effected this wise alteration," said he.

"Nobody else, my lord, nobody else ; and I am sure, though your lordship's estates are at the other end of the county, yet they are much larger than his ; and since your lordship has a troop at your command, and that sort of thing, I would not, if I were your lordship, suffer any such opposition to your wishes."

Without making a reply to this harangue, Lord Ulswater stalked haughtily up to Mordaunt, who was leaning against the wainscot, and conversing with those around him.

"I cannot but conceive, Mr Mordaunt," said he, with a formal bow, "that I have been misinformed in the intelligence I have just received."

“Lord Ulswater will, perhaps, inform me to what intelligence he alludes.”

“That Mr Mordaunt, the representative of one of the noblest families in England, has given the encouragement and influence of his name and rank to the designs of a seditious and turbulent mob.”

Mordaunt smiled slightly, as he replied—“Your lordship *rightly* believes that you are misinformed. It is precisely because I would *not* have the mob you speak of seditious or turbulent, that I have made it my request that the meeting of to-morrow should be suffered to pass off undisturbed.”

“Then, sir,” cried Lord Ulswater, striking the table with a violence which caused three reverend potentates of the province to start back in dismay, “I cannot but consider such interference on your part to the last degree impolitic and uncalled for: these, sir, are times of great danger to the state, and in which it is indispensably requisite to support and strengthen the authority of the law.”

“I waive, at present,” answered Mordaunt, “all reply to language neither courteous nor appropriate. I doubt not but that the magistrates will decide as is most in accordance with the spirit of that law, which in this, and in all times, should be supported.”

“Sir,” said Lord Ulswater, losing his temper more and more, as he observed that the bystanders, whom he had been accustomed to awe, all visibly inclined to the opinion of Mordaunt—“sir, if your name has been instrumental in producing so unfortunate a determina-

tion on the part of the magistrates, I shall hold you responsible to the government for those results which ordinary prudence may calculate upon."

"When Lord Ulswater," said Mordaunt, sternly, "has learned what is due, not only to the courtesies of society, but to those legitimate authorities of his country, who (he ventures to suppose) are to be influenced contrary to their sense of duty by any individual, then he may, perhaps, find leisure to make himself better acquainted with the nature of those laws which he now so vehemently upholds."

"Mr Mordaunt, you will consider yourself answerable to me for those words," said Lord Ulswater, with a tone of voice unnaturally calm; and the angry flush of his countenance gave place to a livid paleness. Then, turning on his heel, he left the room.

As he repaired homeward, he saw one of his soldiers engaged in a loud and angry contest with a man in the plain garb of a peaceful citizen; a third person, standing by, appeared ineffectually endeavouring to pacify the disputants. A rigid disciplinarian, Lord Ulswater allowed not even party feeling, roused as it was, to conquer professional habits. He called off the soldier, and the man with whom the latter had been engaged immediately came up to Lord Ulswater with a step as haughty as his own. The third person, who had attempted the peacemaker, followed him.

"I presume, sir," said he, "that you are an officer of this man's regiment."

"I am the commanding officer, sir," said Lord Uls-

water, very little relishing the air and tone of the person who addressed him.

“Then,” answered the man (who was, indeed, no other than Wolfe, who, having returned to W—— with Mordaunt, had already succeeded in embroiling himself in a dispute)—“then, sir, I look to you for his punishment and my redress;” and Wolfe proceeded, in his own exaggerated language, to detail a very reasonable cause of complaint. The fact was, that Wolfe, meeting one of his compatriots, and conversing with him somewhat loudly, had uttered some words which attracted the spleen of the soldier, who was reeling home, very comfortably intoxicated; and the soldier had, most assuredly, indulged in a copious abuse of the d—d rebel, who could not walk the streets without chattering sedition.

Wolfe’s friend confirmed the statement.

The trooper attempted to justify himself; but Lord Ulswater saw his intoxication in an instant, and, secretly vexed that the complaint was not on the other side, ordered the soldier to his quarters, with a brief but sure threat of punishment on the morrow. Not willing, however, to part with the “d—d rebel” on terms so flattering to the latter, Lord Ulswater, turning to Wolfe, with a severe and angry air, said—

“As for you, fellow, I believe the whole fault was on your side; and if you dare again give vent to your disaffected ravings, I shall have you sent to prison, to tame your rank blood upon bread and water. Begone, and think yourself fortunate to escape now!”

The fierce spirit of Wolfe was in arms on the instant—and his reply, in subjecting him to Lord Ulswater's threat, might at least have prevented his enlightening the public on the morrow, had not his friend, a peaceable, prudent man, seized him by the arm, and whispered—“What are you about?—Consider for what you are here—another word may rob the assembly of your presence. A man bent on a public cause must not, on the eve of its trial, enlist in a private quarrel.”

“True, my friend, true,” said Wolfe, swallowing his rage, and eyeing Lord Ulswater's retreating figure with a menacing look; “but the time may yet come when I shall have license to retaliate on the upstart.”

“So be it,” quoth the other—“he is our bitterest enemy. You know, perhaps, that he is Lord Ulswater, of the —— regiment? It has been at his instigation that the magistrates proposed to disturb the meeting. He has been known publicly to say that all who attended the assembly ought to be given up to the swords of his troopers.”

“The butchering dastard!—to dream even of attacking unarmed men; but enough of him—I must tarry yet in the street to hear what success our intercessor has obtained.” And as Wolfe passed the house in which the magisterial conclave sat, Mordaunt came out and accosted him.

“You have sworn to me that your purpose is peaceable,” said Mordaunt.

“Unquestionably,” answered Wolfe.

“And you will pledge yourself that no disturbance,

that can either be effected, or counteracted, by yourself and friends, shall take place?"

"I will."

"Enough!" answered Mordaunt. "Remember, that if you commit the least act that can be thought dangerous, I may not be able to preserve you from the military. As it is, your meeting will be unopposed."

Contrary to Lord Ulswater's prediction, the meeting went off as quietly as an elderly maiden's tea-party. The speakers, even Wolfe, not only took especial pains to recommend order and peace, but avoided, for the most part, all inflammatory enlargement upon the grievances of which they complained. And the sage foreboders of evil, who had locked up their silver spoons, and shaken their heads very wisely for the last week, had the agreeable mortification of observing rather an appearance of good humour upon the countenances of the multitude than that ferocious determination against the lives and limbs of the well-affected which they had so sorrowfully anticipated.

As Mordaunt (who had been present during the whole time of the meeting) mounted his horse, and quitted the ground, Lord Ulswater, having just left his quarters, where he had been all day in expectation of some violent act of the orators or the mob, demanding his military services, caught sight of him, with a sudden recollection of his own passionate threat. There had been nothing in Mordaunt's words which would, in our times, have justified a challenge; but in that day, duels were fought upon the slightest provocation.

Lord Ulswater therefore rode up at once to a gentleman with whom he had some intimate acquaintance, and, briefly stating that he had been insulted both as an officer and gentleman by Mr Mordaunt, requested his friend to call upon that gentleman, and demand satisfaction.

“To-morrow,” said Lord Ulswater, “I have the misfortune to be unavoidably engaged. The next day you can appoint place and time of meeting.”

“I must first see the gentleman to whom Mr Mordaunt may refer me,” said the friend, prudently; “and perhaps your honour may be satisfied without any hostile meeting at all.”

“I think not,” said Lord Ulswater, carelessly, as he rode away, “for Mr Mordaunt is a gentleman, and gentlemen never apologise.”

Wolfe was standing unobserved near Lord Ulswater while the latter thus instructed his proposed second. —“Man of blood,” muttered the republican; “with homicide thy code of honour, and massacre thine interpretation of law, by violence wouldst thou rule, and by violence mayst thou perish!”

CHAPTER LXXVII.

Jam te premet nox, fabulæque Manes
Et domus exilis Plutonia.*—HOR.

THE morning was dull and heavy, as Lord Ulswater mounted his horse, and, unattended, took his way towards Westborough Park. His manner was unusually thoughtful and absent; perhaps two affairs upon his hands, either of which seemed likely to end in bloodshed, were sufficient to bring reflection even to the mind of a cavalry officer.

He had scarcely got out of the town before he was overtaken by our worthy friend Mr Glumford. As he had been a firm ally of Lord Ulswater in the contest respecting the meeting, so, when he joined and saluted that nobleman, Lord Ulswater, mindful of past services, returned his greeting with an air rather of condescension than hauteur. To say truth, his lordship was never very fond of utter loneliness, and the respectful bearing of Glumford, joined to that mutual congeniality which sympathy in political views always occasions,

* This very hour Death shall overcome thee, and the fabled Manes and the shadowy Plutonian realms receive thee.

made him more pleased with the society than shocked with the intrusion of the squire : so that when Glumford said, " If your lordship's way lies along this road for the next five or six miles, perhaps you will allow me the honour of accompanying you," Lord Ulswater graciously signified his consent to the proposal, and, carelessly mentioning that he was going to Westborough Park, slid into that conversation with his new companion which the meeting and its actors afforded.

Turn we for an instant to Clarence. At the appointed hour he had arrived at Westborough Park, and, bidding his companion, the trusty Wardour, remain within the chaise which had conveyed them, he was ushered, with a trembling heart, but a mien erect and self-composed, into Lady Westborough's presence ; the marchioness was alone.

" I am sensible, sir," said she, with a little embarrassment, " that it is not exactly becoming to my station and circumstances to suffer a meeting of the present nature between Lord Ulswater and yourself to be held within this house ; but I could not resist the request of Lord Ulswater, conscious, from his character, that it could contain nothing detrimental to the—to the consideration and delicacy due to Lady Flora Ardenne."

Clarence bowed. " So far as I am concerned," said he, " I feel confident that Lady Westborough will not repent of her condescension."

There was a pause.

“It is singular,” said Lady Westborough, looking to the clock upon an opposite table, “that Lord Ulswater is not yet arrived.”

“It is,” said Clarence, scarcely conscious of his words, and wondering whether Lady Flora would deign to appear.

Another pause. Lady Westborough felt the awkwardness of her situation.

Clarence made an effort to recover himself.

“I do not see,” said he, “the necessity of delaying the explanation I have to offer to your ladyship till my Lord Ulswater deems it suitable to appear. Allow me at once to enter upon a history, told in few words, and easily proved.”

“Stay,” said Lady Westborough, struggling with her curiosity; “it is due to one who has stood in so peculiar a situation in our family to wait yet a little longer for his coming. We will therefore, till the hour is completed, postpone the object of our meeting.”

Clarence again bowed, and was silent. Another and a longer pause ensued; it was broken by the sound of the clock striking—the hour was completed.

“Now,”—began Clarence—when he was interrupted by a sudden and violent commotion in the hall. Above all was heard a loud and piercing cry, in which Clarence recognised the voice of the old steward. He rose abruptly, and stood motionless and aghast: his eyes met those of Lady Westborough, who, pale and agitated, lost for the moment all her habitual self-com-

mand. The sound increased: Clarence rushed from the room into the hall; the open door of the apartment revealed to Lady Westborough, as to him, a sight which allowed her no further time for hesitation. She hurried after Clarence into the hall, gave one look, uttered one shriek of horror, and fainted.

CHAPTER LXXVIII.

Idem.—But thou wilt brave me in these saucy terms.

Cade.—Brave thee ! ay, by the best blood that ever was broached, and beard thee too.—SHAKESPEARE.

“You see, my lord,” said Mr Glumford to Lord Uls-water, as they rode slowly on, “that as long as those rebellious scoundrels are indulged in their spoutings and meetings, and that sort of thing, that—that there will be no bearing them.”

“Very judiciously remarked, sir,” replied Lord Uls-water. “I wish all gentlemen of birth and consideration viewed the question in the same calm, dispassionate, and profound light that you do. Would to heaven it were left to me to clear the country of those mutinous and dangerous rascals—I would make speedy and sure work of it.”

“I am certain you would, my lord—I am certain you would. It is a thousand pities that pompous fellow Mordaunt interfered yesterday with his moderation; and policy, and all that sort of thing—so foolish, you know, my lord—mere theory, and romance, and that sort of thing : we should have had it all our own way, if he had not.”

Lord Ulswater played with his riding-whip, but did not reply. Mr Glumford continued :—

“Pray, my lord, did your lordship see what an ugly, ill-dressed set of dogs those *meetingers* were—that Wolfe, above all? Oh, he’s a horrid-looking fellow. By the by, he left the town this very morning; I saw him take leave of his friends in the street just before I set out. He is going to some other meeting—on foot too. Only think of the folly of talking about the policy, and prudence, and humanity, and that sort of thing, of sparing such a pitiful poor fellow as that—can’t afford a chaise, or a stage-coach even, my lord—positively can’t.”

“You see the matter exactly in its true light, Mr Glumford,” said his lordship, patting his fine horse, which was somewhat impatient of the slow pace of its companion.

“A very beautiful animal of your lordship’s,” said Mr Glumford, spurring his own horse—a heavy, dull quadruped, with an obstinate ill-set tail, a low shoulder, and a Roman nose. “I am very partial to horses myself, and love a fine horse as well as anybody.”

Lord Ulswater cast a glance at his companion’s steed, and seeing nothing in its qualities to justify this assertion of attachment to fine horses, was silent; Lord Ulswater never flattered even his mistress, much less Mr Glumford.

“I will tell you, my lord,” continued Mr Glumford, “what a bargain this horse was;” and the squire proceeded, much to Lord Ulswater’s discontent, to

detail the history of his craft in making the said bargain.

The riders were now entering a part of the road, a little more than two miles from Westborough Park, in which the features of the neighbouring country took a bolder and ruder aspect than they had hitherto worn. On one side of the road the view opened upon a descent of considerable depth, and the dull sun looked drearily over a valley in which large fallow fields, a distant and solitary spire, and a few stunted and withering trees, formed the chief characteristics. On the other side of the road a narrow footpath was separated from the highway by occasional posts; and on this path Lord Ulswater (how the minute and daily occurrences of life show the grand pervading principles of character!) was, at the time we refer to, riding, in preference to the established thoroughfare for equestrian and aurigal travellers. The side of this path farthest from the road was bordered by a steep declivity of stony and gravelly earth, which almost deserved the dignified appellation of a precipice; and it was with no small exertion of dexterous horsemanship that Lord Ulswater kept his spirited and susceptible steed upon the narrow and somewhat perilous path, in spite of its frequent starts at the rugged descent below.

“I think, my lord, if I may venture to say so,” said Mr Glumford, having just finished the narration of his bargain, “that it would be better for you to take the highroad just at present; for the descent from the footpath is steep and abrupt, and deuced crumbling;

so that if your lordship's horse shied or took a wrong step, it might be attended with unpleasant consequences—a fall, or that sort of thing.”

“You are very good, sir,” said Lord Ulswater, who, like most proud people, conceived advice an insult; “but I imagine myself capable of guiding my horse, at least upon a road so excellent as this.”

“Certainly, my lord, certainly; I beg your pardon: but—bless me, who is that tall fellow in black, talking to himself yonder, my lord? The turn of the road hides him from *you* just at present; but I see him well. Ha-ha! what gestures he uses! I daresay he is one of the petitioners, and—yes, my lord, by Jupiter, it is Wolfe himself! You had better (excuse me, my lord) come down from the footpath—it is not wide enough for two people—and Wolfe, I daresay, a d—d rascal, would not get out of the way for the devil himself! He's a nasty, black, fierce-looking fellow; I would not for something meet him in a dark night, or that sort of thing!”

“I do not exactly understand, Mr Glumford,” returned Lord Ulswater, with a supercilious glance at that gentleman, “what peculiarities of temper you are pleased to impute to me, or from what you deduce the supposition that I shall move out of my way for a person like Mr Woolt, or Wolfe, or whatever be his name.”

“I beg your pardon, my lord, I am sure,” answered Glumford; “of course your lordship knows best; and if the rogue is impertinent, why, I'm a magistrate, and

will commit him ; though, to be sure," continued our righteous Daniel, in a lower key, "he has a right to walk upon the footpath without being ridden over, or that sort of thing."

The equestrians were now very near Wolfe, who, turning hastily round, perceived, and immediately recognised Lord Ulswater. — "Ah-ha," muttered he to himself, "here comes the insolent thirster for blood, grudging *us*, seemingly, even the meagre comfort of the path which his horse's hoofs are breaking up—yet, thank Heaven," added the republican, looking with a stern satisfaction at the narrowness of the footing, "he cannot very well pass me, and the free lion does not move out of his way for such pampered kine as those to which this creature belongs."

Actuated by this thought, Wolfe almost insensibly moved entirely into the middle of the path, so that what with the posts on one side, and the abrupt and undefended precipice, if we may so call it, on the other, it was quite impossible for any horseman to pass the republican, unless over his body.

Lord Ulswater marked the motion, and did not want penetration to perceive the cause. Glad of an opportunity to wreak some portion of his irritation against a member of a body so offensive to his mind, and which had the day before obtained a sort of triumph over his exertions against them ; and rendered obstinate in his intention by the pique he had felt at Glumford's caution, Lord Ulswater, tightening his rein, and humming, with apparent indifference, a popular tune, continued his

progress till he was within a foot of the republican. Then, checking his horse for a moment, he called, in a tone of quiet arrogance, to Wolfe to withdraw himself on one side till he had passed.

The fierce blood of the republican, which the least breath of oppression sufficed to kindle, and which yet boiled with the remembrance of Lord Ulswater's threat to him two nights before, was on fire at this command. He stopped short, and, turning half round, stood erect in the strength and power of his singularly tall and not ungraceful form. "Poor and proud fool," said he, with a voice of the most biting scorn, and fixing an eye eloquent of ire and menaced danger upon the calmly contemptuous countenance of the patrician—"Poor and proud fool, do you think that your privileges have already reached so pleasant a pitch that you may ride over men like dust? Off, fool! the basest peasant in England, degraded as he is, would resist, while he ridiculed your arrogance."

Without deigning any reply, Lord Ulswater spurred his horse; the spirited animal bounded forward, almost on the very person of the obstructor of the path; with uncommon agility Wolfe drew aside from the danger, seized, with a powerful grasp, the bridle, and, abruptly arresting the horse, backed it fearfully towards the descent. Enraged beyond all presence of mind, the fated nobleman, raising his whip, struck violently at the republican. The latter, as he felt the blow, uttered a single shout of such ferocity that it curdled the timorous blood of Glumford, and with a giant and iron hand

he backed the horse several paces down the precipice. The treacherous earth crumbled beneath the weight, and Lord Ulswater, spurring his steed violently at the same instant that Wolfe so sharply and strongly curbed it, the affrighted animal reared violently, forced the rein from Wolfe, stood erect for a moment of horror to the spectator, and then, as its footing and balance alike failed it, fell backward, and rolled over and over its unfortunate and helpless rider.

“Good Heavens !” cried Glumford, who had sat quietly upon his dozing horse, watching the result of the dispute—“what have you done ? you have killed his lordship—positively killed him—and his horse, too, I daresay. You shall be hanged for this, sir, as sure as I am a magistrate and that sort of thing.”

Unheeding this denunciation, Wolfe had made to the spot where rider and horse lay blent together at the foot of the descent ; and, assisting the latter to rise, bent down to examine the real effect of his violence. “Methinks,” said he, as he looked upon the hueless, but stilldefying, features of the horseman—“methinks I have seen that face years before—but where ? perhaps my dreams have foretold me this.”

Lord Ulswater was utterly senseless ; and as Wolfe raised him, he saw that the right side of the head was covered with blood, and that one arm seemed crushed and broken. Meanwhile a carriage had appeared—was hailed by Glumford—stopped ; and, on being informed of the circumstance, and the rank of the sufferer, the traveller, a single gentleman, descended, assisted to raise

the unhappy nobleman—placed him in the carriage, and, obeying Glumford's instructions, proceeded slowly to Westborough Park.

“But the ruffian—the rebel—the murderer!” said Mr Glumford, both querulously and inquiringly, looking towards Wolfe, who, without having attempted to assist his victim, stood aloof, with arms folded, and an expression of sated ferocity upon his speaking features.

“Oh! as to him,” quoth the traveller, stepping into his carriage, in order to support the mangled man—“you, sir, and my valet, can bring him along with you, or take him to the next town, or do, in short, with him just as you please, only be sure he does not escape—drive on, post-boy, very gently.” And poor Mr Glumford found the muscular form of the stern Wolfe consigned to the sole care of himself and a very diminutive man in pea-green silk stockings, who, however excellently well he might perform the office of valet, was certainly by no means calculated in physical powers for the detention of a criminal.

Wolfe saved the pair a world of trouble and anxiety.

“Sir,” said he, gravely turning to Glumford, “you beheld the affray, and, whatever its consequences, will do me the common justice of witnessing as to the fact of the first aggressor: it will, however, be satisfactory to both of us to seize the earliest opportunity of putting the matter upon a legal footing, and I shall, therefore,

return to W——, to which town you will doubtless accompany me.”

“With all my heart!” cried Mr Glumford, feeling as if a mountain of responsibility were taken from his breast; “and I wish to Heaven you may be transported instead of hanged.”

CHAPTER LXXIX.

But gasping heaved the breath that Lara drew,
And dull the film along his dim eye grew.—BYRON.

THE light broke partially through the half-closed shutters of the room in which lay Lord Ulswater—who, awakened to sense and pain by the motion of the carriage, had now relapsed into insensibility. By the side of the sofa on which he was laid, knelt Clarence, bathing one hand with tears violent and fast; on the opposite side leant over, with bald front, and an expression of mingled fear and sorrow upon his intent countenance, the old steward; while, at a little distance, Lord Westborough, who had been wheeled into the room, sat mute in his chair, aghast with bewilderment and horror, and counting every moment to the arrival of the surgeon, who had been sent for. The stranger to whom the carriage belonged stood by the window, detailing, in a low voice, to the chaplain of the house, what particulars of the occurrence he was acquainted with; while the youngest scion of the family, a boy of about ten years, and who, in the general confusion, had thrust himself unnoticed into the room, stood close to the pair, with open mouth and thirsting ears, and a face on which childish interest at a fearful tale was strongly

blent with the more absorbed feeling of terror at the truth.

Slowly Lord Ulswater opened his eyes—they rested upon Clarence.

“My brother—my brother!” cried Clarence, in a voice of powerful anguish—“is it thus—thus that you have come hither to——” He stopped in the gushing fulness of his heart. Extricating from Clarence the only hand he was able to use, Lord Ulswater raised it to his brow, as if in the effort to clear remembrance; and then, turning to Wardour, seemed to ask the truth of Clarence’s claim—at least so the old man interpreted the meaning of his eye, and the faint and scarce intelligible words which broke from his lips.

“It is—it is, my honoured lord,” cried he, struggling with his emotion—“it is your brother—your lost brother, Clinton L’Estrange.” And as he said these words, Clarence felt the damp chill hand of his brother press his own, and knew by that pressure and the smile—kind, though brief from exceeding pain—with which the ill-fated nobleman looked upon him, that the claim long unknown was at last acknowledged, and the ties long broken united, though in death.

The surgeon arrived—the room was cleared of all but Clarence—the first examination was sufficient. Unaware of Clarence’s close relationship to the sufferer, the surgeon took him aside—“A very painful operation,” said he, “might be performed, but it would only torture in vain the last moments of the patient; no human skill can save, or even protract his life.”

The doomed man, who, though in great pain, was still sensible, stirred. His brother flew towards him. "Flora," he murmured, "let me see *her*, I implore."

Curbing, as much as he was able, his emotion, and conquering his reluctance to leave the sufferer even for a moment, Clarence flew in search of Lady Flora. He found her: in rapid and hasty words he signified the wish of the dying man, and hurried her, confused, trembling, and scarce conscious of the melancholy scene she was about to witness, to the side of her affianced bridegroom.

I have been by the deathbeds of many men, and I have noted that shortly before death, as the frame grows weaker and weaker, the fiercer passions yield to those feelings better harmonising with the awfulness of the hour. Thoughts soft and tender, which seemed little to belong to the character in the health and vigour of former years, obtain then an empire—brief, indeed, but utter for the time they last; and this is the more impressive, because (as in the present instance I shall have occasion to portray) in the moments which succeed and make *the very* latest of life, the ruling passion, suppressed for an interval by such gentler feelings, sometimes again returns to take its final triumph over that frail clay, which, through existence, it has swayed, agitated, and moulded like wax unto its will.

When Lord Ulswater saw Flora approach and bend weepingly over him, a momentary softness stole over his face. Taking her hand, he extended it towards Clar-

ence ; and, turning to the latter, faltered out—" Let this—my—brother—atone—for—— ;" apparently unable to finish the sentence, he then relaxed his hold and sunk upon the pillow : and so still, so apparently breathless, did he remain for several minutes, that they thought the latest agony was over.

As, yielding to this impression, Clarence was about to withdraw the scarce conscious Flora from the chamber, words, less tremulous and indistinct than aught which he had yet uttered, broke from Lord Ulswater's lips. Clarence hastened to him ; and, bending over his countenance, saw that, even through the rapid changes and shades of death, it darkened with the peculiar characteristics of the unreleased soul within :—the brow was knit into more than its wonted sternness and pride ; and in the eye, which glared upon the opposite wall, the light of the waning life broke into a momentary blaze—that flash, so rapid and evanescent, before the air drinks in the last spark of the being it has animated, and night—the starless and eternal—falls over the extinguished lamp ! The hand of the right arm (which was that unshattered by the fall) was clenched and raised ; but, when the words which came upon Clarence's ear had ceased, it fell heavily by his side, like a clod of that clay which it had then become. In those words, it seemed as if, in the confused delirium of passing existence, the brave soldier mingled some dim and bewildered recollection of former battles with that of his last most fatal, though most ignoble strife.

“Down, down with them,” he muttered between his teeth, though in a tone startlingly deep and audible—“down with them. No quarter to the infidels—strike for England and Effingham. Ha!—who strives for flight there!—kill him—no mercy, I say—none!—there—there—I have despatched him—ha!—ha!—What, still alive?—off, slave, off!—Oh, slain—slain in a ditch, by a base-born hind—oh—bitter—bitter—bitter!” And with these words, of which the last, from their piercing anguish and keen despair, made a dread contrast with the fire and defiance of the first, the jaw fell—the flashing and fierce eye glazed and set—and all of the haughty and bold patrician which the earth retained was—dust!

CHAPTER LXXX.

Il n'est jamais permis de détériorer une âme humaine pour l'avantage des autres, ni de faire un scélérat pour le service des honnêtes gens.*
—ROUSSEAU.

As the reader approaches the termination of this narrative, and looks back upon the many scenes he has passed, perhaps, in the mimic representation of human life, he may find no unfaithful resemblance to the true.

As, amongst the crowd of characters jostled against each other in their course, some drop off at the first, the second, or the third stage, and leave a few only continuing to the last, while Fate chooses her agents and survivors among those whom the bystander, perchance, least noticed as the objects of her selection—and they who, haply, seemed to him at first among the most conspicuous as characters, sink, some abruptly, some gradually, into actors of the least importance in events; as the reader notes the same passion, in different strata, producing the most opposite qualities, and gathers from that notice some estimate of the vast perplexity in the code of morals, deemed by the shallow so

* It is not permitted us to degrade one single soul for the sake of conferring advantage on others, nor to make a rogue for the good of the honest.

plain a science, when he finds that a similar and single feeling will produce both the virtue we love and the vice we detest, the magnanimity we admire and the meanness we despise ; as the feeble hands of the author force into contrast ignorance and wisdom, the affectation of philosophy and its true essence, coarseness and refinement, the lowest vulgarity of sentiment with an exaltation of feeling approaching to morbidity, the reality of virtue with the counterfeit, the glory of the Divinity with the hideousness of the Idol, sorrow and eager joy, marriage and death, tears and their young successors, smiles ; as all, blent together, these varieties of life form a single yet many-coloured web, leaving us to doubt whether, in fortune, the bright hue or the dark—in character, the base material or the rich, predominate—the workman of the web could almost reconcile himself to his glaring and great deficiency in art, by the fond persuasion that he has, at least in his choice of tint and texture, caught something of the likeness of Nature : but he knows, to the abasement of his vanity, that these enumerated particulars of resemblance to life are common to all, even to the most unskilful of his brethren ; and it is not the mere act of copying a true original, but the rare circumstance of force and accuracy in the copy, which can alone constitute a just pretension to merit, or flatter the artist with the hope of a moderate success.

The news of Lord Ulswater's untimely death soon spread around the neighbourhood, and was conveyed to Mordaunt by the very gentleman whom that noble-

man had charged with his hostile message. Algernon repaired at once to W——, to gather from Wolfe some less exaggerated account of the affray than that which the many tongues of Rumour had brought to him.

It was no difficult matter to see the precise share of blame to be attached to Wolfe ; and, notwithstanding the biassed account of Glumford, and the strong spirit of party then existing in the country, no rational man could, for a moment, term the event of a sudden fray a premeditated murder, or the violence of the aggrieved the black offence of a wilful criminal. Wolfe, therefore, soon obtained a release from the confinement to which he had been first committed ; and, with a temper still more exasperated by the evident disposition of his auditors to have treated him, had it been possible, with the utmost rigour, he returned to companions well calculated, by their converse and bent of mind, to inflame the fester of his moral constitution.

It happens, generally, that men very vehement in any particular opinion choose their friends, not for a general similarity of character, but in proportion to their mutual congeniality of sentiment upon that particular opinion ; it happens, also, that those most *audibly* violent, if we may so speak, upon *any* opinion, moral or political, are rarely the wisest or the purest of their party. Those with whom Wolfe was intimate were men who shared none of the nobler characteristics of the republican ; still less did they participate, or even comprehend, the enlightened and benevolent views for which the wise and great

men of that sect—a sect to which all philanthropy is, perhaps too fondly, inclined to lean—have been so conspicuously eminent. On the contrary, Wolfe's comrades, without education, and consequently without principle, had been driven to disaffection, by desperate fortunes and ruined reputations, acting upon minds polluted by the ignorance, and hardened among the dross of the populace. But the worst can, by constant intercourse, corrupt the best; and the barriers of good and evil, often confused in Wolfe's mind by the blindness of his passions, seemed, as his intercourse with these lawless and ruffian associates thickened, to be at last utterly broken down and swept away.

Unhappily, too—soon after Wolfe's return to London—the popular irritation showed itself in mobs, perhaps rather to be termed disorderly than seditious; the ministers, however, thought otherwise; the military were summoned, and much injury, resulting, it is to be hoped, from accident, not design, ensued to many of the persons assembled. Some were severely wounded by the swords of the soldiers, others maimed and trampled upon by the horses, which shared the agitation or irritability of their riders; and a few, among whom were two women and three children, lost their lives. Wolfe had been one of the crowd—and the scene, melancholy as it really was, and appearing to his temper unredeemed and inexcusable on the part of the soldiers—left on his mind a deep and burning impression of revenge. Justice (as they termed it) was demanded by strong bodies of the people upon the soldiers; but the administration deem-

ing it politic rather to awe than to conciliate, so far from censuring the military, approved their exertions.

From that time, Wolfe appears to have resolved upon the execution of a design, which he had long imperfectly and confusedly meditated.

This was no less a crime (and to him did conscientiously seem no less a virtue) than to seize a favourable opportunity for assassinating the most prominent member of the administration, and the one who, above all the rest, was the most odious to the disaffected. It must be urged, in extenuation of the atrocity of this design, that a man perpetually brooding over one scheme, which to him has become the very sustenance of existence, and which scheme, perpetually frustrated, grows desperate by disappointment, acquires a heat of morbid and oblique enthusiasm, which may not be unreasonably termed insanity; and that, at the very time Wolfe reconciled it to his conscience to commit the murder of his fellow-creature, he would have moved out of his path for a worn. Assassination, indeed, seemed to him justice; and a felon's execution the glory of martyrdom. And yet, O Fanatic, thou didst anathematise the Duellist as the Man of blood—what is the Assassin?

CHAPTER LXXXI.

And thou that, silent at my knee,
Dost lift to mine thy soft, dark, earnest eyes,
Filled with the love of childhood, which I see
Pure through its depths—a thing without disguise :
Thou that hast breathed in slumber on my breast,
When I have checked its throbs to give thee rest,
Mine own, whose young thoughts fresh before me rise,
Is it not much that I may guide thy prayer,
And circle thy young soul with free and healthful air ?—HEMANS.

THE events we have recorded, from the time of Clarence's visit to Mordaunt to the death of Lord Ulswater, took place within little more than a week. We have now to pass in silence over several weeks ; and as it was the commencement of autumn when we introduced Clarence and Mordaunt to our reader, so it is the first opening of winter in which we will resume the thread of our narration.

Mordaunt had removed to London ; and although he had not yet taken any share in public business, he was only watching the opportunity to commence a career, the brilliancy of which, those who knew aught of his mind, began already to foretell. But he mixed little, if at all, with the gayer occupants of the world's prominent places. Absorbed alternately in his studies and his labours of good, the halls of pleasure were sel-

dom visited by his presence : and they who, in the crowd, knew nothing of him but his name and the lofty bearing of his mien, recoiled from the coldness of his exterior, and, while they marvelled at his retirement and reserve, saw in both but the moroseness of the student, and the gloom of the misanthropist.

But the nobleness of his person—the antiquity of his birth—his wealth, his unblemished character, and the interest thrown over his name, by the reputation of talent, and the unpenetrated mystery of his life, all powerfully spoke in his favour to those of the gentler sex, who judge us not only from what we are to others, but from what they imagine we can be to them. From such allurements, however, as from all else, the mourner turned only the more deeply to cherish the memory of the dead ; and it was a touching and holy sight to mark the mingled excess of melancholy and fondness with which he watched over that treasure in whose young beauty and guileless heart his departed Isabel had yet left the resemblance of her features and her love. There seemed between them to exist even a dearer and closer tie than that of daughter and sire ; for in both the objects which usually divide the affections of the man or the child had but a feeble charm : Isabel's mind had expanded beyond her years, and Algernon's had outgrown his time ; so that neither the sports natural to her age, nor the ambition ordinary to his, were sufficient to wean or to distract the unity of their love. When, after absence, his well-known step trod lightly in the hall, her ear, which had listened and longed

and thirsted for the sound, taught her fairy feet to be the first to welcome his return ; and when the slightest breath of sickness menaced her slender frame, it was his hand that smoothed her pillow, and his smile that cheered away her pain ; and when she sunk into sleep, she knew that a father's heart watched over her through the long but untiring night—that a father's eye would be the first which, on waking, she would meet.

“Oh ! beautiful, and rare as beautiful,” was that affection ; in the parent no earthlier or harder sternness in authority, nor weakness in doating, nor caprice in love—in the child, no fear-debasing reverence, yet no familiarity diminishing respect. But Love, whose pride is in serving, seemed to make at once soft and hallowed the offices mutually rendered—and Nature, never counteracted in her dictates, wrought, without a visible effort, the proper channels into which those offices should flow ; and that Charity, which not only covers sins, but lifts the veil from virtues, whose beauty might otherwise have lain concealed, linked them closer and closer, and threw over that link the sanctity of itself. For it was Algernon's sweetest pleasure to make her young hands the ministers of good to others, and to drink, at such times, from the rich glow of her angel countenance the purified selfishness of his reward. And when after the divine joy of *blessing*, which, perhaps, the youngest taste yet more vividly than their sires, she threw her arms around his neck, and thanked him with glad tears for the luxury he had bestowed upon her, how could they, in that gushing overflow of

heart, help loving each other the more, or feeling that in that love there was something which justified the excess?

Nor have we drawn with too exaggerating a pencil, nor, though Isabel's *mind* was older than her years, extended that prematureness to her *heart*. For, where we set the example of benevolence, and see that the example is in nought corrupted, the milk of human kindness will flow not the least readily from the youngest breast, and out of the mouths of babes will come the wisdom of charity and love!

Ever since Mordaunt's arrival in town, he had sought out Wolfe's abode, for the purpose of ministering to the poverty under which he rightly conjectured that the republican laboured. But the habitation of one, needy, distressed, seldom living long in one place, and far less notorious of late than he had formerly been, was not easy to discover; nor was it till after long and vain search that he ascertained the retreat of his singular acquaintance. The day in which he effected this object we shall have hereafter occasion to specify. Meanwhile we return to Mr Crauford.

CHAPTER LXXXII.

Plot on thy little hour, and skein on skein
Weave the vain mesh, in which thy subtle soul
Broods on its venom! Lo! behind, before,
Around thee, like an armament of cloud,
The black Fate labours onward!—*Anon*

THE dusk of a winter's evening gathered over a room in Crauford's house in town, only relieved from the closing darkness by an expiring and sullen fire, beside which Mr Bradley sat, with his feet upon the fender, apparently striving to coax some warmth into the icy palms of his spread hands. Crauford himself was walking up and down the room with a changeful step, and ever and anon glancing his bright, shrewd eye at the partner of his fraud, who, seemingly unconscious of the observation he underwent, appeared to occupy his attention solely with the difficulty of warming his meagre and withered frame.

“Aren't you very cold there, sir?” said Bradley, after a long pause, and pushing himself farther into the verge of the dying embers,—“may I not ring for some more coals?”

“Hell and the ——! I beg your pardon, my good Bradley, but you vex me beyond patience: how can

you think of such trifles when our very lives are in so imminent a danger?"

"I beg your pardon, my honoured benefactor; they are indeed in danger!"

"Bradley, we have but one hope—fidelity to each other. If we persist in the same story, not a tittle can be brought home to us—not a tittle, my good Bradley; and though our characters may be a little touched, why, what is a character? Shall we eat less, drink less, enjoy less, when we have lost it? Not a whit. No, my friend, we will go abroad: leave it to me to save from the wreck of our fortunes enough to live upon like princes."

"If not like *peers*, my honoured benefactor."

"'Sdeath!—yes, yes, very good—he! he! he! if not *peers*. Well, all happiness is in the senses, and Richard Crauford has as many senses as Viscount Innisdale; but had we been able to protract inquiry another week, Bradley, why, I would have been my Lord, and you Sir John."

"You bear your losses like a hero, sir," said Mr Bradley.

"To be sure; there *is* no loss, man, but life—none; let us preserve that—and it will be our own fault if we don't—and the devil take all the rest. But bless me, it grows late, and, at all events, we are safe for some hours; the inquiry won't take place till twelve to-morrow, why should we not feast till twelve to-night? Ring, my good fellow, dinner must be nearly ready."

“Why, honoured sir,” said Bradley, “I want to go home to see my wife, and arrange my house. Who knows but I may sleep in Newgate to-morrow?”

Crauford, who had been still walking to and fro, stopped abruptly at this speech, and his eye, even through the gloom, shot out a livid and fierce light, before which the timid and humble glance of Mr Bradley quailed in an instant.

“Go home!—no, my friend, no, I can’t part with you to-night, no, not for an instant. I have many lessons to give you. How are we to learn our parts for to-morrow, if we don’t rehearse them beforehand? Do you not know that a single blunder may turn what I hope will be a farce into a tragedy? Go home!—pooh, pooh—why, man, I have not seen *my* wife, nor put *my* house to rights, and if you do but listen to me, I tell you again and again that not a hair of our heads can be touched.”

“You know best, honoured sir; I bow to your decision.”

“Bravo, honest Brad! and now for dinner. I have the most glorious champagne that ever danced in foam to your lip. No counsellor like the bottle, believe me!”

And the servant entering to announce dinner, Crauford took Bradley’s arm, and leaning affectionately upon it, passed through an obsequious and liveried row of domestics to a room blazing with light and plate. A noble fire was the first thing which revived Bradley’s spirit, and, as he spread his hands over it before he

sat down to the table, he surveyed, with a gleam of gladness upon his thin cheeks, two vases of glittering metal formerly the boast of a king, in which were immersed the sparkling genii of the grape.

Crauford, always a *gourmand*, ate with unusual appetite, and pressed the wine upon Bradley with an eager hospitality, which soon somewhat clouded the senses of the worthy man. The dinner was removed, the servants retired, and the friends were left alone.

“A pleasant trip to France!” cried Crauford, filling a bumper. “That’s the land for hearts like ours. I tell you what, little Brad, we will leave our wives behind us, and take, with a new country and new names, a new lease of life. What will it signify to men making love at Paris what fools say of them in London? Another bumper, honest Brad—a bumper to the girls! What say you to that, eh?”

“Lord, sir, you are so facetious—so witty! It must be owned that a black eye is a great temptation—Lira-lira, la-la!” And Mr Bradley’s own eyes rolled joyously.

“Bravo, Brad!—a song, a song! but treason to King Burgundy! Your glass is——”

“Empty, honoured sir, I know it!—Lira-lira la!—but it is easily filled! We who have all our lives been pouring from one vessel into another, know how to keep it up to the last!

‘Courage, then, cries the knight, we may yet be forgiven,
Or at worst buy the bishop’s reversion in heaven;

Our frequent escapes in this world show how true 'tis,
That gold is the only *Elixir Salutis*.

Derry down, derry down.

All you, who to swindling conveniently creep,
Ne'er piddle—by thousands the treasury sweep ;
Your safety depends on the weight of the sum,
For no rope was yet made that could tie up a plum.

Derry down, &c.' ”*

“Bravissimo, little Brad!—you are quite a wit. See what it is to have one's faculties called out. Come, a toast to old England, the land in which no man ever wants a farthing who has wit to steal it—‘ Old England for ever ! ’—your rogue is your only true patriot ! ”—and Crauford poured the remainder of the bottle, nearly three parts full, into a beaker, which he pushed to Bradley. That convivial gentleman emptied it at a draught, and faltering out, “Honest Sir John!—room for my Lady Bradley's carriage,” dropped down on the floor insensible.

Crauford rose instantly, satisfied himself that the intoxication was genuine, and, giving the lifeless body a kick of contemptuous disgust, left the room, muttering—“The dull ass, did he think it was on his back that I was going to ride off!—He!—he!—he! But stay, let me feel my pulse. Too fast by twenty strokes! One's never sure of the mind, if one does not regulate the body to a hair! Drank too much—must take a powder before I start.”

Mounting by a back staircase to his bedroom, Crauford unlocked a chest, took out a bundle of clerical clothes, a large shovel-hat, and a huge wig. Hastily,

* From a ballad called “The Knight and the Prelate.”

but not carelessly, induing himself in these articles of disguise, he then proceeded to stain his fair cheeks with a preparation which soon gave them a swarthy hue. Putting his own clothes in the chest, which he carefully locked (placing the key in his pocket), he next took from a desk on his dressing-table a purse; opening this, he extracted a diamond of great size and immense value, which, years before, in preparation of the event that had now taken place, he had purchased.

His usual sneer curled his lip as he gazed at it. "Now," said he, "is it not strange that this little stone should supply the mighty wants of that grasping thing, man! Who talks of religion, country, wife, children? This petty mineral can purchase them all! Oh, what a bright joy speaks out in your white cheek, my beauty! What are all human charms to yours? Why, by your spell, most magical of talismans, my years may walk, gloating and revelling, through a lane of beauties, till they fall into the grave! Pish!—that grave is an ugly thought—a very, very ugly thought! But come, my sun of hope, I must eclipse you for a while! Type of myself—while you hide, I hide also; and when I once more let you forth to the day, *then* shine out Richard Crauford—shine out!" So saying, he sewed the diamond carefully in the folds of his shirt; and rearranging his dress, took the cooling powder, which he weighed out to a grain, with a scrupulous and untrembling hand—descended the back stairs—opened the door, and found himself in the open street.

The clock struck ten as he entered a hackney-coach and drove to another part of London. "What, so late!" thought he: "I must be at Dover in twelve hours—the vessel sails then. Humph!—some danger yet! What a pity that I could not trust that fool. He!—he!—he!—what will he think to-morrow, when he wakes and finds that only *one* is destined to swing!"

The hackney-coach stopped, according to his direction, at an inn in the City. Here Crauford asked if a note had been left for Dr Stapylton. One (written by himself) was given to him. "Merciful Heaven!" cried the false doctor, as he read it, "my daughter is on a bed of death!"

The landlord's look wore anxiety—the doctor seemed for a moment paralysed by silent woe. He recovered, shook his head piteously, and ordered a post-chaise and four on to Canterbury without delay.

"It is an ill wind that blows nobody good!" thought the landlord, as he issued the order into the yard.

The chaise was soon out—the doctor entered—off went the postboys—and Richard Crauford, feeling his diamond, turned his thoughts to safety and to France.

A little, unknown man, who had been sitting at the bar for the last two hours, sipping brandy-and-water, and who, from his extreme taciturnity and quiet, had been scarcely observed, now rose. "Landlord," said he, "do you know who that gentleman is?"

"Why," quoth Boniface, "the letter to him was directed, 'For the Rev. Dr Stapylton—will be called for.'"

“Ah!” said the little man, yawning—“I shall have a long night’s work of it. Have you another chaise and four in the yard?”

“To be sure, sir, to be sure!” cried the landlord in astonishment.

“Out with it, then! Another glass of brandy-and-water—a little stronger—no sugar!”

The landlord stared—the barmaid stared—even the head-waiter, a very stately person, stared too.

“Harkye,” said the little man, sipping his brandy-and-water, “I am a deuced good-natured fellow, so I’ll make you a great man to-night; for nothing makes a man so great as being let into a great secret. Did you ever hear of the rich Mr Crauford?”

“Certainly; who has not?”

“Did you ever see him?”

“No, I can’t say I ever did.”

“You lie, landlord—you saw him to-night.”

“Sir!” cried the landlord, bristling up.

The little man pulled out a brace of pistols, and very quietly began priming them out of a small powder-flask.

The landlord started back—the head-waiter cried “rape,” and the barmaid “murder.”

“Who the devil are you, sir?” cried the landlord.

“Mr Tickletrout, the celebrated officer—thief-taker, as they call it. Have a care, Ma’am, the pistols are loaded. I see the chaise is out—there’s the reckoning, landlord.”

“O Lord! I’m sure I don’t want any reckoning—too great an honour for my poor house to be favoured with your company; but” (following the little man to the door) “whom did you please to say you were going to catch?”

“Mr Crauford, alias Dr Stapylton.”

“Lord! Lord!—to think of it—how shocking! What has he done?”

“Swindled, I believe.”

“My eyes! And why, sir, did not you catch him when he was in the bar?”

“Because then I should not have got paid for my journey to Dover. Shut the door, boy; first stage on to Canterbury.”

And, drawing a woollen nightcap over his ears, Mr Tickletrout resigned himself to his nocturnal excursion.

On the very day on which the patent for his peerage was to have been made out—on the very day on which he had afterwards calculated on reaching Paris—on that very day was Mr Richard Crauford lodged in Newgate, fully committed for a trial of life and death.

CHAPTER LXXXIII.

There, if, O gentle love ! I read aright
The utterance that sealed thy sacred bond :
'Twas listening to those accents of delight
She hid upon his breast those eyes—beyond
Expression's power to paint—all languishingly fond.

CAMPBELL.

“AND you will positively leave us for London,” said Lady Flora, tenderly—“and to-morrow, too !” This was said to one who, under the name of Clarence Linden, has played the principal part in our drama, and who now, by the death of his brother, succeeding to the honours of his house, we present to our reader as Clinton L'Estrange, Earl of Ulswater.

They were alone in the memorable pavilion ; and though it was winter, the sun shone cheerily into the apartment ; and through the door, which was left partly open, the evergreens, contrasting with the leafless boughs of the oak and beech, could be just described, furnishing the lover with some meet simile of love, and deceiving the eyes of those willing to be deceived with a resemblance to the departed summer. The unusual mildness of the day seemed to operate genially upon the birds—those children of light and song ; and they grouped blithely beneath the window

and round the door, where the hand of the kind young spirit of the place had so often ministered to their wants. Every now and then, too, you might hear the shrill glad note of the blackbird keeping measure to his swift and low flight, and sometimes a vagrant hare from the neighbouring preserves sauntered fearlessly by the half-shut door, secure, from long experience, of an asylum in the vicinity of one who had drawn from the breast of Nature a tenderness and love for all its offspring.

Her lover sat at Flora's feet ; and, looking upward, seemed to seek out the fond and melting eyes which, too conscious of their secret, turned bashfully from his gaze. He had drawn her arm over his shoulder ; and clasping that small and snowy hand, which, long coveted with a miser's desire, was at length won, he pressed upon it a thousand kisses—sweeter beguilers of time than even words. All had been long explained—the space between their hearts annihilated—doubt, anxiety, misconception, those clouds of love, had passed away, and left not a wreck to obscure its heaven.

“And you will leave us to-morrow—must it be to-morrow?”

“Ah ! Flora, it must ; but see, I have your lock of hair—your beautiful, dark hair, to kiss, when I am away from you, and I shall have your letters, dearest—a letter every day ; and oh ! more than all, I shall have the hope, the certainty, that when we meet again, you will be mine for ever.”

“And I, too, must, by seeing it in your handwriting, learn to reconcile myself to your new name. Ah! I wish you had been still Clarence—only Clarence. Wealth, rank, power—what are all these but rivals to poor Flora?”

Lady Flora sighed, and the next moment blushed; and, what with the sigh and the blush, Clarence's lip wandered from the hand to the cheek, and thence to a mouth on which the west wind seemed to have left the sweets of a thousand summers.

CHAPTER LXXXIV.

A Houndsditch man, one of the devil's near kinsmen—a broker.

Every Man in his Humour.

We have here discovered the most dangerous piece of lechery that ever was known in the commonwealth.—*Much Ado about Nothing.*

It was an evening of mingled rain and wind, the hour about nine, when Mr Morris Brown, under the shelter of that admirable umbrella of sea-green silk to which we have before had the honour to summon the attention of our readers, was, after a day of business, plodding homeward his weary way. The obscure streets through which his course was bent were at no time very thickly thronged, and at the present hour the inclemency of the night rendered them utterly deserted. It is true that now and then a solitary female, holding up, with one hand, garments already piteously be-draggled, and with the other thrusting her umbrella in the very teeth of the hostile winds, might be seen crossing the intersected streets, and vanishing amid the subterranean recesses of some kitchen area, or tramping onward amidst the mazes of the metropolitan labyrinth, till, like the cuckoo, “heard,” but no longer “seen,” the echo of her retreating pattens made

a dying music to the reluctant ear ; or indeed, at intervals of unfrequent occurrence, a hackney vehicle jolted, rumbling, bumping over the uneven stones, as if groaning forth its gratitude to the elements for which it was indebted for its fare. Sometimes also a chivalrous gallant of the feline species ventured its delicate paws upon the streaming pavement, and shook, with a small but dismal cry, the rain-drops from the pyramidal roofs of its tender ears.

But, save these occasional infringements on its empire, solitude, dark, comfortless, and unrelieved, fell around the creaking footsteps of Mr Morris Brown. "I wish," soliloquised the worthy broker, "that I had been able advantageously to dispose of this cursed umbrella of the late Lady Waddilove ; it is very little calculated for any but a single lady of slender shape, and though it certainly keeps the rain off my hat, it only sends it with a double dripping upon my shoulders. Pish ! deuce take the umbrella, I shall catch my death of cold."

These complaints of an affliction that was assuredly sufficient to irritate the naturally sweet temper of Mr Brown, only ceased, as that industrious personage paused at the corner of the street, for the purpose of selecting the driest part through which to effect the miserable act of crossing to the opposite side. Occupied in stretching his neck over the kennel, in order to take the fullest survey of its topography which the scanty and agitated lamps would allow, the unhappy wanderer, lowering his umbrella, suffered a cross and

violent gust of wind to rush, as if on purpose, against the interior. The rapidity with which this was done, and the sudden impetus, which gave to the inflated silk the force of a balloon, happening to occur exactly at the moment Mr Brown was stooping with such wistful anxiety over the pavement, that gentleman, to his inexpressible dismay, was absolutely lifted, as it were, from his present footing, and immersed in a running rivulet of liquid mire, which flowed immediately below the pavement. Nor was this all—for the wind, finding itself somewhat imprisoned in the narrow receptacle it had thus abruptly entered, made so strenuous an exertion to extricate itself, that it turned Lady Waddilove's memorable relic utterly inside out; so that when Mr Brown, aghast at the calamity of his immersion, lifted his eyes to heaven, with a devotion that had in it more of expostulation than submission, he beheld, by the melancholy lamps, the apparition of his umbrella, the exact opposite to its legitimate conformation, and seeming, with its lengthy stick, and inverted summit, the actual and absolute resemblance of a gigantic wine-glass.

“Now,” said Mr Brown, with that ironical bitterness so common to intense despair—“now, that's what I call pleasant.”

As if the elements were guided and set on by all the departed souls of those whom Mr Brown had at any time over-reached in his profession, scarcely had the afflicted broker uttered this brief sentence before a discharge of rain, tenfold more heavy than any which had

yet fallen, tumbled down in literal torrents upon the defenceless head of the itinerant.

“This won’t do,” said Mr Brown, plucking up courage, and splashing out of the little rivulet, once more into *terra firma*—“this won’t do—I must find a shelter somewhere.—Dear, dear, how the wet runs down me. I am for all the world like the famous dripping well in Derbyshire. What a beast of an umbrella!—I’ll never buy one again of an old lady—hang me if I do.”

As the miserable Morris uttered these sentences, which gushed out, one by one, in a broken stream of complaint, he looked round and round—before—behind—beside—for some temporary protection or retreat. In vain—the uncertainty of the light only allowed him to discover houses in which no portico extended its friendly shelter, and where even the doors seemed divested of the narrow ledge wherewith they are, in more civilised quarters, ordinarily crowned.

“I shall certainly have the rheumatism all this winter,” said Mr Brown, hurrying onward as fast as he was able. Just then, glancing desperately down a narrow lane, which crossed his path, he perceived the scaffolding of a house, in which repair or alteration had been at work. A ray of hope flashed across him; he redoubled his speed, and entering the welcome haven, found himself entirely protected from the storm. The extent of scaffolding was, indeed, rather considerable; and though the extreme narrowness of the lane, and the increasing gloom of the night, left Mr Brown in

almost total darkness, so that he could not perceive the exact peculiarities of his situation, yet he was perfectly satisfied with the shelter he had obtained ; and after shaking the rain from his hat, squeezing his coat sleeves and lappets, satisfying himself that it was only about the shoulders that he was thoroughly wetted, and thrusting two pocket-handkerchiefs between his shirt and his skin, as preventives to the dreaded rheumatism, Mr Brown leant luxuriously back against the wall in the farthest corner of his retreat, and busied himself with endeavouring to restore his insulted umbrella to its original utility of shape.

Our wanderer had been about three minutes in this situation, when he heard the voices of two men, who were hastening along the lane.

“But do stop,” said one ; and these were the first words distinctly audible to the ear of Mr Brown—“do stop, the rain can’t last much longer, and we have a long way yet to go.”

“No, no,” said the other, in a voice more imperious than the first, which was evidently plebeian, and somewhat foreign in its tone—“no, we have no time. What signify the inclemencies of weather to men feeding upon an inward and burning thought, and made, by the workings of the mind, almost callous to the contingencies of the frame ?”

“Nay, my very good friend,” said the first speaker with positive, though not disrespectful, earnestness, “that may be all very fine for you, who have a constitution like a horse ; but I am quite a—what call you

it—an invalid—eh ! and have a devilish cough ever since I have been in this d—d country—beg your pardon, no offence to it—so I shall just step under cover of this scaffolding for a few minutes, and if you like the rain so much, my very good friend, why there is plenty of room in the lane to—(ugh—ugh—ugh) to enjoy it.”

As the speaker ended, the dim light, just faintly glimmering at the entrance of the friendly shelter, was obscured by his shadow, and, presently afterwards, his companion joining him, said—

“Well, if it must be so ; but how can you be fit to brave all the perils of our scheme, when you shrink, like a palsied crone, from the sprinkling of a few water-drops ?”

“A few water-drops, my very good friend,” answered the other—“a few—what call you them—ay—water-falls rather—(ugh—ugh) ; but let me tell you, my brother citizen, that a man may not like to get his skin wet with water, and would yet thrust his arm up to the very elbow in blood !—(ugh—ugh).”

“The devil !” mentally ejaculated Mr Brown, who at the word “scheme,” had advanced one step from his retreat, but who now, at the last words of the intruder, drew back as gently as a snail into his shell ; and although his person was far too much enveloped in shade to run the least chance of detection, yet the honest broker began to feel a little tremor vibrate along the chords of his thrilling frame, and a new anathema against the fatal umbrella rise to his lips.

“Ah!” quoth the second, “I trust that it may be so; but to return to our project—are you quite sure that these two identical ministers are in the *regular* habit of *walking* homeward from that parliament which their despotism has so degraded?”

“Sure—ay, that I am; Davidson swears to it!”

“And you are also sure of their persons, so that, even in the dusk, you can recognise them? for you know I have never seen them.”

“Sure as fivepence!” returned the first speaker, to whose mind the lives of the persons referred to were of considerable less value than the sum elegantly specified in his metaphorical reply.

“Then,” said the other, with a deep, stern determination of tone—“then shall this hand, by which one of the proudest of our oppressors has already fallen, be made a still worthier instrument of the wrath of Heaven!”

“You are a d—d pretty shot, I believe,” quoth the first speaker, as indifferently as if he were praising the address of a Norfolk squire.

“Never yet did my eye misguide me, or my aim swerve a hair’s-breadth from its target! I thought once, when I learnt the art as a boy, that in battle, rather than in the execution of a single criminal, that skill would avail me.”

“Well, we shall have a glorious opportunity to-morrow night!” answered the first speaker; “that is, if it does not rain so infernally as it does this night: but we shall have a watch of many hours, I daresay.”

“That matters but little,” replied the other conspirator; “nor even if, night after night, the same vigil is renewed and baffled, so that it bring its reward at last.”

“Right,” quoth the first; “I long to be at it!—ugh! ugh!—what a confounded cough I have: it will be my death soon, I’m thinking.”

“If so,” said the other, with a solemnity which seemed ludicrously horrible, from the strange contrast of the words and object—“die at least with the sanctity of a brave and noble deed upon your conscience and your name!”

“Ugh! ugh!—I am but a man of colour, but I am a patriot, for all that, my good friend! See, the violence of the rain has ceased; we will proceed:” and with these words the worthy pair left the place to darkness and Mr Brown.

“O Lord!” said the latter, stepping forth, and throwing, as it were, in that exclamation, a whole weight of suffocating emotion from his chest—“what bloody miscreants! Murder his Majesty’s ministers!—‘shoot them like pigeons!’—‘d—d pretty shot!’ indeed. O Lord! what *would* the late Lady Waddilove, who always hated even the Whigs so cordially, say, if she were alive! But how providential that I should have been here; who knows but I may save the lives of the whole administration, and get a pension, or a little place in the post-office! I’ll go to the prime minister directly—this very minute! Pish! i’n’t you right now, you cursed thing?” upbraiding the umbrella,

which, half-right and half-wrong, seemed endued with an instinctive obstinacy for the sole purpose of tormenting its owner.

However, losing this petty affliction in the greatness of his present determination, Mr Brown issued out of his lair, and hastened to put his benevolent and loyal intentions into effect.

CHAPTER LXXXV.

When laurelled ruffians die, the Heaven and Earth,
And the deep Air give warning. Shall the good
Perish and not a sign?—*Anon.*

It was the evening after the event recorded in our last chapter ; all was hushed and dark in the room where Mordaunt sat alone, the low and falling embers burnt dull in the grate, and through the unclosed windows the high stars rode pale and wan in their career. The room, situated at the back of the house, looked over a small garden, where the sickly and hoar shrubs, overshadowed by a few wintry poplars and grim firs, saddened in the dense atmosphere of fog and smoke, which broods over our island city. An air of gloom hung comfortless and chilling over the whole scene externally and within. The room itself was large and old, and its far extremities, mantled as they were with dusk and shadow, impressed upon the mind that involuntary and vague sensation, not altogether unmixed with awe, which the eye, resting upon a view that it can but dimly and confusedly define, so frequently communicates to the heart. There was a strange oppression at

Mordaunt's breast, with which he in vain endeavoured to contend. Ever and anon, an icy but passing chill, like the shivers of a fever, shot through his veins, and a wild and unearthly and objectless awe stirred through his hair, and his eyes filled with a glassy and cold dew, and sought, as by a self-impulse, the shadowy and unpenetrated places around, which momentarily grew darker and darker. Little addicted by his peculiar habits to an over-indulgence of the imagination, and still less accustomed to those absolute conquests of the physical frame over the mental, which seem the usual sources of that feeling we call presentiment, Mordaunt rose, and, walking to and fro along the room, endeavoured by the exercise to restore to his veins their wonted and healthful circulation. It was past the hour in which his daughter retired to rest; but he was often accustomed to steal up to her chamber, and watch her in her young slumbers; and he felt this night a more than usual desire to perform that office of love: so he left the room and ascended the stairs. It was a large old house that he tenanted. The staircase was broad, and lighted from above by a glass dome; and as he slowly ascended, and the stars gleamed down still and ghastly upon his steps, he fancied—but he knew not why—that there was an omen in their gleam. He entered the young Isabel's chamber; there was a light burning within; he stole to her bed, and, putting aside the curtain, felt, as he looked upon her peaceful and pure beauty, a cheering warmth gather round his heart. How lovely is the sleep of childhood! What

worlds of sweet, yet not utterly sweet, associations, does it not mingle with the envy of our gaze! What thoughts, and hopes, and cares, and forebodings does it not excite! There lie in that yet ungrieved and unsullied heart what unnumbered sources of emotion! what deep fountains of passion and woe! Alas! whatever be its earlier triumphs, the victim must fall at last! As the hart which the jackals pursue, the moment its race is begun, the human prey is foredoomed for destruction, not by the *single* sorrow, but the *thousand* cares; it may baffle one race of pursuers, but a new succeeds; as fast as some drop off exhausted, others spring up to renew, and to perpetuate the chase, and the fated, though flying victim, never escapes—but in death. There was a faint smile upon his daughter's lip, as Mordaunt bent down to kiss it; the dark lash rested on the snowy lid—ah, that tears had no well beneath its surface!—and her breath stole from her rich lips with so regular and calm a motion, that, like the “forest leaves,” it “seemed stirred with prayer!”* One arm lay over the coverlid, the other pillowed her head, in the unrivalled grace of infancy.

Mordaunt stooped once more, for his heart filled as he gazed upon his child, to kiss her cheek again, and to mingle a blessing with the kiss. When he rose, upon that fair smooth face there was one bright and glistening drop; and Isabel stirred in sleep, and, as if suddenly vexed by some painful dream, she sighed deeply as she stirred. It was the last time that the

* “And yet the forest leaves seemed stirred with prayer.”—BYRON.

cheek of the young and predestined orphan was ever pressed by a father's kiss, or moistened by a father's tear! He left the room silently; no sooner *had* he left it, than, as if without the precincts of some charmed and preserving circle, the chill and presentiment at his heart returned. There is a feeling which perhaps all have in a momentary hypochondria felt at times; it is a strong and shuddering impression which Coleridge has embodied in his own dark and supernatural verse, *that something not of earth is behind us*—that if we turned our gaze backward we should behold that which would make the heart as a bolt of ice, and the eye shrivel and parch within its socket. And so intense is the fancy that, *when* we turn, and all is void, from that very void we could shape a spectre, as fearful as the image our terror had foredrawn! Somewhat such feeling had Mordaunt now, as his steps sounded hollow and echoless on the stairs, and the stars filled the air around him with their shadowy and solemn presence. Breaking by a violent effort from a spell of which he felt that a frame somewhat overtaken of late was the real enchanter, he turned once more into the room which he had left to visit Isabel. He had pledged his personal attendance at an important motion in the House of Commons for that night, and some political papers were left upon his table, which he had promised to give to one of the members of his party. He entered the room, purposing to stay only a minute; an hour passed before he left it; and his servant afterwards observed that, on giving him some orders as he passed

through the hall to the carriage, his cheek was as white as marble, and that his step, usually so haughty and firm, reeled and trembled, like a fainting man's dark and inexplicable Fate! Weaver of wild contrasts, demon of this hoary and old world, that movest through it, as a spirit moveth over the waters, filling the depths of things with a solemn mystery and an everlasting change! thou sweepest over our graves, and Joy is born from the ashes: thou sweepest over Joy, and lo, it is a grave! Engine and tool of the Almighty, whose years cannot fade, thou changest the earth as a garment, and as a vesture it is changed; thou makest it one vast sepulchre and womb united, swallowing and creating life! and reproducing, over and over, from age to age, from the birth of creation to the creation's doom, the same dust and atoms *which were* our fathers, and which are the sole heir-looms that through countless generations they bequeath and perpetuate to their sons.

CHAPTER LXXXVI.

Methinks, before the issue of our fate,
A spirit moves within us, and impels
The passion of a prophet to our lips.—*Anon.*

O vitæ philosophia dux, virtutis indagatrix!—*CIC.**

UPON leaving the House of Commons, Mordaunt was accosted by Lord Ulswater, who had just taken his seat in the Upper House. Whatever abstraction or whatever weakness Mordaunt might have manifested before he had left his home, he had now entirely conquered both; and it was with his usual collected address that he replied to Lord Ulswater's salutations, and congratulated him on his change of name, and accession of honours.

It was a night of uncommon calm and beauty; and, although the moon was not visible, the frosty and clear sky, "clad in the lustre of its thousand stars," † seemed scarcely to mourn either the hallowing light, or the breathing poesy of her presence; and when Lord Ulswater proposed that Mordaunt should dismiss his carriage, and that they should walk home, Algernon con-

* O Philosophy, conductress of life—searcher after virtue!

† MARLOW.

sented not unwillingly to the proposal. He felt, indeed, an unwonted relief in companionship; and the still air, and the deep heavens, seemed to woo him from more unwelcome thoughts, as with a softening and a sister's love.

"Let us, before we return home," said Lord Ulswater, "stroll for a few moments towards the bridge; I love looking at the river on a night like this."

Whoever inquires into human circumstances will be struck to find how invariably a latent current of fatality appears to pervade them. It is the turn of the atom in the scale which makes our safety, or our peril; our glory, or our shame; raises us to the throne, or sinks us to the grave. A secret voice at Mordaunt's heart prompted him to dissent from this proposal, trifling as it seemed, and welcome as it was to his present and peculiar mood: he resisted the voice—the moment passed away, and the last seal was set upon his doom—they moved onward towards the bridge. At first, both were silent, for Lord Ulswater used the ordinary privilege of a lover, and was absent and absorbed, and his companion was never the first to break a taciturnity natural to his habits. At last Lord Ulswater said, "I rejoice that you are now in the sphere of action most likely to display your talents—you have not spoken yet, I think; indeed, there has been no fitting opportunity, but you will soon, I trust."

"I know not," said Mordaunt, with a melancholy smile, "whether you judge rightly in thinking the sphere of political exertion one the most calculated for

me : but I feel at my heart a foreboding that my planet is not fated to shine in *any* earthly sphere. Sorrow and misfortune have dimmed it in its birth, and now it is waning towards its decline."

"Its decline !" repeated his companion—"no, rather its meridian. You are in the vigour of your years, the noon of your prosperity, the height of your intellect and knowledge ; you require only an effort to add to these blessings the most lasting of all—Fame !"

"Well," said Mordaunt, and a momentary light flashed over his countenance, "the effort *will* be made. I do not pretend not to have felt ambition. No man should make it his boast, for it often gives to our frail and earth-bound virtue both its weapon and its wings : but when the soil is exhausted, its produce fails ; and when we have forced our hearts to too great an abundance, whether it be of flowers that perish, or of grain that endures, the seeds of after hope bring forth but a languid and scanty harvest. My earliest idol was ambition ; but then came others—love and knowledge, and afterwards the desire to bless. That desire you may term ambition ; but we will suppose them separate passions : for by the latter I would signify the thirst for glory, either in evil or in good ; and the former teaches us, though by little and little, to gain its object, no less in secrecy than for applause ; and Wisdom, which opens to us a world, vast, but hidden from the crowd, establishes also over that world an arbiter of its own, so that its disciples grow proud, and, communing with their own hearts, care for no louder

judgment than the still voice within. It is thus that indifference, not to the welfare, but to the report, of others, grows over us; and often, while we are the most ardent in their cause, we are the least anxious for their esteem."

"And yet," said Lord Ulswater, "I have thought the passion for esteem is the best guarantee for deserving it."

"Nor without justice—other passions may supply its place, and produce the same effects; but the love of true glory is the most legitimate agent of extensive good, and you do right to worship and enshrine it. For me it is dead: it survived—ay, the truth shall out! poverty, want, disappointment, baffled aspirations—all, all, but the deadness, the lethargy of regret: when no one was left upon this altered earth to animate its efforts, to smile upon its success, then the last spark quivered and died;—and—and—but forgive me—on this subject I am not often wont to wander. I would say that ambition is for me no more—not so are its effects; but the hope of serving that race whom I have loved as brothers, but who have never known me—who, by the exterior" (and here something bitter mingled with his voice), "pass sentence on the heart—in whose eyes I am only the cold, the wayward, the haughty, the morose—the hope of serving them is to me, now, a far stronger passion than ambition was heretofore; and whatever for that end the love of fame would have dictated, the love of mankind will teach me still more ardently to perform."

They were now upon the bridge. Pausing, they leant over, and looked along the scene before them. Dark and hushed, the river flowed sullenly on, save where the reflected stars made a tremulous and broken beam on the black surface of the water, or the lights of the vast city which lay in shadow on its banks scattered, at capricious intervals, a pale but unpiercing wanness, rather than lustre, along the tide; or save where the stillness was occasionally broken by the faint oar of the boatman, or the call of his rude voice, mellowed almost into music by distance and the element.

But behind them as they leant, the feet of passengers, on the great thoroughfare, passed not oft—but quick; and that sound, the commonest of earth's, made rarer and rarer by the advancing night, contrasted, rather than destroyed the quiet of the heaven and the solemnity of the silent stars.

“It is an old, but a just comparison,” said Mor-daunt's companion, “which has likened life to a river such as we now survey, gliding alternately in light or in darkness, in sunshine or in storm, to that great ocean in which all waters meet.”

“If,” said Algernon, with his usual thoughtful and pensive smile, “we may be allowed to vary that simile, I would, separating the universal and eternal course of Destiny from the fleeting generations of human life, compare the river before us to *that* course, and not *it*, but the city scattered on its banks, to the varieties and mutability of life. There (in the latter) crowded to-

gether in the great chaos of social union, we herd in the night of ages, flinging the little lustre of our dim lights over the sullen tide which rolls beside us—seeing the tremulous ray glitter on the surface, only to show us how profound is the gloom which it cannot break, and the depths which it is too faint to pierce. There Crime stalks, and Woe hushes her moan, and Poverty couches, and Wealth riots—and Death, in all and each, is at his silent work. But the stream of Fate, unconscious of our changes and decay, glides on to its engulfing bourne; and, while it mirrors the faintest smile or the lightest frown of Heaven, beholds, without a change upon its surface, the generations of earth perish, and be renewed, along its banks!”

There was a pause: and by an involuntary and natural impulse, they turned from the waves beneath, to the heaven, which, in its breathing contrast, spread all eloquently, yet hushed above. They looked upon the living and intense stars, and felt palpably at their hearts that spell—wild, but mute—which nothing on or of earth can inspire; that pining of the imprisoned soul, that longing after the immortality on high, which is, perhaps, no imaginary type of the immortality ourselves are heirs to.

“It is on such nights as these,” said Mordaunt, who first broke the silence, but with a low and soft voice, “that we are tempted to believe that in Plato’s divine fancy there is as divine a truth—that ‘our souls are *indeed* of the same essence as the stars,’ and that the mysterious yearning, the impatient wish which swells

and soars within us to mingle with their glory, is but the instinctive and natural longing to reunite the divided *portion* of an immortal spirit, stored in these cells of clay, with the original lustre of the heavenly and burning *whole!*"

"And hence then," said his companion, pursuing the idea, "might we also believe in that wondrous and wild influence which the stars have been fabled to exercise over our fate; hence might we shape a visionary clue to their imagined power over our birth, our destinies, and our death."

"Perhaps," rejoined Mordaunt—and Lord Ulswater has since said that his countenance, as he spoke, wore an awful and strange aspect, which lived long and long afterwards in the memory of his companion—"perhaps they *are* tokens and signs between the soul and the things of Heaven which do not wholly shame the doctrine of *him** from whose bright wells Plato drew (while he coloured with his own gorgeous errors) the waters of his sublime lore." As Mordaunt thus spoke, his voice changed: he paused abruptly, and, pointing to a distant quarter of the heavens, said—

"Look yonder; do you see, in the far horizon, one large and solitary star, that, at this very moment, seems to wax pale and paler as my hand points to it?"

"I see it—it shrinks and soars, while we gaze into the farther depths of heaven, as if it were seeking to rise to some higher orbit."

"And do you see," rejoined Mordaunt, "yon fleecy,

* Socrates, who taught the belief in omens.

but dusk cloud, which sweeps slowly along the sky towards it? What shape does that cloud wear to your eyes?’

“It seems to me,” answered Lord Ulswater, “to assume the exact semblance of a funeral procession—the human shape appears to me as distinctly moulded in the thin vapours as in ourselves; nor would it perhaps ask too great indulgence from our fancy, to image amongst the darker forms in the centre of the cloud one bearing the very appearance of a *bier*—the plume, and the caparison, and the steeds, and the mourners! Still, as I look, the likeness seems to me to increase!”

“Strange,” said Mordaunt, musingly, “how strange is this thing which we call the mind! Strange that the dreams and superstitions of childhood should cling to it with so inseparable and fond a strength! I remember, years since, that I was affected even as I am now, to a degree which wiser men might shrink to confess, upon gazing on a cloud exactly similar to that which at this instant we behold. But see—that cloud has passed over the star; and now, as it rolls away, look, the star itself has vanished into the heavens!”

“But I fear,” answered Lord Ulswater, with a slight smile, “that we can deduce no omen either from the cloud or the star: would, indeed, that Nature *were* more visibly knit with our individual existence! Would that in the heavens there *were* a book, and in the waves a voice, and on the earth a token, of the mysteries and enigmas of our fate!”

“And yet,” said Mordaunt, slowly, as his mind gra-

dually rose from its dream-like oppression to its wonted and healthful tone—"yet, in truth, we want neither sign nor omen from other worlds to teach us all that it is the end of existence to fulfil in this ; and that seems to me a far less exalted wisdom which enables us to solve the *riddles*, than that which elevates us above the *chances*, of the future."

"But *can* we be placed above those chances—can we become independent of that fate to which the ancients taught that even their deities were submitted?"

"Let us not so wrong the ancients," answered Mordaunt ; "their poets taught it, not their philosophers. Would not virtue be a dream, a mockery indeed, if it were, like the herb of the field, a thing of blight and change, of withering and renewal, a minion of the sunbeam and the cloud ? Shall calamity deject it ? Shall prosperity pollute ? *Then* let it not be the object of our aspiration, but the byword of our contempt. No : let us rather believe, with the great of old, that when it is based on wisdom, it is throned above change and chance ! throned above the things of a petty and sordid world ! throned above the Olympus of the heathen ! throned above the Stars which fade, and the Moon which waneth in her course ! Shall *we* believe less of the divinity of Virtue than an Athenian Sage ? Shall *we*, to whose eyes have been revealed without a cloud the blaze and the glory of Heaven, make Virtue a slave to those chains of earth

which the Pagan subjected to her feet? But if by *her* we can trample on the ills of life, are we not, a hundred-fold more, by her, the vanquishers of death? All creation lies before us; shall we cling to a grain of dust? All immortality is our heritage; shall we gasp and sicken for a moment's breath? What if we perish within an hour? what if already the black cloud lowers over us? what if from our hopes and projects, and the fresh-woven ties which we have knit around our life, we are abruptly torn? Shall we be the creatures or the conquerors of fate? Shall we be the exiled from a home, or the escaped from a dungeon? Are we not as birds which look into the Great Air only through a barred cage? Shall we shrink and mourn when the cage is shattered, and all space spreads around us—our element and our empire? No; it was not for this that, in an elder day, Virtue and Valour received but a common name! The soul, into which *that* Spirit has breathed its glory, is not only above Fate—it profits by her assaults! Attempt to weaken it, and you nerve it with a new strength—to wound it, and you render it more invulnerable—to destroy it, and you make it immortal! This, indeed, is the Sovereign whose realm every calamity increases—the Hero whose triumph every invasion augments!—standing on the last sands of life, and encircled by the advancing waters of Darkness and Eternity, it becomes in its expiring effort *doubly* the Victor and the King!”

Impressed, by the fervour of his companion, with a

sympathy almost approaching to awe, Lord Ulswater pressed Mordaunt's hand, but offered no reply; and both, excited by the high theme of their conversation, and the thoughts which it produced, moved in silence from their post, and walked slowly homeward.

CHAPTER LXXXVII.

Is it possible?

Is't so? I *can* no longer what I *would* :
No longer draw back at my liking ! I
Must do the deed because I thought of it.

What is thy enterprise—thy aim, thy object?
Hast honestly confessed it to thyself?

O bloody, frightful deed !

Was that my purpose when we parted ?
O God of Justice !—COLERIDGE'S *Wallenstein*.

WE need scarcely say that one of the persons overheard by Mr Brown was Wolfe, and the peculiar tone of oratorical exaggeration, characteristic of the man, has already informed the reader with which of the two he is identified.

On the evening after the conversation—the evening fixed for the desperate design on which he had set the last hazard of his life—the republican, parting from the companions with whom he had passed the day, returned home to compose the fever of his excited thoughts, and have a brief hour of solitary meditation, previous to the committal of that act which he knew must be his immediate passport to the jail and the

gibbet. On entering his squalid and miserable home, the woman of the house, a blear-eyed and filthy hag, who was holding to her withered breast an infant, which, even in sucking the stream that nourished its tainted existence, betrayed upon its haggard countenance the polluted nature of the mother's milk, from which it drew at once the support of life and the seeds of death—this woman, meeting him in the narrow passage, arrested his steps, to acquaint him that a gentleman had that day called upon him, and left a letter in his room, with strict charge of care and speed in its delivery. The visitor had not, however, communicated his name, though the curiosity excited by his mien and dress had prompted the crone particularly to demand it.

Little affected by this incident, which to the hostess seemed no unimportant event, Wolfe pushed the woman aside, with an impatient gesture, and, scarcely conscious of the abuse which followed this motion, hastened up the sordid stairs to his apartment. He sat himself down upon the foot of his bed, and, covering his face with his hands, surrendered his mind to the tide of contending emotions which rushed upon it.

What was he about to commit? Murder!—murder in its coldest and most premeditated guise! “No!” cried he aloud, starting from the bed, and dashing his clenched hand violently against his brow—“no—no—no! it is not murder, it is justice! Did not they, the hirelings of Oppression, ride over their crushed and shrieking countrymen, with drawn blades and

murderous hands? Was I not among them at the hour? Did I not with these eyes see the sword uplifted, and the smiter strike? Were not my ears filled with the groans of their victims and the savage yells of the trampling dastards!—yells which rang in triumph over women and babes and weaponless men? And shall there be no vengeance? Yes, it shall fall, not upon the tools, but the master—not upon the slaves, but the despot! Yet,” said he, suddenly pausing, as his voice sank into a whisper, “assassination!—in another hour, perhaps—a deed irrevocable—a seal set upon two souls—the victim’s and the judge’s! Fetters and the felon’s cord before me!—the shouting mob—the stigma!—no, no, it will *not* be the stigma; the gratitude, rather, of future times, when motives will be appreciated and party hushed! Have I not wrestled with wrong from my birth?—have I not rejected all offers from the men of an impious power?—have I made a moment’s truce with the poor man’s foe?—have I not thrice purchased free principles with an imprisoned frame?—have I not bartered my substance, and my hopes, and the pleasures of this world for my unmov- ing, unswerving faith in the Great Cause?—am I not about to crown all by one blow—one lightning blow, destroying at once myself and a criminal too mighty for the law?—And shall not history do justice to this devotedness, this absence from all self, hereafter—and admire, even if it condemn?”

Buoying himself with these reflections, and exciting the jaded current of his designs once more into an

unnatural impetus, the unhappy man ceased, and paced with rapid steps the narrow limits of his chamber ; his eye fell upon something bright, which glittered amidst the darkening shadows of the evening. At that sight his heart stood still for a moment ; it was the weapon of intended death ; he took it up, and as he surveyed the shining barrel, and felt the lock, a more settled sternness gathered at once over his fierce features and stubborn heart. The pistol had been bought and prepared for the purpose with the utmost nicety, not only for use but show ; nor is it unfrequent to find in such instances of premeditated ferocity in design, a fearful kind of coxcombry lavished upon the means.

Striking a light, Wolfe reseated himself deliberately, and began, with the utmost care, to load the pistol. That scene would not have been an unworthy sketch for those painters who possess the power of giving to the low a force almost approaching to grandeur, and of augmenting the terrible by a mixture of the ludicrous : the sordid chamber, the damp walls, the high window, in which a handful of discoloured paper supplied the absence of many a pane, the single table of rough oak, the rush-bottomed and broken chair, the hearth unconscious of a fire, over which a mean bust of Milton held its tutelary sway ; while the dull rushlight streamed dimly upon the swarthy and strong countenance of Wolfe, intent upon his work—a countenance in which the deliberate calmness that had succeeded the late struggle of feeling had in it a mingled power of energy and haggardness of languor, the one of the

desperate design, the other of the exhausted body, while in the knit brow, and the iron lines, and even in the settled ferocity of expression, there was yet something above the stamp of the vulgar ruffian—something eloquent of the motive no less than the deed, and significant of that not ignoble perversity of mind which diminished the guilt, yet increased the dreadness of the meditated crime, by mocking it with the name of virtue.

As he had finished his task, and, hiding the pistol in his person, waited for the hour in which his accomplice was to summon him to the fatal deed, he perceived, close by him on the table, the letter which the woman had spoken of, and which, till then, he had, in the excitement of his mind, utterly forgotten. He opened it mechanically—an enclosure fell to the ground. He picked it up—it was a bank-note of considerable amount. The lines in the letter were few, anonymous, and written in a hand evidently disguised. They were calculated peculiarly to touch the republican, and reconcile him to the gift. In them the writer professed to be actuated by no other feeling than admiration for the unbending integrity which had characterised Wolfe's life, and the desire that sincerity in any principles, however they might differ from his own, should not be rewarded only with indigence and ruin.

It is impossible to tell how far, in Wolfe's mind, his own desperate fortunes might insensibly have mingled with the motives which led him to his present design: certain it is, that wherever the future is hopeless, the mind is easily converted from the rugged to the crim-

inal; and equally certain it is that we are apt to justify to ourselves many offences in a cause where we have made great sacrifices: and, perhaps, if this unexpected assistance had come to Wolfe a short time before, it might, by softening his heart, and reconciling him in some measure to fortune, have rendered him less susceptible to the fierce voice of political hatred and the instigation of his associates. Nor can we, who are removed from the temptations of the poor—temptations to which ours are as breezes which woo, to storms which “tumble towers”—nor can we tell how far the acerbity of want, and the absence of wholesome sleep, and the contempt of the rich, and the rankling memory of better fortunes, or even the mere fierceness which absolute hunger produces in the humours and veins of all that hold nature’s life—nor can we tell how far these madden the temper, which is but a minion of the body, and plead in irresistible excuse for the crimes which our wondering virtue—haughty because unsolicited—stamps with its loftiest reprobation!

The cloud fell from Wolfe’s brow, and his eye gazed, musingly and rapt, upon vacancy. Steps were heard ascending—the voice of a distant clock tolled with a distinctness which seemed like strokes palpable as well as audible to the senses; and as the door opened, and his accomplice entered, Wolfe muttered—“Too late—too late!”—and first crushing the note in his hands, then tore it into atoms, with a vehemence which astonished his companion, who, however, knew not its value.

“Come,” said he, stamping his foot violently upon the floor, as if to conquer by passion all internal relenting—“come, my friend, not another moment is to be lost; let us hasten to our holy deed!”

“I trust,” said Wolfe’s companion, when they were in the open street, “that we shall not have our trouble in vain; it is a brave night for it! Davidson wanted us to throw grenades into the ministers’ carriages, as the best plan; and, faith, we can try that if all else fails!”

Wolfe remained silent—indeed he scarcely heard his companion; for a sullen indifference to all things around him had wrapt his spirit—that singular feeling, or rather absence from feeling, common to all men, when bound on some exciting action upon which their minds are already and wholly bent;—which renders them utterly without thought, when the superficial would imagine they were the most full of it, and leads them to the threshold of that event which had before engrossed all their most waking and fervid contemplation with a blind and mechanical unconsciousness, resembling the influence of a dream.

They arrived at the place they had selected for their station—sometimes walking to and fro, in order to escape observation, sometimes hiding behind the pillars of a neighbouring house, they awaited the coming of their victims. The time passed on—the streets grew more and more empty; and at last only the visitation of the watchman, or the occasional steps of some homeward wanderer, disturbed the solitude of their station.

At last, just after midnight, two men were seen approaching towards them, linked arm in arm, and walking very slowly.

“Hist—hist!” whispered Wolfe’s comrade—“there they are at last—is your pistol cocked?”

“Ay,” answered Wolfe, “and yours: man—collect yourself—your hand shakes.”

“It is with the cold then,” said the ruffian, using unconsciously a celebrated reply.—“Let us withdraw behind the pillar.”

They did so—the figures approached them; the night, though star-lit, was not sufficiently clear to give the assassins more than the outline of their shapes, and the characters of their height and air.

“Which,” said Wolfe, in a whisper—for, as he had said, he had never seen either of his intended victims—“which is *my* prey?”

“Oh, the nearest to you,” said the other, with trembling accents; “you know his d—d proud walk and erect head—that is the way he answers the people’s petitions, I’ll be sworn. The taller and farther one, who stoops more in his gait, is mine.”

The strangers were now at hand.

“You know you are to fire first, Wolfe,” whispered the nearer ruffian, whose heart had long failed him, and who was already meditating escape.

“But are you sure—quite sure of the identity of our prey?” said Wolfe, grasping his pistol.

“Yes, yes,” said the other; and, indeed, the air of the nearest person approaching them bore, in the dis-

tance, a strong resemblance to that of the minister it was supposed to designate. His companion, who appeared much younger, and of a mien equally patrician, but far less proud, seemed listening to the supposed minister with the most earnest attention. Apparently occupied with their conversation, when about twenty yards from the assassins, they stood still for a few moments.

“Stop, Wolfe, stop,” said the republican’s accomplice, whose Indian complexion, by fear and the wan light of the lamps and skies, faded into a jaundiced and yellow hue, while the bony whiteness of his teeth made a grim contrast with the glare of his small, black, sparkling eyes.—“Stop, Wolfe—hold your hand. I see now that I was mistaken; the farther one is a stranger to me, and the nearer one is much thinner than the minister: pocket your pistol—quick, quick—and let us withdraw.”

Wolfe dropped his hand, as if dissuaded from his design; but, as he looked upon the trembling frame and chattering teeth of his terrified accomplice, a sudden and not unnatural idea darted across his mind that he was wilfully deceived by the fears of his companion; and that the strangers, who had now resumed their way, were indeed what his accomplice had first reported them to be. Filled with this impression, and acting upon the momentary spur which it gave, the infatuated and fated man pushed aside his comrade, with a muttered oath at his cowardice and treachery, and, taking a sure and steady, though quick, aim at the

person, who was now just within the certain destruction of his hand, he fired the pistol. The stranger reeled, and fell into the arms of his companion.

“Hurra!” cried the murderer, leaping from his hiding-place, and walking with rapid strides towards his victim—“hurra! for liberty and England!”

Scarce had he uttered those prostituted names, before the triumph of misguided zeal faded suddenly and for ever from his brow and soul.

The wounded man leaned back in the supporting arms of his chilled and horror-stricken friend; who, kneeling on one knee to support him, fixed his eager eyes upon the pale and changing countenance of his burden, unconscious of the presence of the assassin.

“Speak, Mordaunt, speak! how is it with you?” he said.

Recalled from his torpor by the voice, Mordaunt opened his eyes, and muttering, “My child, my child,” sunk back again; and Lord Ulswater (for it was he) felt, by his increased weight, that death was hastening rapidly on its victim.

“Oh!” said he bitterly, and recalling their last conversation—“Oh! where, where—when this man—the wise, the kind, the innocent, almost the perfect—falls thus in the very prime of existence, by a sudden blow from an obscure hand—unblest in life, inglorious in death;—oh! where, where is this boasted triumph of Virtue, or where is its reward?”

True to his idol at the last, as these words fell upon his dizzy and receding senses, Mordaunt raised himself

by a sudden though momentary exertion ; and, fixing his eyes full upon Lord Ulswater, his moving lips (for his voice was already gone) seemed to shape out the answer, "*It is here !*"

With this last effort, and with an expression upon his aspect which seemed at once to soften and to hallow the haughty and calm character which in life it was wont to bear, Algernon Mordaunt fell once more back into the arms of his companion, and immediately expired.

luxury had exceeded the pomp of princes, and whose wealth was supposed more inexhaustible than the enchanted purse of Fortunatus, had for eighteen years been a penniless pensioner upon the prosperity of others ; when the long scroll of this almost incredible fraud was slowly, piece by piece, unrolled before the terrified curiosity of the public, an invading army at the Temple gates could scarcely have excited such universal consternation and dismay.

The mob, always the first to execute justice, in their own inimitable way, took vengeance upon Crauford, by burning the house no longer his, and the houses of the partners, who were the worst and most innocent sufferers for his crime. No epithet of horror and hatred was too severe for the offender ; and serious apprehension for the safety of Newgate, his present habitation, was generally expressed. The more saintly members of that sect to which the hypocrite had ostensibly belonged, held up their hands, and declared that the fall of the Pharisee was a judgment of Providence. Nor did they think it worth while to make, for a moment, the trifling inquiry, how far the judgment of Providence was also implicated in the destruction of the numerous and innocent families he had ruined !

But, whether from that admiration for genius, common to the vulgar, which forgets all crime in the cleverness of committing it, or from that sagacious disposition peculiar to the English, which makes a hero of any person eminently wicked, no sooner did Crauford's trial come on than the tide of popular feeling

experienced a sudden revulsion. It became, in an instant, the fashion to admire and to pity a gentleman so *talented* and so *unfortunate*. Likenesses of Mr Crauford appeared in every print-shop in town—the papers discovered that he was the very fac-simile of the great King of Prussia. The laureate made an ode upon him, which was set to music; and the public learnt, with tears of compassionate regret at so romantic a circumstance, that pigeon-pies were sent daily to his prison, made by the delicate hands of one of his former mistresses. Some sensation, also, was excited by the circumstance of his poor wife (who soon afterwards died of a broken heart) coming to him in prison, and being with difficulty torn away; but then, conjugal affection is so very commonplace, and—there was something so engrossingly pathetic in the anecdote of the pigeon-pies!

It must be confessed that Crauford displayed singular address and ability upon his trial; and, fighting every inch of ground, even to the last, when so strong a phalanx of circumstances appeared against him that no hope of a favourable verdict could for a moment have supported him, he concluded the trial with a speech delivered by himself—so impressive, so powerful, so dignified, yet so impassioned, that the whole audience, hot as they were, dissolved into tears.

Sentence was passed—Death! But such was the infatuation of the people, that every one expected that a pardon, for crime more complicated and extensive than half the Newgate Calendar could equal, would of

course be obtained. Persons of the highest rank interested themselves in his behalf: and up to the night before his execution, expectations, almost amounting to certainty, were entertained by the criminal, his friends, and the public. On that night was conveyed to Crauford the positive and peremptory assurance that there was no hope. Let us now enter his cell, and be the sole witnesses of his solitude.

Crauford was, as we have seen, a man in some respects of great *moral* courage, of extraordinary daring in the formation of schemes, of unwavering resolution in supporting them, and of a temper which rather rejoiced in, than shunned, the braving of a distant danger for the sake of an adequate reward. But this courage was supported and fed solely by the self-persuasion of consummate genius, and his profound confidence both in his good fortune and the inexhaustibility of his resources. *Physically*, he was a coward! *immediate* peril to be confronted by the *person*, not the *mind*, had ever appalled him like a child. He had never dared to back a spirited horse. He had been known to remain for days in an obscure ale-house in the country, to which a shower had accidentally driven him, because it had been idly reported that a wild beast had escaped from a caravan, and been seen in the vicinity of the inn. No dog had ever been allowed in his household, lest it *might* go mad. In a word, Crauford was one to whom life and sensual enjoyments were everything—the supreme blessings—the only blessings.

As long as he had the hope, and it was a sanguine

hope, of *saving* life, nothing had disturbed his mind from its serenity. His gaiety had never forsaken him; and his cheerfulness and fortitude had been the theme of every one admitted to his presence. But when this hope was abruptly and finally closed,—when Death, immediate and unavoidable—Death—the extinction of existence—the *cessation of sense*—stood bare and hideous before him, his genius seemed at once to abandon him to his fate, and the inherent weakness of his nature to gush over every prop and barrier of his art.

“No hope!” muttered he, in a voice of the keenest anguish—“no hope—merciful God—none—none! What, I—*I*—who have shamed kings in luxury—I to die on the gibbet, among the reeking, gaping, swinish crowd with whom——. O God, that I were one of *them* even! that I were the most loathsome beggar that ever crept forth to taint the air with sores! that I were a toad immured in a stone, sweltering in the atmosphere of its own venom—a snail crawling on these very walls, and tracking his painful path in slime!—anything—anything, but death! And *such* death—the gallows—the scaffold—the halter—the fingers of the hangman paddling round the neck where the softest caresses have clung *and sated*. To die—die—die! What! *I*, whose pulse now beats so strongly—whose blood keeps so warm and vigorous a motion!—in the very prime of enjoyment and manhood—all life’s million paths of pleasure before me—to die—to swing to the winds—to hang—ay—ay—to hang!—to be cut

down, distorted and hideous—to be thrust into the earth with worms—to rot, or—or—or hell! is there a hell?—*better that even, than annihilation!*

“Fool—fool!—damnable fool that I was” (and in his sudden rage he clenched his own flesh till the nails met in it); “had I but got to France one day sooner! Why don’t you save me—save me—you whom I have banqueted, and feasted, and lent money to!—one word from you might have saved me—I will not die! I don’t deserve it!—I am innocent!—I tell you Not guilty, my lord—not guilty! Have you no heart, no consciences?—murder—murder—murder!” and the wretched man sank upon the ground, and tried with his hands to grasp the stone floor, as if to cling to it from some imaginary violence.

Turn we from him to the cell in which another criminal awaits also the awful coming of his latest morrow.

Pale, motionless, silent—with his face bending over his bosom, and hands clasped tightly upon his knees, Wolfe sat in his dungeon, and collected his spirit against the approaching consummation of his turbulent and stormy fate—his bitterest punishment had been already past; mysterious Chance, or rather the Power above chance, had denied to him the haughty triumph of self-applause. No sophistry, now, could compare his doom to that of Sidney, or his deed to the act of the avenging Brutus.

Murder — causeless — objectless — universally exe-

crated—rested, and would rest (till oblivion wrapt it), upon his name. It had appeared, too, upon his trial, that he had, in the information he had received, been the mere tool of a spy in the minister's pay; and that, for weeks before his intended deed, his design had been known, and his conspiracy only not bared to the public eye because political craft awaited a riper opportunity for the disclosure. He had not then merely been the blind dupe of his own passions, but, more humbling still, an instrument in the hands of the very men whom his hatred was sworn to destroy. Not a wreck—not a straw, of the vain glory for which he had forfeited life and risked his soul, could he hug to a sinking heart, and say, "This is my support."

The remorse of gratitude embittered his cup still farther. On Mordaunt's person had been discovered a memorandum of the money anonymously enclosed to Wolfe on the day of the murder; and it was couched in words of esteem which melted the fierce heart of the republican into the only tears he had shed since childhood. From that time, a sullen, silent spirit fell upon him. He spoke to none—heeded none: he made no defence in trial—no complaint of severity—no appeal from judgment. The iron had entered into his soul—but it supported, while it tortured. Even now, as we gaze upon his inflexible and dark countenance, no transitory emotion—no natural spasm of sudden fear for the catastrophe of the morrow—no intense and working passions, struggling into calm—no sign of internal hurricanes, rising, as it were, from the hidden

depths, agitate the surface, or betray the secrets of the unfathomable world within. The mute lip—the rigid brow—the downcast eye—a heavy and dread stillness brooding over every feature—these are all we behold!

Is it that thought sleeps, locked in the torpor of a senseless and rayless dream; or that an evil incubus weighs upon it, crushing its risings, but deadening not its pangs? Does Memory fly to the green fields and happy home of his childhood, or the lonely studies of his daring and restless youth, or his earliest homage to that Spirit of Freedom which shone bright, and still, and pure, upon the solitary chamber of him who sang of heaven; * or (dwelling on its last and most fearful object) rolls it only through one tumultuous and convulsive channel—Despair? Whatever be within the silent and deep heart—pride, or courage, or callousness, or that stubborn firmness, which, once principle has grown habit, cover all as with a pall; and the stung nerves and the hard endurance of the human flesh sustain what the immortal mind perhaps quails beneath, in its dark retreat, but once dreamt that it would exult to bear.

The fatal hour had come! and through the long dim passages of the prison four criminals were led forth to execution. The first was Crauford's associate, Bradley. This man prayed fervently; and, though he was trembling and pale, his mien and aspect bore something of the calmness of resignation.

It has been said that there is no friendship among

* MILTON.

the wicked. I have examined this maxim closely, and believe it, like most popular proverbs—false. In wickedness there is peril—and mutual terror is the strongest of ties. At all events, the wicked can, not unoften, excite an attachment in their followers denied to virtue. Habitually courteous, caressing, and familiar, Crauford had, despite his own suspicions of Bradley, really touched the heart of one whom weakness and want, not nature, had gained to vice; and it was not till Crauford's guilt was by other witnesses undeniably proved that Bradley could be tempted to make any confession tending to implicate him.

He now crept close to his former partner, and frequently clasped his hand, and besought him to take courage, and to pray. But Crauford's eye was glassy and dim, and his veins seemed filled with water—so numbed and cold and white was his cheek. Fear in him had passed its paroxysms, and was now insensibility; it was only when they urged him to pray that a sort of benighted consciousness strayed over his countenance, and his ashen lips muttered something which none heard.

After him came the Creole, who had been Wolfe's accomplice. On the night of the murder he had taken advantage of the general loneliness, and the confusion of the few present, and fled. He was found, however, fast asleep, in a garret, before morning, by the officers of justice; and on trial he had confessed all. This man was in a rapid consumption. The delay of another week would have given to nature the termination of

his life. He, like Bradley, seemed earnest and absorbed in prayer.

Last came Wolfe, his tall, gaunt frame worn, by confinement and internal conflict, into a gigantic skeleton ; his countenance, too, had undergone a withering change : his grizzled hair seemed now to have acquired only the one hoary hue of age ; and though you might trace in his air and eye the sternness, you could no longer detect the fire, of former days. Calm as on the preceding night, no emotion broke over his dark but not defying features. He rejected, though not irreverently, all aid from the benevolent priest, and seemed to seek in the pride of his own heart a substitute for the resignation of Religion.

“ Miserable man ! ” at last said the good clergyman, in whom zeal overcame kindness, “ have you at this awful hour no prayer upon your lips ? ”

A living light shot then for a moment over Wolfe’s eye and brow. “ I have ! ” said he ; and raising his clasped hands to heaven, he continued in the memorable words of Sidney—“ ‘ Lord, defend Thy own cause, and defend those who defend it ! Stir up such as are faint ; direct those that are willing ; confirm those that waver ; give wisdom and integrity to all : order all things so as may most redound to Thine own glory ! ’ ”

“ I had once hoped,” added Wolfe, sinking in his tone—“ I had once hoped that I might with justice have continued that holy prayer ; * but—” he ceased

* “ Grant that I may die glorifying Thee for all Thy mercies, and that at the last Thou hast permitted me to be singled out as a

abruptly ; the glow passed from his countenance, his lip quivered, and the tears stood in his eyes ; and that was the only weakness he betrayed, and those were his last words.

Crauford continued, even while the rope was put round him, mute and unconscious of everything. It was said that his pulse (that of an uncommonly strong and healthy man on the previous day) had become so low and faint that, an hour before his execution, it could not be felt. He and the Creole were the only ones who struggled ; Wolfe died, seemingly, without a pang.

From these feverish and fearful scenes the mind turns with a feeling of grateful relief to contemplate the happiness of one whose candid and high nature, and warm affections, Fortune, long befriending, had at length blest.

It was on an evening in the earliest flush of returning spring that Lord Ulswater, with his beautiful bride, entered his magnificent domains. It had been his wish and order, in consequence of his brother's untimely death, that no public rejoicings should be made on his marriage ; but the good old steward could not persuade himself entirely to enforce obedience to the first order of his new master ; and as the carriage drove into the park-gates, crowds on crowds were assembled to welcome and to gaze.

witness of Thy truth, and even by the confession of my opposers for that OLD CAUSE in which I was from my youth engaged, and for which Thou hast often and wonderfully declared Thyself." — ALGERNON SIDNEY.

No sooner had they caught a glimpse of their young lord, whose affability and handsome person had endeared him to all who remembered his early days, and of the half-blushing, half-smiling countenance beside him, than their enthusiasm could be no longer restrained. The whole scene rang with shouts of joy; and through an air filled with blessings, and amidst an avenue of happy faces, the bridal pair arrived at their home.

“Ah! Clarence (for so I *must* still call you),” said Flora, her beautiful eyes streaming with delicious tears, “let us never leave these kind hearts; let us live amongst them, and strive to repay and deserve the blessings which they shower upon us! Is not Benevolence, dearest, better than Ambition?”

“Can it not rather, my own Flora, be Ambition itself?”

CONCLUSION.

So rest you, merry gentlemen.—*Monsieur Thomas.*

THE Author has now only to take his leave of the less important characters whom he has assembled together; and then, all due courtesy to his numerous guests being performed, to retire himself to repose.

First, then, for Mr Morris Brown:—In the second year of Lord Ulswater's marriage, the worthy broker paid Mrs Minden's nephew a visit, in which he persuaded that gentleman to accept, "as presents," two admirable fire-screens, the property of the late Lady Waddilove: the same may be now seen in the house-keeper's room, at Borodaile Park, by any person willing to satisfy his curiosity and—the housekeeper. Of all further particulars respecting Mr Morris Brown, history is silent.

In the obituary for 1792 we find the following paragraph:—"Died at his house in Putney, aged seventy-three, Sir Nicholas Copperas, Knt., a gentleman well known on the Exchange for his facetious humour. Several of his *bons-mots* are still recorded in the Common Council. When residing, many years ago, in the suburbs of London, this worthy gentleman was accus-

toned to go from his own house to the Exchange in a coach called 'the Swallow,' that passed his door just at breakfast-time ; upon which occasion he was wont wittily to observe to his accomplished spouse—'And now, Mrs Copperas, having swallowed in the roll, I will e'en roll in the Swallow !' His whole property is left to Adolphus Copperas, Esq., Banker."

And in the next year we discover—

"Died, on Wednesday last, at her jointure-house, Putney, in her sixty-eighth year, the amiable and elegant Lady Copperas, relict of the late Sir Nicholas, Knt."

Mr Trollolop, having exhausted the whole world of metaphysics, died, like Descartes, "in believing he had left nothing unexplained."

Mr Callythorpe entered the House of Commons, at the time of the French Revolution. He distinguished himself by many votes in favour of Mr Pitt, and one speech which ran thus : "Sir, I believe my right honourable friend who spoke last (Mr Pitt) designs to ruin the country ; but I will support him through all. Honourable Gentlemen may laugh—but I'm a true Briton, and will not serve my friend the less because I scorn to flatter him."

Sir Christopher Findlater lost his life by an accident arising from the upset of his carriage ; his good heart not having suffered him to part with a drunken coachman.

Mr Glumford turned miser in his old age ; and died of want, and an extravagant son.

Our honest Cole and his wife were always amongst the most welcome visitors at Lord Ulswater's. In his extreme old age, the ex-King took a journey to Scotland, to see the Author of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel." Nor should we do justice to the chief's critical discernment if we neglected to record that, from the earliest dawn of that great luminary of our age, he predicted its meridian splendour. The eldest son of the gypsy-monarch inherited his father's spirit, and is yet alive, a general, and G.C.B.

Mr Harrison married Miss Elizabeth, and succeeded to the Golden Fleece.

The Duke of Haverfield and Lord Ulswater continued their friendship through life; and the letters of our dear Flora to her correspondent, Eleanor, did not cease even with that critical and perilous period to all maiden correspondence—Marriage. If we may judge from the subsequent letters which we have been permitted to see, Eleanor never repented her brilliant nuptials, nor discovered (as the Duchess of —— once said from experience) "that Dukes are as intolerable for husbands as they are delightful for matches."

And Isabel Mordaunt?—Ah! not in these pages shall *her* history be told even in epitome. Perhaps for some future narrative her romantic and eventful fate may be reserved. Suffice it for the present that the childhood of the young heiress passed in the house of Lord Ulswater, whose proudest boast, through a triumphant and prosperous life, was to have been her father's friend; and that as she grew up, she inherited

her mother's beauty and gentle heart, and seemed to bear in her deep eyes and melancholy smile some remembrance of the scenes in which her infancy had been passed.

But for Him, the husband and the father, whose trials through this wrong world I have portrayed—for him let there be neither murmurs at the blindness of Fate, nor sorrow at the darkness of his doom. Better that the lofty and bright spirit should pass away before the petty business of life had bowed it, or the sordid mists of this low earth breathed a shadow on its lustre! Who would have asked *that* spirit to have struggled on for years in the intrigues—the hopes—the objects of meaner souls? Who would have desired that the heavenward and impatient heart should have grown inured to the chains and toil of this enslaved state, or hardened into the callousness of age? Nor would we claim the vulgar pittance of compassion for a lot which is exalted *above* regret! Pity is for our weaknesses—to our weaknesses only be it given. It is the aliment of love—it is the wages of ambition—it is the rightful heritage of error! But why should pity be entertained for the soul which never fell?—for the courage which never quailed?—for the majesty never humbled?—for the wisdom which, from the rough things of the common world, raised an empire above earth and destiny?—for the stormy life? it was a triumph!—for the early death? it was immortality!

I have stood beside Mordaunt's tomb: his will had directed that he should sleep not in the vaults of his

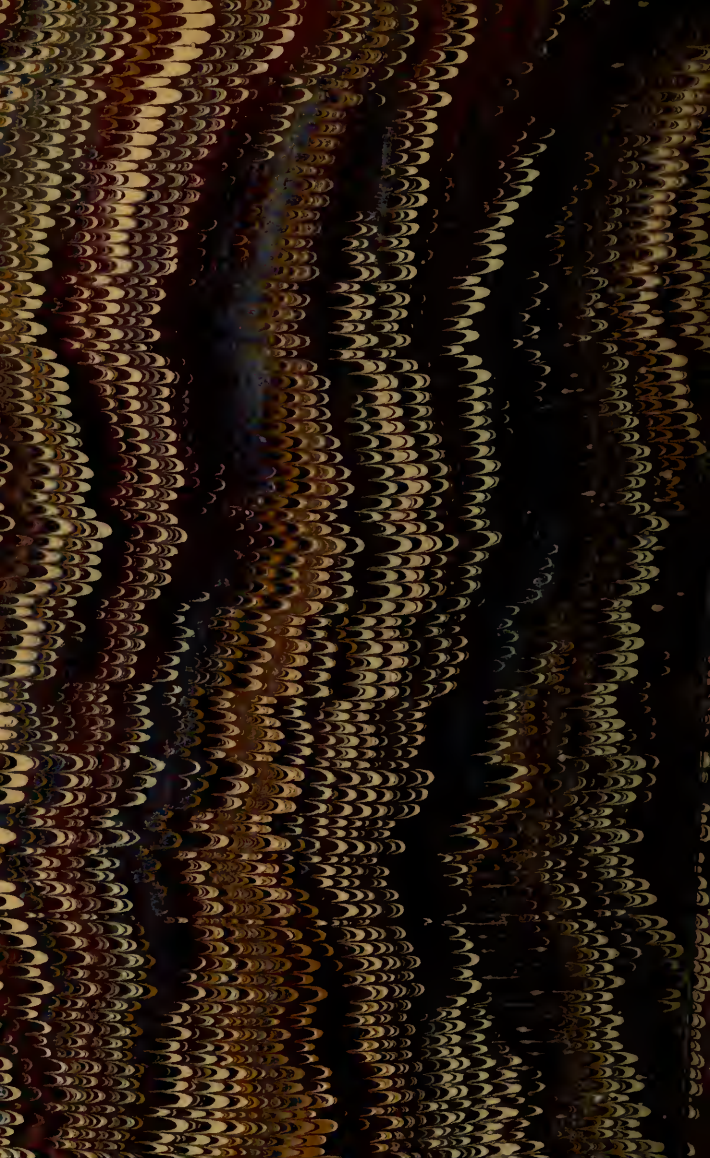
haughty line—and his last dwelling is surrounded by a green and pleasant spot. The trees shadow it like a temple ; and a silver though fitful brook wails with a constant yet not ungrateful dirge at the foot of the hill on which the tomb is placed. I have stood there in those ardent years when our wishes know no boundary, and our ambition no curb ; yet even then I would have changed my wildest vision of romance for that quiet grave, and the dreams of the distant spirit whose relics reposed beneath it.



END OF THE DISOWNED.







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